

our anticipated pleasure, we told him to go ahead, and deliver himself as speedily as possible. We feared the consequences for him and all concerned, as he informed us that he "had spent the entire day in charging up."

The Labor Congress in Brussels. The International Congress of Workmen was closed on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 15th, with a speech from the President, M. Dupont, a foreign artisan, residing in London.

A number of good, earnest Spiritualists reside in this place, and others are anxiously investigating; and such is the case wherever we go. The people have become disgusted with the old stories of original sin, total depravity, a big Devil, a burning hell, a slaughtered God, and a golden-paved New Jerusalem.

EXTRAORDINARY DISCOVERY.—I am the discoverer of an immense cavern in the Palisades of the Hudson, fully one mile in length and at least half a mile wide, with a vaulted roof higher than that of Trinity Church, supported by innumerable pillars, which must have been erected by the hand of man many centuries since.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Mr. Shepard, the Singing Medium. We have heretofore called the attention of the Spiritualistic public to one of the most remarkable mediums yet brought before the world, in the person of Mr. Jesse B. Shepard. His wonderful claims are fully sustained at every trial of his powers.

DR. COLENSO having been sustained in his right to the bishopric of Natal, Africa, by the home government, observed, "Yes, they expect that everybody will be saved; but we look for better things."

A Mining Adventure—Saved by a Cat.

Last week a man by the name of Mattox, who is engaged in mining near Fenelon street on the bluffs, met with the following adventure: He was standing at the mouth of the shaft, attending to the windlass, while his companion was down below running an east and west drift.

A POWER IN THE LAND.

SPIRITS intend that the Positive and Negative Powders shall sweep the country like a vitalizing whirlwind of magnetic power. The feeble, sickly breath of opposition shall faint and die upon the swelling wings that go up from the multitudes.

Special Notices.

DR. J. M. GRANT HEALS THE SICK. Laying on of Hands, At No. 410 KEARNY STREET, Between California and Pine streets, SAN FRANCISCO.

DR. JAMES EDWARDS CAN BE CONSULTED AT HIS ROOMS 309 KEARNY STREET, WEST SIDE, Between Bush and Sutter, FROM 9 A. M. TO 4 P. M.

MRS. MARY E. BEMAN, Clairvoyant Physician, HEALING AND TEST MEDIUM.

MRS. H. A. DUNHAM, CLAIRVOYANT TEST MEDIUM, HAS REMOVED TO 638 FILBERT STREET.

MRS. C. A. GENUNG, CLAIRVOYANT AND MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN, Has taken Rooms at 305 KEARNY STREET, (Room 5) Between Bush and Sutter.

MRS. R. E. LAWS, CLAIRVOYANT AND PSYCHOMETRIST, 314 BUSH STREET, Congress Hall Building, Rooms 28 & 29.

MRS. A. J. BUTLER, CLAIRVOYANT AND TEST MEDIUM, NO. 410 KEARNY STREET, (Room 115.)

Mrs. M. J. UPHAM, MAGNETIC AND ELECTROPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Has taken Rooms at 629 Market Street, (South side), SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. Uplam examines patients clairvoyantly; cures by LAYING ON OF HANDS, or by Electricity. Also, administers medicine when clairvoyantly directed.

SPiritualism Defended AGAINST THE CHARGE OF IMMORALITY. A PAMPHLET BY BENJAMIN TODD.

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Professional Testimony As sure a remedy in Consumption as Quinine in Intermittent Fever, and as efficient a Preservative as Vaccination in Small Pox.—Dr. Churchill.

FOR PETALUMA AND SONOMA, (VIA LAKEVILLE.) SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Leaving Vallejo St. Wharf Daily, (Sundays excepted,) at 2 P. M., for Petaluma.

ON and AFTER MONDAY, MAY 4TH, the favorite steamer CLINTON, C. M. BAXTER, Captain, Will leave Vallejo street wharf as above until further notice.

FOR PETALUMA AND SONOMA, (VIA LAKEVILLE.) SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. Leaving Vallejo street wharf at 9 A. M. Returning, leave Petaluma at 3 P. M.

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For sale also by Agents and by Druggists generally. If however, the Powders cannot be obtained in your vicinity, send your money at once to Prof. Spence as above directed, and the Powders will be forwarded to you by return mail post paid.

The Banner of Progress.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1886.

LYCEUM DEPARTMENT.

"Angels wherever we go attend Our steps, whatever betide, With wondrous power charge defend, And evil turn aside."

NOTICE.

The SAN FRANCISCO CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM will assemble on Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, at the Mechanics Institute Hall, Post street, near Kearny.

CHARADE.

We will give a prize of a handsome book to any member of the San Francisco Lyceum who shall first give the correct answer to this Charade, without assistance from adults. If it is not answered before Thursday next, we shall publish the answer in the BANNER.—Ed.

Sitting by the fireside, On a winter night, Is my finer sleep finding, By its flickering light. As she sometimes wakes up, No longer in her care, Yet if she were to die, Something to detect.

Often have you seen me, Will my words say, In part every day, By the light of day. You will surely find This bright little fellow, If you are not blind. Many teeth my third one Kindly smiles to you, Sometimes made of silver, Polished bright and true; Such a purple, little head, holding fast a few papers, Sometimes richly spotted, It is often seen, Worried and sad, Worn by grandest queen. Dark, and damp, and ancient, Will my whole be found, Full of strangest wonders, gentle voice; for the memory of dear little lady, In fierce persecution. Newark, N. J.—Music Hall, 4 Bank street, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mr. G. T. Leach, Conductor; Mrs. Harriet Parsons, Guardian.

OUR LITTLE NEWS-BOY.

BY LOUISA ALCOCK.

Hurrying to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by a sight of a queer-looking bundle, lying in a doorway. "Bless my heart, it's a child! O I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle. Such a little fellow as he was, in the big, ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the curly cap; such a purple, little head, holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight, altogether, was the boy, lying on the stone step, with the snow drifting over him—that it was impossible to go by. "He is asleep, and he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy, and go home as fast as you can!" cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice; for the memory of dear little lady, safely tucked up at home, made him fatherly kind to the small vagabond. "My little one was touched, the boy tumbled up, and before he was half awake, began his usual cry, with an eye to business. "Paper, sir? Herald—Transcript! Last—" a great gap swallowed up the "last edition; and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly young owl. "I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap; it's high time you were abed," said John, whisking the damp papers into one pocket, and his purse out of another, as he spoke. "All of 'em?—why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was hoarse as a crow. "Never mind, I can kindle a fire with them. Put that in your pocket and trot home as fast as possible." "Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the lingers, too benumbed to hold it. "Mills Court; out of Hanover. Cold, ain't it?" said the boy, twisting on his cap, and slipping feebly from one leg to the other to take the stiffness out. "He can't go all that way in this storm—such a night, and such a cold, and such a sleep, John!" "Of course he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out: "No, no! I've got to wait for Sam. He'll be along as soon as the theater's done. He said he would, and so I'm waiting." "Who is Sam?" I asked. "He's the feller I live with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care of me." "Nice care, indeed, leaving a baby like you to wait for him here, such a night as this!" I said, crossly. "O, he's good to me, Sam is; though he does knock me round sometimes when I ain't spry. The big fellows shoves me back, you see, and I gets cold, and can't sing out loud; so I don't sell my papers and has to work 'em off late." "Heard the child talk! One would think he was sixteen, instead of being six!" I said, laughing. "I'm most ten. Hi!—ain't that a one?" cried the boy, as a gust of snow slapped him in the face, when he opened his mouth to say, "Hi!—ain't that a one?" It was very evident that Sam had forgotten his little protegee, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me. "No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't got no more to sell, and I'm stepping down, like a little old man with the rheumatics, and preparing to trudge away through the storm. "Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes, and while waiting you can warm yourself over there," said John, with the purple paper in his hand, and a very warm smile. "My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please sir," said the little party, with dignity. "Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John. "I had some peanuts, and two sucks of John's orange; but it wasn't very fillin'," he said, gravely. "I should think not. Here, one stew, and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down in a warm corner of the confectioner's, opposite. While little Jack shivered in the hot oysters—with his eyes shutting up now and then, in spite of himself—we looked at him, and thought again of the little rosy face at home, safe in his warm nest, with mother-love watching over him. Nothing toward the ragged, grimy, forlorn little creature, drooping asleep over his supper, like a tired baby, I said: "Can you imagine our Freddy, out alone, at this hour, trying to read his papers, because afraid to go home till he has 'em?" "I had rather not try," answered brother John, winking hard, as he stroked the little head beside him, which, by the way, looked very much like a ragged yellow door-mat. I think brother John winked hard, but I can't be sure, for I know I did; and for a minute there seemed to be a dozen news-boys dancing before my eyes. "There goes our car, and it's the last," said John, looking at me. "Let it go, but don't leave the boy," and I frowned at John for hinting at such a thing. "Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come home."

And, believing that others would be kind to little Jack, and I tell the story. When busy fathers hurry home at night, I hope they will buy their papers of the small boys who get "shoveled" back; for the fickle ones who grow hoarse, and "can't sing out"; the shabby ones, who evidently have only forgetful Sams to care for them; and the hungry-looking ones, who don't get what is "ordinarily" for love of the little sons and daughters safe at home, say a kind word, buy a paper even if you don't want it; and never pass by, leaving them to sleep forgotten in the streets at midnight, with no pillow but a stone, no coverlid but the pitiless snow, and not even a tender-hearted robin to drop leaves over them.—Merry's Museum.

Progressive Lyceum Register.

Table listing lyceum sessions across various cities including Boston, Brooklyn, Buffalo, and others, with dates and conductors.

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Investigation and Discussion of all Subjects, Philosophical, Scientific, Literary, Social, Political, and Religious,

And to advocate the Principles of Universal Liberty.

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