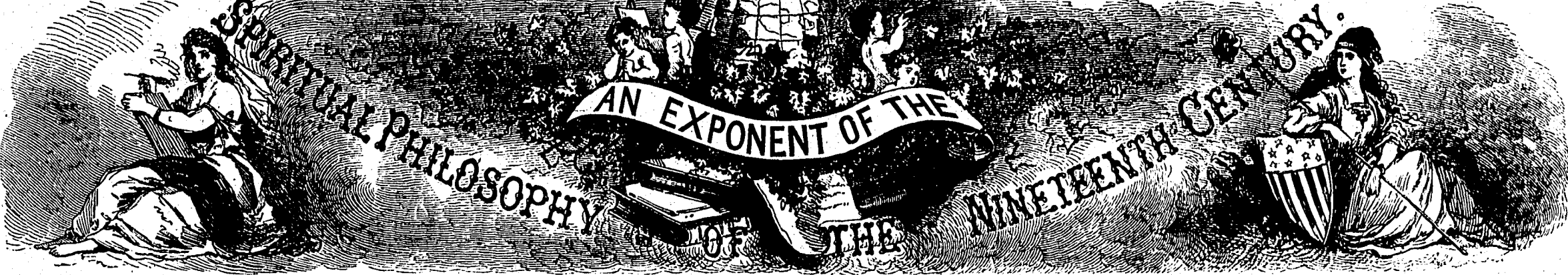


BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXV.

{WM. WHITE & CO.,
Publishers and Proprietors.}

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

{\$3.00 PER ANNUM,
In Advance.}

NO. 2.

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 IV.

The Mortar-Mixer—Father Maurice's idea of the True Mason—Legend of the stout Mauduit and the little Gaudier—I became a good workman—Temptations—My first fault—Lesson given me by Maurice—Jerome's chimney.

On getting me installed as mortar mixer in the work-yard, Father Maurice said to me: "Now you have set out, Pierre Henri, be a faithful and good mason's assistant, if you desire to become a thorough workman. In our trade it is precisely as it is in the world: the best servants make the best masters; go forward then, and if any of your companions hustle you, take it in good part; accept it like a good child. It is no disgrace to receive a kick—the disgrace lies in deserving it."

This advice was judicious and well-timed, considering the customs prevalent in the work-yard. From time immemorial the mason had the right to treat his apprentice in a fatherly way, that is, to beat his trade into him. I was placed under the tuition of a native of Limousin, who preserved, in this respect, the old traditions. The slightest awkwardness provoked blows, accompanied by a torrent of curses, which might well be compared to a storm of hail and thunder! At first I was bewildered, but I soon recovered my equilibrium, and set myself earnestly to learn my trade; to work faithfully, as friend Maurice had advised me.

At the end of a month I was pronounced the best mason's assistant in the work-yard. My master did me the justice to give me credit for this. He continued to punish my mistakes, but he did not, as formerly, seek for a pretext. The man was brutal, but not malicious; severity he regarded as a right, and he beat the boy who did not come up to his mark, as the judge passes sentence, without any feelings of hatred toward the criminal.

Although my work was a little rough, my new occupation was not distasteful to me; it furnished me an opportunity to exercise my strength and my agility. Maurice did not fail to treat me with marked attention, which soon gave me quite a reputation among my companions. I determined to sustain it by redoubling my diligence. A good name is at once a reward, and an obligation to continue to deserve it. If it is an advantage to us, it also binds us to future good conduct; it is, as it were, earnest money received from the public, which is an incentive to the performance of duty. I had succeeded in getting the good will of all the workmen by my willingness to oblige or aid them. I learned my trade more rapidly, and with less difficulty, than most of my fellow-laborers; indeed, some of them did not succeed in learning it at all. The information which was withheld from others was freely given to me. I became the pet pupil of all the workmen; each one seemed to think himself honored by teaching me something. They would assign me easy parts of the work, and kindly assist my attempts. Maurice, in particular always kept his eye upon me, and spared neither advice nor encouragement.

"See here, Pierre Henri," he was incessantly repeating—"a mason is like a soldier; he should be an honor to the regiment of the trowel. The architect is our general; he arranges the plan of the battle, but we have to carry it out by working industriously with the mortar and the stones. The true workman does not think only of the money he will make; he loves his work and glories in his achievements. For my part I never even set up a garlanded May-pole without feeling some pride in the performance. The houses I have assisted in building seem almost like my children. I always look upon them with delight; it seems to me the inhabitants are somewhat indebted to me, and I feel an interest in their happiness. When I speak thus many people sneer at me, and regard me as an old stuffed animal—one which lived before the deluge—but good workmen comprehend me and share my enthusiasm. Believe me, my boy, if you wish to attain to eminence and have a place among the elite of the trade, throw your heart into the handle of your trowel; nothing short of this can make a master workman."

I listened all the more willingly to Father Maurice because I already felt the truth of his words. My trade had become, so to speak, incorporated with my blood, a part of myself. I loved my work for its own sake; I was proud of it; I entered into it with my whole soul. Since then I understand the meaning of the expression, *that is his vocation*. No man who does not enjoy his work is in his right niche. God does not destine him for the irksome task which circumstances have allotted to him. To get the real worth of men and things, the first condition is, that they fit into each other. I knew an old gardener whose success astonished every one; while his neighbors' lettuce was just beginning to head, his was as beautifully rounded as heart could wish; when the wind had destroyed all the blossoms in other gardens, his espalliers were loaded with a wealth of flowers; whilst the burning sun of August turned the finest grass plates yellow, his were covered with an emerald green.

"What in the world do you do to your plants, that everything flourishes under your hand?" demanded his wondering neighbors.

"Only one thing," he answered: "I love them. In fact, that word explains everything. Though the ability to imitate, and the habit of working,

may enable us to learn a trade, nothing but a genuine love for it can make an artisan. The advice of Father Maurice was not my only encouragement. I was often stimulated in an indirect way by the conversation of my companions. Whilst we were fitting stones, or plastering walls, they used to relate incidents about tradesmen, and recount the wonderful achievements of their great men. Above all, I never wearied of hearing the stories about the stout Mauduit. He was a master mason, a native of Brie, who was surnamed four-handed, because he accomplished as much in a given time as any two of the best workmen. He always worked alone, attended by two or three mortar mixers, who could hardly keep him supplied. He wore a black coat, pumps nicely cleaned, and a plume of the royal bird in his hat. Thus equipped he finished his day's work without getting a spot of mortar on his clothes. People came from all parts of France to see him work; there were always around his scaffolding as many visitors as around the towers of Notre Dame.

No one had ever presumed to rival the stout Mauduit. One day, on his arrival from Beaune, a little man named Gaudier, who had witnessed his exploits, asked permission to compete with this king of workmen. Gaudier was not five feet high; wore maroon colored clothes, and had a little cue which hung down over the collar of his coat.

One of the competitors was placed at each end of the scaffold, and at a signal the contest began. The wall grew with amazing rapidity under their hands; they always seemed exactly even, so that at the end of the day neither had surpassed the other the thickness of a single pebble. The next day they recommenced their struggle, and so on for many successive days, until the wall was finished up to the cornice. Comprehending then the impossibility of either conquering, they embraced each other, swearing eternal friendship, and the stout Mauduit gave his daughter in marriage to the little Gaudier. The descendants of these remarkable workmen own, at this day, a house five stories high in each district of Paris.

This history, related with a thousand additions and variations, and whose authenticity I never permitted myself to doubt, kindled my enthusiasm into a fanatical passion for the trowel and the mallet. Without ever expressing it, I indulged the hope of surpassing all the workmen in France and Navarre, and of becoming a second Gaudier, or another Mauduit. This ambitious desire accelerated so vastly my improvement that I was prepared to become a journeyman at that age when most boys are only apprentices. Such success quite upset me. Suddenly released from the subordination to which I had been accustomed, I abused the authority I had never learned to exercise. My mortar mixer was the most tricky and malicious fellow in the yard. Maurice had several times warned me against him. "Take care, child," he would say, with his usual familiarity, "you have only out your milk teeth; you are biting too hard; you will break them."

His prophecy was soon fulfilled to the letter; for one day, my servant, tired of my ill-treatment, rebelled against me, and treated me like the mortar he was accustomed to pound. I carried for more than a month the marks of this too well-merited correction, by which I did not fail to profit; but, cured of one fault, I soon fell into the opposite extreme. Some of my companions devoutly celebrated Holy Monday, and had often tried to induce me to join them. At first I resisted without much difficulty. My reminiscences of drinking-saloons were anything but pleasant. When, however, they attacked me with ridicule, my courage failed. They declared that I was afraid of being flogged by my mother, that I was not yet weaned, and was afraid that brandy would burn my throat. These foolish sayings pliqued my pride. I determined to prove that I was no baby, by behaving as badly as a man. So I was persuaded to go to the suburbs the day after I had received my money; my fortnight's wages in my pocket. I staid in the saloon until every cent was safely deposited in the till.

All Sunday and Monday was spent in this debauch. I returned the day after, hatless, all covered with mud, and staggering through the Faubourgs. My mother, utterly ignorant of what had become of me, and supposing I must be either wounded or dead, had sought me first at the dead-house and then at the hospital. I found her with Maurice, who was trying to comfort her. The sight of me relieved her anxiety, but not her distress. After the first emotions of joy had subsided, she gave vent to her sorrow at seeing me in such a plight. To lamentations succeeded reproaches. I was so drunk that I scarcely understood what they said. The tone of their voices alone informed me that they were reprimanding me. It is generally so with drunkards; I was brim-full of the glorious wine, and regarded myself for a short time as one of the sovereigns of the world. I replied by imposing silence on the good woman, and declaring that henceforth I would live as I listed, and be my own master. My mother raised her voice. I spoke still louder, and the dispute grew hot, when Father Maurice interfered, and put an end to it. He insisted that this was no time for talking, and made me go to bed. I slept without stirring till next morning.

When I opened my eyes, about daylight, I remembered all that had passed, and I felt some shame and great embarrassment. However, pride forestalled repentance. The upshot of it was, I concluded that the money I earned belonged to me; I had a right to dispose of my own time; nobody had any business to find fault, and I determined to cut short all words of reproach or advice. The thought of my mother alone disquieted me, and wishing to avoid her reproaches, I rose quietly and departed without seeing her.

On my arrival at the yard, I found the men at

work; but they did not appear to notice me. I began to mix the mortar with great nonchalance, and in a very bad humor. Two days of debauchery had spoiled my appetite for work. I felt, moreover, a secret humiliation, which I strove to hide under an air of bravado. I lent an ear to the conversation of my companions, although dreading lest I should hear some joke about myself, or some severe censure passed upon my conduct. When the master-builder entered the yard, I pretended not to see him, and avoided speaking to him, lest he should inquire the cause of my absence. I had lost my self-respect, and could no longer look people in the face. I felt that there was something in my life that I wanted to conceal.

Those who had enticed me to the saloon, had not yet returned; the master-workman remarked this. "These men," said the head mason, "have a weakness: when they do chance to work, they swallow so much mortar that they require at least three days of carousal over their cups to rinse their throats thoroughly."

All the men began to laugh, and I thought there was somewhat of contempt in their laughter. I involuntarily reddened, as if their merriment was at my expense. Altogether unaccustomed to dissipation, I could not rid myself of my feelings of remorse. The day passed heavily enough; the uneasiness which I experienced in all my limbs communicated itself to my spirits. I felt utterly dilapidated, within and without.

Whilst we were at work, Father Maurice had not opened his lips to me; but when the hour arrived to quit, he came to me and said that he would walk with me. As he lived at the other end of Paris, I asked him if he had any business in my district.

He briefly answered, "You will see." I was about taking my usual route home, but he led me through other streets, without assigning any reason, until we came to a house in the Faubourg St. Martin; here he stopped.

"Do you see that building?" said he, "and the tall chimney near the gable, which I have named Jerome's chimney? It was here your father killed himself."

I trembled to my very heart's core, and I looked at the fatal chimney with horror, mingled with rage.

"Ah! it was here," I repeated, in a voice choked by emotion; "you were here, were you not, Father Maurice?"

"Yes, I was here."

"And how did it happen?"

"It was neither the fault of the building, nor the fault of the trade," replied Maurice. "The scaffolding was perfectly safe, the work he was doing involved no danger; but your father came to his death by drinking; his vision was clouded, his steps faltered, he mistook an open space for a board, and killed himself."

I felt the color mount to my face, and my heart beat quicker.

"Father Jerome was a capital workman, but he was the victim of intemperance; by frequenting the tables of the wine-dealers he bartered away his strength, his skill, and his senses. But, pshaw! as people say, we have but one life, and we might as well enjoy ourselves before we die. If widows and orphans are reduced to beggary, they can go to the almshouse, or blow their frozen fingers. Don't you agree with me?"

He began to sing a couplet from a bacchanalian song, then much in fashion:

"Come, let us drink, and merry make,
He who knows how to drink, knows all that's worth the knowing."

I felt deeply humbled and embarrassed. I knew not what to say. I knew that Maurice was speaking ironically. I was ashamed to approve what he had uttered, but then to gainsay it would be my own condemnation. I hung down my head and remained silent. He continued to gaze steadfastly on that accursed gable.

"Poor Jerome," he resumed, his voice changing to a tone of tenderness; "if he had not been led astray by bad examples when he was young, we should still have him among us. Madeline's old body would have some rest, and you would have a father to guide your footsteps. But, alas! there is nothing left of him—not even the memory of a good life. It is only good workmen who can be regretted. When the unfortunate man was dashed upon the pavement, what do you think the master-mason said? 'One drunkard less—carry him off and clean up the pavement!'"

I could not restrain a burst of indignation. "Well," continued Maurice, "the master-mason was a hard-hearted man; he valued men as he would animals—for what they could do. If a good workman had been killed he would only have said, 'That's a pity.' However, the fact is everybody thinks as he does. Only his friends followed the body of Jerome to the grave. Even those who joined in his revels turned their backs upon his coffin. Remember this: the worthless seek our company, but they are incapable of friendship."

I listened, but made no answer. We had recommenced our walk; at the first turn Maurice halted, and pointing out the chimney, which rose high above the roofs, he said, solemnly:

"When you feel inclined to renew the debauch of yesterday, look toward that chimney, and the wine you are going to swallow will taste of blood."

gives eloquence to the orator and enables him to exercise such sway over mankind.

I entered my mother's apartment very much troubled, but determined to conceal my feelings. I was fighting down the lesson I had just received. I revolved at the idea of being so much moved. I swore to myself that I would not yield, but would continue to take life merrily. I endeavored to strengthen my impotence by thinking of the reproaches that awaited me from Madeline, and was quite prepared to cut them short by boasting of my independence. I entered our poor dwelling with a defiant look and a deliberate step.

The old woman had just finished setting the table, and she received me just as usual. Her kindness disconcerted me and shook my resolution. I was so overcome with a sense of my crime that it required a strong effort to restrain my tears. My mother did not appear to notice my emotion. I afterwards learned that Maurice had given her a lesson. She conversed with her usual cheerfulness, made not the slightest reference to my fortnight's wages, which I had defrauded her of for the first time, and did not appear at all uneasy. I went to bed completely disarmed and my heart torn by remorse. All night I saw my father staggering on the scaffold and dashed upon the pavement. I imagined myself drunk at the top of a scaffold suspended in the air and on the point of falling. When I rose the next day my head was heavy and my limbs painful.

However, I went to my work at the usual hour. I felt very badly all day. I was less giddy, but I was much more sad than on the preceding evening. To embarrassment had succeeded sorrow. It was full a week before I recovered my strength and spirits. The first time Maurice heard me sing he approached me, and clapping me on the shoulder said:

"Happiness has returned to its habitation. I wish you joy. Now, my boy, take good care of the bird."

"Fear nothing," I replied, smiling. "I shall make her a pretty cage and give her plenty to eat."

"Well, be sure and don't give her too much to drink," replied Maurice.

We exchanged looks, and he passed on.

Thirty-two years have passed since that day, and I have never broken the promise I made to myself. I have been exposed to all the temptations of intemperance, but I have triumphed over them so completely that wine has no longer any attraction for me. In good as well as evil, the first steps often decide our course; it is almost impossible to conquer a habit, but comparatively easy to avoid contracting it.

CHAPTER V.

A Domestic Misfortune—I am put to a Severe Test—My Mother Leaves Home.

Since I had received a journeyman's wages my home had been more comfortable. We had been able to leave our cellar and return to our old lodgings. The furniture which we had been obliged to sell at the time of my father's death had been replaced. We were decidedly in the rising scale, and the neighbors already treated us like moneyed folk.

Everything prospered, until my mother began to complain of her sight, which had become gradually impaired, almost without the dear woman perceiving it; or, perhaps I might rather say, without her being willing to acknowledge it. She always had some excuse ready. To-day the smoke had affected her eyes, to-morrow the fog, next day a cold in the head. At the end of ten years she began to be alarmed. She could no longer distinguish minute objects. She was compelled to give up sewing and the care of the old geographer's rooms. I shared my mother's anxiety. We consulted Maurice, who proposed our seeing an oculist, for whom he had worked and with whom he was acquainted.

It was with great difficulty that my mother gave her consent. She had never been sick, and she had no faith in doctors. However, we succeeded in persuading her, and we took her to the oculist. He was a middle-aged man, tall, meagre and imperturbable. He examined my mother's eyes, without deigning to speak a word, wrote a prescription and handed it to me. I longed for a word of sympathy or hope to comfort me, but other patients were waiting and I dared not say anything, so we departed, no wiser than before. However, when I reached the door I perceived that Maurice was not with us. Better acquainted with the oculist, he tarried to interrogate him. We waited for him a few minutes, when he rejoined us.

"Well, what does your charlatan say?" exclaimed my mother, who could not forgive the doctor his frigid silence.

"He orders you to eat as much roast beef as is good for you, and to sleep soundly."

"But does he guarantee her cure?" I inquired.

"Has he not given you a paper?"

"Yes; here it is—"

"Well, do what he has recommended, and let things take their course."

There was something in Maurice's tone of voice which aroused my apprehensions, but I did not wish to say anything then. He offered his arm to my mother, and tried to amuse her by lively conversation during the walk home, which seemed to me interminable. As soon as we arrived I drew him aside and told him I wished to speak with him.

"I also wish to speak with you; when I go out follow me," he said.

My mother was already busy with her household affairs. Maurice soon took his leave, and I accompanied him. As we descended the staircase I anxiously inquired what he had to tell me.

"Wait," said he, "until we get into the street."

But when there he walked a dozen steps without speaking.

"For God's sake, Maurice, tell me what the oculist said!" I ejaculated in an agony of suspense.

He turned and looked at me.

"You want to know what he told me? You suspect what it is," said he abruptly. "Well, he thinks Mother Madeline is in a fair way to become blind."

I uttered a cry, but he continued almost in an angry tone:

"Good heavens! this is no time to make lamentations! Let us talk about the matter like men."

"Blind!" I reiterated, "and what is to become of her? Where can I find her a companion? Who will take care of her?"

"That's the point," replied Maurice. "It is evident something must be done, and that is the reason I wanted to consult with you. An old blind woman will be a heavy burden for a young man; you must judge whether you can bear it."

I looked at him with an air which showed that I did not understand what he meant.

"Well," continued he, replying to my inquiring looks, "you can release yourself from the care of your mother if your heart consents to it. There are asylums for the poor who are incurable."

"Where?"

"At the hospital."

"What? you want me to put my mother among beggars?" I exclaimed.

"By my faith! don't play the orator!" said Maurice without looking at me. "There are higher ladies than Madeline in the asylum—ladies who have kept their carriages and servants."

"They could not have had a son," I replied.

"That is as it may be," said Maurice, shrugging his shoulders. "Sons are under no greater obligations to mothers than mothers are to sons, and many of them carry their children to the Foundling Hospital."

"But my mother did not do that," said I quickly. "She carried me in her arms until I could walk. She nourished me with her milk. I grew up like a vine under the shadow of her love; and now that the tree which supported me begins to decay, shall I cease to cling to it? No, no, Father Maurice, you could not have believed that I would abandon her! If the good woman loses her sight entirely, mine is perfect. True, we shall have but one eye apiece; but if we, can do no better, we will content ourselves with that."

"You speak from an impulse of the heart," said Maurice. "But reflect calmly on the subject. Remember you will be riveting a chain and ball around your leg. Then farewell to freedom, to laying by a portion of your earnings, and even to marriage, for it will be a long time before you could undertake to support a family with such a tax upon you."

"A tax?" I replied hastily, feeling offended by this expression, "you are mistaken, Maurice. The good woman would impart courage and contentment. When I was born I was good for nothing to her, but she received me lovingly. Be assured I know what I am undertaking. I cannot take counsel of my head instead of my heart, as you think I should. The trial is a severe one; I would gladly have escaped it; but since it has come to me, may God punish me if I do not perform my duty faithfully to the last."

Here Maurice, who until now had kept his face averted from me, turned toward me, and, seizing both my hands, he exclaimed, while his face was radiant with pleasure:

"You are worthy to be a workman! I wanted to prove what stuff you were made of; whether the foundations were solid. Now I am satisfied. Away with all pretence; let us talk the matter over freely and frankly."

"But the oculist—does he really think the case is hopeless?"

"That is his opinion; but, as I was leaving him, he added it was possible she might be benefited by living in the country, breathing pure air and having about her verdant hills and fields."

I interrupted him, crying out, "Then I will take her there."

"That will be very difficult," objected my friend. "If you live separately it will cost you double, and I am afraid the purse is not as long as your good will."

The glimmering of hope given by the oculist occupied my mind more than any other consideration, and I consulted with Maurice by what expedient the proposed change could be brought about. At length he recollected a fellow country-woman, Mother Rivion, who resided near Loujaneau, where Madeline might find a home at small expense and be taken good care of. Accordingly we dispatched a letter, and received a favorable answer. It only remained now to obtain my mother's consent. To gain this Maurice had to back my entreaties with all his eloquence. The dear woman looked upon a residence in the country as banishment. She did not wish to give it another thought. After a while, however, she yielded, and I accompanied her to the place. Mother Rivion received us like old friends; a better woman never ate the bread of the good God. She understood at once the character of her new boarder, and promised to do all she could to make her happy.

"We pass our time chiefly in the fields," said she, "but the house will be your mother's department; she may manage matters as best suits her taste and convenience. We have too much to do to quarrel with each other about our peculiar fancies; consequently we do not come into collision and run against each other's sharp corners. In about a month I expect a young girl, who will be a companion for the good woman and assist her in the housekeeping. She will be as obedient as a shepherd's dog to a glance of her eye or to the pointing of her finger. Your mother cannot help being happy with us unless the devil interferes."

With this assurance I departed, completely satisfied.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Banner of Light.

A QUERY.

BY ELIZA M. HICKOK.

Tell me, ye who most have wandered,
Found you a place of rest?
Could you find a spot in earth-life,
Where the dwellers all were best?

Where no sad complaint—no murmurs,
From mortal lips was heard;
Where the fountain deep of anger
In the heart was never stirred?

Where man hated not his brother,
Where pure love and peace could dwell,
Each would help, not crush the other—
Way-worn traveler, canst thou tell?

Tell to mortal, faint and weary,
Seeking still the earth around,
Where, in all this cold world dreary,
May that blissful rest be found?

Is it where the deep-toned murmur
Of the ever-sounding sea,
Spell-bound, charms the dreamy listener,
With its strange, wild melody?

Or perchance in some far region,
Nestled near some sunny sky,
Dreary bliss enwraps the senses,
And earth seems a Paradise?

Or in some sweet, wild seclusion,
Far from busy care and strife,
Resting from the wild commotion
Of the beating waves of life?

Or yet, 'mid the wilds of Nature,
And herodorous beauties grand,
Could we seek there—and obtain it—
That long sought and sighed for land?

Shall we find such earthly Eden,
While we wander, mortals, here;
Till we pass the narrow boundary
To the unseen world so near?

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

Address, No. 16 West 24th street, New York City.

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

NED RIGBY.

PART X.

Nell had worked out the problem of love, during the time that she washed dishes, picked out the cinders and performed all the menial offices that her aunt imposed, and she had found that it equaled—happiness. Mr. Clyde's story of the true Christmas time, seemed to her like a beautiful picture that hung on the ceiling, and toward which her eyes turned as to the light. But patient as she had been, yet her heart was tired, for she had received no kind words, but many cuffs and blows. It would have seemed to strangers as if she had no feeling; but the truth was, she was living outside of the dull room where she worked, and did not much mind what passed within. There was a sort of dream-life going on in that cheerless room, and the centre of it was the image that Mr. Clyde had given to her. He had told of Christ and Love and Beauty, and Nell made an image in her mind that looked at her with her mother's tender eyes, and whispered to her in the soft tones she remembered so long ago.

It was not strange that she did not weep, believing as she did that the beautiful presence knew all her wishes; and that she did not reply to the harsh words she heard, listening to those sweet tones.

"No Christmas for us," said Joe; "never is. Who cares? I've got something here I'll make a fellow merry enough. Nell, mother's gone out, hasn't she? Come here and kiss me, then, and tell me if you'll help me a bit. You needn't shy off so; come, now. Come here, I want to whisper to you. You know mother's got some money. She got it—well, it's no matter how, she's got it, that's enough for you and me, isn't it, chicky? You don't answer me. Why don't you? I'll choke you if you don't."

Nell turned to look out of the window; she did not like to show her face, for she was afraid that now she should cry.

"I say," continued Joe, "I want that money, and you've got to get it for me. I'll tell you where she keeps it. She won't suspect you, and she will me. Come here, I say. There, now, look me in the face; will you do what I say?"

"I can't, Joe; it isn't right."

"Right? What do you know of right? I tell you it's right for you to mind me."

"Don't scold me, Joe, please don't. If I did n't know, there's somebody here that would tell me."

"Who's here," whispered Joe; "it isn't Ned, is it? I would n't have him know for anything," and he began to whistle, as if to hide his thoughts by sound.

"I guess I'll walk out, Nell; come to think of it, mother hasn't got any money. I only thought I'd tell you so, to see what you'd say. You need n't go and blab."

Nell, left alone, went to the window in the twilight. It was the same hour in which Grace sat with her mother. Their lives seemed separated by a great gulf. Grace, with all that love could bring her, and wailing no beautiful thing, and Nell in the misery of a tenement house, with not one sight of beauty near her, and only the image of love that she looked for, but could not see, only feel in the dim light, as one feels the nearness of a friend when asleep.

And yet the good Father was teaching those two little ones, each in its own path, the same lessons of truth. Nell, looking out into the dingy yard, was wondering about the care that kept the fowls, that were asleep on their perch, and whether they would feel any better if they had her apron thrown over them; and Grace was thinking of the children who would miss their Christmas gifts.

Mrs. Rigby, too, sat musing, as she laid her hand on Ned's shoulder, looking out into the dismal street. She thought first of the beautiful time, long ago, when she lived in the fresh country, and hung her stocking in the big chimney corner, expecting some doughnuts, a piece of cake, some raisins and a silver quarter. She remembered the morning in the dull light, and how she sat before the covered embers to draw forth her treasures. Ned interrupted her thoughts suddenly.

"I hate those rich people; they were all buying presents in the shops, and we have none. Why are we not as good as they?"

"We are not living here to get presents, Ned, but to get God's grace," she replied, yet still his words had awakened a little feeling of bitterness in her heart. Why, indeed, were her hard, toll-worn hands empty? Had she gained more virtue by her poverty? She thought of Mrs. Clarkson, a woman like herself, with no more delicate features, and with as strong health, who needed no toll to bring the gratification of every want to her, and who could help her child to live a life of goodness and virtue.

that she threw over her head wanted no adjustment; it could not have looked better if it had been cashmere, and its folds artistically arranged. "They told me I could stay all night, and now what will we do? Let's play it is Christmas; and you be the little boy that had n't any supper, and I'll be the rich lady that came with a whole basket full of goodies."

"But I do n't like rich people," said Ned; "they have all the good things, and don't leave any for us."

"Oh dear," said Nell, with a sigh, "what can we do then?"

"I'll tell you a little story," said Mrs. Rigby. "I have been thinking about it since Ned came in."

There was once a good father who wished to make his children very happy, and he sought to know what would be best for them. So he collected all the good and beautiful things that could be imagined, and he sought to distribute them in just proportions. There were not two things exactly alike, and it required all his wisdom to dispense his bounties. But he knew the exact value of everything, and in his mind weighed its importance.

But when he had distributed them all no one was satisfied, but showed the greatest impatience with all that had been done.

"I wanted the cloak of gold," said one; "see what a shabby garment I have."

"But you have the girdle of gems," said another; "and this is all that is given to me—these tools."

"But they will serve you well, and are far better than my shovel, though it is made of silver."

"See my tatters," said another.

"But then you have the crown of pearls."

And thus they continued complaining constantly; no one using his gifts. At last a little child, the youngest, who had only a crystal, ran into the sunshine and made the gleams flash over the whole company.

"I have the best of all," he said. "I want no cloak of gold, or silver buckle; all is beautiful that this light shines upon. See my garments; are they not more beautiful than yours? They are like the flowers, like the sunlight, like the mist in the valley when the sun shines on it. Wherever I go I shall be clothed like a prince."

And then all the others felt ashamed of their wrangling, and each took up his gift and went forth to use it as best he could. Now out of this story I have made a little riddle, and the one that guesses it shall have the first corn that pops out of the spider; for I bought an ear for a part of our Christmas.

"Oh I guess," said Nell. "The good Father; I thought I knew; and the little child, that must be Ned."

"I give it up," said Ned.

"The good Father—that is, the good God, who distributes his gifts to us, just as he thinks we need them. He gives us that which is best for us. He has not given me the cloak of gold; but he knew I needed something else; suppose it is a broom and a dust-pan and a piece of soap; yet I know who has the crystal, and makes my poor garments look like those of a princess. Sometimes I think I am dressed in blue brocade, and at another time I am sure that I have on an emerald sash, and I feel strings of pearls about my neck, and diamond bracelets on my arms."

And he who holds the crystal—ah, there are two children, with loving hearts, that flash sunshine all over my poor room, till it is a better place than Mrs. Clarkson's parlors, with their brocade and gold. Now do you understand the gifts? Do not let us complain of those that have been given to us. Who knows but we may have a Christmas eve filled with good things? For the good Father gave to us all a good angel, who can see clearly by the light of your glad hearts—for the light of our home is, after all, our love—and that good angel may be even now thinking of us; and since Nell came in I am sure it is like sunshine here; and our very wishes are like the sweetness of the flowers when the sun shines on them."

"It was pretty cloudy before Ned came," said Ned; "she has a larger crystal than I."

"The smaller one must be used with more skill then," said Mrs. Rigby, and she turned to the hot basin, and the rest of the evening was spent in simple, pure pleasure.

In the morning the winter sun scarcely brightened the dull street, and it seemed little like the approach of a holiday. Once Ned saw some trees borne by, and gave a sigh, thinking of their green branches, as if to them belonged the power of creating the coming pleasure.

Those branches make me think of my mosses," said Mrs. Rigby; "how fortunate we have them, and you and Ned can pick up some scattered sprigs around the market, and we will have a real decoration, and the popped corn shall be the blossoms. We will call them white hycinthids, and if the light of the crystals falls on them they will be as beautiful to me as those that used to blossom in our windows."

There was a rap at the door—a thing uncommon, for their rude visitors did not usually stop for ceremony, and so Mrs. Rigby was a little disconcerted, and Ned in eager curiosity threw open the door before she had time to put away the bunches of moss. Mrs. Clarkson and Grace appeared and made themselves immediately at ease, for there was a quiet and order in these rooms that satisfied the inner senses better than fine furniture.

"Christmas is here, also," said Mrs. Clarkson, looking at the moss, "and we have come to see if you will bring your share of it and join it with ours. We are going to have a party, or Grace is, and she wants you all."

There was a shadow to be seen on Mrs. Rigby's face. She knew her life had nothing to do with parties, and it seemed a little like an insult.

"It is going to be a calico-dress party, and it means a good time and nothing more; and Grace wants Nell to have one of her dresses, and here is a pair of shoes for Ned. Will you all come?"

Mrs. Rigby felt humiliated. Was she to take favors in this way? No; she would decline. The rich should not insult her. These thoughts trembled on her lips, but found no expression, for Nell preceded her.

"Auntie was just saying that the angel knew what we wanted, and that if we let our lights shine that it would see what we wanted; and I wanted a new dress, and we all wanted a party."

Mrs. Rigby felt the words as she would have felt a reproach. It was, then, this child only that could really interpret the story she had told them. The heart of love could only reveal the lesson of love. Her face changed, and a warm glow of pleasure overspread it.

"I was thinking we could not accept so much from you," said she, "but now I see that it is not from you, but from that good Spirit of Love that cares for us all. But love does not want us to be lonely."

"I know what you would say," said Mrs. Clarkson. "And I want you to help me serve the children, and that will more than pay for everything."

Ned's face brightened, and he looked at Grace and compared her with Nell.

"Not such fine eyes, or such pretty hair, or such red cheeks, or such a dear little dimple, and her hands are no smaller. No, she isn't as pretty as our Nell, and you can see right through her fine things. I don't think I shall marry Grace, but Nell, and she shall have just such a cloak and such nice boots."

These were his thoughts. But Nell was thinking about the angel who wanted her to go to a party, and she looked up to the ceiling and into the sunshine to see if she could catch a glimpse of the imagined figure. When Mrs. Clarkson had gone, Ned said:

"I am glad you offered to pay her for the things."

"Yes, Ned; we must all be helpers of each other. It is better to earn what we have."

"Do we pay the angels?" said Nell.

"Oh, you little preacher!" said Mrs. Rigby, "you teach me more by your few words than I can think out in a month. To be sure we do not pay heaven for what it gives us, and I will not be afraid to take gifts from those heaven sends."

Mrs. Clarkson looked a good deal like an angel I saw once," said Ned.

"I don't see angels," said Ned.

"I did once," replied Nell, "and I know how they look."

sat down and let the sun shine on me. I wish I could see Mr. Clyde."

"Ask the angels," said Ned.

Just then Joe came in.

"You can go to a real party," said Nell.

"You'd better run home, you lussy! you're wanted."

Nell's face changed, but she quietly put on her old dress and went back to her aunt's, expecting a good scolding. The house was empty, and she wondered why Joe had sent her home; but she brushed herself at her familiar tasks, fed her pets, brushed up the crumbs, and sat down to think of the party. She hardly minded when a neighbor came in, a quiet old man, and sat down beside her; but when he went out, she went with him, keeping hold of his hand as if afraid that some harm would come to her. Thus does a coming ill often cast its shadow before.

The Lecture Boom.

The Adaptation of Spiritualism to the Wants of Humanity.

A LECTURE BY MOSES HULL,

In Music Hall, Boston, Mass., Feb. 14th, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

Moses Hull spoke on the above subject, at Music Hall, Boston, on Sunday afternoon, February 14th, 1869. His lecture was prefaced by the reading of Charles Mackay's poem: "Eternal Justice."

The lecturer remarked, in commencing, that he believed Spiritualism to be the only religious system which was perfectly adapted to satisfy the wants of mankind. He did not undertake to say that Spiritualism was better morally than any other religion; but he did say that none of us were right in our daily lives—none of us could come up to our own standard, which we formed, of correct action. This rule applied to all—Spiritualists and Churchmen alike. And if any one from the Church should feel called upon to mark discrepancies in the spiritual field, he would say to them: We are doing no more than you are. No individual ever worshipped a God whom he did not make. If there is a saying among Christians, "An honest man is the noblest work of God," there is another also equally true: "An honest God is the noblest work of man." If at the creation were told "God said, Let us make man in our own image," it is equally true that man makes God in his own image. Do not understand me (said the speaker) as saying there is no God, except in the image made by humanity—your image; but you cannot appreciate anything except you receive a knowledge of all its parts. You cannot comprehend all of infinity, but you can have a certain comprehension of God, and that comprehension is the duty you worship. He is the work of your own mind, and in your daily life you strive to pattern after him, but do not quite succeed—the fact of your thus striving to imitate him proves that you are conscious that you do not fully come up to the standard of what you call right.

In the consideration of the subject of the adaptation of Spiritualism to the wants of humanity, it should be borne in mind that the strongest argument in favor of any hypothesis is that which shows its unmistakable fitness for the work to be done. A religious system proving itself adapted to the wants of the human soul bears the stamp of divinity, and needs but little to prove it true. Man is the highest type of creation, therefore religions and theories must bend to him—he cannot bend to them. They must adapt themselves to the natural wants of his inner nature, and the first great want is some evidence of its own continued existence. Is man immortal? Is asked with more earnestness than ever before. How shall this question be answered? In all deference to other systems of religion, he (the lecturer) would say that he believed Spiritualism was the only system which could make man know of his immortality. If science be questioned, she stands with drooping wings looking down into the dark grave and answers: "The knowledge is not with me. I am educated only in the past. I trace man from the primordial fogs, through the granite rock, on through the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, to the grave; but I can see no further." Science is blind, and the great question of immortality is beyond her reach. We may reason from the great law of life everywhere manifest, and from such reasoning draw the hope that man does not end with the close of his mundane existence, but it will only be a hope after all—the soul demands evidence.

On this subject the Bible presents two distinct and contrary sets of ideas; one chain coming from certain phenomena which were witnessed among the people—such as the interview of Samuel and King Saul, Moses and Elias talking with Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, or John's banner conversing with him on the Island of Patmos. See 1 Sam. xxviii: 14-20—Matt. xlvii: 3-8—Rev. xlii: 8-9. These facts occurred in most open violation of one of the strictest provisions of the law, which said:

"There shall not be found among you any one that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch, or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer."—Lev. xlvii: 10-11.

To this law forbidding spirit communion under pain of death could be traced the practical unbelief of the Jews in a hereafter. Spirit communications were seldom attempted; with death before them and graves around them, they dared not strive to behold or hold converse with the denizens of the land beyond. They concluded, therefore, that they had no existence. Thus Jacob, when he supposed his son Joseph was dead, lamented for "Joseph is not." Gen. xlii: 30. Rachel, being forbidden to consult her children, naturally concluded "they were not." Jer. xxxi: 15. Isaiah says of the dead: "They are extinct; they are quenched as tow." Isa. xlii: 17. The writers of the Bible not only supposed, as a result of their being deprived of communication with the dead, that they had no existence, but they believed also that death was a state of eternal nonentity. It was Job, not Porphyry, Celsius or "Julian the Apostate," who said:

"So be that goeth down to the grave shall come up no more."—Job vii: 9.

David, "the man after God's own heart," did not leave it for Lord Bellingbrooke or Pope to compose the poem which says:

"Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth; he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish."—Ps. cxvii: 3-4.

Thirty centuries before the birth of the author of the "Age of Reason," Solomon, the wise Jewish king, gave utterance to the following sentiment:

"The living know that they shall die, but the dead know not anything."—Eccl. ix: 5.

Not satisfied with uttering the atheistic sentiment of the unconqueredness of the dead, he proceeds to lock the doors of a future against them. Hear him!

"Neither have they any more a reward, for the memory of them is forgotten. Also their love and their hatred is now perished; neither have they any more a portion forever in anything that is done under the sun."—Eccl. ix: 6-8.

All the above-mentioned passages express the most absolute infidelity concerning the future of man. These opinions can but be regarded as the legitimate result of the embargo put against appealing to the dead for knowledge. Remove that restriction—let the Jew have the privilege which the heathen enjoyed, of consulting the dead, and how long could his infidelity have remained? Not long enough for Job to have said:

"The grave is my house; I have made my bed in darkness. I have said to corruption, Thou art my father; to the worm, Thou art my mother and my sister."

Where is now my hope? As for my hope, who shall see it?"

They shall go down to the bars of the pit, when our rest together is in the dust."—Job xvii: 13-16.

If the Bible writers themselves—for whom a plenary inspiration is claimed—who, it is supposed, enjoyed all the evidences of immortality, were so unbelieving concerning the future, is it any wonder that the world to-day has so nearly run into atheism on that subject? If the position assumed be correct, that the elements of the infidelity of the Jews had an origin in their non-intercourse with the dead, that, in proportion as that people transcended their legal rights and held occasional converse with visitants from the latter side, their unbelief was supplanted by knowledge, then we may safely affirm that without Spiritualism there is no positive evidence of a future life.

When traveling, on a certain occasion, through Canada, the lecturer was introduced to a Baptist minister. As the prefix *Reverend* was used in his introduction, the gentleman of course supposed him to be an Evangelical minister.

The speaker, being curious to know whether this minister could find any evidence of another world, independent of Spiritualism, commenced a conversation which resulted in the following dialogue:

"How do you feel, Nell?"

"Just as I did when we went in the boat and I

HULL.—"How is the cause of religion in Canada?"

MINISTER.—"All is well. We had glorious revivals through these parts last winter. Of course matters have cooled down somewhat, yet, with many, the work seems to be deep and lasting. How, may I ask, is the good cause in Michigan?"

H.—"We are having trouble there. There are a great many thinkers in that State, and among them a large proportion of materialists who deny immortality, and we find them hard to meet."

M.—"Ah! I see no trouble in meeting them, especially if they believe the Bible. Why don't you tell them that Samuel returned to talk with Saul? This he never could have done had he not been immortal."

H.—"True enough; that could be used, for aught I know, in Canada; but it does not do to use it in Michigan. There are, in that State, about twenty-five thousand Spiritualists, and were you to quote that text, every one of them would claim you as being on their side of the question, for if the text proves anything it proves Samuel was immortal by the fact of his having returned and communicated. We do not wish, when battling with atheists and materialists, to put a club into the hands of the Spiritualists with which to beat our brains out when we undertake to deny Spiritualism."

M.—"True; but could you not tell them of the appearance of Moses and Elias on the Mount of Transfiguration?"

H.—"Yes; but that, too, if it proves anything, proves the continued life of the parties, by their returning."

M.—"Yes, yes; but should we reject a truth because the Spiritualists believe it?"

H.—"Certainly not. But is there no way, to prove immortality without resorting to texts which, if they prove anything, prove Spiritualism?"

M.—"The fact is, my belief in immortality does not hang upon Biblical expressions. I know man is immortal!"

H.—"You are the man I want to see. Tell me how you know it?"

M.—"Last Saturday I was called to the bedside of a dying sister; while we were watching for the last breath she suddenly brightened up and said, 'See there! do you see?' 'See what?' I said. 'There is my sister, and one who I guess is Jesus; they have come for me.' Saying this, she expired. Now I cannot think this a deception. God is too good to let one who had trusted him all the days of her life die so deceived."

H.—"So I think; but that is Spiritualism. And now let me confess that I am a Spiritualist. I have talked thus with you to see if you had any evidence of immortality which would not prove Spiritualism."

M.—"I do not see that we are bound to reject a truth because Spiritualists believe it."

This last sentence, (said the speaker,) though true, does not present the matter fairly. Every system of religion in the land lives and is sustained by its spiritual element. The question was not, "Shall I reject the evidence of immortality presented to my dying sister?" but, "Is there any evidence but that comes in such a way that it proves Spiritualism, if anything?"

The world demands to-day, above all things, the evidence of immortality. All demand it. As the mother takes the last look at the cold, dead body of her son, and imprints a kiss on his colorless cheek, she involuntarily exclaims:

"Shall I see my child again?" Then let the minister point her to some Biblical declaration, and her very soul will recoil at it, and she will whisper, if not outwardly, exclaim:

"Such authoritative *ipse dixit* may do under ordinary circumstances, but they fail to reach a mother's heart in an extremity like this." What will convince that mother? "Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?" She naturally feels, "If my son lives, why does he not take this burden from my heart? Has he lost all interest in me? Oh, for one breeze from the Summer-Land—if there be such a country—just one rap, one test, one evidence that my son still lives and thinks?"

Now the Spiritualist believes that that boy can come back and communicate with his mother; that he can say, "Mother, I am alive!" Don't you wish it was true? Would n't you make it true if you had the making of the truth? If these questions were asked of the great body of humanity, would one single voice be found to say, "No?"

He (the lecturer) had stood by the death bed of the Rev. Mr. Sperry, whom he had long known to be a good man and a consistent Christian, if there ever was one. The minister was taken suddenly with hemorrhage at the lungs, and drew rapidly near the gates of physical dissolution. Looking up to the speaker he faltered out: "Bro. Hull, do you believe in the resurrection of the dead?" "Why," exclaimed the lecturer, "I have heard you preach a hundred sermons to prove that yourself." The poor, dying Christian then said he had been educated to believe it, and had accepted the theory without investigating it. As he lay in his bed he asked questions on the subject which would have done honor to Homer. Mr. Hull spoke to him till he grew too weak to reply, when, mistaking his silence for conviction, he said, "Are you satisfied now, Bro. Sperry?"

The minister said: "I am dying now; I want you to preach my funeral sermon. And don't let any one who hears you preach *die without a hope* of the resurrection, as I am dying." Now, if Spiritualism could have come to that man, unwilling to his view the beautiful land beyond, how cheerfully would he have entered the "phantom bark" and bidden earth farewell! And under the influence of the scene the lecturer could but exclaim, if there is not another world, what a pity there is not; and if there is, what a pity that God did not give us a better knowledge of it. Without Spiritualism there is no evidence of another world.

Now he (the lecturer) would inquire: Is this appetite for a beyond the only one God has left ungratified? or, having granted us this boon, has he left us without any possibility of knowing that there is life when the earthly life has ceased, until by experience we know of the better country? It cannot be that God, who has done all in his power for man, has left us thus to grope in darkness. No; when every other source of evidence has been set aside as unsatisfactory, Spiritualism comes to our relief; thus proving itself, in this respect, at least, adapted to the needs of humanity.

The lecturer here described a séance he had once held for the purpose of allowing an old minister (who had grown gray with his labors, and who yet wanted evidence of immortality) an opportunity of investigating the spiritual phenomena. The medium being entranced, proceeded to laugh in a nonsensical manner, and thoroughly disgusted all present; this she continued to do till the preacher arose and was about to retire, when the medium explained and described the spirit so accurately that both the old gentleman and his wife were obliged to acknowledge it as the spirit of their deceased, idiotic child, who died years ago in England. The spirit told his parents that he was happy; that he was not deformed now; that he was progressing in knowledge, and preparing a place for them when they should cross the silent river of change. The lecturer would like to ask the great body of humanity: Don't you wish it was true that such an idiotic child could progress in the spirit-land?

Evidences of another life given through Spiritualism are many of them of such a character, that those who have witnessed them find no room for doubts. That there are cases of deception, that there are lying mountebanks who wear the fair garments of Spiritualism as a cloak for their infidelity, does not affect the genuine manifestations more than a genuine bank bill would be affected by counterfeit bills issued on its credit. Nay, do not counterfeiters prove the existence of a true coin which is worthy of counterfeiting? Men do not counterfeit copper coin; it is too cheap. How strangely beside themselves men get when they conclude there is no genuine Spiritualism because they have found a counterfeit. Profound logic that! When such men as Robert Owen, Robert Hale, Robert Dale Owen, and hundreds of others whom we might mention, who have all their lives, up to the time of their communion with the departed, doubted whether there was another life, are through Spiritualism so perfectly convinced of it that no room is left for a doubt, and they are ever after not only believers but open advocates of immortality, we are led to ask, is any other argument needed to show that Spiritualism is perfectly adapted to meet that earnest longing of the human heart after a knowledge of endless life?

Now we ask, is not immortality a natural want? and, if man is immortal, is not the evidence of the fact a want natural to him? Spiritualism is found equal to the task. Has it not in this proved itself adapted to the wants of man? No other religion has done so much.

Is it objected that the evidence is not real? that only the gullible are deceived by it? Admit it, and what is the result? Man is a poor worm either without immortality, or if immortal, without any evidence of the fact. All hope pertaining to the future is idle. All our prospects are blasted. Religion is a solemn farce, and man of all creatures the most miserable. Placed on the earth, given a taste of life, made to enjoy immortality, and yet his highest joys and brightest anticipations all imagination. And is it so? Has

not the giver of all good, been able to make the reality as glorious as man, without any image before him, could paint the ideal? Tell us that day does not over-night, that water does not quench thirst, that it is only fanatics who imagine that the sun shines, that this life is a miserable phantasm, but do not tell us that the seeds of happiness sown in the human soul by this beautiful belief will never grow.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

BOOK NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

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The Supernatural.

We gave, a few weeks since, the points of an article of rare merit in the *Monthly Religious Magazine*—published and supported by the Unitarian denomination of Boston—on the subject of Supernaturalism. The readers of the *Banner of Light* are better acquainted with this subject than those of the magazine referred to; and they therefore experienced a greater satisfaction in the references which we made, and the citations we presented, than some of those of the *Monthly*. The same gifted writer continues his discussion of the subject in the February and March numbers, taking for his title "Miracles and their Significance." We continue our quotations and running remarks as before, believing that our readers will thank us for bringing before them such striking proofs of the growth of their own faith and philosophy among the churches. Unitarianism has invariably challenged public attention for its professed rationalism. It was scarcely to be expected that it would extend sympathy to the supernatural. As it scouted the mysteries of Orthodoxy, beginning with that of the Trinity, and ending with that of the Atonement, so it was believed to lay such slight stress on the theory of miracles as to practically scout it altogether. But this writer is making a profound impression, we discover, on his own denomination by the very thorough discussion of the subject in hand. His position is, that miracles—that is, signs and wonders—have never ceased, but are continually wrought, now as much as in "Bible times," for the manifestation of divine power. But let us not keep the reader any longer from the passages which we wish to quote to him.

"There must be agencies," he says—"active in this universe, and after a manner which would surprise not materialists only, but some very good Christians also." "Multitudes," he says again—"who read the Scriptures, have quick eyes for the texts which seem to concern the doctrine of the Trinity, or the nature of baptism, or the manner of church government. But they are very few indeed who have an eye for the supernatural." "As to there being a science of spirit involved in the Scriptures, how very few people ever think of such a thing." The writer thinks that as the Catholic Church made too much of apocryphalism, through recoil and accidentally Protestantism would seem to have shown from the beginning an undue tendency toward anti-supernaturalism. He styles this science of spirit—Pneumatology, and this is his exact and exhaustive definition of it: "Pneumatology is the science, or rather, is the best understanding of men as to the spiritual universe, as to the ranks of spiritual beings, from the highest to the lowest, and of the ways in which spiritually they may affect one another; of their connections also with the spiritual world, and of the modes by which men may be affected, while yet in the flesh, by the influences and occupants of that world to which they belong spiritually, and also for eternity; and of the liabilities, too, and possibilities incidental to human nature, because of man's mixed constitution, as to body and spirit." And the pneumatology of the Scriptures, he remarks, is that understanding of the spiritual universe, which the sacred writers had, when they wrote their respective books, psalms and epistles. He regards this as of infinite importance, and a matter that never could have been lost sight of but for the anti-supernaturalism of these latter times, and "but that the best belief of the best believer to-day, is not much better than the glimmering perceptions of some materialist philosopher, when first the eyes of his understanding begin to open spiritually."

His argument for a belief, and a living belief, in miracles is, that as the Jews before Christ clearly believed in a future life (though the contrary is taught from the pulpit), their real meaning, that is, the direct connection which they established with the spirit-world, was first brought to light by the gospel; in his own words, that "by the visible resurrection of Christ, it was evident that there was a way by which men might live again. But besides that, though simultaneously with that knowledge, by the spirit of Christ, the connections between this world and the next were made manifest." It is the "indwelling spirit" which Jesus successfully revealed.

Speaking of the possession by spirits, the writer remarks that "possession by intruding, unclean spirits is a liability to which human beings are subject by nature. It is a human trouble, as rare, perhaps, as the plague of the black death, but historically just as certain." As for the world itself, and its subjection to spiritual influences and impressions, he says with true eloquence as well as truth, that it is "a man 'what simply he is ready to have it be. To one man this earth is a heap of dirt in which to worm his way; and to the red Indian, uncorrupted, it was a broad hunting field, on which the Great Spirit showed him favors. To one man it is chiefly of interest, as having been once the plaything of natural forces, geologically; the ways of whose gambling he delights to trace and classify. While in the eyes of another it is like a great egg, with vital powers operative in and about it, which are instructive to watch. And for still another man, scientifically, it is like a book of common understanding between himself and the creator. And for still another student of science, the earth with all its fullness of laws chemical, dynamic and vital, is as toward God but 'the hiding of his power.' And another rarer person still feels as though continually a voice were calling to him, 'The place whereon thou standest is holy ground,' because of the heavenly affinities with which the world is wrapped about for believing souls; because of what prayer effects all round the earth; and because of the manner in which the forces of Nature concur with spirit for spiritual ends. And to spirits of different orders, it is conceivable that our earth varies still more than it does to the feelings, respectively, of its own inhabitants.

And even of spirits, who have departed from the life of this earth, there is an old philosophy according to which, for various reasons, one spirit might for a while keep a clear view of the earth and its inhabitants, while another might have lost all sight of it, with his last mortal breath. And it is conceivable, too, that the most familiar spot in this world is what we should not know, if we could look at it through the eyes of a seraph."

And if it should happen, as it happened at the instance of the prophet Elisha, "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see,"—were this done for any man to-day, the writer says, "what a change, in a moment, there would be in everything about him! The solid earth, perhaps, would have become but as a vapor, just dense enough to hold the spirit of Nature, and manifest its play and glow; while distances above, around and below would be felt to be at once infinitely great and curiously small, changing, so to say, with the spectator's changing mind. Also, for that man, the clouds and atmosphere would have disappeared, while the invisible ether perhaps would have become visible, and alive with currents of fluid more subtle than electricity, and with angels passing in glory, like shooting stars, and with resemblances of auroras and seas of gold, and also with threads of sympathy between souls on earth and souls departed, and which may be none the less real or useful for not being known of on either side."

Again: "A glimpse about us with those eyes, which will open for us first probably only after death—a glimpse with those eyes with which we are to see, to all eternity—just a glimpse of the spiritual world, which, indeed, already we are living in, though we are cased against it by the flesh—with just one glimpse we should feel, that in such a world as there is about us, and that with such worlds within worlds, as there are which probably concern us, that the promises of Christ may yet perhaps be to be fulfilled, and that greater works than have yet been done Christians may yet do by invoking, in faith, Him of the name which is above every name, and unto whom morals, politics and science, rule, authority and power, and all things, are to be subdued."

Here is another passage of striking force and impressiveness: "Miracles impossible because of science! They are impossible to the belief of a man, simply because of the conceit which comes of learning, but in no other way. For really the powers of Nature, as they are discovered by science, would seem to be the really, potent agencies of supernatural purposes. Why should not the demons of Plato's theology be as much at home on magnetic currents as men are in steamboats? Why should not an angel be able to approach this earth, by subordinating electricity to his use, as well as Benjamin Franklin have been able to draw and concentrate and enslave it for human purposes? Science! what has science, in the court of common sense, to say against the miracles of healing, by a word or a touch, which are told of in the Scriptures? It has nothing, absolutely nothing whatever to say, except that it has not heard of such things of late centuries, and that they do not appear ever to have been very common; but that is nothing for science to tell. To an angel of wisdom, or to the eyes of the best inhabitant of the star Sirius, imported into this earth, as a judge, belladonna would not seem to be any more likely as a curative agent than a man's hand." And when he considers how the hand is connected with the brain, and that with a wide universe of forces known and occult, and with God the fountain-head of all power, he remarks that it is not incredible, even in itself, that the human hand, stretched forth in faith, may have been as efficient for healing as dried herbs at their best, and quicker than they as to operation."

It is one thing, observes this writer, "for a man to serve as a channel for the Holy Ghost; and it is a very different thing indeed, for that man himself to appropriate that Spirit for his own enlightenment and sanctification." As to the manifestation of this power of the Spirit through mortals, he well observes that "the Spirit of God would keep itself for recognition, as distinct as is possible, and as free as possible from confusion with the human agencies, through which it signifies itself. And, indeed, if it were manifested only through saints, it would be thought to be an attribute of human goodness; whereas, really, it is a manifestation, more or less direct, and more or less imperfect, because of human infirmities—it is a manifestation of the Spirit of the universe, and of the God, who is that Spirit."

Criticism on "Planchette."

The *Daily Advertiser*, of this city, has undertaken what it doubtless intended for a smart critique on the little book above named, and got its ears cuffed by the author in a very few civil words. The *Advertiser* misquoted the author, denied that the book contains what the author shows it does contain, alleges that it contains what he shows it does not, and concludes with a confession that Spiritualism, on the whole, is shocking to its extraneous tastes. In one place the *Advertiser* styles the Spiritualists a "sect." The author of *Planchette* replies that the word may as properly be applied to microscopists or astronomers. The *Advertiser* says the latter half of the book contains little but an optimistic sort of "musing into the blue." The author quotes against this flippant piece of wit and criticism the opinion of the *New York Tribune*—believed to be almost equal in authority, in all literary matters, to that of the *Advertiser*—that it (the book) "is surrounded with no dazzling, portentous halo of colored vapors, and moves firmly on the substantial ground of history and science." The same unerring judgment, fondness for truth, and modesty of statement marks the whole of the *Advertiser's* strained and tilted criticism. It lacks the first condition of a genuine critique, viz., that it should at least certify that the writer had some little apprehension of the subject he undertook to write about.

Laura V. Ellis.

Miss Ellis, the physical medium, is still in Maine, holding séances for physical manifestations. In company with her father she has revisited several of the towns where they had previously been, and, in each instance, found the interest greatly on the increase, and audiences much larger. The *Bath Telegraph* has a long account of one of Laura's séances, from which it appears the manifestations were a puzzle to the editor. Dr. Mitchell, the committee-man, could discover no deception, and the audience, it would seem, was satisfied. At last accounts Laura was holding séances in Bangor, where she had been two weeks previous, and has given five séances. The *Daily Whig* says her performances astonished large audiences.

The Anniversary in New York.

The Spiritualists of New York are arranging to celebrate the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism, in Cooper Institute, on the 31st, on a grand scale. A large number of able speakers have been engaged.

Criticism on "Better Views of Living."

DEAR BANNER—We are from time to time struck dumb by extracts from the writings of A. B. Child and others appearing in your columns, and, believing implicitly in the purity of the "Banner" corps, we solemnly protest, in the name of God and humanity, against the future publication of such disgusting sensuality—in our paper—as the following, which we quote from A. E. Giles's review of A. B. Child's "Better Views of Living": "As rivers drain the surplus water from the land, * * * so the passions carry off useless life from the people," &c. See "Banner" of Jan. 30th.

Rather different doctrine from that taught by the pure-minded Davis and thousands of other reformers. They say, in substance, that "the sexual embrace was intended principally for the propagation of the species," and every incontinent expenditure of the love essence is a loss of as much body and soul, as far as we are concerned." We believe the world needs *radicals*, but we know it does not need such as not only "foam out their own shame," but put to shame the cause of virtue and its adherents of all sects and names. The few words we have quoted will do Spiritualism more harm than we, by a long lifetime of sorrow and hard labor, can counterbalance!

We call upon Spiritualists everywhere to unite firmly against such books, or the intemperate portions of them, rather! No cause is so firmly founded that it can afford to set virtue and temperance at defiance.

Praying for your success, I am, truly,
P. A. BUCK,
Corydon, Wayne Co., Iowa.

The allusion to the obnoxious passages above referred to, conveys the idea that we endorse them; whereas, if our correspondents had taken the trouble to refer to our notice of Dr. A. B. Child's book, "Better Views of Living," instead of Mr. Giles's review, they would have seen that we took most plain and emphatic exceptions to the Doctor's reasoning upon the points alluded to. But in order that the *Banner's* position in this particular may not be misapprehended by the general reader, we quote from our former notice. After commending other portions of the book, we said:

We have a single exception, however, to take to the full extent of his views as to the passions, and the passions. He seems to hold that passions, like rivers, should for safety and natural health be allowed to run their course. As it is only fighting Nature, warring with God, to attempt to dam the rivers, so he holds that the more a man exerts himself to govern his passions, to restrain them, or to subvert them, the more he will alienate himself from his God, and the more he will be his earthly failure. He claims that as the rivers are God's, so are the passions; that as every river serves a use, so every passion serves its use, and runs until its mission is fulfilled. To give his exact language: "As rivers drain the surplus from the land for uses, producing life, health and peace, so the passions, when properly directed, serve the same purpose, and are the basis of the being, supplying energy which would else be lacking. Let these forces loose, and you at once have at the top what, in the order of Nature, belongs only beneath. More than this even; the strength which these passions give, they give, and the greater the power, the more they will be able to master them and make them work in their proper places. Look at a man who has given rein to his power; and you will see him at the end of his career a wreck, physically, mentally and spiritually. Look at another who has steadily and consistently kept them in their places, who has properly subordinated them to the service of the soul, and you will see a man who has grown strong indeed. We do not need to have him eradicate, but to subordinate them. They are not to have full swing, but to work their undeniable force, like telegraphic messages, through the strata of the being, and come out on the surface clarified, purified, exalted. Thus the character receives the advantage, and one which it would never have without these very endowments, so necessary in their sphere, but so destructive when out of it. The Patagonian notion illustrates very well what we would finally say; they believe that the valor of every enemy they kill, and every virtue they acquire, so to speak, they add to their vigor and power, and the vigor and power which belong to the object of subjugation."

There is no mingling of words with regard to the extracts in question. They are in no sense spiritual. No one can, even by implication, fatten any such dogma of sensualism as those sentiments convey upon the pure doctrines of Spiritualism. It is more than time that those who have borne so long, and kept such protracted silence under the false charges of the enemies of Spiritualism, should now speak out. The Spiritual Philosophy does not teach "free love," under the name of "free love" or any other specious term. On the contrary, it enjoins continence; it teaches purity in thought, and so in act; it constantly seeks to lift up the nature to the level of what is divine and eternal; it is based on Justice and Truth, and whatever we build without these two as a foundation, will disintegrate and pass away.

The Powell Will Case.

Spiritualism works into everything in social life, and therefore confronts its opponents at times and in ways for which they make no preparation. The will of Mrs. Powell involves upwards of two million dollars worth of property. The parties who seek to break the instrument take the ground that the maker of it was under undue influence, that is to say, that of spiritual mediums. In the Surrogate's Court the case has already had a protracted hearing, and the arguments of the counsel on both sides are reported in the *New York Journals*. The testatrix was shown to be a member of the Episcopal Church, but to have given that serious heed to the communications of the spirits which thousands of others do continually, who, like herself, are members of the different churches. The argument of Mr. Fancher, in support of the will, was one of great force and beauty—a genuine argument for the faith which is felt sympathetically, if not knowingly, by almost every human soul. He showed that a belief in the manifestations of spirits was no new thing; and must be allowed for in permitting every one to exercise his own freedom of thought and will. After this manner it is that Spiritualism is more and more coming out into the discussion and thought of the people, and getting mixed with the ordinary affairs of men. If to be a believer is proof of what the law in the case of a testator calls "an unsound mind," then there are very few people of sound minds left among us.

Twenty-First Anniversary.

Arrangements for the proper observance of the twenty-first anniversary of modern Spiritualism in this city are progressing. Mr. M. T. Dole has the matter in hand, and that is a sufficient guarantee that it will be a success. The occasion will be observed on the evening of March 30th, in Tremont Temple (as no suitable hall can be had for the 31st). The beautiful and varied exercises of the Children's Lyceum will occupy the first half of the evening. Prof. Wm. Denton will make the principal address of the evening, and, if time will allow, short speeches may be expected from others; all interspersed with good music and singing. It will be an entertainment well worth attending, and, considering the great event commemorated, the Temple should be crowded to its utmost capacity. The admission will be put at the low price of twenty-five cents; a few seats have been reserved at fifty cents. Tickets can be had at this office. Do not wait till the last minute, but secure tickets at once.

Gloucester, Mass.

A. E. Carpenter, Agent of the State Association of Spiritualists, lectured in the above town, Sunday, March 14th, forenoon and evening. The audience in the evening numbered twelve hundred. An earnest and growing interest is felt there to know more about Spiritualism.

Spiritualism in the Louisiana Legislature.

By the provisions of a legislative act of Louisiana to provide a revenue for the support of the State Government, the Spiritualist mediums, inhabitants of the State, are compelled to pay a license of one hundred dollars. This most unjust provision of the law has recently been brought prominently before the attention of the Legislature, in a petition from Messrs. W. R. Miller and E. F. Simon, who have thoroughly exposed the flagrant injustice of such a statute, illustrating their views in a direct and forcible manner, and asking for the immediate repeal of a restraining act of such wrongful operation on a large class of the population. The petitioners proceed to say that, "considered in its true light, Spiritualism is a religion, the belief or unbelief in which pertains solely to the individual conscience of man, and as such cannot be taxed in a country of free and enlightened people any more than Catholicism, Methodism, or any other religious denomination." They likewise remind the Legislature of Louisiana that the State law is in conflict with the refusal of Congress, on a direct proposal, to impose any tax upon Spiritualists.

The petitioners proceed further as follows: "Now it may be that the framers of this law, imposing a tax or license upon Spiritualists, had only in view the class of persons called *healing mediums*, and if so your petitioners would respectfully represent that it was done without due consideration of the merits of the case. It is of public notoriety that thousands of diseased persons, whose cases had been despaired of and abandoned by the regular physicians, have been relieved and cured by the prescriptions and the laying on of hands of healing mediums. It is also a well-known fact that this class of mediums never exact any fee, and many refuse to receive the payment their services would justly entitle them to, and that those who have relinquished all other occupations to devote their whole time to this God-like mission of philanthropy have been sustained only by the precarious bounty of some grateful patient."

In consideration of these facts your petitioners must be excused for saying that the Legislators who would unwittingly tax these imitators and followers of Jesus, would, with equal propriety, have taxed Christ himself and his Apostles, in their time, for performing similar acts. Your petitioners are well aware that much imposition has been practiced upon the public under the name of Spiritualism, but they would further represent that they are now organized into a regular corporate body, styled the "Central Association of Spiritualists of Louisiana," organized under an act of the Legislature of this State, approved May 14th, 1865, entitled "an act for the organization of corporations for literary, scientific, religious and charitable purposes," and that by the provisions of section three of article three of said charter, they are empowered to grant letters of authority to all persons claiming to be mediums, and that, and that by this provision all impositions may in future be prevented, and all impostors unmasked. They would further represent that a grateful public can bear witness to the benefits conferred upon suffering humanity by healing mediums, and that to prevent them, by taxation or other means, from fulfilling their philanthropic and charitable mission, would result in great injury to the poor class, who, unable to pay the high fees of regular physicians, avail themselves of this method of freeing themselves from the ills to which they are liable."

They therefore propose an alteration of the law, so as to exact no license from healing mediums duly accredited by the Central Association, who shall not take fees—and thirty dollars from those who do; with different arrangements for such as do not hail from the Central or other Spiritual Associations of the State of Louisiana.

More New Subscribers.

The efforts of our old subscribers to increase our list by each procuring one or more new patrons, is working very successfully. We have published from week to week the names of those who have sent us new subscribers to the *Banner of Light*, accompanied with the money. We continue to add to the "roll of honor," as follows:

A friend, one new subscriber; Geo. F. Baker, three; Wm. L. Gray, two; Geo. Hatch, one; L. Carpenter, one; Geo. W. Baker, one; Dr. E. O. Grace, one; N. Blanchard, one; O. Giles, one; Rufus Buck, one; John Phillips, one; Mrs. S. N. Eldridge, one; L. B. Lindsey \$14 and one new; Harvey Morgan, one; A. S. Hayward, two; Ellis B. George \$21.00 and four new ones; Wm. G. Baker, one; C. H. Knapp, two; G. S. Carver, one; W. Cotton, one; J. N. Shattuck, one; Wm. A. Cobb, one; O. W. Leonard, one; Allen Pierce, two; Theresa Green, one; Mrs. N. L. Allen, one; Mrs. P. Leaverns, one; D. P. Lawrence \$15.00 and five new ones; Cyrus A. Reed, one; D. Mansfield \$22.00 and three new names; H. Bowman \$9 and one new; Mrs. Thomas, one; E. M. Wallace \$15 and three new; S. Winnans, one; W. G. Perley \$28.80 and one new; Mrs. R. Weston \$19.00 and one new; Agnes M. Davis, one.

Friends, you have our hearty thanks for helping us spread the truths of Spiritualism among the people in all parts of the land through the mediumship of the *Banner of Light*. You have taken the right method to carry on the best missionary work that can be done, and you will yet see the good results that will grow out of it. Before the close of this volume, ten thousand new subscribers could be added to our list, through the efforts of our old subscribers, if all would but follow the example of those who have already moved in the matter. Shall it be done? Can labor be expended in a better cause?

Music Hall Meetings.

Dr. H. B. Storer, Sunday afternoon, March 14th, in this city, gave one of the most interesting lectures of the course. The theme was, "Will mediumship become universal?" which admitted of a wide range of thought, a privilege the speaker indulged in to the general edification of the audience. It was, indeed, a lecture that was instructive all the way through, and we wish that thousands, instead of one thousand, could have heard it. We regret that, owing to the illness of our reporter, no notes were made of it.

Rev. Moses Hull Next Sunday.

The general satisfaction which Mr. Hull's lectures gave, a few weeks ago, in Music Hall, has induced his reengagement for one more Sunday. He will occupy the platform next Sunday afternoon, March 28th, at half-past two o'clock. Prof. Denton will lecture the following Sunday, April 4th.

"Spirit of Truth."

We have been shown an original crayon drawing, with the above title, by Miss Adelaide R. Sawyer, whose picture of the "Better Land" many of our readers will remember; and we can conscientiously recommend it to those who desire a truly beautiful spiritual picture. We consider it as one of the most delicate and perfect specimens of crayon drawing we have ever seen. A limited number of photographs have been taken of the picture by Mr. F. Rowell, and we have a few for sale at our office. They cannot be sent by mail in their present size.

Changed Worlds.

It will be seen by referring to the obituary column, that our friend John M. Merrifield, whose beautiful poetic contributions have appeared in our paper from time to time under the nom de plume of "J. Bomber, Jr.," closed his earthly career last December. He resided in St. Albans, Vt., where he was much respected. He was a firm believer in Spiritualism.

Spiritualism, writes W. F. Wentworth, from Fall River, Mass., is on the increase here. I lectured for the society last Sabbath to a crowded house. The audience is much larger than it was eight months ago, and bids fair to grow larger yet.

Banner of Light Spirit Message Department.

The reader's attention is called to this department of our paper the present week. A great number of subjects are discussed, some of vast importance to the welfare of the human race. That in reference to disease will be found highly interesting. The circles reported, were held Dec. 10th and 14th, 1868.

The message from Capt. William Cabot, of New Bedford, we should like to have tested. Does such a person as Nathan Simpkins live? and if so, did such a conversation as is reported by the spirit occur? Our friends are requested to forward to us any information they may obtain. At this time, we know nothing whatever in regard to the statements given by the spirit purporting to be Capt. Wm. Cabot.

Samuel C. Crane intimates that before going to war, he made a contract with one Gerárd L. Whitthrop, of Albany, N. Y., that if he should be killed in battle, he would report to him from our Circle Room, through Mrs. Conant. He now comes back to inform his friend that he has fulfilled his part of the contract, and now desires him to fulfill his.

James Daley reports himself happy.

Annie Williams, fourteen years of age, wishes her mother to go to a medium in New York, so that the father, who was killed in battle, can inform her what course to pursue to secure a pension.

Tom Aiken, a Newburyport stage-driver, the moment he got possession of the medium singled out Dr. Mayo Smith, a friend of ours, who responded, admitting the truthfulness of the spirit's statements, as will be seen by reference to the message on the sixth page.

The questions and answers given December 17th treated upon subjects of general interest. We refer the reader to them specially, as they relate to the communications given through our medium.

Octavius King, apothecary, who recently kept on Washington street, Boston, gave a highly interesting message, and many facts in his personal life, that Mr. White recognized, although Mrs. Conant, the medium, knew nothing of them. His friends in Boston will no doubt be pleased to hear from him.

Delsey Jane Miller also gave a long communication. Hailed from Pembroke, N. H. She answers the call of her nephew, who she said resides in Manchester, N. H.; but we fear he will not relish the tenor of her response.

Lieut. William C. Seldon, of the 2d Va. Heavy Artillery, returns hoping to come in communication with his mother, two sisters and a crippled brother.

Daniel Crane, a Western "Hoosier," who said he was "fazed out" in the war, wishes to reach a brother in Kansas, who had volunteered to fight Indians, and have him "back out of that miserable scrape," etc.

This séance was conducted by a spirit who bore the earth name of Father Henry Fitz James, a Catholic priest. He is one of the most polished scholars we ever fell in with. He informed us that one of the priests who officiates in the Cathedral in Boston is a medium, and he aids him in his duties every Sabbath.

The London Conferences.

These Conferences grow in interest, says the *Spiritual Magazine*, and the attendance at them, despite the inclement weather, has steadily increased, so that it has been sometimes difficult to find even standing room. The committee have agreed to vary the programme by the occasional delivery of short lectures, with answers to questions. The first of these lectures was given by Mrs. Emma Hardinge on "The Science of Spiritualism," and this formed the subject of conference on the Monday following. Mr. Harper, of Birmingham, opened the subject of "Spiritual Sight" in an able address; and in the course of the evening Mr. Cromwell F. Varley made a most clear and convincing speech, with illustrations from science, and from his own personal experience. Mr. D. D. Home introduced the question "What is Spiritualism?" and also the subject of "Spirit-mediums, ancient and modern." At each Conference, opposition, in a friendly spirit, has been invited; this invitation has in some measure been responded to, and has secured additional spirit and interest to the Conferences.

Massachusetts Tachygraphic Society.

This Society (a branch of the American Tachygraphic Association) held its annual meeting at Sewall Place, Boston, on Wednesday, March 17th, 1869. After the reading of records, reports of committees, and some other preliminaries, the following officers were elected to serve for the coming year: President, Rev. Wm. S. Bartlett, Chelsea; Vice President, James F. Spalding, Northampton; Secretary, Charles Colburn, Boston; Treasurer, Rev. James Thurston, West Newton; Executive Committee, Rev. D. P. Lindsey, Mendon, and Rev. Samuel H. Winkley, John W. Day, E. Maria Simonds and Fanny Merrill of Boston. Corresponding Committee, Adam Home, West Brookfield, Edmund J. Hudson, Templeton, A. L. A. Knowlton, East New Portland, Me., Heman W. Chaplin, Boston.

This Society has for its object the general diffusion of a knowledge of Tachygraphy—a new style of short-hand writing invented by D. P. Lindsey, Mendon, Mass.—which aims not only to give increased facilities for reporting, but also to make a radical reform in the ordinary correspondence of every-day life.

New Music.

Reed Meyer, 722 Arch street, Philadelphia, has just published the following musical compositions: "Bounding o'er the sea we go," a pretty song and chorus, words by Hudson Tuttle, music by Felix Schelling; "Faithy Spell," a fanciful and varied composition by Reed Meyer—eight pages; "Indian Summer," a fine song, by Mary F. Davis, music by F. Schelling; "Beautiful Inez," solo or duet, words by Joel Benton, music by Schelling; "The Blue and the Grey," words by M. F. Finch, music by Schelling.

Dr. Dumont C. Dake.

Attention is called to the above named gentleman's advertisement on the 5th page. Parties with whom we are well acquainted, just returned from Michigan, inform us that the doctor has been practicing of late with marked success in the thriving cities of Kalamazoo, Sturgis and Battle Creek. Success is due to all mediums, no matter what their mission, if they are true to their immortal guides. We are glad to learn that Bro. Dake ever acknowledges his invisible helpers.

Photograph of D. D. Home.

We have added to our stock of photographs that of the celebrated medium, Daniel D. Home, whose extraordinary physical manifestations are now astonishing the people of London. Price 25 cents.

Why don't our friends in Philadelphia furnish us with reports of their Children's Lyceums' proceedings?

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Correspondents who expect their letters published should prepare the matter with more care than they usually do. We have just received a communication from the West, giving some interesting facts in regard to the progress of our beautiful Philosophy there, but the writer omits a name of the town and signature, concluding in this way: "We are situated twenty-five miles southwest of the city of Dubuque, on the Southwestern Railroad." We might record many such cases of omission. Our friends should be more particular if they would be heard. We are found fault with for not giving all our correspondents a hearing. We desire to accommodate our friends in this respect, but too often fall from the careless manner in which their manuscripts are written.

B. F. Butler, M. C., has our thanks for public documents. Dr. William Clark's Magnetic Remedies are highly commended as valuable compounds.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON—LEVITATION OF D. D. HOME.—This most wonderful of all the spiritual manifestations through the mediumship of Mr. Home is creating, as well it may, great excitement in England. Of the truthfulness of the manifestation there seems to be no doubt, if we are to believe the most competent and reliable witnesses. We shall publish in our next issue the full particulars, illustrated, of the levitation of Mr. Home's hand, with measurements.

MARRIED.—It will be noticed by the readers of Rev. Norman Snow's letter from San Francisco, published in another column, that he is married. Feb. 11, Mr. William W. Smith with Mrs. Laura Cuppy, the well-known lecturer on the Spiritual Philosophy. We learn that Mrs. Smith will not withdraw from the lecturing field. This will be good news for her friends on the Pacific Coast who have been fed by her inspirational lectures for the past three years.

PERSONAL.—Elwin Harrison Green, Esq., of London, arrived in New York last week. Mr. Green is an earnest and devoted Spiritualist. He visited this country some two years since, and, on his return, made an elaborate and favorable report of the progress of Spiritualism on this side of the water. Mrs. Green accompanies her husband.

Fifteen young women graduated last week from the Female Medical College at Philadelphia.

It may interest those who prosecute wild-goose chases, after vast estates in that country to which they imagine themselves heirs, to know that no alien can inherit land in England, or even take it by will; and, further, that as land there always descends to the eldest son, no title derived through a younger brother can be good in any event.

The following sentiment is attributed to Napoleon Bonaparte: "A handsome woman pleases the eye, but a good woman pleases the heart. The one is a jewel—the other a treasure."

At one of the ragged schools in Ireland, a clergyman asked the question, "What is holiness?" A poor Irish convert, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Plass, your reverence, it is to be clean inside."

A summer boarder in a country village says that at the meeting house they have a beautiful chime of bells—in the entry after the services.

AN ILLUSTRATION.—"My hearers," said a fervent Methodist divine to his congregation, "you have no idea of the splendors of the New Jerusalem. Why, this new meeting house, with its new carpets, furniture and fixtures, would no more compare with it than would that glass lamp lighted by the b-l-a-zing sun!"

A German wrote an obituary on the death of his wife, of which the following is a copy: "If mine wife had lived until next Friday she would have been dead about two weeks. Nothing is possible with the Almighty. As do trees fall so must it stand."

If Colfax had Nellie Wade, why don't he have her uncle weighed, also? Because he's Ben Wade.

The great men of the West are unknown in the East, but the name of the great Chinese philosopher is familiar the world over.

Why is a lady's dress like a roast goose? Because it has been broiled.

It is a pleasant piece of fashionable intelligence, that the dirty fashion of long skirts, and the horrible fashion of pander dresses are entirely out of style for spring wear; and that short dresses, generally with two skirts, are to be worn on all occasions.

They give alcohol no quarter in Vermont.—*Amebury Village.*

No; but "they" pay a good many quarters for alcohol, notwithstanding.

While the Legislature is engaged "regulating" liquor-selling, would it not be well for them to regulate liquor adulterers? Fused oil and tannin, it would seem, are not thought of at the State House.

SPIRITUALISM, which is the science of life, proposes to carry its facts in one hand, and the power to demonstrate them in the other.

"Spiritual" lecturers are in great demand in the State of New York," writes O. Fannie Allen from Syracuse.

A couple of red squirrels stole from the barn of Mr. Bixby, a farmer in South Reading, Windham county, Vt., sixty bushels of corn, which they had stowed away in the barn loft.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT.—This journal has completed its twenty-fourth volume. It has been indeed a light-bearer. No paper has fought more bravely for the right, none has taken higher and broader ground in behalf of universal brotherhood. May the light continue to shine in the world's dark places; may it go on, blessing-laden, to hearts that hunger, and a helper to those who seek to solve the mystery of life and death.—*Lycium Banner.*

The three essentials for happiness—something to do, something to love, and something to live for.

The Boston Pilot "anticipates, with some-hope, the day when every spirit that is visible from the State House dome shall be crowned with the true Catholic cross."

When is a drunken man like machinery? When he reels.

The Journal of Chemistry publishes this remedy for water bugs and cockroaches: "Dissolve one ounce of pork rind in one pint of water until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses and spread it in plates in the kitchen or other apartments which are infested by these insects. All that have partaken of this luxury during the night will be found 'organically remains' the next morning."

A little girl dreamed that Death knocked at her door. "What did you do?" asked her mother. "I said no permission," the little four-year-old replied.

What is every one doing at the same time? Growing older.

Mrs. L. E. Wheat, Secretary of the Cedar Valley Association of Spiritualists, can be addressed at Charles City, Floyd Co., Iowa.

PARADOXICAL.—Traveler: "Show me to a room with a good fire, waiter, I'm so doctored yet; and then bring me a glass of ale, for I'm awful dry!"

Why do birds in their little nest agree? Because they'd fall out if they didn't.

A cheerful word of sympathy
May scatter clouds away;
One little act performed in life
Turns darkness into day.

It is stated that the Prussians are now cutting down the trees in the public promenades at Metz, just as if they were on the brink of war, and that they are working day and night at their arsenals.

Steel horse skirts are suitable for spring wear.

True goodness is like the glow-worm; it shines most when no eyes, except those of heaven, are upon it.

The total cost of the Boston post-office building and lot is estimated at \$1,872,000. The tenants on the site have received notice to vacate in thirty days.

Why are old maids the most charming of people? Because they are matchless.

It is estimated that in Great Britain the annual consumption of intoxicating liquors is 1,025,000,000 gallons, upon which a tax of \$120,000,000 is paid.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE,
244 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE,.....LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT.

FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal Books.

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth; Nature's Divine Revelation, 13th edition, Great Harmonies, in five volumes, each complete—Physician, Teacher, Sermon, Reformer and Thinker, Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author, Penetrating Principles of Health, and more than twenty Questions, Morning Lectures (20 discourses), History and Philosophy of Evil, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Spiritual Providence and Free Thought, Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progress, Lectures Manual, Arabic, or Divine Quest, Stellar Key to the Summer-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memorabilia. Whole set (twenty-two volumes) \$28; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Line; Fugitive Wife; American Crisis, and Obit of Spiritualism—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 90 cts.

Persons sending us \$10 in one order can order the full amount, and we will pay the postage where it does not exceed book rates. Send post-office orders when convenient. We are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

London Spiritual Magazine, a most valuable monthly, mailed on receipt of price, 30 cents. Human Nature, also a London monthly of rare merit; price 25 cents. The Rochester, a Chicago spiritual monthly, can be had at our stores; and also the Radiant, the latest monthly published in our country on religious subjects, and fully up to the name.

Call and see our assortment, which now comprises nearly all the books and papers in print on our widespread and fast spreading philosophy of Spiritualism.

Liberal Christians.

It has been many days since we attended a regular Orthodox Church, but attracted by the notices of Free Religious Meetings in Cooper Institute, we called in to hear the Rev. Dr. Lothrop, of Boston, in his morning sermon, March 14th. The audience was not large, but respectable in numbers, very intelligent in appearance, with a preponderance of males. The exercises and sermon, for aught we saw or heard, might have done for any Orthodox Church in the city. The same old stereotyped sentences made up the prayers and hymns, and most of the sermon, which had the rare virtue of being short, but long enough for the kind. We were forcibly assured that Christianity was supernatural, and the miracles real; Jesus, the Saviour, and repentance the road to salvation.

He very truly said that Christianity could not sustain itself on its morality alone, and would be a failure without these miracles and its supernaturalism to rest upon as a foundation. We gave that our assent, and it was about all we could approve in the discourse.

We have long been satisfied these free meetings were raids, skirmishes and guerrilla excursions of the Protestant Church made beyond its outposts of pocket lines set up by Unitarian and Universalists—excursions made only to capture and bring in such liberal minds as had strayed beyond its jurisdiction; but they often build better than they know, for there is a power shaping to ends the actions of men, and this effort, though not by design of its earthly movers, is rapidly disintegrating the Church and drawing its conservative members forward, while it very rarely captures and brings back a radical mind. Hence we greet every such move with a hearty welcome, and would be glad to join in its exercises by speaking occasionally to its audiences from its free platform, and thus introducing the religion that is not Christian and not Supernatural, but natural and without miracles.

Holy Relics.

Protestants often ridicule the Catholic relics, as well as many of the ceremonies of the Mother Church, and enter deeply into the feeling of sacred reverence for the Holy Bible, Holy Church and Sacred Desk; and we often observe the same systematic devotion to sacred objects, carried even into Spiritualists' families, where an elegant copy of the Bible is kept in a conspicuous place, while they would be ashamed to have any one of the popular works on our philosophy placed equally conspicuously before their visitors. Few families or persons have risen entirely above the feeling that some artificially created object has more sacredness than a natural production. For ourself, we never could realize that if we had really a "Word of God," it could be more sacred than his works, and a beautiful shell, or stone, or flower, had always more sacredness to us than any Bible, however heavily bound and ornamented with gold. In the families of many Spiritualists, and even of infidels, it is no doubt kept in a conspicuous position for fashion's sake, and not from any especial regard for it as a sacred or holy book.

On the Right Track.

Our able and persevering brother, D. A. Eddy, of Cleveland, Ohio, by some means manages to get into several of the leading papers of Cleveland, through which he is doing a vast amount of good in replying to, criticizing and using up the ridiculous positions of the sectarian writers for the same papers. We have just been highly interested in an article of his in reply to a Cleveland pastor, published in the Leader, on the subject of "City Evangelization," in which Bro. Eddy thoroughly exhausts the subject, and leaves no footing for a reply. We suspect the policy will be the common one of clergymen, viz: to induce the editors and publishers to refuse admission to Bro. Eddy and all such writers, as that is the only chance they have to get their articles accepted by the people. If only one side can be heard, like the old Dutch justice, the readers will know how to decide, or at least our preaching brethren think so, and as they always lose in the controversies, they must avoid them. We congratulate Bro. Eddy on his success, and hope he will be able to get further access to the papers.

Meetings in New York.

Dr. H. P. Fairfield speaks at the Everett Rooms during March. His opening discourses were very much admired and highly applauded. The doctor has not spoken in New York before, and he gives forth fresh and new ideas, and in a novel style of delivery, being thoroughly entertained, which few of the men have been who have spoken to this society. The doctor (or the spirit) reads the Bible and other books from his hand, while no visible book is used or even about the room. In his first discourse he compared the Bible to a shock of wheat, and Spiritualism to a threshing machine, laying out the straw for beds for the dying churches, blowing out the chaff for the dying fanes to scratch over, and saving the kernel for future use. The chaff and fowl seeds were for swine.

Still Another Gone.

We notice, in the Present Age, the translation of Benjamin Wright, of St. Johns, Mich., on the 25th of January, aged eighty years. Brother Wright was for several years a near neighbor of ours, an early and earnest advocate of our Philosophy, and a very dear friend. We can bear our testimony to his honesty, integrity and earnest devotion to truth and justice. Industrious, economical and useful, few men have filled the mission of earth-life better, and we hope and trust we shall find

him and others like him, when our last thread of earthly bondage is clipped, and we, too, find the new field of action and new life.

While on this subject, we wish, also, to record our testimony to the deserved tributes to the memory of BELA MARSH. For nearly twenty years we did business with him, and if we ever knew an honest and upright man he was one, and one whose word of promise was always sacred. He has carried with him the esteem of many hearts who have dealt with him, and the respect of all—even the sectarians—who know him.

"Light in the Valley."

We have just received from London a few copies of the last edition of this highly interesting book—all that could be found, as it is out of print, and not likely to be republished. Price, one dollar and fifty cents; postage, twelve cents.

Mrs. H. F. M. BROWN, a member of the Board of Trustees of the American Association of Spiritualists, and especial Agent and Missionary for said Board, will start for California, overland, the first of May, from Chicago, Ill., and till that time may be addressed there, drawer 5556. She expects to spend June in Colorado, and will stop over and speak on the route of the Pacific Railroad wherever arrangements are made with her in season. Those on the route wishing a call will please write her as above, as early as possible. Mrs. Brown is one of the best clairvoyants in our country, and will give public circles for reasonable compensation when arrangements can be made with her so as not to interfere with other business. We trust our friends in California and on the route will appreciate this effort of Mrs. Brown and the Board, and promptly respond and cooperate with both in the great and good work.

Our excellent transatlantic brother, John Scott, has sent us a contribution—small pamphlets for circulation—the Divine Illumination, a neat and well written work of forty pages, which has had a good reception by the public, and been well appreciated, and a few facts of communications to himself, which are also interesting, showing the general harmony of our Gospel. We shall expect to see Bro. Scott in our city during the summer, as we learn he is contemplating a visit to America.

A new speaker, Miss Ida Frances, lectures this month in Cumberland-street Hall, Brooklyn. We have not heard her, but understand she is well liked by our Brooklyn friends.

We have received a supply of the London Monthly, Human Nature, for January and February, and can supply the demand hereafter.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum of New York.

This Lyceum gave an exhibition in January last, on the occurrence of its sixth anniversary, which proved a very decided success, but that exhibition being followed by a so-called time was necessarily very limited, so much so that many members who desired to take part in the exercises could not do so. The Lyceum has therefore decided to give another exhibition, in the Everett Rooms, on Friday evening, the 29th of the present month, to begin at 7 o'clock. This will not be a repetition of the last, but like that will consist of songs, recitations, dialogues and tableaux. The tickets of admission will be 25 cents; children, 15 cents, and reserved seats 25 cents extra.

F. E. FANNWORTH, Conductor.

Spirits in Church.

During the sermon at the Unitarian church in East Boston Sunday week, the audience were startled by a loud rap, as if from a heavy cane brought down with great force upon the floor. A messenger was dispatched to the vestry for the purpose of ejecting the intruder, who, it was supposed, made the disturbance beneath the floor; but no one could be found. What was not a little singular was, the speaker, Rev. W. H. Cudworth, had at that moment given utterance to a sentiment of a remarkably bold character, when the rap responded. The effect upon the congregation was to make them forget all about the discourse, and think and talk only of the mysterious noise.

In the evening, it was developed through a writing medium that Theodore Parker was the invisible applauder. Mr. Cudworth being a free, independent, bold man, who dares utter a palpable truth, whether popular or not, and being also a practical worker in whatever tends to elevate and improve mankind—holding a life of usefulness of far more value than mere temporary denominational position—would be most likely to attract about him a class of spirits of the Theodore Parker stamp, who would not fail to manifest their approbation of a noble sentiment, whenever and wherever they could find conditions favorable.

This is merely one example in our very midst of spirits taking part in public exercises of that character, and we may confidently expect them in future of a still more startling character and in greater number, to the consternation of respectable conservatism and pious fogdrom, however profound its sagacity.

California Items.

Last evening (Feb. 11), I had the pleasure of doing the external rites of marriage between William W. Smith, formerly of Sacramento, and my friend and sister in the faith, Mrs. Laura Cuppy. The new relation seems promising, and our friend looks young and happy under the influence. At the close of the ceremony, Mrs. Foye, the test medium, being present, the invisible company, who had been appealed to as witnesses, made a very emphatic demonstration of their approval by a loud succession of raps in different parts of the room.

Bro. Finney has lectured here once with very decided success, and is expected again next Sunday; but I fear that he will not be able to continue lecturing at present, as his health seems to be very much impaired. He needs rest very much, although his active and earnest nature will hardly permit him to take it; but I am happy to be able to state that he is likely to be favored with a comfortable home-stay for himself and family, among friends and relatives, in Santa Cruz County. Cordially yours,

HEIMAN SNOW.

San Francisco, Feb. 10, 1869.

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Mrs. A. P. Brown will lecture in Quincy, Mass., March 28th and April 18th and 25th. She would like engagements for May.

A. E. Carpenter will lecture the last Sunday in March in Lowell; the first Sunday in April in Charlestown.

Lois Walsbrook is in Northern Iowa. Friends can address her at Charles City; will make engagements in that section till July.

A. B. Whiting, of Albion, Mich., we learn, is coming East May 1st. He will lecture in Portland, Me., the Sundays of that month. He will accept calls for the month of June in New England, and for week evenings during his stay in Portland.

It will be remembered that, at the last National Convention, premiums were offered for the best drama and stories that would meet the demand of the children of liberalists. It was stipulated that the articles should be free from sectarianism, and that they should inculcate moral principles.

Dramas and stories have been written. The committee decided that while much credit is due the writers, some sentence need changing and others left out entirely. To give those writers time to revise, and others the opportunity of competing for the prize, it is decided to extend the time till next August.

It is hoped that before the next Convention, Dr. Hallock, the chairman of the committee, will be able to say, "The young people may look out for some splendid books." Let the MSS. be sent to R. T. Hallock, M. D., No. 140 East 15th street, New York City.

H. F. M. BROWN.

Dr. Swan in Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. G. Swan, an educated physician and a powerful healer by the laying on of hands, has opened an office in Washington Hall, Rochester, N. Y., where he will remain until the first of April, for the purpose of treating the sick.

Exhibition.

The Dramatic Association connected with the First Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Boston, will give their first entertainment, at Mercantile Hall, Tuesday evening, March 23d, commencing at 7 o'clock, on which occasion they will present "The Secret, or Hole in the Wall," and the comedy, in four acts, of "Married Life." Admission 25 cents. Reserved seats 35 cents; to be had of any member of the Lyceum.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 o'clock, and will continue until next May, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Engagements have been made with able normal, trance and inspirational speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, ten cents. Tickets obtained at the Music Hall office, day or evening, and at the Banner of Light office, 158 Washington street.

Rev. Moses Hall

will lecture March 28.

Spiritual Periodicals for Sale at this Office.

THE LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE. Price 30 cts. per copy. HUMAN NATURE: A Monthly Journal of Zoistic Science and Intelligence. Published in London, Price 25 cents. THE RADIANT-PSYCHOLOGICAL JOURNAL: Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill., by S. S. Jones. Best Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents.

THE RADIANT: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill., single copies 10 cents.

THE PRESENT AGE: Devoted to the Spiritual Philosophy. Published by the Michigan Spiritual Publication Company. Price 6 cents.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST. Published at Cleveland, O.

Business Matters.

Mrs. E. D. MURPHY, Clairvoyant and Magnetic Physician, 1102 Broadway, New York. 4w, M6.

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

ANSWERS TO SEALED LETTERS, by R. W. Flint, 105 East 12th street—second door from 4th avenue—New York. Inclose \$2 and 3 stamps. M13.3w

Mrs. R. L. MOORE sends clairvoyant prescriptions on receipt of \$1 and two stamps. Address care of Warren Chase, 64 Broadway, New York. C27.8w

THE BEST PLACE—THE CITY HALL DINING ROOMS for ladies and gentlemen, Nos. 10, 12 and 14 City Hall Avenue, Boston. Open Sundays. M6.4w O. D. & L. H. PRESIO, Proprietors.

PRESERVE THE TEETH. For Cleansing and Whitening the Teeth, keeping the Gums in a healthy condition, and counteracting the Breath, Brown's Camphorated Saponaceous Dentifrice is THE BEST. Sold by most dealers at 25 cents.

Special Notices.

Agents wanted for Mrs. BROWN'S POSITIVE and NEGATIVE POWERS. Printed terms free, postpaid. For address and other particulars, see advertisement in another column. Jan. 2.

Spiritual and Reform Books.

MRS. E. M. BROWN, and MRS. LOU. H. KIMBALL, 137 MADISON STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Keep constantly for sale all kinds of Spiritualist and Reform books, at Publishers' prices. July 18.

Herman Snow, at 410 Kearney street, San Francisco, Cal., keeps for sale a general variety of Spiritualist and Reform books at Eastern prices. Also *Flanchette's, Spence's Positive and Negative Powers*, etc. Catalogues and Circulars mailed free. J19.1w

BE YE HEALED.—Of whatever Disease ye have by the GREAT SPIRITUAL REMEDY, MRS. SPENCE'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWERS, applied by the aid of the Test Medium, PROF. LAYTON SPENCE, N. D., Box 5017, New York City, and those mysterious, wonder-working POWERS will be healed to you, post paid. Box \$1. Boxes \$5. Jan. 2.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each line in Agency type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment 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 10 A. M. on Tuesdays.

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ELECTRO-MAGNETIC HEALER,

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OF ROCHESTER, N. Y., treats all diseases with unparalleled success. *Sul. Gremi*—none but itself can be its parallel. GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA and RHEUMATISM cured in one treatment.

At Kalamazoo, Mich., until further notice. Mar. 27.—4w

STILL AHEAD, 1,000 Sold Weekly.—SHUNT BROTHERS, of New York, have just issued a new and enlarged edition of 1,000 copies of their "Hunt's Guide and Trapper's Companion," how to hunt and trap all animals from mink to deer; to make traps, baits, etc.; how to tan and dress all hides, etc.; to color furs and skins. New Green just added, and described in this book would be a great help to you. Tells how to hunt fish; has hunting narratives, etc. A new book, well printed and bound, 64 pp., price (net \$1), but only 25 cents; 6 for \$1. Mailed free, sold by all dealers. All wholesale new-dealers send it. Send for one. Worth \$10 to any farmer, hunter or boy. Only a "quarter." Address: LUTHER & CO., Publishers, Hinsdale, N. H. 1w—Mar. 27.

MONEY REFUNDED.—If you send only 75 cts. for the "Star Spangled Banner" a whole year, you will receive the money, and the elegant Engraving, 10x14 inches "Past and Future" (worth alone \$1.50); and even then if you are not pleased and perfectly satisfied, you can have your money returned. See full particulars in the "Star Spangled Banner" and "Past and Future." Will Hunter, Fun, Sense, and some home news. Read the article on "Humbly." It will save you more than the paper costs. April 10, make for it. You can buy it anywhere for 5 cents. It is "Humbly." We've advertised it for years. It circulates 20,000 copies every month. Oh, you are afraid it is some "hoax." Here's our offer. The publisher of this paper knows no "hoax." So here goes: On receipt of seven-five Cents we will mail you this large 8 page Ledger size paper a whole year. We will send you a elegant Engraving, 10x14 inches "Past and Future," mounted on a roller and free of postage, and then if you are not satisfied in every sense of the word—if you do not say we've given you your full money's worth, just let us hear from you within 7 days. If not, we'll refund. Reader! Do you dare subscribe? What more can we offer? Except if you will not subscribe, to mail you the April number free of charge. Send it. It is the "Star Spangled Banner." Hinsdale, N. H. 1w—Mar. 27.

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AGENTS WANTED.

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SECOND EDITION JUST OUT.

SPIRIT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED:

THE INNER LIFE,

REVISED AND ENLARGED.

BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

FOR the secrets of Planchette, the laws of mediumship, the starting points of spiritualism, and the great truths of immortality, read this volume, just published in superior style, and uniform with the Harmonical Series. "This book contains explanations of all spiritual phenomena, and is a fund of degrees and phases of mediumship. The work includes a fund of philosophy, both practical and profound. The author's style is simple, and the book is so arranged that it is accessible to the reader. It honors skepticism, and disarms through the perspicacity of good sense and adequate proof." Putnam's Excellent Magazine, February issue. "This volume of A. J. Davis, the well-known Spiritualist and seer, is not without significance to the observer of modern psychical phenomena, for it is one of twenty-four works by the same author; some of which have been translated into the same language. The publishers, W. M. WHITE & CO., take pleasure in offering this volume as a complement of the Harmonical Series of Spiritualism, and in recommending it as a most interesting and instructive work on the subject of spiritualism, and the grand truth of open communication between the two worlds." Putnam's Magazine, 50 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORE

cause of Spiritualism. Yes; and when they help them, they have the impudence to say they did it themselves. Now see here: I am an old woman, but I can tell the truth; you have got a good many just such ones right here in your big city of Boston; and they are ready to go on going to be weighed in the balances, and I know they will be found wanting, and then their names will be crossed off the books. They will have the black mark on them, every one of them. And what then? Why, agents will be sent from all degrees of spirit-life to rob them as fast as they gain, and give the money to better stewards.

Now all that I and the great congress of spirits want is, when my message comes out, I will come and tell you, as they tell me, who you shall send a copy of the message to, marked for their special inspection. They have got to be whipped, and lashed sweetly—yes, they have.

My nephew did not know, when he called on me or any of our spirit band to come back for them, he did not know I was one of a company of spirits that are employed for a purpose precisely antagonistic to that—taking away the money from those who want it so much, and giving to those that don't want it. There's going to be a general over-turn—you may be sure of that—and pockets that are full will be empty. Then they may cry out against the spirit-world as much as they are a mind to; they can't hurt us. As well cry out against the sun because he is too hot, or because he don't give light enough. [You say you have power to do this.] Yes, I do say so; and I tell the truth when I say it too. There is a whole lot of truth here, and each one of them, individually, foolishly heard to the call of some of their friends in this world, who said, "If you will do so-and-so for me, I will build up the cause of Spiritualism, and never forget you, and never forget the poor of this life," and when they got it, they have received not a farthing, not even so much as a prayer for the great cause of Spiritualism. No, in their greed for gold they forget to pray—and forget to die! No, no, they won't. They will be reminded of a time to die, by-and-by. They can't forget it. Then I wouldn't let their record here for mine, not for a good deal. Remember, I say, every one of them, not one forgetful, not one exempt—not one! They are all in for the ranks; they will be accepted. When their time comes they will have to be shovelled into the scale and weighed. So every one of those persons you are called upon to send a special message to, needn't say, "It can't mean me," because it does mean them; a good many others like 'em; too. The spirit-world has got tired, somewhat; the red men have out on the Plains, of false promises—are going to fight now—in the right kind of way, you know. They ain't going to combat evil with evil, but are going to take away the cause of the evil with you, so you will be better off all of you, I tell you.

[Where do you reside? Did you tell?] Yes, in Pembroke. [You said you originated there.] Well, I died there. [In what part of the town did you reside?] I was one at school there. [At the Academy?] Yes, I was pretty near there about three-quarters of a mile east of there. [Toward Allentown?] Yes; most on the edge. Oh, I suppose my nephew will say I am hard; but I am not hard—not hard. If I should do but what he wants me to, it would be the worst thing I could do, because he would only have a lie to carry with him to the spirit-world. He wouldn't do what he says he would. He thinks he would now; but he wouldn't. Good-day, good-day, good-day.

Lieut. William C. Seldon.

I am, sir, Lieut. William C. Seldon. I was mortally wounded at Fall's Church, Virginia, and died some two weeks after my wound. I have a mother, two sisters and a crippled brother in this world, and I am anxious to come into communication with them, that they may know that we who are out of sight are not dead. I wish them to know that I am aware of all the changes that have taken place with them, and that I am as happy as best I can for their good here; and nothing would give me greater joy—and my father also than to be able to speak with those we have left here. We often hear our friends saying that they are sure we cannot be happy, even in heaven, if we are permitted to know their condition. That is true. We are not happy, and our heaven is not so far away as they imagine. Our heaven is right within human conditions, and by their intense thoughts of us we are often drawn to them, and oh! how hard we labor to make them know that although out of sight we are not dead.

Say to my mother I wish to know the right shoulder and the thigh—both badly shattered; and although I went into Union hands, I was as well cared for as it was possible for me to be in camp; and my spirit is only saddened by their feeling so hard toward the North, because there is in my case no just cause for it. If there had been no war, in all probability I would have been with them in life, human life, now; but the war came, I participated in it, and, like tens of thousands of others, the battle-field became my death-bed.

Say of my brother, I watched over him during his protracted illness, for I wished to do what I might be able to do in answering the prayers of my mother that he might live.

From the 2d Virginia Heavy Artillery. Twenty-four years in this life. Mary, Clara and Arthur, my brother's and sister's names. My mother, Eliza.

Daniel Crane.

[This spirit was preceded by Lieut. William Hamilton, whose brief message was published some time since. His taking precedence unexpectedly, was the occasion of the following remarks:]

Plain movement! [He got in ahead of you, didn't he?] Yes, he cut round and cut me out, 'fore I could get in. Well, stranger, it's all right, I suppose. [To the spirit:] Come, hurry up and take your traps away. I don't want to play second-fiddle to you. [What is the matter?] Oh, nothing, only, you see, he got into my place; that's all. [Hasn't he left?] Well, yes, but perhaps I did not wait for him to take his baggage.

My name is Crane—Daniel Crane. I am a Western "Hoosier." Don't know much about your way of doing business here, but I got some people here on this little lower world that would be glad to hear from me. I was not killed fighting agin 'em when I was here. But it's a good thing to get where you can see both sides, ain't it? Good thing, particularly if you are going to make up a judgment. Bad to make it up from one side—pretty bad. It is best to say that there are some bad government officials and some bad Indians, and it's best to cut off the heads of the bad on both sides, and take care of the good. That's my opinion. "Taint worth much, I know; but then you can take it. Don't ask anything for it. I was flaxed out in the war, and it was all right, stranger. But I've got a brother left in Kansas, and he has been interested to fight Indians; and I kinder thought it might be well to come back here and tell him to back out of that miserable scrape as quick as he could, 'cause there ain't any glory in it. No, there ain't no glory at all in it, stranger. I know the Indian thinks there is glory in having his belt hung with scalps. He thinks so; but there ain't no glory in it, after all. And I know some of our military think there is a good deal of glory in shooting an Indian, but there ain't. You will find that out pretty sure. And I think Ben had better back out. That's my advice. He was always pretty good to take it—that is, when he had a mind to—when I was here, and I think he'd better make up his mind to take it now, for just as sure as he goes through that campaign, just as sure as he goes through that side, and his body will be left there as a kind of pin-cushion for Indian arrows. That's so. I don't want him coming to me and saying, "If you could come back here, why didn't you come and tell me?" Well, I tell him so; and his wife—tell her she better influence him to shut down, and not think of following that track any further. Yes, sir. Her name is Melinda; and she is in the way of getting these papers—spiritual papers. [Where does she live?] She is in Kansas. [What town?] Well, I don't know whether she is in Lawrence now, or not. Has been floating between heavenworth and Lawrence since he is gone. You know people who are aint always stationary. They drive a stake, and stay as long as they want to, and then pull it up and go somewhere else.

Well, stranger, much obliged to you; if I can pay you in any way, I will; if I can't, I shan't trouble myself. [No, do not trouble yourself.] No, I ain't going to; do not suppose it would do any good. [Give you age?] Thirty-three, when

I was here. [We want these facts that your brother may recognize you.] Oh yes; didn't think of that.

Dec. 17.

Scance conducted by Father Henry Fitz James.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Dec. 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Amy Phelps, of Sandusky, O., to her friends; Ben Harris, of Vermont, killed on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad; Harrison D. Dyke, to his friends in Philadelphia; Edith Stevens, of Albion, Mich., to her parents.

Tuesday, Dec. 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Alexander Sedman; Albert Weigand, of Boston, to his mother; Johnnie Joyce; Adah France Menken.

Miscellaneous.

THE GREATEST MEDICAL BLESSING OF THE AGE.

Dr. Kennedy's Rheumatic and Neuralgia Dissolvent.

READER, you may consider this a sort of a spread-eagle heading, but I mean every word of it. I have been there. When your system is racked with

RHEUMATIC pain, and you cannot even turn yourself in bed, or sitting in a chair, you must sit and suffer, in the morning wishing it was night, and at night wishing it was morning; When you have the

NEURALGIA, when every nerve in your being is like the sting of a wasp, circulating the most venomous and not poison around your head, and driving you to the very verge of madness; When you have the

SCIATICA, (that I have just got through with), that most awful, most heart-withering, most strength-destroying, most spirit-breaking and mind-weakening of all the diseases that can afflict our poor human nature; When you have the

LUMBAGO, lying and writhing in agony and pain, unable to turn yourself in bed, and every movement will go to your heart like a knife; now tell me relief and a cure of any of these diseases in a few days is not the Greatest Medical Blessing of the Age, tell us what is!

Directions to Use. You will take a table-spoonful and three spoonfuls of water three times a day, and in a few days every particle of Rheumatic and Neuralgia pain will be dissolved and pass off by the kidneys.

Manufactured by **DONALD KENNEDY**, Roxbury, Mass.

Wholesale Agents—George C. Goodwin & Co., M. S. Burr & Co., Rist, Bro. & M. Carter & Willey, Gilman & Bro., Weeks & Potter, Reed & Carter, Boston; W. F. Phillips, Jr., W. Perkins & Co., Portland; Joseph Bunch & Son, Providence. At retail by all Druggists.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. 24W—Nov. 14.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.

THIS is the name of a large sized weekly newspaper, printed upon extra fine paper, devoted to Spiritual Philosophy, Art and Science, Reform, and General Reform. In it are published the choicest of Henry Ward Beecher's sermons. The purpose of giving Spiritualists and others an opportunity to judge of the merits of this paper, we will send it to you for three months on the receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Here is an excellent opportunity for Spiritualists to express their views on the subject of Spiritualism, and for those who otherwise might remain ignorant of the Spiritual Philosophy for three months at the simple outlay of twenty-five cents, and each three months a lady's subscription, which is the cost of the blank paper at the Paper Mill, is a Western Paper, and perhaps manifests some of the peculiar characteristics of Western life.

We appeal to our Eastern friends, as well as all others, to give the Journal a trial for three months.

Address, S. S. JONES, No. 84 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

DESICCATED CODFISH.

Manufactured by the

GLoucester & Boston Salt Fish Co.

One pound equal to four pounds in the usual state.

Put up ready for immediate use. Can be freshened in TWO MINUTES. Every family should try it.

For sale by all Grocers.

HENRY MAYO & Co., Boston, and

DODD, TARR & Co., Gloucester.

Jan. 16—12w

SOUL READING.

Or Psychometrical Declaration of Character.

MR. and MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE would respectfully announce to the public that those who wish, and will visit them in person, or send their photograph or lock of hair, they will give an accurate description of their leading traits of character, and peculiarities of disposition, as well as of their past and future life; physical disease, with prescription therefor; what business they are best adapted to pursue in order to be successful; the mental and moral adaptation of those intending marriage; and hints to the inharmously married.

Full delineation, \$2.00; Brief delineation, \$1.00 and two 3 cent stamps.

Address, MR. and MRS. A. B. SEVERANCE, No. 402 Sycamore street, Milwaukee, Wis.

Mar. 6.

DR. J. B. NEWTON,

PRACTICAL PHYSICIAN

FOR CHRONIC DISEASES.

23 HARRISON AVENUE, ONE DOOR NORTH OF BRACH STREET, Boston.

Dr. N. will usually be at his home in Newport, R. I., Saturdays and Sundays.

OPIUM EATERS CURED

By Spirit Direction.

SAMUEL B. COLLINS, MEDIUM,

LaPorte, LaPorte Co., Ind. See communication headed "An Opium Eater Cured," in Banner of Light, March 13, 1869. All correspondence strictly confidential, if requested.

Mar. 20—4w

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE

THREE BROTHERS!

FROM one of PROF. ANDERSON'S latest and finest productions. These beautiful spirit portraits will be sent by mail, postage paid, for 25 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

PHOTOGRAPH OF DR. GARDNER.

WE have procured an excellent photograph likeness of Dr. H. F. Gardner, the well-known pioneer worker in Spiritism, which we will mail to order on receipt of 25 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

Lithograph Likeness of Dr. Newton.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO. will forward to any address by mail, a beautiful lithograph likeness of Dr. J. B. Newton, on receipt of 50 cents.

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT BOOKSTORES, 158 Washington street, Boston, and 544 Broadway, New York.

CARTER'S FOR Coughs, Colds,

BALSAM, ASTHMA, &c.

Try It.

Mar. 13—12w

FOR SALE.

AN AUTOMATIC GAS MACHINE—has been in use about two years. It is in perfect order. It burns coal gas, and is lighted and extinguished by the very best coal gas. It is clean, brilliant and steady. The machine can be seen at the store of TURNER WARE, 27 and 29 Broadfield street, Boston.

Rec. 12—2w

MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN will heal the sick at (distant) burg, Ill., from March 13th to April 1st. No Medicine given. The poor without money and without price are invited.

MANUFACTURERS intending to locate in the city of Madison, Indiana, on the Ohio River. Central location; river and rail communication North, South, East and West. Every facility for manufacturing cheaply. Address, POSTAL OFFICE, Madison, Ind.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

READER, I have a positive cure for Consumption and all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It cures the inventor and hundreds of acquaintances. It will give \$1000 for a cure. It will not cure, and will not give a cent to any sufferer who will address us at A. V. R. & CO., corner of Broadway and Fulton streets, New York.

8w—Feb. 14

ANNIE DENTON CRIDGE continues to make Psychometrical Examinations. Terms for metals, (including the elements of the future), \$2.00. Address, 16 Phil. Row, 11th street, East, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular.

2w—Mar. 20

D. WHITE, M. D., Homoeopathic Healer, has removed from New Albany, Ind., to Indianapolis, Ind.

2w—Mar. 20

A YOUNG WOMAN desires a situation in a respectable family, where she can sew or do light work. References given. Address Mrs. E. R. 189 Cedar st., Chelsea, Mass.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds promptly executed by EMERY N. MOORE & CO., No. 2 Water street, Boston, Mass.

Jan. 22

SPIRITUALISTS' HOME.—Board by the Day or Week, at 54 Hudson street, Boston. 5w—Feb. 27

DENTIST—Dr. Plumb's DENTIST

Dr. Plumb's DENTIST

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Dr. Plumb's DENTIST

Dr. Plumb's DENTIST

MORE GREAT CURES

BY

MRS. SPENCE'S

POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE

POWDERS.

ASTHMA,

CATARH, NEURALGIA,

BLOATED BOWELS.

South Williamson, Mass., Oct. 25th, 1868.

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I received a letter of the 10th inst. from you, enclosing your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and wrote to try them. I did this with much interest, and a man 75 years old, who has had the Asthma riding 40 years. He also had Catarrh of the bowels. He commenced using the Powders on the 10th of this month, and on the 15th he declared himself perfectly free from Asthma, and all the above mentioned ailments. His wife told me she did not think he could live through the coming winter; but she says he now eats and works as well as ever he could, and she is a better mother. A harder case of Asthma is seldom known, as all who know him will testify.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY E. JENKS.

BRYSIPPELAS.

Manchester, Mass., Feb. 9th, 1869.

PROF. SPENCE—Dear Sir: A year ago last June I had a swelling just above my knee, and every one that saw it said it was Erysipelas. In a fortnight it became a sore, and from that time for fifteen months I was hardly able to go about the house. I took a course of your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and thinking they might reach me, I sent to the Banner office and got a box. I had, before taking your Powders, a swelling just above my knee, and another one was nearly ready to break. Before taking them three days, the sore began to disappear, and after using one box, it was entirely well. I have taken a second box, and can now walk as well as ever. The swelling is all gone. I have nothing to show but the scars.

Yours truly,

MRS. SALLIE YOUNG.

FITS,

CATARH, DYSPERPSIA,

NEURALGIA, LIVER COMPLAINT,

CHRONIC DIARRHEA.

Amherst, Mass., Dec. 27th, 1868.

ANNE FROST, of Backus, Me., under date of Nov. 27th, 1868, writes, enclosing a letter from her first husband, that she cured the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, they laughed; but now they are getting excited about them, and the Doctors and Amherst are all set for one box, and they cured her right away.

I make the following extract from a letter written by A. S. BRAINARD, of North Manchester, Conn., Oct. 18th, 1868: "My wife and daughter have been taking the POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, and they are doing very well. My wife has taken them for Liver Complaint and Chronic Diarrhea. She is now well. My daughter has taken them for Fits, and she is now well."

ST. VITUS' DANCE,

GENERAL PROSTRATION,

DIPHTHERIA, SCARLET FEVER,

CHOLERA MORBUS,

FEVER AND AGUE, SPASMS OF

STOMACH,

DELIRIUM TREMENS.

Winona, Minn., Sept. 26th, 1868.

This is to certify that I have cured the following cases, and many others too numerous to mention, with your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS: A young lady of St. Vitus' Dance, of near six years' standing, and all other doctors. Cured by five boxes of POSITIVE.

A lady of General Prostration of the nervous system. She had tried everything. Cured by five boxes of POSITIVE.

A lady of Chronic Diphteria. Two boxes of POSITIVE.

A lady of Chronic Diarrhea. Two boxes of POSITIVE.

A little boy of Scarlet Fever. Cured by five boxes of POSITIVE.

A woman of St. Vitus' Dance. She was so bad that her life was despaired of. She was cured in a few hours.

A woman who had the Fever and Ague all spring and summer. Cured by five boxes of POSITIVE.

A man of Delirium Tremens. He is now a Good Temper.

A woman of Spasms of the Stomach, from which she had suffered for five or six years. The Spasms were so bad that when alone her friends would have to carry her home to again.

JARR M. DAVIS.

DEAFNESS.

OLIVER FREPPARD, of Kansas City, Mo., under date of Feb. 22, 1869, writes as follows: "Two months ago I got six boxes of your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS for Deafness, and in four days I was cured. I am now as well as ever."

MILK-LEG,

RHEUMATISM, FITS,

DYSENTERY, DEAFNESS.

Yorkville, Ill., Dec. 21st, 1868.

DR. SPENCE—Dear Sir: I received a letter from you almost a year ago, asking me to give an account of the cures made by your POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS. I have been using your Powders for some time, and I have cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, Fits, and other diseases. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness, and I have cured many cases of Spasms of the Stomach. I have also cured many cases of Chronic Diarrhea, and I have cured many cases of Chronic Diphteria. I have also cured many cases of General Prostration, and I have cured many cases of Delirium Tremens. I have also cured many cases of St. Vitus' Dance, and I have cured many cases of Fits. I have also cured many cases of Deafness,

Western Department.

J. M. PERKINS, EDITOR.

Individuals subscribing for the BANNER OF LIGHT by mail or ordering books, should send their letters containing remittance direct to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., 158 Washington street, Boston, Mass. Post-Office Orders, when sent, should be made payable to WILLIAM WHITE & CO., and not to J. M. Perkins. This course will save much time and trouble. Local matters from the West requiring immediate attention, and long articles intended for publication, should also be sent direct to the Boston office. Letters and papers intended for us should be directed to J. M. PERKINS. Persons writing us in March will direct to Detroit, Mich., care C. C. Randall.

Excellent Society—Detroit, Mich.

Now well along on the third month of our present engagement, we have no hesitancy in saying that, considered from several points, there is no better Society of Spiritualists from Washington South and East, to Omaha in the West, than the one in Detroit, Mich.

The hall, secured for a year, is new, neat and elegant, seating comfortably six hundred. Evenings it is densely crowded. In January the friends perfected a legal organization, and with great unanimity adopted a general declaration of principles. They also organized a choir, procuring the Spiritual Harp. Between thirty and forty of the congregation, besides, have purchased them. The Progressive Lyceum meets at ten o'clock precisely, holding a session of one hour and a half—long enough. Those engaged therein mean business. Guards and ushers understanding their business, and attending to it, from five to ten minutes are allowed for the adjusting of seats, withdrawal of small children, and seating the congregation. Then follows a short lecture—sometimes very short—adapted in part to the young, the work of Progressive Lyceums, and the general, educational, spiritual and reform movements of the age. The singing, in connection with the choir, is congregational.

The Spiritualists desiring and aiding, we determined from the commencement to reduce everything connected with the Sunday services to system and order.

Our Sunday evening meetings are conducted in this wise: Hour for service, half-past seven o'clock. Twenty minutes before eight o'clock the organist plays a voluntary of some five minutes. This finished, the speaker, arising, says, "Please turn to—page of spirit echoes (for silver-chaining) in Spiritual Harp." While uttering the first words of the sentence, the audience, rising, responds. The speaker reads again, the audience responds as in the Children's Lyceum, and the choir sings a stanza, the whole congregation joining in the music. Thus alternating—speaker, people, choir, participating, all in order—there is engendered a general harmony and good feeling. The method stands thus:

- I. Voluntary.
- II. Silver-chaining the opening service.
- III. Song from the Spiritual Harp.
- IV. Invocation or select readings—brief.
- V. Chant from the Spiritual Harp.
- VI. Announcements of collections, socials, spiritual circles, choir meetings, &c.
- VII. The discourse.
- VIII. Singing—choir and congregation.
- IX. Benediction.
- X. Music by the organist while the audience is retiring.

Listen now, good reader, to these growlings: "Why, he lifted his hand and pronounced a regular benediction!" Certainly, it is pleasant for us to ask angels and the higher intelligences of heaven to bless, guide and guard our mortal brothers and sisters. And, then, it is more in order than to abruptly say, at the conclusion of the services, "We're through," "You're dismissed," or, "Meetin's out."

Listen again: "Just as I always told you—Spiritualism would run into creeds, forms and ceremonies." The man who cannot distinguish between a general declaration of principles and a cramping, crushing creed, as a *finality*, is hopelessly imbecile, at least so far as this world is concerned.

Balancing the testimonies of our experience, we have generally found that only blatant, angular, tangential, egotistic formalists were opposed to the right use of forms or methods, as means to secure the ends of discipline, education and spiritual unfoldment. One of the most violent opponents of "forms" within the range of our acquaintance lifts his bat when passing a lady—a *form*. He bows when meeting his former partner in business—a *form*. He cordially shakes the hand of his old acquaintance—a *form*. Reaching his neighbor's residence he rings the door-bell—a *form*. And, what is more terrible, he wears a pair of boots in "a form" and shape very much like an Episcopalian vestryman! Heaven spare us from an irreligious, unscientific, self-important, bigoted, godless, heartless "nothingarianism," sometimes seeking to pass itself for Spiritualism.

Persecutions of Rev. A. C. Edmunds.

For a number of years this brother, now residing in Newton, Iowa, was not only a fellow-shipped and accredited Universalist clergyman, but editor and proprietor of the only Universalist paper in California. Becoming first liberal, then a Spiritualist, the vials of sectarian wrath were opened upon him. Instigated by the narrowness of sectarian Universalism, charges were brought against him in the Odd-Fellows' Lodge, not for any immoral conduct, but for "practical atheism,"—saying he "took no stock in God," &c., &c., &c. Mr. Edmunds denied belief in and allegiance to that Jewish Jehovah only that he became "jealous," "repented," and loved and hated by turns. The God that he took "no stock in" was the personal, human-shaped, miracle-working God of Universalism. He, with all Spiritualists, believes in God—the Infinite Spirit—Presence of the Universe. India's seers termed this Soul of all things, Brahman. It was found upon investigation that the charges and specifications had no foundation in fact, and were accordingly dismissed.

Mr. Edmunds thinks of journeying eastward soon, on a lecture tour. Societies, and localities also without organizations, would do well to write him at once, securing his services. Let us encourage those who are true enough and brave enough to leave the ranks of sectarians.

The Chicagoan's Spiritualism.

This ably conducted literary weekly, of Chicago, Ill., interested in the woman's suffrage question and liberal literature generally, devotes a column to Spiritualism and spiritual communications. The editor prefers the messages thus:

"The question, 'Do spirits, or departed human beings, communicate, or give tangible proof of existence in another sphere?' is one which we regard as of vital and practical interest to human beings. That they do this, we know has come to be the settled belief, or knowledge, of large numbers of the most intelligent men and women throughout the world, comprising distinguished clergymen of all denominations, eminent scholars, scientific men, philosophers, poets, statesmen, etc., etc. Consonant with the purpose of the *Chicagoan* of affording facilities for the investigation of all subjects, we shall give more or less, from week to week, in relation to this subject."

Western Items.

CERPHAS B. LYNN.—It was a pleasure to receive a call a few days since from this young brother, eastward bound, because of an invalid relative. Mr. Lynn has met with marked success in the West, and bears with him the blessings of those to whom he has ministered. He returns to the West next autumn. Just before leaving he delivered a very excellent address to our Detroit Society of Spiritualists. Devoid of the least pomp or flourish of trumpets, his lecture was sound, systematic and highly appreciated by the audience.

DEAN CLARK.—Disconnecting himself, editorially, with *The Present Age*, this faithful brother has again entered the lecture-field, sowing the good seed of the Kingdom. Conscious of what constitutes true manhood; more self-sacrificing than selfish, and more inspired by the gods of principle than the larva of policy, and possessing, withal, fine literary capabilities, Mr. Clark is destined to fill a high position of usefulness in the Pantheon of Progress. He writes us an excellent letter from Ganges, on his way to fill a lecture engagement in Saugatuck, Mich. May his voice and pen long be employed in the interests of Spiritualism.

ARRANGING OF HEALERS.—Drs. Rutledge and Andrus have recently been brought before the Police Court in Toronto, Canada, and fined for using magnetism as a remedial agency with the laying on of hands. The same court in a Canadian Council chamber would have fined Jesus Christ for making the "lame to walk, the blind to see, and the deaf to hear," by the laying on of hands. Can Bigotry go further?

INSTALLATION OF REV. W. R. G. MELLE.—This clergyman, formerly a Universalist, now Unitarian, has recently been installed pastor over the Unitarian Church in Detroit, Mich. Revs. Howland, Straub, Frothingham, Brigham, the Chicago Colliers and others, were invited to participate. Radical as our Spiritualism, we were also invited to attend. Appreciating the spirit of liberality manifest in the cordial invitation, absence from the city prevented the pleasure of an attendance. Mr. Mellen, no opposer of Spiritualism, recently advertised to preach upon the subject of "Spiritual Relationships."

CHILDREN IN HELL.—The Rev. Nehemiah Adams is reported in the papers to have said: "As there are many children in heaven, so there is reason to believe there are many young persons in hell. Those forty and two children who mocked Elisha it is to be feared are there, and others like them have perished in their sins." The *Churchman*, anxious to help the Reverend Doctor and Evangelical sympathizers out of this unpleasant difficulty—infant damnation—says that the "children" of Dr. Adams, who mocked the prophet, instead of being the "little children of the common version," were the "fast young men of the village, twenty, thirty, or forty years old!" To this the *Universalist*, in a half-joking style, says:

"One serious objection to this novel interpretation, is that it would increase the difficulties of the *Scriptural narrative* as to add rapidly to the number of *scoundrels*. The two bears must have been of super-urine capacity to dispose so summarily of twenty-one full-grown young men, and, if none of the large company of young men were fleet enough to get away, is it not a cruel mockery for the *Churchman* and the *Congregationalist* to stigmatize them all as 'fast'?"

GOOD CHEER TO YOU, PRESBYTERIANS, EPISCOPALIANS AND UNIVERSALISTS, in harmonizing and settling the bear stories and fish stories of the Bible. Your precious cliché-text is this—"Great is the Mystery of Godliness."

SPIRITUALISTS, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—This long-established Society continues strong and energetic. A few becoming "weary in well-doing" and dropping away, others have stepped in to fill their places. The Children's Progressive Lyceum, revived by Mrs. Sula E. Lee, is exceedingly prosperous. Coming to Detroit, to resurrect a suspended Lyceum in this city, she brought us a basket of beautiful flowers from Mrs. D. M. Brown, of Battle Creek. Mrs. Brown will accept ours and others' thanks. It decorates the desk each Sunday. Appended was this note:

"Sweet Voiced Music," hearing me wish I had some flowers to send you, says: 'Send him this,' touching a winter-basket on my centre table. You are in a region of greenhouses, and doubtless have the inspiration of fresh, fragrant flowers, so my poor little basket can only be a token of motherly regard and remembrance, and perhaps be a text for a (thoughtful) sermon—that in the winter of age we may have flowers, which, if less brilliant and fragrant, are more enduring than those of the summer of earlier years."

UNIVERSALIST CENTENARY.—About one hundred years have rolled into eternity since Universalism began to be preached in our country. This being the case, we hardly understand the following from the *Boston Universalist*:

"We would be glad to have a series of tracts written by competent brethren on such themes as these, and distributed throughout New England: 'What Universalists aim at'; 'What a Universalist Church is'; 'Why any one should join a Universalist Church'; 'The Universalist Appeal to the Sinner'; and others in this strain."

One hundred years of Universalist preaching in the New England States ought to have given the people some idea of "what Universalists are aiming at." After an advocacy of Spiritualism twenty years in the United States, the people everywhere understand that it means a demonstration of immortality, the overthrow of sectarianism, and the introduction of that "new heaven and new earth" seen in the Patmos visions.

Bishop Whipple writes to the *Minneapolis Tribune* that the officers at Fort Wadsworth are living in very intimate relations with Indian maidens.—*Exchange*.

Some six weeks last spring in daily converse with Generals, as well as army officers, (not connected with the "Indian Peace Commission"), among the Western Indians near the Rocky Mountains, and traveling with eyes and ears open, we feel in no way inclined to contradict the above report of the Bishop.

The Winnebago (Iowa) *Press* tells of a lively little contest between the "Christians" and "sinners" in contributing wood to the minister. The Christians hauled the first, and the sinners the second day—the sinners coming out ahead.

Elder Knapp, the Baptist revivalist, was accustomed to draw a figure like this: "Sinners, you stand on the very verge of hell, and at the day of judgment God will pitch you like cordwood fuel into the liquid, fiery flames of damnation, fit companions of devils, false prophets and devils." The Elder could not have meant such good-hearted "sinners" as those in Iowa, who outdo Christians in contributing wood and other comforts to the ministers of Christ. It used to puzzle us, even when a clergyman, to draw the line between saintly "sinners" and sinning saints. Extended knowledge deepens the puzzle.

The Empress Josephine was very fond of perfumes, and above all of *musk*. Her dressing-room at Malmson was filled with it, in spite of Napoleon's frequent remonstrances. Forty years have elapsed since her death, and the present owner of Malmson has had the walls of that dressing-room repeatedly washed and painted; but neither scrubbing, aquafortis, nor paint, has been sufficient to remove the smell of the good empress's musk, which continues as strong as if the bottle

which contained it had been but yesterday removed.—*London Times*.

A lesson this, to thinkers. Those particles of musk, permeating the walls and floating in the atmosphere of the room, impinged upon and so impregnated adjoining particles, that the odor has been retained. In a method somewhat analogous, mortals magnetize their beds, rooms, dwellings. Magnetism is refined, etherialized substance. Sensitives sense its grade. It remains in rooms after the occupants have left. This proffers the key to unlock the mysteries of haunted houses.

DU QUIN, ILL.—Dr. E. C. Dunn has recently given the first course of lectures upon Spiritualism ever delivered in the above named place. The audiences were very large, and deeply interested in the truths eloquently enunciated by the doctor. Dr. Dunn's clearness of thought and earnestness always attract large audiences. He speaks the last three Sundays of March in Decatur, Ill. Our prayers and sympathies ever go with him.

Meetings at Des Moines, Iowa.

DEAR BANNER—I crave a place in your well-filled columns to say only that W. A. D. Hume, of Cleveland, Ohio, has just closed a course of the most interesting lectures before the First Spiritualist Association of Des Moines, consisting of ten lectures, occupying five Sundays, that it has ever been my good fortune to listen to, on the subjects treated, replete in both manner and matter. His closing lecture, on the "Nature and Presence of Deity," in its sublimity, originality, and clear and far and comprehensive reasoning, was a most royal feast.

B. N. KINYON, Cor. Sec.
Des Moines, Iowa, March 17, 1869.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Alphabetically Arranged.

ADRIAN, MICH.—Regular Sunday meetings at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary; Ezra T. Sherwin, Secretary.

AGORIA, CLAYTON CO., OH.—The Society of Friends of Progress, a new and original organization, invite speakers traveling their way to give them call. They will be kindly received.

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

BOSTON, MASS.—*Mercantile Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association met in this hall, 33 Summer street, at 2 P. M. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Wm. A. D. Hume, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—*Bayley's Hall*.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in Bayley's Hall, 24 Avenue of the 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. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

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BALTIMORE, MD.—*Saratoga Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner Calver street and Broadway, at 7 P. M. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

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BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Meetings are held in Wakelee's Hall every Sunday morning and evening: Lyceum between services. Jeremiah Brown, Secretary.

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MILFORD, MASS.—Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

MANCHESTER, N. H.—The Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—The First Society of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in Bowman's Hall, at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday in the large hall of the Everett Room, corner of Broadway and Thirty-Fourth street. Lectures at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Children's Progressive Lyceum at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

NEW ALBANY, IND.—The Society of Progressive Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lectures and Conference on the Philosophy of Spiritualism, every Sunday, at 10 A. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

OSWEGO, N. Y.—The Spiritualists hold regular meetings at their new Lyceum Hall, Grant Block, every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.—Lyceum Association of Spiritualists hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

PONTIAC, MICH.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

PITTSBURGH, PA.—The First Spiritualist Association hold meetings every Sunday at 10 A. M. and 7 P. M. in the hall. Dr. E. C. Dunn, President; Mrs. Martha Hunt, Secretary. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 33 Pleasant street.

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