

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIII.

{80.00 PER YEAR}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

{SINGLE COPIES}

NO. 8.

The Lyceum.

THE ACTUAL AND THE REAL.

BY W. E. SMITH.

[The following address was delivered before the Children's Lyceum, of Portland, Me., by Mr. Smith, on his assuming the conductorship. We give it a place in our columns, for it will interest the children in other Lyceums as well.]

Fellow Officers and Members of the Lyceum—Perhaps I ought to apologize for taking your time and patience this morning, by inflicting a few of my own thoughts upon you; but as you have kindly honored me with the Conductors' chair, I feel that it is due to you, and perchance creditable to myself, briefly to address you. In coming before you at this time, I do not wish to presume upon the office of teacher, but rather desire to be considered a student with you. We are all learners, the young and the old; age is no exemption from the acquisition of knowledge, and in our intercourse with the young, we are living our lives over again, and from their guileless minds we drink the sweet waters of truth, and the pure wine of the soul. Let us then deal gently with them, remembering that their plastic natures readily receive impressions—and are indelible when once made. In the consideration of the subject that I shall present, I desire to bring it to the comprehension of all, and earnestly hope it may be of benefit to some soul.

The Actual and the Possible, is my theme; and in the outset allow me to say that I am fully aware of the vastness and importance of the subject, and therefore I do not propose to enlarge upon it at this time, but apply it to the occasion and the hour, that it may be comprehended by these young minds before me.

The Actual is what we see and perceive around us; the Possible is what may be in the future, by growth and development. Every little boy and girl before me has seen an acorn. Most of you have been out under the grand old oaks, and amid the forest leaves have gathered your winter's store of the ripened fruit, with as much joy and pleasure as the miner seeking for gold; and more precious in your eyes were the heaping piles of brown nuts than the gold of El Dorado. In the acorn we see the actual; yet enfolded in that little shell lie infinite possibilities. The oak, with its towering trunk and wide-spreading branches; its beautiful foliage of leaves and blossoming fruit; its thousand forms of uses, that minister to the wants and necessities of man; the huge ships floating on the ocean, freighted with the commerce of the world, visiting every land, and plowing every sea; the furniture that adorns our dwellings, ministering to our taste and comfort; and a plentiful harvest of just such acorns, from which can grow millions of oaks, and properly cultured, would cover every acre of land on our globe—all these, and more, are the possible that lie hidden within the actual—the acorn in our hand. So with all the seeds we plant in the soil; the kernel of wheat is the actual, but the possible is waving fields of the ripened grain, converted into millions of barrels of flour, to feed the hungry inhabitants of the nation.

In all the forms of life and being about us we behold but the actual; but who can tell the infinite possibilities that may grow out of them, when developed and unfolded to their highest use.

To-day I see before me a number of boys and girls. They are but the actual boys and girls to-day; but who knows how many of them may be distinguished in the world's future history, as poets, sages, philosophers, statesmen or heroes; how many of these boys are to be the future Washingtons, Franklins, Hamiltons, Clays, Websters, Lincolns, Farraguts, Grants, Beechers, Chaplains; or how many of these girls are to be the future Joan of Arcs, Florence Nightingales, Jenny Linds, Harriet Beecher Stowes, Mrs. Brownings, Miss Southworths, and a host of others known to fame, too numerous to mention? These are the possibilities of each one, and perchance, (in embryo) we behold in one of these little ones who comes up on this platform with hesitating steps to repeat his little piece, the future President or Chief Justice of our land.

It is related of Napoleon the First that when a young child, his mother found him in the garden, during a severe thunder shower, with the pelting rain, the rattling thunder, and the lightning flashing around his bare head and youthful form, enjoying the scene from which most children would have fled with terror. That was the actual, Napoleon the boy; but the possible was the greatest military hero of modern times, leading his armies over the snow-clad Alps, across the burning sands of Africa, and amid the trackless snows of Russia, to the palace of the Czar, achieving unparalleled victories, and lifting the French nation to power and position among the people of the earth.

Over four hundred years ago, in a quiet village called Domrémy, in the south of France, lived an obscure maiden, with golden hair and saintly mien, the embodiment of purity and goodness, inspired by the angel-world to go forth and rescue the young King from the besieged city of Orleans, and restore to him his Kingdom of France—for she was alone in her garden near the church, when she heard a voice as if from the air calling her by name, and encouraging her to the performance of her mission. She obeyed the voice, though a young and tender maiden, and was endowed with superhuman power, inspiring the soldiers with her own indomitable spirit, and wherever she led the way victory perched upon her banners, and France was redeemed from English rule. In the language of her biographer, "She seemed to have been a being by herself; a woman in all gentleness, tender yearnings, and fortitude sublime—a man in intellect, noble daring, and loftiest aspiration. Next to Jesus she seemed to have been the grandest medium of

divine communication, sent from a higher sphere to buoy her countrymen upwards. Her inspiration was a summons from the spirit-world, reverberating through a whole people, and concentrating its power in the exaltation and agony of a single soul."

All the little girls before me cannot become heroines like Joan of Arc, and from obscurity arrive at such like possibilities, but they can achieve victories greater far by subduing their passions, controlling their temper, and cultivating all the diviner qualities of their natures; "for he who conquers himself is greater than he who taketh a city."

In the winter of 1620, a little band, just landed from the May Flower, stood upon Plymouth Rock. They had left their Father Land to seek these shores for religious freedom. Before them was the waste, howling wilderness, and the untamed savages; behind them the unrelenting waves. Viewed in its actual condition, the prospect seemed dark and forbidding; but could they at that hour have beheld with clairvoyant vision the grand possibilities of our country to-day, a psalm of praise would have ascended from every heart, and all their hardships and dangers would have seemed light, nor the wealth and luxuries of kings would have tempted them from these shores. Plymouth Rock was the actual; this vast continent is the possible, the home and refuge for the oppressed of all nations, with its populous and wealthy cities, its fertile plains, its colleges and churches, its free schools and academies, its halls of learning and its temples of art.

But to come down to our own time and day, we have an example in Abraham Lincoln; the boy, the actual, in the woods of his native State, splitting rails by day, and studying by night to acquire the rudiments of knowledge, enduring hardships and toil, and by persistent effort mastering the intricacies of law, whose possible was the presidential chair, the highest gift of the people, the emancipation proclamation, whose blessings to humanity can only be measured by the generations that come after us, and whose tragic death enrolls his name high on the scroll of martyrs. Who could have predicted such glowing possibilities for the uncouth boy, laboring with his axe in the western wilds? Thus it is ever that the actual is only visible, while the possible is hidden from our view in the womb of time. We measure things by their seeming, forgetting that hidden beneath all substances there are germs waiting only for development to be a blessing to humanity.

I might go on, had I time and your patience would permit, to cite numerous instances in support of my theme, of the discoveries in mechanics, art and science, the attraction of the heavenly bodies and their revolution round the sun, the wonders and appliances of steam, the electric telegraph, flashing thought along its wires from city to city, girdling the earth with its tongues of flame, over land and beneath the sea, speaking in the ears of kings and queens across the distant oceans, annihilating time and space, and bringing the ends of the earth together—all these were small in their beginnings, their actuals, but who can estimate their mighty possibilities? Let us take courage, though we are weak and feeble to-day. Let us not despise the day of small things, for our very existence is a prophecy of future growth.

So in the realm of spirit, who could have foretold that from the tiny raps, in the city of Rochester, twenty years ago, at the lowly home of the Fox girls, would have resulted such grand things for the emancipation of mind from the chains of the past? The raps were the actual, but the possibilities are the rending of the veil that has so long hid the immortals from our view, bringing messages of love, on the electric wires of thought, from the departed mothers, brothers, sisters, wives and husbands, demonstrating that we live after we have laid aside these worn-out bodies. Oh the glory and beauty of the possibilities of the spirit! Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive of the glory that awaits us when we pass beyond the river called death, and take up our being in the world of souls.

A few years ago Andrew Jackson Davis, a spirit seer, beheld in vision the gathering of a Lyceum in the Summer-Land, and he resolved to gather the children of New York into groups, and form a Lyceum, corresponding to the one he saw in his vision; and from that actual, small in its beginnings, have grown hundreds of similar gatherings, and its grand possibilities for the blessing of humanity are still in the future, embracing as it does all the children of the land, and lifting them up from the old forms and dogmas of the past into the clearer skies and purer air of moral and spiritual freedom. Oh ye who are workers in this glorious Lyceum cause, truly, in the language of another, "ye build wiser than ye know"; for here are the actuals, to be molded and fashioned into beautiful and blessed possibilities; here are the foundation stones, and ye are the builders of the future, for the hope of our spiritual faith is in the future. "The mills of God grind slow, but very sure," and soon will old Error be crushed out, and Truth be ushered in. And when our children shall take the places we now occupy, it will be with a larger experience and a clearer view of the duties and relations of life, and a closer communion with the spirit-world.

The author of Festus has truthfully said, "Beginnings are alike; it is the ends that differ. One drop falls, lasts, and dries up, but it is a drop; another begins a river, and one thought settles a life—an immortality." Far up the mountain's side is seen a silver thread of water, glistening and flashing in the morning sun. 'Tis but small in its beginnings, its actual, and can be stayed by a child's hand; yet it flows on, gathering strength and power, and from a little stream becomes a torrent, leaping and foaming from crag to crag. Rushing with increased velocity, it

flows a mighty river, turning vast machinery, setting in motion thousands of looms, weaving costly fabrics, and giving employment to the hands of industry in every land. Still flowing onward, it mingles with the ocean, on whose broad bosom floats the wealth and power of the nations.

The art of printing, discovered and first brought to practical utility by John Giltensberg in the fourteenth century, is another and perhaps the most striking illustration of my theme. Its inventor labored through hardships, difficulties and discouragements, enough to have crushed any other man. At length he laid the foundation for the mighty possibilities which have followed and are still to follow in the pathway of the printing-press—the greatest moral lever of the world; and from the rude types and rudimentary presses of the days of its beginnings, (viewed in its mechanical aspects,) have flowed the improvements and perfections of the present; but viewed in its moral aspect, its grand possibilities cannot be weighed or measured.

Every moral reform that has blessed humanity, in its beginnings was crowned with thorns, reviled and persecuted, despised of men, till the glorious possibilities of their advent became known and appreciated. Temperance, anti-slavery, universal salvation, Swedenborgianism, and last, though not least, Spiritualism, were all born in the manger and crucified, even as Jesus of old, till their guiding star, truth, rose high in the zenith, and mankind beheld its unfolding rays.

We vainly gloriously think that we have arrived at all truth, that the books are closed, and we have mastered all their hidden mysteries, while we stand but on the threshold of that vast temple whose over-arching dome is God's illimitable space, and whose avenues of knowledge are as eternal and unfathomable as the infinite. To-day, as Spiritualists, we are but children playing on the seashore, gathering here and there pearls, while the whole unbounded and unexplored ocean looms up before us. The angels have but just lifted a portion of the curtain that hides the immortals from our view. We see but dimly and darkly, in this rudimentary state, the glories of the future. Our actuals are small and feeble; but who can measure the grand and glorious possibilities of the soul in man, when the coming ages shall have developed and rounded him into beauty, symmetry and harmony? Each one of these little ones before me to-day will shine resplendent as an archangel, when Time's finger shall have pointed the index of departed centuries.

Oh, what a glorious thought is this, and how reverent we should bow before God's image, enshrined in these living temples, whose watch-fires have been kindled for all the incoming ages! Oh blessed thought! to know that we live, that we have a being! Though small in our beginning, and as worms of the dust, we know our possibilities are far forward and onward, from star to star, from world to world, from thought to thought, from the finite to the infinite, and we feel to-day to lift up our voice in a song of praise, and exclaim in the language of the beautiful inspirational poem of Lizzie Doten:

"Oh those whose love is changeless,
Both now and evermore,
Source of all conscious being,
Thy goodness I adore;
Lord, I would ever praise thee
For all thy love can give,
But most of all, oh Father,
I thank thee that I live."

Beginnings and ends are far apart. The actual and the possible are world-wide asunder. They have no relation to each other. To-day we crawl in the dust, but to-morrow we may stand on the mount of beatitude, transfigured and glorified. That spark of divinity within each soul, though buried beneath the rubbish and ruin of the lowest condition, will sometime and somewhere assert its supremacy, and lift that soul upward to the divine, its parent source, its Father God. We are all children to-day, though some are of a larger growth, yet children still in knowledge and experience, in the alphabet of spiritual unfolding and spiritual possibilities; our eyes are weak; we are not able to bear the light; we but just catch a glimmering of the wondrous and enchanting scene that lies hidden from our view by a thin and shadowy veil, but the angels are day by day unrolling the curtain, and the inner glories are being revealed as fast as we are prepared to receive their life-giving beams.

In conclusion, then, let me urge upon you, oh ye leaders in this Lyceum army, to be faithful to your high and holy trust! Labor in all patience, charity, forbearance and love, that these young lives may not be blighted with the fear of an angry God and a dread hereafter; but rather teach that their possibilities are high and noble, if they will but labor to attain them.

And to you, dear children, let me say, in the language of Jesus, the medium, "Love one another." Adopt this beautiful motto as yours, "Each for all, and all for each," and then you will be a happy and harmonious band, marching onward to the Father's mansions.

Childhood is the promise or prophecy of manhood, as the acorn is the prophecy of the oak; and if ye would be, ye must aspire to be; let your aims be high and noble, and resolve to reach them, and you will be successful. Nothing is accomplished without persistent effort and diligent toil. Do you desire to make your mark in the world, and leave your footprints not on the "sands of time," but on enduring marble, commence now in your youth, for infinite possibilities are before you, if you will but labor, for no sluggard wins in this race.

"For ye build the ladder by which ye rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And ye mount to its summit round by round."

And though you may be weak and feeble in your actuals, you can become grand and noble in your possibilities.

The Lecture Room.

Glimpses of the Millennium.

On Sunday afternoon, April 10th, Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels lectured on the above subject, at Music Hall, Boston. The audience was large, and great interest was manifested in the remarks of the speaker. We give below a few of her principal points:

"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth." Rev. xxi: 1. And there should be a new heaven and a new earth! Oh transporting reality of heaven! Poets and seers had seen it in their living dreams, and imaged it faintly forth as its loveliness glowed before their vision! Too long had Error hovered over the vast majority of earth's people, like a Polar night, rendering them blind to this glory and deaf to the voice of those by whom it was proclaimed; but now the strokes of a dawning were visible, a dawning that should roll back the clouds of darkness, and bid living forms of light abound where desolation so long had reigned!

All the prophecy, inspiration, poetry and wisdom of earlier ages, had unerringly pointed to a time in the future when God would dwell on earth; and those who had followed their teachings in the past had caught wondrous glimpses of a higher life. Was anything more known to-day? Was the Saviour, the Millennium, nearer mankind than before? All hopes were prophecies of the grand future of the race; all aspiration represented the divine possibilities in man, following the course of their outworking as the plans of God were revealed; and the utterances of bygone poets and seers—the words that Christ had spoken—were no more to be questioned, in this matter, than were the demonstrations of science, the Golden Rule, or the beams of the noon-day sun!

Were there any who knew of this grand awakening yet to be? Yes, there were. Had any one seen, of a dark night, when the sky was overcast with clouds, a star-beam struggle through the chaos in the rifted vapor and glitter down on the bosom of a quiet lake? So in ages past, and now, were there those hearts, attuned to things divine, who mirrored forth this living ray from a world beyond, and felt by its grand assurance that the millennium was as certain to them as the morrow's dawn was to the audience assembled.

Were we nearer it? was the eager cry that rose on every hand. The time was coming; its advent was heralded by the stars and planets in the vaulted dome above; by the green carpeted earth with its rivers and streams; and we also knew it by the voice which spoke to every soul. It had been said by an eccentric divine that we could count on God; we knew he intended to bring the Millennium; there was no need for us to tell him our weaknesses and shortcomings, for he knew them all. We could count on God, but what were we doing to bring on the Millennium?

All natural and spiritual powers were slowly converging to one central solar point, and we could not doubt the ultimate joining of them all. Were the angels assisting the minds of this world who understood this question, in working it out to a successful solution? Unquestionably they were. Could mortals throw off the bonds of materiality, and tear off the covering of sin and error, and enter at once into that real world—the spiritual—they would perceive that from the earliest ages there had been a steady tendency to the bringing about of this wished-for consummation. And when the Christian world bade us pray "Thy kingdom come; thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven," there was in it a prophecy whose fulfillment should awaken its sleeping dead to revel in the light foreseen.

Each advance of the race from darkness to light was one more step upward on those mighty stairs carved in the mountain of truth for the highway of the nations, whose architect was the Master Mind, whose dial marks of progress the gods and heroes of history, whose guides were angels from the upper sky. Was it too much to say that every revelation made to the nations of earth, was given as an especial instrument of bringing on this grand result? Too much that the moral world had advanced step by step on this stair of truth, as the material earth had advanced step by step from chaos to its present state of refined matter? Or as each atom had been by aggregation and segregation brought up from primitive coarseness to the transparency and beauty of the sea shell, or the many-hued garments of the songsters of the wood? Thus had the mind been let loose from the chains and darkness of its night of error, and it was now marching up the steep of truth. It was true that its advance was slow, but so was the process of forming the world from confused masses of rough matter, and bringing it by the trituration, aggregation and segregation of its varied particles, to be the garden it is now; so was animal progress slow from the period of the mastodon and other monsters of the earlier geologic periods, to that divine existence—man!

If the material world was so long in being brought to perfection, what of the mind which was the prototype of the unseen world? The coral insect, deep beneath the ocean, gave his body to form the base of vast continents; by slow deposits these works were made, yet not one was in vain, and the myriad forms beneath the sea, that never saw the light, kept surely on till their fabric, reaching the surface, became ready for Nature to finish as the abode of man. Wondrous changes had occurred in the world wrought by the giant hands of the volcano and earthquake; was that Power which made use of all these forces to bring forth its purpose, misled as to its human offspring? Had it made a mistake in man? No! the rolling worlds denied it—the grain of sand on the seashore pronounced it untrue, and the slinging

birds held it as a mockery! We could rely on God and his purposes. If there were mistakes in the universe, we at least had not been able to perceive them; if there were accidents, it was because we were unable to understand the laws governing them.

The effect of moral movements could be predicted as unerringly as those of astronomy or meteorology, and more so, for action in the moral field was more certain than in that of the physical. Give the prayers, the aspirations, the knowledge of a nation, and its future could be foretold. To reason otherwise than this would be to array our puny mind and will against those of the Infinite.

The race of mortality wandering amid the darkness of this world as a traveler caught in a marsh at night and seeking for dry land, brought forcibly to mind the story of a vision related of herself by a lady well known in literary circles, in which she described the appearance of her surroundings as fearful, her way lost, and doubt settling over her; but as she sat down to consider the future, suddenly as by a revelation the grandeur of the scene seemed to arise before her—the tall trees waving in solemn reverence before the source of all life, the stars wheeling in the dome above, even the rudeness of the rugged earth on every hand bade her know that in seeking her way out of that wilderness had she found God in the universe! Thus was it with all in mortal; shut in by the fogs of daily life this beauty was veiled from their vision; but in the spiritual realm, without the cares and perplexities of earthly existence; where men and women were measured by their true principles; where every soul was unfolded in diviner degrees; there could be seen the outcroppings of this eternal purpose, and they who when on earth had revealed to man but the glimpses of this millennial dawn stood where they could see its full radiance—where they could guide human actions to the acceptance of their lofty purpose—the bringing of it to the world!

Those who had not seen this truth in history, had read in vain; he who had taught from olden revelations and failed to perceive this lesson, had taught in vain; those who with one hand resting on the past, had pointed with the other to the future, were blind guides unless they saw this starry chain unbroken—a connecting link for all the ages.

There (in the spirit-world) then were the seers and great ones of the past—associations of spiritual beings—all freed from material encumbrances and organized for the aid of humanity, gazing into the clear, deep space of God's law, and able to see wherein they were used when on earth as the special instruments for the bringing on of these grand results. There Moses and Elias, David and Isaiah, with poems greater and grander than Hebrew prophet ever sang, spoke to the nations of the earth; there taught Socrates and Confucius; there Plato contemplated the grandeur of that cosmic universe once veiled from his soul by the night of error! There Egypt's priests unveiled their mysteries—there Grecian oracles spoke the great truths of "Peace on earth, and good will to men!" there Jesus on another than the Mount of Olives delivered anew that grand sermon of blessing to all mankind! There dreaming poets chanted their melodies to the worlds of truth on earth. No more up the weary mount of Parnassus must they seek the God of poetry to inspire their souls; nowhere there must Prometheus be bound and suffer anew the agonies of his unending death; for there all spoke face to face with the Eternal and Everlasting Truth, and wisdom and love unfurled their banners over all that shining world!

Did any one suppose they were idle there; that all this improvement could dwell above and none of it ever be reflected below; that all this power for good would be confined afar off, and never be permitted to visit the mortal sphere? No; all were the willing instruments for introducing this truth upon the earth. God's work would go on, and that man was mad who dared to oppose its course; he would be crushed by its triumphal car, or be dragged along by it in its ceaseless march. Could we not see the unfolding of this glorious day-dawn in the revelations of practical science as they enfranchised the race from unnecessary and grievous material burdens—in the dissemination of greater knowledge among men—in the breaking of the fetters of selfishness and slavery all over earth?

Truly those who had dreamed dreams were seeing their fulfillment. Why, without any supernatural power, the track could be demonstrated and pointed out wherein the natural world would march to the millennium. We (the influences controlling) will tell you what we see. All forms of disease that now make the human body a charnel-house shall gradually disappear. Increased knowledge shall be the power for their eradication. Not the mysteries of Esculapian or the secrets of Materia Medica will accomplish this work, but real, wide-spread, abiding knowledge. All the miasmas that arise from the earth and depopulate cities and towns shall pass away; as light drives the darkness before it, so shall truth "make the people free." No more shall children be born in sin, but mantled by the sweet influences of harmonious ante and after-natal conditions, so that the pure spirit shall have a fit habitation on earth. We see error, the bane of mankind, and all slavery of the mind, from doubt or fear, (whose chains have been clanking for ages,) depart. We see human habitations so beautiful that angels are willing to leave their bright abodes to dwell with men. We see labor which has pressed so long and so grievously upon the children of want, that through their poverty kings might become rich, transformed to the handmaid of happiness; all shall toil for the benefit of all. No more the miserable hovel and gilded palace shall stand side by side, for when the laws of labor are understood, want and poverty will be the exception instead of the rule. There shall be no more penitentiaries, orphan asylums, or churches; no more

monuments of civilization; but, instead of barred windows, long rows of pale-faced criminals, crowds of orphaned forms and orphaned souls there will be temples open to all, where fountains and birds and pleasant pictures shall shed influences upon them, and where there shall be no man to tell them of their total depravity or of God's wrath and vengeance. The churches shall be made into asylums for the morally lame and blind; and raised letters of love and kindness shall be given for the instruction of the soul whose vision perceives not the truth of the universe! In these sanctuaries made joyous by freedom and light, the true worship of God shall be the doing of good to his children. Teachers shall stand therein, not with stern looks (as now), to chain the children of earth in bondage, but to raise them to the glorious conception of truth.

We see governments, but not as now. Crowns shall crumble from the brows of kings, scepters drop from hands that can no longer sway them, the gilded paraphernalia of courts be swept away, and happy multitudes, combined for mutual benefit, in love and justice, know no higher law than that which is enjoined by the presence of one another; for the voice of mankind shall finally rule. No more republics professedly free but inwardly filled with slavery and lust of power; no more civil wars drenching the earth with fraternal blood; no more charnel houses and prisons wherein the brave soldiers of right are held in bondage; no more death with its stern voice coming to make void our pleasant places. "For all things are become new."

Slowly and gradually must these things be, but they are coming. Through the rifts in the clouds of war angel-eyes could yet see the dawning light of a new millennium. Some hearts there were on earth to-day like green oases in the desert, and the examples of these showed how the blessed day would come. In the awakening of all pure desires; the wish to benefit mankind; in labor that should be shed abroad, were to be seen the prophesy of better hours. All should do their share toward bringing this millennium, for it would come just in proportion as we tried to aid by the light of good efforts its dawning on the world of man.

The voices of those who labored in days gone by, and passed to their reward, and the tones of the brave disciples of truth on earth to-day—all bid you know it is coming! Parker and Channing, Emerson, Phillips and Garrison, and all far-seeing souls alike, bid you know it is coming. Back to the shore of oblivion, from whence it came, error is driven; while love and truth give glimpses of their glory, and the voices of spirit-friends heard from every star and sun bid you know it is coming—the bright, millennial morn!

The lecture ended with a fine inspirational poem of consolation to those who were weary in the contest of life, giving them the assurance that they labored not alone or in vain, but that ultimate triumph was sure.

Correspondence in Brief.

W. H. C. writes from North Scituate, Mass.: Mrs. Agnes M. Davis has within a few weeks delivered four lectures here, for the Spiritualists of this town and Cohasset. The interest and the audience increased with each lecture, and at the last one the hall was so crowded that some were obliged to stand. Her lectures are clear, concise and logical, and are just what are needed by young societies and inquirers. She is also a good clairvoyant, and a fine circle medium for answering questions. In behalf of myself and many others, I most cordially recommend her to all societies that are anxious to learn more of the truths and beauties of our glorious religion, feeling sure that when they have had her once, they will want her again.

GEORGE W. BURNHAM, WILLIAMANTIC, CONN.—Miss A. E. Hinman, of North Canaan, Mass., spoke in Bassett's Hall three Sundays during March, to large and increasing audiences. The universal opinion of the Spiritualists here is that she is one of the best lecturers in the "faith," and being much more than an average in debate and oratory. She is wholly unconscious (so to speak) while lecturing, a phase of mediumship very satisfactory to many as a test of spirit-control. Having never been advertised, she of course has not much notoriety. If a good satisfactory speaker is wanted, send for her; she will do you good, whether in town or city. Our cause is prospering here. We shall have lectures one-half of the time at the coming year. Our Lyceum meets every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, with a good degree of interest. We shall probably build, the coming summer, a church or a hall for our accommodation, which will give zest to the cause for which we labor.

S. GOODRICH, BINGHAM, ME.—Mrs. Clair R. Devere lectured on the little village of Saco, Me. (March 28th), greatly to the edification of her audience. She is engaged in this and neighboring country villages the five coming weeks, and it is expected that she will be with us a much longer time. We feel highly honored in securing the services of this eloquent speaker. Old theology, bigotry, superstition and heathen mythology, must melt before her strong, clear, but soft female voice, accompanied with easy, graceful, enchanting and dignified manner, exhibiting every talent, deep thought, thorough education, and every quality that go to make up a whole-souled and an accomplished speaker. At a public circle in the evening after her lecture she surprised and astonished all present with her powers as a test medium. The spirits of departed relatives and friends were so accurately described that none could doubt their presence; even in two or three cases the invisibles gave their earth names. It is time, yes, high time that Maine should arouse from sleep the electric sleep of a slumbering giant, and stand with her sister States by organizing Societies, Lyceums, State and County Conventions, and annually report progress to the National Convention.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS.—Great excitement has prevailed in the town of Hardwick, Vt., for some time past, through what are called "spiritual manifestations" of the Maine children—two young men and a young woman—who perform wonderful feats in untiring robes, beating drums, ringing bells, and the like, in a darkened room, occupied only by one of the above named trio, securely tied. The people took sides, and the discussion ran high.

This war of words culminated by a wager of \$50 being laid by a sailor that he could so securely tie this trio with cords of his own furnishing, that they could not become released without visible aid. The time fixed for this great feat was Wednesday evening, the 18th ult., and the manner of securing them was by placing them in a box, or what is termed a cabinet, a la Davenport Boys. The sailor armed himself with a quantity of hemp rope and iron staples, and proceeded to fasten them in an artistic manner known only to sailors. Four staples were driven into the floor of the cabinet, and one of the "mediums" placed on an arm chair, his limbs tied to the arms and legs of the chair and the rope passed through the staples several times and securely tied. The others were fastened in a similar manner, with the exception of the staple arrangement. The time occupied in securing them by the experienced sailor was fifty-six minutes, and they were tied in a manner that would apparently defy the power of angels or devils. The parties were released by some invisible power and walked free and unshackled, in the presence of a large and excited audience in eleven minutes. The discomfited sailor with much chagrin acknowledged the success of the spiritual champions.—*Herold.*

A little boy at Sunday-school being asked, "What was the chief end of man?" replied, "The end what's got the head on."

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 20,
Station D, New York City.

"We think that we do really see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
(Lyon Hays.)

THE LITTLE BASKET-MAKER.

Being on a visit, some time since, far back among the hills of Maine, where Spiritualism is but little understood—and consequently more ridiculed than believed—I became acquainted with the incidents of my sketch.

Some few years previous, a very poor family had moved into the place, and commenced making baskets, as best they could. The parents were addicted to drink, and the children were many, consequently they remained poor. But as time passed on the two older boys were employed by people who pitied their miserable condition. Suddenly the elder brother fell sick, and died, as the good folks supposed. The younger brother was for a time almost inconsolable, but after a while he became cheerful, and as he often went out selling baskets, he gained the title of "the little basket-maker."

A little more than a year ago a "well-to-do" farmer, noticing the sprightliness of the lad, took him into his family. This was a pleasing change for little Stephen, and he soon became very much attached to Mrs. K., the wife of the farmer who had kindly offered him a home. Little Stephen frequently asked her questions, which were surprising, considering the illiterate source from which they sprang.

It was on one of these occasions that he earnestly entreated her, if he was taken sick, to take care of him. She asked him what made him think he was going to be sick, but he seemed unwilling to give his reasons. Soon the good people in the neighborhood were startled by the sudden breaking out of the diphtheria, which swept off many children, and among the rest was the little basket-maker. As soon as he was attacked by the disease, he stated that he should not live.

Conditions were such that he was obliged to be sent back to his parents' home, but Mrs. K. almost constantly attended him during his illness. He conversed freely with her, and with all others who visited him. But all who listened to his conversation were astonished at the wonderful and prophetic statements he made. For an unlettered boy, his conversations with the minister were truly surprising.

He assured all that he should be happy in the other world, for his brother Joseph had come to him and told him that, and many other things. All who looked upon this poor dying boy, were strongly impressed with the truthfulness of his story.

This was a spiritual manifestation the people of that place were not used to, and the ministers and deacons accounted for it in the easiest way they possibly could, by simply saying that "God often shows such things to the dying."

Andover, Mass. A. E. FRYE.

GOOD ANGELS.

(The following touching story will interest all our readers, old and young.)

"Come, Andy and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman, her two little daughters about nine o'clock one evening. Andy was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work table with their mother, one of them studying her lesson, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle-work.

"Papa has not come home yet," answered Andy. "No, dear, but it's getting late, and it's time you were in bed. He may not be in for an hour."

Andy laid aside her work, and left the table, and Jane closed her books, and put them away in her school satchel.

"You can light the lamp on the mantel-piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments; and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, therefore did not ask any questions, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said, "It is very cold to-night, children."

"But we don't feel it," mother," replied Andy. "We'll run along very quickly."

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured, "God bless and reward the children." It was a dark winter night as the little adventurers stepped into the street; the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back into the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hand, and bending their little forms to meet the pressure, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid; love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear. They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a considerable distance, they stopped before a house over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas-lamp, bearing the words: "Cysters and Regiments."

It was a strange place, and the little girls like them to enter at an hour; but after standing for a moment, they pushed the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

"Ah!" exclaimed a man who was reading at the table, "here are those babes again."

Andy and Jane stood still near the door, and looked all over the room, but not seeing the object of their search, they went to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor in glasses, "Has papa been here to-night?"

"He was here, but he has not been here to-night," said the man, and said in an angry way, "I don't know anything about your father. And see—don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Andy and Jane felt frightened as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were walking toward the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance called loud enough for them to hear him, "Come here, my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so. "Are you looking for your father?" he asked. "Yes, sir," replied Andy.

"What did the man at the bar say to you?" "He said that papa was not here, and if we came here any more he would set his big dog on us."

"He did?" "Yes, sir."

The man knelt his brow for an instant, then he said, "Who sent you here?" "Nobody," answered Andy.

"Do not your mother know you have come?" "Yes, sir. She told us to go to bed; but we could not go until papa was at home. And so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"Yes," and the children's faces brightened.

"Yes," he said at the other side of the room. "I'll wake him for you."

Half intoxicated and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused. As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Andy and Jane each grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and, yielding passively to their directions, suffered them to lead him away.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest, "the temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the

little ones," he added with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before?" said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

"No, and I never will to do so again—in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed round the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Andy and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and argued that it was a most touching scene.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel sometimes as if I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another. "But I am afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the path he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it, gentlemen," spoke up the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject. I would not give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of the men had expressed an interest in the children, felt very angry at these remarks, and he retorted with some bitterness—"And I would think less of the man who would make their father drunk."

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company. "And here's my hand to that," said another. The landlord, finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down said, "I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult I will resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I came with a desire to do you a great service, and as you are a lawyer, I will say—very well—say on."

"I was at Lawson's Refectory last night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something that touched my heart. I slept last night it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. Oh, sir! the thought of their coming out in the cold winter night in search of me in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen at the hand of the monster intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You may yet rise, and be a blessing to the world. The name of the sweet babes who have shown in such a remarkable manner their great love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to your deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessing their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this good act. Come!"

Half bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Andy and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm around each of them, he said in a low whisper, "You will never have to come for me again."

The children then lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he added, "I will always stay at home with you."

Andy and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcame with joy bid their faces in his bosom and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear; and while her heart stood trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket, and threw it upon the table by which he was sitting. She opened it hastily.

It was a pledge with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy she sprung to his side, and his arms encircled his wife as well as children in a fond embrace than they had known for years. The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed his good angels!

(Original.)

THE WHITE CLOVER.

BY JULIA A. FIELD.

"You promised, dear mother, a story you'd tell me. Ever thinkings were heard from the little old bell; Now here we are seated, as quiet as mice, To hear 'bout the fables, or anything nice."

"Yes, darling, I'll tell you; but what tiny bloom Are you rapidly twirling to fasten its doom?"

"Tis not a bright blossom," say Beesie replied, "But a weed that I plucked by the dusty wayside."

"Tis an old-maidish clover, as ugly as sin, A low, vulgar upstart, not worth a brass pin; Why, look, the dress of the dowdy old fright, The little old dress, the little old fright."

"Oh hush, naughty Beesie! you know not the worth Of the meek little plant that's provoking your mirth. Walk, walk, but awhile, and I know you will say 'Tis the sweetest wee bloom you have met with to-day."

"Tis one of a race who are hardy and bold, Who have won and can keep the fair acres they hold; Who have claims on the meadows, the pastures, the hills, And on 'em on the mountain where the fierce eagle builds."

The name of Trifolium stands high in our land, All rise up and bless the plain plebeian band, Who give their green leaves to the flocks and the herds, To honey-bee nectar, and seeds to the birds."

Here, look at these tender trifoliate leaves, Where beauty and use the Divine interweaves; Though complex the structure, each part is complete, And the functions of life no impediment meet. Now scent the rich odor that sweetens the field; Taste the honey-like fluid their nectaries yield, And tell me if this is a 'dowdy old fright,' Or is it a flower most lovely to sight?"

In Erin's green vale when its people were free— Though rude as their rocks and as wild as the sea— St. Patrick, the noble, his faith would impart To the skin maniled savage, the simple of heart. The Trinity puzzle bewildered a Chief, Who doubted its truth and withheld his belief, Till he had stooped and gathered—'as symbol, as type— A sun-loving clover, reflected and ripe."

'Behold three in one,' he triumphantly said, The clover, three-leaved, waving high o'er his head; The image too quickly with Christian and men, And 't'was the baptism took place there and then. The national emblem in time it became: The heart of the exile beats quick at its name; For strange as the marvels that note Holy Grail, Are the legends transmitted by Celt and by Gael."

This plant, that has met but derision and scorn, Of its delicate beauty so cruelly shorn, Descends from that shamrock, that spotless trefoil, That budded and bloomed on Ribblesdale's soil. Oh list to its teachings, dear children, I pray, Let the spell of its sweetness be with you away; Be gentle and courteous, be loving and true, Your words be of peace, and all softly as dew."

Look not on the poor with lip-curling disdain, At robes that are scanty, ill-fitting and plain, Nor mock at a manner that's wanting in grace, At language unpolished, nor beauty-marred face. Fair Truth in her vesture their minds may unfold, And Wisdom give jewels their minds may hold, While the fragrance of Love from their souls may arise, Like the White Clover's breath, ere it withers and dies."

Ocean Springs, Me.

The superior man has a dignified ease without pride. The mean man has pride without dignity.—Confucius.

Everybody knows good counsel except him that hath need of it.—German Proverb.

THINGS AS I SEE THEM.

BY LOIS WAISBROOK.

MODERN SKEPTICISM.

The following from the Methodist Repository for April, 1868, is quite significant:

"And while, doubtless, the vast majority of the skepticism of the nineteenth century, like that of any other century, has its origin in unregenerate hearts, yet this species of skepticism is, by no means the most formidable or interesting. By far the most serious aspect is that of the awakened and inquiring intellect. It is that class—by no means a small one, and in its relation to modern society a powerful one—whom Mr. Galtzoff and earnest and enlightened defender of Christianity, as seekers after truth, who are determined to pursue the search, reckless of all consequences, and, if need be, at the price of martyrdom itself."

"What an admission is here! Why should the 'awakened and inquiring intellect' be the origin of a skepticism 'formidable' to truth? A skepticism of more 'serious aspect' than even that which has its origin in unregenerate hearts? One would naturally suppose that seekers after truth who were so determined in its pursuit as to risk even 'martyrdom itself' would be hailed with joy by those who make such boasts of its possession as do modern Christians, instead of being looked upon as formidable opponents. And still the writer asserts that there is no cause to fear for Christianity. Well, if such doctrines as the resurrection of the physical body, vicarious atonement, etc., doctrines that his further remarks plainly show he recognizes as Christian—if these triumph, it will be at the expense of the 'awakened and inquiring intellect,' even to its stultification."

GOD'S PUNISHMENTS.

How it is possible for one to really love God, and still to believe that he punishes as arbitrarily as our Orthodox friends suppose he does, is more than I can tell. I was conversing with a lady not long since upon the subject of Spiritualism. She was the widow of a Methodist minister, and in her attempts to refute my positions, she gave me her own experience as proof of its evil tendency.

"You may think," said she, "that I do not know anything about it, but I do, and I firmly believe that it has a tendency to lead the soul away from God. I know that I saw my husband after his death; that he used to come to me. I used to sink into a state in which I was fully conscious of his presence, and as I came out of it I would hear him say, 'Wake up, C—,' as plainly as ever I did when he was here."

"And do you think that your husband, who was, as you believe, a devoted Christian, would come to you to lead you away from God?"

"No, not that; but I came to think of him so entirely that when I went to my closet to pray I could not fix my mind on Jesus, but only on him; so you see I made an idol of him; I worshiped him, and God punished me for it."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, I lost my hold on Jesus, and with it my hope of heaven, became insane, and was in the asylum two years."

I smiled. She looked up inquiringly. "I was thinking," said I, "of the absurdity of the idea that God should punish you for loving your husband better than you did a man you had never seen."

"Oh, but he was more than a man; he was the Son of God, God manifest in the flesh."

"No more than your husband was a son of God; he was God manifest in the flesh to you."

"Horrible! horrible!" she exclaimed. "You do not know how horrible that sounds to me! It is blasphemous!"

"Not more horrible than your idea of God does to me," I replied. "What kind of a being must that be who could be so jealous of the love of his creatures as to inflict on one with insanity for two years? Why, you would despise a man or woman who would do a deed like that, despite their even to hatred; you would think they acted devilishly; and yet in accordance with your idea of God, it would be Godlike instead."

"Oh, I suppose I was diseased," she replied.

"Yes, and more in mind than in body; diseased with false theological teachings, of which your angel husband was trying to heal you; but you clung to them so tenaciously that your mind lost its balance, and spirits in prison—the prison of these same false ideas—took possession of you, howling out their own anguish and yours, also; and, being surrounded by those who did not understand the matter, they sent you to the asylum, where, chained down as you say you were, the difficulty was only increased. Had you been with those who knew the law involved this need never to have been."

"Well," said she after a moment's pause, "if ever any one was possessed with the devil, I was; for I knew what was going on in the building from the garret to the cellar. They called me a witch, for I had only to commence raving, and every lunatic there, whether in hearing or not, would jolt in the concert; and the nurses and physicians would all start for my room, knowing that if they could quiet me the rest would stop. And, further, I knew that I used to leave the body and visit distant places. I KNOW IT! I don't care who says to the contrary."

I wish I had time to give this case more fully, but I succeeded in convincing her, with the aid of her husband's spirit, who seemed to inspire me whenever I talked with her—with his aid I was enabled to make her feel that God had not been angry with her and taken away her reason because she loved her husband so well. And a happier creature I never saw than she was when she dared to believe even this. I advised her to write out her experience and give it to the public, and I think she will some day. Under the right conditions she would become a fine medium and a very useful woman.

A WIDOWER.

By the way of contrast to the above, I give the following: A lady went, not long since, to hire a hall in which to lecture—on what subject I did not learn—when the owner very politely asked her if she had a husband. "Are you a widow? If not, you have no right to ask," was the prompt reply.

WHERE'S HER HUSBAND?

This reminds me of an item in my own experience. A friend once made application for the M. E. church for me to speak in, when the first question asked was, "Where's her husband?" A few days after a gentle scamp—for such he afterward proved himself—calling himself Dr. So-and-so, came and asked for the same church to give some lectures in, and they never asked, "Where is his wife?" but opened the doors and bade him walk in, while I, a woman, was refused for being so unpardonably unfortunate as to have no husband to look after.

WHY WOMEN DON'T GET HUSBANDS.

A writer in Putnam's Monthly for March has an article on the difficulties in the way of matrimony, in which the weakness of the writer's argument is only matched by his cool impudence. In fact, he practically says, "Do, dear ladies, try to make your expenses such that it will be cheaper to keep a wife than a mistress, for, if you will, we will marry you." But hear him:

"Now if matrimony is to become more and

more difficult, who will suffer most by such a state of things? It must be women. If a man does not marry her, he will use her and trample upon her; he does it now in Paris, in London, in New York. She will be his mistress if she is not his wife."

But what is it that is making matrimony so difficult? Why, woman's extravagance of course; and to prove it he quotes the remarks of a bank clerk of two thousand a year, who says he cannot support a rich man's daughter who has no fortune in her own right, and then goes on to mourn because the habits of rich men's daughters are such that it unfit them to become good wives for men with no fortunes. Well, are there not poor girls enough—girls who know how to work, and are willing to do it, girls who are neither coarse nor vulgar, but every way fitted to make a sensible man happy?

Ah, but these, of course, are not to be thought of by our aspiring clerks! "They must remain in single blessedness, or become rich men's mistresses, while rich men's daughters must curtail their expenses so that their husbands can have the same luxury, or share a like fate. Bah! If this is the result of man's protection, better give her the ballot, and let her protect herself."

But to make his position still stronger, he ascertains what "A few of the very richest people in New York think it best for their daughters to have when they marry." He learns this by going to one who has charge of such outfits, and then gives the cost, item by item, thus telling the gaping world just how many chemises, night-gowns, drawers, under-skirts and pairs of stockings a New York lady gets for her wedding outfit. All right this for a man to vote these details to the public; but for a woman to vote would evidence a want of womanly modesty.

"O wad some power the gillie gie us,"

Yes, he gives the items, sums them up as to cost, and a large amount to be sure, but forgets that things are large or small only by comparison; for the man who has six hundred a year income and gives fifty for his daughter's wedding outfit, gives almost double to the man who has six per cent. income on three millions, even if he should give "nine thousand seven hundred" for the same purpose; and who does not know that a few of the very richest in that metropolis of America are worth more than that?

But what of rich men's sons? They are not even mentioned. Who will give us the items of their expenses? Cigars, high wines, fast horses, and the cost of keeping mistresses—for this writer says they will have them. Woman, as such, would shrink from the disgusting task; but woman acting for the good of humanity might be heroic enough for even this. I do not wish to be understood as apologizing for woman's extravagance, but I do say that man is as much to blame for her faults in this direction as she is, and has his own beside. And I would record my protest against woman having to bear the larger share of the blame, while man controls the machinery of society. Give her an equal chance to use the powers she has, take away your restrictions, strike out the word male as well as white from the constitution, then if, after a fair trial, society grows worse, and not till then, have you a right to lay the largest share of the blame upon her shoulders.

The Work and the Workers.

DEAR BANNER—After many months of a weary and unfruitful search, I have succeeded in securing a few dollars which needed rest in my Connecticut home, and am enabled to look back over the ground of my autumn and winter work. I can assure you, to wit, with great satisfaction, for it has been the assurance that our beautiful and glorious life is fast taking hold of the hearts of the people, and, what is better, becoming a solid reward to them, taking the place of the dim, hazy, unsatisfactory faiths of the past. I have found that the same number of manifestly true people, who believe in the Bible and the those who are in the fear of eternal perdition, contented themselves in their new-found ease with folded hands, and with no idea of work to be done. And, too, the usual number of self-satisfied, self-deceived, by the little mite of knowledge they have found, that for them there is nothing to be done, also, of increasing thousands rejoicing in the assurance that the divine presence is the divine presence, hiding here and there behind the works of church organizations, and, for a wretched mass of postage, barring their divine presence from the people.

but; but I have found *everywhere* true, rich, hearty souls, ready and fearless workers, and I have been able to minister to the public, in public and privately, and my soul has been strengthened by communion with them.

After the meeting at Newburgh, N. Y., I preached at New York where my Sunday School class numbered nearly a hundred. I have been in New York since I wrote you last, and in Putnam, N. Y., in Newburgh, Conn., Webster, Mass., Morristown, N. J., Williamsburg, Greenpoint, and, last but not least, Northport, Long Island, I have found that of these noble workers, and on every side I have found the same encouragement.

I confess that I went to my engagements with a heavy heart, in November, with considerable reluctance, and heard and read that the New Yorkers were not so acceptable, and I had fearful visions of the reception, with dreful dreams of my "around" days. My first Sunday in a New York City church, I was surprised to find a warm reception by my audience on Sunday afternoon, after home with good Dr. Parkner and his wife, with the host of excellent and well-learned friends I found in the Masonic Hall, and my November stay seem far too short, and I never left a place more reluctantly than I have New York, and again, and again, I have found my audience so pleased to have me, and so ready, my cordial reception.

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impelled to halt and rest by the way. I had thought I might go West the coming year, but I have been constituted to arrange from the members until the following year. I have been in the North and Middle States, as the friends shall desire my services. I will remark here, by the way, that the earliest application will be required, as it will assist me much in arranging my visits, and I shall announce at once when they are filled. I will also say, as I have said already, that the friends in the West, who are engaged in the work of the Sunday engagements, cannot depend upon to answer, as far as possible, the week-evenings, for one or a course of lectures and arrangements are made somewhat in advance, and they will remember this, after my Sunday appointments are published they will be in a position to secure my services, and save themselves the trouble of doubting. I will say no more, but I want to work, I mean it. Friends, let us see what we can do this year. I write for an agitation that shall purify the ignorant and corrupt pools of theology.

Yours for progress,
N. FRANK WIL
Seymour, Conn., April 16th, 1898.

LIST OF LECTURES.
PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK.

To be useful, this list should be reliable. It throws
overboard Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify our
listeners, or changes of appointments, whenever they
would any name appear in the list, it is a well known
fact, that the lecturers, desiring to be informed, as this con-
tains for Lecturers only.

J. MADISON ALLYN, Principal of the Industrial In-
stitute, (formerly) Boston, Mass., Lecturer on
the life and place within any reach.
C. FANNIE ALLYN will speak in Monroe Hall, New
Haven, Conn., in Milford, N. H., during June; in
Hartford, Conn., during July. Address as above, or
Spring Place, Boston, Mass.

REV. A. O. HANBERRY, Seymour, Ill.
The life and place within any reach.
J. May; in New York during June; in Cambridge,
Mass., during July. Would like to make further engage-
ments, if the Address, of Boston, Mass., is known.
A. J. BAKER will lecture in East Boston, Mass.
Address, St. Johnsbury Centre, Vt.

MRS. H. M. BROWN, P. O. drawer 2686, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. ARTHUR N. HERRICK, Inspirational speaker, West
Mass. N. E. JAY BILLES, Elm Grove, Ill.
MRS. ELLIE F. T. BRIGHAM, Elm Grove, Colorado,
MRS. NELSON H. BRIGHAM, Inspirational speaker, Mo.
MRS. M. A. BROWN, West Randolph, Vt.

DR. JAMES K. BAILEY, Adrian, Mich.
ADRIAN K. BAILEY, Inspirational speaker, Manakota,
N. Y.
A. P. BOWMAN, Inspirational speaker, Richmond, Ill.
REV. DR. HANNAH, Lansing, Mich.

MRS. C. C. COOK, Chicago, Ill.
MRS. AGNES A. CURRIER will speak in East Bos-
ton March. Address, box 815, Lowell, Mass.

W. C. CROFT, New York, N. Y., is desirous to lec-
ture. Establish Lectures, is engaged for the present by the

to Boston. Address, Ellery street, Washington Village, South Boston, Mass.

DR. J. H. HARTFIELD will lecture in Pittsburg, Mass., May 2 and 10; in Putnam, Conn., May 17, 24, and 31. Will answer calls for the summer and winter. Address, Blue Anchor, N. Y.

MRS. CLARA A. PIERCE, lecturer, Newport, Me.

MRS. ALKEMIA H. FOWLER, Impassional and Inspirational speaker, New York, N. Y.

DR. A. H. FRANCHI, lecturer, Clyde, O.

ISAAC P. GREENKAMP, of Washington avenue, Chelsea, Mass.

DR. J. C. QUINCY, lecturer, New York, N. Y.

DR. L. P. UNGER, inspirational speaker, will answer calls for lecture. Address, box 69, Fort Wayne, Ind.

DR. J. C. QUINCY, lecturer, New York, N. Y.

MRS. LALITA DE FOUCAH will lecture in Nevada July 10.

DR. J. H. HARTFIELD will make engagements to lecture in California, Oregon, and Nevada, during the coming winter. Address, Virginia City, Nevada.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD, Lawrence, Mass., will answer calls to lecture in California, Oregon, and Nevada, during the coming winter.

MRS. KATHA GUNSON, inspirational speaker, Berlin, Mich.

MRS. L. J. HARTFIELD, will lecture in New York, N. Y.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD, 13 Hubbard, 3 Cummert street, Boston, Mass.

MRS. H. H. HARTFIELD, Hobart, Lake Co., Ind., will speak in Providence, R. I., during the coming winter.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD, 126 in Vincennes, N. C., July 16.

MRS. A. A. HARTFIELD in the West for the fall and winter months. Address, New York, N. Y.

MRS. A. A. HARTFIELD, 21 Wamont street, Lowell, Mass.

MRS. KATHA HARTFIELD, 20 Wilmet street, Worcester, Mass.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD, 100 North Main street, Worcester, Mass.

MRS. P. C. HARTFIELD, 60 South Green street, Baltimore, Md.

J. H. HARTFIELD, M. D., Waterbury, Vt.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD, 100 North Main street, Worcester, Mass.

MRS. J. H. HARTFIELD will speak in Pittsburg, Mass., May 24 and 31.

Dr. H. K. AINSWORTH, Lecturer in Philosophy, Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.
LUDWIG JOURNAL, Chicago, Ill.
RHS. L. W. ALLEN, trance speaker, 11 Knoxville St., Boston
ALICE M. ANDERSON, inspirational speaker, 60 Montague Street, Jersey City, N. J.
JOHN A. LYONS, lecturer, box 17, Sutton, Mass.
JAMES C. ANDERSON, inspirational speaker, 18 East Jefferson street, Syracuse, N. Y.
H. T. LEONARD, trance speaker, New Ipswich, N. H.
MRS. E. M. ANDERSON, trance speaker, 190 Madison Ave., New York City, will answer calls to lecture upon Spiritualism, Sunday and week-day evenings, in New York State. Address above.
CHARLES H. MARSH, semi-trance speaker. Address, Worcester, Massachusetts.
DR. ROBERT M. CHAMBERLIN, III.,
MRS. & MRS. H. M. MILLIKEN, Elmira, N. Y., care W. B. Hale
EMMA M. MARTIN, inspirational speaker, Birmingham, Ala.
MRS. J. S. MASON, trance speaker, 100 West 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
MRS. H. M. WISKARD, trance speaker, Oswego, N. Y.
DR. LOU MILLER, Appleton, Wis.
DR. G. W. MORRILL, Jr., D. C., P. O. box 107,
DR. G. W. MORRILL, Jr., trance and inspirational speaker will lecture and attend funerals. Address, Boston, Mass.
MRS. ANNA M. MITCHELL, trance speaker, 100 West 10th St., Minneapolis, Minn.
MRS. ANNA M. MITCHELL, will answer calls to lecture. Those who wish to secure her services for the spring and summer months may apply as early as convenient to Mrs. Mitchell at Bridgeport, Conn.
MRS. MARIA HELEN MATTHEWS, East Westminster, N. H.
DR. W. H. DE MARTIN, 13 Windsor street, Hartford, Conn.
MRS. JOHN MOOREHEAD, N. Y.
A. L. E. NABE, lecturer, Rochester, N. Y.
C. NEWCOMB, Otisville, Ill., inspirational speaker.

MRS. C. M. STOWK, Rank, Cove, Cal.
 MRS. M. N. TOWNSEND, Rank, Providence, R. I.
 J. H. W. TROOPY, Providence, R. I.
 MRS. CHARLOTTE F. TAKER, trance speaker, New Bedford.
 JAMES T. TAYLOR, lecturer on Spiritualism, Kenduskeag, Me.
 HERMAN TITZEL, Berlin Heights, O.
 DEBORDIN TUDY, San Francisco, Cal.
 J. H. TUCKER, Spiritualist speaker, 35 Dan-
 street, Cleveland, O.
 MRS. ESTHER K. TALLMADGE, trance speaker, Westville, In.
 MRS. J. H. TAYLOR, Rank, New Bedford, Mass., Ind.
 DR. J. VOLLAND, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Williamette, Conn., during
 the month of January for week-evenings promptly responded to
 address as above.
 E. V. WILSON is engaged by the Missouri State Organization
 for Spiritualism to deliver a series of lectures on the subject of
 the office of Spiritualization will address as care N. Archer, Esq.,
 Hannibal, Mo.; permanent address, Babcock's Grove, I.
 Free Co., Ill.
 W. L. WILKIN, M. D., 132 Lancaster avenue, West Philadel-
 phia, Pa.
 E. WILKIN, Inspirational speaker, Cleveland, O.
 MRS. E. MACDONALD WOOD will speak in Cambridge
 Mass., June 21 and 28. Address, 11 Dewey street, Worcester
 Mass.
 F. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., 28 West Fourth street, New York
 Mrs. S. E. WARDEN, box 329, Danversport, Iowa
 MRS. S. E. WILLIS, 4 Tremont avenue, Room 15, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. J. W. WILSON, Rank, Room 11, Fulton Block,
 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
 HENRY C. WRIGHT, care Beila Marsh, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. J. W. WILSON, Rank, Room 11, Fulton Block, for the en-
 ing spring and summer months. Address, Thirdly, Vt.
 MRS. MARY J. WINTERCOMB will lecture in Chicago, Ill., May
 15, 1890. Address, care John Strohm.
 MRS. HATTIE E. WILSON (colored), trance speaker, 70 T
 mont street, Boston, Mass.
 MRS. J. W. WILSON, Rank, addressed at McMinville, W.
 ren Co., Tenn., care of Spaulding, till further notice.
 ELIJAH WOODWORK, Inspirational speaker, Josie, Mich.
 OLEMAN B. WASHINGTON, Woodstock, Vt., inspirational speaker
 and lecturer on Spiritualism, care John Strohm.
 PROF. E. WHIPPLE, lecturer upon Geology and the Spiritu

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1868.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM NO. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

WILLIAM WHITE,
LUTHER CUBBY,
ISAAC B. RICH,
CHARLES H. CROWELL.

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

LUTHER CUBBY, EDITOR.
LEWIS D. WILKINSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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

The Good of Spiritualism.

It has been a common question to put concerning Spiritualism: "What good does it do, or has it ever done, for the soul of man?" The other and lower inquiry respecting worldly, or physical, benefit is for the time waived. For ourselves, studying the matter continually with the profound interest which may be supposed to inspire us, we are in the way of collecting together a great many pregnant proofs of the noble and abiding work of our glorious religion. But as all cannot at once be presented to the mind of the reader, we have never relaxed in our industry to set forth, from time to time, the various benefits and advantages which have been made visible in society from a faith in the doctrine of intercommunication. One time, they make themselves known in the form of remarkable cases of healing. Again, they restore the mind and spirit of man to its rectitude. At another time they lift a person out of the slough of temptation, and give him a new and strange strength to assert and keep his manhood. Then they bring back men, lost goods and fortunes—which are services usually performed by spirits for mortals only for accomplishing at last the far more exalted spiritual purposes.

But there is one benefit already wrought among men by faith in Spiritualism, which, as an argument against its opponents, if nothing more, deserves very careful attention. It meets the enemies of our faith on their own ground, and challenges them to combat with their own weapons. In looking over again the account of an unbelieving and carping New York daily journal, in whose columns appeared at the time an account of the Festival in this city on the 31st of March last, we discover, with other matters, so pointed an allusion to this one fact on which we desire to dwell, that we should not pardon our own omission to mention it in this connection. The journal alluded to makes this remark: "The progress of this comparatively new faith presents certain phenomena worthy of record, and of these the strangest is that Spiritualism has made distinguished converts among those who, a generation gone by, were the disciples of Tom Paine, or infidels believing in no Deity and no after-life." And so forth.

Now here is a religious fact; a fact that cannot be gainsayed by the remark that it is a "trick," that it is done by "collusion," that it is the work of "superstition," that it is a result of overworking the "nervous system," or any twaddle of that sort. The so-called Christian churches have been at work for years, trying to get back into their fold the "infidels" whom they were guilty of originally driving out. If they could only reclaim an infidel they would rejoice far more than over the ninety and nine sheep which went not astray. They have tugged and toiled at these infidels because they needed one of them occasionally for a trophy, to keep up the proselyting spirit to the operative standard. But so far as purpose. If, therefore, they admit the great desirableness of winning over this class of persons, they must perforce admit the superior character and value of that religion by which the thing is finally done. If they cannot convert infidels to a religious frame of soul, and Spiritualism can do it, then, as they are sincere in their purposes, they must give open and generous acclaim to the faith that possesses the power to do such a work.

But do they offer any such thanks or praise? Do they manifest any such delight over the "salvation" of these infidel sinners, as they would certainly have confessed if they had succeeded in accomplishing the task themselves? If not, then they stand convicted of obeying a very different motive from the purely religious one. If not, then they admit that it is their ecclesiastical organizations, and their blinding and cramping creeds, which they care most for; and it is perfectly right that the work should be taken out of their hands, and entrusted by heaven's own agents and angels to those who have no other desire or aim in what they do than to glorify the rule of Divine Truth wherever the heart of living man beats.

Here, then, is one of the "good" purposes which Spiritualism has thus far subserved, which we beg may not pass out of sight. Here is a fact actually accomplished, which the creeds have for years confessed themselves unequal to. Here is such proof of the powerful agency of Spiritualism as should be equivalent to positive miraculousness in the eyes of those who believe in works of such repulse. Let revilers and ridiculers pass by everything else which Spiritualism has done, and come straight to this single evidence of its effectiveness. This should establish its claims permanently in their minds. It has shown itself capable of doing precisely what the churches have failed to do, although they have confessed it to be well worthy of their highest effort.

Significant.

Spiritualism is gaining in favor rapidly among skeptics. By-and-by those who have opposed us without stint, will boldly declare they have been Spiritualists for years. The sun is surely rising; the clouds are already fast losing their sombre hues. The press has in a great degree ceased its ridicule of our beautiful, scientific religion. True, now and then such one-sided, weak papers as the "Boston Journal" and the "World's Crisis" renege the incoming glory of the New Dispensation. But these examples are rare. On the contrary, the most talented sheets are at least treating us respectfully. Hear what the "Wide World" says, for example, in allusion to our late Festival: "Tuesday, the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the advent of modern Spiritualism. Now don't 'pooh!' Two-thirds of creation do not understand what 'Spiritualism' means. They think it an 'ism' of any diabolical tendency, and blindly disguise their perception of its pure, holy, harmonic nature. They think it the creed of an outcast sect, like Mormonism, Free-Loveism and the like, when in fact it is the essence of life—the inner religion of all humanity, the foundation of all church creeds, but not a creed in itself."

Thanks to John A. Logan and D. F. Butler, M. C., for public documents.

Close of the Music Hall Meetings.

The course of lectures on Spiritualism in Music Hall, in this city, which have been given during the past season, came to a close Sunday, April 26th, with the impressive discourse and fine poem delivered by Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels. (The lecture and poem will appear in our next issue.) A large audience was present at these closing exercises. Before commencing the discourse, the controlling intelligence said it was not improper at this stage of the services to tender congratulations in behalf of the spirit-world, first, to the public of Boston on the increased advantages which had been afforded them for the investigation of truth by the course of lectures then about to close; and, secondly, to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, for the rich feast they had enjoyed so long. It was not so much a subject for congratulation that they met together to receive the truth, as that the truth was given them, and that they received in answer to their tacit petition the inspiration of angels.

Another teacher, she said, was soon to appear on the scene—other lessons were about to be presented for consideration than those which words expressed: Nature, in the opening Summer-time, would ere long be preaching her sermons in flowers, and leaves, and murmuring rivulets. But let all remember that these silent sermons could be truthfully interpreted only by pure hearts, attuned to the harmony of things divine. It was the duty of all to cherish the memory of the truths which had been here taught. Properly applied, they would prove to be the keys to unlock the natural and spiritual problems of life. Then, turning to the Chairman, the speaker thanked him for his courteous and harmonious manner of conducting the meetings.

It is but justice for us to state that to Mr. L. S. Richards, the Chairman of these meetings, is chiefly due the admirable manner in which this successful series of discourses has been conducted to its close. Some of the best lecturing talent in the ranks of Spiritualism was secured for the attendants on this course, and all have unmistakably testified their gratification and thanks. He expressed to the audience at the close of the services on Sunday his gratitude for the courtesy that had been extended to him, and his confident hope that the same signal favor would be extended to his successor. He said that, owing in part to his health and in part to his business engagements, he would be unable to take charge of the meetings another year; a remark which the large audience present heard with regret.

The effect wrought by these meetings on the public mind is plainly visible. Throngs of people, believers in Spiritualism and others, have experienced such positive and permanent good from them as on no consideration would they consent to part with. They have listened to some of the ablest lecturers which the cause could produce, and gone away satisfied with their instruction. With so favorable a result to chronicle, it is but natural to look for a repetition of the course another winter, with a new arrangement of speakers, and without doubt a much increased body of listeners and believers. The total expense of the course of lectures, for the seven months, was \$4074.30. We are pleased to announce that the Committee have decided to resume the meetings the coming season.

More Subscribers Wanted.

In order that the BANNER OF LIGHT may grow and expand with the rapid growth and expansion of SPIRITUALISM, it is absolutely necessary that it have a large addition to its subscription list. It should be constantly borne in mind that we issue many copies free to the poor, and many more at a discount from the regular price. Our friends should also take into consideration that the public circles held at this office are free, in consequence of which we are subjected to a very large outlay. It is true donations are occasionally made by friends, for which we are grateful; but the amounts do not cover one-fourth the expense. We therefore desire our friends in all sections of the country to use every effort possible to extend our circulation. They should bear in mind that they have a double duty to perform. By exerting their influence in extending the circulation of spiritual literature, they not only benefit themselves, in the consciousness of having done their duty through the great enlightenment they have received from the world of spirits, but they also become instrumental in lifting humanity up out of the ignorance into which they have been plunged by the false teachings of old theology.

When the nation emerges from the dark clouds in which it is enveloped to-day, as it surely will, the bright sun of spiritual truth, as taught by every true Spiritualist, will warm the hearts of down-trodden humanity with its genial rays. When that opportune moment arrives, let it not be said that the pioneers in the great work are languishing for lack of adequate support.

The Abyssinian War.

England sent out an army under Gen. Napier into Abyssinia, to release a certain number of English captives which Theodore, the King, detained against their will. It was with great toil, and after much expenditure of treasure, that this army succeeded in penetrating into the interior; but once arrived there they came up before the King's army of natives near the capital, Magdala by name, where the first pitched battle was fought and the King's army routed and driven within the town. The next day, which was Good Friday, Gen. Napier stormed the capital itself, and fell upon the native force with cannon and the sword. Theodore was found shot through the head in the citadel of the town, some say killed by his own hand. The army was all captured, immense spoils of gold and treasure were seized by the British soldiers, and the victory was complete. Every captive held by Theodore was found safe, and instantly released. Gen. Napier was to withdraw his forces and set sail for India.

Cambridge Lyceum.

The Children's Lyceum at Cambridge, started about five weeks since with twenty-five scholars, numbers now over one hundred, and is increasing. They made inroads on the Universalist Sunday School, much to the dismay of the officers thereof. One of the teachers told a little girl, who with her sister was about leaving for the Lyceum, that if she joined that institution she would go to hell. Imagine a Universalist talking of that place! Whereupon the child replied, "Well, my father and mother are Spiritualists, and I wish to go where they do, at any rate; so I shall leave your school for the Lyceum."

American women, of late years, dislike to have children—they consider it a crying evil—and have resorted to abortion as a remedy. One of our most prominent physicians informed us recently that the number of cases in this city, even among "respectable" married women, would not be credited were a full statement given to the public; and gave it as his opinion that the crime is fearfully on the increase, women having taken up the lucrative business of abortifacients.

Justice for the Indians.

The Secretary of the Interior has a second time made representations to Congress on behalf of the Indians, acquainting that body with the fact that what is now wanted, and all that is wanted, to prevent the threatened Indian disturbances on the Plains, is that the Government should respect its promises and pay over the funds it has solemnly pledged for their aid and support. The Secretary reminds Congress that a few thousands now will save many millions, by-and-by. It is a shame to a great and intelligent nation like the United States, that it suffers its word to be made light of in this way. The Indians who are now reported as threatening disturbance, have been solemnly promised so much assistance from the Government, to be given them within a certain time; but the time is passing, or has passed—the Indians are destitute—suffering for want of clothing and food—they have not been helped to settlements as they were led to expect—and distrust, jealousy, and bad blood are the inevitable result. Now how can we look for unbroken friendship from the Indians, if we deliberately falsify our own pledges to them? They are notoriously devoted to their word, and would die sooner than break a pledge once solemnly made. Can we charge them, therefore, with want of faith toward us, while we set the very example of which we complain to them? They should have their honest dues at once.

Since penning the above, induced by the telegrams, etc., from St. Louis, setting forth that the "red-skins" were again on the war-path, and that they "must be annihilated," we are pleased to learn that a more favorable state of things exists on our Western border. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received from Superintendent F. H. Head, in charge of the State Superintendency, a report, dated Salt Lake City, April 14th, detailing the condition of the affairs in that Superintendency for January, February and March last, in which it is stated that during that period no disturbances of any character have occurred among the Indians. The eastern bands of Shoshones have now started from Wind River Valley and are en route for Fort Bridger. Many are about the new mining camps on Sweet Water river, but no trouble has arisen between them and the miners. Mr. Dodge, agent at Mirta Reservation, was in Salt Lake City in March last, to report concerning the condition of affairs at that point. Preparations for farming are going on as rapidly as the season will permit, and the Indians evince considerable interest in the matter. At Corn Creek among the Palenotes, and at Deep Creek among the western Shoshones, and also at Ruby Valley, the Indians are putting in good crops. Considerable amounts of provisions have been issued to different tribes during the past quarter, and general good feeling prevails throughout the Superintendency.

D. A. Eddy.

This gentleman, who resides in Cleveland, Ohio, is one of the most efficient workers in the ranks of Spiritualism at the West. Writing us in regard to the importance of the late Spiritualist celebrations in different parts of the country to commemorate the inauguration of Spiritualism at Hydeville, N. Y., twenty years ago, Mr. Eddy concludes his letter by saying that "the observance of our Anniversary just passed may be regarded as the greatest event in the history of Spiritualism. It has demonstrated to the world that we are in earnest, and that we do not despise the day of small things. It has brought us out; it has inspired us with new courage, with a commendable zeal and enthusiasm. It has made us more united and, consequently, increased our strength. It has inaugurated a day that will be observed in all future time, not only on this continent, but throughout the civilized world."

Particular Notice.

Our patrons, when their papers fail to reach the proper destination, should write direct to William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston, instead of to the editors of our Western and New York Departments, if they would have the mistakes speedily rectified. People who have complaints to make in this respect and others, should not annoy our agents with them, as the latter have and desire no control whatever over such matters. Appeals should always be made at headquarters.

Charlestown Lyceum.

On Wednesday evening, April 15th, Mr. Ripley, Musical Director of the Charlestown Lyceum, was presented with a silver pitcher and a pair of goblets by some of the leading members. This institution is in a very prosperous condition. Last March Mrs. Adams, of this city, a well known medium, gave the Lyceum a splendid satin banner, painted by Somerby. It was presented by her daughter with a beautiful inspirational poem. Mr. Tooley lectured for the society the last two Sundays in April to good audiences.

E. V. Wilson.

This veteran worker, now at the West, deserves great credit for his indefatigable exertions in spreading the truths of Spiritualism broadcast throughout the land, both by voice and pen. The Lyceum Banner says that although time and toll have whitened his hair, they have left no wrinkles on his brow. It is said he has more calls to speak than he can answer. We need many more just such efficient workers.

Mercantile Hall Meetings.

Hon. Warren Chase will speak in Mercantile Hall, in this city, next Sunday afternoon and evening. Mr. Chase has not been heard here for many years. He is one of the strong men in our ranks, a veteran in the lecturing field, and an able and pleasing speaker. The hall will be filled to its utmost capacity.

Dr. J. R. Newton.

Invalids are visiting Newport, R. I., from all parts of the country, and from Europe, to avail themselves of the healing powers of this extraordinary magnetic healer. He has erected a new edifice expressly for office accommodations, located at 252 Thames street.

THE CHICAGO LYCEUM BANNER is growing in favor with the children everywhere. The May number is a capital one. It is printed on clear, new type, looks as fresh as an early May-flower, and its contents are as fragrant to the mind. Mary F. Davis (bless her generous soul) takes great interest in this children's monthly, and has donated to it four copies of "Stellar Key" ditto "Arabula," and six of "Death and the After-Life." In a note accompanying them she says: "Please give one copy of 'Stellar Key' to any person who will send you the names of three yearly subscribers to the Lyceum Banner; one copy of 'Arabula' for four yearly subscribers, and one copy of 'After Life' for two yearly subscribers." And so the work goes bravely on.

Moses Hull and Elder Grant.

The merits of Spiritualism and Adventism will be discussed by Moses Hull and Elder Miles Grant, in Stoneham, Mass., May 18, 19, 20, 21, 22. Both speakers are men of talent and able debaters. This discussion will prove exceedingly interesting and profitable to the listeners. Read what the Dover Gazette of April 24th says of the discussion which recently took place in that city:

"RELIGIOUS DISCUSSION.—During the week the Unitarian church has been the great centre of attraction, where, in presence of large and interested audiences, Rev. Moses Hull, Spiritualist, and Elder Miles Grant, Adventist, have been discussing the following resolution:

Resolved, That the spirit of man exists in a conscious state after the death of the body, and can, under favorable circumstances, return and communicate with the inhabitants of earth."

Hull in the affirmative and Grant in the negative. Rev. Jesse Mearns, Ward 4, acts as umpire, and limits these intellectual giants to twenty minutes. Rev. Mr. Hull is a rapid talker, a quick thinker, keen as a Turkish scimitar, and a perfect walking Scriptural Encyclopedia. Grant is not less posted in matters of sacred writ, but, as Rev. Mr. H. says, sees through a "glass darkly." The discussion, which has been carried on thus far in an excellent spirit of good humor and fair play, will be productive of great good, as it will teach the people to think for themselves, and although both gentlemen thus far have thrust the lance to the hilt into each other several times, neither is inclined to cry, "Hold, enough."

Wednesday night, Grant made the bold assertion that the spirit of no man that ever lived on the earth after his death had ever returned, and that he could prove the assertion. He admitted there were spiritual communications and intelligences, but denied that in their character. Hull cited the cases of Moses and Elias appearing to Christ, and the angel of the Lord, who appeared to John on the Isle of Patmos. Grant charges Hull with a general outspoken disbelief of the Bible, and endeavors to prejudice his hearers by making the assertion. Hull replies that he has the right to reject what is irrational to his mind in the Bible and only believe what is rational. He did not believe that a son two years older than his father once reigned, and it was also hard to think that God shows with borrowed razors. (Laughter.) Hull believes in a perfect God, that everything is perfect in its sphere—no imperfection anywhere. Man is omnipotent, and has never reached his ultimatum, nor found any limit to his power. Upward and upward is his motto."

New Publications.

BEHIND THE SCENES. By Mrs. Keckley. New York: Carleton & Co.

This is a book, ostensibly written by a mulatto seamstress of the wives of Jefferson Davis and Mrs. Abraham Lincoln; and the revelations she claims to make respecting the private life at the White House during the two last years of her new mistress's occupancy, are such as perhaps may interest a certain class of readers and gossip, but should never have been written down. The book is of considerable bulk, being stuffed full of what she says she overheard in the Lincoln family. She scolds Mrs. L. only to praise her the more, and is a genuine admirer of the traits of the late President all the way through. We should be in no haste to commend any such book to the general perusal.

THE APOCRYPHAL NEW TESTAMENT, from the last London edition, is published by Bela Marsh. It contains all the gospels, epistles and other writings extant, which were attributed, in the first four centuries, to Jesus Christ, his Apostles and their companions, and not included in the New Testament by its compilers. These are carefully translated, and now first make their appearance in a single volume, with prefaces and tables, and various notes and references.

"THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN," by Scott, "THE HAUNTED HOUSE," by Dickens, and "THE FREE-BROTHERS"—a Texas story—by Gustave Almond, are received in cheap paper-cover form from Peterson & Brothers' press, through Lee & Shepard.

HIGHLAND RAMBLES, by Wm. B. Wright, is the title of a Poem which we have from the enterprising press of Adams & Co. The reader of this pretty and pleasing volume will find much to warm his feelings and excite his poetic enthusiasm.

"PSYCHE'S ART," is the title of Miss Alcott's last pretty story, told after her peculiar way, and published most attractively by Loring.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

A. E. Carpenter, the agent of the Association of Spiritualists, proposes to lecture along the line of the Cape Cod Rail Road, during the month of June. The friends on this route who desire his services will do him a great favor by informing him as early as possible, so that all necessary arrangements may be well perfected. Address him care of this office.

J. H. V. Tooley has taken up his abode in Providence, R. I.

J. O. Barrett is lecturing in Lowell, Mass.

N. Frank White's address during May, is care of Warren Chase, 544 Broadway, New York.

Robert Dale Owen has recently delivered three able and interesting lectures before the Spiritualists of Chicago. He has just closed an engagement in St. Louis. Will our Western friends have the kindness to keep us posted in regard to his Western lecturing tour?

Fannie Allyn is, it seems, fully appreciated by the Spiritualists of New York city, as she has been engaged to speak there during the month of May, for the second time.

Mrs. A. P. Brown speaks in Swampscott, May 10th; and in Lynn, 17th and 24th.

Mrs. Cora L. V. Daniels speaks in Washington, D. C., during May.

Mrs. S. E. Warner spoke in Rock Island, Ill., during March, and in Angamosa and Monticello, Iowa, during April. She is expected to lecture in New Boston, Ill., this month. She is an excellent lecturer.

"Dawn."

The following excellent notice of this splendid book appears in the Chicago Lyceum Banner: "Dawn" contains many grand thoughts that have been felt and understood, but never spoken, because the world has not seemed quite ready to accept them. The writer of this unique book has gone to the soul of things, and explained the laws of life. By the author's reasoning we see whence the discord, the sickness of soul, and early deaths that curse and sadden the human heart. Do not fail to read "Dawn."

For sale at the Banner of Light Bookstore, 158 Washington street, Boston; and at the Branch Office, 544 Broadway, New York. Price \$2.

Peace Convention.

The Second Anniversary of the Universal Peace Society will be held at Dodworth's Hall, Broadway, New York city, Friday, May 15, 1868, commencing at 10 A. M., and continuing through several sessions.

The reader will find some important questions and answers in the Message Department on our sixth page.

The Magazines.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May opens with an article of great timeliness and value, on "The Turf and the Trotting Horse in America," and contains beside a poem from Whittier, entitled "The Clear Vision," a tale entitled "On a Fair of Spectacles," one entitled "A Gentleman of the Old School," and one by Rev. E. E. Hale, entitled "Did he take the Prince to Ride?" Parton goes on with his analysis of "Our Roman Catholic Brethren," Dr. Brewer writes with learned enthusiasm on "The European House Sparrow," and the outrageous abuses of modern insane asylums are described and discussed in the article entitled "A Modern Letter de Cachet." Politics and Reviews make up the number. It is a most attractive and valuable issue of this leader of the American monthlies.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May completes with this issue its eighteenth year and thirty-sixth volume. For popularity no monthly in the country, or the world, surpasses Harper. The usual number of illustrated papers appears in the present issue, together with a great variety of contributions in prose and verse, all of marked merit and interest. Harper is never guilty of being dull. The most querulous taste is sure to find something on its pages to gratify its demands. It is saying all that need be said for this veteran of the Magazines, that it has achieved so ripe an age and held fast by so wide a popularity. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

THE NURSERY FOR MAY.—The famous little monthly magazine for youngest readers, published in Boston by John L. Shorey, will commence a new semi-annual volume in July; and now is a good time to order the work. It is having an immense success, is beautifully illustrated in the most liberal manner, and contains contributions without regard to expense from the most accomplished writers in the country, who make a specialty of writing for the very young. The terms are \$1.50 a year, or 15 cents a single number. The original drawings by Oscar Pletsch, to be contained in the forthcoming volume, will alone be worth the price of the work.

PUTNAM for May is bright and sparkling, as well as philosophical and solid. The articles are by such writers as Benton, Tuckerman, President Hill, Elliott, J. O. Noyes, Denison, L. E. Chittenden, and E. I. Prime—all are of fine quality and of general interest. The stories are of a superior order and the poetry is excellent. Putnam discusses passing events with much candor and point, and maintains well the old and lasting literary flavor which gave character to its earlier series. The portrait that adorns this number is of Horace Greeley, by Thos. Nast, the well-known artist. For sale by A. Williams & Co.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS for May exhibits two illustrations, full page size, entitled "The Obstinate Boys" and the "Aurora Borealis." The former illustrates Dickens's story, and the latter the "Cast Away in the Cold" of Dr. Hayes. Among the taking titles for the juveniles are these: "One Saturday," "Doty Dimple Making a Call," "The Peterkins at Home," and "How June found Masas Linkum."

THE LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE for May is well up to the magazine standard, and offers the usual repository of pictures, plates, designs, literature and receipts, with attractive editorial remarks and notices. The frontispiece is "On the River," and is both sweet and suggestive. A. Williams & Co. have it for sale.

THE SCALPEL, No. 2, edited by Alpheus Dove, M. D., and published at Brookville, O., is devoted to medical reform, which it goes about in a determined manner that will be pretty certain to take with the people. It contains much live and able matter.

Card from J. O. Barrett.

DEAR BANNER.—Blessings on the Portland Spiritualists. They have a heart for all who love truth—a heart as large as their head. Social, confiding, encouraging, they feed you in soul as well as body, and you go on your way rejoicing.

But it will not do to come here on spiritual crutches, for they will break them to your confusion, leaving you to poison yourself as best you can. If you have any ecclesiastical conformity, in their presence, like starched collars in wet weather it will suddenly collapse. They are "death on manuscript lectures and sermons." Try it, if you dare, as I did, without first counting the cost. Such a storm of barbed sunshine, pity and criticism, mercy and justice! Such a sweat! If you come here with a relapse of denominational fever, it will be exorcised, and you will rise rejuvenated—the demon cast—and you a new born man or woman.

If it is proper to divulge the password into the heart-life of those people, remember, oh trembling speaker, touched with the feeling of my infirmity, it is—"No manuscripts!"

May heaven bless the Spiritualists of Portland. Faithful, patient, charitable, forbearing, persevering, no other destiny awaits them than success, as the just reward of long-suffering and fidelity. They have a beautiful Lyceum—a little heaven for all who thus love to mold the young spirits in the forms of ministering angels in our world, so full of promise for the good time coming.

J. O. BARRETT.

Portland, Me., April 27, 1868.

The Fifth National Convention.

It will be seen that several of the Vice Presidents of the National Convention have not yet signed the call for the Convention. I wrote to all whose addresses I had received, and, having had responses from more than two-thirds—all of which were in favor of the time and place named in the Call—it was deemed proper to issue it.

I was unable to obtain the address of some of the members of the Executive Committee, and take this means to reach the following persons, with a request that they write to me and say whether they do or do not approve of the time and place proposed for the next Convention: C. J. McIntyre, Alabama; Mrs. D. C. Sutphen, Nebraska; Laura Cuppy, San Francisco; Julius H. Abbot, Washington, D. C.; Henry Turner, Kentucky; James E. Merriman, Tennessee; S. J. Miller, Kansas. HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE LATE JOHN N. BRADLEY.—The published statements relating to the recent death of this gentleman in California, turn out to have been entire fabrications. Mr. Bradley neither died from starvation or neglect. He had been in failing health some months, but his death was quite sudden from quick consumption. He died calmly with friends at his bedside, wanting for nothing which kindness could supply. These facts are furnished in a letter from Dr. Richard Young, formerly of this city, now of California, and the many friends of the deceased will be gratified to learn of them.

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE:
With an Introduction by Judge Edmonds, of New York.
Price \$1.25; postage free. For sale at this office. Aug. 18

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Ann. 31—Address, 14 Nassau St., N. Y. C.

For sale by Druggists, Storekeepers and Dealers everywhere, or sent by express on receipt of the money.

Successor to John M. Hall,
Furnishing Undertaker
No. 1313 Vimo Street,
May 2-11-12 PHILADELPHIA, PA.

of Sept. 24th, 1861, reports that the following five Powders were tried in three cases of (49, 50, 51) Fever and Ague, and they proved a complete cure.

East Greensboro, Vt., Jan. 6th.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: For the past five years I have

PETROLEUM STOVES. Oil Stoves, Gas Stoves for Cooking, Heating and Mechanical purposes, \$2 to No DIRT. No DIRT. No NOYOK FIRE. Manufactory No Adams street, near Sudbury street, Boston, Mass.
May 2.—3w

1. DATE 08.06.2017

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