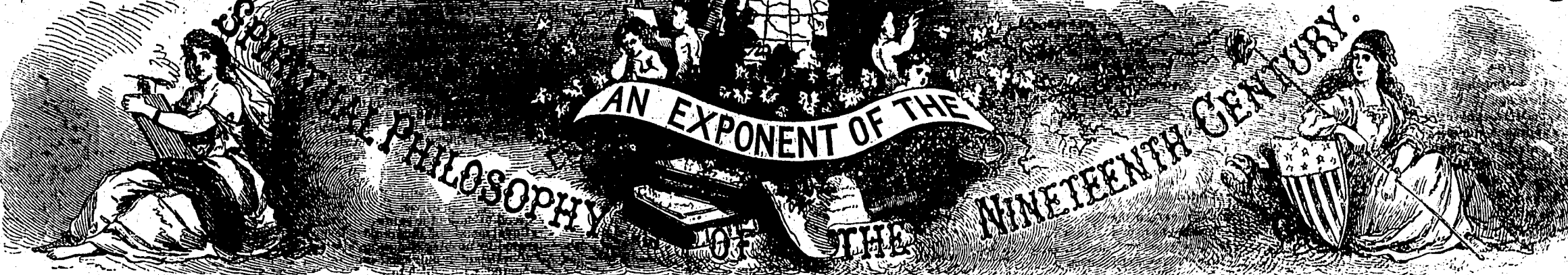


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Literary Department.

REMINISCENCES AND EXPERIENCES

OF A WORKINGMAN.

BY EMILE SOUVESTRE.

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

CHAPTER VI.

The Blind Mother—Genevieve and Robert—I come across Faroumont again—The Hope of the Scaffold—My Abode at the Hospital—Life and Death of the good man Number Twelve.

One day Maurice said to me, "I have near Berny a debtor who played truant last year; he has just reappeared, and I must go to make sure of him, and fish up, if it is possible, my fifty crowns. Take the stage with me on Saturday evening; you can go and make a visit to Madeline, and I will rejoin you the next day at the Woods Riout."

The thing was settled. I had been to see my mother but twice since our separation, and the last time I had found her almost completely blind—in other respects better than I had ever known her, and remarkably cheerful. But this was nearly three months ago, for I had been so closely occupied that it was impossible for me to leave my work. When I arrived at Lonjumeau it was sunset. I took the road which led to the Mother Rivion's, but since I had been there they had cut down many of the trees and taken away the fences, so that I no longer recognized the way. After getting bewildered by trying two or three paths, I looked round to see if there was any one to whom I could apply for aid. The nearest houses were at a considerable distance, and I saw no living object in the fields. Suddenly I heard some one singing, and recognized the refrain of an old roundelay which I had often heard my mother sing when I was a child. I stopped, quite delighted at the familiar sound. It was the first time for fifteen years that I had heard it. It brought back the pleasant memories of bygone days. I saw my mother young again; I heard her singing as in former years. In fact, although the voice was strong and youthful, it reminded me of hers. The sounds floated on the air with a delicious sweetness mingled with sadness, which I thought was peculiar to my mother, but I have since heard the same melodious strains among the shepherd girls of Burgundy and Champagne. I approached the singer; she was busy taking down some white linen from a clothes-line. She was tall and had a prepossessing countenance. She looked me full in the face when I asked her the way to the Woods Riout and began to laugh, saying:

"I guess you are Madeline's son."
I laughed in my turn and looked at her, saying:
"And I guess you are the young girl that the Mother Rivion expected."

"Your name is Pierre Henri?"
"And yours is Genevieve? Only see how people sometimes meet!"

"And how they know each other," she added.
We burst into a hearty laugh. Then followed various inquiries. Genevieve informed me that my mother was totally blind, but was still unwilling to acknowledge it. Furthermore, she declared that the good woman was worth more than all the young people in the house, and was always singing as merrily as a chaffinch.

"She taught you the refrain that I heard you singing?"

"Ah! you heard me, then? Yes, yes; the good Madeline has taught me all her old songs. She says they will be nice cradle songs for my own children, or those of other people."

Thus chatting, we soon got the linen gathered up. I helped her to make a bundle of it, which I took upon my shoulder.

"Well!" said she, gaily, "this is the first time in my life I ever had a servant!"
And when I replied it was but right the son should render some service for what she had done for the mother, she began to speak of Madeline with so much tenderness, that when we arrived at the Woods Riout my heart was overflowing with gratitude. I felt that I was her debtor.

My mother, who was standing at the door and recognized my voice, exclaimed, of course, that she had seen me. Since she had entirely lost her sight she prided herself in never appearing blind. Genevieve assisted her so adroitly and with so much delicacy, that she was hardly aware of it. She fastened cords outside and inside the house, which served as banisters and directed the blind woman. A knot marked the place of a door, a piece of furniture, or a step; a little bell, shaken by the wind, indicated to her ear the situation of the well; waymarks were also placed in the garden walks. Thanks to Genevieve, the whole place was so mapped out that it could easily be traversed by feeling, so the dear woman was always stirring about, finding all she wanted, because everything was put exactly in her way, and constantly boasting of it as a proof of her sharp sightedness. Finally, the whole household respected her weakness, and took a roguish but innocent pleasure in talking to her. She was treated like a spoiled child, whose every action is welcomed with a smile.

Maurice, who rejoined me according to his promise, immediately perceived the pleasant situation of Madeline in this kind family, where each strove to make her contented.

"You have not always had your deserts in comfort and happiness, my good woman," said he, "but the present pays up all arrears of the past."

"It is certain that the country is delightful," said she, not caring to express too strongly her satisfaction.

"True," replied Maurice; "but it is the good people who make the country pleasant, and you have fallen among a company of Christians such as is rarely found."

"Well, I have no complaint to make," observed Madeline, dryly.

"You are right," continued the master-mason. "These good people have given you more than Providence has taken from you. Therefore I advise you to be thankful for the misfortune which has brought you so many friends who are willing to serve you. If you still had your eyes—"

"What! what! If I had my eyes!" interrupted the old mother, quite impatiently. "Don't go to fancying that I am blind!"

"All right," replied Maurice, smiling, "I give you joy. So you are entirely cured."

"As a proof of that I see what you are about. You are sitting at table with Pierre Henri."

The truth was, she heard the rattling of the knives and forks.

"Ah! ha! just now you asked for bread, and I saw you cut it. Ah! ha! nothing escapes me. I assure you, and many a one whose eyes are only fifteen years old cannot do half that I accomplish."

Mother Rivion confirmed Madeline's assertions, stating that the housekeeping was entirely under her superintendence. The excellent woman knew well that to the aged and the disabled, who are sensitive, the severest trial is the feeling that they are useless. Genevieve added her testimony to the truth of all the mother said, and Madeline's face was radiant with pleasure.

As we were returning home, Maurice called my attention to all the consideration and kindness manifested by the whole family toward my mother.

"And yet people are incessantly croaking about the wickedness of the world," said he, in a half angry tone. "One would really suppose that good people were as rare as white blackbirds—never to be found. But those grumblers do not seek for the good, and, in fact, have no affinity for them. For my part, I never passed a day without receiving from some one a friendly greeting, or a kindly service. Unhappily, there are many who register only the evil that is done to them, and who receive kindness as they would overdue payments. This almost always arises from their being too well satisfied with themselves, and discontented with everybody else."

Several months passed without anything worth mentioning occurring. I made several journeys to the Woods Riout. Genevieve several times brought me news from my mother. The excellent girl came to Paris as frequently as she could get permission to see her nephew, Robert, who had been placed out by her as an apprentice. Robert was now about seventeen years old, and was working in a manufactory of artificial jewels, his board and lodging being furnished him. His master, whom I went to see on some business for Genevieve, told me that he would "never rise above the botchers who manufacture trash for the three sous shops. He will do very well to make scented lozenges, but he has neither the inclination nor the strength to be a working-man."

In fact, Mr. Robert looked more like a senator's son than a jeweler's apprentice. Genevieve denied herself almost everything in order to supply him with money, and when she was remonstrated with, she always told how her brother had confided the child to her care on his death bed, how she had promised to be both father and mother to him, and then the big tears would trickle down her cheeks, so that no one had the heart to blame her. Robert perfectly understood her weakness, and did not fail to avail himself of it. He had a pretty little rose face, white hands, and a voice as gentle as a young girl's. He looked like a pet lamb led by a ribbon, but in reality he was as obstinate as a mule, and it would have been easier to control an enraged mastiff than this *petit maître* when his anger was aroused. This, I afterwards learned to my cost. Our meetings at this time were always short, and the conversation commonplace. Indeed, I thought the nephew rather despised his aunt's new acquaintance, and was afraid of soiling his clothes by contact with a mason. In fact, our tastes and our pursuits separated us completely. Mr. Robert had introduced himself into the society of fashionable shop girls and merchants' clerks; he sung ballads, played cards and went to balls.

As for me, I lived alone more than ever. The adventure with Faroumont had disgusted me with the lodging-room, and I hired a little attic chamber. A chair, a trunk, and a cot bed constituted all my furniture, but then I had the privilege of being alone; the space comprised between the four walls belonged exclusively to me. No body came, as in the lodging-room, to breathe my air, or to interrupt my quiet, my song, or my sleep. I was master of my surroundings, and this is the only way to be master of one's self. At first, I was so delighted that I thought only of enjoying my new situation. I felt much like a man in an ardue, who, once buried in the bed clothes, is loth to emerge. I was so pleased with my freedom that I was rarely absent from my garret except during working hours. Maurice complained that I did not go to see him.

"Are you going to seclude yourself like a hermit?" said he. "Look here! In the world, as well as in the army, it does us good to touch our neighbor's elbows. You are too young to turn snail and shut yourself up in your shell. Come and visit your friends; it does every one good to breathe the fresh air."

I had nothing to answer to this appeal to my common sense, but I persisted in staying at home. I might have improved my solitary hours by resuming my long interrupted studies, but no one urged me to do this, and I felt no inclination for it. I can hardly describe my condition at this time. I was the slave of nonchalance. I would spend hours in reverie without concentrating my mind on any special point, but thinking of this,

that and the other, like a man walking at random without any object. I needed a severe shock to rouse me from my apathetic slumber; the malice of Faroumont was preparing one, of which I little dreamed. We had not seen each other for several months, when I met him at work on a building which we were finishing; he was busy putting the iron clamps on the framework. On recognizing me, he stopped and looked at me with a Satanic laugh.

"Well, you cursed old dog! Are you here botching as usual?" he demanded, with his habitual insolence.

I answered briefly, pointing to a window near the roof which I was just completing.

"Ah! so that scaffolding is fixed for you, is it?" and he looked at the board which was away in the wind near the gable. I laid down my vest and basket on the ground, and then ascended to the new window. The scaffold was safely suspended by two ropes, which I had myself fastened to the roof, but hardly had I set foot on the board when I espied the wicked face of the Galley above me between the joists; at the same instant one of the ropes was untied, the scaffold gave way, and I was precipitated from a height of forty feet upon a heap of rubbish. I know not how long I remained insensible. The pain I experienced when they attempted to move me and carry me away restored me to consciousness. I uttered piercing shrieks, and entreated them to desist. It seemed to me that the earth on which I lay was a part of myself, and it would be impossible to detach me without tearing my body asunder. Some of my comrades went for a physician and a litter, while others, among whom I perceived Faroumont, hovered around me. I suffered cruelly, but I was pretty confident that my wounds were not mortal.

The physician, who arrived soon afterwards, had me placed upon the litter and taken to the hospital. I can only recall confusedly what happened for several days. The first thing of which I have any distinct recollection, is a visit from Maurice. He informed me that I had been there a week, that at first they despaired of my recovery, but that now the surgeon was sure of it. The good mason was rejoiced at this news, but was a little angry with me. When he inquired of the workmen the cause of the accident, he was informed that the rope was not securely tied, and he reproached me vehemently with my carelessness. I justified myself without difficulty, by relating to him what had passed. He started back, and striking his hands together exclaimed:

"The riddle is solved. I suspected as much. Ever since the Galley came among us, the devil has been at work. Have you mentioned this to any one else?"

"To no one."

"And there were no witnesses?"

"We were alone on the top of the building."

"Well, then, be mum," said he, after a moment's reflection. "To accuse an enemy without proof does not rid us of him, and only exasperates him. If you say nothing about this affair, the Galley will probably regard your account as settled, and will seek no further revenge; whilst if you bruit it abroad, he will be stimulated to fresh injuries. What has befallen you, has befallen many others in our situation. As we say, the matter is understood. I myself fell from a scaffolding two stories high, through the malice of a fellow-laborer, who owed me forty crowns. He hoped by killing me to rid himself of the debt. No one but ourselves was privy to the deed; I never breathed a syllable about it. I left it to time to execute justice upon the villain, and six months afterwards two brigands like himself knocked him down like a dog to plunder him of thirty sous."

I understood that prudence dictated the advice of Maurice, but I had a hard struggle before I could resolve to be governed by it. My whole soul revolved at the idea of the guilty wretch escaping with impunity. Since then I have known of many such instances, and I am compelled to acknowledge that among us workmen brute force and audacity are too often a safeguard for wicked men. We have neither the time, the money, nor the learning, necessary to secure justice, so that if we cannot obtain it by our own exertions we content ourselves to go without it. Thus, oppression, iniquity, and even crimes are encouraged and multiplied. If workmen were wise enough to comprehend what constitutes their safety and their honor, they would come to an understanding among themselves, and appoint trustworthy men as arbitrators, who would judge according to justice, not according to legal technique, and thus prevent sharpers from taking advantage of the quirks and quibbles of the law. By this means the evil disposed would be kept in check, and dishonest people protected from injury.

I was obliged to remain more than two months at the hospital. Sometimes I was almost in despair at the slow process of recovery; but I had a neighbor who always encouraged me to be patient. He was a poor old man, bent almost double by rheumatism. His name was Pariset, but he was always called by the number of his bed, which was twelve. He had occupied the same bed during three long fits of illness, so that it was regarded in some sort as his property. As he had been an inmate so frequently, he was well known by the surgeon, the students and the attendants. A more gentle creature never walked under the canopy of heaven. Why do I say walked? Alas! this was for the good man but a bygone and sad reminiscence. For nearly two years he had entirely lost the use of his legs. However, as he made his living by copying lawyers' briefs, he was not greatly disconcerted, so he told me, and he still continued to dispatch his rolls of stamped paper. Soon after, the palsy disabled his right hand; he then learned to write with his left. But the malady increasing, he was obliged to go to the hospital, where he had the happiness of finding the bed he had formerly occupied ready for his reception, which was a great consolation to him. "The worst chance cannot

last forever," said he; "every day has a to-morrow."

The good man, Number Twelve, took possession of his bed with the deepest gratitude. The hospital, which appeared so unendurable to many people, was to him a pleasant residence. His admiration of the little conveniences provided for him showed to what privations he had been accustomed. He would go into ecstasies at the cleanliness of his linen, the whiteness of the bread, the richness of the soup. I was no longer surprised at this, when I learned that for twenty years he had lived on communion bread, vegetable broth and Dutch cheese. He could not sufficiently extol the munificence of the nation which had prepared such a retreat for poor invalids. Nor did his gratitude stop here; it embraced everything and everybody. He fully believed that God granted him special favors; that all people were filled with benevolence toward him, and everything turned out to his advantage. Number Twelve was always overflowing with happiness; the superintendent used to say he had "an infatuation of felicity," but this infatuation only excited esteem for the good man, while it ministered encouragement to his fellow-sufferers.

I fancy that I see him now, sitting up in bed with his little black cap, his spectacles, and the old volume of poems which he never wearied of reading. His bed was so situated that the earliest beams of the sun shone upon him, and he always welcomed them with rejoicing and thanksgiving to God. To hear his expressions of gratitude one would think that the sun was created for his special benefit. He inquired daily about the progress of my recovery, and always had a word of encouragement for me. He was himself a living example of patience, which spoke louder than words. When I looked at his poor, motionless body, his distorted limbs, and above all, his face ever radiant with contentment, I had not the face to be impatient or to complain.

"That will be of short duration," he would say, whenever he had a paroxysm of pain. "Relief will soon come; every day has a to-morrow." This was his constant language. Maurice, who came frequently to see me, became acquainted with Father Number Twelve, and never passed his bed without giving him a cordial salutation. "He is a saint," said Maurice, and he will not only gain Paradise for himself, he will teach others how to gain it. Such men ought to stand on the top of a column, that all the world might see them. When we contemplate such characters we feel unworthy of the blessings we enjoy, and are stimulated to try to deserve them. What can I do for good Number Twelve, to prove the high esteem in which I hold him?"

"Try," said I, "to find the second volume of the poems of Jean Baptiste Rousseau; he lost it six years ago, and has read and reread the first ever since."

"What! then he believes in books," replied Maurice, a little provoked. "By Jupiter! It is a true proverb, Every one has his weakness. No matter; write down the title of the old book, and I will search for it."

A week afterwards he appeared with a newly bound volume, which he presented to the invalid with a triumphant air. On opening it Number Twelve looked astonished; but on Maurice's remarking that it was on my recommendation that he had purchased this second volume of Jean Baptiste Rousseau, he overwhelmed him with thanks. However, I had my suspicions, and when Maurice had departed I asked to look at the book. My old neighbor blushed, stammered, and tried to turn the conversation, but at length, finding I persevered in my request, he handed it to me. It was a Royal Almanac! The book-seller, taking advantage of Maurice's ignorance, had given him this instead of what he inquired for. I laughed heartily, and Number Twelve, fearing lest the mason might overhear me, earnestly entreated me to be silent. "I would rather," said he, "lose the use of my other arm than deprive him of the pleasure he has had in making me this present. Yesterday I did not care much about the Royal Almanac, but some other time perhaps I may wish to look into it. Every day has its to-morrow. Besides, there is some very instructive reading in it. I saw the names, and Christian names, of a multitude of princes of whom I never heard before."

Accordingly, the almanac was laid beside the volume of poems, and the invalid never failed to be turning over the leaves whenever Maurice made his appearance, who was proud of his gift, and greatly delighted.

"It seems," said he, every time he came, "that I made him a famous present."

Toward the end of my stay in the hospital, the strength of Father Number Twelve rapidly declined. At first his whole body became paralyzed; then he found it difficult to speak. His eyes still retained their happy and radiant expression. One morning when I awoke, and looked as usual at my saintly neighbor, I thought his eyes had lost their brightness. I immediately rose and dressed myself, and then went to his bed to inquire whether he wished anything to drink; he made a movement of his eyelids to thank me. The first rays of the sun just then fell across his bed; his eyes resumed their wonted animation, and sparkled for a moment like a fire which flashes out when nearly extinguished; he seemed to greet with pleasure this last gift of the good God. Then his head sunk on his bosom; his noble heart ceased to beat; for him no more days would ever dawn—his eternal to-morrow had begun.

CHAPTER VII.

Days of Nonchalance—A Visit to the Master-Builder The Old Picture with a Black Frame—I receive a Lesson—New Studies.

On leaving the hospital I resumed my work, but very leisurely. I had neither recovered my strength nor my energy. This prolonged interval of idleness and repose seemed to have mixed wa-

ter with my blood. I was, moreover, so thoroughly cured of my ambition and anxiety about the future, by the example of the old copyist, that I was satisfied to earn my daily bread without caring whether it was brown or white. Maurice at length grew impatient at my apathy.

"It is not worth while," said he, "to imagine things worse than they are. Once the soup is cooked, good children take it as it is; but, so long as it is not made, they are trying to make it more and more palatable. After all, you and I are no babies; we must not expect Providence to provide for our future; each one must do that for himself. It is folly for a strong, healthy, young man to be living like a paralytic; he is bound to make the best use of his limbs."

I never disputed anything he said. I continued to labor mechanically at my trade, but my heart was no longer in the handle of my trowel. I could assign no reason for this listlessness. I was neither pleased nor displeased with my condition, but all energy, all desire to excel had died out. It required some *stunning* event to rouse me.

I went one day with Maurice to see one of the wealthiest contractors in Paris, to obtain some directions needed by the head-mason, who had dictated to me the letter we carried. The contractor was not in his office, and we were led through several apartments to one which opened into the garden, where he was enjoying the fresh air, the brilliant sunshine and the perfume of fruits and flowers. In every room there were carpets of the richest colors, gilded furniture, tapestry of silk and curtains of velvet. I had never before beheld such splendor. I gazed around me with astonishment, and walked on tiptoe lest I should crush the flowers beneath my feet. Maurice kept his eye upon me.

"Well, how do you like the house?" he inquired with a mischievous smile. "Is it sufficiently well furnished to suit your taste?"

I replied, "The house looks like the palace of a prince."

"Yes, verily! a prince of the trowel and the rule," replied my companion. "Do not you think he is an honor to the trade? Besides this he owns three other houses in Paris and a chateau in the country."

I made no answer at the time, but all this opulence awakened in me a wicked feeling. Beholding all this silk and velvet, I contrasted these rich stuffs with my own poor apparel, and, without knowing why, I felt ashamed of being so meanly clad. Mingled with this feeling of shame there was a shade of discontent. I felt inclined to hate the owner of so much wealth for bringing my own poverty before me. Maurice, who did not suspect what was passing in my mind, continued to point out to me everything that was handsome. I listened impatiently; my heart beat quicker, the blood rushed to my face; my eyes were fastened on the objects around me, and the more I saw the more I became envenomed. My ambition, which had for a long time lain dormant, was now aroused through envy.

We waited in the last saloon while the servant went to seek for his master. Maurice suddenly drew my attention to a paltry little portrait in a black frame, hung in the midst of richly-framed pictures. It represented a workman in his vest, holding his pipe in one hand and a pair of compasses in the other. It was such a painting, worth about six francs, as you see on the sign-boards of dealers in corsets and false teeth.

"That is the gentleman," said the mason.

"He has then been a laborer?"

"Just like you and I," replied Maurice, "and you see he is not at all ashamed of it."

I looked at the frame of black wood, then at the rich furniture, as if my mind was seeking the cause of the transition from the one to the other.

"Ah, that defies all your reasoning," said the mason, laughing. "You are looking for the ladder by which he descended to this place from the mason's scaffold; but, you see, it is not everybody who knows how to use it; more than one has missed his footing for want of agility or a firm grasp."

I remarked that it was all chance; that it was all good or bad fortune, and that our success did not depend on ourselves.

"For example, Father Maurice," added I bitterly, "why have you not a splendid mansion, as well as the man who lives here? Are you less industrious, or less deserving? If he has succeeded better than you have, is it not altogether owing to blind chance?"

Maurice looked at me with a wink of his eye.

"You say that about me, but you are thinking about yourself," he replied with a mischievous air.

"All the same," said I, a little vexed at my thoughts being thus discerned. "I am not considered a bad workman, and I am as faithful and industrious as any other man. If to perform one's duty was sufficient to insure being a millionaire, I might, also, be riding in my carriage."

"And that would just about suit you," added my companion in a tone of irony.

"Why not? Every one prefers to spare his own legs instead of the horse's. But never fear; that will not happen to me. It is among workmen as formerly among the nobility: everything goes to the eldest son, nothing for the younger ones; so the master-builder monopolizes the profits, and, like the younger sons, we laborers get nothing."

"There is a good deal of truth in that," murmured the mason to himself, at the same time becoming quite thoughtful.

"And there is no help for it," I resumed. "Since it is so ordained it must be right. We cannot alter things; but it does make my blood boil when I see the lot of different people. Why should some reside in palaces, whilst others have to be perched up in pigeon holes? Why should this man have these superb carpets, this silk and velvet, whilst we are poorly clad and poorly housed?"

centible to spiritual influences, until all shall

Celebration of the Twenty-First Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism.

At Tremont Temple, Boston, March 30, 1869.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

On Tuesday evening, March 30th, the Spiritualists of Boston celebrated the Twenty-First Anniversary of the birth of modern Spiritualism by appropriate exercises at Tremont Temple, under the auspices of the First Spiritualists Association; the proceeds going to benefit the Children's Progressive Lyceum.

Mr. A. E. Carpenter, (who was unexpectedly called to officiate as chairman, in the absence of Dr. H. H. Storrs,) on taking the chair, briefly addressed the audience on the important event which we had assembled to commemorate, and then in a happy manner introduced the Lyceum, which had just taken its place on the platform, after having executed a Grand March. To the music of Hall's Quadrille Band, about one hundred and fifty children were present, comprised in eighteen groups, under the direction of D. N. Ford, Conductor, and Misses M. A. Sanborn and M. P. Haynes, Guardian and Assistant Guardian. Several new members were borne in the procession, and among others were two bearing the inscriptions:

"It is a beautiful belief
That ever round our head
Are hovering on viewless wings
The spirits of the dead."

"It is a faith sublime and sure,
When ended our career,
That 'till we are sleeping,
To watch or others here."

At the close of the march the Lyceum united in singing, "Beautiful Land," after which came a Silver Chain recitation. Misses Cora Stone and Florence Newhall recited a dialogue, followed by recitations by Misses Abbie Barlow, George Cavan, Eva Newhall, and Master Willie S. French, and a song from Adelle Davenport. The Lyceum then joined in the wing movements, which were finely executed. Recitations followed from Misses Cordie Fenne, Hattie A. Melvin, Emma Quayle, and songs by Edgar A. Davis, and Misses Bertie Lovejoy and Emma Fenne. Miss Little Edgerton by request gave a fine rendering of Longfellow's "Launching of the Ship," which was enthusiastically applauded. The exercises, as far as regarded the Lyceum, then closed by singing "Sweet Home."

Everything passed off with quietness and good order, which speaks volumes for the discipline of the Lyceum. Great credit is due the officers for their indefatigable labors in its behalf.

At the conclusion of the Lyceum exhibition, A. E. Carpenter, in behalf of the audience, returned thanks to the children for the interesting entertainment they had just witnessed. It was exceedingly appropriate, said the Chairman, that the exercises of the evening should be opened by children, for it was to them that modern Spiritualism came at its advent. It came to us introduced by little children; they were the first to discover that in the mysterious sounds there was at work an invisible power. The learned Judge Edmonds had gained a lesson from children; he had bowed down before them and learned the truth of immortality, and what was more appropriate than that at this time he should read a communication from the Judge concerning the occasion which the present audience had met to celebrate?

To those who are here assembled, to celebrate the anniversary of the advent of Modern Spiritualism:

Prevented by bodily infirmity—which I hope, however, is only transient—from participating with you personally on this interesting occasion, and yet feeling an interest in the cause, which grows more intense as I advance in age and in a knowledge of the subject, I hope you will yet permit me to address to you a few words of cheer and congratulation, if not of instruction.

It seems to me that we cannot be too careful to have the object of our celebrations distinctly understood. We do not mean to claim that this era is the first time that an intercourse with the spirit-world has been known among men, and we do not celebrate its advent now as a new event in the annals of mankind. As far back as we have any knowledge of the life of man we discover its appearance. Everywhere, both in sacred and profane history, we have accounts of its presence. Every religion ever known among men has had revelation from the spirit-world as its foundation, and we know full well that our age is not the first in which it has appeared. But this age is the first in which it has been dealt with wisely and well. It is now that, for the first time, the human race have advanced far enough in knowledge of man and his relations to God, and in freedom of thought, to make it available to our happiness and progress. And it is now that for the first time we are enabled to rise above the superstition, ignorance and fear which have hitherto shut out the light of heaven from the human soul. It is this emancipation and its consequences that we celebrate; for now when freedom speaks to earth again, the heart of humanity is prepared to receive, to welcome and to profit by it.

Never till now has the spirit presence been hailed by an understanding enlightened enough to comprehend it. At one time it was regarded as a direct communion with God himself; at another time, as the result of an interference of the stars and planets with human affairs. At one time it was viewed as a miracle, involving a suspension of universal law, and at another met with a denial of fact, as incompatible with the laws of God and Nature; now, as coming from angels—an order of created intelligence distinct from the human race; and now, as emanating from devils, or angels fallen from their high estate; now, it was astrology, used for the guidance of human affairs, and anon it was witchcraft, involving a compact between the devil and weak and unhonored mortals, and all for evil. At one time the instruments of its appearance would be worshiped as gods; at another, revered as prophets; and at another, hung, drowned and burned by thousands as witches; now torn to pieces by riotous violence, and now canonized into the sainthood; tortured to death by a Holy Inquisition, or tried and executed by Courts of Justice, or revered as the founder of some mighty religion, all-powerful to persecute and to slay, but impotent to save or to elevate; sometimes healing the sick and comforting the mourner, and at other times scattering affliction and misery, and ruin, broadcast over whole communities; appearing here and there through a long succession of ages, sometimes in broken fragments of scattered visitations, and sometimes with a profuse outpouring and long continuing among men. But at no time do we learn that there was ever a rational, well-sustained effort made to investigate its nature or ascertain the purpose of its coming.

It displayed intelligence, and, oftentimes, that which was above anything that could be expected from mortal life; men actually opened an intercourse with it, but it rarely seemed to have entered into their minds that it could be made available to reveal what is the life beyond our death; and when that thought did occur, it was either confined to the cloister or suppressed by the priestly denunciation that it was a sin to seek to learn that which God had kept from our knowledge. And when it came, as it often did, with evidences of identity so strong as to tend powerfully toward conviction, it was met with the denunciation—founded upon a fancied condition of existence beyond the grave—that the wicked could not leave their abiding-place and the virtuous would not.

Thus it floated down the stream of time, perverted by ignorance or fear into an instrument of misery to men, or converted by superstition into a despotism over his freedom of thought, until, within the last quarter of a century, it visited, for a second time, this continent. Here it found a land where there was no persecution for opinion's sake; a people whose education and freedom of thought fitted them to receive and investigate, if not to welcome and embrace it. Here was no authority to give to an unsupported denial the power to crush out a proven truth; no auto da fe to burn to death the instrument of its promulgation; but hundreds and thousands of intelligent people as ready to inquire into it as into any other hidden mystery of God's universe.

Hence it was that when it came among us and displayed, as it had of old, that it was intelligent, and that we could commune with it, an intercourse with it was opened, and we began to learn its nature and its purpose.

That is the event that we now commemorate—not so much the advent of spirits among us as the opening of our intercourse with them, whereby there can come to us a knowledge of what is the life into which we are to pass when we take our departure from this—a revelation, so far as we know, that can come to us only thus, and, if it comes surely as important as any that has ever been vouchsafed to man. And well indeed may we celebrate it. Again has the stone been rolled away from the mouth of the sepulchre. Again has the light of heaven invaded the darkness of the tomb. And that which twenty-one years ago was a strange disturbance in a small family, has swelled up to a magnitude that causes believers in Spiritual Intercourse to

be numbered by millions in this country, and to be heard of all over the world.

Let us then give thanks to God. Freedom does speak to Earth again, as once it spoke from Calvary. It is the Divinity that sits within this movement, and, through its beneficent influence, man is at length speeding rapidly on in the path of that Progression which is his destiny.

J. W. EDMONDS.

After reading the letter, the chairman introduced the speaker of the evening, Prof. Wm. Denton. His appearance was greeted with hearty applause. He compared the advent of modern Spiritualism, in its material and social surroundings, to the birth of Christianity, and was sure that a faith which had produced such grand results in twenty-one years, would be all powerful in coming time. Owing to the great length of the Professor's remarks we are obliged to defer a report of them till our next issue.

At the close of the regular address, Miss Lizzie Doten was called on to address the assembly, but declined on account of ill health. Dr. Gardner being called for, said he had no speech to make, but that his heart was in deep sympathy with the movement.

Moses Hull, yielding to the request of the audience, made a few remarks, his speech being rendered brief by the lateness of the hour. He had often heard it inquired why Spiritualists did not build colleges and meeting-houses, but he had found that it was easier for Spiritualists to convert meeting-houses than to build them. He considered that the world had progressed more within the last twenty years than for the (almost) last twenty centuries. Christianity and infidelity had affirmed and negated for all that time, but nothing new had arisen to cast any light on the advent of Spiritualism, which was sending out a new system of ethics, and doing a grander work. He asked the believers in this new philosophy what they would take for their Spiritualism, freeing them, as it did, from the night-mare which held Old Theology had heaped upon their souls. He hoped all while they appreciated the benefits of their faith, would also understand their duties to it.

At the close of Mr. Hull's remarks the audience retired, having evidently enjoyed a season of spiritual refreshment, whose lessons will ever be cherished in grateful remembrance.

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KEEPS FOR SALE THE BANNER OF LIGHT AND OTHER SPIRITUAL PUBLICATIONS.

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The Doctrine of Affinity.

The best of theories, and even the profoundest truths, when pushed beyond the limit where they are able to maintain their natural self-poise, become in practice notoriously vicious and untrue. Religion is horrible and hateful when pushed to the verge of fanaticism. Nothing is so excellent in morals that it will bear to be carried to an extreme. Nature has wisely provided that men should scrupulously observe a certain sanity in these matters, by visiting the least tendency to insanity with such penalties as invariably produce correction. Nothing, therefore, is left for us but to take the hint and obey. It is nothing to us that we at present think things ought to be thus and so; our business with them is ended, after having found that they are thus and so, if we proceed with cooperating cheerfulness to take them just as they are.

On this much discussed, but little understood, question of human affinity, we behold a class of vain and superficial persons, who would set up for teachers even before they have been to school as learners, laying down a jargon of sounding phrases and inconsequential notions with all the assumed solemnity of tried principles and enduring maxims. Before they even give satisfactory evidence that they comprehend the generic evils from which the social state suffers by pointing out prudent channels for wise and thorough reforms, they vociferously demand that, to begin with, the institution of marriage shall come down, and the rubbish of its ruins be cleared away. Then they will look about and see where and how to construct a better system; on the basis of their ill-digested notions. It may always be taken as a suspicious circumstance, in the case of proposed reforms, that those who propose them are impatient of the delay that attends all important movements which are to produce wide and lasting effects. They convict themselves of being at odds with the true reformatory spirit, by denying that Nature works through visible growth rather than by passionate revolutions. We may all of us be as well persuaded as these men are of the profound necessity that exists for certain improvements on what is temporarily established, yet we wisely prefer to work with Nature rather than against her, and consider that the surest and largest progress is made that requires no second going over of the ground for restoring with much pains and at large cost what was taken away in the blindness of an unreasoning impulse.

So much by way of preface to the discussion of the doctrine of affinity between the sexes, as the foundation principle, and of course the only true and enduring one, of the marriage institution. The problem being how to engraft the true principle into the place of the ignorant practice which socially prevails, it simply remains to be inquired whether it is to be accomplished arbitrarily or by a process quite as natural as that by which society has established itself in its present situation. Must there be a revolutionary assault on the marriage institution as it exists, including as it does all that is dearest, tenderest and most precious in the hopes of the race—or may the process not be more effectual if the change is wrought by working at the foundation itself of the institution, at the very ideas—imperfectly understood as they are—on which it now rests? Reason and prudence, not less than considerations of stability and harmony, advise to the latter course most decidedly. They assure us that, as marriage ought to be divinely natural instead of passionately arbitrary, so it should follow the suggestions of wisdom rather than the promptings of impulse; and all change which is proposed for so important a relation ought to become subject to the control of ideas, whose operation would of itself do the work desired.

Example will go a great ways in this business—a good deal further than mere exhortation and precept. Let any two persons resolve to bring up their children to the faithful recognition of sound and natural ideas on this subject, and, in doing that, they will have done all that they can hope to do in the field of so great a reform. Laws are but the expression and outcome of thoughts, convictions and customs. The way to elevate marriage to the divine place where it belongs, is to show by actual example how these better and

truer ideas in relation to its bond may be rendered practical. Talking about them, preaching them, and pronouncing ever so vehemently for them will not begin to accomplish what an individual living of them will do. No man or woman need wait to have the millennium of harmonious marriages come round to them. Each may begin, here and now, for himself and herself, to do what can be done to establish the harmony desired. Is a man afflicted, or does he believe himself afflicted, with a wife uncongenial in many respects? What if he should try from this day forth to find out how many congenial points he could discover to exist between them, resolving to see and know none other? The miracle of the result would surprise him beyond all imaginable bounds.

We are infirm, at best. None of us are perfect, and, therefore, no two persons may be at all times and under all conditions agreeable to one another. Suppose, then, that mutual forbearance be tried. Suppose charity be cultivated, by the strongest effort of the will, when it will come in no other way. Suppose, here and there, one side henceforth resolves to overlook and forgive, nay, more, to love even in return for positive dislike and hatred. It is a heavy cross to take up; but who can say he or she is unable to bear it? If it works no effect on the obstinate side, dare any one say that it will not bear a harvest of sweet sentiments and precious improvements on the other? No effort in the direction of spiritual improvement is vain. Nothing is wasted there. Is it not in every one's power to study affinity at home?

"Too Much Religion."

We borrow this highly significant phrase from the Gold Hill, Nevada, Evening News, in its comments on the insanity of a poor man of that locality, well known of all, and a most devoted member of the Methodist Church. Now if we were to practice on the rules of our Orthodox brethren, we should jump to the conclusion, in an instant, that he had become a raving maniac because of his religion. The News declares, at any rate, that "he is a sad commentary on the practical effects of too much religion." We seriously question it. No true, religious sentiment and feeling ever made a person mad, and never will. It does not work in that direction nor to such a result. It is fanaticism that in time makes men wholly mad, and that is the furthest from genuine religion possible. This poor man undoubtedly was unable to control the torrents of heated feeling, prejudice, impatience, uncharitableness, and the whole family of undesirable possessions for the character, and so he goes mad as the only means of relief. For ourselves, we require no better evidence of this Mr. Chauvign's fanaticism, leading to his madness, than the statement which we find in the News, that he was "a zealous Christian, and a strong opponent of Spiritualism." He considered the phenomena of Spiritualism as the workings of the devil, and personally informed us, on one or two occasions, that more persons were made insane through Spiritualism than from any other cause." He is an unhappy illustration himself of the fact that a man may sooner become insane from opposing Spiritualism than from believing in its sublime and natural truths.

The Yoke Broken.

The abominable law of the Louisiana legislature that lays a heavy tax, in the nature of a fine, upon all spiritual mediums within the limits of the State, has finally, and after long and persistent effort, been unconditionally repealed. We heartily congratulate our friends and brethren throughout that Great State on the auspicious event. It marks the opening of a new era for the spread and growth of Truth in the whole of that important section of the country. This triumph of reason and right is due to the efforts of two intrepid and unyielding men in the legislature, Messrs. Key and Isabelle, of Orleans, to whom the Spiritualists of the entire country owe their thanks. The law was in its very essence a mean one, making a discrimination against the conscientious belief of a large and increasing class of the population. It was of course the fruit of a combination of sectarian prejudices, which were not willing to permit Spiritualists to be regarded as equal with themselves before the law. What would be the reflections of these sects, were Spiritualists in certain States to become sufficiently numerous to vote them down in the legislatures, to choke their free utterances by taxes that are virtually fines, and put manacles upon them merely because they have the power? Such is not the religion of Spiritualism, however, and it should not be the inspiring power of Orthodoxy.

Sensation Preaching.

From time to time, the New York Herald comes down with all its native savagery at the sensation style of preaching followed by the city churches, and suggests anything and everything which it pretends to believe will tend to its cure. It says "there was a time when men went to Sabbath worship to hear the Bible explained, and the beatitudes of Christ's religion, illustrated according to his teachings, and in the pure and simple diction exemplified in His Sermon on the Mount. But now religion is made the medium of notoriety, reputation, and, as a sequence, of pecuniary profit. Whether it profits the soul or not, is not so much the idea as to make it tickle or tingle the ear." We stop with our quotation here, though there is much more in the same vein, in order to bring out a point on which spiritual mediumship has been grossly assailed by just such papers as the Herald, and by the pulpits alluded to beside. If these preachers, as the Herald admits, perform their work for "pecuniary profit," why not compel them to take out a license, precisely as they impudently demand that mediums shall do, and assist in defraying the expenses of the Government? Let the Herald follow this matter up fearlessly, and smoke the railers out of their inconsistencies and tyrannical tempers.

Cambridgeport Lyceum.

This Lyceum, which holds its sessions at Williams Hall, is in a flourishing condition, and gives fair promise of successful action in the future. At a meeting held on Sunday, March 14th, the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: Conductor, Martin Barri; Assistant Conductor, John J. Wentworth; Guardian, Mrs. H. Newman; Assistant Guardian, Mrs. Dolbear; Musical Director, G. W. Leavitt; Librarian, D. W. Bullard; Assistant Librarian, Frank Patch; Guards, Messrs. W. Greenwood, C. Wentworth, E. Stevens, W. Betterson.

We recently paid a flying visit to our mutual friends Andrew Jackson Davis and Mary F. Davis, at their rural residence in Orange, N. J., twelve miles distant from New York City. We never spent two hours more agreeably in the whole course of our life. We will not invoke the blessings of Heaven upon this harmonious household, for it is already blessed. Happy hearts, happy faces and happy soul-love pervaded the scene.

The Spiritual Press.

It gives us pleasure to know that our efforts in behalf of humanity's highest good are appreciated by our cotemporaries, and that the spirit of harmony is rapidly taking the place of inharmonious. This is indeed encouraging, and augurs well for the cause we all have at heart. The RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL thus handsomely notices the BANNER:

"Our worthy cotemporary, the Banner of Light, comes to hand, just as we are going to press, looking neat, more tidy, and with a clearer face than ever; not but what beauty and a pleasing address has ever given evidence of a soul filled with vivacity and life, but now it comes forth, at the commencement of a new volume, with a head-dress significant of the loveliness of spirit-life. Also an amended code of principles is displayed, recognizing Spiritual Philosophy as chief. That is right. Let us carry at our mast-head, and display to the gaze of the world, the thought that our system of philosophy is not only the latest, but the truest—the spiritual moving life-principle of all things existing in and upon all spheres of life."

The Banner of Light enters upon its twenty-fifth volume, one week in advance of the time that the Religio-Philosophical Journal enters upon its sixth volume. Both are of one size, nearly the same type and paper, and both advocating Spiritualism—the philosophy of life. Both are journalizing passing events in spiritual unfoldment, phenomenal and mental, and heralding the utterances of spirits and our inspired men and women to the world. As we would prosper in the work to which we are devoted, so our aspirations ever reach out and go forth, invoking angelic and guardian care for the welfare and prosperity of our older cotemporary.

Thanks, Bro. Jones. Yes, both papers are advocating the most glorious religion ever vouchsafed to man. We are, however, fully aware of the perplexities incident to the advent of papers devoted to an unpopular cause—unpopular through ignorance—and we would therefore tender all the sympathy and aid in our power to every paper devoted to so holy a work.

The JOURNAL, after experiencing nameless vicissitudes, has entered upon its sixth volume under highly favorable auspices. We are more than gratified that its continuation is assured.

THE PRESENT AGE, too, as will be seen below, is making important improvements:

"THE PRESENT AGE.—Among the recent important changes and improvements of this Journal, now nearing the close of its first volume, we notice a Chicago Department, and more artistic typography. Nos. 38 and 39 have interestingly particularly, and we feel a thrill of real pleasure at the appearance of these new numbers. How important it is that love for the glorious law, yet to be accomplished through various instrumentalities, should eclipse all merely personal considerations, and blot out all feeling of rivalry!"

We thank our brother Editors for the above—not so much for the favorable notice of the Present Age, as for the noble sentiments uttered in the closing words, which we are proud to emphasize—"How important it is that love for the glorious law, yet to be accomplished through various instrumentalities, should eclipse all merely personal considerations, and blot out all feelings of rivalry!"

These indeed are noble utterances, and we hope to be able ever to exemplify them, and that all the laborers in this great progressive work may indeed avoid all feelings of rivalry. The interests of one, and the interests of all; particularly is this true in relation to the press. The failure of any one of our present journals, would prove injurious to all. The reader of our cotemporary, who prepares the material, and makes room for another. Confidently viewing this subject in this light, we were glad to read the announcement in last number, that "the business of the American Spiritualist exceeds its present expenses." This would seem to make its permanency, in which every Spiritualist should rejoice.

We hope soon to see the same statement in the R. P. Journal, and all other Spiritual papers and publications.

As we require a diversity of talent in our speakers, may not the same rule apply with equal if not greater force to our various gifted writers, who choose some one of our papers as the medium through which to express their views to the world. Let it be the aim, then, of each, to use every honorable means to extend its circulation, and thus reach as many of the people as possible with the beautiful teachings of the philosophy we glorify in, and our interests are indeed identical. —The Present Age.

We endorse the above in toto; and shall in the future, as we have in the past, aid our brothers in the West.

THE AMERICAN SPIRITUALIST, we learn by a slip just received, is on the road to pecuniary prosperity, and promises many important changes in the immediate future. This is indeed gratifying. We congratulate Bro. Hudson Tuttle and his associates, for they certainly deserve abundant success.

The April number of THE SPIRITUAL ROSTRUM is before us. A cursory glance at its contents assures us that this periodical, too, is a live institution. May its shadow never be less.

THE WHITE BANNER, published in Philadelphia, which has heretofore appeared semi-monthly, is to be issued weekly before the middle of April; so say the publishers. It is an independent sheet, and should be supported.

Interposition by Spirits.

A princess—Isabeau Craon—has of late been persecuted by her family relatives in Paris, because she chose to entertain at her Chateau, in which she resided in strict seclusion, a Russian medium and his wife. The real motive, of course, was to obtain possession, or at least control, of her property, by proving her before the court to be of unsound, incompetent mind for its management. Just previous to the commencement of this lawsuit, her brother was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol which he carried, while descending from a cab in front of the Jockey Club. A Paris correspondent writes an account of the circumstance to a London journal, and says "that people wondered at the time what on earth could induce a young man of high birth, and moving in the highest circles, to carry loaded firearms about with him in a place like Paris. The lawsuit now going on has afforded an explanation. The deceased had a sister, the Princess Isabeau, who enjoyed a large fortune in her own right, and owned the magnificent Chateau of St. Ouen. She lived there in utter seclusion, refusing to see any member of her family, and receiving only two persons—a Russian "spirit rapper," well known in Paris, Baron Guldenstube, and his sister. They are not adventurers, but propound the most extraordinary doctrines respecting the communication between the spirits of the dead and the senses of the living—a communication which takes place in hieroglyphics which no one but the baron is able to decipher. The family of the Princess Isabeau adjudged her to be mad, and thinking that the company of the Guldenstubes must increase her insanity, and perhaps doubling the disinterestedness of her intentions, made every effort to induce her to break off the connection. Prince Louis went with his pistol to try and frighten the spirit rapping Russian into leaving his sister alone, but failed; and it was on his return from that sinister dwelling that he perished in the tragic way stated above." There is ample room here to connect the catastrophe with the ill-starred object which the young man had in his mind, and to comprehend how the spirits invariably employ the most effective means to carry out their ends.

More New Subscribers.

We continue the list of names of our patrons who have procured us one or more new subscribers, received since our last issue. Friends, we thank you for the energetic and practical method you are pursuing to circulate the Banner of Light more generally among the people, feeding them with the truths of Spiritualism which it contains each week. L. Armstrong sends the money for four renewals and one new subscriber; Mrs. E. M. Wallace, one new; M. Colburn, one; J. J. Johnson, one; O. Bishop, one; G. Taylor, one; A. B. Walker, one; D. C. Gates, one; O. H. Burton, one; Dr. L. L. Broffitt, one; a friend, three; A. J. Andrew, Jr., one; D. L. Wyman, one; C. Crockett, one; B. O. Arnold, two; C. Westover, one; N. H. Reynolds, one; Z. B. Taylor, one; E. S. Davis, one; H. Chamberlain, one.

Cheaper Living.

There is an institution in New York, established for the special purpose of securing to workingwomen, at reasonable prices, those comforts of living which they are not ordinarily able to obtain. It is styled the Workingwomen's Home, and is located in Elizabeth street. Another similar establishment is situated in Washington Square, and is known as the Young Women's Home. At the former, two hundred and thirty boarders pay the wages of a superintendent and numerous servants, and live well at an average of \$3.50 a week, including washing. At the latter, the eighty ladies enjoy a palatial home, food and washing included, at an average of \$1.50 a week. At the St. Nicholas, Metropolitan and Fifth Avenue Hotels, the board ranges from \$21 to \$30 a week, for the occupants of small single rooms. The St. Nicholas accommodates one thousand guests, and each of the other two nearly five hundred. The profits afforded are enormous, and realize large fortunes annually. The same may be said of many other hotels in this city. It has been estimated that if five hundred persons were to engage to live permanently through the year at either of the above establishments, they could pay the wages of a superintendent and servants, fare equally well, and cover all expenses of rent, food, heating and washing, at an average of \$5 a week. A collection of five hundred persons could, therefore, by mutual agreement, hire a block of communicating houses, in a cheaper location, and live for less than that sum. This difference is enormous: living for \$30 per week, and living just as well, by the cooperative process, at \$5 per week. This whole matter deserves, nay, demands a thorough overhauling. The rich may consent to be fleeced if they like it, but the poor laboring population, with tastes to be developed and gratified equally with them, ought in conscience not to be driven to starvation. We hope that this modern principle of cooperation will be pushed on to its ultimate, so that, in our large cities especially, those whose means are limited may have the opportunity to live as well as the best, and feel that the means of culture are thus brought within their reach.

The True Pentecost.

Many people believe that the Pentecost described in the Bible was a reality, but refuse any credit to precisely similar outpourings of the spirit in these times. What was the secret of the wonderful visitation which is reported to have occurred in the experience of the Apostles, who can tell that is still ignorant of the simple laws of spiritual manifestation? The love-feasts of the Methodists have much in common with those special seasons which professed Christians hold in such high regard. At the camp meetings we witness scenes belonging to the same experience. We have one such described before us, reported to have occurred in a town in Pennsylvania. The writer says: "Two thousand earnest hearts bowed before God, and for a few moments engaged in silent prayer. In a few moments some one commenced praying, when almost as though a flash of lightning from the heavens had fallen upon the people, one spontaneous burst of agony, and then of glory was heard; and then for one hour the scene was indescribable. It was the most sublime spectacle ever witnessed. Waves of glory rolled from the stand to the outer circle. Sinners stood awe-stricken and trembling; the people of God shouted for joy, reminding one of the sound of many waters. No one who witnessed that scene need regret not being present at Pentecost. It was Pentecost repeated."

Now that is the description of a genuine spiritual visitation. It is an outpouring from the heavenly influences upon the multitude. The "outer circle" is a reality in spiritual life. There is an inner circle also. The "waves of glory" are the true spirit influences which those who come under their power profoundly understand. When will people at large get rid of their prejudices, and put themselves within the reach of direct and unmistakable spirit-power?

The New Indian Policy.

President Grant has given an interview to a delegation of prominent gentlemen from different cities, but mainly from Philadelphia, and representing the sentiment of the Society of Friends, who urged upon him the new policy of kindness in reference to the Indian tribes. The President fell in with all their suggestions, as the Secretary of the Interior—who was also present at the interview—had done before him. The delegation immediately afterwards waited on Gen. Butler and Speaker Blaine, and were responded to in the same strain—by the President and Secretary Cox, of the Interior Department. Both of the latter are army officers, and such a policy as this would derive immense vigor from their support of it. In his Inaugural Address, the President observed thus: "I will favor any course toward them which tends to their civilization, Christianization and ultimate citizenship." This is the spirit in which the present movement has been undertaken. The distinct purpose is, to select an association of competent men from the body of Friends, and send them out among the Indians to exert a humanizing influence over a fading race who have hitherto been plundered and hunted alternately. Indian agents will become another class of men under the new management. There will be an end made of cheating and robbing, and the red men will have an opportunity to show whether they are fonder of truth and fair dealing than falsehood and violence. But we must be patient, too; for the treatment they have received has bred a crop of suspicions and deceitful ways which cannot be eradicated all at once.

Céspedes, the Cuban Leader.

Carlos Manuel Céspedes, the military leader of the Cuban rebellion, is forty-five years old, and was born at Bayamo. He studied law at Havana and in Europe, and has for some time ranked as the leading lawyer in his section of the island. At the commencement of the present rebellion he freed all his slaves, and most of them followed him to the military camp. The Cubans have great confidence in him, and his power as the leader of the revolution is practically unlimited, so far as his countrymen and followers are concerned.

Music Hall Meetings.

On Sunday afternoon, March 28th, Moses Hull lectured at Music Hall, Boston, taking for his subject: "Is Spiritualism a Delusion?" His remarks (a report of which we shall publish hereafter) were attentively listened to by a good audience, and were received with evident satisfaction.

The next speaker will be announced in the daily papers of Saturday.

An experienced paper hanger states that turpentine mingled in the paste at the time of papering, is a sure remedy against bugs and insects of all kinds in walls that are papered.

Spiritualism in Lewiston and Auburn, Maine.

We condense, for lack of room for the whole document, the following particulars of the doings of the Spiritualists of Lewiston and Auburn, Me., furnished us by Mr. George A. Pierce:

The believers in Spiritualism have associated themselves for concerted action, under the style of the "First Lewiston and Auburn Cooperative Union of Spiritualists," and have adopted a Declaration of Principles, Constitution and By-Laws. The duties of officers and committees are the same as usual in such instruments; the qualification for membership requires that the person applying "accept the distinctive principles of modern Spiritualism."

Art. 1st of this Constitution declares that "woman shall have equal rights with man in all the business transactions and objects of this union; to vote, hold office," &c. &c. Its members are enjoined to show good fruits to the world, so that all perceiving them may be attracted to them. The following extract from the Declaration of Principles will give an idea of the belief and aims of the union:

"We style ourselves Spiritualists because we believe the real man and woman is the spirit; that it inhabits this material body, awaiting to be more or less spiritualized, the change called death; that in the unseen or immortal state live our friends who have gone before, and they there await our coming; and that they have the power under certain favorable conditions to communicate to mortals. These truths being demonstrated and demonstrated to our senses beyond a reasonable question or doubt, we are assured of man's individual, conscious immortality."

The articles go on to state that in fraternal harmony lies the strength of all to do good; that "we do not have a creed or any form of faith with which to fence ourselves in or out from the rest of the world"; that "we claim all mankind as our brothers, whether white or black, bond or free, rich or poor," and that in the precepts of the golden rule "we recognize embodied all the necessary laws and requirements demanded of us for the welfare of humanity."

The meetings have continued for three Sabbaths with much apparent success. In addition to services in the forenoon and afternoon a séance is held every Sunday evening; the day meetings being free, but a small fee being charged for admittance to the séances, to help defray expenses. Several mediums take part in these séances, and various phases of spirit intercourse are manifested. Among the mediums are Mrs. Mary A. Ross, of Lewiston, Mrs. Sarah B. Spates and Mrs. David McCall.

All sympathizers with this movement in Lewiston, Auburn and vicinity, are cordially invited to join their efforts with those already at work, that this Society may be established on a basis which shall secure harmony and usefulness.

Educated Physicians

Are gradually becoming mediums, and adopting the practice of healing the sick by the impartation of vital magnetism, or by "the laying on of hands," as it was called in Christ's time. It shows that the methods of healing more fully developed by Spiritualism are the true ones, and are long will become general in practice. The learned Dr. J. R. Buchanan, of New York, in a letter to his friend Dr. Grosvenor Swan, an educated physician, (now practicing in Albany, N. Y., as a healer) gives some good advice in regard to blending scientific knowledge and the magnetic power of healing, which will be read with interest by all. He says:

"I see by your pamphlet that you are treating disease by your personal potency more successfully than I could have anticipated. I rejoice greatly in your success, but I wish to give you two hints:

1st, While exercising your magnetic and perhaps spiritual power, do not lose any of the advantages that belong to your position and your skill as a surgeon and physician; take a little pains to keep that prominent, and thereby maintain your standing and your influence for good. Do not become a mere personal healer, as others do who are not entitled to and cannot attain your standing in science; but let the public understand always that you are a surgeon and a physician—one of the learned and distinguished gentlemen who are entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, and to be recognized by the colleges, as well as the people, as an authority in science.

2d, Do not depend solely upon your personal fund of vitality and health, and what the spirits may also give you, but study the organology; and in operating avail yourself of the keys of the human machine. The engineer does not reduce himself to a mere fireman, and depend only on increasing his engine power by adding more fire and water—he studies the use of valves, pipes, condensers, &c.; so the vital engineer, without drawing too much on his own resources, will control and direct the vital power of his subject.

Study my *sanagnomy* and concentrate the vital force to the region of health on the shoulder blades and away from the region of disease; but I cannot give the science of manual healing in a letter. I only call your attention to it as an important mode of simplifying your labors, diminishing your expenditure of vital force, and insuring more satisfactory results."

Movements of Lecturers and Mediums.

Moses Hull lectures in Springfield, Mass., Sunday, April 11th; and in East Abington (Underwood's Hall) forenoon and afternoon of Sunday, April 18th. His subjects in the latter place will be "God's Revelations" and "Angel Ministry." During Mr. Hull's two months' visit East he has been kept busy at work, lecturing Sundays and week-evenings. He spoke three times in Music Hall, Boston, to large audiences, and gave excellent satisfaction.

H. T. Leonard has changed his residence from New Ipswich, N. H., to Taunton, Mass., where he is ready to receive calls to lecture.

Mrs. J. C. Clark will lecture in Fall River, Mass., Sunday, April 11th.

J. M. Peebles lectures before the First Society of Spiritualists in Washington, D. C., during April.

Mrs. Lois Walkbrooker is coming East. She will be in Boston by the middle of April, and will accept engagements to lecture during the spring and summer. She can be addressed during April, care of this office.

Mrs. A. P. Brown would like to make lecture engagements for the month of May. Address at Plymouth or Quincy, Mass.

Mary F. Davis.

Our readers will no doubt be pleased to learn that we have secured the literary services of this able writer, who will from time to time treat upon the great reform questions of the day. As Mrs. Davis takes much interest in the Children's Lyceums, our readers may expect from her pen interesting matter appertaining thereto.

How to Purchase a Clothes Wringer.—In purchasing a Clothes Wringer we prefer one with cog-wheels, as they greatly relieve the rubber rolls from strain that would otherwise occur, and add much to the durability of the machine. The next point is to see that the cog-wheels are so arranged as not to fly apart when a large article is passing between the rollers. It matters not whether the cog-wheels are on one end or both ends of the shaft. If the large article disconnect them, they are entirely useless. This is the very important part, for at the larger the article, the greater the strain, therefore if the cog-wheels separate so as to disconnect, they are of no service when most needed. We have taken some pains to examine the various wringers, and much prefer the "Universal" as lately improved, because it has long and strong gears (double Patent Double Gear), and is the only wringer with "patent stop" for preventing the cog-wheels from separating so far as to lose their power. Geo. H. Reed, 97 Water street, Boston, is the General Agent—New England Farmer.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Thanks to Senator Pomroy for public documents.

Dean Swift used to say that little souled people were like narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them the more noise they make in pouring it out.

Woman as Lawyer.—The papers say Iowa has one female lawyer. In North English, Iowa County, there may be seen, in front of a neat office, a sign with the inscription in gilt letters, "Mrs. Mary E. Magoon, Attorney at Law." Mrs. Magoon is having a good practice, and is said to be very successful as a jury lawyer.

A child, speaking of his home to a friend, was asked: "Where is your home?" Looking with loving eyes at his mother, he replied: "Where mother is."

Dancing Among the Puritans.—Mrs. Stowe says in the *Heath and Home*, that in the old Puritan days dancing was regarded as an innocent amusement, in which even the minister could join. She says, too, whenever or wherever it was that the idea of the sinfulness of dancing arose in New England, she knows not; it is a certain fact that at Old Town, where she writes, at this time, the presence of the minister and his lady was not held to be in the slightest degree incompatible with this amusement.

The New York Medical College for Women held its sixth annual commencement on Tuesday, and graduated a class of ten doctresses.

There are five hundred and fifty American students in the various German universities, and over one thousand male and female American pupils at first-class boarding schools.

Why is a sausage like a woodchuck? Because it is a ground-hog.

The greatest truths are the simplest, and so are the greatest men.

Cuba's population last year was 1,370,000—of whom 704,500 were whites, and 665,500 colored.

Hundreds of United States soldiers stationed in Dakota are said to be married to Indian women, who make faithful and industrious wives.

A telegraphic message was recently sent from London, and a reply received from Calcutta, in less than 73 hours.

In feeding their young, a single pair of sparrows are believed to prevent annually the production of 14,000 grubs.

Sparks.—Light diet—lamp-rays. . . . There is a type of trouble connected with a printing-office. . . . A brief existence—a barrister's. . . . The way of the whirlwind—a railway. . . . When a man's boots are sound, who can see a hole in his stockings? Suggestive, very. . . . Dr. Mary Walker, in pantaloons, desires to see President Grant. But he won't grant her an audience in that shape. . . . The fog on Long Island Sound agrees with Theologians on board the steamers. It gives them a chance to tincture their tea.

The New Yorkers do not consider the opening of public libraries on Sunday very wicked. Neither do we. Granny Theology objects, for she does not want her subjects to think for themselves. Her apron-strings, however, are getting rotten.

Vanderbilt never gives money to churches.

A merchant in this city was accustomed to demand an excuse of his clerks whenever they arrived late. To the excuse given he invariably said, "Very well, but don't let it happen again." One morning a married clerk, being behind time, was promptly interrogated as to the cause. Slightly embarrassed, he replied, "The truth is, sir, I had an addition to my family this morning, and it was not convenient to be here sooner." "Very well," said the merchant, in his quick, nervous manner, "very well, but don't let it happen again."

What did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden? His foot.

Massachusetts manufactured one hundred million dollars worth of boots and shoes in 1898.

A three-year-old youngster saw a drunken man "tackling" through the street. "Mother," said he, "did God make that man?" She replied in the affirmative. The little fellow reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed: "I would n't have done it."

If you desire to be certain that your eggs are good and fresh, put them in the water. If the butt turns up they are not fresh.

SOUTHWAY'S SIX FACTS.—In our advertising columns Mr. J. K. Southway, the confectioner, sets forth in a candid manner six facts in regard to the manufacture of candy, upon which consumers of confectionery are requested to ponder and reflect.

A velocipedist at Indianapolis, Ind., lately made a mile in three minutes and six seconds.

There is talk of uniting all the scientific bodies of London into one institution, under the title of the British Academy of Science.

Why is dancing like new milk? Because it strengthens the calves.

An American singer, Signorina Maria Calisto (Miss Huntley), after a most successful debut in Berlin, has won even greater laurels in Belgium, where she is as much praised for her fine tragic acting as for her extraordinary musical talent.

When do bromon resemble gardeners? When putting up their hose (hoes).

Trinity Church, New York, has an income of \$303,000 a year.

WORKINGMEN'S CONVENTION.—The New Haven Convention is postponed to Tuesday, April 20th.

Josh Billings says: "When a young man aint good for anything else I like to see him carry a gold-headed cane. If he can't buy a cane, let him part his hair in the middle."

At an election in Janesville, Wis., Miss Angeline King (sister of the late Rev. T. Starr King) received a majority of forty-three votes as the preferred candidate for the post-office at that place. There were seven other candidates.

Why is an egg overdone like one underdone? Because it is hardly done.

Let our repentance be a lively will, a firm resolution. Complaints and mourning over past errors avail nothing.

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P? Because, though first in pity, he is the last in help.

ADULTERATED MILK.—A bill has passed both branches of the Legislature which punishes with a fine for each offence of not less than \$30, nor more than \$100, any one who sells or exchanges, or has in his possession, with intent to sell or exchange, adulterated or watered milk, either for general consumption or for manufacture into butter and cheese. It repeals the law passed last year which inserted the word "knowingly." Now the fact of a sale is proof of criminal intent.

An entire family in Montreal last week were attacked with trichinosis from eating ham. None of the patients show any signs of recovery.

Boston Music Hall Spiritual Meetings.

Services are held in this elegant and spacious hall every SUNDAY AFTERNOON, at 2 1/2 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.

The next speaker will be announced in the daily papers on Saturday.

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 35 cents. THE RATIONALIST: A Monthly Journal Devoted to Spiritualism. Published in Chicago, Ill. Price 30 cts. Single copies can be procured at our counters in Boston and New York. Price 8 cents.

THE ROSTRUM: A Monthly Magazine, devoted to the Harmonical Philosophy. Published by Hull & Jamieson, Chicago, Ill. Price 30 cts. Single copies 10 cts.

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.

New York Department.

BANNER OF LIGHT BRANCH OFFICE, 544 BROADWAY.

WARREN CHASE, LOCAL EDITOR AND AGENT. FOR NEW YORK ADVERTISEMENTS SEE SEVENTH PAGE.

Large Assortment of Spiritual and Liberal

Complete works of A. J. Davis, comprising twenty-two volumes, all neatly and substantially bound in cloth: Nature's Divine Revelations, 13th edition. Great Harmonia, in five volumes, each complete—*Physician, Teacher, Seer, Reformer and Thinker*. Magic Staff, an Autobiography of the author. Penetrator, Harbinger of Health, Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions, and Lectures on Spiritualism. History and Philosophy of Spirit, Philosophy of Spirit Intercourse, Philosophy of Special Providence and Free Thought. Concerning Religion, Death and After Life, Children's Progressive Lyceum Manual, Ambula, or Divine Quest, Stellar Key to the Sun-Moon-Land, Harmonical Man, Spirit Mysteries Explained, Inner Life, Truth versus Theology, and Memorabilia. Whole (Twenty-two volumes) \$26; a most valuable present for a library, public or private.

Four books by Warren Chase—Life Lines; Fugitive Wife; American Crime and its Social Conditions—can be had for \$2. Complete works of Thomas Paine, in three volumes, price \$6; postage 5 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. They are always safe, as are registered letters under the new law.

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complete success in a private circle than was given in these large audiences, so far as the performances went.

The reporter, who has so long ridiculed the whole subject, seemed confounded and confused, and did not know how to make reports to conform to former notions of spirit manifestations, and hence several of them turned to moralizing, and thought it too bad to turn sacred subjects to such show exhibitions. To us it was interesting as an item of progress to see these young men, whom we have known from their boyhood as mediums, on the platform where we have seen Dickens and Ole Bull delighting similar audiences. "The world moves."

We had a call from Abraham James a few days ago, and learned from him that he had leased new territory in the oil regions and intended to extend his operations, under his spirit-guides, in pursuit of the hidden oil treasures of that hilly portion of Pennsylvania. Since we never engaged in such enterprises nor recommended them to our friends, perhaps we do not sufficiently appreciate their importance; but we are always glad for the success of every good work, and sorry for every misfortune that causes disappointment, and we find both are incidental to human and spiritual enterprises. As we do not know anything about the oil business, we have no advice to give. But we do know about Spiritualism, and advise everybody to take hold of it, without any selfish object or purpose, except for soul-growth and the love of truth, and in them we can warrant success.

Those who have axes to grind, prejudices to gratify, enmity to indulge in, or private enterprises to advertise, need not apply to us, as we are engaged in the work of building up and extending the most universal and world-wide charity, religion and philosophy that was ever entrusted to mortals, and cannot stop to deal with the little personal, temporary and frivolous affairs that annoy and perplex some individuals, rendering them almost useless to themselves and the world they live in. We do, however, often regret that many persons, with talents entrusted to them, should dig in the earth to hide them, or bury them in prejudices against their fellow-beings, and thus fritter away the valuable time of life in a worse than useless annoyance, when there is so much real and good work for all to engage in.

We clip the following excellent advice from an exchange, for the benefit of all who write for the public:

BOIL IT DOWN.
Whatever you have to say, my friend,
Whether witty or grave, or gay,
Condense as much as ever you can,
And say in the readiest way;
And whether you write of rural affairs,
Or particular topics in town,
Just take a word of friendly advice—
Boil it down.

For if you splutter over a page
When a couple of lines would do,
Your butter is spread so much, you see,
That the bread looks plainly through.
So when you have a story to tell,
And would like a little readers,
To make quite sure of your wish, my friend,
Boil it down.

When writing an article for the press,
Whether prose or verse, just try
To utter your thoughts in the fewest words,
And let them be crisp and dry.
And when it is finished, and you suppose
It is done exactly brown,
Just look it over again, and then
Boil it down.

For editors do not like to print
An article lazily long,
And the general reader does not care
For a couple of yards of song.
So gather your facts in the smallest space;
If you'd win the author's crown,
And every time you write, my friend,
Boil it down.

Note from a Lecturer.

DEAR BANNER—I have closed my engagement at Deerfield, and am now speaking in Brooklyn, N. Y. I shall remain in the East some time, and trust to have calls from various societies. "Ripples on the Tide of Life," unavoidably delayed, will be out in a few days. Yours truly,
J. W. VAN NAME.

Brooklyn, N. Y., March 30th, 1899.

Caution to the Public.

THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK ON SWINDLING SCHEMES.

Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER OF LIGHT was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. H. Conant.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earthly life, and that they are not in any way changed by the process of disembodiment. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Banner of Light Free Circles.

These Circles are held at No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock, and will continue to be open until three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Seats reserved for strangers. Donations solicited.

Mrs. Conant receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M. She gives no private sittings.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art the same in life and in death, whose loving kindness and tender mercies are our perpetual shields, thou whose dew of inspiration falls upon our souls at all times and under all circumstances, thou, our Father, and our Mother too, we pray thee to illumine the darkened chambers of our being; we pray thee to guide us still further into the light of thy wisdom; we pray thee for greater outpouring of thy wisdom. Infinites and perfect art thou in all thy ways, and thou art so far beyond our understanding that we cannot measure thee. Our senses vainly endeavor to analyze thee. Thou art God, and therefore incomprehensible. Oh teacher of the world, oh light of every age, oh Saviour of every soul, we bless thee for all thy loving kindness; for him who in times of darkness in the past gave forth the light of thy love and thy truth unto needy humanity. We praise thee for the gift of our brother, Jesus the Christ, who came to guide us into the light of thy wisdom, and who calls for light; and we praise thee none the less for the saviors of this day, for the Christ of the present, for those who, in the darkness of this age, have risen up and heard thy voice and answered, and have given light unto those who are in darkness. Oh we praise thee for all the lights of every age. But we praise thee no less, oh Lord, for the shadows, for the deep, dark nights of human misery, wherein the soul sometimes doubts thy love. Oh, even for these we praise thee, for out of the darkness cometh forth greater light; out of the midnight of the soul rises with wings plumbed for a better heaven—for a more perfect life. Our Father, let thy kingdom of peace, and love, and everlasting righteousness, find a resting place in the hearts of these thy children, this day and all the days that are to come. Amen.

Dec. 24.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I am now ready to hear your propositions.

Q.—(By Mr. Conant.) Being at a phrenological lecture lately, the lecturer said there were a community of equal genders—say one-half black and the other half white persons—to be separated from all others; that in three generations they would become extinct on earth. Will such be true?

A.—No, certainly not—absolutely false.

Q.—Do the offspring of such enjoy as great a state of future bliss as the unmixed races? and does it degenerate the race of mankind so as to become the intellect against rising in as high order of beings as the white or any other race alone, in the future? Is not the progressive tendency of the age leading to the recognition by establishing human laws, claiming indisputable right of all nationalities on earth to intermarry, to the subjugation of prejudice between races? And if so, will it not be unavoidable, because it will be in the order of Divine Providence?

A.—It is pretty hard to tell what Divine Providence may be. We hear a great deal of talk about Divine Providence, but we are able to tell what it is. The joys of heaven of the most exalted order are reserved for those who are pure in heart, who are perfect in love, and who are perfect in knowledge. The unlettered, the ignorant, the God of the elements, worships the sun and wind. He demands a heaven for happy hunting grounds. Will his demand be supplied? Surely it will, and the heaven will be just as perfect a heaven to him as if he had amalgamated with the white—as if his outer life had been changed by the contact. All ye who seek to measure heaven by caste, and color, and creed, will find that you have been measuring it by a wrong standard, by that which will bear no test whatever after death. You may be sure of that.

Q.—Will it be right to extend suffrage to both sexes and all nationalities, thereby recognizing the brotherhood of man universal, by legal and wise safeguards?

A.—Since it has been proved that sex does not rob the individual of power, of wisdom, of all the attributes that make up God on earth, the right of suffrage should be denied none. This special authority which one soul sets up over another soul is earth-born, consequently it must pass away. It is one of the conditions that have been born of human ignorance, therefore must be short-lived; for as you grow out of your ignorance, just as you have grown out of your childhood, so all these things you will lay by, as you have laid by the toys of your baby days. You will by-and-by recognize the individual right of every soul as standing upon the same platform, precious alike in the eyes of the source of their being. You are living in the dawn of a great age, and a political and spiritual epoch is bursting in upon you, and however much benighted souls may cry out against the light, it will roll on till its mighty waves have baptized all the darkness and changed it to light. You may be sure of that.

Q.—If it is injurious to amalgamate the races of mankind, is it possible to avoid the same in the present condition of the human family as it exists on the earth? Can such be remedied? and if so, how?

A.—I am not aware that it is injurious, either to the external or to the internal of life. I do not see the need of setting up a barrier between the natural instincts of the soul and human life. The only remedy known for any kind of ignorance is knowledge. Seek it, then, and having found it, make the very best individual use of it that you know how to. That is all you can do.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—I have received a question from an individual who has but recently come out from the shadow of the Church, upon whom the shadow, to some extent, still falls. The question is this: "Are there not some souls who, in consequence of their wickedness, will never reach heaven, or a state of happiness? Are there not some who will be constantly striving for it and not finding it? Is not this the everlasting hell that we are told of in the Holy Scriptures?" I do not propose to answer this question, but I do propose that it shall be answered by the reading of two Scotch poems, given by Miss Lizzie Duten, under the inspiration of Robert Burns, entitled, "For a Thair," and "Words o' Cheer." The author there has clearly defined the position of all souls after death—has done it much better than I could, should I attempt it.

Dec. 24.

Elizabeth Graham.

I have been away from earth since the first week in April last. I died in Albany street, Boston. Elizabeth Graham is my name. I left two children, one eight and the other ten years old. Lizzie and Thomas, their names. Their father came here before me. He was killed in battle. I found it very hard to live and support myself and two children after his death. I did the best I could till I became sick; first with the lung fever, and then I got up too soon, and I died of consumption, and exposure and trouble. Thank God, it is over. And I thank him, too, for the blessed privilege of return. I know that I shall be able, on going from here, to watch over my children,

and be to them a guardian spirit, to shield them from many of the temptations of this world. One has been adopted, and the other is cared for in one of your temporary homes.

My home in coming here, is to gain that magnetic strength that I have need of that I may go to them, and perhaps also that I may reach their uncle, my brother. He is somewhere in the State of Illinois. My one object in hoping to reach him is to assure him that it makes no difference what one believes here in this spirit-world. Each one has the right to happiness, to life, and each one has the right to seek according to their best powers. It matters not what they believe here. His name is William H. Shorey. He had some very queer religious ideas, with which I never could agree. He used to tell me, at the judgment day I should learn that he was right. I know not whether there is any final judgment day or not. I do not believe there is, and I am satisfied that he is wrong, very wrong in his belief.

You see, I married a man who was opposed to all religions, and sometimes he denounced them in very harsh terms. In consequence of that, there was a feud between my brother and myself. So he went his way and I went mine. Occasionally I would hear from him. I heard from him as being at one time in Kansas, at another in Michigan, and later, as being in Illinois. Whether he believes in my coming or not, it will make no difference to me; but the time will come, and it will be when he changes worlds, when he will see his mistake and mourn over it, as much as any one ever did over anything. I am sure of that. Should my message reach those who are guardians over my little ones, let them know that a mother's love will watch over them, and though I seem to be dead, I am not. Farewell, sir.

Dec. 24.

Gen. Hindman.

I feel myself to be under almost infinite obligations to you Yankee people for this privilege of return. I once heard it remarked that there was nothing too hard for a Yankee to accomplish, and I am quite sensibly impressed with the truth of the statement. Not content with a knowledge of this world, you have sought to know of the world beyond, and have obtained information. All honor to you for it.

I had heard much of this power of return after death before I was an inhabitant of the shadowy world, but I personally knew nothing of it. But on two different occasions I was in company with a friend, who was very zealous in advocating its truth. He said to me, "Hindman, I am just as sure that I can communicate with my friends who are dead, as I am sure I am talking with you. It is no faith or belief with me. It is knowledge. I know I commune with my father. I am satisfied of it. Nothing could ever change me, or make me faithless in this regard. I would never change the one truth that I have received." He says, "Now then, be honest. If you should go before me, and should find that there was a way of return, will you make use of it?" I said, "Yes, to be sure I will." But then I inwardly believed the man was lying, and I never should be called upon to travel back here again, if I was once fortunate enough to get away. But life is a something which none of us understand. 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Western Department.

J. M. PEEBLES, 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. PEEBLES. 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. PEEBLES. Persons writing us in April will direct to Washington, D. C., care Dr. John Mayhew.

Young Lecturers.

Knowing the difficulties that encumber—such as inexperience, embarrassment of facing audiences, lack of high educational privileges, and conscious of the struggles and trials that await young speakers during their first years of public life—we are often reminded of Longfellow's familiar poem—*Excelsior*.

Transporting us to the Alps, he shows us an Alpine mountain towering among the clouds. At the base stands a noble youth desirous of making the dangerous ascent. It is in the gray of a winter's evening. The storms howl, and the upland trees are cased in icy crystals. The prospect is fearful. Long stands the aspirant, weighing his firm-set lips break these words, "I will—I will stand upon the pinnacle!" It was the outburst of a holy-enthusiasm burning in his soul—the expression of a well-defined purpose.

Well on his way, the stars above, and beautiful ideals within for companions, he encounters various temptations—ease, comfort, pleasure; but a voice within rings clear, saying, "To reach that altitude you must persevere—application alone can secure the prize. It is the tempestuous ocean that makes the skillful mariner—the storm-tossed vessels that wash the pearls on shore."

His third temptation came in the form of passion—love. Many a ship has foundered upon this rock.

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast!
A tear shed in his bright blue eye,
But still he answered with a sigh,
Excelsior!"

The "tear" and the "sigh" showed how ardently earthly fires burned in his bosom, and how powerfully he felt the charmer's appeal. It was a fearful struggle; but the better nature, the divine, the God within, triumphed. Fired with true ardor, lifting him above the passionate plane, he doubtless replied thus: "Young woman, I have no desire to stop. Must on. Have no time to lean my head anywhere. This leaning, loquacious, grinning sweetness, do not become the energetic and aspirational youth of this century. The summit of the mountain is almost in sight. I have counted the cost, and with the aid of good angels and God overhead, I am determined to scale the heights." Linger not, halting not, full of nerve and high-toned purpose, he ultimately planted his feet upon the pinnacle, and looking down the mountain side rejoiced in every trial, at every temptation overcome, and smiled at the very thought that, plucking, drank his blood. At this point, flushed with success, the poet brings in the death of the youth—strange as it may seem—to teach the sublime lesson that of all crowns worn the martyr's is the brightest, and that all who aspire to reach the most exalted mental and spiritual standpoints, not only secure the best harvests of time, but the fitness, the better capacity for that endless march through the heavens.

Charles Dickens, writing of Thackeray, the humorist, says, "He had a particular delight in young boys, always wanting to give them sovereigns to aid them in their literary course." There are young men and women in the range of our acquaintance, gifted, inspired, entranced at times by spirits, waiting for some friendly hand to be extended, helping them to start—helping them to stagger, and the means of culture, preparatory to achieving distinction in the lecture-field. Will not wealthy Spiritualists help such? A little aid at the proper time, and these young media may become stars in the horizon of thought, lighting, beckoning others up on to the mountains of the Beautiful.

Our older speakers—those long in our ranks—banishing all jealousies and unworthy ambitions, should manifest a deeper interest in young lecturers. Youth is no crime. The more aged are doubtless the better counselors; but all the gathered lore of the ages is not lived in their craniums. Under the entrancing and inspiring power of angels, these youth often completely eclipse their seniors; and this should and will gladden the soul of every true disciple of the Spiritual Philosophy.

No kind, encouraging word spoken to the young is lost. The drop mingling with the flood; the sand dropped upon the sea-shore; each gentle word breathed in the ear of the disheartened, has—all have their influence. Drop words of sympathy and encouragement into an assembled group, and they will make a dozen happy, who, returning to their homes, will widen the influence to hundreds more. Thus may blessings be diffused. Sensitive, and subject by virtue of mediumship to alternating moods, comparable to created billows and wave-valleys, none more need kind words, substantial friends, pleasant surroundings, home comforts, and the feeling of financial independence, than media and Spiritual speakers. Schools for culture and mental discipline are indispensable for young lecturers. Who will take the initiatory steps in such a movement?

Mrs. Fannie T. Young, Iowa.

From that misalliance point in the West, Fort Dodge, Iowa, Mrs. Young writes an interesting letter relating to her lecture-experiences, the condition of societies, the bitterness manifest by sectarians, the indifference exhibited by some professed Spiritualists, the need of more testaments, and the general prosperity of all legitimate movements connected with the Spiritual Philosophy.

An efficient laborer, Mrs. Young's heart and soul are in the work. The wilderness blossoms where she sows the seeds of truth. Address her during April, Cedar Falls, Iowa, care of E. H. Gregg.

Mrs. A. Wilhelm Slade, M. D., Jackson, Mich.

It is glorious to see speakers devoted—ay, thoroughly consecrated to their work, loving truth, principle and spiritual progress more than ease or any worldly aggrandizement. We take pleasure in laying the following paragraphs before the readers of the *Banner of Light*, from a private letter just received from Mrs. Slade, M. D.

Speaking of her recent marriage and the future lecture-work proposed to be done by Dr. Slade and herself—a duality in unity—she says:

"With a proper recognition of each other's rights, and the confidence in each other's integrity, we work jointly and together as one in thought and purpose, inspired by our angel-guides—those who deeded and consecrated our marriage upon affection's holy altar.

The nobility of soul, the high-toned, moral dignity of character, with keen spiritual sensitivities, combined in a devoted, faithful companion, brings fresh inspiration to my

labors, sunshine to my pathway, and greater courage and zeal to dedicate time, talent and energy to the office of progressive usefulness.

Thus linked by the magnet of mutual adaptation, strengthened by angel-aid and teachings, guided by experience and intuition, we are growing stronger under the discipline of life's practical lessons, and hope, in the efforts for human elevation, to enter into the broader, deeper avenues of humanity's needs, blessing and being blessed.

ALLIE WILHELM SLADE, M. D.

Items, with Comments.

A "protracted meeting" was held at Union, Ind., by Revs. E. Case and I. B. Grandy, Universalists, during the week from January 17 to 21.—*Exchange*.

This downward step, aping the Orthodox, is the legitimate tendency of sectarianism. How long will it be before this professedly "liberal" denomination will go the whole figure, adopting as means of grace the "prayer circle," the "mourner's bench," and the "young people's inquiry meeting"?

The *Cleveland Leader* gives "Three Objections to Woman's Franchise." First, women are not legislators; second, they are too sensitive; third, they are too liable to jealousy.

"Not logician." Are there no batches of reformatory foam and phlegm dropping from the lips of unscrupulous public? Many men are more "sensitive" than some coarse, suspicious, mannish women. Relative to little petty "jealousies," we think the sexes pretty equally matched. On the whole, we favor woman's preaching!

The number of suits for divorce commenced in the courts of Chicago during the year 1868 amounted to 400, in 284 of which wives were plaintiffs, and in 170 husbands, the increase over 1867 being altogether 123.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The truly married are never divorced—never separated, though oceans or deathly Jordans roll between them. Love is the soul of marriage—without it the form is a sham. True marriage is beautiful, divine, eternal.

H. A. Barnes, Muncie, Ind.

There are many true souls, and some excellent mediums, in this place. With unity of action, and an enthusiasm becoming Spiritualism, meetings might be supported the whole time. H. A. Barnes writes an interesting letter. It contains a good text, with pleasant lines from a sister spirit. All true workers may appropriate them.

Sacramento, Cal.

L. Armstrong, writing under date of March 5th, says: "Miss Eliza Howe Fuller is lecturing here to large and increasing audiences. The Children's Lyceum is in excellent condition. It contains one hundred and twenty-five children, who are regular in attendance. The Society and Lyceum work together harmoniously; both are self-supporting and out of debt. I think our May Picnic will be the grandest yet.

Real estate in this city has gone up about one hundred per cent., and outside the heart of the city from three to four hundred per cent. within the last six months."

Sealed Letters—Mrs. Waterman.

It will interest many of the Western friends of Spiritualism to learn that this lady has become, through angel helpers, an excellent psychometrist and medium for answering sealed letters. Mr. and Mrs. Waterman formerly resided in Battle Creek, Mich.; they were then churchmen instead of Spiritualists. The sealed letter we forwarded as well as those sent by our friends, was answered perfectly satisfactorily. See her advertisement and address in another column.

Astoria, Oregon.

The Spiritualists of Astoria have built a splendid hall, now the best and the most popular in the place, in which they hold regular meetings.

Requisites for Mediumship.

Often have I heard it asked by earnest seekers, "How may I become a good medium?" or, "How improve my mediumistic powers?"

Friends—To you who are desirous of spirit advancement, asking strength; to you who are looking forward to the time when spirit-communication shall become the day-star of your life, I would present a few thoughts, which, if heeded, will place you far on the road to happiness, and bring to you that contentment and peace of mind which "passeth all understanding."

First, Your nature must be plastic, easily molded, quiet, spiritual and even in its daily life; and above all others, regarding those exalted immortals who have obtained possession as the most sacred, most treasured guests, entertaining them as friends, counselors, as guides—involving them always to come because of their wisdom and their love.

Second, When giving up your own individual natures for a time, permitting others to possess, occupy and use those elements belonging directly to yourselves, you should make your life in perfect harmony with those who are ready, and so earnestly desire to return, to help the erring, to soothe the afflicted, and gather up a broad harvest for another life.

Third, Your natures should be freed from all that is gross and heavy—from the crude matter belonging to this material life; your aspirations must be to receive and to give unto others truth in its most perfect form, that desire may ascend and be borne along from home to home, until it shall find an answering voice that "all is well."

Living out daily and hourly these simple yet truthful suggestions, you will be ready to do the work—to meet the foe, clashing or bearing that standard given to you from that world of light and truth which shall make the hours unnumbered beautiful with the effulgence of a life well spent; and when the change comes—when the "cypress shaded gateway is passed," will you hear the angels' voices chant the joyous sound of welcome home, "well done, faithful!"

MILTON RATHBUN.

New York, Feb. 7th, 1869.

THE GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL. Boston: *Banner of Light* office, 158 Washington street, New York; 544 Broadway. Messrs. White & Co. have published elegant books before, but none, I think, comparable to this. If the soul and spirit are as beautiful as the body, there will be little to mend by any new birth. It consists of one hundred and thirty-two short essays, designed to illustrate the nature and uses of the various evils which are supposed to afflict mankind and the world. The principal questions seem to be, "How can we reconcile evil with the attributes of Omnipotent wisdom and goodness," and "could not the same purposes have been effected without evil?" Disciples of John Baptist, John Calvin, John Wesley, or even John Murray, it is to be feared, will not be greatly edified by it; but a greater than any or all of these said many things which are not out of place when reproduced in this book.—*Revolution*.

Why are the clouds like coachmen?—Because they hold the rains.

The best of writing—to right wrong.

New Publications.

LORING publishes "My Ten-Hour Farm, or How I became a Millionaire," by Maria Gilman (some clever writer's pseudonym), and its reading will prove as attractive, in that field, as any which has been offered for many a day. It shows how an energetic woman, having herself and two young children to support, learned the art of floriculture, and soon managed to extract from it an income of two thousand dollars a year. It is told in the form of a story, and that makes it all the more attractive. We do not doubt that its perusal will induce many a person, who had not thought of such a resource before, to fall to and cultivate flowers under glass for the market, at a satisfactory profit.

Adams & Co., Boston, publish a neat little volume of striking poems, by Augusta Cooper Bristol. They contain many original thoughts and bright and cheering fancies, in verses musical and flowing, yet not shorn of strength by vain struggles with expression. But the chief characteristic of her poems is, that they are born out of her own heart and life. She chooses her epithets with singular felicity, and we can readily discover, even in them, that her words all fall from the lips of a veritable experience.

The New England News Company have for sale a newly-printed, pamphlet-bound novel—*THE GENERAL'S DAUGHTER*—written by Anna Argyle, author of "Money and Marriage," which is a truly pleasing foreign story, and develops some characters and situations to the reader's delight. Viola and Helena are female portraits of a truly fascinating type, and very skillfully and effectively drawn.

THE VOLUNTARY is the name of a new and small magazine, published in New York weekly, and devoted to the revival of old army reminiscences.

THE RADIANT for April has the following list of contents: The Religion of Organization; Self-Possession; The Palaces of America; Transition; Chips; Why? Horace Mann; Words versus Deeds, a Paraphrase; From the Country; Notes; Reviews and Notices.

Oliver Ditson publishes the music to be performed at the Grand National Peace Jubilee, in a very neat and convenient form.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

ALPHABETICALLY ARRANGED.

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

ASTORIA, OREGON.—On the Society of Friends of Oregon have just completed a new hall, and invite speakers traveling their way to give them a call. They will be kindly received.

ATLANTON, Wis.—Children's Lyceum meets at 3 P.M. every Sunday.

BOSTON, MASS.—*Mercantile Hall*.—The First Spiritualist Association meet in this hall, 22 Summer street. M. T. Dole, President; Samuel H. Jones, Vice President; Am. A. Dunckley, Secretary. Meetings at 7 P.M. on Sundays. Children's Lyceum meets at 10 A.M. D. N. Ford, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Sanborn, Guardian. All letters should be addressed for the present to Charles W. Hunt, Secretary, 22 Summer street.

Albion Hall.—Services are held every Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, under the management of Mr. L. B. Wilson. Entertainment is made with music, and the services are conducted by Spiritualist speakers. Season tickets (securing a reserved seat), \$1.00; single admission, 10 cents. Tickets obtained at the Albion Hall, or by mail, from the Children's Lyceum, 24 West street, or by mail, from the Children's Lyceum, 24 West street.

Temperance Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association hold their meetings in Temperance Hall, No. 5 Maverick square, East Boston, every Sunday, at 3 and 7 P.M. Benjamin M. L. Lyman, Conductor; J. M. Peckham, Guardian. Mrs. Juliette Yew during April; J. M. Peckham during May.

BROOKLYN, N.Y.—*Singer's Hall*.—The Spiritualist Association meet in Singer's Hall, corner Fulton Avenue and Jay street, every Sunday, at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. Dr. H. A. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Madford, Guardian of Groups.

Amherst Hall.—The First Spiritualist Association hold their meetings every Sunday at the Cumberland street Lecture Room, near the Kalm avenue. Circle and conference at 10 A.M. and 7 P.M. Dr. H. A. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Madford, Guardian of Groups.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—The First Spiritualist Association of Baltimore hold meetings on Sunday and Wednesday evenings at Saratoga Hall, southeast corner Calver street and Calver street. Dr. H. A. Kipp, Conductor; Mrs. R. A. Madford, Guardian of Groups.

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