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WHAT IS RIGHT?

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It is Friday, the Mussulman's holy day. The cry of the muezzin has stirred the streets and thousands are flowing through the streets to the stately mosque. Let us follow; the swelling dome is over our heads, the marble pavement beneath our feet, and around us a host of bended worshippers, their hands clasped in the fervor of devotion. Listen to the voice of this kneeling suppliant by our side: "Oh, Allah, I am weak, but thou art all-strong; strengthen me to do the right, that I may enjoy hereafter the bliss of Paradise."

As he rises from his knees, we accost him, and say, "Friend, you have been praying to Allah, or God, to strengthen you to do right; will you please to tell us what you mean by right?" "Certainly," replies the Mussulman, with a look of sorrow for our ignorance of so simple yet important a subject; "there is one God, and Mahomet is his prophet. This God has graciously revealed his will to us, by his prophet, in his holy Word, the Koran—a book superior to every other book in the world; to obey the commands of God, as given in this book, is to do right, and to disobey them is to do wrong. Cast away this precious volume, and we have no guiding star by which to regulate our wanderings; we cannot tell what is right or what is wrong, and are the slaves of ignorance and vice."

It is Saturday, the Jewish holy day. There stands the gorgeous temple, little less beautiful than the pride of Jerusalem on Mount Moriah, so silently erected in the days of Solomon. In the pulpit stands the venerable rabbi, his white beard resting upon his breast. Around him are the sons of Israel, and above in the gallery the daughters, assembled to worship the God of their fathers. From the ark he takes the sacred parchment, and reverentially unrolling it, he reads a portion of the law of Moses, and then addresses the assembled congregation. "Men and brethren, children of our father Jacob, I beseech you, do right; then shall ye be blessed, in your basket and in your store, in your going out, and in your coming in. Do right at all times, and the blessing of Jehovah out of Zion will descend and rest upon you."

As the venerable rabbi descends from the pulpit, we accost him: "You have been advising your brethren to do right; will you please to tell us what you mean by right?" "Certainly, my son," replies the rabbi. "The Almighty God who made the heavens and the earth, has revealed himself to mankind by his servant, Moses, and the holy prophets; they have written his holy law, and that law is contained in a book that Christians call the Old Testament—the New Testament is but a record of fables, and unworthy of credence from any rational mind—to obey God's law, as thus revealed, is to do right; to violate it is to do wrong; and under heaven there is no other way by which a man can tell what is right or what is wrong, but by studying this Word of Jehovah."

It is Sunday, the Christian's holy day; and from a hundred steeples floats the music of a thousand bells, and through the streets of the city pass multitudes, dressed in their gayest attire, to their respective places of worship. There stands the grand cathedral, with its cloud-reaching spire; we enter, and admire the statelyness and beauty of this "God's house."

The organ's peal sweeps through the aisle,
In tones would make an angel smile;
Now soft, as is a fairy strain,
Then "roaring like a god in pain."

Slowly a head rises from behind a tasseled desk, and the minister reads: "He that doeth righteousness is righteous, even as he is righteous;" and from this text he preaches. "Friends," he exclaims, as he proceeds with his discourse, "to be happy here and hereafter, we must obey the will of God; in other words, do right. He who does the right, has God for his father, Jesus for his friend, and heaven for his home; but to the wrong-doer there is misery in this world, and a fearful looking for of fiery indignation in the next."

When the congregation is dismissed, we approach the minister and inquire what he means by the word right, which he has so frequently used in his discourse. "To do right, sir," he replies, "is to do as God commands us. He has revealed his will to us by his Word, contained in the Old and New Testaments, where we find 'truth without any mixture of error.' To obey his will, as thus revealed, is to do right; to violate that will is to do wrong, and the wrong-doer, unless he applies to the Friend of sinners for pardon, will be cast into outer darkness, where there is weeping and gnashing of teeth."

We have, then, already three rules of right—the Mahometan, Jewish and Christian. "How do you know," we say to the Mahometan, "that yours is the rule of right?" "There can be no doubt of it," he replies. "Did not the angel Gabriel appear to our prophet, and cause the Koran, that holy volume written on a table by the throne of God himself, to descend on his heart; for a direction and good tidings to the faithful? No unassisted human being could ever have written such a wonderful book, every page of which bears the impress of a hand divine. See the rapid advance of our religion, which, in a few years, overpread the world, and now comprises so large a portion of its population. Besides, I know that the Koran is divine, and the only rule of right. Obeying its precepts, I have fasted and prayed, with my face toward Mecca, prostrating under the weight of my sins, when the prophet—glory to his name!—has taken away my guilt, revealed himself to my soul, and I have gone on my way rejoicing."

To the Jew we say, "How do you know that

you are right?" "Nothing can be more certain," replies the Jew. "God appeared to Moses, our law-giver, on Mount Sinai, and amid thunders and lightnings delivered to him our holy law, and instituted his everlasting ordinances. Through the Red Sea he brought our fathers, by the strength of his own right arm, fed them with angels' food, and delivered their enemies into their hands. And in the day of atonement have I gone to our synagogue, bowed down with guilt, where the rabbi has interceded for us, and I have returned rejoicing in the God of my salvation; for my sins, which were heavy as a mountain; God lifted off, and removed them far from me."

To the Christian we say, "Are you sure that yours is the rule of right? May you not be mistaken?" "Never," he replies; "it is impossible. The Bible is God's holy Word, confirmed by miracles, prophecies, and a morality pure as the light of day. It is a sun without a spot, a fountain of eternal truth, of which he that drinks shall live forever. Besides, I know that it is true. Burdened with guilt, I came to the foot of the cross, as this book teaches; I cast my sins on my Saviour, and rose a new creature in Christ Jesus. I carry about with me, therefore, continually the evidence—God's seal set to his own Word."

Which of these is right? Each seems to be satisfied with his own side; says he knows he is right; and, of course, if one is right, the rest are wrong.

Suppose we take up some practical questions, that are likely to come before us in daily life, and observe how these various rules of right deal with them. "Is it right to drink intoxicating drinks?" we say to the Mahometan: "No, certainly not," he replies, turning over the leaves of the Koran, and reading to us the following passage: "Oh, true believers, surely wine and lots and images and diving arrows are an abomination, and of the work of Satan, therefore avoid them that ye may prosper."

"That is sufficient," he says. "God, by his holy prophet, has forbidden wine, which includes everything that intoxicates, and no true believer can use it."

"What do you think on that subject, Jew?" "From our law I cannot learn that there is anything wrong in the moderate use of intoxicating drinks, though drunkenness is of course a great crime, and forbidden by our holy law."

"What is your opinion upon that subject?" we say to the Christian. "Wrong, sir, wrong decidedly, and contrary to the uniform tenor of God's Word, from Genesis to Revelations, which expressly declares that we must touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing."

"That is not so," says a gentleman, standing by his side, who overhears our conversation. "Pray what are you, sir?" "I am a believer in the Bible; and I say that the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelations, sanctions the moderate use of intoxicating drinks, and it is only their abuse that is forbidden." "What shall we do in this case?" I say. "Go to the Bible," replies the abstaining Christian. "To the law and to the testimony," says the little-drop brother; "if they speak not according to this rule, it is because there is no light in them." So to the Bible we go; and after turning over several of its pages, we at length come to the passage referring to the subject that we are considering: "And Noah began to be a husbandman, and he planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine, and was drunken."—Gen. ix: 20. Within his tent the old man lay uncovered; while in this condition his younger son found him, and, as it appears, made sport of his father, who, learning the fact, on awaking, cursed his offspring most bitterly; and some pious divines see in the dark faces of the Negroes, "The servile progeny of Ham," the consequence of this black curse of Noah, to this day. The Bible does not, however, inform us whether Noah did right or wrong in getting drunk or in drinking; and the question is left very much as we found it.

We proceed, and our little-drop friend points significantly to the case of Lot, as one having some bearing upon the question. We find, on reading, that before the "fire shower of ruin" descended on the doomed cities of the plain, Lot and his family fled from Sodom, his wife being turned into a statue of salt on the way, he and his two daughters dwelt in a cave in the mountain. Having made their father drunk, he committed incest with one of his daughters, and on the next evening did the same thing with the other.—Gen. xix: 30-38. Yet not a word of condemnation is uttered, either of the man or the liquor that was the means of placing him in such a disgraceful position; he is styled emphatically "just Lot" and a "righteous man."—11. Peter, ii: 7-8.

"If," says the moderate-drinking Christian, "God had not intended man to use the article, this was just the very time to forbid its use, and preach your temperance doctrine. Before you reply to my remarks," turning to his temperance brother, "let me refer you to one express passage upon the subject, that ought to set the question at rest forever. It reads thus: 'Thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after: for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink.'—Deut. xiv: 26. Now if a man may spend his money for these articles, he certainly would be at liberty to drink them after so doing; it is absurd to think otherwise."

"My dear sir," replies the temperance man, "you must never build up a doctrine on an isolated passage of Scripture; after that fashion a man may prove anything from the Bible. You must take the whole tenor of the Scriptures from one end to the other, and comparing passage with passage, thus learn what the will of the Lord is. Let me refer you to some parts of the Bible having an important bearing on this question: 'Take for instance the case of Samson, recorded in the 13th chapter of Judges.' The children of Israel had been in bondage to the Philistines for forty years, and the Lord sought a deliverer for them. For this purpose he needed a strong man—for God works, you know, by instruments; he desired

to put the strength of a hundred men's arms into one man's arm; a shepherd of might, that could rescue his sheep from the jaws of the devouring lion. Now mark how he does this: the angel of the Lord—that is, the Lord's messenger—appears to Samson's mother, and says to her, 'Thou shalt conceive and bear a son.' Now, therefore, beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink.' And to her husband he says, 'She may not eat of anything that cometh of the vine; neither let her drink wine or strong drink.' Why these stringent prohibitions? Evidently that the child might be free from alcoholic taint, he being also a Nazirite from the womb to the day of his death. Thus did God accomplish his purposes by the strength of this mighty abstainer, and deliver the Israelites from the hand of their oppressors. Nor is this all: God's word abounds with passages condemning the use of intoxicating drinks. Let us hear what Solomon, the king of wise men, says: 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!'—Prov. xxiii: 29. What can be plainer than this? No abstainer could write a passage more strongly forbidding the use of intoxicating drinks. You must not even look at the tempter, lest you be stopped by its deadly venom."

"Hold, stop!" says the moderate drinker. "I cannot allow you to rattle along in that way. You must remember, I will never do to build up a doctrine on an isolated passage of Scripture; you must take the whole tenor of God's Word, from one end to the other; that's the way to arrive at truth. Solomon certainly never meant what you want to wrest from his words; for turn to the last chapter of Proverbs and read: 'It is not for kings, oh Lomel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.'—Prov. xxxi: 4-7. That is the doctrine. You see it is kings and princes that are not to look on the wine; those are the men that are not to drink; but for such men as we, there is no such command; when our hearts are heavy, we may drink and forget our poverty and remember our misery no more. When you come to read the Bible understandingly, you will find this to be its tenor throughout."

"The passage that you appeal to," says his opponent, "only refers to criminals condemned to die, who drank till they were stupid, in order to drown the sense of their miseries. God's holy word is guilty of no such contradictions as you seem to make it. Allow me to refer you to the case of Daniel and the three Hebrew children, as one bearing out the glorious doctrine of abstinence from all intoxicating drinks. The children of Israel were carried off captives to Babylon; Nebuchadnezzar, desirous of having the most beautiful and intelligent of them instructed in the language and learning of the Chaldeans, commands the master of the eunuchs to search them out. He does so, and Daniel and the three Hebrew children are chosen. The king appoints them a certain portion of meat from his table, and of the wine that he drank; but they refuse the king's wine, and eat not his meat; but pulse had they for food, and water for drink."

"Yet they were fatter, and far more fair Than any among their fellows there, And surpassed in learning and wisdom, too, Each proud Chaldean and boastful Jew."

See how the blessing of God followed these temperate young men: Daniel is saved from the hungry lions, for God shut their mouths. The Hebrew children walk unhurt in the fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be, no smell of fire even upon their garments. What better evidence can we have of God's blessing crowning the temperance cause?"

"Allow me to ask you a question," says the drinking Christian. "Was not Jesus Christ a greater person than Daniel?" "Oh certainly, he was God almighty, who came down from heaven." "Very well, then, the example of Jesus must be as much more important than Daniel's, as God is greater than man. Now let us look at his example.—John, ii: 1-10. There was a marriage in Cana of Galilee, and Jesus and his disciples were invited to the wedding. The tables are spread for the feast, and the guests sit down to partake; the wine is handed round, and before the feast is over it is all gone; (not many of your kind of people there, you see); the mother of Jesus whispers to him, 'They have no wine.' There were set there six water-pots, holding, say the commentators, about a hundred and twenty gallons. Jesus says, 'Fill them with water;' they fill them to the brim. 'Now bear out to the Governor of the feast;' they do so, and the Governor proclaims it good wine."

"The concious water saw its God, And blessing, turned to generous wine." Had you temperance men had his power, you would have turned all the wine provided for the feast, to water; but he, the gracious Lord divine, turns simple water into wine; and by so doing places the force of his holy example on the side of those who believe in using with moderation the gifts of God's bounty. When about to leave his disciples, they took a last supper together; at that supper they had bread and wine. Taking the cup in his hand and offering it to them, he said 'Drink ye all of it.'—Matt. xxvi: 27. 'And as oft as ye do it; do it in remembrance of me.'—1. Cor. xi: 25. And I never take a glass of wine without remembering the dying Saviour. But your temperance brethren, your doctrines cast discredit on the Saviour of the world, and if he were here now, you would look down upon him with scorn and contempt; and how must he look upon you in the last great day?"

Paul, who followed in the footsteps of his master, when writing to Timothy, one of your cold-water men, says—1. Tim. v: 23, 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine other infirmities.'

After these two Christians have thus fought their way through the Bible, can any man tell on which side of the question the Bible stands? Is it not on both sides? It is a witness as ready to swear for plaintiff as defendant; a guide pointing east and west at the same time, to the great astonishment of the bewildered traveler. Right and wrong are alternately on the sides of drinking and abstaining, and a man who seeks for information in the Bible on this subject, is further off when done than when he began. And what is true in reference to the use of intoxicating drinks, is equally true in reference to every other practical question that can come before us.

"Is any one day holier than another?" I say to the Mahometan. "Most assuredly," he replies. "What day is it?" "Friday, of course; every child knows that." "What makes Friday so much better than other days?" "What a question, oh infidel, to ask. Friday is the day on which God ended his labors, and rested after he had made the heavens and the earth. Friday is the day on which our holy prophet—blessed be his name—fled from Mecca to Medina; it is the day set apart by the Koran as the Sabbath, and has been observed by our Church from the earliest times; the man who labors on that day is accursed of God."

I turn to the Jew. "What do you think upon that subject?" "There is no holy day," he replies, "but Saturday. Fridays are no better than Sundays; but Saturday, the seventh day, is the Sabbath of the Lord our God, on which no manner of work may be done." "What makes Saturday so much better than other days?" "Do you not know, that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested on the seventh, therefore he blessed and hallowed it? In his law, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai, he gave the command to observe this day as a holy day forever.—Ex. xxxi: 12-16—and what God commands, man must do."

"What do you think about that, Christian?" "Well, sir, of keeping Fridays and Saturdays I know nothing; they are no better than other days of the week; but Sunday is the Lord's day, and whoever breaks the Sabbath, by work or play, does it at the peril of his soul; for all Sabbath-breakers shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." "But wherein lies the peculiar sanctity of the Sunday?" "Have you not read the Bible, sir, God's holy word of truth? 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'—Ex. xx: 8. 'Yes, but that is Saturday.' "No, it is Sunday, for the day has been changed, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, on the first day of the week." "But as he rested in the grave on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath might very well have been retained." "The Church, sir, from the earliest times, observed the first day of the week. On that day the disciples met to break bread; and from those earliest times to the present, the Sunday has been observed as a day of rest and a peculiarly holy day, by all classes of Christians every where. John, in the Revelations, evidently refers to it when he speaks of 'the Lord's Day.'"

"Is there not somewhat mistaken there?" says an old gentleman with a broad-brimmed hat, who had entered during our conversation. "I am a Christian, and a believer in that book to which these have been appealing, and I find no such doctrine in it as these set forth. I find Jesus setting at naught the Sabbath by selecting it for the performance of his most notable miracles; and when chided by the Pharisees he says, 'The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. The son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath day.'—Mark, ii: 27. He never commanded his followers to observe holy days, but called all their ceremonial observances to his cross, for they were only a shadow of good things to come. Paul says 'One man esteemeth one day above another; another regardeth every day alike; let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.'—Rom. xiv: 5. And, writing to the Colossians, in the spirit of his master, he says, 'Let no man, therefore, judge you in meat or in drink, or in respect of an holy day, or of the new moon, or of the Sabbath, which are a shadow of things to come, but the body is of Christ.'—Col. ii: 16. Now when a man has his body, he never troubles himself to look after his shadow; and when Jesus, the body, came in his light and glory, the Jewish types and shadows disappeared, lost in his resplendent brightness. In writing to the Galatians, Paul says, 'Ye observe days and months and times; I am afraid of you lest I have bestowed upon you labor in vain.'—Gal. iv: 10-11. There are multitudes living now that Paul would be afraid of if he were here, for they have departed from the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus, and are bowing to the idols that men have set up." So says this Quaker of the old school.

If these men are to be believed, the Bible is a guide-board pointing in three different directions at the same time. Saturday is the holy day, and no other; Sunday is the holy day, and must be observed; and no day is holier than another, but all are alike good. What shall the traveler do who finds these contradictory directions? Is this the road that is so plain that a wayfarer man, though a fool, need not err therein?"

If we take any other practical question, we find the same difficulty in deciding what is right or wrong by the various sacred books that have been adopted as standards. Should a man have more wives than one? The Mahometan replies yes, at once; his prophet had, and his holy book permits polygamy. The Jew says it was allowed by God at one time, but is no longer permitted. We ask the Christian, but he stares with astonishment that we should ask him such a question. "One man and one woman united together for life is the doctrine of the Bible, taught most ex-

plicitly throughout the pages of that blessed book, and no Christian for a moment doubts it."

"You are mistaken, sir," exclaims the Mormon; "on the contrary, polygamy is plainly taught in the Scriptures, as practiced in our Church at the present time." "How can you say so?" replies the Monogamist; "the Bible is opposed to such a doctrine from Genesis to Revelations. Just turn to the account of creation, as given in Genesis, and what can be plainer than the dual relation between the sexes there declared, as established by God himself. Adam being created and placed in Eden's flowery garden; the beasts were brought to him to name; and, as they marched before him, from the mouse to the monkey, he gave them appropriate names, but sought in vain for a companion. God, compassionating Adam in his lonely condition, cast him into a deep sleep, extracted one of his ribs, and of this made a woman, and brought her unto Adam. Had polygamy been right for man, then was the time for it to be made manifest; God could just as easily have taken out two or three ribs, and made as many women of them, as to take one; but, in his infinite wisdom and goodness, he makes of one rib one woman, a companion for Adam for life. By what sophistries can you set aside these explicit revelations?"

"You do not understand the Bible, sir; you are blind to the beauty of its glorious teachings. Do you not know, sir, that through all Nature everything has a small beginning, however mighty it may become? First we have the germ peeping above the ground, then the sapling, and, in the end, the giant oak. First the spring, then the rill, the streamlet and the river. This is God's method of working, and it is not surprising that the statements of the Bible, God's holy word, should harmonize with it. Adam had one wife by God's appointment, that is true, and what we should reasonably expect. God could not have given him less, and, in accordance with his natural law, we could not expect him to give him more. But mark, as we advance along the line of the eminent worthies, whom God has chosen to honor in his Sacred Word, how the stream widens and deepens. Abraham, who was 'the father of the faithful, and the friend of God,' had one wife, Sarah, and another, Hagar.—Gen., xvi: 3. And when Sarah died he took another—Keturah—so as to keep up his number, two.—Gen., xxxi: 1. Jacob, further along the line, married two wives, his own first cousins, daughters of his Uncle Laban, and then had children by their two handmaids, making his number four. Gileon, a man of the Lord, by whom he delivered Israel, and one of Paul's cloud of witnesses, must have had at least ten wives, for the Bible informs us that he had many wives and seventy sons.—Judges, viii: 30. Then David, the 'man after God's own heart,' the man whom we are told by God himself, never did wrong in his life but once—and that was in the matter of Uriah—takes to himself a number of wives; and when Saul dies, the blessed Bible declares that 'God gave to him the wives of his master Saul into his house.'—1. Sam., xli: 8. Do not you begin to see how naturally and beautifully this blessed system of polygamy grows? Adam one, Abraham two, Jacob four, Gileon ten, David twenty or thirty, and, lastly, Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived or ever shall live, with his seven hundred wives and three hundred concubines. In him humanity culminated; and, from that time, men went downward and backward, till Joseph Smith, the prophet of the Lord, arose and brought in the glory of the latter day. The Bible is full of beauty, when properly understood; but in the hands of the willful and ignorant is like a sharp sword, that cuts the hand of him who knows not how to wield it."

"Filthy wretches, to pervert the word of God, in order to pander to your depraved appetites," says a tall, pale, overcoated, broad-brimmed gentleman, who has been listening attentively to the discussion. "Who are you?" exclaim both with one breath. "I am a Shaker, gentlemen, and a devout believer in the truths of that blessed volume, that you write to your own destruction, and I say that the Bible teaches, by example and precept, that marriage is one of the most profligate sources of evil, and that, as God's children, we should abstain from it. Go to the Garden of Eden, and what do you find? A paradise of delights; everything that is pleasant to the eye and useful for food is there. No earthquake heaves the ground, no volcano opens its fiery mouth, but the angel of peace holds dominion over the world. The lion and the tiger, the lamb and the kid, lie side by side together, and there is nothing to hurt or destroy. But mark the change! Adam, dissatisfied, desires a helpmate; and no sooner does she come, than misery comes as her companion. When woman came, the devil came, and then came death and all our woe. The fair face of Nature became seamed with yawning chasms, earthquakes shook the world, and volcanoes poured out desolating floods; the lion fleshed his teeth in the innocent lamb, and the tiger, seizing the kid, rent it in pieces; the soul of man was dyed by sin as black as hell, and nothing but the blood of God could wash it out. Abraham has two wives, but their quarrels embitter his existence, and, for the sake of peace, he is compelled to turn one of them, with her child, out of doors into the wilderness. Jacob, the shepherd, keeping the sheep of his uncle Laban, is a lovely character, dreaming of heaven and angels and communing with God; but with his marriage commences his misery: his wives quarrel, his children are robbers and murderers, and even conspire against the life of their brother, till the old man, in the anguish of his heart, exclaims, 'Ye will bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.' David's wives vex his righteous soul, and Bathsheba leads him to the commission of that terrible crime that blots his whole life. His beloved son makes war against his father, and he slays David, in his son's agony, exclaiming, 'Oh Absalom, my son, my son! Would to God I had died for thee, oh Absalom, my son.' Even Solomon, the wisest man, is dragged down from the throne of his glory by his

wives and concubines, who turned their heads from the Lord, and he gives up the reins of his wide experience in the mournful words, "A man in a thousand have I found; a woman in a thousand I have not found; vanity of vanities; all is vanity and vexation of spirit." Come down to the New Testament, and Jesus, our Lord and Master, who set us an example that we should tread in his steps, was never married, and he says—oh that mankind would read and understand—'He that looketh on a woman to lust after her, hath committed adultery with her already in his heart.' Paul, who trod in the footsteps of his divine master, was no husband to any woman, no father to any child, and desired others to follow him, as he followed Jesus. When John, the revealer, had those sublime visions in the isle of Patmos, he saw a hundred and forty-four thousand around the throne of God, who were singing day and night unto him. John inquires who these favored few are, who thus approach the throne, and on whom God's smile rests continually, and the answer is—mark it!—These are they that were not defiled with women.—Rev. xiv: 4. In other words, they were Shakers; and we shall back in the sunshine of God's glory, when filthy sinners like you will be compelled to stand afar off."

So argue Bible believers; and no wonder, while they follow such a guide, who stands at life's cross roads, with as many hands as a Hindoo God, his fingers directing to every point of the compass, while he exclaims, "That is the way to life!" Does it point slaveryward? "No such thing," says the North, and shouts itself hoarse in repeating, "Do unto another as ye would that another should do unto you." "Call no man master, for one is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." "Woe unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work." "The stranger that dwelleth with you shall be unto you as one born among you, and thou shalt love him as thyself." "How plain!" says the anti-slavery minister; "none but those blinded by avarice can help seeing how God frowns upon the damnable traffic in the souls of human beings, and how his word is laid like an axe at the root of this tree of misery." "The Almighty Maker of the universe," says the Southern slaveholder, "is ever the same; he never commands in one age what he forbids in another, nor blesses at one time what he curses and denounces at other times; and he has said in his Word, 'Both thy bondmen and bondmaids which thou shalt have shall be of the heathen that are round about you; of them shall ye buy bondmen and bondmaids, and ye shall take them as an inheritance for your children after you, to inherit them for a possession; they shall be your bondmen forever.'—Lev. xxv: 44-46. None of your anti-slavery and abolition in that," says he; "there we have God's charter, signed, sealed and delivered; our rights guaranteed by the great I Am forever. Abraham, the friend of God, Jacob, his intimate companion, and David, his beloved, all held slaves; and Jesus, finding the institution of slavery everywhere through Palestine, never said one word against its continuance. Paul not only recognizes slavery, but regulates it, when he says, 'Servants, obey in all things your masters, according to the flesh, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God.' Masters are to give unto their servants what is just and equal. No word of denunciation of the institution, nothing of abolition; but the right of the master is recognized, and the duty of the servant prescribed."

On this, as on all practical questions, the Bible is double-tongued, and is therefore no true moral guide.

What, then, shall the traveler do? Is there no pole-star in the heavens, fixed immovably, while around the shifting lights revolve? Is man left to tread the wilderness in midnight darkness, with nothing to dispel the gloom around his tortuous pathway but the flash of a meteor or the uncertain light of the ignis fatuus? There is a pole-star for the mariner, a highway for the traveler, with daylight to guide him, and men need not drive on shoals, flounder in bogs, or move slowly in darkness with fear and trembling. THAT IS RIGHT WHICH IS FOR HUMANITY'S BENEFIT; THAT IS WRONG WHICH IS OPPOSED TO THE WELFARE OF THE HUMAN RACE. Of the Gods, we know nothing; it is not presumable, if they exist, that we can add to their happiness or diminish their enjoyment; but our deeds constantly influence ourselves and our fellows for good and evil. To know what actions are productive of good or evil, we need to use our judgment, aided by all the light that science can bestow.

Let us try by this rule the various questions that have come before us. Is it right or wrong to use intoxicating drinks? The basis of all intoxicating drinks is alcohol; it is in this that makes them intoxicating. Rum and brandy contain a large quantity, while beer and hard cider contain but little. What is this alcohol? We inquire of science; and the answer is, an acrid poison. Then intoxicating liquors are poisonous in proportion to the alcohol that they contain, and as such, are at war with the healthy operations of the human system. The man in health who uses them, violates the law that governs his physical organism, and no amount of prayer or Bible reading can absolve the sinner from the consequences of his deeds. The headache that admonishes the moderate drinker, the diseased body that the drunkard carries with him continually, are much more effectual texts than "the saith the Lord," in Bible or in Koran. Texts are they, written in an ever-living language, understood by men of every tongue.

Intoxicating drinks are injurious to those who use them; at war with the health of the body and strength of the mind; stimulating to physical and mental activity for a time, it is true, but using the strength of to-morrow to-day, and demanding for its use a fearful interest, that soon bankrupts the foolish borrower. Hence we apply our rule, and decide that it is not right to use intoxicating drinks.

But your rule, says an objector, leads no more to unanimity of opinion than the Bible. Men who do not make the Bible their guide, differ in opinion on this subject as much as those who do. To those who are governed by it, it does. Multitudes never investigate the subject; some who do, have a strong appetite for intoxicating drinks that hinders clear vision. As people become intelligent, opinion on this subject becomes more unanimous, and there is no doubt that eventually the use of these drinks will be abandoned.

Is one day holier than another? The conflicting testimony of so-called holy books can never give a satisfactory answer to this question, but Nature's ample and consistent page contains a satisfactory reply. I work for six or eight hours daily on my farm, and note carefully the condition of my system on the various days of the week. I do this for a whole year; and I find that labor agrees with my physical and mental constitution on every day of the week. Fridays are no more consecrated to rest by Nature than Saturdays; Sundays than Mondays. The corn I plant on Sunday grows as well as that planted on Monday; the rains refuse not to fall upon it, nor the sun to shine

upon it. On every day the grass grows, the water flows, the birds sing, the bees hum, the sap climbs up the trees. Sunday puts no brake on the world's wheels, but the sound of the rushing spheres comes humming into the church on Sunday, as into the synagogue on Saturday. Nature knows no red letter days.

The man who invented the Sabbath evidently supposed the world to be flat; when the sun went down, it was night all over the world, and when he rose, day was everywhere. Not otherwise could all the people of the world observe the same portion of time. At six o'clock on Sunday evening the Christian minister, in this country, gives out his text, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and solemnly denounces the violators of the holy day who do their own work, and obey not the divine record, and at the very same time his Christian brethren in China are swinging their axes, driving their planes, and wielding their hammers, for it is Monday morning with them. If we would but climb the mountain, sun ourselves in the daylight, and let the wind blow the cobwebs out of our eyes, we might read this truthful Scripture: All days are thine, march; use them for thy good. No tyrannical monarch sits in state, watching with scowling brow the little boys who play on Sunday, lightning striking one, and drowning another.

There is a time of rest marked by Nature, which none can disregard with impunity. It is when the sun sinks, and the curtain of night is drawn around the world; when

"The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,
And the bees and the birds are at rest."

Then sleep, like an angel, closes the laborer's eyes, and his soul wanders off to heaven. Abstain from sleep to-night, and to-morrow you feel faint and languid. Try it to-morrow night, and the pain you will suffer will teach you the necessity of obeying the laws that Nature imposes. It is said that Napoleon's soldiers, in the retreat from Moscow, slept on the march. So well does Nature provide for obedience to her commands, that disobedience is almost impossible. This is the only Sabbath that Nature imposes; all others are of man's manufacture.

Indiscriminate intercourse between the sexes produces the foulest diseases, and its mental and moral effects are most disastrous. Polygamy debases woman, and degrades and brutalizes man. If one man appropriates to himself a dozen wives, he is a tyrant, and they his slaves. If many men were to do it, many of their brethren would be robbed of the happiness that flows from congenial companionship with woman. Monogamy is evidently the law of Nature; and when two congenial souls are truly united, theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

What are the effects of slavery? Does it elevate mankind? Is it a blessing to the race? Its very defenders acknowledge that it is a curse. In consequence of it, compo to the white man idleness, that eats away his manhood like a canker worm, cruelty, that entrines the beast in his soul, and fear, that holds a dagger before his eyes continually. To the colored man, a prison house for his mind, from which the light of knowledge is carefully excluded, a stagnation of soul that breeds pestilence and crime. It is accursed—let it die, says Nature, and die it will.

For want of this principle by which to distinguish right from wrong, the world is most sadly cursed. We have artificial virtues and artificial vices without number. Men are trained to believe that certain actions are right, nay, imperative, that have no tendency to benefit the doer or his neighbors, while they are trained to carefully abstain from doing what would be of decided benefit.

The faculty of conscience is blind, and never enables a man to know whether actions are right or wrong; it only induces us to do that which the judgment has decided to be right. The Hindoo devotee holds his closed hand above his head in a fixed position till the nails grow through his hand, and the muscles of his arm become so rigid that it is impossible to bend it. The torture thus inflicted upon his body, he is taught to believe, is so much virtue placed to the account of his soul; and his conscience assists him in bearing the pain. The Mahometan dervish dances and howls by the hour, not because his dancing and howling benefit either himself or others, but to propitiate God, and obtain favors from him. We need not travel far to find instances of a somewhat similar kind in what we are pleased to call an "enlightened land."

Here is a baby, held in the arms of a gentleman, who utters some words over it, as if for a charm, and then sprinkles water in its face till it cries, all parties looking on with the greatest seriousness.

It is winter, and cold in the extreme. A hole has been cut in the ice, and in the water stands another gentleman, a crowd of lookers on surrounding the spot, attracted by the singular spectacle. He dips overhead twenty or thirty people, two-thirds of them women or girls, and with stiffened clothes and chattering teeth they make their way to some neighboring house. Who is benefited? The water is no purer, the people no cleaner, the gentleman no warmer, the world no wiser.

A hundred people are gathered in a Christian place of worship. It is communion day. The minister discourses about a young man who was put to death more than eighteen centuries ago, who he says was God. He then hands to them cups filled with wine, and plates containing pieces of bread, and tells them to eat and drink, assuring them, as they do so, that they are eating the flesh and drinking the blood of this young man who died so long ago, though the bread was made by the baker, and the wine is generally some villainous compound concocted by the wine merchant. Artificial virtues that are no virtues, that make no soul wiser or better, purer or happier, take the place of manliness, intelligence and use. Human beings meet by thousands, and cry to deaf Gods; they build sumptuous temples, and employ men to retail to them ancient fables, while they sternly reject living and important facts.

Artificial vices go side by side with artificial virtues. Your hired man is a Catholic; it is Friday, and the Church says no meat shall be eaten; a round of beef is on the table; Patrick has been laboring hard, and hunger has shortened his memory; cut after cut disappears. All the thought flashes like lightning into his mind, it is Friday! Down drop knife and fork, and remorse of conscience supplies the remainder of the meal. On Sunday he is off to confession; he kneels; "Oh father, I have committed a great sin." "What is it, my son?" says the priest, who thinks of nothing less than murder. "I ate some beef on Friday." The priest prescribes a light penance, and away goes Patrick rejoicing, while he rolls over a large quid of tobacco, and chews with double force for joy. It is all right to chew tobacco, but to eat meat on Friday—what a deadly sin!

A company of Methodists have met in the basement of the church at class meeting. The leader asks them one by one how it is with their souls, till he arrives at a poor widow, left with four young children and a heritage of woe. She tells with trembling voice of her many shortcomings; she does the things she ought not to do, and leaves

undone the things she ought to do; she begs an interest in their prayers, that she may grieve her God no more by wandering from him, but move steadily on to Zion with her face thitherward. What has this poor soul done? What are the sins that she has committed, the remembrance of which overwhelms her like a flood? Fastened with hard labor for herself and darling, she slept without first praying, and thought of her children in the morning before she thought of her God. She heard a dull, prosy sermon last Sunday, and under it also went to sleep—the best possible thing she could do, under the circumstances—and under the burden of such artificial sins as these she goes mourning all her days.

Thousands are made miserable by their violation of commands that they were never under any obligation to obey, and on the other hand are ruined by disobeying what nature commands, of which they are generally ignorant.

Let us study the effect of our actions upon ourselves and our neighbors, and what conduces to true permanent happiness let us perform. Here are the ignorant; let us enlighten them by all the means in our power. Here are our neighbors, suffering, dying; let us assist and relieve them. The Gods we can neither injure nor help. Man needs our assistance, and all that we can give. Blessed is he that applies his life to this work. In this life he has peace and joy, and in the life hereafter the happiness that legitimately springs from well-doing, and that cannot be separated from it.

Written for the Banner of Light.

WAITING.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

O'er the lowly couch of pain, through the watch-
es of the night,
Shadows dimming deep recesses, unlit by pale
lanplight;
Hovering o'er the dear one, in the fitful sleep of
pain,
Waiting, watching for the dawning, to cheer the
heart again.

Thus like mourner watching,
Wakes the sad refrain,
"I am waiting, waiting,
For morn to come again."

Morn has brought no gladness, as slowly, day by
day,
The form by sickness wasted, passes from earth
away;
Still hope burns in its socket with fitful, flicker-
ing light,
While nearer, ever nearer, fall the shades of
grief's dark night.

Still in the mourner's heart
Is echoing the strain,
"I am waiting for a morn
Of light to dawn again."

Round our way in gladness, with their looks of
love,
Forms are fitting from the past, that long have
dwelt above,
And in the hour of sadness, low tones fall on the
ear,
Whispered by angel-voices, our earth-worn hearts
to cheer.

"Faint not, faint not,
Through all the weary years,
For we are waiting, waiting,
Beyond the vale of tears."

Mrs. Wilhelm's Labors in Monmouth.

At a meeting of the Religio-Philosophical Society of this place, just held, the Executive Board were instructed to draft a Resolution expressive of the gratification afforded the members of the Society by the lectures of Mrs. A. Wilhelm, lately delivered and now concluded, as well as of the regret consequent upon their termination; also to send a copy of the same to the BANNER for publication.

In accordance with which the subscribers beg leave to submit the following, assured that its substance will meet with hearty endorsement from all concerned:

Resolved, That we have listened to the course of lectures delivered before this Society by Mrs. Wilhelm with much pleasure, deep interest, and we may hope, no inconsiderable profit. Regretting that we cannot at present longer be privileged to hear her expression, we realize that the active and energetic industry of the speaker incurs our loss, however brief, felt to be the loss of others. While our kind wishes attend her wherever located, in pleasant remembrance of the receipts she indicated, strengthened as they were by the weight of an example so worthy of being followed, we anticipantly await the time when it may be our fortune to renew the experience which, as listeners to her earnest and pertinent discourses, intelligent and imaginary thought, has been productive of so much that was enjoyable.

H. H. ROBERTS, Pres't.
A. W. PALMER, Vice-Pres't.

D. R. STEVENS, Sec'y.
Mrs. W. has been at this place for the principal share of the four months last past. Her efforts were most acceptable to the great majority of those who heard her. She has done the cause of free thought in this vicinity excellent service; not merely through the expression made, and the wakening of new ideas in many minds, but by eminent illustration of the fact that public speaking, even among strangers, upon an unpopular theory, is not incompatible with true dignity and womanly respect. Although the little matters of justice, good sense, reason and natural right have been ignored here to the extent that female speaking is looked upon with great disfavor, a limited acquaintance with Mrs. W. has proved sufficient to extort from those of strongest prejudices acknowledgment that she bore herself most becomingly for one so unaturally circumstanced as a woman upon the rostrum. That this particular relation of person and place should represent the extreme of impropriety is a sentiment so absurd that it can meet with no serious opposition. How very unnatural that a mind overflowing with earnest thought should seek the place where it can put itself in sympathy with the greatest number! Especially when we consider the universal application of the law of supply and demand, how strange the conceit that a brain surcharged with emotion should find relief in speech that feeling for all should prompt address to all near!

Impressed with full sense of this unnaturalness, we are, nevertheless, obliged to record it as a verity, that to some of those who saw and heard the subject of our sketch, she really seemed less out of place than a large majority of those victims of misguided education, who, in the pulpits of our churches, while they rejoice in placing on exhibition the productions of the tailor rather than those of the mantua-maker, disgrace their organization, and the Source of Being, and burlesque reason by vain attempts to give the semblance of consistency to the rotten thread of dry discourses and dreary platitudes upon the beauty, freshness and strength of originally misshapen, and now time-worn and attenuated theologies. Could a few thousand of these, in different parts of our land, be exchanged for as many such speakers as the one named, or other of our female orators who speak because they have something to say, from the abundance of the heart rather than the spur of a necessity, the more exact and self-created beauty that we are entitled to expect would be the better for the State.

Mrs. W. is at present in the more central part of the State, in which section she will, if I understand her rightly, remain some months longer, when she leaves Illinois for an indefinite length of time. Success to "The Liberator!"

Monmouth, N. J., July, 1866.

Children's Department
BY MRS. LOVE, M. WILLIAMS
ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

SELFISHNESS:
AND THE TROUBLE IT BRINGS.

(Original.)
[Continued.]

Lucy was too good and generous to mourn over the loss of her books, and too thoughtful of her mother to tell Mr. Vane of the sacrifice she had made. But the time she usually employed in study was now on her hands, and she was not a girl to idle it away. Therefore she began to review all she had learned, and to write it down on paper. As she proceeded with her labor, she was not satisfied at merely writing what she had learned, but began to write her own ideas and thoughts.

Sometimes, as she sat in her quiet room, it would seem to her as if she heard the gleeful voice of a baby, and thoughts of little Bessie took away all loneliness that she might have felt when she thought of the children in the school where she would so gladly have gone. But it was not possible for so good a friend as Mr. Vane to be long ignorant of the sacrifice Lucy had made, and she soon gave him all she had written, and told him of the little companion that seemed to be near her.

"Did you ever think," said he, "that we could make heaven open its gates and send its beautiful ones to us, if we desired?"

"I should n't think heaven would have gates," thought Lucy aloud.

"The gates of heaven are not of gold, or stone, or wood, but the evil passions and desires of men. They form a great barrier that shuts out those that perhaps would desire to visit us. But love is like a flood-gate that opens the way for even angels to come to us. If little Bessie comes to see you, it is not merely because you loved her, but because you have love enough to bless everybody. I might have a very selfish love for Bessie, which would be too cold an atmosphere for her little baby angel-life; but if I have love for all those about me, then I keep a warm life that is as good as the air of heaven for even little Bessie. I shall take for my text next Sunday this: 'For if ye love not your brother whom ye have seen, how can you love God, whom you have not seen?'"

"If I did n't love Gertrude and Arthur, and wish to help them, you mean I could n't love the angels well enough to bring them to me?"

"That is just it," said Mr. Vane; "and if you have learned this truth you will be wiser than most men; for there are many that imagine they talk with very holy angels, and yet have not love enough to do a kind deed to a poor, unfortunate fellow-mortal. It is easy to tell those that really love God or the angels, for they are full of loving deeds."

Christie had seen Arthur's books and Lucy's names written in them, and he determined to supply the loss to her as far as possible; so he copied his lessons every day and sent them to her, often adding some pleasant words, so that Lucy was in no danger of losing much by her sacrifice.

But these little misadventures were not sent without the knowledge of Gertrude, who was too selfish to see any good come to Lucy, without wishing to appropriate it to herself. Therefore she devised a plan for keeping Lucy from receiving the daily tributes. She stopped every day at Lucy's door to speak a few words to her, and then, in a most obliging manner, asked Christie to send his notes by her.

"For," said she, "you know I see her every day, and I can deliver them promptly, and save you sending by the boy."

As Gertrude took the first note safely in her pocket home to her aunt's, it cannot be supposed that she felt quite at ease. She was eager to see the contents, yet she felt very much like a thief who suspects a police officer is on his track. She looked behind her, and held her hand over her pocket, and then ran a little ways. A boy happened to be passing on the other side of the fence, and she was quite sure it was Christie. But at last she reached home, and went to her room to read the contents of the package that Christie had so trustfully given to her care.

She was somewhat surprised to find it a copy of several sums in Rule of Three, and a map of Asia, with a written account of the death of Mary, Queen of Scots.

"What a fool that boy must be!" she said to herself. "I suppose he is trying to amuse Lucy. I believe I'll tell Bertie about it, and we will lay some other plan to keep him from Lucy."

Accordingly Gertrude had a consultation with her friend Bertie Prang, and they decided on a very mean, but very common method of attempting to raise one's self in the opinion of another, namely, to attempt to injure the good name of the one supposed to stand in the way of one's own appreciation.

There was in the neighborhood a family by the name of Shrimp. They were very poor, and the children were very coarse and rude. One boy, by the name of Jo, was the terror of all the girls who chanced to meet him. So rude was he, that he hesitated not at any act of ill-breeding, and no girl who respected herself was willing to speak to him.

The family were very ill, and but few were charitable enough to assist them. Gertrude knew this through the kind acts of good Aunt Jane, so she laid her little plan.

Jo appeared one morning at Mrs. Vane's door.

"Please, ma'am, is there any one here who will go to the assistance of my poor mother? She is sick, and all the children are sick, and like enough they'll all die."

Lucy, full of kindly feeling, asked what they needed, and Mr. Vane dispatched her with all the comforts necessary. Jo begged every day, and every day Lucy went to care for the really sick little ones. Jo was really touched with her kindness, and spoke warmly of her to every one. He often walked home with her, and she, finding he was really touched by her gentle kindness, willingly talked with him.

This was just what Gertrude and her friend desired, and an opportunity soon offered to carry out their plan more fully.

At recess one day Gertrude accosted Christie.

"I suppose you've heard the news? Lucy's over head and ears in love!"

Christie gave a little start, and then said, "Oh, you need n't be surprised; it was just what we all expected. Jo Shrimp waits upon her home, and she goes running after him every day."

"It's a lie!" said Christie, "it's easy to say a thing's a lie, but it's n't easy to prove it."

"You can't prove it against Lucy," said Gertrude.

Oh, no, if you're not," said Gertrude. "We don't want to. We don't want anybody to say they like her, so much!"

"You know," said Gertrude, warmly, "that your cousin Lucy don't like Jo, and you can't prove she waits upon her home."

"I'll take a walk with us this afternoon, just after school, and see."

Lucy had been on her mission of kindness, and was returning home when Jo overtook her.

"I say, Miss, I've been thinking of what you said, and I do n't mean to try and get Arthur into mischief any more."

"That's a good fellow!" said Lucy. "I thank you from the bottom of heart."

"Give me your hand, then," said Jo, "if you ain't too proud to shake hands with me; if you are, I do n't say that I'll remember what you said."

Lucy extended her hand most cordially.

"No, indeed, Jo. I am sure you are just as good as I am, if you try to do right. Now good-by, and do n't forget to call and get the jelly to-night."

Christie and Gertrude were walking slowly just behind the row of bushes that here divided the main road from the foot path. Christie saw all, but was no way surprised. He was sure Lucy had some good motive in all she did, and this he said to Gertrude. As they walked home together, Gertrude was more than ever resolved to make Christie think ill of her cousin. She saw it was no easy matter, and required much thought and care.

Christie was equally determined to vindicate Lucy. He had not heard from her for more than a week. She had not answered one of his notes, which all lay in Gertrude's room, safely locked in a drawer. This troubled him a little, but he determined to go every day toward Jo's miserable home, and see for himself what was to be seen. But he did not meet Lucy any more. But one evening, directly in his path lay an unopened letter. It was in writing so precisely like Lucy's, that he did not doubt it was her's. It was directed to Master Jo Shrimp. Christie was too honorable to open it, and dropped it again. It was soon after picked up by Gertrude, who had left it there.

Christie's faith was a little shaken, but he determined to wait, trusting to the steadfast love that he felt in his own breast to reveal to him the faithfulness of Lucy. The next day he found an open letter in his path, and saw the words, "Dear Jo," but he would read no more. He did not stop to consider how very improbable it was that Jo should drop two letters, he only thought of what he saw, and wondered if indeed Gertrude was right.

The girls had not confined their evil remarks to Christie, and all the school were buzzing about Lucy, and her walks to meet Jo. Her name was on the tongue of even little boys, who laughed about the girl that went a-courting.

In the meantime, Lucy, missing the lessons sent by Christie, had continued her writing. It seemed as if some hand were guiding her pen, so readily did the words follow it. She wrote on and on, wondering herself at what she wrote. And when she sat silent and thoughtful, she had such sweet and holy dreams of heaven and of baby Bessie, that she thought herself the happiest and most blessed of mortals.

Aunt Jane's troubles increased; for Arthur, taking advantage of Gertrude's selfishness, was careless of his mother's advice or wishes, and daily got into more and more mischief. One sacrifice after another was made, until the house had lost all of its comforts, and had little of its former appearance left. Gertrude and Arthur did not hesitate to demand what was impossible to obtain, except by debts already greater than good Mrs. Clipp could contemplate with any degree of peace of mind.

Lucy saw all this when she visited her home, and she longed to do something to help her mother, but she knew of nothing better than to patiently work to satisfy Mrs. Vane, and to hope and pray for better days.

One day the jovial face of Mr. Oberfelder presented itself, and Lucy ventured to ask him if there was not some way for her to help her mother.

"Mr. Vane is gone, and if he was here, I do n't know as I should wish to trouble him; he would think I was dissatisfied here."

"Well, if you are n't the sweetest and best sort of a girl I know, do n't you remember that note you wrote to me, asking me to get your mother some goods? Well, ever since, I've been a-thinking you might be a writer. I've heard of folks that made a heap of money writing, and if you'll try your hand at it, I'll just deliver the article to the editor of the County paper. Do n't shake your head. If you'll try, I'll be bound you'll get paid."

This new thought inspired Lucy, and in a few hours she had written a little piece of poetry, called "The Village Outcast," and she had in her mind poor Jo, whom no one would help to a better and truer life. She put her whole heart into the verses, and they glowed as only heart-poetry can.

She chose as signature the little flower she best loved, Violet. In the course of the day, Mr. Oberfelder returned and handed her a dollar, praising her poem and urging her to continue. He did not tell her that the dollar came from his own pocket. Week after week something appeared from the new correspondent, and at last the editor spoke in terms of praise of the new star that was giving its light through his paper. Everybody was wondering who it could be that gave such pleasant pictures of everyday life, and entered so fully into the beauty and loveliness of common things. It could not be supposed that a girl of fourteen could write without many faults; but Lucy's heart was full of goodness, and she uttered her feelings as truly as if she was talking to her mother.

Evelyn Vane was puzzled to know who was the correspondent that pleased the young and old so well. He criticized the letters and poems, and thus Lucy improved every week. Mr. Oberfelder kept her secret well, and brought her daily the dollar amount given by the editor, to which he added always a little from his own purse.

Christie had at last become convinced that Lucy did not care for him, and she was quietly left out of every gathering of her young companions. It was a very bitter and Gertrude with her friends, spent almost every evening at some party or social meeting. Mrs. Clipp sat alone and wondered, and waited, and hoped and prayed. Arthur went more and more with his evil companions, and she one had any power over him but Gertrude, and she always exercised it for the wrong instead of the right.

Mrs. Clipp could not keep off the evil day much longer, and she was to be sold, and she was to be sold to a new home. And she talked it over with Lucy, and wondered what she should do. But Lucy had only cheerful words, and was sure something would happen to prevent.

Gertrude wondered what all the fuss was about, and what anybody cared for her, because they troubled her about things that were disagreeable to her. And she whined away, and the cold days of spring, and the soft warm days of May, were at hand. The school had closed, and Christie had gone home, and she had no more to do but to wait for the day when she should be sold, and she was to be sold to a new home. And she talked it over with Lucy, and wondered what she should do. But Lucy had only cheerful words, and was sure something would happen to prevent.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE FIRST MICHIGAN STATE CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF PROGRESS.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY W. F. JAMIESON, FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

The Spiritualists and friends of progress of the State of Michigan met in Convention at Stuart Hall, in the city of Battle Creek, on the 27th of July, 1866, at 11 o'clock A. M.

A temporary organization was effected by electing H. N. F. Lewis, Esq., of Detroit, as Chairman, pro tem., and Sylvester Hoyt, Esq., of St. Johns, Secretary.

On motion of Sylvester Hoyt, a Committee of Three on Credentials and Permanent Organization of Conventions were appointed, viz.: J. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek; F. L. Wadsworth, of Sturgis; S. J. Finney, of Ann Arbor.

On motion of S. J. Finney, a Committee of Five were appointed on Order and Business, viz.: S. J. Finney, Jeremiah Brown, of Battle Creek; Sylvester Hoyt, Wm. A. Baldwin, of Battle Creek; Mrs. M. M. Peebles, of Battle Creek.

On motion, the last-named Committee were instructed to act as Committee on Resolutions.

On motion of S. J. Finney, visitors from other States were made Honorary Members of the Convention.

S. J. Finney was called on to address the Convention. He claimed that it was not the want of enthusiasm among Spiritualists, but the want of cooperative unity of action that was so sensibly felt by them—the want of organization. We want unity of action founded upon true ideas, sustained by Facts, illustrated by Science. The great spiritual movement in the seventh form of religion in the world; it is a cosmopolitan religion. Within it are the elements of all the other religions. It is a spontaneous world-religion—the greatest fact in the universe. I really believe in religion. When you read history with a critical and divine eye, you will find that religion embraces all that is eternal, although it has been made to take on all kinds of absurdities and errors. The next step is to show that it has power for the future. Why? Because anything that has no vice accompanying it has no power. Christianity was attended with the very vices that have been charged to modern Spiritualism—free-loveism, mountebankism, and other vices, which have disgraced the Spiritualists of this century. Spiritualism is a progressive force, which does not rest in the dream of heaven, and let this world go to the devil.

On motion of Sylvester Hoyt, the Convention took a recess until 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convention met at the appointed hour, H. N. F. Lewis in the Chair.

W. H. Holsington, the blind lecturer, of Farmington, Wis., addressed the Convention as follows: Quite unexpectedly to myself, I am called upon to address you. The ground which you occupy is that of the next or the living Age. You do not look to the past as your source of authority; but by the past you interpret the present—you make it your servant to interpret what is to-day. Although the same great laws express themselves from age to age, they never express themselves alike. They are not, in their manifestations, an unending monotony, but new roads are opening up. Now in your organizing you cannot tell what the next or the living Age will do; but you must trust. Do the best you can to-day, and if there is not sufficient life-force, then there will be a crystallizing until other forms shall be evolved. I have an increasing faith that there is nothing lost in the universe—not even the knowledge of anything can be lost. We can go into the past and read all that has taken place, and by the same law penetrate the future. It is a clearing thing to live, and that is the toll, all the fatigue, is necessary for us. What a thought! what a joyous thought to feel that we are in a universe where there is no mistake made by Infinite Wisdom, guided by Infinite Love, so that there is nothing in our existence that could be separated. The hour of anguish, the deep throes of the soul, all the disappointments of the city—all, all are a many lessons in God's great universe, fitting us for a higher condition.

The Committee on Permanent Organization then presented the following report, which, on motion, was accepted and adopted:

President—Sylvester Hoyt, Esq., St. Johns. First Vice-President—John C. Dexter, Ionia. Second Vice—E. Whipple, Mattawan.

Secretary—De Witt. Mr. Lewis, Chairman pro tem, then introduced to the Convention, Mr. Hoyt, the President elect, who made the following introductory remarks:

The Convention might with propriety have selected some older and abler head to preside over its deliberations. But as you have seen fit to place the honor of presiding over your First State Convention upon me, I return you my sincere thanks. I cordially welcome you to any plan that may be suggested for the advancement of the great cause in which we are engaged. With a proper organization of our forces, we can accomplish treble the amount of good that we now do. I have not come here with the expectation that in organizing we are to get up a Church or Creed of any kind or character; but to enter into an organization such as will be recognized by the citizens of the State—a body corporate to do business, and thus become a power in the State. [Applause.]

On motion of F. L. Wadsworth, a Committee of Nine was appointed on State Association: F. L. Wadsworth, Sturgis; D. M. Fox, Lyons; Mrs. D. M. Brown, Battle Creek; H. N. F. Lewis, Detroit; S. J. Finney, Ann Arbor; Mrs. M. M. Peebles, Battle Creek; Selah Van Sickle, Lansing; Mary Woodhull, Mattawan; J. M. Peebles, Battle Creek.

Selden J. Finney was called upon to address the Convention. He said it seemed to him that the hour had come for spiritual association throughout the State. Without association our forces must remain scattered and fragmentary. Wherever I go I find a few men who have borne the whole load simply because they had no association. The religious bodies are not allowed in the Church. Spiritualism asserts the democracy of the soul. It is God's Republican Religion. It is for the heart. Spiritualism does not simply meet intercourse with the other world. That is only an incident to it. It means equal liberty and fraternity; it means equality for the sexes; it means labor without stint.

There are greater facts than mere spiritual intercourse. Does your religion propose to ignore those facts? Then it is not religion. Does Spiritualism deal only with the other world, or does it also deal with this world? Does it deal only with the angels of the other world, and not with the angels of this world? Not at all. It deals with both worlds.

Mr. E. Bailey, of Charlotte, sang "Bravo Brotherhood of Truth!"

Rev. J. O. Barrett, of Bycamore, Ill., addressed the Convention upon organization. He said: The brave words of my brother [Finney] touched my heart, and they seem like fire. They remind me of the fire that came down into the temple.

It is well known to you that I am a Universalist clergyman. It cannot be said that I was born out of due time—coming in the rear. I have been a Spiritualist from my boyhood up. In all the vicissitudes of life, there have been times that have welled up in the heart. There have been times when I have endeavored to take the policy that some of my brethren in the Universalist churches are now taking, viz.: to work carefully and take the people along with them. I have now taken a different course with them. I have now ground of the phenomena of Spiritualism and its whole philosophy. [Applause.] I tremble before organization. When I say this, I have the sympathy of the people before me. We have been enslaved by them; yet without organization nothing can be accomplished. Hereafter, then, my friends, when you are present an organized law, we will know you organized. Let the foundation be solid, your principles progressive.

Mr. Green, of Adrian, (entranced) said: Brethren and Sisters, The time for the organization of a spiritual association has arrived. We say to you that the mighty mind that have lived in the past, and who have passed on to the spirit-land, are not dead. We are here; yes, we are

speaking to you. We want to speak of the things that we want true, self-sacrificing men and women, those who are willing to sacrifice their all to proclaim these spiritual truths. Let the aspiration of your souls go forth for this glorious and beautiful philosophy. The truth of Spiritualism is sweeping the land from one part to another. It is sounding the death knell of old institutions. My friends, arise in your strength, march in solid ranks, arise in your strength, and let the people feel and know that there is an overruling principle of truth that is destined to overturn the tyrannical nations of the earth, and plant universal freedom instead.

S. J. Finney read a poem.

On motion, the Convention adjourned to half-past seven o'clock in the evening.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention reassembled at the appointed hour. President Hoyt in the Chair.

On motion of J. M. Peebles, a Finance Committee consisting of five persons was appointed, viz.: Jeremiah Brown, Charles Merritt, Addison A. Wheelock, Miss Kettie Bishop, Mrs. Charlotte Peebles.

Song, by Mr. W. DeNormande, entitled the "Way of Life."

Professor E. Whipple addressed the Convention. He said, we easily persuade ourselves that after the conflicts and trials, and struggles of life are over, that there is a wider sphere of action. We have a double consciousness. Man is related to the world of matter, and to the world of spirit. The visible world has not been created for our benefit. I cannot exactly agree with friend Holsington, that we possess all the powers that powers have their basis in the human soul. We have been too transcendental in our ideas. This physical world is performing the mission that it was designed to fulfill—there is not one mistake, however much antagonism you may see in it. All events are necessary incidents in the growth of the human race. The material body is constantly undergoing change, which causes a corresponding change in the manifestation of the soul. This law of change exists in the spirit-world, as well as in the physical. The nineteenth century opens up a religion of true brotherhood. This world means something. Every moment of existence here should be devoted to self-culture.

Rev. J. B. Harrison, of Kendallville, Ind., spoke upon "Practical Work and Support of Lecturers." He said: I should like to hear Mr. Whipple talk longer, to taking up the time myself; but it may be just as well for me to say something, and then be out of the way of other folks. I have come from Indiana to see what you intend to do here. I am chiefly interested in what you are designing to do PRACTICALLY. My friends, there have been truths spoken in the past, yet they do not necessarily follow that they will be for the benefit of to-day. We need not only to establish a religion that will answer for the present, but we need, as Spiritualists, more than anything else, to live a divine life. [Applause.] We should have that sanctification, and goodness, and moral purity that will bring us into harmony with the Infinite Love of Things. It is not so much what a man knows as what he does, that tells upon the world. [Applause.] We do not need the measure of power for good. We do not need to talk of this religion; to talk about its beauties, unless our own souls are all aglow with its teachings. The people say to the lecturers, "Why, you are endowed with genius, you have wonderful powers, divine illuminations!" and the men thus endowed must go out and suffer, and starve if need be. These people think these men would be spoiled if they had adequate means were allowed them. If a lecturer fails to live up to his high obligations, men will say, "An, he could not endure the toll, had not sufficient power," and yet lecturers are expected to go on in the work, whether they have anything to eat or not! Of course they should. [Laughter.] These men [Lecturers] should have the condition of poverty, it is claimed. It is all for their good! [Laughter.] If they could only be secured from the bitter, corroding care and anxieties, then poverty might be a good condition for those exalting inspirations; but I do think that the way things work in this world, that the idea that poverty is a blessing, is an infernal lie. [Upronus laughter.] There are men in our ranks who, if they devoted their talents to accumulating property, could be well off. If they could only be secured from the bitter, corroding care and anxieties, then poverty might be a good condition for those exalting inspirations; but I do think that the way things work in this world, that the idea that poverty is a blessing, is an infernal lie. [Upronus laughter.] There are men in our ranks who, if they devoted their talents to accumulating property, could be well off. 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Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1866. OFFICE 158 WASHINGTON STREET, ROOM NO. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO., PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS. Wm. White, C. H. Crowell, I. B. Rich.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

All letters and communications intended for the Editorial 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 man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life.

A Monopoly of God.

When an individual, or a sect, assumes that he has a sort of title-deed to the favor of the Almighty in his pocket, which gives him the warrant to drive and keep all other people out of the enclosure, it is perfectly safe to say that there is no true trust in God there.

What volumes of blasphemous verbiage are stately poured forth about "trusting in God." Davis and Lee were full of it, on setting up the self-styled Confederacy. But it seems that Heaven paid little or no attention to their claims, after all; these and their zealously pious appeals all went for nothing.

So with Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, whose power has been completely trodden under foot by the superior military energy and skill of Prussia. On entering upon the war which has just reached a breathing-place, he made proclamation in a solemn enough manner to be really ministerial, that Heaven was assuredly on his side, and would never consent to see the wrong cause get uppermost.

Now is it probable that Davis, of the defunct Confederacy, and Francis Joseph, of vanquished Austria, trust and believe in the interposition of the Lord as much as they professed to before their misfortunes? That is the question to test their sincerity.

Little did the inhabitants of our city think on the morning of the last anniversary of the nation's birthday that before the rising of another sun, nearly, if not quite, one-third of the thickly populated territory of the city, comprising more than half of its business, and the habitations of more than ten thousand of its citizens, covering an area of rising two hundred acres, would be laid in ashes, swept clean by the devouring flames, leaving but two buildings standing in the track of the fire; but so it was, and for a distance of about a mile and a half in length, by a varying distance of a point to a half mile in width, a destruction more complete or a desolation more appalling cannot well be conceived.

Instances have been numerous of the loss of every memento that immediately connects the memory of the "loved ones gone before" with the shifting scenes of this life. Every family has treasures of this kind, priceless to the possessors, though valueless to others for whom they furnish no suggestion of pleasant memories or happy associations.

So far as yet ascertained, about forty families of Spiritualists have been burned out, either in their business or homes, about one-half of them in both. Some, a few, possess means with which to regain business standing again; these do not need aid, and have carefully abstained from receiving any of the contributions so generously bestowed from abroad and at home; but the great majority are not so fortunate; they have lost the accumulations of years, which had become necessary to their everyday comfort.

The Third National Convention of Spiritualists convenes at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday morning August 21st, at 11 o'clock, and will continue its sessions till the close of the following Sunday. So far as heard from, quite a large number of delegates have been elected, and no doubt most of them will be present.

We shall furnish our readers with a photographic report of the proceedings, which cannot but be of interest to all Spiritualists. Chas. H. Crowell, J. M. Peabody, and L. B. Wilson will be present at the Convention, and attend to any business our friends may have connected with the BANNER OF LIGHT.

Aid to Spiritualists who Suffered by the Portland Fire.

We wish particularly to call the attention of our readers to the following circular, setting forth the necessitous condition of Spiritualists who lost their property in the great conflagration which recently visited the city of Portland. As the facts come to light, the calamity assumes enormous proportions, showing that the suffering must be great the coming winter, unless more aid comes in.

The benevolent have promptly come forward with sympathizing hearts, and contributed nobly toward the relief of their suffering fellow mortals, but only a fractional part of the losses have been made up to the sufferers. Denominational societies in many instances have raised what they could to relieve the distresses of their friends; but no general effort has been made among Spiritualists, in different parts of the country, to succor their suffering brethren in Portland, and we earnestly hope such measures will at once be taken as will procure the necessary means to do so.

Mr. Rich, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, gave an entertainment at the Howard Athenaeum, and realized \$318, all of which he gave to the general fund; the proprietors of the BANNER added \$25 more, and the editor \$10, making \$353 from this office. Many other Spiritualists contributed freely, among whom we noticed Dr. Gardner's name for \$20, Miss Lizzie Doten's for \$5, and Alvin Adams for a large sum; but this all went into the general fund. Now, however, we are pleased to notice that efforts are being made among the Spiritualists, to assist their friends, who represent a large portion of the sufferers. This can easily be done with a little effort. Here is an instance: Dr. Gardner called attention to this subject at his late picnic at Abington, and asked the people to contribute what each chose to give, and in a few minutes he collected \$116, which he promptly forwarded to Mr. Blanchard, and we understood the Doctor to say he should send them in addition a hundred dollar sewing machine. A few such energetic men would soon bring a smile to countenances now enveloped in sadness from sheer want. Friends, move promptly in this matter. First read the following:

CIRCULAR LETTER FROM PORTLAND.

The undersigned, a Committee from the first Association of Spiritualists in this city, were appointed to confer with our friends in other localities, and lay before them a general statement of the losses sustained by Spiritualists in the late fire, and some account of the inevitable suffering occasioned thereby.

We do not presume to address you in the light of an appeal simply to your sympathy and generosity in aid of the sufferers by the terrible scourge that swept our city as with the besom of destruction, on the night of July 4th, 1866, especially as the contributions to that end from all parts of the country have been, and still are, most munificent, in which we doubt not Spiritualists have borne their full share.

But as denominational efforts to considerable extent are taking place, and as our friends in some instances have kindly extended additional aid in that direction, and the desire has been expressed to know with whom to communicate, in order that any aid so contributed might be judiciously disbursed, we have consented to assume the delicate duty imposed, and therefore address this circular communication to the kind-hearted and sympathetic, who, in the light of our beautiful faith, and in a sense hitherto unknown, live in the immediate presence, not less than under the direct influence of the angel-world.

When a poet of his time asked Socrates what he thought of a certain production, the philosopher replied: "As what I can understand of it I admire very much, I presume that what I do not understand is equally admirable." Something like this we might say of the present marvelous volume. It bears abundant internal evidence of spirit-origin. To suppose that an uneducated woman could, from her own mind, write a work like this, is to suppose an absurdity. We shall not be disturbed in our conviction, should any scrutinizing critic detect here and there a scientific blunder; though, with our imperfect examination, we have been unable to find one. But the vast subjects here treated are unfolded in a wonderfully lucid and original style, different from all we have met with in any scientific treatise.

The spirit author forewarns us that in the preparation of this work he has experienced embarrassment not only from the poverty of human language but from the method he has pursued of using no word which was not in the mind of the medium and comprehensible by her. "Human language," he says, "is void of terms whereby to give expression to the true principles of Nature; therefore, confusion of terms is unavoidable. The language has no names for qualities, or for methods of action which are not known to exist. Thus many terms are misapplied, in the sense in which men understand them, and the charity, as well as reason of the reader, is appealed to for an excuse for this innovation."

As this is a work which requires to be profoundly studied and not hastily skimmed, for its appreciation, it is not likely to meet the tastes of sensation novel-readers. But we trust that all intelligent Spiritualists who can afford it, will place the work in their libraries, and read it as they have opportunity and time. As a specimen of its style we quote the following passage, in which the question "What becomes of the spirit on the death of the material body?" is answered in a manner which seems to us more reconcilable to the laws of science than most of the explanations which have been given. Let us promise that the spirit-author gives the following clear and admirable approximation to an explanation of spirit. "Spirit is of an infinite number of grades; a number corresponding to the number of grades of physical substance. All stable forms of matter evolve spiritual essences, which correspond to the higher spiritual essences. The term spirit applies to those essences which are of a nature sufficiently perfected to rise from the sphere of physical substance to that of spiritual; from the physical plane to the spiritual." We now come to the passage referred to above:

The sphere to which gravitates spiritual substance from physical spheres is termed the second sphere; the physical being the first. Each one of the first order, which signifies its entire system, evolves a spiritual sphere, or a sphere of spiritual essence; this sphere, or plane, to which gravitates all spiritual substance from all bodies of that system. In conformity to a law to be hereafter enunciated, the sphere of attractive influence of the positive spiritual spheres of the universe, fixes the location of the spiritual spheres.

The Principles of Nature.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WORK. We are inclined to believe that the most important contribution to spiritual and physical science that has yet been made by any modern seer or seeress, is about to appear in a work, the first volume of which has just been received by us, and the title of which we here give:

"The Principles of Nature, as discovered in the development and structure of the Universe. The Solar System: Laws and Method of its Development. Earth: History of its Development. Being a concise exposition of the laws of universal development, of origin of systems, suns, planets; the laws governing their motions, forces, &c. Also a history of the development of Earth from the period of its first formation until the present. Also an Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King, Vol. I. Saratoga Springs: Published by Andrew J. King, 1866."

Such is the grand and august theme upon which the spirit influencing Mrs. King has entered in this remarkable work. This lady, as we learn from the communicating spirit's Preface, is of the age of forty-one, a wife and mother. Her advantages for education have been limited, although she was "a teacher at fifteen, and at twenty-four, and a student also." She was a member of the Baptist Church until four years since, when she voluntarily withdrew from church fellowship, being convinced of the truth of the Spiritualist Philosophy and of the reality of spirit manifestations.

"Spiri-friends, guardians, understanding from the period of her birth, the quality of her mind, guided her to the end that circumstances might favor her development at the proper period." Processes simultaneously acting upon body and mind have been conducted in her case by these spirit-guardians, until her present stage of development has been reached. Such is the substance of the explanation given by the controlling spirit, in his Preface to these revelations, as to the course pursued toward the medium.

Besides the "Author's" or controlling spirit's Preface, there is a modest and well-written Preface by the medium's husband, Mr. A. J. King, in which he tells us that some two weeks previous to the 8th of March, 1864, the medium announced to him the work long before promised, on the Principles of Nature, and that he was to act as scribe. Accordingly, at an early hour on the day indicated, they seated themselves at a table, and after an hour of silence, followed by prayer, the medium began to dictate and the scribe to write. The first day will serve for a description of others. The actual time she was thus engaged in preparing the book for the printer was less than six months; the medium occupying, for much of that time, from three to four hours a day in the dictation.

When a poet of his time asked Socrates what he thought of a certain production, the philosopher replied: "As what I can understand of it I admire very much, I presume that what I do not understand is equally admirable." Something like this we might say of the present marvelous volume. It bears abundant internal evidence of spirit-origin. To suppose that an uneducated woman could, from her own mind, write a work like this, is to suppose an absurdity. We shall not be disturbed in our conviction, should any scrutinizing critic detect here and there a scientific blunder; though, with our imperfect examination, we have been unable to find one. But the vast subjects here treated are unfolded in a wonderfully lucid and original style, different from all we have met with in any scientific treatise.

The spirit author forewarns us that in the preparation of this work he has experienced embarrassment not only from the poverty of human language but from the method he has pursued of using no word which was not in the mind of the medium and comprehensible by her. "Human language," he says, "is void of terms whereby to give expression to the true principles of Nature; therefore, confusion of terms is unavoidable. The language has no names for qualities, or for methods of action which are not known to exist. Thus many terms are misapplied, in the sense in which men understand them, and the charity, as well as reason of the reader, is appealed to for an excuse for this innovation."

As this is a work which requires to be profoundly studied and not hastily skimmed, for its appreciation, it is not likely to meet the tastes of sensation novel-readers. But we trust that all intelligent Spiritualists who can afford it, will place the work in their libraries, and read it as they have opportunity and time. As a specimen of its style we quote the following passage, in which the question "What becomes of the spirit on the death of the material body?" is answered in a manner which seems to us more reconcilable to the laws of science than most of the explanations which have been given. Let us promise that the spirit-author gives the following clear and admirable approximation to an explanation of spirit. "Spirit is of an infinite number of grades; a number corresponding to the number of grades of physical substance. All stable forms of matter evolve spiritual essences, which correspond to the higher spiritual essences. The term spirit applies to those essences which are of a nature sufficiently perfected to rise from the sphere of physical substance to that of spiritual; from the physical plane to the spiritual." We now come to the passage referred to above:

The sphere to which gravitates spiritual substance from physical spheres is termed the second sphere; the physical being the first. Each one of the first order, which signifies its entire system, evolves a spiritual sphere, or a sphere of spiritual essence; this sphere, or plane, to which gravitates all spiritual substance from all bodies of that system. In conformity to a law to be hereafter enunciated, the sphere of attractive influence of the positive spiritual spheres of the universe, fixes the location of the spiritual spheres.

By the propiety attractive forces, and influence of the spiritual spheres, these forms of spirit, all evolved and retained in the physical plane, are formed, as remarked in the Preface, of spiritual substance, which the laws being reached, the strong attractive force being removed, that draw these

elements together, disorganized the forms which these elements composed. In fact, to enter again into organization, in obedience to the physical law of attraction, is determined that atomized elements recombine on arriving at the spiritual plane, and upon the same principle. Thus combining, as naturally do they, arrange themselves in appropriate positions, according to quality, affinity; thus forming a plane in exact correspondence to the physical plane by which they were evolved—in exact correspondence relative to the appropriate distribution of planetary planes, the appropriate nature of each planetary plane as a whole. Appropriately distributed over the spiri-tual positions perfectly corresponding to the positions of planets in the physical system, are planes of spiritual substance, denominated spiritual planetary planes, being the planes to which gravitates spiritual substance from the corresponding physical planes or planets. A slight reference, only, is made to the constitution of the spiritual spheres; this being sufficient for the explanation of the principle under consideration—the arrangement, distribution, of spiritual substance upon spiritual planes; the nature of that substance, its grades, its office, its destination in the universe.

"The Principles of Nature" may be had at the BANNER office. We shall look with great interest for the succeeding volumes of this work, in which topics of a nature less abstruse, and demanding a study less severe than those of this first volume, will probably be treated.

Ourselves and Correspondents.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for sentiments expressed in these columns by correspondents. Variety, it has been said, is the spice of life. And in order to make an acceptable journal for family reading, our thirty years of newspaper life has convinced us that VARIETY is the essential element of success in conducting a newspaper. While one reader may consider a certain article objectionable, another may fully endorse it; hence we do not deem it expedient to run every communication we print through the editorial tunnel. Newspapers would soon become one-idea affairs altogether, did their conductors pursue this course by listening to those critics who volunteer gratuitous advice.

"The Friend," a well-conducted paper published in New York, contains a brief article upon this subject, which so entirely agrees with our own views, that we copy it, for the especial benefit of those who do not find things just as they would have them. The editor, with the caption, "How to treat the Question," remarks: "It is probable that every reader of the Friend finds in each number something that does not commend him as approval. If he detects what seems to be an error, or if he is natural that he should wish it corrected. Some of our friends attempt this by remonstrating with the editor, personally or by private letter, for admitting the objectionable article into his paper; others, by writing out a plain, straightforward statement of their own views, and sending it in for publication. The former is perhaps the more common course pursued; the latter will commend itself as the most rational and efficacious. Let it be noted that we hold ourselves editorially responsible for sentiments expressed on these two editorial pages, and for such only. In making up the remainder of the paper, we endeavor to select what is most valuable and appropriate from the contributions offered, frequently giving the preference to articles which do not accord with our own views. Our desire is that whoever has a thought to offer, or a criticism to make, shall have a fair hearing, so far as there is opportunity. The truth can bear criticism, and the time is coming when error cannot escape it, on any plea."

Opening at the Howard Athenaeum.

Mr. Manager Rich has really done the handsome thing by the Boston public in the efforts he has made, and the expense he has met, to offer a choice and generous dramatic entertainment during the coming season. Since the last brief season closed, he has renovated the entire theatre, supplying it into a perfect little temple of amusement. Every point and part of the interior has been refurnished or made over entirely. The auditorium is attractive beyond what can usually be said of places of public entertainment. The ante-rooms, lobbies, and entrances are most tastefully decorated and improved. The prevailing color of the walls of the interior is a delicate shade of yellow, upon which the panels and more prominent work are painted in a deep and rich red, whose exquisite relief is to be found in shades of blue and gold and the purest white. The taste displayed here is certainly worthy of special note. The Howard opened last week, on Monday evening, with a new play, entitled "Life's Revenge, or Two Lovers for One Heart." Miss Cecile Rush likewise made her appearance early in the week—an accomplished actress and a brilliant theatrical star. The house has been crowded with admiring and enthusiastic spectators since the new season opened, and we shall be happy to congratulate Manager Rich, at its termination, on one of the most brilliant and successful seasons ever known in Boston.

The Malden and Melrose Camp Meeting, to begin on Thursday, the 30th, and continue till the following Sunday evening, promises to attract a large concourse of people from Boston and vicinity, and various parts of the country. All due arrangements are being made to insure success and good order. Many of the best citizens in Malden and Melrose, without regard to their creeds, are interested with Spiritualists in promoting the enterprise. The town constables are engaged to preserve order, and a large committee will act as deputies. Mr. Taylor, the Malden caterer, will spread a table for single meals, or boarders by the day, and will also provide those who wish provisions to board themselves. Dr. P. Clark, 15 Marshall street, Boston, will furnish tents on the ground to those who order them beforehand, for three dollars. The tents will accommodate from eight to ten persons. Parties from a distance or from the city, who wish to ruralize, and have a home of their own in the beautiful grove, can find no accommodations more cheap or agreeable than to order a tent. The call for the Camp Meeting in another column of the BANNER, gives further details.

Children's Lyceum in Troy.

The Sunday Mirror, published in Troy, N. Y., in its issue of Aug. 6th, devotes over a column in elucidation of the workings and benefits of "the new Sunday-School system" recently inaugurated in that city by the Spiritualists. In the course of his remarks the editor says, "The school is visited by large numbers of our citizens, who are well entertained for their trouble, every Sunday. The public are always welcome, and we are requested to state that all interested in such matters are invited to attend. Those who do attend will be well repaid for doing so. The Lyceum in this city was superintended for a few Sundays after its commencement by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis himself. After it had got fairly in working order, it was taken in charge by several of our prominent citizens belonging to the Spiritualist Society. The managers of the Institution have labored assiduously for the foundation of the Lyceum, and their school now ranks among the foremost of the Sunday Schools in the city in point of numbers and management."

The Atlantic Cable.

The cable is certainly no failure, while it shows the transmitting power of eleven words a minute, with the feeble batteries at present engaged in service. Other cables will of course be laid in time, and not very far off, either, and much more powerful instruments will be made to work them with. The fact is established, at any rate, that intelligence can be flashed under the Atlantic by electric agency. That is the great point which the scientific world has been trying to establish, these nine years. Now it is to be improved upon by all possible means, and in the most speedy way. Powerful batteries must supplant the present feeble ones, at each end of the cable. And by a multiplication of the lines, prices will have to come down, so that it will not be necessary to establish a corporate company in order to secure capital enough to pay for an ordinary despatch from Europe.

Illness of Jennie Lord.

We received a letter recently from Miss Lord, dated Cumberland Centre, Maine, where she is present residing. From it we learn that she has been seriously ill, and is still in very feeble health, so much so that she is obliged to abstain entirely from further exhibitions of the physical phase of the spiritual phenomena. From this her friends will understand why she has not answered all her private correspondence. She wishes us to say that she remembers them all with heartfelt gratitude. We regret so good and truthful a medium has been obliged, on account of ill health, to withdraw from active labor, and especially one who has done so much good in opening the eyes of aepetics who could not be reached in any other way. We hope she will again resume her labors, and prove a further blessing to mankind in leading them to seek for a truer knowledge of the future life.

Death of W. P. Brannan.

We are saddened, in one sense of that word, at noticing the translation to a higher sphere of the spirit of the artist and author, W. P. Brannan, one of the editors of the Cincinnati Union. He was a Spiritualist by faith and life, and gave forth many beautiful tokens of his elevated and progressive character. His disease was inflammation of the brain. As an author, he was best known by the little work entitled "Vagaries of Vanduyke Brown." He was a well-known contributor of choice verse to the columns of the Banner, whose readers will long and fondly remember him. A true and noble spirit the less in mortal form, yet divested in no measure of his interest in the affairs of earth and in the great work of human progress.

Dr. John Mayhew Coming East.

Dr. Mayhew, who for eight years past has been laboring in the Western States, is about to revisit the East. He intends to cross the Mississippi at Detroit, from thence will travel by way of Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany to New York. His friends on or near this route, desiring a visit from him for lecturing purposes, may receive it by addressing him, without delay, to Dr. Geo. G. McKim, New York. Circulars for the development of the healing gift will be forwarded, if desired, wherever he may lecture.

France Up in Arms.

Napoleon shows now all the more plainly what he would be at, had the war between Prussia and Austria hung along by the eyelids as he calculated it would. In that case, neither party being victorious, it was manifestly his purpose to step in as pretended mediator, and in dividing up the spoils of territory take a thick slice for himself along the Rhine. The sudden and overwhelming successes of Prussia, however, broke up that arrangement. Naturally, too, he grew jealous of Bismark, who appears to care no more for him in making terms of peace than if there was no Paris and no Napoleon in existence. Therefore he thinks it about time to put in a word at the court of Berlin. That word is in effect a demand.

He says—"Since you are 'rectifying' your territory and its frontiers, at such a free rate, I propose to take my share of the advantage. Give France, then, the extended boundaries along the Rhine which she had in 1814." That was just before she was despoiled by the Allies. In consequence of this pointed demand, there is great trepidation at Berlin. It now remains to be seen whether Bismark has the courage to face the issue of open war with France. If he has, then, we shall witness a war of giants; indeed, Austria would naturally ally herself with Napoleon, if that was the understanding beforehand, so that Prussia may yet be added back to her, without any without cause; yet it will thus turn out that both she and Austria will have been fully punished for their sin toward Denmark.

The essay on our first page from the pen of Prof. Wm. Delton, should, respectively, the thoughtful perusal of all the profoundest thinker and the humblest seeker after truth, in particular, for it will greatly help to illumine their minds. Prof. Delton possesses a mind of great depth, research and capacity, and ranks high among the ablest geniuses of the age. We wish he would more frequently give the public the benefit of his knowledge, and we are sure that his labors would be most gratefully received.

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Personal.

A. E. Newton, who for several years past has resided in Washington, superintending the Freedmen's Associations, is on a short visit to his family in West Cambridge. He returns to Washington the first of September.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

The proceedings of the Michigan State Convention, on our third page, will be read with interest. The notice of a picnic of the Spiritualists of Westmoreland, N. H., on the 18th, came too late for an insertion in last week's paper.

A Capital Inducement to Subscribe for the Banner.

Until Sept. 22, 1866, we will send to the address of any person who will furnish us new subscribers to the BANNER OF LIGHT, accompanied with the money (\$3), one copy of either of the following popular works, viz: "Spiritual Sunday School Manual," by Uriah Clark; "History of the Chicago Artesian Well," by George A. Shufeldt, Jr.; or "A B C of Life," by A. B. Child, M. D.

Correspondence in Brief.

Death of Mrs. I. S. Hardy. It will pain the many friends of the medium, Mrs. Lydia S. Hardy, of Lynn, to learn of her departure to the summer-land. She died at the residence of her father-in-law on Thursday night, August 9th, at 11 o'clock, after a painful illness of over six months duration.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The members of the Progressive Bible Society will meet every Sunday at 10 A. M. at the Tremont Temple, Hall 12. Evening meetings will commence at 7 1/2 P. M.

New Sheet Music.

WATERFALLS AND FRIZZES.—A new humorous song, with laughing chorus, ad lib., and piano accompaniment, as sung by the "Allegriani." Music by T. E. A. Boston: Adams & Co., 21 Bromfield street. Thirty cents.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.—M. Odillon Barrot, the Secretary of the French Legation at Washington, has addressed a letter to Secretary Seward, stating that the Paris Exposition will positively open on the 1st of April, 1867.

Matters in St. Louis.

Knowing that a short report of the progress of the good work in this city would prove of interest to our many readers, I avail myself of the opportunity which your paper affords.

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Business Matters.

L. L. FAIRBANKS ANSWERS SEALED LETTERS. Persons sending \$3.00 and four 3-cent stamps, will receive a prompt reply.

Picnic at Concord.

The Charlestown Independent Society of Spiritualists enjoyed their last picnic excursion at Walden-Pond Grove, Concord, a few weeks since, so well, that they have arranged for a repetition of the same on Tuesday, Aug. 28th.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Dr. Randolph spoke at the second of our grove meetings, on Sunday, July 29, in connection with Bro. T. Haines Forster, and we had one of the finest and happiest gatherings it has ever been my good fortune to attend.

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Spiritualism in South Scotland.

As Spiritualists, we are few in number, but firm in purpose. We have not had any public lectures here for several years.

The Tinder-Box, Flint and Steel.

Were superseded by the LUCIFER MATCH. And this, in turn, will soon be abandoned for the UNIVERSAL SAFETY MATCH.

Dr. Randolph's School Scheme.

We learn that Dr. P. B. Randolph is meeting with good success in New York, in raising funds to establish his Normal School for colored pupils.

THE SOUL-GEM.

Who waits the decree that sets the gem free, Its prison bed-riven? Is death not a birth—say ye a "Lost of Earth."

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Dr. J. B. Bryant in Canada.

This world-renowned and successful healer has just returned from Compton, C. E., after a week of hard labor there.

LITCHFIELD'S DIPHTHERIA VANQUISHER.

(Used with Litchfield's External Application.) WARRANTED TO CURE. DIPHTHERIA AND ALL THROAT TROUBLES.

Hannibal, Mo.

The Spiritualists of Hannibal, Mo., not wishing to be outdone by their Orthodox friends, have purchased a melodeon, at a cost of one hundred and ninety dollars, for the use of their congregation.

Specimens of Jasper have been found in Minnesota.

During the recent session of the Teachers' Institute, in Rutland county, while Professor Adams was endeavoring to illustrate the manner of teaching arithmetic, he took up a small globe standing on the desk, and asked, "How many units in the globe?"

Delegates Elected to the National Convention of Spiritualists.

At a stated meeting of the Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia, the following delegates to the Third National Convention were elected, with power to fill vacancies: Miss E. C. O'Rourke, Mrs. A. Ballenger, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. F. Lanning, Mr. J. Lanning, Mrs. M. L. Dyott.

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Hull's New Monthly Clarion.

This magazine, which is devoted to the cause of "reforms, science and literature," comes to the present month well filled with live essays and pungent paragraphs.

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Dr. J. R. Newton.

We are informed by Dr. Newton, who is at present located at No. 6 St. Marks Place, 8th street, New York, that he intends to close his office there on the 12th of September, and open one in the city of Buffalo the 23rd of September.

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Picnic at Ashland.

The Spiritualists of Ashland and vicinity will hold their second picnic on Sunday, Aug. 20th, in a grove near the house of Eli Belknap, in the southwesterly part of the town.

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Latest News by the Cable.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—Noon. It is announced today that the plans for the confederation of the British Provinces of North America have been definitely arranged by the Government.

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Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant, while in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Public Free Circles.

These circles, in which the public have heretofore manifested so deep an interest, will be resumed on Monday afternoon, Sept. 31.

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

Invocation.

Oh Life, from the deep recesses of being we bring thee offerings, laying them upon thine altar. We shall ask thee to bless them, and we call these offerings the sorrows of human life. We have culled them from haunts of poverty, from prison cells, from palaces, from cottage hearths, from byways and highways, and from all places, oh Life, we bring thee offerings. And we ask thee to bless them. Let each possessor feel the assurance that no sorrow exists that does not fold to its heart the bud of joy. Let all thy children sorrow everywhere feel that thou art with them, that thine arm of strength encircles them. And while all Nature chants her unending hymn of praise to thee, we will pray that we may be lifted higher, still higher, until at last, standing upon Wisdom's mountain, we shall understand thee, oh Life, and worship thee accordingly. Thou hast all names; thou fillest all places; art all in all to us. The mountain has thy life; the valley understandeth thee; the ocean and dry land knoweth thy presence; and thy children also know and understand thee. So, oh Life, thou who art our Father, and our Mother, too, in union with our prayers oh receive our praises. They go out unto thee as the fragrance of these fair flowers (referring to a vase of flowers upon the table.) They shall return, like bread cast upon the waters of life, after many days, bringing rejoicing and peace. Unto thee, oh Life, we ascribe all honor, all glory, all power, to-day and evermore. May 3.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider whatever inquiries you have to propound.

Q.—Are there any permanent unions in Nature, either with matter or mind?

ANS.—No; there are no permanent unions in Nature, either in the nature of matter, or of mind, because life is perpetually perfecting itself through change. Therefore the atoms that form an aggregate mass to-day, may be scattered broadcast to-morrow. Souls that are grouped together in love and affinity to-day, to-morrow may be widely separated.

Q.—A message purporting to come from the spirit of Anna Goodwin, was published in the "Banner of Light" last February, communicated at the Free Circles. It stated that her father had called upon some medium with a friend, (Mr. Moulton,) to obtain a message from his daughter (Anna). A gentleman wishing a test, inquired of Mr. Goodwin if it were so. He said he had never been to any medium or seance, or made any inquiries upon the subject. Will the Controlling Spirit please explain the discrepancy?

A.—It sometimes happens that those intelligences who have lately become residents of the spirit-land, do so far confound the action of mind with the action of matter, as to declare that the form, the external form, was seen in such and such places and communion with earth friends, instead of the indwelling life of the form. It is a well known spiritual scientific fact, that the indwelling spirit, at all times, under all circumstances, holds communion with those it loves the best. But the result of that communion is rarely transmitted to external senses. Now it is very possible that this may be attributed to the confounding of the spiritual with the external; yet we do not know—we say it is possible; and we are not informed directly with regard to the case, but we believe the discrepancy may have been caused in this way.

Q.—The Baptists say there is a judgment day. What is done with the spirits of those that are not good until that day?

A.—As a spirit, as a conscious intelligence, you are continually being judged. Therefore there is no need of any special judgment day. This tradition has been handed down from Egyptian mythology, they deriving their belief from the starry heavens. At certain seasons of the year they believed that the sun, which was the God of creation, called all his subjects together and passed sentence upon them. Those who were more fortunate were resurrected in the springtime. Those who were unfortunate were consigned to oblivion. From this, and this alone, originated the Christian's belief in a judgment day. Believe us, you are all continually being judged by the judge within you. You cannot complain that you understand to be sin, without being judged. Therefore in this way alone are you to be judged. No keener judge do you need. No one will pass judgment more justly than the judge within you. There is no general judgment day. There can be none. May 3.

Henry Gardiner.

I am Henry Gardiner, or was, from Goldsboro', North Carolina. I am not in the happiest mood that a mortal can be in, or immortal, I should say, for I see things now in such a strange light that I am not reconciled. Those that I believed were friends have turned out to be foes, and those who I thought were foes have turned out to be my friends; and I do not know where I stand. That's what brings me here to-day, to find out, if I can. [What can we do for you?] As much as you do for any one, that's all.

[I have a brother Joel, and it strikes me very clearly that I may possibly get a hearing with him. Not because he knows anything about our coming back, but because he is n't creed-bound. I am dispirited. I am lost. I've got no compass. I've got nothing. I don't understand this life business at all. I don't understand it. I believed we were to find somebody what would take control of us when we got on the other side. [So you have.] No, I have n't, begging your pardon. Every one I ask what to do there, refers me to myself. "What do you want to do?" "Well, I don't know." "Wait until you find out then." [When you leave here you will understand things better.] Will it then I shall gain something by coming. I have thought I might

possibly be somewhere on the wrong road. I've even thought God has made a mistake about me. I had n't much of an idea about these things, anyway. I believed what folks said who thought they knew all about it; that's all I had for a staff. I can't lean on that now, for the cane was a borrowed one at that, and when I died I had to give it up. So I'm here without anything to lean on. [You have n't seen with your own eyes?] Seen with my own eyes? Always have! That's what has always led me astray. I said I leaned upon a borrowed cane.

Well, has Joel got my money? That's what I'd like to know, for one thing. [Do you want him to have it?] On some accounts I do, on some I don't. [Did you leave any children?] I left one—but there's a strange story about that—very strange. You see the mother and I could n't agree, so we agreed to disagree. She went one way, and I went another. She was brought up among the Abolitionists, and could n't think slavery was right, so there was some misunderstanding. [You don't think slavery is right now, do you?] I do not know what to think of it; have n't made up my mind yet whether it's right or not. But somehow or other, hang me if I do n't think she's the best friend I've got. That's what puzzles me; that's what puzzles me. [Is your wife still on the earth?] Yes. I thought she'd be glad to know I was dead; but somehow or other it's n't so, for she's sorry, sorry. If I could possibly reach my wife, I'd be glad to.

I think I'll reach Joel first, if I can. If he's got any fears about talking with folks that have died, let him get rid of 'em, and give me an opportunity to talk with him. Perhaps I shall be more collected then. I'm upside down and inside out now. [You'll be all right when you get away from here.] Well, I hope I shall. It'll be a good thing if I do. I conclude I've been wrong for forty odd years, going it backwards, and blind at that.

If Joel's anywhere within calling distance, I want him to answer to his name, and give me a chance to talk. That's the first thing I can think of. Don't know but I am wrong, but hope I ain't.

Now I'm going to try and see if I shall be any better off, as you said I should be. May 3.

Mary Alice Reinhart.

I want my mother! [Is she here this afternoon?] No, sir, she is n't here; she's in Trenton, N. J.

I do n't like what a minister said when I was buried, and I've tried ever so hard to get back to tell my mother he told a story. [What did he say?] He said I was in the arms of the Saviour, and it was wicked for my mother to grieve so. That was a story. I was right there. I was n't in anybody's arms. [He did n't know.] He should n't have said so, then. He made my mother think she was awful wicked to cry because I was dead. And my teachers in the spirit-land say it is right, and that I should come and try to do as much as I could to soften her grief; but her grief was natural, perfectly right.

I have n't seen the Saviour. I've seen a good many nice folks, who are so kind, and they know a good deal, too. I haven't seen the Saviour yet, and I do n't see why he should say I was in the Saviour's arms. [According to his belief he thought you were.] Do they read books in the Church what tell them that? [The Bible teaches that.] Does the Bible make them think so? [Yes; they get the idea from that.] Then the Bible makes them think what ain't true, and I do n't like it at all. I should n't ever read it if I was here. [You must have charity for them.] That is to feel sorry for them? [No; try to make them know better.] Well, how will I, if I do n't come back and tell them it is wrong? [You cannot; but you should not feel hard toward them.] I do n't; but I was cross then, because it made my mother cry so bad, and she thought she was so wicked God would never forgive her. [You know better than that.] Yes, I do; and I wanted to tell her so. I thought I would like to shake him.

Have n't told you who I was yet, have I? [No.] Mary Alice Reinhart; eight years old. [How long have you been in the spirit-land?] I've been there—well, the flowers have come only once before this since I come; I come just before the flowers bloom, and this makes twice that they have come. How long is that? It's a year, ain't it? [Yes.] I forget how time goes here, because we do n't have it in the spirit-land. I keep a reckoning of when the spring-flowers come. When May-day comes I know. [Can you see the flowers on the earth?] Oh, yes; oh, yes, I can. [Do you ever want to come back and stay?] No, I do n't; but I do want to tell my mother a good many things I've seen: how a good many things ain't what you think they are. You'll be real glad when you come here; you'll be so delighted that you won't know who to speak to first. When the children were all around me, I did n't know who to speak to first, I felt so glad. I know where I was, but I thought it was heaven. It was, was n't it? [Yes; you'll never see any heaven such as they tell of here.] Don't want to; do n't want to; because I'd rather run about than sit still. [I have a little girl in the spirit-world about your age.] Have you? [Yes, two, and a little boy there.] Well, I reckon they're glad to be there. You know that they ain't in anybody's arms, do n't you? [Yes.] You would n't believe anybody who told you so, would you? [No.] Well, that's what I want to tell my mother, and make her know that it's not wicked for her to grieve for me, and I should feel awfully if she did n't cry for me. I should say she did n't love me, and I should feel awfully.

Do n't forget my name, will you, to put it to my letter, so she'll know who it's from? Good-by. May 3.

Charlotte Goodno.

I am Charlotte Goodno. I died in Boston near nine years since. I was very anxious to communicate with those I've left here, but particularly with my child, Ellen. [Is she in Boston now?] I think she is.

There were many strange circumstances connected with our family, that I do not care to speak of here; some things she has many times asked me, and I always told her by-and-by I would explain; by-and-by I would tell her, but I died before I fulfilled my promise, and it's troubled me since. I want, if possible, to find a way to talk to her, to redeem my promise. And then it's best I should, too, because if she hears what I ought to tell her from those who do not understand the case, she may be prejudiced, and may think unjustly and unwisely of those who are still on the earth. I'll tell her then what I promised to. When I was first taken sick I thought I should get well, so I deferred it, hoping every day to get better; but, instead of that, I passed on, and my first keen sensation of regret on the other side was, that I had not told Ellen what I promised to. That calls me to your place to-day, sir.

I was in my forty-fifth year; was born in Barnstable, Massachusetts. You will please spell my last name, Goodno. May 3.

Olive Pope. I have now been an inhabitant of the spirit-world long enough to understand that I made very many mistakes during my journey through human life; and also to be willing, as far forth as I am able, to rectify those mistakes.

My brother, who is a firm believer in your spiritual philosophy, said to me about ten years ago, "Olive, you will yet tell me that you have been mistaken in these spiritual matters; and if I do n't mistake very much, you will consider that much of your time on earth has been very poorly spent, although you now think you are doing a great deal of good." I have to declare that that time has come. I can look back now and see that my life was very poorly spent here, and if I had it to use over again, I am sure it would be used far differently. I am free to own that he was right and I was wrong. My coming proves that; my coming settles the question.

I remember, oh how distinctly, how earnest he was in his appeal in behalf of the truth of Spiritualism. But I turned from him; told him "I would not listen to such talk. It was a great delusion, and I was sorry for him. I would pray for him, but he must never mention it to me again."

I do not know as we are to be held entirely accountable for all mistakes we make in life. I believe we are all differently constituted; all have different organizations. Those organizations are the points from which we go out as individual spirits. And I believe, also, that we, being under the control of an all-wise Supreme Intelligence, if that Intelligence controls us, then that Intelligence is responsible for what we do.

The Book of Life is now open to me, and I shall be a diligent student; shall study hard and long to do my duty to others. I thought I was doing great good when I lived on earth; but I see I was mistaken. Now if I can do the good I failed to do then, I'll gladly take up every cross, perform every duty, and thank God for life.

I would have that dear brother ever true to his glorious faith, let whatever clouds the Father may see fit to enshroud him with be near. Oh, I pray he may be true to his faith; never forgetting that it is the most sublime, most glorious philosophy God ever vouchsafed to man. And I should be saddened to know that he for one moment wavered in his faith or his duty.

I am Olive Pope. I would like that you send my letter to my brother, Frederick G. Pope, at New Orleans. May 3.

Circle closed by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

Our Father, through the weak lips of human life we venture to praise thee. This day lifts its song of thanksgiving to thee, and so, oh spirit of all life, do we, thy children, lift our souls in thanksgiving to thee. Our life, our strength, thou who givest unto us our eternal life, oh, to-day, as in all the past, we praise thee, for life: Though it comes to us with its shades as with its sunbeams, yet do we praise thee. Though misfortunes, though distress, though sickness is everywhere present, still we praise thee for life. Looking out on the great map of creation, we see thy glory, we understand somewhat of thy greatness, we turn within the sanctuary of our own lives, and there see thee in all thy perfection and love, ever ready to bless thy children. So, our Father and our Mother, whosoever we may be, we will feel secure because of thy presence. Under whatever circumstances, thy arms encircle us, and thy power is sufficient unto all our needs. Oh spirit who watcheth the nations, we implore thee to look in mercy, in tender pity upon Victoria of England. When the shadow comes near and still nearer to her, oh grant that the sunlight of eternal truth beam in upon her, teaching her thy will and thy way, and making her strong in the way of right, and weak in the way of wrong. Oh strengthen her hands, ye ministering Angels of Justice. Cleanse her garments, ye who control nations and individuals. Guide her into all ways of truth, and finally make her, oh Spirit of Eternal Truth, thine agent here for infinite good. Let her see that thine angels are with her, oh God, and they will sustain her, though the shadow overwhelm her.

In behalf of this nation, this great Republic, that boasts of its freedom, that hangs the word Liberty upon all its banners, in behalf of this great people, oh God, we also pray. Oh let thy children everywhere love justice, that justice that is to be found with thee. Let them love mercy, and understand thy way, even here. Let them, oh God, everywhere be willing to mete out to others that they desire themselves. Father, upon thine altar we lay our petitions. Receive them, answer them, and bless us through thine agencies in human life. May 14.

Questions and Answers.

Q.—By J. E. W.—of Golden City, Col. Ter: Can spirits see or describe a locality unknown to them when on earth?

ANS.—The disembodied spirit, in taking cognizance of things that belong to this mundane sphere, is obliged to make use of your spiritual mediums as agents. Therefore, if these agents are good and well adapted to the case in question, they can see and perfectly describe any locality—not without.

Q.—By G. K.: Is happiness a legitimate object of human pursuit?

A.—Inasmuch as all intelligent life is seeking for happiness, that, in itself, is sufficient proof that it is legitimate to seek for it. We do not believe that the great Author of Life would ever have implanted the desire to be happy, if that desire were not legitimate and to be granted.

Q.—Will the spirit please explain the passage: "He will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth?"

A.—The passage seems to lean very strongly upon the side of fatalism, when considered from a material or external standpoint. It simply declares there is a Power governing the universe that will do whatsoever it will, despite all individual prayers or entreaties. You are always under the control of that Power. You have no will over it. It has spoken you into existence, and will control that existence, not according to the will of the individual. This is all the definition we can give concerning the passage. May 14.

John Hughes.

I dislike to intrude without sufficient cause. As I have manifested at this place before, I feel some little delicacy upon returning again. But, at the same time, I feel that I should do so, in order to vindicate the spiritual cause, if not my own position before death.

It is believed by the greater portion of my acquaintances, that I was led to commit the murder for which I was executed, because I was a Spiritualist—because I had been induced to that course by holding communication with will and designing spirits. I never submitted to receiving anything purporting to come from the unseen world, or inhabitants of that world, that would in

any way tend to corrupt the morals of human life—that would in any way tend to lead me any one astray. Indeed, I was always encouraged to observe law and order, and ever warned against allowing myself to be excited, as I sometimes was, by fits of anger and jealousy. Spiritualism had nothing to do with the course I pursued on earth. But I verily believe that I was as much then in the hands of a Power that controlled me entirely, as I am to-day. I believe it was fore-ordained by that Power that I should pursue just the course I did. I believe it was known to some intelligences that I was to commit the murder I did, and finally be ushered into the spirit-land from the gallows.

Some of those friends who are so loud in their denunciations against Spiritualism, will remember that in my younger days, when I was quite a boy, I dreamed a very strange dream. I now know that that dream was a vision portraying certain circumstances in my after life. I dreamed that I was to be executed, that I was executed, and that I finally stood in the spirit-land upon a barren eminence, wondering where God was, and what the next move would be upon the check-board of human life. The dream made such an impression upon me that I frequently spoke of it.

What I want to ask my friends is this: If there was no reality in the dream, if it had no soul in it, how came it into existence? If it was not known to some intelligences what was about to take place, how could that picture of real, actual life have ever been impressed upon my consciousness? I do not believe it ever could. I do believe, however, that my course was fashioned by an infinite and all-wise God, and that it was just as necessary for me to move on in that course as it was necessary for me to move at all.

I want my friends, one and all, to distinctly understand that Spiritualism comes to teach men to be good and true, to serve God and live righteously, to observe laws, and not to break them; but to be orderly; not to tear down institutions before you have erected something better. No; Spiritualism, when it comes to you perfect and true, teaches you to march on, by law and order, to a higher and more perfect state. Seek to understand what Spiritualism is before you denounce it; and do not lay to its charge any of the sins that are floating upon the surface, for they do not belong to it.

I am John Hughes. Farewell, sir. May 14.

Charlie O'Brien.

I have come here, sir, to make a communication, if it be possible to, to my brother, who still remains on earth. My brother and myself were greatly interested in that movement that is with you to-day, purporting to liberate Ireland; and, in order to perfect ourselves in the—well, I may say in the art of war, we went into the war for the restoration of the Union; and it was my very good fortune—or very bad, I do n't know which—to have too many rebel bullets strike against me, so I went over. But my brother is left, and now he seems to be kind of—well, do n't know what is best to do. He's waiting for something to come to him. It was always so. He used to say to me, "Charlie, you go ahead, and I'll follow you." So, when the war broke out, I went ahead and he followed; but I soon went where he could n't follow. Oh, it was a sorry day! It stirs me all over, and I would n't stay away from here, not if I had all the glories I had hoped to possess in heaven denied me. No, sir; I am just as much interested now in what's going on here as ever I was before, death, and I could fight, too, only I have n't the bone and muscle; but I feel just the same in spirit. Oh, if I can only get Jim to do just what is right, I shall feel that half of me is here, anyway.

Well, now, see here, Mister; what I propose is this: It was my intention, when the thing got just as far along as it is to-day, we would—that is if we came safely out of the war, and I felt sure we should—we were going to Ireland, and we had our plans all laid what to do; and those plans, begging your pardon, I do n't like to speak of here. Now he's waiting, not doing much at all, because I'm not there to go ahead, he thinks.

Our project was a good one, and should be carried out now just the same. I'll go ahead, anyway, and I want him to follow. I want Jim, as soon as he gets my letter, just as soon as he gets it—and I know he will get my letter—I want him to take the very next conveyance to old Ireland, and do what's to be done there. Oh never mind where I be; I'm here giving my orders now, and I want him to just go ahead and do that. Oh I'm sure he can do it. We have it all down in black and white, and he knows just what to do, because he came out of the war unscratched, and I was took over, you know. It matters not; I'm here in spirit most of the time, if I have lost my body, and I want him to know I'm right by him, and if he do n't go ahead, I'll believe he's one of the greatest cowards on earth.

I want you to say this to my brother Charlie O'Brien, to his brother Jim, in New York, who went out in the 140th regiment—Charles and James. Charles was killed, and that is me; James is me brother, who is still on the earth. Yes, sir; and he has been told about folks coming back after death, and he's waiting, hoping I'll come. Oh the devil take these folks that are always waiting! No, sir; I could hardly wait till the order was given to "Fall in, boys." Yes, sir; I went ahead rather too fast that time. But I'm just as ready now to fight for what I think is right, just as ready to fight for the freedom of Ireland, and just as sure I can count on your helping old Ireland as I'm sure that the sun will shine on you to-morrow. Yes, sir; but you might as well sharpen up your swords, and keep yourselves in readiness for war. I tell you what it is: the Irishman did n't go to war and help you fight for nothing; no, sir. And since you whipped England once pretty badly, it would n't do you any harm, since she took such a neutral stand in your late war, to have a little bit of a brush with her again. You'd be sure to come out best, and you would have the satisfaction of knowing that old Ireland's harp is restored again. Yes, sir; if that day comes when Ireland calls upon America to help her, she will, no fear; yes, sir; there's no fear about it, not at all. You should have heard the speech of Mr. Lincoln, on our side. Ah, did n't he talk to the boys, though! He said, when I heard him the other day, "Irishmen, hear! America and God is on your side; what more do you want?" Ah, that's talking it pretty good; and if America sees England getting beat, she'll stand off and look on. No, sir; if she can't do anything more, she'll give Ireland her sympathy, and show that she likes to see fair play. Oh, we can count on you, if you please. May 14.

I want my communications—that's what you call it—to reach my brother James, so he'll go to Ireland and do his work. Now he has the means. Faith, we wait for the day, and he has my name and his own now. Ah, then, he's got nothing to hinder his going, and I want him to go and do it up in good shape. I want you to say this to my brother, if you please, or other. I'll have the pleasure of shaking hands with you. I can't tell whether it will be on the other side, or whether it will be as you are. But I'll be sure to shake

hands with you. When old Ireland is sounding out her cry of freedom, then I'll say, "What did I tell you? It was to be free!" May 14.

Angie Russell.

I am Angie Russell, and I want to go to my father, Theodore Russell, or to my mother, Mary Russell. My father is in New Orleans, and my mother is in St. Louis. I died in St. Louis last winter. I was twelve years old.

I have a great many things to tell my father or my mother, that I can't tell here, because there is n't time; and because it would n't be best. But I can come; and there is a life after death. My father thinks there is none, and I have felt so bad because he's thought there was n't any more of me after I died. And I want him to know there is. I can't feel happy, because it seems as though he had disowned me.

I am very glad I haven't got to die again, and I wish all the folks had n't; but so long as they have, I think they'd better know where they're coming to, and how folks live there.

I want to talk with my father and mother just like I do here, and I can tell them a great many things. I did know, I wasn't unconscious when I died, but I was n't able to speak to them.

Good-by, Mister. I'll pay you sometime. [Did you tell your age?] Twelve years old. [Did you give your mother's name?] Mary. [Had you any brothers or sisters?] No, sir; I had n't any. May 14.

William Harris.

I'm not much used to these things, but I have thought I should perhaps do as much good as anybody by coming back. My folks do n't know anything about these things, and they do n't know that we can come; are a little in the dark.

I am William Harris, from the 9th New Hampshire; a soldier, sir; went to do what I could toward making peace and restoring the Union; lost my life, or body, which did n't amount to much; but it was worth something to me.

I was wounded, and taken to Fortress Monroe; died there. I had no friends, none of my friends with me. They have often said if they could only know how I went, and whether I was reconciled, they should n't feel so badly. I was reconciled, ready to go, and believe I was as much at peace with my God as I ever was. At any rate, I found no trouble in getting into a very comfortable state after death. This spirit-world is not the kind of place my friends believe it to be, but entirely different. Instead of being some special locality, a great way off, it's right here. You are only divested of your mortal bodies, but exist under similar surroundings.

I believe my folks are trying to get some back pay, which they have been misinformed was due me. It's not so. There was none, or very little, due me when I died, so my friends had better drop it; do n't amount to anything, anyway.

If I can do anything to make any of the folks wiser, better in any way, I should be happy to do so. I am now in a situation where I can do it, if folks on this side only are conscious of it.

I claim Concord, sir, as my native place; suppose I ought to say I hailed from there. [Were you born there?] Yes, sir.

I feel very strange here, talking in this way, so you'll pardon me if I appear a little awkward. My object in coming here to-day was to apprise my friends of my power to come, and to ask that they allow me to come to them. [What part of the town did you live in?] Very near the Eagle Hotel; know where that is? [Yes.] And the old jail? I do n't mean to say I lived there, exactly, but pretty near. [The prison, you mean?] Yes, sir. Good-day. May 14.

Circle closed by Robert Owen.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, May 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Stephen Alger, to his friends; Josephine Jones, to her parents; Mrs. Alice Clark, to her husband, sisters and brother. Tuesday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sarah Jane Gates (Jennie), of New Bedford, Mass., to her father, and the friends; Rev. Arthur Fuller, to his friend Adams; Maria (an Indian girl), educated in our schools, to her friends in England, who has called for her. Monday, May 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Dan Jones, of the Willimantic, to his children, Charles, who lived on High street, Boston, to his brother James; Mary Richardson, to her children; Willie Johnson, to his father, William Johnson, of Charleston, S. C.; John Andrew, to his parents, at New York City; Capt. E. C. Taylor, to his friends who conversed with him on Spiritualism; also to other friends South. Tuesday, May 22.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Rosa T. Amey, to friends; James Cooley, to his cousin Daniel, in New York City; Capt. E. C. Taylor, to his friends who conversed with him on Spiritualism; also to other friends South. Thursday, May 24.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; George Baldwin, to his friends; George, to his father, Geo. D. Baldwin, of Louisville, Ky.; Fanny Chase, of Georgetown, D. C., to her parents. Monday, May 28.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Ellen Kearney, of Roxbury, Mass., to John Moran; Jennie Washburn, of Augusta, Me.; Charles McQuade, who lived on High street, Boston, to his brother James; Nathan Flanders, of Virginia, to Alexander Flanders, James T. Sims, and Jacob Forsyth. Tuesday, May 29.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Barclay, to her mother, Sarah Ann Barclay, living in Davis Court, New York City; John Calvin Holmes, to his aunt and friends; Henri Borragian, to his brother, Frederick Borragian, in Cleveland, O.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LINES.

BY ADDIE HITCHINS.

I stood alone
The God of Day
On the horizon.
In glory lay.
The hills, crowned with his last beams,
Sang their joy in woodland echoes low,
The murmuring ripples of the streams
Danced gleeful in his ruby glow;
While blitheesome warblers of the sky,
Caught up the refrain of the hour,
And, sailing on swift pinions high,
The pean swelled with birdlike power,
From each, from all of Nature's horde,
Outpoured this anthem of delight,
Till exalted all, with one accord,
Sleep, cradled in the peace of night.

No sound disturbs the brooding air;
No fraction jars the whole;
Tyranny of each eternal pair,
Soul answers unto soul!
Anon, fair Luna and her hosts advance,
Treading the sky with matchless mien,
Dispensing free their silvery radiance,
Shed constant beauty on the scene.
The night grows old!
The darkness yields
To rays of gold,
Shout through azure fields
Nature awakes! Morn greets us space!
Sol, upspringing from the vasty deep,
Begins and ends his endless race.
With shadows on the mountain steep
Another day is born! Life's tidal flow
Leaps on with vigorous activity;
Rills, streams, and trees, and flowers, blooming
To greet the dawn, all glad to see the day;
All eager to strength and vitality.
With Hamilton, and his
No matter how wide
The river we may be in, that enjoys
The popularity we find we need, however
Reputation may be, that he has some good
In an eminent degree.

Banner of Light

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: CINCINNATI, OHIO.

J. M. FEEBLES, RESIDENT EDITOR.

We receive subscriptions, forward advertisements, and transact all other business connected with this Department of the Banner of Light.

Benefits of Sickness.

On earth we live in two worlds, the outer and the inner—a shell-life and a soul-life. The body is the soul's temple, exhibiting a wonderful structural skill, well and wisely adapted to this external existence, so rich in storm and sun-land experience.

Disease is obstruction. Houses are safer after their chimneys are "burned out"—more elegant after the cobwebs have been brushed down—more attractive after being cleansed, dusted and aired; so the incidents and painful processes connected with sickness only serve to purify the mortal casket and burnish it for higher spiritual uses.

No baby-act pleadings of ignorance are entertained at Nature's tribunal. Her volume is unsealed. Her pages flame with justice. Her voice bids every human intelligence investigate, comprehend and obey, or take the consequences.

The most unsophisticated child of our humanity, and hence the true Son of God—without oration, without priestly lineage—this was Jesus of Nazareth.

Of poor parentage, his reputed father a humble carpenter, his mother an innocent maiden, unknown beyond her neighborhood, begotten in spiritual love, called the Holy Ghost, born in a stable, cradled in a manger, a play boy in the streets of Nazareth, an apprentice at a trade, a lover of his own home and of nature, a commiserant with the angels—such was the Nazarene.

Sickness and sorrow connect the soul with the invisible and the everlasting, and pointing behind each threatening cloud, show angel-faces. The highest and holiest are tinged with melancholy—autumn prophesying of spring, drips dry and withered leaves. The eye of the spiritual has always a plaintive expression.

Wherever his voice sounds sweet—if ever there's music in their tread, and meek-eyed mercy in their aims—if ever their forms seem angel-like, it is when they stand the starry night through by the invalid's side, administering the healing balm:

"Go to the pillow of disease, Where night gives no repose, And on the cheek where sickness preys, Bid health to plant a rose."

Wherever his breath, sister, or stranger even—wherever there is a fevered brow—an emaciated form—a careworn countenance—a languishing soul—a sorrowing heart, or a despairing spirit, there, oh Reformer! let your feet be swift to go; your nature quick to feel; your hands willing to work, and your purse open to give.

This devoted co-worker, now resting a few weeks from arduous lecture labors, writes us from Hammonston, N. J., that she opens her fall and winter campaign by attending the Yearly Collins Meeting in Western New York, commencing Aug. 24th. Though strong in spirit, and aided by the immortal eloquence in speech, she is delicate in health, and consequently prefers lecturing during the winter in Southern Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois, the climate being more mild and genial.

The Martyred Boy.

Among the precious of all ages are martyrs. Their garments are brilliant, though enveloped in shrouds of fire, and their heroism stains our souls with the loftiest enthusiasm to dare and do for the truth.

Periodicals from all quarters continue to bring charges of condemnation upon the Rev. Mr. Lindesley, of Medina, N. Y., for murderously whipping an unprayerful child into eternity. In doing it, however, he but exemplified the very spirit of his faith. He believed, as the Bible teaches, that "God is angry with the wicked every day," and that he will whip, scourge, torture and damn all the nonprayerful men of earth in hell-torments forever.

A genuine Orthodox prayer, gotten up in the good old style, (we know, for we have said them, and said them sincerely, too,) consists of the following general formula: First: flatterng Jehovah by telling him he is great, vast, holy, omniscient, omnipotent, and, in every possible conception, splendid.

The beautiful Nazarene. We are indebted to Bro. S. Hoyt, President of our recent Michigan State Convention, for giving us such an encouraging state of affairs relative to Spiritualism in St. Johns. The friends have organized under Chapter 68 of the compiled laws, entitled of "Religious Societies," and, accordingly, are a legal body.

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The Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists. Severe sickness and other circumstances entirely beyond our control, have prevented a reference, till the present, to this grand gathering of earnest souls from nearly all portions of the "Garden State." The primary object of the meeting was a State organization of Spiritualists. This, upon a broad platform, with Argus eyes to the great moral reform issues of the day, was accomplished with almost perfect unanimity and general good feeling.

The Belvidere Seminary. Where shall we send our daughters? Where shall we educate our children? are ever recurring questions. We unhesitatingly answer, the "Belvidere Seminary," Warren County, New Jersey; the Misses Bush, Principals. In addition to the ordinary courses of instruction adopted in the primary, junior and senior departments, for the development of the mental, great attention is devoted to gymnastic exercises, for the benefit of the physical, thus securing at once a wholeness in their educational processes.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson. This devoted co-worker, now resting a few weeks from arduous lecture labors, writes us from Hammonston, N. J., that she opens her fall and winter campaign by attending the Yearly Collins Meeting in Western New York, commencing Aug. 24th. Though strong in spirit, and aided by the immortal eloquence in speech, she is delicate in health, and consequently prefers lecturing during the winter in Southern Ohio, Indiana, or Illinois, the climate being more mild and genial.

The Courts on Scolding Women.

The Supreme Court, at its recent session in Harrisburg, Pa., decided that scolding women were punishable by law. This case in question was that of the Commonwealth vs. Elvora Molip, who was indicted in Lehigh as a "common scold, disturbing the peace of the neighborhood." Judge Woodward, in delivering the opinion of the Court, said:

"As to the unreasonableness of holding women liable to punishment for a too free use of their tongues, it is enough to say that the common law, which is the express wisdom of ages, adjudged that it is not unreasonable. And the Legislature has not changed the common law in this regard, but, on the contrary, declared so recently as 1850 that this offence shall be punished as heretofore."

Is not this behind the spirit of the age? Wonder if Pennsylvania men, or even judges themselves, ever scold; if so, why do not their state statutes take cognizance of the offence? Ay, men did the voting—men made the laws, denying women the right of "elective franchise," as every where else.

Build but Little. Humanity is obliged to expend more time in destruction than in construction. The old institutions, whose rubbish we are trying to remove, are so huge and multifarious, it costs battle and bloodshed, and years of waiting, ere a space even is cleared for re-construction; and centuries only do the finishing. Nature has no such bleeding sacrifices, when she changes embodiments.

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The Michigan State Convention of Spiritualists.

For the first time in my public history I have had the privilege of attending a Spiritual Convention—the one lately held in Battle Creek, Mich. Here I met some of the pioneers of Spiritualism—men and women—who have suffered, and endured, and gained the victory. Though war-worn in heaven's battles, they all retain their spiritual youthfulness.

The singing was truly inspiring, and often swelling to the listening soul. Had there been a free and unenclated testimony of the devotion which swelled the heart of that great meeting, its beauty would have been completed. The bird will die of imprisoned fullness, if it cannot sing. Let the silent prayer that flames so many souls, become as habitual in expression as music and speech, and Spiritualists then will have snatched away the last lingering spark of life in the conservative Church to be the glory of the New Temple of worship.

Dr. Rutley in Erie, Pa. This faithful worker in behalf of the sick, and for the interests of Spiritualism, writes us from Erie that he is there healing, and holding circles Sunday evenings. There is an earnest call in this locality for test mediums—even the Universalist clergymen are desirous for such interviews.

Excursion to the National Convention. Arrangements have been made with the Boston and Providence Railroad to carry passengers from Boston to Providence to attend the Convention, and return, at the reduced fare of \$1.80 the round trip. Tickets to hold good from Monday, Aug. 20th, to Monday, Aug. 27th, inclusive.

LEOUBERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES. PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER OF LIGHT. (To be useful, this list should be reliable. It therefore behooves Societies and Lecturers to promptly notify us of appointments, or changes of appointments, whenever they occur.)

Mrs. LIZIE DORR will lecture in Chelsea during September and October; in New York during January and February; in New Orleans during March and April; in New York during May and June; in New York during July and August; in New York during September and October; in New York during November and December; in New York during January and February; in New York during March and April; in New York during May and June; in New York during July and August; in New York during September and October; in New York during November and December.

Mrs. SARAH A. BYRNES will speak in Salem, Mass., during August, September, and October; in New York during November and December; in New York during January and February; in New York during March and April; in New York during May and June; in New York during July and August; in New York during September and October; in New York during November and December.

Mrs. MARY J. WILCOXSON will speak in New York during August, September, and October; in New York during November and December; in New York during January and February; in New York during March and April; in New York during May and June; in New York during July and August; in New York during September and October; in New York during November and December.

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