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Written for the Banner of Light.
**THE MARBLE HEART;
OR,
THE SCULPTOR OF PARIS.**
BY OPHELIA MARGUERITE CLOUTMAN.

"Welcome, Claude! a thousand welcomes, my own dear boy!"
"Thanks, dearest mother! This is indeed the happiest moment of my life. The joy of this meeting fully compensates me for all the lonely hours I have experienced during my absence."
These passionate exclamations of heartfelt joy burst from the lips of mother and son, as, looked in a fond embrace, they stood weeping tears of genuine delight, upon the threshold of their humble home, after a three years' separation.
"Come, mother mine, no more tears, no more partings! The dreams of my boyhood at last realized, my fame as a sculptor acknowledged throughout all Italy, the fair sum of twelve thousand francs in the bank, I have returned to you, my native France, to spend the remainder of my days as your child. Remember, dear mother, henceforth our fates are united. You who have so cheerfully shared my poverty, shall as truly enjoy my prosperity. No power save that of death shall dare to sever us again. Ah, what a happy future is before us!"
And having given utterance to these words, Claude Durand led his widowed mother into the snug little sitting-room, whose general aspect was much the same as when his tear-bedimmed eyes cast a far-ward glance at its white walls and homely furniture, full three years before.
Seated side by side upon the quaint old sofa, where mother and son had so often sat, hand in hand, in the dim twilight, dreaming bright dreams of the future, when fame and riches should at last crown the efforts of the art-worshipping sculptor, whose boyhood had been so full of promise, Madame Durand could hardly refrain from giving utterance to the vanity which swelled up from her heart as she gazed with admiring eyes upon the well-developed form, finely shaped head and expressive features of her boy, now returned to her in the full glow of manly beauty.
"Claude," said his mother, at the same time passing her thin fingers caressingly through the luxuriant black curls that shaded the lofty brow of the young sculptor, "do you know I think it would kill me were I to be separated from you for so long a period again?" and the mournful tones in which these words were pronounced caused the young man to bend a full glance upon the sad and still handsome face of his mother.
"Can it be possible that my poor company was so much missed during my three years' exile?" said Claude, affectionately drawing his mother's head down upon his breast. "Well, after all, it is more pleasant to be regretted than welcomed—as some author once said—for, strange to say, we never cease to feel the exact value of a person until deprived of his society. As for the possibility of our ever being separated again, beloved mother, you need have no fear so far as I myself am concerned. Should you, however," he added, playfully, "become suddenly imbued with the spirit of adventure, why, then, I suppose I should have to make up my mind to play the part of an anchorite for awhile, although, to tell the truth, if business affairs would permit me, I should even then prefer constituting myself your courtier, rather than to feel that I was so ungainly as to allow my darling mother to climb Vesuvius alone!"
"A truce to your ratiocination, Claude!" exclaimed Madame Durand, at the same time raising her head from her comfortable resting-place upon the breast of her only son. "You know very well, my boy, that there don't exist a more conservative woman in all France than your old mother. Changes of the most trifling nature are always unpleasant to me, and as for my ever thinking for an instant of deserting the old homestead and you, Claude, why, the idea is preposterous; you could not believe me capable of such cruelty, my child!" And Madame Durand, pretending to be annoyed at the jesting accusations of her idolized son, put on such an air of mock displeasure as caused Claude to indulge in a hearty laugh at her expense.
After contemplating his mother's handsome features for a moment, the young man said, gaily, "Well, well, I do not know as I blame my poor father for having fallen in love with you, Madame Durand, especially if you ever frowned half so prettily upon him, in your girlish days, as you did a minute ago upon me. As it is, I have half a mind to fall in love with my own mother—nay, now do not stare at me so, Madame Durand, as if such a thing were an utter impossibility. Be assured, mother, men have been guilty of greater follies than that."
A light smile broke over the countenance of Madame Durand as she said, reprovingly, "Flattery may do for the young, my son, but to the old, kind words and noble actions are more acceptable than the most graceful compliments and lavish praises which the brain of a courtier could originate."
"Were all women like you, dear mother," said Claude, earnestly, "then flattery would cease to be flattery; men would speak only the truth, and the fair sex, knowing their own deservings, would accept it as such."
"You speak truly, my son," said Madame Durand; "but, throwing flattery aside, tell me, are you really so well pleased at being home again?"
"Most assuredly, mother—I have looked forward to this reunion for long months," replied the young sculptor, his dark eyes endowing the sincerity of his words.
"And are you quite sure the quiet life we lead here will not soon prove monotonous to you, Claude? Will there arise in your soul no longings after Rome, the Eternal, and La Bella Firenze, of whose ruins and art-galleries you wrote so enthusiastically?"
"I beseech you, dear mother, to entertain no fears as to my contentedness with you and—"
"Estelle," exclaimed Madame Durand, perceiving

her son's reluctance to make mention of a name which he had learned only through the medium of correspondence.
"Whom I have learned to regard almost in the light of a sister, mother," continued Claude, (not a little anxious to obtain a view of his mother's protégée,) "because of the glowing accounts your letters have given me of her rare beauty, and devotion to you in my absence," he said, coloring slightly, lest his mother should think him eager to feast his eyes merely upon a pretty face.
"I trust you will always esteem her as such," replied Madame Durand, at the same moment wiping a tear from the corner of one eye, "for to me she has faithfully performed the part of a daughter. Sad and comfortless at the loss of your society, this young girl proved a godsend to me in my hour of need. But for her kindly presence and affectionate devotion, I fear I should never have lived to experience the joy of this hour, Claude."
Without waiting for a reply from her son, Madame Durand—who could never speak of Estelle without shedding tears—rose and hurriedly left the room; for the double purpose of hiding her emotion and calling Estelle, who discerning the approach of the young sculptor from the sitting-room window—had crept away with true maidenly delicacy, to a little more wretched abode at the back of the house, in order that the first pleasure of a reunion between mother and son might not be interrupted by the presence of a stranger.
When at length Madame Durand reappeared, leading by the hand a fair-haired Madonna-faced girl of seventeen, whom she introduced as her "dear Estelle," and who returned the warm salutation of the young sculptor with a simplicity and ease of manner rarely met with among women, except in Oriental countries, Claude Durand could hardly resist the impulse which impelled him to clasp the slight girlish form to his heart, and with a kiss bid the fair Estelle his sister, in the presence of that gentle mother, to whom the sweet girl had for more than two years past proved herself a daughter.
The entrance of a servant announcing Monsieur's luggage, left no room for conversation between Estelle and Claude, until they met a half hour later at the tea table, where they were speedily joined by Madame Durand, who in her great joy had slipped out of the house to inform a near neighbor of the safe return of her dear son, leaving Estelle to superintend the preparations for supper, while Claude busied himself in unpacking his trunks and re-touching his somewhat disordered toilet.
It was late in the evening when, Madame Durand and Claude prepared to retire, Estelle having excused herself soon after supper on the plea of a severe headache.
There were so many things to be told, that Madame Durand, happy in the restoration of her long absent child, would have willingly sat up all night had not Claude himself reminded his mother of her own pale looks, as well as his bodily fatigue, and promised her further particulars on the morrow.
That night, when counting the beads of her ivory rosary, Estelle Lavelais offered a prayer to Heaven for the future peace of mind and worldly prosperity of Claude Durand. Oh, that the Holy Virgin might hear and answer her prayer!

CHAPTER II.
For more than a week after Claude Durand's arrival, he was constantly at home, to all appearances perfectly content and happy in the society of his mother and foster-sister. One of the most commodious and airy rooms which the old mansion house—a time worn looking edifice of grey stone which had once been used for monastic purposes, but which had been the old homestead of the Durand family for full fifty years—afforded, had been fitted up in a simple way as a studio for the young sculptor, who was only awaiting the arrival of his tools, models, and statues, which had been shipped for France at Civita Vecchia, a day or two previous to his leaving Rome, in order to recommence the labors of his chosen profession.
The several orders which Claude had received from French and English tourists during his three years' stay in Florence and Rome, in which cities he had won the esteem of the several brother artists there assembled, who designated him the French Canova—because of the close resemblance which his works bore to those of that world-renowned Italian master—had all been executed, and the most part of them sent to their places of destination, before Claude Durand set out for home, with the exception of a fine "Arriadne" and a copy of "The Faun of Praxiteles" (which Hawthorne has immortalized in his recently published book "The Marble Faun,") both of which had been ordered by English noblemen, who had first been roused into admiration of the young Frenchman's genius on seeing his poetic group of "Jesse and Gaius," on exhibition at the academy at Rome, (a production which won the prize for Claude Durand in the early part of the second year of his residence in "The Eternal City;" and when not more than twenty-five summers had passed over his head)—so that our young sculptor was, for the time being, what business men would call "completely worked out;" a period he had looked forward to with anticipation, because it afforded a chance for returning home, and more time for the indulgence and cultivation of the creative faculty.

The arrival of Claude's working tools, together with several statues and models which had filled his studio at Rome, were received with delight by both Claude and his mother, who, being the widow of an artist herself, most thoroughly sympathized with her son in his artistic tastes—the former being anxious to put into marble a Grecian group, consisting of three female figures, which had long haunted his fertile brain.
Estelle, more happy than words can tell at this new acquisition to the home circle in the shape of a young, handsome, and talented man, did all in her power to add to the personal comfort and pleasure of Claude, who soon set about his labors with a degree of cheerfulness and energy that astonished, while it delighted the heart of his devoted mother.
Days of earnest labor and peaceful happiness dawned upon the inmates of the old mansion house, whose ivy clad walls and grassy courtyard still gave to the dwelling of Madame Durand a convent-like look, which as far as quietude and seclusion were concerned, made the dilapidated old edifice a most fitting abode for the retreat of a sculptor.
Situated just upon the outskirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau, in a street known as the "Rue de l'Abbaye," within a few miles ride of the gay, bustling city of Paris, yet sufficiently removed from the noise and bustle of that great metropolis to satisfy the heart of the most fastidious hermit, the home of Claude Durand was all that a man of genius could desire.
Occasionally Claude would go to Paris for a few hours upon business, sometimes taking Estelle and his mother along with him for company's sake and shopping purposes; but somehow or other, strange to say, the young sculptor never seemed so truly contented and happy as when hard at work in his studio, with Estelle to read to him from the glowing pages of some favorite author; pausing over and anon at the earnest request of him—whose smile of affection was fast becoming the sunshine of her youthful existence—to make some trifling suggestion, or write her own compositions, dictated by her own maidenly perceptions of the true and beautiful, with those of the art-loving student. Sometimes Madame Durand would fetch her sewing to Claude's studio on an afternoon, at the urgent solicitation of her dear boy, who always declared that to feel the presence of his beloved mother, gave him new inspiration while engaged at his artistic labors. But Madame Durand had once been young herself, and had learned by heart the old adage, "that two's company and three's none;" consequently the dear old lady took frequent opportunities of leaving Estelle and Claude alone in each other's society, well knowing how agreeable such little tête-à-têtes are to youthful hearts, and hoping secretly within her own mind that her beloved son would sooner or later discover such rare traits of character in her protégée as would make him anxious to call one so worthy of her dear old life, his wife. Alas, for that fond mother's dreams of future happiness for him who was dearer to her heart than even life itself, so soon to be disappointed by the blighting breath of outward beauty and cruel vanity!

As the summer days crept on, Claude, whose heart was ever keenly alive to the beauties of nature around him, formed the resolution of taking an hour or two's exercise in the open air, before devoting himself to the labors of the day. In lieu of his morning walks along the banks of the golden Tiber, or on the lonely Campagna, the young sculptor turned his steps one fine June morning toward the forest of Fontainebleau. Arrayed in his simple artist costume, whose looseness of drapery set off to peculiar advantage the healthful charms of his well-developed frame, Claude Durand slowly pursued his way, his eyes intently bent upon the ground, as if in deep study, when of a sudden his ears were startled by the sound of male and female voices apparently engaged in lively conversation.
At the end of a narrow, rocky path, he paused for a moment to steal a glance at the gay party below, gathered around a small rustic table, partaking freely of champagne, or lolling listlessly upon the green sward.
"Ah," thought the young sculptor to himself, "I have accidentally stumbled upon an equestrian party, who are doubtless refreshing themselves after their morning ride. Well, well," he mentally ejaculated, "this will never do for me. What has a sculptor, accustomed only to the society of his own statues, to do with men and women of the world, who float butterfly-like through life, as aimless as the gilded insects they represent? Bah! this is indeed no place for a sculptor, whose quiet existence would seem stale and prosaic in the eyes of the votaries of fashion!"
Turning his eyes away from the group whose loud laughter and conversation had first arrested his attention, Claude was just on the point of retracing his steps, when he became conscious of being pursued by some person. The next instant a hand was laid firmly upon his shoulder, and a voice loud and clear cried out—
"Claude! Claude! is this the way you serve a poor fellow whom you have not seen for at least half a century, and who has nearly put himself out of breath running up this rocky path after you?"
The astonished sculptor turned quickly, and, darting a lightning-like glance at the frank, open face before him, said, at the same time warmly extending his hand to the intruder—
"Ah, Victor, my dear fellow, I am truly rejoiced at seeing you! I hope you have been well since last we met?"
"With the exception of occasional fits of depression of spirits, to which all knights of the quill are more or less subject to, I might answer you yes. But tell me, where have you kept yourself these last ten or twenty years, while I have been scribbling my brains (of which you will know I never had any to spare) away for the sole gratification of the public, who always imagine you are making your fortune out of them too easily, and so, like the printer's devil, keep asking for more copy?"
"Ah, my friend, I see you have lost none of your love for the ridiculous, which used to make you the admiration, and terror, too, among the more sensitive portions of your school fellows," said Claude, smiling good naturedly.
"Yes, methinks I have a faint recollection of having played the clown at all their little gatherings," replied Victor Charlton, with an air of great seriousness. "But," he quickly added, "you have not yet answered my question, Claude, as to where you have kept yourself for several centuries past?"
"Pardon me, my dear friend," replied the true-hearted sculptor, "but your estimate of time is badly a correct one. To be brief, then, I must tell you that I have been absent from France but three

years, dividing my time equally between those two repositories of art, Florence and Rome."
"So, then, my good fellow, you've turned tourist; have abroad on a sight-seeing expedition, eh?" said Charlton, drawing forth his cigar-case and offering a Cuban to his friend.
"I thank you, my dear Victor, but I seldom indulge now-a-days. The truth is, Charlton, I am a sculptor by profession, and went abroad to perfect myself in my art. Fortune has smiled upon me, for, besides having taken the prize at the Academy of Rome for two successive years, I have found numerous purchasers for my works among travelers of taste and means, and have returned once again to my native land vastly improved both in mind and body, besides having safely deposited at the house of the Rothschilds, in Paris, the fair sum of twelve thousand francs in solid money."
"Upon my word, Durand, you are a lucky fellow. I need not ask you if you are happy, for your glowing countenance betokens it. I suppose, Claude, you have heard of my recent success in the literary field," said Charlton, with the slightest dash of egotism perceptible in his tone of voice.
"I confess so," replied Claude, not a little embarrassed at not being able to congratulate his friend on any bit of good fortune which chance might have allotted him. "We Italians," he added, with an arch smile, "rarely know anything that transpires outside of Rome. But what has happened to you, my good fellow, during my absence? Have you, like Byron, awakened to find yourself a great poet? or have you turned dramatist, for the sole purpose of compelling Dumas?"
"Neither, Claude. I am simply associate editor of the most popular journal in all France—'Le Moniteur.' You remember Jules Janin, formerly of 'Le Débats'?" Well, he does the heavy business of the paper; such as writing leaders, and looking after the financial department, while your humble servant occupies himself by manufacturing bad jokes, satirizing the follies of fashionable life, and ferociously criticizing art matters. In short, I'm a man who is fated and admired in public because of my position, but on the other hand hated and scandalized in private by those persons who find even the most wholesome truths unpalatable to their perverted tastes."
"I am little inclined to believe the latter fact, remembering your success in friend-making at school. But pardon me, Victor; I have already too long detained you from your friends, whose countenances seem to indicate impatience at your absence. Adieu, my good friend. I shall hope to see you ere long at the old homestead. You can't have forgotten the place—No. 25 Rue de l'Abbaye—where, with my beloved mother, and foster-sister Estelle, I expect to lead a kind of Arcadian life for the remainder of my days. Once more, adieu."
"Not so fast, my dear fellow!" exclaimed Charlton, at the same time laying hands strongly upon the coat sleeve of his companion, as if determined not to allow the young sculptor to escape him. "Why, do not think me so rude and ungovernable as to allow you to leave without first presenting you to my friends, or I should say, fashionable acquaintances. Claude, if I'm a trifle giddy-headed, be sure my heart's in the right place. And saying this, the mirth-loving editor drew his companion quickly down the path toward the assembled group in waiting, despite the earnest entreaties and expostulations of the bashful sculptor, who felt much like a man who was about being led to the stake.
At the approach of Charlton, the eyes of the entire party were quickly turned upon the stranger, whose rich, manly beauty had, even at a distance, excited the admiration of the female members of the company.
"Monsieur Claude Durand, my friends," said Charlton, politely presenting the momentarily embarrassed sculptor to the pleasure-party before him. "Ladies, gentlemen," said Claude, removing his small velvet cap from his head, and bowing gracefully to all present, "this is a place of happiness I had little expected."
All the ladies present acknowledged the young sculptor's salutation most cordially, with the exception of Madame Estelle Hermine Descares—the planet star of the assemblage present, and the queen of the Parisian world of fashion—who, turning her finely-shaped head toward Claude, returned his particular salutation to her with a degree of hauteur and pride that struck like a knife to the heart of the sensitive sculptor. Turning toward Charlton, he asked, in a low whisper—
"Who is this wondrous beauty, who essays the airs of an empress? Methinks even Eugene herself would carry herself less proudly in the presence of her humblest subjects, than this fair, disdainful beauty. The more I study those features, Victor, the more am I convinced they are not truly hers, but belong rather to one of a group of three statues, of which I have dreamed much of late, and which I hope to work out in marble in season to be sent to the great exhibition in London."
"Ah, my dear Claude," said Charlton, seriously, "despite your strange language, I am convinced that your first impression of Madame Estelle Hermine is a correct one; for a more beautiful, noble-minded, marble-hearted coquette, never lived upon the face of the earth, than this self-same woman, who has, in the short space of two years, succeeded in turning the heads of nearly all the Parisian gentlemen, married and single. I tell you what, my dear friend, is a deucedly lucky for a handsome fellow like you, that you can boast neither wealth nor a title; for did you possess either of these requisites for favor in the eyes of Madame Estelle Hermine, with the unusual addition of a warm and noble heart, I should most certainly tremble for the future of my good friend, sculptor though he be."
"So, then, my dear Victor, replied Claude, laughing lightly, "you think there is danger of my being coming, at no distant day, an active disciple of the god Cupid. Believe me, Charlton, I am at heart quite as much of a bachelor as yourself. If ever I am so foolish as to fall in love, it will be with one of my own statues, not a real flesh and blood woman."

"Deware, my friend," said Charlton, solemnly, "lest this dream of yours should prove to be a reality, and you should wake some morning to find yourself hopelessly in love with a human statue, wearing the satin robes and costly jewels of Madame Estelle Hermine!"
Perceiving the sculptor's look of surprise, the true-hearted editor added, gaily, "But come, Claude, our much talking has made me thirsty. Suppose we refresh ourselves, before parting, with a glass of wine. What do, there, François! Bring us a bottle of champagne!" cried Charlton to a waiter who had been serving the other members of the company with refreshments.
"Here's to a renewal of our former friendship!" exclaimed Charlton, touching his glass to that of his friend, "and," he added, with a meaning smile, "our mutual vow of celibacy."
Claude smiled pleasantly at his friend's characteristic toast, quickly swallowed his champagne, and then turned his dark eyes admiringly toward Madame Estelle Hermine, who was engaged in a lively conversation with Monsieur Ponsard, a Parisian millionaire, who was conceded to be the greatest model in all Paris.
For a minute or two Victor Charlton stood still, silently contemplating his friend, who appeared like one spell-bound; his whole nature completely paralyzed by the wondrous beauty of the fair face before him. At length, however, a presentiment of evil seemed suddenly to enter the mind of the noble-hearted editor, for the next instant he slapped his companion smartly upon the shoulder, and informed him that he was sorry to part with an old friend so soon, but that he had an engagement at the office at twelve o'clock precisely, and therefore must bid him a brief farewell.
Claude Durand started, and glanced wildly upon his friend, like a man suddenly awakened from a heavy sleep.
"Pardon me, Victor," he said, not a little embarrassed at being caught day-dreaming, "but I often lose myself in a reverie, even in broad daylight."
"Must you go? Well, I suppose it is high time that I, too, should be bending my steps homeward," he added, glancing hastily at his watch. "If you please we will make our adieux to the company together, Victor; but first allow me to present you my card."

Upon Monsieur Charlton and Durand respectfully tendering their adieux to the ladies of the party, one of them, Madame Estelle Hermine, a reputed belle of considerable personal attractions, said in a voice slightly tinged with disappointment, and bending her large blue eyes full upon the face of the gay-hearted editor—
"Why, Monsieur Charlton, you surely will not deprive us of your excellent company at lunch. May I not ask both you and your friend to honor my entertainment by your presence? The day is warm; my friends and we have all had a most exciting ride, and are suffering to rest our weary limbs upon sofas a bit softer than these creaking seats. Come, you cannot refuse me!"
Monsieur Charlton very politely but firmly refused the kind invitation extended to him; but Claude, less accustomed to receiving marks of favor from habitues of the fashionable world, was consequently less skilled in the art of apologizing. The only excuse the handsome sculptor could find to offer, was his negligent toilet, together with the fact of his mother's inability to wait dinner for him.
This latter remark brought a smile to the lips of nearly all present; and Monsieur Ponsard, turning to his friend the Viscount de Chateaubriand, said in an audible whisper, loud enough to reach the ears of Claude:
"Poor young man! he is evidently tied to his mamma's apron strings, besides being so plebeian in his habits as to dine about the hour we lunch."
Claude Durand colored deeply; but not wishing his friend Victor to notice his sudden emotion, was about replacing his cap and turning away with a cool "Au revoir," when the persistent belle said, playfully glancing archly toward Madame Estelle Hermine, who stood quite aloof from the rest of the party, carelessly toying with her richly ornamented fan, with all the grace of a Spanish woman:
"My dear Hermine, cannot you prevail upon Monsieur Durand to favor us with his company at lunch?"
For an instant Hermine kept her hazel eyes fixed upon the ground; then slowly moving toward the spot where Claude stood, half reluctant to depart, said, in tones of exquisite sweetness, and with a degree of simplicity quite in contrast to her former haughtiness of manner:
"May I ask you in behalf of our charming hostess to grant us the pleasure of your company at lunch?"
Claude no longer hesitated, but politely offering his arm to Madame Estelle Hermine, led her away to her carriage, waving a farewell adieu with his cap to Charlton, as the latter hurried off in another direction to fulfill his business engagement; wondering within his own mind whether or no he had not unconsciously, with his own hands, spread a snare for the entrapment of his friend's heart in introducing him to Madame Estelle Hermine.

CHAPTER III.
For full two hours Madame Durand and Estelle awaited dinner that day for Claude, who, since the day of his arrival had never left home for any length of time without specifying some hour when they might look for his return. Thinking that he might have taken a sudden resolution to go to the city after he had left the house, Madame Durand and Estelle at last sat down to dinner, although it must be confessed that they ate their food with but slight relish, because of the non-appearance of Claude.
As the afternoon waned, Madame Durand grew so nervous and uneasy about her beloved son's absence, that Estelle threw on her hat and shawl and directed

her steps toward the Forest of Fontainebleau, thinking that her dear foster-brother might have accidentally fallen asleep under the shade of its leafy trees, after his morning's walk. After a fruitless search of an hour or more, the disheartened girl returned home secretly hoping in her own mind to find Claude there before her, to laugh at her fears and soothe the anxious spirits of his faithful mother. Supper hour came and passed, but still no Claude presented himself to partake of the several delicacies the hand of affection had carefully prepared to tempt the appetite of the absent one.
Neither Estelle nor Madame Durand felt like tasting a morsel in their great worry of mind, and so they sat side by side in the gathering twilight, listening with half-suppressed breath to every passing sound. About ten o'clock in the evening a carriage stopped at the door. Fearing that some terrible accident had befallen her son, Madame Durand made an effort to reach the porch door; but feeling her feet giving way under her, she sank down again upon the chair from which she had just risen, faint and powerless. Upon the threshold of the old mansion house, Estelle met Claude. To throw her delicate arms lovingly about the trunk's neck, and sob out in broken accents her joy at his coming, was but the work of an instant. Just at that moment a clear, musical laugh burst from the carriage, where were seated Madame Estelle Hermine and her assiduous cavalier, the brainless Monsieur Ponsard; and then a merry female voice cried out from the open window of the vehicle:
"Adieu, Monsieur Durand! Your reception is quite an affecting one to behold. Remember your promise to call upon me at my villa in the Bois de Boulogne the coming week. Once more, adieu."
"Estelle! I will you release your hold upon me?" petulantly exclaimed Claude, highly mortified that strangers should have witnessed anything like a scene between him and his foster-sister. "See, you have prevented my bidding my friends a polite farewell; do try and restrain your emotion in the future when strangers are about!" and the excited sculptor started in pursuit of the carriage, which dashed so rapidly along as to soon leave him far behind.
Upon re-entering the house, Claude found Estelle no longer in tears, but bending anxiously over his mother, endeavoring by the application of restoratives, to bring her to a state of consciousness. Perceiving the approach of Claude, the heart-wounded girl was about turning away to give place to her foster-brother, when the repentant sculptor caught her slight form quickly in his arms, and earnestly besought Estelle to forgive him the harsh words he had in a moment of excitement addressed to her. The orphan girl, who, despite all her misfortunes still possessed a sensitive heart, was only too ready to forgive one whose loved image was fast enshrining itself in her pure soul.
As soon as Madame Durand recovered from her faintness, Claude explained to her in a few words how he had unexpectedly met an old schoolmate of his—one Victor Charlton—while walking the forest of Fontainebleau, who, having a party of friends present, insisted upon introducing him to them, and they in return had given him no peace until he complied with their urgent request to lunch with them. Madame Durand was satisfied, but not so the fair Estelle, who some how or other seemed to have a presentiment that all was not right with Claude, for his flushed cheeks, strangely brilliant eyes, and excited manner, had not failed to attract her notice.
Long after retiring to rest that night, Estelle heard Claude pacing up and down his chamber, as if something weighed too heavily upon his mind to admit of his indulging in sleep. When, however, he made his appearance at the breakfast table the next morning, looking pale and exhausted from his lack of slumber the previous night, the young girl pretended to take no note of his ill looks, but playfully rallied him upon his success in making new acquaintances, and as if his preferring the society of real goddesses like those he had met with in the forest of Fontainebleau, to the pure but soulless ones of the studio. But Claude was evidently in no mood for being joked at, for his face became overshadowed as if by sorrow, and resisting all efforts upon the part of his mother and Estelle to draw him into conversation, he ate his breakfast in silence, and at once repaired to his studio, where he shut himself up until nightfall.
Early in the afternoon of the following day, Monsieur Charlton called to renew his acquaintance with Madame Durand, as he said, and have a little private conversation with his dear friend Claude. His meeting with Estelle—whose innocent beauty at once made a strong impression upon this man of the world, accustomed to the society of selfish, narrow-minded women, whose virtues, like the roses upon their cheeks, are merely put on when going into company—was a surprise, although upon a second thought he remembered having heard his friend make mention of his foster-sister, Estelle, upon the occasion of their meeting in the forest some two or three days before.
After some ten or fifteen minutes most agreeably spent in the society of Madame Durand and Estelle, Victor Charlton knocked lightly at the door of Claude's studio, where he found the young sculptor working away at his clay models intended for his Grecian group, with a degree of energy and absorption that elicited a hearty bravo from his blithe-hearted friend.
Claude Durand received the witty editor of "Le Moniteur" with a genuine warmth of manner, begging his friend's frank opinion of the models which he was preparing, and compensating him in turn by a recital of many choice bon-mots and agreeable anecdotes, which he had learned during his stay abroad. The united entreaties of Madame Durand and her son, at last prevailed upon Victor to remain to supper. An hour or so after tea was finished, Charlton gaily took his leave, promising to call often upon the Durands, and accompanied for a part of the way by Claude.

When left to themselves in the quiet of the forest

Charlotte purposely turned the conversation upon Estelle, the foster-sister of her friend—whose saint-like face and gentle ways had so favorably impressed him during his stay at the old mansion house—and learned from Claude that she was the daughter of a poor but talented musician, who, while playing at the concert of M. Julien in Paris, had accidentally fallen in love with the daughter of a Lyons banker, at that time journeying in the French metropolis—married her against the consent of her father, her only near relative, and took her to London with him. From thence Madame Lavoisier accompanied her husband (still in the service of M. Julien) to America, where she gave birth to a daughter, whom she named Estelle after her deceased mother. Returning to Paris some three years later, the wife of M. Lavoisier paid a visit to her father at Lyons, with the hope of reconciling him to her marriage with M. Lavoisier, who only was poor. But the Lyons banker was inexorable, and refused to admit his repentant daughter to his presence. When Estelle had reached the age of seven years, the father of Madame Lavoisier died quite suddenly, leaving his large property to two Catholic institutions at Lyons, his will explicitly stating that he had seen fit, several years previous, to disinherit his only child.

For a few years M. Lavoisier managed to earn a very comfortable living for his beloved wife and child, by the exercise of his profession as a cornet player. In an unlooked-for hour sickness fell upon the worthy musician. A seven weeks' battle with fever, and death conquered. For two or three years after the decease of her husband, Madame Lavoisier managed to eke out a scanty livelihood for herself and the little Estelle; but consumption was fast preying upon her once beautiful and well-rounded form, and ere a twelvemonth had elapsed from the time of her first complaining of want of strength, the poor woman was laid in her grave. Alone in the world, Estelle Lavoisier began to look about her for some means of employment.

The few friends her mother possessed in the city of Paris, were by far too poor themselves to think of offering the orphan girl a home beneath their roofs. After a three days' search for work in the great metropolis, the brave-hearted Estelle determined to try her fortune in the suburbs; her wish being to procure a service in some small family, where she might receive the comforts, if not the luxuries, of a home. Kind Providence must have led her faltering steps toward the dwelling of Madame Durand. The kind-hearted old lady listened to Estelle's touching story with tears in her eyes, and at its close assured her that she should no longer wander about the country in search of employment, but should share with her the pleasures of a home so long as God spared her life.

"How thoroughly Estelle had repaid the gratitude and confidence of Madame Durand, Victor," said Claude, with perceptible emotion, "my dear mother has doubtless told you ere this, for the gentleness and devotion of my sweet foster-sister is always a favorite topic of conversation with her, when any stranger happens to be present."

"Ah, well, to be honest for once in my life," said Charlotte, with unusual seriousness of manner, "your kind-hearted mother did venture to touch upon her favorite topic in my presence; that is, so far as to speak of the young girl's love and untiring devotion to her in your absence, Claude, and of her hope that you would some day or other marry her."

"My dear Estelle!" exclaimed Claude, surprised. "Does not my mother, and do not you yourself, know that I am already wedded to my art?" and the young sculptor stopped short in the midst of his walk to watch the effect of his words upon the face of his companion.

"Really," answered Charlotte, with comic gravity, "I thought you had pledged yourself to remain a bachelor all your days. But never mind, Claude, we all know the absurdity of a young and talented man making such a vow; only be sure and remember one thing, my dear fellow; with all your devotion to art, Claude, do not ever be so foolish as to trust your heart's keeping to the hands of a 'Marble Statue.'"

A meaning glance accompanied this last remark of Charlotte; but Claude, who was carelessly engaged in stripping the bark off the tree beside which they stood, did not appear to notice either his friend's peculiar expression of countenance, or the significance of his last speech.

A moment's silence ensued, after which Claude said, gravely lifting his dark, truthful eye to his friend's face:

"Victor, I have never yet seen but one woman whom I could wish to marry, and that is—"

"Mademoiselle Hermine!" indignantly exclaimed Charlotte. "I have had many misgivings in regard to your future welfare, my friend, since the hour I first introduced you to that beautiful slave, but hoped that your large share of common-sense and poetry might shield you from the cruel attractions of that artful woman. Oh, Victor, I would sooner see you wedded to a corpse, or one of the marble statues that adorn your humble studio—for in their creation you have infused into their pure and spotless forms a portion of your own noble soul—than that false-hearted, gold-thrilling, fascinating coquette, Hermine Descaut! Oh, my friend, I conjure you to nip this attachment, so hopelessly formed, while it is yet in the bud, before the seeds of friendship sown so lightly upon the surface of your fertile heart, take deep root therein, and burst forth into the full-blown flower of love!"

"Charlotte, I assure you that you are needlessly alarmed about a poor devil of a sculptor like me, who has nothing in the world to recommend him to the favor of a beautiful and aristocratic woman like Hermine, but a tolerably good-looking face and some slight degree of genius. Were I Monsieur Ponsard now, with his immense wealth and grand equipage, I dare say my chance for winning the heart and hand of Mademoiselle Hermine would be a favorable one—oh, my friend?" and Claude Durand affected a light laugh.

"Exactly, Claude. Monsieur Ponsard, though not a nobleman, has got what is still better in the eyes of Mademoiselle Descaut—gold! Though of an aristocratic family, this fickle-minded beauty enjoys only a limited income, which she doubtless desires to increase by a wealthy marriage. Were she poor, Claude—and report says she was once reduced almost to the necessity of begging—I would not marry her with all her wondrous beauty, simply because I know her to be utterly devoid of heart. You may believe me or not, as you please, my dear fellow, but were you to take the trouble to search for that most precious article in the case of Mademoiselle Hermine, you would find in the place where the heart should be, only a multiplication-table."

"You add assertions made no laugh," said Claude, buttoning his velvet jacket up to his throat, as the dampness of the night air sent a cold shiver through his frame. "Of course I shall endeavor to profit by your excellent advice," he added, with a slight degree of sarcasm discernible in his rich-toned voice; "but I assure you that I have too much good sense to break my heart over any woman whose heart is incapable of reciprocating my love."

"I sincerely hope so, my friend! But here comes the diligence. Zounds, man! it is nine o'clock! I ought to have been in Paris before this time," and shaking hands warmly with his old school-fellow, the true-hearted sculptor sprang quickly into the passing omnibus, and was soon on his way to the great, bustling city, while Claude, absorbed in his own meditations, walked slowly homeward.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

TO AN IMMORTAL.

BY THOMAS HOWARD.

Twelve years ago and we were married;
Seven years ago and you were dead;
We once had love, who here have tarried,
Our living husband overhead:
My labors here you have befriended—
I've shared your happiness with you,
And our two lives have since been blended
Just as before when both were new.

Before you were not more than woman,
But since have more than angel been—
Have made my life since more than human;
Before—twice less than human then:
Your place on earth you gave another—
I love her well, I call her wife,
Your child, so cherished, calls her mother,
And thus we love—and this is life.

But we are not your debtors solely;
Three darlings we have sent to you—
God knows we did not mean it wholly,
But God be thanked for what we do—
Three precious, love-rich, gentle darlings;
And one went with you when you died;
In all its bright, immortal starlings—
For we have two with us beside.

This home of ours, did you not share it,
Were dreary-dark, were weary-lean;
This life of ours—we could not bear it,
Were it not mingled with your own—
Had not our souls broad, open sky-lights,
As silver-full as summer moons.

Something—yet nothing like the twilight
That creeps with whiteness over red June.

We can not see you—ah! what pity—
Not see you knowing you dwell here,
Talk—walk with us, traverse the city,
While Love makes all your atmosphere:

How could we see you? God's evangel
Leaves, heaven-ripe, no joy behind—
The sight of him, our last-ent angel,
Would strike our spirits mortal-blind.

We could not bear so much at present—
Our eyes are mortal, like our looks;
Our hearts have tones so wildly pleasant
They mock the singing Angels' choirs.
And, if we knew these tones are lifted
From your untold hearts above,
God knows our lives could not be lifted
To any higher Heaven of Love.

Lo! Sister! Friend! Saint! Angel! Drive!
Twelve years ago and we were wed:
To-day we stand here, side by side,
And both are happy, neither dead:
Rejoice! Rejoice! Rejoice! Guide!
God's fond Interpreter to me!
What name can I bestow beside?
What more could you desire to be?

Ah! Mother! Mother of Immortals!
Thrice blest, and thrice again, are you—
Four have ascended through Heaven's portals,
And I hold, unascended, two:
Three from our blended lives are sprung,
Three from the love I bear another;
And still with lives divinely strong,
Shall hail you Mother! Sister-Mother!

New Orleans, 1860.

HEART GEMS.

Immortal flowers upspring from the arid soil of sorrow; what once a desert waste, blooms now a fertile valley, because of the beneficent sunshine, the falling dew, the azure skies enfolding it, that have succeeded the solitary tempest's fury, and brought out the hidden blossoms of richness and fragrance.

Immortal beauty decks the victorious heart, that has overcome, nobly and generously on the battle-fields of life, the invading force of selfishness, the errors of perversion.

Beauty decks the brow made plaid by the hand of resignation, the cheek pale by the shadows of thought, the mist of experience; the signet of resignation on the soul of woman is beautiful with spirituality.

Wouldst thou know of love? go forth into the wide domain, the boundless realm of thought, and seek its solitudes for itself alone the gem's magnificence, the flower's fragrance. Drink in the soul of nature and the soul of humanity; let the sunshine of God illumine thy soul's recesses, and the moon of clear, undisturbed reflection, play on the mirrored waves of thought and pure emotion. Let the stars, holy and afar, beam on the crystal waters of uprising thought, and allow no intervening shadow to mar the glory of heaven's own reflection. Thus recognized, accepted, felt and honored, love will be beautiful, lasting and holy. Cast not itsilly scepter to the earth; bow not its regal brow to form or worldly wrong; free, pure, untrammelled, Godlike, let it live the soul-life of the universe; a blessing and a boon of life immortal. Silence is the charm of love, as well as the inner communion of the understanding spirit; it is the vehicle of thought, emotion, soul-language, as well as the vibrating words. It is filled with inexpressible tenderness; with the charm of memory, the gleams of futurity; the hopes and unspoken wishes that are ever untrammelled. It is the essence of prayer; the fervency of thought; the connecting link of spirit; a boon of blessedness and peace.

Glory seek it not in the world's award for merit; there favoritism awaits the few, and the false speeding of popularity the many. Seek for glory in the fields of labor and soul-enterprise, in the realm of nature, in the haunts of pure and holy love. The smile of a congenial spirit, the pressure of a loving hand, the low-spoken word of encouragement from lips revered, is glory, lasting and unshaken power. The heart sings its melodies, its own spontaneous hymns and elegies. From its arid soil arises the wall of grief, the dead march of disappointment, the mourning song. From its sun-lighted portals issue the harmonious strains of welcoming love and joy; home-songs and joy-bells ringing sweet and merry; whirling mazes of hope, and measures of celestial and unforgettable gladness. No other instrument gives forth such varied tones; such discord, and such harmonious divine. The hand of love alone can fully strike the life-chords with the majesty and power of the master-hand of Deity.

Wisdom, the child of experience, is the guiding angel of the present, unto the future's consequent glory and fruition.

Patience, the veiled angel of humanity, brings bitter herbs of healing; bathes often in the dark waters of sorrow, the resisting heart acknowledging not her ministry divine. Felt and recognized, she is a superb teacher unto man.

GOOD SENSE AND GOOD NATURE.—Good sense and good nature are never separated, though the ignorant world has thought otherwise. Good nature, by which I mean beneficence and candor, is the product of right reason; which, of necessity, will give allowance to the failings of others; by considering that there is nothing perfect in mankind; and by distinguishing that which comes nearest to excellency, though not absolutely free from faults, will certainly produce a candor in the Judge.

Learning is the dictionary, but sense the grammar of science.

Original Essay.

ANCIENT OLIMPIES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.

NUMBER SIXTEEN.

How few are the numbers who ever give heed to the basis of their religions—whence, or how they came, or whether they tend! The million take for truth the hereditary prophecies of their ignorant forefathers. Over all, a priest caste sits brooding like an incubus, affrighting each uprising toward a higher light. Mammon renders and receives worship on the same plane, and ignorance and cowardice send forth their numberless hosts as tributaries to these ignoble masters; but the uprightly brave in large enlightenment lay, all upon the altar of the great whole, and so offer their first fruits and their last for the fullest redemption of mankind.

Says Niebuhr, in his "Ancient Ethnography and Geography": "As the Hebrews regarded Jerusalem, so the Greeks considered Greece, and more especially Delphi and Mount Olympus, which lie about the same degree of longitude as the centre of the earth." Yet our clergy and their satellites would have us never to see any further than the ancient Hebrew vision. Ancient ignorance thus becomes a mystery of Godliness. Sunday and public schools are gladdened with Biblical nonsense in the name of the Lord, and the early soul thus indoctrinated finds in later days the hitherto measure of old Jewry hard to be supplanted by one which takes the full scope of all discoveries, all progressive growths as manifest in the universal status. See the massive mind of Hugh Miller, cramped to the dimensions of Biblical smoldering clothes, struggling to get free from early compression, as "charm by charm unbound which robed his idol." Till he saw "nor worth nor beauty" in Jewry landmarks as a measure of the unfolding world.

Theologically grooved and langued upon his mind was the undeveloped measure of old Jewry concepts; yet so rooted and grounded do these become, if not more wisely instructed, that they are as gods to the wider vision of the later days, and difficult to be dislodged from their citadel of superstition. Of heart rending it is to pursue their abnormal growth away. Miller, like Laocoon within the coiled embrace of serpents, had not strength to free himself from the body of such death. There were the old Jewry landmarks which his priests and his education had set up. There was the "Testimony of the Books," which rent the intellects of his nursery growth; but these had strongly fastened themselves in a network of tangled roots and attachments. How great the struggle to be free—yet unequal to the contest, and terribly his soul went when the upheaval of truth submerged his nursery God.

More beautiful had been the successive unfoldings of his early life, had he not been so grappled to the fiction edifice of ancient infallibility, resolving to find the measure of the living present within the boundaries of the dead past. More beautiful, if with clearer vision he had traced "The Footprints of the Creator" without caring whether they fitted to Meccan tracks. More beautiful, had he trusted to the voice of the living God, with no more of the ancient than he found in accordance with largest free outgrowth in his soul. Could he have sloughed his old theologian surroundings, he had risen to a plane where angels could have approached and kindly ministered unto him; for they stand at the door and knock, and they are ever ready to enter with manifestation of the spirit in beautiful ministrations.

It is folly to resolve that Jewish bottles shall contain all the new wine. They can hold but a very small part. They burst in almost every direction with the slightest pressure from the new measures. They were drained to the very lees, long and long ago, and would have crumbled from chemical reaction, but that the bottle holders, the priest-caste, swore as hard as the Lord of old Jewry that there was no other wine in the universe but what could be strained out of the old lees; nor have they drawn it mild, for the parched and clanging mouths of Christendom. Sometimes, to be sure, there have been very few with the open mouths and shut eyes in taking down the mixed liquors of the ancient Hebrew cauldron pot, which as waters of jealousy outpoured the belly to swell and the thigh to rot. So, too, in modern turgidity, the devotees who rush to the liquor pot for pure spirits, soon find themselves obsessed by strychnine, nitric and sulphuric acids, etc., which, in the language of old Jewry, would be called a "strange fire from the Lord." We think that as a "consuming fire," the modern liquor pot is nothing behind the ancient waters of jealousy in causing "the belly to swell and the thigh to rot."

To take the other branch of the figure, it is not good economy to sow new wheat on to old, if by so doing the rent is made worse. To subordinate all the sciences or spiritualisms, and attach them to the Jewish old clothes as the only fitting, everlasting garment that ever streamed like scarlet in the wind—of all colors, of all stripes—an infamy of shreds and patches, as texts and talismans, whose expounding devotees Mother Goose has described, or "might, could, would or should" describe, as

"Coming to town,
Some in rags and some in jets all from the Jewry gown,
Some swear that daisy's white—some, that it's black, or brown—
And all were texts from Jewry's Lord as tickets for soup paid down."

"Starring," says Henry Holme, "is the identity of God and Moses." Says the Westminster Review—"Originally, Deity, Chief and Master of the Ceremonies, were identical, and that the Bible plainly represented Jehovah and his angels cutting roast real and hot cakes with Abraham." Of the position of women in Hebrewdom, the Westminster says that "from Moses to Jesus the history of Jewish women is but a record of their degrading subjection to the capricious, selfishness and unbridled passions of the men in whose power they were placed by the Mosai laws." Says the Edinburgh Review—"It is the system taught by popular Protestantism, which imposes Mosai ordinances as Christian laws, and prepares the mind for the corresponding dogmas of Mormonism. But while the Mormon teachers fall in with this popular system, they carry out its carnal views to a more logical development. Thus Mormonism becomes actual Judaism."

Says our Swedenborgian friend, Henry James, who speaks straight out as the spirit gives him utterance—"To support such imbecile sham priests as have now, men who see humanity suffering unperceived woes, and yet are able to do nothing but strain out tedious sermons upon the things that were thought, or the words that were said, or the deeds that were done, ages ago; men who cannot only do nothing, but essentially feel nothing for these words, and in some cases account it downright infidelity to God to attempt any official removal of them; to give such holy-day creatures as these the honor due to God's ministers, it strikes me to be an obvious insult to God, for which all our skins will yet have to tingle."

The "Old Nationalities" who rely on the tombs of old Jewry for salvation, are, says the Edinburgh Review, "Romanticists who refuse to acknowledge that

the past is past, that it has grown old and obsolete. They who regard the present age as in a state of chronic malady, curable only by a reproduction of some distant age, of which the present is not the child, but the abortion." "In alarm at the progress of the new creed, some zealous partisans of the old make a vigorous effort; they wish to renege the dying belief; but unhappily they themselves have not the pure faith; their partisanship springs less from conviction than from will. Their faith does not rule them; they rule it. Over the contradictions of their beliefs is thrown the darkness of mysticism; and only mystical souls can become Romantics." "Nobody believes a Jewish Sabbath to be either binding upon a Christian or possible in modern life." "These are the deliberate dishonesties of the learned imposing upon the people what they do not believe themselves, for the sake of the end it is supposed to answer. Sir Charles Lyell alludes at length the text of three heavenly witnesses, which no scholar, since Porson's investigation of it, professes to believe genuine, but which is still nevertheless retained in our Bible, and also in those of the Episcopal Church of America, notwithstanding their opportunity of expunging it when the American Episcopalian revised the liturgy, and struck out the Athanasian creed. This disingenuous timidity has long been a reflection upon all our religious teachers."

Of the modern engineers of the old theologies, the London Quarterly Review says, "They have abandoned their sober judgments, if they ever had any, to their abhorrence of Papal aggression and their dread of Satanic agency. This is, in fact, the most melancholy part of the whole affair, since they place themselves beyond the pale of any appeals to their reasoning faculty, and lead others into the same position. Such persons are no more to be argued with than insane patients." We witness this on every side. Those minds which have been wrought into the devilry of the old theologies, must remain long engulfed in their dark surroundings, and through the smoke of their own souls, see all the vast array of heaven as only the vasty deep of hell. Nothing from above, but all from below, is the gloomy vision of this large host of submerged credulity and lost spirits in the flesh.

"There are," says the Westminster Review, "other revelations of God to man, besides that which is met with in the Bible, and he has had true worshippers besides those who have been instructed out of that book." It surely does not appear to be the most apt instruction for nineteenth century Sunday and other schools, wherein it is set forth that the Jewish God commanded the hamstringing of horses, and the howling to pieces of men, women, and children, before the Lord by Joshua, chief of out-throats, or in the language of Josephus they were all "slain and their throats cut since God is the Father and the Lord of the Hebrew people."

The Westminster cites Professor Baden Powell as showing Protestant Bibliology, in its claims of infallibility of the Word, as having proved as porous as the same claims set up by the Romantics for their church.

Dr. Noyes, teacher of "Sacred Literature in Harvard University," in his "Collection of Theological Essays," shows that much of the Biblical Word as authority has been disastrous to religion and morals. After showing the sad results of enforcing the Protestant belief of Biblical authorities, he says, "It was not thus the great champion of Protestant Reformation proceeded, when the authority of the Old Testament was invoked to justify immorality. Luther is cited as saying 'If I take Moses in one commandment, I must take the whole of Moses. Moses is dead. His disposition is at an end. He has no longer any relation to us. When any one brings forward Moses and his precepts and would oblige you to observe them, answer him thus: 'Go to the Jews with your Moses! I am no Jew!'"

Let us inquire a little into the source of the ancient barbarisms, and we shall find their claims to authority resting upon a priest caste then, and continuous to our own time through the nursery growth of our clergy-caste of to-day—misleading and abusing to their own exaltation the ignorance and superstition of the people. In Dunlap, Lepsius says "The Great Gods of Egypt had not an astronomical origin, but were very likely distributed on an astro-nomical principle, when it was advisable to form and arrange the some deities into one system on the occasion of the kingdom."

Of the birth, growth, and phases of the early Palestine religions, see Dunlap's "Vestiges of Spirit History," and Mackay's "Progress of the Intellect." "In the most ancient times," says Dunlap, "there was a continual change of the myths. Gods became men or angels, and human adventures are ascribed to them. This is seen in Persia, India, Arabia, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy, Phoenicia, and Egypt." Again, "The Books of Moses in their present form were probably completed after the Exile. Many passages of Leviticus and Deuteronomy reveal an author who foresees the immediate dissolution of the kingdom, and uses the language of the prophets of this period, especially Jeremiah. In the oldest parts of the Pentateuch, the language is as completely formed and as perfect as at the time of the Exile. Genesis contains the conception of Homer's Zeüs, the frequent introduction of 'angels,' and the late doctrine of the 'angel of the Lord.'"

The Hebrews had chiefly Egyptian customs, such as the hierarchy of the Levites, the distinction between clean and unclean animals, the circumcision, the division of the parts of the temple, the ark of the covenant, the resemblance of the cherubim and the sphinx."

See, too, the rocky foundation of our Biblical Word in De Wette's "Introduction to the Old Testament." "These first ministers of religion (priest and prophets) says Mackay, derived their knowledge immediately from Heaven or from Nature; their skill in art was magic; their poetry and music inspiration. They were the privileged expositors of the so-called Word of God, personified as the first born of Heaven in the Persian Homs or the Egyptian Thoth, and transmitted like Agamemnon's scepter from age to age unchanged. They alone were able to bend or influence the Protean changes of Nature; to exorcise Leviathan, to control fate, and to read futurity. The whole universe seemed to them one living revelation. They discovered wisdom in stones, in fowls, and fishes. The authority thus obtained united the office of king with that of priest; it was a divine commission, its regulations being a transcript of the will of God as manifested in heaven. The processes of agriculture and the first institutions of civilization depended on the heavenly luminaries, and on physical conditions. Thus were the first laws written by the finger of God in the firmament, on the heavenly Morn or Olympus, in unmistakable characters of light, and the second promulgation of the law was in analogy with the first, when Zoroaster received from heaven the gift of fire and the word of life, or when Siva, like Olympus, trembled and smoked through the communication of the statutes and judgments of the Almighty. The Sun, the Braten Watchman of Crete, vigilantly upheld the laws revealed by Jupiter to Minos; and the bull,

at once an emblem of physical and social existence, the leader of earthly institutions as of the heavenly constellations, surrendered its prerogative only when superseded by an equally famous legislator in the person of the Athenian Theseus."

The ancient conception of the "Spirit of God," is thus set forth by the same author, flanked by the full records of ancient and modern sources. He says, "Above the darkling waters is said to hover, or rather 'gently brood,' a wind or moving air; air considered not as a dead independent substance, but an emanation of a living being, and therefore the breath or spirit of God. There is something mysterious in the source and passage of the wind, which caused it to be referred to the immediate agency of the Almighty. Fire and air, says Aristotle, have their natural motion of upwards; they are generally classed by the ancients among spiritual things, in opposition to material things, such as earth or water. The air, it was said, is a life-giving principle, distinct from the three material elements; and consequently in Hebrew cosmogony the water is the material out of which were made the birds, as well as its own peculiar inhabitants, the fish. The same idea is represented in the birth of the Assyrian Dove-Goddess Semiramis or Venus, the daughter of a fish, or of the waters. The air, on the contrary, is pure spirit; it was personified in Minerva and in Neith; or as the Vayu of the Vedas, identical with Mahatma, (Great Spirit), and the emphatic 'That,' which in the beginning 'breathed without affliction.' The invisible all-vivifying air is a natural symbol of the soul; for 'the breath is the life' is a common-sense immemorially recorded in common speech. The soul, says Plutarch, being reasoning and intelligent, is not only the work of God, but a part of his nature—not only of him and from him, and proceeding out of him; it is a part or fragment of that great Mahatma of the Hindoos which lives and breathes through all extent, and which in the opinion of the philosopher Anaximenes, envelops and contains the world, as the human soul comprehends and contains the body. The boundless ether, conceived by Anaximenes to be the source of universal life, was a vital element possessing an inherent force of circular movement, in whose general vortex the heavenly bodies are carried onward in their paths; a rotary impulse which Diogenes of Apollonia ascribed to condensation, and to the known tendency of fluid particles to form circular eddies when moving toward a centre. The most elevated part of the ether was of a refined and igneous nature, inventing the denser regions of the lower air as a tree is enlivened by its bark; and it was the breaking of this igneous ethereal integument, the *flamma mundi*, that these living intelligences, the sun and stars, became distinct existences. The spirit of the atmosphere, the general respiration of Nature, is the source out of which proceeds all the multiplicity of being, the universal life and intelligence; in short, it is Deity; and though the seeming materialism of this doctrine was sometimes contradicted, for God, said Xenophanes, is all eye, all ear, but 'without affluence' or respiration, the infinite ether more or less symbolically understood, preserved its character of 'divine,' even in the philosophy of Anaxagoras. It is 'the universal Father,' said Euripides, 'as earth is the common Mother; and upon what is vulgarly called dissolution, the elements, (for nothing is absolutely destroyed,) return to the sources from which they respectively came, the earthly to earth, the heavenly to heaven. 'Seest thou,' he exclaims, 'this infinite ether, which envelopes the wide earth in its liquid embrace? This is to be overcome as Jove—this, this is the God himself.'

It was in this natural feeling that the presence of the Almighty was supposed by the Hebrews to be accompanied and indicated by a rustling of the air, as when the evening breeze stirred the groves of Palestine, or when the Lord's going forth was betokened by a motion in the tops of the mulberry trees, as in 2d Samuel, 5-24. The air, in short, was God's breath or spirit; its office and power was emphatically that of quickening, or giving life; it was this which, in the beginning of things, made pregnant the dark abyss of waters; which in after times animated Ezekiel's dry bones; which lives and breathes in man's nostrils; and the withdrawal of which resolves all things into their original dust."

Thus, they who were born of the spirit, took higher flight in the mansions of ether above. Thus, too, the Holy Ghost swept down like the "sound of a rushing, mighty wind," and so inspired the Apostles as to make the unacceptive suppose them to be "full of new wine." So, too, Elijah beheld the Lord God of hosts pass by, "and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and broke in pieces the rocks before the Lord, and after the wind an earthquake, and after the earthquake a fire." Then a calm, or "still small voice"—a ripple,

"As variable as the shade
By the light-gleam of an eye, or made."

and from this voice, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" like the voice of the Lord from the "mulberry trees," which commanded David to go out and "smite the host of the Philistines." The voice to Elijah was also on a mission of smiting as much as that which whispered to the smiling providence of David.

We have been witness, in the spiritual circle, to light, blind currents felt upon hands and face, as directed by spiritual beings with whom we were in communion. We know not how great this power ever has been or is now, any further than that our spiritual friends suppose it to be very limited. Mrs. Crowe's "Night Side of Nature" makes mention of these spiritual currents. The same are embraced in Owen's transmundane "Footfalls," and the like are recorded from earliest times till now. Still we look not to find a spirit perched on every wind that blows. This is rather the Swedenborgian and Harlequinian category. Brother Harris would seem to find a wind on the stomach a "Thus saith the Lord;" but a similar obsession by his neighbors, he would swear was clear proof of possession by that other Lord, the "Prince of the power of the air." Whether he learned the exact measurement of these different currents in the mountain cave of Virginia, where he respired the weird air for awhile, or from magnetic blasts arising from unhealthily functions, or from neither of these sources, yet the fact remains that he continues to be under influences which do much abound with hell smoke and debris from the "denser regions of the air." This rude boreas comes rattling down in Miltonic clouds, and thunder-bolts with pent up wrath, explodes in London streets and otherwise to the utter amazement of the groundlings. It was "out of the whirlwind that the Lord answered Job, and said, 'Who is this that darkened counsel with words without knowledge?'" Eliza, also, in answer to Job, says, "A spirit is in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." "For I am full of matter, the spirit within constrains me. Behold, my belly, as wine having no vent, is ready to burst like new bottles." In the Douay version, "The spirit of my bowels straiteneth me."

In this version, too, the Lord "is the sound of one going forth in the tops of the pear trees," instead of "mulberry" and the commentator supposes that "an army of spirits went before David, and threw

the enemy into a panic." Wine, in various degrees, appears to have been equivalent to a "Thus saith the Lord," as in Isaiah, "Wherefore my bowels shall sound like a harp for Meab, and mine inward parts for Kir-harsh." "This is the Word that the Lord has spoken." So, too, on Gentile ground, Aristophanes discovers "several dithyrambic poets running about among the winds and clouds, collecting vapors and whirlwinds which burst with a loud crash."

The Lord of brother Harris appears to partake overmuch of the "denser regions of the air." His otherwise beautiful visions are thus clouded, and he sees but little else than a continuous panorama view of "goblins damned and blasted from hell,"—hence his Lord does not appear in very attractive and desirable apparel, clean and white, when so clothed, but rather in that of a billow cast, as he emerges from the baptism of sulphurated hydrogen gas. May the sweeter influences of the "airs from heaven," which he was wont to possess, soon give him happy deliverance from his untoward obsessions.

Swedenborg was also dyspeptic, and was thus at times in that state of "ruptured idyllism," which can see but very little else than "all hell broke loose." Many seers or prophets, as well as some humble seekers of the Lord, have been in similar state. Many visions are thus colored from the "denser regions of the air," when fuller and healthier ventilation would have secured very much truer results. Ward Beecher is consulted by members of his church who are troubled, in the fear that they are tempted or obsessed by "the Prince of the Power of the air." Ward, having some physiological knowledge prescribes as a formula of exorcism, proper physical training as the way of life for healthy function, and frugal and larger modes of thought; and thus, by restoring equilibrium, we have that due balance of every part in healthful response to the physical centre.

We have long been in use of this indispensable mode of practice, and are glad to find Ward something after our own heart. A good hearty burst of laughter will scatter a whole legion of devils. True, we can exorcise by the ancient formula, and have for experiment, and at the time supposing it to be the best way, many times done so. More light proves it not to be well to do so. Such a course may, for a moment, be palliative, but not curative. Besides the basic operations of raising the physical estate to health, if it should really appear that there is hurtful disturbance by spiritual beings, or souls unfastened, as manifest in the experience of all ages, we are not to declare war in any other way than by overcoming evil with good, or the doing good to those who despoil us of us. This is equally as good practice to spirits as, as to spirits out of the flesh. Our communion with the spirit world has resulted in an experience that Phariseism is not the "open sesame" to the higher estate of the soul. We have, many a time, in the late past, known mediums engineered by unfastened souls, not yet risen as high upon the scale of being as to make their company agreeable, and we have at once laid them by, mentally uttering the ancient formula, "In the name of God," &c. We have spoken no word to the outward hearing, yet the change upon the medium was instant. Judge Edmonds has advised this process in his first volume of "Spiritualism," but it is not so well. Spirits so treated are not helped on their way to something better, and are rather prone to return resplendent with "seven other spirits more wicked than themselves," and thus continue to annoy mediums, or spiritual circles, who have not kindly sympathized with them in the more genial offices of humanity. When we meet them from the love sphere, they are either melted to seek a better estate, and they are therefor forward your grateful friends, or if not ready for this, this sphere is intolerable to them, and they cease to annoy. From this sphere your own spiritual growth is greatly accelerated, and there comes streaming into your consciousness such reward as only the kingdom of heaven can impart.

Among the ancient poets or prophets, were those who, ignorant of the mode of procuring a healthful breeze from the Lord, sought to kindle an equal flame by the immoderate use of wine. "Struck with this liquor," said Anaximander, "I triumphantly begin my career." Such poets or prophets were said to be "thunderstruck with wine," or to be "full of new wine," as was said of the apostles, whom Peter cleared from this kind of inspiration by showing that it was too early in the morning to be drunk.

Brother Harris and his like may yet learn that the higher inspiration from the Lord will not rise from the leaves of the Pharisee any more than from wine; and that the more excellent way to joy in the Holy Ghost is in physical and spiritual health, even though they come not by the way of the ancient Word and its Procrustean measurement; for there is infinity of light, and as infinite a grade of unfolding to receive it. Blessed is that vision which sees nothing beyond the horizon of old Jewry. The Word to the Hebrew poets, or prophets, or Seers, was as variable as the modes and conditions, clouds and sunshine, or mediatorial surroundings through which it came. It was often at fault in the oracles, as in Jeremiah, who exclaims, "Oh Lord, thou hast deceived me. With thou be altogether unto me as a liar, and as waters that fail?" So, too, Ezekiel, when he prophesied in the name of the Lord against Tyre, but was not fulfilled that which was spoken by the Word of the Lord. Says Heeren, in his ancient "Historical Researches," "The capture of Tyre by Nebuchadnezzar is confirmed by no Phoenician or Greek writer; it rests upon the prophecy of Ezekiel alone, &c. xxv; but a later oracle of the same prophet, xxx. 18, shows that an attempt to subvert it failed."

Of those Tyrians, or Phoenicians, against whom the Word of the Lord came, Heeren says, "This remarkable people spread themselves, not by fire and sword, and sanguinary conquests, but by penitence and slower efforts, yet equally certain. No overthrown cities and desolated countries, such as marked the military expeditions of the Medes and Assyrians, denoted their progress; but a long series of flourishing colonies, agriculture and the arts of peace among the previously rude barbarians, pointed out the victorious career of the Tyrian Hercules."

This Tyrian Hercules, like the Lord in old Jewry, has sometimes an astronomical signification representing the Sun or Lord in his course through the twelve signs of the Zodiac. Joshua appeals to the Lord when he says, "Sun, stand thou still," &c. Solomon also worshipped this God. "He built Baalath and Tadmor in the desert." "Baalath the temple of the Sun, is the same with Baalbek, the valley of the sun; which name has been given it because the city was built

There is no doubt that astronomy, or rather astrology, formed a great branch of their learning; and whatever opinion may be formed of the degree of perfection to which they had carried these sciences, it seems an indisputable fact, that at the time of Alexander's conquest, astronomical observations existed, and were imparted to him, which were affirmed to reach back for nineteen centuries."

It was these Chaldean Soothsayers, Magi, who men or Medians, whom Matthew cites as "who men from the East," who discovered in their horoscopes that Jesus was "born king of the Jews"—and, lo, the star which they saw in the East, went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was." Babylonian Astrologers and Soothsayers were thus considered as good witnesses for Jesus, and even Compe the French Politician, declares that "the weather tables of the Etruscan Soothsayers were far superior to the meteorological registers of the present day."

The early Magian religion was before the times of Zoroaster and Moses. Our Garden of Eden, from some of these "digging," appears to have been an outgrowth, fetching a compass from Babylon to the great river of Egypt, with a touch upon all the regions round about. "According to Meslin Pail," says Malouin's History of Persia, "the primeval religion of Persia was a firm belief in one Supreme God, who made the world by his power, and governed it by his providence; a pious fear, love, and adoration of him; a reverence for parents and aged persons; a fraternal affection for the whole human species; and a compassionate tenderness even for the brute creation."

What a "fall" was there from this innocent picture into the bottomless pit of our Bible and Trinitarian Societies, which would send oblique missionaries and slavering Christians to redeem such lost heathen! Our Bibliology does not appear to have been produced that Paradiseal estate of the old Magians, in whose Eden, "Sporting, the lion romped and deeded the kid?" but rather under the shadow of old Jewry to have produced extensive and loud-mouthed prayer meetings, and then praying upon men, women and children in the name of the Lord, crying, "Lord! Lord! have we not done these wonderful things in thy name? and we thank thee, Oh Lord, that thou didst not make us to be as the heathen, or even as this Babylon!"

Let us see for a moment if the teachings of the ancient Heathendom were not equal to those of the holy land, or to those of our modern churches. As early as the Hebrew prophets, Pythagoras had abjured the bloody sacrifices as common to Jew and Gentile. Of the Pythagoreans, Anacharsis says, "During their whole lives they were animated by two sentiments, or rather by one single sentiment, an intimate union with the Gods, and the most perfect union with men. Their principle obligation was to meditate on the Divinity, to consider themselves forever in his presence, and to regulate their conduct in all things by his will. Hence that reverence for the Divine Being which permitted them not to pronounce his name in their oaths; that purity of manners which rendered them worthy of his regard; those exhortations they continually inculcated, not to drive away the Spirit of God, who resided in their souls; and that ardor with which they applied to divination the only means remaining to us by which we can discover his will."

Pythagoras was a student in Egypt as well as Moses. Let us see which of the two was the more fully open for the divine inspirations from the Most High. In a dialogue between Anacharsis and a Samian sage, it will be seen how like the Egyptian priest and church is the modern priest and church, or "like priest like people," or, as is the church, so is the priest; for it is seldom that the clergy can afford to rise above the level of the pews which hold the purse-strings of Mammon. Anacharsis says, "I speak of the Egyptian priests, whose institution appears to me perfectly to resemble yours."

Samian. With this difference, that, so far from laboring to reform the nation, they regard no other interest than that of their own society.

Anacharsis. The same reproach has been thrown on you. Is it not said that, full of a blind deference for your founder, and a fanatical attachment to your society, you regard the rest of mankind only as a vile herd of animals of an inferior species?

Samian. It is possible that we should be charged with degrading and contemning mankind, when we consider beneficence as one of the principal means by which we may approach the Divine Being—we who have only labored to effect a close connection between heaven and earth, between citizens of the same city, the children of the same family, and between all living beings of whatever nature they may be!

In Egypt the sacerdotal orders aimed at respect and power; it therefore portended despotism, by which it is in its turn protected. Pythagoras loved mankind affectionately, since he wished that they should all be free and virtuous."

Do not the modern priest and church protect despotism, that they may be in turn protected? Do not the various abominations, as "the sum of all villainies," etc., claim the Bible and the church as the sanctuary of the deeds? and do not holy men give Scripture for the same?

In comparison with this, let us see how some of the old heathens taught. "Examine old Greece," says Anacharsis, "you will find the one Supreme Being has been long adored in Arcadia under the name of God—good by pre-eminence—and in several cities under that of the Most High, or the Most Great."

Afterwards, hear Timæus, Anaxagoras and Plato; they will tell you that it was the Divine Being who reduced the chaos to order, and formed the world."

The following dialogue is between two Heathens: Philotes. Is it sufficient to honor him by sacrifices and pompous ceremonies?

Lysis. No.

Philotes. What more is necessary?

Lysis. Purity of heart; his favor is sooner to be obtained by virtue than by offerings; and no there can be no communication between him and injured, some have believed that we ought to forsake the stars the guilty wretches who have there taken refuge."

Philotes. Is this doctrine, which is taught by the Philosophers, acknowledged also by the priests?

Lysis. They have conceived it to be engraved on the gates of the temple of Epithaurus: Entrance into these places is permitted only to pure souls. It is loudly doled in our holy ceremonies, in which, when the priest has said, "Ye are there who are here assembled?" the multitude reply, Good and virtuous people."

Philotes. Have your prayers for their object the goods of this world?

Lysis. No. I know not but they may be hurtful, and I should fear lest the Deity, offended at the indelicacy of my petitions, should grant my request."

Philotes. What, then, do you ask him?

Lysis. To protect me against my passions; to grant me true beauty, which is that of the soul, and the knowledge and virtue which I have need; to bestow on me the power to refrain from committing any injustice, and especially the courage to endure, when necessary, the injustice of others."

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Philotes. What ought we to do to render ourselves agreeable to the Deity?

Lysis. To remember that we are ever in his presence, to undertake nothing without imploring his assistance, to aspire, in some degree, to resemble him by justice and sanctity, to refer to him all our actions, to fulfill punctually the duties of our condition, and to consider as the first of them all that of being useful to mankind; for the more good we do, the more we merit to be ranked among the number of his children and his friends."

Philotes. May we obtain happiness by observing these precepts?

Lysis. Doubtless, since happiness consists in wisdom, and wisdom in the knowledge of God."

Philotes. But this knowledge must be very imperfect."

Lysis. And therefore we can only enjoy perfect happiness in another life. . . . All that I affirm, from the ideas which we have of order and justice, and from the consent of all nations and all ages, is that every one will be dealt with according to his merits, and that the just man, suddenly passing from the natural day of this life to the pure and resplendent light of a second existence, shall enjoy the unchangeable happiness of which this world only presents the feeble image."

Philotes. What are our duties toward ourselves?

Lysis. To assign to the spirit of the soul, the greatest honors, next to those which we pay to the Divinity; never to pollute it by vices or remorse, sell it to riches, sacrifice it to pleasure; nor ever, on any occasion, to prefer a substance so (terrestrial and frail as the body, to substance whose origin is from heaven, and whose duration is eternal."

Philotes. What are our duties toward other men?

Lysis. They are all contained in this rule: Do not unto others what you would not they should do unto you."

Are not these teachings of the old Heathens as apt for our Sunday and other schools, as any found upon the Biblical page of old Jewry? Why, even the man after God's own heart was infidel to his word as often as the contingency arose which would seemingly promise advantage in that direction. So damnable here was he in this respect, as to slide by natural affinity into the category of those of whom Shakespeare speaks as "lying with such volubility of tongue, as to make truth appear a fool;" yet this man's doings in treachery, in lust, and in blood, dilating murders in his dying gasp, though he had sworn his soul to the contrary, are deemed a fitting banquet, with patriarchal obliquities, to feed children in Sunday and other schools in the nineteenth century Christendom. They certainly are very "Liberal Christians," who, adopting the exhaustive criticisms of Germany, utterly scout the Biblical page as of paramount divinity, or as anything but the simple page of a barbarous time, and yet offer it in gross and purest milk to the babes and sucklings of their churches and schools—a mode of playing fast and loose, not wearing a very honest face, though it may pay at the court of Mammon in the way of salaries and fashionable respectability."

Let us also a little more from the old Heathens. Anacharsis gathered the voices of many teachers who taught as we have cited, and that "Pure virtue finds more magnanimity in forgiving and forgetting injuries." He has delineated these maxims, which we find in many authors: "Speak not evil of your enemies; far from endeavoring to harm them, seek to convert their hatred into friendship." "I wish to revenge myself," said some one to Diogenes; "tell me by what means I may best effect my purpose." "By becoming more virtuous," answered the philosopher."

Socrates converted this advice into a rigorous precept. He proclaimed to mankind: It is not permitted to you to render evil for evil."

"Certain nations have allowed suicide, (and the Bible does not condemn it,) but Pythagoras and Socrates, whose authority is superior to these nations, maintain that no person has a right to desert the post which the Gods have assigned to him in life."

In every age praises have been bestowed on probity, purity of manners, and beneficence; and in every age, murder, adultery, perjury, and every kind of vice have been condemned. . . . Among those ancient forms of polite expression, and which we place at the beginning of a letter, and which we employ on other occasions, there is one that merits attention. Instead of saying, I salute you; I say only, Do good; which is to wish you the greatest possible happiness. Do we wish to convey the idea of man perfectly virtuous, we attribute to him beauty and goodness; that is to say, the two qualities which most attract admiration and confidence."

Such were the teachings of ancient Heathendom, and worthy to be classed with the best of old Jewry. "The question is," says Anacharsis, "whether Plato, and other Philosophers antecedent to Plato, have acknowledged one first Being, eternal, infinitely intelligent, and infinitely good and wise, and who has formed the universe from all eternity, or in time, who preserves and governs it by himself or by his ministers, and who has appointed, in this world or in another, rewards to virtue, and punishments for guilt. These doctrines are clearly expressed in the writings of almost all the ancient philosophers. If they are accompanied by gross errors concerning the essence of the Deity, we reply that these authors did not perceive them, or at least did not believe that they destroyed the unity of the Supreme Being."

"Pythagoras gave the name of God to the eternal principle from which our souls have emanated." We confess ourselves to be no fuller in the conception of the Godhead than was the Samian Sage. From this God head, we are created, or individuated at the time of conception, nor do we have any fears that even the child in embryo loses identity by any destruction that has fallen to its body; but that it proceeds in individual existence, whether in this world or its spiritual counterpart. O. B. P.

THE LITTLE FELLOW.

Some have thought that in the dawning, In our baby's freshest glow, God is nearer little children Than their parents ever know; And that, if you listen sharply, Better things than you can teach, And a sort of mystic wisdom, Trickles through their careless speech.

How it is cannot answer— But I know a little child, Who, among the thyme and clover, And the bees, was running wild; And he came, one summer evening, With his ringlets o'er his eyes, And his hat was torn in pieces, Clinging bees and butterflies.

"Now I'll go to bed, dear mother, For I'm very tired of play!" And he said his "Now I lay me," In a kind and careless way, And he drank the cooling water From his little silver cup, And said, gaily, "When it's morning Will the angels take me up?"

Down he sank, with roguish laughter, In his little trundle-bed, And the kindly god of slumber Showered the popples o'er his head. "What could mean his speaking strangely?" Then their parents ever knew; And he said his "Now I lay me," What could he of angels know?

There he lies—how sweet and placid! And his breathing moving softly, And his cheek is like a rose, But she cannot but see this, And if his breathing could be heard— "Oh!" she murmured, "If the angels Took my darling at his word!"

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT.

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

August 1st, 2nd and 3d, 1860.

FIRST DAY—AFTERNOON SESSION, CONTINUED.

The first address, defining the term Spiritualism, came up for discussion. It reads as follows:—

1. *Meaning of the Term.*—The term Spiritualism, in modern usage, often means nothing more than the alleged fact of spirit-intercourse; or, to express it in full, that human spirits have a conscious individual existence after the death of their physical bodies, and can, under suitable conditions, manifest themselves and communicate with persons in the body. Those who believe this one fact are termed Spiritualists, whatever else they may believe or disbelieve.

But the term also applies to a System of Philosophy or Religion recognizing this as a cardinal fact. When thus applied, it may be defined as follows:—Spiritualism embraces all truth relating to the spiritual nature of man, its constitution, capabilities, duties, welfare and destiny; also, all that is or may be known relative to the spirit world and its inhabitants, to God, the Father of Spirits, and to all the occult forces and laws of the universe, which are spiritual in their nature.

This broad department of truth, however, is but imperfectly understood as yet by even the most capacious minds of earth. Hence wide differences of opinion exist among Spiritualists on various questions of philosophy and religious duty. No system yet put forth receives general acceptance. Men can see alike on such questions only as they arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth.

Dr. L. K. COOLEY, of New Orleans, thought the definition was not drawn clearly enough. There seemed to be an admission that all that has passed beyond, is spirit. Again, it is claimed by some that there is nothing outside of matter. Under a species of admirability of my own, I can see the spirits of those in mortal, at a distance, as well as those who have passed on to the other side. The point is, what is the difference between a communication coming from an embodied and a disembodied spirit? It is not defined in the resolve.

JOHN C. CRUICK, of Boston.—The gentleman from New Orleans places great importance on a distinction being made between communications coming from corporeal and spiritual bodies. Being on a mortal plane, not very far advanced, I should feel inclined to investigate a communication, no matter where it came from, and judge of its quality as I would of anything else. I have had reason to believe that some spirits in the body are wicked, and some spirits out of the body are wicked; and I don't think it would do me any good to commune with either class—believing, as Paul did, that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." I suppose the higher the tendency of our moral actions, the apter are we to draw to us pure and elevated spiritual communications. But the Devil is one of the most useful inventions for those who frighten little children—and children of older growth—by talking of him; and sometimes he is useful to those Spiritualists whose apology for their own bad actions is, "The spirits told me so." I don't believe it. I believe when we are wicked the Devil is our own selves. I hold that it is necessary to cultivate both the head and the heart. I have received good and bad communications, and it seemed to be equally my duty to reject the bad and accept the good; and never to believe lies, by whomsoever told.

L. JUDY PARKER.—I always feel that what a man thinks clearly, and feels profoundly, he should express. Having listened with deep interest to Mr. Loveland, as he explained our lack of a uniting oneness, I feel impressed to make a few remarks at this time. Spiritualism has already brought forth some bright and beautiful children of itself. I look upon it as but one part of a great triune movement to unite humanity. The latest of many great lights in the ranks of Spiritualism is less a constructive than a disintegrating power. But all the children of Spiritualism are not born yet. I believe Spiritualism is but the forerunner, the John the Baptist of the divine time coming. But never till men can come together and unite under the same standard of development, will order be evolved out of approaching dissolution.

URIAH CLARK, of Auburn, N. Y.—I think if we could define what Spiritualism is, we would understand it to embrace all facts, all sciences, all philosophies and all religions ever revealed to man. There is nothing outside of and beyond that which embraces all sciences, philosophy and religion, any more than it is possible for one to go outside of the universe. If we attempt to define Spiritualism to consist in external philosophy, it amounts to but little. The listening to messages is but a limited and paltry part of it. We can regard it in no such limited sense. We trace the phenomenal up to the scientific, and make religion the capstone of the whole. I am surprised to hear any one stand here to define Spiritualism as a secondary movement, when it is ringing forth the chiming from the celestial world. True, we may say, Spiritualism has not as yet unfolded all things; but if considered in its wide and unlimited sense, it is the grand inspirational force on the flesh. We are to depend for our knowledge of things divine and eternal. We find it difficult, perhaps, to reconcile the idea of individual Spiritualization and unity of thought and action; but when we are unfolded out of the conventionalities and superfluities of life, into new conditions, where we shall understand each individual's real, intrinsic relationship to ourselves and our God, we shall more clearly see our homing to the old order of things, and rise above them.

A story is told of a family who had caught and caged a young eagle. Finally it became necessary for them to move, and they did not know what to do with the bird. At length it was resolved to let the eagle escape. The door of the cage was opened. At first the bird ventured to look out; then put out its head, and dodged back; then stepped out, and went back again; then plucked up courage enough to go out and make the circuit of the cage, and went back each time. At length it stepped upon the top of the cage, stretched its head, and rolled its eyes heavenward to the King of day, then it spread its wings and rose upward and upward, till it became a little speck in the sky. It is just so with us. We are caged when infants, and grow up to manhood and womanhood caged—caged into sects, parties, castes, and institutions; and when anything like Spiritualism comes to open the door, like the eagle we shrink back. But when, at last, we realize the glory of the celestial world, and the brightness of the heavens above us, we rise upward and soar onward; and once having breathed in the free light of day, we never go back into the encagements of old institutions.

H. B. BROWN, of New Haven, Conn.—The subject on which I desired to offer a few remarks, has been alluded to by Bro. Loveland and Bro. Parker, both of whom we get from the spirit-world only a reflex of our own experience, we gain nothing. But those who have had communion with the spirit world, think this is not so. There are spirits with whom it would be an injury for us to come into contact, for any length of time, and so we should try to come in rapport with such spirits as are high in their moral and intellectual grade. In my belief, no organization can do any practical service, except one based on the promulgation of truths that can be understood. No creed can be adopted to suit all, except the solitary one that

all men have a right to think as they please. I do feel as though in many places organizations based on this principle could be instituted. But, to-day, even among Spiritualists, there are certain subjects which cannot be broached, lest disorganization of the society should result—just as though organizations were anything beside the promulgation of truth. I do not desire to see a creed formed for Spiritualists to believe; but I do believe in a free platform, on which Spiritualists can discuss everything, and thus make themselves strong in their own moral and intellectual power. I know that if we were to give ourselves up to the control of others, we would be least about by every wave of passion, and made the plaything of those who have us under their control.

J. B. LOVELAND, of Auburn, N. Y.—Is Spiritualism a mere combination of phenomena—merely what the ear hears, and the eye sees, and the other senses take cognizance of? If so, then I have not understood it. I have thought that under every phenomenon, there is a principle. If Spiritualism is more than a phenomena, then there is an indispensable necessity for its existence. The question is not if the phenomena occur, but what the teachings are. Spiritualism is not John the Baptist; it is a result, rather than an aim, as it is an outgrowth from its component parts. It has itself dualism in its all combined within itself. Spiritualism is not going before nor coming after. It takes in all there is, or is to be in humanity in its future workings. There is no talk about oracles. In a certain method, we can work together and labor together; and this is all that is gained by forming a creed.

RUFUS ELIZON, of Springfield, Mass.—I suppose when the walls are plastered, they put on the scratch coat first; but we have had the finish first, this time, and I propose to give you the scratch coat. I think the distinctions made have been too complicated; and though the use has been simple, the philosophy needs to be simplified over again. Spiritualism is the great fact of immortality demonstrated. We are all Spiritualists; but the great public have said some who claim to be Spiritualists, are not. What is Spiritualism in its simplified definition? Why, not only that spirits exist in their bodies, but after their bodies drop off; and that they reveal themselves to other bodies. There is no particular moral test required, but Spiritualism numbers, like Peter's sheep, "all manner of beasts and creeping things." You cannot fit it any other way. Now if we choose to associate with these sheep, we must stand the consequences; and if we do, we shall be well paid for so doing.

The resolution was then adopted by a unanimous vote. Adjourned.

THE CHAIRMAN, a welcoming song, accompanied by an orchestra of violins, with pleasing effect.

The record of the series of resolutions was taken up for consideration.

L. K. COOLEY, of New Orleans.—When we investigate into everything in nature, into its secrets, we behold worlds of miniature beauty—the animalcules performing its duties with all the care and accuracy of mortals. There is an important lesson taught us of the wisdom of the Great Father, in channels which we know nothing about. Mr. C. defined the distinction between physical, spiritual control, and the laws governing the manifestation of spirits, and gave instances of his own power of psychical visitation.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—I never like to have people adopt a resolve, without understanding it. The resolution passed this afternoon speaks of Spiritualism as embracing everything. Can you conceive of anything broader? I cannot. And I believe the Convention has declared there is no condition beyond it, and nothing can be out of place in a convention of Spiritualists. I now move the adoption of the resolve before us this evening. I will read it. It is based on the practical aim of Spiritualism:

1. *Its Practical Aim.*—Though Spiritualism cannot now be defined in all its details, yet its grand practical aim may be stated as follows:—the quickening and growth of the spirit or divine nature in man, to the end that the natural and self nature may be subordinated, and all evil or disorderly influences overcome; in other words, that the "works of the flesh" may give place in each individual to the "fruits of the spirit;" as a consequence of which, mankind will become an angelic brotherhood, and the Kingdom of heaven come on earth."

Can anything relating to the spirit or destiny of man be out of place, with such a proposition? I answer, No. Does this not clearly enough protest against intemperance, despotism, superstition, war, tobacco chewing, cigar smoking, and everything which weakens man's physical power and degrades his soul? I wish all those who show tobacco were compelled to kiss each other! Can we truly seek the growth of the divine nature of man, and exaltation in the wasting of the powers of any of our fellow beings in any way? The "works of the flesh." What are they? Tobacco-chewing is a work of the flesh. Rum-drinking is a work of the flesh. Oppression, warfare, frothing and teasing, are works of the flesh. No one could ever hold under divine influence. We must put away all malice, jealousy, and bitterness, and put on love, truthfulness, forgiveness, long-suffering and patience; and this seems to be the object of this resolve. Let no one talk of alo issues in a convention planted there. The divine mission of Spiritualism, to sum it all up, is the perfection of man. I have been called a son of one idea. I glory in the fact that I have been a man of one idea for more than thirty years—to wit, the elevation and perfection of the human nature. That one idea is the object of the resolution before you.

REV. ADIN BALLOU, of Hopedale, Mass.—I have been recognized for many years as a Spiritualist. I regard Spiritualism as something that is exclusive of all that is false and evil—not that I believe it to be a complete system of religion or philosophy—not that the theories advanced are always clearly set forth. The doctrine that man is a spirit, whether in this sphere of existence or any other; that when he passes out of this state of existence he retains his consciousness, and all his characteristics; that departed spirits do manifest themselves to men and women here in the flesh; that they can communicate with and inspire them to think and to act—these are the chief characteristics of modern Spiritualism. I consider it not by any means as a perfect progress, but as part of a vast and comprehensive process for the enlightenment and progress of the human race. The miscellaneous outflow of manifestations, communications and inspirations from the world of spirits, are identified with the new philosophy, and I regard them as great help in the demonstration of man's immortality. It has been more or less demonstrated to the mind of many human beings, in the past ages of the world, but it has been sneered at by great philosophers, and hundreds and thousands of intelligent and scientific men have gone into the future without light to guide them. Spiritualism teaches that man's existence is a complete entity after the death of the body. The whole system of manifestations in the past, was coming to be regarded in the sense of myths and fables, unworthy of belief. Within the church, the doctrine of immortality was bound up in a mere miracle and system of arbitrary faith, and men were at a loss to

know whether it was a reality or not. Then these manifestations came, to demonstrate it beyond a cavil or doubt. Though these manifestations brought among Spiritualists, there are certain subjects which cannot be broached, lest disorganization of the society should result—just as though organizations were anything beside the promulgation of truth. I do not desire to see a creed formed for Spiritualists to believe; but I do believe in a free platform, on which Spiritualists can discuss everything, and thus make themselves strong in their own moral and intellectual power. I know that if we were to give ourselves up to the control of others, we would be least about by every wave of passion, and made the plaything of those who have us under their control.

I am a Spiritualist again, because I regard Spiritualism a great help in the promulgation of free discussion. There are thousands of questions on the subject of religion, science and philosophy, which must be discussed, but could never be solved by any method mankind possessed prior to the birth of modern Spiritualism. These subjects, we say, must be discussed. The thousands who have been shut up in the caves of dark and gloomy theology, did not dare look beyond the bands which bound them down. Man's eternal destiny was a mere fancy; the essential religious truths were mere baseless whims. The time has come when Religion and Reason must be married. Hereafter, Religion has damned Reason, and Reason, in turn, has damned Religion. The people were narrow-minded and superstitious, and Reason could not laugh nor argue them out of their condition. Reason urged her voice upon them, and tried to persuade them that the religion that denounced the exercises of their own faculties of thought and judgment, could not be a finality. I see many in this audience who, a few years ago, dared not think for themselves upon anything relating to their destiny in the eternal world; but as Brother Clark has said, you have ventured out of your own, and are soaring heavenward.

The old doctrine of a literal resurrection is out of use. Reason never was satisfied with it, for it could not see why the virtuous and good man, who lived a life of practical kindness and love, though without the pale of the church, should be doomed to endless hell, while the villain whose life had been one continuous panorama of vice and crime, should be converted at the last hour of his life, and enter into an eternal Heaven. Religion asserts and holds to this theory, but can never uphold it without treading on the consciousness of man. God punishes the sinner, but for what purpose? Religion tells us we have no right to ask such a question; but Spiritualism tells us we have a right to ask any question. Heaven and Hell are not places—only conditions. This is reasonable. With reason united to religion, I can pray with more confidence in the virtue of my prayer. I can be natural. I can be religious without being superstitious. On the wings of reason, my mind can ascend with telescopic gaze to the furthest stars, and wander in realms of space not dreamed of by the ancients, and perhaps inhabited by myriads of beings just such as we are. I consider this a great work Spiritualism has done—this unloosing of the gates of nature, this freedom given us to explore the mysteries of our God, and the elevation of reason upon the throne of mind—though I am as ready to admit its faults as others are to prove them.

I am a Spiritualist because the light of Spiritualism interprets the mysteries of nature, and teaches me my own obligations to myself, my fellow and my God. There is nothing better calculated to weaken it than this looking afar off, and feeling that we may eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die. I am a Spiritualist because it really draws me closer to my God, who is the Father of all—of angels, of Lazarus, the poor man, the beggar, of heaven and hell. These children of my Father are all my brothers, shielded by the perfect love that worketh no ill.

In view of all these things, I am a Spiritualist. I know sometimes the finger of scorn is pointed at me, and the question is asked how I can remain a Spiritualist. You have had my answer. My own consciousness assures me I am right, and I am willing to endure the sneers of the world, the reproaches of my friends, and the taunts of my foes.

The Choir sang a beautiful song, at this stage of the meeting, and then the President introduced to the audience

Mrs. A. W. SNAPE, of Plymouth, Vt.—In this age of revolution, when "change" seems written on all things, the foundations of the institutions of the past are crumbling. This is an hour of innovation, when the holiest thing is not too sacred to be touched; mankind will not be satisfied with the surface view of anything, but will have no stone returned. It is but childlike fear for any portion of humanity to start back for fear of the present age. The time has come when human thought and human individuality shall stand on a plane more suited to their noble growth. There is a power in the present age to think thoughts that no other age has ever thought. So let there be a power in the present age to appreciate that which no other age has ever appreciated. There have always been martyrs who lived in advance of the common mind. There was a time never could be appreciated while they lived, but the future did them more than justice. A thought that cannot be advanced nobly, deserves to slumber in the mind of man until the time comes when the world shall be prepared to grasp it. Men will believe in Christianity because they see its living manifestations. The capacity of the soul should be equal to grasp any new truth as soon as it is thrown into the ocean of thought to spread its wavelets far and wide. If you say man has no right to investigate the truth which lies before him, we would say there is nothing beneath God nobler than man, and there is nothing within his grasp, so sacred for him to feel. The more sacred a thing is, the more it requires careful and thorough investigation.

Man fears and trembles in fear of God. It is a vain and superstitious fear. The fear of nature always makes man happier and better. No one has any right to say it is impossible for man to know his God. All great principles are based on immortality. Many of the miracles of the past would be stripped of their mystery, did the world but understand the law by which they were produced. Only a lack of knowledge kept them hid from man so long. The doors of the spirit-land are not opened for our sake, but for yours. Spiritualism will ring out its clarion notes in the battle of the destruction of the old and the triumph of the new, and her banner shall float in triumph over a world conquered, not as Alexander, Caesar, and Napoleon conquered—but by love and kindness.

Mrs. Sprague concluded her remarks with a poetic improvisation:

Think thy best thought, oh friend, and speak it boldly every day, And act in the noblest light, and mark by that way; Let costly temples rise to view in every human soul; Of breast thought and noblest deed, o'er which no tide can roll;

Let beacon fires forever more be lighted in the heart, And burning with some thought, guide each one to the nobler part. And let each banner float from town, or citadel, or sea, Not mightier banners, let them float, oh human soul, from thee!

Do gloriously greater here, than those long past and gone, And still stir workers by us and ours be ever done; Let charity all passed away, and all the ancient creed; Let noble men forever stay, to bless man to his need; A higher charity is here, a nobler, mightier thing, That rises in these noble acts, o'er which the angels sing.

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TRUSSES, SHOULDER BRACES, AND BELTS, Elastic Stockings, &c. Dr. H. L. PA

being split, are not in consequence thereof exempt from trial, suffering and death. Only yesterday, I took up a paper and read the following: "Rev. N. K. George, of Franklin, N. H., while riding on horseback, on the 26th inst., was instantly killed by lightning. Heaven's lightning is no respecter of persons. It demolishes the church tower as ruthlessly as it blazes the mountain oak, and smites the servant of God as indifferently as it does the reckless slaver or the ox in the field."

I know of some—yes, many—well-meaning persons who firmly believe that God manifests his displeasure and even anger oftentimes against those who do not conform to the Orthodox standard in the observance of the first day of the week. I will remember a case, a few years ago, where two men hired a horse and carriage to ride four miles on Sunday. The horse took fright and ran, and one of the men was thrown out and killed. The next week one of our religious papers published the account, headed, "Awful Effects of Sabbath-Breaking."

Within a few weeks of that time, in that same town, and on Sunday, too, a clergyman riding to a neighboring town to exchange pulpits, was thrown from his carriage, severely bruised, and narrowly escaped with his life. This also was announced, but as a "Mysterious Providence."

If the people who take such narrow views of God's dealings with his children, will study the teachings of Jesus, they will obtain some light. He says (Luke, ch. 13), that these eighteen upon whose tower of Babel fell, or the murdered Galileans, were not suffering because they were greater sinners than others. And again, (John ix, 2), when his disciples asked him of the blind man, whether his affliction was caused by his own sin or that of his parents, Jesus very pointedly shows them the absurdity of such an idea; and still his professed followers find it very difficult to direct themselves of this relic of Pharisaism.

I am rejoiced to see the doctrine gaining ground that our Heavenly Father is a loving Parent, that his tender mercies are over all his works, and that he is more ready to bestow blessings upon us than our earthly parents are. May the time soon come when all shall fully realize that "God is love."

D. B. HALL.

Colinville, Conn., July 31, 1860.

It is "All Right."

"T. T. BARNES, ILLINOIS."—Whatever is, is right." Man commits sin, continues to take the poisoned cup until disease and ruin comes, proves dishonest, disreputable, and sinks into contempt; insinuates upon going down, down still lower, against the remonstrances of friends, and so on through the whole catalogue of folly and crime. This is wrong; and yet, without this wrong, without this last downward step, and its consequences, recovery could not have commenced. It required sin persisted in to destroy itself. Thus is sin right, this is sin necessary and beneficial; but how much better had it been before that last step or any further sinful step had been taken, that the triumph over it had prevailed, that the good had been accepted in its stead, that the judgment had not come! How many go down to the grave with their eyes upon their heads, and have to wrestle in the future as best they may for that recovery which is unquestionably better begun and carried on in this life! So say the Spiritualists, if we are not misinformed—so says reason, and all analogy—so says the Scripture. That the sins and shortcomings of our present condition should be better dealt with here, should meet their consummation here, where the body to which they are more or less connected may participate in them, seems the next thing to an established truth. We know that the correction of sin will come in God's eternity, sooner or later; but it is undeniable, and corroborated by the spirit-communications in your paper, that the beginning had better be commenced here. The better spirit that you may have injured or defaced in this life, may be out of your reach in the next, and the loss of obliquity that you carry will bear you down or keep you from a better and brighter existence, from better and brighter communion. There is a deep meaning as well as beauty in the Saviour's declaration of being reconciled to thy brother here and at once. Man's accountability for his misdeeds is written upon the constitution of his nature with a pen of iron, and, to a close observer, Spiritualism discloses no other response. Peril is involved nevertheless in obscurity, and it may be said that the lower we are steeped in iniquity, the nearer we are to the goal of promise; but certainly the lower we get, the more we have to atone for, the more difficult it is to retract the step, the more imbruted we become. So that sin, after all, has lost nothing of its enormity; we trust it will lose nothing by the discussion lately gone on in regard to it. We think, indeed, though the reasoning is a circuitous one, that good will come from it. The minds of the present time are so penetrating and sensitive to permit metaphysical subjects, treated though they be by an enemy, to obscure their estimate of sin and wrong. Spiritualism must set itself right and impregnable before the world as a great moral reformer. Let it not attack Christianity, for it will be beating the air, be sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind; but discriminate between church abuse, the inventions of the schools, the substitutes for salvation, and the religion of life, character, truth, duty, as illustrated by Christ.

A Word from Mrs. Robbins.

EDITHA BARNES—I read with much interest in your journal, a few weeks since, a story by Miss Dole, "Seeking My Affinity," and am glad you published it—glad she wrote it. Surely the writing was a happy inspiration on her part.

I wish, and work, and wait, for true views of marriage—that most blessed sacrament—and for a just recognition of the right of divorce in cases of crime or hopeless disagreement and endless strife. But are such consummation be renounced, let there be a patient continuance in well-doing, and seeking for light and love; and so long as people continue in the married relation, let them be earnestly true to each other. Any other course brings agony of soul, even if never known on earth, and shame and confusion in addition if revealed. But what need of more of mine, if your readers will all turn back to Miss Dole's story—so true to life, and so timely a warning against this miserable fancy of "affinities."

In another column will be found a notice of our "Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Progress," at St. James, which will doubtless be a large and interesting one. Last year it was held here, and awakened much thought and interest on reform subjects, and called out many excellent words in regard to the wants and aspirations of our day. Such gatherings, for free speech and a broadly ethical investigation of different topics, are growing in interest and numbers, and aid greatly in leading men and women to see the unity and agreement of all true reform movements. They do away with narrow views, and inspire to a higher and deeper spiritual life.

More I might say, but in newspaper writing, it is

a most excellent rule to leave the readers in the mood of Oliver Twist in the soup-room—hungry enough to "ask for more." In a case of which writers are usually in more gracious mood than was the amazed and pained official of the proper house, when to so sternly rebuked the starving lad for his impudence. Your friend truly,

G. H. BRIDGES.

Ann Arbor, Michigan, August 3, 1860.

The Laws of Nature.

E. J. L. PONTREMOY, N. H.—Heaven is a condition; if it were not so, life would be an innocent amusement—childhood would be heaven, and man would be nothing. Life is the exertion of all our intellectual powers to keep all things right. All things are under the dominion of mind. When mind ceases to act, life is stopping for vent or woe of friends.

The man who moves in earthly sensual life is fulfilling earth's bequest. All nature tells him that he must be vigilant, active, and awake to the true life of earth.

God is the laws of nature in operation. If it were not so, earth would be a bell without form or without order. Earth is a state of discipline. Mind needs it. Life is a principle—it is a lesson—it is a teacher—it is a Bible explained, but not fully interpreted.

Man is in a state of confusion of opinions; but the conventionalities of life are the origin of this trouble. Nature teaches man, but man supercedes nature's teachings. The wisdom of man is superior in wisdom's artificial life. The world of mankind is fascinated with the inventions of man's sensual desires to live unto himself. No man is free from selfish motives. He will live for himself. He feels that all nature teaches life is a selfish motive. No man lives but feels for his own kindred first, friends second, and the world at large comes last. He forgets that life is only love, and the wear and tear of soul and body is but the afflictions of man in a wrong condition.

All men are in nature's embrace. Nature is God telling man to live in accordance with nature's lessons. How can man be indifferent to the great truth that God is nature, teaching silently that man is a progeny of heaven's law?

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More I might say, but in newspaper writing, it is

MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties notified under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the Banner, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tours. Sample copies sent free.

Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be corrected.

Mrs. ANNA M. BARNES will lecture in Providence, a Sunday of August—Quincy, a Sunday in Oct. Cambridgeport, a Sunday in Nov. Philadelphia, a Sunday in Dec. Providence, a Sunday in Feb. Address, the above place, or New York City.

Mrs. A. W. BARNES will lecture in New York City, a Sunday of August, and in New York City, a Sunday of September, and in New York City, a Sunday of October, and in New York City, a Sunday of November, and in New York City, a Sunday of December, and in New York City, a Sunday of January, and in New York City, a Sunday of February, and in New York City, a Sunday of March, and in New York City, a Sunday of April, and in New York City, a Sunday of May, and in New York City, a Sunday of June, and in New York City, a Sunday of July, and in New York City, a Sunday of August, and in New York City, a Sunday of September, and in New York City, a Sunday of October, and in New York City, a Sunday of November, and in New York City, a Sunday of December, and in New York City, a Sunday of January, and in New York City, a Sunday of February, and in New York City, a Sunday of March, and in New York City, a Sunday of April, and in New York City, a Sunday of May, and in New York City, a Sunday of June, and in New 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SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION.

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ternal relations, etc., published in all the Spiritualist papers, and, at some future time within the present year, call a Convention of delegates from all places disposed to send them to perfect and approve the plan.

It was voted to lay the consideration of this resolution on the table for the present.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, Mass., thought the hour too precious to be passed without alluding to the mission of Emma Hardinge. The time has come when all false modesty should be laid aside, and women should speak for women. Our whole human race needs elevation, and woman deserves a better position than they now occupy; for they are the mothers of the people. Woman has a mission assigned her, and she should understand what it is. Until it is understood, she will be shown continually into false relations, and we who are strong must use our strength in dragging her out of the pits into which she falls. I have tried to keep my seat, and not speak upon this question; but I cannot keep my feelings unexpressed. When we have made our theories true, woman will never fall. No man will ever insult a true woman, and no man in the world but will be made better by associating with true women. Thus the whole world is within woman's keeping. Every thought we have, every word we give utterance to, has its influence on some other mind. Then if our thoughts and words be noble, so will be the corresponding effect; but if we, as women, carry that which is low to mankind, we have no right to expect anything else in return. If we are true, as women, we shall do a work here which ages to come will give us credit for. Thus I feel anxious that this subject should be considered in this Convention to-day. We do not dare to be women. My heart almost failed me when I rose in my place to speak these things. We can rule the world easily enough if we will rule it with kindness. Then let us determine to be more independent. If we have a gospel to preach, let us attend to it. If we have dear ones depending upon us for life and sustenance, let us remember our womanhood, and do our duty faithfully.

B. L. Swan, of Norwich, Conn., related to the Convention the strange chain of circumstances which had brought him to this meeting; and he now felt well paid for coming.

Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn., spoke to the resolve concerning Emma Hardinge's benevolent scheme. She made an appeal to the people to move in this matter, because the evils of society are traceable to its own injustice. She hoped all would do something, by labor or influence, to aid along this glorious scheme—to establish a home for fallen and destitute women. Every penny is required, because the human body is dependent upon money for support, as much as the human heart is dependent upon love.

Mrs. A. M. Swan, of New York, spoke to the Deacon and Hardinge resolves. She regarded the former as one of the most important measures which appeal to our sympathy. A race of beings whom we feel to be beneath us, and whom we have found inferior to us in arms and intellect, we have hunted like beasts from the land which they had the God-given title to. We have banished them from the homes of their fathers, to the furthest points on our Western frontier; made them feel the curse of civilization, with none of its blessings; and whenever they have dared to resent the injuries offered them by the whites, they have been shot down as unfeelingly as wild animals. One of America's greatest national sins is that against the Indian race.

As regards the scheme of Emma Hardinge, so far as the object is concerned, she has my hearty sympathy. I respond to her every word and effort. But I am not disposed to attack all the experimental plans of mediums to Spiritualism. We have only to pause and consider if there is a good system, built upon a practical basis. Be sure you look well before you move in this matter, or in any other. Be sure you consult your own judgment, before you make it an object of your charity.

Mrs. Abby Kelly Foster was present as an investigator. She had taken for her motto the advice of the Apostle, to try all things and hold fast to the good. She rejoiced to see that the tendency of Spiritualism was to elevate woman. She earnestly hoped for the ultimate of this object in its broadest sense.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

According to the regular order of business the second resolve came up for action. On motion of Henry O. Wright, it was voted to lay the second resolve on the table, and take up the third—to wit:

III.—*Its Relation to Specific Reform.*—Since man's spiritual growth and welfare, in this life and the future, is believed to depend in great measure on his physical health, his habits and surroundings, as well as on his beliefs and motives of action, all departments of human improvement and practical reform come legitimately within the scope of a broad Spiritualism. Hence earnest and philanthropic Spiritualists cannot fail to take a deep interest in the promotion of objects like the following, though they may differ in regard to methods of action:

1. Physiological Reform in general, whether as relates to injuries of food, drink, dress, labor, indulgence or stimulation, or to erroneous systems of medication—to the end that every human body may be made a fit temple for the indwelling spirit, and a beautiful instrument for its use.

2. Educational Reform—that body, mind and spirit may be unfolded and cultivated symmetrically, and by the use of the most enlightened methods.

3. Parentage Reform—that every child may be secured its right to a healthy organism, and an introduction to the world in the best circumstances.

4. The Emancipation of Woman from all civil and social oppressions—that she may freely choose her own occupations, and become best fitted to be the mother of noble offspring.

5. The equal enlightenment, enlargement and consequent ultimate liberation of all human beings, and the abolition of all oppression, civil inequality, domestic tyranny, or mental and spiritual despotism—because freedom is the birth-right of all, and the instinctive demand of every growing spirit.

6. Theological and Ecclesiastical Reform—since deliverance from error and from external authority are requisite to the best spiritual advancement.

7. Social Reform and ultimate Reorganization—because the present selfish and antagonistic relations and institutions of society are unsuited to a higher spiritual condition.

Lastly, in any and every effort, calculated in their individual judgments, to improve the condition of mankind.

Mr. Wright—I hope the Convention will pass upon this resolve. The last clause covers the whole ground; that is, it embraces every effort calculated to improve mankind. Nothing can be broader. It is broad as the universe and humanity. I only want to call attention to one point in this resolve—to that specification referring to parentage reform: that "every child may be secured its right to a healthy organism, and an introduction to life under favorable circumstances." I plead for the rights of children. Every child has a right to demand of its parents a healthy body as a birthright inheritance. If Spiritualism cannot help us to healthy bodies, what can it help us to? It is the peculiar business of Spiritualism to go to work to secure to this generation healthy bodies. How many are born with a tendency to idiotic brains, and how many more are born with a tendency to idiotic hearts—and it is far better to be insane in the head than in the heart. The child has a preatent right to demand health and purity of body. Every child has a right to a

love-relationship; and of all criminals on earth, they are the most criminal who give existence to children by the law of lust, without a particle of love. Heaven help the world, when children are born of passion and not of love! Every child has a right to a premeditated existence. A long forethought should precede our conception, embodiment, development and birth of every child. The child has a right to demand welcome into life; and no child should be born except under such auspices. This matter you have got to discuss. It involves the question of marriage as well as of birth; for how can healthy children come of an unwilling union called marriage? Only out of true, conjugal love, can pure children be born.

FRANK L. WADSWORTH, of Portland, Me.—My mind has been directed to that portion of the resolve which alludes to the emancipation of mind from theological and ecclesiastical bondage. You may develop men and women—give them healthy and perfect bodies—but if their minds are not cultivated, and their religious faculties elevated, they are far from being perfect beings. The Indians on our western reserves are strong in body—vigorous and athletic; yet the landholders and speculators can wheedle them out of all they own. But develop their intellectual powers, and this imposition would cease. Heaven knows there is need enough of love and kindness in our dealings with them; but love and kindness are not all they require. The religion of the past seems to have been more a forced growth, than a natural outgrowing from the soul—a bondage of force more than of love. Let the people know they can adopt or create their own theology, and their minds will expand to a wider growth; all evil will be eradicated from the earth, and good will take its place.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton.—Truly bath it been said that God is love. Until the great problem of life in the spiritual universe has been solved, we shall never truly understand our relationship to Deity. Man has been led beyond the power of his natural development, and told to grasp the things his mind was not fitted to receive. The greatest evidence of Christianity is the carrying out of the words and precepts of Jesus—the going forth to alleviate suffering and distress, and to sustain the weak and helpless. Since religion has failed to do this work, it has been faithless to the mission assigned it. It has spent all its strength in maintaining its creeds and dogmas, and failed to meet the demands of the soul. No statement can be broader or truer, than that "God is love." His love is manifest in all the grades of life. In the mineral world we find particles drawn together and held by an attraction of love, or affinity. We find the mineral combining with and sustaining the creations of the vegetable world; we find the animal world subsisting on the two kingdoms beneath it; and man, the combination of all these—the ultimatum of all created matter. Man, with all his components and associations, is superior to all in the world. We find in his broad heart capacities and powers unfolding like the aroma of the flowers. Theology has been merely speculative. Go to the temple of theology, and what do you find? Only conceit and selfishness. His creed affords no satisfaction to the soul. There is no science, philosophy or reason to sustain it. As in the material world, so in the spiritual world; change is written upon all things. All particles of matter are continually undergoing change; but they are never destroyed. The continuous law of progress, which nothing can avoid, is lifting them from a lower to a higher sphere of development. Everything enfolds the germ of a higher condition; and as true as God lives, every atom shall be eternal.

There is no consolation to the bereaved parent in the useless theories of the past ages. Spiritualism alone brings the positive proof of immortality. The child who is taught the dogma of total depravity has no inducement to struggle on in the paths of goodness and integrity. The doctrine of salvation through the mediatorial blood of Christ is dangerous and disastrous to all good morals. For better go into Heaven by virtue of our own goodness, than gain it through the murder of an innocent man. God manifests himself in this world in a beautiful chain of events and dispensations. Eternity is a great divine workshop. There is no part of you but is filled with immense work and mechanism. How glorious, then, does the doctrine of Spiritualism come to the suffering hearts of humanity, bringing the breathings of angels from the happy homes of spirits who have passed beyond us to the point where they, while progressing upward in their endless march, can lead us with them in the path of all that is good, true and noble.

Another song was sung by the choir, after which was introduced to the audience.

Mrs. A. M. Swan, of New York.—She spoke on conservatism and progression. I am well aware there are many within the sound of my voice, who are already startled lest I let slip some ideas too radical for them, and set the people into new spasms. Fear not! I shall not hurt you. It is widely reported throughout the country that I have advanced facts destructive to Spiritualism. Some fear I shall repeat those sentiments to-day, but I shall not. This is no time nor place for the discussion of scientific or philosophical questions. I only ask the privilege of free speech, and a free course in which to run, and am willing to let my thoughts go free, at my own expense. Spiritualists are the people who cry loudest for progress, and they should never be shocked at hearing any ideas advanced, that have truth and reason for their basis. Where Spiritualism should find its strongest friends—in the bosom of Universalism, Unitarianism and Swedenborgianism, we find now the stoutest conservatism. I hope Spiritualism will never become such an organization that it will allow any new truth to distance it in the race. The promulgation of the truths of Spiritualism has been my most earnest prayer; and though every friend forsakes me, I will be true to it, because I know it concerns humanity; and it is better for one woman to die, than a whole nation. Humanity must become acquainted with the power of Spiritualism, and woman must, I suppose, take the work in hand. "When she will, she will, you may depend on it." I cannot afford to speak the whole truth of Spiritualism. I may say with Paul, after his view of the third heaven, that I have seen things of which it is unlawful for me to speak. For ten years I have been acquainted with the phenomena, and have witnessed them in every possible phase. I have seen men lifted and wafted through the air like a feather, and I have witnessed intelligent communication of the highest order. You are not children. You have got to meet this Spiritualism like men and women. Mankind must see, feel and realize its divine character. This "disorderly Spiritualism" is no new thing in the history of the world, and you have got to meet it and use it, like Godly men and women on the earth, and measure your experience by the results. There is not a feature of this new light I would strike out. No one has any right to limit a medium's power. There is no one thing in Spiritualism I have not got some knowledge from. I have no particular regard for its specialities, but I have an unbounded faith in genuine Spiritualism. No man or woman ever went into anything wild they did not need to go into. I was

but a babe, as it were, when I was first brought under the influence of spirits. I tried to know nothing more than I did, for I wished to be respectable. This influence took possession of me against my consent; and I am satisfied now with the mission assigned me. I can say freely that I have learned more by Spiritualism of the things of this world than of any other.

The sexual relation is responsible for all that afflicts humanity. Men and women are married, while unacquainted with each other's nature, and find out too late that they are not adapted to each other. Some say that when people are ill-mated, the relationship must be borne. This idea I am not disposed to accept, and I will not spare anything I can do to remove this state of society. I do not expect to cure any of the diseases of community, till the sexual relations are purified. To Spiritualists the world must look for this redemption, and you cannot run away from the responsibility. The ultimate end to be the establishment of the true, pure monogamous marriage upon earth.

The phenomena of Spiritualism are gradually falling away. We do not see so many tables tipped or hear so many raps made as we used to. There is a change of programme. We are sick of the old phenomena, and something better is offered us. We are stronger, and able to receive and assimilate philosophical teachings from the spirit-world. The former manifestations were only vehicles for the more perfect phenomena. Jesus commanded his disciples to forsake father and mother, if they would follow him. I have had to forsake father, mother, home and friends, for the sake of this new dispensation. I have had to stand up against slander, enmity and jealousy—my dearest home-likes have been slandered; but my mind is made up that I will never be broken. I will be true to myself, let it cost what it will. When you know Spiritualism, you will know that it has not come into the world to bring misery and disgrace, but to place everything that is in wrong relations right, and establish the communion of angels with men.

The Committee on the Business of the Convention reported the following resolves which were accepted:

Resolved, That this Convention has abundant cause for congratulation in the large numbers in attendance, visitors from a distance, and residents of Providence and vicinity; in the spirit of cordiality and unanimity in its action; in the broad toleration manifest in the discussion of every topic involving human progress and reform; in the entire freedom from everything tending to either the extremes of fanaticism or materialism; in the progress of the good reports of progress coming in from every part of the Spiritual world; and in the numerous signs indicating a deep undercurrent of public sentiment recognizing Spiritualism as the great gospel of the century.

Resolved, That this Convention send greetings abroad to the friends of spiritual progress throughout the land, in the encouraging assurance that Spiritualism in Rhode Island, and all throughout New England, is fast "coming into the grey heart of humanity," taking deep root and spreading its branches like the tree of eternal life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations.

Resolved, That all the signs of the times are suggestive of a new era of conservation; in the public labors, to make Spiritualism a more practical gospel of life, reform and religion; and that while we are proclaiming a charity broad enough for the needs of the whole race, we seek first to examine the truest fraternal sympathy and confidence toward those in our midst who are assailed by the suspicions and slanders of the opposing world, and prove how good and pleasant it is for brothers and sisters to dwell together in the bonds of unity and peace.

Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., submitted the following:

Resolved, That the visiting members of this Convention render unfeigned acknowledgments of gratitude for the large-hearted liberality of the Spiritualists of Providence, in making all due preparations for this meeting and in opening their happy homes with a hospitality to be cherished in sacred remembrance, as symbols of the celestial homes in satisfaction for the great family of the Eternal Father.

On motion, it was

Voted—To take the second resolve from the table.

Voted—That the first and second regular resolves of the Convention be adopted.

Voted—That the resolves concerning the philanthropic schemes of John Beeson and Emma Hardinge be also adopted.

The Discussion then came upon the resolve offered by J. S. Loveland on the subject of Organization.

JOHN H. RANDALL, of Northfield, Mass., deemed it necessary for Spiritualists to have some form of organization—some means of recognizing the rights and conveniences of public mediums. Spiritualists dislike to initiate church organizations in any manner, for fear of running into the same extremes. He strongly urged the adoption of the resolve, for he knew no better way in which to protect mediums and audiences from imposition.

J. S. LOVELAND thought the resolution commended itself to the good judgment of the audience. He thought an organization should be formed and perfected as far as it can. Thousands of dollars are expended every year, which might be saved by a little wisdom and concert of action.

Mrs. A. M. Swan.—I, individually, so far as organizations are concerned, have sustained rather an indifferent feeling toward them, as toward anything recognizing a separate religious creed or code of belief. But if we have become sharp-eyed enough to organize for financial purposes, we shall be wise in so doing. I well know that mediums are accused of getting a profitable living out of their gifts. I am not speaking in self-defense, but in behalf of mediums in general, when I say that no class of people could well be poorer paid, and live. If the resolution intended to convey the idea of the formation of a creed or form of belief, I should most certainly oppose it; but so far as it has reference to organization on a business or financial basis, I am in favor of the resolve.

HENRY C. WRIGHT.—An organization, not to define what Spiritualists should believe or do, but whose main purpose is to disseminate Spiritualism in the minds of the individual people, and propagate it in the community, I agree with, and will support—not Spiritualism as it lies with brother Loveland or sister Swan, or with me; but with a platform based on the utmost freedom of speech and thought. The resolve does not appoint a committee to form a plan to be adopted, as binding, but only to report a plan to a future Convention for discussion. The committee are merely to prepare a schedule of an organization; and if it does not suit you, you have the privilege of voting it down. I know there are persons who cannot be organized into anything. Mrs. Swan can't; Dr. Gardner can't; Henry C. Wright can't. But there are those who must have another's opinion to rely upon. Where one's consciousness is his law of life, religion and all outward authority are of minor importance. I must worship God within me, and no God of organizations. Let your organization be such as shall secure liberty to each individual soul, and bring all up to absolute, individual freedom.

ADAM BALLOU, of Hopedale, got the floor, but resigned it, to allow the Convention to adjourn.

EVENING SESSION.

The discussion of Mr. Loveland's resolve on organization, was continued.

ADAM BALLOU, of Hopedale, Mass., announced himself as an individualist and socialist. He had been connected with organizations nearly all his life, and

saw a great deal of practical utility in organizations for the advancement of any worthy cause. At any rate, there was a great deal more of good than evil connected with them. I have no doubt the time is coming when individuals will be organized to a higher extent than they can at present conceive of; but there are evils which belong to people, and will continue to belong to them, in organizations or out of them. I have always gone into organizations with a fixed idea of what they were formed for, and am as willing to be in the lower as in the higher place—anywhere, where the peace and prosperity of the organization require my services—unless a matter of principle is involved, so that I cannot consistently remain. I am willing to be put in any good use in any good cause. Some men will bring out a forty-eight-pounder to defend their smallest rights. They might put their ammunition to better use.

The great difficulty is, that there are many organizations without purposes—where there is no right to be an organization. If you have not got distinct aims and purposes in your mind, it is better to defer organization until they present themselves to you, and you are ready for them. Many condemn the organizations of the past; but they all subverted their purposes—have really done great good; and the world would have suffered more without them than it has with them.

Dr. H. F. GARDNER, of Boston.—This is an object necessary for some organized action; and though we may not fully determine right from wrong, truth from error, there is a great necessity for our organizing. I do not believe in an organization that shall form a creed or establish a church. I recognize every individual's duty to form his own standard of right and wrong, so long as we occupy different planes of development and growth. It seems to me an organized action would be of great advantage to Spiritualists. Thousands and thousands of dollars are spent every year in transporting speakers to different parts of the country, which might be saved by the establishing of a central office where arrangements could be made for regular tours for speakers, and thus result beneficially to all parties concerned. I would not encourage proselyting; but by means of such an organization as that of which we speak, thousands of people could hear the truths of Spiritualism dispensed who have never had the opportunity before.

Mr. DIXON, of Foxboro', knew something of organizations; had been connected with various ones for a great many years; but he did not believe any organization could ever accomplish what Spiritualism has without organization.

Dr. P. B. RANDOLPH, of Boston, being called for, came forward and said: I have no desire to intrude myself or opinions upon this Convention; yet, as there seems to be a great desire to hear me on this great question of organization, I cheerfully respond, and say that I am in favor of an organization most decidedly. The question is, "Shall we draw the lines of demarcation between true Spiritualism and that which lies beyond or outside?" I answer, yes. The time has been when Spiritualism went about the world, as it were, begging toleration and adherents. That time has happily and forever passed away, and the thousand faces, beaming with intelligence, and sparkling with deep gratification, now before me, is an incontestable proof that Spiritualism, in its service and noble aspects, is an attractive and a joyous thing. Now, the great wide world looks at our movement with respect, and we are no longer pointed at with distrust or scorn. All this comes of the vital power resident in its mighty heart, which power now, at the end of a dozen years, is beginning to manifest itself outwardly, and perform its true work, the healing of the people. We begin some of us, to feel the full power, and to know the duty of being practical Spiritualists in something more than name. We are beginning to see the necessity of attuning our souls to the sweet melody of Pope's great prayer:

"Teach us to feel another's woe,
To feel the need I feel;
To feel the need I feel;
The mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me."

When this is the prayer of our hearts, our souls, our everyday conduct, then we are true Spiritualists; but not till then.

Shall we organize? Shall we adopt a creed? I answer, yes. Organize for the interchange of reciprocal feelings, and for the purpose of defending ourselves from false Spiritualism—that fanaticism which has brought disgrace—these things which as some the garb of Spiritualism, but have nothing of its spirit. We should organize for mutual protection—from the tricks of impostors, and white sepulchers having nothing of Spiritualism, except the stolen name—things beautiful without, but foul within. We should protect ourselves from these, but not condemn them, for our mission, our duty, is to cleanse and save them, make them worthy of the place they occupy, and cause them to be practical observers of their own public teachings. For these ends let us organize. Shall we have a creed? I answer, yes. This platform is its type. Here we can all stand, for the reason that we recognize three great facts which constitute the points of our common faith; and, like this platform and its common centers, so shall be our general creed—One God, One Belief in Immortality, and one common destiny in the great To Come. This is my platform, and it is broad enough for all the world to stand on. This is my creed, liberal enough for all human beings. Establish these, and we shall soon build up the true spiritual, the true Christian system; thus shall we uphold the true temple of worship, wherein all alike shall bend the knee to the one only and true God.

HENRY C. WRIGHT urged immediate action upon this resolve, as urgent, important business was necessary to be done this the last session of the Convention.

The previous question was ordered by vote of 73 to 38; and the resolve was then adopted, by vote of 199 to 143.

Voted—That the Chairman be instructed to appoint a Committee of three to nominate the Committee provided for by the resolve.

The Chair appointed J. S. Loveland, of Auburn, N. Y.; H. B. Storer, of New Haven, Conn.; and H. B. Knowles, of Providence.

Mrs. OSTRANDER, of Troy, N. Y.—Spiritualism has ever been explained according to each one's appreciation of it. Names signify nothing to-day. Changing as are all the elements of life, so names change. There was a time when they signified very much, and very different things from what they do now. Infidelity was a term which carried any amount of contempt with it once, and a sneer of scorn greeted its name whenever heard; now all free minds are pleased to be included in it, even Spiritualists. Many hearts do not accept Spiritualism to-day, as it does not, in many places, appeal to their comprehension.

The one broad, Jehovah idea of existence, which includes everything of manifest life, whether of mortal or of spirits—opens wide the avenues of being and impulse, whether they be high or low in their conceptions. Morality has been changing ever since this world had conscious intellect in it. The living

guiding spirit of life is God, Jehovah, and everything in life is under the immediate care of a spirit which is life in him. The light of spirit makes the nature turn over within. No one heart ever received a truth from the Father alone; for there are magnetic cords connecting humanity in a whole; and when an idea is thus born to many, it is because of these cords running to all men. From North to South, and East to West, there is a prayer going up for the comprehension of the divine element in man. These elements, burning in our hearts to day, will come out into practical use. The true glory of life is born of sorrow. The inspirations of life are what the dew is to the shriveled, thirsty plant. Every manifestation of God is divine. Phenomenology and mesmerism are no divine as any other dispensation. No one can be a Spiritualist who is selfish; the one-sided thinking man is always the impracticable one, and cannot be otherwise. Words mean something when rightly applied, but with no soul there, they are worse than nothing—worse than idle. Do not seek to gather roses all along your path, for your struggle is a severe one, and you must not shrink from the principles of life and life's trials.

Mr. LANGLEY sang a beautiful song, entitled, "My Angel Home."

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK.—This is evidently an age of skepticism, as also an age of investigation. The human mind is reaching forward toward its emancipation from superstition and ignorance. Men are seeking human happiness, and have been seeking it in all ages that are past, and to-day they seem no nearer reaching the object of their hopes, than they did years ago. All believers in this new doctrine will at once perceive that these manifestations have come from some intelligent, invisible force at work everywhere, and that it came, in its first manifestation, to the comparatively ignorant and unlearned. They did not seek for it, but it came with our choice of theirs, and gradually unfolded them into a higher condition, where they could perceive and apply the new doctrine that had dawned upon men. But the good, loving Father who, knowing—as the intelligent, positive mind of the universe must know—the conditions of mankind, has simply from time to time given just that which was needed, at just the proper time.

Jesus went about doing good—not to those who needed him not, but to those who were sick in body and mind. And to-day, if this religion is good for anything, it is good for that which other religions could not and have not accomplished. It must go into life and do its work there, where you will perceive there is need of work, that mankind, now groaning in anguish, may be saved. You know there have been doctrines which, instead of comforting men, have struck to their hearts like daggers—such as that God accepted some, and rejected others; that after struggling on through the sorrows and trials of the earth-life, (ill your head was hoary with age, and your heart seared, after all, God is angry with you. We shall bear healing balm to you, and unfold the mysteries of God to man. There has been some talk among those who hold civil authority, that Spiritualism must be put down, for it carries away too many of the most intellectual men! As though the authority that is divine could be laid in the balance with human authority!

We declare we will not be authority for those numerous, nameless disorders and absurdities that sweep over society, and which men throw on our shoulders. They are your own children; nourish them, take them back to your bosom, and cleanse them—make them pure and white, and we will help you purify them. Though we do not accept, as belonging to Spiritualism, many things laid upon it, neither will we condemn those who are the parents of these monstrosities, but with meekness will correct them. You who are Spiritualists, do you live up to the highest light within your souls? If you do not, your Spiritualism is but a cloak to wear about you, or to be laid off at ease. If you have habits which are degrading your bodies—these mediums through whom the spirits come—if you submit to be controlled by these habits, we say there is no excuse for you—you are unclean. There is work enough for every one of you. If you ask, "How shall the world be made better, and man happier?" we say, if we could unite ourselves together, if we could not more in harmony, there would be greater strength of action. You must commence at home to gain this harmony. "What can I do for humanity?" says one. "My spirit grows large with the idea of its mission. I could do for the cause." We say, Come out into the world. We do not want you to die; we want you to live forever. We do not ask you to be as strong as death; better be as strong as life. You, as a sister, that can come out from the pale of respectable society, and enter the haunts of vice, without fearing that your garments will be contaminated with the touch, who can go forth to help the fallen—on your brow shall gladden a crown more brilliant than queenly diadem! And you, man, who can drop the fear of sympathy for a suffering brother or sister—you have that which is better than gold, for gold can only clothe the body, but affection and sympathy feed starving hearts.

Though to-day you may define your position and organize, to-morrow you would have to re-organize. But we would recommend concert of action; we would recommend a mingling together of men socially, religiously, and morally. As surely as you undertake to join upon one platform, there will be jostling. We would have you bear your own beliefs, your own opinions, wherever you may go. Just as fast as the world is prepared to receive divine inspiration, it will come. Let us trace the course of organized effort. First is organization on a very wide and liberal platform; then you contract a little—the very names and titles will be borrowed from old orthodoxy; then some will say, I do not believe as you do; hence will follow excommunication, and then gossip and slander; and then is the end. Still we say to those who believe in organization, or organize; work out your own nature. But, whatever your belief, speak, and act, and make your religion a religion of life, as God liveth. If you would not have our car roll over you, stand aside, for we are coming your way.

The Committee appointed to nominate the Committee on Organization, submitted the following names:—A. E. Newton, of Boston; J. S. Loveland, of Auburn, N. Y.; Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y.; Henry Simon, of Providence, R. I.; and G. W. Durham, of Williamstown, Conn.

The Report of the Committee was laid on the table.

The various resolves that had been offered during the session, not heretofore disposed of, were taken up and adopted.

Frank L. Wadsworth, of Portland, Me., submitted the following, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Convention are hereby tendered to Dr. Gardner for the courteous, prompt and impartial manner in which he has presided during its deliberations, and to the other officers of the Convention for their efficient services; and that the secretaries be respectfully requested to prepare reports of its proceedings for publication in the Spiritualist papers.

The Convention then adjourned, sine die.

FINALS—THE CHAIR-BARK.

Few more beautiful days ever dawned on this doubtful world of ours, than the Friday following the two days of the Providence Convention. Little Rhode Island is famed for its climate; and it was to "actualize an idealism" that your modest reporter made one of the thousands of passengers down Narragansett Bay to Rocky Point, in the steamer "Cannoeus." This vessel was crowded, and, as someone said, the passengers were as close as "herring in a box." But all the excursions were not able to get on board of her, and the "Perry" scooped down the river ahead of her, and the "Cannoeus" had "dragged its slow length along" to its destination. Arriving at the Point—wholly, by the way, is pronounced the finest picnic ground in New England—the multitude dispersed of themselves according to their own tastes—with boating, bathing, dancing, chatting, eating, drinking, (soda water—nothing stronger on the ground,) and rambling; but perhaps the larger number went instinctively to the "Forest Circle"—a pleasant retreat, of the amphitheatre genus, shaded by a stupendous umbrella-shaped covering—where pointed addresses were made by Mrs. Spence, Messrs. Wright, Clark, Gardner and others.

Mr. Clark read the following letter, which had been received from Emma Hardinge:

To my friends and co-workers in the cause of spiritual truth, progress and humanity.

DEAR FATHERS—Some among you will not yet have forgotten the time I spent with you last April, and the efforts which I then made to call your attention to the subject of the deep wrong and forlorn condition of our fallen, and in every sense of the word, abandoned sisters. With any other class of persons, bound together in the ties of a common belief touching the life of the hereafter, I should feel that the presentation of a subject, fraught with such momentous associations as this, would be limited on a festive occasion like the present; but if there whom I address share the same opinions of spiritual light and life as I do, they will acknowledge with me, that the only gatherings which true happiness can prevail are those where the happy can take counsel together for the relief of the unhappy; and that the most joyous festival of a progressive spirit, is the least which the well-fed bestow on the hungry.

Let us meet together to-day to gladden each other's hearts in sympathy, communion and innocent recreation. Oh, my friends! let the thought of the houseless, the dying, and the outcast children of sorrow, for whom I pleaded with you some four months ago, sound in your midst, not like a requiem note of mourning, but as a sweet Sabbath bell, calling upon every soul to join in this Cathedral of Nature's own erection, and upon the altar of sweet flowers and fragrant summer grass, offer up the only worship which the common Father requires—the income of pity for the wretched, help for the indigent, and cheer for the sorrowing.

Since we parted, my friends, I have pleaded this cause to many a marble heart and dull ear; to the only thin audiences that have ever greeted me as a public speaker, and the only unwilling auditors that have waited on me, and I have never been able to speak in the all-conquering strength of the spirit. But, though the pulse of my Magdalene is still throbbing, and almost as empty as the world's heart, I work on, confident in the strength of that mighty host, who, in their own good time, will call the voices of Nature's song of growth, can help out of the very stones of the street; and, so I repeat, I work on. And a part of my work is this day to remind you, my spiritual friends, that the temple of this great need is still open for willing feet and meriting hearts to press into it. Let the balmy breath of the flowers that fan your cheek to-day, remind you, by terrible contrast, of the scorching fever blast that feeds on the fair young victims, once as gay and happy as yourselves, in many a room of death and vice. May the plaintive murmur of brook and river, and the falling of the leaves, and from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks, and whose hearts are made from life's bitter history, resting in their silent depths, and as, while your own lips part with the merry laugh, uprising from the stimulus of plentiful and wholesome food—forget not those who have been obliged to fast for weeks,