

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XIX.

(\$3.00 PER YEAR.)
In Advance.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

{SINGLE COPIES,
Eight Cents.}

NO. 14.

OUR LOVED ONES NEVER DIE.

BY BELLE BUSH.

They live! the loved companions of the heart,
Though hidden from our view,
And oft the blessings that their smiles impart,
Our faltering steps pursue.

We feel their presence as a living light
About our pathway shed;
And oft we hold, in watches of the night,
Communion with our dead.

Our dead! we call them so, forgetting
Our loved ones never die;
But live where love, no buried hopes regretting,
Looks on a cloudless sky.

They weave about our hearts a golden chain;
They beckon us with shining hands to come,
Unfettered, across death's dusky plane,
And give us promise of a brighter home.

They whisper peace to us, when grief and pain
Call the wild tempest of our passions forth;
They sing to us a sweetly soothing strain,
And teach us lessons of divinest worth.

We're ne'er alone. In sorrow's darkest hour
They walk with us and whisper loving words,
That drop into our hearts with soothing power,
Waking to music its most alluring chords.

There is no winter in their friendship dear;
No dreary Autumn to our hearts they bring;
Though flowers of Summer fade and wither here,
Their love knows only a perpetual Spring.

It buds and blossoms on the tree of life,
And heavenly zephyrs bear its breath away,
To where we wander on the shores of strife,
And we look up and greet the perfumed day.

They walk with us—the loved of other days—
Unseen, it may be, by our mortal sight;
They tread the airy paths where morning strays,
And talk with us in dreams by day and night.

Why should we droop, then, 'neath our load of
care,
Or falter in the path we're called to tread?
Have we not strength the martyr's cross to bear?
With such high fellowship what need we dread?

Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, Warren Co., N. J.

Original Essays.

WHAT DO WE LIVE FOR?

BY H. CLAY PREUSS.

Our answer to this all-important question is,
that the primary object of human life is the growth
and development of the soul.

We believe that the soul is a germ, born originally of God, and planted in this hard, rough soil of the flesh, in order that it may grow into a perfect likeness of its Divine Father; that it is a spark struck from the Central Sun of the universe, and ever gravitating back to the centre whence it radiated. We believe that the soul was placed in this material body to individualize itself—to become a distinct, living, immortal identity; that here, upon this rudimentary sphere of existence, it commences that process of growth and development which is to continue, until it reaches the full stature of its angelhood, and shall then be prepared for a perfect reunion with its Divine Father, which is expressed in Scriptural language as the "Kingdom of Heaven." We believe that this growth and development of the soul is effected by awakening its consciousness—that the entire process of our life is a continual awakening of the Divine Elements within us, even as the new-born infant, when it first opens its baby-eyes, drinks, in those tiny orbs, object after object of the grand panorama of the universe. We believe that this consciousness can be developed only by action and reaction—by the continual contrasts of light and shade, sunshine and storm, pleasure and pain; that our mortal life upon this earth, with all its deep, rich, solemn experiences of good and evil, weal and woe, is absolutely necessary to enable the soul to develop the germ of its divine attributes, and lay the foundation of its future immortal life; just as the delicate seed of the flower must be beneath the cold, hard winter's sod—must, in its external shell, or body, decompose, rot and die, before its vital principle can blossom out in beauty above the sod.

We have said that the soul develops by awakening its consciousness. The entire plan of creation, beginning from the grossest form of the mineral kingdom, is evidently based upon a system of grades, one above the other, and all culminating in man, the last crowning work of God—the epitome of creation, combining within his own nature all the elements below him; and forming the last connecting link between the world of matter and the world of spirit; and here the conclusion presses irresistibly upon our mind, that the entire machinery of creation is most admirably contrived in all its parts for the great leading purpose of individualizing the immortal human soul; and the unflinching index which marks each step in this process of individualization is consciousness. We commence at the base—the mineral kingdom—and we find no consciousness at all. We ascend to the next grade—the vegetable kingdom—and in the shrinking, sensitive plant, and other higher vegetable growths, we perceive a dim foreshadowing, a vague premonition of that consciousness which becomes fully revealed in the next, or animal kingdom; and here, consciousness, although pertaining mostly to gross animal sensations, yet through what are termed the "brute instincts," it indicates a still higher development, until it reaches the human grade, when it blossoms out in full bloom in man's moral, intellectual and spiritual nature.

Man commences, like the animal, with the de-

velopment of his animal consciousness. This consciousness is produced by sensations flowing in through the channels of his material body and its organs; these sensations are worked up by the brain, the organ of mind, into ideas; and here we have intellectual consciousness; these ideas pass finally into the spiritual organism, which lies back of the body—back of the brain—and here they germinate into spiritual consciousness; and this spiritual consciousness we recognize as the highest evidence of man's immortal nature. It is a question of serious doubt whether this higher spiritual consciousness is in reality ever suspended by sleep, disease, or the process of death. We believe that this suspension applies only to our animal consciousness and external memory; that our spiritual consciousness remains intact, and that after death it revives our external memory, with all the rich experiences of our earth-life photographed upon it; and that these experiences, when finally worked up and toned down by the will, by suffering, and by divine grace, will form the delicate shading, the soft, rich background of memory in the grand soul-painting, as it receives the finishing touch of the Divine Artist.

Having now, as we trust, demonstrated this great central principle of consciousness, we will inquire how this consciousness is developed. We have said that it is effected by action and reaction—by the continual contrasts of light and shade, good and evil, pleasure and pain. The brawny arm of the smith acquires its large volume and solidity of muscle by continual battling with the anvil. To realize the highest enjoyment of the palate, we must first suffer the pangs of hunger and thirst. A man was taken out of a dungeon after a long imprisonment, and could form no conception of the distance or even size of an object before him, until he compared it with other objects. We realize cold by the absence of heat; enjoy the light of day by contrast with the gloom of night; and thus, throughout the entire range of human experience, contrast is indispensable to the full development of our consciousness.

A close analysis of the entire structure both of the moral and material world, reveals an almost mathematical precision in the blending of the elements of harmony and discord, pleasure and pain. Every gate that lets in pleasure, opens also to pain. "Every rose has its thorn"; every object that we can desire has its tax; and most of us spend whole lives in the vain attempt to "dodge" the tax-collector. Medical science boasts of its modern triumphs; but almost every remedy is matched by a new disease. We regard with contempt the "old foggy" notions of our forefathers, and boast of our grand mechanical inventions; but those inventions cost a hecatomb of human victims every year. We wonder how the old-time people could live in mud huts, and breakfast on ale and cabbage, while the enervating habits of our "higher civilization" are eating like a cancer into our bodies and souls. Our bills of mortality show a decided improvement on the past—but how? In mere mechanical numbers—in the bulk, but not the quality of the article. In old times, when men and women were not healthy and vigorous, they sickened and died, and made an end of it; but now, by reason of enervating habits, infamous adulteration, climatic changes, atmospheric causes, combined with the growing skill of the doctor—the newly-discovered resources of Therapeutics, disease is continually running into chronic forms, until the world has become crowded with a class of humanity who only live to suffer—whose mongrel existence is a wretched cross between life and death!

In our exorbitant self-conceit, we imagine that it is only in our own time and generation that humanity has reached its highest bloom; but we stumble upon some old buried relic of a dead civilization, and we stand humbled and abashed at wondrous revelations of the "Lost Arts." "What is one man's meat is another man's poison." The world is a great wheel, whose tire is crowded with human flies; while some go up, others go down, and vice versa. A great nation, like the human organism, grows up, culminates into manhood, gets drunk with pride and power, babbles of immortality, and then disintegrates, drops into fragments, and passes off the stage of history. The past is strewn thick with dead nationalities, as the earth teems with human skeletons.

Now the plain solution to our mind of these perplexing problems, is the evident fact that this world was originally designed by its Creator as a sphere of discipline and development, and not of enjoyment and perfection. Were it perfected into a playhouse for pleasure, it would cease to subserve its original design as a workshop for spiritual growth. We were placed here, primarily, not to be happy, rich or famous, but simply to grow; and in order to attain the full measure of our moral, intellectual and spiritual manhood, we must be subjected more or less to a severe pruning process, which serves to top off the foul excrescences of morbid appetites and unhealthy passions that obstruct our normal development. Every human being has some particular kind of pruning-knife continually suspended over him: one has disease, another poverty, a third domestic affliction, and so on through the entire catalogue of human ills; and we may be assured that whenever any particular department of our nature is subjected to this "pruning process," there is some hidden excrescence—some secret cancer—to be eradicated in that department. One of the profoundest passages in Shakespeare is, "Our virtues would grow proud unless whipped by our vices." A grand moral truth is contained in the old mythological fable of Hercules wrestling with the giant. Every time the giant threw him, he borrowed new strength as he touched his mother, Earth. It is from the troughs of suffering and defeat that we eliminate the pure gold of wisdom and victory. Some of the golden seeds of adversity are to check extravagance, to rob indulgence, to impose self-discipline on our lower appetites, to counteract over-

weening pride and self-conceit, and without detracting from a manly dignity, to impress us with a just sense of dependence on our kind: to teach us the democracy of creation and the brotherhood of our race; to soften the asperities of our nature, and infuse into our hearts all the sweet humanities of life. I know the picture is too often reversed—that adversity, instead of developing, seems only to sour and deform our better nature; but yet the fault is with ourselves. The "golden uses" are there, if we will but seek them. The sun that paints the blush on the rose, "breeds maggots in a dead dog." Shall we select to be the rose, or the dead dog? And again: we should ever bear in mind the prophetic utterance of the poet:

"This infancy of being cannot prove
The final issue of the works of God."

What appears to us an ugly blot in the soul-painting here, may become finally transmuted into a soft, rich, beautiful background in the Hereafter. We build wiser than we know. This pretentious earth-life, what is it but the mere rough, outside scaffolding that shrouds the immortal structure within—"the house not made with hands"—and death only can pull down this scaffolding and reveal to us the glory that is veiled within!

Alexander Pope has written with as much truth as poetry:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul."

And it is the harmony of the individual part with the universal whole which, we claim (Paley and other moralists to the contrary notwithstanding), constitutes the highest standard of right, and the basic element of all moral science. Everything that exists has its appropriate uses which connect it with the universe of which it is a part. When a thing fulfills its proper use, it is in harmony with the universe, and right; when it is diverted from those uses, it is out of harmony with the universe, and wrong. In other words, good is synonymous with use and evil with abuse. It is evident to the analytic mind that there is not an appetite, passion, faculty, or element whatever in the entire composite nature of man, but what has its legitimate uses in the Divine Economy, and it is the perversion of those uses, or the indulgence of one at the sacrifice of others, which constitutes moral evil. Let us consider, for instance, the appetite for food; its use is not merely to gratify the sense of taste, but to nourish the body and sustain life. As long as we eat in strict obedience to those uses, the indulgence of a appetite is good and not evil. But when we eat to excess, merely to please the palate, and without regard to the other use, then the appetite becomes perverted, produces disease, and puts us out of harmony with the universe and its laws.

It is a cardinal error to confound restriction or antagonism with absolute evil. Fire, under certain restrictions, is an important element of comfort; remove those restrictions, and it becomes a devastating evil. Now, because it is necessary to restrict fire within certain limits, is fire, therefore, essentially evil? Again: oil and water are in direct antagonism, and refuse to affiliate, as many human beings do, of excellent but opposite characters; does this antagonism prove evil in either? On the contrary, are not both good, when applied to their appropriate uses? The same principle applies to the natural and moral, the material and spiritual elements in man's nature; both are evidently derived from the same infinitely good Creator; and their very antagonism, instead of proving evil in either, is evidently a means in the Divine Economy to bring into play the human will; it is the office of the will to harmonize this antagonism; and hence arises the grand problem of human development.

We utterly discard the doctrine of pure, absolute evil, as totally irreconcilable to reason, to the highest instincts of humanity, and the entire economy of creation. We regard evil merely as the negative of good, as cold is the negative of heat, and light of darkness. We believe that this continual contrast—this unceasing warfare between good and evil—serves to bring into play the human will, and to awaken our spiritual consciousness, and thus develop our immortal souls. We believe that all suffering for sin is but the growth-pains of the soul; that if the soul, by yielding to sin, becomes diseased and obstructed in its growth, it must suffer, either in this world or the world to come, before it can regain its normal, healthy condition. We recognize, in our inmost soul the awful presence of a Moral Universe, as perfect in all its organic parts as the solid earth on which we tread; that we can no more violate any God-ordained law of this moral universe, and escape the penalty, than we can thrust our physical hand into the fire and escape burning. We believe that a wrong done to our fellow man is a much greater wrong done to our own immortal soul; that the mere physical pain of death in the murdered man is infinitely less than that terrible agony which his murderer must undergo before he can wash out the stains of blood from his soul! But, while we believe that the soul can reach its highest development only by overcoming evil or harmonizing it with good, we believe, also, that the soul, being as indestructible as the God that made it, is positive to evil; that, by an inherent law of its nature, it must ever gravitate toward its Divine Centre; that all centrifugal motion must, in the end, by the law of reaction, result in the centripetal motion, attracting it back to the centre whence it radiated. We believe that the soul, being positive to evil, in the spheres of existence beyond this earth, will finally die out of the soul, and the soul will live on and bloom forever in the garden of God!

Man, we conceive, contains within himself a perfect spiritual organism; and this spiritual organism is the real man, of which this gross animal frame, this mere temporary aggregation of atoms which a breath may dissolve, is but a faint shadow. We regard this spiritual organism, fashioned in the likeness of its Creator, as a grand

archetype of the universe, containing within itself the original types of the principles and properties of all external forms and phenomena. The highest forms of natural or artistic beauty, the stupendous mountain scenery of the Alps, the exquisite landscapes of Italy, the architectural grandeur of St. Peter's Church at Rome, the faultless Venus de Medici at Florence—all are but mere translations of preëxistent types in the human soul. The most imposing scene in the grand Valley of Chamouni, or a painting by one of the old masters, is a sealed book to the undeveloped soul of the ignorant boor; while the same scene or painting, by awakening corresponding types in the spiritual organism of the cultivated artist, floods his soul with the finest ecstasy. This great law of soul-development was strikingly announced by the great Teacher of Galilee, when he said, "The Kingdom of Heaven is within!" In other words, that Heaven is not a place, but a state. The soul nears Heaven just in proportion as it radiates from the centre of self, expands the circumference of its sympathies, experiences and capacities, and thus, through wisdom and love, becomes harmonized—at one—with its Divine Creator.

In this theory of soul-types acted upon by external forms, we have the true key-note to the grand symphony of human life—the secret of the blending of the angel and the brute in our nature. It is by this divine marriage of the external with the internal, of the material with the spiritual world, that the soul effects its first rudimentary step in its grand march toward God; here we perceive the beautiful dependency of each upon the other, and thus avoid the two extremes, of the materialist on the one hand, who would blot out the soul, or make it a mere brain-machine, or aggregate of sensations; and of the pure idealist, on the other, who would ignore matter, with all its divine uses, or condemn it as an unclean thing, and set it down in his chart as a part of the Kingdom of Satan.

This theory of soul-types sheds an important light, also, upon the subject of Art as contrasted with Nature, and suggests the following parallelism: Nature is of the earth, earthy, and deals only in gross material elements. Art is born of the spirit, and glorifies every object it touches by impressing upon it the divine, primal types of the soul. Art, in its highest sense, is not the imitation or realization, but the idealization of Nature. Nature works from concrete forms; Art from pure, abstract ideas. Nature is real; Art ideal. Nature presents the world as it is, and works "in the rough"; Art selects, rejects, combines and harmonizes the incongruous elements of Nature into unity of effect, and transfigures the whole with the "light that is not on the land or sea." Nature, with its broad, material brogue, can give only a weak, imperfect translation; Art utters its oracles in the sublime vernacular of the soul.

We have endeavored to show, in the preceding remarks, that the primary object of human life is the growth and development of the soul; and we will here add, as a general principle, that man can attain his perfect growth only by a full and free development in all the departments of his nature—in his physical, moral, intellectual and spiritual nature.

The Apostle Paul tells us that man has a natural body and a spiritual body; and from the mysterious connection between these two bodies results human life, with all its necessary experiences. It is very evident that there is a mutual dependency—a continual action and reaction—between these two bodies; that each has its peculiar use, and that, therefore, each is entitled to its appropriate development. The religious devotee, who saps his physical constitution by unnatural penance or extreme religious excitement; the student, who overtaxes the delicate organ of his brain, and neglects physical exercise; the bon vivant, who crams his stomach with the daintiest viands, and leaves his brain to starve for ideas; the working man, who, either from necessity or love of gain, works himself down to a mere mechanical machine, with all the finer electricity of his brain oozing out through the channel of his muscles, until that brain grows half skull, unable to digest one noble thought or idea; the miser—the money-getter—who crowds out all the sweet humanities of his soul to make room for gold, until his soul becomes as hard as the gold that he hugs, until there is not enough of the milk of human kindness left to moisten the tender plants of love and affection in his sepulchral heart—all of these men violate the God-ordained laws either of their higher or lower nature.

On some future occasion we purpose elaborating more fully the law of human growth, as developed in man's physical, intellectual and spiritual nature. We will here remark, however, before closing this article, that we regard the love-principle, which underlies all experimental religion, as the most vital element in the soul's development. It enables the soul, through sympathy, to put itself in relation with all objects of creation outside of itself, in order to extract the necessary aliment of experiences from those objects, and incorporate them in its own organism. The divine mission of the soul is to radiate, through its sympathies, from the centre of self—taking in more and more of the great unit of the universe of which it is a part, until it finally becomes one with God, the Divine All-in-All, and exists in perfect harmony with his laws. Love is the great lever that lifts the soul God-wards. Man approaches the angels just in proportion as he recedes from self—as he forgets self in the love of God and his fellow-kind. It has been wisely said, "God is love." By love Christ subjugated the brute in our humanity, and conquered the world.

In all religious development there appears to be a perpetual antagonism between the head and the heart—between the intellectual and emotional natures. In the earlier days of Christianity, when the emotional predominated, we find an enormous amount of vitality; not single acts, but entire lives of sublime moral heroism and almost

superhuman self-abnegation. Thousands of men and women, scorning the attractions of the world and the seductions of the flesh, buried themselves in living sepulchres and spent their lives in unnatural penances of body and soul; but while the emotional element was in full blossom, the intellectual was dwarfed and stunted in its development. The God-imaged mind was chained down to dead formulae by infallible authority, which closes its dungeon door upon all human speculation; and upon that door were written the words of doom: "So far shalt thou go, and no further; believe, or be damned!"

In modern days religion has lost much of its old vitality—grown brainy; its vigorous sap is fast oozing out or evaporating into diluted metaphysics. Our modern schools abound in magnificent theories, far-reaching and daring speculations, arrayed in all the gorgeous trappings of an untrained imagination; but they fail to meet the wants of the great, throbbing heart of humanity. I believe that this is a transition age, and that the time is now at hand when we shall have a perfect marriage between the love and the wisdom-principles in religion; when the children of earth will be blessed with a purer and nobler system of rational theology, which, while it harmonizes with our highest humanity and civilization, will combine all the vitality of experimental religion.

Washington, D. C., May, 1866.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY JOHN B. WOLFE.

I have long seen the necessity of doing more for the elevation of the laboring masses. All the world has and is, of mind and wealth, we owe to labor. Labor pays all expenses, fights all battles, builds all houses, constructs all public improvements; does all! Comparatively a small ratio of men are producers; the majority are supported by the minority. If any class are entitled to the excess of the products of labor, beyond consumption, it is the laborers. But they seldom obtain it. The merchant, the trader, the speculator, with large acquisitiveness, large administrative ability, and large laziness, (a new organ) so adjust their plans as to live without labor, and gobble the surplus. And when thus obtained, it is employed to enhance their gains without regard to its effect on labor.

When merchants and traders get rich faster than laborers, or receive a larger share of the surplus beyond consumption, they do it at the expense of justice. Custom and society may sanction the proceeding, but justice says it is robbery. Every man is entitled to a fair remuneration for services rendered society; but when the few increase in wealth more rapidly than the many, wrong is done, and there must be compensation in some form.

That wealth which supercedes or perverts labor, is a curse; our faculties grow by exercise. Necessity or volition must call us out, or we suffer loss. The riches of the rich are their curse, unless employed in the direction of good to the masses. The two great evils of society are the false estimate and the false uses of wealth.

As the sun belongs in common to all upon whom it shines, so all the administrative ability found in man belongs to man, and not to the few, who, by a combination of conditions, over which they have no control, possess the excess of administrative ability. This fact does not justify them in robbing labor to aggrandize themselves. On the contrary, it increases their responsibility, and affords them opportunity and facility for cultivating in themselves and reflecting abroad the higher attributes of their nature; and thus blessing themselves and others in the use of their powers.

The unequal distribution of the proceeds of labor, is owing to the unbalanced condition of society, or of the members of society. Man is on the material plane, and under the influence of selfish propensities. The lower brain controls, because the higher is not yet developed; a few exceptional cases giving prophecies of what may and will be. Thus we see why inequality and injustice exist in the condition of men. It is intended that the reform movement shall correct this evil; it is the inequality. But if this were corrected to-day, the cause would still exist, and work out its effects in some other form.

Reduce the working hours, and capital will reduce the price per item; it will always find some excuse to accomplish its objects. It cannot be denied that capital is useful and necessary, and should have an increasing remuneration to compensate for responsibility and uses, and to extend the employment of labor. But then, again, it is not proper that capital should oppress labor. Will the eight hour system remedy the evil? I think not. It does not propose to equalize the distribution of the products of labor, which is the thing most needed now. It is poverty that denies education and those surroundings naturally calculated to elevate. The new movement gives more time for culture; but not more means of support for the family during the hours of culture. The real evil is not touched.

Besides, unemployed leisure is an evil. And unless we remove the proximate causes of crime, groggery, gambling-hells and brothels, and furnish schools, lectures, reading-rooms and wholesome amusements, for the employment of this surplus time, the eight hour system will prove a curse instead of a blessing.

That the moral and legal power to do all this exists in the country, I doubt not. But this power is powerless for lack of concert of action. The disintegrating influence of a divided and subdivided Christianity—jealousy, and selfishness in the moral organizations of the day, are the chief obstacles in the way. The world needs a moral code, with unity and power to bring the people to a higher moral plane.

Further, a large portion of laborers have no inclination to improve their leisure in elevating

pursuits. I know this to be the fact from demonstration. This is no reason why their surroundings should not be improved. For as bad as human nature seems, ignorance and poverty, with bad organizations, and bad surroundings, are the causes of crime; nor is it any reason why we should intensify the evil influences dragging them down.

They need a fair share of the proceeds of their own labor. This will remove the necessity for protracted labor, and give to those who have the inclination an opportunity to improve.

They need to organize manufacturing establishments, uniting their own capital and labor, thus compelling the capitalists to wages of equality.

They need joint stock companies for the purchase of supplies at wholesale prices, from the producer or manufacturer, thus cutting off a horde of lazy spongers who stand between the two, and who should be at work producing.

They need the assistance and cooperation of capitalists who see the wrong done labor, and are willing to aid in their correction.

They need the cooperation and influence of all advanced minds, encouraging and aiding every effort at improvement.

For two years I have made extra efforts to put myself in a condition to give to my employees an interest in their own labor, additional to wages; but misfortunes have defeated my plans. I hope after this season to succeed.

BIBLE TRUTHS.

BY GEORGE A. SHUFELDT.

Is Labor a Curse?

In the third chapter of the Book of Genesis may be found the full and detailed account of the manner in which, for the sin of eating the apple, the ground was cursed by God for man's sake, and Adam was condemned to labor, as a punishment for the sin which had been committed. As viewed in the light of the Spiritual Philosophy, this is one of the simplest absurdities, which the common sense of mankind has been taught to believe and endorse as a revelation of God's truth to men. We believe that labor is the natural duty of man—the pleasure of his life—the necessity of his existence. Without it, he would have died. A naked nonentity—a wanderer amid the spontaneous vegetation of the earth—with no faculties developed, no cultivation of mind or body, and no responsibility to man or God; what is this thing but a being one degree above a brute? And is it true? Let us see.

If man had not sinned, what then? Where would have been our towns and cities, the railroads, the steam engine, the telegraph, the printing press, the telescope—all that contributes to adorn and beautify the earth on which we live? Where would have been all the splendid monuments of literature and art, which human genius has reared in everlasting memory of God's holy gifts to man?—all things which surround us, every luxury, ornament, and necessary of life; every work of science, and of art, and painting, and sculpture, and architecture? Everything which makes our education and civilization, is the result of this condemnation to labor. And do you think that God has bestowed all this upon us as a punishment for sin? or is it the natural result of God's law, that man should labor for his progress, education and happiness?

Look at the magnificent works of Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren; their productions are among the highest types of architectural design and beauty. See the glorious results of the labor of Raphael, Guido, Rubens; the works of beauty and of glory which painting has given to the world; behold the great monuments of art with which sculpture has adorned the rise and progress of the human race. For what did Homer write and Dante sing? What of Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Pope? Where would have been the poetry, the inspiration, the genius of language and of literature, if Adam had not sinned? Who would have penned the immortal lays which adorn and beautify the history of every tongue and country? Who would have brought the lightning from the skies, and gathered its tiny atoms within the compass of the metallic wires, which now encircle and gird the globe, if there had been no labor? Who would have built the steam engine and the printing press, the mighty instruments of civilization and learning? Who would have reared the splendid Cathedral at Cologne, St. Peter's at Rome, or St. Paul's at London? Who would have spanned Niagara with an arch of iron, if Adam had not sinned?

We ask these questions in all seriousness, and expect an answer from those who are wise in the Old Theologies. We do not believe it, for we know that God doeth all things well; and that with our knowledge of the philosophy of life, there is no necessity for recording such monstrous inconsistencies. Labor is man's duty and his destiny. It is the sum of his existence, and God intended that man should labor, and in so doing he fulfills God's law.

Sabbatism.

Shakespeare has it that

"Every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is."

There be divers and manifold ways of keeping the first day of the week—very erroneously called the Sabbath—as well as there are sundry manners and styles of the observance of all other holidays; some imbibe punch and champagne on the fourth of July; others drink, at our national festival, of soda water and lemonade; many men, many minds.

Joe Bunlon, a clever, half witted loafer, at a certain town in New England, occasionally did an errand or little job for the people there, who would give him a dinner, luncheon or some cast-off garment for his pay, and occasionally a little small change to buy him some grog with—they sold run openly at all the stores, and at every town in those days—but Joe was somewhat restricted as to quantity, even if he chanced to have a surplus of loose change, which was seldom.

One Saturday night, Joe entered the grocery, where many of the townsmen were assembled to purchase their supplies for Sunday's consumption, and with his two hands filled with copper coin, he asked for a quart of New England rum, at the same time throwing down upon the counter the smiling, clinking heaps of coin, and pulling a long quiet jug out of his ample coat pocket.

"A quart!" exclaimed the shopkeeper, "what are you going to do with so much liquor?"

"Ke-o-p Sunday with it," returned Joe, with a knowing wink.

"Why," returned the grocer, "isn't that a large quantity for that purpose; will not a pint do as well?"

"De-w," drawled out the natural, sneeringly, "w-n-l, I sponed might make it de-w. Sunday might he kept with a pint; but how would it be kept?"

Love is most intelligible when it is unable to express itself in words.

Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

"We think not that we daily see
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."
—LUCAS HOWE.

(Original.)

PATIENCE'S PETS, AND WHAT THEY DID.

Will had been at school two years, and was on his way home for a summer vacation. As he came near his aunt's house he wondered how he should find it. Would it be the dismal place that he first knew, or would Solomon really have power to change it to a home of sunshine and love? Solomon's letters had been full of pleasant stories and kind advice, but he had said but little about his daily life, and Will wondered if he was very, very happy. He thought of a sentence in his last letter: "No great changes come without many trials. Did you ever think how many storms come before we can see the trees in bloom. Do you not suppose the little buds sometimes get tired of waiting for the time of blooming? Remember, Will, that you must never be in a hurry for that which you cannot hasten, and if you learn any text to repeat to yourself, let it be this, 'Wait on the Lord and be still.'"

The coach came rattling down the street as Will thought this, and in a moment he was walking up the shaded walk to his aunt's house. He concluded to go around to the side entrance, as his aunt was not expecting him for a day, and he wished to surprise her. But what sounds greeted him? The voices of children were distinctly heard, and here was an old hen with her ten white chicks in a capacious coop, and could he believe himself, a cat was sunning herself on the wide board on the top of the garden fence. There was also a spotted dog lying under the old lilac, and the blinds in the dining-room were open, while some screens were arranged to keep out the insects.

Will almost thought that he had made some mistake in the house, and that this could not be his aunt's home. He was still more in doubt when he heard again the gleeful voices of children; at least three distinct voices could be heard. He concluded to enter the dining-room and see if his aunt really inhabited the place so changed. The room had its former furniture, but it looked as if it had been used more in these two years than in all the years that Patience had occupied it. On the wall were a plenty of maps and pictures, and a rude rocking-horse was in one corner, and something that greatly resembled a cradle; and there were a pair of little socks on the floor, and a dish with a spoon in it on the table.

"They have rented the house," said Will to himself, "but I should have thought Solomon would have written to me; but here comes some one that will tell me."

A nice, tidy girl came from the kitchen, and with a pleasant and quite ladylike manner asked Will to take a seat. Something seemed familiar in her face to him, but she was so neatly dressed and her hair was so smooth that he could not believe it to be Sally Ann, whose soiled dress and tangled hair were such a terror to his aunt.

"If I do not believe this is Master William. Dear me, how glad we shall all be. I've just got the pies all baked, and sent the children up stairs till I could 'pick up' a little. But here comes your aunt; she's just got the baby to sleep, and she was coming down to see to the ducks. Oh, we've got such lots of pets: two cows, ten hens, a pair of ducks, a cat and a dog, and two children and a baby."

When his aunt entered, Will could hardly believe that she was the same Aunt Patience that he left. She wore no cap, but her hair was dressed in short curls about her face, and a smooth plait behind. She wore a pretty dress, made quite in the style, Will thought, and her face was so round and her cheeks so fair that he really enjoyed the kiss of welcome that she gave him so heartily.

Solomon, too, looked so nice in his gray suit and with his wrought slippers and his trim collar, that Will thought that they must all have been drinking from that fabled fountain that restores youth, instead of living through two years that seemed like five to Will. But Will had but little time to think, for two hearty children came bounding into the room full of noisy mirth, and one jumped on Solomon's lap and the other put her arms around Patience's neck; and soon the baby waked up, and the cat and the dog came in, and the chickens peeped, and the ducks quacked. Will felt as if he was solving an enigma, and hardly knew what to say. Solomon seemed to enjoy his surprise greatly, and his aunt really laughed at his looks of amazement.

"Is it not splendid?" at last Solomon said. "I mean the sunshine, Will."

"But do tell," said Will, "something about ducks and chickens and—"

"Babies?" said Patience, laughing.

"Yes, about all these changes," said Will; "have you visitors here?"

"Or do we keep an orphan asylum?" said Solomon. "Yes and no; how is it, Patie?"

"No, no," said she, "these are our children, Will; and do you tell him all about them, Solomon, while I put the baby to her sleep again."

Will went up to Solomon, and in his own manner said, "Oh, do!" and Solomon, as of old, settled himself back in the chair, and the children went out with Sally Ann, and the cat and dog followed, and Will felt for the first time as if he was at last with his dear Uncle Solomon.

"You know, Will," he began, "that your Aunt Patience was just like that jewel we talked about: all pure within, but crusted over with years of selfishness. How to get all the crust off and get to the pure gem, that was the question. Your coming here, Will, was the first real impression made on the hard casing."

"But, Uncle Solomon, I was not good or kind to Aunt Patience. If I had been—"

"There would not have been so much for me to do. But love warmed up her heart with its old fire, and that sickness made her look out of her spiritual or soul eyes. So you see, Will, that a loving power overrules all things for good. Even the wrong we do may be redeemed; that is, may be changed to the right, and made to bless some one. After we were married the heaven of love kept working. Do you remember that Jesus said, a little leaven leavens the whole lump; and do you remember when you and I tried to teach Sally Ann to make good bread, and we found that it took very little yeast to make three great loaves of light bread? Just so it is, Will, if we can put a little genuine love into the heart: it works and works until the whole heart is affected. Soon after you went away the Shivertons were in great trouble. They were sick and poor, and the father was thriftless, and the children had no care. We were walking past there one day, when your aunt proposed going in. I saw the tears

gleaming in her eyes at the sight of so much misery, and she hurried me home to carry them a basket of food and a bundle of clothes. She sent Sally Ann every day to them, and made them much more comfortable."

One morning I was reading—as she likes to have me—and I said, 'Do unto others as you would have others do to you.' I repeated the words and looked out of the window, thinking what a world this could be if people practiced that command. Your aunt sat thinking too, and the soft gentle light came to her eye, and she said, 'Solomon, I've been thinking we had better take those two children home, and let them stay until their mother gets well.' 'If you will, Patie,' I said, but I wanted to hug and kiss her, and dance about the room with her; but you know heaven works best under gentle treatment. But the two children came, and such a time as your aunt had sitting them up; and her patience was tried with their rude ways, but she grew more gentle every day. It was a delight to watch her as she taught them habits of cleanliness and manners of gentleness. I have sat many a time with my eyes closed as if asleep, and heard her pleasant voice coaxing and correcting, and felt how much love was being shed from her heart, which grew more warm for every particle of warmth bestowed. And the children stayed, and Patie could not bear to have them go. And she got first a cow, that they might have good milk, and then hens, and a cat and a dog, just to please the children. And she urged me to teach them in my own way; so I got maps and books, and we have the pretty chamber that looks into the garden for our study; but these maps help us while we are about our work."

We had just got a little used to the noise and confusion that two hearty children make, when Mrs. Shiverton died, leaving a poor little baby that no one cared for. One day last Spring I was sitting in the best parlor, (for we use that every day), when I heard a baby cry, and on going into the dining-room, there sat your Aunt Patie rocking the dear little thing, which soon fell asleep in her arms, and ever since it has rested there just as if it was home. And I do believe your aunt loves it as if it was her own. She sometimes says, 'The Lord sent it to me; could he have done more if he had sent me one of my own?' And we love the little thing even more tenderly than if it had been born from our hearts, for we think what a joy it is to care for the little friendless wail, cast on the great sea of God's infinite tenderness, and floated into our little harbor for security, by those blessed pilots, the holy angels."

And all this has happened to us, Will, since you left us. Has it not been a good happening? There never was a tenderer mother than your Aunt Patience. I am surprised at her gentleness. She teaches me many a beautiful lesson by her acts of love, and I will tell you, Will, what it was that made the crust fall off, like a miracle, from the jewel. It was when that grand precept, 'Do to others as you would have others do to you,' became the law of your aunt's life. She did not repeat the words, but she lived them. And now, Will, talk a little and tell about your happenings. Has anything but good come to you?"

"Oh, Uncle Solomon, you can't think how selfish I was when I first went to school; and I believe if it had not been for thinking of you and how you must be bearing with Aunt Patience, that I should not have tried to have practiced the love principle."

"Now I see," said Solomon, "why it was best that I did not write you what a good time I was having. You will find that even your simplest acts, like the writing of a letter, may be of great benefit to others, if you only seek to do the best or right thing."

"Well," continued Will, "I resolved to do the best I could toward being unselfish, and I do believe, Uncle Solomon, that almost all the trouble in the world is caused by selfishness. You know I thought it would be the best thing in the world to be rich; but I found out that the boys that had rich fathers, thought that they had nobody to please but themselves, and I did not see that they got their lessons any better because they had money to spend. So I did not care any more to study the best way to be rich, but the best way to get my soul-riches, as you call them; and I kept thinking about furnishing my best parlor, and getting all sorts of noble thoughts to put in it. One day I wrote a composition about the best parlor, and the teacher praised it so much that I felt quite ashamed, for I had borrowed the ideas all from you, and I felt mean at taking them for my own. So I told him about our talks, and I let him read your letters, and then he asked the privilege of reading them to the boys; and now you are Uncle Solomon to all the school; and I have a written invitation to you, signed by the teacher and all the scholars, to go back with me and let them all hear your voice. Can't we take Aunt Patie and all the children?"

"I don't think babies would suit the Academy, Will; but I am so glad that you really wish your aunt could go, for it proves you have left your old feelings, and have already entered into our life at the present time. When you get through with an old suit of clothes you lay them aside, and think no more of them. So it ought to be with our feelings. We should not keep cherishing those that do not belong to the present. If you had come home, and had been determined to remember dear Patie as cross Patience Pettigrew, it would have been like hunting up your old suit of clothes that you left at home and putting them on, short at the ankle and small in the waist. There is an old saying, Let by-gones be by-gones. That is, be always ready to believe in the goodness and love that you find in people, and do not be remembering all the faults of their past life."

Thus they talked; Will of his life at school, and Solomon of dear, loving Patie, who seemed to him to be like the sweet girl he knew in his youth. When the twilight came, and the baby was asleep, and the children in their bed, they all sat in the parlor, and Patience, looking out to the soft western light, said:

"How good it is to have you here, Will. If I had not been for you, perhaps we should never have lived these blessed days. Whatever you do in life, do not seal up your heart, and let it grow like a stone, as I did. You may be poor and get rich, if you keep your heart warm; and you may be rich and yet poor, as I was, if you have no joy in life. Why, Will, I'd rather watch that baby, and see its cunning ways, than to have my house all scrubbed and dusted, or than see the finest mess of beer-brewing that ever was made of finest malt."

And Patience gave one of her merry laughs, and Solomon joined, as he always did, and Will thought the old picture smiled, and the western sky gave a flash of light.

And thus they sat thinking of the beautiful journey of a loving life that lay before them; and each one, thankful for the past and hopeful of the future, felt the gentle presence of loving angels, and were blessed.

And Solomon had his great reward, and thought himself near the Kingdom of Heaven; and Pa-

ience thought, How good is the Lord to make everything so full of love and beauty; and Will thought, I hope my mother knows all this. And the life of goodness thus so happily begun could bring only one end, and nothing more need be said, only this: may we all go and do likewise.

TALKS WITH MY YOUNG FRIENDS.

NUMBER NINE.

The blackberry vines are in bloom again. Their pretty white blossoms begin to form themselves into snowy wreaths, which hang with grace over the grey walls, and the knolls in the pastures. The sight of one such wreath, just at twilight this evening, made the light flash up in the picture gallery of my memory, and in a moment I lived over a great many days. Far back I saw the little brown stained basket that I felt so proud to fill to the brim, and I heard the waterfall, and saw the gleaming of the water of the pretty lake, and the great white clouds that floated over it.

Many very sweet pictures I saw, and in just that one moment, too. I felt glad and thankful in them all. It seemed to me that I could see how a dear Father in heaven had formed the path in which I had walked, and that it had led me just where it was best for me to go.

But I know when I was a girl I did not think anything about life, whether it was to bring me gladness or sorrow. I only knew that I was very glad to have a merry, happy time; and that was all right, for if there is a joy for childhood, it is of trust in the goodness that is coming. But there was one thing that I did find out, and that was that all the pleasant, happy days, whether I was picking blackberries, or clematis and carnations by the brook, are the days filled up with love and kindness, as well as fun and frolic, and I can tell you that if you want to put beautiful pictures in your memory that you will be glad to look at, you may be sure that you can do it by no mean act, or unloving feeling.

People go abroad, and in their visits to France and Italy, they buy many beautiful pictures, that are called gems of art, and they prize them greatly when they get home. But none of these pictures can they take out of their houses over to the shore of the spirit-home. It is very pleasant to have them while here, and I think I should like every room in my house adorned with beautiful pictures.

But there are pictures that will never fade, and that we can safely carry with us wherever we go, even to the beautiful spirit-home; and these are the pictures that we form in our memories. If we make them holy and sacred, by the goodness they represent, or the love they express, I think they will be fit to look at, even in heaven.

Let us furnish our picture galleries with at least one lovely picture each day. Let us have gems of art that cannot be taken from us, and that can never be sold at auction or burned by fire.

Views and Doctrines of A. B. Child.

Having read the works of Dr. A. B. Child without prejudice and with care, I should be pleased, with your permission, to offer some remarks upon them, through the columns of your paper.

Dr. Child has propounded a system of morality and religion in his writings, that differs so widely from previous systems and the teachings of reformers, that his views naturally and justly call forth comment, criticisms and opposition—yes, even rebuke, scorn and reviling. It is reasonable and proper to ask, is he right in his position? Are his views nearer truth than are those he stands apart from? Are his doctrines well founded and his bold assertions not to be gainsayed? The teachings of the past have made the popular opinions and beliefs of to-day; opinions and beliefs which, if Dr. Child is right, will fall like graven images before the battery of truth. If Dr. Child is wrong, let able pens than mine correct his errors. If he is right, to the view of past teachings, the accepted religions and morals of man are full of error, while to his view they are right, but not the best that is to be, but the best that can be for their time.

All religions, systems and institutions, to his view, have their lawful places in nature, and each its appointed usefulness in the purpose of wisdom; so he seeks not for the downfall or destruction of anything that exists, till its work is done, its usefulness is gained. He has no opposition to any belief of man, or any course of conduct he may pursue. In this he differs from all religious teachers and reformers of the past, and present too. He claims that resistance is earthly, approval is spiritual; that antagonism has limited power, while that of nonresistance and love is unlimited. The first impression on reading his books is, that they contradict past teachings; but by a careful study of his position, it is found that he contradicts nothing, but simply presents something new. He accepts all things, present and past, as being useful; directed by an invisible wisdom, which, he claims, man sooner or later in his progression—it may be slowly but surely—will recognize and acknowledge.

The teachings and practices of early life and of all the past, are so strongly impressed upon the mind, that they are hard to turn from or renounce; so the great changes Dr. Child predicts and proposes in them, might at first seem objectionable and impracticable, for such changes, we have been taught, would be dangerous and unsafe for the people. Dr. Child never speaks as if he doubted what he says, and writes as if the truths he uttered were so plain that no argument or proof were necessary for their support. He seems altogether careless of what others have said, and speaks on subjects momentous and fundamental with childish fearlessness. He speaks as a witness testifies, without the need of repeating what another has said, but only that which he sees and knows, and his testimony will have its due weight. Did he speak from history, only reiterating what others have said, his testimony would or should be set aside and not accepted as authority.

Blame and disapproval indicate and mark the boundaries of liberality, so we fail to find, the boundaries of this author's liberality. He accepts things as they are, and gives to God the credit of all that is created. He yields to every thought its right, and every act its use. He beholds God filling the whole world with a rival, with no opposing power. His God is love, whose tender care is for man's spiritual welfare always—no less for the poor, the sinner, the vile and wicked, than for the courted, rich, the prosperous saint, and the happy, easy lives of virtue. His Christ is the Christ of suffering humanity, no less than the Christ of a happy few. His platform of religion goes out toward the limitless shores of nature, upon which rests all creeds, churches and ceremonies.

The great arena of human life is the church in which he worships God. His religion is religion to be—his religion is deeper, wider and truer, than the religion of sects and creeds. Admit that religion is desire, as he claims, and how easy seems the solution of the tangled problem, namely, 'What is true religion?' How simple and yet how mighty, how individual and yet how universal, how true and beautiful, becomes the religion of humanity! How harmonious will this simple recognition of religion make the worship of the world. How it will 'vanquish religions' wars, dogmas, schisms, sects, creeds, and lay its 'dust' all the forty nations of the world. This religion, this recognition of religion, all clothe the world in charity, charity that is Christianity.

Angel-Guardianship.

BY MRS. ROSE WILLIAMS.

Angel-faces watch my pillow,
Angel-voices haunt my sleep,
And upon the winds of midnight
Sitting plumed round me sweep.
Floating downward on the star-light,
Two bright infant forms I see—
They are mine, my own bright darlings,
Come from heaven to visit me.

An earthly child still smiles upon me,
But those little ones above,
Evermore will stir the fountains
Of a mother's deathless love.
And as now they watch my slumbers,
And their soft eyes on me shine,
God forgive a mortal yearning
Still to call His angels mine!

An earthly one still fondly calls me,
But no mortal voice can seem
Sweet as those that whisper "Mother!"
Mid the glories of my dream.
Years will pass, and earthly partings
Cease, perchance to lips my name,
But my angel-babies' accents
Evermore will be the same.

And the dear one now that's with me,
From his home perchance may rove,
In his strength no more depending
On my constant care and love;
But my angel ones shall wander
From the sky, in dreams, to rest
Their soft cheeks and shining tresses
On an earthly mother's breast.

Time may steal away my freshness,
Or some whelming grief destroy
All the hopes that erst had blossomed
In my summer-time of joy;
Earthly children may forsake me,
Earthly friends perhaps betray;
Every tie that now unites me
To this earth may pass away;

But unchanged those angel-watchers,
From their bliss, immortal home,
Pure and fair, to cheer the sadness
Of my darkened dreams shall come,
And I cannot feel forsaken,
For, though rest of earthly love,
Angel-children call me mother,
And my soul will look above.

Cedar Falls, Iowa, 1866.

"Extraordinary Feats in the Mobile Jail—The Davenport Outdone."

Such is the heading given to the following truly extraordinary account of physical manifestations which occurred in the jail at Mobile, Ala. The medium was a young man named Boone, who had been lodged there for petty larceny. We copy the details of the affair from the Mobile Advertiser of a recent date, the editor of which visited the jail for the purpose of ascertaining the correct facts in the case. It appears that the prisoner had been released from his irons the night previous, and then went round and unfurnished the cells of the other prisoners, who were confined on the same floor with him, but the alarm was given before they made their escape. The account then goes on to say:

"In one of the corner cells, on the first floor, is confined young Boone alias Monroe, a handsome lad of about eighteen years. After the prisoners had been secured and their efforts thwarted, the sheriff and jailer as once placed Boone in irons, hand and feet. It was soon afterwards discovered that young Boone had thrown off the irons. He was taken out, and heavily ironed again, the shackles and chains having been increased. In less than five minutes afterwards the jailer peeped into his cell and saw all the cuffs, shackles and chains, lying on the floor of the cell, and young Boone sitting on his bed, as if he had done nothing. Six different times did they place his limbs in irons, and the strongest and most intricate were called into requisition, but all to no purpose. When Capt. Petty was told of the extraordinary feats performed by young Boone in throwing off his irons, he expressed a desire to be permitted to select the iron himself, and 'dress the young man' according to his style. The jailer cheerfully complied with Capt. Petty's request, and after the cuffs, shackles and chains had been procured, we repaired to young Boone's cell. He is a bright, intelligent and very handsome boy, with large blue eyes, effeminate features, and a complexion as fair as a lady. He rose from his bed as we entered the cell, and came to the grated window with a cheerful smile beaming on his handsome face. We were accompanied by the sheriff, jailer, Capt. Petty and two turnkeys. The sheriff opened the door of the cell and invited young Boone to step out. He was then told that Capt. Petty had come to place him in irons so that he would stay in them. This did not seem to move him in the least. He smiled pleasantly, and remarked that 'such a thing could no doubt be done,' but hoped that no further efforts would be made in that direction. The sheriff ordered the irons to be placed on him, and Capt. Petty commenced by drawing out the young man's wrists together behind his back, after which he put on a tight-fitting pair of patent hand-cuffs. He then drew his arms close behind him and put on a pair of cuffs attached by a short chain, above his elbows. A chain was then attached to the cuffs at the wrist, which extended down to the shackles, which were closely fitted and locked on his ankles. During the operation, his large blue eyes were keenly fixed on every article of his iron dress, as each was being adjusted. After Capt. Petty pronounced him secure, young Boone's eyes fell, and a look of despair overshadowed his heretofore bright countenance. We could not help feeling sorry for the young man, and as his painful situation, Capt. Petty remarked to him, 'Now Boone, if you wiggle your self out of that dress, I will guarantee that the sheriff here will give you the freedom of your cell, and so long as you behave yourself you will never again be ironed in this jail.' As these words were spoken, Boone's face was fairly illuminated with joy, and he asked the sheriff if it was a bargain? That official assented, believing with Capt. Petty and all present that it was out of his power to accomplish such a feat. Young Boone wished to know if the agreement was as good as his as the work was done. He was told that it would. He then asked that the sheriff and Capt. Petty go away from the cell while he was at work. They went off to the other side of the hall to iron other prisoners, and had not been gone two minutes before young Boone announced that his arms were free, and in less than three minutes longer the shackles were off his legs, and he stood without an iron upon him. He will have no more irons put on him, but a close watch will be kept over him. He was put in for larceny about one month ago, and his trial takes place in June. He is a native of New York city. He is such a youth in the country who would be suspected for a professional rogue."

Heaven and Earth.

In all that lives, the noblest work of God is man. In all immortal life the spiritual is a power unseen; but always teaching, in silent admonitions, the imperceptible influx of mind. There is in all the laws of God a secret which is unfolded to every human being. It is the law of progression. Man is a spiritual, internal entity. In nature we must be conditioned; it is here that we must bow in reverence, and find the immortal principle of life which sustains, upholds, controls and rules all worlds. The first and last of man's endeavor, is to be in conviction that all that is mystery in darkness has yet made clear in the spiritual illumination. E. J. J.

Portsmouth, N. H.

Notes from W. B. B.

The Garden City—An Oil Well sunk by Spirit Direction.

Once more in the varied changes of life's restless current, I find myself in the "Garden City," where one year ago the last of the "Great Fairs," at once so characteristic and expressive of American life and character, was in full tide of success, and where I held (at least to myself) pleasant converse with your many readers. My somewhat long silence of late has not been from any lack of interest in our good cause, but rather from an overburden of cares, which seemed to require all I had both of time and thought.

The weekly visits of the ever welcome BANNER, with the pleasant intercourse I have enjoyed with many of our friends here—not to forget the pleasant "Reception Room" of the R. P. JOURNAL and our intelligent and genial Brother Jones—have enabled me to keep along in the floating current, and note the passing events of interest; and just here I want to say a word of thanks to you, dear Banner, for the manly and dignified rebuke you administered to those Revs. (?) Wells and Mayo, for their disgraceful and uncalled for attack on the cause of Spiritualism. If they are not ere this heartily ashamed of their work, it will be the best argument ever offered in favor of total depravity. Still we will not give them up, for "while there is life there is hope," even of the most abandoned.

I have many matters to lay before your readers, and many topics to discuss, but for this time I will step out of my usual course, and give your readers an instance of the practical workings of spirit power in a business enterprise.

A WELL SUNK AND OIL FOUND BY SPIRIT DIRECTION.

Some time during the past summer, Capt. John H. Gardner, of Buffalo, N. Y., with some associates, commenced boring for oil near Grafton Station, Loraine Co., Ohio. The work was prosecuted till some time in November, when under various discouragements it was proposed to abandon the enterprise. Capt. Gardner, being a practical man, and a believer in and an earnest advocate of Spiritualism, determined to seek for spirit direction, and knowing something of the connection Mrs. Caroline M. Jordan, of this city, had with the famous "Artisan Well," applied to her for advice. This medium, in all matters of this kind, is controlled by the spirit of Prof. E. P. Hines, formerly a Professor in a Maine College, and a man well known and highly respected in his earth-life.

Capt. Gardner was directed by the spirit to proceed with the well, though it was not exactly where it should be, but that they would find oil by going down where they were. The work proceeded, under the special direction of the spirit, the medium a part of the time being in Chicago, and some of the time at the well. All the details in their progress as to the different strata, &c., were found to be strictly in accordance with the prediction of the spirit.

A SPLENDID TEST.
At one time during the work, the medium being in Chicago, some unexpected obstacle or trouble presented itself. The medium was entranced, and wrote what was to be done to remove the difficulty, and the spirit directed the letter to be mailed at once, which was done; the next day a letter was received from Capt. Gardner, stating that the difficulty was, and asking for advice; but the advice already sent by the direction of the spirit, was just what was wanted, and fitted the case exactly.

ANOTHER TEST.
Another time, the medium being in Chicago, she was directed to telegraph Capt. Gardner to "stop boring and go to pumping," but the medium thought there was some mistake somewhere, and concluded to wait advice from the well. In the meantime, at the well they had obtained salt water, sand and oil, which indicate the final and inevitable oil only. Capt. Gardner not knowing what to do, sent a sample of the borings to the medium, to get further directions, but the sample miscarried and did not reach Chicago as soon as it ought. Capt. Gardner not hearing from the medium, again commenced boring, but soon broke his gear and lost all in the well, before the telegram from the medium to "commence pumping" was received.

It took three weeks and over to clear the well for pumping. Had the medium sent the telegram dictated by the spirit at once, nearly a month of hard work would have been saved. The well is now yielding a fair amount of oil per day, and promises to fully equal all that has been predicted by the Spirit Director.

By the advice of friends, both in and out of the form, this excellent medium and most estimable lady will hereafter be located permanently in Chicago, where the genial influences of a cheerful, happy home, with her fatherless children, will draw around her the pure, good and true from the angel-world, and enable her to do the work the good Father has laid out before her. Post Office address, 191 Kinzie street.

The good cause moves on apace here, but more harmony and concert of action is necessary among its friends to insure genuine progress. But the elements are not as antagonistic as I found them one year ago. Let us hope that peace and genuine good-will, with that clarity that "thinketh no evil," will ultimately prevail, till not only this, the "Garden City of the West," but the whole earth shall be indeed a Garden, "where angels walk, and seraphs are the wardens," and love to God and man controls, moves and governs all things.

W. B. B.

Chicago, June 7, 1866.

A Brief Note from Mrs. Willard.

I hope, dear BANNER, that you do not infer from a long silence that my interest in the influence emanating from your columns has abated, for it certainly has not. My heart is warm and in earnest in the prosperity of the truth.

I have been here in Cincinnati during the month of May, and have met with more encouragement than I could have anticipated. The Society here is in a prosperous condition. A good Lyceum has been commenced, and the bright eyes of the children tell the effect upon their youthful minds.

I have met Mr. J. M. Peabody, who, by his kindly manner and uniform life, has attained the kind regards of Spiritualists in this vicinity. There is a great deal of interest manifested here in the progress of truth, and in this much feeling is evinced regarding the children.

My heartfelt prayers are for the extension of truth in the East and the West, and I hope spiritual light may come to all, from sunrise and sunset, till all be blessed by the consciousness of its presence.

Ever for Justice,

NELLIE L. WILZAR.

Cincinnati, O., June 5, 1866.

A Note from Judge Carter.

DEAR BANNER—I am right glad to know that the pure crystal dross of wisdom from the spirit of Dr. Edgar C. Dayton, falling upon so many places through your columns, have so stirred up the dirty waters of Spiritualism in some quarters.

Yours truly, A. G. W. CARTER.

"There are two ways of being rich," says a French writer: "Raise your revenue to the level of your desires—or lower your desires to the level of your revenue."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1866.

OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET,

Room No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

LUTHER COLBY,

EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editor, Department of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to the spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, recent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—*London Spiritual Magazine.*

A SPLENDID STORY!

We have the pleasure of announcing to our thousands of patrons that we shall commence, in our next number, the publication of a grand Story, by the eminent German writer, Zschokke, entitled:

"The Spectre Bridegroom!"

It was translated expressly for the BANNER OF LIGHT by Miss Cora Wilburn.

Those who would secure the numbers complete of the BANNER containing this magnificent literary production, should subscribe forthwith.

A Nameless Crime.

The vices of fashionable society are, some of them, rapidly taking on the character of downright crimes. The practice of infanticide, in the form of voluntary abortion, has become so common as to arrest the serious attention, and draw down the open condemnation at last of the more influential of the medical profession. It is full time some formal notice was taken of so horrible a practice by the members of the medical faculty. The welfare of the future generation is not more concerned in it than are the morals of the present. It would appal one who had never given any attention to the matter, to learn of the prevalence of a vice whose results are so truly terrible in every respect to contemplate.

A little Essay, covering the whole subject, has just been published in book form from the press of Lee & Shepard of this city, written by Horatio R. Storer, M. D., of Boston, and offered by him as the successful Prize Essay to which the American Medical Association awarded the gold medal for last year. Dr. Storer is Assistant in Obstetrics and Medical Jurisprudence in Harvard College, Surgeon in the New England Hospital for Women, and Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women in Berkshire Medical College. It would appear, therefore, that he is duly qualified to undertake the task which has resulted in the present thoroughly prepared Essay. So impressed was the American Medical Association with the timeliness of such a production, that body voted to issue it for general circulation, believing it would work the widest good. We welcome it as a missionary among the worse than heathenish practices of our modern social system.

The evil herein discussed is admitted to be a prevalent and fearful one. In his treatment of the subject, Dr. Storer proceeds to inquire what has been done by physicians to foster, and what to prevent, such an evil; what is the true nature of a intentional abortion when not requisite to save the life of the mother; the inherent dangers of abortion to a woman's health and life; the frequency of forced abortions even among the married; the excuses and pretexts that are given for the act; and the alternatives, public and private, and measures of relief. The facts cited under the head of the frequency of the practice of Aborting, even among married women, will astound any reflecting reader. That social state must have become diseased to its very centre and core, which tolerates such things, and even boasts that it has become a fashion. It is stated that ladies make a boast to one, another of the number of times they have successfully aborted! Dr. Storer maintains, and with perfect reason and truth, that this vile and wicked act is outright murder, under ordinary circumstances. He holds that life in the embryo child begins with the moment of conception, and that to destroy the fruit of the womb after that, is in reality just as criminal as it would be to murder the child after its lungs have been once inflated with the air of the breathing world. Because it is not yet considered by society as a crime on a level with positive murder for heinousness, the necessity is all the more imperative that the public conscience shall be educated and quickened to that point at which it shall be regarded as a practice worthy of unequalled condemnation.

This little Essay is truly eloquent and impressive in its practical pleas for purity in married life and in society. A more cogent and convincing argument for genuine spiritualism, in that particular direction, could hardly be made. It is exactly in the same vein, in most parts, with the essays of the more advanced among our spiritualist writers. We meet and greet arguments and appeals, facts and applications in the course of this essay, which we have become familiar with in the writings of Spiritualists who had reviewed with care the same important subject. It only shows that the same matters, which all sides recognize as fundamental in social life, are handled in a similar spirit by men who appear to be of no manner of sympathy in their religious belief. Reason and the heart, however, are in the end more potent than the dogmatism of Theology. The world will move along under very different influences from the cramping ones of ecclesiastical rule. As time passes, it comes out that the progress of mankind has compelled Theology to burst its fetters and move up to the current position, in order to gain its precarious livelihood.

We are freshly impressed with some of the facts cited so pointedly in this little book. It comes out that our population in the large towns and cities is recruited very much more liberally from the foreign and imported element than from the native. It is a surprising statement, that ought to make the public pause. Unless we had such a tide of foreign immigration setting to our shores, we should in time run out. Married persons do not have the families of children which their own parents and grandparents had before them. It is thought to be too great a trouble to bring them up, besides being expensive. There would be no just objection to all this, as we see, if the diminished number of children indicated the increased purity and self-control of parents. But at this point we are compelled to pause. When the crime which we have denominated nameless is openly boasted of, as evidence in plenty establishes that it is, little room remains to argue to the elevation

of sentiment and purity of morals on the part of the community thus deeply corrupted.

For ourselves while deprecating the birth of what have been most properly styled "unwelcomed" children, we are not less shocked at discovering the prevalence of a crime like that of aborting. The very savages would not tolerate it. It is something which infects the whole nature of the human women who follow a habit so revolting to the commoner instincts of their being. Not alone does the health pay the fearful penalty—there is a long and fearfully black account to settle with the conscience, in reflecting on the list of speechless innocents that have been inhumanly done to death by the aborting process, that passion might revel for the time in its foul gratification. For all such practices there comes an inevitable time of reckoning, and we beg the women of our country to remember it continually.

The Spiritual Body.

The Rev. Mr. Wells, Unitarian preacher, of Watertown, Mass., in an article we commented on a few weeks since, undertakes to correct St. Paul in this wise: "There is a natural and there is a spiritual body—but not both at the same time." The italicized words are Mr. Wells's, not St. Paul's. The objections of the Watertown preacher are well answered in a passage we find in a volume entitled "Life: Its Nature, Varieties and Phenomena," by Leo H. Grindon, two separate editions of which work have been recently published in this country, one in Philadelphia and one in Boston. The writer remarks:

"There is a natural body," says the Apostle, "and there is a spiritual body." By spiritual body he plainly means a body altogether different from the natural, which is the material, or as Wicliff calls it the "beastly" body; yet by speaking of both in the present tense—saying of each that it now is—he gives us to understand that the two bodies are contemporaneous and co-existent, so long, that is, as the natural one may endure. By adding that it is to be raised, he intimates that this "spiritual body" is the immortal portion of our being.

It is scarcely necessary to point out to the intelligent reader that the it in the English translation of these verses does not and cannot mean the dead material body, but man as to his personality, or consciousness of himself. He knows himself as a natural body while in this world; as a spiritual body in the next. This is proved by the word *souls*, which refers, not as careless readers suppose, to the interment of one's corpse in the grave, but to the birth of our living body into the world. "The time," says Locke, "that man is in this world, affixed to this earth, is his being *souls*, and not when, being dead, he is put in the grave, as is evident from St. Paul's words. For dead things are not sown; seeds are sown, being alive, and do not till after they are sown."

Thus it is that the soul is no will-o'-the-wisp in the swamps of the cerebrum, but an *internal man*; a body within a body; the spiritual double of the entire fabric. All the organs of the material body have soul in them, and serve the soul, each one according to its capacity, yet is the soul itself independent of them all, because made of another substance.

What then is the inference from facts and divine teaching? Clearly this: What is popularly called the soul is what the Apostle terms the spiritual body. The latter is a substantial, organized form, exactly correspondent with the external, physical frame. It presents a precisely similar assemblage of parts and features; and when disengaged at death, it still holds intact both the human configuration, and every lineament on which personal identity depends, and by which individuals are recognized and distinguished from one another.

We think that Mr. Wells is here well answered by one who can never have read his modest attempt to set St. Paul right by supplementing his words. We have been struck in reading Mr. Wells's paper in the Unitarian Monthly Journal, at his crude and unphilosophical manner of treating a subject which might task the best powers of the profoundest student of psychological and physiological phenomena.

"No matter," says Mr. Wells, "how curious the facts of somnambulism and automatic action of the brain may be, and those which arise from the brain's duality: they are all referable to one material body, and to the soul its ordinary tenant, who cannot quit without killing it—who cannot have another till it is killed." (This last it refers, we presume, to the first material body, though grammatically it refers to the second. We wish Mr. Wells would learn to write accurate English.)

Mr. Wells does not pause to offer the slightest argument for asserting that the phenomena of somnambulism are all referable to one material body. "No matter how curious the facts may be," he says. Does he profess to have exhausted all the facts? He gives no evidence that he knows anything about them.

Georget, one of the most eminent physiologists of France and author of a highly prized work on the Nerves, was an unbeliever in the immortality of the soul until these same phenomena of somnambulism and mesmerism, which our Water-town sage sets aside as of no account, "no matter how curious," convinced him that, lodged in our present material organism, are powers that can only belong to another and more elevated state of being. Dying, he retracted his skeptical philosophy, and laid on the altar of an enlightened Spiritualism the testimony of his most advanced scientific researches and meditations.

Isaac Taylor, in his "Physical Theory of Another Life," reasoning from analogy as well as from the teachings of Scripture, forcibly remarks:

"If it be true that human nature, in its present form, is only the rudiment of a more extended and desirable mode of existence, we can hardly do otherwise than assume that the future being must be so involved in our present constitution as to be discernible therein." "Not at all!" cries Mr. Wells. "No matter how curious the facts may be, they are all referable to one material body."

If Mr. Wells will condescend to give the world something besides his oracular *ipse dixit* for this assertion, we shall be pleased to answer him more formally and more at length.

Disturbed.

The Boston Post and several other journals are somewhat uneasy about the address given by Mrs. Emma J. Bullone, at Ebbitt Hall, New York, Sunday evening, June 10th, on "The transition of Gen. Scott from earth to spirit-life." They are rather profuse with such expressions as, "Spiritualistic profanity," "profanities of a polysyllabic female," "sacred religious affront," "rhapsodical outburst," and such like powerful (?) arguments against Spiritualism. It is hard for an intelligent Spiritualist to see the profanity so visible to the eyes of those broad-and-butter editors. But the Post is a little more cunning than the rest of its mendacious cotemporaries, for it says at the conclusion of its article, that "the address, notwithstanding its profanity, was listened to attentively by the large audience."

Spiritualism in Russia.

Spiritualism is spreading in Russia. A translation of the works of Messrs. Hare, Edmonds and Tinsimadge, and a treatise on "The Simplest Forms of Spiritualism," by M. Karlov, have just been published there. Thus our grand scientific religion is rapidly gaining a foothold in every land.

Spiritualism in France.

We have received through the kindness of the author, an extensive French work in three solid 12mo volumes, bearing the following title: "Christian Spiritualism, or Revelation of Revelations: the four Gospels followed by the Commandments explained in spirit and in truth by the Evangelists, assisted by the Apostles, Moses, etc.; collected and arranged by J. B. Roustaing, advocate at the imperial court of Bordeaux, &c."

By a letter from the author we learn that the first two volumes contain "an explanation of the Gospels, namely, from the appearance of the angel to Zachariah to the compact of treason of Judas Iscariot with the priests and princes; also the explanation in spirit and in truth of the course of the laws of nature, the origin of the soul or spirit, of its conditions, objects, destiny, &c.; the spiritual nature and origin of Christ; the position of the spirit in its relations to God and this planet; of the nature of the body He has re-clothed, and of the mode and conditions of formation of this body; of all which relates to the course of the laws of nature; of His appearance and life on earth; of the conception of the Virgin Mary; of the miracles, morality, the end of the world, &c."

The third and concluding volume contains the explanation "in spirit and in truth, first, of the Feast of the Passover, its significance, its motive and its object; of the scene in Gethsemane; of the arrest of Jesus; of the judgment; of the sacrifice of Golgotha; of the resurrection by the disappearance of the body from the grotto cut in the rock, the stone which closed the entrance being sealed by the priests and the guards, and under the guard of Roman soldiers; of the appearances to the women and the disciples; of the ascent to the ethereal regions in sight of the assembled disciples; of all the revelations of John; of the divinity of Jesus; of the commandments."

Those wishing to obtain this voluminous and comprehensive work, should address the publisher at Paris, *Mons. J. Lemer, libraire centrale, 24 Boulevard des Italiens*. By sending \$3 in specie or in a European draft, the three volumes complete may be procured. The work may be translated on the condition that any publisher in a foreign land shall send fifty copies of the translation to the Paris publisher.

We gather from the Preface of M. Roustaing's work, that the contents were communicated through Madame Collignon, a medium. Of the sincerity and noble motives of M. Roustaing in the publication there can be no question. He seems to have accepted implicitly the assurances of the communicating spirits that they were veritably the individuals they professed to be, namely, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Moses, and the Apostles. Each reader must judge of the genuineness of so high a claim from the internal evidence of the book itself. So far as we have found time to peruse it, the morality is pure and good, and the style, though somewhat diffuse, is scholarly and correct. The teachings seem to accord with those in the writings of Allan Kardec. The doctrine of re-incarnation is taught; and this doctrine, we believe, at variance with the notions of nearly all the Spiritualists of America, though it has many advocates in France. We must recollect, however, that Socrates taught something very like it; namely, that the soul, which has kept itself uncontaminated, will, when it passes from the body, be admitted into pure celestial regions, and enter on an immortal existence, where it will be free from error, ignorance, lusts, and vice. But if, while it tenanted the body, it was polluted by contact with it, and drawn into sin, then the corporeal taint will bear it down to darkness and wretchedness, until in the course of time it is united to another body, to bear in a lower state the penalties of its former sins, and so to pass from one body to another till its sins are expiated and its stains worn out, and it has become fit for the abode of the pure. Such, we believe, is the pure Socratic doctrine of re-incarnation, and it does not differ much from that of Allan Kardec and Mons. Roustaing. Socrates spoke of his doctrine as an old one, based on that of metempsychosis, or transmigration of souls. And here is one of the most remote of pneumatological beliefs, finding able champions in our own day in France!

The time has gone by, however, when we can surrender our private judgment to any "Thus saith the Lord" from any spirit, whether he professes to be Moses or Matthew. It would seem to have been the design of Providence that our reason should be left free; and that no dictation, whether from spirits out of the flesh or in the flesh, should deprive it of its grand prerogative. And so it follows that we find the same differences among spirits that exist among men on great theological questions. We can judge of a spirit's claims solely by the internal evidence of his communications. He may call himself Matthew or John Jones, Moses or Scratchgravel. His high or low pretensions must not influence us one jot. We must judge him by the accordance of his teachings with our best and most cultivated reason. Because a spirit signs himself Molire, we must not take him at his word. If he will dictate a drama good and witty as "Le Tartuffe," we will then take his claim into consideration.

We have been unable as yet to give to the communications through Madame Collignon, the study which would justify us in pronouncing against the spirits who came to her in the name of Matthew, Luke, &c. Our past experience, however, has been of a character to inspire caution and distrust. We have had plenty of mediums in America claiming to give communications from Swedenborg, Bacon, Webster, &c.; but it is not often that there is any internal evidence to support the claim. We shall take such opportunities as we may have to read M. Roustaing's elaborate volumes; and probably we shall, at some future time, call public attention to them again.

Does the Spirit Leave the Body and Return Again?

The question raised, as to whether the spirit of a mortal can leave its abode and manifest itself to parties at a distance, sufficiently clear to be identified, while the medium is being used by an invisible spirit for the purpose of giving a communication from the spirit-world, has been so often tested that the fact is well established in the minds of Spiritualists generally. In the Message Department of the BANNER this week, our invisible friends discuss the subject in regard to the frequent visits across the Atlantic of Mrs. Conant's spirit, while one of the invisibles was holding converse at our Public Circle in Boston through the agency of Mrs. C.'s physical form. It will interest the reader.

Meetings in New York.

We learn from New York that large audiences were present on Sunday, June 10th, at the meetings of both the spiritual societies there, to listen to eloquent addresses from Mrs. Emma J. Bullone in Ebbitt Hall, and Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook in Dodworth's Hall.

The Picnic Season.

The Spiritualist Society holding free meetings in Mechanics Hall, Charlestown, in connection with their Lyceum, hold a picnic at Beverly, on Thursday, June 21st. Singing, speaking, dancing; also, exercises by the children of the new Progressive Lyceum, and other amusements will be the order of the day. Tickets for adults 80 cents. Children under twelve 50 cents. To be obtained at the depot of the Committee. A special train leaves the Eastern Depot, Boston, at 9 A. M. and 121, stopping at Charlestown, Chelsea, Lynn, &c. If the weather is stormy, the excursion will be postponed till further notice.

Spiritualists and others who may desire to pass a day agreeably in the fine grove at Abington, are referred to Dr. H. F. Gardner's card in another column. Spiritualists believe in grove meetings during the warm season, as there they can freely worship in the Father's grand cathedral, and at the same time inhale the pure, invigorating air of heaven without molestation.

The Spiritualists of Chelsea, in company with their Children's Progressive Lyceum, go on a picnic to Stoneham, on Wednesday, June 20th. For particulars see notice in another column.

The Children's Lyceum at Philadelphia have theirs on Friday, the 22d.

The Westmoreland, N. H., Spiritualists have one on Wednesday, the 20th.

A Good Remedy.

In a postscript to a business note to us, the writer gives his verdict in favor of the efficacy of a newly discovered remedy for skin diseases, which we gladly print for the benefit of the thousands who are suffering for want of a remedy, and are uselessly paying away their money for Doctor's bills. Our correspondent says:

"Allow me to call attention to a medicine advertised in your columns by E. Haynes & Co. Whoever uses that medicine for skin disease, inflammation, broken-down state of the system, or general disorder, must agree with me that the age of miracles is not past. I speak what I know; and many may yet be constrained to thank me for calling their attention to it. I most heartily thank my spirit friends for urging it upon me. Success to you. The spiritual tide swells higher and higher, and the sands of an arid theology are in a fair way to become fertile, as they absorb its healthful moisture."

Truly yours, S. B. BULKELEY.

Norwich, Conn., June 1, 1866.

Priestly Twaddle.

The R. P. Journal says, a clergyman out West, after reading that paper, desired that it "publish a long article of twaddle, attributing spiritual manifestations to the devil." In reply the editor hits the nail exactly on the head, when he says—"We can't afford space in our paper for such blockheads to ventilate themselves. They will find plenty of space in the Orthodox papers, and such articles are well suited to the capacity of the readers of such sheets." But the ludicrous part of the affair is that the rev. gen. withholds his name, and condescends to give it only upon condition that his article be published entire. Names are of no consequence now-a-days, Parson Somebody; but ideas are.

Healing by Garments.

We are advised by Dr. J. R. Newton, that a great many persons misapprehend his theory and practice of healing the sick by sending garments. Where persons have the means, and are not too sick to travel, they must present themselves in person. But if they are too sick to travel, and too poor to bear the expense, they may then send any portion of clothing by the hand of a relative or friend, but not by mail or express. Any small article will answer: such as a glove, a stocking, an apron, collar, or necktie. The Doctor prefers not to have hair sent, for a garment or portion of clothing is better.

Dr. U. Clark's Meeting.

The introductory meeting at Dr. Clark's Rural Home for Invalids, in Malden, was largely attended, and passed off very harmoniously. Among those who spoke were Prof. R. Park, Dr. P. Clark, E. Thayer, A. E. Giles, Dr. B. M. Lawrence, G. A. Bacon, Dr. U. Clark, and Prof. A. Elswald, of Jamaica, West Indies. An extra rural meeting was held on the Mount in the afternoon. By request of the friends in attendance, another meeting will be held next Sunday at 11 A. M., free to all, "except to persons prone to obtrude in much speaking."

New Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co., 277 Washington street, have sent us the following musical compositions: "Beautiful Cloud," a song by Maria Louisa Hayden; "Dear father, drink no more," a beautiful temperance song, adapted by C. W. A. Norman; "The Union Wagon," music by Judson and Asa, and sung by the Hutchinson Family; "Mother is going home," song and chorus, words by Henry F. Greene, music by Wm. F. Walker; A hunting song, being No. 7 of Fritz Spindler's characteristic pieces for the Piano, entitled "Leaves and Blossoms," "Ernan," No. 9 of James Bellak's arrangements of "Buds from the Opera."

"The Cuban Sylph."

Mlle Zoe, the celebrated danseuse, pantomimist and actress, who has been attracting much attention for the last two weeks, at the Howard Athenaeum in this city, finishes her engagement there this week. Those who have not witnessed her versatile and clever performances had better embrace the present opportunity.

What Do We Live For?

We call especial attention to the article on our first page, with the above heading. It is from the pen of a first-class writer, and will be perused with satisfaction, no doubt, by a large majority of our readers.

Send us National Currency.

We wish our patrons would hereafter remit National currency, instead of State bank bills, as the time for redeeming the latter is about run out.

A MEDIUM GONE TO THE SPIRIT-WORLD.—We learn that Mrs. Elizabeth Knight, well-known in this city as a writing medium, left her mortal form for the better land on the 11th of April, at Westmoreland, N. H. Her husband informs us that she suffered severe pain for the last five weeks of her earth-life, occasioned by a burn; and that she was patient and resigned, being almost constantly in communication with the spirits. What a blessing is this—to be able to see and recognize the friends from the spirit-world with whom you are to mingle on leaving this! Surely all doubts in regard to the future must vanish under such conditions.

When the "Manual of Instruction for an improved method for building with concrete" is procured? We have lost the copy sent us some time since, and want another.

New Publications.

THE WILLIAMS' SPIRITUALIST AND PROGRESSIVE READER, is the title of a new tri-annual publication, consisting of a collection of excellent articles on spiritual subjects, many of them in the present number having been taken from the columns of the BANNER. This very neat and truly valuable magazine, the price of which is but twenty-five cents, is more especially designed to bring what aid it can to the cause of Spiritualism in that district of Brooklyn, and we sincerely hope the friends will give it their earnest and immediate support. Those who have labored with such zeal and singleness of purpose for building up a spiritual society in that locality, and in drawing to a common centre those various influences which in combination produce a greatly increased effect on the public mind, certainly deserve the hearty support of all whose sympathies set in the same direction. Let Spiritualists in the neighborhood extend a helping hand to this excellent publication of our Williamsburg friends, by purchasing it to a generous extent. It may be had at the Banner of Light Office, 64 Broadway, New York.

THE MUTE SINGER. A Novel. By Anna Cora Ritchie. (Mrs. Mowatt.) New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

The accomplished and versatile authoress of "Fairy Fingers," "Autobiography of an Actress," "Mimic Life," and "Fashion," could not well write a dull book. This charming story, based upon, if not drawn directly from, the authoress's Paris life and studies, discloses pictures of social and individual character that American readers will peruse with a continually heightening interest. Sylvie is a character all will be eager to know. The rapid shifting of the scenes, together with the artistic introduction of accessories which heighten effects all the way through the tale, demonstrate Mrs. Ritchie's power as well as her skill, and will satisfy readers that she can write a fascinating and impressive tale as well as a personate character. The "Mute Singer" is receiving wide and sincere praise.

KATE MARSTON; or Happy Hearts make Happy Homes. A Fireside Story. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

For reasons best known to herself, the author of this simple and unpretending story has thought fit to conceal her name from the public, willing to let her fame rest on the merits of her production itself. But its dedication—"To the Teachers and Pupils of St. Mary's Hall, Burlington, N. J., and to the Memory of its Beloved Founder"—will let those who know the Institution into the secret. It is a happy receipt of school-day memories, which will be thrice welcome to the graduates of the school which has furnished material for so pleasing a narrative. The author shows skill and talent, and may feel encouraged to proceed in the field she has entered.

605 PULPIT PUNGENCIES. With a Table of Contents. New York: Carleton. For sale in Boston by Lee & Shepard.

Some of the excerpts to be found in turning over the leaves of this striking volume, are really "apples of gold." There are numerous extracts which almost any penetrating mind could have conceived and expressed quite as well, but the mass of paragraphs carry a freight of wit, fervor, practical good sense, love for humanity, and real goodness, that all together will make the book a valuable one to have on the centre or study table. No one can fail to profit by its pictures, points, and richness of suggestion. The sermons from which they are taken must have been products of truly spiritual and fruitful minds.

The Herald of Health for June has a long list of good articles, and advertises an illustrious list of contributors for the new volume. It is doing a vast amount of good among the people by its enlightened teachings.

The American Odd Fellow for June, published by John W. Orr, is, as usual, a good number, containing articles from approved writers who are members of the Order.

JUST RECEIVED.

From A. Williams & Co., The Emerald: A collection of graphic and entertaining Tales, brilliant Poems and Essays, edited by Eves Sargent, Esq. We shall notice the work hereafter.

English Items of Interest.

We extract from the LONDON SPIRITUAL TIMES the following paragraphs:

MISS EMMA HARDINGE AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—This talented and gifted lady delivered a lecture in the Asclez Courts, on the "World of the Supernatural, or the Philosophy of Modern Spiritual Manifestations," to a large, respectable and most attentive audience, who were much gratified by her eloquent and sublime exposition of the subject, and many are the expressions of hope that she may shortly revisit Kingston. During the discourse many of the audience, both ladies and gentlemen, were seen to shed tears. Miss Hardinge expressed the gratification she felt at her reception in Kingston, and said it had seldom been her lot to be so courteously and kindly received on her first visit to any town.

THE DAVENPORTS.—The Davenport Brothers and Mr. Fay have been giving stances in Berlin. The King and several members of the Aristocracy of Germany have witnessed their manifestations. Some seventeen of the newspapers have favorably noticed them, and they are treated with marked respect by all with whom they come in contact; still the Germans are avowedly materialistic. "We trust that the efforts of Mr. Cooper to present spiritual evidences to the mind of Germany may be crowned with success."

Mrs. BERRY'S MEDIUMSHIP.—It is to us an evidence of the wonderful power of spirits, that Mrs. Berry, in the short period of ten months, has developed, in a surprising manner, as a drawing medium. We well recollect her first spirit drawings, bold and crude, yet withal, bearing the peculiar marks of spirit design. Mrs. Berry's drawings have characteristic qualities of their own. Of all the spirit drawings we have seen, and we have seen many very beautiful ones, none have struck us as being more singular and full of design. Every picture in the outline presents the form of some animal, whilst faces and forms of the quaintest character, group within the figure. It is interesting to note the rapid development of the faces and forms until they approach the human.

Mrs. MARSHALL.—The manifestations through the mediumship of Mrs. Marshall continue to excite wonder. At a late sitting with her, Mrs. Marshall had a ball, which had been placed under the table, lifted by the invisible into her hand; after which a slate was given her by the same mysterious means. On another occasion, a lady known to us, sat at the table, having in her hand a small basket. After a brief space the spirits requested the loan of the basket; it was lent to them, and returned by them to the lady with the ball in it.

SPIRITUALISM.—Beautiful are the teachings of good spirits, and wonderful are their workings. Turn which way we will, spirit manifestations meet us and claim consideration. Rich and poor alike are blessed or cursed with the gifts of mediumship. God is no respecter of persons. He dispenses His spiritual gifts with no predilections either for patrician or plebeian. It is a gratifying

thought to the spiritually minded, that God dispenses with a hoarse and the wealth of His Spirit, irrespective of color, caste, or creed. Now we hear of some of the neglected sons and daughters of Tolly finding themselves unexpectedly directed and guided by spirits. Again we hear of some of the votaries of wealth and fashion becoming cognizant of the presence of spirits, and forgetting their distinctions in the service of pure Religion. These are pleasing facts to record. Spiritualism rears its temple on the foundations of Science and invites Humanity into its fold. It neglects no useful work, either of a mundane or supra-mundane nature. Its teachers—Wisdom, Virtue, Religion, Love—are everywhere out-working its mighty mission.

GLASGOW ASSOCIATION OF SPIRITUALISTS.—We are glad to find that the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists are in active service. May they do much good. The following is an extract from their rules, which we reproduce from the fly leaf of the little pamphlet which we have under review.

"The Membership of the Association is limited to parties acknowledging the reality of the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism. The objects of the Society are 1st, To aid and encourage members and inquirers in their investigations of the facts and teachings of Spiritualism; 2d, To spread a knowledge of its truths with a view of opposing the materialism of the age, and of confirming the mind in the belief of a future state.

These objects to be carried out by means of lectures, reports of circles, readings, conversations, the circulation of the literature of the movement, &c."

Chelsea.

A Spiritualist "revival" is in good progress at Chelsea. Mrs. Macomber Wood "opened the ball," and Miss Lizzie Doten has the operation under a good heaven. Many an unbeliever in the divine and glorious light has had his eyes opened, and is now an anxious seeker after the new and blessed truth. All is well, and everything goeth well with us here.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The present number of the BANNER OF LIGHT is a superb one in all its various departments, if we do say it. Read and Judge.

We stated upon good authority in a recent number of the BANNER that Emma Hardinge was expected to arrive in New York by the middle of this month; but she of course will not, as we learn from the London Spiritual Magazine that she was to speak during the Sundays of June in Cleveland Hall, London.

A full supply of the LITTLE BOUQUET can be had at this office.

We had the pleasure of a call from Bro. J. H. W. Tooley, on Wednesday of last week, who informs us that he has been engaged in the lecturing field nearly seventeen years. He has been lecturing upon the Spiritual Philosophy in the West of late. Mr. T. will make the East his permanent residence hereafter, he says, therefore those spiritual societies which may need his services, will do well to secure them at once. Address in care of Banner of Light, Boston, Mass.

Everything in this fair garden of earth is lovely, excepting the slanderer. These bipeds are walking pestilences. They wilt every human flower with which they come in contact. The Church is full of them, and we pray earnestly that the ranks of Spiritualism may be kept clear of all such vermin. A few have crept into our ranks, we are aware. Lend no ear to such. Slun them as you would the cholera.

Dexter Field, of Marlboro', N. H., in a private note to us asks if some good medium would like to spend a few weeks there this summer, in rusticating among the Granite Hills. The region around old Monadnock Mountain is romantic and healthy, he says. Drop him a line. The large new hotel just opened on Mt. Monadnock, near Keene, is over three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and commands a magnificent view.

A CAPITAL TAKE-OFF.—"You have lost your baby, I hear," said one gentleman to another. "Yes, poor little thing! It was only five months old. We did all we could for it. We had four doctors, put mustard poultices all over it, blistered its head and feet, gave it nine calomel powders, leached its temples, had it bled, and gave it all kinds of medicine; and yet after a week's illness it died."

"Views and Doctrines of A. B. Child, M. D.," an essay by Miss Helen S. Ingraham, will be found on our second page. It gives a clearer idea of the doctor's last work than any notice of the book we have seen.

The difference between Carlyle's Works and Beadle's Dime Novels is that, while the one is sententious the others are ten-cent-fous.

In proportion to the population, there are more men worth from a quarter to half a million in Boston than in New York.

The Old South Church in this city is taxed on real estate for \$435,000.

A couple of rebellious pupils at Willbraham were expelled, on Tuesday morning, by Dr. Cooke, for indulging in the game of base ball. The sooner such teachers are expelled from all schools, the better it will be for the physical and mental culture of the scholars.

Ralph Huntington left, by will, \$50,000 to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, located in this city. If dying millionaires would always devote their spare funds to some such institution, instead of Harvard College, they would show more good common sense than many have of late years.

Peat has been tried for locomotive purposes, and has burned well. It can be furnished for \$1.50 per ton, and a ton and a quarter is as good as a ton of coal, which costs \$3.50.

AN ABSURD BLUNDER.—A recently published popular English novel, speaks of the director of the operations at the gathering of a Burgundian vintage, as "tolling and sweating like an over-seer on a Massachusetts cotton plantation."

Envy shoots at others, and wounds only herself.

Dr. Gallard stated, in a paper to the French Academy, that in many districts where intermittent fevers had prevailed from time immemorial, the drainage effected by railway works removed these disorders.

The Finagans say now that they were only in fun. They wanted to scare the Canadians with a feigned attack. In fact they were merely Belgians.

Prof. Blot, in one of his recent lectures in this city on cookery, said that the flour which is sold as "self-raising" is only fit to be thrown into the streets, in company with the "patent yeast." This stuff is not fit for the stomach. Feed it with something better.

Irresolvable old gent: "Waiter! this plate is quite cold!" "Waiter!" Yes, sir; but the chop is 'ot, sir, which I think you'll find it'll warm up the plate nicely, sir!"—Punch.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT.—The Constitutional amendment, prescribing terms of admission to representation by the rebel States, as amended by the U. S. Senate, passed that body June 7th, by a vote of thirty-three to eleven. The amendment passed the House, also, on the 13th, by a vote of one hundred and twenty to thirty-two. It has obtained a two-thirds majority in both branches.

IT IS THE DEVIL.—There is one, who, like multitudes of others, has through dauntless perseverance come into possession of the golden key to the inner-world. It was during the early stages of his investigation, and while in company of a certain mortal, that the first evidence, though faint, was received with great joy.

"It is the devil!" said his friend.

"I care not," replied the other with great glee, "though you call it the devil, since he has made a response."

Bro. A. C. Stowe is publishing a series of articles upon "The Philosophy of Spiritualism," in the San José (Cal.) Mercury. Those received are very interesting.

MINISTERING ANGELS TO THE IMPRISONED SOUL.

The bread of life we bring, immortal Truth; The wine of life, pure joy of Love, we bear; Eat, famished heart, regain thy god-like youth, Drink, and soul and body lost hopes repair. Yet luminous ethers hold the hills of heaven, Yet breathe its meadows unexhausted balm, Yet shining fountains grow at more and even, The wine with which we have speech in regal claim. Oh unforgotten, how couldst thou forget? Oh heart to all things, why in misery yet? Oh claimed of heaven, claim thy birth divine. Oh heart to all things, why in misery yet? Put forth thy palm, the very stars are thine! In each, in these, would fain Existence flower. We come to quicken all thy death to bloom, Make live in thee all grace, all peace, all power: Fling wide the heart-gates! give thy brothers room!—The Radical.

W. T. Vesellus's card in another column speaks for itself. In a private note he informs us that he treated over two hundred cases of disease, free, on the 9th inst. He says: "I could discern many bright spirits present, and the magnetism was so powerful that many were healed of chronic disease without my touch."

AN ORTHODOX PHOEBUS.—"When you have done slandering your neighbors, begin to say your prayers."

"Here I go, for wheel or whom!" as the railroad passenger said when the train ran off the track.

The subtle essence of the Queen Flower of the Tropics is concentrated in Phalon's "Night-Blooming Cereus," a perfume so delicious, permanent and refreshing, that in all the varieties of floral scents there is nothing that can vie with it. Sold everywhere.

Excursion into the Country—Grand Union Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity will hold their First Grand Union Picnic for 1886, at Island Grove, ABINGTON, on Tuesday, June 20th. Special trains will leave the Old Colony and Newport Railroad Depot at 9 and 11 o'clock A. M. for the Grove.

Fare: Adults, from Boston and return, 80 cents; Children with their parents, 40 cents. For sale at the Depot.

Excursionists from all way stations between Boston and South Braintree, and between Plymouth and Hanson, will take the regular trains to the Grove and return for one fare.

Good music for dancing will be in attendance. Refreshments in abundance may be obtained on the grounds. No exhibitions allowed except specially authorized by the proprietors of the Grove.

H. F. GARDNER, Manager. Boston, Mass., June 12, 1886.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

J. N. NORTHFIELD, Ys.—We derived the information you refer to from the London Spiritual Times. Write to the editor, who no doubt will give you all the information you desire. His address is James Henry Powell, 6 Sidney Terrace, Grosvenor, Victoria Park, County of Middlesex, London, Eng. Or, write to the Glasgow Association of Spiritualists, Scotland.

L. K. O., YINLEAD, N. J.—\$10.50 received May 30.

R. W., CHARLESTON, IOWA.—The price is fifty cents. We will try and procure you a copy.

Business Matters.

GIFT OF HEALING BY LAYING ON OF HANDS. To whom it may concern:—Having for the past year been an intense sufferer from inflammatory Rheumatism and Fever and Ague, I deem it my duty, for the benefit of suffering humanity, and in justice to Prof. Vesellus, under whose care I have been for the past three weeks, to make this acknowledgment of the benefit I have derived from his treatment, for which words are inadequate to express my gratitude. About a month ago I experienced a severe attack of inflammatory Rheumatism, which completely prostrated me. Mr. Vesellus commenced giving me treatments, and in a little over one week I was able to walk about, all signs of Rheumatism having vanished, not leaving me lame in the least, which it has invariably done heretofore. Subsequently, I had an attack of fever and ague, which he cured in three or four treatments, and I can but indulge in the happy belief that I am permanently cured of both diseases; and, too, without the aid of medicine. Respectfully, O. C. GAZE. —Daily Advertiser, Elmira, N. Y., June 1, 1886.

The people have been so much imposed upon by several worthless Sarsaparillas, that we are glad to be able to recommend a preparation which can be depended on as containing the virtues of that invaluable medicine, and is worthy of the public confidence. DOCT. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA cures, when anything can cure, the diseases that require an alterative medicine.

JAMES V. MANSFIELD, TEST MEDIUM, answers sealed letters, at 102 West 16th street, New York. Terms, \$5 and four three-cent stamps.

LONDON SPIRITUAL MAGAZINE.—We have a few copies of this monthly for March, April and May, for sale at this office. Price thirty cents.

L. L. FAIRBANKS'S ADDRESS.—Randolph, Mass.

Special Notices.

This Paper is mailed to Subscribers and sold by Periodical Dealers every Monday Morning, six days in advance of date.

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NEURALGIA AND TOOTHACHE. CAN BE HAD AT THE DRUGGISTS.

MRS. SPENCER'S POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS, for sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, Boston, Mass. June 12.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER.

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Litchfield's External Application, warranted to cure DIPHTHERIA AND SCARLATINA LAME-NESS, and all AFFECTIONS, where there is no fracture.

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Sold by Medicine Dealers generally. 6m—June 2.

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP WITH P. T. DABBITT'S PURE CONCENTRATED POTASH, or READY SOAP MAKER. Warranted double the strength of common Potash, and superior to any other saponifier or ley in market. Put up in cans of one pound, two pounds, three pounds, six pounds, and twelve pounds, with full directions in English and German, for making Hard and Soft Soap. One pound will make fifteen gallons of Soft Soap. No time is required. Consumers will find this the cheapest Potash in market.

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Notice to Subscribers.—Your attention is called to the plan we have adopted of giving you at the end of each of your numbers, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires. The number of the paper which you have received, and the number of the paper which you are to receive, will be found in the figures. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume and the number of the paper, then know that the time for you to pay for your subscription has arrived. If you do not receive your paper, or if you do not receive it at the time, it is unnecessary for us to send receipts. Those who desire the paper continued, should renew their subscriptions at least three weeks before the expiration of the figures correspond with those at the left and right of the date.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our terms are, for each line in Agate type, twenty cents for the first, and fifteen cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Payment invariably in advance.

PICNIC AND EXHIBITION!

THE CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM and Spiritualists of Chelsea and vicinity will hold a Picnic at Stoneham, on Wednesday, June 20th inst. Every arrangement is being made for all who wish to join in the festive occasion. Express trains will be sent, and will start from Winthrop Square at 8 o'clock A. M.

An Exhibition of the Lyceum will be given at the Town Hall, Chelsea, on Wednesday, June 23rd inst. Every arrangement is being made for all who wish to join in the festive occasion. Express trains will be sent, and will start from Winthrop Square at 8 o'clock A. M.

THE BLIND SEE.

DR. FANYON.

The Celebrated Dynamic Physician.

Who has been performing such wonderful cures, will be in Boston, at TRIMONT TEMPLE, Room 16, for 60 days, commencing on Wednesday, June 23rd inst. He will examine and try his novel mode of treatment. Office hours from 9 to 12, and from 1 to 3 o'clock.

The Sick made Well without Medicine!

Best tableting in the world—from 9 to 10 o'clock A. M., gratis, but they must come CLEAN. 2m—June 23.

DR. U. CLARK'S

INVALIDS' RURAL HOME CURE.

But a few minutes' ride by steam or horse-car from Boston. June 23. MALDEN, MASS. 2m

FRESH TURNIP SEEDS.

BY MAIL POSTPAID.

The following varieties—the very best in cultivation—will be sent to any address by mail, prepaid, or by express. Seed and Nursery Catalogues will be sent gratis to order. Wholesale Catalogues are now ready for the Trade. Agents wanted. Price 10 cents per ounce; \$1 per pound.

Strap Leaf White, Dutch, Fall and Winter.

Red Leaf White, Dutch, Fall and Winter.

Orange Leaf or Golden Ball, Winter.

Long White French or Hannover.

Salisbury Leaf, Dutch, Fall and Winter.

German Yellow.

New White Sweet German, the finest late keeper, and the best tableting in the world.

Also, Beet, Cabbage, Carrot, Onion, Parsnip, and all other Seeds, in small or large quantities. H. M. WATSON.

Old City Nurseries and Seed Establishment, Woburn, Mass. June 23.

THE PATENT KEROSENE WICK!

PATENTED April 18, 1863. Consumes less oil with a burning power for the longest time, and requires no trimming. Being a non-conductor of heat, causes less liability of explosion. Greatly admired by those who have used it. One dozen of the best kind, sent dealers, with Show Card, by mail free, on receipt of 50 cents, or single wick 10 cents. CAHON MANUFACTURING COMPANY, PORTLAND, ME. 4m—June 23.

A CARD.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY, that I, Mary Gould, formerly of Lowell, now residing in Boston, have been troubled with Milk Lumps, a running sore, for eighteen years, and have been with crutches most of the time; have tried all the physicians of Lowell, and some of the most eminent ones of Boston, without receiving any benefit, but am now almost entirely cured, without medicine, by Dr. FANYON, of Tremont Temple, Boston. I remain yours truly, MARY GOULD.

June 23—3m. 41 Ashburton Street, Boston.

DR. G. W. BABCOCK,

ELECTRIC, MAGNETIC AND MESMERIC PHYSICIAN.

NO. 26 WINTER STREET, BOSTON.

Cladronian Examinations. (Room No. 10.)

June 23—4m

A CARD TO THE LADIES.

MRS. JENNIE MALINE, formerly with DR. FERRY of Broadway, is now prepared to give his PATENT RUBBER YACHT BATHS, at 461 1/2 Avenue, between 34th and 35th streets, New York. 4m—June 23.

REMOVAL.

MRS. M. A. PEARSON, the well-known Test Medium, may be found at No. 6 CARYWICK STREET, near the Common, Boston, June 23.

JENNIE WATERMAN DANFORTH, Magician, Psychologist, Clairvoyant, and Test Medium, will visit parties at their residence, if required. Rooms No. 59 East 14th street, near Bowery, New York. 4m—June 23.

DR. AKELY, PHYSICIAN, 194 South Clark Street, CHICAGO, ILL. 9m—June 23.

THE SECRET OUT!

Over 2000 Things Worth Knowing!

Information of Priceless Value to Everybody! Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Three copies \$1. Address, A. UNION HOME ASSOCIATION, Syracuse, N. Y. June 23.

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A GOOD MAN WANTED in every town and county in the United States, to engage in an honorable business. First-class work, every day, for 100 cents. Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand street, Jersey City, N. J. June 23—2m.

STATES FOR EVERY HOUR'S SERVICE!

PLEASANT, profitable employment. No risk. Address, MANSON LANS, 512 Broadway, N. Y. 4m—June 23.

BEDEVILERS SEMINARY.

THIS SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES is located at Elizabeth, Warren Co., New Jersey, in a section of country justly famed for the beauty of its scenery and healthfulness of its climate. The town is situated upon the east bank of the Delaware, only four hours' ride from Philadelphia and New York. It has a fine communication with the outside world by the Pennsylvania Railroad, and is built in the Italian Villa style, is pleasant and commodious, and well adapted for the education of young ladies.

It is the intention of the Principals of this school to make every department comfortable and pleasant, and to this end every effort will be made to preserve strict order and neatness throughout the entire premises. The boarding department will be under the supervision of competent persons, and every effort will be made to make the pupils feel at home in the institution.

No sectarian or party spirit will be introduced into the school, and every effort will be made to secure the highest and the sacred law of equality, justice, and liberty of conscience.

The course of instruction is extensive and thorough, having been matured during several years of experience in teaching. Music, Drawing and Painting, with the Languages, and all the higher branches of English education will be taught by competent instructors. Particular attention will be paid to the health of each pupil, and gymnastic exercises will constitute a part of each day's duty during the Fall and Winter Terms, the latter having charge of the Gymnastic Department will give lessons in the new system as taught by Dr. Dio Lewis, of Boston.

Recently, called the Adelphi Literary Society, is connected with the school. It calls its members together for mutual improvement each week.

Admission will be formed at the commencement of the Fall Term, and all desiring to enter it should signify the same to the Principals on making application for admission. The school, and all applications for admission should be made as early as possible.

For circulars and further particulars, address, MISSES BUSH, Belvidere Seminary, Belvidere, Warren Co., New Jersey. 2m—June 23.

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