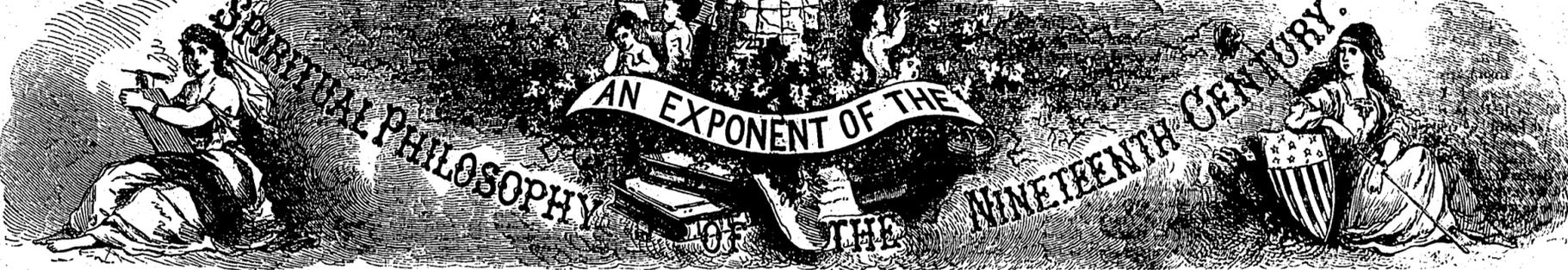


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXV.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,  
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,  
In Advance.}

NO. 7.

## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

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

#### CHAPTER XI.

More Troubles—A Domestic Affliction—Despondency—Return of Maurice—The Bridge of the Château—A Duty Fulfilled.

We had obtained a judgment which recognized our title and secured a part of our debt on the bail-bond of our employer, but all the formalities required by law had not yet been completed. Genevieve and I made use of every expedient we could devise, living from hand to mouth, and never having to-morrow's bread in the larder. My days were spent in doing transient jobs, in visiting and consulting with those who were interested in the lawsuit, and in going to the courthouse. Although I had often said to myself that the wisest plan would be to bury the past in oblivion and to recommence life with renewed courage, like a new-born babe, yet I was so infatuated with the idea of getting several thousand francs, which were continually held before me in perspective, that I busied myself building castles in the air instead of going to work.

Several months passed in this uncertainty. I had lost the habit of regular occupation; my life was wholly deranged. Instead of returning to my business as a day laborer, I found myself standing still in company with those poor devils who eat their dry bread under the scent of roast beef which they are always promising themselves, but which they never get. I was wasting the present in vain expectation of what the future might bring.

To crown our misfortunes our child was taken ill. I was forced to go to see after my business affairs, so that the whole care and labor devolved upon Genevieve; but every spare moment was spent at home. The disease did not diminish; on the contrary, the poor sufferer moaned continually, and his breathing was labored. When his mother and myself bent over his bed he extended to us his little hands and looked at us with a supplicating air which seemed to plead for help. Accustomed to receive everything from us, he thought that we could restore him to health. Our voices and our caresses encouraged him for a moment, then suffering resumed its way; he pushed us from him; he seemed to be reproaching us; he contorted his little limbs and uttered cries which rent our hearts. At first I combated the fears of his mother, but at length I could say nothing to her. I sat with my arms crossed, disatisfied with her despair, which augmented my own, and having no heart to inspire her with hope. The physician pronounced no opinion; he went to the cradle where the little sufferer lay, examined him hastily, ordered what was to be done, and then disappeared without one word of sympathy or consolation. He showed as little feeling as an architect surveying bricks and mortar. Sometimes I felt almost like seizing him by his arms and crying out: "Speak! destroy our illusory hopes or our fears!" but he never allowed me time. What was to us agony unexpressed was to him the common occupation of every day.

Oh my God! the hours of anguish passed by that little bed! the long, cold nights! How I sometimes longed for the power to hasten the crisis, that I might drink at once this cup of bitterness. Since then I have seen that all this protracted suffering was a blessing from God. By feeling so much torture he prepared us for the stroke; the pain of expectation even made us desire it; we turned our thoughts to meeting in heaven, and, when we attained that faith, accepted it as a sweet solace to our sorrow.

After an illness of fifteen days our darling little Marcel died. I was prepared for this sad event, but Genevieve did not appear to have realized it. Mothers cannot renounce the hope of retaining those to whom they have given birth. Separation seems an impossibility to them. This was an overwhelming affliction to my beloved wife. Days passed away, and nothing seemed to afford her any consolation. I always found her sitting beside the empty cradle or mending some of the little garments of the deceased, accompanying every stitch with a tear and a kiss. In vain I reasoned, or rebuked her; she listened patiently, without raising her head, like one whose heart-strings are broken. Her utter desolation at length produced a similar state of feeling in me. I became listless, and took an interest in nothing. I would stand whole hours before the window, drumming on the panes of glass and looking out into space. We were both paralyzed by this affliction.

We had not seen Maurice for two years, during his residence in Burgundy. I only heard reports that the old master-mason had launched out into great undertakings. Two or three times I had thought of informing him of my embarrassments, and asking him to give me a lift. I know not why, but a feeling of pride restrained me. Now that I supposed he was in such prosperous circumstances I felt less at my ease with him. I was afraid he might suspect me of wishing to take advantage of our old, long friendship.

This non-intercourse had all the appearance of having forgotten each other. I was thinking of this when, one evening, the new contractor arrived, not in a carriage, as I supposed he would, but on foot, a traveling blouse over his coat of purviers cloth. He got out of the diligence, and, after the first salutations were over, said he had come to dine with us.

At the first glance I perceived that a great change had come over him. He talked as freely and as rapidly as ever; he laughed at everything, seemed fidgety, and asked questions without waiting for any reply. But all this animation and hilarity seemed assumed; his gaiety was feverish and unnatural. He scarcely said a word about the death of our dear child. When I began to tell him about my own affairs, he interrupted me to talk of his own. He handed me some notes and memorandums which he explained to me, and requested me to arrange them and put everything to rights. Although his manner somewhat repelled me, I did as he requested. Whilst I was occupied in doing this, Maurice walked the room, his hands in his pockets, whistling in a low key. From time to time he stopped and looked at the sheet of paper which I was covering with figures, as if he wanted to understand them, to know the result. Then he resumed his music and his walk. It took a long time to make the necessary calculations. When I got through I informed Maurice how the accounts stood; the debts were nearly double the amount of the assets. At this statement he could not restrain an exclamation.

"Are you certain you are right?" demanded he in a tone which indicated his distress.

I explained to him the causes which had necessarily produced this result. The first was the multiplicity of loans and the accumulation of interest, which he had never taken into consideration. The absence of written bona fide contracts had evidently deceived him. He listened to my explanations, his elbows leaning on the table and his eyes fixed upon me.

"I understand! I understand!" said he, when I had finished. "I have admitted into my stable all the horses they offered to lend me, without reflecting that it would ruin me to feed them. Good Heavens! Only see where they lead a man when he does not know how to trace your fly tracks and is not acquainted with your conjuring book. Those who have only their headpieces for an account book ought to do all their business from hand to hand, and not bury themselves under a pile of papers. It is like one who does not know how to swim venturing into the river; he always gets drowned."

I inquired, with some anxiety, if he had no other resources but those which I had just examined, and if that was the schedule of all his property.

"Not at all! Not at all!" said he precipitately. "You say there are twenty-three thousand francs lacking. Well, they will be forthcoming; they are elsewhere."

And as I insisted more strenuously, "When people tell you that everything can be arranged," interrupted he impatiently, "it is only to see, as they say, the bottom of the well. Now that is done—twenty-three thousand francs deficit. Well, that's enough. Let the rest go. Let us dine, by way of preparation, my old friend, I am as hungry as thirty wolves."

Notwithstanding this affirmation, Maurice ate scarcely anything, but to make up for this he drank a great deal, and talked incessantly. It was evident that he was trying to escape from his own thoughts. It was twilight when we rose from table. Maurice gathered up his papers, put them in order, looked for some time at the statement I had drawn, as if he could read it. He said nothing, but I thought his hand trembled. Then he laid the papers on the bureau, and began to pace the room, and at length asked us where our son was.

Genevieve answered by a shriek. I stared at him with a bewildered air. When the child died I wrote to him, and since he had been with us he had himself spoken of our affliction. He perceived his aberration, and pressed his hands against his forehead.

"Good Heavens!" he murmured. "I have no brains left! Pardon me, excuse me, my friends. It is all the fault of Pierre Henri; he made me drink too much; but no matter for that, I ought not to have forgotten your sorrow."

He seated himself and remained some time apparently overwhelmed. I asked him again if his affairs made him anxious.

"Why do you ask that?" replied he brusquely; "have I made any complaint? have I solicited anything from you?"

Then suddenly assuming a gentler tone he said, "Let us talk no longer about business; tell me all about Genevieve and yourself. You are always happy, are you not? When people love each other, when they are young, when they owe no man anything—" He stopped a minute, and then resumed, "Ah! if I were as young as you are! But we cannot be, and have been. Every one must have his turn. I have already seen many of my contemporaries depart—thy father Jerome, Madeline, and many others. The devil take melancholy! Let us be merry till we die."

I felt astonished at these unconnected sentences. Maurice had not drunk enough to produce such an effect. His gaiety did not reassure me; he had a wild, bewildered air which distressed me. As we did not join in his mirth he soon stopped. Genevieve inquired about his children, who were living in the country, and whose little business was prospering. At the mention of his children, his countenance softened, and he lavished praises upon them for a long time, then suddenly interrupting himself, he rose, as with a desperate effort, and said in a broken voice,

"Come, my friends, we have chatted long enough. The time has arrived for me to go to my business."

He looked round in search of his hat, which was lying on the table before him, felt about as if he was trying to find his head, took a step toward the door, then stopped and took out his watch, which he laid down upon his papers.

"I would prefer to leave everything here," he said, stammering. "I might lose them; they are safer here."

We tried to detain him. He refused to stay. I then proposed to accompany him home. He rejected my offer rather angrily, and abruptly went

away. But when he got half way down stairs he returned.

"Come! Come!" said he, in a softened tone, "don't let us part in a passion."

He kissed my wife, wrung my hand, and disappeared.

We stood on the landing very anxious, and much distressed. When we no longer heard his footsteps on the staircase, Genevieve turned hastily to me.

"My God! Pierre Henri! There is something the matter with him."

"Yes, I think so too."

"We must not let Maurice go alone."

"But he will be angry if I follow him."

"Well, let us go together," replied she, tying on her bonnet, and adjusting her little woolen shawl.

I ran to get my hat, and we went out. It was nightfall. Maurice was nowhere to be seen. We took our way through the first street which turned off. There, fortunately, we saw our poor friend going along close to the houses. Sometimes he walked with a rapid step, sometimes very slowly, making gestures, and talking loud. But we could not hear what he said. He went through several streets, apparently at haphazard, sometimes turning back, like a man who was not thinking about where he was going. At last he reached the market place; and thence directed his steps toward the quays.

Arrived at the bridge of the Château, he turned suddenly toward one of the slips which lead down to the river. Genevieve grasped my arm with a stifled cry. The same idea had presented itself to both of us. We ran down together. It was already very dark. Maurice glided before us like a shadow, and disappeared under one of the arches of the bridge. When I arrived, he had just taken off his coat and approached the water, which was rushing along violently at the foot of the pile, forming a strong eddy. He heard us coming, he tried to throw himself in. I had barely time to seize him by the waist. He turned upon me with an imprecation. The darkness of the night prevented his seeing me; but he recognized my voice.

"What business have you here? What do you want?" he exclaimed. "Did I not tell you to let me alone? Hands off, Pierre Henri. I tell you, let me go!"

"No, I will not let you go," cried I, struggling to draw him back toward the bridge.

He made an effort to disengage himself.

"You do not comprehend then that I am a ruined man," he exclaimed. "I can no longer honor my signature! Cursed be the day when I learned to put it on paper! So long as I did not know how to write, I kept my reputation unscathed. I did not risk it by signing notes. May God confound them! But now the thing is done; there is no drawing back. I must become bankrupt or die. I have made my choice between these two alternatives. Don't attempt to coerce me, Pierre Henri! I have arrived at that point where nothing shall stop me. I am capable of doing anything. In the name of God or of the devil, let me alone!"

He struggled furiously, and in spite of all my efforts was about to escape, when Genevieve threw her arms around his neck, exclaiming, "Maurice, think of your children!"

These words were like a blow with a club. The unfortunate man uttered a groan; I felt him stagger, and he fell prostrate on the ground. We heard him weeping. Genevieve threw herself on her knees on one side of him, and I on the other. We wept with him, and he became more tranquil. But sympathy was all I had to give. I could not utter a word of consolation, whilst every word that Genevieve spoke went straight to his heart. None but women are acquainted with this science; they alone know how to pour the wine and oil into the broken, wounded heart.

The master-mason, a few minutes since so terrible, was suddenly transformed into a child, who had no power to resist. He told us, in a voice interrupted by sobs, all that he had suffered during the last eight days, since he began to see clearly into the condition of his affairs. I then perceived that his incapacity to keep accounts had been the true cause of his ruin. Carried away by the strong current of unexpected success, nothing warned him of his danger until he was shipwrecked.

I profited by this same ignorance to persuade Maurice that his situation was not desperate; that there were resources of which he was not aware, and that if he would avail himself of them, he might surmount all his difficulties. The master-mason was like all people who affect to despise writing and arithmetic; in his heart he believed that they possessed a secret power, to which everything must yield. We succeeded in persuading him to return home with us, if not consoled, at least strengthened.

In truth the danger was only deferred. I knew that on the morrow the wicked thoughts would return. Above all, I dreaded for him the shame which men feel who are detected in the act of committing suicide and are foiled. For fear of being thought towards their return to their first idea with stubborn desperation. They regard death as the only means of proving their courage. Their *amour propre* stimulates them to kill themselves. I warned Genevieve of this, and she promised to watch him. Indeed, she alone could do this without irritating Maurice. Indeed, true hearts have no strength to resist either women or children.

As for me, I had to think what could be done to prevent a total failure. I spent part of the night in going over the balance sheet of the master-mason, making use of his documents and his accounts. But it was in vain that I again and again made the calculations; the deficit came out always nearly the same. By continuing the work he had engaged to do there was at least a chance of retrieving his affairs by making a show, as we express it, in the jargon of the trade.

But to accomplish this he needed money, or credit, and where could either be obtained? In vain I racked my brains; nothing feasible presented itself. I made some attempts, however, the next day, but they were fruitless. I was sent from one to another with rude rebuffs. Seeing that I took such a deep interest in the affairs of Maurice, people thought I must have some selfish end to answer, and I injured my own credit without serving him.

Nevertheless, I persisted in my efforts, resolved to do my duty and to leave no stone unturned. My poor friend had fallen into a state of mute despondency. It was useless to expect from him any investigation into his affairs, or any effort to help himself. When I talked to him of resuming business he would simply say, "My sinews are cut—let me alone. I am what I am, and I can never be anything else."

I had come to the end of all my plans to extricate Maurice from his troubles, when I suddenly remembered the rich contractor, who had formerly encouraged me to educate myself. I had often thought of him while struggling under my own difficulties, but without any wish to solicit his assistance. I always remembered that first interview, in which he had proved to me that success was the reward of zeal and talent. To go to him to acknowledge that I had failed, would be to condemn myself as negligent or incompetent. Right or wrong, I had always shrunk from this humiliation. For Maurice I felt less reluctant.

I feared that the millionaire might have forgotten me, but he recognized me at the first glance. That was some relief, but I felt greatly embarrassed when I attempted to tell the occasion of my visit. I had my speech all prepared, but when I came to repeat it I was all confused. The contractor saw at once that I was in some straits, and that I had come to ask him for money. I saw him contract his brow and compress his lips tightly, like a man who begins to mistrust. Strange as it may seem, this suddenly roused my courage.

"Do not suppose that I have come to solicit any favor for myself," I exclaimed. "I came on behalf of a friend, who has been a father to me and with whom you are acquainted—father Maurice. What he asks is neither a loan nor any sacrifice on your part, but that you will save him from the disgrace of an utter failure, without any injury to yourself. It will be a noble action, which may bring you no remuneration, but which, at all events, will cost you nothing."

"Let us see," said the contractor, who continued to fix his eyes upon me.

I then explained to him, as rapidly as possible, the whole affair, without any superfluous phrases, but without losing the thread of my story, and like a capitalist who is conversing with his equal. My strong interest in the matter had lifted me above myself. He listened to all I had to say, asked many questions, requested me to let him see the proofs, and to revisit him the next day.

I went, but I had no hope of a favorable answer. The case appeared to me so perfectly clear and simple, that I saw no reason for this postponement, which seemed only an expedient to give to his refusal the appearance of having considered the subject. I went, however, at the appointed time.

"I have examined all the accounts," said the contractor. "Your calculations are right. I will take charge of the business. You may request Maurice to come and see me. He is a worthy man, and we will find him some employment with which he will be satisfied."

#### CHAPTER XII.

We leave Paris—The New Home—The Master-Mason of Montmorency—The Revenge of a Good Man—What Profit may be Derived from an Infirmary.

After the departure of our friend Maurice I was occupied in winding up my own affairs. The courts had at last spoken, and I was free. When everything was settled I had nothing left but stamped paper. I had met all my engagements, but I found myself for the second time a ruined man.

I was going to resume my work, when an architect, under whom I had worked, proposed to me to quit Paris and establish myself at Montmorency. He insured me work for the coming season, and promised to aid me in procuring more.

"The country is fine," he said. "There is only one master-mason in the place. He is a skillful workman, but he is such a brutal fellow that he is only employed for want of a better. With diligence and enterprise most of the work will fall into your hands. Here you can never rise; you are lost in the crowd of large and wealthy contractors. It is better to be a tree among bushes than a bush in the midst of a forest."

I felt the force of his arguments too strongly to hesitate. The matter was soon settled. The architect took me to see the works which he proposed that I should undertake, and explained to me the course I ought to pursue. Then I returned to Paris for Genevieve.

The moment of our departure was deeply trying. It was the first time that I had ever quitted the great city. I was accustomed to the dirt of its streets and to its pavements, as the peasant is accustomed to the verdure of the fields and the odor of the new mown hay. I was in the daily habit of traversing certain streets; my eye was familiar with the people and the houses. All my surroundings had become, by long usage, as it were, a part of myself. To leave Paris, round which all my associations clustered, was to make an entire change in my tastes, my memories, my whole life. Our neighbors, who had known us so long, came to their doors to bid us farewell. Some of them began to pity us. This gave me courage to put on a good face, and I returned their salutation smiling. I would not for the world have betrayed my sadness. I felt as if this compulsory departure was a humiliation; it proved

that my evil genius had been too strong for me, and I wanted to protest against my defeat by appearing not to feel it. As for my wife, who had less to regret, she never thought of concealing her tears. Loaded with baskets and bundles, the dear woman answered all their salutations and wishes for a safe journey with thanks, accompanied by sighs. She stopped at every door to kiss the children for the last time. I felt impatient at her delay, and went along whistling that I might keep a cheerful countenance. At last when I turned into another street, when the last house of the faubourg had disappeared, I breathed more freely.

Genevieve had rejoined me. We got into the vehicle which was to convey our poor furniture and ourselves to our new home, and took the road to Montmorency. God knows how many curves I inwardly bestowed on the slow pace of the horse and the frequent stoppings of the driver. My blood boiled in my veins; however, I had self-control sufficient to keep silence. I was afraid if I spoke I should say too much. Genevieve followed my example.

About sunset we arrived. The little place I had hired was at the lower end of the village in a narrow lane, through which the wagon could scarcely pass. I opened the door—my heart sunk within me. I motioned to Genevieve to go in, and returned to help the driver unload our goods. I could not bear to see the disappointment of my beloved wife at the sight of our miserable abode. She quickly comprehended my feelings, for she soon reappeared on the threshold with a smile, declaring that we should have all our hearts could desire. She assisted to carry in the things and to put them in order. By the time we had finished it was quite dark. The stage drove off and we were left alone. Our room was on the ground floor, lower than the lano. It had formerly been paved, but now the broken tiles formed a sort of uneven and damp macadamized floor. A little window, opening on our next neighbor's yard, admitted the fumes of the dung-hill, and a high chimney, which occupied nearly the whole width of the gable end, sent forth thick clouds of smoke. I contemplated this small and dirty lodging with a sort of stupefaction. Whether I had first seen it under more favorable aspects, or whether I was in a different mood of mind, I cannot tell; but now it wore a dilapidated and unwholesome air which had not previously struck me. Our scanty furniture was soon set in order. The presence of Genevieve, far from cheering, only served to make me more gloomy. Furnished with all that we owned there was no longer any room for doubt, and the place appeared in all its desolate unsightliness. Notwithstanding her efforts to appear contented, Genevieve was too ill at ease to conceal her feelings. She was seated on the hearth, her elbows resting on her knees, and looking straight before her. I seated myself at the other end of the room, my arms crossed. A little candle, nearly burnt out, in a flat tin candlestick, gave just sufficient light to show us our miserable habitation. My wife was the first to rouse herself from this despondency. She arose, and heaving a sigh she looked round for the basket of provisions she had brought from Paris and began to set the table, but she lacked a loaf of bread, and I went out to buy one.

The baker's shop was at some distance. When I entered several of the neighbors were standing in the doorway. They appeared to be listening to a large man, who was talking very loud and seemed to be angry. I paid no attention at first to what he was saying. I was waiting for the loaf they had gone for in the back shop, when I heard the big man pronounce my own name.

"His name is Pierre Henri, surnamed *The Jail*," he exclaimed; "but the devil twist my neck if I do not change his name into that of starveling. If I am compelled to sell my last shirt, I will play him such tricks and give him such knocks as will bring him to a bed of straw."

"The fact is, if we let these Parisians quarter themselves in this country, they will soon take the bread out of our mouths," observed a neighbor, whom I recognized as a worker in iron by his black hands.

"Without taking into the calculation that they always end by being bankrupt," added the grocer. "Witness the clock-maker who went off without paying me."

"And you'll see the new master-mason will have no better memory," replied the big man. "It's my opinion he's some fellow who has come here to escape from the police."

Until now I had listened, not being sure whether I had better let it be known that I overheard the conversation, but at these last words the blood rushed to my face, and I turned toward the door.

"Pierre Henri has no need to hide himself from anybody!" I exclaimed, "and to prove it I will let you know it is he who speaks to you."

There was a general stir among the spectators. The big man approached the threshold.

"Ah ha! Then this is the bird," said he, starting me full in the face with an air of great insolence. "Well, I should not have known him by his plumage. Considering that the master comes from the great city, I think he has rather a simple air."

"You shall soon see," replied I bluntly; "the work I know how to do will tell. Insults only prove jealousy or malice. You can only judge a workman by his work."

"It remains to be seen whether anybody wants your work," said the master-mason rudely. "You have taken one piece of work out of my hands; but if you take another, as sure as my name is John Ferou I will break your back the first chance I get."

I felt that I turned pale, not from fear but passion. That gross countenance, red with anger, and those little gray eyes flaming with defiance, stirred my blood. I looked the man full in the face.

"We shall see about that, Master Ferou," re-

pled I, suppressing my anger. "Those whose backs you wish to break may not be willing to submit to the operation. So far I have been able to defend my life against more than one ill-intentioned fellow-laborer, and I hope I shall not lose it at Montmorency."

"Well and good!" cried the mason, who took off his cap. "Let's see how you handle your fists! The devil burn me! I'll have a clear conscience about it. It shall never be said that John Ferou allowed the grass to be cut under his feet by a butcher from Paris."

I did not answer. I was choked by passion, and felt as if I was ready to burst. I hastily seized the loaf I had come for, and was going out, when the baker demanded his pay. I answered that I had laid the money on the counter; but the baker declared he had never seen it. Then followed a contention, which the mason did all he could to aggravate. As my honor was implicated, I persisted in my affirmation. At the height of the contest, a little girl who was present declared, in an under tone, that I was holding the money between my fingers. I instantly opened my hand. She spoke the truth. In my confusion I had taken up the twelve sous and was carrying them off without being aware of it.

The commotion which this excited among the spectators made my head reel. I tried to stammer out an explanation, but perceiving that I was suspected, I lost my self-possession. I was a stranger, surrounded by ill-disposed persons, and without any means of proving that my mistake had been involuntary. I saw at once that all attempt at self-justification was useless, so, turning round quickly, I paid the baker and advanced toward the door. The master-mason was standing in the doorway, one shoulder braced against the frame and his feet set against the opposite side. He looked at me sneeringly.

"Missed your aim this time!" said he in an ironical tone. "This time you will have to pay for your bread your bread's worth."

"Let me pass!" I exclaimed impatiently.

"What! what?" replied he in a tone still more provoking. "The Parisian looks angry."

"The Parisian has had enough of your insults," said I, trembling with passion. "Let him pass."

"Indeed! and if I do not choose to!"

"Then I shall make you."

"Ah! truly! let us see!"

I advanced resolutely toward him; he was still brazen against the wall with his arms crossed.

"John Ferou, will you let me pass?" cried I with my fists clenched.

"No!" said he with a sneering laugh.

I seized him violently by the arm and pushed him, determined to force a passage for myself. He did not expect such a bold attack, for he nearly lost his balance; but he instantly recovered himself, and, uttering an oath, advanced with his arm uplifted and gave me a blow on the forehead which made me stagger.

I tried, however, to set myself on the defensive, and the struggle continued until I stumbled against the threshold, dragging down the master-mason in my fall. He fell upon me, and I soon felt his two knees on my breast, whilst he pommelled my face with his fists. The spectators, who had thus far not interfered, now decided to separate us. They extricated me with some difficulty, but my loaf of bread under my arm and set me on my way. I mechanically took the road to my house.

I staggered like a drunken man. I was aching in every limb, and felt heart-broken. At sight of my home I slackened my pace. I was afraid of the questions of my poor wife when she saw my bruised and bloody face. I could not endure the idea of recounting to her the humiliating scenes through which I had just passed. Fortunately, overcome by the fatigue of the day, she had fallen asleep.

I hastened to extinguish the candle, which was still burning, and to go to bed. But it was in vain I sought to sleep. I was devoured by a secret rage! Hatred of the master-mason had taken possession of me. I wished him all the evil that he had tried to inflict upon me. I determined by some means to injure him, and revenge myself. Everything else was indifferent to me. I prayed in a low voice for the help of the good God against my enemy. Reflection, instead of calming, only excited more and more my wicked thoughts. My rancor was like an abyss, which grows deeper the more you dig it. If I fell asleep for a few minutes, it was only to be tormented by dreams. Sometimes I saw Ferou ruined, with a beggar's wallet upon his shoulder. Sometimes I held him under my feet as he had held me, and forced him to cry for mercy. At other times I saw him with his hands tied behind his back, and I gave him back his insults and his sneers.

In the midst of one of these nightmares, I was suddenly awakened by Genevieve. I started up in bed; a bright light illuminated our room. We heard without a great tumult of voices, the noise of people who seemed to be running. Then the cry of "Fire! fire!" echoed on every side. I jumped out of bed, dressed myself hastily, and went out. I saw two men crossing the street.

"Where is the fire?" I inquired.

"At the lumber-yard of John Ferou," they replied.

I stopped. I felt shocked. It almost seemed as if God had answered my prayer, and had come down to avenge me. I must acknowledge that the first emotion I experienced was one of satisfaction; but it was only like a flash of lightning. Almost instantly I blushed for myself. As I regained better feelings, it seemed to me that I, above all others, must try to help the master-mason, and redeem by my actions my wishes that some misfortune might overtake him. This idea was like a flame, which shed light on my path. I joined the throng who were hurrying on, and soon arrived at the work-yard of Ferou.

The fire, which had first burst out in a shed, spread rapidly over the whole building. At the moment of my arrival, heaps of timber and scantling formed a girdle of flames around the house, which prevented all approach. Some workmen were rushing into the midst of the smoke, trying to scatter the materials which fed the fire. I joined them, and we succeeded at length in opening a passage. On reaching the house, we found the door closed. Some voices cried out that John Ferou must be at his brother's at Andilly. But several others replied that they had seen him that evening in the village. One of them had seen him go into the house, as he said, with a bottle of wine in his hand, and another under his arm. Being drunk and asleep, without doubt he had heard nothing.

The danger became more and more imminent. The fire, which had extended to the rear of the building, had already reached beyond the roofing of the little summer-house. We knocked in vain at the door, which was locked; we shouted the master-mason's name with all our might. No one answered. At that moment, there was above our heads a frightful crash, and the tiles began to fall like a shower of red hot coals. The roof had fallen in, and every one rushed from the spot. I followed to the other end of the lumber-yard,

when a loud cry issuing from behind, stepped me short. I returned, John Ferou, awakened at last by the uproar, had just appeared at one of the windows of the summer-house.

Suddenly roused from his intoxication, and still quite bewildered, he looked around with exclamations of terror, without seeming to comprehend his situation. A hundred voices cried out at once, "Come down and fly!" But the unhappy man, beside himself, continued to gaze upon the flames which enveloped the yard, repeating in a tone of despair, "Fire! fire!"

Two or three of us determined to return to the summer-house. The flames had already begun to scorch the flooring. We warned the master-mason that the least delay might cost him his life. At length he seemed to understand his perilous situation, for he withdrew quickly, as if he was going toward the door, and we approached to render him some assistance. The sparks which burst out through the shutters of the ground-floor, showed us that the flames had already spread from the upper story to the lower. John Ferou soon reappeared at the window, crying out that the staircase was on fire, and begging for a ladder. Some ran to look for one, but in the midst of this confusion and destruction it was very doubtful whether one could be found in time. The conflagration increased rapidly; instead of crackling, the flames began to roar, as in a furnace. John Ferou, loaded with papers and sacks of money, was astride on the window-sill, entreating in a piteous tone that some one would help him to descend. But those who were there remained motionless. Suddenly I felt myself inspired with superhuman courage. The idea of any danger I might incur vanished; I only saw a human being to be saved.

I ran to one of the windows of the ground floor, and by the assistance of the shutters I reached the first story, so that my shoulders were nearly on a level with the feet of the master-mason. I called to him to use them as a prop. Ferou, who had been sobered by fright, did not need to have it repeated. He got out of the window, and let himself slide down upon me. His weight nearly made me lose my hold. I shook, but catching at the wall, I drove my fingers between the joints of the stones, and by a great effort kept my footing. The mason used my body as a ladder, and descended in safety.

It was only after I rejoined him that he recognized me. He recalled a few steps, pressed his hand to his forehead, and after stammering out a few words, which I could not understand, seated himself on a beam which was still smoking. So many events following each other in quick succession had crushed him; he was powerless to speak or to think me.

Perhaps he had no desire to do this. John Ferou had a heart into which it was as difficult for sentiments of gratitude to find entrance as for a wedge to cleave a stone. It required a great effort not to treat me like an enemy. His wife had quitted him after eighteen years of patient endurance, his children had been compelled to seek a living among strangers, and of all those with whom he had labored and lived, he had not a single friend. Become my debtor since the fire in the lumber-yard, he forbore to try to injure me, but that was all. When we met accidentally he passed me by as if he had never seen me. If my name was mentioned, he observed entire silence, or soon left the room abruptly. The bear had only ceased to bite, he was not tamed.

Happily those who witnessed the service I had rendered him indemnified me fully for his coldness. They recounted how I had saved the master-mason, and their good will was increased, by hearing at the same time what I had suffered at his hands the preceding evening. Simply to have done my duty, appeared to them like an act of great generosity, and every one rewarded me by their esteem for the ingratitude of John Ferou.

An acquaintance, which I made by chance, afforded me a useful lesson, as well as encouragement. On the road leading from the market town of Sarcolles to that of Ecouen, stands a small house with a thatched roof. There was a little garden in front, where fruits, vegetables and flowers were growing promiscuously, and yet not without taste in their arrangement. It was the residence of a poor day-laborer whose acquaintance I made by chance, and whose example proved a blessing to me.

He was a foundling, brought up and educated at the hospital, and when he was old enough to work he was employed in the most menial labor. Ugly, attenuated and forsaken, he tried to make amends for all that he lacked by his good will and pleasant disposition. At first he was employed on account of his faithfulness; but almost imperceptibly this faithfulness had developed into capacity. His perseverance stood him in the stead of strength, his application of dexterity.

Like the tortoise in the fable, he always arrived before the hares, who had relied upon their swiftness. To all his other misfortunes, God had added an infirmity, which seemed to surpass all the others. Francis had the calamity of stuttering terribly, so that it was almost impossible to hear him speak without laughing. Even in his childhood he had been the laughing-stock of his companions, and when he became a youth, he was the amusement of young men and girls. He forbore to speak, except when it was indispensable, and resigned himself, in parties of pleasure, to play the part of a supernumerary on the stage, a role always so humiliating to our vanity and self-love.

As he wanted a pretext for his silence, he learned from a basket-maker to manufacture coarse baskets. During the winter evenings he pursued his occupation, seated on the hearth. At social gatherings, in summer, he stationed himself before the entrance, still busy with his work. Whilst the other young people smoked, laughed and talked, their idle hands in their laps, he twisted his osiers in silence. At first he was ridiculed for what they termed his mania, but he soon became accustomed to that, and took no notice of it.

The infirmity of Francis had thus led him to occupy usefully the hours wasted by his companions. He derived from it also another advantage. His tongue being half chained, he avoided all useless words. He never spoke without having something to say. Consequently he was generally silent, but in this forced introversion his mind slowly matured. He pursued quietly, and without distraction, his own thoughts; he gathered up and meditated upon those which he heard exchanged among others. His baskets, sold in the neighborhood, increased by degrees his little savings. His stuttering kept him apart from the village boys, and thus he was spared the temptation of running into useless expenses. At the end of several years he was rich enough to buy a little piece of land, which he cultivated in his leisure moments, and the harvests of his farm were more profitable than his baskets. He then resolved to build himself a house. The little tenement went on slowly, but always increased in height, until at length it was ready for the roof, and the proprietor could sleep at home.

All this occupied ten years. Francis devoted more to perfecting his house and the surroundings of his little domain. He dug a well, he planted fruit trees, swarded bees, which soon multiplied his hives, bought two other fields, in one of which he planted an orchard, and of the other he made a meadow. When I became acquainted with him he had overleaped the gulf which separates poverty from competence. He could afford to sacrifice some fruit trees, that he might have a lawn, and substitute rose bushes for grain. His cottage, shaded by acacias, stood on the right hand side of the road, and looked like a bee-hive in a parterre of flowers.

He related to me what I have just written, not at one time, but at many intervals, in short and frequently interrupted sentences. Although he no longer found it necessary to work for his living, Francis continued to make his baskets, for the pleasure of using his fingers, and because so he could claim the privilege of being silent. One day as we were walking over his grounds I expressed my admiration at the order which everywhere prevailed, and at the energy and perseverance which had produced such happy results.

"That merit is not to be ascribed to me, but to God, who deprived me of freedom of speech," replied he smiling. "Not being able to spend my time in talking, I have employed it in working. Our happiness depends much more on our own will than upon our advantages, and you see in my case how even a great misfortune may be turned to our profit."

I learned a useful lesson from the example of Francis, and I spent no idle moments. Genevieve undertook to wash for some gentlemen in the neighborhood. Everything prospered under our hands. As the architect had predicted, work crowded upon me. After struggling two years the master-mason suddenly quitted Montmorency, without assigning any reason, and I never heard of him afterwards.

Ere long a son and daughter consoled us for the loss of our first born. Affection, joy, competence and health blessed our household. Genevieve sang the livelong day; the little ones frolicked around us and grew apace; money flowed spontaneously into our treasury, and good fortune shone upon us like the sun in its noonday splendor. Truly, these were the best years of my life, for it was in these years of uninterrupted prosperity that I was most touched with the goodness of God, and that my heart sent up to him the incense of praise and of gratitude. Too often we get accustomed to the enjoyment of happiness, and we claim it as the payment of a back debt, instead of receiving it as a gift. I do not think, however, that I was spoiled by the blessings which clustered round me. I still had upon my lips the bitterness of the bread of poverty, and that gave double zest to the pleasant taste of the bread of prosperity.

[To be continued.]

THE PHILANTHROPIST AND THE FARMER.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY E. R. PLACE.

The merchant prince had given with liberal hand, To feed the starving, and to bless the land. Ten thousand hearts gush forth in grateful song, While pen and press the just award prolong.

The merchant prince, one genial day in spring, Rode out of town to hear the robin sing. A farmer spied him in a peach-tree top, Whose axe and saw did whirled branches lop.

"Who man," thought he—the noble millionaire— "Those lifeless branches have no business there." Still on he rode; the birds so sweetly sang, His heart of joy with blinding cadence rang.

Ere long another husbandman he found, Not in the tree, but digging it around. He saw, surprised, the tree-top fresh and fair, "Strange man," thought he—sagacious millionaire!

"Good friend," he spoke, now raising up, "Thy toll Seems thrown away, here doying in the soil. Sound is the tree, and good—trunk, branch and twig— Then wherefore round it, tell me, dost thou dig?"

"To keep it so," he answered, digging still; "Prevention's better 'n' cure; the wise man's pill. Some wait till death doth fruit or limb attack; 'Till till they're robbed, then drive the robber back."

I seek the borers in the trunk below, And kill the evil ere to sight I grow. But this, I've thought, is not your city way, Your parson, sir—my thought will have its play.

You feed the poor—that praise is well your due— But while you feed the poor, you make them too." "We make the poor? How can it be, my friend? Do food and clothes to want and misery tend?"

"If I sought I, not these borers at the root, Say, who to blame for blasted tree and fruit?" "Self-cursed, the poor may blame themselves alone; Judgment and 'Will are conjurers of a throne!"

"If it be true the poor make poor themselves, Then richest he who most industrious deives! And is it so? Full sure is he to rise? Nay! selfish cunning grasps the golden prize.

Vain all your 'homes,' asylums and 'retreats.' The beggar still the beggar's part repeats; And will through time—save you grow wiser great, And labor owns what labor doth create.

A farmer once a collar dug, full deep, And, well content, retired at night to sleep. The morning came, and lo! his great vexation— With water full he found the excavation.

To drain it low, he pumped for many a day; To keep it so, still pumps and pumps away." "The tolling fool! 'Why tapped he not the vein, Beyond the wall, with well-constructed drain?"

"Why tap not yet the vein of social wrong, Whose waters rise so bitter, black and strong? Perchance the farmer studied at thy school; If he the mental, lo! the moral fool.

His house he'll rear—as soon as thou shalt stay The poor man's woes, and break the night's dismay. Your schemes of good no solid dikes devise, But pump and pump, while still the waters rise."

"'T was ever thus. Heaven's ways are often dim; Duty is ours—conmit results to Him." "You wiser far to dry the springs of woo Than strive forever to assuage their flow. Not mine the faith that in the social law Its maker fixed an everlasting flaw."

The millionaire hung down his head and thought: "A cure for want—and may this boon be sought?" And on he rode. Still sweetly sang the birds; His ear heard only the wise farmer's words.

Boston, Mass.

LET US BE CONSISTENT.—It is to be regretted that those Spiritualists who, living within the pale of the Church, are not content with a nominal adherence to its dogmas, but who are endeavoring to organize Orthodoxy into life, are not compelled to hear more frequently the sentiment they so heartily abhor. We think they would soon get enough of the "devil's broth" to sicken them into a complete weaning from their fashionable theological step-mother. Try it, good friends; and go to meeting oftener until well satisfied, and the cure will be thorough. Take a strong allopathic dose.

"There is no ointment for the wolf's sore eyes Like clouds of dust which from the sheep arise." —[Wisconsin Spiritualist.]

The Church of England holds in fee simple the right to properly worth \$140,000,000, the income on which goes to support the clergy.

REPORT OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

By the Spiritualists of Philadelphia, under the auspices of the First Association of Spiritualists, at Concert Hall, March 31st, 1869.

Photographically Reported for the Banner of Light by Dr. H. T. Child.

MORNING SESSION—2 P.M. CONVENTION.

Dr. H. T. Child opened the meeting, saying: Friends—We have assembled this day to celebrate an event which has already marked an era, not only in the history of our nation and the world, but in that vast inner world of life and beauty which the immortal spirits of the living past inhabit. We are here to-day, not only to honor the memory of our little globe alone, but of all the vast and innumerable worlds that have rolled through the illimitable spaces of this incomprehensible universe, of which our planet forms but the merest dust atom. It seems to me, as I stand here, that the echoes of the past are ringing in our ears, and that the spirits of the departed are looking upon us from the beautiful Summer-land. Twenty-one years ago to-day the world was groping in darkness. Mankind were either wearing the chains of blind sectarianism, or moving amid the murky shades of a gross materialism, that saw no light beyond the grave. The sun of truth came up from the west, and the world was illumined. "What is the night?" and the low murmuring response, "All is well. There is no light, no new inspiration to-day. The great All-Father has poured out his loving inspirations on Judean hills and the plains round about, but he has closed the volume of the book of life. We are now on a material plane upon the sea of life, out upon a starry night; clouds are all over the horizon; we have our chart, the record of the inspirations of a few favored ones of the past ages. Let us all search and study this chart well, and have faith that the light which once shone so brightly as an inspiration to the church, will once more shine in the hearts of men, and that the known sea to the harbor of eternal rest and peace." But oh! how hard this seemed to the free souls of humanity, in the dark prison-house of earth, and the cry was continually going forth, "Give us light, more light." Twenty-one years ago, the sun of truth rose in the west. At first its faint glimmer attracted but a few spirits, but as it grew, it attracted more and more bright spirits, until at length it shone as a gleaming meteor, that will flash for a moment across the horizon, and then go on forever. But it shone more brightly and clearer, and year after year it has grown more distinctly visible, and thousands upon thousands, unnumbered millions, have not only seen its light, but through that light have seen that the whole framework of the past is studded all over with beautiful stars, that have ever been as lights along the pathway of mortals in their journey through this life. To-day we glory in the knowledge that we are no longer in the dark, but that we are in the light, and that we are no longer in the material, but in the spiritual world, and that we are no longer in the material, but in the spiritual world, and that we are no longer in the material, but in the spiritual world.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869.

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

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, LUTHER COLBY, ISAAC B. RICH.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LUTHER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR. LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All business connected with the editorial department of this paper is under the exclusive control of the Editor, to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

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 541 Broadway, to 121 Nassau street, on the first of May.

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.

The Saturday Review on Spiritualism.

The London Saturday Review is reputed to be made up mostly of the contributions of "clever young men," some of them university students. They are what the gossips of London call squirts. The journal is distinguished by a certain air of smartness, which often serves to mask from superficial readers the arrogant pelantry or gross ignorance which inspires many of its criticisms. We are surprised to see so respectable a work as Appleton's new Journal quoting, without demur, from the Saturday Review, an article entitled "Authority in Opinion," in which we look in vain for any sign of brilliancy or ability, but which is insolently depreciatory of the intellect of Americans. Surely he who undertakes to animadvert on the want of intellect in others ought to give some signal evidence of intellectual acumen in himself. But this we do not find in the article referred to.

Hear what the clever lads, thus quoted by Appleton as if they were grave and reverend seigniors, have to say on the subject of Spiritualism in America:

"We are astonished at the success with which the impostors of Spiritualism thrive on Transatlantic soil. No story of eccentric tables and mysterious spirit writings seems to be too gross to find favor. Now dolzes are found out as soon as the old ones disappear; and a little slight-of-hand would enable any unscrupulous person to make a very comfortable living out of our kindred."

"Recently we have known persons of dependent sanity, and even sense, who believed in the whole nonsense of Spiritualism. And it was easy to see, in the discussions produced by the case of Homs, that most people, whatever their judgment might be, were incapable of forming it on scientific grounds. They did not in the least appreciate the requirements of sound reasoning, or know what tests should be satisfied before the advocates of such an amazing doctrine would acquire a right to be heard."

"What inconsequential prattle is all this! Here are certain marvelous facts, to which millions of intelligent persons bear witness, including such men of science and culture as De Morgan, Hare, Varley, Wallace, Wilkinson, Shorter, Mountford, Dr. Ray, Dr. Nichols, Professor Denton, Dr. Winslow Lewis, Dr. Gray, and hosts of educated men; and these facts must be repudiated by science, not because they may not be genuine, but because the spiritual hypothesis, by which many persons would explain them, is incredible and 'amazing.' They are to be repudiated because of what the reviewer calls a 'doctrine.' Cool and careful recipients of certain remarkable facts, physical and mental, are to be sneered at as 'the advocates of an amazing doctrine.' And yet it is not, mark, the construction that may be put on the facts, but the question of the facts themselves, that is the essential consideration."

"As for the pretence that most people, 'whatever their judgment, are incapable of forming it on scientific grounds,' we deny it wholly. If the statement were true, then no man, not a scientific professor, would be justified in testifying in a court of justice to any occurrence where the exercise of his senses had enabled him to form a decisive opinion. The physical and mental phenomena of Spiritualism are, as fair subjects for the judgment of any man of common sense, whose faculties are in a healthy state, as any everyday occurrence where the testimony of an intelligent child would be received as sufficient. If a carpenter or a blacksmith sees a table rise from the floor, under certain satisfactory conditions, his judgment of the fact is as thoroughly scientific as could be the judgment of a Faraday or a Tyndall, or even a Pierce or an Agassiz. Would any man who has thoroughly satisfied himself of the actual happening of the so-called spiritual phenomena, have a feather's weight of confirmation added to his convictions by the acquiescence of all the scientific nobs in Christendom? We think not. We do not need the permission of 'science' before we can believe that our senses did not deceive us when we saw a table rise."

"Of 'American believers' the Saturday Review has further to say, 'Thus they fancy that a belief in discoveries about electricity (the favorite name for everything that people don't understand) ought to make a belief in Spiritualism easier.' This will be news, we think, to American believers. What our juvenile friend is here driving at we do not exactly see, for his expressions are somewhat vague. If he means to say that Spiritualists regard every advance in genuine science as tending to confirm their views, we shall not deny the imputation."

deal for which they have a good deal more respect. They have a dim belief that a Spiritualist must be a fool, because Faraday or Dr. Tyndall assure them that Spiritualism is folly. In America, where there is a general presumption in favor of anything that is new, there is also no one to exercise any supervision over the purveyors of novelty.

Here is the very illogy of self-complacent ignorance and unmanly subjection to questionable authority. Bless your simple heart, young man, we have our colleges and our scientific institutes in America, where such men as Agassiz, Pierce, Gould, Elliot, Ray, Draper, Ericsson, and hundreds of able scientists, are quite as competent as the Huxleys and Tyndalls of England to superintend our "novelties" and criticize our delusions. They have battled (some of them) quite as skillfully against Spiritualism here, as their English colleagues have done in England. The result has not, in either case, been gratifying to the self-esteem of the "supervisors." As De Morgan wittily says: "The extinguishers have in many instances taken fire."

A Spiritualist must be a "fool" forsooth, because Faraday and Tyndall assure us that Spiritualism is folly! If the inquiring reader will turn to the Index of Mr. Sargent's now and comprehensive work on Spiritualism ("The Despair of Science," &c.), he will find, under the names Faraday and Tyndall, certain references to their recorded correspondence, which will show that both these learned gentlemen reached the very acme of "folly" and presumption in their propositions to "condescend" to examine the phenomena through Mr. Home under certain conditions of their own, one of which was that he (Mr. Home) should, prior to any experiments, admit "the utterly contemptible character" of the results! Another question which Faraday wanted to have settled was, "Would an insult to the spirits be considered as an insult to Home himself?"

Could any man of science descend to lower trifling than this? The spirits might have replied to Mr. Faraday:

"A modest, sensible, and well-bred man would not insult us, and no other can."

But even if Messrs. Faraday and Tyndall did not stand on the record as chargeable with extreme "folly" and preposterous arrogance in their dealings with these phenomena, what shall we say of the character of this reviewer who, because two fallible mortals have pronounced against a certain class of facts, provable to the senses and the reason, blindly jumps to the conclusion that millions of his fellow-creatures, including men of high scientific attainments, like Professor De Morgan and Alfred Wallace, are "fools" for admitting the facts thus proved to them?

So when Copernicus and Galileo proclaimed certain facts in astronomy, there were Faradays and Tyndalls who cried out fools; and there were a plenty of simpletons who, like this Saturday reviewer, became the intellectual serfs of the Faradays and Tyndalls, and concluded that the great revolutionizing facts were folly and madness. Even in our own day scientific men said that gas could never be applied to the lighting of cities. They shook their heads at ocean steam navigation. They have, in hundreds of instances, had their prognostications exploded by the bold acts and experiments of plain practical men who chose some simple hypothesis, and acted on that, and proved its sufficiency. We do not doubt that Mr. Tyndall will live to see that the "folly" was on his side, and not on that of the Spiritualists. As for Faraday, he has passed on to the world where he has perhaps learnt by this time the humblity he lacked. We hope the parties who do the selecting for Appleton's Journal will give us hereafter, instead of crude and feebly written criticisms by undergraduates, something that has at least some show of fairness, intelligence, and mental preparation and vigor. Such paltering as that of the Saturday Review on Spiritualism is bad enough when original; but it is doubly disgraceful to those by whom it is adopted as truth or sense.

Gummed and Sealed Up.

Having wrought a cure on an invalid lady, residing a few miles from Boston, who had been confined to her bed for sixteen years, Dr. J. R. Newton learned from her of a neighbor who had been afflicted in like manner for many years, and was impressed to declare at once that he could cure her. He sent word to her to that effect, adding that he would go out there at a certain time, hearing his own expenses and charging her nothing for his service. The woman received the message from the doctor, and of course was impressed by the truthfulness of it, for she lost no time in declaring her own belief. In his ability to cure her. Instead of feeling that gratitude, however, which was to be expected under any circumstances, she suddenly turns upon her proposed deliverer and berates him in such language as she would apply to a cheat and impostor. Her reply to his benevolent proposal is so characteristic of one not yet developed into sanity of feeling, and, without, shows in such striking colors the falsifying and withering influence of the old theological gum on the human heart, that we should come short of what we conceive to be our duty to others if we did not supply the substance of her letter to Dr. Newton to the readers of the Banner of Light, simply omitting her name. Here it is, leaving its proper reflections to every one who peruses so strange a writing:

"Dr. J. R. Newton—Sir: I understand that you have been spoken to about me. I do not approve of your way of treatment. I would not let you cure me. I read my precious Bible. I am fully satisfied that the power you have is of the devil—he the agent, you the instrument. I do not doubt your power or ability to do these cures, for Satan had the power to make Job sick; he gives you this power to make them well. I am a follower of Jesus and emancipation, and could not in any way be smitten, like Herod of old, on the side of the devil. No; I will live and suffer as many more years as I have, and die at last, rather than be cured by you."

A. J. Davis's Latest Work, "Tale of a Physician."

We bespeak for this book an immense sale. It is written in the style of the popular literature of the day, and yet, underlying this, a deep moral sentiment is apparent. It gives the true solution of the cause of crime, and points out the only method that will lessen it. This volume contains three hundred and twenty-five pages, is printed on good paper, well bound, and will be sold at a very low figure. For full particulars the reader is referred to the advertisement of the publishers in another column.

Pennsylvania.

The attention of the friends in Pennsylvania is called to Dr. H. T. Child's notice (which may be found in another column) of the time of meeting of their State Society. We hope our friends in the "Keystone State" will assemble in strong force, and adopt measures that will enable the Society to put into the field double the number of missionaries they now have.

Music Hall Meetings.

A very large audience assembled at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, April 18th, to listen to an address by Prof. William Denton. The subject of his remarks was "The Bible account of the Deluge in the light of modern science." The speaker stated that the duties of a reformer were twofold—to destroy and to rebuild—and the one was as necessary as the other. He did not object to the Bible as a record of the growth of a people in the past, or as an exponent of their highest conceptions, but he wished to do away with whatever was unreasonable in that book, that the true seed might grow. The speaker read the account of the deluge as recorded in Genesis, stated the dimensions of the ark, according to the calculations of commentators on the Bible, and said that if the birds of the earth had been collected according to the account, they would have sufficiently loaded the vessel, with room for the attendants, without any more passengers; and of course the absurdity of the story increased in magnitude as the number of animals, insects, &c., to be put on board was detailed and the food necessary for their preservation for one year; which was simply an impossibility.

Another difficulty in the story was that the quantity of water could not be obtained by a rain of "forty days and forty nights," even though "the fountains of the great deep" were broken up. This statement might do for the ancient Jews, who believed that the earth was "founded upon the seas and established upon the floods," as David expressed it, but modern science had taught us that fire, not water, was the inhabitant of earth's centre. Another trouble was the impossibility of drying up such a vast sheet of water from the face of the earth in the time specified. The wildest hurricane that ever blew could not have accomplished it; and what would have become of the trebly crowded ark during its continuance!

Some, said the speaker, declared it all to be a miracle. The Bible did not so declare it, but, on the contrary, gave it as a matter-of-fact occurrence. If God had wished to work a miracle he could have drowned the world in a teacup, and thus have saved himself and Noah an infinite deal of trouble. Others, struck with the utter fallacy of the statement, endeavor to defend the Bible account by declaring it to have been only a partial flood; but the lecturer thought we might almost consider the writer of the Biblical account to have been a lawyer, from the coarseness with which he spoke of the totality of the destruction of living creatures from the earth, and therefore this means of defence only rested on the veracity of the statement in "holy writ."

The utter falsity of this account of a universal deluge could be traced from the majestic monuments of the Nileotic valley, which dated back to the period when the event was supposed to have occurred—and which still contained sculptured figures of negroes, saved by some "miracle" no doubt, as we had no account of any being in the ark—down to the existence of an oyster at the present day, which could not have lived had the ocean become brackish by such an admixture of fresh water from the opened "windows of heaven." Modern science has put this story in the furnace and it has proved wood, and hay, and stubble, and scarcely its ashes are left behind. Mr. Denton spoke fluently for about one hour, and was listened to with rapt attention and great satisfaction.

A Monstrous Absurdity.

Hawthorne says with wonderful point in his published Note-Book: "The best of us being unfit to die, what an inexpressible absurdity to put the worst to death." We have never seen the argument put as a whole in so few words. They contain all that is to be said on the subject of capital punishment. They are a plaster over the mouth of speculation and humdrum talking. This is the pith and point of the matter. Mankind is ashamed to be convicted of its inconsistency, because it demonstrates puerility and folly. That is the reason why no answer will ever be made to the above cited apothegm; but be sure that all sorts of sneers will be shield at the devoted, but divine, head of Hawthorne. Now let these everlasting arguers attend: if it is true, as they persist in asserting, that the best of us are unfit to die, what is the sense or justice in putting to death those who are confessedly the worst of us all? Oh, punishment—they will answer; a murderer must be punished for his great crime. Yes, but have you, sir, any right to take life, that sacred gift of heaven alone? Is not this revenge, hatred, malice, fear, anything rather than pure punishment? Well, comes the glow answer, perhaps it is so; but there is the matter of example; by declaring that the "murderer" shall forfeit his life for his crime, we deter others from incurring the same description of guilt. Ah, indeed; are you so very sure of that? Has not this experiment of murdering in return for murder been tried as long as it ought to be? How many more lives are to be sacrificed, before the question is finally settled? Do you not know that hanging fails to deter men from committing crimes that are just as sure to tighten the rope about their own necks? Then where is your argument? If gone, why not abandon your ground and become wholly human?

Dr. Froude on Preaching.

The above gentleman, who is the accepted historian of the times of Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth, has been elected Rector of the University of St. Andrew, in Edinburgh, and recently installed in his new place. In his address to the students he told some very plain truths about University education and Church of England preaching. Of the former—speaking of Oxford, of which he is himself a graduate—he observed that it was almost wholly useless in these active and practical times, since it taught a man precisely what he was no better for knowing, and held out no inducement in the direction of a scholarship that could be put to worldly service. But concerning the preaching, Dr. Froude asserted that all the University did was to turn out sermonizers and sermons ad libitum. He said he was familiar with the character and scope of the entire work accomplished by Oxford for the past twenty years, and the whole of it consisted of a waddy flood of homilies about the Church, her ordinances, articles, tenets and practices, but never anything about the two Commandments on lying and stealing. Now the whole commercial system of England, he said, was saturated with dishonesty and falsehood. It ran through every channel of society, so that men could with difficulty be found who held fast to integrity of conduct and character. One of the two leading Universities of England, then, is of no further use than to turn out preachers and poor sermons on humdrum themes, while it left the urgent needs of modern life to go uncared for, and made its graduates helpless to themselves or the world around them. A stronger indictment against these schools of useless learning, as well as against aimless preaching, could not be drawn.

Workingwoman's Convention.

A Convention of workingwomen was held in this city, Wednesday, April 21st, day and evening. Mr. William B. Green presided. As we have before stated, the object of this gathering was to consult on the special wants and general welfare of workingwomen, and devise means for bettering their condition. The following petition of Miss Phelps and other women, which has been presented to the Legislature, embodies the practical point arrived at:

"We nevertheless pray your honorable body to cause to be purchased, in the neighborhood of Boston, a tract of good cultivable land; and to lay out the same in suitable lots, some of half an acre, some of an acre, and so on, to lots of three and five acres, with a good (but the cheapest possible) house on each lot. It is our desire that these lots should be let on lease to poor workingwomen of Boston, to whom the State would be willing to furnish rations, tools, seeds, and instruction in gardening, until such time as the women would be able to raise their own food, or otherwise become self-sustaining; the payment of rent to commence with the third year only; and the rent to be then so graduated, and so applied as purchase money, that each woman might, in a reasonable time, pay off, in the form of rent, the entire cost to the State of the lot on which she lives, with all other incidental expenses, and become the sole proprietor of the lot in fee simple; or if he thought preferable, each lot may be held in trust by the State for the sole use and benefit of the woman who has paid for it under the form of rent, to pass to her female heirs in the event of her death. And it is our further desire that these homesteads may be exempted from all taxation and from all process for debt, and that the title to them may be non-transferable to any male person whatever."

Miss Phelps explained her plan and the need of it, and told some of her experience as a workingwoman. She called up two or three workingwomen who now get their living by the needle, who named the prices which they were accustomed to get for work. One had recently worked on shirts which she had made in Boston, and which she sold for the price she could get at the shops. The President asked Dr. Dio Lewis if he knew of any way by which they could get at statistics about workingwomen in this city.

Dr. Lewis said a society with which his wife was connected had recently made a survey of the prices received for the needle in this city every day. How many worked at these starvation prices he did not know.

Another gentleman suggested that the canvassers for the Boston Directory, now going around, would probably be willing to collect the statistics of prices received for this kind of work and the number doing it.

A young woman, who said she formerly worked in Portland during the war made flannel shirts for army use at fifty cents a dozen.

A middle-aged lady stated that she understood a firm in Milk street were paying now fifty cents a dozen for making shirts.

A gentleman stated to the meeting that he was formerly employed in a wholesale clothing house in New York which paid fifty cents a dozen for making checked flannel shirts.

A woman who said she kept an intelligence office in Worcester stated that the Boston market for such work was not so good as she would like to see. She said that she had seen the needle when there were plenty of places where she could do housework and find a good home.

The Chairman thought the business of keeping an intelligence office hardly entitled a person to be called a "workingwoman." She said that she would like to answer the question. She said that needlewomen, by the nature of their work, were not fitted by skill, or health, or by recommendation, for housework. She gave somewhat in detail the manner in which girls and women who depend on the needle live. She thought the remark of Henry Ward Beecher that "men should be paid by the needle more than men by the sword," was a very true one. From practical experience among sewing girls and women, and a knowledge of the work they do, her remarks were of weight and interest. The great evil was "stop work," which found its sale in ready-made clothing stores, and is manufactured for the cheap houses on Devonshire and other streets in this city. The custom work of regular tailoring establishments pays well, and requires skill and ability to do it. She gave some of the starvation prices paid for work, by which a girl could not earn more than three dollars a week at the utmost, and which were startling. Of course she had to be in the Boston market at such wages, they could not afford to ride in the cars, and they must walk in to the shop, often before daylight, and without breakfast to their work. Many of the rooms in which they work are close and hot, and filled with the steam from the pressing of the clothing. She had to know how the evils were to be remedied. She said that she could do no more with the needle, and employers by stopping work would pay fair prices.

Remarks were made by Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Miss Jennie Collins, Mrs. Merritt, Mrs. Syme, Stephen Foster, Mrs. Warner, Mrs. E. L. Daniels, Mrs. Curtis, L. D. Grover, George Frazier, &c.

The following resolutions were passed after some discussion: Resolved, That a Bureau of Intelligence be established whose duties it shall be to seek out opportunities for those who desire a change of employment.

Resolved, That the Bureau be an association to be known as the Boston Workingwomen's League, and that the Chairman of this meeting appoint a Provisional President, Secretary and Board of Directors, of this League, with power to perfect the organization, and authority to call a meeting at which they may report for approval of their proceedings.

The Convention then adjourned.

Hingham, Mass.

The 31st of March was duly observed in Hingham by the Children's Lyceum, with new equipments, consisting of a fine silk flag for Guardian, 60 by 38, composed of the twelve colors belonging to the Lyceum, also silk flags for the leaders, and new targets with the proper colors.

The children united in one grand effort to sing and speak their best, and did themselves credit, as the audience proved by frequent applause. The hall was crowded. After the exercises by the Lyceum closed, the hall was cleared of seats, and dancing commenced and continued until late in the evening. All seemed to enjoy the entertainment, and went home happy.

At the annual meeting of the Lyceum for the choice of officers for the ensuing year, the old officers were re-elected, with the exception of the Guardian, who resigned her position, and Miss Ada A. Clark was chosen to fill her place. The funds have been subscribed for another year, and all looks propitious for the coming time.

Our Subscribers' List.

Our subscribers continue their laudable efforts to increase the circulation of the Banner of Light, by each obtaining one or more new subscribers. Quite a formidable list of names has thus been obtained, which shows conclusively how easy a matter it will be to trouble the circulation of the Banner when all lend a helping hand. The invisible world unite with us in thanking you, friends, for your noble work. We continue the list of names of such subscribers as have sent us one or more new ones since our last issue:

L. B. Ruggles sends five new subscribers, accompanied with the money; F. S. Pope, one; D. P. Wilder, one; J. G. King, one; Mrs. M. S. Bright, one; Jas. Cooper, one; Mrs. E. Sprague, one; C. S. Twombly, one; Samuel Austin, one; J. H. Hart, one; Wm. Perley, one; Chas. Thompson, one; O. W. Lawry, one; W. C. Ogden, two; E. N. Hall, two; N. Lamb, one; G. Kates, one.

The Davenport Mediums in Boston.

It will be seen by advertisement, that the world-renowned physical mediums, the Davenport Brothers and William Fay, are in this city, and will hold sances in Music Hall, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings, April 27th, 28th and 29th. These mediums have recently returned from a four years' tour in Europe, where they have met with complete success in exhibiting the physical phenomena through their mediumship. We hope the skeptical will avail themselves of this opportunity to witness the manifestations through these excellent mediums. They have appeared before nearly all the crowned heads of Europe, been subjected to the severest scrutiny, and always maintained their integrity as truthful mediums.

New Publications.

THE TRUTH WOMAN is called "a series of discourses, by Rev. J. D. Fulton," the culminating discourse bearing the title of "Woman vs. Ballot," and is published by Lee & Shepard. Its peculiarities are not such as belong to thought, but to braggart willfulness and a shallow conceit of experience, observation, and knowledge.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May has a frontispiece called "The Rustic Student," the latest Parisian mode, and the usual variety of choice designs, patterns, receipts, and readable letter-press. It is a Springy number.

THE GALAXY for May opens with Charles Rendle's Story, chapters VI and VII, and proffers the last article of Richard Grant White on the uses of words, a story called "Pairs and Repairs," a sketch of "English Toryism and its Leaders," another of the late James T. Brady, with a medley of criticism on a recent flight of poetical birds, and the usual brilliant social and literary miscellany. The editorial "Nebula" comprise some bright starlets, which will not fail to attract attention.

PETNA'S MONTHLY for May presents at the threshold a very well summed-up statement of Thomas Carlyle's genius and influence, followed by the customary variety of verse and prose, superior and indifferent. Political questions, foreign and domestic, are discussed in several articles. Literary matters are handled with pith, point, and precision. There is a healthy mixture of narrative and poetic, and the editorial department contains some very pleasant and instructive table-talk. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

John Allyn has delivered a lecture in San Francisco on "Progression, illustrated by Seraps of creation's history." He shows up certain delusions by which great numbers of worldly people are misled and cheated.

THE LADY'S FRIEND for May has a ludicrous frontispiece engraving, perhaps seriously meant, called "The First Visit." If any one can look at that "feller" without a right-out loud snicker, he can do what we have tried to do in vain. The fashion plates for this month are brilliant, and there is a long array of useful and ornamental designs and patterns. Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton opens with an engaging story, and is followed by one from Mrs. Henry Wood. For sale by the New England News Company.

Mayne Reid's "Oswann" pushes straight on, no doubt to a marked success. It abounds in stories of the Reid pattern, with lacking illustrations. But there is too much egotism about the editor: Young people want the product, not the producer.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS gives more of Aldrich's "Story of a Bad Boy." The Eleventh Packet of the "William Henry Letters," Lawrence's Journey, Candy Making, Canary Islands and Canary Birds, Dr. Trot, Gardening for Girls, Sixty-two Little Tadpoles, and other good things for the young people. It is a racy number of this juvenile favorite.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY has a solid list of contents, commencing with Higginson's "Oldport Romance," and proceeding with "The Clothes Mania," by Parton, "Brahminism," "The Heroine of Long Point," "The Puritan Lovers," "The Zoo in the Household," "Spring in Washington," "Autobiography of a Quaker," "Can a Life Hide Itself?" "The Pacific Railroad Open," "The Intellectual Character of President Grant," "The New Taste in Theatricals."

THE RADICAL for May has articles from Chadwick, Frothingham, Whipple, Higginson, (his address on Immortality), Wiltman, Nichols, Clifford and others.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for May begins with Beyond the Breakers, follows up with a pretty poem on May Apples, gives a sketch on Salmon Fishing, another of the Hans Breiten ballads, a tale by Harriet Prescott Spofford, Recollections of Washington Irving and other articles in prose and verse of decided attraction. Anthony Trollope's new novel is to be commenced in the July number.

ALICE'S ADVENTURES IN WONDERLAND, by Lewis Carroll, published by Lee & Shepard, with forty-two illustrations by John Tenniel, make one of the prettiest works we have seen this year. It is all fairy and fine, the story a perfect bewilderment of fancy and exaggerations, while the illustrations are such a match for it as to make old heads as well as young ones wonder whether the story could have been told at all without the pictures. We can say no more than to urge all parents to put little Alice's remarkable travels and experiences into the hands of their children, who will never cease to thank them for the pleasure they have given them.

MARK THE MATCH BOY, is the third volume of the "Ragged Dick Series," by Horatio Alger, and published in handsome style by Loring. Mark is the protégé of "Ragged Dick," after the latter came to fortune and honor, and a happy conception for a sequel to that exciting boy story. This series is having a wide sale, and will bring publisher and author many thanks and much money.

GEORGE P. ROWELL & Co. publish an elegant American Newspaper Directory, containing accurate lists of all the newspapers and periodicals of the United States and Territories, and the Dominion of Canada and British Colonies of North America, together with a description of the towns and cities in which they are published. It is a most useful publication, and has been thoroughly done—a monument of Rowell & Co.'s industry and enterprise.

Cassel, of London and New York, has commenced the publication of a series of Illustrated Travels that shall comprise a record of discovery, geography and adventure. The enterprise is on a generous scale, and the first number is splendidly done, both in letter-press and illustration. Cassel publishes a long list of standard works with Dore's illustrations, and this issue will prove their worthy successor. Each part of the Illustrated Travels, quarto form, costs but fifty cents.

New Music.

S. W. Tucker, Boston, has just published in convenient book form, nine pieces of music, under the title of "Spiritual Songs." The book is sold for the very low price of fifteen cents. These songs are suitable for Lyceums, circles, &c. The words are appropriate and the music easy, and the low price must necessarily give it a large sale. Mr. Tucker is the author of the popular "Evergreen Shore."

"Songs of Gladness," is the title of a collection of one hundred hymns for the "Sabbath School, Prayer Meeting and Choir," by J. E. Gould, 623 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. It is as good as the best of sectarian hymn-books.

George F. Holmes, musical director of the Cleveland Lyceum, has compiled from various sources a number of liberal songs for the use of Children's Progressive Lyceums, and they are published at the office of the American Spiritualist in a neat little pamphlet of thirty-two pages.

The Ecumenical Council.

An influential London paper says that great efforts are being made, especially on the part of German and French ecclesiastical bodies, to induce the Pope to postpone indefinitely the Ecumenical Council, as the two cardinal points for which it has been convoked—the Pope's personal infallibility and the condemnation of political liberalism—will not receive the indorsement of the Council. Such at least appears to be the likely result, judging from the tone of the special congregation of prelates appointed to digest the proposed dogmas. It is said that the Pope refuses to listen to arguments made for postponement, and that his adhesion to his determination to call the Council together creates much concern among the Jesuits as a body, and among some of the leading prelates at Rome.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A correspondent informs us that J. W. Van Namee, from the West, has been lecturing in Brooklyn for the past few weeks to crowded audiences, giving very general satisfaction. His discourses are pronounced logical and his poems beautiful. He also gives tests convincing to the skeptical. He will visit New England shortly, where we hope he will find plenty to do.

Troy, N. Y.

Mr. W. H. Vosburgh has opened rooms at 314 River street, (up stairs), Troy, N. Y., for the healing of the sick, sale of the Banner of Light, Spiritual, Liberal and Reform Publications. Also agent for Mrs. Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, and other Spiritual Remedies, &c. and see him.



Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT we claim was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of the medium.

These Circles are held at No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 4, (top stairs), on Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. The Circle Room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted.

Persons so inclined, who attend our Free Circles, are requested to donate natural bouquets of flowers, to be placed on the table. It is the earnest wish of our angel friends that this be done, for they, as well as mortals, are fond of beautiful flowers, emblems of the divinity of creation.

Invocation.

Oh Infinite Spirit, oh Perfect Life, in unison with the many voices of this newly-born year we would send forth our hymn of praise, and would breathe out upon the life of this hour our prayers, our hopes, our fears, all our best joys, our sorrows, and all that which belongs to the present.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—If you have propositions, Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider them.

CHAIRMAN.—A week ago last Wednesday I left here at three o'clock P. M., to visit a child who was very sick in Newark, N. J., and arrived there at one o'clock the next morning.

ANS.—You seem to forget that your thought is, in fact, your spirit—nothing more, nothing less. And you also seem to forget that the spirit has power to overcome time and space.

CHAIRMAN.—My wife said that she was, at the time, perfectly wide awake, and recognized me just as clearly as she ever did in her life. I remember of thinking of her several times, but had no idea of reaching her in any tangible way.

CHAIRMAN.—This is not the only instance of the kind. My spirit has been recognized by others in distant places, but I never knew it to come so near home before.

Q.—Are we to understand that the spirit is absent from the body while at some distant place, or that there is a double consciousness—the same spirit occupying two places at the same time?

by the external consciousness, to a certain extent. You are indeed possessed, under all circumstances, of a double consciousness—that which is present with the external form, and that which is absent by virtue of the action of the distant law.

Q.—Does any change of temperature occur in the spirit-world?

A.—Yes, there is an infinite number of degrees of change—all the various gradations that are necessary to spirit-life.

Q.—Extreme cold and extreme heat, with all the gradations?

A.—No, not necessarily, because the spirit has the power more perfectly than here to adapt itself to conditions. The law of adaptation is better understood there than here.

Q.—Do you mean to say, that if we understood the law we could resist these changes with our physical bodies?

A.—Yes, I do mean that you shall understand me precisely thus.

Q.—Will that knowledge ever be possessed by men on earth?

A.—I think not. At all events, it is so far in the future, if it ever comes, that it would be folly to hope for it.

Q.—Is spirit the offspring of soul, as some assert?

A.—I believe that the two terms, spirit and soul, are synonymous. Some determine the soul to be the inner life, and the spirit to be the body of the inner life.

Q.—Is that a proper distinction to make?

A.—Yes, it is very proper to those who so understand it, but for my own part, I have never been able to discover any distinction between the two.

Q.—Yes, it is very proper to those who so understand it, but for my own part, I have never been able to discover any distinction between the two.

Q.—Do all spirits enter upon the road of progression as soon as they pass from this earth, or otherwise?

A.—The law of progress has been in action from all past eternity. Spirits are always progressing here in this world, and in the spirit-world proper.

Q.—Is there any accountability in the spirit-world?

A.—There certainly is. We are accountable to the judge of our own lives for all our thoughts, for all our deeds, and we arraign ourselves at the bar of our own consciences.

Q.—Do you accede to degrees of progress?

A.—Yes, there are very many degrees of progress. Some are more marked than others. Some souls progress in an even, harmonious manner, others in a rough, uneven manner.

Q.—Is that reconcilable with the idea of eternal progress? In other words, can we divide eternity?

A.—We certainly can, because if we could not, it would not well serve the purpose of individual life.

Q.—How can you divide? Is there any point of departure, or terminus, in eternity?

A.—No, we have no terminus, in that eternity implies a condition without beginning and without ending.

Q.—Does the Almighty ever change any of the laws of Nature? For instance, the law of gravitation, to save a bone from breaking by a fall, or to save a ship from sinking?

A.—I do not know that the Almighty ever changes the laws of Nature.

Q.—I mean suspend them for the time being?

a very long time since I went away. I was with Mrs. Lewis, a servant with her, and my name was Ellen Sullivan, and we were lost on the "Central America"—you know, the steamer from California. Well, I was there, and I went down in the steamer. And now, you see, I have something like a hundred pounds in my own right, and I was always wanting my sister to have that, but somehow it wasn't divided right.

This coming here takes me back to the time I died. Oh that was a fearful time—yes, sir, it was. Good-day, sir.

Capt. Wm. Flowers. Say that Captain William Flowers would be glad to communicate with his friends.

Samuel Poor. I am by name Samuel Poor, by trade a sail-maker. Served my time here in Boston, and worked here quite a long time, I think seven years.

I got very patriotic at the beginning of the rebellion, and was obliged to abandon the palm for the musket. Could not do any other way. Was not in a condition to attend to business at home.

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feat that she will not know us. [How old was your sister when she passed away?] She died before I was born, and was five years old—may be a little more or a little less. Farewell, sir. Jan. 4.

Séance conducted by Theodore Parker; letters answered by William Berry.

Invocation.

Oh, our Father, in the name of the holy past, the blessed present, and the untried future, we are here assembled, and we come that we may learn of thee; that thou mayst inspire us anew; that the sun of thy wisdom may dispel the shadows of our ignorance; that we may take one step further on in the great future of eternity.

We would reason with thee. Through the divine oracle which thou hast placed within the reach of all, we would talk with thee.

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Q.—Does the Almighty ever change any of the laws of Nature? For instance, the law of gravitation, to save a bone from breaking by a fall, or to save a ship from sinking?

A.—I do not know that the Almighty ever changes the laws of Nature.

Q.—I mean suspend them for the time being?

A.—No; there is no absolute, infallible rule. All inspiration is more or less general, because every thought is connected with every other thought—a gem strung upon eternity, and in such near proximity to all other gems that a certain influence must be exercised over it.

Q.—In cases where wrong is done by one to another, will there be opportunity in the spirit-world to repair that wrong?

A.—There certainly will. No soul can ever trespass upon the rights of any other soul without suffering the consequences thereof; and through that suffering they are brought to a knowledge of the better way, and, by and through that, a reconciliation takes place.

Q.—Does absolute justice always require it of one from another?

A.—Every soul measures justice according to its own capacity. With us, as with you, no two individuals can see justice from the same standpoint.

Q.—Is not that equivalent to suspension?

Q.—I think I see a difference.

A.—I certainly cannot. The counter action is a suspension.

Q.—But you may counteract a law without suspending it, by bringing a stronger force to bear against it.

A.—No; I do not so understand it. The terms are synonymous with me.

Q.—I think not, exactly. If I hold my hand out and stop a weight from falling, the law of gravitation is not suspended; it is only counteracted by my hand.

A.—Well, I do not see, in that case, that the law of gravitation is even counteracted. If a body falling through the air meets with another body equally dense, ponderable, there is a physical force that prevents it from falling to the floor or the ground.

Q.—Has the spirit-world any means of learning of scientific matters that are not possessed here?

A.—It certainly has. The sciences that are in their infancy with you—many of them—have attained mature age in the spirit-world.

Q.—Do they have any miraculous source or means of learning?

A.—No miraculous source, certainly.

Q.—Have we the privilege, through any spirit, of obtaining such knowledge?

A.—You are constantly in receipt of knowledge that is imparted to you from the spirit-world.

Q.—I mean one having a given science which they wish to gain information concerning—can they obtain assistance?

A.—Yes, under favorable conditions; and those conditions are, if you are ready to receive what you ask for, if you put yourself in the right position to receive it—put yourself in harmony with the law of reception; then, in all probability, you can receive, because there are thousands of spirits hovering near the earth constantly, who are intensely anxious to see the knowledge they have received in their second life open to you here, and they will embrace every opportunity that you offer to make the largest and very best use of all the means you place within their reach.

Q.—What do you mean by conscience?

A.—I mean that subtle power or life which determines between the right and wrong of every living soul.

Q.—Is it not a matter of education?

A.—So far as the earthly life is concerned, it is. It is an outgrowth of your education. It is warped by it; it bows down to it, and renders almost implicit obedience to it. But there is an inner life; there is that which I might call, and well, too, the oracle, that stands between the higher life and our own souls.

Q.—Cannot conscience then be called reason?

A.—Yes; it is only another term meaning the same.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I would like to speak a few moments, as I have time granted me, still further concerning this law of gravitation. Suppose I should, at this time, cause this subject through whom I am speaking to suddenly leave this chair and platform and be suspended in the air, and you should use all your efforts to cause her to descend, but not be successful, I should say that the law of gravitation had, in that special case, been suspended.

Q.—That would be determined, would it not, by the means used? If by chains or ropes, the law of gravitation would be in action just the same.

A.—The means used are these: The magnetic connection that holds all ponderable bodies in subservience to the centre of the earth, should be, for the time being, disconnected, cut off. The law of gravitation acts upon all bodies in proportion to their magnetic and electric life. There are magnetic and electric cords passing through every body—every ponderable body, at least—in this earth-life, to the centre of the planet. There is deposited the great source of your magnetic and electric life, such as belongs to the planet, and to you as children of the planet.

Now, if, by virtue of superior knowledge, we can sever these electric cords, the attraction to the centre of the earth, so far as you are concerned, will cease. What will be the result? You will rise—take an upward instead of a downward course. The law is not suspended—the general law is in action. It acts upon all other bodies, but upon you it is suspended; upon the object that is disconnected with the centre of the earth, it is suspended. I should be very glad to speak at length upon this subject, for it is one in which I am sure many of you would be largely interested. I had time to unfold to you all that I have seen and realized concerning this same law of gravitation; but for the present I am done—not with the subject, but with the time allotted me.

ONE OF THE AUDIENCE.—This last explanation is to me very satisfactory. The former was not.

SPIRIT.—There is very much more to be said, and I am quite as anxious to say it as you can be to hear it, but my time has expired. Jan. 5.

Daniel Gibson.

I hail from Cleveland, Ohio, and I am one of those kind of people that can never be made to believe anything that they cannot see through. I have contended ever since my death that there



