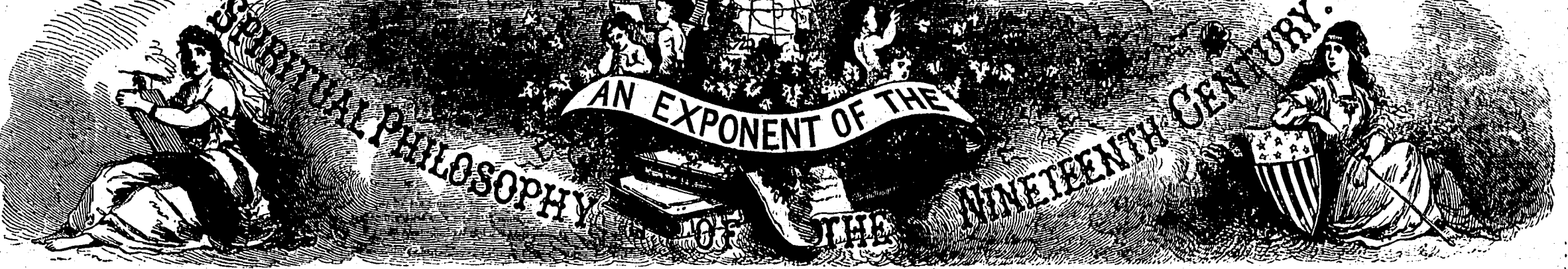


# BANNER OF LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

OF A

#### WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE-SOUVESTRE.

Translated from the French, for the Banner of Light,  
BY SARAH M. GRIMKE.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

Continuation of the Narratives of Lucille and Father Francis.

The morning for my departure arrived, and although I shed some tears at parting with my dear parents and sisters, yet my heart was light and my head full of the glittering pictures painted by a vivid imagination. I already saw myself independent, and rich enough to go into business on my own account, resolving that my establishment should rival the most superb in the city. My short journey was soon accomplished, and I sprang from the cars as lightly as an antelope. My good cousin Marie was there to meet me, and I doubt if there ever was a happier creature than I. A kind greeting awaited me at my uncle's, and as I was weary with excitement and my ride, I slept soundly until the morning bell awakened me. I hardly knew where I was, but I soon collected my thoughts, and dressed myself.

After breakfast my cousin took me to Madame D—, and I must acknowledge I did feel somewhat desolate when she bade me farewell, and I found myself surrounded by strangers. I was placed under the superintendence of a very ugly, middle-aged woman. Her features seemed to have been hardened and sharpened, rather than softened, by time and distress; her eyes looked as though she had wept them hollow and dry, and her shrill voice spoke of bitterness and disappointment. She gave me my work in a most ungracious manner, saying, "Take care and do it right, or you will have to remain after hours." I made no reply, but determined to do my best, and if I failed take the consequences quietly. Fortunately no fault was found, and at the appointed time Marie called and took me home.

After remaining a month with my uncle's family, his eldest son was taken ill, and the room I occupied was needed for his accommodation. Of course I was compelled to seek another boarding-place, and I could not find one within my means except in an obscure street at a considerable distance. This change taxed my fortitude severely, but I tried to bear up and see the silver lining behind my cloud; but when I retired to my little room a sense of loneliness oppressed me, and I could not help shedding some tears, and casting a wishful glance at the comfortable home and cheerful circle I had abandoned. However, I soon dropped asleep, and awoke refreshed and renewed in strength, mentally and bodily. The family I was with proved kind, and I made myself contented, although they were uncultured, and I greatly missed the society of my uncle's family. My cousin had introduced me to the night school, which we attended together, until the illness of her brother, which was protracted and severe, compelled her to relinquish it, her presence at home being indispensable during the hours not occupied by her business. Being thus deprived of her company, I inquired of my hostess whether any of her family attended the school. "No," she replied, "but the daughter of her next door neighbor did, and she would go in with me and introduce me to the young lady, who would no doubt be glad of my company." This relieved my anxiety, and thenceforth we always went to and from the school arm in arm. One evening just as we left the house a young man came up to us in breathless haste; he drew my friend's arm through his, saying, "Jule is taken suddenly worse; when you saw him this afternoon we were confident of his recovery, but now he is delirious; he calls incessantly for you, and the Doctor requests you to come to him immediately, as he apprehends he will not live long." She turned deathly pale, and was about to hurry on, when she suddenly recollected that I had never walked home alone, and turning to me she said, "I must go with you first." On inquiry I found that to do this would take her every step out of her way, and detain her half an hour from the bedside of her lover. So I affected to be very brave, and assured her I could easily find my home. We separated, and I pursued my way; but my mind was busy with the scene I imagined going on in the chamber of death, and when I remembered myself and looked round for the familiar buildings, I could not see any that I recognized. I shuddered, but walked on, hoping to meet some one of whom I might inquire for my street. The one I was in seemed lonely, and I felt so exhausted by fright and fatigue that I sat down on a step to think what I had better do. I had not sat long before I heard footsteps, but in a few moments the person turned in another direction, and the sound died away in the distance. I listened again in breathless anxiety, and again I heard a footfall. I started up, but could discern nothing; however, the walker evidently approached. I stood up, and as he passed, I asked him in a tremulous voice to tell me how to find — street. Whether he was deaf, or whether he mistook me for a night-stroller, I cannot tell, but he cast on me a look of ineffable contempt, and hurried by so rapidly that to overtake him was impossible. I sank down upon the step in utter despair, but was aroused by again hearing the sound of footsteps; they came nearer and nearer, and in a few minutes, by the light of the street lamp standing opposite to me, I discerned Ferdinand, who recognized me at the same moment. Joy at thus unexpectedly being rescued from passing the night in the street was the only emotion I felt. He assisted me to rise, and then draw-

ing my arm through his, clasped my hand and covered it with kisses. I made no resistance. Astonished and paralyzed by fear, I trembled in every limb, and perceiving my agitation he said: "Forgive me, Lucille; I could not control the feelings which have so long been struggling for vent, and which I dared not express."

"Oh take me home," I exclaimed, "take me home!"

He made no reply, but after we had walked some distance, he stopped and rang the bell of a handsome looking mansion.

"Ferdinand," said I, in as firm a voice as I could command, "this is not my home."

"Only come in for a moment," he replied, almost carrying me through an entry into a well lighted saloon. "You are faint; I will order refreshments," said he, and hastily left the room.

A tray was brought in, and with difficulty I swallowed a little tea, which he insisted I must take, hoping if I did that he would take me home.

"Now let us go," said I, in a beseeching tone.

He rose and left me without making any reply, but quickly returning with his watch in his hand said, "See here; it is near midnight; if you go to your lodgings to-night, accompanied by me, it will excite suspicion; you must remain here, and in the morning I will take you home."

"Impossible! I will not stay. Let me go."

The room became dark, and I fainted. How long I remained insensible, I do not know; but when consciousness returned I found myself in bed. I cannot describe that dreadful night: I lay in a kind of stupefaction. Toward morning, exhausted nature sunk into a troubled sleep, from which I was roused by a loud bell. I rose and dressed myself. A second bell sounded, and I heard a gentle tap at the door, and Ferdinand entered. He led me to the parlor we had occupied the preceding evening, where breakfast awaited us. I took the seat he motioned me to mechanically. I seemed to myself a moving automaton, controlled by the will of another: I partook of the food set before me, for in spite of my bewilderment and distress I remembered that I must be at my work at the usual hour, or incur the superintendent's displeasure, if not the risk of being discharged. Breakfast was soon dispatched. Neither of us were inclined to talk. Ferdinand scarcely raised his eyes. His face wore an air of deep dejection, and his whole manner and appearance were altered; his conduct was scrupulously respectful, and he hastened to prepare for our walk.

I arrived at Madame D—'s just as the superintendent was apportioning to each her task, and by the time she reached my seat I was all ready. Oh my Heavenly Father! can that day of agony ever be effaced from my memory? I could not weep; my eye-balls were dried and scorched, and my heart seared as with a hot iron; my whole nature seemed changed into the gall of bitterness. I know not how I performed my allotted task, but no fault was found with me, and when I was about going, the superintendent looked kindly at me and said, "You look ill; if you cannot come to-morrow I will find a substitute, and you had better stay at home." I thanked her and hurried out. This unlooked for sympathy unsealed the fountain of my tears, and in spite of all my efforts I wept profusely.

I was hastening on, trying to quell the tumult of my feelings, when my arm was suddenly seized, and Ferdinand, looking pale as death, slipped a letter into my hand, and instantly disappeared round the corner of a dark alley. His presence, his bewildered air, his almost agonized countenance, seemed like a phantom passing before me, but I held the letter in my hand, and that testified to the reality of what I had felt and seen.

On reaching my room, I threw myself on the bed, and in silent prayer, such prayer as I had never known before, found relief for my burdened spirit. I almost realized the presence of some supernatural agency, and a calm unspeakable overspread me.

"Dearest silence all around its sacred shelter spread."

I felt an assurance that the Father would guide and strengthen me. When the bell rang for supper, I rose, and laid the letter safely away, resolved to leave the seal unbroken unless I felt an intuition to open it. I retired, under the plea of indisposition, as soon as we left the table. In the quiet of my little attic I reviewed the few last eventful and mysterious hours of my life. I had been sorely smitten, but I was not guilty. I felt in my innermost that my purity was not sullied in the sight of God. I had been the victim of circumstances over which I had no control, and whatever might be the result of what had happened, I resolved to meet and endure it with patience and fortitude. With these feelings I laid me down, and so "he gave his beloved sleep."

When I awoke next morning, I had a dim consciousness of something strange and painful, but a sweet serenity reigned in my soul, and I went to my work with almost cheerfulness.

I dreaded meeting Ferdinand again as I was returning home, and was truly thankful that I escaped that trial. The letter remained unread, but not forgotten. On the fourth evening I felt strongly impelled to read it. I broke the seal with a steady hand. It was full of the bitterest self-reproach, of expressions of the deepest contrition, assurances of affection and respect, and an intense desire to do all that lay in his power to atone for the injury he had inflicted, and soften the suffering he had caused. He assured me he would never intrude into my presence without permission, but if I refused his request bear his merited punishment in silent sorrow. He added that he alone was to blame; that he had been tempted beyond what he was able to bear, and had been a curse instead of a blessing to the being he most loved. He rejoiced to think that I had had no complicity in his crime, and entreated me to grant him an interview, that he might implore forgiveness. "Permit me," he said, "to see you but this once, and if that is your decision, I will return to Spain and never see you more."

From that time we met every evening; sometimes we walked, sometimes we sat or stood under the shadow of a great pillar, or entered a church, and in some recess concealed ourselves from observation; sometimes we conversed in a whisper, sometimes over us expressive silence spread its sacred influence. I have often recalled these interviews; they were to us the bread of life, and I believe the blessing of the Searcher of Hearts rested upon us.

Weeks passed thus, adding as they passed fresh strength and tenderness to our union. One evening, in answer to Ferdinand's inquiries, I told him I could no longer doubt that I must become a mother. "My God!" he exclaimed, "what shall we do? Wretch that I was!"

I laid my hand gently on his lips. "Hear me, Ferdinand! Denunciation of ourselves cannot supply the place of duty. I must reveal all that has passed to my cousin; how that her brother is out of danger, she can spare the time to sympathize with and advise me."

"But," interrupted Ferdinand, "she will spurn me as your destroyer."

"You do not know her," I replied, "or you would not speak thus. She is too noble to despise the contrite spirit; her heart will bleed for us, and she alone can wisely suggest the best course to pursue. I cannot divulge our secret to my family. My disappearance will be easier for them to bear, than the knowledge of what has occurred. To-morrow evening, instead of meeting you, I will seek Marie, and, if not too late, when our conference is over we will come to the cathedral."

Accordingly the next day I sought Marie, and unfolded to her my sad story. I implored her to hear me through before she passed sentence. To this she consented, and she fulfilled her promise, but as I proceeded I could well discern in the variations of her countenance the emotions she experienced—the flash of indignation, the flush of anger, the curl of scorn, as I detailed the early part of my narrative; but when I related my interview with Ferdinand her bosom heaved with compassion, tears fell fast, and catching me in her arms and kissing me tenderly, "Noble girl!" she said; "he who turns even one soul to righteousness shall shine as the stars, forever and ever." I sank into her arms, and we sobbed convulsively. When our emotion had subsided it was too late to meet Ferdinand, and my kind cousin insisted on my spending the night with her, as I sometimes had done since the illness of her brother. I had seen her but rarely during this time, because every spare moment was spent in the sufferer's room. She was not prepared to propose any plan, but promised to meet us the next evening at the cathedral. After awhile we fell asleep, and rested sweetly. We rose and dressed in silence, a kiss and a loving embrace before we descended telling more than words. We parted as soon as breakfast was over, each to her place of business. I felt as if a great burden was taken from my heart, as if the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre and my deliverer had risen.

I went a little early to the place of meeting. Ferdinand was already there, and ere Marie arrived I had told him of my interview with her. She soon after appeared, and told us that the result of her reflections was that I had better, ere long, leave my present place of abode; that she knew a good, trustworthy woman, in the suburbs of Paris, who was a widow, and whose family consisted of one daughter and a little grandchild. She had been a servant in her grandmother's family, with whom she lived until her marriage, and had always been highly esteemed for her good qualities and amiable disposition. Marie said she was sure Mrs. P— would receive me kindly, and treat me with respect. She also stated that she had an intimate friend, a physician, whose services she could guarantee, and upon whose secrecy she could depend. The only obstacle to this plan was the want of means. As I should have no regular employment, it was doubtful whether I could earn enough to pay my board. "Will you not," said Ferdinand, "allow me to supply the means? I have it in my power, and I need not say how great a privilege I shall consider it to contribute to the ease of mind and comfort of my almost redeemer. Only say whether I shall place the sum in your hands or in those of your cousin." This much being settled, the next thing was how to leave my place and my present

home without exciting suspicion. I had never formed any intimacy with the family I then lived with, for although as kind as they knew how to be, there was no congeniality in our minds or hearts, and I had rarely seen my young neighbor since the night she was so suddenly called to the death-bed of her lover. Neither of us had ever returned to the school.

I was soon after established in my new home. My guardian angel Marie accompanied me there, and on taking leave of me she kissed away my tears, and said almost gaily, "Be of good cheer; there is happiness yet in store for my Lucille." I gazed incredulously into her eyes, but she added, smiling, "I am a true prophetess; you will see." Her words made no impression. I was wholly absorbed in feelings of gratitude to God. His strange mercies filled my soul, and I sat down in my room with a song of praise and thanksgiving in my mouth.

Months passed away. The hour of trial drew near. My cousin was unremitting in her kindness. "I will never forsake you," she said, "cost me what it may." Oh how often her words of encouragement have buoyed up my soul, and opened the vista through which the angel faces are ever peeping from behind the darkest cloud. At length the day came; my watchful cousin came with her friend Dr. F—, whose tender sympathy and attention are forever engrained on my heart. She was truly a ministering angel. When my babe was placed in my bosom, a thrill of ecstasy shot through my whole being, such as I had never before experienced. It was a joy unutterable; to speak it would have been profanity. I gazed with tearful eyes on this blessing, which seemed to have come down from God out of heaven. I know not how it could be so, but at that moment the circumstances of his being brought into existence were not in all my thoughts; I only recognized the bliss of being a mother.

The following evening Ferdinand came to me. The sight of his son brought a shower of tears from his eyes; he gazed on the infant in mute awe and tenderness and wonder, while his whole soul seemed exultant with love and joy as he softly said, "I thank thee, oh Father! They live. I ask no more." Overpowered by our emotions we said little, but when I remarked that he looked unwell he acknowledged that he had a sharp pain in the side, and when he stooped to kiss me I found that his breath was feverish and his lips parched. "You are ill, my love. Oh for my sake and your babe's take care of yourself. Let me send the doctor immediately to you." To this he assented, and when Dr. F— came shortly after, I entreated her to hasten to him. I passed an anxious night, and the morning brought the sad intelligence that he was worse. My God! those hours of agonizing suspense and prayer. At noon the same news from my darling. In the evening the doctor came. I saw in her face what her errand was, and a low shriek escaped me. She bent down and whispered, "God's will be done! Ferdinand yet lives; he sent me to bring you and his son his love, his blessing; to tell you that the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, reigns in his soul, and that he feels an assurance that you will both be cared for by your Father in heaven; he entreats you not to sorrow overmuch, lest your babe should suffer." After a long pause, in which she tried to soothe and comfort me, she added, "He confided to me this miniature and this purse of gold. I will keep them for you until you are better." She soon after took her leave, promising to pass the night at the bedside of her patient, and send me tidings early on the morrow. After a bitter struggle for resignation I slept through mere exhaustion. A dream, a blessed dream, came to me. I saw Ferdinand; he was enveloped in a silvery mist; he seemed to float through the air, and his face was radiant as an angel's; he approached, and laying his hand upon me, said, "Peace be unto thee." The vision vanished—I awoke, and instantly the consciousness that he was gone came over me; a slight shudder passed through my frame, but I felt a quietness no words can adequately describe. My babe lay sleeping beside me. I impressed one long, long kiss upon his brow. "God's will was done," and he gave me peace. The severe conflict I had endured was too much for my weak frame. A slow and tedious fever succeeded, and but for the skill and maternal care of the doctor, Marie and the truly Christian friends with whom my lot was cast, my infant and myself must have followed my blessed Ferdinand; but it was otherwise ordered, and we survived this terrible calamity. God only knows why we were preserved.

Shortly after my recovery my kind hostess received a letter from her only son, informing her of the death of his wife, and entreating herself and his sister to go and reside with him and take charge of his household and his orphaned children. In a few days they decided to go, and I was thus compelled to seek another home.

In this emergency my cousin and Dr. F— advised me, as the summer was approaching, to leave the city, both on account of my own health, which was still wavering, as well as my little Ferdinand's, who had suffered somewhat during my illness. But alas! where could I turn for shelter? The doctor at her next visit relieved my anxiety; she said she knew a person in the village of V— who was under obligations to her; she said she would give me a letter to her, and that she was sure she would receive and treat me kindly. "I shall say nothing of your history, except that you are dear to me, that your child is an orphan, and that you want a boarding place for the summer." Gratitude choked my utterance. I could only thank her with tears, and said, "I can be ready to set out day after to-morrow." The doctor then left me, promising to secure for me a seat in the stage, and to return at the appointed time to see me safe aboard.

Thus I left Paris, left the spot where rested the remains of my more than husband, endeared by

the recollection of the happiest days of my life, and perhaps even more by the desolating sorrows I had there experienced—sorrows which worked out for myself and my beloved a far more exceeding and eternal peace than the world can bestow.

I set out on my journey with a tranquil mind, though on parting with my doctor I felt as if I had parted with my last earthly friend. "The Lord will provide," she said at parting. On taking my seat in the stage it was empty, and when I inquired of the driver whether he expected to have many passengers, he replied, "There is but one other seat engaged." Just as we were ready to start my fellow traveler jumped in, and with an oath ordered the driver to be off. He was a hard, ill-looking man; he squinted, and his sharp gray eyes inspired an involuntary dread. He took the seat before me, and peering impudently into my face said, "Going all the way through?" I answered "Yes," and then burying myself and my babe in the folds of my cloak, drew down my veil and appeared to settle myself to sleep. I felt an inexpressible repulsion and disgust to this man; his very contact seemed like contamination; it was therefore a great relief when, on reaching the place where we changed horses, he left the stage, saying in a low, gruff voice, "All alone, eh? going to V—." The driver took out his horses, and I heard him cursing the groom most vociferously, who was vainly trying to pacify him. It appeared that the horses usually ready for the stage had been stolen the preceding night, and the substitutes for them were indeed a sorry-looking pair of nags; but as there was no alternative, the driver, with many oaths and denunciations against thieves and careless stable-keepers, harnessed them to the carriage.

We again set out. The postillion plied his whip, and at first we got on pretty well; but toward the end of the journey neither whip nor imprecations availed; the horses seemed hardly able to drag one leg after the other, and finally one of them dropped down. This brought the man a little to his senses. He dismounted and tried to help the poor animal to rise, but soon discovered that he was dead. He came to the door of the stage, and telling me what had happened, said: "I don't see but you will have to foot it, or stay here until I find a horse. It will be nightfall before I return. This place is dreary, and it looks like rain."

"How far is it to V—?"

"Two miles. The road is straight ahead, and you may meet some traveler who will give you a lift."

"Is there no nearer place where I might stop for the night?"

"None but a little cottage where a man lives all alone, and he will not take you in; he ain't used to women."

"But my trunk?"

"Oh, well, I'll take care of that, and you'll find it at the stage office in V—."

So I set out on my lonely way, but had not proceeded far when it began to sprinkle, and soon the rain fell so fast that I was wet to the skin, although I was wrapped in my cloak. Darkness overtook me ere I reached your habitation, and when I saw the light gleaming through your window a thrill of joy shot through my heart, and I determined to crave a shelter. Notwithstanding the driver's warning, an irresistible impulse seemed to move me. Faint and weary, and terrified at the thought of facing the storm, it was indeed impossible to proceed. My blessed father, you know the rest; and now that I have told you all, it is for you to decide what is to become of the houseless outcasts whom you have received and cherished. If you will permit me to remain, and will aid me in procuring work, I am sure I can maintain myself and my child. But, whatever may be your verdict, I shall bless the Providence which brought me to your home, and pray for your happiness. "I was a stranger, and thou didst take me in; an hungered, and thou didst give me food; cold and weary, and thou didst warm and shelter me. My God, I praise thee! thou didst provide!"

It was near midnight when I finished the manuscript, which I was long in getting through, being often blinded by tears and unable to see the letters before me. I folded it and inscribed upon it, "I accept thee, my child, as the gift of God!" and placed it on the breakfast table. Then I retired to rest, and slept until awakened by the chorus of birds. It was later than I was wont to rise, and I found Lucille waiting for me, her sweet face pensive, but dressed in smiles. Her boy lay on the carpet, crouching and laughing as he watched the tricks of a kitten playing with a ball of thread. I stood a moment gazing at this beautiful vision. Lucille snatched up her boy as soon as she espied me, and, running to me, placed him in my arms, saying, "My God, I thank thee!" Then, falling on her knees, she hugged me in a passionate embrace. I raised her; we seated ourselves, and after a short silence we recovered our tranquillity.

A few days after this the dear child said to me, "Father, I am now ready to accept your kind offer of accompanying me to the village. I am anxious to see if there is any opening for me to obtain work, and I want to purchase a few little articles." I proffered her my purse, saying, "Mine is thine, daughter." The big tears stood in her eyes as she murmured, "My Ferdinand's gold is not yet exhausted, and I have not lost my love of independence. It is enough that you nestle me in your heart and home," and added, smiling, "You must not spoil God's gift by over-indulgence, nor I abuse his mercy; all play and no work will be bad for Lucille."

We set out for the village, I carrying Ferdinand after an amicable dispute. When we arrived at the milliner's shop she proposed going in. The mistress of the little establishment was a middle-aged, jolly-looking, good-natured woman, whose face always laughed, like the boy's whistle, of itself. She listened to Lucille's application for work, and read the paper she presented from Mad-



ame D—, of whom, however, she had never heard, and then exclaimed: "Oh, la! now ain't that funny! There's just sent in to say that she is so ill to finish the work she promised to get done by to-morrow evening." Lucille knew where to turn for help, and as she was alone, she had dropped down on the sick-bed. There it lies, and if you can undertake to do it by the time appointed, you shall be liberally paid, and thanked into the bargain." Lucille examined the work, and agreed to take it home and return it the following evening. "Bless your honest face!" said the woman in a softened tone, "you look as if you had gone through a sight of trouble." "I'll trust you."

We then proceeded to make a few purchases, and arrived at home in good spirits. Lucille stole some time from her usual hours of rest, but she accomplished her task and went alone to the village to take it home. She said the milliner was quite delighted with her performance, and had given her more work. What she had not taken to her was a great relief, as it was for one of her best customers, a lady who promptly paid her bills without chaffering, but who was very exacting, and whose demands must be met, or a severe rebuke endured, if not the loss of her patronage. Lucille continued to get as much work as she wanted. She occupied part of her time in tending the flowers and gathering the fruit, which she delighted to give to the sick or to sell to those who could afford to buy.

Thus happily passed the summer, Genevieve and Marianne occasionally exchanging visits with my adopted child. The little Ferdinand was a joy to us all. He inherited his mother's gentleness and his father's exuberant spirits.

Winter came, and again spring was again opening upon us. One afternoon Lucille was detained later than usual at the village. The sun went down behind a mountain of black clouds, which added to the obscurity. She had walked some distance from the village, when she heard a quick and heavy tread behind her. The man soon came up with her, and said, "So I've found you at last!" She quickened her pace. He did the same, and, laying his hand upon her shoulder, said in a gruff voice, "You can't escape me now!" She recognized her tormentor in the coach, and uttered a scream, which, as she afterwards said, was loud enough to make all creation ring; but instead of relaxing, he clutched her more tightly, saying, "I saw your scorn the day we rode together, and I will have my revenge." Just as he spoke a gentleman was crossing the road. She attempted to cry out, but the man put his great hand over her mouth. The gentleman looked at her, then came up and said in a stern and thundering tone, "Hands off that lady at your peril!" The speaker was a tall, athletic man, and as he spoke he raised a large stick, which he had in his hand. The wretch waited to hear no more; he fled precipitately, and left her almost fainting from terror. She leaned against her deliverer for support, and said, "I thank you, sir." He knitted his brows, and when she was going, and when she replied, "To the cottage where Father Francis lives, that is my home," he turned and said, "I will accompany you there." He asked her how she came to be out so late alone, and whether she knew who the ruffian was from whose grasp he had rescued her.

On their arrival at the cottage they met a most cordial welcome. I at once recognizing her companion as the son of my old friend, Pierre Henri, who had but just returned from Paris, whither he had been gone two years, superintending the erection of a public building. I introduced them, and James soon took his leave. I saw that something had disturbed Lucille, but forbore to question her, concluding that it would be better to allow her time to recover her serenity, than, by awakening emotion, increase her agitation and probably prevent her sleeping. She was thankful for my silence, and retired early. The next morning she rose refreshed, and looked all herself again. The color had returned to her cheek and elasticity to her step. After breakfast, while she was assisting me to train some vines, she related to me all that had happened.

I shall resume my narrative where Father Francis left off.

Lucille is now, and has been for some years, the loved and honored partner of my life, the angel of my home. We continue to reside at the cottage, and Father Francis's latter days are cheered and enlivened by our merry little group, who delight in nothing more than making grandpa and grandma tumble over him as he lies upon the sofa, and lets them out their capers around and over him. Sometimes he pretends to be hurt, and then all the laughing faces are sobered to hush and comfort him. Sometimes I chide him jestingly for his partiality to Ferdinand, who is indeed a charming child, but he protests they are all Lucille's, and therefore all alike to him, and indeed he lavishes on all his kisses, his caresses, his blessings and his benedictions.

During my residence in Paris, I had heard of a man who cured stammering. I remembered our good friend Francis, and told him of his desperate case, and related the story of his life. He was quite interested at my recital, and in the course of our conversation he said, "I will try, and although he did not cure our dear father, he helped him so much that the children can understand all he says, and thus his happiness is greatly increased."

The reader will naturally inquire, "What of Lucille's family?" Of course when she ceased to write, which was not until after she quitted Paris, they wrote to Marie to ascertain something respecting her. In reply, her cousin, who was purposely kept ignorant of her whereabouts, wrote that all she knew was that Lucille had left Paris, when, she did not know, neither had she learned whither she had gone. A month elapsed ere Lucille wrote to Dr. F—, to whom she gave a detailed account of all that had transpired since their separation.

After her marriage she wrote to her parents. She confessed that she had a child born out of wedlock, but said that she was innocent of any crime, and that she could not reveal the circumstances attending the birth of her son, nor the name of his father, whose memory was precious to her, and who was now in heaven. She earnestly besought them to receive her back to their confidence and affection. Time and sorrow had softened the feelings of displeasure and hardness, and they took her to their hearts as the man of old did his prodigal son. They ended by inviting her to come to them immediately and bring her husband and her son. This request we promptly complied with, and she most affectionately welcomed, and since then we have exchanged visits annually, and maintained a loving correspondence. The prophetic words of Marie have been verified. One of Lucille's youngest sisters lives with us, and when I say she is another Lucille I say all that is necessary to show that she is "a thing of beauty and a perpetual joy."

#### CHAPTER XVII.

##### Conclusion.

My husband has laid aside the pen. I take it up that I may record a few more incidents relative to some of those who are mentioned in the foregoing pages.

Soon after my marriage, James and myself concluded, with the approbation of our beloved Father Francis, to invite Mr. Ducor to reside with us. The reader may remember him as the literary gentleman who was appointed assistant overseer to Pierre Henri, and whose conversation and advice, on the evening preceding the day of James's intended departure for Paris to commence an author's career, turned him from his purpose, and thus changed the whole current of his life from dreariness and want and disappointment, from dreams of future fame never to be realized, to the pursuit of a profession of practical importance, in which success awaited him, and which secured to him affluence and domestic happiness. From that time Mr. Ducor was regarded as the saviour of James from ruin, and of his family from multiplied anxieties and sorrows. James often referred to this period of his life with gratitude, and a friendship the most tender, confident and durable sprung up between the two young men. The assistant superintendent had so faithfully and ably performed his engagements that in two years he became himself an architect, and was taken into partnership by Pierre Henri and his son. The father soon after retired from business, leaving James and his friend to pursue their successful career.

Their lives flowed on without any remarkable incident, when, one evening, as James was reading the paper, his countenance suddenly assumed an air of horror and distress, and he exclaimed, "Good heavens! Marie is burned to death." His auditors entreated him to read the account, but he passed the paper to Mr. Ducor in fearful silence.

The account stated that a fire had broken out in the carpenter's shop in the rear of Mr. de Lance's dwelling, which was soon wrapped in flames, and every effort to save it had been unavailing. His daughter, suddenly aroused from a deep sleep after a day of exhausting labor, had rushed to her room, and, when she was there, she placed shrieks of "Father! father!" received no reply, and presuming that he had escaped she hurried into the street to find him. Here her ear was assailed by the most piteous lamentations. A woman, poorly dressed, was running to and fro with wild gestures and maniac cries of "Oh my child! my child! who will save my poor baby?" The moment the cry reached her, Marie, who, in her first terror, was oblivious of everything but her father, remembered that she had left a child sleeping in her own apartment. She turned instantly to several men who were standing near gazing at the conflagration, and with frenzied entreaties and offers of reward urged them to rescue the child from the flames. They all refused, and one of them taking off his woolen blouse said jeeringly, "I'd like to see you try it. I'll lend you this to fend off the flames." She seized the garment frantically, and enveloping herself in it rushed with lightning speed through the crowd, and in a few minutes she appeared at the window with the child, crying out, "Catch her!" and the babe, wrapped tightly in a blanket, was let down from the window. The mother was watching all this scene, and as soon as the child was received by a bystander she seized it and disappeared among the mass of spectators. Every eye was now fixed on the burning building; every heart stood still in deathly suspense, to see if Marie should reappear. A long time elapsed from the blazing pile, but no sooner had she reached the pavement than she fell. She was taken up for dead, and conveyed to the hospital.

Marie was terribly scorched, almost from head to foot, and at the first examination the surgeon pronounced the case hopeless. Several days elapsed ere the sufferer gave any signs of returning consciousness. She lay with her eyes closed, and only at intervals uttered low moans indicative of pain. On the fourth night she sunk into a deep slumber without the aid of anodynes, which had heretofore been the only means of procuring rest. Her cousin, who had gone to Paris immediately on hearing of the sad catastrophe, watched beside her, often holding over herself that she should not sleep the sleep of death, so gentle was her respiration. At length this anxious night came to an end; the dawn appeared, and clouds of gold and purple ushered in the rising sun; his first beams entered Marie's chamber windows, and shed a celestial radiance over her languid face. She opened her eyes, gazed inquiringly around, and without turning toward where Lucille was standing, said, "Where am I? What has happened?" Her cousin went softly round to the other side of the bed, and kissing her tenderly, said, "You are in the arms of divine and human love." A convulsive sob burst from Marie, as she tried to embrace Lucille, but found it impossible to raise her arms. Then closing her eyes she said, "I want to see all the painful scenes that I have seen since I have been here, and I want to see which she had passed. After the lapse of some time—during which Lucille brought her the necessary refreshment, and attended to all those nameless comforts so indispensable to the sick—she said, "My father! Tell me all. I have but a vague, confused recollection of that awful night."

"If you feel strong enough to bear the recital, my love, I will comply with your request."

"Oh yes! suspense and ignorance are more tormenting than the saddest realities."

Lucille then told her that the body of her father had been found the ensuing day at the foot of the cellar stairs; that, doubtless, in his attempt to escape, he had in his terror and bewilderment mistaken his way and fallen down the steps. "And now my darling cousin," said Marie, as soon as Lucille ceased to speak, "tell me of the child. Did it survive? And its wretched, agonized mother, where is she?"

"She comes daily to look at you, and brings her child. I have visited her, and heard her mournful tale," (which is but a repetition of the many stories of seduction and abandonment, and therefore it seems needless to record it here.) "She still feels it a sacred duty not to reveal the name of the father of her child. I have been deeply impressed with the delicacy, beauty and fortitude of her character. She will be here ere long, and if you are prepared to see her I will bring her in, but you must rest now."

So saying she left the room. In about an hour she returned, accompanied by both mother and child. The former fell on her knees at the bedside of her benefactress, and in a voice interrupted by sobs said, "Oh how I have prayed our Father that he would lay his healing hand upon you, and that I might once more thank you for the past, and entreat you to extend your protecting care over my darling when I am gone. How can I find words to describe my feelings that night, when, exhausted with hunger and petrified with cold, I seized my famished child, and in frantic despair laid her at your door. Surely it was an angel that led me to your dwelling, and an angel stopped me there and uttered in my spiritual ear, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will help thee.' I laid my pious burden at my Saviour's feet, and felt an assurance that my little Adèle would find a mother."

Marie had gone out a short time before, but soon returned, and on reaching her home espied the foundling. Her tender heart at once responded to the piteous moan which issued from the bundle as she unwrapped the babe, and its thread-like fingers and its vain countenance, as it faintly smiled on seeing the light, melted her even to tears. She clasped it to her bosom, and then and there adopted it as her own. Fortunately the servant, who had lived with her for many years, had been a mother, and possessed a heart full of tenderness. Marie laid the little stranger on her bed, and then went in search of Louise, to whom she communicated her adventure, and of whom she solicited help and advice. This was most cordially rendered, and Louise declared that for a few nights at least she must have the care of the little Adèle. "You know nothing about children, my good mistress, and you'd worry yourself and the babe to death." This consideration made Marie yield, and after giving the child some nourishment and seeing it quietly asleep, they retired to rest.

But Marie could not sleep. She spent the night anxiously devising means to discover the unhappy woman, who, evidently, from the note which was pinned on the shawl, was a mother driven to despair through bitter sufferings, and who only parted with her babe to save it from a cruel death. After much cogitation she concluded that she would lay the shawl on the steps with a note, and watch to see if the owner took it away. After waiting a long while she saw her stealthily approaching, and when she reached the house she laid her gaze on the window, where a light shone as though she would pierce the very walls to get a sight of her heart's treasure. She stood thus transfixed until the sound of footsteps aroused her, and then, apparently without noticing the shawl, she darted away. Marie tried to follow her, but lost her as soon as she turned into the thronged street near by. All she ascertained was which way she went.

The following evening she repeated the experiment. The woman appeared about the same hour, and not being interrupted, she staid longer, and when about to depart she looked cautiously round, and seeing no one she knelt down, and raising her eyes and hands to heaven, softly ejaculated, "Oh God preserve her." Rising, her eye fell upon the shawl, and snatching it up she hastened to a street lamp and read the note, which she pressed to her lips and then placed near her heart. She then walked slowly away. She seemed so weak, her knees trembled as with tottering steps she proceeded on her way.

Marie again followed her, and this time succeeded in tracing her to a miserable, damp and dreary cellar. She walked so noiselessly that the woman did not perceive her until she had entered her room, and then by the light of a street lamp discerned a figure standing in the doorway. The moment she saw her her countenance lost its air of deep despairing melancholy, she arose, and almost before expression she looked defiantly at Marie, and said, in a hollow voice, "By what right do you intrude into my den of wretchedness?"

Her voice failed, and she sunk into an old chair. Marie approached, and gently taking her reluctant hand, said:

"By the right of sympathy with your sufferings, and by the trust which you reposed in me when you laid your little Adèle at my door."

At these words the woman burst into tears, and pressed her hand. Marie waited until her emotion subsided, and then said:

"You must not remain here, even to-night."

Come home with me, and to-morrow we will seek another place." The broken-hearted mother seemed to have no power of resistance, and as Marie tried to raise her from her seat, she sat up and clung with her a few steps. She suddenly withdrew her arm, and, which was twined in that of Marie, she went to the other end of the room, and displacing a stone took out a little box, which she clutched with a convulsive grasp close to her bosom, then returned to Marie, and again took her proffered arm. Slowly they ascended the steps, and wound their way to Marie's home. On entering, her first care was to lead the mother to the bedside of her little darling, who was sleeping sweetly, unconscious of what had happened. She left her there, feeling that her emotions were too sacred to be witnessed even by the eye of friendship. She then went to prepare some refreshment for her famished guest. As she was about to leave, she bathed her, put on fresh apparel, and placed her in a comfortable bed. Soon her poor exhausted frame sunk to repose, and when Marie entered the room next morning she was still sleeping quietly. Her benefactress sat down beside her, and in a short time she awoke. Her mind seemed tranquil, and looking on Marie with an inquiring and beseeching eye, her lips moved, but no audible sound escaped her. That look, however, rendered words unnecessary. Marie left the room, and soon returned with the babe in her arms. She silently placed it beside the mother, and then retired to prepare breakfast for her. As she was about to leave, she said, smiling, "I can't hear a word until you have taken some food." Tears rushed to the eyes of the invalid. She was sitting up in bed, with her child clasped closely to her breast. Marie sat down her tray, and gently disengaging her arms took the little cherub and handed it over to Louise, who just then entered the room. Her sweet face, though somewhat wrinkled by age, and the look of compassion she cast on both mother and child, assured the sufferer that she, too, was the friend of the friendless. Her gratitude beamed in her countenance, and though no word was spoken, the secret chord which vibrates at the meeting of kindred souls,

"Which heart to heart and mind to mind,  
In body and in soul doth bind,"

United them in indissoluble bonds. After seeing her guest comfortably seated in an easy chair, Marie went to her school, and as soon as that was closed she hastened home. She found the mother still seated in the easy chair, her baby in her lap, and her wilted face illumined with a smile.

Dinner was soon ready, and after conferring together as to the best plan to promote the comfort of the invalid, and at the same time keep the secret of her motherhood, they concluded that a friend of Marie's should hire and furnish a small room for Rosine, and that she should be supplied with food and raiment at Marie's expense. This being settled, Marie again sallied forth, and by the evening of the ensuing day all was prepared for the removal, which was effected as soon as the darkness could shield them. Marie's friend accompanied Rosine to her new lodging, and Louise insisted on spending the night with her.

Several months thus passed away, when the terrific scenes which I have described occurred, and Marie became a resident of the hospital. It was several weeks before she could be removed, but as soon as it was safe James and Lucille insisted upon her accompanying them home. The next question was how to provide for Rosine and her child. After consulting with her and Louise, who had been devoted to the mother and child, it was agreed that they should remain in Paris, and that Louise should continue her faithful care over them. "It will not be long," said she in a broken voice, "ere the mother will pass away and repose where the weary are at rest." A few weeks brought the welcome messenger, and with a song of thanksgiving he was welcomed by the patient sufferer. The day after the interment, Louise joined Marie at her cousin's, taking with her the little orphan. She also brought the box which Rosine had taken from the hole in the wall, and which had been confided to her with a letter to Marie, which ran as follows:

"MY ANGEL FRIEND—Here-with you will receive the only treasures I have in this world. The letters I want you to read; they have neither signature nor date, and therefore can never lead to the discovery of the father of my darling. Destroy or keep them, as you think best. The pearl circlet and the gold ring were his gift. All my other ornaments were bartered for bread. I could not part with these, the only mementoes of the brief and halcyon days I enjoyed before the birth of Adèle. All I can do is to leave you the blessing of a broken heart, to tell you that you have lightened my sorrows, assuaged my sufferings, and given me peace and radiance to my last days. We shall meet no more personally in this world, but will not my spirit hover near thee and my blessed babe, and do all it has the power to do to bless, protect and guide you?"

From the depths of my heart, yours,

ROSINE.

A year passed away, and Marie, under the fostering care of her loving friends and the ceaseless joy which little Adèle gave her, slowly recovered from the shock which her constitution had received. She began to think of returning to Paris and resuming her school, but to this James and Lucille would not listen for a moment, and she abandoned her intention for the present. Meanwhile Mr. Ducor had not been inaccessible to the influence of the intellect of Marie, with whom he had now been in the most intimate relations for eighteen months. One evening they sat together awaiting the return of James and Lucille to supper. Silence reigned. They both seemed occupied with their own thoughts. After sitting thus absorbed for some time, Mr. Ducor laid his hand on Marie's, and looking tenderly into her eyes, which she inquiringly raised to his, he said in a low voice, "Marie, do you love me with that love which would make you willing to become my cherished companion for life?"

"I suppose," said she, "I may answer your question by asking a similar one."

Then, said he, "we twain are one," and he clasped her passionately to his heart in one long embrace.

"And you will take my sweet Adèle to a father's heart?"

"Most joyfully, my love! Is she not a pledge that our happiness will be in safe custody in your hands?"

Silence, such silence as spirit-communion induces, again fell upon them, and not a word interrupted the stillness until the entrance of James and Lucille.

After supper the happy pair communicated their prospects to their friends. "Well," said James, "that is the best news I could have heard!" and capering up to Marie, he said, "Come, coz, let us celebrate it with a waltz!" Then seizing her round the waist, he began to whirl her in such a way that she felt as if she were flying. While Charles played the same game with Lucille. The next day the subject was fully canvassed, and Charles and his bride elect were most cordially and affectionately invited to continue members of the family where they had lived so happily. This, however, they declined, saying they believed it would contribute to the welfare of all for them to have a separate home.

"But where will that home be?" said Lucille.

"I cannot part with Marie."

Mr. Ducor then reminded them that he was under an engagement to spend the winter in Paris, to superintend some important buildings of which he was the architect. "I shall leave it to the generosity of all concerned, whether I shall live alone in Paris, or take with me a friend who will share my burdens, assist me in my profession by her taste and ingenuity in practical wisdom, and brighten every passing hour with her love. Judge ye; I promise to abide by your decision."

No one seemed to have the courage to answer. All eyes were fixed on Marie. Hers were spontaneously turned to the speaker, who stood awaiting his sentence. After a few minutes Marie advanced toward him, and twining her arm in his and looking lovingly into his face, she said, "Whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

"Amen! amen!" ejaculated James and Lucille in the same breath.

There was still another important point to be settled, viz: where this happy pair should locate themselves. After many consultations and various plans they all concluded that near neighborhood was indispensable, and Marie and her husband confided to their cousin the purchase of a small farm near by, and the erection of a house for their reception in the spring. It was judged best to leave Adèle with Lucille, where she could enjoy the companionship of children, and have the advantage of being associated with them in her lessons and her sports.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

##### A FRAGMENT.

BY WILFRED WILLEMS.

Oh faith of childhood! far away  
From your pure gilding light away,  
With tearful eyes I stand to-day.

Alone and in a hostile land,  
With doubt and gloom on either hand,  
In most despairing mood I stand.

Oh far-off youth, that wore the crown  
Of happy days by dale and down,  
Ere fickle fortune 'gan to frown;

Your blest remembrance, still my own,  
More dear unto my spirit grown,  
Will still pursue me, sad and lone.

My sole bright dreams are of the past;  
Too soon life's withering blast  
Across my life its influence cast;

And truth her searching radiance poured  
Through all the dreams I had adored,  
And pierced their falsehood like a sword.

Caught in the toils of hard mischance,  
The past and present 'neath my glance,  
My future chained to Circumstance,

I struggle hard my bonds to break—  
My very life I set at stake—  
Yet cannot 'scape this deadly mistake.

Ah! what avails me, sore distressed,  
That once high thoughts within my breast  
Stirred like young eagles in their nest?

Since, by temptations torn and tossed,  
I mourn for noble prospects crossed,  
My vantage ground forever lost.

How could I know that blighting scath,  
And brimming vials of deadly wrath,  
The Fates would pour on either path?

And may not years of sorrow pay,  
Nor floods of anguish wash away,  
The grievous error of one day?

My idols all to ruin hurled;  
My scroff of life all scorched and curdled,  
By fires that purify the world;

Too late, alas! 'twas mine to learn  
To seek for paths for which we yearn—  
Once gone astray—may not return.

"Oh woe the day!" he still my song;  
"Oh woe the day!" his whole life long,  
To him who blindly chooses wrong."

His life shall waste with grief and pain,  
Through brazen days devoid of rain,  
And toils endured—endured in vain—

And cruel thorns shall fret and wound,  
And angry fiends shall rage around,  
Till the whole earth seems cursed ground.

And in his dreams some cruel Fate,  
Filled with the bitter wine of hate,  
Shall taunt him with his missed estate;

While on green heights, afar withdrawn,  
A phantom daily beckons on,  
With raiment shining like the dawn.

Alas! what bridegroom's gifts are seen  
To yawn, forever set between  
Him and those far-off hills of green.

#### WHAT IS THE USE OF SPIRITUALISM?

BY J. W. EDMONDS.

[We have been favored with a copy of a letter written by Judge Edmonds, of New York, to an Albany editor, in response to the question by the latter, "What is the use of Spiritualism?" which we publish with much pleasure.—Eps. B. or L.]

NEW YORK, May 2, 1869.

DEAR SIR—It is often objected by others as well as the writer that the character of what purports to come from the spirits of the departed is too trivial to be at all consistent with their present state of existence or with the manifest importance of an intercourse with the spirit-world. This objection is generally urged by the flippant and the unthinking, but not unfrequently by graver and more instructed minds.

Daniel Defoe, in his essay against the popular idea of his day on witchcraft, insists that the wicked cannot leave their prison-house, and that the righteous are too much occupied with the bliss of their present life to feel any interest in earthly affairs, even though deeply affecting those most dear to them on earth. One of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church, in this country, lately repeated the idea, and in a recent number of an English magazine, (*The University*), the objection is strenuously urged.

The writer of that article denies that he is a believer in Spiritualism, yet he details many instances of the intercourse, which he admits are sustained by proof so strong that they cannot be questioned; but they are all so trivial, or so without any object at all commensurate with the gravity of the fact that spirits can commune with us! He relates, as thus strongly supported, an instance where the spirit of an old woman appeared for several nights to successive occupants of a room, and pointed to one of its side walls. The wall was broken through, and thus was discovered a secret room, in which, it was ascertained, a woman, answering her appearance, had once been confined and had died; and when the room was opened the spirit appeared no more; and he reasons upon the folly of supposing that a spirit would return to earth, after death, merely to have a concealed room opened!

To the mind that is content to look only at the surface, or is perhaps unable to see further, many things must seem trifles that, to the better instructed or more comprehensive intellect, may be full of interest. That which to the ignorant is but a sparkle of light shining through the "blanket of the dark," is to the astronomer, a mighty world, of greater magnitude than our sun, blazing in the glory of its own light, and rolling through boundless space, filled with sentient and immortal beings, and accompanied by its train of worlds, in comparison with which our earth dwindles into insignificance.

Thousands witnessed with careless eye the falling of an apple from its tree. What of it? It was but a trifle! Yet from that trifle an instructed mind learned a great law of the universe of God, which dispelled the mystery from much of the unknown, opened to the world of man a wider knowledge of Nature, and called down on him who saw more than a trifle in it, some of the immortality in which that great truth had been born.

So while this writer in the magazine could see nothing in the incident he relates beyond the discovery of a concealed room, a reflecting mind could find in it evidence of man's immortality, of his intimate connection with the spirit-world, and of his power of holding communion with it; for such a mind would reason, as Professor Hare did once, "Here is one who once lived and died on earth, who yet lives; if she lives beyond the grave, I shall. Here is the spirit of a departed one who can communicate its thoughts to us. If she can, others can." And thus, when all else of Nature had failed to teach the lesson, could come to us the knowledge that there is a life beyond the grave, and what that life is.

Christian theologians regard the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth as the greatest miracle of that period, because it taught man's immortality—an

idea not then generally received, either by the Jews or the world at large. If Jesus was a God, his resurrection would prove nothing as to man's immortality. It was only as a man that his appearance after death could demonstrate a life for man beyond the grave. I am aware of the ready answer that he was both God and man—"God made manifest in the flesh." But then arises the difficulty which has so long disturbed thinking minds, viz: which part of him was it that thus appeared—the divine or the mortal?

But the appearance of this old woman, for whom nothing more of divinity is claimed than belongs to all of us, is free from this objection, and does demonstrate past all cavil that we, as well as she, can and will live in the spirit-world. He is indeed to be pined who can overlook this mighty truth, thus simply taught, and stumble in his darkness over the trivial fact of opening a concealed room, and then in his self-complacency say, "Of what use is Spiritualism?"

But why waste argument or illustration on minds whose predilections and want of knowledge give birth to such objections? I am far more inclined to laugh at them; and so I will relate to you a recent incident, having some bearing on the question.

I was lately in Albany, and, in the presence of an editor of a daily journal published there, I was told of an article in that paper, recently appearing, attacking Spiritualism. The editor accounted for it by saying he could not see what was the use of it—what good it had done. I had no time then to answer him, but on my return home I sent him the following anecdote:

Sixty years ago, when I was a boy, living in the country in a Low Dutch neighborhood, common schools were not what they are now, and the children—especially in the rural districts—were not particularly well educated, but were kept at home most of the time to "do the chores" about the house.

One day, when such a "school was in," a great lubberly fellow entered the room. He was some fifteen years old, short, thick and very stout, as if every muscle had been trained to its utmost power, but he was an awkward, ungainly, stupid-looking chap, well known to all the scholars as the oldest son of a neighboring farmer, who was a very miserly and hard-working man, without any education. Neither he nor his wife could read or write. No book or newspaper was ever seen in their house, nor had his children ever seen any reading done there by any one. This boy had seen very little of the world, but had always been kept at home at work, with no change except occasionally driving the team to market, and seeing Fourth of July and General Training. He had often heard it said that a thing was "as plain as a b c." What that meant exactly, he did not know, except something very plain; but what a b c was, and why it was particularly plain, he had no idea of.

He had stood inside the door, looking around, perhaps as long as it has taken me to relate these particulars, when the schoolmaster, a little sharp-nosed Yankee, cried out:

"Well, boy, what do you want?"  
"Dad's sent me here to go to school."  
"What's your name?"  
"Brommy."  
"What else? Brommy what?"  
"I don't know, sir."  
"Have'n't you got any other name?"  
"I don't know, sir."  
"What's your father's name? What do people call him?"  
"Stingy Mike."

"Did you bring any paper for me?"  
"Yes. Dad gin me a paper, which he said Squire Haysrodt had gin him, and I was to give it to you. I've got it about me somewhere. Here it is."

"Ah yes! This is from one of the Trustees, and says your name is Abram Hardick. Now, Abram, what do you know?"

"I don't know, sir."  
"Have you ever been to school?"  
"No. I was never inside a school-house before now."

"Can you read?"  
"I do not know, sir."  
"Can you spell?"  
"I do not know, sir."  
"Do you know your letters?"  
"I do not know, sir."

The schoolmaster, with a hasty jerk, took up a piece of pasteboard from his table, on which the alphabet was printed in large letters, and pointing to the first one, asked:

"What's that?"  
Brommy looked long and earnestly.  
"I've seen such sharp-pointed things before. They are just like the ends of our chicken-coops, but there ain't any piece across them. I've seen such with a cross-piece at the end on signs in town, but have never hearn what they meant."

So he scratched his head and pondered, until pedagogy, pointing to a letter, repeated the inquiry:

"What is that?"  
"I do not know, sir."  
"Why, that's A."

The idea of a b c then for the first time began to dawn on Brommy's bewildered mind, and with unexpected energy he cried out:

"By golly! is that A? What is't for? What's the use on't?"

Sure enough! What's the use of the alphabet? What good has it done?

#### The Formation of the Diamond.



## EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....WARREN CHASE.

## FACTS—THEIR CAUSES AND EFFECTS.

Visiting in some of the best farming districts of Ohio, and where reside some of the most intelligent and most comfortably situated population of our country, we learned that their excellent common schools, which have done so much for the present ruling generation there, are almost run out or abandoned. On inquiry we found several that once numbered from seventy-five to one hundred scholars, now have not more than ten to twenty; that this, or near it, is the ratio of decrease over a large district of the State. Other sections of the country, no doubt, have from the same cause similar effects. This is not caused by a decrease of adult population, for in many places this class has increased. Nor is it because the children are not sent to school, but it is owing in large part to the fact that the children are not born. Families are small, and many have none, or not more than one or two, where the old families, their parents, had from six to twelve.

There certainly is a growing dislike to raising children, and no wonder, with the general prospect for them in this life, and especially when people believe in the Orthodox destiny in the next.

It is a fact, however much it may be ignored, that many young people will not marry until they have an understanding and agreement to have few or no children, and obtain the knowledge, however injurious, dangerous, or even fatal it may be, to prevent it.

Not all the decrease, however, results from this cause, but part of it from the more comfortable and luxurious condition, and less labor and health than the former generation.

This fact, the decrease of children among the best class of families, is also noted in our large cities and flourishing towns, and especially in the older portions of our country, and the more there is said and written about abortion, the more the crime increases among that class, which, if compelled to obey laws on this subject to restrain them, could and would soon alter the laws and not their practices.

This is not the case among our foreign population, and the poorest and most vicious, dissipated or degraded portion of our own, and the consequence is, especially in our large cities, that this class of children greatly preponderate, and form the basis, with their inherited dispositions and tendencies, of the next and ruling generation in this nation. It is true, that under our system of free schools many of these children rise to better conditions, and become far superior to their parents, and many of the boys make smart, enterprising, intelligent, and honest men, and more of the girls would, if they had a fair and equal chance, rise out of their condition to the first rank in society, but as they are now treated and regarded, they have little or no chance, hardly for even respectability.

This deplorable effect of the decrease of children among the class of our population who are best fitted and best calculated to have and raise children, while the supply is kept up from a class far less fitted for or adapted to it, will force us all to join in such legal regulations, enforcing temperance and other moral and educational reforms, as will secure better conditions for generating, educating and training the coming generations. We should legislate distilled liquors and tobacco out of use, should remove Orthodoxy by moral suasion and intellectual knowledge, and secure a practical religion in place of our theoretical and ceremonial Christianity, and a higher and better condition for the poor and the deprived and their children, since they will have them.

## BOASTING OF IGNORANCE.

Every month the practice becomes less common, but is still prevalent, of persons stating, when calling for a book or paper, "I am not a Spiritualist," which we consider equivalent to boasting of ignorance, at least, of a subject that all persons who have time to read and means to examine ought to be acquainted with; and when acquainted with it we believe no honest and intelligent person will make that assertion, unless fearful of public opinion or church persecution, and making it as a shield of protection for business or reputation, in which case it is not less a boast of ignorance. We are glad, however, to record the fact that neither the pressure of public opinion or the Church can much longer be a reasonable excuse for such expressions, as both are fast losing their power to harm either business or reputation by charges of Spiritualism. This will relieve that class of persons who have heretofore used this terror as an excuse to cover real or pretended ignorance, when those who will use it whose excuse is real ignorance.

## ARE HORSES INTELLIGENT?

We have been able to account for nearly all cases where animals have betrayed intelligence, especially in dogs, by psychologic or spiritual influence, but the following is somewhat unaccountable. A friend of ours had a horse which worked in a team; one day one of its shoes got loose and hurt its foot, and when released from the team and harness, in the barn-yard, and let loose to drink, the horse of its own accord walked off alone to a blacksmith's shop over half a mile, and going up to the door of the shop actually held up its foot with the loose shoe, as an invitation to the smith to repair it, which he did at once, and the horse walked back apparently satisfied. This rather beats the cases of dogs and horses going to the church on Sundays, where they have been accustomed to going with the family, of which we have often heard told.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

Sweet Spirit of the Spring,  
I hear thee on the wing,  
I saw thee leave thy darling where the snow-drops shed their light;  
And I heard thee singing say,  
"Come, love, with me away,  
And I'll chant a sweeter strain as we sunward take our flight."

I will show thee where the lilies,  
The laughing daffodills,  
Are bright with golden halos and bending o'er the brooks,  
Whose pretty, playful ways  
Have scooped out fairy bays  
In the willow-washed back-side and by alder-shaded nooks.

Come, say, love, will thou follow,  
Over height and primrose hall,  
I will give thee in a solo the heart's sweetest overflow,  
Till the merle takes up the chorus,  
And the thrushes all assure us  
Most pleasant 'tis to warble where the daffodills grow."

Sweet Spirit of the Spring,  
'Tis heaven to hear thee sing;  
For Spring, with flowers and sunshine, and the merry lark away,  
Were but an eyeless grace  
With the sweet out of her face,  
Though children light the meadows and frisky lambskins play.

When may the weather be supposed to have a cold?  
When it blows it snow.

## NEW YORK SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

BY.....MARY F. DAVIS.

## THE LESSON OF BEAUTY.

One needs but to go forth on a sweet May morning, to learn the significance and value of the beautiful sights and sounds of Nature at this vernal season. But to gain the full benefit of this lesson, the first essential is solitude. We need to leave behind the tread of human feet, and the cadence of human voices, however dear, and, for the time, to escape from the cankering care and tumult of every-day life. "In the silence" only can the sweet influences which come to the outer gates of the living temple find entrance to the inner sanctuary.

In the second place we need to be "at one" with the spirit of the scene. We must open our hearts as well as senses to "the wise silence, the universal beauty," and suffer them to make their full impression. It is our privilege to drink in the delicious breath of the soft May morning, to lay our heart on the great heart of Nature, and feel the flow of those divine currents which pulsate through the balmy airs of Spring, throbbing in the bosom of the lark and robin, and fill with rich perfume and delicate lines of imprisoned light the tiny cup of the May-flower and violet. The gates of morning open wide to the sun, and he pours a golden flood of radiance through the blue mist of the meadows, in which the delicate white blossoms of the cherry tree, the soft pink of the peach, and the tender green of the maple and willow, quiver and play as with the joy of newly awakened life. Resonant and musical are the exultant, plaintive, and tender songs of the familiar birds of the orchard and garden, and far over all is the boundless blue, with its snow white flecks of sailing clouds, suggestive of ineffable purity and peace.

Thus is the heart led to worship, and this is the great lesson of external beauty. As the harmonies of Nature flow into the soul through the symbols of the Divine which appear in the "procession of the flowers," and the rapidly changing robes of brightness that the sunny seasons wear, the reverent heart is inevitably led to the love and worship of that changeless Reality of which all this loveliness is but the fleeting Appearance. "It was for Beauty that the world was made," says one who is enamored of her sweet presence. It might well be so. The stars that hang in the measureless ether, the hues of the morning and evening twilight, the deep hush of the woods, the solemn song of the sea, the inexpressible charm of music, the wondrous fascination of human loveliness, all seem to say that "Beauty is its own excuse for being." But as the sun's light is a token of its life-giving warmth, even so the Beautiful is a symbol of the Good—is but an outward expression of that Divine Love which

"Lives through all life, extends through all extent,  
Spreads undivided, operates unspent."  
Tenderly, as a mother leads her child, does this visible Angel lead us to the portals of the Invisible and Eternal; and she smooths the rugged path of right and duty, and covers with flowers the toilsome ascent of truth.

## A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who has been called the "Theodore Parker of New York," has removed, with his congregation, from the church edifice on Fortieth street, to Tremor's Lyric Hall on Sixth Avenue. His opening discourse, on Sunday, May 24, was based on the text: "The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth." He said that they had abandoned their church, not because they were unable to keep it, but because they no longer wished to do so.

"In leaving it for this hall," said the speaker, "we feel that we have taken our stand among human interests and affairs. It is true that this is a place daily devoted to purposes of instruction and amusement, to the lecture, the dance, and the drama; but that is no objection to us, for we would willingly associate religion with art, and science, and innocent recreation. We think it high time that religion should step down from the throne and occupy the platform. But, say some, all this will be detrimental, for secular thoughts will intrude on holy time, and the music of the orchestra will mingle profanely with the tones of the choir. May there not be another side to this? If our religion is worth anything, should it not have its effect on the worldly? It is a poor complaint to say that it must shut itself in between consecrated walls."

The Society will soon take steps for erecting a new building, containing not only one or more assembly rooms, but a library, stores, and other apartments, instead of putting up a magnificent structure which would stand closed and useless nine-tenths of the time. Other churches would do well to follow this example; but not until the free religion which is heralded by Spiritualism shall prevail on earth, do we expect to see temples of worship universally dedicated to Humanity.

The Association of Women Artists has a large and beautiful apartment in the Woman's Bureau building, which is to be fitted up with all the appliances of the profession; and it will become a pleasant place of resort for artists, and is fitted to disciplinary, conference, and committee purposes. Mrs. Phelps intends to keep guest rooms in reserve, so that she may welcome lady strangers who come to the city unattended, and find no "latch string out" at the great hotels; and her spacious and elegant parlors will be devoted to the use of occupants of the building, for meetings, reunions, receptions, and the entertainment of guests.

## PROGRESS IN THE SOUTH.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, writing from Columbia, South Carolina, under date of April 14th, gives the following interesting items concerning the growth of progressive ideas on Southern soil:

"In my last I mentioned the fact that a colored woman had been heard in a speech before the Judiciary Committee of the South Carolina Legislature. The fact is significant of progress—is a representative as well as significant fact, in that it shows us that the old barriers of conservatism and precedent, nowhere ever stronger than in the Palmetto State, are sensibly yielding to the inevitable necessities of the new régime.

Equally significant, and equally representative with the woman's right innovation is the delivery of the first lecture on Spiritualism ever listened to by a Columbia auditory, on last Sunday evening, the 11th. The lecturer—Mr. Perry Fuller, of this place—advisedly delivered a lecture upon "Humanity's Final Triumph and Victory over Death," in which he announced himself as a believer in the Harmonical or Spiritual Philosophy. His is the system of belief held by the Andrew-Jackson-Davis school of Spiritualists. That which makes this lecture important is the fact that it is the entering wedge for a new idea—is the proof that our public mind is becoming ready for those novel teachings and speculations which have always heretofore been sneered at as silly, shallow and corrupting, throughout the South, and most of all in this State. But here we have a citizen, not a prominent man, to be sure, but one who has resided in this community for thirty years, who boldly announces his belief in those things which the community have never before known than as humbugs of the vilest class, announces his belief in spiritual intercourse through mediums, and broadly denies the inspira-

tion—the plenary inspiration even—of the whole Scriptures, except in so far as all truth is inspired. This is a novelty that warns us to clearly recognize the fact that the new régime is now upon us."

## THE LYCEUM BANNER.

The May day number of this excellent little magazine has arrived, looking as fresh and bright as the opening flower buds of spring. As usual it is filled with fascinating stories for the little ones, and graver lessons, written in most attractive style, for children of a larger growth. Mrs. Kimball spares no pains in its execution, and we are told by Mrs. Brown in this number that to her facile pen we are indebted for many stories, sketches and puzzles which have delighted us in the *Lyceum Banner*. Mrs. H. F. M. Brown, the beloved editor, is about to leave for California, but she says: "From the Rocky Mountains, from the 'Boiling Springs' of Colorado, from the Mormon city, and from the Pacific towns, I shall send you messages through this paper." God speed our sister, and bring her safely back from the distant Pacific Coast!

The *Lyceum Banner*, which is published semi-monthly for the low price of one dollar per annum, with a liberal discount to clubs, should be in every Spiritualist family, and all Lyceums especially should be furnished with this attractive little journal—the only one which the Spiritualist community is called upon to sustain, though another able "Convent Day Journal" is published by the St. Louis Lyceum.

## THE WOMAN'S BUREAU.

Mrs. Elizabeth B. Phelps, of New York City, has purchased an elegant brown-stone building, on Twenty-Third street, one door from the Academy of Design, which she intends to make of great service to the Cause of Woman. The different associations of women throughout the city have been invited to select rooms in the building; and already the Revolution has its headquarters there, and the Workingwomen's Association has an Exchange Room, in which samples of different kinds of handwork will be kept, with the names of the manufacturers, so that orders may be left for made-up goods, and the profits go directly to those who do the work. A registry also will be made at this office, or bazar, of the names of women seeking the higher kinds of manual employment, and of those who need such aid. Thus will be brought together without circumspection those who can help each other, and much suffering will be spared the struggling women and girls who are unexpectedly, by misfortune or otherwise, thrown upon their own resources. This is the plan adopted by the "Workingwomen's Protective Union" of this city, and great good is being the result.

## Biographical.

From the London Spiritual Magazine.

## Death of M. Allan Kardec.

SIR—A letter which I have just received from Paris, announces the sudden death, on Wednesday, the 21st of March, of one of the most gifted of our brother Spiritualists, M. ALLAN KARDEC. The immediate cause was the rupture of an aneurism with which he had been long threatened, but which he had hoped might be postponed until he had completed three more works, to be added to his valuable contributions to the philosophy of Spiritualism during the last eighteen years. To accomplish this the more effectually, he had already placed the conduct of the *Revue Spirite* in the hands of a committee, and had resigned the Presidency of "La Société Spirite de Paris."

The labor of removal from the Rue St. Anne, which had been so long the centre of the Spiritist movement in Paris, to the Avenue de Séguier, where M. Kardec possessed a small property, seems to have hastened the sad event. That Madame Kardec, who bore always a devoted and efficient part in her husband's labors, together with the Society of Paris, will receive the deep sympathy of you and your readers in the loss which they have sustained, I cannot doubt.

There was no evidence that any physical suffering whatever had been experienced—and a subsequent communication, made by the glorified spirit to the Society on the Friday following its departure, beautifully corroborated the assurance given in *Le Ciel et l'Enfer*, that "death for the purified spirit is simply a sleep of no moment's duration, exempt from suffering, and where the waking is joy unconfined." "A fitting close," as my countryman, M. Anna Blackwell, adds, "of a life of abnegation, devotion, untiring labor, unswerving constancy and inexhaustible charity which has gained for M. Kardec such deep and reverent affection from the circle-wide as the world—of those to whom, amidst the Atheism, Materialism, and non-belief of the age, his teachings have brought the light of immortality."

About eight hundred persons attended the funeral to the Montmartre Cemetery—a number which might have been doubled, had more time been allowed between the death and the burial. When the coffin was in place, M. Levent, President of the Society, read the obituary notice, and he was followed by MM. Camille Flammarion, Emile Barroult, and Colonel de Mallet. It is painful to record that the solemn and affecting ceremony was interrupted by the gratuitous interference of a policeman, calling upon the speakers to end a proceeding unattended by the presence and cooperation of a priest.

Permit me to remain, yours faithfully,  
RICH. BEAMISH.  
Woolston Lawn, Southampton, April 7th, 1869.

I have just received the following account of the career of M. Allan Kardec. The facts have been supplied to my correspondent by Madame Kardec herself. The statement might form an interesting appendix to the notice of M. Kardec's death, if not too late for your next publication.

Allan Kardec was born at Lyons, October 4th, 1804. His family name was Rivall. By that name he lived, worked and wrote, previous to his connection with Spiritualism. Of the reason for the change I may speak another time. His father was a barrister, of a highly respected family, the senior members of which had discharged the duties of the magistracy during many generations, and for whose memory he cherished an impassioned recollection, seems to have possessed not only great personal beauty and attraction, but to have been a highly accomplished woman, and one of the most brilliant ornaments to the Society of Lyons.

Allan received his early education at the Pestalozzian Institution of Yverdon, Canton de Vaud. He very soon exhibited his aptitude in acquiring knowledge, as well as his love for dispensing it; few things affording him more pleasure than being permitted to assist those of his schoolfellows who were less advanced than he was.

His love for Nature was intense. He has been known to spend whole days on the neighboring mountains in making collections for his herbarium. On leaving school, he devoted himself to teaching and in translating various French works into German. The more eagerly to carry out his educational views, he, in 1824, took up his residence in Paris, and four years afterwards he purchased a large boys' school, which he conducted with so much ability and success that in 1830 he hired a large apartment in the Rue de Sévres, to which he transferred his scholars, and in which he delivered, gratuitously, lectures on Chemistry, Astronomy, Comparative Anatomy, Phrenology and Animal Magnetism, to all who desired information upon these important subjects.

The classes numbered upwards of five hundred, and included many highly distinguished individuals. Notwithstanding the large amount of labor thus self-imposed, he yet found time to discharge the duties of secretary to the Phrenological and Magnetic Societies, and to contribute a series of elementary works in Grammar, Arith-

metics and French History to the University Schools of France, which are still retained in those schools. He also drew up a Memoir on Educational Reform, which was laid before the Legislative Chamber, discussed, admired and neglected.

In 1862, having become convinced of the reality of spiritual phenomena, he abandoned all other pursuits, and devoted himself exclusively to the elucidation of the complex problems which Spiritualism presents. To this task he brought large acquirements, matured judgment, unusual opportunities, and a truly elevated and devoted spirit, which enabled him to treat the questions as they arose with a philosophical acumen and affectionate earnestness, which have operated powerfully in directing the minds of his countrymen to the knowledge of their higher destiny.

Seven admirable works now followed one another in rapid succession, from his pen, viz: *Qu'est ce que le Spiritisme? Le Spiritisme à sa plus simple expression; Le Livre des Esprits; Le Ciel et l'Enfer; Le Livre des Médiams; L'Evangile selon le Spiritisme et la Genèse*. Nor did these special labors exhaust either his enthusiasm or his zeal. He not only organized the "Société d'Etude Psychologique" to the Presidency of which he was from year to year unanimously re-elected, but he continued to edit the *Revue Spirite* to the last.

It only remains for me to add that M. Kardec is succeeded in the Presidency of the Société d'Etude Psychologique by his valued friend Colonel Mallet (not de Mallet), who has announced his determination to leave the army, to sell a fine estate at Douai, and to devote himself to his new duties, in which he is supported by the sympathy of his amiable wife, who is herself an excellent writing medium.

RICH. BEAMISH.

April 19th, 1869.

## Spiritual Phenomena.

## The Davenport in Portland.

The most notable event of the hour here now is the advent of the Davenport Brothers and their companion, William M. Fay, who gave one of their remarkable exhibitions in City Hall, last evening. Notwithstanding the storm and the reticence of the newspapers, quite a respectable audience assembled. John Neal, Esq., well known here for his frequent investigations and contradictory conclusions, and Mr. Cram, proprietor of the United States Hotel, were selected as the committee. The usual formula of examination of the cabinet and instruments was had, and the Brothers were then apparently securely tied by the committee. While the doors were being closed hands were seen, and one of the instruments hurled at Mr. Neal, who was in the act of closing them. The usual manifestations were made, which have been so frequently described that a repetition is needless, except to say that while the Brothers were bound flour was placed in their hands, and in an incredibly short time they were unbound, stepping out of the cabinet with the flour remaining in their hands, and not a particle of it spilled.

In the dark séance, after the regular manifestations were concluded, the results were still more remarkable. While Mr. Fay was securely tied his coat was instantaneously removed and thrown some ten feet from him. Afterwards, while yet bound, a coat belonging to a gentleman present was as instantaneously placed upon him. One man who was intent, it is supposed, upon exposing the humbug, was called to hold the medium with Mr. Neal. Upon extinguishing the lights the guitars began to move about, and while Mr. Neal faithfully held the medium this man was discovered, upon striking the lights, standing, having caught both guitars, and if the audience had not known to the contrary, he would have been considered a confederate.

To-day everybody is talking about the Davenports, some persisting in the idea that by some mysterious hocus-pocus they manage to do all these wonderful things themselves, while others admit that there is something very strange and remarkable about it, and still others who find it requires less stretch of the imagination to believe that some mysterious power, independent of the visible actors, produces these wonderful results, than to admit that the Brothers and Fay are smart enough and skillful enough to perform them themselves without the aid of any foreign agency or machinery.

While witnessing the manifestations the thought occurred to me that there was much of sameness in them, and I found myself wondering why the invisibles did not sometimes vary their performances, and thus confound the wilfully skeptical, who try to account for all these occurrences on a material or natural plane. For instance, when a hand appears the skeptic at once concludes that the man who is tied has by some sleight-of-hand liberated his own hands from the knots, which appeared to be so secure, and that it was only a mortal hand, attached to a mortal body, after all, that was shown. Now if the same power that produced the hand could produce and show a face, differing essentially from the faces of the mediums, it seems, to my short-sighted senses, that it would be infinitely more startling and convincing. If, therefore, the ordinary routine of tying and untying, playing musical instruments, blowing trumpets and exhibiting hands could be sometimes varied, and something new, unexpected and startling be done, it could but result in good; for after all, these physical manifestations, however wonderful and startling, are but the heralds of the coming day when man shall know something of the world to which he is rapidly hastening, and knowing, learn how to live to be prepared to appreciate and enjoy that better life when he reaches it.

These remarks are not designed to disparage the wonderful manifestations occurring in the presence of "the Davenports," for they are indeed wonderful, and are doing much to attract the attention of the public to the investigation of the phenomena, but are simply random thoughts suggested by the occasion.

Yours truly, PORTLAND.

May 15th, 1869.

## Physical Manifestations.

The *Springfield Republican* of May 10th and 11th contains reports of the manifestations witnessed at séances held by Charles H. Read, the medium, at Gilmore's Hall in that city, from which we make the following extracts, to show that while the paper admits the fairness of the manifestations, it cannot account for them on any other hypothesis than that which it says is claimed by Mr. Read, "that the spirits are the operators." After some preliminary remarks the paper says:

"To begin with, he produced seven or eight steel rings, three rope rings linked together, several ropes, a tambourine and a guitar; and, besides these, used a little stand without a drawer, and a chair belonging to the hall. All these things were examined by many people, and pronounced solid and genuine. Mr. Read was then bound securely to the chair by arms, neck, feet and hands. The rope was knotted tightly around both wrists, his hands drawn down to his knees, and the rope then fastened to the rung of the chair, and so thoroughly was this done that his hands grew swollen and purple, and blood settled beneath the knots at his wrists. He was left alone on the platform, while his agent turned down the gas. In a minute's time it was turned up, and the chair by his side was placed with his

arm between its rungs, and the knots absolutely undisturbed. Other queer things followed rapidly. The rings were put on his arms, one ring and a tumbler of water from the table were set on his head, and the tumbler being taken off, was replaced upside down, with the water out, but where it had been emptied none could tell. Two men among the spectators took off their coats; and presently one sleeve of each coat was taken by Read's agent, beneath the knots; and again the sleeves of both coats were put on the rings which fastened his wrists to the chair. A pair of handcuffs were brought in, which, on trial, could barely be forced over the hand of a lady wearing number six knits, and which took considerable maneuvering to clasp upon Read's wrists, but over their untiring chain was hung the steel ring. Persons from the audience went on the platform and held him tightly, but rings would appear over their arms. The musical instruments were strummed and were laid between them and himself, on the arms of both; light finger touches were felt upon them, and Read's coat was taken from his back and laid at the other end of the platform. All this, mind you, while Read was not only tied but firmly held. There was no evidence of collusion. To be sure, these things were done in the dark, but the darkness was only momentary, and the tricks, if tricks they were, were the most marvelously clever things ever invented by man. Mr. Read, of course, claims that spirits are the operators."

The same paper of the 11th says:

"The second séance of Charles H. Read, the physical medium, at Gilmore's Hall, last evening, was in its facts chiefly a repetition of Saturday night's. The tying was the same, but in addition to that Read's hands were filled with rice at one time, and at another sealed with surgeon's plaster, and still the strange performances went on. One notable thing last night was that while he was taken off from under the multiplied knots, and laid on the floor by his side. A ring made by a Springfield man was one of the implements used, and occasioned no embarrassment whatever. Although Read declined to put it on any one else than himself, the audience, which numbered somewhat more than 200, was rather captious and critical, and occasionally ill-mannered. Certainly Read endured a very close scrutiny, and the committee were faithfully strict in their inspection, and entirely fair in their report."

## OHIO.

## Painesville Lyceum, etc.

BANNER OF LIGHT—When I have a word to say to a great audience, I instinctively turn to thee. I am in Painesville, O., near the mouth of Grand River, where it empties into Lake Erie. It is a city of trees. I lectured here yesterday before the Society of Progress. The Society numbers some sixty or seventy members. It has rented a fine, large hall, and it is being fitted up with a large platform or stage, adapted to exhibitions and amusements of various kinds, for Spiritualists worship God in rational and healthful amusements, as well as in laboring to supply their fellow beings with the necessities and comforts of this life. Their worship consists in doing those things that conduce to their own health and happiness, and to the health and happiness of their families and of their fellow beings. As an incorporated Society they are making a marked and decided impression on this beautiful town, or city, as I think it now is. I lectured on "The True Worship of the True God." Text: Labor is true worship; laborers are true worshippers.

They have a fine Progressive Lyceum, of some seventy members enrolled, from the man of seventy to the child of seven. Asahel G. Smith is their efficient Conductor, and Mrs. Dawsey their efficient Guardian. They have had two very pleasant and most enjoyable exhibitions this spring. I attended the Lyceum, and addressed the friends about the children—the child's mission to its parents, and the parents' duty to the child, to save it from the cruel despotism of those errors of the popular religion which so blight and blast the lives of millions. The Lyceum is but about one year old, yet, though in its infancy, it deeply affects the whole community around it, as all healthy, hearty, heaven-born, progressive infants do.

Spiritualists, take good care of the dimes, and the dollars will take care of themselves. Dear Banner, look after the children of Spiritualists. Save them from those dark and fearful views of God and man, of heaven and hell, of Christ and Beelzebub, of death, judgment and eternity, which have so bewildered, benumbed and besotted your own souls when you were groping about in the darkness of Ritualism. These children are to be the parents of the future. Save them and the future from that religion which curses them by teaching them to look outside of their own souls for a Ruler and a Saviour. God bless and prosper all Progressive Lyceums. With the Boston Lyceum and the Painesville Lyceum could meet. Would n't that be a grand time?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

Painesville, O., May 10th, 1869.

## MINNESOTA.

## Missionary Report.

To the Secretary of the Spiritual Association of Minnesota: I herewith send my report of missionary labors during the month of April. Lectured to a good audience in Trexler, Minn. Oatman, Sunday evening, and in Owatonna, Monday evening. In Owatonna I was present to criticize and analyze my speech, as I always give liberty for questions and criticism. I then returned the compliment by attending his meeting in the evening; he also gave liberty for remarks and criticism, and I availed myself of the privilege, which created considerable interest, so much so that I was not home until a Monday evening to listen to our inspirations. Bro. Kely and Price secured and paid for the use of the hall, and will do the same for our quarterly meeting on the 5th and 6th of June. Hotels will entertain us for half-price.

Visited a very liberal element there, as they have a regularly organized society of Indians, numbering one hundred. My first lecture was upon Infidelity, second, Spiritualism, third, Woman's Rights; much the largest audience assembled to listen to the last named subject. Spiritualism embraces all the sciences and all reforms, and I sometimes feel that I must devote more time to the enlightenment of those who have almost suffered martyrdom in consequence of legalized ownership, unjust customs and the monopolization system which renders women powerless in the hands of their legal owners, who arrogate to themselves the right of jurisprudence in all things, wielding a power over that portion which would be of use to the poor, by sympathy and counsel, devise ways and means to deal with all human beings as heirs of the same inheritance and children of the self-same God.

Intended to visit Morrisston, but the rain and mud prevailed. Intended, for a few days, to spend impossible to lecture anywhere in towns where but few or no sidewalks are to be found.

Came to Medford on the 22d. Bro. Smith Johnson (on whose land the town was built) secured the Baptist church, which was filled both evenings by a few good Spiritualists, and a large proportion of Orthodox, who listened with undivided attention to the truths of our glorious philosophy. Our Christian friends urged me to visit them, and also called to the spirit-world was influenced to see spirits at her first sitting in a circle. Thanks to the angels who are helping me to develop media, which is no small part of my mission. Lectured in the Court House at Monticello, Saturday evening, the 24th; my last audience, Sunday evening, was much the largest, although the minister did not read my notice, and said in his sermon in the morning that a person to be respected in community must subscribe to the popular religion. I could not refrain from showing them in the afternoon that there was a time when the religion of Jesus Christ was unpopular; that in all ages those who had given to the world truths in advance of the preconceived notions of the people had been unpopular, and therefore suffered persecution, even martyrdom; I will not recant, but will cherish the belief that my humble efforts there will be blessed by the angels to many souls.

Visited Waasola. Gave one lecture, as the Teachers' Institute was to be in session every evening during the week. Remembrances to all who have so kindly entertained me during the month; I shall hope to meet many of our dear friends at the quarterly meeting in Owatonna the 5th and 6th of June. Let us then and there come prepared to subscribe for the *Banner of Light* and other spiritual papers, as well as for "food, fuel, and a flow of love." Collections in money during April, \$21.05; Subscriptions, 17.00. Expenses, including hails, etc., 10.00.

Mrs. F. A. Logan, State Agent.

An irrepressible boy of five years, who was always compelled to keep quiet on Sunday, having grown weary toward the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but rather strict father, and gravely said: "Pa, let's have a little spiritual fun." This was too much, not only for the gravity but for the strictness of the father, and for once he "let natur caper" until bedtime.

Why is the Grecian bend like a cigar? Because it is manufactured tobacco.



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## Banner of Light.

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LEWIS B. WILSON, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

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to whom letters and communications should be addressed.

### Matter and Spirit.

The Monthly Religious Magazine continues its exposition of the subject of "miracles and their significance," and we cannot refrain from making allusions to it, as well as pertinent extracts from it, as the discussion proceeds. It is certainly undertaken by a masterly hand—one who writes out of the depths of an actual experience, rather than from the shallow say-ings of theology and dogmatism.

In treating the fact that many hold the earth to be wholly isolated from the spiritual universe surrounding it, the writer reminds the dogmatists and unbelievers that axioms are often used as authorities, which really have long been effete and dead. For example, the celebrated Thomas Aquinas held that spirit can never impinge upon matter, and it has been received, since his day, as the axiom which he regarded it. Even supposing it true—says our writer—"It would not therefore follow that devils might not be found or contrived by which devils or angels might make themselves sensibly felt, and might act upon matter. It is true that spirit is spirit and matter is matter. But then what is spirit and what is matter? Of the difference between the two there are notions of medieval origin, which are obstinately pleaded to-day, for ends which Thomas Aquinas and the schoolmen would never have sanctioned. Also, what did Thomas Aquinas know of electricity, galvanism, or magnetism? What did he know of the odic force? He knew no more of them than he did of optics or chemical affinities or the law of gravitation. Definitions as to spirit and matter, originating ages before Bacon, adduced to-day on the subject of miracles, are gross anachronisms." \* \* \* "If Thomas Aquinas had lived in these last days, instead of writing what he did on some points, and getting quoted by people of another dialect in philosophy than his, as having meant what he certainly did not intend, he would probably have held that matter was such a mere nothing, such a mere meeting-place of immaterial forces, as scarcely itself to need notice."

The writer proceeds, in illustration of his subject, to cite a few incidents which are calculated, appearing where they now do, to work an influence on a portion of the public not perhaps reached by a different publication so effectually. He is speaking of the "gates of revelation" which from time to time open to us all, but from the view through which so many ignorantly shrink. One of his instances is as follows:

"In Boston, an Englishman was staying, who many lands and many men had seen, and, alas, many years since the time of his leaving school. He certainly in his life had never dreamed of the school, and for many years had scarcely even had a thought of it. But one night he had a dream of it. Accompanied by his aunt he walked up the road which led to the school, wondering all the while at the perfectness with which he remembered every little object. He passed in through the gate into the yard, when he noticed a heap of rubbish under the wall, on which he turned to his aunt and said: 'This stuff ought to be cleared away; it never ought to be allowed here.' Then with the old familiar feeling he went up the steps and opened the door of the school, and was surprised at seeing, not boys at their desks, but a crowd of old women on the benches, and a crowd of old men at the blackboards. But in the morning, while he was at the breakfast-table, he received a foreign letter, which proved to be from a trustee of the old grammar school, soliciting a subscription from him toward the rebuilding of the edifice. It was an undertaking in which his aunt was much interested, and she had herself given the address for the letter."

The writer then proceeds to another similar story, which he says is vouched for by the best possible evidence. It is thus: "When the emigration for California had begun, a youth belonging to the town of Lynn embarked for San Francisco. After some months had elapsed, his mother dreamed that she saw him, that he looked wofully wasted, and that he stretched out his arms to her, and cried, 'Oh, mother! mother! take me! I am dying of thirst!' Early the next day she went to a very intelligent gentleman, with her heart full of agony; and, at her request, he put the history and date of her request into writing. After many months, eleven perhaps, a letter reached her from the captain of the ship in which her son had sailed. The vessel had suffered much in terms of Cape Horn. Because of the long passage, the supply of water had not lasted. And for want of water several persons on board of the vessel had died before reaching port, and among them was her son; and the time of his death, as given by the captain, corresponded with that night of the mother's dream."

The writer says that the two foregoing incidents have never been published before, and are given because they are new. And he is perfectly correct in his assertion, that hundreds, if not thousands, of recorded dreams could be cited, which are at least as impressive as these, and some of them even more striking.

He gives another incident, of another type, but verifying the same underlying fact in human existence. It is as follows:

"Some six or seven years ago, a vessel arrived in Boston with a great number of shipwrecked people on board. The ship in which they had been sailing had foundered at sea, and left them on the water, clinging most of them, to floating objects. A vessel, bound to Boston, arrived in their midst and picked them up. But how did that ship get amongst them? The captain of it said that he was on deck at night, and a bird flew in his face, and at the same time he was filled with a strong, strange feeling, for putting the ship about, and sailing back on the course by which he had been coming. A second time, and a third time, a bird flew in his face, and the feeling with him grew stronger and stronger. And after sailing for three hours in the dark, he found himself to be a saviour at a great shipwreck."

It is a fact, as the writer remarks, that history abounds in such incidents—ancient and modern history, classical and profane. And well may he ask why they are read contemptuously, or heard with impatient pity. His own answer is—"simply because of what is ignorantly fancied about the laws of nature, as being exclusive of marvels of unknown origin." That is, what some people find it difficult to explain they refuse to credit. We are indeed a wonderful race, mites as we are at the best, if we are to assume that nothing is real or true except what we can understand. "Just as though"—he adds, and clinches—"the laws of nature, to common notion, would not have been against the possibility of submarine whispering, if it had ever been thought of, before

electricity had yielded itself to human management. And just as though a thousand, and ten thousand similar facts do not imply something in common, some common cause, and it may be probably some common law. And what if that should seem to be a spiritual law? Is that a supposition so inevitable as that even Christians cannot think it?" \* \* \* "As though God would be less God, for any man's knowing something of him or his own knowledge!"

"There is a containing sky about us, in which the aurora flames. There is an air about us, in which it thunders and lightens; and surrounding us there is an atmosphere, through which we are affected for life and for death, in ways which, year by year, are enumerated by science, more and more wonderfully. A spiritual atmosphere about us, or an atmosphere slightly spiritual, or something which we mortals should call such—why should it be accounted strange or incredible? Surely not because the knowledge of it was not given by Moses, or through the New Testament. And if such a belief be fairly deducible by observed facts, what is it but a thing for which to thank God, as enabling the believers in the Scriptures to conform the better to the rules of what is called modern science, even on its own plane? Revelation! People who believe in it ought to be afraid of nothing, as against it. And no man, with a soul to believe, does believe in it with earthly misgivings of any kind."

To which conclusion we have no word of our own in this place to subjoin.

### Credal Collapse.

We obtain from the Springfield Republican a rather prolix report of the "County Christian Convention" in that region, composed of the several churches thereabout. Their ostensible purpose was to compare notes, with a view to discovering the true way to wake up public sentiment on the subject of church religion. The confessions of the several Ministers and Deacons present were very suggestive. Rev. Mr. Parsons called for a great deal more activity among the churches. Rev. Mr. Reed told how hard it is to get the majority of church members to work, and the great need of more spirituality. Rev. Mr. Burnham said church members "won't pray for souls, when they haven't got religion enough themselves to attend the prayer meetings." He said scolding did no good, and begging and pleading were equally "barren." Rev. Mr. Furber thought twelve year old converts could do a great deal, and he told of one who had been the means of the "conversion" of fifty persons. As if to satirize this incapacity at home, a missionary from Burmah was presented. A Methodist brother believed in the efficacy of "class meetings," to prevent members "from falling into listlessness." Another proposed family instruction and training, with church interests mainly kept in view. Still another was candid enough to deplore the strong denominational tendencies, each church seeming to try to see "how much it could steal from the other." Judge Smith, of Springfield, made the statement, based on wide observation, that "seven-tenths of those who are church members were really not Christians at all, but mere followers of worldly policy."

These remarks occupied the whole of the first day's session of the Convention, including a session in the evening, prolonged until ten o'clock. On the second day, the meeting was much more numerous than on the first. Rev. Mr. Buckingham made a very flat denial of the statement of Judge Smith, in saying that there were Christians enough in Hampden County to reach all its impenitent people, if they could each be induced to make a personal effort. Judge Smith's statement was that seven-tenths of all the church members "were really not Christians at all." Deacon Smith, however, was the most original, if not the most vigorous speaker of all; he has a style of his own, both in perception and statement. He compared the puny exertions of individual churches to those of "a spavined, ring-boned horse"; but he said that if they were only harnessed all together, "lame and defective," by the mere force of numbers they could pull the wagon out of the rut she is stuck fast in. Rev. Dr. Ide agreed with the Deacon; which shows how little they know about horse-flesh, if they suppose a string of broken-down hacks is equivalent to a single sound dray horse, youthful and vigorous. The Doctor and "Brother Potter" then indulged in a little tilt, each giving the other "the lie," in a conventional style, of course. Resolutions were finally adopted, which left the whole matter as much at loose ends as before. We notice these church meetings more particularly, as Spiritualists' Conventions are always noticed with so much religious zeal by their organs.

### Gallows and Whipping-Post.

A great outcry is raised against the setting up of a new whipping-post in Delaware, which is indeed one of the most offensive of the outside symptoms, or reminiscences, of a barbarous age. But nothing is said in the same spirit against still tolerating the gallows. If it be such a dreadful matter to inflict a score or more of lashes on the bare back for theft, is it so much the sadder to strangle a human being to death, or to break his neck, in view of an assembled company of witnesses? A New York paper, in comparing the sentiment that prevails relative to the two subjects, remarks that the gallows is a much more venerable implement than the whipping-post, and that by fear of it Twitcheil, of Philadelphia, was driven to suicide at the last moment. Down with whipping-posts and the gallows-trees together.

### Wealth and Poverty in England.

England is the richest nation in the world, but she may be called the poorest also. She has the richest commerce and the richest church. Her commerce creates an interchange of products worth £450,000,000 sterling annually. Her church endowments approach £100,000,000 sterling in value, yielding a revenue of some £9,000,000 sterling every year. Yet out of 20,000,000 of people, 1,000,000 are set down as paupers. One person in every twenty of her population is a pauper. But this 1,000,000 is by no means the measure of the vast seething mass of poverty that festers in her cities, towns, and villages, breeding pestilence and crime; and burdening the industrious classes too unequally with heavy loads of taxation.

### "Rules to be Observed for the Spiritual Circle."

We last week promised to publish in our next issue of the Banner an article from the pen of Emma Hardinge bearing the above title; but upon further consideration we have decided to print it in pocket-pamphlet style instead, as more convenient for use. The Rules laid down by Mrs. Hardinge are decidedly the best that have come under our observation. The pamphlet will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents.

### Spiritual Phenomena Illustrated.

We shall publish next week interesting attested accounts of the physical manifestations in England, one of which will be illustrated.

### Justice Slow, but Sure.

"HESTER VAUGHN IS OUT OF PRISON!" So report the daily papers. Thanks to the great Spirit-World for their efforts in her behalf. That the public may become familiar with the sad story, we republish Miss Lizzie Doten's great poem upon the subject, which appeared in the Banner March 20th:

#### HESTER VAUGHN.

Hester Vaughn was tried for the crime of infanticide. She was convicted, and sentence of death passed upon her. Subsequently, by the efforts of benevolent individuals and the pressure of public opinion, her sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life. Susan A. Smith, M. D., of Philadelphia, who visited her in prison, and was chiefly instrumental in obtaining her reprieve, gives the following statement in relation to the circumstances attendant upon her alleged crime: "She was deserted by her husband, who knew she had not a relative in America. She rented a third-story room in this city, (Philadelphia), from a German family, who understood very little English. She furnished this room, found herself in food and fuel for three months on twenty dollars. She then came into this room at midnight, on the 8th of February, and lingered until Saturday morning the 9th, when her child was born. She told me she was nearly frozen, and faint, or went to sleep for a long time. Through all this period of agony she was alone, without nourishment or fire, with her door unfastened. It has been asserted that she confessed her guilt. I can solemnly say in the presence of Almighty God that she never confessed guilt to me, and stoutly affirms that no such word ever passed her lips."

Now by the common wail and woe,  
Uniting each with all;  
And by the snarers we may not know,  
Until we blindly fall;  
Let every heart and sorrow tried—  
Let every woman born,  
Feel that her cause stands side by side  
With that of Hester Vaughn.

A woman, famished for the love  
All hearts so deeply crave,  
Whose only hope was Heaven above,  
To succor such to save;  
With every want, and grief, and care,  
To greet her child unborn;  
A weary burden, hard to bear,  
Was life to Hester Vaughn.

No friend, no food, no fire, no light,  
And face to face with death,  
She struggled through the weary night,  
With anguish such as death;  
Till that frail life which shared her own,  
Had perished ere the morn.  
And left her to the hearts of stone,  
That judged poor Hester Vaughn.

Who was it, that refused to draw  
A lesson from the time,  
And in the name of human law,  
Pronounced her doom in crime?  
Was her accused cold and stern,  
A man of woman born,  
Whose debt to woman could not earn  
Some grace for Hester Vaughn?

The word of judgment is not sure,  
To wealth and station high,  
But that she was alone and poor,  
Was she condemned to die.  
Oh God of love, be for woman grace,  
The servile worldlings fawn,  
Has not thy love a hiding place,  
For such as Hester Vaughn?

Come to the bar of Judgment, come,  
Ye favored ones of earth,  
And let your haughty lips be dumb,  
So bountiful of your worth.  
What virtues, or what noble deeds,  
Your faithless lives adorn,  
That thus by laws, or lifeless creeds,  
You sentence Hester Vaughn?

What countless crimes—what guilt untold—  
What depths of sin and shame,  
Are gilded by your lying gold,  
Or hidden by a name?  
Ye pave your road to hell with skulls  
Of infants writhing in pain,  
Then virtuous with angelic lulls,  
And crushes Hester Vaughn.

Ye, who your secret sins confess,  
Before the Eternal Throne—  
Adulterers and Adulterers!  
What money have ye shown?  
For place and power, for gems and gold,  
To give your souls in pawn,  
But Heaven's fair gates will first unfold,  
To such as Hester Vaughn.

The "mills of God that grind so slow,"  
Will "grind exceeding small";  
And time, at length, will clearly show  
The want or worth of all.  
Distinctions will not always be  
With such a crowd of noble deeds,  
Between the proud of high degree  
And such as Hester Vaughn.

Through Moyness's prison bars,  
She counts each weary day,  
Or 'neath the calmly watching stars,  
She wakes to weep and pray.  
Thank God for her in heaven above,  
A bright and happy company of rational creatures,  
And those who judge all hearts in love,  
Will welcome Hester Vaughn.

### Goody Revised.

The women of the country who read Goody's Lady's Book in 1852, will hardly assent to-day to the bigotry of which it was ostentatiously proud then. We clip the following extract from its issue of October in that year, from which a correct notion will be got of how sure it then was that it knew all that it was possible to know of Spiritualism, if not of pretty much everything else:

"A CONVENTION OF 'SPIRITUALISTS.'—A convention of professed believers in 'spiritual manifestations'—men and women—assembled in Washington Hall, Bromfield street, yesterday morning, (August 6th, 1852). It was a singular collection of dupes and fanatics, resembling more a congregation of lunatics than a company of rational creatures. In fact, we have never seen the like outside the walls of a mad-house."

We cannot enter into the details of this revolting spectacle, where men and women seemed striving to outdo each other in fanatical follies. But though the rappings, like the witch's oracles, were originated by females, we find the deception encouraged and systematized by men for their own advantage, in a far greater degree than by our sex. The officers and chief actors in this 'Spiritualists' Convention' were men.

Our readers have no sympathy with those insane movements, and our only reason for noticing the subject is that, when our 'Book,' a century hence, is referred to as a specimen of the literature of the nineteenth century, it may be apparent we did not, even by silence, assent to the humbug to use a vulgar, but for this folly a most appropriate name—of spirit-rappings."

The above is editorial opinion. We suggest that it be immediately revised in the "Book"—or is the book permanently closed for that fateful year? Why will not the editor repeat these narrow opinions and conceits now, and offer to stand by them if he thinks them of the same importance he did then? If he hesitates, would not a hesitating spirit better become him, or her, at all times? Speak! Not a few of the millions of believers in the Spiritual Philosophy read Goody, and no doubt would like to know how much wiser its editor has grown in seventeen years.

### North Scituate.

This thriving town, located on the South Shore, a little over a dozen miles from Boston, exhibits a fair specimen of the growth of Spiritualism in this State. Some two years ago, when there were scarcely a dozen Spiritualists in the place, Mrs. S. A. Horton and Cephas B. Lynn delivered several lectures there, which had a tendency to awaken quite an interest on the subject of Spiritualism. Since then, other speakers have visited the place, namely, A. E. Carpenter, the efficient State Agent, Mrs. A. M. Davis, J. H. Harris, Miss J. Yeaw and Miss Hubbard, and kept up the interest there. Four weeks ago an association was formed, with forty-nine signatures, and Mr. Daniel J. Bates was chosen President. Now they are making the necessary arrangements to organize a Children's Lyceum. Mr. Bates is an energetic worker, and there is an earnest feeling manifested among old and young, which will strengthen the Society and Lyceum. North Scituate presents a good record.

### Williamsville, Conn.

L. J. Fuller informs us that the Spiritualists of Williamsville hold regular services in their new hall every Sunday afternoon and evening, and the Lyceum holds its session at twelve o'clock. A growing interest in Spiritualism is manifest.

### Boston Progressive Lyceum.

This Lyceum still holds its weekly sessions each Sunday morning at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, commencing at half-past ten. Its library is on the increase, its discipline excellent, and its numbers were long ago too large for the limited accommodations furnished by the present hall. Mr. D. N. Ford has made his mark, as an efficient Conductor, and is ably assisted in the discharge of incumbent duties by Miss M. A. Sanborn, Guardian, Miss M. F. Haynes, Assistant Guardian, eighteen Group Leaders, and the usual complement of Guards, &c.

The exercises on Sunday morning, May 16th, consisted of singing, Silver-Chain recitations, wing movements, declamations by fourteen little ones (mostly girls), a dialogue by Misses C. Stone and F. Newhall, reading by Eva Newhall, the recitation of two original poems by Mr. Angelo, Grand Banner March—one hundred and fifty scholars being in line—and Target March.

During the session the Conductor read a communication from Albert Morton, Esq.—an earnest friend of and worker in this Lyceum—addressed to the pupils of his group, but which was adjudged to be of universal interest, and was therefore given to the whole body. Mr. Morton was at the time of writing the letter (and also the reading) absent on a voyage to Cuba for the benefit of his health. At the close of the reading, Master Allie Davenport presented a bouquet to the Conductor and Guardian.

This Lyceum has set on foot a plan for the increase of its library, which it would be well to copy in other similar organizations. A table is set apart, at each session, for the sale of spiritual publications, which are bought by the quantity, at wholesale prices, and retailed for the benefit of the library, the profits on one particular author's works going to produce a fund for the addition of his books to the library. This plan, we understand, has been quite successful.

A picnic will be given by this Lyceum, at Walden Pond, Concord, on Wednesday, June 23d, under the direction of the Executive Committee. Of this, further particulars concerning arrangements will be given hereafter. Also on the first Sunday evening in June will be commenced, at Mercantile Hall, a regular series of monthly concerts for the benefit of the Lyceum.

A free Spiritual Conference, for the consideration and discussion of questions of interest pertaining to our philosophy, holds its meetings at Mercantile Hall each Sabbath afternoon. All are cordially invited to attend.

### Testimonial to G. W. Metcalf.

On the evening of Sunday, May 16th, a complimentary testimonial was given by the members of the Boston Lyceum, to Mr. G. W. Metcalf, long their Musical Director, but who was about to sever his connection with them on account of ill health, and removal from the city.

The exercises were superintended by Messrs. M. T. Dole, T. M. Carter and D. N. Ford as Committee of Arrangements. Hall's Boston Brass Band were present, and favored the audience with "Fra Diavolo" and Tyrolenne Echoes; recitations were participated in by Misses Emma Quayle, George Cayvan, Hattie A. Melvin, Nellie Chubbuck, Laura Chubbuck, Hattie S. Teel, and Messrs. Willie S. French and Fred Kendall; a dialogue was successfully rendered by Misses N. Chubbuck, L. Knight, C. Fanno, B. Lovejoy, C. Manson, A. Manson; Mary A. Morton performed "Pure as Snow," upon the piano forte, and songs were given by Mr. Charles W. Sullivan, and Misses Alice Cayvan, Cora Stone, Bertie Lovejoy, L. Addie Davenport; that fine duet, "What are the Wild Waves Saying?" was then feelingly rendered by Miss Mary A. Sanborn and Charles W. Sullivan, and after a Grand Target March and recitation the performance ended.

At the conclusion of the exercises, Mr. Ford, in behalf of Mr. Metcalf, returned thanks to the large audience assembled, and to the various performers, for their kindness and appreciation of past services thus manifested.

### Decline in the Use of Liquor.

The Boston Journal says that Senator Wilson, at the meeting of the National Temperance Society, in New York, stated that intemperance was on the decrease. This testimony comes from a public man who has wonderfully illustrated the beneficial influence of temperate habits upon a man engaged almost incessantly in labors which tax both the mental and physical powers. His opportunity for judging correctly of the decrease of intemperance is certainly unequalled, for his duties carry him over a wide extent of country. One great cause for improvement in this respect may be attributed to the fact that the people, as they progress in education, become convinced of the injurious effects of liquor and therefore abstain from its use from a desire to promote health and thus prolong life. It is not many years ago that an occasional violation of the rules of temperance was regarded as excusable, and a man's position in business circles was scarcely injured by a knowledge of the fact. It is not so to-day, and those who deviate from the path of sobriety soon find that the per centage of discount on their notes is influenced by their habits. There are too many temperate people for those who are intemperate to stand any chance in the great battle of life, while public opinion is too strong for any man to oppose it. The cause of temperance is progressing because our best men set a worthy example, and they are promoting the good cause more than any act that can be passed by the wisest of legislators.

### A HYMN OF PEACE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NATIONAL PEACE JUBILEE BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, TO THE MUSIC OF KEELER'S "AMERICAN HYMN."

Angel of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!  
Spread white wings to the sunshine of love!  
Come while our voices are blended in song—  
Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!  
Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove—  
Speed of the far-sounding billows of song,  
Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love—  
Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Brothers we meet, on this altar of thine  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,  
Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea—  
Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!  
Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,  
Sweetest the incense we offer to thee,  
Brothers once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!  
Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!  
Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main  
Lead the full breath of the organ reply—  
Let the loud tempest of voices reply—  
Roll the long surge like the earth-shaking main!  
Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!  
Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

### Correction.

The advertisement of the new volume, "THE SEERS OF THE AGES," informed the reader that this book would be sold at retail for \$1.75. The price per copy is \$2.00, and the work is cheap at that. Postage 32 cents.

We have received many thanks from our readers for publishing Bouvastre's instructive story, which is finished in this issue of the Banner of Light.

### Entertainment in Charlestown.

The First Spiritualist Association, of Charlestown, gave its opening entertainment, in aid of its finances, (under the present management,) at Central Hall, No. 25 Elm street, Charlestown, on Tuesday evening, May 18th, 1869. A good audience assembled to witness the performances. The programme consisted of an introductory tableau; a welcoming address, by Miss G. Higgins; song, "All Together," by the children; song by Miss Mary A. Richardson; tableau, "Happy Family;" song by Miss Adams; tableau, "The Flower Girls;" tableau, "Fairy Bower;" song by the Misses Higgins; recitation by Miss B. Mayo; song by Miss Richardson; tableau, "Orphan's Dream;" recitation by Miss Adams; recitation by Miss Richardson; and tableau, "Good-Night."

During the evening speeches were made by Dr. Richardson, of Charlestown, Mrs. Fannie B. Felton, of Malden, and Dr. J. H. Currier, of Boston. Dr. Richardson gave an account of the work the First Spiritualist Association was doing in Charlestown, and hoped the time would come when the Spiritualists of that city would feel the necessity of concerted and organized effort. He also (in the name of the Executive Committee) returned thanks to the audience assembled for their presence; to the parents of the children who had performed, to the musicians, whose services had been gratuitously given, and to Mrs. David Adams, of Charlestown, who had kindly volunteered to take charge of the tableaux and music, and who had furnished the floral decorations.

Mrs. Felton spoke of her experiences in the sectarian Sabbath schools, contrasted them with the Lyceums of the present day, and urged believers in the Spiritual Philosophy to remember that there was honor in the simplest duty well performed, and bade all remember that there was work to be done, in whatsoever sphere of life we were placed.

Mr. Currier, who made the closing speech, said that the Association had reason to feel encouraged in its work; he felt the presence there of those once its members, who had gone on before, and was sure of their aid and assistance in the cause they loved so well.

Dr. A. H. Richardson, J. B. Hatch, C. B. Marsh, G. H. Knapp, Mrs. Britnell and Mrs. Richardson, Committee of Arrangements, and Dr. J. H. Currier and Mrs. F. B. Felton, the speakers, were then called to the platform and each presented with a bouquet by a number of young misses, the presentation speech being made by Miss Adams. Our reporter was also the recipient of a similar gift, for which he desires to return his sincere thanks. The exercises of the evening closed with dancing. Everything passed off quietly and successfully, and all present seemed to unite in that feeling of harmony which ever must be the safeguard of our organizations.

### Allan Kardec.

We print on our third page a biographical sketch of the late Allan Kardec, editor of the *Revue Spirite* of Paris, copied from the London *Spiritualist Magazine*. We find in the *Revue* some additional items of interest, which we translate as follows:

Desiring to do all in her power to contribute to the realization of the plans of her husband, with whom she had sympathized and worked, Madame Kardec, sole legal proprietor of the works and the *Revue*, offers to give every year all the surplus of the proceeds accruing from the sale of the books and the subscriptions of the *Revue*, above the expenses, to the general fund for support of Spiritualism, on condition that no one, either member of the committee or otherwise, shall have the right to interfere in this industrial affair; that she manages herself personally, attends to the republishings, regulates the pay of her employees, and oversees all the general expenses; that the *Revue* is open to the publication of articles the committee judge useful to the cause, but on the express condition that they be first sanctioned by the proprietor and the editing committee; that the financial department shall be in the hands of a treasurer charged with the care of the funds under a directing overseer, and every year he shall render a detailed account of affairs, to be published in the *Revue*.

These decisions of Madame Kardec, communicated to the Society, were joyfully received, and they add, "This noble example of disinterestedness and devotion will, we doubt not, be acknowledged and appreciated by all to whose active and incessant concurrence is now added this philosophical regeneration, par excellence."

A communication is given from Kardec himself, thanking them for their sentiments of regard testified by these different addresses, &c., thanking the Society and its officers, and gratitude that they have thus accepted the hand of his courageous companion; satisfaction with the new President, and much good advice; praying them to be tolerant to each other; "work in charity and love—this the Archangels lever to raise the world; courage, then, and hope!" words of strength which we all of us need, do we not?

### San Francisco Mechanics' Institute.

We observe that the Board of Directors of the Mechanics' Institute of San Francisco will hold their Seventh Industrial Exhibition in that city on the 14th day of September next, (Tuesday), opening the same with appropriate ceremonies. A spacious building has been constructed for the purpose, at a cost of forty-five thousand dollars, and covering an area of seventy thousand feet, which is suitably provided with free facilities for exhibitors to expose their goods. It is thoroughly ventilated, well fitted up, and lighted with fifteen thousand gas jets. There is a pond within, measuring forty-two by twenty-four feet, having fountains that throw water fifty feet, and with their sprays maintaining the atmosphere at a delightful temperature. About the main nave are two commodious galleries, seating fifteen hundred persons below and permitting two thousand to promenade above. Abundance of power will be furnished for working machinery and models. There will likewise be restaurant accommodations and a band of music. The Fair is to be cosmopolitan in its character, and exhibitors have been invited to contribute from Japan, China, the Hawaiian Islands, British Columbia, Mexico, Chili, Peru, and all along the Pacific Coast. With the Pacific Road completed, and a line of mail steamers to China, San Francisco is seventeen days from Europe and thirty from Asia. All necessary particulars may be learned about the Exhibition by addressing J. H. Gilmore, Secretary, at San Francisco.

### Silver Mining.

The following extract, which we take from an article on silver mining in the *Chicago Post*, is very encouraging to our mining brother, John Wetherbee, of this city, who, being the chief party in interest, starts for Colorado in a few days:

"The Hoosier Lode, about thirty miles north of Central City, is said to be the largest and richest silver mine in Colorado, if not in the world. The out-crop of the vein for the distance of several hundred feet along its course is from fifty to one hundred feet wide, and stands up above the surface from ten to thirty feet high like a huge stone fence, and is owned in Boston, Mass., and considered of fabulous value."

### Europe-bound.

It is the intention of our co-worker, J. M. Peebles, to visit Europe the coming summer. He will sail hence in July. We predict for him a cordial reception among our European friends.

Richest is he that wants least.



## New Publications.

**ELLEN, A Poem.** By George H. Colver. New York: Sheldon & Co.

This is a tale in prose, and at times quaint, verse, reciting the perils of a pure girl, who had been inveigled into the purlieus of sin and shame, and was finally rescued by unexpected meeting with a young man, formerly a neighbor and friend, who had been led away by loose companions to the same infamy. The two mutually feel their shame, and each becomes the saviour of the other. This is the story. It is told with much grace, and not a little pathetic power; and through the whole of it runs a vein of spiritual sentiment which imparts to it the life and meaning that all such tales need to be inspired with, to become effective. The author shows culture, care, and original power.

**Brown's Guide-Book** for the city and vicinity of Boston has just been published, and its merits more than equal its original promise. While the city is crowded with strangers, as it soon will be, this little citizen will be the precise thing required. But it will prove a very companionable friend for the citizen likewise, who can carry it about in his pocket and find resources for daily enjoyment, for a long while, where he was hardly aware they existed. Mr. Brown has done exactly the right thing at the right time. The edition of the Guide is a very large one, and is going off rapidly.

**Beautiful Snow** and other Poems, by J. W. Watson, is a beautifully printed volume of compilations from the press of Turner Brothers & Co., Philadelphia. The poem that gives the collection its title has a history, and is truly pathetic, with more or less power. It has proved exceedingly popular, and its tens of thousands of friends will be glad to greet it in its present dress, with its pleasant rhyming companions.

**Good Health** is the happy name of a new monthly, published in this city by Alexander Moore, having for its object physical and mental culture. The articles in this first number are admirably chosen to secure popular commendation, and will doubtless do much good wherever read. We heartily wish the publishers success in their new venture.

**LEANDER, or, Secrets of the Priesthood**, is the title of a stout and fair pamphlet, by Ernest Truman, exposing the secrets of the novitiate in his experience as a scholar of Jesuitism. It divulges some startling and painful secrets, which cannot but make the reader impatient with their continued existence.

**THE GALAXY** for June contains fourteen articles, among which we name as follows: Put Yourself in His Place, by Charles Reade; George Elliot and George Lewis, by Justin McCarthy; The Throne of Louis Philippe, by J. S. C. Abbott; The Duchesse Estate, by J. W. DeForest; Animal Food: Its Preparation for the Table, by John C. Draper, M. D.; Susan Fielding, by Mrs. Edwards; New York Journalists—E. S. Godkin, by Eugene Benson; General Jomini, by Gen. McClellan; An Article on Words, by Richard Grant White; and the usual criticisms and notes on art and literature, with the Nebula of the Editor. It is an excellent number.

**PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE** for June gives as its first paper, a full account, with maps, of the Suez Canal, containing a history of the enterprise from the beginning; Upon the Beach; A Stranded Ship; Summer Pictures; My Brass Valley; Summer Snow; A Sybiline Trio; To-day—A Romance; Four American Birds; Some Things in London and Paris, 1860-69; and literary reviews and talk in liberal quantity. We like this issue of Putnam, which is eminently popular in its spirit, and readable in the whole of its contents.

**THE LADY'S FRIEND** for June presents for a frontispiece a steel engraving of "Isabella," from "Measure for Measure," a goodly array of fashion-plates, richly colored and otherwise set forth—designs for embroidery, patterns, novelties for the month, and receipts, suggestions, and comments innumerable. To all this add a captivating collection of essays, poems, and tales, and the sum total is a most attractive magazine for the first month of Summer.

**LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE** for June opens with Ro' ard Dale Owen's continued novel, "Beyond the Breakers," and gives "The Englishman on the Continent," "Architecture," "The Maiden Soldier," "Strength, and how to use it with economy," "The Prospects of Trade," "A Lost Chapter of History," and other articles that are readable, attractive, and genuinely magazinelike. We have no monthly come to our table that is more fresh and vigorous always than Lippincott.

**ONWARD** for June is a lively issue of Mayne Reid's new and popular magazine, and goes largely into the science of Croquet playing. The several articles making up the contents are very readable, combining fiction largely with graver matter. There is one good article on "John Bull during the Rebellion," and one on "Gettysburg."

**PETERSON'S LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE** for June has a steel-engraved frontispiece, "On the Terrace," and proceeds with its brilliant fashion-plates, fresh from Paris, its patterns, monograms, and samplers, together with reading in prose and verse that will, as it ever does, delight its numbers of readers.

## New Music.

**PETER'S MUSICAL MONTHLY**, New York.—The May number of this favorite periodical comes to us crowded with choice new music. Among the thirty-one pages of sheet music we notice a new feature, in the shape of six pages of quartet music. As the Monthly is only three dollars a year, subscribers must get a large amount of music for so small an investment.

**THE NATIONAL PRIZE JUBILEE GRAND QUINSTER**, for the piano, by George A. Vazile, Jr., is the title of a new piece just issued by the New England News Company.

**LOOKIN'S MUSICAL JOURNAL** for May contains a fine song, "The Mother's Prayer."

## Buffalo, N. Y.

We are pleased to notice that the Spiritualists of Buffalo have secured Kremlin Hall, in which to hold their meetings hereafter regularly. It is one of the finest halls in Western New York, but its capacity is none too large for the accommodation of the increasing audiences. The better the hall the larger the attendance. Such, at least, proves to be the case in Boston, and we doubt not it would be so in every large city were the experiment tried. There are hundreds in every place who would gladly listen to our lecturers could they do so in large and well ventilated halls. People do not like to be crowded into a small, dingy, ill-ventilated room, from one to two hours at a time. The best is the cheapest in the end.

## Shaker Convention.

The Convention of the people termed "Shakers," announced some time since, was, in consequence of unavoidable circumstances, postponed till the time of the May anniversaries. We are now requested to state that this convention will meet in Melancon Hall (in Tremont Temple building) on Friday and Saturday, the 28th and 29th of this month. These meetings will consist of speaking, singing, and conversations relating to the doctrines and practices of the Order. The public are cordially invited.

## Going to Heaven by Water.

The Baptists had a festival at Tremont Temple, a jolly time, on the evening of the 19th, on which occasion Dr. Phelps, of Connecticut, delivered a humorous poem. After describing the "Close-Communions," the "Presbyterians" and their "One-Hoss Shay," the "Episcopalians," etc., he says:

"The Baptists—peculiar, unlike all the rest—  
How is it they go toward the land of the blest?  
You'll see—looking into the Word as you ought—  
His heav'nly freight the Lord sends by water!"

**FRENCH PAPERS.**—The American News Co., 121 Nassau street, New York, are in receipt weekly of *Le Nouveau Monde*, a weekly journal printed in New York. It is an enterprising newspaper, and its literary contents are excellent. The same papers receive *Le Monde Illustré*, the well known Paris illustrated paper, which commemorates all the prominent events of European life with great artistic skill. The articles are written by some of the leading Parisian writers.

**Mrs. Mary F. Davis's** contributions will be found on our third page.

## Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

**J. M. Peebles** lectured in Springfield, Mass., Sunday, May 16th, to good audiences, afternoon and evening, notwithstanding the severe rain-storm. Mr. Peebles speaks in Lowell, Sunday, May 30th.

**A. B. Whiting** lectures in Central Hall, Charlestown, June 6th. Mr. Whiting is well known to our friends as one of the oldest and best lecturers in the field. He is sure to draw as large an audience as the hall can accommodate.

**Cephas B. Lynn** lectures in Salem, Mass., the first two Sundays in June. He is liked.

**A. E. Carpenter** will speak in Milford, Mass., Sunday, May 30th.

**Prof. Wm. Denton** will lecture in the Town Hall, Foxboro, Sunday, May 30th, at 5 p. m. Riley C. Nash and Charles D. Farlin, of Deerfield, Mich., are announced as inspirational speakers. The field is large, and we trust they will find sufficient encouragement to continue in the noble work. Mrs. L. Nash, of the same place, has been developed as a healing medium.

**Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham** is lecturing at the Everett Rooms, in New York. She is a great favorite, and is drawing large audiences. Her engagement will continue there till the end of June. In September she lectures in Detroit, Mich. It is her intention to spend the winter in the South.

**J. H. Powell** is desirous of visiting Ohio, and would like to make lecturing arrangements with Spiritual Societies. His present address is Terre Haute, Ind., post-office box 294.

## Washington, D. C.

**E. S. Wheeler** is lecturing in Washington, before the National Society of Spiritualists, where he has been speaking for the last five weeks to increasing audiences. We find the following complimentary notice of one of his lectures in the *Sunday Gazette*, of that city:

"Mr. Wheeler's lecture, at the new Hall of Progressive Spiritualists, Wednesday evening last, was one of decided merit. His subject, 'The Secret of Power,' was well chosen, and calculated to interest every intelligent mind and lover of truth. In its arrangement the lecture was clear and logical; in its discussion and illustration, forcible and concise; brightly in anecdote, yet exact to the point. Mr. Wheeler's method of handling his subject was deeply intelligent and sincere, securing the undivided attention of a fine and appreciative audience during the entire hour. For commending himself as one of the most instructive and impressive of lectures, and seems a chosen vessel to elucidate the science and chemical analysis which discloses the compositions of bodies and the minutiae and properties of their constituent parts, giving us a knowledge of the interior nature or life of the world, and the secret workings of the thought generated in the brain, and the close analogy of its mental and physical operations."

**Mr. Wheeler** is engaged to lecture in Philadelphia in December. Having closed his lecturing engagement in Cleveland, he is ready to accept calls elsewhere. His permanent address is No. 111 Superior street, Cleveland, O.

## Another New Book.

We have in press and shall soon publish another new volume, entitled, "THE QUESTION SETTLED: A careful comparison of Biblical and Modern Spiritualism," by Rev. Moses Hull, formerly a Second Adventist preacher, but more recently a firm Spiritualist and an able lecturer in the great field of reform. The book contains two hundred and forty pages, is got up in very neat style, and will no doubt have an extensive sale, as it treats upon a subject of the most vital importance to the human race.

**J. V. Mansfield—"Answering Sealed Letters"—Spirits not Detectives or Informers!**

I notice in the *Banner of Light*, of May 15th, an article over the name of S. Chamberlin, on the subject of answering "Sealed Letters," in which are some not very spiritual reflections and insinuations in reference to the honesty and integrity of my friend J. V. Mansfield. Now I am also a Spiritualist, or perhaps as long and large experience as your correspondent, but I think I have learned a little more of the laws that govern these manifestations than he seems to have learned. He says "nine of the eleven questions were answered in a most satisfactory manner, and most beautifully expressed," but the other two, most important—relating doubtless to a murder, and the murderer—as I infer from his article, were not answered. Now, my dear sir, spirits come neither to detect murder nor to point out the murderer; neither to aid and manay, nor direct the seeker where to dig for it; neither to tell of risks and fall of stocks, nor to interfere in any such matters; and how any one professing to be a Spiritualist can ask such questions and expect them answered, is strange to me.

Spirits come neither as detectives or informers, neither to answer questions involving a legal liability or to afford information about money, stocks or trade; but to lead us to the contemplation of the grand truths of life—immortality and eternal life! They come to "rob death of its sting"—in truth, to teach us there is no such thing as death; but that of "change," which we call death, is but a birth into a higher life; to assure us our friends live, and we shall live also; to demonstrate the immortality of the soul, and the unending progression of the human family; and he who would prostitute these manifestations to the seeking of any earthly advantage of his fellows, either directly or indirectly, is not worthy the name of Spiritualist.

My experience with Mr. Mansfield has been long and intimate, and to me very interesting, and I can say with truth, that he is as reliable and trustworthy as any medium I have ever known.

It is not Mr. Mansfield that answers the "sealed letters"; it is the spirit addressed; and he is no more responsible for the answers than the questioner! And to talk about a medium clairvoyantly reading the contents of sealed letters, and then answering them and signing the name, and not unfrequently a "fac simile" of the signature of the spirit, is to me sheer nonsense, such as might be expected only from Old Theology.

The truth is, many Spiritualists are on too low a plane. They are much like the old Jews who followed the Nazarene; they are continually "yoking out." Show us another sign! They neither receive nor properly understand or appreciate the wonderful and sublime teachings of our spirit-friends. They have very little taste for the high and beautiful teachings that point to a high moral and spiritual standard of life here as a preparation for life hereafter. But I must stop, by saying I intend no offense or disrespect to the brother whose article I have referred to, but trust he will look kindly upon this offering of one who has reached "threescore and ten," and has seen some service in the good cause, and who greatly desires to see all Spiritualists live up to the plain teachings of beloved friends from their beautiful home in the spirit-world. B. C. T.

## Message Verified.

**Messrs. Editors—Dear Sir:** I write to verify a message from Richard E. Dearborn (late of Canada, N. H.), which was published in the *Banner* of Nov. 30th. There are many wonderful tests in this communication, and the statements and dates therein contained are correct, every important particular. In the second paragraph he makes use of an expression uttered just before his demise which no one ever before heard except members of the family. Though of tender years he was a firm Spiritualist, and his relatives and friends congratulate him on his success in communicating through your columns. Please accept my sincere thanks for extending my brother the use of your valuable paper, and believe me yours for the truth, H. H. DEARBORN.

**Banking Office of H. H. Dearborn,**  
23 Central street, Lowell.

## ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

**228** We shall publish in the next issue of the *Banner* a grand poem by E. R. Place, entitled, "The Meeting of the Old and the New."

**229** Our Portland correspondent furnishes a very interesting letter in regard to the Davenport Brothers' séances.

**230** Thanks to those friends who have so generously supplied our Free Circle Room with bouquets of beautiful flowers.

**231** The time for holding the Framingham Picnic has been changed to Tuesday, June 23d, instead of the 23d, as will be seen by a notice in another column.

**232** Mrs. Blandy Davenport, physical medium, is expected in this city about June 1st, for the purpose of giving public séances. If she comes, we shall test her medium powers, and report.

Mrs. Friend, medical clairvoyant, resides at 120 Harrison avenue, instead of 123, as printed by mistake in her advertisement.

**PAR-ADAMITE "CIVILIZATION"**—A massive iron key of peculiar construction was recently found at Moscow, Iowa, sixty feet below the surface of the earth, which shows forcibly that the pre-"Lo" race had something to look up. Who can cipher out the "mystery"?

There's grandeur in the ocean's roar,  
There's vocal music in the woods;  
But harshly sounds the spongy bore!  
We take no stock in such dry goods.

—[DIXIE.]

**MINOR ITEMS** of the Post has been read among the Boston clairvoyants, and given, in that paper, his "experiences" with some ten or a dozen.

The New England Labor-Reform Convention will hold a session in this city, Tuesday, May 25th, to continue through the next day. Some of the ablest speakers in New England are expected to be present.

**Digby** for the first time this season sat down to dinner in presence of green peas. His mouth watered for them, but he waited patiently. In the meantime some one suggested that he say grace. To which Digby, quickly responded, "Let us have peas!" at the same time reaching out his hand for the dish containing them.

Rev. George H. Hopworth, pastor of the Church of the Unity, in this city, tendered his resignation on Sunday, May 16th, to take effect the first of October. He has received a call from Dr. Osgood's Society, in New York, but it is understood that he is determined, if possible, to establish and preside over a free church.

**FRANCE TEST MEDIUMS.**—Miss Lizzy Sovereign and her sister, Mrs. Hatch, have taken the rooms 268 Washington street, formerly occupied by Mrs. Richards, where they will be most happy to see their friends and the public.

So soon as a man starts out for a reformer, he lets his hair grow long. So soon as a woman starts in the same business, she cuts hers off short. Does not this show a natural tendency on the part of those two—the one, to approach the character of a man; the other, that of a woman?

In the last five months \$22,000,000 worth of boots and shoes have been shipped from Boston, an excess over the same time last year of \$7,500,000.

**MADAME PAREVA-ROSA** will sing on each of the five days of the Jubilee, and not on three only as has been stated.

"I was a little touched and so I made a noise," said the cannon when it went off.

**READINGS.**—The readings of Miss Pittsinger, the California poetess, in Northampton and vicinity, have been received with great favor. She is not only a finished elocutionist, but also a poetess of rare genius; her conceptions of poetry are perfect; and she delineates the meaning of her authors with great skill and power; but it is in her own grand productions that her gifts are most clearly seen and appreciated. Her unpublished poem on California is one of rare merit, and will be received with enthusiasm for its artistic finish, and for the noble and sublime sentiment it combines.—Northampton Gazette and Courier.

"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to President Lincoln, "if every word of the story I have related is not true." "I accept the offer," said the President; "present of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

**CON.**—Why is cheerfulness like the pouring out of distilled liquors? Because it is a flow of spirits.

**THE NEW GRANITE BLOCK** at the corner of Washington and Beach streets, Boston, is now attracting much notice. The occupant of the corner store is FENNO, the well-known Boys' Clothier from Dock Square. The store is large, light, and perfectly adapted to his business. Every article for boys' wear can be purchased there, from a hat or cap for the head, to boots or shoes for the feet. His store is well worth a visit.

**Mrs. Mary A. Livermore**, of Chicago, lectured in the Universalist Church, Wingham, Mass., Sunday evening, May 16th. Subject, "Woman's Wants." She is an excellent speaker, and presented the question in an able and interesting manner. All should hear her speak on this important question.

**THE BANNER OF LIGHT.**—This is a Family Paper worthy of the name, and as worthy of a place in every family in the land. It is devoted to the exposition of the Spiritual Philosophy, and Law of Life, and the unfolding of the hidden truths of Divine Nature. It bears forth its weekly budget of real, useful and entertaining knowledge for old and young; and we do not doubt, highly prized and welcomed by every one of its subscribers. Even the advertisements themselves, which occupy but a very small portion of the paper, are of general interest (being mostly announcements of new literary productions), and will be read with zest. We consider it one of the best papers that comes to our office, and most acknowledge ourselves vastly benefited by its perusal. Long may it live.—Medical Scapler, Brookville, Ohio.

**Nov. E. H. Chapin** is reported to have said, in a recent speech, that he "believed in organization. Steam in the air is not a force. But we must make the steam work the machinery. We have long 'presented arms.' We must also 'fire off.' The times demand a religion that shall be real."

**Little Frank** was taught he was made of dust. As he stood by the window watching the dust as the wind was whirling it in eddies, he exclaimed, seriously, "Ma, I thought the dust looked as though there was going to be another little boy made."

The proudest man on earth is but a pauper, fed and clothed by the bounty of heaven.

**Mauna Loa**, a dome-shaped, volcanic mountain on the island of Hawaii, contains two lakes, also by side, one of fresh water and the other salt. Both are far above the level of the sea.

**CLARET.**—No variety of wine is more dangerous to use than what is called claret. It is usually a vile mixture. Thousands of gallons are made by allowing water to soak through shavings, and adding thereto a certain proportion of logwood and tartaric acid and a little alcohol. Good judges can hardly discriminate between this spurious mixture and the genuine article.—Boston Journal of Chemistry.

Eat regularly, not over thrice a day, and nothing between meals.

Figures that lie—female figures.

Contentment with your condition is all very well, but if everybody were contented with things as they are, the world would come to a stand-still.

The widow of Proudhon, the celebrated economist and socialist, of whose pamphlet, "Property is Theft," upward of three hundred thousand copies were sold in France, is making a precarious living as a washer-woman in Paris.

The London Fun says bakers must find it hard to please. Is their bread "light"? They are justly fined; is it "heavy"? away flies their custom.

The weight of a fool—a simpleton.

The unity of Nature—or of God—is the key to all science. There is nothing in earth which is not in a heavenly source, also in heaven, and nothing in heaven which is not in an earthly source, also on earth. There is no other world; the laws above are sisters of the laws below.—Emerson.

What word has five e's in it and no other vowel? Effervescence.

Let the women of a country be properly educated, and they will not only make and administer its laws, but form its manners and character.—Dr. Benjamin Rush.

The man who had no music in his sole wore seasoned leather.

## Dramatic Entertainment.

The Lyceum Dramatic Association, of this city, will give their last entertainment this season at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, Wednesday evening, May 28th. Two fine plays have been selected for the occasion, namely, "Still Waters Run Deep," and "Faint Heart Never Won Fair Lady." We hope to see a full house on this occasion.

**Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office:**

**THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.** Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zolistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London. Price 25 cents. THE RAZZO-PSYCHOPHYSICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. B. Jones, Esq. Price 8 cents. THE RAZZO: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Single copies 20 cents. THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 8 cents. THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

## Grand Picnic.

The Spiritualist Picnic at South Framingham, Mass., will meet on Tuesday, June 23d (instead of 23d, as before mentioned). Tickets will be furnished at reduced rates along the line of the Boston and Worcester, Boston, Clinton and Fitchburg and Milford Railroads. Prof. William Denton will address the meeting, as well as some of our best male and female speakers. A. E. CARPENTER, Committee.

## Picnics at Walden Pond.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, in connection with the "Sons of Joshua," will hold their Grand Union Picnic. The first will take place Tuesday, June 20th; the second, July 28th. Full particulars will be given in due season. Dr. A. H. RICHARDSON, P. R. Young, J. S. DORR.

## Business Matters.

**Mrs. E. D. MURPHY**, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1162 Broadway, New York. 4w.M1.

**JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM**, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 15th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

**Miss M. K. CASSIEN** answers Sealed Letters at 73 Howard street, Newark, N. J. Terms: \$2.00 and four red stamps.

**Mrs. Abby M. JARLIN FERREE**, Psychometrist and Test Medium, No. 15 South Howard street, Baltimore, Md. M29.

**ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS**, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M15.3w

**THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS** for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. M15.

**DOCTOR SETH ARNOLD'S BALSAM** challenges competition. It has a larger sale in New England than any other manufactured medicine for Bowel Complaints. It has repeatedly cured when a regular physician has given up the case as hopeless. It will cure.

**Mrs. S. A. R. WATERMAN**, box 4193, Boston, Mass., Psychometrist and Medium, will answer letters (sealed or otherwise) on business, to spirit friends, for tests, medical advice, delineations of character, &c. Short letters, \$1 and two red stamps; delineations, tests, medical advice and lengthy letters, \$2 to \$5 and three red stamps. Send for a circular. M29.

## WHAT A POOR MAN DID.

The labors of the day were passed,  
And, weary by its toil and care,  
A poor man reached his home at last,  
And sought the rest he needed there.  
He closed around him all his boys,  
Inquiring how they'd spent the day,  
Who answered with united voice,  
Where FENNO "clothes" the boys so gay.  
At his new store, on Washington street,  
Four Ninety-two and Ninety-four;  
Where he "suits" boys from head to feet,  
At prices never known before.

## Special Notice.

**Herman Snow**, at 410 Kenney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform Books at Eastern prices. Also Flanchettes, Spence's Positive and Negative Powders, &c. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. May 1.—4w.

**DR. J. WESLEY KELLEY**, Analytical Physician, 200 Tremont street, (near Boylston) Boston, can be consulted every Saturday, Sunday and Monday, on all Organic Diseases, and all Diseases of the Blood and other Fluids. Advice free. Ladies and gentlemen are respectfully invited to call. 4w.M29.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in *Agate* type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment in all cases in advance.

For all Advertisements printed on the 5th page, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements to be Renewed at Continued Rates must be left at our Office before 12 M. on Tuesdays.

**LEAVITT'S IMPROVED LOCK-STITCH SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE.**

It is the most simple and substantial as well as ornamental Shuttle Machine in use; being free from cogs and springs, and all machinery of a complicated or delicate nature. It is adapted to the greatest range of work—from lace to the heaviest seams and all irregularities with perfect ease and without change of tension.

Send for a Circular. Needles sent by mail. Agents wanted.

**LEAVITT & BRANT**, Agents for New England.

SOLE AGENTS for Spring's Needles for all Sewing Machines.

Principal Office and Salesroom, 50 Bromfield street, Boston. May 29.—4w.

## HOW THEY LIVE IN HEAVEN.

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J. M. FARRIS, EDITOR.

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Prophecy and Fulfillment.

Coming into closer relations with the finite—the finite as related to the Infinite—we touch the laws of prophecy. That the human mind possesses the faculty of foresight—the power of foretelling future events, in consonance with cause and effect—is doubted by no student of Nature. In the solar and astral systems, astronomers are able to extend their prophecies with wonderful correctness for a vast number of centuries. If no unforeseen, disturbing conditions should arise, astronomers of to-day might determine the relations and distances of stars peopling the solar systems of space many hundred thousand years in the future.

The more important and remarkable prophecies of D'Orval and Nostradamus, as well as the predictions of the terrible war in this country, by Hoag and others, assumed great dignity of importance, and were signally verified.

Immortal intelligences of profound research, standing high on the plane of causes, and seeing certain operating laws and forces, can readily perceive the necessary results—and perceiving, can impress them upon mediatic minds. If spirits were sufficiently unfolded to grasp all the causes, primary and secondary, relating to forthcoming events, and if media were more perfectly organized, there would be fewer failures of fulfillment.

Some thirty years since, a French writer, M. Barest, published a book called Nostradamus. The book contained a history of this calumniated seer, and dwelt at large upon the prophecies by which he achieved a wide reputation. He was born at St. Remi, in Provence, 1503. Nostradamus, the Latinized form of the French surname, Notre-dame, was originally of Jewish descent, his family devoting itself principally to the science of law and medicine. Losing his wife at an early age, saddened with grief, sick of the world, slandered by jealous underlings, hated by professional rivals, he visited Italy and traveled through various portions of the continent, returning to France after an absence of twelve years. An admirer of ancient mystical writings, given to sublime exaltations of mind, choosing quiet rather than confusion, solitude rather than society, he uttered weird predictions in prose and poetry. These being frequently fulfilled, the town of Salon, in which he resided, was literally besieged by the illustrious of his own and even foreign countries. Catharine de Medicis invited him to court, and secured his services in drawing the horoscopes of her sons. His gifts were considered by his contemporaries as superhuman. To Spiritualists, illumined by the principles of the harmonial philosophy, they seem natural as sunshine. The Duke of Savoy and his wife made a journey to Salon. Charles the Ninth sent him a purse of two hundred crowns. Other famous personages, connected with governments and thrones, bestowed upon him valuable presents. Advised by friends, he collected many of his prophecies. These were published in 1555. A second edition was published a few years after, having an extensive sale. At the close of a varied, fitful life, he passed to the spirit-world in 1566.

Nostradamus is often spoken of by writers, in connection with astrology. He evidently understood its principles. There is a deep science underlying astrological calculations. The sands under our feet, the stars overhead, and the very hands we touch, all influence us.

Lilly, living in 1648, pensioned by the English Courts, receiving a golden chain from Charles Tenth, King of Sweden, was a noted prophet and astrologer. He predicted the death of Counselor Whitlocke, one of the most eminent lawyers of England. The Seers of Prevorst frequently announced the death of persons long before their occurrence. The distinguished Lady Davies predicted the death of Sir John Davies. Dining, and engaged in pleasant conversation, she burst into tears. He inquired the cause of the emotion. She replied, "They are your funeral tears." In good health then, he heartily laughed; but within three weeks died of apoplexy. Being asked how she acquired the intelligence, replied, "A spirit's voice gave me the information." An intuitive negro foretold the Queenship of Josephine, when a sportive child dancing on the green. Josephine herself foretold the downfall of Napoleon with great exactness. Swedenborg foreseeing, specified the time of his death, and passed on in fulfillment of his prophecy. These, and multitudes of similar facts, have passed into history. Their solution is plain and practical, when studied in the sunlight of the Spiritual Philosophy.

There are prophets of to-day walking in our midst. Some are, others are not honored in their "own country." These will permit us the following suggestions: When under the divine afflatus you perceive the shadows of coming events—when you speak as prophets, commit the same to writing—affix your signatures, with place and date—secure the signatures of other unimpeachable witnesses to the document. This course would indicate wisdom. Then, when the foretold event, be it peace or war, the burning of a steamer or the birth of a nation, transpires, it will redound to the honor of the prophet.

Stills and Tiles.

"Tis true we've scores of metaphysical fools  
From Brazen-nose and Corpus Christi schools,  
All filled with learned ignorance and pride,  
A. B., C. D., and Lord knows what beside."

The readers of the *Herald of Progress* will bear witness that several years since, in a published letter, we begged correspondents to leave the prefix, Rev., from our name. It was ink-wasting, lumbering, meaningless! As apropos, the *Boston Herald* has this sensible paragraph:

"A great many business men have adopted a rule never to give complimentary titles, such as 'Hon.', 'Esq.', or 'Mr.'—believing that they are useless, and in all respects played out."

College commencements—seasons for the display of glossy broadcloths, white cravats and the scattering of paper honors around loosely, will soon be upon us, following the anniversaries. The conferring of these honorary degrees, has become so common, and indiscriminate, that they fail to point the least distinction. Clergymen and physicians are especially voracious of handles to ornament their names. A. M., D. D., LL. D., are among the honors tossed hither and thither in rich profusion.

The St. Lawrence University—a young unfinished institution in northern New York, conferred Doctor of Divinity upon Day K. Lee, of New York—a man with just a fair common education,

and never guilty in his life of originating or expressing an advanced idea. W. S. Balch refused the Doctorate—the most sensible strike he has made in twenty years. The Universalists are running to creeds, degrees and "gowns."

To dub one's self with a title for the purpose of securing notice or distinction, is abominable. There are those in the lecture-field, who, seemingly not above the vanity relating to such titles, connect with their names *Capt., Hon., Prof., Dr., M. D., &c.* For a clergyman to write *Rev.* before his name, is, to say the least, shocking bad taste. So for men in public life to everlastingly use *Prof., Dr., or M. D.*, in connection with their names, is a virtual confession that they are little known—but aching—to be widely known. The Quakers are sensible upon this as well as many other subjects.

"Who Was Hermes?"

This is the inquiry of a young student interested in the history of the old mystics. A way from our library, memory is nearly the only resource just now.

Plato was the pupil of Socrates, and it is generally conceded that Socrates was conversant with the disciples of Pythagoras, who drew most of his wisdom from Egypt and India. The erudite Dr. Smith, editor of the "Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities," says—"Both Pythagoras and Plato derived much if not all of their highest wisdom from the Egyptian Hermes, who had recorded his thoughts and wonderful inventions in inscriptions, upon pillars and polished pilasters." This author further adds—"Hermes was identified with the ancient Egyptian, Thot, as early as the time of Plato."

The celebrated Clemens of Alexandria, (Strom. vi. 4, p. 757) speaks of forty-two books of Hermes, containing the sum total of all human knowledge and wisdom; treating of art, science, cosmogony, astronomy, medicine, religion, &c. Jamblichus (in his *De Myst. viii. 1.*) claims that Hermes was the author of over twenty thousand works. In other passages, he speaks of a portion of these works being translated from Egyptian into Greek.

Manetho of Sebennytus, an Egyptian priest and historian of the highest reputation for learning and wisdom, writing about three hundred years before the Christian Era ascribes to Hermes the authorship of thirty-six thousand volumes. This Jamblichus explains as follows: "It seems that the more scholarly Egyptian works upon the arts and sciences, were designated in later periods by the general name—Hermes."

It is now as clearly demonstrated as anything else in ancient history, that Egypt existed as a civilized and highly enlightened country full five thousand years before the birth of Christ. Monumental records substantially confirm Manetho's history of Egypt. There is a remarkable passage, by the way, in Aristotle's *De Caelo*, lib. ii, cap. xii, speaking astronomically of the moon and the planet Mars. The close of the paragraph reads thus: "Similar observations of other stars are described by the Egyptians and Babylonians, who anciently, and for many ages, made astronomical observations, and from whom many things worthy of credit have come to us concerning the several constellations."

"To Young America" who can see no science or wisdom in the past, we commend this passage from the profound D. A. Wasson. It appeared in the *Radical*: "Modern civilization, as compared with ancient, exhibits, no doubt, a softening of manners, which would be encouraging were it not accompanied with a softening of brain."

Letter from Bengal, India.

Doorga Charana Roy, writing to the senior editor of this paper, says:

"The science of Spiritualism had attained a very high degree of excellence in India during the golden days of our great sires of old. We read of it in the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* and other distinguished works in Sanscrit. But those days of faith and knowledge are long gone by. The present age in our country is one of infidelity, doubt and decline, and our countrymen are a degenerate race. Religion is neglected and the future world doubted. Be sure, there are some honorable exceptions. In certain parts of Insoree, a district in Bengal, modern Spiritualism is under some degree of cultivation. But the spirit-messages printed in the *Amreito Bazar Patrica*, a weekly journal, are not very satisfactory. This is doubtless owing to the want of better mediums. There is no doubt that of all countries in the world Spiritualism has made the greatest progress in America."

A Crumb of Comfort.

In these days of woman's suffrage and kindred subjects pertaining thereto, our sex is thankful for even the commonest compliment. Here is one from "Gail Hamilton":

"Every-day occurrences reveal in men traits of disinterestedness, consideration, all Christian virtues and graces. My heart misgives me when I think of all their loving-kindness, their forbearance, their unsolicited service, their integrity, and of the not sufficiently infrequent instances in which women, by forgetfulness, folly, or selfishness, irritate and alienate the noble heart which they ought to prize above rubies. \* \* \* Considering this, I account that woman to whom has been allotted a good husband, and who can do no better than to spoil him and his happiness by her misbehavior, guilty of the unpardonable sin at least of unpardonable stupidity."

(Original.)

OVER THE RIVER.

BY MARY E. ROGERS.

Over the river dear ones have passed,  
Over the dark and foaming tide;  
The yearning love that ever will last,  
Follows them on to the other side.

We have heard the solemn tolling bell,  
Seen the pulseless form in drapery white,  
And the floods of anguish that in us swell  
Drive from the heart hope's radiant light.

Oh, the marble form, with its pulseless breast!  
The taper fingers so cold and white!  
We lay the body down to its rest,  
And in anguish cry for strength and light.

Oh, for one glance of those radiant eyes!  
One gentle touch of the little hand!  
Will the love that was our earthly prize  
Still be our own in that better land?

Only to know that our loved ones live,  
To know that the grave is not the last,  
To know they return the love we give,  
As that love was given in the happy past!

And we know it, too, by the radiant light,  
That suddenly over our path doth gleam,  
And the angel form, in its misty white,  
That comes to us like some fairy dream.

Comes with its message of hope and love,  
To cheer the heart that has sorrowed long,  
From the shining gates of the land above,  
With a lulling murmur of joyous song.

And again we take up the burning loss,  
Willing and strengthened our work to do,  
Till our feet shall the shining river cross,  
And we greet our loved in the morning new.

The first through passenger train from Sacramento, with about five hundred passengers, arrived at Omaha May 17th. The travel west of Omaha is very large.

Decease of Dr. Garvin.

Dr. E. F. Garvin, but recently returned to this city from Boston, departed this life on Monday, May 24. His funeral services were attended at the residence of Mrs. L. F. Hyde, 453 Sixth avenue, Rev. O. B. Frothingham and Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham officiating. The remarks of these distinguished public teachers were truly inspiring, and in marked contrast with the stereotyped phrases and lugubrious sentiments usually expressed on such occasions by Orthodox preachers. Indeed, the transcendent beauty of our philosophy is never more conspicuous than on just such occasions, when they are properly conducted.

I had not the pleasure of a very intimate acquaintance with Dr. Garvin during his former residence here, but he was an enthusiastic Spiritualist, and never happier than during his last illness, with the certainty that the death-angel was about to open for him the way to the higher life. His disease was consumption, and he passed away without a struggle, "like one who wraps the drapery of his couch about him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

Dr. Garvin was somewhat widely known to the public as the first individual who ever discovered a method of obtaining a perfect solution of tar, a valuable remedy in pneumatic diseases. This notice may be the first intimation that many of his friends will have that he has passed away.

P. E. FARNSWORTH.  
New York, May 16, 1869.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

**Alphabetically Arranged.**

**ADRIAN, MICH.**—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Association meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

**ASTORIA, CLATSOP CO., OR.**—The Society of Friends of Progress have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers to travel in their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

**APRILTON, WIS.**—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P. M. every Sunday.

**ANDOVER, O.**—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in City Hall, Main street. Children's Progressive Association meets at same place at 12 P. M. Mrs. Martha Hunt, President; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

**BOSTON, MASS.**—*Mercantile Hall.*—The First Spiritualist Association meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Mercantile Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Mercantile Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**—*Swanwick Hall.*—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Swanwick Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Swanwick Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

**BUFFALO, N. Y.**—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Buffalo Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

**BUTLER, N. Y.**—The First Spiritualist Society hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Butler Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

**CHESALE, MASS.**—*Fremont Hall.*—The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in Fremont Hall, 22 Cornhill street. John N. Gould, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. Dunckley, Treasurer. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 51 Pleasant street.

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