



VOL. XIII.

[82 OF THE YEAR,
IN ADVANCE.]

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

[SINGLE COPIES,
FIVE CENTS.]

NO. 12.

Literary Department.

For the Banner of Light.

QUINNEBAUG LYRICS.

BY DR. ROBERT DUNSTER.
CANTO III.

Old river, come, let's chat this once of place,
Where I ne'er fall sometime to roam—
And whither tend my steps with quickened pace,
Whene'er I reach my boyhood's home—
Unknown in legend, song, or minstrel story;
With neither Greek nor Roman fame,
Yet it hath charm of deeds, renown, and glory,
Long since writ on the scroll of Fame.

Away—afar—in deep sequestered valley,
In gloomy woods beyond my ken,
The wolf to shun old Pat's heroic rally,
There made retreat within his den:
Historic page records the bold adventure—
Enrolls his name among the brave:
Avant, ye men of lies, bestow your censures
Elsewhere upon some coward knave!

The school-house, blest retreat, cycled the Gary,
East heard me speak about—or tell?
Well, there it was, from Fall to February,
I learned to read and write and spell!
Of spelling-book, with chip and paper cover,
Whose page the Master made me plod,
I never came to be so much a lover,
As of the woods or grassy sod!

The Eel-Rocks, joyous place of picnic pleasure,
And tranquil Broad-Down just above,
I traversed oft in childhood's hours of leisure,
And with their scenes fall deep in love:
Methinks I see festooned on branch and bramble,
The vine all full of clusters hung:
While here and there they slopes I seem to ramble,
Where Schoolboys grow old seem once sung.

Becharmed and bound with spells are all the spaces
Along thy peaceful winding ways:
They summon forth for me familiar faces,
That gladden there in other days:
The Whirlpool—Salmon Rock—if I were able,
And tall o'er-bending Battenwoods,
Should live in page of classic song or fable,
The Scylla'selves—Cherrybells—Soods!

Kind father known to thee I should not wonder,
Whose words were few and full of truth,
Offtimes bath told of one whose not was yonder,
—He knew him well when in his youth—
Who found thee, shallow river, once—the miser!
And cribbed thee thence within a pen;
What pity that thou wast no deeper—wiser—
And so have flowed free now as then!

I used to go to mill to thee, old river,
With bags of barley, corn and rye,
There wait—and wait—it sometimes seemed for ever,
A boy but just about—so high!
I bring to mind the good old dusty miller,
The toll he took—well, men did say?
It always seemed he might have kept things stiller,
The noise—I hear it now—so day!

Pure stream, thou must have been at sometime taking
Upon thy pebbly bed—a nap!
Or like old drowsy Samson not awaking—
Asleep on some Delilah's lap!
Else how couldst thou with giant strength and forces,
Be made to grind within a mill—
Submit to leave thine ancient rocky courses,
And yield thine own to others' will?

I long to look on thee once more, dear river,
To wander up and down thy dales,
From toll—from weariness—myself deliver,
And tread thy varied intervals:
Too long the tale this time to tell the reason
Why on thy verge I love to be—
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, every season,
In boyhood's days brought peace to me!

Alas! alas! the gilding years whose traces
Are seen on all things everywhere,
Have borne away or wrinkled o'er the faces,
That smiled their kindly welcomes there:
Were I alone with thee this hour, dear river,
Perchance I might not feel so sad!
When I behold thy face what time I sleep,
Thou hast strange power to make me glad!

WOMAN.—Woman, physically weaker than man, is superior to him spiritually. The Gauls attributed to her an additional sense—the divine sense. They were right: Nature has given women two painful heavenly gifts which distinguish them, and often raise them above human nature—compassion and enthusiasm. By compassion they devote themselves—by enthusiasm they exalt themselves. What more does heroism require? They have more heart and more imagination than man. Enthusiasm springs from the imagination, and self-sacrifice from the heart: women are, therefore, more naturally heroic than men. All nations have in their annals some of those miracles of patriotism of which woman is the instrument in the hand of God.

BE IN BARNER.—If a wise man is convinced that he has not given the requisite attention to his business, he enters upon the work of reform without delay. If the earnest student is conscious he is not making the progress which he should make, and which it is in his power to make, he rouses himself to the necessary exertion without delay. Shall the men of this world continue to be wiser in their generation than the children of light? Shall those who would secure the transient rewards of earth, pursue their objects more strictly and steadily than those who would secure the lasting rewards of eternity?

It is never for their wisdom one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest: 'tis for benevolence and virtue and honest fondness, one loves people: the other qualities make one proud of loving them, too.—Mrs. Thrale.

Written for the Banner of Light.
CONSTANCE IRETTON;
OR,
MY UNCLE'S WARD.

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH.

CHAPTER IV.

There were many country seats in our vicinity, but none of them, in my eyes at least, were half so beautiful or picturesque as my uncle's. My poor pen can but ill depict its loveliness. The grounds were laid out with exquisite taste. Graceful elms shaded the entrances on the right and left, while the avenue in front was bordered with a thick hedge. The lawns, on either side as you entered from the street, were covered with groves of young evergreens. There came ornamental trees, flowering plants, vine-wreathed arbors, and urns filled with goldfish. In the hollow an artificial lake gleamed in the sunshine, fringed by weeping willows. Here the swan moved in its pride and beauty. Next, pale hued flowers lifted their delicate heads to scorch and wither when the days grew longer; then the blushing carnations would spring from their ashes, only to be followed by the nurseries of autumn with their gorgeous hints and velvety robes. Now the avenue branched off, and encircled a mound, on which was a fountain that flung its jewels high in the air, sparkling and glittering, to return again to its bosom. East of the house was a grove of maples, from which the place derived its name, while sloping southward were terraces of magnificent fruit trees.

The mansion was very large. A great stone tower rose in front, flanked on either side by turrets, while wings jutted out right and left, ornamented by many gables and balconies. Roses and jessamine had twined around the columns of the veranda, and flung their garlands upon the roof. In the interior were strange winding passages, and long, reverberating corridors. The rooms were spacious and grand, with gilded cornice and frescoed ceiling, and furnished with Oriental magnificence. The wainscots were of quaintly carved oak, and the doors, of the same material, swung noiselessly on their hinges. The carpets echoed no footfall. The glories of the cunning chisel smiled from niches and alcoves, while the inspirations of the old masters adorned the walls.

Constance was delighted with everything about her. She never grew tired of the wonders!—the pictures, the rare gems that my uncle exhibited for our amusement; and finding that he had such an appreciative listener, he would grow eloquent in expatiating upon his favorite hobby, until I, weary of straying among the catcombs of Egypt, the cedars of Lebanon, the sacred spots of Palestine, and the marvels of Persia and India, would steal from the room, only to return to find them still exploring amid the dust of centuries.

From the moment that Constance Iretton entered "Maple Grove" her way was absolute. It was astonishing what a fascination she exercised over the whole household. She seemed to me like a grand, noble soul, ever true to her highest conceptions of right, drifting onward, straight onward, over every impediment, to God.

I believe she could walk to the stake or the scaffold with the same lofty courage as the martyred women of old, and she could do more than this—offering hope, aspiration and love upon the altar of duty, with no admiring multitude to applaud. Like Scott's "Jeanie Deans," she could never sacrifice truth for her dearest friend; but also like her, she could endure untold hardships, to plead for mercy. These things I did not learn at once, only when our acquaintance had ripened into friendship.

A day or two after her arrival, as we were all walking in the garden one morning, some equestrians passed. We gazed after them, commenting upon the grace with which they managed their steeds, when my uncle inquired, with his eyes upon the beaming face of his ward:

"Are you accustomed to the exercise?"

"Oh, yes; from my earliest youth. There is no pleasure that I enjoy more."

"Well, then, I guess we must show you some portions of our country by moonlight, to-night. May is a very good rider, and she has a pony devoted to her exclusive use, named 'Snowball.' I sometimes take 'Black Prince,' and occasionally 'Lightning.' You shall have 'Firefly,' or 'Zephyr,' just which you prefer."

She smiled. "Thank you; you are very kind. But what romantic names you indulge in! Somehow, I think that I should fancy 'Lightning,' if he is anything like what his name indicates. Do you object to any one's mounting him but yourself?"

"No, certainly not; but the fact is, he is very fastidious, and absolutely refuses to allow any person to approach him but the groom and myself."

"Oh, that is capital!" she exclaimed, her cheeks glowing. "I must make his acquaintance. Will his royal highness deign to be introduced?"

"I presume that he will be pleased to number you among his admirers," was the laughing response. "There he comes now. James is leading him this way."

He was truly a splendid animal, with a shining black coat, and long, flowing mane and tail. His neck was arched proudly, and he approached with dainty step. The servant released his hold, while I withdrew at a safe distance. He walked up to his master, who patted him on the head, then Constance came gently forward. I saw a tremor run through his frame. Did he know instinctively that he must yield? She laid her hand upon his mane, speaking all the time in low, soft tones, while I looked on in terror. He turned his bright, intelligent eyes, and met the gaze of her dark orbs. Then, while we were watching breathlessly for the next act, he laid his head upon her shoulder with a low whinny of delight.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my uncle. "I do believe that you are some connection of that race that are said to ride through the air on broomsticks. Deacon Henshaw would declare that you possessed the black art."

She laughed. "Anything may be suggested by fear, jealousy and kindness."

She never realized what a beautiful creature she made,

with her arm thrown carelessly over the horse's neck. "Sure," said James, with open-mouthed wonder, "I've never seen the likes of that since I left old Ireland. By my soul, but she's a brave young lady, Miss May."

I laughingly nodded assent, and then returned to the house. From that day "Lightning" was always at her service, and he ever moved as though he was proud of his burden.

What famous races we had. I think Constance never looked better than when mounted. She generally wore a green velvet habit, with hat of the same. Many times I have seen people in the street pause and gaze at her, as she flew past them on her coal-black steed, with her long plumes waving behind her. Oh, those were happy days, and they sped all too quickly.

One afternoon, as I sat watching my friend plait her beautiful hair, she suddenly exclaimed: "May, do let those Auburn tresses curl."

"There, do n't go to making fun of me," I rejoined. "I'd let them, fast enough, if they would. But you must call things by their right names. The covering which 'Mother Nature' has so beautifully bestowed upon my head is decidedly and unmistakably red, and no amount of coaxing will induce it to soften its fiery hue."

"Excuse me," she said, laughing. "I really supposed that, like almost all possessors of blushing locks, you desired to translate the color into 'auburn.' But, joking aside, I do believe that I might twice it into ringlets, it is so very wavy. Will you let me try?"

"Oh yes; but I doubt whether you can do anything with it. Laura's hair curls beautifully, but the idea of mine doing so seems almost preposterous."

"Well, we will see what it will do," she said, in her bright way. Then taking the pins out, she let the loose coil fall down my waist. She was soon busy upon it with water and brush, while I sat thinking that all her efforts would be wasted. Presently she drew me to the mirror. Could it be possible that that was my face, framed by the long, abluring curls?

"Why, it really does, don't it?" I cried, in astonishment.

She laughed at my surprise, and then said: "May, you will not be angry with me, will you, if I tell you some disagreeable truths?"

"Angry with you?" I repeated, reproachfully.

"Why, no, indeed."

"Well, then, even if you were very beautiful, you'd spoil it all by your unpardonable neglect of little things that go to make up a pleasing whole. You are very careless, you know, and you put on a dress alike I have been here that was not soiled or tumbled."

"But," I said, apologetically, "I thought I was so very homely that it did not make any difference how my things looked."

"The very reason why you should be the more particular," I thought, perhaps, that you had imbibed that mistaken idea. We admire neatness in every one, and if our raiment is not clean and tastefully arranged, I think that after a time our minds become debased, and we lose our appreciation of the lovely, good and true."

"It never struck me in that light," I replied, "but I should judge that it might be so. I will be more careful in future. After that bitter pill, I do not think I shall require any more medicine for that disease."

"Pardon my speaking. I was prompted by the kindest of feelings. I show myself more truly your friend in calling your attention to your faults than if I glossed them over."

I placed my arm around her waist. "I believe I could hear anything from you, Constance. You did wound my self-love at first, but I perceived your motive, and I am glad that you are interested enough in me to tell me wherein I am wrong."

"I am happy that you did not misunderstand me. I know that I was treading upon dangerous ground; but I paid the highest compliment to your common sense in saying what I did. May, you will never be handsome, or even pretty," she added in her straightforward way, "but you will be interesting, and that, to some people, is better than beauty. Now do n't ever put your hair up again in your former barbarous fashion."

"But, Constance," I said, ruefully, "you can do anything, but I don't believe that I can make it curl."

"Oh, yes you can. The fact is, it is hard for it to do anything else."

My uncle decided that it was a great improvement, and after that I did not bind it up again.

The weeks flew by on gilded pinions, and now it only wanted two days of our friend's departure. It was a rainy evening, and we sat listening to the spirit of the storm, as it sobbed and moaned in the outer darkness. Guardian and ward had been singing a duet together, but now he came and seated himself by the table, while she still ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. Suddenly she commenced "Lang Syne."

Her voice was a superb contralto, and she always sang her whole soul into the music, thrilling her hearers with her wondrous power. At last she ceased, and turning slowly on her seat, exclaimed:

"Dear me! As I sit studying in my room a week from now, I shall pause to think of the pleasant hours that we have spent together, and I shall sigh to think that they are gone, never to return. May, I wish you were going with me."

"So do I; but it's no use wishing."

"How is this?" said my uncle, turning to Constance. "Is it possible that you are not content with depriving you of your society, but must endeavor to induce my niece to accompany you? Such an offense ought to be visited with condign punishment."

"Pray pardon me this time," she gently replied, "and I'll never try to incite another insurrection."

"I do n't know about it. You seem to be rather of a dangerous person to have in the house. When you are gone, I expect all the servants will be giving warning," from Mrs. Grey down to the errand boy. But the most unkindness of all is to think that May and Lightning have deserted me. You don't either of you appear to pity me in the least. I guess I shall be obliged to wash my hands of both of you for one while."

I had been laughing at his comic tone until now, but the thought of going to my own home, as his words seemed to imply, was anything but cheering, and my face visibly lengthened.

"Why, what ails you, Blossom? Is the idea of leaving me really so bad?"

"Oh, Uncle! you are not intending to send me back to mother and Laura, are you?"

"Send you back! Who said anything about it? Of course not, as long as you are contented to stay anywhere else; but I thought you really wanted to go to school with Constance."

"Oh! I should like it ever so much. Do you really mean that I am to go with her?"

"Well, I should n't wonder. I have observed for the last fortnight, that your heart was very heavy with the thoughts of separating from your friend, so last week I wrote a letter to your mother, solemnly informing her that I considered it exceedingly essential that you should accompany my ward to Woodville, there to pursue a course of study that could never be acquired at a public school. I also employed other arguments unnecessary to recapitulate. The result was, that yesterday I received a reply consenting to my request."

Ever he had finished speaking, I was weeping. The surprise was so great that I was completely bewildered. He flung his arm around me, saying:

"There, there, child; you know I always try to make you happy when I can."

"Yes, you are the dearest, kindest uncle that ever was; I fear I am ungrateful to be so pleased at the idea. You will miss us very much, and I don't know but what I ought to stay with you."

"No, pet; it would be selfish in me to keep you, for you need to be with girls of your own age. As for me, if 'Maple Grove' only reminds me of pleasures that are fled, I will console myself next month by accompanying a party of friends to the White Mountains. By the way, that trunk in the hall contains things that your mother sent you for your journey."

I went from the room to examine them, followed by Constance.

CHAPTER V.

We were now at Mrs. Stillman's pursuing our studies. I found that my friend was loved and respected by teachers and scholars. Some there were who, not understanding her nature, called her cold and haughty. She was only high and pure as Alpine snows. I soon discovered that Laura had acquired anything but an enviable reputation while at the school, and for a time, both instructors and pupils viewed me with distrust, which was exceedingly painful to my shrinking nature; but patience and a steady performance of my various duties soon overcame their prejudices.

A few weeks passed away, and then in my heart I began to accuse Constance of cruelty. When I would have clung to her with passionate devotion, she continually repulsed me.

"May," she would say, "you must learn to rely upon yourself. We have plenty of clinging vines in the world, and though they are beautiful to look at, we adden as we gaze upon them, for we know that if they are rudely torn from their supports—and the tempest and hurricane must come—they will die. Do you endeavor to cultivate your own strength, and God and the angels will assist you. Your affection for me is flattering; but clouds will arise between poor, weak mortals, therefore, it is not well for us to take too much comfort, nor place too much dependence in fading earthly things. If the whirlwind ever sweeps across your path, you will thank me for what now seems unkindness."

"According to your theory," I replied, "persons would become hard, cold and selfish. Number one being always the first thought and care."

"Not so. You can then minister unto Humanity, and give sweet sympathy to those who are struggling through the valley of Despondency. I call the ivy selfish that kills the tree it twines about. It is like many human absorbents that ever cry, 'give! give!' If I know that you had no finite strength, I would allow the tendrils of your love to fasten upon me; but the feeling that would stir my heart would be compassion for your feebleness. Would that satisfy you? I think not. Then convert yourself into a magnet, and the bond will be stronger between us; then we can live in each other's affection, and yet not die of starvation if one is taken away."

My grief and indignation gradually subsided, and though I caviled at first at what I called her rigid ideas, but as I grew wiser, I blessed her for her kindness, and the fire on Friendship's altar burned the brighter.

Autumn, bereft of her golden harvests, died broken-hearted, and the footsteps of Winter rustled the dried, withered leaves that covered her grave. Now I began to anticipate the merry, happy days that we should soon enjoy at "Maple Grove."

One morning, as I sat in my room writing an exercise, Constance came in with an open letter in her hand.

"Well, what news?" I inquired, looking up.

"Nothing very special," she replied, sitting down by my side; "only I would like to talk with you a little, if you can spare the time."

I immediately laid down my pen, and signified my readiness to listen to whatever she desired to communicate.

"This note," she began, with the slightest perceptible curl of the lip, "is from my father's sister, Mrs. Mendon. Perhaps you are not aware that my dear parent committed the unpardonable sin—in the estimation of his fashionable and aristocratic relatives—of falling in love with and marrying a poor seamstress."

As a natural consequence estrangement followed, but since his death Mrs. Mendon has suddenly awoke to a knowledge of his many virtues, and also to the singular fact of the existence of his daughter, so she has written desiring me to spend the coming vacation at her house."

"But you do not intend to accept her invitation?" I exclaimed, dismayed at a thought of my beautiful air castles vanishing into thin mist.

"Not unless you will consent to accompany me."

"Me! why I should be entirely out of place there; besides, I do not believe that I could obtain permission to go."

"Oh, I have managed that. I have just dispatched a letter to Mr. Lindsay, stating my aunt's wish, and inquiring if he had any objection to my complying, and also requesting that you might be my companion."

"Thank you; you are very kind," I replied; "but

I dread going among strangers, and then Mrs. Mendon may consider my appearance as an intrusion."

"Oh no! she mentioned particularly that if I had any friend whom I desired to bring with me, to extend a cordial invitation in her name, and she will deem the daughter of the wealthy Howard Appleton, as quite an acquisition. Have you any other objections to make, for I feel equal to answering the whole?"

"Has she any children?" I inquired, after a pause.

"Yes, three; George, Adeline and Irene. The girls, I believe, are very much the same stamp as your sister Laura. I do n't know about the brother. Nothing very remarkable, I do n't suppose, any way."

"Oh dear, I do wish you would n't go," I rejoined, peevishly. "I'm sure, I've no desire to set myself up for a target there. I have enough of that at home."

She laughed lightly.

"I will tell you your one great trouble. When you go anywhere you have an idea that everybody is gazing at you, and remarking upon the plainness of your looks, when to tell the truth, perhaps you have not attracted the least attention. Now if you could banish that idea, and not consider yourself of quite so much consequence, you would lose that painfully embarrassed manner, and appear at much better advantage."

"Have you any more compliments with which to inflame my vanity?" I exclaimed, in a half-vexed tone, for I winced under her dissecting knife, the more because I knew that her remarks were true.

"I guess that will do for to-day," she replied, with a smile. "I wanted you to go with me, because I think that society will do much for you in that respect. Still, if the idea is very repugnant, I will decline the invitation. Shall I?"

I hesitated a moment, and then responded: "You always know best; therefore if the answer from home is favorable, I will leave it entirely to your judgment."

"Thank you. I will retire now, so that you can finish your writing."

In a week a letter came from my uncle, enclosing one from my mother. The latter wrote:

"How very singular it is that Miss Iretton should become so much attached to you, and yet dislike Laura. Perhaps they are yet to become rival belles, and that may be the secret of their antipathy. The latter is to make her debut on New Year's eve, and I flatter myself that a more beautiful face has never graced the drawing-rooms of this city. I am delighted that Mrs. Mendon has done you the honor to invite you to her house. I do hope that you will pay particular attention to your manners, and improve in style at least during your visit. You may in time become quite passable, although you will never possess the native elegance and refinement of your sister."

By the way, that dear child has improved very much under the care of Madame Lamotte. I know you will scarcely believe it possible, when you recollect how poorly her manner was before, but it is so. The French are somehow the most elegant and graceful people in the world, and their taste is exquisite. I have got so that I can distinguish those young ladies that have 'finished' at Madame's. There is an indescribable polish about them, and a certain air that cannot be acquired at any other institution."

Then followed, verbose instructions as to my conduct in entering or retiring from a room, and finally the affectionate epistle concluded in this style:

"Your father has given me a sum of money to enclose to you, but really as your wants are so few in that quiet village, and your Uncle Robert is so indulgent, I have retained half of it for Laura. Her allowance is very small, considering the society that she is in."

It is very late, and I must close. Child, you know not the sacrifice that I have made for your sake. You will scarcely credit it when I tell you that I have absented myself from the Opera—solely to write you this letter—although there is a very celebrated attraction announced, and it will probably be the only opportunity that I shall ever have of hearing her. It is as my friends say, I am continually immolating myself upon the altar of maternal duty."

I paused and glanced at Constance. A smile was playing hide and seek about the corners of her mouth, but she said in a grave voice:

"I hope that you fully appreciate her devotion."

"I think I do," I replied, bitterly, for I was contrasting my letter with one that Edus Graham, a school-mate, had received that morning.

I was suddenly aroused by my companion from the sad reverie into which I had fallen.

"Why, May, you are really neglecting Mr. Lindsay's note. I do n't doubt but what that would repay a perusal."

"Oh, yes; this will be the oasis in the desert," I replied, as I took it up.

Nor was I disappointed. It was written from the fountain of his own loving, bounteous heart. He regretted very much that we were not to return to "Maple Grove," but hoped that he was not so ungallant as to hesitate an instant in waiving all claim to our society, in favor of the lady. He closed by reporting all the chit chat of the place, saying that he supposed that was what girls were most interested in.

Constance laughingly exclaimed: "He need not endeavor to excuse himself in that manner. It is very evident that he is a regular old gossip."

The Christmas holidays arrived, and found us the guests of Mrs. Mendon. To our delight and surprise, Uncle Robert appeared upon the scene of action the morning that we started, and escorted us hither, but he did not tarry, as he was journeying to the death-bed of a friend.

Our hostess was one of the world's most brilliant satellites. Satiated with her husband and children, and above all, with her "Fifth Avenue" mansion.

I could see that the mother and daughters stood a little in awe of their beautiful relative. She was affable and pleasant, but she held them from her with impenetrable reserve.

I was treated with kind condescension; but they were evidently as much amazed as my mother at Constance's preference. Once I overheard them commenting upon it, and they finally agreed that she used me for a foil. Not a very flattering idea, still it occasioned me considerable amusement.

George, a full fledged dandy, undertook to divert

himself, and while away the passing hours, by a fiction, and was astonished, "poor boy," at the amount that he received.

His sisters were brilliant, showy girls. They did not yet "come out," in the fullest acceptance of the term, but were expected to soon; therefore they were in a flutter of joyous anticipation.

"I don't see how you can endure being cooped up in a boarding school at your age," said Adeline to her cousin, one day. "I think books and teachers are a horrible bore, to be dispensed with as soon as possible. I am sure I should rebel, if mamma undertook to keep me back."

"I have no desire to enter society at present," was the cool reply. "My father wished me to remain at some academy until after I was seventeen; therefore I disliked it ever so much. I should still comply with his request, believing that he knew what was best."

"Oh yes, I dare say that he did, yet I believe that you will rejoice when you are emancipated from all such trammels. It seems so hard when anything is going on to think you must attend; at least, I know it used to, to me."

"I cannot sympathize with you in those feelings, for I am entirely destitute of experience in that respect. On the contrary, I believe I shall never know any happier hours than those I have just passed."

Miss Mendon shrugged her shoulders, but made no further remark, evidently considering her eloquence as wasted on the desert air.

The vacation passed in a continual round of amusement. Our evenings were fully occupied with the theatre and concerts, or receiving a select company at home. Every day we glided over the pure snow to the music of merry bells. Sometimes we left Adeline and Irene deep in the mysteries of an elegant toilet that was to be exhibited on the evening of their "debut," and betook ourselves to the picture galleries, reveling for hours in tumultuous waves of glory.

During the festive season, the ice king held his court, throwing his ermine mantle, starred with jewels, over trees and shrub. He sent Jack Frost, his prime minister, forth, to extort tribute from the people. The wealthy, as they promenade the streets in their velvet and furs, or seated themselves before the glowing grate, defied him, while the red hot coals in the furnace, as they blew their warm breath through every avenue of the mansion, laughed him to scorn. Then smarting with rage and chagrin, down into dark alleys and basements he flew, wreaking his vengeance on Poverty's child, and driving Grimé forth to his midnight work. Sometimes he found a conqueror here, for ever and anon Death came in kindness and love to free the oppressed.

One lady that visited Mrs. Mendon sometimes, to solicit aid in behalf of charitable objects, we liked very much; and to the intense disgust of our hostess and her daughters, Constance and myself accompanied her several times to the hovels of the poor.

Now the day drew near for our departure. We had enjoyed ourselves quite well. Still, I was not sorry to find myself back in the peaceful seclusion of Woodville.

CHAPTER VI.

The weeks now glided by full of quiet-happiness. At last there came one morning that seemed lit by the smile of Spring. Constance and I were in our room. She sat quietly, studying, while I was moving nervously about, occasionally looking from the window, humming a tune and talking to her. I was a passionate lover of Nature in all her varied moods, and now she appeared so sweet and winning, that I longed to throw off the restraint of the school-room, and become her willing, joyous subject, for one day at least.

"I should really like to know what your restlessness portends," said my friend, looking up with a smile. "I fear that it will become infectious, if you do not calm down soon."

"I only wish it would," I replied. "The fact is, I am extremely desirous of getting out into the air. The sun is shining so invitingly, that I can scarcely resist. I do think that a short ramble would be decidedly beneficial. What is your opinion?"

"I presume that it would; but unfortunately it would not learn our lessons for us, and recitation hours are stubborn things."

"Oh bother! that is just like a dash of cold water. My spirits are falling below zero. Farewell to my dreams. I must awake to the realities of French and Latin."

I had scarcely settled myself to my distasteful tasks, when a gentle rap upon the door startled me.

"Come in," said my companion, and the next instant the bright faces of Florence Percy and Edna Graham dawned upon us.

"To what are we indebted for the honor of this visit?" I gaily inquired, as I pointed them to seats.

"Well, this is truly a polite reception," pouted Florence. "I have a great mind to beat a retreat, and not inform you of the nature of our errand."

"You mustn't mind May," said Constance, laughing. "She is in a very ill humor, in consequence of her being confined within doors when it is such charming weather."

"Oh that's it," cried Edna, gleefully. "Well, we'll be very compassionate then, and cure her. So listen and rejoice. Mrs. Stillman has given Florence and I permission to walk, and she suggested that we should invite you two to accompany us."

"Oh, that is capital!" I exclaimed, springing up, and overbalancing my stand with all its paraphernalia. "She is really the good fairy that has granted my wish, and I am sincerely obliged to you for being her messenger."

"But will she excuse us from Philosophy?" inquired my more sedate room-mate.

"Of course," said Florence impatiently. "Come, leave those tiresome books, and get ready."

We were soon fully equipped, when Constance exclaimed:

"Why, May, you are certainly not intending to leave things in that manner," pointing to the table that still lay where it had fallen.

"Why not? that you understand, is the downfall of study when pleasure becomes a conqueror. It will be time enough for it to resume its empire when we return."

They all laughed. But Florence said:

"If Miss Leverage should happen to come in here while we are gone, she will not be apt to see the point of the joke, and then you may get a black mark."

"I don't know but what she would be full as obtuse as that," I rejoined, as I placed the articles in their proper position.

"Which way shall we go?" inquired Edna, when we were in the street.

Florence and I decided that we had no particular preference, but Constance replied:

"I think that if we go across the fields, out on to River road, that that will be as pleasant a route as any."

We all agreed to her proposition, and walked on, chatting gaily. Not a cloud dimmed the blueness of the sky. The sun shined down with his golden light. Winter was certainly drawing back, but we knew that at any time he might return and bluster and fume with rage. It must therefore be our purpose to enjoy this brief respite from his tyranny.

We were all excessively amused at some quaint remark of Edna's, when we suddenly came upon the railroad track. At the same time, the shriek of the locomotive burst upon our ears, and looking up, we beheld the huge monster rushing toward us. Another slight caused an extraordinary cry to break from our lips, for there upon the rail, calmly sleeping, totally unconscious of danger, lay a little child. As we stood

there, with horror, Constance darted from us. I ran upon the ground, covering my face with my hands; I could not behold her tragic death. The train whizzed by.

"They are both safe," said Florence, breaking the terrible silence.

It was true. The brave, heroic girl had caught the infant and fallen back just as the iron horse sped by. When we reached the spot the little fellow was awake, and gazing about in a bewildered manner.

"Thank Heaven you were not killed!" I cried, as I clasped my friend's hand.

She was deadly pale. Twice she essayed to speak, and then fell forward, fainting in my arms. We were so much engaged with her that we did not notice that the cars had stopped, and that the passengers were gathering around us.

"My God! if it isn't Constance!" exclaimed a voice by my side, and looking up, to my great surprise I met the startled gaze of my Uncle Robert. "She is not dead, May?" he exclaimed in a tone of agony.

I shook my head, and just then she opened her eyes. "Come, let us go," she whispered. "I have no desire to create a scene. I was foolish to faint. I really thought I had more nerve." Then glancing up and observing her guardian, she cried: "Why, Mr. Lindsey, you seem to be exceedingly fond of surprising people. I am glad to see you, however."

He clasped her hand convulsively, and then, with an attempt at playfulness, replied:

"Why, you rash girl! I shall be obliged to have you put in a straight jacket if you are intending to jeopardize your life in that way every chance that you can get. But I don't suppose you will do it again. One such exploit ought to suffice."

She smiled sanely, for she could not seem to realize that Death's wing had waved over her, while I said:

"You ought to understand her well enough to know that if another opportunity should present itself she would not hesitate to do the like again. But, Constance, this little boy seems utterly incapable of informing me where he lives, and he is crying as though his heart would break."

"Poor child! We must go through the village, then, and inquire. It is time that we returned, I suppose."

Just then Florence came up with a young man, whom she presented to us as her cousin; then turning to me she remarked:

"Why, that is little Willie Brandon. Howard says that the engineer saw him upon the track, but too late to apply the brake. They say that it is a miracle that Constance was not killed. What a terrible termination it would have been to our walk."

At that instant a shriek was heard, and looking up, we saw a crowd of villagers approaching. As they drew near, a woman, with a pale, haggard face and wild, disheveled hair, broke from the retreating grasp of a couple of men, and rushed toward us, crying:

"They say a boy has been run over. Oh, it isn't my baby, my Willie!"

At the sound of her voice our little charge hushed his sob, and sprang forward, shouting:

"Mother, here I am!"

Catching the little fellow in her arms, she wept and laughed by turns.

"Miss Ireton," exclaimed Howard Percy, "that mother's joy must fill your heart with delight. I think we all might envy you the consciousness that by your bravery her tears are changed to smiles."

His listener looked annoyed.

"You commend me too much upon what you call my remarkable presence of mind. I only acted upon the impulse of the moment. If I had stopped for thought, I should have shrunk. I fear that in extolling me you overlook the Power that really intervened."

"Cousin Howard, that is just like her," said Florence. "She is always depreciating herself."

"Come, May," exclaimed Constance, "we must return immediately. Mrs. Stillman will be very much vexed at our long absence," and she turned to go, but again she was detained.

A bystander had informed Mrs. Brandon of the terrible danger to which her son had been exposed, and pointed out his preserver, and now she came forward, and, grasping her hand, cried:

"Heaven bless you, Miss, for saving my boy. He is the only hope or joy I have on earth. His father was killed by accident only a month ago, and now my darling Willie would have been taken but for you. Then there would have been nothing left for me. My gratitude and my prayers are all I can give you, but those you will always have," and she was about to move away, but my friend requested her to pause. A sudden resolve lit her eyes, and taking the child's cap she exclaimed, raising her voice:

"Gentlemen, perhaps the loving Father has permitted this danger and escape for a wise purpose. Shall we not take advantage of this opportunity to make up a purse for this poor widow and her son, thus strangely introduced to our notice?"

A universal "ay! ay!" rose like a cheer from the crowd. She turned, as if she would request my uncle to pass the hat, but he anticipated her wish, and said in a low voice:

"If you feel equal to it, you had better. You will appeal to their sympathies more forcibly than any one else."

She struggled for a moment with her feelings, and then, with heightened color, she glided among the group, and returning, placed the offering in the grateful mother's hand, who in her bewilderment and surprise was scarcely able to articulate her thanks.

The engineer now sounded the whistle to recall his scattered flock, and shaking hands with uncle and Mr. Percy, we slowly wended our way back to school.

Constance endeavored to extort a promise from us to say nothing about our adventure, but it was a useless precaution, as the news had preceded us. When we entered the yard we were greeted by a torrent of questions. From that day she became a heroine in the opinion of her fond mates. Courage and bravery have a wondrous charm in the eyes of school girls.

Now the days and weeks flew swiftly by, and the dreaded time of examination drew near. My friend graduated with the highest honors, bearing off the first prize, while Florence Percy took the second. Fifteen pupils received diplomas, but I think that they almost envied those that were to return, even in the midst of their triumphs.

When Constance spoke the valedictory, there was not a dry eye in the room, and some even sobbed outright. Then came the farewells, always so painful, for the thought will intrude that perhaps the dear familiar voices will never again sound like strains of sweet music in our ears.

How rapturously we were received at "Maple Grove," and how delightful it seemed to be at home again after ten months' absence. What merry, joyous lives we led! Once more we rode, walked and sailed, and spent long delicious days rambling through woods and fields. Again was Uncle Robert our devoted cavalier.

"How bright and pleasant the sun shines upon us now," I said to Constance one morning. "I almost fear that clouds will soon gather in the sky."

"Are you referring to the material or the spiritual world?"

"Both—they are synonyms of each other. We may feast our eyes upon a beautiful, smiling valley, and then a few hours after behold the same scene transformed into a desert."

"Then you think that our happiness now may not be lasting?"

"I fear so, for I can look back to the time when I seemed to be walking in Elysian fields, and the next instant was hurled into an abyss of agony and woe, and

for several days past I have felt as if the time were near for me to pass through another experience."

You imagine that you hear the matterings of the storm, do you? Well, when there is a commotion in the natural elements, so we not view it philosophically, and say that the atmosphere requires purgation, and that the sun will shine again? We should not

perpetrate very unwise, if not wicked, who throw all the blame upon Summer, grumbled and murmured because the Winter was to come. We must fortify ourselves in expectation of the tempest, by letting it not detract from our present enjoyment, knowing that whatever comes is for a wise purpose."

"Oh Constance," I cried, "I wish I had your faith."

"No more, but that which is equal to every emergency, that shines the more brightly over black waves of suffering. I hope that I have such a faith, but it may be tested by some terrible test and fall me, or else soar triumphant forever."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT—EAST AND WEST.

BY WILFRED WELLS.

The last days greeting to the West.
O'er every hill and plain:
The West shall rule the trade on land,
And on the rolling main.

Right swiftly our ships shall ride,
Our armor shall with glee,
To sweep into the chaos of trade
The harvest of the sea.

Our commerce glides the globe around,
With bonds of friendship true;
Waiting, in glad brotherhood,
The old world and the new.

The western prairies wave with grain,
The mountains bloom with vines,
From brave Ohio's fruitful fields,
To California's mines.

You've met me on a thousand hills,
You've shepherded down the glen,
Your harvest gives the yellow corn
To feed our working men.

We've ships by thousands on the main,
We've mills by every tide,
With sturdy hearts to bear our flag
Our progress far and wide.

We send you tools to till the soil,
Clothes for each sturdy limb,
And souls of faith to teach your sons
God's glorious labor hymn.

Your fields with fruitful plenty teem,
Your barns with harvest grain;
Then send us food—your wine and corn—
We ask but this alone.

'Tis yours to dig the mountain down,
To lay the iron track,
To bind the giant steel of fire,
And load his tireless back.

Across the far Sierra's height,
Where wild the tempests roar,
We hear the call which echoes up
Along the golden shore:

"Give us tools men to till the soil,
To dig the golden ore,
Brave souls to sing the labor hymn
Along this rugged shore."

We stretch our hands, oh West! to you:
We shout our triumph song;
Catch up the note, and o'er the hills
Send its loud voice along.

Go forth into your work, oh West!
Go! rule the mountain and plain;
Your songs shall glad the teeming land,
And o'er the rolling main.

A SHORT SERMON.

TEXT—CHARITY.

We are told Charity is long suffering, and is kind, covering a multitude of sins. The world, even many professed Spiritualists, do not recognize these precepts in their actions, although they may admit the principle to be correct. How few in their censures of others take into account the leading causes of the wrongs they reprobate. Far back in the ancestry of those delinquents may have been some one of the evil seeds producing fruit in them; thus inheriting their peculiar organizations, just fitted to absorb the vices amid which they are bred. Dare we say that in like circumstances we should have been untrue to born conditions and early teachings?

Have we not, as it is, something to correct in our own characters, something over which we must ever watch, and pray not to be led into temptation, lest some lurking evil manifest itself in us? Then with our thoughts intent upon eradicating our own follies, we shall have no desire or leisure to inspect the character of others.

The most bitter and unbounded theme of censure and reprobation at the present time, seems in relation to the origin and prosecution of the frightful war devastating our unhappy country. If, as we have reason to believe, it has originated in those long accumulating causes ever preceding the upheaval of nations, at certain stages of their growth, to start them on a higher course, why not exercise forbearance and commiseration toward those used as instruments in its accomplishment?

A teacher of the present day said, not long since, speaking of the enslavement of the ancient Britons by the Romans, "We should be thankful for it, as it has made England all it is, and America, in consequence, as her offspring." On the same principle, why not be thankful for the temporary enslavement of a portion of the African race, as a means of bringing them into contact with more highly developed nations, whereby they are, and will be, immeasurably advanced in the scale of being?

We find, among other sayings of Christ, this passage: "We note the world, because of offenses; for it must need be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!"

Slavery in itself being unjust and bringing woe to those who have shined therein, must needs be one of the many causes bringing the present crisis upon America, the issues whereof shall flow out to other lands, until they in turn prevail through conflict to attain a higher birth.

Now as it is difficult for weak, finite man to define, justly the boundaries of right and wrong, why not leave off censuring this or that one of whatever party, or whatever sect, for acting up to what may be his highest perception of right, and rest satisfied that to each will unambiguously be meted out the reward of his doing. Let us, therefore, individually intensify our thought and purpose upon the purification of our own souls, striving to do justly, and to walk blamelessly through our earthly passage, leaving the exposure of others, if any there be, to him who meets each and every effect, who can look through all the ages, past and to come, guiding the restless spirit of man up through all forms of seeming evil to conditions in which he may be accounted worthy to enter the sweet portals of peace, and walk henceforth with angels.

Wm. G. Gray.

WHAT ARE THE DOCTRINES OF CHRIST?

BY A. BRADSTREET.

Mr. Editor—Your correspondent, S. Y. Bradstreet, in your paper of May 18th, requests some Reformer or Christian to answer his question, "What are the Doctrines of Christ?" an answer to which he has failed to receive through the columns of the "Bible Tide."

He says, "Will not some one of them put their finger down on the place or passage wherein 'true Christianity' is expressed?" I agree with him when he says that "Pure Christianity has reference to the teachings and example of Christ, as set forth in the 'New Testament.'"

"Pure Christianity and pure religion are the same. I will put down my finger on the Epistle of James, i. 27, and say, Here is an expression of 'true Christianity.' Mark it well. May it be written upon the inquirer's heart in indelible characters: 'Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unstained from the world.' This is practical Christian religion."

The doctrine or principles of Christianity should be well understood; as this is the true basis of practical religion. There is an internal, as well as an external or literal sense, to the Scriptures; but the internal sense is not perceived, except by the regenerate, or those who are in Christ, or have the kingdom of heaven within them, and the internal sense is the true doctrine of the Church.

The literal sense of the Scriptures is in the light of this world, and is the Word, and should be as a lamp to guide men, a light that shineth in a dark place, until the day dawn and the day-star arise in their hearts, to initiate them into the internal sense.

In reference to the apparent contradiction between the peace principles inculcated in the Sermon on the Mount, and that passage in the 22d chapter of Luke, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one," I would remark that Christ and his Apostles recognized the authority of the civil government, and inculcated submission to the laws in all cases in which conscience is not violated; hence, the injunction, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," &c. If a man will see thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also; and St. Paul says, in reference to the civil power, "He is the minister of God—a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil; wherefore, ye must needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for conscience's sake."

This is the general rule; but we can conceive that a government may become so wicked, practical, and unjust, as to enact laws and enforce them in direct contravention to God's laws; then the citizens or subjects are bound, by their supreme allegiance to God, to refuse obedience to such laws; then, if necessary, in self-defense, or the defense of human rights, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." This is an extreme case. In a republican government we are bound to obey the laws in what is right, until the unjust laws are repealed by the election of honest men, at the only lawful secular tribunal—the ballot-box.

Beaumont compared the secular power to the body, and the spiritual to the soul of man; attributing to the Church a dominion over the State, similar to that which the soul exercises over the body; the secular power subordinate to the spiritual, as the body is to the soul. "The kingdom of the earth," as St. Gregory declares, "must remain subject to the kingdom of heaven." This is correct, when the power of the Church is transferred from the Pope and Roman Catholic Church, to the Church, which is the kingdom of heaven in man, and woman, as I have already said, can only be lawfully manifested in our republican government at the ballot-box.

It is not from the Divine Providence that wars exist," says Swedenborg; "because they are united with murder, plunder, violence, cruelties, and other enormous evils, which are diametrically against Christian charity; but still they cannot be permitted." I think the same author good authority for the internal sense of the passage in Luke, xlii: 38—"He that hath a purse, let him take it, and likewise his scrip; and he that hath no sword, let him sell his garment and buy one." Purses and scrips signify the like which is signified by pieces of money, namely, the knowledge of truth and good from the Word. Sword, in the Word, signifies the truth of faith, combating; sword on the thigh, combat from love; sword in the hand, combat from power; and sword out of the mouth, combat from doctrine. It is called "a sharp, two-edged sword," because it penetrates the heart and soul. Garment signifies the Word in the external sense or letter, which is a cover to the internal or spiritual sense; to sell is to alienate, and to buy is to appropriate. I understand this to mean that we are to leave the first principles contained in the letter of the Word, and progress to the internal sense, which is the sword of the spirit.

Evansville, Ind.

WHAT IS MIND?

Is the mind of man indestructible? Does he live and indeed flourish, while his earthly tabernacle hourly falls to decay? In other words, do the powers of thought remain forever untarnished, while the physical frame that wraps the individual man, is wrought upon by time, and change, thus becoming more and more impaired, until memory, ideality and concentration seem to have departed?

Do those last named organs belong strictly to physical man, or are they part and parcel of the realm? Do they act in unison with the physical composition, dependent upon these "independent organs?" Or are they component parts of the indestructible, immortal man, which, when dissolution comes, shall shine out with redoubled lustre, untarnished by the ravages of time, added to, rather than diminished by the wisdom that experience alone gives? Who can answer?

U. B. G.

FORTUNE TELLING.—A singular story has been circulated in town recently, much to the benefit of the party concerned, as we presume "all the world will run after him." An article of household use was abstracted from a clothes-line at South Abington; being no more nor less than the half of a good woman's waist.

As the other half was almost useless without the remainder, the lady was greatly annoyed at the loss, and searched in vain for the missing portion. A gentleman, who, we understand, possesses meagre powers, changed to call on the lady; his observing eye discerned that the carpeting could be found in a specified dwelling, between two bodies; also that she must take the part in her possession, go to the thief, and demand the missing portion. Accordingly she proceeded to the house, and made known her mission, but was met with an emphatic denial of any such article being in the dwelling. A visit to the upper story, however, proved to the astonished lady that there were more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt of in her philosophy; and the carpet was dragged from its hiding-place between the two beds indicated by the meagered gentleman. We should be inclined to place this yarn upon the same plane with the "famous revelations" of so-called fortune-tellers, were it not that trustworthy persons declare it to be a fact.

Abington Standard.

BOREDAOM IN IT.—The greatest misfortune that can befall a human relations is interesting, too much with each other's feelings. We are apt to think that way is the only way.

Letter from Mrs. Gore.

Evansville.—When we left New England one year ago, in pursuit of our plan of making our way as far as possible, by the truth that was in us and "Dinner etc." It was our intention to report ourselves occasionally to our friends through the BANNER, and accordingly sent our record, as far as Tannion Falls, New York. The article was rejected, consequently we have since remained silent; but matters of interest to the cause generally, crowd so fast of late, that I am prompted to make one more demand for a little space in which we can tell our story, and answer the request of our friends, who often say to us, "Let us hear from you through the BANNER." I will pass over our winter's work in Michigan, and all matters of interest connected with it, and begin with the cause as we find it in Wisconsin.

We reached Cookville, Rock Co., our destination, the last of February, and met the friends in a public meeting, the first Sabbath in March, and addressed an intellectual and appreciative audience of old friends. Cookville is decidedly a progressive little village, and has able advocates of the New Gospel in M. J. Woodbury, who is speaking occasionally in the towns around her home, and in J. Dow, whose health restricts his labors mainly to the vicinity of home, but who I hope will give the results of his deep metaphysical thought more fully to the world hereafter, in his own chosen way.

We next addressed the friends in Union, in the rudiments of the New Philosophy, and to good audiences.

We next visited Evansville, by invitation of Prof. D. Y. Kilgus, principal of the Seminary in that place, and formerly a Methodist clergyman, but recently converted to Spiritualism. By his liberality, the Hall of the Seminary was opened for two lectures to very good audiences. Prof. Kilgus is a man who gives all for his truth—is self-sacrificing and devoted to whatever cause he espouses. He is a man of power—a natural ruler over the minds and hearts of all who come within his reach. He establishes a kingdom in the hearts of the people wherever he speaks or makes his appeal. We hope the liberal portions of community in the adjoining States will give him extensive patronage in his school, for although he is fully appreciated as a man of talent, and a teacher of superior ability, still the liberal portion of community will, of course, withdraw their patronage to a great extent, in consequence of the avowal of his belief in spirit-intercourse.

From Evansville, we passed on over the prairies, speaking in the schoolhouses by the way, both Sabbath and week-days, to crowded houses, and to deeply earnest and inquiring minds, till we reached Attica, where we stopped one week, speaking two Sabbaths and one evening, and gave public demonstrations of character, involving tests that were very satisfactory.

In Albany, we addressed the people one Sabbath and one evening, and passed on and over the river to this "Jordan prairie," whose "sweet fields of living green" seem very like those Elysian ones we sang of, and here we are, reveling in the beauties and sublimities, and resting in the hospitable home of Orrille Hump, whose door is ever open to angels and men who bring tidings from the Better Land.

But I must say a word more of this beautiful prairie which stretches away in the distance. Not at all unbecomingly of stature, as some prairies seem to be, but beautifully undulating and diversified by groves, slopes, copes, and an endless variety of brilliant flowers, resplendent in this, their morning glory. The birds, too, sing as they sing no where else, save in Eden groves; but I cannot say all I would like of this enchanting spot, as mine hostess is conducting me to an engagement we have to day in Clarence, and so we will leave in our word more of the living souls who dwell in this section, who are about to demonstrate their life and earnestness in a convocation soon to be called, and of which you will be duly apprized.

I am surprised to find that not more than one-third of avowed Spiritualists take either the Banner or Herald. What can I do to extend their circulation more than to remind the friends that they are excellent papers, and are to be had for \$3 50 per year. What ever I can, I shall be happy to do. If you can make any suggestions as to the specific method of acting, Very truly yours, in bonds of the spirit,

NANCY H. GORE.

Binghamton, N. Y.

A pleasant visit of nearly two weeks in this active and enterprising little town, with my travels of more than twelve years

who seek through the faithful and not through corrupt or perverted. Episcopalianism is not a religion, a religious philosophy and philosophical religion, and when it is so, can be taught in schools, etc.

June 1st, 1898. W. WARREN CHASE.

Baptist Meetings.

Mr. Enron—Again I greet you from the far off State of Iowa; this time from the charming city of Dubuque. Only the pen of a lofty, inspired poet, the pen of a beauty-worshipping artist can render justice to the loveliness of the scenery around Dubuque. The high, verdant bluffs, the far extending fruitful fields, the wealth of forest and of garden, the picturesque dwellings, the lavish bloom and abundant gifts of Spring, with the calm, majestic river, heaven blue as the reflected sky, forms a varied picture that evokes the loveliest heart-fancies of the Eden of this world, the Spirit Paradise of the land of endless Spring.

I am at the hospitable and beautiful home of S. Y. Bradstreet and wife; removed from the turmoil and bustle of the city streets, one mile from town, in the midst of Oak Grove, and surrounded by all the loveliness of Nature. Friend Bradstreet is favorably known to our BANNER readers by his contributions to that far-read Journal. Such spots as these are truly the oases of life's desert. There is a freedom of expression, a keen, invigorating sense of liberty, in the inspiration of the air and scenery here, to be met with nowhere save on the mountain heights, by the solemn teaching sea. There is a native grandeur mingling with a sweet serenity in the aspect of this western nature? What a glorious future lies open here to the enterprising and aspiring child of man!

The Spiritists are not numerous in Dubuque, but they are of the fitting stamp to represent our faith; they are not on the wonder-seeking plane; and in their lives they give to our opponents the best evidence of the superiority of the religion, the purity of the moral code of Spiritualism. With best wishes and kind greetings unto all, I am,

Yours for truth,

CORA WILBURN.

Dubuque, Iowa.

LETTER FROM N. FRANK WHITE.—We have received a long letter from Bro. N. Frank White, who has again entered the army in the service of his country. (This time as a staff officer,) dated "Head Quarters of 25th Regiment, Michigan Volunteers," giving a detailed account of the various incidents which occurred on their journey from Detroit to Kentucky, and thence to Ohio, but owing to the crowded state of our columns we are obliged to omit all but the concluding page:

I cannot close, however, without saying a word of our noble Colonel, of whom you know something. A man in every sense of the word, his whole soul is in this cause, and all his energies are given to the 25th Regiment, not only good soldiers, but good men. His efforts, thus far, have been successful, and from a really demoralized combination of two regiments, he has brought into the field a regiment that will do honor to their state and country. Copperheads are bitter against him, and their blessing tongues have not been idle; the cause of which is the fact that, though a life-long democrat, he is for a thorough closing up of this miserable affair, and that too, by routing up, without mercy the cause. Yet, in spite of all this hissing, Colonel Fox lives, and grows daily in the estimation not only of his regiment, but of all true, earnest men who have been brought into contact with him. No more hunter can come into his camp, and take away fugitive bondmen with his welcome; neither will he, as I am sorry to say too many will, evade the strict letter of the law, by turning those fugitives adrift, where they are sure to fall into the clutches of their oppressors. A friend to the oppressed, he is my friend, and wherever his lot is cast in this war, there may mine be also.

I will close by saying to my friends, one and all, a word from you will always be acceptable to soothe the dull hours of a soldier's life. Address care of Col. D. M. Fox, 25th Regt. Mich. Vol. 3d Brig., 1st Div., 9th Army Corps, Cincinnati, Ohio, and the letters will be forwarded. Trusting this will be sufficient, I subscribe myself, yours fraternally,

N. FRANK WHITE.

LETTERS FROM THATCHWOOD COTTAGE.—No. 4.

BY COUBIN BENJA.

May 21st.—May I who ever thought of writing this sweet name without first twining around it a wreath of violets and buttercups? How the universal heart of man blesses her—bright harbinger of an immortal dawn—coming forth from the icy caverns of winter to preach resurrection to the children of earth, and sending out her mandates to unlock the beautiful halls of Nature, that shall transform the old earth again into an Eden, and make the world a Paradise!

How inspiring are thy influences, thou ever glorious May month! The joy-chains that looked the little stream to the stony buttresses of the old bridge have yielded to her gentle power, and go singing down the hillside; the south winds touch the tenuous strings to their aerial harp, giving forth their responsive echoes, while beauty and utility join hands and dance together down the garden walks. All Nature seems jubilant over the new awakening, and ready to reveal all things, if man will only learn her language. The little bed of violets, growing under the fence-rails, would teach us more truth than whole pages of periodical reading, if we would only listen to her instructions, and give them an earnest thought. But their simple truths will never be lost to society; men will breathe them in, and through the secret channels of inspiration, the little field flower shall be a messenger between earth and heaven—a spirit-link between God and man!

I am continually reminded of the impartiality of God all through the joys, budding spring-time; because in his great distribution of gifts and blessings, he do not forget the little shrubs and vines by the wayside, and the old crooked apple-tree out in the open pasture, but fills its mossy arms as bountifully with leaves and flowers as he does the rich man's tea rose lot of oaks and maples. And so it is in the higher manifestations of life. The rich lady, that idles away her precious time reclining on downy cushions of embroidered satin, admiring the pretty patterns of her new tapestry, is no more a special favorite of God than the old apple-woman that sits under the elms on Boston Common, and sells her cakes and candy to the dirty little orphan boys. The rich lady is surrounded by luxury and ease, and her mind is absorbed with the latest fashions, preferring a life of senseless frivolity to that of a more industrious, worthy and noble type. The old apple-woman—we know there are angel visitants in the leafy branches above her head, and who can tell what great truths she may be solving as she sits by her little work-bench, watching the waving grass at her feet, through the long summer days? Reader, beside the neatly swept garden walks the poisonous nettle often hides itself, and shoots out its barbed arrows at the passer by; while from the homely mud-pool the delicate lily braids her snowy petals, and opens her jewel-cup of celestial odors. In the darkness of midnight the cunning spider weaves his net of silvery spray among the rose-branches, to catch the unwary flies that come out to swim in the fragrant morning air. If we blow our soap-bubbles in the shade, they are void of beauty; if we blow them in the sunshine, they wear the hues of the rainbow; but we should remember, though they are pretty things to look at, they are bubbles still.

You will forgive my vagaries, LUTHER, and not misunderstand me. It is simply my way of saying that the "Bavarians of the nineteenth century may be walking your streets in tattered garments, while the devil sits on velvet cushions in your fashionable churches, playing at nine-pins with rich people's souls."

"I can marry any girl I please," said a young fellow, hesitatingly. "Very true," replied his waggish companion, "for you can't please any."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

To the weary, broken-hearted,
Come the angels from above,
Breathing hope and consolation,
In the fallow of their love.
Winning something from the sorrow
That surrounds us here with gloom;
Adding something to the sunshine
When we look beyond the tomb.
Blessed spirits, they were mortal
Like ourselves, and can discern
How our feet are prone to wander,
How to sinfulness we turn;
And with love that never ceases,
While these lower vales are trod,
All unconsciously they lead us
To the shining throne of God.

The Lecture Room.

Spiritualism—What Does It Mean?

A Lecture by Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH, before the Lyceum Society of Spiritualism, in Lyceum Hall, Boston, Sunday, May 24, 1903.

(Photographically Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT, by J. M. W. YANTRON.)

INVOCATION.
—Oh thou, whose life and light pervade all things—Spirit of every soul, pervading the thoughts and mind of the universe—we approach thee with thankfulness and praise. Our hearts' devotion, like the cadence of song, swell up to thee in untold numbers, and we praise thee for life and immortality; praise thee for every perfect form, for all beings in nature, for the world, and the countless stars that fill all space; praise thee for that unseen presence which is life and being within and around us; for that palpable power which guides us on, and marks out the track of the Infinite soul; praise thee for the bounties of thy love and the all-pervading presence of thy wisdom; praise thee for comfort in affliction, for every joy and every sorrow—for thy hand hath carved out the destiny of every soul, and we bless thee even in our grief. Oh, Spirit of Life, whose untold powers fill the universe with majesty and harmony, thou, who, within the human spirit endows the soul with thought and aspiration toward immortal life—thou whose life is countless worlds fills up the heaven with melody and light; thou whose being, like a divine presence, stays us in every sorrow, and bears up, on the bosom of thy hope, our fears and our despair, receive the praises of thy children. They come to thee with many offerings, some with words of praise, that thy spirit hears not and does not understand. Some with songs of melody and glad thanksgiving, which ring out from many temples where thy children throng to worship thee. Some there are who come with prayers, with deepest benedictions from thy hand, and these know thy living spirit. Some come with hearts overladen with grief, sorrowing because they grope in darkness, and see not thy spirit, from whom Death has taken dearly-loved ones, and they know not and dream not of immortality. Oh, let the veil be rent in twain! From out the darkness of the tomb, let a voice speak, that they may weep no more, and that their spirits may drink in the glad consciousness of immortal life; and from thy voice within the soul, let them know forever that thou art God! Spirit of every spirit, and life of all life, let thy utterances be of truth, for thy soul is living truth! Let us praise thee by our thoughts, and let thy children worship thee in deeds of kindness to thy fellow beings; and thus may we know that thy soul, like the glad sunshine, flows around all hearts, and bears them onward forever and forever. Amen.

The Subject of the discourse on this occasion, as announced last Sunday, is "Spiritualism—What Does It Mean?"

The world employs, at various times, terms which are more or less comprehended than the word "Deity," which is applied to every form of gods that men worship. This is somewhat the case with Spiritualism. The world speaks of "Spiritualism," and its meaning may differ as essentially from the true significance of the word as the idol of the Hindoo or the Allah of the Mohammedan differs from the true divine spirit of the Infinite, Spiritism—as it must be properly called—is a word or a term which may be explained to mean the science of a life, and yet it is not so understood. It is our purpose first to define what Spiritism is; then to define what it is understood to be; and, lastly, to define what, in the great conception of the world's mind, it shall be.

According to our understanding, everything that embodies spirit, everything that possesses life, is part of Spiritism. That which is the origin of spirit, called God, and that which is the receptacle of spirit, called man, must be united by some tie, and there must be in that tie some mutual process of understanding. In former times, this has been called inspiration; in later years, it has been known under various forms, and scientific explanations and terms; but in all ages, it is substantially the same. To the superficial comprehension of the present time, the appearance of electricity does to the superficial philosopher. We hear men speaking of "electricity." We hear it used to account for every singular phenomenon that occurs in the heavens or on earth. Modern philosophy calls everything "electricity," which it does not understand. So people use ambiguous terms in connection with Spiritualism, and everything which is extraneous, which is in its degree fanciful, which is superficial, which floats upon the surface of society, is called "Spiritualism." There are minds in every age and all societies, that, like the steam arising from a stagnant pool, rise always to give to the atmosphere the exhalations of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is a circle comprising infinity; all other powers are but subdivisions. As in mathematics, the various subdivisions are but portions of the whole, or the unit, which forms the solution of the problem, so with these conceptions of spirit which belong to the finite mind—may be but varieties or subdivisions of the great general whole. But there is something which has risen from that swampy and stagnant pool upon the surface of every new and popular faith which chances to appear; and these minds, divided into various classes, always form the bogies against which society must of necessity be fighting. There are other minds, that, like noxious plants, poisonous weeds, or serpents, or insects, seem especially created to absorb poisonous vapors, and issue them forth upon society. These minds attach themselves to every floating idea, to every lofty dream, and, if possible, bring it to the same level with their own conceptions. But this is not true with the loftiest conception of Spiritualism. In its proper significance, it implies simply the science of life and the science of mind—the power of understanding the relations of the finite to the infinite. All intermediate stages are but portions of this great whole; all other comprehensions are outside of this, which is

WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM DONE?

NUMBER TWO.

The trials and disappointments that we meet with in our journey through life are as important in their influences as many of the more agreeable and pleasant scenes. It is in times of trial and suffering that we cast off some of the outer garments which bind us down to this world, and thus become more spiritual.

In a recent communication in reference to the introduction of modern Spiritualism, my friend remarked that there was considerable discussion among intelligent spirits as to the propriety of doing it at this time. It was well known that at various periods there had been efforts made to introduce the manifestations, and most of the phenomena had been more or less common, but in every instance difficulties had arisen, and much suffering had resulted to those who had been developed as mediums because they were ignorant of the laws and principles that were at work in it, and the world was still more ignorant. It was wisely remarked in this debate that the difficulties which arose were entirely attributable to the meeting of discordant elements from both spheres. If the harmonious and well regulated influences from our sphere can be brought to not upon the discordant elements of earth life, though there may be some conflict, the result will be beneficial. On the other hand, if the discordant elements of this sphere are brought into contact with those of earth life that are harmonious, but little and temporary inconvenience will result to the latter, while the former will be much benefited. But when the discordant elements of both sides meet, it often causes much suffering, and in the present ignorance in regard to such things, but little can be done to remove the evil. It was, however, decided to make the experiment, and the success which has attended it has thus far overbalanced any evils that have resulted from it.

Let me give your readers an illustration of what Spiritualism has done in one case, and it will prove the old saying, that truth is often more wonderful than fiction.

In the year 1834 a young gentleman left his wife, and a daughter about three months old, and went to England. When this child arrived at the age of three years, her mother died, and information was sent to the father that his wife and child were both deceased. He remained in Europe several years, and then returned and settled in the interior of this State. The daughter grew up entirely ignorant of her father. At the age of fourteen the daughter was in a trance, and saw her mother, and she told her that she had a father living, but she could not find him yet. At the age of seventeen she married, and at the age of twenty-six she had a severe attack of illness, and was then developed as a medium, and her mother appeared to her, and told her where her father was living, and urged her to visit the place and see him. She did so, and on calling at his house, she asked him whether he remembered that he had a daughter living. He replied, "No." She asked him if he did not leave a little girl at a certain place in 1834. "Yes," he said, and at once recognized her from the resemblance to her mother.

The part of my story that is to come is not so pleasant. This lady was very rapidly developed as a medium, gave wonderful tests, and was engaged at it much of the time. Some injudicious friends advised her to hold a public circle—quite a large number assembled. She was entranced, and gave very satisfactory communications; but when ten o'clock came, and the company left, she was in a sad condition. With a wild and vacant stare, she answered only in monosyllables some of the questions put to her, and for nine days was continually repeating some unmeaning word, or sentence day and night. Several physicians who saw her thought it would be necessary to place her in an asylum for the insane, but patience and kindness on the part of her friends enabled her to come from under the influence, and now with the dear purchased experience of great suffering, she has learned that mixed influences will often bring discordant feelings to mediums, especially in the early stages of their development, and there are few persons who are not made to suffer at times from these conditions. It is very counseling to find that many physicians in the present day have become so far familiar with phenomena of trance and other forms of mediumship, that these poor victims are not always compelled to suffer the additional torture of barbarous medical treatment.

I called on a medium a short time since with a gentleman. She said: "I can never sit with more than one person at a time. I cannot bear the cross influences of two persons." I saw the philosophy of it, and withdrew.

In all ages of the world, mediums have suffered both from their own ignorance, and that of those around them, of the conditions that were proper and favorable for them. But it is gratifying to know that we are rapidly acquiring more knowledge of these conditions, and as there are compelled with, not only will mediums be more comfortable and happy, but much higher and better communications will be received.

Yours for true progress.

HENRY T. CHILDS, M. D.

634 Race street, Philadelphia, May, 1863.

Sentimentalism.

A sound body and a quiet mind does not indicate a rapid development of soul, for as the soul grows the body breaks and falls, and the philosophy of the mind becomes distracted and broken.

When pain, disease and death crowd heavily upon us, our love for this world seems almost lost.

Only that part of God which pertains to the well-being of the material world is yet virtually acknowledged to be good, so all has been called evil and antagonistic to God that pertains to physical dissolution.

All that is called evil, as well as all that is called good, must exist in God, if God be infinite.

Faith in the goodness of God must recognize all evil as a means of use, created for a wise end.

Health and disease are subordinate to real life. Physical life is but a breath of real life.

The ends of life do not begin or terminate in matter. Disease and death, and all that is called evil, are only properties of matter, and have no influence upon life.

A. B. C.

President Lincoln to the English.

The Emancipation Society of England having forwarded an address to the President, on the character of the struggle in which our country is at present engaged, the latter has directed the Secretary of State to reply on his behalf, which he has well done in the following language:

"Circumstances which neither this Government nor that of Great Britain created or could control have rendered it unavoidable that the causes, character, tendency and objects of the insurrection should be discussed in that country with scarcely less freedom and impartiality than in our own. The results of that discussion, if it shall continue to be conducted in a just and impartial spirit, may be taken as forecasting in some degree the ultimate judgment of mankind. It is, therefore, with sincere satisfaction that the President learns from the proceedings now under consideration that a large, respectable and intelligent portion of the British people have on unprompted investigation arrived at the conclusion that the existing rebellion violated the principles of political justice, and that they protest against it as a wrong to the human race, because it seeks to displace a government which is based on the rights of man, to make room for the establishment of another which is to rest upon human bondage as its corner stone."

Never concede in a young man; new paths lead. Never tell your secrets to the aged; old doors seldom shut closely.

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1863.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

Room No. 3, Up Stairs.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LUTHER COLLEY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will stop into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to—"

"Wade through slaughter to a throne
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!"

but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be but a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wide billows of the Atlantic westward to the colour waters of the Pacific, and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

To Such as Understand.

There are some of our friends who seek to criticize the temper of the BANNER, holding that it is not radical and daring enough for the times in all respects—meaning merely for the times when they read and are recklessly radical. Because tempests blow, may we not speak of them as if something else must be going on in the world beside hurricanes and storms? We are perfectly willing that our friends should offer criticism—we are very glad to have them; but they may discover to their cost that they have taken their view when the pendulum had swung to the one extreme of the arc, and that others have done the same when it had reached just the opposite extreme of the same arc; whereas, in order to understand anything like what is meant by all this oscillation to and fro, the true point of vision is where the pendulum would hang, if it were at rest.

It is not becoming, either in an individual or a journal, to be always explaining itself. It is a clear waste of time and power. If a deed or a course of conduct has any sort of significance or influence, it will best tell of itself. Explanations are like bilsters and postures, calculated to draw to the surface what might not be visible otherwise. Apologies are merely confessions of ignorance and wrong motives. The true course for a paper or a man to pursue, is to let character publish itself, and not to spend time and energy in doing the publishing for it.

Our radicalism aims to be conservative—our conservatism to be radical. Each is the natural half and twin of the other. A man all radical, is like the little pith witches, shod with lead, which boys play with; place him on the light end, and he is all the while throwing somersaults. The conservative is the same witch, set up on the leaden end—he never moves at all. Radicalism simply means—going to the root of things. We aim to do that, in respect of all matters, religious and social. Conservatism, however, looks around to see how the knowledge thus acquired by radicalism, may be best brought to bear on men and things as they are. That is just the difference between them. We could no more live on the former than we could sop up off chola lightning; nor could we exist healthily and happily with nothing but the latter, any better than we could breathe freely under water. When our conservative friends would have us less radical, they simply confess that their own forces are becoming clogged, and need a new opening and relief, when our radical friends would have us less conservative, they admit that they are living on their nerves altogether too much, and should stop and try to live even while they progress.

This view, or principle of forming judgments, is not a weak vacillation—a perpetual indecision, and an unwillingness to make up one's mind. It is rather an open and proper refusal to say that in this infant school of life, what one man apprehends and perceives contains all the truth, and what another apprehends and perceives contains nothing but error. We do not believe God has so arranged and adjusted affairs, either in this sphere or in any other. If we can look at ourselves just as we are—beginners in the vast field of spiritual learning, children at their alphabet, observers and comparers, pleased with our quick judgments to-day, and as ready to throw them away to-morrow—we should get a much truer idea of what is meant by the two opposing forces of radicalism and conservatism. They are but centrifugal and centrifugal, acting and reacting on one another. Take away one, and we fly off in a wild tangent; or the other, and we shrink to the dimensions of a thought which has no inherent power of propulsion.

We hold it to be a vainly not capable of being defended, for any one, because he has got a little more light than he had, either to claim that he is himself the sun, or that everybody who will not admit it must be blind. Such notions have nothing to do with the discovery of truth—they merely betray the weak and dependent condition of our common nature. We are never disposed to find fault with them, nor even to criticize them harshly; for we know that they are ordinary manifestations of the progress which those who hold them are making toward higher and still higher ground. It is a fact in human experience, that the more illuminated and wise an individual becomes, the more humble he grows in view of the infinity which is yet to be known.

What the War Does.

We said, some time since, that the war was not wholly evil, and cited several important inventions—especially such as enabled us to get around the present scarcity and high cost of cotton—to prove it. Paper became high, and a man—Mr. L. W. Wright—comes forward with a new process for making it as cheap as formerly, out of common straw; the secret being simply in taking the silica, or sand property, out of the stems of the straw, and leaving only the purely vegetable and fibrous matter for the pulp for paper. The same gentleman has come out now with a startling invention, something that is to make cotton cloth just as plentiful and cheap—if not even more so—than it was before. From flax? we are asked. Not at all. From a plant that grows out of the ground, however, just as cotton and hemp do. Reader, what do you give it? Nothing but the common Mexican and South American Cactus, a plant that grows and will grow everywhere, as plentifully as sweet fern and mullein and sumac in our own pastures.

The papers speak of this latest matter as the most wonderful yet. The cactus plant grows six or eight feet high, and produces great leathery leaves, from which the fibre, or fibrilla, is procured—three leaves giving a pound—which works with the same facility as cotton fibre cloth. It has been hitherto used for making ropes, but the thought of converting it into good cloth never before entered the inventive brain of man until this present searcher into Nature's secrets discovered the hidden charm for doing it. The cost of producing the desired fibre from the leaf of this plant is but a trifle above the simple cost of freight. Mr. Wright has put in operation a machine for producing the fibre from the leaf with astonishingly little trouble, and doing this half what the machine in use has cost before. The fibre thus produced is converted

by him, at a trifling expense, into a beautiful silky staple, which is capable of clothing as all as comfortably as we could wish. The enterprising men of New York are becoming interested in this most important matter, and it is said that a movement will soon be made that will compel King Cotton to abdicate altogether. Anything to make cloth cheap and plentiful, and break down laboring monopolies of wool, be it accurate. The slave will certainly be free, when he ceases to command a thousand and fifty hundred dollars for the plantation.

Temperance.

We know not why it is, but human nature has such a tendency to partial views, to one-sided appropriations of a principle. Hobby-riding is a favorite pastime of the age. Now we reverence temperance as one of the loftiest virtues, but we would have a general application of its uses, in place of the fervent, all-absorbing homage rendered unto a portion of its requirements; we would behold the calm and serene judgment yielding all its appetites to the supreme rule of temperance. Many abstain from intoxicating beverages, who gorge themselves to repletion with food no less injurious; other stimulating drinks are substituted for alcoholic and milk temptations. Coffee is made so strong as to infuriate with a flow of brilliant nonsense, that too often passes current for wit and eloquence. Who has not witnessed the loosening of tongues, the sharp abashing, the adroit introduction of scandal, the eager avidity of gossip that followed upon a copious supply of the aromatic "pop that cheers?" It seems to bring out all the little hidden envies and malices, and petty jealousies, the concealed enmities and hoarded spite that agitate the female bosom.

Tea is the great revelator of secrets; the inspirer of sudden confessions often rued as soon as made. It gives a factitious strength, and imparts a flickering energy. Surely these are the properties of those stronger potions against whose mischievous the temperance banner is upraised? Then what temperance there is in eating! What stores of indigestible, unwholesome food the stomach is compelled to receive at the mandate of a vitiated taste. We swallow grease and melted butter, as if the inner machinery stood in need of a constant oiling; we concoct messes that would as soon be digested as a savage; and bring together impossible combinations, as in our mince pies, to prove the inventive faculty, and the ostrich powers of the human stomach.

Persons who would shrink in holy horror from a proffered glass of home-made current wine or cider, cram themselves, without one twinge of conscience, with the richest cake, the greatest abundance and variety of candies. Man, as well as women love to lunch, and compel that poor protesting stomach to do double and triple duty. Night, and not light suppers at twelve o'clock, are not at all discarded by temperance people; the cake basket, ice cream, and candy refreshments, are yet in vogue at evening visits. Children are still soothed when fretful by an extra sugar-plum; and the ill humor attendant upon outraged nature's physical laws is quieted, not by gentle words and modest diet, but by another slice of pound cake, and an additional saucer of preserves. It is a wonder that more children do not die annually from over feeding, or poisoning with green pickles; that no more plethoric men depart with apoplexy, and call it by its right name—gluttony.

But the province of temperance stops not here. Are we moderate in our speech and bearing toward those whom unequal fortune has made our dependents? Are we temperate in our use of language toward the erring, the fallen, the scorned outcasts of a bitter world? Are we as gentle and obliging at home as we seem abroad? Do we obey the Divine injunctions of Justice with regard to our bodies, these temples of the indwelling soul? Are we temperate in our use of sleep, of labor, of recreation, of study? Or do we deprive the poor jaded frames of its needful rest? the brain of its required repose? Do we hurry and drive recklessly on in the chase for property, forgetting the duties we owe to ourselves, of quiet, relaxation and home comfort? Do we generate these diseases as we should, or tax them to their uttermost? Are we the votaries of temperance only in the one direction, or the earnest disciples of wisdom in all things? Shall we fashion our lives by some one-sided standard, or mold it day by day to the glorious shape of harmony, the image of a kingly spirit? Then let us be temperate in all things.

Plain Guide to Spiritualism, now Ready.

The Plain Guide to Spiritualism is just out, and our patrons are being served at a rate promising an unprecedented popularity for the book. Its contents are so varied, extensive, and attractive, its topics so numerous, important, and interesting, nothing short of a careful and thorough perusal can do it justice or give the reader an accurate estimate of the volume.

We have many valuable works on different branches of Spiritualism, and Spiritualism in general, but this book is a summing up of the whole, dealing not only with the phenomena, but with the practical details and principles involved, yet without any useless controversy on abstract theories, or dogmas. It meets the great demand for something like a text-book or reference book for believers and unbelievers, and affords a reliable compend of the most important issues identified with the gospel of progress. Spiritualists will find it just the book needed, not only by themselves, but by their skeptical and inquiring friends and neighbors; for it furnishes them with means to meet all the doubts, objections, theories, prejudices, misrepresentations and slanders adduced against Spiritualism.

The author claims no authority to erect standards, yet he has succeeded in presenting a digest exceedingly fair and impartial, and the work cannot fail in producing harmony among those entertaining the most diverse sentiments. Though it is called a Plain Guide, its tone is deep, earnest and inspiring, and its style chaste, elevated and eloquent, frequently rising into the sublime, with numerous passages stirring the deepest thoughts and emotions. Spiritual laborers, whether in public, or private, lecturers, reformers and mediums, will regard this volume an invaluable friend and aid.

The harmony between ancient and modern Spiritualism is presented with an overwhelming array of evidences and illustrations, and the phenomena are stated in a manner to challenge skepticism. Such an array of facts as we find marshaled in the second chapter, was never before crowded within a compass so compact.

The book, however, is not one of facts or theories alone, but deals with the most momentous questions touching the Spiritual belief—ethics, philosophy, religion, reform, theology, the church, state, society, lectures, mediums, circles, conferences, Sunday-schools, organizations, ordinances, the true life, and in the name of celestial communion, it makes deep and earnest appeals which cannot fail to move the hearts and improve the lives of all appreciative readers, affording encouragement, hopes and consolations adapted to every condition of human life.

Reader, if you want the book which we believe will interest and benefit you and your friends most, send for the Plain Guide to Spiritualism.

An Index at the end of the book will aid the reader in readily turning to any subject desired.

Published and for sale by William White & Co., 158 Washington street, Boston.

Warren Chase will attend the Convention at Lockport, N. Y., on the 14th inst., and go from there to Chardon, Ohio.

Prof. William Denton in Lyceum Hall.

This distinguished lecturer on Geology and Spiritualism occupied the platform of the Lyceum Society of Spiritualists, in this city, on Sunday, May 31st, and gave two addresses, which, for their style of diction, and value as lessons of instruction, are rarely surpassed. Prof. Denton is well known throughout this country and the Provinces, and also in Europe, as a practical Geologist and lecturer on that science, but we hardly think our Spiritualist friends are aware what an able and earnest advocate he is of our beautiful philosophy. The ranker aptitudes can hardly keep the shells from his eloquent and truth-telling battery from penetrating the thick casing of materialism and bigotry which surround their souls, and letting in rays of light which will ultimately illumine the whole inner temple;—and the firm believer, who has rested his hope and faith upon the actual knowledge of what he believes, finds soul-cheering consolation and encouragement in the sound reasoning and philosophical argument of the Professor, deduced from Nature, science and actual knowledge.

Without attempting to give a report of the lectures, we will content ourselves, in the crowded state of our columns, with an allusion to some of the leading points of one of his discourses.

His theme in the afternoon was Progress. He commenced his illustrations of the progress of Nature with the trifling thing that floats in the air, to the scorn that is trod into the earth, and finally becomes the mightiest king of the forest. He then traced the growth of the child, through its progressive development to manhood, till he became a philosopher, and master of all the arts and sciences, a constant discoverer of new and unexplored fields where fresh stores of knowledge are attained, till he becomes master of every thing, animate and inanimate, and subdues them to his will. Before the march of civilized man, forests fall and give place to verdant fields, teeming with all the luxuries the daintiest could desire; the rough, unshapen mass of granite rock is converted into the most beautiful dwellings; the great oaks are made to stand upon every sea; he delves into the earth, and brings forth the rich minerals and ores, and converts them to useful purposes; the elements are subjected to his control and use, thus proving that man is the noblest and grandest specimen of the creation of Deity, and that, as he has ever progressed, so will he continue to progress through the never-ending ages of eternity, be coming more perfect, more pure, more Godlike. Progression is the law of Nature.

The speaker went back to the time when this earth was but a sea of rolling, seething lava, and following it up through the cooling process and the formation of the crust, till it was a wilderness of rock, with no living thing upon its surface. Then the atmosphere began to moisten it with rains, until it covered more than half its surface. Through all these millions of years no living thing existed. After ages more had passed, animal life is seen, and ages more, fishes began to swim the waters, and so on, he traced the process of earth's creation, till the grass and plants began to grow upon the face of the earth, and the reptiles to float upon the water and crawl upon the land, till he came to the age of vegetation; and thousands of years back of Adam and Eve he finds the first specimen of man—and a poor specimen he was, too—for it took him to make the feeblest, thinking man, as we find him to-day. This idea of going back of Adam to find the first man, he said, might shatter some of our early notions and teachings as to the first formation of man. But the recent archaeological discoveries made in Switzerland, in Germany, in Great Britain, and in our own country, prove the fact that man did exist prior to the biblical Adam's time, and show that where history ends archaeology begins. It also proves that the iron age existed back of the age of history, and the age of copper back of the age of stone, where geology takes up man.

He showed conclusively that everything was gradually unfolding and developing, and that instead of going backward, as some have asserted, the world was continually progressing.

He traced on the religious element in man's nature, from the time when he worshiped beetles and reptiles, to the Christian era. Judaism had had its day, and then gave place to something better—something more in harmony with the progressed mind of the age. Christianity has its day, but will have to give place for something still better. It must give way for the growing demands of Nature and the advanced minds of the day.

In his remarks upon the religious element of the world he made some very happy and brilliant points, and closed with a most eloquent and touching allusion to his spiritual belief, the immortality of the soul, and positive knowledge of the existence of spirits and their ability to return and communicate with their earth friends.

His evening lecture was of a general and practical nature, and cannot but be instructing and improving every one who listened to it.

There was a general desire expressed by the audience to hear Mr. Denton again, if his services can be obtained.

Horse Cars—A Suggestion.

Since the plan of building horse railroads in every town street, and along every suburban roadside has come into vogue, it ought, because it will, very soon be the custom for working men of every calling and profession, even in the smaller towns and cities, to build their houses away from the crowd and noise, and each secure a home in the sweet and open country. All the advantages of associated living could then be just as well secured as they now are in the cities, while the families of such persons would speedily reap the benefit in an improved tone of health and spirits. We hope that horse railroad companies will soon be organized in every considerable town and city of the country, radiating outwardly wherever the desirable building sites for such as choose more instead of less room. Of course such roads would have to connect town with town, in order to become remunerative; but in doing this, they would furnish men of the most modest means a chance to purchase and own a rural home, where he could find the real rest and refreshment which his mind and body desire. There is not a town or city of any size in the land but could act on the suggestion, the loss of taxes being considered, too.

The France.

A writer in the "Commonwealth" newspaper is going over the worn-out old grounds again in his fancied explanation of the trance condition of mediums. The most he proves, in his articles, is that he has such a prejudice against the topic that he will not candidly investigate it. Better critics than he have found out that abuse, or pretended disgust, did not reach the merits of the case, and have wisely concluded to leave off that part of their argument. We cordially invite the Commonwealth writer to come into our regular circles, on the afternoons when they are held, and see for himself—what he confesses very clearly he has never seen yet. It would open his spiritual vision to witness the ordinary manifestations of spirits through our medium, and he would find his heart softened and improved by what he heard. His disgust would give place to very different feelings, and his articles against Spiritualism would undergo a change that would astonish even himself.

"Is there Necessity for Suffering?" This subject was treated upon at our circle recently, by a spirit, with much ability. The reader will find a report on our sixth page.

Through Philadelphia.

All our readers have, of course, long ago heard of what the ladies of Philadelphia have been doing—of the tens of thousands of brave troops who have passed through that beautiful city since the war began. The numbers they have caused to be fed and refreshed at their beautiful board of collation, we should not deem unduly to tell. Not a regiment but carries away with them a most grateful recollection of the generous favor done them at the instigation of the Philadelphia fair ones. The 11th Massachusetts Battery friends of that city, who treated them so cordially both on going South and recently returning. They could not have been better used at home. One of their number was wounded and sick, on the return, and he was nursed and cared for by the Philadelphia with just as much tenderness as if he had reached his own welcome door. None of the members of the Battery will soon forget the most timely services there done them all. A good and kind deed at the right time is twice precious. We hope they will live to feel as if an opportunity had been offered them to return the favors done them, principal and interest.

French Politics.

We may expect to hear interesting intelligence from France by the next arrival. The Democratic element in politics has taken courage of late, seeing what has been done so successfully in Italy and Prussia, and what is attempted in Poland, and the probability is that the election which was to occur on the 1st of May and the 2nd of June, will return to Parliament new members enough of the liberal and anti-imperial persuasion to master an opposition of some twenty members to the Government. It is a curious tangle Napoleon is in to-day. Ceding the right of free elections, nominally at least, to the people, he finds himself threatened with the curtailment of his power. Entering on the new conquest of Mexico with England and Spain, both have left him in the lurch. In the Polish troubles he is committed to the cause of that brave people beyond recovery, while England has actually managed to keep out of the case. Austria has withdrawn from the proposed alliance, and Prussia will undoubtedly side with Russia. Napoleon's star is in a mist.

Needless Denial.

The daily journals of last week contained a telegraphic denial of the story which was circulated in the Gazette, and one or two other papers, concerning a spiritual circle at the President's house at Washington. It was stated by us at the time to be a very questionable story, and we did not place any confidence in it ourselves, or ask others to. This attempting to ridicule spiritual circles in the way that was done, and afterwards being obliged to deny that such circles were ever held at the Presidential mansion, shows conclusively what anxious mendacious politicians resort to in order to effect their selfish purposes. Now that the President is formally cleared of suspicion of having had anything to do with such a sham affair as described, we hope he will go and sit with a medium in downright earnest, and receive all the benefit it will be certain to offer him.

Announcements.

Mr. A. E. Newton will speak in Lyceum Hall, in this city, on Sunday, June 14th, afternoon and evening. His subject in the afternoon will be "The work before us," and in the evening, "The Church of the Future."

Miss Emma Hardinge lectures in Portland during this month. She is meeting with great success there, we are informed.

J. H. W. Tooley will lecture at Chilcopee next Sunday. And he wishes to say to those who have written him from Central New York about getting up Spiritual Conventions during June and July, that engagements and personal matters East will prevent him from attending to or joining such meetings at present.

The author of the "Plain Guide to Spiritualism," Uriah Clark, now released from the labor of bringing out his book, is prepared to resume his lectures, and will remain in New England awhile. Those who need his efficient services, will address him immediately at the BANNER office.

Organizations.

Spiritualists talk of organizations similar to the creeds, in various parts of the country. It is a mistaken idea. The Spiritual Philosophy must not be cramped by organization. It is a universal religion, with science for its corner-stone, and its platform is illimitable. We invite all, no matter what their privileges may have been, or are, to come and drink at the living fountain of eternal truth, without let or hindrance. When they have once partaken, we have no fears that they will recant, if they join our ranks with no selfish purpose in view.

Picnic at Abington Grove.

In consequence of our suggestion recently, and at the solicitation of many Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, Dr. H. F. Gardner has consented to get up a Grand Picnic Excursion to Abington Grove—one of the most lovely rural spots in New England. It will probably come off on the 24th inst., weather permitting. Full particulars in our next issue.

The Future of America.

A discourse by Theodore Parker (through the instrumentality of Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch), delivered at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday, May 10th, 1863, will be mailed by us on the receipt of five cents. This discourse was photographically reported, and occupies over five columns of the BANNER. Those who heard the lecture, pronounce it characteristic of Mr. Parker, and very appropriate for the present time.

Home's Book.

Is selling rapidly. The friends of the BANNER who have not already ordered this interesting work, should send direct to us, instead of purchasing elsewhere.

Notes.

We are requested to state that Dr. J. B. Newice will close his engagements in this city on Saturday, 13th inst.

The Life of President Lincoln, published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and entitled, *The Pioneer Boy, and How he became President*, has reached its Third Thousand in the short time it has been published. Below we give a copy of a letter, received by the author from the son of the President, who is now in Harvard University.

BY MR. THOMAS: Dear Sir—I received your copy since, a copy of the "Pioneer Boy" for which I wish to return my thanks. I am very much pleased with the book as an interesting story; and I find it reading it, many things are recalled which I had forgotten. You have been singularly successful in avoiding errors, as I find I have, at some time, heard nearly everything you narrate from a reliable source. With the best wishes for its success, I remain, Yours very truly, ROBERT T. LINCOLN.

SPRITUALISM—WHAT DOES IT MEAN?—We publish on the third page of this week's BANNER, Mrs. C. L. V. Hatch's fine lecture on the above theme, delivered in this city on the last Sabbath of last week's engagement.

Attention is called to the Chicago Harmony and Healing Institute, advertised in another column.

Aiken. [Induced. I am very happy to see you. I don't see me. You see the little machine. I happened to know that old lady's man very well, and she trotted him over the road a good many times. [The Tom Aiken was a stage-driver.] Yes, that's my companion, or was when I was here.

Tom. This is the first time I've spoken at this place although I've communicated, or tried to, at home.

[Dr. Smith enters. He does not know of this individual's death, and he comes and tells me of it.]

Dr. Smith. I don't know it. Where a better fight is known about to this myself? Where's your brother Jack? [Here, in town.] He is a happy man.

Well, about this poor woman here.

New Books.

A NEW BOOK.

PULMONARY CONSUMPTION,
THAT

TABLE 1

FATAL DESTROYER OF MAN!

173

CURABILITY DEMONSTRATED ON NATURAL PRINCIPLES ALONE.

COMBINING

**Medicated Air, Medicated Inhalation,
AND NATURAL HYGIENE.**

BY ANDREW STONE, M. D.,
Inventor of the Pulmonator, or Tester of the Vital Capacity;
Author of the Thermal or Cool System of Medicated
Inhalation; and Physician to the Troy
Lung and Hygienic Institute.

"The lungs are breathing or respiratory organs, and, as the blood, the brain, and nervous system is contaminated and diseased through them, by mephitic or poisoned air, so also can the lungs be purified and renovated by successfully administering through the same medium."—*ARVUS.*

— "He studied from the life,
And in the original person masked."—*AMATEUR.*

"While the sufferings and the untimely end of the consumptive are hidden beneath the pleasures of fashionable life, the cough of sickness and the premature grave will not wait for tenants from the ranks of youth and beauty."

ILLUSTRATED WITH PLATE.

Contents :

Portraits of the Author.
Title Page.
The Pulmometer.
Preliminary Remarks.
Form of Report.
Motives for Adopting Pulmonary and Chest Diseases as a specialty.
P. I.monary Consumption.
Authority and Testimony of the Perfect Curability of Pulmonary Consumption.
Symptoms of Tubercular Consumption.
What is Tubercular Consumption?
Causes of Tubercular Consumption.
Heat and Light next in Importance to Pure Air for the Sustaining of our Physical Existence.
Light essential to the Maintenance of Perfect Health; &c.
Light can be no more a Great Cause for Tubercular Consumption.
Catarrh, or Cold, a certain precursor of Pulmonary Consumption.
Causes of Catarrh. Tendency and Dangers of Catarrh.
Practical Remarks on Catarrh. Bad Health from Catarrh.

Exploring the Chest, and Determining the Incident Stages of Tubercular Consumption, especially by the Author's Pulmometer, or Lung Tester.

Scrofula, the Foundation and Cause of Tubercular Consumption.

Diphtheria and Plastic Bronchitis.

Treatment of Diphtheria and Plastic Bronchitis.

Bronchitis.

Treatment of the Acute Stage of Bronchitis.

Chronic Bronchitis.

Asthma, or Symantic Difficulty of Breathing.

Treatment of Asthma.

Hay Asthma.

Tubercular Disease of the Kidneys—Bright's and Addison's Disease of the Kidneys—Atrypia, or Morbus Wasting of the Kidneys, and other Diseases of the Kidneys

Tapeworm—Pine Solium—its Intimate Association with Tubercular and Scrofulous Constitutions.

Disease of the Heart, Organic and Functional.

Laryngitis, or Acute Inflammation of the Larynx.

Chronic Laryngitis.

Treatment.

Diagnosis peculiar to Females.

Practical Remarks.

Marsasmus, or a Consumption of the Tissues and Vital Fluids of the Body. Self-Annihilation, or Sacrifice on the Altar of Passion, the Cause for the Early Physical Degeneracy of the American People.

Of the Treatment and Cure of Consumption.

The Manner of Administering Medicines by Inhalation.

Mode of Inhalation of the Cool Medicated Vapors.

Change of Climate Unnecessary and Highly Injurious.

Exercise in the Open Air becomes highly essential to the Cure of Tubercular Consumption.

Treatment of Consumption by External Application to the

— Blis.

The Chest-Expander.
The Cure of Pulmonary Consumption by the Medicine of the Stomach.
The Dietary of the Consumptive.
Manner of Eating.
The Clothing of the Consumptive Invalid.
The Bleeding Apertures of the Consumptive Invalid—At the Throat.
The Abstinence and Basting of the Consumptive Invalid.
The Cure of Consumption in Infants and Children by the Inhalation of Medicinal Vapors.
Closing Address to Invalids and Consumptives.

For sale wholesale and retail at this office. Retail prices
\$8.00; postage free. April 18.

Dickens's Famous Novel!

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Complete in One Volume---312 Pages

PRICE, 25 CENTS, POSTAGE, 7 CENTS.

THIS IS ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR
WORKS OF THE AGE!

THE EDITION IS PRINTED ON FINE THICK PAPER
AND CONTAINS

FOUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS!

IT IS THE CHEAPEST BOOK
EVER PUBLISHED IN AMERICA

Send your orders to the "DANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON
MASS." of March 11

Most Popular Work of the Day

SIR E. BULWER LYTTON'S

STRANGE STORY I

THIS EXCEEDINGLY INTERESTING STORY
IS PUBLISHED IN ONE VOLUME
OF 386 PAGES,
Elegantly Printed, and Illustrated with
Steel Engravings.
Price, 25 Cents; Postage, 9 Cents.
ELEGANTLY BOUND IN CLOTH. HALF GILT.
PRICE, 50 CENTS; POSTAGE, 30 CENTS.

* This is one of the most interesting works of its world
renowned author, and will be read by Spiritualists and others
with great satisfaction.

We will mail the work to any part of the United States
receipt of the price and postage. Address

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
Jan. 10. '17 128 Washington Street, Boston.

GENERAL DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES
OF THE
SOCIETY OF THE LYCEUM CHURCH
OF SPIRITUALISTS,
WITH A PLAN OF ORGANIZATION.

Embracing the following subjects: Objects of the Society
—Articles of Belief Commonly Accepted as Truth
—Spiritualists—Sum of Spiritual Revelations Concerning the
State of the Soul in the World of Spirits—Of the Supreme

—Of the Board of Missions, General—of the Embassy Spiritualists.
—Of the Character of the Admonition of Spiritualists.
—Of Internal Management—Of Resources—Of Members.
—Designation of the Society.

The above is the title, and heads of the contents, of a very interesting and practical pamphlet, the first of the Committee on Organization, of the Society of Spiritualists of Boston. In a document which will interest Spiritualists all over our country.

For sale at this office. Price 5 cents; by mail 6 cents.
June 28. ar

NEW BOOKS!

INCIDENTS IN MY LIFE. By D. D. HOWE, the celebrated United States Minister to France. 12mo. 32 pages. **THE ARCANUM OF NATURE—Vol. 2.** By HUNTER TULLER. Price, \$1.00

LEGALIZED PROSTITUTION. By CHARLES B. WOODBURY, M. D. Price, 75 cents.

THE AMERICAN CRISIS; OR, TRUTH AND TRUTHFULNESS. By W. W. CHAMBERLAIN. Price, 30 cents.

The above, together with all the Spiritual and Liberal Publications, may always be had at publishers' prices at
BRIA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street,
M. Orders solicited. May 28.

