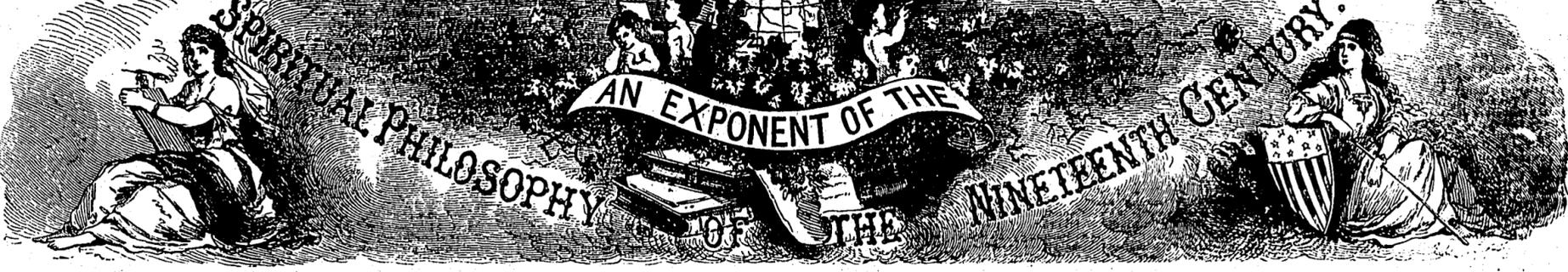


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXV.

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

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 15, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.}

NO. 9.

Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

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

CHAPTER XIV. FRAGMENTS.

What the Creation teaches Man—The Mother of
Washington—The Drum—Rustic Airs—The Lawyer
and the Peasant.

FIRST FRAGMENT.—WHAT THE CREATION
TEACHES MAN.

It is well known that most of the attempts to inspire the Indians of North America with a taste for agriculture, and to induce them to abandon their wandering life, proved incomplete, or fruitless. The French Jesuits in Canada and the English missionaries in the United States of America vainly formed, at several different times, villages of the red men. The wandering spirit which seems to be inherent in their very natures and their abhorrence of all continuous labor, have always dispersed these infant colonies. There hardly remains an Indian hamlet on this immense continent. The natives still love to roam the forests, often following the chase, or going on excursions without necessity and without object, leaving meanwhile to the women the toil of cultivating the land, and of taking care of the cattle.

In addition to the hereditary instincts which render a wandering life so attractive to the Indians, the idea that labor is disgraceful to man keeps up among them their deplorable habits. The red man, believing implicitly in the traditions of his ancestors, esteems but two occupations worthy of him—war and the chase; all other outlay of his strength he regards as a degradation.

Nevertheless, there are individual exceptions. An American missionary, Heekewelder, who published a book on the "Manners and Customs of the Indians," gives an account of one, whose industry procured for him a habitation, abundantly furnished with all the necessaries and conveniences of civilized life, and which could well bear comparison with a small American farmer's. As he was one day expressing his admiration and astonishment, the Indian spoke as follows:

"When I was young, I spent my days in idleness like my countrymen, who think that work is only fit for white men and negroes. But one day, as I was sitting on the banks of the Susquehanna, I observed the sunfish gathering little stones to form an inclosure, in which to deposit their spawn. I lighted my pipe and continued to watch them, when a little bird began to sing. I turned my head and saw him assisting his mate to build her nest, whilst he continued his melodious strain. I forgot the chase, and began to reflect on what I had seen. I saw the fish gaily at work in the water, and the birds in the air, and contemplating myself, I saw that I had two strong arms, at the end of which were hands furnished with fingers, which I could open and close at pleasure; that I had a robust body, supported by two strong legs. Can it be possible, said I to myself, that thus formed, I should be created to live in idleness, whilst the fishes, the sunfish, who have only their mouths open, and the Great Spirit must have had some object in view when he gave me these limbs. I must no longer be idle. Since then, I have built a garden and cultivated maize, and whilst others spend their time in dancing, and consequently suffer from hunger, I live in abundance. I have horses, cows, pigs and poultry, and enjoy peace and contentment. You see, my friend, that in order to learn to reflect and to work, we need only listen to the voice of Nature. Creation speaks as audibly to the white man as to the Indian."

SECOND FRAGMENT.—THE DRUM.

Unfortunately men seek for lessons of experience only in those important transactions which concern their fortune or their honor. They ignore the instruction which the million tongues of Nature are incessantly giving them in the common things of life. They pass unnoticed the hollows and bushes, but gaze with wonder at the mountains, the rocks, and the high trees. But these we only encounter at long intervals, and they teach us the power and majesty of God, whilst the others meet us at every step, and teach us in his minutest works his love and surpassing care. It is the part of wisdom to see and comprehend their use.

These reflections arose in my mind yesterday, as I listened to a child beating a drum. He was a neighbor's son, who possessed all the charms which naturally belong to childhood, vigorous health, a joyousness which inspired you with gaiety, and a caressing love, which filled you with tenderness. I held him in my arms on the day of his birth, and if I did not know what it was to be a father, I should say I loved him as my own son.

The other day I found him standing before a toy shop, in a paroxysm of covetousness. I took him by the hand and led him all round to see the display of beautiful toys, and then gave him liberty to select one. Imprudent permission! After a little hesitation, he chose a drum.

From morning till evening I hear him under my window, trying to imitate all sorts of military tunes. If I begin to read, he accompanies me by beating to arms. If I try to think, I am sure to hear double-quick step. If I am conversing, I am stunned with beating a retreat. It is impossible to calculate on a moment's quiet. At all hours the apprentice musician is at hand thumping on his ass's skin. Everybody is out of patience with him, and I, though quite as impatient as any one

else, dare not say a word, feeling that I am myself the cause of all the disturbance. I bought the drum. How many do the same every day—purchase trouble for themselves, and then curse the consequences of their own acts.

You who govern, whether a household or an empire, and who allure those who obey you into the barren paths of glory and renown, instead of leading them into the fields of usefulness and duty.

You who furnish to your enemies a pretext for slander which they delight to bruit abroad. You who present to your ardent imaginations vain hopes, which intoxicate you incessantly.

You who drag peaceful men from their happy retirement to launch them into the tumult of active life.

You whose pens spread abroad at a venture praise or blame, without reflecting on what you owe to others or to yourselves.

Do you not do for men just what I did for the child? Do you not furnish a drum to torment yourselves? The sound thereof will pursue you whithersoever you go. God grant it may cause only regret and remorse.

But now I hear my little friend weeping. For two days his father has required him to keep quiet for several hours. Disobedient to all the injunctions laid upon him he continued to beat his drum, and to put an end to the incessant disturbance his drum was broken.

A striking lesson for all of us who abuse our privileges, or take undue advantage of our position. In the end our good fortune abandons us; people's patience becomes exhausted, like the patience of my little boy's father. When our prosperity becomes offensive to the world some one arises to demand justice. Our drum is broken, the noise stops, and all we have to do is to weep.

Console thyself, poor child! What you regret will soon be replaced, but severer trials await thee, and thou wilt learn to thy cost that whoever makes too much noise in the world may expect to see his drum broken.

THIRD FRAGMENT.—THE MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

It is said that mothers make great men, and to prove it numerous examples of illustrious men have been cited who were educated by women, from the time of the Gracchi to the present. Perhaps justice requires us to say also that the character, the conduct, even the disposition and tastes of all men depend, in a great measure, on the maternal education they receive.

From its earliest consciousness the child derives its impressions from the mother. She, more than any other person, influences it during its infancy and childhood; she is in very deed the heaven-appointed instructress, who decides his principles and his habits. If she communicates to her son her temperaments and her features, assuredly she communicates to him no less the physiognomy of her spirit. It seems as though the germs enclosed in herself were developed more freely in the child educated under her care, and hence, according to his character, he becomes her reward or her punishment.

Among the mothers who regard their sons as the crowning blessings of their lives, Washington's certainly occupies a prominent place. Belonging to that ancient Virginian race, who were always distinguished by their simple piety, their probity and their persevering industry, she educated her son George in their stoical habits of labor and devotion. When he had attained the age of fifteen he wished to enter the royal marine, but she objected to this, because she thought he ought to live among his fellow-citizens, to labor with them in advancing the interests of his country and consecrating to her service all the powers and all the intelligence which he had received from God. This decision, perhaps, hastened the independence of America, by preserving for her service the great man who was instrumental in securing it. Had he become an English officer, Washington might have hesitated as to his duty in the great crisis, between his military oath and his patriotism. It might have been more difficult for him to decide to bear arms against England, whilst the relations he sustained to her might have lessened the confidence of the Americans in him. This fact completely disproves the oft-repeated assertion that the mother of Washington belonged to the loyalists, and that she used all her influence to retain her son in their service. American historians have exposed this falsehood, invented for dramatic effect by compilers more anxious to excite feeling than to make a simple statement of truth. It is true the mother of George was alarmed as to the result of the struggle in which her son was engaged. She apprehended that the superior resources of the English would finally enable them to triumph over their comparatively weak antagonist; but notwithstanding her misgivings, she uniformly encouraged her son in the performance of his duty.

And how could it be otherwise, when her whole life had been consecrated to the task of teaching him the pre-eminence of duty and usefulness? She saw George put himself at the head of the insurgents with a feeling of maternal solicitude, but without betraying any weakness. When he met with his first reverses she was never heard to utter a word of discouragement or complaint. When his day of triumph came she still preserved her wonted serenity.

The English, who were masters of New Jersey, were scattered all through the province. Washington, who was encamped on the other side of the Delaware, said to his officers: "Our enemies have extended their wings too far; it is time to clip them."

And, crossing the river, he gained a victory which saved the American Union. This news was brought to his mother by a crowd of friends, who hastened to congratulate her. She rejoiced with them in the success of her beloved country, but to the encomiums on Washington, which seemed to her extravagant, she replied with a serious air:

"This is flattery, gentlemen. George, I trust, will remember the lessons which I have taught him, and will never forget that he is simply a citizen of the Union, whom God has permitted to be more fortunate than his fellow countrymen."

When she heard of the capture of Cornwallis she did not think of the glory of her son, but she exclaimed: "God be praised! our country is free, and we shall have peace."

His marriage with a wealthy lady had made Washington one of the richest land-holders in Virginia. He often solicited his mother to live with him at his beautiful residence at Mount Vernon, but she declined, preferring to remain at Fredericksburg, where she superintended her little farm. At the age of eighty-two she mounted her horse every morning, rode over her fields and gave all the necessary directions. Her income was small, but she managed her affairs with so much economy that she was enabled to minister to the necessities of many among the poor and unfortunate. Never did a countryman whom the war had reduced to poverty solicit her aid in vain. She often repeated the proverb, "Charity always finds something in the purse which has no holes." A secret malady—a cancer, in the stomach—at last compelled her to remain in doors; but she still occupied herself with the administration of her affairs. Col. Fielding Lewis, her son-in-law, proposed to her to let him take charge of them.

"Thank you, Fielding," she said; "I shall be obliged if you will keep my books, for your eyes are better than mine, but I can still attend to the rest."

Seven years had elapsed without her seeing George, who was too closely engaged by his military duties to visit her. At length, when the combined armies were about to return to New York, Washington took the road to Fredericksburg. He sent a messenger to ask his mother how she would like to receive him, whether with a retinue or alone. "Alone," was all her reply. And the commander-in-chief of the American troops, the marshal of France, the deliverer of his country, the hero of his age, went on foot to the home of her whom he regarded, to use his own words, "not only as the author of his being but of his renown."

Mrs. Washington received her son with the most overflowing tenderness, but said not a word about the glory he had acquired. What he had done was, in her eyes, but the simple performance of duty.

"I taught him to be virtuous," she said; "glory is but a result."

She conversed with him about his old friends, calling him by his pet name in childhood, but never once inquired about the honors everywhere heaped upon the saviour of the Union. However, when they came to invite her to the ball given by his fellow citizens in honor of the conquerors of Cornwallis, she accepted the invitation.

"I have left my dancing days far behind me," said she, "but I shall be happy to join in the public rejoicings."

The French officers, who formed a part of the victorious army, were very impatient to see this extraordinary woman. She appeared about the middle of the evening, dressed in the old-fashioned costume of Virginia ladies, leaning on the arm of Washington. She received the attentions and compliments of every one with courtesy, made several turns around the room and then retired. The French were astonished at the sight of so much majesty, combined with such beautiful simplicity, which rendered her superior to all reflected greatness. Looking at her, as she went out with Washington, one of them exclaimed:

"Such mothers explain such children."

Before his return to Europe, La Fayette went to Fredericksburg, to see the mother of his general. "Accompanied by one of the grandsons of Mrs. Washington," says an American Biographer, "they were approaching the house, when the young man exclaimed, 'Here is my grandmother!' The marquis then perceived the mother of his honorable friend working in her garden. He spoke of the blessings of the Revolution, of the glorious future which awaited regenerated America, and paid a high tribute of friendship and admiration to Washington. But to all his encomiums, the mother simply replied that she was not at all astonished at what George had done, because she knew that he was truly good." This ingenious soul comprehended that all great actions spring from the heart.

La Fayette could not take leave of Mrs. Washington without asking and receiving her blessing, as if she were his own mother.

After Washington was elected President of the new born Republic, he went to see his mother. "The people," said he, "have chosen me first magistrate of the United States, and I have come to bid you farewell, but as soon as my duties admit of it, I shall return to Virginia."

"You will never see me more!" replied his mother. "But go, my beloved George; fulfill your destiny; and may the grace of God preserve you." At these words she opened her arms; the President remained a long time with his head resting on the shoulder of the aged invalid, whose emaciated hands caressed his head. He wept abundantly, and could not tear himself away from this last embrace. It was his heroic mother who first regained her calmness, and who gently said "Farewell."

Her presentiment did not deceive her: she died shortly afterwards at the age of eighty-five. "During her last days," says the American Biographer, "Mrs. Washington often spoke of her good George, but never of the illustrious general." She breathed her last, recommending her son and her country to God.

The unflinching firmness of this remarkable woman was beautifully tempered by religion. She found in her simple reliance on God an inexhaustible source of happiness; and this same faith inspired that tenderness and courage which

made her a Spartan Christian. She retired daily to the solitude of the fields, and there, in the presence of creation, she held, as she expresses it, conversations with God, and ever returned home strengthened and refreshed.

FOURTH FRAGMENT.—(FOR MY DAUGHTER.)—RUSTIC AIRS.

The farmers ask each other what Jennie will do, as they point to the young girl coming from the field, her sickle on her shoulder. Jennie, herself, could not answer this question. Standing between two destinies, she does not know which to choose.

On the declivity of the mountain, clothed with a meagre pasturage, stands a poor cottage, where her god-mother and William, the son of this good old woman, reside. His mother, who had long supplied the place of her own, often solicited Jennie to come and live with them. She sent frequent messages to this effect, and the son often went to try to learn her decision, and press his own suit. But Jennie still evaded a direct reply. Over and over she pondered the subject. Again and again she said to herself, "Shall I give up the splendid farm, owned by George, for the little cottage where I was brought up? Shall I exchange the pleasures of wealth for the miseries of poverty? Shall I prefer the poor squalor of the village to the rich farm? Shall I be the solace of William, or the luxurious wife of George?"

The young girl hesitated, but in reality she inclined, almost unconsciously, toward the gold and the pleasure. She compared the beautiful fields covered with wheat, up to the very escarpment of the mountain; the full ears of rye, which had grown even amid the stones, and concealed them with their rich harvest; the heifers scattered over the green pastures, with the three goats of her god-mother, seeking their scanty subsistence of bitter brushwood in the clefts of the rocks. And when her eye rested on the tiled roofs of the farm buildings glittering in the sun, she involuntarily contrasted them with the little cottage covered with moss, enveloped by an old ivy, which seemed to hold it suspended above the ravine.

Where will happiness be most secure? Where will the future be best provided for? Of these two destinies, the one seemed to require only the will to be happy, the other, to demand patience, devotion, and courage. Reason bade her choose the easiest life; but what whispered her heart?

Jennie's mind was filled with these reflections when she arrived at the farm. Her sickle had just been hung above the door, beside that of George's sister, who was waiting to welcome her. The two young girls were talking in a low voice, the one gay and caressing, the other troubled and unsettled.

Suddenly a well-known air floated on the breeze. Jennie started, and turned round.

Silently advancing toward the door, William laid down his sickle, and seated himself without speaking. There, in all the radiance of the setting sun, he began to play his mountain airs.

Jennie listened. At first she was delighted, then filled with tender emotions. To each of these airs some sweet memory was attached. All the images of the past rose in review before her, like birds, which, when suddenly awakened, plume their feathers, warble and flap their wings. One hand hung listlessly by her side; on the other rested her cheek, as she went over in imagination those magical years of her young life.

At first she pictured herself, weak and timid, climbing the steep ridges with the assistance of William, who supported her, and snatching with a trembling hand the tufts of grass which thrust themselves out from the fissures of the rocks, to feed the only cow her god-mother possessed. But when she grew stronger, she would follow the young boy to the pasture. He cut for her the hazel stick which served her as a crook; he lighted the fire of heather on which they roasted the chestnuts he gathered; he made an arbor of green branches interlaced, to shelter her from the sun and the rain.

Oh, how many services he has rendered her! How many sacrifices, unappreciated at the time, has he made for her! How the poverty of the son and the mother became opulent to gratify the orphan! The silver ring which she had preserved, the golden cross she held in her hand, the beautiful ribbons with which she adorned herself on feast days—all were the gifts of these early friends.

And, when sickness prostrated her, how many nights of painful watching to snatch from death his prey! What rejoicings and thanksgivings when health again smiled upon her, tinged her cheek with roses and lent its lustre to her eyes! That rustic air William played the first day she was able to sit under the fir-trees! Another reminded her of the first feast where they had danced together; a third, of the return of the shepherds from the mountain, and the joy of the young man at seeing her again; all recalled some touching scene in which the god-mother and her son seemed to be her guardian-angels.

Play on, play on, William! Each of these airs teach her that the tenderest emotions, the most exalted happiness, are not purchased by wealth. Play again, William! for now she remembers that thou hast followed her from infancy to womanhood like her shadow; that thou hast ever been her kind protector, and that she had promised that thou shouldst never leave her. Play over, William! for behold the tears begin to flow over her blushing cheeks. The souvenirs of the heart have triumphed over the glittering attractions of gold, and to-morrow thou wilt not return alone; to-morrow thy mother will embrace two children.

FIFTH FRAGMENT.—THE PEASANT AND THE LAWYER.

Cities, like men, have their individual characteristics. Manufacturing or commercial, learned or frivolous, they reveal, by their physiognomy, the nature of their inhabitants. Traverse Rouen, Lyons, Brest, Strasbourg, and look around you; everything that meets your eyes will be a revela-

tion of the tastes and habits of the inhabitants. Their history will be found, so to speak, written in their streets.

This is remarkably striking in the city of Rennes. On beholding its grand edifices with their magisterial air, its magnificent squares with the grass peeping out through the pavement, its solitary walks, scarcely ever traversed except here and there by a few thoughtful readers, we immediately recognize the capital of the old Duchy of Brittany, where the Parliament formerly met—the city of students, whence issued all the learned youth of the Province; for gravity prevails in the whole aspect of Rennes. The city looks calm and severe as a tribunal of justice, and, indeed, it is the high school of law. There you find its temple, its high priests and its most fervent worshippers. People resort there from the furthest parts of Brittany, to obtain information and seek counsel. To go to Rennes without consulting a lawyer appears as impossible to a Breton as it would have appeared to a Greek to pass the Temple of Delphi without consulting the Pythoness.

This was literally true toward the end of the last century, and it is equally true now, especially with the peasants, a race become timid through oppression and accustomed to take every precaution to insure their safety.

Well, it happened one day that a farmer named Bernard went to Rennes to conclude a bargain. When he had finished his business he found that he had several leisure hours before he started for home. How should he employ them? was the question he asked himself, and at length he made up his mind that he could do better than to go and consult a lawyer, Mr. Potier, of Germondy, of whom he had often heard, and whose reputation was so great that when he undertook a lawsuit it was considered as already gained. The peasant inquired his address, and went to his office in the street St. Georges. The clients were numerous, and Bernard had to wait a long time. Finally his turn came and he was admitted. Mr. Potier motioned him to be seated, laid his spectacles upon the desk, and then inquired the nature of his business.

"By my faith, Mr. Lawyer!" said the farmer, twirling round his hat, "I have heard every one speak so well of you that, as I found myself here in Rennes, I thought I would improve the opportunity by coming to consult you."

"I thank you for your good opinion, my friend," said Mr. Potier; "but without doubt you must have some lawsuit on hand."

"A lawsuit? Nay, verily, I hold them in utter abhorrence, and never has Pierre Bernard had an unpleasant word with a mortal soul!"

"Perhaps, then, you wish advice relative to the settlement of an estate—a division of property?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Lawyer; my family and myself have never had anything to divide, seeing that we all eat out of the same kneading trough, as they say."

"Then it is some contract, some purchase, or sale?"

"Ah well! Indeed I am not rich enough to buy, nor poor enough to sell."

"Well, then, what do you want with me?" demanded the astonished lawyer.

"I told you, Mr. Lawyer," replied Bernard, laughing loud from sheer embarrassment, "I want to have a consultation, something, of course, to pay money for; because I was here in Rennes, and if I always wish to improve opportunities."

Mr. Potier smiled, took pen and paper, and asked the peasant his name.

"Pierre Bernard," replied he, delighted to find that he had made himself understood at last.

"Your age?"

"Nearly forty years old."

"Your profession?"

"My profession? Ah, yes—what—do you mean what is my business? I am a farmer."

The lawyer wrote two lines, folded the paper, and handed it to his strange client.

"Is it already finished?" exclaimed Bernard.

"Well, don't you have no time to grow mouldy as some people have. How much shall I pay you for this consultation, Mr. Lawyer?"

"Three francs."

Bernard paid the money without making any objection, bowed and took his leave, enchanted that he had profited by the occasion.

When he arrived home it was past four o'clock. He was tired from his journey, and he entered the house resolved to rest. However, his lay had been cut two days, and was completely dry. One of his boys came to inquire whether it should be brought in.

"This evening?" asked the farmer's wife, who had just come in to welcome her husband. "It will be a crying sin to go to work when it is so late; to-morrow you can bring it in without fatiguing yourself."

The boy remarked that the weather might change, that the team was all ready and the hay all laid. The farmer's wife still objected, saying that the wind was in a fair quarter, and that it would be impossible to get the hay in before night. Bernard, who was listening to this dialogue, hardly knew how to decide, when he suddenly remembered the paper given him by the lawyer.

"Stop a minute," said he, "I have a consultation in my pocket; it is by a famous man, and I paid three francs for it. This ought to relieve our embarrassment. Come, Theresa, tell us what tune he sings, you who read anything."

The farmer's wife took the paper and with some hesitation read these lines:

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day."

"That's the very thing," said the farmer, struck with its being so apropos. "Quick! bring the team! call the girls and the boys, and we will get in the hay!"

His wife still urged some objections, but Bernard declared it was not worth while to pay three francs for a consultation and not make use of it, and that he must follow the advice of the lawyer. He set the example by putting himself at the head of the laborers and working until all his hay was safely housed.

The event proved the wisdom of his conduct, for the weather changed during the night, an unexpected storm burst over the valley, and on the morning at daylight they perceived that the river had overflowed the meadow where their hay had been. The harvest of the neighboring farmers was completely destroyed. Bernard was the only one who had saved his.

This first experience gave him such faith in the lawyer's consultation, that from that time he adopted it as a rule of conduct, and, thanks to order and diligence, he became one of the richest farmers in the country. He never forgot the service rendered him by the lawyer, to whom he carried every year, as a token of gratitude, a couple of his handsomest hens; and he used to tell his neighbors, when they talked about lawyers, that next to the commandments of the Church, what he had profited most by was the consultation of the lawyer.

[To be continued.]

Western Department.

J. M. PEABLES, EDITOR.

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

Another Beecher Disfellowshipped.

Rev. Thomas K. Beecher—one of the Beechers—who is pastor of a Congregational Church, at Elmira, N. Y., has been disfellowshipped by the Ministerial Union of that place.—Exchange.

It refreshes the spirit to chronicle and comment upon the above paragraph. If memory serves us, it is some fifteen years since we were pastor of the Universalist Church, in Elmira, New York. At the same time, the Rev. T. K. Beecher, half-brother of Henry Ward, was pastor of the First Congregationalist Church. Being warm personal friends, both of us were considered by the denominations to which we respectively belonged a little "shaky," theologically. Brave enough to read different periodicals and reviews, we frequently talked of the progress of "free thought," and the disturbing element of Spiritualism. Friend Beecher always said there was "a fish at the other end of this line"; but of its real character—saint or demon—he was not so certain.

Pleasant and sunny the memories of those times. Together we rolled bales in dinoplin alleys, practiced gymnastics, took baths in Dr. Gleason's water-cure, hurled stones into the valley at our feet, told mythical stories of eccentric Christians, lectured on temperance, attended social gatherings for conversation and culture, and mutually, laughingly, accused each other of being the rank-est heretic. A dozen years, or more, buried in the abyssal past, and lo! we are both outside the "Camp of the Philistines," and the reach, too, of all such theologians as feed on the crusts and crumbs of a cold, formal, creedal Christianity. Over this chasm of time, we extend the warm right hand, and welcome our old friend Thomas K. into the good and growing fraternity of the "great unchurched." May his shadow lengthen, and his heresy strengthen. Amen.

"Humanity sweeps onward where to-day the martyr stands. On the morrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands, far in front the cross stands ready, and the crackling fragments burn. While the hoisting mow of yesterday in silent awe returns, To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn. Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne; Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown Standeth God in the darkness keeping watch above His own."

Illustrative of Mr. Beecher's style when a fellow-boarder with us at the Elmira Water-Cure Institution, the following may serve as a sample: Sitting in the parlor one evening, some thirty present, listening to music, Beecher suddenly whirled around, and putting his eagle eyes upon us, said in his own felicitous way, "I've got an idea—must fire it off."

Well, if liable to rust from keeping, let us have it. "You, a heretic, speaking after the manner of the fathers, have traveled all over the hills and through the valleys of Chemung County, preaching there's no hell—no hell—NO ENDLESS HELL TORMENTS! And I've been around after you, preaching hell and damnation—HELL AND DAMNATION! Now, we've both gone to extremes. You preach hell—or at least, a little more hell, to those Universalists—they need it; and I'll not preach quite so much to my church, and I think we'll both hit nearer the truth."

Wouldn't you call that policy? "Certainly not—but wisdom—that wisdom which appreciates both justice and love in the divine administration." Frequently listening to Mr. Beecher, his prayers, so childlike, beautiful, pathetic, pleading, often caused us to weep, while his sermons uniformly forced us to laugh. Neither knowing nor caring what his peculiar heresies are, we are certain that he is a good, true, benevolent, sincere, independent man, and as such, cherish for him profound respect and esteem.

Clippings and Comments.

"One hears as much twaddle and blarney from the minister of all denominations now occupying the pulpit, as from any other source under heaven."—The New Covenant.

For once at least, Sister Livermore and self perfectly agree. This pious twang, this constant "twaddle and blarney" is nauseous and sickening to the thinkers of our country. "Under heaven" is a phrase of very wide significance. Extending the thought, we are soon introduced to the sulphur territory of a "weeping and wailing" evangelism. Not disposed to discredit this charge against ministers of "twaddle," the inquiry naturally arises, are the people culpable for their general unbelief in these "ministers" and the sectarian dogmas they inculcate? Belief is no matter of choice; sufficient evidence compels it. And yet these consoling words of the hymn are ever heard and sung:

"Go, preach my gospel, saith the Lord; Bid the whole earth my grace receive; He shall be saved who trusts my word, He shall be damned that won't believe."

"The ladies of Hungary were determined to have their rights. They have asked the Parliament to authorize the beautiful Queen of Hungary (the Empress Elizabeth, of Austria) to appoint twenty female members of the Hungarian House of Magnates."—Baltimore American.

No genuine reform, voicing the spirit of the age, ever goes backward. Equality, progression—onward, upward, about the angels. Their echoes are waking the millions to a higher life. This is the reconstruction.

Rev. Augustus Woolbury, of Providence, will preach the annual sermon this year before the Ancient and Honorable Artillery.—Christian Register.

Will he oblige us by using these Scriptural texts? "Men shall beat their swords to plowshares, and their spears to pruning-hooks; neither shall they learn war any more." "Peace on earth and good will toward men."

Rabbi Snersohn, who has been residing twenty-six years in Jerusalem, recently delivered a lecture in Washington upon the Holy Land. Among other things he said:

"We have passed through their history under twenty-three changes of government, and a line of seventy-two kings, being now a part of the territory of the Ottoman Empire. They have seen the dark day when, under the Romans, hyenas and jackals screamed through their streets in search of the carcasses of thousands of Jews, and their holy city became a conquered Roman colony. They shared in the horrors when twenty-five thousand Christians were slain, in the year 812 of the Christian era, and when thousands more fell in 1012. Jerusalem had been thus five times destroyed; but it had as often risen from its ashes, and is now more wealthy than Rome to be called the Eternal City. Earthquakes have come all around it, but still it has stood firm, without a shock or even a tremor."

The National Academy of Science has just held

its annual session in the Medical College Building, city of Washington. The professionally learned were in attendance. Notice this:

"Professor Joseph Henry called the meeting to order. The first paper read was by Prof. Alex. Agassiz, on the 'Age of Beaver Dams.'"

Important themes—"Age of beaver dams," "fins of fishy tribes," &c. While tables lifted in the air by invisible forces, human bodies sailing in the atmosphere over peoples' heads, living coals of fire held in the hand without injury, intelligent communications through the Planchette, and other remarkable facts clearly within the range of physical science and looking toward a tangible demonstration of immortality, were not considered worthy a moment's attention from these savans. Neither science nor wisdom will die with them.

Seeing a huge man the other day, on Pennsylvania Avenue, twisting, eeling and balancing himself upon a velocipede, we were reminded of the excellent adulatory discourse of Plato to his pupils for wasting their time in equestrian sports connected with charioteers:

"With indignation I survey Such skill and judgment thrown away; The time profusely squandered there On vulgar arts, beneath thy care, If well employed, at less expense Would teach thee honor, state, renown, And lead thee from thy coachman's fate, To govern men and guide the State."

Mrs. E. C. Stanton, of the Revolution, penning sketches of her lecture tour through the West, thus writes of Rev. J. B. Harrison, Bloomington, Ill.:

"I found that the Rev. Mr. Harrison had just fired a gun in the town paper on the lack of logic in the Chicago Convention and woman's intuitions in general. It amuses me to hear the nonsensical men talk. They say they are intended to be used as reasons; but their college doors against her, so that she cannot study that manly accomplishment, and then they blame her for taking a short cut to the same conclusion they reach in their roundabout, lumbering processes of ratiocination. Do these gentlemen wish to set aside God's laws, pick up logic on the sidewalks, and go step by step to a point we can reach with one flash of intuition? * * * He is rather morbid on the question of logic; but the most melancholy symptom of his disease is his hatred of the Revolution. He says it is a very wicked paper, that he had felt it his duty to warn his congregation against taking it, thus depriving us of as many as a hundred subscribers, though he read it himself (under protest) regularly every week. Strange what a fascination evil things have even for those who minister at the altar."

The Rev. Mr. Harrison, sympathizing with and having lectured considerably for Spiritualists, ought to be more deeply interested, it seems to us, in all the genuine reform movements of the age.

"Do you love Jesus?"—Christian Witness.

Yes, love him too well to pack our sins on to his overburdened shoulders. We love him because he was good; because he loved little children; because he heard poor blind Bartimeus; because he mingled with publicans and sinners to teach and bless them; because he prayed for his enemies, "Father, forgive them"; and last, but not least, we love him because he was a Spiritualist. Certainly, then, "we love Jesus."

BEECHER ON WHINING PRAYERS.—"I once," says Henry Ward Beecher, "had a good Christian man that used to trouble me a great deal. He used,"—and here Mr. Beecher impersonated him to the life, "he used to drag his words in the most tediously slow process that you can imagine. One evening he commenced as usual: 'I hope—that my—young—friends—will—not—like—me—put—off—their—consideration—of—the—interests—of—eternity'; and just then I interrupted him, by saying, 'Mr. —, if you go on that way much longer, eternity will be here and half through before you finish!'"

THE CHURCH ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.—The great growing church organism of this country, is the Roman Catholic. Conservative in the extreme, this denomination opposes nearly every reform upon Bible grounds. The Tablet, a Roman Catholic sheet, recently had this and much more in the same vein, concerning woman's suffrage:

"The silly men and foolish women who are agitating for female suffrage and eligibility are ridiculous enough in their reasonings in support of their cause. * * * Yet St. Paul has settled the question for all Christians, when he forbids a woman to teach in the Church; commands them to cover their heads during Divine service, to keep silence in public, and learn of their husband at home, and declares that man is the head of the woman, even as Christ is the Head of the Church. What should we say if the Church insisted on governing our Lord?"

PROMPT PAYMENT.—Our "fellow apostle," J. O. Barrett, "angel" of the Spiritual Church in Glen Beulah, Sheboygan Co., Wis., is engaged to minister to this people one-half of the time during the year. The salary was nearly all paid in advance. That's the way to do it.

The Russian Church doesn't allow gas in its edifices, because it is not mentioned in the fathers.—London Star.

The church fathers did not mention sunlight nor atmospheres as tonics; did not mention steam engines nor Atlantic cables; base-ball nor velocipedes. Will Russian church members ever dare to use modern inventions?

"Christianity was much nearer to Voltaire, when he struggled for free speech, than it was to Jeremy Taylor when he wrote his 'Holy Living and Dying'; and, bating his imperfections and vices, when Thomas Paine went into the other world, he was more likely to be received with 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' than many a bishop that went up from under an English mitre."—Christian Register.

Thus talked the gifted Wendell Phillips in Horticultural Hall. By Christianity he had no reference to the sectarianisms of this country; but the principles and precepts ascribed to Jesus.

The Emperor Napoleon has just received, from the "King of the Birmans," a present of 28 volumes of Buddhist manuscript.—London Times.

These Buddhist and Brahminical manuscripts are exceedingly valuable, inasmuch as they show that the Christian fathers pilfered largely from them in the construction of the Christian system.

DETROIT SPIRITUALISTS.—At the formal inauguration of this society, (organized in January last), the President, S. B. McCracken, Esq., delivered a sound and able discourse, a portion of which appears in the Detroit Free Press. As the address abounds in good things, only a want of room prevents the insertion of the entire report. Speaking of organizing auxiliary associations, such as social clubs, libraries, charitable gatherings, with their necessary good results, he says:

"They will do more than this. They will enable us to conquer vice by feeding, as far as we may, every pure and legitimate desire and aspiration of the soul. Let us show to the world that we have a religion in which it is no crime to be happy, and that happiness and purity are the principle, a shrine. Let us rear a new Pantheon, perfect, as the old was imperfect, for, as the old was imperfect in the dim shadow of mythological tradition, so shall the new be the more perfect in the purer light of spiritual illumination. Let us lay the foundation of our temple broad and deep. Let us inscribe on its abutment, entablature and dome, Truth, Purity, Unity, and let its inner surface be studded with sanctifications of every form and hue that may be reflected from the centre of light, that every pilgrim who may cross its threshold shall find the divine life within him reproached and quickened by its kindred spark, and chained by its magnetic fire, have every base attribute fused and purified in the glowing crucible of heavenly love."

Eldorado, Mo.

O. B. Payne, M. D., writing from Eldorado, Clark County, Mo., says:

"We have a small Society, regularly organized, and a few good mediums, with perhaps an interesting manifestation as any circle in the country is blessed with. Spiritualism is a live institution here at Eldorado, if it is rather a back-wrought place, Missouri would be a fine field for lecturers on our Philosophy, for our people are generally a free, liberal, and independent class of citizens, awarding to all the right to think and act in accordance with the dictates of one's own highest reason and intuitions. But since the war, our people are generally rather hard run for means. But in a few years we will have arisen above the immediate effects of this revolution, and, I trust, both a wiser and better people than to foster anything other than peace and fraternity to all."

Another Lecturer—E. P. Fenn.

While waving harvest-fields are calling for reapers, it gives us satisfaction to announce that Mr. E. P. Fenn, a faithful worker in the St. Louis Society, has resolved to devote much of his time in the future to the public promulgation of the Spiritual Philosophy. He brings with him into our lecture ranks candor, culture and the strictest integrity. The command is still authoritative, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." Bro. Fenn has recently lectured in Fruitland, Ill., to most excellent acceptance.

Matters in Washington.

EDITORS BANNER OF LIGHT.—This has been to our Society a year of eventful change. You have before chronicled the secession of a portion of our members, and the dividing of interests, which made the support of regular lectures rather burdensome, carrying on to many whom we highly esteemed, and amongst them Bro. T. G. Forster. We rejoice, however, to inform you that, notwithstanding the year has been one of great prosperity, the hall which we occupy being too small at all times to accommodate those who pressed to hear the word of life from our speakers, we intend to secure a larger hall before the next season.

We recognize the wisdom and kind guidance of our angel friends in leading us to the selection of the very able, faithful and estimable lecturers who have occupied our platform during the year. Mrs. Middlebrook, Mrs. Daniels and Mrs. Brigham need no recommendation from my pen. Their high standing is well and widely known; so also Bros. N. F. White and J. M. Peables, whose works are sure to be well done wherever they labor. Miss Nettie Pease, however, is a younger lecturer, and a word in reference to her may not be out of place. She served us well, and very acceptably, and cannot fail to be highly appreciated wherever she may speak. And beside this, her gentle disposition, modest deportment and purity of life are sure to attract the warmest esteem of all who may know her. I commend her to all friends, East and West.

In May we shall have Mrs. S. A. Byrnes to speak for us, and we doubt not, from the expressions of high esteem in which she is held elsewhere, that we shall find her also worthy of rank among our most successful laborers.

We have recently sustained a heavy loss in the removal of our good and ever faithful sister, Mrs. Mary Lanston, ever true and earnest in the work which she feels she has to perform. Our Lyceum, Conference and Society will all miss her genial and inspiring presence. She has gone to reside in the capital city of Oregon, where she intends to do a mission's work as a lecturer and medium. I commend her very warmly to the confidence and friendship of all the lovers of truth in that section of the country or elsewhere.

I am sorry to inform you that Bro. Forster has lost his position under Government; but this in itself is no disgrace. There is no certainty that any will retain their positions on the change of administration. He has been long suffering from the effects of an injury received on the back of the head, which has prevented him from filling the duties of his office, but which we hope will not interfere with his doing great good on returning again to the lecturing field.

Bro. Mott, also, who has been one of our most liberal supporters, leaves us this month for the Pacific shores. May the good angels go with him, and bless him and his wherever they may be.

JOHN MAYHEW.

Washington, D. C., April 24, 1869.

At a regular meeting of the Progressive Lyceum and Library Association, held at Richmond, Ind., April 7, 1869, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Association tenders its thanks to Lee & Shepard, Boston; Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston; J. M. Pior & Co., Boston; A. J. Graham, New York; Mrs. M. Clara Bland, Indianapolis; Loving & Co., Boston; Wm. White & Co., Boston; Tribune Company, Chicago; Fields, Wood & Lothrop, New York; and to the Librarian, and that the Secretary be directed to forward copies of this resolution to all the above named firms and persons.

E. F. BROWN, Secretary. S. MAXWELL, President.

Lyceum Methods Recommended to Orthodox.

At a recent Convention of Sunday school teachers, several suggestions were made on the best way of managing those schools. We have an idea that the great object should be to give children an interest in them—such as they do not feel at present. Boys and girls should have something attractive—lectures, for the whole school, on great and good men and actions—on topics of vital knowledge, with illustrations and anecdotes—panoramic views, with beautiful music to wind up with. The routine of the classes at present is very dull, and any sort of a change would be something for the better.—New York Times.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A CLUSTER OF VIOLETS, ON MY SICK BED.

BY BATTIE BAGGETT.

Sweet heralds of spring, do I greet you once more? You seem to me brighter than ever before; Lie light on my pillow; open wide your blue eyes, And tell me what secret you brought from the skies.

In your breath and your beauty a light you impart, Like the sunshine of Hope, to my sad, weary heart, And the memories you bring of bright, golden hours, When I roamed in the meadow and gathered wild flowers.

Of all Flora's gifts you are fairest and best; You have found your way hither to bring peace and rest; To cool my hot pulse with your loving blue eyes, And whisper the secret you caught from the skies.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at same place at 12 M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President. Mrs. S. B. Colman, Secretary.

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

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

ANDOVER, O.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at Morley's Hall every Sunday at 11 1/2 A. M. J. S. Morley, President; J. S. Morley, Secretary; Wm. A. Dunck, Assistant Secretary; Harriet Dayton, Secretary.

BOSTON, MASS.—Mercantile Hall.—The First Spiritualist Society meets in this hall, 32 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Saml. J. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunck, Secretary. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed for the present to Conductor, Saml. J. Jones, 32 Summer street.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The South End Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. No. 80 Springfield street. John W. McGuire, Conductor; J. C. Clark, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. M. J. Stewart, Guardian; Mrs. Anna T. St. Johns, Musical Directress; A. J. Chase, Secretary. Address all communications to A. J. Chase, 141 Washington street.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—The Springfield Spiritualist Association hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P. M. Benjamin J. Mott, Conductor; Cor. Sec. Speaker engaged; J. M. T. during May.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Sawyer's Hall.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Sawyer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 7 and 9 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. G. K. P. Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Bradford, Guardian of Groups.

BALTIMORE, MD.—Saratoga Hall.

The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at Saratoga Hall, corner of Central Hall, and Myrtle and Saratoga streets. Mrs. F. V. Hyzer speaks till every Sunday evening. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the same hall.

BROADWAY INSTITUTE.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of Baltimore. Services every Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour.

BUFFALO, N. Y.—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings in Lyceum Hall, corner of Court and Pearl streets, every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Wm. E. Smith, Conductor; H. D. Fitzgerald, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Mary Lane, Guardian.

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

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. at Lantry's Hall. Travis Swan, Conductor; Mrs. I. Wilson, Guardian.

BRIDGEVILLE, ILL.—The Spiritualist Society hold meetings in Green's Hall two Sundays in each month, forenoon and evening. Meetings every Sunday at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. W. F. Jamieson, Conductor; S. C. Hayward, Assistant Conductor; Mrs. Hiram Bidwell, Guardian.

CHARLESTON, MASS.—Central Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association of Charleston hold meetings at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, every Sunday, at 10 1/2 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. A. H. Richardson, Corresponding Secretary.

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