

**Literary Department.**

**GUINNESS LYRICS.**

BY DR. HONOR. BERNARD.

CANTO I.

Sweet spring hath come and smiles upon the valleys—  
The north wind breathes along each slope—  
The husbandman sows his strength in new rallies,  
And ploughs and sows his fields in hope—  
The bird his nest has found and now rejoices,  
And life is laid in awning and repose—  
Old Indian stream, dost hear the myriad voices  
That swell in song through grove and glen?

And with me hold high festival,  
Their spell is on me now, I'm captive taken,  
And sing I must my mortal tale,  
From to roam thy vale of vernal blooming,  
And worship at thy altar there—  
Buds, blossoms, blades burst forth from their entomb-  
And shed sweet incense on thine air.

I see beyond the brook, only under level,  
Just there beside the zigzag fence,  
Old shade-tree, where the fairy bees, to revel,  
Are wont at noon to hum their drowsy drone—  
Nearst thou that happy thicket, my dear old river?  
Dost breathe the fragrance floating there?  
See'st thou its blooms and branches wave and quiver  
In perfume-laden atmosphere?

Would I might dwell with thee and bide forever  
Upon thy green and gently banks—  
Live o'er my boyhood's days, in which I never  
Elsewhere essayed my sports and pranks—  
Would live them o'er in noon-day's sunny shimmer,  
Beneath the branching acanor,  
And plash thy limpid waves, a dexterous swimmer,  
Midst central waves far out from shore.

I see the battle-ground, once red and gory,  
Beside which flows the babbling brook—  
It hath a hallowed place in early story,  
And legends consecrate the rock—  
The Pequot maid there wailed her dusky lover,  
Whose corpse, in shroud of bark and boughs,  
They laid beneath the hemlock's shady cover,  
And o'er his grave renewed her vows.

I seem to stand where sleeps the forest rover,  
Whose wigwam home was on thy marge,  
Who swam thy waves and stilly gild them over,  
In swift canoes or birchen barge.  
Pray tell how long ago—the years—the ages—  
Since here were made these Indian graves?  
Tall trees that on them grew are truthful pages  
To teach how long have slept these braves.

Blest river! why comes o'er me this longing—  
This need to sing thy ecstasies and tales—  
These thoughts of other days and memories thronging  
Of landscapes fair as Tempe's vales?  
These visions of my haunts beside thee chosen,  
Just as they were long time ago—  
Thy voices hushed and stream all numb and frozen,  
Or rushing on with quickened flow?

I love to think of thee—Indulge these fancies—  
Though far from outward eye and ear;  
Thy old companionship my soul entrances,  
And in my dreams thou seemest near—  
Dost know my love for thee, my dearest river,  
How oft I seem to swim thy waves?  
I never can thee forget, I'll love thee ever—  
God keep thee and my father's graves!

I'm sick of love for thee, dear, dear old river;  
Twelve moons and more it is—how long!  
Since raised from couch of pain by the Great Giver,  
I stole away from thy banks—  
Remember'st thou how soon thy bosom waters  
My pilgrim footsteps sought to tread,  
And how I laid myself on leaves and boughs,  
With canopy of pines o'erhead?

Would I might live in Phrygia and Abana,  
Which seem to me almost divine,  
Or quaff the springs of Galilee's Cana,  
Whose waters once drank turned to wine—  
And yet I'd give them all for thee, pure river,  
My love for thee shall never fail—  
And now farewell—dow on—oh, live forever—  
And bid old ocean hail, all hail!

BY GEO. W. BARBOUR.

Haste away, haste away,  
In the merry month of May,  
The sun is brightly shining and balmy is the air,  
The birds are sweetly singing,  
And flowers are gently springing,  
And perfume is on the breeze,  
And all things are smiling and gay.

The earth from sleep awakes,  
New forms of life are taking,  
From the earth's bosom buds are pushing,  
And all things are smiling and gay.

As May with rosy footsteps is tripping o'er the plain,  
See, Nature now is teeming,  
And lovely eyes are beaming,  
And youthful hearts are greeting the golden morn of  
While the birds are singing and the bees are humming,  
And all things are smiling and gay.

Her presence brings life from the bosom of decay,  
See, what beauty, life, the eye,  
From beneath the earth are rising,  
What music of Nature on earthy notes is ringing,  
In the merry month of May,  
Born of April's sun and showers,  
Let us hail the smiling Spring, with joyous laugh and song.

Haste away, haste away,  
In the merry month of May,  
The sun is brightly shining and balmy is the air,  
The birds are sweetly singing,  
And flowers are gently springing,  
And perfume is on the breeze,  
And all things are smiling and gay.

And form a wreath of flowers to deck the brow of May,  
And form a wreath of flowers to deck the brow of May,

**FATHER'S MISTAKE.**

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

**CHAPTER IV.**

The weeks, like ghostly phantoms, glided down the declivity of the Past, and Mark and his sister again resumed their studies, while Reuben, with a heavy weight resting upon his young heart, endeavored to perform his distasteful duties in a manner that should prove acceptable to his father; but the latter seemed insensible to all his efforts, and no word of praise for his youngest son ever dropped from his lips.

One afternoon Mark came from school highly elated. He had been the successful competitor for the highest prize in mathematics, although how much he was indebted to his brother for assistance he would not care to explain.

"There," exclaimed his gratified father, "did not I tell you you could do something if you were only a mind to think so? I declare, such smartness ought to be encouraged, and I guess I'll get you that watch that you've been teasing for so long."

"Will you, truly?" was the delighted reply. "I am so glad, for I've wanted one so long. Can't you buy it next time you go to the city?"

"Well, I'll see. If nothing happens, I shall go next week, and you and Bessie may go with me, if you would like. Then you shall make your own selection, and she shall have a work-box."

"Oh, I thank you I won't be so nice?" cried the latter, much pleased at the idea; "and can't Reuben go too? Poor fellow, he hasn't been anywhere this great while. It would be as much of a treat to him as to me."

"I don't care if it would," was the frowning response; "he can't go, so there's an end of it. When he deserves anything of the kind, I'll look out for him; but I'm tired of his sulks and laziness. He forgets everything I tell him, and most of his work is done in such a slovenly, bungling way that I have to go over it after him. He don't earn his salt."

"That's a fact," echoed Aunt Deborah. "Seems to me I never see such a boy. How nice it would be, if he was only smart, like Mark; but it's no use wishing. I'm afraid he'll only be a disgrace to the family. He'll be the first one, though, that ever shamed the name of Hale. Well, they say that there's a black sheep in every flock, and I'm sure it's easy enough to see that there's one here. I declare, Joseph, it's enough to make old grand'father stir in his grave, and it is."

The boy's cheek flushed, and he hastily left the room. Oh, how their words seared his soul. The beautiful fountains of Hope and Trust lay withered and dying with the dust of despair drifting over them. The tall, towering arches of Aspiration were uprooted, and great was the fall thereof. The evil night-birds of Hate and Anger shrieked exultingly in the darkness, and then fled, hooting, to their nests, for he thought of a mother's and sister's love, and said unto the tempest, "Peace, be still!" God pity the poor unfortunates who, at such a time, have no magic wand to calm the troubled billows.

After tea, Mark brought forth his books and commenced to study, much to the delight of the farmer, while it called forth fresh encomiums from his aunt.

"Well, I never! If it don't beat all how you do love learning. I declare, Joseph, I used to think you was the smartest scholar in Ashton, when you was a boy, but I don't believe you could begin to hold a candle to that chap there. Times is changed some since then, but it don't seem more'n yesterday that I used to see you go walking down the hill to the little red school-house. You was a proper handsome boy, and Mark, there, 's as like you as two peas in a pod;" and the loquacious dame sank back to gaze upon the picture that memory was painting before her, while her brother, taking his hat, passed out into the street. About nine o'clock he returned, and joined his family around the fire.

"There will be a tremendous frost to-night," he said, rubbing his hands. "I'm glad my barometer is all done. I knew the warm spell wouldn't last long, and if we don't have a cold snap now that will give us a touch of winter, then I'm much mistaken."

"Have you been down to the store, and did you get them all proper that I told you to?" inquired his sister.

"Yes; here they are," and he tossed several parcels into her lap. "I hope they'll stand you one while, for things are dreadful dear."

"Well, I never! Outfitting me, just as though I was a wasteful or other!" was the indignant exclamation. "There ain't a more saving woman in Ashton, if I do say it. If I was like some folks that I know of, and she cost a significant look at his wife, "I don't believe you'd have much to bless yourself with now."

"There, there, Debby, I didn't mean to reflect on you any," rejoined her brother in a soothing tone. "I don't think there's a better housekeeper in the State."

"Of course there isn't," said Bessie, who could never endure to see any one unhappy. "We know that you are the very best, gentle, in two States, and father did it to mean to plague you, indeed he did not."

That lady now willingly recovered her equanimity, and settled back in her chair comfortable and happy.

"I should like to know where Reuben is," exclaimed the farmer, after a pause, observing for the first time that his youngest son was absent.

"He passed out just before you did," replied his wife, "and I have not seen him since."

"Land!" cried his sister-in-law. "I reckon if you should go up in his room, you'd see him there in the cold, poring over his book."

"Mark," said his father, "go and see if you can find him," and an emphatic frown settled upon his brow.

Presently the boy returned, and reported an unsuccessful search.

He didn't come into the store, did he, Joseph?"

"No, I think not. I should have noticed him if he had. There were only a few there, and they got pretty much excited talking politics, and, fearing that there might be a collision, I came out home."

"Perhaps he's gone to spend an evening with some of his old schoolmates," remarked Mrs. Hale. "He needs recreation sometimes; he's worked hard lately."

"Mary, you make a perfect baby of that boy," replied her husband, sternly, "entirely oblivious of the injudicious petting which he was always bestowing upon his favorite Mark."

"I'm afraid that he will be ruined, for no sooner do I think that I am beginning to get him trained a little, than you interfere and spoil the whole by your absurd indulgence."

"But don't you think that you are rather harsh with him?" was the gentle response. "You make him fear you, and he is naturally of a sad disposition, and needs to be encouraged."

"Hark!" echoed Aunt Deborah. "Well, I never! Joseph wouldn't hurt a fly, much less a child. I only wish that I had the management of that air boy, and I reckon I'd make him know what a waste. I can't endure such laziness; and as to his being sad, it's nothing under the sun but just the sulks, 'cause he can't have everything to suit him, and it's a shame that he should be humored so."

At that moment footsteps were heard; the outside door opened and shut, and the next instant the subject of their conversation stood before them.

"Well, young man," said his father, in an angry tone. "I should like to know where you've been. Just give an account of yourself."

"I've spent the evening with Mr. Granville, sir."

"You have? Well, I should like to know what business you had to go there without leave."

"I did not need to be obliged to ask permission to go, and I did not know that it was required now."

"Hush! Don't presume to answer me back in that way. I don't approve of your visiting the teacher now, because you can be sulky and insolent enough of yourself, without going to him to be encouraged in rebellion. I suppose you have been studying all the evening, only stopping now and then for him to condescend with you over your hard lot. As a consequence, you'll be the more difficult to manage for the next few weeks; but I'll warn you that my words will be precious few, and the expelled teacher caught his clenched fist down upon the table with a crash."

The boy's eyes flashed, but meeting his mother's warning glance, he curbed his passion, and replied:

"Father, you mistake. I am no whiner, to go out begging for sympathy, and Mr. Granville is a gentleman. He knows that your decision is irrevocable, and whatever remarks he desired to make he made to you, not to me."

"All that may be," was the sharp rejoinder; "but I don't choose that you shall go there again, so you needn't stand there bandying words with me any longer. But what's this you've been studying, if you have'n't been doing anything else?" for at that instant he caught sight of a book peeping from his pocket, and before his son could anticipate his movement, he had flung it upon the blazing embers.

The lad sprang forward with a cry, but the strong arm of the farmer hurried him back. For a moment his face grew white with rage, and then he turned without a word and sat down by his mother.

"There, Reuben Hale," exclaimed Aunt Deborah, "your father has saved you just right. Only he ought to have done it a long time ago, and I hope he'll go on in the way he's begun to-night."

Strange to say, her brother felt no exultation after his act. He had expected a storm of reproaches, if not tears, and he was disappointed; so when Bessie gently withdrew herself from his encircling arm, he made no attempt to detain her, but sat gazing moodily into the fire.

His invalid wife closed her eyes with a weary sigh, and wondered to herself if her husband would ever be just and kind to their youngest boy. In everything else he was gentle, and tender as a woman in his treatment of her.

Thus they sat in silence, waiting for the disturbance in the social atmosphere to pass away. At last the farmer spoke:

"Mark, when does the teacher think that you will be fitted to enter college?"

"By the spring, if I am very studious this winter."

"Which of course you will be, without any urging. It will be the proudest day of my life when you have passed a successful examination. I know that you have ability, and can make a great figure in the world, if you are only a mind to think so."

"I wish that you had not such an exalted idea of my powers," was the deprecating reply. "You expect so much that I very much fear you will be disappointed."

"Nonsense! you are altogether too faint-hearted. Just so you thought about that prize, yet you came off victorious. I tell you, boy, where there's a will there's a way, and if you are determined, you must succeed."

"But, Father, if anything should happen, and your visions for my advancement not be realized, remember that I protested against this step from the first, feeling myself totally inadequate to perform the duties that you would force upon me."

The farmer gazed at his son in astonishment.

"Why, child, how ridiculous you talk. Anybody would believe that I wanted you to do something awful. One of these days you'll laugh to think of it."

"Perhaps so." I only hope I may; but sometimes my heart misgives me. However, I've said all that I desire, and from this moment I am done, remonstrating."

"Well, I must say that that last remark is the most sensible thing you've said this great while. You are altogether too modest; you must have more confidence in yourself. But enough of that. After you graduate, you can study law with a friend of mine in the city, and then if you want to settle in Ashton, why, there's the Atkins place that you always admired so much. I'll give you private lessons about two months ago, and the day that you show me your diploma you shall have the little house. I intend to do the best I can for you, and I shall think I've done my duty."

And thus, by a series of remarks, he had managed to get his son to agree to study law, and then to settle in Ashton, and finally to give up the idea of private lessons, and to accept of the little house, and to do the best he could for him.

her, although I shall not leave her dependent upon you, as far as money is concerned."

As he finished speaking, he turned to look at his daughter. What meant that sharp pang that smote his heart? A curious smile played about her beautiful lips, and her eyes wore the dreamy, far-off look that had veiled them before, as she replied:

"Man proposes, but God disposes."

**CHAPTER V.**

Spring came, exulting, throbbing with her bounteous life. At her electric touch young shoots sprang forth from tree and shrub, and the earth spread her green carpet over hill and dale, and welcomed joyously her dancing feet.

Farmer Hale had had the fondest wish of his heart gratified. Mark had entered college. Reuben was apparently resigned to his lot, yet the midnight often found him bending over his books. Of the inward workings of his heart his father knew nothing, but judging from the external, he secretly congratulated himself upon the wonderful foresight with which he was endowed, when he determined that his oldest son should become a lawyer, and his youngest a farmer.

The rigor of the previous winter had prevented Bessie's constant attendance at the academy; but now she again occupied her accustomed seat, although it was evident to all but the doting parents that she was very feeble.

Aunt Deborah, worried and anxious about her darling, kept up a continual dosing of herb-tea, and her submissive niece went through the whole catalogue that had ever been recommended to the apothecary, as beneficial for invalids.

Day after day tripped by, painting new beauties on the earth, and adding warmer tints to the sky.

One morning the child started for school, but feeling weak and faint, she sat down to rest.

The most delicious music seemed floating around her, lulling her senses to sleep. Lower and lower dropped her head, and then the little form lay quite still. Twenty minutes after the farmer entering the house, his wife said to him:

"Joseph, I wish you'd come here and tell me, if you can, what that is under the great oak tree. I can't seem to make it out."

"Oh, some tired traveler, or a dog, perhaps," he replied, carelessly, as he stepped to the window. After gazing a moment, he continued: "It really looks like a girl, though. I guess I'll go out and see."

There with the birds singing over her, and golden and purple butterflies fluttering about, he found his beautiful Bessie, to all appearances lifeless. It was but the work of an instant to convey her to the house and summon a physician. The remedies that were applied brought her at length from her deathlike swoon, but the medical man shook his head, and said that his skill could avail nothing. Good nursing, and fresh, invigorating air could alone restore her, and with a compassionate glance at the stricken parents, he respectfully withdrew.

"There, Mary," exclaimed the father, "do n't look so sorrowful. We'll go with the child to the seashore, just as quick as possible, and take my word for it, by the Fall she'll be as smart as a cricket."

His daughter smiled sadly.

"Do not deceive yourselves," she said; "I am willing to try everything that your affection may dictate, but I feel the certain conviction that I shall go home soon. My strength is slipping slowly but surely away. The angels are calling me, and you will let me go, will you not? Only a thin veil will separate us, and I shall watch over you until you join me."

The farmer arose and walked away to choke back the mighty sobs that were heaving his breast. The mother sat pale and tearless, clasping convulsively the little thin hand, while the aunt was diligently wiping her eyes with her apron, and muttering:

"Poor, dear lamb! I alius knowed she'd die young. She was alius too bright to live, and the Lord is only calling his own again. It's a mighty hard blow, though, and I don't know how poor Joseph will stand it; as for Mary, her heart was alius bound up in Reuben."

When the golden orb of day again mounted the cloud platform in the east, the fond father sped with his wife and daughter where the roaring, bounding billows trilled glad music. The fresh, invigorating breezes told lightly with the sunny tresses, kissed the pale cheek, and pressed their best elixir to her lips, and her step seemed firmer, and her form girded on new strength, and the short-figured parents cheated their hearts with fond, delusive hopes, but the maiden smiled softly to herself, and said:

"A little longer, yet a little longer."

Thus the rich tropical beauty of summer faded away, and with the cool days of autumn, they returned to the old farm-house in the valley.

Reuben had proved himself a very good manager, as the abundant harvest amply testified.

"Only think, Joseph," said Aunt Deborah, "that wet piece of land that you could n't ever raise any thing on, that feller has fixed up in some fagged way that he's read on in books, and now it's as good as any land you've got."

"Well, well, that's nothing," responded her brother. "I'll warrant it won't amount to anything; besides it costs more than it is time to. I have n't any faith in these new ways of farming. When he's had as much experience as I have, he'll know something about such things."

There was a tremendousness about the boy's proud mouth, and a look of haughty sadness in the deep, grey eyes, as he turned away.

For the past few weeks the breezes from the distant city had been laden with whispers that all was not right with the student; first they spoke of neglected lessons, wild companions, reckless frolics, and then of open rebellion, settling at defiance the college laws, and for a time he did, but gradually his letters grew shorter and shorter, and less and less frequent, and finally they were always for money.

Only when the denials increased to a fearful rate did the farmer bow his head to the sorrowful fact, that his wonderful Mark was not only dissipated, but a gambler.

The mother's heart had admitted it long before, for she understood her son's character thoroughly, and it was with trembling hands that she had written the last letter.

him depart from the peaceful influences of his home, for she rightly judged that mighty temptations would overpower his yielding will, yet her strong love still pleaded for him.

One afternoon, as she sat by the window sewing, her husband entered the room with a dusky face, and an open letter in his hand.

"There, Mary," he exclaimed, while his voice shook with passion; "that boy has had the impudence to send me for money again to pay his debts. No honest ones, I'll be bound; and then to crown the whole, I've just received a short note from the president of the college, saying that he is very wild, and that if he does n't reform they shall be obliged to expel him. To think of his disappointing all my hopes so. If he is turned out he need n't ever show his face to me again, for I won't own him."

"Oh, don't be harsh, Joseph," expostulated his wife; "remember he's our child, and was always good and obedient until now. You know he's very yielding, and probably he's got into bad company. He always wanted to please everybody, and so could never be firm enough to say, 'No.' Then his life is very different from what it was here. I will write to him this afternoon, and perhaps it may have some effect. If we are harsh with him we shall only drive him to ruin, while, by gentle means, maybe we can save him."

"I do n't know but you are right," rejoined her companion, his anger somewhat abated. "Here," taking a roll of banknotes from his wallet, "enclose these and tell him to discharge all his debts, and that I shant positively pay any more bills for him this term."

The next mail bore a touching, powerful appeal from a loving mother to an erring son. For a time he was moved, and withdrew himself from his prodigal companions, and returned resolutely to his studies, determined to show by his exemplary conduct in the future, that he was worthy the thoughts and prayers of the dear ones at home. Then hope again fluttered her wings in the father's heart, and once more he carried his head proudly erect; for was not the veil of shame, woven by his son's hands, rent from his face?

But old habits were strong, and the yielding, pliant nature was bound with iron fetters, and although for a while their clanking was not heard, yet they were there.

A month passed, and one night a glaring outrage was committed upon the Faculty. A strict examination ensued, the perpetrators were discovered, and the ringleaders expelled, and foremost among these was Mark Hale.

The rage of the farmer was terrible to behold.

"Was it for this I educated him," he said, when the crushing news was first revealed to him. "Oh! I wish he had died long ago, than ever live to bring such disgrace upon us. I was so fond of him, too, and then he was so bright and handsome, and gave promise of so much; I never was so deceived in my life."

"Ah, Joseph, I alius told you that you was making an idol on him. I knowed you enenmost worshipped him, and I expected that the Lord would speak to you in tones of thunder, sometimes. I do n't believe you've read the ten commandments lately. I declare though to goodness, that I'm all struck up in a heap. I alius thought that Reuben was the one to cut up such dicos."

"Oh, aunt Debby!" cried Bessie, reproachfully, "please don't talk so, and do n't for all the world say a word to brother about the past when he comes home."

"Comes home!" echoed her father, "he never will darken these doors again while I live. I'm surprised that you should think of such a thing!"

"Oh, Joseph! you are not in earnest; you do not really mean to abandon him," pleaded the mother.

"Such a course would only precipitate his ruin. Do you remember Ralph Grant, the pride of the school, when you and I were young. For one misdeed his parents steered their hearts against him. Then what a miserable end was his with his dying breath he cursed them as his murderers. Mrs. Grant died of a broken heart, and her husband is now the wretched inmate of a lunatic asylum. Let their experience be a warning to you."

"That story does not affect me in the least," was the dogged reply; "besides, there is no similarity in the two cases. My mind is made up, and although I dislike to deny you anything, I never shall grant this wish. I will never own such an ungrateful being as he has proved to be. Reuben, what are you staring at me so for?—I don't believe you're half done up your work. I should think you'd better be about it, and he arose and walked quickly across the room, for he could not endure the steady gaze of those rebuking eyes that seemed to say:

"You might have prevented this."

"Father," said Bessie, with a solemn look on her tear-stained face, "what will you say when Death lays his icy fingers on you, and the angels ask where Mark is?"

For a moment he could not speak; her manner awed him. He recovered himself with a mighty effort, and replied:

"Why, child, what odd notions you do get into that curly head of yours. Now don't go to being blue all the rest of the evening. Come and sing me some good, lively song to cheer me all up. That worthless brother of yours does n't deserve another thought, and now I'll say once for all, do n't let me hear his name mentioned again, ever."

**CHAPTER VI.**

Winter glided behind the scenes with all its glittering panorama of ice and snow, and Spring flung forth upon the stage.

Bessie still tarried, drooping and fading day by day. The artificial strength that had buoyed her up for a time, feeling before the breath of the "pale angel." She did think that the bells that rang the knell of the Old Year would toll for her; but still she lagged and heard the joyous welcomes given to the New.

"Mother, dear, when the sweet flowers bloom upon the hill and in the vale, then shall I laugh in spirit-life," she said, one morning; and on that day she rose from her bed of sorrow, and slowly the conviction dawned upon their waiting hearts, that the dear one was no more.







photography? "The public have not been instructed to regard him as a lost light. He has been represented as a hypocrite. Mr. Garrison has made use of him as an advertisement for his 'evidence' by an editor. We do not see that the Herald has withdrawn its endorsement of the man as a photographer, but we do find that they have withdrawn all credence to him as a witness.

Again, what does Mr. Gay say of his own capacity? See HANNA, Nov. 20th:

"Having and ten years' continual practice in this particular branch—that is, negative on glass, and positive on paper from negative—I felt, and yet feel, competent to detect any form of deception."

In the light of the above, how are we to dispose of his positive statement to the effect, that the difference in the use of the negative and the positive is the result of their having been made from the negative of Mrs. Pabody? Is it not clear to you?

and, where, it is the duty of the strong to help the weak, and the civilized to improve the savage. There is no doubt that a committee, appointed in the city of Washington, to suggest ways and means for the thorough reorganization of the Indian Department, will be the full expression of the Indian's spirit, and a



**Mirthfulness.**

petulant flowers; in the sparkle of summer waters; even  
rippling on its brightness and in music; in the charm  
of a cheerful spirit. The household faun is glorified  
by the merry song and mirthful sallies of the "Nephe-  
leus" presiding genius, who, with magic wand and bene-  
dicting touch, beautifies the ruggedness of life, and  
is flamed with the beacon-fires of trust and faith all the

dark and solitary places. There is a great benevolence in cheerfulness: it springs from the clear depths of a serene and love-beat soul; that would cast overboard all things that would breed spell of harmony and joy. Happy is the man who can thus attract the ever-present sunshine; who can surround the home-again with an atmosphere of peace and good will. Thrice blessed is the woman whose soul responds in melody and laughter unto the harmonies of Nature. It is amid such influences that the heart is strengthened for the trials of life, and the spirit is imbued with the foregleams of celestial harmony. It is good to laugh and be merry, to utter prayer in song, and give evidence

of a thankful return for all our Father's bounties, by the glad refrains of cheerfulness and mirth.

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**Culture.**

Whoever chooses to give his whole attention to this matter alone, will be surprised to find how rapidly he can make progress. The object of life and living is to enjoy, to be happy; and all intellectual and spiritual

tenacity establishes that there is, no real, solid and enduring happiness like that which comes of development and expansion. Whether it comes of leisure or activity, or both, it is the philosopher's stone itself. Heaven is not sitting on a gaudy cloud, and hanging one's feet off—it is occupation as well as rest, an interchange of action and reflection, as here with ourselves on earth. Accumulation of wealth is a very bad and uninteresting pursuit compared with the culture of the spirit. The delights of this latter occupation are not to be estimated as men estimate the pleasures of hoarding. They are transcendently higher and nobler, and better worthy the attention of the human mind.

**Aid for Ireland.**

More aid for the destitute poor of Ireland is soon to be sent out. New York has done nobly. Boston must follow suit. There is to be a public meeting here on the subject of aid to our distressed brethren across the water the present week. How grand is the spectacle presented to the world ! A country in the midst of a terrible intestine war feeding a nation beyond the seas at the same time ! Such a people cannot be quite as bad as the London Times, through its mercen-

many writers, would have its readers believe: however, there is a *Bright spot* yet left in old Albion, and it will sooner or later make its mark. England will yet do us justice.

---

**A Nice Place.**

Several of the dramatically inclined youth of Brighton, Mass., took it into their heads recently to get up theatrical representations for the amusement of the good citizens of that ancient town—and we learn that they have succeeded admirably. We do not know as "the minister" and his family have paid this rational place of amusement a visit or not; but he is liberal

enough, we hope, not to condemn it.  
 We dropped in on the opening night, April 23d, and  
 were well entertained. The house was crowded, and  
 the youthful ladies, Master E. B. Rice, seemed well  
 pleased that his efforts were crowned with success.

**Correspondence in Brief:**  
 J. H. RHOADS, writing from Buckport, Me., under  
 date of April 10th, says:  
 "I please send enclosed two dollars and fifty cents,  
 for which send the BANNER to John Douglas one year.  
 The BANNER is becoming a favorite with our people as  
 a stimulant to the mind to quicken it to a higher per-

We have just arranged for harlot free meetings every other Sabbath, (time, together with a very healthy state in other regards, makes our prospects cheering."

seven years ago that I would be sentenced to own myself a Spiritualist before five years; but that time has passed, and I still glory in the name and in the cause." He also speaks of the benefit his invalid wife received from treatment at the Institute of Dr. Charles Main, in this city, and recommends all his invalid friends to go there and be healed.

take it I suppose are too fearful that their popularity will be slightly diminished by the odium of Spiritualism should they do so. So they guess we will have to let them hold on to Orthodoxy a while longer, until Spiritualism becomes a little more popular; then they will flock over to us by the score, saying, "Well, we've thought there was something in it, but never had an opportunity to investigate it." But we can tell them it was only because they would not embrace the opportunity when presented.

**Spirit Photograph in 1861.**  
 The "Revue Spirite" published in Paris, announced the following in 1861:-  
 "A well-known photographer on the Boulevard

deau (taller) was sent for by a widower, the master of a chateau a few miles from Paris, in order to take a likeness of the front of a chateau, with its master on the terrace, and his children grouped on the flight of steps below. When the photograph was taken, the artist was astounded at finding in his picture a female figure, standing beside the widower. The latter again still more astounded, on examining this picture, began to recognize in it the perfect portrait of his deceased wife."

Dr. Hammond; in memoriam to the late Dr. J. M. McKee; Shylocks: Antonio, by Carlisle Edwards; A Heroine of today: National Ode: The Surrender of Fort Jackson, and St. Philip on the Mississippi, by H. F. Gerys; Assistant U. S. Court reporter: Reason, Rhyme, and Rhythm, by Mrs. Martha Cook; The Value of the Union, by Wm. H. Muller; War Song—Earth's Last Salute, by Mrs. Martha Cook; Miriam's Testimony, by M. A. Edwards; The Dealing of the African Race to the United States, by Rev. J. M. Sturtevant; D.D.: Was he Successful? by Richard B. Kimball; The Union, by Hon. Robert J. Walker; The Causes and Results of

The War, by Lieut. Egbert Phelps, U.S.A. Great  
Heard, Literary Notice.

The June number of the *Continentalist* has within  
its pages an article on "The Confederation and the Nation,"  
by Edward Carey. We shall notice this excellent  
periodical more fully hereafter. For sale at all the  
principal Periodical Depôts in the Free States.

11 *The Continentalist*, a Collection of Songs for Sabbath  
Schools and Sabbath Meetings, by J. O. Johnson, is  
published and sold by Oliver Ditson & Co., 21  
Nassau-street, New York. This little book is fast becoming  
popular for the children at the Sabbath school.

The songs are lively, cheerful, and really beautiful.  
popular with our young friends. NEW 11. 101001774



**A NEW BOOK.**  
**PULMONARY CONSUMPTION,**  
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**FATAL DESTROYER OF MAN!**  
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**CURABILITY DEMONSTRATED ON NATU-**  
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**Medicated Air, Medicated Inhalation,**  
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Author of the Thermal or Cool System of Medicated  
Inhalation; and Physician to the Troy  
Lung and Hygienic Institute.

"The lungs are breathing or respiratory organs sited, and as the blood, the brain, and nervous system is contaminated and diseased through them, by mephitic or poisoned air, so also can the antidote or salutary remedies be successfully administered through the same medium."—ALEXANDER.

"—Re studied from the life,  
And in the original perused mankind."—ALEXANDER.

"While the sufferings and the untimely end of the consumptive are hidden beneath the pleasures of fashionable life, the cough of sickness and the premature grave will not wait for tenants from the ranks of youth and beauty."

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 Symptoms of Tubercular Consumption.  
 What is Tubercular Consumption?  
 Causes of Tubercular Consumption.  
 Heat and Light next in importance to Pure Air for the Sustaining of our Physical Existence.  
 Light essential to the Maintenance of Perfect Health; Scarcely known from it another Great Cause for Tubercular Consumption.  
 Catarrh, or Cold, a certain precursor of Pulmonary Consumption.

Causes of Catarrh. Tendency and Danger of Catarrh.  
Practical Remarks on Catarrh. 2nd Death from Catarrh.  
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Exploring the Chest, and Determining the Incipient  
Stages of Tubercular Consumption, especially by the  
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Berolici, the Foundation and Cause of Tubercular Con-  
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Diphtheria and Plastic Bronchitis.  
Treatment of Diphtheria and Plastic Bronchitis.  
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Chronic Bronchitis.  
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Hay Asthma.  
Tubercular Disease of the Kidneys—Bright's and Addison's  
Diseases of the Kidneys—Aerophagy, or Morbid Wasting of  
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Tapeworm, Taenia Solium: its intimate connection with  
Tubercular and Scrofulous Constitutions.  
Disease of the Heart, Organic and Functional.  
Laryngitis, or Acute Inflammation of the Larynx.  
Obstructed Laryngitis.

**Treatment.**  
**Diseases peculiar to Females.**  
**Fractious Remarks.**  
**Morbus, or a Consumption of the Uterus and Vitals of the**  
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**of Passion, the Cause for the Early Physical Degeneracy**  
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Cure of Tubercular Consumption.  
Treatment of Consumption by External Application to the Skin.  
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# SPRING DEBILITY:

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well known and acknowledged by all Med-  
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circulation and assimilate at once with the  
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- 10.—God Alone is God.
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to the quiet of their own homes and perusing them at their

leisure. It was also deemed expedient to put them in such

form as would render them accessible by the public, and

preserve them for coming generations.

Notations have been made to arrange these discourses in-

to any particular classification; but they are published in

the order in which they were delivered.

An intimate acquaintance with the principles of Nature in

legislative department greatly assists in forming a correct

idea of the character and attributes of the Author; and it is

for this reason that Natural Philosophy is becoming daily

more and more a part of common education, for it is true

principles of religion, ethics can ever be divorced from the

manifestations of God in the material universe. In all of her

discourses, there is a blending of Religion and Science, the

one the material form of which the other is the spirit. In

this respect, especially, will it be of great service to the

public, who will find in it a more complete and full ex-

position of the principles of religion, ethics, and science, than

any other work of the kind. It is a work of great value

to every enlightened Christian earnestly recommending the

study of Nature, and in it he beholds the inspiring Revelations

of God. But as long as Religion is confined to the

study of the Scriptures, and the study of the Scriptures is

in extreme isolation, while the mind is not free, but

freely exercised, rather than upon the inherent nature of

man harmoniously developed, we shall have on the one

hand, bigotry and self-righteousness wedded to ignorance,

and on the other, a repudiation of all religious forms.

As man becomes enlightened, he becomes more fully reli-

gious, not in the sectarian sense of that term, but in the

philosophical and spiritual; and it is for this reason that he

should be educated, and thus be enabled to understand

communion with God through every department of Nature.

Then, and in the religious sense, he will be drawn forth

in prayer and meditation, but, wherever he may be, his heart

will go out in thankfulness, and he is in constant communion

with the Author of the beauties and blessings by which he

is surrounded. It is believed that no work more perfectly

blends the religious, moral, and intellectual principles

than this one. It is a work of great value to every

man who wishes to elevate him from ignorance and

superstition to a higher condition of spiritual life, and

shall be made glad by the accomplishment of our long-looked

object.

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, who was the means of convey-

ing to the world the thoughts contained in this volume, was

born in the town of Oats, Allegany county, New York, the

31st day of April, 1840. Thus a part of these discourses

were delivered before she was seventeen years of age. Her

memory of school days has become so clear, that she is able

to procure in a rural district of the country, a student to

her tenth year, at which time she became an entranced

speaker. Up to that period she had no knowledge of spiri-

tual intercourse. One day, while she was sitting in her

room, she composed a few lines to be read in school, and

while seated, lost her external consciousness, and on awak-

ing she found her eyes covered with writing. Believing

that some one had taken advantage of what she supposed

to have been a sleep, she carried the matter to her mother,

and it was found that the writing was from Mrs. CORA L.

metaphysical, and addressed to Mrs. Scott, the mother of Mrs.

During her eleventh and twelfth years she was controlled by

a spirit which called her a German physician, and her re-

sponses during that time, which were of a very remark-

able character, have been preserved. The matter was

marvelous. Although she has never given the science of

medicine a moment's reflection, the most philosophical, gen-

eral, and at the same time the most complete descriptions of

disease, its causes, pathology, and diagnosis, which were

ever listened to, have been given by her.

At the age of fourteen she became a public speaker, and

even at that early period of life manifested power of logic

and eloquence which would have done honor to native

media, and to which but comparatively few ever attain.

She married in August, 1860, and removed to New York city,

since which she has been from time to time a student in

most of New York, Boston and Baltimore. She has been

brought in contact with the most powerful minds of this

country, in both private and public debate; but we believe no

one has ever pretended to have successfully sustained an

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time to time a



## Pearls.

And quoted words and jewels are words long.  
Toss on the stretched fore-dancer of all time  
Sparkle forever."

NO ONE TO LOVE ME.  
There's no one to love me.  
I'm left now alone.  
The friends of my childhood  
Like wild birds, have flown.

The hopes I once cherished  
Have now taken wings.  
And all that is cheering  
Fond memory brings.

There's no one to love me—  
Alone on the shore.  
I'm left now to wander  
Till life shall be o'er;

Till shades of oblivion  
Shall blot out the past.  
And anchored in heaven  
My soul is at last.

Religion is love to God and Man, and not to ourselves.  
The true way to save our souls is to strive to benefit the souls and bodies of our neighbors.

WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN.  
When green leaves come again, my love,  
When green leaves come again—  
Why put on such a cloudy face,  
When green leaves come again?

"Ah, this spring will be like the last.  
Of promise false and vain.  
And summer die in winter's arms,  
Ere green leaves come again."

So slip the seasons—and our lives:  
'Tis idle to complain;  
But yet I sigh, I scarce know why,  
When green leaves come again."

Nay, lift up thankful eyes, my sweet!  
Count equal, loss and gain:  
Because as long as the world lasts,  
Green leaves will come again."

For sure as earth lives under snows,  
And Love lives under pain,  
'Tis good to sing with everything,  
"When green leaves come again."

Cherfulness of temper arises half from personal goodness, half from a belief in the personal goodness of others.

## FONNET.

Of a bright city runs an old tradition.  
How once 't was swallowed by encroaching waves;  
Its streets and temples, deep in ocean's caves,  
By all are seen, as yet in good condition.

And oft, at night, to sailors it doth seem  
As from the deep they heard a chiming bell  
As if they heard melodious voices swell  
In music sweet, from out the tranquil stream.

Ah! love and pleasure were to me that town—  
My heart the sea that whelmed it in its surge;  
And from that deep no diver it can bring,  
I sing of sorrow, and the past besemo—  
No sailor knows the meaning of that dirge,  
And none may know or feel of what I sing.

—[From the German.]

When will all other institutions be so true, that those of charity will not be needed?—[Shaham.]

## Etchings of U. Clark in New York, Boston, etc.

Reminiscences in Gaham—Dodgehall—A. J. Davis, T. L. Harris, etc.—Sunday Schools—Lend of Blue Laces—Boston and vicinity—Personal—Boston Conference—The Banner Circles—Peep into the Banner Office—Prospects—Old Plymouth.

Some few readers of the BANNER may have inquired as to my whereabouts since I last wrote from the snow-clad hills of Northern Pennsylvania; and here is my response: I spent a single Sunday in Oswego, N. Y., one of my old pioneer places, and then passed on to New York, visiting parents and other relatives in reconnection of old memories, and seeking to revive the acquaintance of pioneer friends with whom I cooperated in our great cause several years ago. But years of absence had changed the aspect of Spiritualism in New York. The old places of resort were found no more, and changes appeared on every hand. Thomas L. Harris had ended his mission with the little society to which he had ministered three or four years, and had begun another mission, the precise nature of which I was not able to learn, and our Rev. Bro. William Fishbough, whose warm hand I took one day on Broadway, was preaching on Sundays to a small band left by Bro. Harris, while he was serving, during the week, in the Custom House, where Prof. S. B. Brittan had likewise found a good berth. Charles Partridge, of the old Spiritual Telegraph, which went down under the popular weight of Beecher and Chapin, is still firm in the faith, though engrossed in business. Lamartine Hall is still open for Sunday meetings, as well as several other small places. Dodgehall Hall had been occupied some time by A. J. Davis, attracting not large but quite intelligent audiences, with a sprinkling of some of the old veteran Spiritualists of the city, though indicating a sad falling off of the majority who assembled in the same hall six years ago. Why this is, I am unable to say, unless it is owing to some fears that Mr. Davis is more of a stickler for his peculiar philosophy than an advocate of that broad eclectic Spiritualism which embraces all science, philosophy, religion and reforms, and seeks harmony between the past and present. I dropped in to hear Bro. Davis on a Sunday evening. His style of speaking was that of the conversational philosopher, cool, calm, quiet, and exceedingly slow and heavy, and calculated to arrest the attention of none but thinkers. Mr. Davis may elicit admiration, but he never excites the affectional or religious emotions. The Dodgehall Hall meeting, organized under his auspices, is called "Progressive," as though that hackneyed word, long since worn threadbare by unnumbered abuses, were preferable to the more significant term, Spiritualist. Some individuals strain at gnats but swallow camels in seeking to abuse the use of names. Mr. Davis has inaugurated a Sunday School Lyceum in Dodgehall Hall, which seems to excite interest, and attracts quite a large attendance. As to the plan of instruction adopted and the range of themes proposed, I have the most serious doubts and objections, after having had some years' experience in conducting Sunday Schools. We need something simpler, more definite, concise, and some plain course of questionings and answers which shall develop the deeper religious or spiritual elements of childhood. Some instructive Sunday School books are needed which are yet to be published.

On my way to Boston I gave a course of lectures in New Haven, Conn., and found a deep and an increasing interest manifested; as also at Dayville and Putnam, at which latter place I met Bro. N. Frank White, then just ready to join the army as one of the staff of Col. D. Fox, of Lyons, Mich. Spiritualism has a strong hold in Connecticut, and almost every town is ready for public labors.

I have lectured several Sundays in the immediate vicinity of Boston, and am surprised and gladdened at the condition and prospects of our movement. Regular meetings are held in numerous large towns and cities, and several places are reviving anew—Cambridgeport, Roxbury, Waltham, Worcester, Randolph, and several others. Two regular Sunday meetings are now held in Charlestown. The Boston Lyceum Hall meetings are largely attended, and the best speakers are constantly engaged. I had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Miller on Sunday afternoon, and was happy to see him greeted by a large and an appreciative congregation. L. Judd Pardee has been giving a series of morning discourses in the same place, and at-

tracted numerous daring and thoughtful minds. Sunday meetings are likewise held in Bromfield Street Hall, under the direction of our good Bro. Holbrook. The Tuesday evening Conference in this hall are still maintained with lively interest, calling out some of the very best minds and hearts in Boston and vicinity, like Mrs. A. B. Child, Bowker, Gardner, Judge Ladd, Messrs. Wetherbee, Edson, etc. The most radical theories are discussed freely, and intense thoughts and emotions are agitated. A false conservatism trembles before these fearless discussions. Social, civil and religious questions are handled without gloves, and they-skinned towards and time-servers and policy-mongers sometimes win most exasperatingly. The social question has been one of peculiar interest in this Conference, and last winter was discussed seven or eight nights in succession. Some few speakers deprecated the agitation, but they brought down on their heads loud and earnest peals of eloquence. The speakers in Boston and vicinity are frequent attendants on a single evening I saw Mrs. A. M. Spence, Miss Lizzie Doten, Mrs. A. P. Thompson, Leo Miller, and H. B. Storer.

Mrs. Spence is again in the field, doing her work of agitation; H. B. Storer resides in Boston, and lectures in the vicinity; Miss Doten stands in high appreciation, and is at work; Dr. Child is "all right" yet, and goes out occasionally; Dr. Gardner is in the Pavilion, and is none the less zealous; F. L. Wadsworth is in Davis's office, New York; Dr. Main keeps his healing institute open and flourishing; Dr. C. C. York is treating the sick in Charlestown; Dr. O. H. Wellington is still open in the city; A. E. Newton is quietly waiting and working; Mrs. Conant still continues her free circles in the BANNER office, and the BANNER still waves.

I had the pleasure of attending one of Mrs. Conant's circles, and I found the manifestations highly interesting and far beyond what I had anticipated, after having witnessed every variety of phenomena in various parts of the country for many years. Mrs. Conant is in the neighborhood of thirty, and has a serious, sober, thoughtful appearance, as though, under celestial influence, she had been deeply disciplined for her work. An hour or more before the Circle Room opened, a large company was waiting at the door for admission. As soon as the door was open, the room was full of quiet, earnest persons; but there was no crowding, no noise, no disorder; all seemed imbued with a calm, dignified and harmonious spirit. Mrs. Conant, seated behind a table on a platform—with a young lady reporter in front and Bro. Wm. White near by—opened the circle under influence, with a very appropriate invocation; then followed various communications of a striking and an impressive character, their nature and the manner in which they came, leaving little or no doubt as to their spiritual origin. These free circles are conducted in a manner to accomplish a large amount of good, and friends who contribute to their support may feel assured that their means are well invested.

Were I not writing for the BANNER OF LIGHT, I should feel at liberty, for the benefit of distant readers, to offer some notes in regard to its enterprise and its home establishment in Boston. Spiritualists from abroad, coming into Boston, after dispatching other business, of course, find their way to the BANNER office. You pass along Washington street, till you come to the very heart of the city where the throng becomes dense, and you look for No. 128, in a large, new granite block. You go up one flight of stairs and then enter, till you see the name on the door, and then you enter a neat office, on the right side of which is the entrance to the circle room. A placard will tell you whether it is circle day or not. On entering the office, you will see one or two young men busy at the subscription books or the ingenious superimposition machine which prints your name on the BANNER, or you will find them filling great mail bags, which go out to scatter light over all the land. That pleasant looking, younger man who stands at the desk inside the office railing, is Mr. Rich, yet who is never so rich as to object to take your name for a new subscription or a renewal of the old. Were he to show you the BANNER books, you would find a large subscription list, but not as large as it ought to be, considering the great expense of the establishment and the small margin of profit. If you inquire about the quiet, unpretending, spiritual looking man whom you see around the office and in the circle-room, you will learn his name. William White has freely appropriated thousands of dollars to sustain this noble enterprise, and though his expenditures have been so liberal as to reduce his independence, he has no regrets, but rather rejoices in having been able to keep the BANNER afloat. In view of these and many other considerations, the Spiritualist public ought to feel an especial obligation to sustain this sheet, as not only the oldest and the best, but the only one now unfurling the banner of an uncompromising, harmonious and distinctive Spiritualism.

Up two more flights of stairs, and you come to the printing office of the BANNER. Inside of this room are two little offices, which are sacredly closed on Friday, the making-up day. Pray don't ask to see anybody supposed to be inside, on Friday; 't is an unlucky day. Put on your best smiles, if you please, or have the most pleasing business. It makes no difference; you are only one, while all the printers, the pressmen, and thousands of readers are waiting. Mr. Wilson, the reporter and proof-reader, you will find genial and polite on all ordinary occasions, but going to press day is an extraordinary occasion. So with Luther Colby on that momentous day. "Presumptions mortal" do not dare to knock at his door. Wait till the paper is out, and then his face comes out all round and smooth and sunny, and his genial sociability is such you would never suspect he was still perturbed in maintaining the forlorn state of matrimonial singleness. And he it is who has exclusive control over the editorial department.

I need not remind the readers of this paper of the immense importance of sustaining it by every laudable effort and sacrifice, especially in those times when all printing materials and labor are so largely advanced in prices. Let it be remembered that the BANNER stands on its own merits and the merits of Spiritualism alone. Its advertisements are aids, but render only a trifling support compared with the whole expense. Its book business is only an accommodation to its patrons, yielding but a small contribution to the establishment. There are papers which derive their largest profits from the book business; not so with the BANNER. I write this, because, in common with many others, I feel the immense interests at stake in this paper; and I write thus, entirely free from all consultation with either the editor or proprietors of the BANNER.

What now are the signs of progress? Is still the earnest inquiry. Numerous old places and new are calling now for labors, as they were called before, although the means to meet expenses are not quite so abundant as in times of peace. This drawback will not long continue. The East and the West are alike hopeful of a better era near at hand, and Spiritualism seems the only gospel giving assurance of what the people need.

Whether I shall be called during the coming Summer, I am unable to say, though my address continues in care of Mrs. Marsh, Boston. Last Sunday I enjoyed a jubilee with the friends in old Plymouth, Mass., and I am here another Sabbath. The hall was filled in the evening, and a season of unusual interest is being enjoyed. The fire of the old Plymouth others burst bright in the hearts of their sons and daughters.

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

## COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

JOHN A. ANDREW,  
GOVERNOR.

## A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The President of the United States of America did by his Proclamation, dated at Washington, on the 20th day of March last, designate and set apart THURSDAY, the thirtieth day of April, 1893, as a day of National Humiliation, Fasting and Prayer; requesting the solemn and religious observance of that day on the part of all the people of the United States, by abstaining from secular pursuits, and by acts of devotion and of public worship:

I do, therefore, direct and request that this Proclamation of the Chief Executive Magistrate of the United States be published and promulgated to the people of Massachusetts in the same manner in which the Proclamation of the Governor of Massachusetts is accustomed to be promulgated, ordering the annual Fast observed in this Commonwealth. And I especially invoke the attention of all ministers of the Gospel, as well as of all good people of Massachusetts, in order that the day thus devoted as a National Sabbath to the special services and duties of penitence, prayer and the worship of God, may be duly observed throughout our Commonwealth.

By His Excellency the Governor:

JOHN A. ANDREW.

OLIVER WARREN, Secretary.

God Save the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Obituary Notices.

Probably no pen has mine will write an epitaph or obituary of one of the strongest mortals that ever breathed the air of New England. Mr. Anna Nichols lived about half a century, and lately died at his own home, on the cold side of the Green Mountains, in Vermont. I will not name the town, which does not consider it an honor to have had him for a citizen. He was buried by a few neighbors, on his own farm, without any ceremony, as he requested, in a plain box made of rough boards, and placed nearly in an upright position, that it might be easy for him to rise and get out on the third day, as he and his wife believed he would, for they have long believed he was the Christ. He had a large family. One son has recently also died—a returned soldier. But what is most strange, his children had several mothers, one of whom was his own daughter. Several of them left and desisted him soon as old enough to do so. He had been several times imprisoned, and ever bore it and complained of it as a religious persecution, such as Jesus and his disciples suffered, and for the same reason, for it said and firm belief in the Bible, as tests of religion, he was one of the most devoted Christians of the time, a firm believer in the Bible and hater of Spiritualism and all kindred and new-fangled doctrines.

His death was singular: his wife watching with him in the night, as he lay in the bed with his clothes on, even though he had been sick several days. When the spirit left the body, the wife, instead of calling up the family, went to bed and lay till late in the morning, and then on being asked how he was, she was better, and the family did not know till breakfast that he was dead, and then the neighbors to whom he had previously given his request came, and wrapping him in clothes and all, in a new bed-quilt, buried him as above, from which, he has not yet been known to rise bodily.

This man's religious and social history would set forth stronger acts and attributes than have ever been even laid to Spiritualism; but as he was a Christian, and his disciples believed in the Bible, and his sacred revelations, he and his acts will be allowed to go to oblivion as fast as time can hurry them. But he was a man of considerable mental power, of industry, and some property, and had a strange notion that all education, as given in our schools, led to infidelity, and hence he refused it to his children. Neither the civil nor the moral law could conquer him, and so he died, leaving his wife and one or two others as converts.

April, 1893.

Gone home to the spirit-land from Paw Paw, Mich., Feb. 18th, Nancy A. Bangs, wife of William S. Sheldon, in the 30th year of her age.

Willingly did she greet the Death Angel to release her from her sufferings. For more than four years consumption preyed upon her physical frame. Spiritualism illumined her pathway, and made death to her beautiful. Pure and spotless was her life. She loved the beautiful teachings of the Spiritual Philosophy, and outshone them in her life. Peaceful, tranquil were her last hours. If a peaceful, calm death be the test of true religion, then truly is Spiritualism divine. The knowledge which it imparts of the "Hereafter" enables life, elevates the affections, robs the grave of its gloom, and death of its sting.

The funeral services were conducted by the writer, in presence of a large assemblage of relatives and friends of the deceased. The following lines are from the pen of Sister Cattie L. Smith, of Texas, Mich.:  
Gone from the dear ones she loved, oh! so well,  
Trustingly gone with the angels to dwell,  
Passed like a bright gleam of sunlight away  
From her afflictions, disease and decay.

Cheerfully onward her pure spirit sped,  
By a bright circle of angel friends led,  
Gone where new battles her path will illumine,  
Done where choice flowers shed their sweetest perfume.

Warmly the fires of affection still burn  
For her dear earth-friends, to whom she'll return,  
To often soothe with low whisper of cheer  
Those who for her sake may shed the sad tear.

Near her dear children she often will glide,  
Guiding their footsteps when ill may betide,  
Tenderly watching their progress in life,  
Hopefully guarding from turmoil and strife.

For her husband she'll patiently wait on the shore,  
Ready to guide him when earth's duties are o'er;  
And all of the heart-treasured household band  
With rapture she'll greet in the Summer Land.

W. F. JAMESON.

Franklin, N. H., March 21, 1893. Mrs. Lydia Hall passed away at the age of 61 years, on Sunday, March 20th, 1893. She was a member of the Orthodox Church for about seventy years. She fully retained her reasoning faculties until the last change came. About three years ago she found that her Orthodoxy was not sound in the faith, and she was forced to give it up. She then founded her faith upon principles. Truth and good deeds were the ruling characteristics of her life. She anxiously desired that all should be made acquainted with the errors and inconsistencies of the present religious elements of the country. Her own eyes were opened to see the light shone from the rays of spiritual truth, as it was unfolded to her soul. She saw the angels as they came to assist her in her exit from the old into the new plane of existence. When the change came, she passed away without a groan or a sigh, but more like one going to sleep. She leaves ten children, eight of whom were present at the funeral.

It was her desire that the funeral discourse should be given by the invisible through a medium, and her request was complied with by Mr. Ingalls, of Concord, under spirit influence, officiating at the funeral, and gave some soul cheering words of consolation and encouragement to the relatives and friends.

After a long illness of consumption, departed for the Better Land, April 13th, Mr. J. U. Brown. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism, and has often tendered his thanks to the Spiritualists for favor bestowed. His remains were removed from his residence in West Mansfield, to the Free Will Baptist Church, where appropriate lines were sung by the choir, and a discourse delivered by Miss A. P. Hudgett, in the trance state.

West Fosters, Mass.

In West Danville, Maine, April 13th, Emma L., only daughter of Joseph W. and Rebecca W. Foster, aged 8 years and 8 months.

Little Emma was attractive and lovely to all. Every one who knew her loved her. Her death is deeply mourned by her fond parents. Yet in their fond attachment to the beautiful truths of Spiritualism, they have learned that little Emma is neither dead nor gone away, and this is a consolation in their sad bereavement.

Wilbert, son of Jolia P. and Orrie Barnes, departed this life on the 14th of April, 1893, with diphtheria and croup, aged 4 years 1 month and 25 days.  
Clay, Mass., April, 1893.

element that freed them, but the poor mother is a maddo, and the latter nearly so. They are left poor, and the neighbors are doing all that can be done for them. They have not the consolation of our gospel, and even with it the scene would be terrible; but without it it is horrible. Only the little angels were made happier and better.  
WARREN CHASE.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SOCIETY OF SPIRITUALISTS, LYCEUM HALL, TOWN HALL ST., (opposite head of South street).—Meetings are held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2-3 and 4-5 P. M. Admission Free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch, May 2, 10 and 17; Mrs. L. M. Willis, June 7; Mrs. M. R. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

CONGREGATION HALL, No. 148 BRIMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7-8 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown hold meetings at City Hall, every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seats free. Lecturers engaged:—Mrs. Amanda M. Spence.

Foxboro'.—Meetings in the Town Hall, Speaker for May 6 and 17, H. B. Storer.

Taunton'.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Miss Martha L. Beckwith, during May.

Lowell'.—The Spiritualists in this city have removed from Wells Hall, where they have so long met, to the church corner of Central and Merrimack streets, where they will continue their Sunday services, afternoon and evening at 2-3 and 4-5 P. M. Speaker engaged:—W. C. Ripley, May 8; C. O. Ripley, May 15; Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Meetings will be held Sunday, afternoon and evening. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Spence, May 10; Mrs. G. Townsend, May 17, 24 and 31, and June 7 and 14; Miss Emma Horton, May 21 and 28; Miss Lizzie Doten, July 5, 12, 19 and 26; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, Aug. 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. Laura DeForest Gordon, Sept. 6, 13, 20 and 27.

Quincy'.—Meetings every Sunday, at Johnson's Hall, every Sunday afternoon at 2-3 o'clock, and in the evening at 8-9 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. May 8 and 15; Miss Emma Horton, May 22 and 29; Miss Martha L. Beckwith, June 5 and 12; Mrs. E. A. Dill, June 19 and 26.

Milford'.—Meetings are held every Sunday afternoon, in Lyceum Hall, at 2-3 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. Fanny Davis Smith, May 8 and 15; Adin Ballou, May 17.

Roxbury, Mass'.—The Spiritualists of this city hold regular meetings every Sunday in Mechanics Hall, corner of Congress and Essex streets. Sunday school and free conference in the forenoon. Lectures afternoon and evening, at 8 and 7 o'clock. Speakers engaged:—Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, May 8 and 15; Mrs. M. M. Wood, May 22 and 29; Emma Harding, month of June.

Danvers, Mass'.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings every Sunday afternoon and evening, and a Conference every Thursday evening, in Pioneer Chapel, a house owned exclusively by them, and capable of seating six hundred persons. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Horton, every Sabbath till May 22.

Providence, R. I'.—Speaker engaged:—Miss Emma Harding in May.

New York, N. Y'.—Dorchester Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10-12 and 7-9 o'clock. Andrew Jackson Davis will occupy the desk for the present.

## LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS.

[We desire to keep this list perfectly reliable, and in order to do so it is necessary that Speakers notify us promptly of their appointments to lecture. Lecture Committees will please inform us of any change in the regular appointments as published. As we publish the appointments of Lecturers gratuitously, we hope they will reciprocate by calling the attention of their hearers to the BANNER OF LIGHT.]

Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch will speak in Lyceum Hall, Boston, May 8, 10 and 17.

Mrs. Amanda A. Chase will speak in Troy, N. Y., May 8, 10 and 17.

Mrs. Lizzie Doten will speak in Chicopee during July. Address Pavilion, 57 Tremont street, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. M. R. Townsend will speak in Randolph, May 8; in Norton, May 15; in Chicopee, May 22, 29 and June 5 and 12; in Quincy, Sept. 6 and 13; in Troy, N. Y., December. Her engagement in Philadelphia, Pa., is postponed until Jan. 1894.

Mrs. E. O. Chase is engaged to lecture in Bennington, Vt., Sunday, May 8, 10 and 17, and if addressed at Bennington, will speak in North Bennington, on Tuesday evening, May 12; in South Bennington, May 13; in Sunderland, May 14; in East Dorset, May 15; in Randolph, Mass., Sunday, May 22, Address accordingly.

Mrs. Emma Harding's address is Lexington Avenue, 34 door over 55th Street, New York City. Will lecture in Providence, R. I., in May, and in Portland, Me., in June.

WARREN CHASE speaks in Philadelphia, N. Y., May 8; in Easton, N. Y., May 10; in Binghamton, N. Y., May 24 and 31. Will go to Ohio in June; to Michigan in July; and to Wisconsin in August. Friends on the route who want him to stop and lecture must write to him in advance. He will receive subscriptions for the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Mrs. AMANDA M. SPENCE will lecture in Charlestown, Mass., the last three Sundays of April, and the first Sunday of May; in Chicopee, the second Sunday in May. Address, New York City.

Miss EMMA HORTON, will lecture in Bangor, Me., from March 15 to May 10; in Old Town, May 17; in Quincy, Mass., May 22 and 29; in Concord, June 5 and 12. May be addressed at either place as above, or East Stoughton, Mass.

Mrs. MARTHA L. BECKWITH, trance speaker, will lecture in Taunton, Mass., during May, in Quincy, Mass., June 7 and 14; in Springfield, Mass., June 21 and 28. Address at Taunton, care of George Beckwith. Reference H. B. Storer, Boston.

L. JUDY PARDEE will lecture in Williamstown, Ct., May 8 and 10. Address, care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. N. J. WILLIS will lecture in South Reading, Mass., May 10 and 24.

Mrs. M. R. KEENEY, Lawrence, Mass., will speak in Stamford, Conn., May 8 and 10.

E. E. BROWN, inspirational speaker, lectures in Foxboro', Mass., and in Taunton, Mass., on Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock, by addressing him at 30 Pleasant street, Boston.

Mrs. SARAH A. HORTON will speak in Ludlow, Vt., once in four weeks, until further notice. Also in Rutland, May 10. Address, Brandon, Vt.

LEO MULLER will speak in Quincy, May 8 and 10. Address Springfield, Mass.

Mrs. AURA M. MIDDLEBROOK, Box 429, Bridgeport, Conn., will lecture in Portland, Me., May 8 and 10.

Mrs. J. DORF, Concord, N. H., will speak in Orono, N. Y., during June, address care of O. A. Hollenback, Esq.; Providence, R. I., in July; Bangor, Me., in August; Chicopee, Mass., in September; Springfield, Mass., in October.

Mrs. NELLIE J. TAYLOR, inspirational speaker, Jacksonville, Vt., is engaged to speak on Sundays, one half the time present year, at Whitehall, Mass.; at Shelburne Falls, one quarter time, and at Jacksonville, Vt., the remaining quarter. She will speak in those vicinities on week days, if required.

Mrs. E. A. BIRN, Springfield, Mass., will speak in Philadelphia, Pa., during May, in Plymouth, Mass., June 7 and 14; in Quincy, May 22 and 29.

Mrs. M. R. TOWNSEND and Mrs. A. BROWN will speak in Worcester, Mass., during May. Address until the middle of April, Newburyport, Mass.

CHARLES A. HAYDEN will speak in Oldtown, Me., May 8, in Exeter, May 10; in Kennebunk, May 17; in Troy, May 24; in Dexter, May 31; in Dover, Me., through June; in Quincy, Aug. 21 and 28; in Bangor, the first four Sundays in September, and in Portland, Me., the last four. May and New Hampshire those two months if the friends desire. Address, Livermore Falls, Me.

Mrs. MARY M. WOOD will speak in Portland, Me., May 17 and 24; in Stamford, Conn., Sept. 6 and 13. Address, West Killingly, Conn.

Mrs. LARA M. HOLZ will speak in Pittsfield, Me., during April, in Dover, during May.

Mrs. SARAH A. BRANZA will speak in Randolph, Sunday May 10.

ADDRESSES OF MEDICINE AND LECTURES.  
[Under this heading we shall insert the names and places of residence of Medicine and Lecturers, at the low price of twenty-five cents per line for three months. As it takes ten words on an average to complete a line, the advertiser can tell in advance how much it will cost to advertise in this department, and remit accordingly.]

DR. H. F. GARDNER, Pavilion, 67 Tremont street, Boston, will lecture in Portland, Me., May 8 and 10.

Mrs. SARAH A. HAYDEN, trance speaker, 37 Spring St., Cambridge, Mass., will answer calls to lecture, all—5m.

Mrs. FANNIE BERNARD, FAYTON may be addressed at Northampton, Mass., care of W. H. Pelton. all—3m.

## THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

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## CONTRIBUTORS.

PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON, of New York City.  
HORACE DRESSER, D.D., of New York.  
HENRY T. CHILD, M.D., 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.  
HUBERT CHASE, of Battle Creek, Mich.  
HUBERT TUTTLE, Esq., of Berlin Heights, Ohio.  
ROBERT BRANZA, Esq., of West Astor, Mass.  
HEAR, FRANKLIN ROY, Esq., of Marblehead, Mass.  
O. D. GRIFFIN, M.D., of Cleveland, Ohio.  
H. M. MILLER, Elmira, N. Y.  
A. B. CHASE, M.D., of Boston.  
RAY, FANNY L., Esq., of Coldwater, Mich.  
FRED. FAYTON, Esq., of New York City.  
URAH CHASE, of Auburn, N. Y.  
W. W. H. McCONRY, of Ohio.  
Miss EMMA HARDING, of New York.  
Miss CORA WILLIAMS, of Philadelphia, Pa.  
Miss A. M. SPENCE, of New York City.  
Miss BELLA BUSH, of Northampton, Mass.  
Miss ANNA TUTTLE, of Berlin Heights, Ohio,  
and many other writers of note.

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