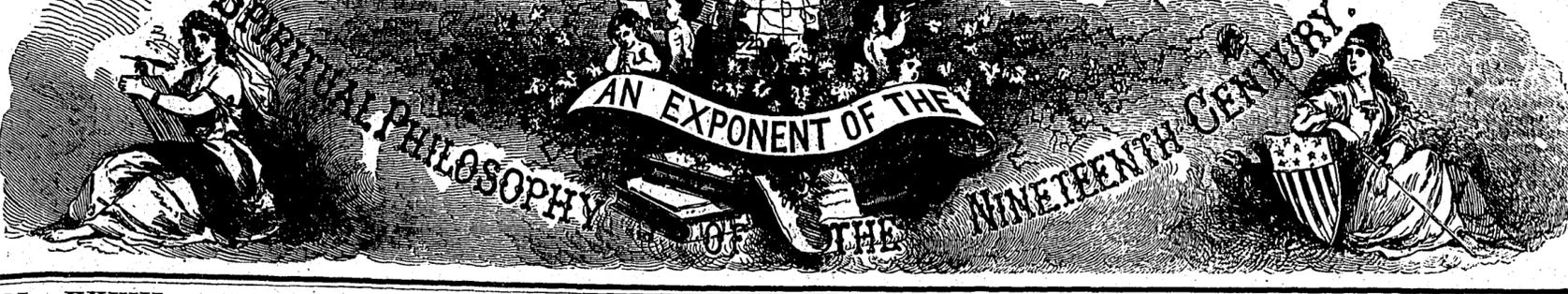


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXVIII.

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NO. 25.

Literary Department.

Written for the Banner of Light.
MY ANGEL GUIDE.

BY MALCOLM.

As o'er life's weary way
I toil, with joy unblest,
My worn feet, day by day,
Linging in vain for rest,
An angel hovers near,
To guide my faltering feet;
Her soothing voice doth cheer,
In whispers soft and sweet.
When my despondent heart
Murmurs at adverse fate,
Her pale lips open apart,
And whisper softly, "Wait."
"Wait," soothingly she saith,
"Rest never comes too late;
Gird thee with trusting faith,
And firm endurance—'Wait.'"
A look of spirit grace,
Of suffering, true and tried,
Rests calmly on her face,
So pure, so glorified.
Her eyes turn meekly down,
Though not with any shame;
Her hope 's a golden crown,
And patience is her name.

MY LOVER HORACE.

BY LAURA HATCH.

Such a bright, happy, joyous month! I have learned to look back upon it since as a sort of golden dream, strangely true at the time, yet too bright to last long.

Horace Travers and I had been engaged a year. During that time I had seen him but once, when he made a flying visit to wish me a merry Christmas, and then go back to his business in the far distant town of C—. But when spring came round and the earth had put on her gala robes of green, Horace wrote me that the whole month of May should be mine and his. And he kept the promise.

This is why that month was so happy; we were together most of the time, either riding, walking, or reading. Horace could sing, too; and after we had practiced awhile our voices went well together, and in many ways during the four weeks we grew to know each other better than in the previous year of our acquaintance.

I can remember yet just how he looked as he turned in the hall door, after our parting was over, to raise his hat. The shadow of parting hung over him yet, and gave a sad expression to the quiet, regular features; and as his eyes met mine, he gave repeated, hesitating gestures of farewell, then vanished from the door.

That was in the afternoon; and at three o'clock I heard the train which was to bear him home whistle as it left the station. Then I went back to my work and sat down sewing. I did not feel as sad as I might, because I knew that this parting was to be a short one, and that when Horace came again it would be the last time, for he would take me home with him.

So I went to dinner when it was ready quite contentedly, and after it was over I took a book and went into the parlor. My father went into the town on some errand, my mother with him; and my servant-girl went out to evening church, leaving me alone in the house. It grew dusky by-and-by, so I could not read, and I drew my chair up to the window, where I could look through the door at the stars coming out one by one in the sky, and wondered if Horace could see them, too.

It grew quite dark at last; and I lit the lamp on the table and returned to my book. For a time I read on; then the air grew chilly, and intending to close the door, I rose from my chair and looked out.

There, in the hall-door, as I had seen him a few hours before, stood Horace Travers.

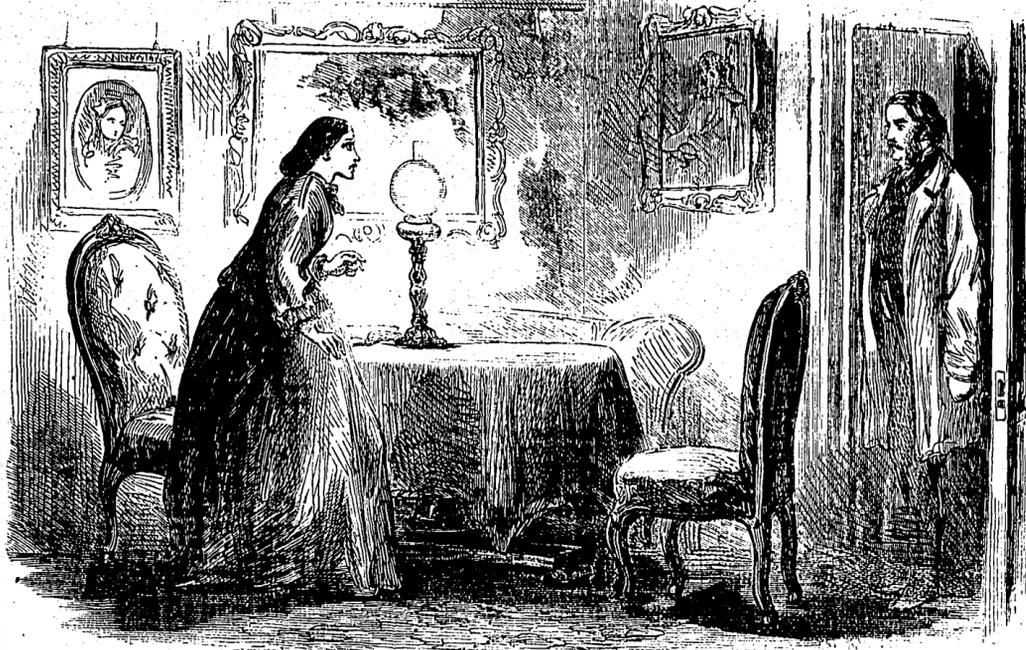
I saw the soft, dark eyes bent upon me, with an expression of tender sadness; the mouth grave and quiet, and shaded by the slight moustache he always wore; the night breeze rustling through his dark, curling locks. Surely, it was Horace; he had been belated, or had forgotten something and returned for it; and I ran forward with a glad, eager cry; but, almost in my grasp—I was conscious that there was nothing there. I reached, of course, and called, but vainly. Horace was not there; and I knew quite well, at last, that he had not been there at all.

I went back into the parlor and sat down. I reasoned, scolded, and argued; but I could not rid myself of the icy shivers which ran through my frame, or the leaden weight which fell upon my spirit. "I called myself the victim of a delusion. I recalled all my philosophy and common sense, but vainly; the icy chill, the leaden weight, grew colder and heavier with every moment.

My mother came in at last, and sat down, with some trifling remark on the beauty of the evening. When she looked up, she crossed over to me in alarm; and taking my hand, cried out: "My child, what is the matter? You look as if you had seen a ghost."

"I think I have, mother," I said, trying to smile, but bursting into tears instead; and then I told her all.

"Now, my darling Laura," said she, when I had finished, and lay sobbing in her arms, "you must listen to me. Here, for the past four weeks, you have been doing an amount of work sufficient to unbalance the nervous system of a stronger person than yourself. Yet, because it was such pleasant work, this entertaining Horace, and riding and walking with him every day, you thought to escape the consequences of over-exertion. But outraged Nature claimed her own; and, as a natural consequence, you are ill. Your nerves are prostrated; you have been thinking of him ever since he left. You look up a moment, and the



THE APPARITION OF HORACE TRAVERS.

face you are looking at all the time in your mind appears before you. Nothing is more natural. You have heard of optical illusions. This is one of them. Go to bed, and take a good night's rest; and my word for it, you will be troubled with no more alarming glimpses of Horace, except in dreams, when his presence is agreeable rather than otherwise."

I took my mother's advice. She accompanied me to my room, and watched me until I fell asleep.

The next day I was ready to look at the whole occurrence in the same light; and my father, when he heard the story, laughed heartily, and threatened to tell Horace that I had seen his ghost; and presented the matter in such a ridiculous light, that I had to laugh myself, and in a few days nearly forgot the occurrence.

But when it came near the time when I expected a letter from him, I began to be very impatient about him. The letter, of course, would settle my mind effectually. But it did not come. In fact, it never came; and that was the last, last sight I ever saw of Horace Travers.

I wrote at least a dozen letters to his post-office address. Some of them were returned to me as un-called for; others probably found their way to the dead-letter office. I knew no one to address in the town of C—, where his business was situated, except himself, and I kept on writing to him until my father forbade any further inquiry.

"He has probably seen a prettier face," said he, "and I must get over my regret as best I could." My mother was sympathizing, but took the same view of the matter, and I was forced to suffer in silence.

Ah, those years—those weary, weary years! How each day dragged its slow length along! How the weeks and months crept away—how the years tortured me!

Each day I said, "Surely I shall hear from him at last!"

Each night I went to bed, saying, "I am one day nearer to the tidings which must come at last."

But I never heard from him, and I waited the tidings vainly. I was only nineteen when I lost him; and all the years from that until I was twenty-five, I lived over and over again the golden month he had given me as the only remembrance of him. False—was he? He, so upright, so conscientious, so noble, so fond and devoted! True, other men, and women too, had seemed to others full as noble, as upright, as tenderly loyal. It was human nature to change. Perhaps he had married suddenly, on the spur of the moment. What then? Ought he not, did he not, know me well enough to feel sure that I would be happy to be his friend in any case? Was this deathly, torturing silence the way to atone, if he was unfaithful? Some men would say, yes. Perhaps he was one of that class who hide themselves in ignoble silence from their mistakes and ill deeds, instead of bravely facing up to what he had brought upon himself.

But though I thought time moved so slowly, still it moved on, and brought me to my twenty-fifth year. Then I began to go back to the friends I had so long neglected. Society received me with open arms. I had outgrown old or faded memories; my thoughts of Horace Travers were growing bitter, and I longed for some diversion to take me from them.

My engagement had never been made public. It was my wish that our marriage should be the first announcement of it; so I was spared the questioning of friends and the comments which society makes upon such events.

The life I took up now was a busy one. Our family was so small, there was so little home-work to do, and I had grown so tired of solitary reading and music, that I took to the change kindly. Our place had not yet acquired the airs and vanities of a great city; people had not yet been ranked by their money or dress, and intelligence and good manners were the only passports to our society. In summer we had picnics, excursions, and riding parties; and in winter, balls and evening parties.

At all these festivities I noticed the presence of a tall, distinguished-looking gentleman who had settled in our town nearly a year before. His name, I knew, was Edward Hatch, and his business was that which Horace Travers had followed. This is what had interested me at first; and afterwards, when I came to understand that he noticed me closely, yet persistently avoided an introduction, my curiosity was piqued, and I watched him still more closely. He was past his first youth; was unusually reserved, almost gloomy; but when he threw off the depression of spirits which troubled him, he could make himself the life and soul of our company.

I do not suppose I should have ever come in close enough contact to be intimate with him, had not some of our friends proposed an amateur concert by way of variety; and when the proposition was taken up with eagerness and the arrangements perfected, I found, at the first rehearsal, that Mr. Hatch and myself had been assigned parts which must be practiced together, and the introduction which he had warded off so long at last took place. After that, he came to our house every evening to practice with me. At first he was stiff and reserved; but gradually the ease and grace which became him so well were brought out for my benefit, and he grew friendly, and even attentive.

After the concert was over, he continued to visit us. He impressed my father and mother favorably, and all the inquiries they made concerning him gained satisfactory answers. He was temperate, industrious, and moderately well off, and made himself a favorite with old and young.

The only thing I did not like was the atmosphere of reserve which seemed to close around him now and then. I had outgrown that romantic age when a mystery is charming. I had suffered bitterly enough from one mystery. I wanted all things fair and clear henceforth. Yet there was nothing tangible in the conduct of Edward Hatch which I could condemn. It was only his manner.

It came to pass in the course of a year that I married Edward Hatch. How, why, wherefore it happened, to this day, I cannot tell. But I married him, and fancied myself quits with the past. But did any one ever get rid of a past either pleasant or painful? My fancy in this respect fell short of reality. At the very altar the face of Horace Travers was as fresh in my mind as on the day I saw him last. But, once irrevocably married, I made up my mind to be happy, and I meant to carry out this intention. Still I found, when I had been married a year or two, that my life had gone fatally wrong.

The gloom and reserve of Edward Hatch's character took a tangible shape at last. Night after night he paced the floor steadily, untiringly. Day after day he went to his business, his food untasted and the darkness of night on his face.

"Edward," said I, one night, "are you angry with me? I cannot bear this coldness and separation; I am your wife for better or worse, and I would try to make you happier if I only knew how."

He came and sat down by me. He took my hand, and said, "Laura, dearest, I have no fault to find with you; but I wronged you terribly by marrying you, as you will know some day. Oh, heaven! I may make a lengthy stay, and as I have a house there, you may as well come with me, Laura."

"A house in C—!" I cried. "You never told me you had lived there!"

He looked at me with a strange burning look in his eye; then bit his lip, and said, carelessly, "What do you know of C—? I might have

mentioned it, had I known the name had any special interest for you."

"It has," I said. "I had a friend there once, years ago. His business was the same as yours. It was more than eight years ago that he took leave of us, and we never saw or heard from him since. If you could throw light on his fate, it would be something of a relief after all these years."

"That I can hardly do. I left C— nearly ten years ago, and have only been there since on flying business visits like this one. However, if you are going, you had better lose no time in your preparations. After you get there, you may meet some one who knew your friend. By-the-way," he added, "you have not mentioned his name yet."

His back was toward me now; he was getting out his writing-desk from the secretary, and I looked up as I said, "Horace Travers!"

He did not move; he was silent a long time, and when he turned to me his face was no paler than usual. His tone, too, was deliberately careless, when he at length said, "Horace Travers? I did not know him."

That same evening we spent with my father and mother. We had arranged to start the next day. At the last, Mr. Hatch tried to persuade me to remain at home; but I told him frankly that I would not forego the opportunity of making inquiries for my missing friend, and that I would go.

I brought the subject up before my father and mother again, and Mr. Hatch showed quite plainly that he was annoyed by it.

"You speak of your friend so often that he must have been a dear one."

In the midst of the dead hush which followed the half-angry words, I replied, "He was a dear friend. I was to have married him."

Mr. Hatch's face grew livid; but he controlled himself almost instantly, and said, with the careless air which was habitual with him in moments of suppressed passion, "So I suppose, from your constant recurrence to the subject." And, without waiting a reply, spoke of something else.

He was silent all the way home. But when we reached our gate, I put my hand upon his arm and said, "Wait a moment, Edward."

He stood still then, and I went on: "Forgive me if I deceived you about Horace Travers. I meant to have told you before our marriage; but your mood always repelled me. You know all now. The poor broken dream of my lost youth need not stand between us unless you will it. Can you forgive the deception, Edward?"

He answered: "There is nothing to forgive. I wish I could show how forgiving I could be in a great cause. If you were the meanest criminal all your life before I knew you, I should love you all the same now—nay, better. How would it be with you, Laura?"

He had put his arm round me; and shocked and terrified by his strange words and stranger manner, I faltered: "I could not love any one in that way, Edward. With me, esteem is the basis of all affection."

His arm fell to his side; and we entered the house.

The next day our journey began. It was a long, tedious ride in the railway train, and Mr. Hatch wore his heaviest reserve. He was careful for my comfort; but the old barrier was still up between us.

C— was a large town, crowded and busy. I made no inquiries for Horace Travers the first day of our stay. Edward took me directly to his house, a large, handsome building in a retired part of the place. It was elegantly furnished, and I secretly wondered how an unmarried man came to be possessed of so comfortable a dwelling. I fancied he might have been married before; but dismissed the thought as impossible. A man might conceal the knowledge of a dead love; but a dead wife always takes an honorable place in his memory.

He left me alone a great deal. He said he had been trying to sell some property of which he had found it troublesome to take care, and he meant to stay in C— until he was rid of it.

Naturally, of course, I took to the library in his absence. I read a great deal, studied some, wrote home nearly every day, and lided off the hours in a solemn way. There was a staid old house-keeper, and two other female servants in the house; but they came near me only when obliged to, and none of them had ever heard of any one named Travers.

There was a curious old secretary in one corner. I rummaged this in search of a sensation, for the days dragged on heavily; and at last I found a sensation I little expected. There was a drawer in it which I had never succeeded in opening; and my curiosity was roused to such a pitch that I broke it open. I doubted if Mr. Hatch would ever know or care what I had done.

There was a folded newspaper in the drawer; it was yellow with age, and when I lifted it I saw under it a small hammer. In some places the iron was bright; but the face of it was dark with rust. That was all; and as I put the hammer back, I wondered why it was locked, and thought the breaking open was not going to be repaid by any discovery. However, I was always fond of dusty old papers, and took this one to an easy-chair before the window, and sat down to read.

There was not much that was interesting. It was dated eight years back, and had the usual chronicle of births, deaths, and marriages, and the usual business advertisements. I looked over these carelessly; and at last my eyes fell upon a name in one column:

"Travers & Co."

My heart gave an awful bound, and then stood still. Darkness came over me, and I heard a sound like rushing waters in my ears; but I rallied, beat back the deathly faintness, and read on.

It was nothing but an advertisement. But from it I learned the locality of his place of business, and made up my mind to dress and go directly to that street and number, and see if the mystery could not be solved at last.

As I rose, still holding the paper, another dropped from its folds. It was smaller, dated later, and printed in a town east of C—, at least a hundred miles. I wondered if I were to make any more discoveries. I was trembling all over, and felt that nothing would seem strange now; and, as I took up the paper, I began with the first page, and read it over carefully. Then I turned to the second, and half-way down the first column I read:

"MELANCHOLIC ACCIDENT.—The body of a young man was run over by the night-express, two miles from the station, yesterday evening. The deceased was a stranger in the place, and there was nothing upon his person to identify him except a small Testament, with 'Laura to Horace' on the fly-leaf. The wheels passed directly over his chest, and there was a small concussion on the back of his head, probably caused by some of the machinery, as the surgeon who examined the body pronounced it sufficient to have caused his death. The remains will be buried to-morrow, after the inquest, as their dreadfully mangled condition rendered early interment necessary."

And that was the end. The long years of suspense and wretchedness were over. The faithful, loyal heart had been true to the last. Even from the Summer-Land his spirit had come back to give me a last farewell. And, as I laid my head back in the chair, all the wretchedness and anguish of my heart seemed to join with a rush all the long, desolate years to be, and I fell back with a wild, bitter cry.

When I became conscious again, my mother was with me. She nursed me back to health tenderly, and guarded me closely. When I was well enough to travel, she took me home.

I asked for my husband, and they told me at last that he was dead. My mother admitted that he had killed himself; but why, I never knew until years after. Then I came across it in a paper.

He had killed Horace Travers. They were partners—Hatch under another name, probably his real one. They had been bosom friends, and when Horace came to visit me, he had left everything in the hands of his partner. The latter had converted it into cash, and fled.

Quite unexpectedly he met Horace at that little wayside station. Without knowing it, each had stopped there for the night, and met face to face.

Hatch was an adept in crime then, and his confusion and guilt were only too evident to Horace, who comprehended ere long that the friend he had trusted had robbed him of everything, and was on his way to leave the country with his ill-gotten gains. Horace sprang at him, seized him by the collar, and called loudly for help; but the engine was blowing and whistling in the station, and no one heard the cry. He was repeating it, trying to drag Hatch with him, when the latter, rendered desperate by the attack and his probable arrest, seized a hammer off a pile of lumber, and, quick as thought, struck him with the implement on the back of the head.

It killed him instantly. Hatch had only meant to stun him, and so effect his escape; but when he realized that he was dead beyond a doubt, he threw his victim across the line, and, favored by the darkness, gained his seat in the train just going out, and rode over the body of his dead lover.

And that was the way my darling died.

Hatch knew of his engagement; he wrote in his confession that he came to our town with the intention of marrying me, and leaving me all his own money and Horace's as an atonement, meant to go away and never see me. But he said he loved me, and never could leave me, though remorse stung him even more bitterly after his marriage than before.

When he came in that day and found me raving in a chair, and the old papers in my hands, and the drawer broken open, he thought I had guessed all; telegraphed for my mother, wrote his confession, sent it to a neighboring magistrate, and threw himself into the river.

But oh, my murdered Horace! All the money in the world could never atone to me for the loss of your dear face and your noble heart! Oh, if Fate had only decreed that both of you had passed each other by unknowingly in that wayside town, then my life had been a happier one, and he would not have had the stain of your blood on his soul.

I can but be thankful that he is safe in the spirit-world, nor deem my fate so very hard since I have the blessed hope of meeting him there.

a vital interest in this cause, so necessary to happiness and to humanity. May the day speed on when his kingdom shall come whose right it is to reign!

Massachusetts. Salem.—Our correspondent writes Feb. 15, as follows: If all the believers in Spiritualism in this city were interested in its philosophy and religion enough to attend lectures, the largest hall would not hold them. We have held meetings steadily nearly five years, and we do not think there are more than twenty-five of the original society who regularly attend the lectures. When we have a favorite speaker, the hall will be full, but an indifferent speaker is pretty sure of a thin house. The fact is, the largest proportion of Spiritualists enjoy the phenomena of Spiritualism, and do not care for its philosophy; therefore they do little toward supporting lectures or papers. The time will come when we shall realize that the highest use of Spiritualism is its incentive to individual culture.

Miss Jennie Leys spoke for us two Sundays not long since, and was much liked. Her matter and delivery were remarkably good, and we cannot say she may not be ranked among the first speakers in the field. She is engaged for April. Mrs. Lizzie Woods, an excellent medical medium, as well as fine test medium, removed from Salem to Springfield, Mass., a few months ago. She is a lady to many who have received through her tests from their spirit friends. We would advise our Springfield friends if they would visit a reliable lady to call on Mrs. Woods.

LYMOUTH.—Editors Banner of Light: Do you know what a rare treat we are having in old Plymouth this month? Miss Jennie Leys is with us, and has already given four of the finest lectures that we have ever heard. This is not the first time that Miss Leys has spoken to us, but we were hardly prepared to find such a wonderful improvement in every way, from the time that she was previously with us. Her manner and gestures are so graceful and so full of grace, and it does not seem an effort for her to talk an hour, and I assure you it requires no effort on the part of her audience to listen, for all seem for the time being, to be enraptured to that she is so full of grace, and her language tells us of. We listen with almost as much pleasure at the reading of the poems, selected with so much taste and refinement, as to her lectures.—A.

Vermont. BRATTLEBORO.—A correspondent writes: "Allow me to introduce the name of Mrs. M. A. Adams to the readers of the Banner, as one of the best trance speakers of the day. She came to our quiet little village of Brattleboro' one year ago, and since then she has done more good, in her simple way, in bringing out the truth of Spiritualism in its various forms, in tests, improved poems, and sermons as deep as the truth of man would desire to grasp. Her quiet, unassuming manner has won the hearts of her friends, who will date their change of mind from the time when her labors commenced here. Her former labors have not been in vain. From the true and honest hearts with which she has previously labored, she has received commendation that will make her name a favorite among that class of intellect which shine brighter by constant wear. Among the green hills of Vermont was she reared, and we are glad to feel that her mission will be great, but the wide fields of labor will be hers, and she is not to be confined by the higher order of spirits as hers can be confined to a very small space."

New York. WILLIAMSBURG.—Stanley H. A. Frisbee writes, Feb. 13th: Having lectured for some time in the States of Louisiana, New York and New Jersey, I now take French leave of this field, to go on a trip to the Azores Islands, and see, as I have before, the hot springs of the Island of St. Michaels, famous also for its nice oranges; and from there to the Continent, so that for the present there will be no one in your usual list of lecturers. When I return, I will report, (if I do not write before) and be again on hand to contribute my mite toward universal mental liberty. While at the Islands, my theorem that by electricity in its different modifications all mysteries are solved, will be explained with analytical explanations, according to the philosophy. In other respects I do not intend to rest, but on the contrary "fight the good fight," for the salvation of man from ignorance and despotism, to a glorious and progressive immortality.

Iowa. STAGVILLE.—T. Wardall writes: Mrs. Chamberlain, of Minnesota, has been lecturing very acceptably to crowded houses in Mitchell County, and given many excellent tests, which render her ministrations very acceptable to the multitude. The masses who go to hear her lecturers in our village will go to sleep over a fine Dantonian discourse on Science or Philosophy, but give them something phenomenal—bordering on the marvelous—and you get their attention, and start inquiry. Mrs. C. can meet them on that ground, and is doing good cheer in this new country. She has done for us, and will do for us, more than we can say more than one thousand words in a day, with tears in his eyes, after one of her fine descriptions.

Oregon. SALEM.—Mrs. Eleanor Dowling, of Independence, writing from the above place, says: We need more laborers in the vineyard of Spiritualism to teach us its glorious truths. We earnestly hope some good lecturers and test mediums will come amongst us. They will do much good in opening the eyes of the spiritually blind, and relieve many aching hearts in this priest-ridden country.

NEW HAMPSHIRE. Spiritualists' Convention.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

The Second Quarterly Mass Convention of the New Hampshire Spiritualists Association was held at Lempster, N. H., on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 23d, 24th and 25th, and was very well attended, all things considered. The weather was very cold—nearly if not quite the coldest of the season. This alone kept several away, and the number of those on the line of an open railroad, many not fancying a ride of ten miles in an open sleigh, did not make their appearance. All who were present seemed to enjoy the season very much. There was a deep, strong undercurrent of sympathy, feeling of love and goodwill for humanity. The utmost harmony prevailed throughout the whole Convention, and all went away feeling that their time had been pleasantly and profitably spent.

The following business was transacted. In the absence of its President—the Convention was called to order by the Secretary, and Dr. French Webster—who fortunately happened to be in town—acted as President. A nominating committee was appointed, who presented the following names: For President—George S. Morgan, of Bradford; Vice-Presidents—S. Austin, of Manchester; Mrs. W. W. Burke, of Newport; Secretary and Treasurer—Mrs. E. Hays, of Newbury.

By a unanimous vote of the Convention, the above-named persons were elected.

Mrs. Adelle Stevens, of Claremont, Mrs. A. D. Hurd, of Newport, Mrs. L. S. Craig, do, of Lempster, and Mrs. A. D. Hurd, of Lempster, were appointed a Business Committee. After the appointment of the above committees, remarks were made by Dr. Webster and others; then adjourned till 9 P. M.

Evening Session.—Conference of one hour; after which the audience were agreeably entertained by a lecture through the organization of Mrs. Lora S. Craig. On motion of Mrs. Craig, it was voted that, after a conference of one hour on the morning of the Convention adjourn, and attend in the body the funeral services for our late sister, Mrs. Harvey Hunsont. Adjourned till 8 A. M.

Saturday, Feb. 24th.—Conference of one hour. Adjourned till 2 o'clock P. M., in order to attend the funeral of sister Hunsont.

Afternoon Session.—The following committees were appointed: Dr. French Webster, Geo. Sheppardson, John H. Maxon, — Reed, S. E. Hurd, to draft a Constitution and By-Laws. A Finance Committee, the following were appointed: William Fletcher, Samuel Davis, Mrs. — Ward; afterwards Mrs. Adelle Stevens and Mrs. — Lull.

Dr. French Webster, of Concord, Mrs. S. A. Wiley, of Rockingham, Y. and Mrs. Adelle Stevens, of Claremont, were chosen as Committee on Resolutions.

After a conference of one hour, the Committee on Constitution were called on to report, and through their chairmanship, Dr. Webster reported a constitution, which was being discussed for about two hours, by Dr. Webster, Mr. Morgan, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Wiley and others, and a few alterations made, was unanimously adopted, and is as follows:

1. We, the undersigned, do band ourselves together, to be known as the New Hampshire Association of Progressive Spiritualists.

2. The object of this Association is the encouragement of all spiritual and moral reform, to cultivate charity, harmony, and the elevation of woman and man.

Convention, do offer to her companion and family, our esteemed brother, the Hon. Harvey Hunsont, our hearty sympathy in this his great affliction.

Resolved, That we, the Spiritualists of this Convention, do tender our hearty thanks to Bro. Nichols, of the Forest Hotel, who so kindly opened his house and heart to the members and friends of this Convention; and may his days be long and happy to him, as the hours we have spent with him have been to us.

Resolved, That we thank all speakers who have met with us in this Convention, and have in any way aided us, by gifts, through which the invisible from the celestial shores might come to us.

Resolved, That this Convention extends its thanks to the officers, for the able and courteous manner in which they have served us during the Convention.

Resolved, That this Convention heartily endorses the efforts made by the officers to bring the highest use of Spiritualism to the attention of the country, and to the people to take their position as citizens of this country, and especially of government and the making of laws.

At a late hour of the Convention the question of putting a State Missionary into the field was brought up, and discussed to some length, but was finally laid over until the next Convention.

Sunday was devoted to speaking—forenoon and afternoon; speakers, Mrs. Wiley, Mrs. Booth and others. Circles were held every evening at the hotel, and many tests were obtained.

The Convention adjourned at a late hour Sunday evening, to meet again in three months. Due notice will be given of day and place.

S. F. HURN, Sec'y. Lempster, N. H., Feb. 26th, 1871.

Free Thought.

"RECAPITULATION OF A. J. DAVIS."

Editors BANNER OF LIGHT—I see by your issue of Feb. 18th, that the mental waters have been slightly disturbed by my article in the January number of the Spiritualist Monthly, under the above caption, and that Bro. Davis, in the published portion of his private letter to you, repudiates the idea of recantation, and that you consider the caption of my strictures ill-chosen. First, then, permit me to express my unbounded joy at the ready and positive denial of Bro. Davis; next, the reasons that governed my pen; then let your readers impartially judge.

I would be a bad man designing to brand Bro. Davis with the brand of recantation, with no reason for the faith within me at the time.

Bro. Davis declares that he has never said or written a word to justify the charge of recantation. I am therefore forced to confession; and if it shall appear that I am guilty of error, I can only hope for forgiveness, but must take the consequences, be they what they may.

I looked at the little page of "Nature's Divine Revelations," and I saw, "By and through A. J. Davis." My natural conclusion was, that Davis, by this, acknowledged himself to have received a portion of the book from spirits, and that mediocrity, as it appeared to me. I next turned over the pages of the "Present Age," and there I found not only a classified series of twenty-four phases of mediumship, but also a chapter headed "Clairvoyant Mediumship," which is but an elaboration of the twenty-third phase, "clairvoyance," in the classified tables. Now comes out a report, in the New York World, of the reporter's interview with Bro. Davis, which reports I read from the pages of the "Present Age," published in Chicago, and which paper, by its word, cannot be said to be unfavorable to Davis. Here I read words to this effect from the lips of Mrs. Davis to the reporter: "Mr. Davis is not a medium—he is a clairvoyant."

I was, I must confess, somewhat startled. How could Bro. Davis reconcile the self-avowed inconsistency of statement?—to place in his book a table of classified phases of mediumship, in which clairvoyance is placed next to the highest, and then, through Mrs. Davis, to assert that he is not a medium, but a clairvoyant. Either he must take the twenty-third phase out of his table, or withdraw the statement to the reporter in the World that is to settle the difficulty in logic. This is how I reasoned, rightly or wrongly.

Next, I observe the papers containing the "nine errors" from "The Fountain," which are somewhat involved in qualifications, and capable, at least, of being construed into a virtual ignoring of certain phases of mediumship. I read and thought, vainly endeavoring to reconcile Davis in his earlier books with the Davis of "The Fountain" and the New York World report. Here I have made a full confession of the promptings to the article in the Monthly. I hesitated long before adopting the caption, "Recantation," so that I cannot plead haste as an excuse. But it seems that there is a need for an understanding of terms. What definition of the perplexed question of mediumship can we rely on? Will Bro. Davis, through the Banner of Light, clear the mists from my eyes? I am completely befuddled. Nor do I stand alone, doubtless. Many thousands will be equally befuddled by myself by the introduction of light into our darkened souls.

Most assured that I shall be only glad to acknowledge error when it is made clear to me that I have committed it. I wrote from my deep soul-promptings, stimulated by reasons such as I have detailed; but I am human and likely to err, and shall be glad to have it proved that I have erred.

I am delighted to see so much joy, Messrs. Editors, print in the Banner, from Bro. Davis, in repudiation of the "ill-chosen" caption. Glad that he is with us still; but, for the life of me, I cannot think upon the perplexing difficulties and rest satisfied. J. H. POWELL, 88 Lopez street, Cambridgeport, Mass.

"SETTLED SPEAKERS."

BY D. W. HULL.

Messrs. Editors.—In the Banner of Dec. 31st, I find an article from our good Bro. Dean Clark, in review of an article I had previously written on the above subject, which I promised myself to acknowledge so soon as I could get it, and bring forward other reasons I had in reserve, in support of my views on the subject; but a pressure of other business has so sealed up my way that I have found it impossible thus far to get time to write on the subject; and now I shall only find opportunity to say "I owe it to you" and "Good-by," and pass on. His first proposition is found in the following words:

"If Spiritualism is to become a distinctive religion, or form of religion, as I believe it must, then it must assume some sort of organic form, and adopt some systematic method for teaching its principles and performing its work for humanity."

I deny the proposition that "Spiritualism is to become a distinctive religion." I never had thought so much on the proposition ill after it was embodied in a resolution in the National Convention. I then asked myself the question after I had voted for the resolution, "In the name of God, what are we doing?" "Making a religious sect for future generations, just as Wesley and others have done," was the response I got from within. "Great heavens!" said I, "and shall future reformers be compelled to undo the work we have been doing, or they can have access to the intellects of men?" Here is our mistake; in defining our religious belief, we have unfortunately set our stakes so that others dare not go beyond, and as really erected the iron instead of Procrustes as any good intended creed-makers who have gone before us.

My religion is a "distinctive religion" which takes in all other religions, from Catholicism to Radicalism, not even rejecting Mormonism and Shakerism. In the saliva of man we find all the animalcules of all the animals under him, which has been advocated as an evidence that man is an embodiment of all of the perfections of the lower order of animals. A perfect system of religion will also embody all of the perfections of all inferior systems of religion, and a perfect man spiritually (if such an one could be found) will have the divine part of all systems of religion. I am a Spiritualist, but I am also a Methodist, or Catholic; or in Methodism I have the good of both of them, and in Spiritualism I have the good of both the former. But the moment I make Spiritualism a "distinctive religion," that moment I make a creed; but rationalism or radicalism includes all you have in Spiritualism, which I suppose Bro. Clark really embodies in his system, but I almost hope he does not, for I like to have something to draw his thunder, and I can't do that if we are agreed.

Meantime I must beg Bro. Clark's pardon for saying "settled speakers will wear out." I should have said "rust out." I intended to convey the idea that he would wear out the truths he preaches, by locating himself and reducing everything to a dry formality.

I am well aware of the trials of an itinerant lecturer, and none have had a more severe discipline than Bro. Clark; and unless I am sadly mistaken, he would have had more than two thousand dollars within the last three years, if he had received his dues. And now a word to those employing speakers. I have met with great difficulty in trying to avoid kind treatment from good friends. Each one expects the speaker to stop in his or her family, at least one night, if not a whole week, and as a speaker cannot get clear around a whole week, and as a speaker cannot get clear around a whole week, the good people seem to imagine that he is

"nearly starved," and if he does not surfeit on the dainties prepared for him, they greatly fear that they "have not got anything good to eat."

Of all the people in the world lecturers want the plainest and simplest food, and but little of it; but they must have plenty of sleep. If you transgress these rules with lecturers, you are just as sure to have a poor lecture as effect follows cause. Within the last few weeks I have been literally "worn out" by this manner of itinerating. Friends, this intended kindness on your part in driving your speakers either to quit the field entirely, (as I see Bro. Clark thinks of doing), or to favor settling speakers. When speakers come to your place have one place for them to stop, and those that wish visits from him or her call on them, (and not they you.) You will get better tests if your speaker is a medium, than you will if you take them to your house, and they will not become so exhausted as they do when they come in contact with every new magnetism of your different homes. You can change about, and one can have the pleasure of keeping a speaker one month, and another the next month. I am personally interested in this matter, and I am sure that the majority of speakers will thank me for the suggestion.

Bro. Clark mistakes the great body of Spiritualists when he tells us "the pampered taste for rhetorical kick-knacks has become so fastidious and squeamish, that none but the most famous orators can gratify the capricious appetite."

So far as my experience goes, the people desire the best logical talent there is in the country—men of ideas, who will delve up some wholesome truths, and start the people to thinking; but they want our speakers each to give the best they have in one or two months, and then go to some other point where the same thoughts are needed, while they supply their place with another thinker. Philanthropic societies will want speakers who have helped them to go and help others, as they have helped them. But, Bro. Clark, here is my hand on the following paragraph, which I clip from your article, provided you, when you are thus settled, will make it a point to do all the missionary work you can convenient to your circuit; and if I find any four or five societies who will do that way, I shall work for you there, sure.

"I do not advocate permanent settlements of speakers, but their employment for a few months, a year or more, as mutually agreeable and profitable—and that is all that was expressed in the resolution Bro. H. opposes. I would recommend the formation of circuits of four or more societies with available distances, and the employment of from one to four speakers, to succeed each other as the cases may require, alternately, for each month, and thus secure enough variety for the people, and far better conditions for the speakers."

I beg pardon of those speakers who wish to be settled if my article attributed their reasons to "mercenary motives." I am sure I thought of no such things. I supposed that all speakers were like myself; that they got very little for their services, and were at great expense, and they needed to settle for "the money they can make out of it," and I think that their wants control their theories—not intentional, of course.

But let me congratulate Bro. Clark that a time is coming when speakers will be better appreciated and better paid for their services, and Bro. Clark will be amongst those who are appreciated in that time; but ere that time we must endure greater hardships than we have yet met. But, friends, be encouraged, for everything that has "a beginning must have an end," and a brighter day will dawn upon our religion after that event shall have passed.

Bro. Clark, be encouraged. Every night will end with the coming of the morning, and you will realize the supply of all your wants, and you will be more than paid when the trial of life shall have passed, but you will not have to wait over that long for your compensation. I shall withdraw myself from the field of controversy on this question till I shall have heard from others.

Hartwich, Mass., Jan. 23d, 1871.

THE WORLD MOVES—JUSTICE TRIUMPHS.

Prayers are the order of the day. They are the spontaneous, outgushing utterances of the fearful and trembling ministers and doctors of the old school, who sigh and pray for the Blue Laws, blue pills, sharp lances and irritating plasters, with fire and brimstone to make them sure to affect humanity—body and soul. The clergyman are respectfully directing their prayers to congressmen, pleading that the Bible and religion (which they preach) may form a part of the Constitution, and thereby secure to themselves the old religious rights and ceremonies of an eye for an eye, God, Devil & Co. sharing the proceeds between them and the judgment day, also. Would this unite Church and State? If so, it would unite heaven and hell, and bring about a glorious reform which they have not contemplated. The pious doctor (twins to the clergyman) are directing their prayers to legislators, pleading for laws which will recognize them as the only legal and competent medical practitioners, and thereby secure to themselves the whole system of medical art and practice, outlawing all other physicians who may not agree with them and conform to their rule of medical practice, and be holders of an allopathic diploma.

A short time since the praying doctors of Maine associated their title names and selfish prayers together on paper, and sent them to the honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled in Augusta, praying for a Medical Act to be established in the form of a General Council of learned doctors, through whose heads and hands all persons must pass before they can be allowed to practice medicine and relieve the sick and suffering. Thanks and praise to the progressive citizens and practical physicians in the State of Maine, they remonstrated and protested against the passage of such a bill, throwing all medical practice into the control of a monopoly, through a General Council, saying it would impede the progress and perfection of medical art and surgical science. If such arbitrary principles as these doctors are laboring for in their prayers to the Legislature were carried out in other professions, trades, arts, mechanical pursuits, &c., it would create monopolies of privileged classes which would be very dangerous to all the human institutions. The wise men of the East, in Legislature assembled in Augusta, Me., saw it in this light, and vetoed the bill at once. Reform and progress are the universal watchwords of the world over.

Bangor, Me., Feb., 1871. DR. H. F. FAIRFIELD.

A CREED IN THE CONSTITUTION.

The fact that the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, Marshall Jewell, having signed a call for a National Convention, the object of which was to amend the Constitution by engraving in that instrument "a God" and a part of the Orthodox Evangelical creed, would seem to call for a word of comment by Republicans who are Spiritualists and expected to vote for Mr. Jewell for Governor in the ensuing election.

What is our own duty, then, under these circumstances? Shall we adhere to the party, and vote for Mr. Jewell, or adhere to the principles of religious liberty, and vote against him?

When an issue presents itself, which must be met without dodging either to sacrifice principle or party, it seems to me there can be no doubt in the matter. I speak only for myself, (but trust I speak the sentiment of the Spiritualists generally) that fidelity to truth and religious freedom must be sustained in preference to party.

The issue has been presented in Connecticut much sooner than any one of liberal principles could anticipate. To those familiar with the politics of this State, it is well known that the so-called Evangelical priesthood rule the Republican party—hence this issue has been pressed on the public at this time, and it seems to me that Spiritualists, whatever their political preference may have been, are now called upon to stand to their principles and vote square against any man who lends the influence of his name in favor of a project so monstrous as that proposed in the amendment alluded to.

I am well aware that the Banner of Light is not a political sheet, but when the vital principles of freedom are assailed, as they are by the voting of Spiritualists for a public man who has avowed himself in favor of an amendment to our Constitution which will virtually disfranchise us—then I trust that its columns will be open upon this subject, and that the Spiritualists of this State will express their views in the premises. For freedom over.

W. F. GATZES, Editor of the Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Note.—Our thanks are due to the Banner, and Bro. Chase, for publishing the address to the call for that Convention; otherwise it would not have been known to many of the Spiritualists of this State.

W. P. G.

The curious fact that a needle or other steel wire inserted in the living body will immediately become oxidized, while, if the body be dead, no oxidation will take place, was recently brought to light by Dr. Laborde, of Paris. This is a simple test as to whether death has taken place, and will be available in cases of catalepsy.

The Reviewer.

"The Voice of Prayer."

Warren Sumner Barlow, the author of "THE VOICES," which is deservedly enjoying a wide popularity and creating a deep impression on the minds of all readers, has just put forth, through Carleton, a little supplement to that volume—if we may style it a supplement—entitled "The Voice of Prayer." It is in the vein of the former production, and calculated to produce a similar effect. To illustrate and give all possible point to his teachings, he employs the humorous element which apparently overflows in his nature, working it in so successfully with the more serious parts that they would seem to have less force without it. Rather than occupy space or time with mere comments, when a specimen of the article itself would doubtless be preferable to our readers, we make the following selections:

True prayer is a boon to the sorrowing soul; And brings many blessings within its control; A ladder that lifts every child of the sod In closer communion with Nature and God. It opens the portals of heaven, and it leads To the land of the living, where the angels tread. And brings us in union with angels above, But God, our ever changing laws and decrees, Is ever unending, regardless of pleas: His prayer is the prayer that the living pray—Not only resolving but mending its ways.

Our faith like our prayers must have reason and sense, Or man shows his folly in vain pretences. Ever pray with the facts, so that harmony reign, And your prayers will not mock you, as utterly vain. Then pray that the shadows may fall from your eyes, That truth may be triumphant, while prejudice flies. Each link may embrace with their highest thoughts crave, Each link for himself, not be led like a slave; Let reason control, and expose every sham, Nor allow what comes, like an undivided clam? That every ray of light that the living pray—And prayers will be heard, as effects follow cause.

But to pray that the Lord will in mercy come down, To feel some poor beggar that comes to your town, Is asking your Maker in kindness to do Precisely the work He has given to you. For what are the prayers that the living pray, Compared to bestowing a morsel of bread. To pray that kind showers may in bounty descend, That earthquakes and hurricanes may not offend—That fire may not burn you, and water not drown—To jump from a steep and gently come down—Is asking the Lord to do the work of God, As much as to say you've detected a flaw!

To pray that the innocent suffer for crime, That we in our folly committed through time, Is to ensure the passage that all should rove, Which saith that "the guilty can never go clear?" No repentance, no faith can of earthly a wage. For truth is revealed, "all must reap what they sow." No forgiveness can ever change tares into wheat, Ho who sows must reap them, and learn by defeat; Then blend all your prayers with this true revelation, That each for himself, must work out his salvation.

An honest negro, most ardent in prayer, With reason and faith not developed with care, In asking God to bestow on the colored man, For what he most needed, made earnest appeal. A wag who perceived his potatoes were gone, With basket brim full, at the earliest dawn, Secretly stole into the barn, and hid himself in bed; Who soon roused to cooking the best he was able, And under the hatchway sprang out his potato. Without a potato to cook a single potato, He need himself, yet he hid in the late, Exclaimed, "Oh, my Father, in merciful love, Give us coffee some 'aters from bounties above." At once the potato came showering down, Unheeding his distress, and the farmer's cry: "Oh, them 'aters, them 'aters, bless de Lord, oh, my soul! Who cares for the coffee, de pitcher and bowl? De shower of 'aters, oh, Lord, am sublime—But I pray dat you tuff dem down any time."

A word kindly spoken the right time and place, May lift some dark soul from the depths of disgrace; We waken a prayer on the altar of love, That ends in truth, and the truth is never above; Who thus build a ladder—each deed is a round—That reaches to heaven, while touching the ground; For in aiding the least is involved the reward—And all who enter the gates of the Lord's abode, Then pray with your power, with kind words and good deeds. Oh, pray that our churches may think less of creeds, That ever the poor may be welcomed within, Though garments are soiled, and feet are soiled with sin, And that love, pure, unselfish, each heart may expand, And peace with its blessings pervade every land.

Oh, pray that intemperance wither and die, That man, disenthralled, set his mark ever high; That Nature may never indict us for treason, That man shall be true to the power of his reason. The sword may be drawn to the power of the pen, Enlightened humanity echoes, Amen! Oh, pray for the children that beg by the way, So friendly, no kindness to cheer the long day, Their milk may be sweet, and their love be unimpeded, Then plant your affections within their young breast; Who knows by the surface the treasures below, Where grateful emotions their forces bestow? You may only detect the germ of the seed, That will from that moment have strength of control. Then nurture the children—the dear, loving children, That smilingly greet us wherever we turn; Instruct them to triumph, cheer, and bring his burden, His reason of nature, and power they may learn.

Oh, pray for yourself in the depth of your soul—That passion and appetite never control; That wisdom may protect you from the love of gold; That love conquer hatred, and banish all strife. If a husband, or wife, then nurture with care Reciprocal love, from the fountain of prayer; Your halo of holiness, and a crown of glory, Like tendrils that hold every fast clinging vine.

The prayers of our fathers were more than they seemed, When the sunshine of Liberty was in bloom; For when they proclaimed equal rights throughout earth, Our Godless conceits, and ere long will give birth, For her part and her labor forehead the morn. When Freedom, the child of her love, will be born, Then laws will protect the rights of the poor, And know no distinction, like Nature and God. Then man will be in peace and in purity grow, Without the intrusion of Why do you so? Our honest convictions will be the colors we meet, And many-tinted colors will blend as they greet. Then all will be judged by the standard of worth, Regardless of wealth or distinction of birth. Our churches will be open to all of our race, Will not their children be the child of the race? Their lessons of wisdom will teach self-control—A health-giving fountain to body and soul. The gospel of love will with laws interblend, In union with the power of the living end. With one common brotherhood under the sun, All union of interests center in one. Our nature, expanded by freedom of thought, Though all become one, will be the same to us; Yet thought in its channel, like rivers will flow To the Ocean of Truth, as still onward we go; Till the Banner of Peace and Good Will is unfurled To all oceans, and all shores, and all lands; That all these rich blessings may bloom everywhere, Let nations unite in effectual prayer.

"Ex. xxxiv. 7. Gal. vi. 7. Phil. II. 12. Matt. xxv. 21-23."

LIST OF LECTURERS.

[To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever and wherever they occur. This column is devoted exclusively to lecturers, without charge. If the name of any person not a lecturer should by mistake appear, we desire to be so informed.]

- J. MADISON ALLEN will answer calls to lecture in New England. Address care Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.
C. FANNING ALLEN will speak in Kansas City, Mo., during March; in Chicago, Ill., during April; in Portland, N. J., during June, (cont. during June. Address as above, or Boston, Mass.
MRS. A. A. ADAMS, care 277, Fitchburg, Mass.
MRS. J. T. AMOS, care 201, Rochester, N. Y.
REV. J. O. HANCOCK, Glenburn, N. Y.
MRS. M. BROWN will answer calls to lecture and receive subscriptions for the Banner of Light. Address, Chicago, Ill., care J. C. Loomis, 149 North Clark street, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. A. A. ADAMS, care 277, Fitchburg, Mass.
MRS. A. F. BROWN will speak in Hartsville, Vt., March 5. Address, N. Johnsonbury Centre, Vt.
MRS. A. A. ADAMS, care 277, Fitchburg, Mass.
MRS. NELLIE J. T. BROWN will speak in Boston during February & March, during April and May. Address, Elm Grove, Colerain, Mass.
EDWARD L. BALLOU, inspirational speaker, Chicago, Ill., care R. T. P. Jones, 149 North Clark street, Chicago, Ill.
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Banner of Light.

Warren Chase, Corresponding Editor. Office at his Liberal, Spiritual and Reform Bookstore, 61 North Fifth street, St. Louis, Mo.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

A friend in Massachusetts sends us an extract containing part of a discussion held in the House of Representatives in Massachusetts, on the question of submitting to a vote of the people in the several localities, the opening of public libraries on Sunday. By the remarks of some of the members, we discover much of that old puritanic spirit that outlived Quakers and hung-witches and warlocks.

It would seem that one free and open discussion of the question of opening the public libraries in any legislative body, would result in opening them at least as long and as freely as the churches are opened. Education is not dangerous nor to civil liberty, nor to good morals, but only to sectarianism, bigotry and superstition.

SPIRITUAL FACTS.

Spiritual laws and facts are as unchangeable and certain, and as susceptible of patient investigation as natural facts and laws; and yet, in a future age of brighter light and broader knowledge, it will seem the greatest reproach against our era, that while the former have received years of unwearied research and labor, and have been studied with stern disregard of interest, and undeviating regard to truth, the latter, so much higher, so much deeper and broader, have been almost neglected and denied.

These sensible remarks on an important truth are not all of the article from which they are taken, but contain all that is important and applicable to the spiritual philosophy, which we have been for years trying to press upon the scientific minds of this country.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

Men, women and children in France are starving by hundreds if not by thousands, as the result, in part, of the late war between two Christian nations, worshipping in the religion that is said to bring peace on earth and good will among men—a war got up on the most preposterous and unjust grounds and wounded honor. There are some points to be remembered in connection with this war and its results.

sectarian rulers for nation and States, we should not long be able to relieve the poor even of our own country, more than Italy or Ireland is. Church and State have ruled the masses of the people in every country in which they are united, and yet many can be found in our country seeking and wishing that union here, regardless of the experience and examples before us.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

The following resolution, passed by the Board of Health in St. Louis, Feb. 6th, confirms what we have said about the law of the city as it now exists, and is just what we predict of the amended law if it be passed. The truth is that all legislation on this subject thus far, begins at the wrong end of the evil.

THOMAS GARRETT.

This aged and beloved brother, whose home in Wilmington, Del., has sheltered our head and rested our feet in the pilgrimage of life, as it has many a worn and weary heart, has at length gone to his home among the blessed in the land of perpetual flowers and loving friends.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.—The object of this volume, as stated by the editors, is to represent the present state of Spiritualism throughout the world; and they hope to present more completely than ever before.

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Men, women and children in France are starving by hundreds if not by thousands, as the result, in part, of the late war between two Christian nations, worshipping in the religion that is said to bring peace on earth and good will among men—a war got up on the most preposterous and unjust grounds and wounded honor.

WESTERN LOCALS, Etc., PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

On January 25th and 26th we lectured in this pleasant town, which is near the Wisconsin line. Bro. Jabez Love is the head and front and centre of the spiritual movement in this place. He owns a neat little temple, and has dedicated it to humanity. Mr. Wheelock lectured at this point quite recently. Charles E. Dunn, favorably known throughout the country as an excellent medium and a highly inspired speaker, has lectured most acceptably here.

There is an uneasy, restless element in Roscoe, in matters pertaining to religion. The divine baptism of Spiritualism is needed to set things in running order. It gives us to see so many true thinkers, and Spiritualists, in such a shiftless state of mind relative to the spread of liberal ideas. They are satisfied, and that is enough; no liberal papers or magazines on the tables of oh, how many!

When you visit Chicago, reader, and want a cosy place to stop, where you will feel at home and have things nice and neat, and yet not have to pay exorbitant prices, go to the Matteson state hotel, on the corner of Dearborn and Taylor streets. William Woodcock, the head clerk, has sufficient wisdom to continue his polished affability toward the guests of the house, even after they have paid the dues at the desk—something quite unknown in one of our leading Chicago hotels.

Lyman C. Howe has been lecturing in Chicago for some time. He is a powerful trance speaker. Eastern Spiritualists should listen to his inspired words. He will make a tour East, if applications are made, and will accept of a good sum for his brother's hand a few days ago.

People are inquiring of us about the "Life of J. M. Peabody," by J. O. Barrett. They want to know whether it is worth the price. It is a most interesting and valuable work, and one that should be read by all who are interested in the life of our noble martyr.

THE YEAR-BOOK OF SPIRITUALISM.—The object of this volume, as stated by the editors, is to represent the present state of Spiritualism throughout the world; and they hope to present more completely than ever before.

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brother, "The Healing of the Nations," by Charles Linton, an introduction and appendix by the Hon. Nathaniel P. Tallmadge. The introduction and appendix are the products of a master mind, and the body of the work is filled with the richest gems. This book should be in the library of every Spiritualist, and it should be read by the thoughtful and devout mind; and no one can arise from its perusal without being greatly benefited thereby, intentionally and spiritually. I would say to all those who have not read this work, get it at once, and you will not regret it.

SPRIT COMMUNICATIONS.—Editors Banner of Light.—A year ago you will find such another hazardous business. Of the numerous books written upon the subject of Spiritualism, I have read many that contained so few truths it was difficult to collect together sufficient good ideas to weave an ordinary cotton string, however much "patience and perseverance" were worn out in the effort—which leads me to say that, finding a book full of golden sands and sparkling diamonds, I feel my sacred duty to call the attention of those in the search of wisdom to its contents, believing every mortal that reads it will be made better and satisfied for the rest of his life.

SPRITUALIST LECTURES AND LECTURES.—Boston.—Eliot Hall.—The usual exercises were carried on during the session of the Children's Lyceum at this hall, Sunday morning, Feb. 13th. On Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th, the friends of Mr. and Mrs. David Adams (both of whom are officers of the Children's Lyceum) assembled at their residence, No. 7 Hull street, to celebrate his fifty-ninth birthday. A good number of presents were brought by those attending, which were delivered to the recipient in speeches by Carrie Downe and Etta Bragdon. Singing followed, by Chas. W. Sullivan, Mary A. Sanborn, Maria Adams, Mrs. Mayo and Misses Belle and Rosa Mayo, and Etta Bragdon. Mrs. M. A. Porter (under influence) also made some remarks appropriate to the occasion. The meeting dispersed at a late hour, having to the full improved the various means of enjoyment; each person wishing the recurrence of many birthdays to their kind host and hostess.

TEMPLE HALL.—Exercises Sunday, Feb. 10th. A. M.—Excellent tests through Mrs. Carlisle and Mrs. Grover; r. m.—Address by Mrs. S. A. Floyd. The influence upon the progress as opening its broadest avenues to the researches of the soul; as speaking to the reason of man and woman, whispering of loved ones who are appealing to our souls, telling us that life is but for humanity the spirits came to earth—not for their personal good. Evening—Interesting address and poem by Mrs. S. Gilbert, followed by several others. The singing, under the control of Prof. Hudson, adds very much to the interest of these crowded meetings.

LYCEUM.—The question considered was: "What shall we do to make home happy?" The answers were very intelligent. Speaking by Carrie Keon, Cora Benson, Georgia St. John, A. M. Leonard, Clarence McGuire. Reading by Mrs. Dana, Guardian, also poem by Mrs. St. John. Marching and general exercises, under the control of the Conductor, Mr. McGuire, closed one of the pleasantest sessions of this Progressive Lyceum. Mrs. M. BURNHAM, Sec'y.

CHURCH.—Grand Hall.—Mrs. Nolle J. Temple Brigham spoke at this hall Sunday evening, Feb. 19th, a large audience attending. GARDENBORO.—Harmony Hall.—The next monthly concert for the benefit of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of this place is to occur on Sunday evening, Feb. 26th. A full attendance of the friends of the school is earnestly desired.

QUINCY.—Geo. A. Bacon, of Boston, spoke at Roger's Chapel, Sunday, the 12th inst. The audience expressed themselves much pleased with the lecture. CHARLESTOWN.—Washington Hall.—Benj. A. Fisher writes: "Our Lyceum still goes on, and its weekly Sunday sessions are very pleasant to those who feel interested in its purpose. Dr. H. B. Storer, Dr. A. B. Child and Mr. P. Dole have all turned up again, and evening lectures in our hall, and although the audience has not been so large as we could wish, as some future time she will come again, and it should be the effort of all to greet this noble lady or the interest she manifested."

Two dramatic entertainments have been given recently, the proceeds amounting to a nice little sum, have been devoted to Lyceum aid. We anticipate giving another, probably early in March, for the same end. The above communication, dated Feb. 14th, reached the office of the Banner of Light on Sunday evening, Feb. 13th. It is to be published on the evening of the 20th succeeding Sunday.

NORTH SCITUATE.—Conitass Hall.—The Children's Progressive Lyceum was fully attended on Sunday, Feb. 19th, and prompt recitations by those usually responding was our chief feature. New acquisitions in numbers are made, and the school is prospering finely. The Societies are well attended, and prove a source of income annually. Speakers engaged: March 25, N. B. Green, Feb. 22, Mrs. J. M. Peabody, April 22, Mrs. Agnes M. Davis; May 14, Miss J. Hubbard; May 23, Mrs. S. A. Willis; June 11, Dr. J. H. Currier. D. J. BATES, Conductor.

THE SITUATION IN EUROPE.

Nothing has occurred in France of a belligerent nature since our last issue, save the surrender of Belfort, the capitulation of which place was signed the 17th of February, the garrison marching out with the honors of war. The armistice was prolonged for five days, as per general expectation. Garibaldi has departed for Caprera, declaring his mission to be completed.

Much disorder prevails in the newly elected national assembly at Bordeaux. Chazy and Faidherbe are reported as having encouraged in the assembly the hope of still further carrying on a defensive war, stating the French army had been reduced to 100,000 men, with 100,000 well equipped and armed; with Faidherbe, 125,000 at Cherbourg and 40,000 at Havre, in bad condition. M. Thiers, whose anti-war proclivities made him so unpopular in Paris, has been declared a necessary, last August, to save his residence in the city from being demolished by the mob of that very changeable metropolis, has now been elected by the assembly as Chief du Pouvoir Executive of the Republic of France. He has gone to live in France in the town of Bordeaux. The new government is recognized by Austria, England and Italy. The new ministry is composed as follows: President of the Council, M. Buffet; Minister of War, M. Le Flo; Minister of Public Works, M. De Larcy; Minister of Instruction, M. Jules Simon; Minister of Commerce, M. Lamoureux; Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Jules Favre; Minister of the Interior, M. Picard; Minister of Justice, M. Dufaure; Minister of Marine, M. Jaugery.

The chances of the Oriental princes seem to be on the wane, as the Prussians, Napoleonists, Republicans and the various parties, and it is reported that serious discussions among the princes, which themselves will greatly interfere with their prospects. There is a strong prospect in the assembly against the separation of the French Republic into two parts. The Prussian diplomatic corps have returned to Paris. Prince Frederic-William is said to be opposed to the entry of the German army into Paris. Coal is arriving plentifully in the city, but there is no gas yet.

The Paris journals say that if the national assembly consents to dismemberment, the Paris delegation will protest and withdraw. The small box is raging in the north of France is especially violent at Lille. Trade is looking up in Paris. High hopes are entertained that M. Favre's visit to Versailles will result in securing peace. Prussia finally refuses to accept of the terms offered by the Emperor of the English House of Commons Friday night, Feb. 17th, the prevailing tone of the debate was that England's weak levity had lost her the respect of the belligerents, and invited another war upon her existence.

Two hundred Prussian infantry crossed the Swiss frontier in pursuit of a French military chest, and encountered a force of Swiss, who commanded them to lay down their arms. A Prussian regiment has captured two rich French prizes in the Pacific. Berlin despatches, dated Feb. 10th, say that in consequence of the insubordination of the French electors, Napoleon has received a notification from the Emperor of Austria, to detain a prisoner, and to abstain from any interference in politics in the form of protests or proclamations. Orders have been given to watch him closely.

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The world will perhaps pronounce the philosophy of this book sentimental, and in its treatment of social evils, that are made sacred by conventional respect, see a threat of harm; but its views are sound, nevertheless, and the truth will bear its weight. Dawn, the heroine, is a woman with a mission—a true, gentle, loving creature, led by the higher and purer influences through severe experiences, but sowing seeds of good, and sowing flowers along the way she goes with an abiding faith in the future, and the principles which underlie those methods.

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The position of the Banner of Light composed of the equivalent are instruments in subservient be familiar to certainly the dream of a life has been of matter—a matter, because equate to the movements. The philosophy of that can fairly teach an impossibility to lose waste time it seems to do the physical object to and in matter. Not be sufficient that we are by facts of a deemed authentic person observe perform and. However, it added, what is, and such faith that spirit how have we learned? The elements, world, since elements and have been of new truths, it will to be allowe the ears of e Therefore, Light, we, pu upon your fol set to learn: "Vespirits agine, mere e are possessed symmetrical ful limbs, an can glide th location relations. Th the lungs fu brain generat life-giving cu spiritual org is tripartite. It is the sp spirits. Havi diabolos would put a and cumbro given for th beautiful an ing him into the outward longer. For your c operand of i member the spirits we pa of an intel contrary. Havi in our know Nature; so i facts to you appear miracles them. By infuse fish. Physical m sphere of th are compiled thoughts and sold, ponder particular b by which al mediately su cal relations causing reputi ions, as w um, by the effe of a nega tive force t to arrange t and form a can also lear conditions be gain a know a languag Thoughts, i dicit and defi mid, can b by any spiri in which th To infuse to write, w electricity on fire to contu manifestation that the me moral charac dividuall our purpose not dit of a mind w veraz. spirit, in or o