

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIII.

{ \$3.00 PER YEAR, }
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

{ SINGLE COPIES, }
Eight Cents.

NO. 5.

ANNIVERSARY OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM. GRAND JUBILEE IN BOSTON.

Large Gathering of Spiritualists IN MUSIC HALL.

LYCEUM EXHIBITION BY SEVEN HUNDRED CHILDREN.

FESTIVITIES OF THE EVENING, CONSISTING OF SPEECHES BY DR. H. F. GARDNER, MRS. EMMA F. JAY BULLENE, SELDEN J. FINNEY, PROF. WILLIAM DENTON, AND MRS. MARY F. DAVIS.

POEMS BY LIZZIE DOTEN AND BELLE BUSH, &c., &c.

(Reported for the Banner of Light.)

The Lyceum Celebration.

The afternoon of Tuesday, March 31st, will be a season long kept green in the recollection of all who were fortunate enough to be witnesses of or participants in the exercises of the various Children's Progressive Lyceums assembled on that day in Music Hall, Boston. To the believer in the Spiritual Philosophy no sight could be more encouraging than those ranks of happy faces, giving promise that the rising generation is to take a bold and decided stand in days to come—that the hour is surely advancing when the rosy flush, the opening love of the *Fountain* shall broaden to *Stream* and *River* and *Lake* and *Sea*; when the waves of life's *Ocean* shall be purpled with the reflected glories of Paradise—when on the *Shore* of doubt angel-hands shall light the *Beacon* of faith, the *Banner* of truth, before whose magic radiance the shades of error flee; when the bright and morning *Star* of a life immortal shall arise, and the heavenly injunction of *Excelsior* lead man to the heights of mental, moral and spiritual *Liberty*!

The exercises of this occasion were a fitting prelude to those of the evening, and both were worthy, in the fullest sense, of the great cause they represented, and the anniversary they were designed to commemorate. Andrew Jackson Davis and his wife, Mary F. Davis, the founders and original managers of the Lyceum movement, were present, and directed the afternoon entertainment. Dr. Richardson, Conductor of the Charlestown Lyceum, assisted Mr. Davis, and Mr. George W. Bragdon, Assistant Conductor of the same Lyceum, acted as Military Director.

THE HALL.

The balconies were tastefully decorated with mottoes, among which were: "The Fear of the Lord is the beginning of Wisdom"; "The stroke of Death is but a kindly frost which cracks the shell and leaves the kernel round to germinate. What most consummate fools this fear of death hath made us—*Shakespeare*."

"Evil is only the slave of Good,
Sorrow the servant of Joy;
That soul is mad which refuses food
From the meadow in God's employ."
"Day will return with a fresher dawn,
Night will come with a newer moon,
God will remember the world."

Also some selections from "Christian Psalms Improved":

"Hark! from the skies a joyful sound,
Our ears attend the cry!
Old Errors, come and view the ground
Where you must shortly lie!"
"Broad is the way that leads to life,
And thousands walk together there;
But Error shows a narrow path,
Which here and there a traveler."

Suspended from the speakers' desk was a banner inscribed, "Upward and Onward." Nearest the doors leading to the Tremont street entrance was posted the Boston Lyceum, and those of Charlestown, Chelsea, East Boston and Cambridge filled the intervening space to the rostrum. The whole floor of the house was assigned to the children, and filled by them to overflowing. It is but justice, at this point, to allude to the beautiful targets displayed by the Boston Lyceum, which were presented to it on Sunday, March 22d, by Mr. J. Walcott, an artist of this city, who painted them at his own expense and gave them as a free will offering—a good example for other artists to imitate. These targets—twelve in number—were valued at three hundred dollars, and were finely executed in oil colors. At the time of presentation Mr. Walcott described his work as follows:

They represented the various groups by pictorial illustrations of an appropriate character upon each side; the subjects being varied to avoid repetition or monotony. Thus, the first group,

FOUNTAIN, was illustrated by a natural fountain gushing in its pristine purity from a group of rocks, with a party of children playing about it. On the reverse side was an elegant artificial fountain with its numerous jets and tassels sparkling in the glowing light of a summer sunset—surrounded by a garden of brilliant flowers and gorgeous foliage—with multitudes of the feathered tribe, instinct with animation, disporting themselves in its refreshing spray.

STREAM was displayed by a waterfall among huge masses of rocks and precipitous walls of sunlit granite. The opposite side represented a stream meandering through a green meadow, among the fresh foliage of spring, and falling into a rocky basin in the foreground.

RIVER was pictured by two charming views of a broader stream, winding its way

"Through wood, and mead, and shade and sun,"

under different effects of sunlight.

LAKE was expressed by an expanse of water surrounded by lofty eminences and precipitous, woody hills, with a water party embarking for an

excursion. The other side was a broad expanse of water surrounded by rich autumn foliage. A solitary deer served to give the picture sufficient animation.

SEA was depicted by a smooth surface of water with a dark sloop, relieved by a bright, sunny sky. A lighthouse on a reef of rocks and a few sea birds sufficed to complete the picture. The other side represented the open sea—beyond dark, overhanging masses of arched rocks—against a sunset sky, with a ship on the stocks on a distant point of land, and marine craft in the extreme distance.

OCEAN was expressed in two different ways, by atmospheric effects. One with a burst of sunlight through a stormy sky; the other was a gorgeous golden and vermilion sunset, in admirable contrast with the deep sea-green of the vast watery desert below.

SHORE exhibited the margin of the ocean with water-worn boulders, fragments of wrecked watercraft, &c. On the other side the most prominent objects were hay-stacks on a broad, salt marsh, with a group of children gathering sea shells.

BEACON displayed a lighthouse by night, gleaming through a foggy atmosphere. The reverse was a brilliant moonlight, with an ocean steamer under full headway toward a seaport in the distance.

BANNER represented a rich, elegant banner, emblazoned with the sentence:

"Eternal Progression—
Onward and upward forever."

The opposite side was an immense procession with innumerable banners stretching far away into the dim perspective of distance.

STAR displayed a large golden star, radiant with light, among other golden and silver stars, on a deep azure sky. The reverse represented a floating spirit in the atmosphere asleep, with a single silver star on its forehead, surrounded by stellar constellations.

EXCELSIOR represented the youth bearing a flag with the *strange device*, plodding his weary way through a snow storm toward the summit of an icy mountain. Suggested by the incident in Longfellow's poem of this title.

The other side represented the youth as having gained the summit of the icy peak, (without being frozen to death as in the poem,) where he beheld a vast landscape spread out before him, with mountain and valley, lake and river, hill and dale, forest and meadow in measureless expanse. A balloon in the sky served to hint that however high we ascend, there is ever a point loftier still to be attained.

LIBERTY represented a large liberty cap, radiant with light. The reverse side displayed an immense eagle with expanded wings over a wild, rugged tract of country, where all is in a state of natural freedom.

The general outline of these targets is a great improvement on the simple oval form previously used, with a gilded ornament at the base, and scarlet tassels, serving to conceal the junction of the target with the staff, at the same time being an elegant ornament. The summit of each target is crowned by a winged cherub, the features painted to express the progressive ages of the groups—*Fountain* being quite juvenile, *Stream* a little older, while *Excelsior* and *Liberty* are more advanced in life.

THE PROCESSION.

Escorted by a platoon of police, and Hall's full Band, this initial Army of Progress left the hall by the Tremont street entrance, passed down that street to the Common, up Park street and Beacon street malls, and across to Tremont street, entering the hall at the Winter street entrance. Everywhere the fine display of banners, flags, and happy faces beaming with the exuberance of health, attracted the attention and admiration of all. The balmy breeze of an early spring day came in from the portals of the Summer-Land to bestow its benison, and the warm sun smiled on the youthful pioneers of reform.

The Boston LYCEUM took the lead. It numbered two hundred members. Its board of officers were as follows: Conductor, John W. McGuire; Assistant Conductor, Samuel F. Towle; Guardian of Groups, Miss Mary A. Sanborn; Assistant Guardian, Miss E. A. Badger; Musical Director, A. P. Wilson; Assistant Musical Director, Marcus Joscelyn; Librarian, Thomas Marsh; Assistant Librarian, Dr. E. B. Young; Secretary, Miss Susan M. Fitts; Treasurer, D. N. Ford; Guards, Jas. T. Hartwell, C. C. Morris, Mr. Sawtelle, and Chas. W. Sullivan; Leaders of Groups: *Fountain* (1), Mrs. C. H. Fiske; *Stream* (2), Mrs. M. A. Starbird; *River* (3), Miss M. Haynes; *Lake* (4), Miss Susan M. Fitts; *Sea* (5), Mrs. L. A. Sampson; *Ocean* (6), Mrs. E. A. Bancroft; *Shore* (7), Miss A. Padelford; *Beacon* (8), Miss Lizzie L. Crosby; *Banner* (9), J. R. Scales; *Star* (10), Mrs. E. A. Blood; *Excelsior* (11), Mrs. Mary L. Cheney; *Liberty* (12), Mr. S. H. Jones. Duplicate Groups: *Union*, Mrs. W. E. Hartwell; *Temple*, Dr. W. A. Dunklee; *Mountain*, Miss Hattie E. Teal; *Sylvan*, Mrs. Scaward; *Grotto*, T. M. Hawley; *Glen*, C. W. Hunt.

The large numbers and fine marching of this Lyceum attracted general attention. Their banner, painted and presented to them by Mr. J. Walcott, bore the inscriptions: "First Spiritualist Association, Boston; organized Aug. 31, 1867." "God is Love. Purity, Truth, Progress."

Next in order came the CHARLESTOWN LYCEUM, which turned out with full ranks. Its officers were: Conductor, A. H. Richardson; Assistant Conductor, G. W. Bragdon; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. J. Mayo; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Murray; Musical Director, Mr. Ripley; Assistant Musical Director, Mr. Dinsmore; Guards, Mr. Stone, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Richardson; Leaders of Groups: 1. Mr. McLellan; 2. Mr. Carr; 3. Mr. Carter; 4. Mrs. Brantall; 5. Mr. Cole; 6. Mrs. Raymond; 7. Mr. Baxter; 8. Mr. George; 9. Mrs. Ripley; 10. Miss Ripley; 11. Mr. Bragdon; 12. Mr. Jones. Duplicate Groups: *Evangel* (11), Mrs. Rowell; *Temple* (12), Mrs. Snow. This Lyceum bore the motto, "The Truth against the

World." We congratulate our Charlestown friends on their fine appearance.

The CHELSEA LYCEUM followed in the order of march. Its officers were: Conductor, Leander Dustin; Assistant Conductor, John H. Crandon; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. E. S. Dodge; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. J. A. Saultsbury; Guards, Jas. S. Dodge, N. B. Eaton, F. O. Davis; Musical Director, H. M. Baker; Assistant Musical Director, J. F. Cook; Librarian, Mr. Plummer; Leaders of Groups: 1. Mrs. Porley; 2. Mrs. Eaton; 3. Mrs. Perry; 4. Mrs. Howe; 5. Miss Simonds; 6. Mrs. Morrill; 7. Mrs. Lent; 8. Mrs. Ramsdell; 9. Mr. Drake; 10. Mr. Crooker; 11. Mr. Spluney; 12. Mrs. Brown. The date "1868" was inscribed on its banner; it also displayed an American flag, having in gilded letters around its outer stripes, "Our country borders on the spirit-land."

The EAST BOSTON LYCEUM followed. Its officers were: Conductor, John T. Freeman; Assistant Conductor, L. P. Freeman; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. J. Jenkins; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. C. F. Freeman; Musical Director, William Duntemple; Assistant Musical Director, Mrs. H. M. Carter; Pianist, Mrs. Emily J. Green; Guards, H. K. Jenkins, Mrs. Wiley; Treasurer, Charles Butland; Secretary, M. H. Wiley; Leaders of Groups: 1. Miss Carter; 2. Mrs. Curtis; 3. Miss Odorne; 4. Mrs. McBride; 5. Miss Morrow; 6. Miss Hodges; 7. Mrs. Carter; 8. Mr. Davis; 9. Mr. Willy; 10. Mr. Wood; 11. Mr. Smith; 12. Mr. Simons; Duplicate Group, Mr. Phillips. A banner was carried in the ranks of this society, inscribed, "Children's Progressive Lyceum, organized July 7, 1867, East Boston." On the reverse, "Let Integrity and Uprightness preserve us." "Maverick" has reason to be proud of her delegation on that day. The CAMBRIDGE LYCEUM, only three weeks old, closed the procession; its numbers were large, and its marching excellent, considering the brief time it had been in existence. Its officers were: Conductor, Martin Barri; Assistant Conductor, Henry Newman; Guardian of Groups, Mrs. M. Bullard; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Jos. Dolbear; Musical Director, Mr. Phillips; Guards, Messrs. Hall, Wheeler and Meus; Leaders of Groups: 1. Mrs. Welch; 2. Mrs. Stephens; 3. Mrs. Atkins; 4. Mrs. Hastings; 5. Mrs. Davis; 6. Mr. Bowland; 7. Mrs. Morse; 8. Mrs. Newman; 9. Mr. Close; 10. Mr. Boyer; 11. Mr. Patch; 12. Mr. Connor; Duplicate Group, Temple (12), Dr. Greenwood.

RETURN TO THE HALL.

On the conclusion of the march, which was attended at all points by crowds of eager spectators, the procession returned to the hall and commenced the indoor exercises. These consisted of:

1. Song, by the Lyceums—"Our Lyceum, 'tis," &c.
2. Silver Chain Recitations—"Invocation" and "Gratitude"—Nos. 1 and 2, Manual—(led by Miss M. A. Sanborn, of the Boston Lyceum.)
3. Speaking by one member from each Lyceum.
4. Gymnastics, including "Wing Movements," (led by Dr. Richardson, of the Charlestown Lyceum.)
5. Speaking (21 course) by one from each Lyceum.
6. Song by the Lyceums, "Sweet Summer-Land."
7. Speaking (34 course).
8. Grand Banner March (accompanied by Hall's Band), to the
9. Collation.

Where all did so nobly it is invidious to institute comparisons, either in the management of the Lyceums, their appearance, or the conduct and success of their speakers.

The speakers from Boston were: Misses Annie Carey, Hattie Teal, Alice G. Blackman and Virginia Crooker; and Master Warren H. Doolittle, who recited an original poem—"The Spirit's Greeting"—composed in spirit-life, and given through the mediumship of Mrs. J. H. Conant, by Anna Cora Wilson, familiarly known as "Birdie," expressly for him:

A goodly greeting the angels give
On this glorious festival day!
For the shades of night
Are taking their flight
Before the Truth's clear ray!

Then wave your banners and sing your songs!
A requiem chant for the dead:
For this morning light
Is the death of night,
And Error by Truth is led.

You will fear no more to cross the tide
In search of the heavenly goal,
For the great white throne
Of the All-Unknown
Is found in the human soul.

The fair book of life is opened wide;
Its fountain is flowing free;
And the spirit-land,
Just over the strand,
Is waiting for you and me!

Miss Annie Carey gave a fine recitation of Barbara Freiliche, and Miss Hattie Teal (in Scotch costume) rendered a poem founded on an incident in the "Relief of Lucknow," in a manner which carried the imagination of the hearers forcibly to that moment when the poor Highland girl, with spiritually-quickened perceptions, heard

"The slogan
Pealing o'er the hills awa'!"

The Charlestown speakers were Misses Zephra Dinsmore, Ada Jackson, Maria Adams, and Master Richard Raymond. Miss Dinsmore read (by request) a published poem by Lizzie Doten.

Misses Minnie Dodge, Hattie Richardson, Abbie Blake, Sue Davis, and Master Freddie Davis, represented the Chelsea Lyceum.

A dialogue was spoken by Miss Ada Hodges and Ella Morrill, and a song (comic) given by Master James McKee, all of the East Boston Lyceum. Miss Cora Sherman, of the same Lyceum, created a good impression on the audience in a single recitation.

Cambridgeport was well represented by Misses Ida H. Blaisdell and Florence B. Bullard.

The Silver Chain Recitations, and singing, were rendered with unity and great effect; the Gymnastic exercises were of a highly interesting

character, and the Grand Banner March from the Hall to the Collation was beautiful in the extreme.

A bountiful supply of the substantial "good things" having been enjoyed at the tables in Burnstead Hall, the children were dismissed to their homes. While memory remains, the influence of such scenes as these imprinted on the plastic heart of childhood will remain also to cheer the path of after life. The coming generation, like our own, may be called to pass through trying scenes. The time may come when "The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail," but let them not be discouraged, for we are promised that "they that wait on the *TRUTH* shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles—they shall run and not be weary—they shall walk and not faint." In conclusion, we desire to congratulate all connected with the Lyceum movement upon the perfect harmony of action and complete success which crowned their efforts at this Anniversary.

The following beautiful letter and poem to the children by Miss Belle Bush, the talented principal of the Young Ladies' Seminary, Belvidere, N. J., was sent to Mrs. Davis, to be read by her, but want of time prevented:

BELVIDERE SEMINARY, March 22, 1868.
DEAR CHILDREN OF THE LYCEUM—I have no words to express the pleasure it would give me to be present with you at the first great anniversary celebration of the advent of our new and beautiful Philosophy of Religion. It would delight me to look into all your bright eyes, and see your smiling, happy faces; but as that privilege is denied me, I wish you to feel that I can be with you in spirit if not in form, hence I have prepared a little offering of song, which I dedicate to you, sending with it the warm love of a friend and sister, and earnestly hoping it will teach you, one and all, to become more attentive listeners to the deep, indwelling voices of Nature, and more grateful and ready interpreters of her sublime language. We can all learn a great deal by asking questions of one another concerning the various objects we see around us every day, and finding out what impressions these objects make on the minds of others, and how they differ from those which we receive. Doing this, we may often call forth from hearts more closely allied than our own to Nature and her high art of pleasing, such true and sweet responses as will leave their melody in our soul for years after planting these germs of thought and feeling, which will spring up and blossom into loving deeds.

To illustrate this more fully, I will give you the history of the little poem I send you.

One bright summer day, several years ago, I was taking a walk with a little girl of seven years, when we happened, in our ramble, to come to a little prattling brook which flowed through a meadow out into the roadside, along which it ran, singing on over rough rocks, to a neighboring stream. We stood awhile to listen to its music, when I asked the little girl what the brook said to her, and she promptly answered, "Let me out! let me out! The brook says, 'Let me out!'" Her answer—so beautiful, so appropriate—has lived in my heart ever since, till now, dear children, it has blossomed into song for your benefit. I hope it will lend you all to love Nature more, that you may take pleasure in admiring all her works.

With these few remarks I will bid you all a kind adieu, and leave you to listen to my humble song.

Affectionately yours, BELLE BUSH.

WHAT THE BROOK SAID TO THE LITTLE GIRL.

I asked a little girl one day
What the running waters say,
As they wander on their way.

We were standing by a brook,
In a green, sequestered nook,
Where great willows waved and shook,

Seeming, in their solemn way,
Half inclined to chide our stay,
As if truant came to play;

But I loved the rambling brook,
For it wore to me a look
Of some ancient story book.

Songs as wild as Runic rhyme—
Gave in part, in part sublime,
Seemed to mingle in its chime.

To the blossoms at my feet,
In a language soft and sweet,
It seemed something to repeat,

And I longed to know the lay
It was weaving night and day,
Winding through the meadows gay.

Long I watched it in its route,
Round the rough rocks, in and out,
Wondering what it talked about.

But no answer came to me;
Bird and brook and bending tree,
Nature all seemed mocking me.

Then I asked the little girl
What she heard the streamlet purr!
What it said with dance and whirl!

And with merry laugh and shout,
Putting grave thoughts to rout,
She responded, "Let me out!"

Let me out, oh let me out!
That is what it sings about,
Round the rough rocks, in and out."

Silently I gazed on her,
Nature's child—interpreter,
Till amid the hum and stir

Of the waters' noisy flow,
I could hear, in echoes low,
Her sweet answer come and go.

Years have vanished since that day,
Stream and child have passed away,
Yet whenever I chance to stray

By the margin of a brook,
Or on lake or ocean look,
I recall that quiet nook—

Hear again the childish shout,
See the waters tossed about
Ever singing, "Let me out!"

"Let me out!" the echo rolls,
Up through fiery thunder scrolls,
Onward o'er the sea of souls.

Oh I hear it thrill the air,
Rising like a holy prayer,
Hymned by Nature everywhere.

"Let me out!" the young birds sing,
From their nests in early spring,
"Strength we'll gather on the wing."

Waves in motion wake to song,
Stagnant pools must fall ere long,
Struggling souls grow brave and strong.

"Let us out!" say buds and bees,
Waving, flitting in the breeze,
"Work is pleasure, pain is ease."

Thus to freedom all things tend—
Nature hath but one great end—
It is always to ascend.

Fast the waves of progress roll,
Freed from Error's long control;
"Let me out!" cries every soul—
It is always to ascend.

"Out of darkness, out of sin,
Out of wrong's discordant din,
Till we gain the 'heaven within.'"

Every good thought is a seed,
Daily asking to be freed,
Reaching for a loving deed.

Every truth by us concealed,
Seeks its golden fruit to yield,
Plucks with us to be revealed.

Have we gifts that others need,
Lessons they might wisely heed?
Giving, we shall live indeed.

Let them out, oh let them out!
Ever in life's tolls out,
When by cares we're tossed about,

Let us wake that simple lay,
Think of what the waters say,
And go singing on our way.

Then we'll be in speech and look
Like the nameless brook,
The light of some sequestered nook;

Or, if mild life's busy throng,
We will walk with spirit strong,
Ever singing Freedom's song—

"Let us out from Error's night,
Out into the fields of light,
Champions of the true and right."

The Evening Exercises.

The evening meeting at Music Hall was called to order at 7 1/2 o'clock, by Dr. H. F. Gardner, who said:

As Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, I greet you, friends, and congratulate you upon the glorious success which has attended this public celebration, in the city of Boston, of the advent of modern Spiritualism. (Applause.) The grand number of our little "Army of Progress" which assembled this afternoon, with only a very short time to prepare themselves, I think will show those of our opponents who have looked upon Spiritualism as something that was of the past, that it is still living, that it has an immortal life, and that it will continue to grow and thrive.

Many persons do not know the history of spiritual manifestations, and I have thought that the most appropriate thing I could do, in opening these exercises, would be to state the reason why we celebrate this 31st day of March as the anniversary of spirit manifestations in this century. I hold in my hand a book published some years ago by Mr. Capron, which contains a statement given by Mr. Fox, the mother of the young ladies who were the first mediums through whom intelligence was distinctly and publicly transmitted between the spirit-world and our own. Many persons have thought it was exceedingly doubtful whether we could fix the time. I am perfectly aware that in England, as early as 1716, the Wesley family had spirit manifestations very similar to those of our day, but they were not recognized as such, and through want of proper questioning, their true character failed to be ascertained, and the manifestations finally ceased. The Salem witchcraft, falsely so called, was doubtless another instance of an attempt by spirits to communicate intelligence to those living upon the earth. Our friend and brother, Andrew Jackson Davis—who is upon this platform—some years previous to the manifestations in Hydeville was the subject of spirit control, and in his clairvoyant state predicted that these manifestations would occur at a certain time; which prophecy was fulfilled. Swedenborg's manifestations were of a similar character. And so, without dwelling upon the subject, in all past ages of the world these manifestations have been known upon the earth, but through the ignorance and bigotry and superstition which prevailed, an intelligent hearing was not granted to the invisible, who came back to reform us of their wrongs, in the life to come, and which is; and it was not until this nineteenth century, on the 31st day of March, in the year 1848, that the first intelligent manifestations were made, which have given rise to the wonders that have been witnessed all over the world.

As I have said, I will read the account which Mrs. Fox has given, and, I believe, sworn to. It was the first real manifestation ever made, the first little leaven, which has leavened so vast an amount of the lump of humanity. She says:

"I am the wife of John D. Fox. We moved into this house on the 11th of December, 1847, and have resided here ever since. We first heard this noise about a fortnight ago. It sounded like some one knocking in the east bedroom, on the floor. Sometimes it sounded as if a chair moved on the floor; we could hardly tell where it was. This was in the evening, just after we had gone to bed. The whole family slept in the room together, and all heard the noise. There were four of our family, and sometimes five. The first night we heard the rapping we all got up, lit a candle, and searched all over the house. The noise continued while we were hunting, and was heard near the same place all the time. It was not very loud, yet it produced a jar of the bedsteads and chairs, that could be felt by placing our hands on the chairs, or while we were in bed. It was a feeling of tremulous motion, more than a sudden jar. It seemed as if we could hear it far while we were standing on the floor. It continued this night until we went to sleep. I did not go to sleep until nearly twelve o'clock. The noise continued to be heard every night. On Friday night, March 31st, it was heard as usual, and we then, for the first time, called in the neighbors. Up to this time we had never heard it in the daytime, or, at least, we did not notice it as all during the day."

On Friday night we concluded to go to bed early, and not let it disturb us; if it came we thought we would not mind it, but try to get a good night's rest. My husband was here on all these occasions, heard the noise, and helped search. It was very early when we went to bed this night; hardly dark. We went to bed early, because we had been broken so much of our rest that I was almost sick.

My husband had gone to bed when we first heard the noise this evening. I had just laid down when it commenced, as usual. I knew it from all other noises I had ever heard in the house. The girls, who slept in the other bed in the room, heard the noise, and tried to make a similar noise by snapping their fingers. The youngest girl is about twelve years old. She is the one who made her hand go. As fast as she made the noise with her hands or fingers, she

say, blessed are they who have not seen and yet believed—offering a premium for blind faith—but blessed are they who have carefully investigated and whose reasonable doubts have been removed by positive facts. I respect the honest doubter, who desires to know the truth, but would rather go through the world faithless than to hug a lie to his bosom because his neighbor does. But save me from the bigotry and pride—Christian or infidel—of the man that regards the small field of his knowledge as the boundless universe, and denounces every man who discovers anything that he has not found.

But we are here to rejoice, and never had people better reason. With long faces; let them go to keep company with the long creeds that we have discarded. Leave melancholy in the hell that we have left behind us. Twenty years what a mighty revolution they have effected. The raps that began in the cottage have thundered in the palace; kings and queens have heard them and acknowledged their spiritual source; they have awakened the strongest skepticism from the unending sleep in which they had dreamed for years; the dead Church has heard them, and multitudes of sectarian bigots have been awakened to newness of life. America has heard them from Maine to Oregon, heard and rejoiced; they have sounded in Great Britain above the music of her organs and the din of her factories; France and Germany listen for the angels are knocking at the door, and they will enter and distribute to the famishing souls, feeding upon the husks of a dead theology, the bread of life. Thousands of men and women have been called out to preach the everlasting gospel of good sense and future life, which before long the whole world shall hear.

Not merely to a few shepherds on a Syrian plain have come the heavenly host with their celestial song of peace on earth, good will to men. It sounds in our ears to-day, fresh from the lips of our own friends who have gone before; no good will to the chosen few who the partial father will give the kingdom, but good will to the out-cast, the rebel, the down-trodden, the oppressed; not good will here and an endless hell of fire and torment and despair hereafter, but good will hereafter and forever. This is indeed good news, glad tidings to all people, and no man or woman need be ashamed of such a gospel. This we may teach to our children, nor blush when their uneducated reason questions us concerning it. The human soul thrills as it reveals the evidence of its future destiny and points to its infinite possibilities, and the most philosophic see in it a continent of knowledge, that an eternity may be spent in exploring. Higher than the highest Andes are its mountains, whose crystal tops forever shine in the sun that never sets, and fairer than Eden its evergreen gardens where grows the tree of knowledge, of which all are invited freely to partake and live and learn forever.

The Chairman said that Mrs. Cora Daniels, who had been announced as one of the speakers, was detained in Washington, on account of business, but he was happy to say that Mr. and Mrs. Davis, the earthly founders of the Children's Progressive Lyceum, were present, and that Mrs. Davis (Mr. Davis being unable to speak on account of a throat difficulty) would say a few words to the audience.

ADDRESS OF MRS. MARY F. DAVIS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS—I will promise to detain you but a very few moments. We are recounting this evening the benefits and advantages that have accrued to us during these twenty years, through the influence of modern Spiritualism; and those of us who have had the privilege of listening to the remarks that have been made here this evening, and especially to the eloquent remarks of our brother who has just finished his discourse, cannot but feel that we are opulent with our spiritual wealth, and that we need scarcely look any further in order to have our cup of blessedness filled. But let us ask ourselves one more question in regard to the effect of Spiritualism upon our own souls. Has Spiritualism, brothers and sisters, redeemed us from selfishness? Has it lifted us to the love of God and the love of man? Mr. Emerson truly says that "religion is the flower of culture." Religion is the love of God and the love of man. Is this love born in our hearts? When we meet with a human brother or sister, do we feel the inmost essence of our being going out to that brother or sister, in that pure and holy affection which is the essence of the Divine nature? Do we feel that it is better than our meat and our drink to take an hour or an unfortunate brother or sister by the hand, and lead them up into the mountain of happiness and progression? We know that our Father and Mother who are in heaven, and on the earth as well, have revealed in all this glorious universe the beauty of love, the beauty of holiness. Every flower that springs beneath our feet is a token of the love and the truth of God. Every mountain that rears its head toward the skies is a token of the love of God. Every spear of grass, every rivulet, every bird that sings in the air, tells us, of the immortal love of the Divine nature. Thus, brothers and sisters, may we, who are in our spiritual natures images of the Divine, thus may we advance into that atmosphere of purity where all our deeds toward our fellowmen will be expressions of inmost love.

We have seen that Spiritualism has brought us to this. This day we have had a demonstration that love is blossoming in the souls of Spiritualists. This afternoon, as we listened to the speeches of our little friends, how could we but feel a thankfulness to the Giver of all good that we had been enabled to give these little blossoms in the garden of God an opportunity to expand in the sunlight of immortal truth?

My friends, as I saw the exercises of these beloved children, even their physical exercises, I felt grateful to the Giver of all good that our children were now about to be developed physically into beautifully proportioned bodies, not that they may go to battle-fields and pour out their lives in strife; not that they may go to the brutal prize ring, and there contumacious each other, but they are going to be developed into beauty and proportion in order that they may truly find in their physical natures a representation of the Divine being. And, my friends, you must have felt, with me, when you saw that glorious army of young immortals out here in the streets of Boston and on Boston Common, with their banners flying and each one keeping step to this divine music—you must have felt, with me, that the time was near at hand when all the nations of the earth would be under the banner of peace. I could not but see, in vision, as I watched that glorious army, that the nations over this broad earth were to be brought, through the influence of this new religion and this new philosophy, into one great brotherhood of souls, that the armies of the earth are to be marshaled under the white banner of peace, and that over the nations will preside the spirit of love which we feel unquenchable in our hearts, and which we may flourish through these beloved children who are coming forward to take our places, until the nations of the earth become one—ones in love, one in truth, one in wisdom and in everlasting liberty.

THE CHAIRMAN.—I believe in promptness, and in living up to exactly what we promise. We have something to do before we can enter upon the dancing, and we must therefore consider our speaking exercises as closed. We will conclude the present exercises by singing the grand old Hallelujah Chorus. The song will be sung by a quartette of ladies and gentlemen who have kindly volunteered, and the audience are requested to join in the chorus. Let us make this hall ring as it never did before. Let us lift the very roof off.

GRAND HALLELUJAH CHORUS.
COMPOSED IN SPIRIT-LIFE BY JOHN PIERPONT,
AND GIVEN BY MISS LIZZIE DODGE.
We have come unto the mountain, and the city of our God.
To the ways of truth and beauty by the souls perfected tread.
And the resurrection trumpet shall not wake us from the sod.
As we go marching on.
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! Glory! Glory Hallelujah!
Glory! Glory Hallelujah! As we go marching on.
Break the bread of consolation to the souls oppressed with care,
For in our Father's mansions there is bread enough to spare,
And none need fast with hunger, while we have such blessed fare,
As we go marching on.
Chorus.

Bind up the broken-hearted and confirm the feeble knees,
For the Kingdom has been opened to the least of such as these,
And we need not ask St. Peter to be ready with his keys.
As we go marching on.
Chorus.

Set the little children marching, with their banners in their hands,
And drill them into service with the brave old veteran bands,
Till the trumpets of our army shall be heard in distant lands.
As we go marching on.
Chorus.

The thunders of Progression are shaking tyrants' thrones;
The breath of inspiration wakes "the valley of dry bones";
The ancient altars crumble and the "King of Terror" groans.
As we go marching on.
Chorus.

Then shout your loud Hosannas to the lands beyond the sea,
Till the people of all nations are through the truth made free,
And join the swelling chorus in our song of Jubilee,
As we go marching on.
Chorus.

This fine song was sung in a very spirited manner by the quartette, the audience joining heartily and enthusiastically in the chorus.
Time slipped by so rapidly, that the following beautiful and strikingly appropriate poem, written for the occasion, was not read, but we give it here:

To the Teachers of the Lyceum and to the Friends of Progress who may assemble in Boston and elsewhere, to celebrate this most sacred of all anniversaries, the birthday of Modern Spiritualism, the following poem is affectionately dedicated by the author,
BELLE BUSIE.

AN ANNIVERSARY POEM.

THE NEW EVANGEL.

I have no words of sadness
For you, dear friends, to hear;
My song is one of gladness—
I send to all, "good cheer."

Soaring like the eagle,
Singing like the lark,
Thought on pinions regal
Leaves behind the dark.

Sunshine round me dances,
Breezes come and go,
Weaving sweet romances,
Singing soft and low.

Every stream and fountain
Seems to give me joy;
Every rock and mountain,
Every girl and boy.

All the air seems thrilling,
With a roundelay,
Down from heaven distilling,
Bless this Sacred day.

We have cause for gladness,
None for doubt or fear;
Hearts once tinged with sadness,
Now can sing good cheer;

For angels at our portals
Benignly stand and wait,
To crown with joys immortal
This day we celebrate.

Loved and loving mothers,
Sisters fond and true,
Tender-hearted brothers
Come with blessings new.

Ancient bards and sages,
Children once of time,
Down the steps of ages
Send their thoughts sublime.

All the heavenly arches
Ring with their acclaim,
Telling how Truth marches,
With her lambent flame.

Gladly would I meet you,
Mingling with the throng;
But my heart can only greet you
Through the melody of Song.

My soul at home reposes,
Where duty bids me stay;
But if my thoughts were roses,
They would drop on you to-day.

They would come to you in meekness,
Like blessings from above,
Diffusing through their sweetness
The charity of love.

And if my thoughts were voices,
You would hear them chanting low,
Thy hymn that all rejoices:
"Truth's footsteps may be slow;

But she marches onward ever,
With Justice in the van;
She will pause nor falter never,
Till Freedom walks with man."

But my thoughts are singing fountains,
Only seen by angel eyes;
I can send you o'er the mountains
Only faintest melodies;

Yet I cannot help their singing—
'Tis like the breath of flowers,
Or Urda founts upspringing,
To fall in rainbow showers.

Love's holy light descending,
Through leaping spray-waves strays,
And with the spray is blending,
In iridescent rays;

Till from my humble station
Of labor and of care,
"For the healing of the nation,"
I breathe this fervent prayer:

Fount of all life and being,
Light of revolving orbs,
Whose breath through space proceeding,
Each human soul absorbs—

God of the brook and ocean,
Lord of the star and bee,
In humble, meek devotion,
This boon I ask of thee:

Oh! let new light and wisdom
Fill all our hearts to-day,
That, seeking for thy kingdom,
We may work as well as pray.

Let that divine compassion,
Which deeds alone express,
Give to each thought and passion
A loving tenderness.

Help us to rise in feeling
Above earth's cumbersome clod,
Through faith in thy revelations,
Oh God, our fathers' God.

Help us to feel our weakness
And thy sustaining power,
That we, in love and meekness,
May praise thee every hour.

We ask thee not to alter
One fraction of thy will,
But where our footsteps falter
We crave thy guidance still.

We ask thee not for pardon
For wrongs we may have done,
For we know the sinful burden
Must be borne by us alone;

But we pray for light to guide us
Henceforth in wisdom's way,
For pure desires to lead us,
And love to bless each day.

And oh! if there be any
Who with hate our steps pursue,
Father divine, forgive them—
"They know not what they do."

Seeking no earthly treasure,
We will kiss the crown of red,
Work with us thy loving pleasure,
Oh God, our fathers' God.

With this pure prayer, distilling
Like dewdrops from my heart,
I turn, with joy still thrilling,
Fresh lessons to impart.

Oh! friends, dear friends, before you
Love's Priestess stands to-day,
And fervently entreates you
To heed what she may say.

"Love ye one another,"
Said the lowly Nazarene,
While dwelling with his brothers,
In calm majesty of mien.

"Love ye one another!"
'Tis just a high command;
Oh, sing it, O ye, brothers!
Going it through the land;

For Love is all that's needed
To bless this world of ours;
If its truths were only heeded,
Human hearts would bloom like flowers.

They would bloom with truth and beauty,
Like the lilies of the field,
And in every sphere of duty
Our lives would sweetest yield.

Oh, look not for perfection
In this our mortal state,
But follow Love's direction,
And banish Fear and Hate.

All dark mistrust and scorning,
All jealousy and pride,
In the dawn of love's new morning,
Oh, cast them all aside.

They are scars on souls immortal,
Fierce fires of hell's flame,
And standing at life's portal,
They will make us blush with shame.

Not the pure and righteous only
Did our elder Brother call;
But the poor, the weak, the lonely—
His love embraced them all.

Let us follow his example
More closely, year by year,
And strive through our example
To make an Eden here.

Love is the light of Reason,
"The fulfillment of the law";
While Hatred, working treason,
Finds everywhere some flaw.

Oh, lone and weary mortals,
Ever reaching for the good,
See how long before your portals
The angel, Love, hath stood!

Hear her meekly pleading with you,
Go seek her shining face;
Hear her sweetly singing to you,
Love must redeem the race.

Oh, rise and bid her enter;
She is the heavenly guest;
Of every good the centre,
She alone can give us rest.

Ask not that all earth's teachers
Should tread the selfsame road,
For countless as his creatures,
Are the avenues to God.

Not one shall fall of reaching
A haven of rest at last;
Though some, through Error's teaching,
May feel His furnace-blast.

God's truths are all eternal—
Only human errors die;
And souls in realms supernal
Will see with clearer eye.

Oh, what fetters will be riven,
What ancient wrongs decay,
When all can walk toward heaven,
Each in his chosen way!

Not shackled by opinions,
Not bound by iron creeds,
How free will be thought's pinions,
How free will be men's deeds!

When no right of one in ges
On what another claim
Then the love that now but fringes
Our hearts will leap to flames.

But oh! not yet for ages
Will the world be purified!
For love makes here slow stages,
And must oft be crucified.

But let us strive and labor,
To the end that it may come;
And, blessing each our neighbor,
We'll light love's lamp at home;

Whence, shining through the window,
With clear and brightly ray,
It may chase the deepest shadows,
From some weary traveler's way.

Oh, men of wealth and station,
Heed how you use your power,
For clouds hang o'er our nation,
That foretell a sifting hour.

When the hopes you fondly cherished,
May in dust and ashes lie,
And like leaves be left to perish,
Or before the whirlwind fly.

There are weary wives and mothers,
Whom your gold might aid and bless;
There are lone, despairing brothers,
Whom your luxuries oppress;

There are little children pleading
For the precious bread of life,
And souls the "wine-press treading,"
In agonies of strife!

Be wise! give not with scorn
These "little ones a stone,"
Lest in the near, new morning,
Your power be overthrown!

For God the world hath spoken,
That through the world doth run;
Who breaks it will be broken,
For justice must be done.

And oh, ye patient toilers,
Who meekly work and wait,
Seek not vengeance on the spoilers,
Envy not the rich or great;

For gifts of highest merit
Are not to be rich to give;
"We may all be rich in spirit,
No matter where we live."

And if our soul inherits
The faith that looks above,
We may keep with sainted spirits
The sacrament of love.

This song of hope and gladness
I send, dear friends, to you;
May it free your hearts from sadness,
And teach you to be true—

True to the light that angels
Are shedding on our way;
True to the new Evangel
Who walks with us to-day.

I send you warmest greetings,
Fresh from my heart and hand,
And pray for happy meetings
In the radiant summer-land.

Belvidere Seminary, March 22, 1868.

THE DANCING FESTIVITIES.

The hour of ten having arrived, those who had been enjoying an intellectual feast for three hours gave way for the more exhilarating exercise of dancing. The floor of the hall was cleared, swept, and ready for use in twenty minutes. The order of dances was carried through in excellent style, with no confusion or loss of time, under the efficient management of J. H. Conant and his aids, Messrs. G. Pickett, J. Campbell and B. B. Drew. Music by Hall's full band. The entire list of twelve dances was completed promptly at one o'clock; and all retired evidently well pleased with the festivities of the long-to-be-remembered occasion.

EXERCISES IN DUMSTED HALL.

At the close of the speeches in Music Hall, by reason of the hour for dancing having arrived,

Dr. Gardner said Dumstead Hall below was at the service of such as desired to listen to further speaking, and from the number of speakers present, he doubted not the time could be pleasantly and profitably occupied.

Accordingly a large number repaired thither, a general desire being expressed to hear the blind medium, Benjamin Franklin Richardson, of Clarendon, Vt. Dr. Dillingham, with whom he is stopping, came forward and stated that if there were other speakers who would occupy the time, the young man would be pleased to be excused from speaking. A general "go on, go on," coming from the audience, the young man was seated in front, and soon was under control.

A very appropriate address was delivered by the controlling intelligence, and subsequently two or three others made short addresses.

A gentleman present who was a skeptic, expressed a desire to question the intelligence, and was told to proceed. As this spirit announced itself as Dr. William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, the questioner, who was himself a physician, put several queries touching medicine, which were answered so readily and with such aptness that the querist evidently became satisfied that he had "caught a Tartar." The acumen of the answers was sharp indeed, and betokened that a master mind was the source whence the answers came.

We have not space to detail this episode, but it produced an immense sensation, and several gentlemen, who were doubters, were confounded, being at a loss to account for the wonderful phenomena.

The young man is, in his normal state, equivalent to a boy eight or ten years of age. He was born in the poor-house, his father having died two weeks before and his mother at his birth. He has been blind from infancy, has had no educational advantages at any institution, and never been in contact with persons who have orally instructed him. His personal appearance indicates a low mental development, and when in conversation the expression of his ideas is indicative that he is as is represented of him.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS,
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we pray
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lionel Hunt.)

UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS.

NUMBER FIVE.

"Here we are, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "all waiting for you to return from your evening walk. We were all in such a hurry to hear the rest of the story of Cyrus that we couldn't wait for the clock to strike six."

"How far had I got in the history?"
"Oh I remember," said Susan, "for I dreamed about it. You were telling us that the king summoned the good man that saved the boy, and I dreamed that the king was real glad that the boy was not killed, and gave the man a great many fine things."

"We will see how far your dream was true. The king asked Harpagus to his face what he had done with the child. Like most selfish men, Harpagus wished to throw the blame on some one else, and so he minutely related how he had given the infant to the herdsmen, and insisted that he should perform the king's will."

Asthyages pretended to be perfectly satisfied with the pretension. The affair had taken. He declared that he was so delighted to know that his grandson was alive, that he intended to celebrate a great festival in honor of the deities that had preserved him."

"What do you mean?" asked Susan.
"Those Eastern nations had no idea of a great father who cares for all his children, and places some loving influences about each that shall be their protection. They believed in a great many gods, and they supposed that some one of these gods took care of an individual. They thought these deities were very much like selfish men, and imagined that they were pleased with the same things; and the king thought to give great pleasure to the gods that had kept the young Cyrus, by preparing a great feast."

Harpagus was delighted that the king seemed so well pleased with him, and went home with the good news to his wife.

"And what do you think," said he to her, "he has done to show his good will?"
"You can tell me nothing that will make me believe he intends good to us," said the doubtful wife.

"Ah! but I will assure you he does, for he has ordered me to send our boy to be introduced to his grandson. Only think what good luck may come of this! Cyrus is only three years younger than our boy, and when he becomes king—"

"Hush! said his wife, 'do not mention the thing. Do we not know what happened when the wise men saw in the king's dream what should be?'"

"Well! there is no harm in hoping; but hasten and put on the boy's best attire; make him worthy to stand beside the son of a king."

With a mother's pride, the mother was glad to make her boy look beautiful in the eyes of others—to her he was always beautiful. But yet her heart was sad, as she put on his festive garments. She doubted if all was as it seemed. But she chid her own doubts, and sent him to the palace. But when he had gone from her, she called him back again. Tears were in her eyes as she held him in her closely clasped arms, and looked into his earnest eyes.

"What's the matter, mother dear? Don't I walk to suit you? Must I hold my head so?"
"You walk like a prince, my beautiful one, and look fit to be a king. There go, I will not keep you; and may no ill come to you."

"What harm can come, mother dear? I am going to the king's feast."

Harpagus arrayed himself in his festive robes and soon followed his son to the palace. At supper he looked up courageously and with reverence to the king whom he believed to be his friend. When all was merrier at the feast, an attendant brought, in a mysterious manner, something to Harpagus. He uncovered it. It was the head of his son.

He did not dare to weep or lament, or even shed a tear. He had to proceed with the cruel feast as if nothing had happened. His wife at home watched for the return of her boy till the morning light, and as she watched the heavens seemed to read the dreadful woe that awaited her.

Asthyages having thus satisfied his revenge and his cruel heart, began to wonder what was to be done with the young Cyrus. The boy delighted him. He was so noble, so manly, so graceful and athletic, that he felt proud of him; and yet he thought of his terrible dream, and like selfish, wicked men, feared that something might, through this boy, interfere with his power. So he sent to the Magi again.

"The boy is alive," he said. "But he has been actually chosen king by the boys of the village, and has exercised his power. Tell me what this means."

The Magi put together their wise heads, and assuming the most important air, declared:
"The boy is a king; for nothing more; the dream is fulfilled. The wisdom of the heavens is often shown in little things."

The king assented, and said he was willing to fulfill the advice of the wise men, and send for the parents of the young prince. Accordingly a messenger was despatched to Persia for Cambyes and Mandane.

With what transports of joy these parents received their lost son can be imagined. They could hardly believe the declarations of the king, for for ten long years they had believed their son

dead. His mother was never weary of hearing him tell how kindly the good herdsman had treated him, and how dearly he loved his foster-mother, the good Spaco. As Mandane petted her noble boy she seemed to read something grand in his future. Her heart was as glad in him as in the earth in the sunlight—he was her sun—the light of her heart.

For two years after this Cyrus lived with his parents, but at the end of this time his grandfather sent for him, for all the travelers that came to his court from Persia told of the remarkable goodness and vivacity of the boy.

When Cyrus arrived at his grandfather's court, he was surprised at the splendor of Asthyages. As he appeared in his purple robe, ornamented with rich jewels, Cyrus said:

"Oh mother, how handsome my grandfather is! And is not your father as handsome to you?"
"My father is the handsomest man in Persia, but no one in Media looks so great and handsome as my grandfather."

Asthyages was much pleased with this genuine compliment. He forgot all his jealousy, and bestowed every possible honor on the boy. He put a magnificent robe on him, embroidered with jewels, and when he rode on horseback he ordered him a golden bridle like his own. He was delighted with this kind of exercise, because in Persia horses are seldom used because the country is so mountainous.

But he did not like many things in Media. He thought the people were very weak and foolish to induce themselves so much in rich dietary food. His noble spirit saw how much better in simplicity than luxury, and he would never eat anything but the simplest of food. His grandfather thought to please him by giving him all sorts of delicious things to eat. But Cyrus did not wish to indulge his appetite, even to please his grandfather. He would say:

"Grandfather, will you allow me to do as I please with the delicacies?"
"Surely you can. I wanted only to please you."

He would then divide them among the servants of the household, saying:
"Will you not take this, that I may show you I do not forget your kindness to me?" or "This is for you, because you are faithful to my grandfather?" Thus he was ever showing his generous, thoughtful nature.

But in all his attentions he did not remember the cup-bearer. His grandfather questioned him of this neglect. He frankly replied that he did not like the cup-bearer much, adding:
"And why do you like him so much?"

"Do you not see how very graceful he is in his service, and how he hands me the wine?"
"I am sure I could do it quite as well, grandfather. Will you let me try?"

But indeed he did not imitate the motion of the cup-bearer, so that his mother and Asthyages were greatly amused.

"And you see I did not taste the wine," he said turning to the cup-bearer.
"It was the custom in Eastern countries to taste of all the food and drink offered to kings, to prove that it was not poisoned. When Cyrus was asked why he omitted this important ceremony, he said:

"Because I think there is poison in it, and I do not wish to taste of it, for when you and your companions drank of it you did many things that you would say were improper for me to do. And then you all laughed and talked at once, which is very ill-mannered, and you, grandfather, lost your memory; you did not even remember that you were king. Ah I am sure the wine has poison in it."

"But does not your father drink it?"
"No indeed, for he is not a wise man? He only quenches his thirst, but no more."

In this way at an early age he proved his great courage, judgment and self-denial. His great delight was to please others, and to anticipate their wants. His grandfather had become so much attached to him that he was very unwilling to have him return to Persia, and his mother allowed him to choose which he would do, go with her or stay with Asthyages. He replied:

"You know, mother, if I go back everybody thinks I know so much, and the boys all say I surpass them in all our sports. I can throw a javelin with any one. But here everybody knows that I am a poor horseman; all the boys can ride better than I; so if you please, mother, I will stay here, for I am ashamed not to be a good horseman."

He remained in Media, and was so beloved by every one that he had more influence than the king. When his grandfather was ill he watched him night and day, and this made him dearer than ever to the king.

As he grew older he became more quiet in his manners, and talked less, but his courage was great. He loved justice in all things.

One day at a hunt his grandfather ordered the companions of Cyrus to wait until he had hunted all he wished. "But, grandfather," he said, "I am only happy when all have the same chance. Let them do better than I if they can," and he was as good as his word, for he always acknowledged the superiority of others

J. BURNS, PROGRESSIVE LIBRARY, 1 WELLINGTON ROAD, CAMBERWELL LONDON, ENO.
KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1868.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

For Terms of Subscription see eighth page. All mail matter must be sent to our Central Office, Boston, Mass.

LESTER COLBY, EDITOR.

LESTER COLBY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Lester Colby.

The Good Effect.

The impression left upon the popular mind by the general observance of the Twentieth Anniversary of the birth of Modern Spiritualism, is so visible and deep as to call for the special expression of our satisfaction. People outside of our elevating faith begin to realize the great fact which they have been loth to recognize hitherto. Now it is patent to all that Spiritualism is indeed a social and religious power; not after the world's fashion, in respect of riches, offices, position and authority, but by reason of its pervading influence in the hearts of men, acting silently, winning its victories without any flourish of trumpets, and taking up its fixed abode in the hearts of believers.

This Anniversary begins a New Era for us all. It is the great white stone which has thus far been accomplished. We had all been going our ways in patience and faith these scores of years, working out the great problem that is set before us, and preparing the way for the future which is opening to us with such a teeming wealth of promises. Suddenly the return of a marked memorial day recalls us to a thoughtful review of our eventful, active past. How the old reminiscences came up—the precious associations thronged at the open doors of our minds, as we ran our view cursorily over the past that stretched back twenty years! What gratitude swelled the heart, as we lived over again scenes whose issues were to mortal eyes so doubtful! But the second decade is passed. Spiritualism is established in the land. It is not to be ignored by press or philosopher. It cannot be driven into any corner by the peddlers of scientific truth, or wounded in any part by the shafts of malicious ridicule.

It blesses, comforts, sustains, and inspires its true believers. Its maligners come in contact with it only to acknowledge the power of its influence. It is the mysterious agency that is opposed only to make all the more headway in consequence. Its last Birth Day was a new starting point on its career. There are thousands on whom it will force itself as an event of importance, who had not regarded the phenomena or the philosophy as such before. The kingdom is enlarging rapidly, and is to increase and grow still more rapidly in the future. Millions are waiting to be brought into its fold. The intelligences that look down on mortals, and interest themselves in their lives and destiny, are all working with their might for the spread of this kingdom. And it will not be long before it will cover the earth, "as the waters cover the sea."

Cures by the Laying on of Hands.

Among the Questions and Answers upon our sixth page, is an answer to a question in regard to the power of healing the sick by the laying on of hands, to which we call the especial attention of the reader, as it is what hundreds are desiring information upon almost daily. We have cured many people of disease by the laying on of hands within the past twelve years—although we make no pretensions as a healer—and therefore can fully endorse the correctness of the statement made by the spirit. No healer upon the earth to-day, no matter how powerful a magnetizer he may be, can eradicate disease from the human form, unless he can first come into magnetic rapport with the party seeking relief. Dr. J. R. Newton is the most powerful healer we are acquainted with; but he does not pretend to cure all diseases. The person who approaches him in faith—in other words, in a passive condition—he can affect much easier than those who come into his presence with positive will, and offer him large pay to cure them. Dr. Newton knows the law, and hence he projects his will power upon those he heals, which permeates their systems with its magnetic aura, and thus aids nature to restore the tissues to a healthy action, if the disease is of not too long standing. Do not then condemn spirit-doctors, if they do not produce relief in all cases. It is enough to know that they do in many, which render them useful instruments in the hands of the higher powers to alleviate the sufferings of humanity.

The Old Pope.

Pius IX is now seventy-six years old, and at present is laboring under a severe attack of illness which many think may carry him off. His disease at this time, powerful as he had become in State matters and general politics by the progress of events, would, without doubt, lead to many and important changes in European affairs. Although Napoleon, who has steadily supported his power, favors the sovereignty of the temporal from spiritual authority in his hands, he holds tenaciously to the firm support of the Pope's spiritual supremacy; and his aid is naturally reckoned of the first consequence in establishing the position of the present Pope's possible successor. There is a Bonaparte already in training for the throne, the second son of the son of the third of the Bonaparte brothers, Lucien. He has just been made a Cardinal, and is no doubt the imperial candidate for the succession, whenever the Sacred College shall be summoned to meet and elect a new Holy Father. Thus we see great designs projected by the ruler of the French, being no less than providing a successor to his own throne and to that of the Pope, in the Bonaparte family. By such a powerful union there is no question that the interests of all Europe would be wonderfully affected. Napoleon is working industriously, and he believes effectually, for the perpetuity of the family name and fame.

Hingham Children's Lyceum.

At the last annual meeting of the Children's Lyceum, at Hingham, Mass., the old board of officers was re-elected, with some six additional members. The Lyceum commences its second year under more favorable auspices, and in better circumstances than could reasonably have been expected. Success to it.

Skolastikos.

The Greeks are thankful of "learned fools" in their midst, who, like Iago, were "nothing, if not critical"; and these fellows were known by the title we have set at the head of this article. A "skolastikos," for instance, was a man who, on hearing that a crow lived two hundred years, bought a specimen bird to see if the saying would prove true; or he would carry around with him a single brick, as a specimen of the house he wanted to sell. This class of the "wise fools" has come down to us of the present generation. We have recently received communications from two of them, one in Waterville, Me., and the other in "Colby University"—he does not say where, but certainly at the West. Waterville College and Colby University, therefore, lift up their voices upon us, and the burden of their remark is, that a spirit for whose communication we made room in the columns of the Banner a few weeks ago, misused of the true derivation of the compound Greek word "necromancy." Both of these "skolastikos" are so considerate as to inform us of our error in permitting the spirit to make the blunder of derivation, and to caution us to be more careful for the future and employ more learned "writers." And to show that he is himself fully qualified to be such a writer, the Colby University man sends us, free of charge, a sentence (as he says) of Xenophon, requesting us to give him a translation. Not having yet set up in the translation business for stupid Professors, on the grating plan, we must be pardoned for respectfully declining compliance with this childlike request. The Waterville College man spreads his peculiar talent at root-digging over three or four pages, and proves his perfect fitness to be a College Professor by wrongly spelling the word "necromancy," a word with whose meaning, at least, he shows himself perfectly familiar.

Now if these twin brethren of the Greek persuasion will turn their glasses to the top of the Message column of the Banner, they will discover what they do not seem to know, that each message in this department is "spoken by the spirit whose name it bears"; and if the spirit is either ignorant or deceitful, it is wholly his fault, and not ours. Were we to undertake to make over these messages, as our "skolastikos" of Waterville and Colby University would have us do, of course there would be no slip in the Greek on which any of the spirits might venture. As it stands, the very error of which these correspondents complain is evidence of our faithfulness to our own promises. We hold ourselves no more responsible for the spirits' Greek than we do for their grammar.

But it is worth noticing what slight circumstances betray people. These two writers, so far apart, simultaneously feel that the correct derivation of a Greek word is of prime importance, while the elevated teachings that accompany that derivation are of no sort of consequence. That only certifies what their "education" is worth to them. They can prize the brick, but are unable to comprehend the outline of the house. And, after all, they admit that the spirit did not really mis of the true meaning of the word it attempted to derive. We wish our learned critics and advisers well, and suggest to them to toss their books out of the window, and consult with some good, reliable medium, who is competent to discipline their souls and intellects with a course of robust English, in which the world is quite willing to hear the truth spoken.

A Word in regard to the Festival.

We do not deem it necessary to apologize to our readers for the large space given to the report of the Festival on the observance in this city of the Twentieth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, for it was an important event, and the speeches, poems, &c., given on that occasion, we know will be read with interest.

The manner in which the old Spiritualists took hold of this affair and carried it through so successfully and creditably, makes us feel inclined to single out each active member of the Committee of Arrangement; and others, and individually commend them; yet where all worked with an earnest determination to succeed, it would be invidious to particularize; but we cannot refrain from mentioning one name as deserving of great credit. Mr. M. T. Dole, who acting as Secretary to the Committee, we are assured by Dr. Gardner, the Chairman, labored most assiduously; and to his personal efforts much of the success is due. Mr. D. has been a zealous worker in our ranks for over fifteen years, and we are glad to know that he has lost none of his interest in Spiritualism, but on the contrary is more firmly wedded to it to-day than ever.

The Committee, through its Chairman, we are requested to say, tender sincere thanks to all the speakers on this occasion, for their voluntary services, given as a free offering to the cause to which the proceeds are to be devoted.

The Irish Church.

The British House of Commons has voted, by a large majority, that it would not put over the consideration of the Irish Church question until the next Parliament, yet to be chosen, but insists that it shall be taken up at the present session. Gladstone has thus won a substantial triumph over Disraeli, the new Premier. The latter really has no party to back him, for the Commons are determined to lay the axe at the root of this gigantic spiritual tyranny. This vote is decisive of the fact that England is committed to the disestablishment of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland; an Establishment that taxes the population which does not attend upon it, when they are obliged to support another Church of their own. But twelve persons out of every hundred in Ireland are of the Established English Church there. Less than one-eighth of the population, therefore, enjoy the right to compel the other seven-eighths, and more, to pay the expense of running their ecclesiastical machinery. It is sheer tyranny, and of a sort which men brook with less quiet than any other. England is forced to accept these reforms as they come up. The Irish Church goes next, and after that follows the existing system of land tenure. After that, the system of popular education. Ireland will surely come into possession of her rights.

Mrs. Daniels in Music Hall.

A large audience assembled in Music Hall in this city, Sunday afternoon, April 6th, to greet Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels on her return to this city, and listen to her inspired and eloquent discourse. Her theme was "The Genius of the Hour," and truly did the inspiration of the hour meet the needs of those present. The happy and the afflicted, the old and the young, the believer in our blessed gospel, as well as the unsatisfied soul seeking for substantial spiritual food, all found something upon which they could feast. We shall print a synopsis of the lecture in our next issue. This favorite speaker will remain here but two Sundays more, as she is engaged to speak in Washington (not Worcester) during May. Those who desire to hear her must improve this opportunity.

Concerning a Spirit Message.

A few days since we received a letter—taking issue in regard to a spirit message—which we handed to Mr. White at the request of our spirit friends, to be read at our public circle, as they desired to answer the correspondents themselves. We complied, and it was duly responded to by the controlling intelligence, as promised. Mrs. Conant the medium in the meantime remaining in entire ignorance of the receipt of such a letter by us. We give below the letter and the reply:

THE LETTER.

EVANVILLE, MD., March 9, 1868.
MESSRS. EDITORS.—Though reluctantly, I am compelled, for the sake of justice to myself and the numerous readers of your highly esteemed paper, as well as the cause of Spiritualism, to address you on the subject of the communication published in the Banner of the 29th ult.

The communication purports to have come from my daughter Mary, whose demise took place on the 15th of November last, and whose obituary was published in the Banner Dec. 13th. From the phraseology of the communication, I am fully satisfied (as are all who know her) that the said communication was taken from the obituary. One thing is remarkable: not a single reference is had to anything by which she might be identified, although she often said should she have the power to communicate she would "satisfy the world it was she, and no one else." But to my astonishment, when I read the communication I found it carefully guarded lest something might be said which might betray the medium through whom it professes to have come. She has many dear friends in spirit-life of whom she said she would speak, as well as circumstances of earth-life by which she could have identified herself. Yet not a syllable was uttered beyond what may be gathered from the obituary.

Let it be understood that I am a constant reader of the Banner, and have been for nine years, always printing in above all other publications advocating the philosophy it teaches, regardless of theologians and skeptics, and until now taking great interest in the communications. But I shall have to decide in this case, without hesitation, that it is an imposition, and one, too, which has taken root here, and will have a tendency to injure the cause of Spiritualism. Yes, more: many are writing to know as to the truthfulness of the communication, and in response I am in duty bound to give my candid opinion in regard to it. For my own part, I have no confidence in the Message Department henceforth; not that I do not believe in communion, but when I have reason to doubt the truthfulness of any one, I am careful not to place my confidence in the way to be abused a second time.

You are requested, to give this a place in your column, as many are anxious to know what I think of the communication, judging from the many letters I am receiving on the subject. I halted the communication with joy, but oh, how sadly I was disappointed when it was published.

FRATERNALLY, D. M. GRAHAM.

THE SPIRIT'S REPLY.

Your correspondent has at last betrayed a lamentable degree of ignorance concerning the method of spirit control. He, like others, labors under the impression that disembodied spirits can do just what they supposed they might be able to do before death. Countless numbers meet us in the spirit-world, telling us, "We have promised our friends that we will do so-and-so, and we find that we are utterly unable to fulfill our desires, even in the least particular. Now what shall we do?" This is the cry everywhere we go, particularly with those who have been so sanguine with regard to the power they should have after death.

Your correspondent is thoroughly mistaken. He asserts his position, and also that he has determined to maintain it. Very well; let him do so—that is to say, if he can. We know that there is no power by which there can be a successful shutting out of the intelligences that are from time to time during the early years of the life of the Banner of Light it was your purpose to test all that came to you, by material means. Hundreds, yes, thousands, were tested in this way, till you at last came to the very wise conclusion that they who had the matter in charge in the unseen world were thoroughly capable of taking care of it. Occasionally, here and there a mind rises up that demands more than the spirits are able to give, and because the demand is not answered to their satisfaction, they ignore the thing entirely. To all such we have just this to say: "Wait till time and its circumstances shall give us more power to fully answer your material demands, and at the same time shall unfold you to a more perfect understanding with regard to spirit communion. Should you know the obstacles that are in the way of spirit communion, you would all be eternally silent with regard to these questions. It is right that you should weigh and measure all in the balances of your reason, but it is equally right for you to lay aside your prejudices, your preconceived opinions. A man says, I expect so-and-so, and because he doesn't get so-and-so, why it is all a monstrous humbug! He might as well have said so. Tell him, from the spirit-world, that he has much to learn. When he stands a little higher than he stands to-day with regard to these things, he will look back wondering that he was ever so foolish.

During the first year's publication of the Banner we tested by material evidence the messages we received from spirit-life, and our experiences in this particular are very interesting. It is needless to say that we became thoroughly convinced, after the death of the spirit, that our faith grew stronger and stronger, as time passed on, until it has risen into knowledge that the dead live and are conscious, and are able to communicate with the living, and their dear ones here, upon every occasion when opportunity offers. We shall publish some of these experiences when time and space permit.—EDITOR.

An Excellent Suggestion.

Numbers of Spiritualists, and others, have inquired with a great deal of earnestness, if it is not possible to procure a repetition, on some day not far distant, of the Children's Lyceum Exhibition with which so many persons were delighted and instructed in Music Hall, on the day of the Festival. For ourselves, we can see no serious obstacle to such a plan as yet; and, on the contrary, it seems to us that it might be adopted with readiness. The hall, we are told, may be had, and any Wednesday afternoon during these early weeks of spring would offer precisely the inducements which convenience could reasonably ask. We are fully persuaded that such a repetition of the exhibition, by the several Lyceums which took part in the same on the afternoon of the recent Festival, would draw together a very large assembly of people, and prove positively advantageous to the general Lyceum interest on every side. By all means let us have a repetition of this impressive exhibition if possible.

Dr. Nathans, a distinguished Jewish rabbi, is giving a course of lectures, in this city, on religious subjects. Last Sunday he preached on the "Spiritual Existence of the True Messiah." His views are not quite orthodox, according to the standards of the Jewish Church, so he was not allowed to give his lectures in the synagogue. He is described as a learned and eloquent and pleasing speaker, with a slight German accent. To witness any progress spiritually in his race may be hailed as almost a marvel; and in the direction this learned Israelite is now advancing, his public ministrations are rather a wonder to the Jews. The lectures are given in the Parker Fraternity Hall.

Cephas B. Lynn lectures in Geneva, Ohio, during April.

A Washington Questioner Answered by a Spirit.

At the request of several who heard the spirit's remarks given at our Public Circle March 12th, we publish them in advance of our usual custom, of "first come first served." After answering other questions, the spirit, purporting to be that of Andrew Jackson, remarked as follows:

I will now answer in brief a question which has been propounded to me in Washington. It has been propounded several times, on several different occasions, with an earnest desire that I should come here or go somewhere and answer it clearly. The question is this: "In your opinion, has President Johnson the constitutional right, in the face of the Tenure-of-Office Bill, to remove Secretary Stanton from office?"

In opinion he has the constitutional right to remove Secretary Stanton from office, notwithstanding the Tenure-of-Office Bill, which is a contradictory. They tell us that President Johnson has no right to make any such removal, and they tell us, furthermore, that he has no right per virtue of his own particular administration—he is but carrying out, executing the administration of President Lincoln.

There never was a greater mistake. They may as well determine that Andrew Johnson was President Lincoln, and that President Lincoln was Andrew Johnson, and at the death of President Lincoln, Andrew Johnson became President of the United States—the administration passed into his hands. It was no longer the administration of President Lincoln, but of President Johnson. Now then, all those persons who were placed in office by President Lincoln, under the Tenure-of-Office Bill, have no right to expect that President Johnson will retain them simply because he is acting in one sense under the administration of President Lincoln, but in a clearer and more perfect sense under his own administration.

It seems to me that the political, half-fledged Congress do not either understand political rights or civil rights. They seem to confound and mix up the two. They seem to be determined to run the radical engine through all things, even the Constitution itself. The Constitution, in my opinion, gives President Johnson the right he has taken. And I see no way by which he can be impeached, if the Constitution is adhered to. Set it aside, and you may do what you please; but if that is the law, why then President Johnson is right.

There are certain political minds who are disposed to use the Constitution very much as one would use an old fiddle. They can play "Auld Lang Syne" upon it, or they can play "Old Hundred" upon it. They can turn it and twist it and warp it to suit themselves; but if I were where President Johnson is to-day, I would show them in plain, unmistakable terms what the Constitution means, as well as what it says. Without fear or without prejudice, I would administer the laws according to it, live or die.

One member of the party convention at which this question was propounded to me, after the question was written, propounded in his own mind still another, which is this: "Do you believe that President Johnson will be impeached?"

Not according to the Constitution, certainly. If the impeachment party succeed in setting the Constitution aside, overruling and overriding it, he may be impeached, but in no other way. It is vain for Mr. Stanton's friends to seek to hold him in office by virtue of the Tenure-of-Office Bill. It cannot be done constitutionally or lawfully; and if I am not exceedingly mistaken, the Chief Justice will disappoint the party and particularly those who would take the reins of government into their hands and run the ship over the breakers.

I am done, Mr. Chairman, not with the subject, but with the time that is allotted to me here. Good-day.

"Theodore Parker in Spirit-Life."

is the name of a pamphlet published at this office, which contains a narration of personal experience inspirationally given to Fred. L. E. Willis, M. D., by the noble spirit whose name this publication bears. It is a beautiful and impressive revelation of the experience of Theodore Parker, after his birth into spirit-life. Mr. Willis has for some time regarded this as a sacred thing, intended for private personal only; but those to whom it has been read were urgent that it should be given to the public. Mr. Willis has accordingly read the same in our larger cities to delighted thousands, but now gives it up to the press that it may carry its blessings to millions. Mr. Parker was a personal friend and counselor of Mr. Willis in the day of his persecution and troubles, and fitly speaks through his organization now. No one who has ever seen, known, or read Theodore Parker, but will be eager to peruse his own account of the new realm to which his noble and pure spirit has ascended. It is really itself in the description.

Dr. J. R. Newton at Home.

This well known healer has just returned to Newport, from a professional tour through the Southern States. He informs us that he was eminently successful in the cure of disease there, treating over three hundred patients per day. He was received with great hospitality, wherever he went; even physicians of the old school sent scores of their patients to him to be cured. Dr. Newton's trip South will no doubt prove a benefit to our cause, as it opens the way for lecturers, who, the Doctor thinks, may depend upon a hearty welcome. Would it not be well for some of our ablest speakers to consult with Dr. N. upon the subject, and, if possible, arrange to visit the South at an early day? The Doctor's address is 223 Thames street, Newport, R. I.

Washington.

From a note written by Mrs. Abby M. Laffin Ferree, of Washington, D. C., we learn that Spiritualism is making rapid headway in that city, and that much of the work is accomplished in private circles. Charles H. Foster has been spending a few days there, and during that time gave many surprising and convincing tests. Mrs. F. says so much of her time is taken up in answering the free letters, that she cannot give medical advice and examination free, but will have to charge the moderate sum of one dollar. She is desirous of doing as much good as she can, and would willingly give her time to heal the sick were she able to.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

The hall was filled Sunday evening, April 5th, to hear Fannie Allyn lecture before the Society of Spiritualists meeting in the above hall in this city. All appeared to be pleased with the lecture, and also the poem which was given at the close. Mrs. A. will speak there each Sunday evening during the month.

The Children's Lyceum meets at half-past ten o'clock in the forenoon. The public are invited free.

Celebrations Elsewhere.

We have received reports of the Anniversary proceedings of the Thirty-First, in Buffalo and Rochester, N. Y., Clyde, O., Golden City, Colorado, &c., which we shall print in our next issue.

The Radical for April is a capital number—the very best of the series. Its contents are superb. Will be sent anywhere on the receipt of thirty cents.

True wisdom is less presuming than folly; the wise man doubteth often and changeth his mind; the fool is obstinate and doubteth not; he knoweth all things but his own ignorance.

New Publications.

We have before us the "APPEAL" of Dr. How to the people of the United States, to relieve from starvation the women and children of the Greeks of the Island of Crete, which was published last year; also a pamphlet just published by the same author, entitled "THE CRETAN REFUGEES AND THEIR AMERICAN HELPERS; a Statement to the Contributors for the Relief of the Cretan Refugees." The latter thoroughly treats of this interesting subject, beginning with the history of this suffering people, and tracing their woes down to the present time. As a Fair in aid of the Cretans is to be held in this city during the present week, these pamphlets will be found of great interest and value. All contributors to the Cretan Fund, and all who still purpose to help swell that fund, should read "The Cretan Refugees and their American Helpers" with attention.

No. 2 of Vol. 1 of "THE AMERICAN FREEMASON" has made its appearance, and well substantiates the goodly promise of its predecessor. The contents of this April number are very varied, and cannot but prove as valuable as they are attractive to every member of this honored Order. The American Freemason is published in handsome quarto form, two wide columns to the page, and its entire mechanical appearance is worthy of praise.

J. Madison Allyn has begun the publication of a monthly sheet—"THE ANCHOR"—to be devoted to human advancement. The prospectus sets forth more fully the general design, which is to present to the world a Natural Alphabet for printing and writing all languages. The editor has established a school for teaching the alphabet, and "The Anchor" will become a record of the progress of the school. We wish Mr. Allyn full success, both with his school and settlement.

Henry Lacroix, of Montreal, has published a speculation in thought, entitled an "EXCURSION TO THE HOLY LAND OF THOUGHT"—which is a lecture delivered in Montreal by the author, for the benefit of the "Institut Canadien." There are suggestions in this production well calculated to quicken the souls of those who will peruse it considerably.

Lee & Shepard have received from Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia, in continuation of their Cheap Editions for the Million, Dickens's "MRS. LIRRIPER'S LONGINGS; AND MRS. LIRRIPER'S LEGACY"—and Scott's "BLACK DWARF" and "LEGEND OF MONTROSE." Both numbers are well printed, and good readers in the file of these cheap romances.

From the Hopedale (Mass.) Age Office we have a neat little publication, entitled "LITTLE HARRY'S WISH; or Playing Soldier," one of the Vine Cottage Stories, by Mrs. H. A. Greene. It is a very apt and taking juvenile, aiming to impress the plastic heart with a love of Peace, rather than War. It will do much good wherever it is read.

Lee & Shepard have received "OLD MORTALITY," by Scott—"MUGBY JUNCTION," and "DR. MARGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS," by Dickens, and "THE MARRIAGE VERDICT," by Dumas, all from the prolific press of Peterson & Brothers, and published in the cheap but popular form for the reading million.

Loring publishes, as one of his pretty and piquant "Tales of the Day," a little brochure entitled "KITTY'S CLASS DAY," by Miss Louisa M. Alcott. It will sell well for the purchase and reading, being a sparkling little jewel from centre to circumference.

The Chicago Religious-Philosophical Publishing Association put forth "A LECTURE IN RHYME; the Past, Present and Future," by Mrs. F. A. Logan, which has been read by her in several Western cities and towns.

"The Spiritualist."

This is the title of a small-sized quarto sheet just commenced in Appleton, Wisconsin, devoted to Spiritualism. It is to be published monthly, at \$1.00 per year, Joseph Baker editor and proprietor. In his salutatory he says: "We shall do our best, and hope to obtain encouragement sufficient to warrant making the 'Spiritualist' a semi-monthly, or even a weekly journal; but no reckless risks will be run. We shall venture no further to sea than we can find safe anchorage. But we ask of our friends in this life their active cooperation; as our efforts are for the good of all, we ask the assistance of all." We hope your little sheet will receive sufficient patronage to enable you, brother, to enlarge it and publish it weekly, as you intimate it is your desire to do. The glorious cause we advocate needs more exponents, and we cordially extend to you the right hand of fellowship.

Unlike the Christian Register, which publishes a fair and dignified notice of the late Festival of the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity in Music Hall, the Zion's Herald (a stiff-necked Methodist sheet) shows its narrow contractedness and bigotry by its coarse and vulgar flings at them and their Progressive Lyceums. We quote one sentence only, which is an average specimen of the whole article. "Speaking of the Festival, the writer says: 'These frequent orgies of unbelief are an awful mockery of Satan.' Poor old Orthodox Satan! What a pity it is that Spiritualists mock him! As he is a creature of your imagination, friend Herald, and belongs to your 'creed,' it can do no possible harm for the Spiritualists to endeavor in this enlightened age to dispel the terrible hallucination which the teachers in Zion have labored under so long. Friends, the New Era has dawned. The bridegroom is in waiting. Why have you neglected to trim your lamps?"

Read the spirit-message of Edward Giles Russell, on our sixth page, who states that he was hung at Newgate, Eng., thirty-three years ago for murder—two murders—of which he was innocent. Will our English friends investigate this matter, and give us any information they may perchance come in possession of?

The armies of Europe are said to be larger at present than at any time since the wars of the First Napoleon. France has 300,000 men, of whom 50,000 are in the reserve; England has 200,000 men; Prussia 600,000; Italy about 210,000; Austria 700,000; Russia 800,000; with 400,000 more in reserve; and Spain about 80,000.

Excavations have brought to light, in Syria, a Hebrew house, dating from about the second century before Christ. Some of the rooms are in good preservation, and among the books found is a collection of Hebrew poems, said to be unknown to present Orientalists.

The New York Labor Exchange, at Castle Garden, reports that the demand at present for agricultural laborers throughout the country is so great that many applications cannot be supplied.

