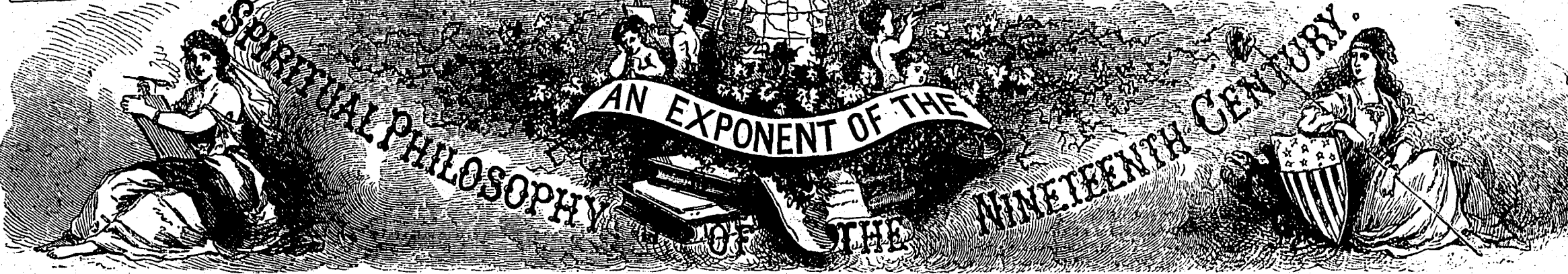


BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?

A SKETCH OF THE TIMES.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

BY REBECCA J. MASON.
Author of "Starving by Inches," &c.

CHAPTER I.

It was a driving storm of rain, in the middle of November. A lady, warmly and comfortably clad, was slowly making her way against the fierce easterly wind, when her attention was arrested by the sight of a delicate-looking child, carrying a large bundle, and wholly unprotected from the storm, stopping to speak to a gentleman who was standing in a doorway. The lady had divined instantly that the child was sent to return some washing, and had lost her way, bewildered by the storm. She waited a moment as she heard the little one ask, "Please, sir, tell me the way to Elder street?" and, placing her umbrella over the child's head, said to her:

"Have you lost your way, darling?"

The child looked up, evidently surprised at being accosted; but in the same moment a glad smile played over her face as she answered:

"I've been asking ever so many people to tell me the way, and some tell me that way, and some tell me down there, and I've got to carry these things to the lady, 'cause mother wants the money, and if I get it mother said I might take three cents out of it to ride home; and I've got to hurry like everything."

"Poor child!" said the lady, "put one little hand under my waterproof, and I will show you the way, and wait for you while you leave your bundle, and then place you in a car, so you will not get quite drowned," for down in this lady's heart came up a fair face, the face of her own sweet child who had never yet been sent forth in a drenching storm; and there came up a silent prayer that God would ever endow her only treasure with loving spirit-friends to shield her from all rough winds.

When the child reached the house whither she had been sent the lady waited in the hall, and the little creature soon came running down stairs.

"Have you anything to put your money in, my dear?" asked the lady, as the little one held it tightly in her chilled hand.

"Oh, I guess I shan't lose it."

"Your little hands are so cold, child, let me wrap it up for you; and I'm going to tie this over your hat, so it won't blow off again," and she took a handkerchief from her pocket and wiped the rain drops off the pale, sweet face, and tied down the poor little hat, and then the two started, with the child clinging to her arm; and she held the umbrella quite over the little one until they came to a horse-car, and giving her three pennies for her fare, she handed her in, and the child turned round and gave her another glad smile, and told her "good-by," and the lady turned to face the storm once more.

And this was a woman whom people called stern, haughty, forbidding; whose acquaintances said they did not know her; a woman who rarely made friends, but when she did, kept the friendship for a lifetime; a woman whom many had talked of, but few really knew; one who had known many and fiery trials, who for a long time had carried an unseen cross, whose heart was bleeding, whose feet were aching to reach the golden city. This woman's face was so filled with deep suffering that it made her stern to look upon. The thorns in her path she would ever have to walk over; the cross she would ever have to carry; and the wounds in her heart, all unhealed and sometimes bleeding, would always be her portion while she remained mortal. One ray of sunshine only was hers—her darling, only child. Would it be hers always? Would not the Father suffer her to keep her only treasure—her one ewe lamb? She had suffered so much because people did not know her, did not understand her, and therefore had ever misjudged her! Will the time ever come when brave, earnest souls shall be judged rightly, by their motives, not by the results of a sincere although unlooked for course?

This woman was a martyr—a living martyr in the nineteenth century—disowned, discarded by those who should have cherished her because she dared mark out a path for herself, and dared to walk in it—a new, an untrodden path in which she kept bravely on, turning not to the right or left, looking not back, clinging more closely to the one treasure left her, to the dear life that was part of her life. How they had misjudged her! the once friends, whom she now had forgiven! But, thank God, there were those who knew and loved her—two, certain; perhaps three, four—she sometimes said to herself. Her home, all through childhood and her grown life, had been fair and plentiful. She was well cultured—came of good stock. The blood of colonial governors in the time of the last George ran through her heart. Her whole nature was proud, intense, reserved and exclusive. Never having been taught to rely upon her own resources, she had learned it through bitter experience, and now it was a struggle for life, a struggle to keep herself and child from want; for this woman, so comfortably protected from the storm, was yet poor, although constantly doing good deeds. Her name was Hannah Stockwell.

When Mrs. Stockwell reached her home, her little daughter, instead of flying to meet her, as usual, lay quietly in the lap of the old servant, Flora, who had cared for the lady in her babyhood.

"Mother Flora, what ails my Mabel?"

"Dunno, missus. The blessed lamb's laid jest

so for an hour, missus. I've spoke two or three times and she don't hear. Now, Miss Hannah, don't take on so; do n't, missus."

"Lay her in my arms, Mother Flora, and go at once for Dr. Hall."

"Yes, Miss Hannah; but do n't take on so, do n't. De Lord, that took little chillen in his arms, he'll take care of her, dat he will."

Mother Flora soon returned, to say that the doctor would not be at home for two hours; and in the meantime the child lay motionless. The mother's agony was great. She feared she was going from her. The child had always been a sensitive plant, and it had been her aim to shield her most tenderly. She seemed not to suffer pain, but to be resting in deep sleep.

"Did she play much while I was out, Mother Flora?"

"No, dear lamb, she jest played with her doll, and then come and set in my lap, and binooby she jest eliet her eyes, and she halnt opened 'em not once, honey."

The child lay thus for another hour—no fever, no pain, no restlessness—but her breathing had now become almost imperceptible. At last, her lips moved, and the two women held their very breath to catch the faint whisper. For some moments there was no sound, simply the moving of the lips. Then came a tremulousness all through the little frame, and the dear hands were raised and crossed meekly over the breast. All this time the two women had sat silent in the room, indifferent to the growing darkness by which they were now enshrouded.

Mother Flora thought she would rise and light a lamp, when the child's soft hand was laid upon her garments, detaining her from the movement, which as yet had only been a thought, when a pure, sweet tone came from the child's parted lips, "At eve there shall be light"—and yet the sleeper moved not.

Soon, a soft, dim, white light pervaded the room, gradually growing clearer and brighter, and completely surrounding the three. And it became light indeed—light unto their souls! The peace which passeth all understanding came into that mother's heart. She saw for the first time what had ever been a belief, but vague and shadowy. Now, all was certainty; for did she not see those beautiful ones—her departed ones—did she not see them, their faces all luminous with love and goodness, bending over her? Surely, she was blest indeed! And when a being, dignified, yet tender, placed his hand lovingly upon the little one's forehead, and a deep, manly voice came from the child's lips, thanking her for love and good will shown his dear child, whom she had that day overtaken in the storm, then tears once more flowed over her face—not tears of sorrow lest her darling should leave her, but tears of gratitude and thankfulness to the Father for the knowledge of the heavenly beings that were permitted to come to them—to her, the desolate woman who had toiled so long unaided, for the poor black woman who had ever refused to leave her, and to her blessed child—and not only her child, but the little creature she had encountered in the storm. Truly, light had come to her at last—to her home, to her heart.

She saw these beautiful beings—many of them old friends of hers who had long been gone from sight—gather around her child, touch their lips to her face, and slowly fade away in the distance, while the light in the room grew paler and fainter, and at length died out entirely. And still the two women sat in the darkness, knowing they had just had a glimpse of heaven—knowing that heaven was just around them, and God's angels ever with them, when they should throw off the cares of the world sufficiently to feel and see these divine presences. In a little time the child awoke and reached out her hands to feel her mother's face.

"Oh mother, darling, do you know where I've been? I've dreamed and dreamed, mother; and I've been to such a beautiful place, and seen such lots of people; and I've played, oh mother! I've played with the children, and we found some anemones, mother, what you've been wanting so long, and I've brought 'em to you. I know they're here somewhere, because I picked 'em just before they told me it was time to go home. And, mother, there was a gentleman took me up and kissed me—a good many people took me up and kissed me too—but the man said, mother, that you'd been real good to his little girl, just as old as me, and he told me—he said you found her out in the rain, mother. Did you find any little girl as big as me that lost her way; did you?"

"Yes, darling."

"And he told me to tell you to take care of her, for she aint strong; and he says God aint going to let her stay here much longer, mother, 'cause she's knocked about, he says. Am I ever knocked about, mother?" asked the child, rising from her mother's lap, as Mother Flora brought in lights.

"Oh, here are the flowers, mother!" exclaimed the little one, as she once more stood upon her feet. Anti-fragrant and choice they were, too; real, living, growing flowers, which they placed in water, and which bloomed for many days, bringing joy to their eyes, and peace to their hearts; and Mrs. Stockwell felt that on the morrow she could take up afresh the battle of life; that she would still press on in her own marked-out path; that she would still be a law unto herself, and do what unto her seemed right; that she would not mind walking alone and apparently uncared for, but would go on bravely, even unto the end.

"Don't you feel tired, darling, going so far away from home?"

"I know I have been away, mother, and yet how could I go when I was in your lap?"

"Your dear spirit went, little daughter—the spirit that looks at mother through your eyes, the two windows of the house your spirit lives in here, and it's your spirit that talks to mother through your lips."

"But, mother, how could it go? Did you see it go, mother? I know I did go off to a beautiful place and play with children, and I had something to eat, too, mother."

"Well, darling, mother knows you went, too, but she can't tell you how, for mother don't hardly know herself; but come, we'll have some supper, now, and to-morrow we'll find the little girl you told me about."

"And you'll bring her here, won't you, mother?"

"Yes, little one, we'll see what we can do about it."

CHAPTER II.

The next morning Mrs. Stockwell sought out the child she had met the previous day, and found her mother an invalid, certainly most unfit to labor. Mrs. Hale was no rough person, albeit she washed other people's clothing to earn money to keep herself and child from dying of starvation, and even then, she herself would die before many days from the effects of her dire want. Her husband, in the prime of years and strength, had gone to fight for his country's flag, and when he returned, leaving one arm and both legs on the battle-field, his only resource was to rest as best he might upon some doorstep, and grind out music enough, perhaps, to earn twenty-five or thirty pennies in a day between one or another of the throng who surged incessantly through the street. And this was Trimountain city, the city which appropriates three millions of dollars a year for benevolence!

Shame upon it! Shame to allow the poor fellows who did the work—who left part of their own bodies lying on Southern soil—shame to allow them thus to toll on public highways until a slender woman from over the prairies, with a great brave heart, makes a mighty effort in their behalf—an effort that is felt, that is heard louder than the roar of their own musketry, throughout New England, even to Washington; until a brave little "mother," in stout shoes, "who rolls up her sleeves ready to pitch in," comes from the far West, and in a few weeks does what Trimountain did not, or could not, or would not do in four years: sends them away into "free air and sunshine."

And yet Trimountain spans her tiny ponds with costly bridges, and rears equestrian statues high in air! Verily, Trimountain hath done what she could!

And yet, all through the time their lives and limbs were being left upon the battle-field, was there not a pale, earnest girl who faced the mighty powers that be, even in the building where the laws were made, and rested not, day after day, week after week, until "her boys" were cared for, although the epithet *strong-minded* met her where she turned? Did she shrink from it? Never! Jennie, thou hast our thanks!

Then it was Mrs. Hale had to wash other people's clothing, so that her poor husband with only one limb might not starve outright. And he did not die outright; no; better had it been than to see him linger week after week, and know that the form so dear was sinking from actual need! But at last the hour came, and the shades drew near and rowed their silent boat close to his side, and he stepped into it whole and perfect, with unmaimed limbs, and was quickly ferried over to the abodes of the good, without the piece of silver, and long he would return for his dear wife, and then again for his dear child, and, until then, he had chosen Mrs. Stockwell to be a mother to her. Would she fulfill the trust? Ay, to the end!

When Mrs. Stockwell found Lucy Hale's mother she saw at a glance that her work was done. She decided instantly to remove both mother and child to her own home, and to part not with the child until her father should come for her, and that same afternoon saw them inmates of her family.

The next day as Mrs. Stockwell was passing through the street—for she followed a calling which occasioned her long walks and the climbing of many flights of stairs—on this next day she met a gentleman whose face she well knew, but to whom she had never spoken. She recognized instantly the grand head, the stately physique, the majestic presence of the minister without a pulpit. She had known of him long; she had seen him for years driving through the streets of Trimountain city, with his carriage filled with invalids. She had heard of him as the inventor of poodles, the inventor of floral processions, the inventor of May-day and the Twenty-second of February parties in the hall which holds the finest organ in all Trimountain city. She had even been to the children's parties, and seen their long and beautiful processions—now gone forever. She had ever heard of him as the defender of the oppressed, whether it be black or white, as the open-handed dispenser of charities, of cordials to the sick, being so large-hearted, so open-handed that his parishioners, who had grown up from children under his teaching, began to fear he would injure his own pulpit, and were the first to cry out, "Crucify him! crucify him!" and no longer remembered the hand that had fed them. Yes, this was the minister without a pulpit—the Rev. Calvin A. Maynard, or, as he always wrote it, plain C. A. Maynard, for he hated titles, and all the faculty of Harvard could not have pinned a D.D. upon his sleeve. When Mrs. Stockwell saw this man approaching she went up to him, saying:

"Sir, I believe you are the Rev. Mr. Maynard."

"Plain Mr. Maynard. What can I do for you?"

"I wish you would come with me to my home to see a sick woman who needs cheering and consoling beyond my power to aid. I am Mrs. Stockwell, and live in Tuscan Place, No. 2."

On the way to Tuscan Place the lady recounted to Mr. Maynard the circumstances of Mrs. Hale's illness, and when they reached the house he was ushered at once into her presence. Taking her hand, in kindly clasp, he seated himself by the

bedside, and, after a slight question or two regarding her illness—for this minister never asked how people became poor and needy, sufficient for him that he found them so and could aid them—he gave her words of cheer and consolation. He told her of the Father's other home which she was soon to enter—for Mrs. Hale had no fear of changing worlds, and spoke freely of it—of the blessed relief it would be to her poor, worn-out frame to have done with pain and sickness forever, of the blessed reunion with her beloved husband, and then, finding that the child lay heaviest at the mother's heart, he spoke of her; assuring her the little one should have all the protecting care his heart and hand could give, he bade her good-by until another day.

Day after day this minister at large, this glorious Jupiter, came to the invalid, his heart full of kind thoughts, his hands filled with rare fruits and wines, often laden with books and flowers from the heights of Olympus, from whence he came early every morning, as early and as regular as any day-laborer, bringing with him whole mountains of fresh air into the invalid's room. Yet this man, who was up early and late, who had spent all his days—and he was now in his prime—in doing good, in serving others, men, women, and children who were his especial favorites—yet this man was without a pulpit! Shame again on the great city of Trimountain, thus to requito the long years of philanthropy of one of its noblest sons! And shame, also, upon the church which hurried him from his pulpit, but was helpless to crush or even bend the indomitable will-power which ran through all his nature! But other churches opened their doors and he entered their pulpits, to which he was followed by the faithful few who loved and revered him, who would walk with him even to Gethsemane!

And, years before, had not yet another of its noble ones, the noblest, rarest man that ever stood in the great hall that boasts the finest organ in the land—had not he been mocked at and reviled? Wore not he his crown of thorns? And what saved him from being stretched upon a cross, and holes made through his hands and feet by savage nails? Because the age had passed, for outward barbarism; Trimountain's heart dared do it, but Trimountain's hand dared not. Fitting, too, it is, she should not hold his ashes, for Dante's land can give more quiet rest.

Mrs. Hale lingered not many days, and one morning on the last day of the year, a quiet, restful sleep came over her, from which she awakened no more. Her child grieved not noisily, but with a quiet, patient sadness that was inexpressibly mournful to behold, bending till the last moment over her mother's cold face, and touching her cold lips with warm kisses which could not be returned.

Mr. Maynard, like the good Samaritan that he was, stood with the little child and her new friends by the side of the dead mother's coffin, and resting one hand upon the little one's head, he told her of the home of peace and rest to which her dear, weary mother had gone, and bade her remember that she would still watch over her, and they would all care for and love her. But when the coffin was lowered into its grave, and she saw the man shovel the damp earth upon the dear form, then the child's grief burst forth in all its wildness. It was piteous to see the little frame writhing in agony, and calling, "Mother, mother! don't leave me alone!" At last Mrs. Stockwell succeeded in raising the little creature in her arms, her own frame quivering with sympathy for the desolate child.

It was days and weeks before Lucy Hale began to recover from that terrible blow. She would remain for hours in the great arm-chair in which her mother had been wont to sit, her small hands folded in her lap, her face full of patient mournfulness, silent and motionless. Her new friends brought her fruits and flowers, books and dolls, but the child only smiled sadly and could take no delight therein. Mrs. Stockwell cared for her as if she had been her own; giving up her position in a school to devote all her time to the sick child. She drooped and faded day by day, and one twilight as the lady was addressing her in her lap, she reached up both little arms, "Oh, mother, I'm so glad!" and breathed no more. Mrs. Stockwell, who held the wasted little figure close to her heart, had not observed that her own child had fallen asleep at that twilight hour, so absorbed was she at the suddenness of Lucy's departure, until the room began to lighten, and the same dim soft light pervaded the whole apartment. The room seemed filled with children dressed in light and lovely colors. They hovered around her own darling and about the little form she still held in her arms. Presently there became visible near her, two full-grown beings; a man, his face beaming with tenderness and satisfaction, a woman, all loveliness through affection. Passing from one to the other and receiving the dearest caresses from each, was the freed, the joyous child for whom they had now returned. The happy little creature flitted from them to the child Mabel, who was still asleep, then to Mabel's mother, passing her fingers lightly and caressingly over her face, then to Mother Flora, who had ever been so tender to her, and at last back to her parents, who, leading her between them, paused a moment at Mabel's side and thanked them all lovingly for their kind attentions to the last, and then slowly faded away in the distance. Then Mrs. Stockwell felt that the child had indeed gone, and she gave the little vacant form tenderly into the arms of Mother Flora to be arranged for its last resting-place. Yes, the little creature had finished her short, toilsome earth-life, never more to carry bundles through the drenching rain, never more to "hurry like everything," to get home. She was now safe home, safe home with her father and mother. Oh, happiness inexpressible! The father, the mother, the child, all safe home together. Slowly the child Mabel came out of her deep trance-sleep. Slowly she awakened, and looked around bewildered.

"What is it, darling?" asked her mother.

"Why, where are all the children, mother? There were ever so many here just now, and Lucy's mother, and the man that said she got knocked about, and Lucy was with her mother and the man—why, I guess that's her father. She was with the children! I saw her just as plain, mother, and she told me good-by—said she was going home. Why, where is she?" asked the child as her mother lifted her up.

"Gone, darling, gone home where she'll never be sick any more, never be 'knocked about.' Her father and mother both came for her. I saw them lead her away. There's nothing left of her here, except the dear, pale form she lived in, and to-morrow we'll cover it with flowers and lay it tenderly away."

"Oh, mother, I wish I could go!" then seeing the look of pain that passed over her mother's face, she added, "If you could go with me, mother, I don't want to go alone, and leave you alone. Should you miss me ever so much, mother?"

"Yes, darling, mother hopes the dear God won't take you away from her!"

Anything but that! Spare me that blow! was the wall of her inmost heart. Ay, God alone could help her if that hour should come, for then her desolation would be complete.

Mrs. Stockwell decided not to resume her school, but to devote herself wholly to the care of her delicate child, and the adding of others as far as lay in her power. Her husband had been a shrewd man of trade, but being selfish and luxurious in his tastes, she found at his death she should not be burdened with the care of a large property; and being a lover of children, and having an instinctive aptitude for teaching, she had made that her profession.

[To be continued.]

Spiritual Phenomena.

THE LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

A MYSTERIOUS AND STARTLING STORY.

The following communication has been handed us, says the St. Louis Republic:

An extract from a new work entitled "Henry J. Raymond and the New York Press," is now extensively republished throughout the country. The extract purports to be a narration of certain facts connected with the rivalry between the *Herald* and *Times* newspapers in regard to obtaining the first authentic intelligence concerning the loss of the Collins steamer Arctic, on her homeward voyage from Liverpool in October, 1871. The reading of it has recalled to my mind another story far more startling, and belonging to the same terrible disaster, which, up to the present time, has never found its way into print. The summer after the Arctic was lost, the writer visited New York, and at the Astor House in that city was called upon by an old friend and schoolmate who resided for several years at Alton, Ill., and is pleasantly remembered by many of the older residents of that place. This gentleman now lives in Chicago, and holds a responsible position on one of the leading railways of the northwest. At the time the events occurred which I am about to narrate, Mr. M— was a private secretary or foreign correspondent for E. K. Collins, the manager of the noble but most unfortunate line of steamers bearing his name, and an inmate of his office. M— was then, and is now, an untime and tried have sadly changed him, a jolly, good-hearted, clever fellow, afraid of nothing, believing not much in anything, and certainly the last person likely to be at all tainted with superstition. His veracity is unquestionable. After a long conversation about our boyhood days, and the companions whom we had both known and loved in that happy era, I naturally made some inquiries relative to the Arctic, knowing that M— from his situation would be likely to give some interesting incidents that perhaps had never been made public. To my surprise when the subject was broached, his face assumed a serious cast, his voice softened to a subdued, half-whispering tone, and he remarked: "There is a mystery about that affair which has always puzzled me and I do not like to think of. To my knowledge it has never before been spoken of outside Mr. Collins's office, or his immediate family circle. I will, however, tell it to you, but can give only the facts as they fell under my own observation, without attempting any explanation."

M—'s story was substantially as follows, barring the inaccuracies which must necessarily accompany the effort to remember a conversation transpiring fifteen years ago:

"I was," said he, "as you know, a clerk in Mr. Collins's office, and I believe, rather a favorite with him. At any rate he allowed me more liberties than most of the other employés, and frequently conversed about his own personal matters in a semi-confidential manner, which was very gratifying to me of my age."

Mr. Collins's wife and two children, a boy and a girl, went to Europe in the summer of 1871, and made quite an extended tour on the continent. While absent, they kept for his gratification a journal, telling the places through which they passed, the dates of their visit to each locality, and a brief description of the various objects of interest. This journal in detached fragments was regularly transmitted to him, and he naturally perused it with great pleasure. At that time Spiritualism was creating quite an excitement in New York, and some of the clairvoyants, or trance mediums, had gained considerable notoriety. One evening Mr. Collins thought he would give the phenomena a personal investigation, or at least, submit the question to a sharp and satisfactory test. He accordingly disguised himself, and went alone to the house of a celebrated female medium in a remote part of the city. Sending up a fictitious name, he was ushered into the presence of the woman. He stated to her that he desired to know the whereabouts of a middle-aged lady, a young lady and boy, and described as nearly as possible the appearance of his wife and children. The medium, after the usual preliminaries, lapsed into the trance state, said that she saw the party distinctly; that they were in an old town, she did not know the name,

COMPENSATION.

BY GRACE LELAND.

Come, friend, with me, I'll show thee what I've seen
In hours of silence, when the soul outlives
Itself from weeping to the islands green,
Gathering in glad surprise its new found gifts.

Storm-tossed and wearied by the raging waves
That lash themselves in many a foaming crest,
How dear the respite that from madness saves!
In these green glens how sweet to rest!

Yet sorrow gives us all the sweetest key
By which to open the mysteries of life;
Chains show us to the blessings of the free,
Rest has no meaning till we know of strife.

Thus to each soul its recompense is given;
And few that press the cruel thorns the most
May stand the soonest at the gate of Heaven,
And find that not one single pang is lost;

Not lost, but gathered in that sphere of light,
An aureole to deck the spirit brow;
From tears which fall through earth's long, dreary night,
Flowers spring in Heaven too fair for earth to know.

Some say that Sorrow holds no hidden Good,
That Compensation is a gilded lie;
But they who in the lowest valleys have stood
Highest and blearest see God's arching sky!

And he whose soul has uttered deepest cries
Has sent his prayers the nearest to God's throne;
Look at the arrow, as it upward flies—
Even as 'tis sent its varying course is shown.

This, friend, I've seen, from these sweet hills of rest,
Looking with quickened sight around, above,
That every living soul its light bestows,
Through hidden pangs of agony must prove.

To every human soul some fetters cling;
In every heart is hushed some music strain;
In every heart is sealed some crystal spring,
Which in yon Heaven surely surely open again!

The music hushed by pain shall burst again
In that glad realm of beauty and of song;
The fetters fall from every spirit true,
For heaven so vast yet has no room for wrong.

Be sure the highest blessings wait thee still
In God's great reservoir of hidden Good;
The high and tender purpose of his Will
In brighter spheres shall yet be understood!

VERMONT.

Progress of Spiritualism.

DEAR BANNER—Will you allow me once more to say a few words through your columns to the Spiritualists of Vermont and a few others. After an absence of one year, minus thirteen days, I am "home again," and I intend to make this my headquarters till the close of my missionary appointment, or the next Quarterly Convention, which I suppose will come in June. I shall be glad to answer calls in this part of the State up to that time; and till then, all communications for me should be sent here.

Some of my friends have thought me "chasing a shadow," some call me a "fanciful," some are "so sorry for me," some wonder how I can "throw myself away in so worthless a cause," some think me "some crazy," and some think me "fanciful," while others think me "possessed of the devil," and "doing a great deal of harm." To all such let me say, I have at no moment regretted the step I have taken. I have been happy in my work, have met warm friends everywhere I have been, and from day to day have felt the sustaining sympathy of the "invisibles." I wish them to know that whatever they may think of me, I feel myself to be no "narrow-minded man with one idea," and that my Spiritualism is as broad as infinity and as wide as the universe; and that I think if *anybody* under the sun is "crazy," "fanciful," or "a fanatic," it is that man or that woman who believes that about six thousand years ago the "Infinite God" had existed from all eternity! did his first and last work in six days, which was to create the heavens and the earth "out of nothing," then man out of the earth, then woman out of the man, and then turn them all over to the devil and retire to "rest;" for "on the seventh day He rested and was refreshed." There I leave that class of friends, for the present, with this advice: Just tear off the theological bandages from your eyes, pluck out the sectarian bands about your hearts, and then you will see God in Nature all the time at work, then you will hear the music of His voice as from day to day He utters speech, and feel the pulsations of the Divine heart everywhere.

After the Quarterly Convention at St. Albans, I took my back track, and in accordance with an arrangement previously made with the friends at Highgate Centre and Berkshire Centre, held a Convention of two days at each place, with Dr. Holden and Mr. and Mrs. Paul to help me.

At Highgate we had an interesting time, although there was but one Spiritualist in the place—got money enough to pay our bills at a good hotel, kept by two good women. This meeting was very unfairly and untruthfully reported in the St. Albans Messenger, by some one who signed himself "Witness," and, I have been told, is a Congregationalist clergyman. (How could he do so?) I replied to that *false witness*, but I had to make the second trial before I could get a place in the columns of *The Messenger*.

At Berkshire we felt that the result of our meetings was all that could have been anticipated. Everybody seemed to feel that we believed what we preached, and to be especially interested in the two trances and beautiful lectures by Mrs. Paul. At every successive meeting there were more to hear, although I was told the Baptist minister who preaches there a part of the time thought the meetings "better stopped."

After that, Dr. Holden and myself were together in two meetings at Charlotte; then "each took off his several way," and I next found myself at work at North Montpelier, Hanley, Calais, Woodbury and Plainfield. Warren called me next, and there I found Mrs. Tanner, on a visit, and we held several meetings together, which were well attended, and I thought, well appreciated; and I will say to the friends there that I mean to visit them next summer, as they invited me.

Then followed the great Woman Suffrage Meeting at Montpelier, which I attended, and found a good deal of spirit, but no Spiritualism. And here I wish to say that it is a fact that Spiritualism made the first move in this suffrage question in Vermont; they are now the warm supporters of it everywhere, and in all probability the great majority of all who will vote for it will prove to be Spiritualists; and yet these bold Suffrage Magicians who boasted among our hills so suddenly a few weeks since to tell us what to do, are alarmed, evidently, at the mere naming of Spiritualism, or Spiritualism in public, but in private condemn both.

West Randolph, Randolph Centre, Snowville, West Brookfield and Roxbury afforded a very interesting field of labor for two or three weeks. Dr. Dotson, Mrs. Pratt and Mrs. Manchester are doing a great and good work in that region. I heard them all lecture, and was every time instructed, and at this moment feel grateful to them. To Dr. Dotson I am under great obligations for many kind attentions. While there I attended two grand lectures, one at Snowville and the other at West Brookfield, and at each place I met Rev. C. W. Emerson and heard him lecture. He is a man of large spirituality, whether a Spiritualist or not, a fine and inspired lecturer, kind and genial, and as broad and liberal in his religious views as any man I have met. I will leave this neighborhood of villages with saying the Spiritualists there are doing more and in a more systematic way than in any other part of the State I have yet visited.

Sunday, March 20th, found me at Chelsea—meetings well attended all day and evening. Mrs. M. A. C. Brown was present, and opened the evening service with a fine lecture upon "temptation." Spent a pleasant evening with a few friends at a private house in South Royalton, then to Roxbury, where I spoke by request upon "Spirit Manifestations." Mrs. Rundlet was present, opened the meeting with an able prayer, and followed my lecture with a brief account of her spiritual experience—told us how she had fought against the influence that had been prompting her to public speaking for years, but had finally been obliged to yield to it, and was then ready to do whatever might appear to be duty.

Sunday, March 27th, I spent with Brother Middleton, at Woodstock. He had invited his friends, and me with the rest, to help him on that day to celebrate the 23d anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism in this country. His house was full of folks, and everybody was full of feeling. I there met Miss Barbara Allen, that genial woman and me-

dium of diversified talents. Mrs. Kenyan, a resident medium, was present and added much to the interest of the meeting. It was far from an ordinary occasion. The celebration was a day or two in advance of the *real time*, which I believe is very indicative of the way "Tom Middleton" is in the habit of doing things. He presided in his most courteous and dignified manner, and made several short and witty speeches, which I think he can do a little better than any man of my acquaintance. The day was thoroughly celebrated, and all felt, as they left in a whistling storm, that it had been good for them to be there.

The next and last Sunday I spent at South Clarendon, with Dr. Holden, who had prepared the way. He refused to take any part in the *speaking*, but he listened to perfection. It was a pleasant meeting of a few good, warm-hearted people.

If the stage-driver happens to read this, and feels neglected because I have said nothing of "crossing the mountain," I will simply say to him that when I got sufficiently rested from the terrible effects of that day's snow tramping and mud wallowing from six o'clock in the morning till nine o'clock at night, so that I can do the subject justly, I may attempt it.

Some time in January, I think, I attended, by invitation, a Spiritual Festival at Morrisville. There was a large gathering, and it was really a lively and brilliant affair. J. D. Stiles gave a lecture and a witty poem. Mrs. Paul was present, and made a pleasant address. I spent a very interesting night with "The Allen Boy," at Dr. Brewster's. "Henry" is a great medium, and I find that Vermont is full of first-rate medium talents, and they are suffered too much to lie dormant.

I hear there is an effort being made to secure the meeting of the next Quarterly at Glover. If it be there I do hope that all the friends in that corner of the State will wake up and be there, and make it a glorious occasion.

Maple Grove, Dorset, Vt., April 8, 1870.

S. P. CHESNEY.

SENSATIONAL VS. PHILOSOPHICAL RELIGION.

In reading the article in a recent *Banner* from the pen of W. Foster, Jr., I was forcibly impressed with the idea there advanced in regard to the spiritual status of the world of mind at the present day.

The Church has not arisen above the material plane of worship, and has not as yet the least conception of the higher devotional aspirations of the spirit. The Church everywhere to-day worships a material personal God, who sits upon a throne somewhere in upper space, in a mythological heaven, dispensing rewards and punishments to his children for physical acts while in the body. Thus they worship a material physical being. Again, in the person of the gentle Nazarene, the body of Christ, who suffered the crucifixion of his physical body for the material delinquencies of mankind, and whose blood was shed for the supposed transgressions of our mythological first parents. Instead of worshipping the spirit of Christ's teachings they worship his person, and in all their prayers they invoke his personal presence, instead of conforming to the principles he enunciated in his teachings and life.

Were the Church to-day, as a body, ushered into the future state, the first impulse from their belief would lead them to first inquire for the person of Christ, that they might pay their adorations to his physical nature. Again, they worship their minister, their fine church edifice, their organ, their cushioned seats, the paper and pasteboard contained in the book called God's Revealed Word, all of which are material conceptions of the infinite, and is not a whit above the heathen idol worship.

With this view of the material condition of the Church is it a wonder that they nearly universally discard the Spiritual Philosophy? The religion of the Church is a sensational religion, and is material in all its forms and ceremonies, and has never arisen to the spiritual plane of worship. Our religion is philosophical, and a worship of principles, and not of personalities or events.

I throw out these few hints, hoping some abler pen may present the subject in a clearer light.

Fraternally,

S. OTAMMERLIN.

LeRoy, N. Y., Feb. 28, 1870.

SHADOWS.

BY ALICE CARY.

When I see the long wild briars
Waving in the winds like fires,
See the green skirts of the maples
Darted with scarlet and red;
See the sunflower, heavy-hearted,
Shadows then from days departed
Come and with their tender tremble
Wrap my bosom, fold on fold.

I can hear sweet invitations
Through the sobbing and vibrations
Of the winds that follow follow,
As from self I seek to fly—
Come up, hither! come up, hither!
Leave the rough and rainy weather!
Come up where the angels dwell,
Never fade and never die!

"Was when May was blushing, blooming,
Brown buds, bluebirds, singing, humming,
That we built and waited our chamber
With the enamel of the leaves;
Made our bed of yellow mosses,
Soft as pile of silken flosses,
Dreaded our dreams in dewy brightness
Radiant like the morns and eves.

And it was when woods were gleaming,
And when clouds were willy streaming
Gray and amber, white and amber,
Streaming in the north wind's breath,
That my little rose-mouthed blossom
Fell and faded on my bosom.

Cankered by the coming coldness,
Blighted by the frosts of death.
Therefore when I see the shadows,
Drifting in across the meadows,
See the troops of summer wild birds
Plying from us, cloud on cloud,
Memory with that May-time lingers,
And I seem to feel the fingers
Of my lost and lovely daughter
Wrap my heart up in her shroud.

—Harper's Magazine.

The Emerson Handcuff Test.

MEANS, EDITORS—I noticed Mr. Emerson's letters in the last number of the *Banner*, and I am inclined to think our young brother is laboring under a great mistake if he supposes there are persons in Lawrence "clubbed together to injure" him. To accuse an invited guest of bringing duplicate keys for the handcuffs to the scene, when the entire desire and object of the whole party was to see or know that the handcuffs were removed without the use of keys, (as per advertisement,) is simply absurd.

Supporting five hundred keys had been brought in? Or what earthly use could they have been, so long as they were not in the possession of the medium during the "handcuff test"? Why does Mr. E. place the (supposed) only key to the "handcuffs" in the hands of some "honest and reliable skeptic," if not to make it appear that no key is needed or used by him in the performance of this "wonderful test"? Why does he request a thorough search to be made of his pockets and clothing, if it is not with a view to discover, if possible, duplicate keys, and guard against just such tricks as Mr. E. says were played on him at Lawrence? Of course, no key is needed to unlock the cuffs. If it were needed, why not hold on to the true and original one? If in search of the medium, a duplicate key is found on him, it is wrong or unjust or injurious to remove it? Admitting, if you please, (which I do not), that Dr. Towland carried a duplicate key to the scene and put it in Mr. Emerson's pocket, he certainly took it out again before the handcuffs were put out for the "handcuff test," so that neither the original or the duplicate key was in Mr. Emerson's possession during the time the light was extinguished, nor were the cuffs taken off. Now I fail to see where any trick was played in this matter, unless it was in taking the key from him, and thereby rendering Mr. E. helpless, so far as the removal of the handcuffs was concerned. And now if Mr. Emerson needed a key to unlock his cuffs, all the requirements and "conditions" had certainly been fully and completely complied with, in its removal from his pocket, and hence the handcuffs remained on till taken off by officer Sullivan at the police station.

I will not pursue this matter further now, though only half the story is yet told. I trust there will be no occasion for saying more.

Yours for the truth,

J. C. BOWEN.

Lawrence, Mass., April 13, 1870.

Correspondence in Brief.

Massachusetts.

HUDSON, April 11, 1870.—Mrs. M. S. Rowley writes as follows: *Dear old Banner and Readers*—The banner works, and surely will penetrate the whole mind, in good time. I have been thinking of you and your paper, and the men of this place, have a half which has recently finished as a lecture room, and refuses to let it to any one society, to be so controlled that any one of God's children may not be so privileged from the first to the last of his or her honest sentiments. The free thinkers or Spiritualists are holding meetings in this room, so grandly consecrated to freedom, once in two weeks, and are about making arrangements to have a course of lectures, having one each week, each society of William Denison—these bricks of truth are knocking such iron rods to the walls of old bigotry and superstition—Frothingham, Alger and others. Some, striving to worship at two shrines, are beginning to feel that it is impossible to be true to both.

God bless George Houghton for his broad position. In his life he manifests the true principle of our divine religion, giving liberty to all. I have known him and his good wife for many years, and have ever held him in the highest esteem. I have seen him in the midst of his oratory, and think they may be truly grateful to their spirit friends, who, in my opinion, have given them their prosperity.

A great change has taken place since we came to this little town, and I doubt you may see the time when the banner of free thought will wave over all its inhabitants. I have spoken here five Sundays, and may continue to speak occasionally for a time to come. Have also been at Wallham, and found a growing interest in the Spiritualism of the best sort of education. Good souls are in the work, such as Dr. N. Sherman, than whom a kinder and more generous man is not known, who, with his noble wife (now an angel), through many years made a home for the poor and the sick, and a haven of rest for the weary country. Who can deny it? I hope all loving hearts will sympathize with him in his loneliness through the winter life.

I have been in Lawrenceburg, and last evening, thinking much of you and your truth—Adm. Estabrook, my old schoolmate and friend, one of the leading ones, a respected citizen in town offices. Have spoken there two Sundays, and so again on the 15th of this month. True to the truth, living our religion, thus having our fellow mortals as we desire to be loved, we cannot fail. Honesty, virtue and goodness, the consequent results of attributes thus made practical, will secure all respect and honor. This is a time of intellectual darkness, in the spiritual world, both in and out of the material. By-and-by, after some great sorrow has swept over the land again, the sympathies and affections will appeal again. Head and heart must be united before all can rise to the true gospel. Let us stand on faithfully, with as much courage as we can command.

New York.

SACKETT'S HARBOR.—A correspondent writes: When the day of Pentecost was fully come we are informed the little band of Apostles "were all with one accord in one place." So in like manner the little band of Spiritualists here were, on the 31st of March, "with one accord" assembled together; and after singing the "Steps of Progress" in the time for "Castles in the Air," Mrs. S. A. N. Kimball was controlled, and gave a beautiful lecture on the Great Spirit, and closed "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," when Dr. Kimball came forward and read the epistles and gospels for Christmas day, and Whitehead, from the pulpit, read the Epistle for the day, and the choir, continued to the twenty-first verse and the thirty-second and thirty-third verses, with frequent appropriate and explanatory remarks as he read them, and then gave a lengthy lecture in commendation of Spiritualism, in the time for singing the "Steps of Progress," when Mrs. Kimball was again controlled and gave a lengthy lecture. Music again, when "Downward bound" was sung, and she closed with "The Lord is in his temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," and "The Lord is in his temple, let all the earth keep silence before him," when Dr. Kimball came forward and read the epistles and gospels for Christmas day, and Whitehead, from the pulpit, read the Epistle for the day, and the choir, continued to the twenty-first verse and the thirty-second and thirty-third verses, with frequent appropriate and explanatory remarks as he read them, and then gave a lengthy lecture in commendation of Spiritualism, in the time for singing the "Steps of Progress," when Mrs. Kimball was again controlled and gave a lengthy lecture.

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since he has found that he can have an opponent there, we cannot find out that he is willing to debate at all.

A magnificent orator would divide to attack another dog not his equal in size and strength; yet the Elder seeks out all such opponents, and refuses to measure swords with his equals.

I have one more proposition to make to the Elder. I will meet him anywhere in the West this summer, or in the East next fall or winter, and discuss the following propositions:

1st. *Resolved*, That the phenomena of modern Spiritualism are proof of the spirit of the departed.

2d. *Resolved*, That the Bible contains a revelation from God to man, and without it man can have no correct idea of God.

The discussion to continue two evenings. I will affirm the first proposition, and deny the second. Will he meet me? We shall see.

D. W. HULL.

OUR NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Modern American Spiritualism." "Let time and Supreme Wisdom deal with men. Our part is to accept of the truth confided to us, and trust the truth against the world."—Emma Hardinge.

Truth, immortal truth, the basis of written history, is clearly manifest on the pages of "Modern American Spiritualism," whose author and publisher is one of the faithful and devoted advocates of the cause which this compendium represents. Surely, the cry "diabolism" must be quelled; the tide of prejudice against communion with the departed, turned; the groups of Spiritualists all over the land, who regularly meet in halls and by their firesides, encouraged; and the longings of sorrowing hearts and unstable minds satisfied, on the consideration of such an array of stern facts connected with spirit existence as is presented to the reader on the pages of this book.

The cheering messages and tangible tokens of ministering angels, the wonderful healings, startling visions and loving deeds of those who, for the sake of truth and humanity, like the myriad martyrs of all ages, fearlessly hastened to the scenes of their trial before a frowning and unfeeling world, all find a place in this volume; and yet they form but a small portion of its contents.

Its pages abound in instruction and suggestive thought. Here we find consoling words for those who are faithfully toiling and effectively laboring to spread the gospel over the whole earth; grateful personal acknowledgments of kindness and hospitality from East, West, North and South; thrilling revelations connected with the last terrible civil war; full and complete answers to all questions that are asked; and, last, but not least, the answer to the *ent bono* of this new religion, which once and forever sets at rest the question of the soul's immortality.

On reviewing a few chapters in this truthful record, unpleasant to some, no doubt, is the reflection that the *spiritualist* historian deems it a duty to call back to the past the discarded life of our own and other countries; and last, though not least, the answer to the *ent bono* of this new religion, which once and forever sets at rest the question of the soul's immortality.

Should feelings of reverence attend those of disappointment, not so with those "wise and benevolent beings," guardian angels, who, with love-beaming eyes, are ever watching and striving to guide our struggling footsteps on the rugged path of life.

But learning wisdom from the past, may it be said by future historians, of us, that this period of our history was one of the most glorious and noble, but also in their works and ways "followed after Charity."

When the oppressor and the oppressed shall reach the evergreen fields of Elysium, and unite in the full, rich music of the heavenly choirs, how grateful will the soul feel that the chords and discords of this life's experiences have blended into unutterable sweetness and harmony.

MRS. ANNIE AUGUSTA.

London, Ont., April 14th, 1870.

"Cosmology."

DR. GEORGE MCALYNE RAMSAY—Dear Sir: Will you allow an old man, an entire stranger, to congratulate you upon that wonderful work, "Cosmology"? I have just finished reading it, and never before did nature seem so natural and so sublime. No wonder that your head and heart ached at times; it is the greatest grasp of intellect that I ever read. You wish your readers to understand that all the phenomena of the universe are derived from data and observations of others. All the better for that. It is not the wagon maker that is the best teamster. The men who dig the iron ore, and those who smelt it, know but little about fashioning it into the beautiful cutlery, &c., that we see. The astronomer may know but little about the construction of his telescope.

Every step in advance of the rudimentary, is a step higher and your book steps up above all astronomical science heretofore taught. It may not be so acknowledged in your lifetime, but in the meantime its influence will be felt, and will re-model people's ideas of our surroundings.

The assumed "primitive projectile force" was always unsatisfactory to me. I know there must be a law making the motions, but what that law was, was entirely ignorant of. But here you give us attraction, moisture and heat, that makes all as plain as A B C. Here we have agents of force and motion that we all know something about, and account for the movements of our globe, and others.

It has been my theory for many years that a change of polarity was the only rational way of accounting for the tropical vegetation and animals found imbedded in the ice of Siberia. It also accounts for the ice mountains that geologists say made the drifts.

That there has been a change of polarity since the building of the Egyptian pyramids does not agree with my reasoning, for they stand very nearly square with the four cardinal points of the compass, and their nearness argues that they were intended to correspond therewith, and probably did. But one of the great changes under consideration would have thrown them wide away from square with the world as now rotating.

The idea of the white man descending from the black man will be the very essence of the gall of bitterness to our modern democratic brethren; but how can they get away from the reasoning, is a problem. Very respectfully,

Wm. L. LIPSCOTT.

Vernon, Van Buren Co., Iowa, March 6th, 1870.

"The Kingdom of Heaven, or Golden Age," by E. W. Loveland.

Messrs. Editors—The book bearing the above title has just been sent me, and I am delighted with it. It is a book that every Spiritualist and every professed Christian should read, and is one of the few books that all may be benefited by reading. It is pervaded by a deep, broad piety, and inculcates humility, peace, purity, chastity and love to God and to humanity. To all who were lost in the scale of being and take a step heavenward on the ladder of progression, it is a most helpful and inspiring volume. It is divided into nine parts, as follows: "The Ages of Iron, Silver and Gold;" "One Family in Heaven and Earth;" "Spirit Impression;" "The Messengers of God;" "Accepting the Father's Will;" "Progression;" "The Controlling God;" "Prophecy;" and "The Heavens."

You are doing a good work in scattering such books over our country. Let the friends of progress buy these books, read them, and then lend them to their friends who otherwise would never see them. Three of the works which I bought are now loaned to parties who are deeply interested in reading them. The books are "Nature's Divine Revelations," "Arabella," and "Morning Lectures," all of them by A. J. Davis.

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J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY,
Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, Holborn, W. C.,
London, Eng.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1870.

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WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

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matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LEWIS B. WILSON, EDITOR.
LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT.

Business connected with the editorial department of
this paper is under the exclusive control of LEWIS B. WILSON,
to whom all letters and communications must be addressed.

Orthodox Free-Loveism.

The tragedy which culminated in the death of Mr. Richardson, an attack of the New York Tribune, and for which the perpetrator is now at the bar of public justice, is admittedly the fruit of free-loveism; which recognizes the notion that one man may, if so inclined, seduce away the affections and the loyalty of another man's wife. That is what is known as Free Love, or at least is a good illustration of it; and it is precisely what has been denounced and scolded in the columns of this journal from the first, whether a practice of professed believers in Spiritualism or Orthodoxy. We uphold the marriage laws as they exist, though we have been and trust we always shall be, free to criticize the habit of contracting marriage itself from unworthy and unholy motives, as well as the fact that legislation is allowed to supersede the law of true affinity. Our mode of correcting evils which breed such indescribable misery among human beings is, not to trample on the laws we have, and outrage all law by paying regard to none, but to seek the correction of existing evils by the spread of a knowledge of true principles, that men and women may be educated in a right understanding of the correspondence of temperaments and spiritual natures, and the greater part of present sufferings so to be avoided. In short, the true and wise remedy for the evils sought to be cured is a better education in respect to the marriage relation, that the many grievous mistakes from which men and women suffer through their lives may no longer be repeated, at the cost of such spiritual waste.

It is no such sound doctrine as this that the atavistic free-lovers teach, and have repeatedly sought to foster up in Spiritualism. A conventional press has been only too prompt to aid them in the endeavor, destitute of fastidious censure on a body of believers who are naturally obnoxious to the Orthodoxy for which it works and receives its pay. But all was not so simple, Orthodoxy, however, has at last had a more opportune opportunity to show its own views on free love, in this case of Richardson. The testimony goes to prove that he seduced Mrs. McFarland from the home and affections of her husband. Indeed, he announced his intention, over his own name, long ago, to marry her as soon as she could procure a divorce for him. He therefore relied on the law—the same law which Orthodoxy professes to regard as so much more sacred than the affinities of souls—to help him separate a wife from her husband, in order to accomplish his avowed purpose. And that the law did such law is established in Indiana for this express purpose of procuring easy divorces. The wife went to Indiana at the seducer's charge, stayed a sufficient length of time there in the family of a friend, and was divorced as much to Richardson as from her husband, as the intent is now too plainly shown. Or, as another journal has tersely expressed it, she made the Indiana law, called the wild cat law, a bridge from the bed of McFarland to the bed of Richardson. The latter was drawn to her—followed her up—abandoned her from her husband—assisted her in procuring a divorce—and was finally married to her in the extremity of his mortal life. He sacrificed that life to this uncontrollable passion for the wife of another man.

And now to put the lock on the whole statement, and seal the logic of it, who was the minister of the gospel of Orthodoxy that stood by to "sanctify" a marriage thus brought about? Who but Henry Ward Beecher, a shining light of Orthodoxy, who, however erratic in his views and phrases, is nevertheless pressed close to the heart of Orthodoxy, because he can speak loud and thundering words for it, and is regarded as its ablest defender and sponsor before all men? With these ugliest of all facts staring him in the face with their stern array, he signified not the slightest unwillingness to blaspheme his religion and defy the moral sentiment of society, by solemnizing a second marriage between this man and woman. And he is widely and justly held up to public condemnation for this responsible participation in a scene which, if free love means anything as an off-used phrase, is alone capable of describing. How would it have sounded if he had done the same thing by Mrs. Sickles and her guilty lover, had the latter lived and procured a divorce from her husband from an Indiana court? Or if he had done it by the victim of Cole's pistol, had he lived to procure a similar separation for the wife he had corrupted? The Indiana divorce signifies nothing in this case, for it is simply a farce. According to the Bible from which Mr. Beecher draws his inspiration and authority, the man who puts away his wife, save for the cause of fornication, commits adultery; and the man who marries the woman thus put away likewise commits adultery. What is to be said, then, of the clergyman who performs the ceremony which is supposed to make such a marriage complete?

Let Orthodoxy, after this conspicuous and unmistakable illustration of its doctrine of Free Love, hide its head for shame in the presence of Spiritualism, which teaches, not free love, but right love and true love, and then a faithful adherence to it. It has been the pleasure of Orthodoxy these many years to vilify Spiritualism by charging upon it, and falsely, the very practice which is thus proven to be its own. It is time this systematic slander ceased. The accuser's lips now are sealed. Free Love is proven upon itself. To marry a woman to a man who has assisted her to procure a straw divorce from her husband, who still loves her and seeks her companionship and affection, is endorsing and upholding in the most solemn and impressive manner a practice which would very speedily reduce all society to its constituent elements. Mr. Beecher, and the Orthodoxy he represents, may reconcile it to his conscience the best way he can; but let neither he, nor any of his brethren, nor the New York Tribune, any more charge the foul heresy of Free Love upon the pure religion of Spiritualism.

Medicine in Wisconsin.

Wisconsin has apparently done a severe thing in declaring it to be a misdemeanor, to be punished whenever detected, for any person not of "the faculty," and particularly a "medium," to attempt the cure of disease within the State. So much more highly does its benevolent Legislature think of disease and sickness than of being cured by whatever agencies come to hand and happen to be most effective. It is surprisingly beyond account to note the obstinacy with which this sort of bigotry, never so blind as when shown in a matter of curing diseases, contests the advance of liberal and intelligent views. Some people would positively prefer certain death at the hands of established, but inefficient, allopathy to being brought out of the grave by agencies known to be potential, but not yet able to displace the old ones in popular prejudice. It must of course cost many precious lives to teach such people the lesson they need to know, but after it is learned it will be learned thoroughly. The Wisconsin Legislature wants everybody to die after the method it chooses to prescribe.

We had occasion to touch upon this very same folly and bigotry when the subject was agitated in Rhode Island, and have reason to flatter ourselves that it was very largely through our instrumentality that it was finally kept out of the Legislature. The proposition offered was, that none but such as belonged to the regular medical faculty, and were in good standing, should be allowed to heal the sick within the limits of our sister State. The preposterousness of it was so obvious, when it came to be stated in its length and breadth, that the statement alone was sufficient to knock it in the head. We did look for larger views and a more liberal turn of thinking in a new State like Wisconsin. The West has invariably prided itself, and with reason, upon having cut loose from those old and narrow notions which constitute the essence of bigotry in older communities. Is this the way Wisconsin expects to illustrate her views of a larger and broader life? She has been peculiarly unfortunate in the manner chosen if she has.

Trouble with the Indians.

All that we have said concerning the Indians in the past, and the flagrant abuse connected with our dealing with them, has been more than verified and fully adopted by the more intelligent press of the country. So soon after the shameful Pagan massacre, and now when we learn of the frightful ravages of small pox among the Gros Ventres, a letter appears from John B. Sanborn, late Indian Commissioner, on the whole matter of these troubles. He attributes them without hesitation to lack of faith on the part of the Government in carrying out the provisions of the treaties. He says the question for the Government officials now to determine is whether it is better to fulfill our treaty stipulations with these people, give them ten dollars' worth of supplies each, and an opportunity to dispose, at fair rates, of the products of the chase, or enter upon a war that renders insecure our whole frontier, jeopardizes all our vast railroad interests on the Plains, destroys much life and property, and which will demand the expenditure of \$500,000 at least, from the Treasury. He hopes that every effort will be made to serve peace with the Indians. Those upon the reservation, half civilized and stupefied by sloth and surfeiting, may be slighted and neglected with impunity, but the wild, hunting, warlike Indians resent insult and rush to war whenever satisfied that they have been dealt with treacherously or oppressed without cause. From the best information there are at least twelve thousand of the wild roving Indians of the Dakota tribe, a large number of whom have ceased to roam and are upon reservations. If peace can be maintained all can be brought upon reservations in a few years without expense and without loss of life. The country where they now hunt is not needed by our people and will not be for some time to come, and by the time it is needed the Indians will have abandoned it, for the game will have disappeared.

Prison Reform.

The National Congress of prison reform, which is to meet in Cincinnati in September next, will go through a comprehensive review of the subject of American prisons, and the system of government and reform that prevails in other countries. Invitations have been sent out to writers and experts on the subjects of prisons and crimes in all the States of the Union, and in England, France, Germany, Canada and other countries. The New York Times finally admits that a conviction has forced itself upon the public mind that the present methods of dealing with criminals are singularly inefficient. It says that the prevention of crime, and the reformation of those committing it, have been too much lost sight of in the effort to inflict punishment for the sake of social vengeance. Too much is left to chance from the moment of arrest to that of regained liberty. Deliberate infractions of the law are not sufficiently discriminated against, and a fall from virtue is little less severely dealt with than a voluntary descent therefrom. This is a broad admission to make, and we are glad to know that these and all other points of discussion in this business are likely to be overhauled at the Cincinnati meeting.

Cruelty to Animals.

Senator Sumner, now that he is relieved of some of his arduous labors for the good of the human race by the abolition of slavery and the elevation of the colored man to citizenship, has turned his attention to the wrongs inflicted on the brute creation. He has introduced a resolution into the Senate looking toward the enactment of a law regulating the transportation of cattle by railroad companies. There is need enough of such a law, as everybody knows, not only because much unnecessary suffering is caused to animals thus transported, but for the reason that the meat from these animals is thus rendered less fit for food. The States have tried, some of them, to remedy the evil complained of, but without much success. If we can have a national law, applicable to all railroad companies, it may do some good.

A Back-Handed Compliment.

The Washington correspondent of The Interior—a new Presbyterian paper recently started in Chicago—makes the following note of the progress of Spiritualism in Washington. He says: "This city seems to be a little paradise for Spiritualists. The phases of this delusion are so many that there is but one common trait. Every form of it seems to draw one away from Christ. The believers and curious are now wandering after a rival of the Davenportes. He is tied and untied in a more nervous manner than they. He laughs at all knotted cords. It is thought he could not be hung except by a discolored rope. One ardent believer said lately of him, that darkness is a necessary condition of the development of the spirit's power. It did not occur to him that if there are spirits that determine their character, besides what manner of spirits must they be who have no more useful or dignified employment than these? Yet such things are bewildering and misleading multitudes."

The Cause in Philadelphia.

Carrie A. Grimes, writing us under date of April 19th, says: "Our rostrum was filled last Sunday by Mrs. Juliette Yeaw, a stranger to the congregation, but all expressed much satisfaction from the discourse, which were delivered in a trance condition." Miss G. speaks encouragingly of the Lyceums.

"The Voices."

This book has the warmest friends and bitterest enemies. Wm. H. Burleigh in a letter to the Chicago Post called it a "Life Book."

The Newark Courier says, "the author has a rational philosophy of the relation of matter and mind, and his theology is at once natural and charitable."

Prof. Britton says, "from the nature of his views it is quite likely that the poets and Spiritualists will suspect that the mantle of Alexander Pope may have fallen on the manly shoulders of Warren Sumner Barlow."

The Washington Sunday Morning Gazette says, "this is a strange work—in a religious sense it outstrips the worst efforts of Paine or Voltaire."

Hudson Tuttle, in the American Spiritualist says, "the Voice of Superstition varies biblical history from the Atlantic creation to Christ. It is interspersed with interludes extremely rich in thought. The Voice of Nature and a Pebble are the outspoken thoughts of a mind deeply sympathetic with the world of man, and realm of causation. No idea of the book can be obtained from brief passages. It must be read to be appreciated."

Judge Barker of New York says, "Considered in the light of a controversial or didactic poem, it is without an equal in contemporaneous literature. The birth of an audacious mind, startling in its originality of purpose—provocative as it must be of the bitterest animosity, it is destined to excite greater and more wide encircling waves of sectarian agitation than any anti-creedal work ever published."

The Spiritualist Rostrum says, "We challenge any man or woman of literary taste to take up the book and read a few pages without feeling an irrepressible desire to finish it. In the 'Voice of Nature' occurs some of the most sublime strains of poetry that ever fell from human tongue or graced the pages of any work."

The Religious-Philosophical Journal says, "It is a literary jewel, a garland of fresh thoughts woven by the master-hand of a poet. Each leaf is a literary treasure. It is all meat—there is no shell to crack—no circumlocutory verbosity to wade through in order to come to an oasis of real truth. The author's ideas are pointed, clear, and concise; his narrative is beautiful, musical, and fulfilling over with the emotions of a soul that is inspired from the central source of truth."

We might select pages of a similar import, showing the general appreciation of the work, but it must be read to obtain a just conception of its peculiar merits and marked originality. See advertisement in another column.

Spiritualism in Australia.

In proof of the statement which was made by us in a recent article, surveying the rapid and extended spread of Spiritualism over the civilized globe, we are pleased to note the full report, in the Melbourne, Australia, Argus, of a review in that paper, of the subject of Spiritualism in this country. It shows, at least, that there is a sufficient interest felt in the subject in that region to repay for the time, space and labor, which a review of this kind compels. The writer shows much industry, and a laudable spirit of investigation; and he has pursued his inquiries among current exhibitions of the Spiritualistic theory which are the very authorities his readers would desire to have set before them. For two months he has devoted himself to the assiduous study of spirit books and periodicals, among which the Banner of Light held a prominent place. He admits that, to his surprise, "the religious teachings of the Spiritualists were almost identical with those of his favorite authors, Theodore Parker, and others. Hence he concluded that he would be doing greater service to the cause of truth, 'if he enabled the public to form an idea of the higher developments of Spiritualism, than if he followed in the wake of the run of newspaper writers, and satirized the humbug, quackery and fraud which hang on to the borders and impede the march of the most extraordinary movement of our day.' And his general conclusion is, that 'Spiritualism may claim to be regarded as a system of philosophy worthy of the study and investigation of free and inquisitive minds.' To this Australia pamphlet we add the notice of another one from Dunedin, New Zealand, dated January 11th, of the present year. It is vital with points in favor of our faith, and manifests the true spirit of the devoted defender. Thus does the cause spread and increase the world over, covering even the far-off isles of the ocean with its glory.

Spiritualism in Worcester.

We are gratified to learn that the friends of the cause in Worcester are sensitively alive to the demands of the hour, and are successfully organizing an Association, with a view to the continuance of lectures permanently. The meetings thus far have been under the supervision of Bro. L. Eaton, an energetic worker. Miss Lottie Fowler, (of this city,) a test medium, we understand, has created an intense interest as to the phenomena of Spiritualism, by some of the most positive and conclusive evidences of individual consciousness beyond the grave, whilst, during the present month, Bro. Thos. Gales Foster has been treating the people to some of the grandest lectures ever delivered in Worcester. Considering the stormy weather, good audiences were in attendance and highly pleased with Mr. Foster's able lectures. We are glad to hear so good an account from Worcester.

"Purity in Journalism."

The Boston Daily Advertiser, of April 21st, in alluding to the impudence of the Springfield Republican, says: "Purity in Journalism we make no special boast of; high pretensions to virtue, we have noticed, are not inconsistent with slandering one's neighbor or picking his pocket." Exactly so. In the same issue we find the following: "The office of the 'Banner of Light,' Mr. Vernon, Ohio, was burned yesterday. Loss \$1000." This statement is either the result of stupidity or design. Design, we think, as the Advertiser knows very well that the Banner of Light is published in Boston, and that its valuation is something over \$1000; at any rate, the greedy tax-gatherers think so. The facts in the case, as we learn from the Boston Post of the 21st, run thus: "The Democratic Banner printing office, in Mr. Vernon, Ohio, was burned yesterday morning. Loss, \$10,000."

For Europe.

Dr. J. R. Newton, the world-renowned healer, sailed from New York in the steamship "Russia," for London, where he intends to practice for a year.

Patrick Powers.

A spirit, giving the above name, controlled the medium at our Public Circle, April 14th, who stated that he was lost—or, rather, his physical body was—at sea; that he was a passenger on board the steamer "City of Boston," etc., which message was duly reported and filed for publication in regular course. Since the announcement in our columns that such a message would appear in routine, parties who had friends on the steamer have written us requesting that we print this message in advance. Accordingly we give it in this place, verbatim, as it came from the lips of the medium:

It is a great thing to die; but it is a greater thing to be able to come back in this way. My name, sir, when I was here, was Patrick Powers. I was a trader in Halifax. I was a passenger on board the "City of Boston," and since I cannot give any information concerning my whereabouts and my condition, except in this way, I gladly accept the way, and let my friends who are left will do the same. It has pleased the All-wise God to allow some one or more kind spirits, who are in sympathy with the changing soul, to meet it at its entrance into the spirit-life, to give it information, and to strengthen it for its new course upward. I have met those whom I know here at the place, before me, and many faithful servants of our church, who were ready to aid all those who would naturally seek aid from that source, and it is by their aid, their strength, that I am able to come here this afternoon making the communication that I have left this earth-life, which is the purgatory of the soul, and to ascend into the spirit-life, which is its native element.

There eternal progress meets us. We can go on, forever on; they tell us, and we have not those things to impede our passage that we had here. Those of us who have led the most honest and true lives here, are the best off in the spirit-life; those who have not led honest and true lives here are none the less. They are in sorrow, but they are not without hope for good. There is before them salvation even here, as there was before death. I am well satisfied here, and I send kind greetings to those I have left, and I hope I may be able soon to come near them—as near as I do here—and communicate with them as freely as I do at the place. You are age? Thirty-seven. [One of the audience: May I ask, How was the steamer lost?] Spirit: She foundered at sea, sir. Having broken her shaft, she became unmanageable, and during a violent storm we foundered on the coast of Ireland.

On the 11th of April the same spirit came again to our circle, and, after announcing his name, gave the following:

Excuse me for troubling you, but I have been expecting that the brief message that I gave here a short time since, would be published without delay; but I am told there is something like six weeks delay. Is it true? [Yes, it is, it will be eight weeks, at least. But your name is already announced.] Is already out, you say? [Yes, and there happened to be one of your townsmen present when you came before, and he will doubtless convey the news to your friends.] Who was he? [He did not give his name.] Are you sure he will give the information of my death? [He said he would write the next day and ascertain about you from his friends.] So he writes only for his own gratification? [No; my only anxiety is from the fact that I do not want my friends to go to any trouble or to make any delay in settling up my affairs, because I know that their situation won't admit of it, and I want to get them out of trouble as soon as possible. This waiting a year or two years before they are satisfied that I am dead, may be of great disadvantage to them. The sooner they are satisfied of that fact, the sooner they will go to work to square up accounts, and the sooner it will be a weight off their minds. And a great relief to you, I dare say.] Yes, a great relief to me.

Now they are on a strain of anxiety, expecting every hour in the day to hear favorable news from the steamer. That of course keeps me on the edge all the time. I cannot do this, that, or the other, I am constantly drawn back to them, and the only way for me to get out of trouble is to get them out. So I fought my way through a pretty good squall when I came before to give my message. There was some opposition. Some were against it, because I could not bring palpable evidence that the "City of Boston" had gone down, and that I was a passenger on board of her. I could only bring such evidence as my words would convey—nothing more. So you see there was a little opposition. But finally it was overruled by the superintendent here, and I was allowed to come in and tell my story. There is such a thing as being too careful.

[Do you remember how many days out you were?] No, I do not. But I know it was said we were on the coast of Ireland. Oh, I know they say we collided with icebergs, and foundered in consequence. It isn't so. There's not a word of truth in it. We experienced a heavy gale, had broken a shaft, consequently were disabled, and unable to outride it. This is the whole story, and I am sure you will believe me. Hope you may come over as easy as I did.

At the close of the séance, a gentleman in the audience stated that at a circle recently held in Worcester, at which he was present, information was given through the medium, Mrs. Fowler, which corroborated the above statement in regard to the "City of Boston." There could certainly, he said, have been no collusion between the two circles.

Aid for Austin Kent.

If N. F. Lewis—Dear Sir: Permit me to acknowledge, through The Universe, the receipt of Twenty-five Dollars from Dr. J. P. Bryant, 325 West 43rd street, New York, as a donation to our fellow laborer, Austin Kent. It gives me peculiar pleasure to record this rare generosity, knowing as I do, that the appeals that have been made in behalf of our brave and faithful brother have not, with some exceptions, been responded to in a way to honor Justice and the spirit of Brotherhood. Respectfully, FRANCIS BARRY.

353 Ninth Avenue, New York.
It gives us pleasure to copy the above from The Universe, which is battling bravely in the field of reform. We thank Dr. Bryant in behalf of our common humanity. We hope other liberal souls will do likewise.

Since the call last week, we add the following to our
Mrs. Emma Hardinge 5.00
"A Friend" 5.00
P. H. Bagley, South Boston 50
Friend 50
Total \$21.00

The Lyceum Banner.

Has entered on its fourth year, and changed its form to an eight page quarto, and makes a bright and healthy appearance. Its publisher modestly says: "With the present number, the Lyceum Banner appears before its many readers in a new dress. Having laid aside its winter clothing, and been newly fitted to a splendid summer suit, made to order by the best workmen in the city, it justly feels a little proud of its good looks, and being modest, and well behaved without, not having been spoiled by too much petting in its childhood, it awaits your verdict, which we are sure will be in its favor."

In order to give those who have not taken the paper an opportunity to become acquainted with it, we will send it to all new subscribers nine months, or from the beginning of the new volume, until January 1st, 1871, for fifty cents. We do this, hoping that those who become acquainted with the Lyceum Banner, and through that with us, will be glad to continue their subscriptions. Let all the children go to work with a will, and see what they can do for their paper. Will every one of our present readers send, at least, one new name for fifty cents for the remainder of the year?"

It is published in Chicago, Ill., by Lou H. Kimball, Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, and E. T. Blackmer, editors.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown's address is box 462, San Francisco, Cal.

Mrs. A. Hull, a trance and inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture and give tests during the summer months, in Canada West. Her address is 1716 Parke Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. E. L. Daniels's address is 10 Chapman street, Boston.

Moses Hull rusticates and makes garden at his home in Hobart, Ind., during May. Will answer calls to lecture or debate in the West, during June. In July he speaks at Apollo Hall, New York. Will attend camp and grove meetings during August. Speaks in Cincinnati in September and October. Now is the time to secure his services for the winter months.

Mrs. Emma Hardinge lectures in Cincinnati during May.

Lois Walbrook expects to be at the Territorial Convention, to be held at Golden City, Colorado Territory, May 13th, 14th and 15th.

E. S. Wheeler lectured in Cincinnati during April. The Enquirer gave a column report of one of his lectures.

Andrew T. Foss, we are glad to notice, is again in the lecturing field, doing valiant work for our glorious cause. He is to speak in Plymouth, Mass., Sunday, May 8th. Keep him at work. He is a strong man on the rostrum. Permanent address, Manchester, N. H.

Mrs. Marshall, an excellent medium for spirit communication, can be found at No. 10 Chapman street. Give her a call.

PROF. GUNNING is busily engaged in lecturing in the New England States on Geology and kindred topics. He is a free thinker, and his lectures are far more instructive and interesting than those of the same class given by professors who are cramped and dwarfed by theological dogmas and creeds. The Amesbury Village publishes synopses of his lectures in that place, from one of which we take the following extract:

"Once in every twenty-four hours the earth turns on its axis from west to east—twice every twenty-four hours a great tidal wave passes across the ocean from east to west, and it is estimated that twenty-five thousand cubic miles of ocean change place with every ebb and flow of the tide; and this westward sweeping tide has the effect of the continent and impedes the progress of the earth at the rate of ten seconds in one hundred years. And that action lagging on. Very slowly the earth is losing speed. In thirty-six billion years a day will be one month long. Some thousand millions of years ago the day was twenty-one hours long, and further back in time the day was shorter still, until we get to a place where it was fifteen hours long, that being the speed at which the earth must have moved to have caused it to bulge out some twenty-six miles at the equator, while it was a heated globe."

What will our Second Advent friends say to this? The Professor evidently doesn't believe "the last day is but a little way off," for he keeps the earth rolling on its axis more hundreds of millions of years than Elder Holmes and Grant are willing to concede days. At the Second Advent Convention in this city last week, the chief burden of warning was about the speedy "coming of the Lamb" and the destruction of this little planet on which we temporarily live, raise potatoes and corn, and kill Indians.

Harry Emerson in Boston.

On Thursday evening, April 16th, this medium for physical manifestations gave a private séance (at which our reporter was present) in the presence of a number of invited guests, at the residence of Mr. Samuel Desperaux, 172 West Newton street, Boston. The usual order of exercises on such occasions was gone through with, to the apparent satisfaction of those in attendance. The spirit voices (male and female) were pronounced excellent, in a musical point of view, by those who professed to be judges. Enlivened with notes from the piano, by several ladies, and cheerful conversation, the séance, and evening also, passed off very agreeably. The handcliff test was, however, not performed.

New York City.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists of this city have enjoyed an unusual degree of prosperity during the past year, having been favored with the services of a succession of very interesting and able speakers, who have been instrumental in placing the cause in a better position before this community than it has ever before held.

Feeling warranted by these circumstances, the managers of the Society have taken a decided step in advance in securing as a place of meeting for the year following the first of May next the commodious and beautiful room on the corner of Broadway and 28th street, known as "Apollo Hall." This is one of the largest, and decidedly the most elegant hall in the city, and in every respect well adapted to the purposes and requirements of our association and the Children's Progressive Lyceum. Of course the rent is much heavier than we have been accustomed to pay, but we trust to the liberality of the many friends of the cause here to furnish the necessary means. On our part, we promise to secure the most eminent and able speakers that can be engaged, and we have the pleasure of announcing engagements already made with Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, Rev. Moses Hull, Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis, Prof. Wm. Denton, and conditionally with Miss Lizzie Doten and Mrs. Emma Hardinge. Others of equal merit and prominence will be added to the number as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

Friends of Truth and Humanity! come and help us in spreading the glorious gospel of Angel Communion, and an assured immortality.

In behalf of the Board of Managers,
P. E. FARNSWORTH, Secretary.
Box 5679, P. O.

THE SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT.—There should be an amendment made to our Federal Constitution prohibiting natural fools from going to school.

Reason why: Because education always lengthens the tongue just in proportion to the hollow-ness of the skull.

Proof: Look at a majority of the members of the clerical and legal professions in the United States.

T. T.—Learned men's conceit of their own knowledge and judgment is generally in inverse ratio to their mental weakness and ignorance.

Reason: Because hollow skulls stuffed with other men's knowledge are like glass covered on the inside with quicksilver. They both reflect the surface, but not the substance of things.

Proof: Let every sensible man look about in his own neighborhood. (A word to the wise is sufficient.) R.

THAT'S WHAT'S THE MATTER.—A learned fool is almost sure to become a knave, and if gifted with the tongue of a jackass, and the impudence of a monkey, will work greater mischief in a congressional or legislative assembly than a score of the wisest statesmen can counteract.

Reason: Because a majority of our rulers are akin either to the long-eared or long-tailed tribe, and through sympathy will side with their relations.

Proof: Look at both Houses of Congress and most of our State Legislatures. R.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Don't fail to read Hon. Frederick Robinson's "Spiritualism in Marblehead," printed on our second page. It is very interesting.

One of the very best clairvoyant healers in Boston is Mrs. A. C. Latham, 292 Washington street. Having tested her powers, we cordially recommend her to the public.

Will M. B. Craven send us his address? Have written him at Burlington, N. J., but our letter was returned.

The remains of Hon. Anson Burlingame arrived in Boston last Thursday, and were received by the State and city authorities. Funeral services took place on Saturday, and the body was deposited in Mount Auburn Cemetery. When the body was removed from Faneuil Hall to Arlington-street Church it was followed by a large procession of State and city officials and friends, escorted by the Independent Corps of Cadets.

Mrs. F. C. Dexter, 8 Bond street, Boston, is said to be a good clairvoyant, test and healing medium. See her card in another column.

Ole Bull's concert in this city last week was a grand success, notwithstanding the rain. The inspired artist electrified the audience by his matchless power over the violin. The singing by Miss Safford and Mr. Macdonald was very fine, as well as Mr. Hoffman's performances on the piano. Every place, from all the artists, received an encore, except the closing one.

Will each Lyceum in the country send a statement of its numbers, officers and place of meeting to the *Lyceum Banner*, Chicago, Ill., for publication?

It is regretted by a contemporary that in these degenerate days "the milk of human kindness is getting to be too much watered."

The Governor of Florida, in summing up the resources of his State, observes that the colored population "are worth, as freemen and citizens, four-fold more to the State in enhancing its wealth and prosperity than they were as slaves."

The Spiritualists are almost to a man and a woman in favor of Woman Suffrage. Their conventions declare for it and their public lecturers and journals almost, if not wholly, advocate it; not canting and patronizingly, but in good, solid, sober earnest, as genuine and intelligent believers in the principle, in the absolute right and justice of the doctrine; in practice, as well as in preaching or proclamation.—*Revolution*.

RUM AND FALSE THEOLOGY.—The Boston Post, in a gratulatory review of the trade in New England rum, says that the greater part of the export is sent to the African coast, and points with pride to the cargo of a recent bark, which consisted of tobacco, rum, and four missionaries, one being a woman.

Mrs. E. C. Stanton recently occupied the pulpit of Rev. Robert Colver. The spacious church was crowded in every part, and it was estimated that at least a thousand people came more than found any entrance possible.

The haunted Gloucester schooner is being fitted at Portland for another trip to the fishing banks with a crew who do not believe in the ghosts that have already scared home three crews.—*Ex.*

We shall see.

Dr. J. G. Holland and family will return from Europe early in May.

An astronomer predicts the coming of a comet, this year, of such brilliancy that night will be turned into day, and gas companies will be ruined. Elder Grant should engage it to accomplish his little job of destroying the earth at "the marriage of the Lamb," which is to take place very soon.

Mr. Lensing Hart, a well-known farmer in Ferrisburgh, Vt., accidentally scratched his hand with a pin about two months since. Soon after he applied strong camphor to the injured part. It commenced swelling and continued to grow worse—the original injury healing in the meantime—until his whole arm was affected and turned black to the shoulder. No permanent relief was afforded him, and, in spite of the best medical skill, Mr. Hart died a few days since.

Mr. Howlett writes to the London Times that on March 25th a spot was visible on the sun, indicating a disruption of the solar photosphere to the enormous extent of not less than 16,000,000,000 square miles, or eight times the superficies of the terraqueous globe.

Hon. Vincent Collyer, Hon. W. E. Dodge, of New York, and Hon. Edward S. Tobe, of Boston, members of the Indian Peace Commission, are in Washington, and have held several informal meetings with a view of making arrangements for their Western tour. It is the intention of the Board to visit all the Territories very shortly, provided there is no adverse legislation by Congress.

Mr. J. NORMAN LOCKYER ON "THE SUN."—Last Saturday afternoon, Mr. J. Norman Lockyer F.R.S., delivered his third lecture, at the Royal Institution, upon "the Sun." Prince Christian presided; and among the listeners were her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Lady A. Stanley, Professor Tyndall, Lady Ashburton, Dr. J. H. Gladstone, F.R.S., Mr. J. M. Peabody, American Consul at Trebizond, and Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D. F.R.S., President of the Royal Institution.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, London, April 4.

Now ready, the "SONGS OF LIFE," a new collection of sixteen pages of mostly original words and music for the use of spiritual gatherings and Lyceums, by S. W. Tucker. For price and contents see advertisement on this page.

C. H. ELLIS as a Lecturer.

Messrs. Editors.—Mr. C. H. Ellis, of Ohio, lectured before the "Marlboro Spiritual Association," by invitation, last Sunday afternoon, to very good acceptance. Mr. Ellis is a young man, radical in sentiment, and of superior ability as a lecturer, and that his audience appreciated his effort was very evident by the unanimous bursts of applause with which he was at times greeted. He seemed to incite our people onward in the great highway they are beginning to travel away from the bondage of ancient superstitions. Mr. Ellis being a comparative stranger in the East, we take great pleasure in recommending him to all Spiritualists and liberal societies as an able and eloquent defender of the liberal cause, and well worthy the support and patronage of all liberals everywhere.

F. O. EDMUNDS, JAMES LOWE, Mrs. E. B. STOWE, *Lecture Com. M. S. A., Marlboro, Mass., April 20, 1870.*

Modern American Spiritualism.

The great work of Emma Hardinge, with the above title, more than meets the expectations of the public. A correspondent, writing from Canada, whose letter will be found on our third page, speaks of it in commendatory terms.

Spiritualism in Boston and Vicinity.

Musgrave Hall.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge had a large audience Sunday, April 17th, to hear her lecture on "Christ the Spirit." The subject was treated in her usually masterly manner. The audience unanimously invited her to repeat, on the following Sunday, the lecture she gave in Washington recently, at the solicitation of Members of Congress and others, on "America, the land of the free; America under the Anathemas of the Ecumenical Council," to which she assented.

Mercantile Hall.—An interesting session, notwithstanding the storm, was held at this place by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, Sunday morning, April 17th—present one hundred and three, with a very good attendance of spectators. Singing, marching, recitations by eleven children, songs by Mattie A. Melvin, Eva Newhall and Mattie Richardson, and a closing hymn by the quartette, completed the exercises. The regular leaders' meeting was held at the conclusion of the services.

In the evening of the same day, this Lyceum repeated their "Anniversary Concert" (by request), with some changes of programme. The efforts of the little ones were well appreciated by those who faced the frowning elements.

Temple Hall.—Two highly successful circles (for which this hall has become justly celebrated), were held Sunday, April 17th, in the morning and afternoon. In the evening, an address was delivered before the Boylston-street Spiritualist Association by Thomas Moon.

The Lyceum holding its meetings at this hall, had a pleasant and profitable meeting, during the intermission of the circles, on Sunday, April 17th. Silver-Chain recitations, songs, speaking by four children, singing and instrumental music, in which Misses S. M. Adams, Mattie Richardson and Alice Cayvan took part; Bannan and Target Marches, answers to group questions, &c., filled out the time. The attendance was good, and it is to be hoped this Lyceum will be able to make itself a permanent and useful organization.

On Thursday evening, April 14th, an entertainment was given by this Lyceum, at Temple Hall, of a highly successful nature. A series of tableaux, under the personal supervision of Mrs. David Adams; songs by Misses S. M. Adams, Alice Cayvan, George Cayvan, Adelle O. Gale; declamations by Misses Laura Chubbuck, Adelle Putnam, Mattie Dana, Alice Cayvan, Florence Collier, George Cayvan and Master Norman Chubbuck; select readings by Mrs. Dana and Mr. J. H. Sleeper; instrumental music by Adelle O. Gale, Alice Cayvan and others, comprised the programme. During the exercises Dr. C. C. York, Messrs. C. M. Higgins, Alonzo Bond, Howard Brown and Childs and Mrs. H. Dana, officers of the Lyceum, were surprised by the presentation of a bouquet to each by Mrs. David Adams, for which they expressed satisfaction in their remarks—the presentation speech by Miss S. M. Adams. Our reporter also returns his thanks for a similar gift from the same source. At the close of the exercises the children were surprised by the presentation of confectionery from Dr. York, Conductor of the Lyceum. The entertainment closed with dancing.

A Society of Spiritualist mediums, speakers and friends of the cause, organized last fall at the residence of Mrs. King, 1001 Washington street, Boston, held an interesting meeting at that place on Friday evening, April 15th, exercises consisting of the reading of Will's poem, "Jeppha's Daughter," by Mr. H. D. Simonds; an address, by I. P. Greenleaf; and general conversation. About thirty members were present.

CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—Dr. J. H. Currier, addressed the Spiritualists of Charlestown at this hall on Sunday evening, April 17th. Subject, "Religious Development." His lecture gave universal satisfaction. The afternoon of the same day was occupied by a conference.

C. Canale Allen will speak in this hall, afternoon and evening, Sunday, May 1st.

On Tuesday evening, April 12th, a musical service was given at the house of Mr. Rand, High street, by Mrs. H. W. Cushman, the proceeds being devoted by the medium to the benefit of the First Spiritualist Association of Charlestown. The house was well filled, and the affair was, as usual, a perfect success, peculiarly and otherwise.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum will give an entertainment at Washington Hall, on Friday evening, April 20th, consisting of singing and recitations by children and adults, tableaux, under direction of Mrs. David Adams, readings and select instrumental performances. Committee of arrangements: Dr. C. C. York, E. Burlbank, and Mrs. D. Adams, J. Carr, Sarah Burlbank. Tickets 25 cents; children under twelve, 15 cents.

CANNONPORT.—Harmory Hall.—The regular meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum took place at the above-named hall on Sunday morning, April 17th. A good attendance, both of members and spectators, indicated that this organization has a firm hold upon the respect and countenance of adults and the affections of childhood.

CHELSEA.—Granite Hall.—Mrs. Emma Hardinge spoke at this hall, Sunday evening, April 17th, her subject being: "The Life and Pilgrimage of a Spirit here and hereafter." Her lecture differed from many she has delivered, in the fact that the influence giving it spoke in the first person, and detailed great struggles for light in this world and the land of souls in a vivid and life-like manner, which was capable of interesting even the most superficial or skeptical hearer. At the conclusion of her remarks, she took occasion to refer to the announcement, by the Chairman, that "Miss Jennie Leys, a new convert, would speak at the hall next Sunday evening," and advised all to attend her lecture, as she was one who had recently outgrown her old church surroundings, and was in need of a sympathetic welcome to our ranks. Mrs. Hardinge also returned thanks to the Spiritualists of Chelsea for their uniform kindness to her. At the close of her remarks, Mrs. Marshall, from the choir sang, "When my feet have grown too weary," and the audience retired, evidently in their hearts wishing, in parting, success to this great champion of our cause in her Western field of labor.

New Publications.

INTUITION. By Mrs. F. Kingman, Hartford, Conn. This volume, of some two hundred and fifty pages (21 mo.), ought to have been named "A Beam of Light." It will certainly prove a star-gazer to many a mind wandering in the mazes of old dogmas, and observing superstitious rites. It points the way to the true Christian life so clearly, and opens up the vistas of the better land so invitingly that no doubt can long remain after its perusal. The author is certainly very gifted and high-toned, and evidently understands the currents in which the age is drifting. She caters to a high speed, and answers the sensational demand at the same time. The book must have a large sale when once understood by those who want metaphysics and romance blended.

HOWARD PAUL'S JOKES.—Loring has just issued an illustrated edition of the jokes of this noted actor and singer. One look at it will cure the worst case of "blues" ever experienced in April.

THE MAGAZINES.

PUTNAM for May comes up visibly under the hand of its new editor, who has got fairly to work and produced a really first-class magazine. Our space forbids our specifying the articles of any of the magazines of the month, and we shall therefore have to content ourselves with a general mention. We can simply remark of *Putnam* that it contains some excellent essays on painting, politics, and race, besides good poetry and a most suggestive literary summary at the close.

THE GALAXY is, as usual, brilliant and up to the times, improving the suggestions offered so plentifully by events about us. In this particular, the *Galaxy* enjoys rather a distinct reputation. We find all the favorite contributors out in full feather their names affixed to articles worthy of the pens that produced them.

PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL is bright with engraving and plate and pattern, and vivacious with tale and essay and verse. It will be a welcome guest on the tables of the ladies who monthly await its coming with eagerness.

GOOD WORDS, edited by Dr. Macleod, and GOOD WORDS FOR THE YOUNG, edited by Geo. Macdonald, for April, are received.

SUNDAY MORNING, an illustrated magazine, edited by Dr. Guthrie. April number is received.

GOOD HEALTH, for May, closes the first volume of this valuable magazine. Alex. Moore, 11 Bromfield street, Boston, publisher.

THE NUSSERY.—The May number is a perfect little gem. Illustrations and all.

The May number of OUR BOYS AND GIRLS is finely illustrated and the reading matter is good.

LIFEBOAT attracts with its positive colored covers and its open fair page, and the contents bear out the external inducements in point of quality. There is art, literature,

society, war, politics and poetry in the number, and we observe that our old friend, the "Widow Beckett," has returned to Philadelphia.

MARBLEHEAD, EAST AND PRESENT, by William Mountford. Boston: Francis, Osgood & Co.

This is a fresh and vigorous volume, on one of the great questions mooted in the thinking world. The credibility of miracles lies at the basis of all supernatural religion, and has therefore been heretofore assailed by infidel philosophers and scientists. Mr. Mountford comes to the front of the contest, a stalwart champion of the supernatural, rising up in the very ranks of the rationalizing Unitarians, to do battle for the truth. We have read with great interest, and commended with special emphasis, the substance of this book as it appeared in successive parts in the *Religious Magazine*. The old stages in theology will be surprised to see how the spiritual and intellectual freedom with which the author treats all parts of a subject supposed to be threshold, will here and there a view may be presented to the startled to ordinary beliefs, especially in the use of facts drawn from "Spiritism," few Christian thinkers will lay down the book without thanks to the writer for his suggestions, or without a certain suspicion that they have been dull and unbellying readers of their Bibles, even while professing uncommon Orthodoxy. Orthodoxy is sometimes skin to skepticism.—*The Chicago Advance*.

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published the following new pieces of music: "Thore's rest in heaven," a song by A. Randegger; "Soldier's Memorial Day," words by Mary B. C. Slade, music by W. O. Perkins; "Ring on, Sweet Angelus," an evening song arranged as a duet, words by Henry B. Farnie, music by Ch. Gounod; "The Lily," a song, music by W. T. Wrighton, words by J. Streake; "Silver Bells," moreau brilliant, by Jules Egghard.

LYCEUM SONG BOOK.—Published by Lou H. Kimball of the Lyceum Banner, Chicago, contains 48 pages of songs and music adapted to Children's Lyceums.

THE SONGS OF LIFE, by S. W. Tucker, Boston, Wm. White & Co., publishers. This is the second volume of Mr. Tucker's popular songs, expressly adapted to spiritual meetings and Lyceums, and contains twenty-one songs and chants, nearly all of which are original. Sold for the moderate price of 20 cents.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The severe rain-storms during the past week caused damaging freshets in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, New York, Pennsylvania, &c.

Mr. John R. Manly, a prominent merchant and active reformer, closed his earthly career in this city April 18th. He was a leading officer in Theodore Parker's Society for twenty years.

On the first of June preparations will be made for moving the Boylston Market building, Boston, eleven feet in a westerly direction, for the purpose of widening Boylston street. This structure covers more ground than Hotel Vaham, which was successfully moved a few months since.

The expected strike of the Paris workmen has taken place, and is general.

Much anxiety is felt in England for the new steamer Strius, now ninety days out from Calcutta for Liverpool. Nothing has been heard from her since she sailed.

All the legitimist journals of France appeared, April 10th, dressed in mourning on account of the death of the famous Duc de Berri, which occurred the day before.

The Boston and Providence Railroad are having a new model freight house built in this city. It will be a monster in size.

The Senate committee on foreign relations has reported in favor of appropriating \$100,000 for Arctic explorations, leaving it to the President to designate the explorer.

A gold medal, valued at one hundred dollars, given by the Brooklyn Young Men's Christian Association for skill in archery, was won last week by Miss Jennie Cook. Twelve ladies entered the contest, and the winner's arrow, shot at a distance of fifty feet, struck an inch and three-quarters from the bull's eye. These young Christians do not believe in all prayer and no play.

Montreal dates to April 19th show considerable warlike excitement in Canada. Volunteers parade as usual, but there is no Fenian excitement. The Papal Zouaves have offered their services to the Government. It is stated that the Prince Consort's Own Rifles, to which regiment Prince Arthur is attached, will form a part of the Red River expedition. The steel battery of the River, which was to leave England about the middle of this month, is the one which was especially constructed for the Abyssinian expedition.

From South America we have more particulars of the frightful storm at Buenos Ayres on the 14th of March. The wind blew a hurricane, and the water flooded a great portion of that city; men and horses were drowned in the streets, and many people barely escaped with their life; a great number of buildings were undermined, which subsided, and many were destroyed with the weight of snow in them; ships were driven ashore and wrecked, or sunk at their anchors; many sailors were drowned; the damage was immense.

The child Nellie Burns, missing since March 21st, was found at the end of a woman named Eliza Chase, living in Institute alley, near Endicott street, Boston.

An Indian girl, daughter of the Chief of the Potlatch tribe in Nevada, writes to Commissioner Parker, bitterly complaining of the treatment her people have received at the hands of the Government agents while on the Truckee river reservation.

The New York and Brooklyn ship-carpenters, to the number of 700, have struck against a reduction of wages from \$1 to \$3.50 per day.

The Canadian government has bought the Hudson Bay Company's title and paid the money, £300,000.

Another Grand Story.

In the present issue of the *Banner of Light* we continue the publication of an exceedingly interesting story, by the author of "Starving by Inches." The latter story, it will be remembered, appeared in our columns in January, and was much praised by all readers.

Our New Story is entitled

"WHAT SHALL WE DO TO BE SAVED?"

It deals with the live questions of the day with a vividness and force that will at once command the admiration of all minds freed from the shackles of Bigotry, Superstition, and Error; from those whose hearts beat in sympathy with the wronged and oppressed.

The beautiful teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, and the physical manifestations of spirit-power—real occurrences—are necessarily largely interwoven in this Story.

We are sure our readers will thank us for giving them another feast from the pen of that strong and forcible reform writer, REBECCA J. MASON.

Stafford, Conn.

Mrs. Abbie Tanager is engaged to lecture in Stafford the two last Sundays in May, also the two first in June, Mrs. C. Fannie Allen lectures July 10th, and the three following Sundays.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. A9.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 13th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps. A9.

M. K. CASHEN answers sealed letters, at 185 Bank street, Newark, N. J. Terms, \$2.00 and four blue stamps. 3W-A16.

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 4 stamps. Money returned when letters are not answered. A16.

Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometer and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Terms \$2 to \$5 and three 3-cent stamps. Send for a circular. A9.

Don't POISON your head with those miserable, filthy compounds which have done so much mischief, but use NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE, which cleanses the scalp, restores gray hair, and checks the hair from falling off. It is perfectly clean, and contains nothing injurious. See advertisement.

COLDS AND COUGHS.—Sudden changes of climate are sources of Pulmonary and Bronchial affections. Experience having proved that simple remedies act speedily when taken in the early stage of disease, take at once "Brown's Bronchial Troches," let the Cold, Cough or Irritation of the Throat be ever so slight, as by this precaution a more serious attack may be warded off.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoetic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE LYCEUM BANNER. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 5 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O. Price 6 cents. THE HERALD OF HEALTH AND JOURNAL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE. Published in New York. Price 20 cents per copy.

Special Notices.

HERMAN SNOW, NO. 314, KEARNEY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Keeps for sale a general variety of:

Spiritualist and Reform Books,

At Eastern prices. Also Planchettes, Spencer's Positive and Negative Powders, etc. The *Banner of Light* can always be found on his counter. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—1f

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Notice to Subscribers of the *Banner of Light*.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires: i. e., the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time for which you paid has expired. The adoption of this method renders it unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least as early as three weeks before their figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

WHAT WE KNOW.

We know—so often has been said—

"It is not all gold that shines;"

And oft the path in which some tread

To a sad end inclines.

Another thing, as well we know

Some who would make display,

The greatest folly often show.

And still another thing we know—

Do you buy a "Whole Suit" complete,

At lowest price, of a FINE FENNO,

Corner of Beach and Washington street.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

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Secrets of the Life to Come,

REVEALED THROUGH

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WHEREIN the existence, the form and the occupations of the soul after its separation from the body are proved by many years' experiments, by the means of

EIGHT ECSTATIC SOMNAMBULISTS,

who had

Eighty Perceptions of thirty-six Deceased Persons of Various Conditions:

A DESCRIPTION OF THEM, THEIR CONVERSATION, ETC., WITH

Proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World.

BY L. ALPH. CAHAGNET.

Price \$1.50, postage 20 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

THE SONGS OF LIFE:

A NEW COLLECTION OF SIXTEEN PAGES

OF MOSTLY ORIGINAL WORDS

AND MUSIC,

For the Use of Spiritual Gatherings and Lyceums.

BY S. W. TUCKER.

AMONG its contents may be found the following named songs: "Song of the Evergreen Shore," "Passing Away," "Let me go to the Better Land," "Our Guardians," "Parting Hymn," "They'll welcome me home," "We shall meet beyond the river," "Striving with the Angels," "Angel Care," &c., &c. A copy should be in every family in the land. Try it. Price: 20 cents single copies; \$2.00 per dozen; postage 2 cents per copy.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE, 158 Washington street, Boston.

AGENTS WANTED FOR

THE PHYSICAL

LIFE OF WOMAN.

Twenty-Fifth Thousand Now Ready.

BY GEO. H. NATHAN, M. D.

THE most remarkable success of the day. Is selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains what every Man and Woman ought to know, and few do. It will save much suffering. As the only reputable work upon the single and married life, it is earnestly recommended by Prof. Wm. A. D.

the 1990s, the number of people in the world who are under 15 years of age is expected to increase from 1.1 billion to 1.5 billion. The number of people aged 65 and over is expected to increase from 200 million to 400 million. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion. The number of people aged 15 and over is expected to increase from 3.5 billion to 4.5 billion.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE
Washington street, Boston. Price 25 cents.

18m. Andrew JACKSON DAVIS. Price \$125.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE
Washington street, Boston.

168 Sixteen Crucible Saviours. Price 50 Cents, postage 2 Cts.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE
Washington street, Boston.

GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEERS.
BY CATHERINE CROWE.
Price \$1.25; postage 16 cents.
For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE,
Washington street, Boston.

Washington street, Boston. Price 25 cents.

Washington street, Boston.

Washington street, Boston.

Washington street, Boston.

