



Literary Department.

For the Banner of Light. QUINNEBAUG LYRICS. BY DR. ROBERT DENNIS. CANTO III.

Old river, come, let's chat this once of place, Where I ne'er fall sometim' to roam—

Away—afar—in deep sequestered valley, In gloomy woods beyond my ken,

The school-house, blest retreat, telephed the Gary, East heard me speak about—or tell?

The Eel-Rocks, joyous place of picnic pleasure, And tranquil Broad-ground just above,

Becharmed and bound with spells are all the spaces Along thy peaceful winding ways:

I need to go to mill to thee, old river, With bags of barley, corn and rye,

Pure stream, thou must have been at sometime taking Upon thy pebbly bed—a nap!

I long to look on thee once more, dear river, To wander up and down thy dales,

Alas! alas! the gilding years whose traces Are seen on all things everywhere,

WOMAN.—Woman, physically weaker than man, is superior to him spiritually. The Gaia attributed to her an additional sense—the divine sense.

BE IN BARNER.—If a wise man is convinced that he has not given the requisite attention to his business,

It is never for their wisdom one loves the wisest, or for their wit that one loves the wittiest!

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

BY MISS SARAH A. SOUTHWORTH. CHAPTER IV.

There were many country seats in our vicinity, but none of them, in my eyes at least, were half so beautiful or picturesque as my uncle's.

The mansion was very large. A great stone tower rose in front, flanked on either side by turrets,

Constance was delighted with everything about her. She never grew tired of the wonderful beauties that rare gems that my uncle exhibited for our amusement;

From the moment that Constance Iretton entered "Maple Grove" her way was absolute. It was astonishing what a fascination she exercised over the whole household.

"Are you accustomed to the exercise?" "Oh, yes; from my earliest youth. There is no pleasure that I enjoy more."

"Well, then, I guess we must show you some portions of our country by moonlight, to-night. May is a very good rider, and she has a pony devoted to her exclusive use, named 'Snowball.'"

She smiled. "Thank you; you are very kind. But what romantic names you indulge in. Somehow, I think that I should fancy 'Lightning,' if he is anything like what his name indicates."

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

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

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

He was truly a splendid animal, with a shining black coat, and long, flowing mane and tail. His neck was arched proudly, and he approached with dignity.

"Bravo!" exclaimed my uncle. "I do believe that you are some conception of that race that are said to ride through the air on brooms! Look at Constance! She would declare that you produced the black art."

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

with her arm thrown carelessly over the horse's neck. "Sure," said James, with open-mouthed wonder,

"What famous races we had. I think Constance never looked better than when mounted. She generally wore a green velvet habit, with hat of the same.

"Excuse me," she said, laughing. "I really supposed that, like almost all possessors of blushing locks, you desired to translate the color into 'auburn.'"

"Why, it really does, don't it?" I cried, in astonishment. She laughed at my surprise, and then said:

"May, you will not be angry with me, will you, if I tell you some disagreeable truths?" "Angry with you?" I repeated, reproachfully.

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

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

"The very reason why you should be the more particular. I thought, perhaps, that you had imbibed that mistaken idea. We admire neatness in every one, and if our raiment is not clean and tastefully arranged,

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

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

"Bat, Constance," I said, ruefully, "you can do anything, but I don't believe that I can make it curl!" "Oh, yes, you can. The fact is, it is hard for it to do anything else."

"My uncle decided that it was a great improvement, and after that I did not braid it up again. The weeks flew by on gilded pinions, and now it only wanted two days of our friend's departure. It was a rainy evening, and we sat listening to the spirit of the storm, as it sobbed and moaned in the outer darkness. Guardian and ward had been singing a duet together, but now he came and seated himself by the table, while she still ran her fingers over the keys of the piano. Suddenly she commenced "Lang Syne."

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

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

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

"Why, what ails you, Blossom? Is the idea of leaving me really so bad?" "Oh, Uncle! you are not intending to send me back to mother and Laura, are you?"

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

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

"Ere he had finished speaking, I was weeping. The surprise was so great that I was completely bewildered. He flung his arm around me, saying: "There, there, child; you know I always try to make you happy when I can."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"My grief and indignation gradually subsided, and though I cavilled at first at what I called her rigid ideas, but as I grew wiser, I blessed her for her kindness, and the fire on Friendship's altar burned the brighter. Autumn, bereft of her golden harvests, died broken-hearted, and the footsteps of Winter rustled the dried, withered leaves that covered her grave. Now I began to anticipate the merry, happy days that we should soon enjoy at "Maple Grove."

"One morning, as I sat in my room writing an exercise, Constance came in with an open letter in her hand. "Well, what news?" I inquired, looking up.

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

"I immediately laid down my pen, and signified my readiness to listen to whatever she desired to communicate. "This note," she began, with the slightest perceptible curl of the lip, "is from my father's sister, Mrs. Mendon. Perhaps you are not aware that my dear parent committed the unpardonable sin—in the estimation of his fashionable and aristocratic relatives—of falling in love with and marrying a poor seamstress. As a natural consequence estrangement followed, but since his death Mrs. Mendon has suddenly awoke to a knowledge of his many virtues, and also to the singular fact of the existence of his daughter, so she has written desiring me to spend the coming vacation at her house."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Then followed, verbose instructions as to my conduct in entering or retiring from a room, and finally the affectionate epistle concluded in this style: "Your father has given me a sum of money to enclose to you, but really as your wants are so few in that quiet village, and your Uncle Robert is so indulgent, I have retained half of it for Laura. Her allowance is very small, considering the society that she is in."

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

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

"I think I do," I replied, bitterly, for I was contrasting my letter with one that Edos Graham, a school-mate, had received that morning. "I was suddenly aroused by my companion from the sad reverie into which I had fallen. "Why, May, you are really neglecting Mr. Lindsay's note. I do n't doubt but what that would repay a personal."

"Oh, yes; this will be the oasis in the desert," I replied, as I took it up. "Nor was I disappointed. It was written from the fountain of her own loving, bounteous heart. He regretted very much that we were not to return to "Maple Grove," but hoped that he was not so ungrateful as to hesitate an instant in waiving all claim to our society, in favor of the lady. He closed by reporting all the chit chat of the place, saying that he supposed that was what girls were most interested in. Constance laughingly exclaimed: "He need not endeavor to excuse himself in that manner. It is very evident that he is a regular old gossip."

"The Christmas holidays arrived, and found us the guests of Mrs. Mendon. To our delight and surprise, Uncle Robert appeared upon the scene of action the morning that we started, and escorted us hither, but he did not tarry, as he was journeying to the death-bed of a friend. Our hostess was one of the world's most brilliant satellites. Satisfied with her husband and children, and above all, with her "Fifth Avenue" mansion. I could see that the mother and daughter stood a little in awe of their beautiful relative. She was affable and pleasant, but she held them from her with impenetrable reserve. I was treated with kind condescension; but they were evidently as much amused as my mother at Constance's preference. Once I overheard them commenting upon it, and they finally agreed that she used me for a foil. Not a very flattering idea, still it occasioned me considerable amusement. George, a full fledged dandy, undertook to dress,

himself, and while away the passing hours, by a...
tion, and was astonished, "poor honor," at the...
that he received.

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

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

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

"Oh yes, I dare say that he did, yet I believe that...
you will rejoice when you are emancipated from all...
such thraldom. It seems so hard when anything is...
going on to think you cannot attend; at least, I know...
it used to be so."

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

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

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

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

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

CHAPTER VI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Come in," said my companion, and the next in-...
stant the bright faces of Florence Percy and Edna Gra-...
ham dawned upon us.

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

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

"You must n't mind Miss," said Constance, laugh-...
ing; "she is, in a very ill humor, in consequence of...
her being confined within doors when it is such charm-...
ing weather."

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

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

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

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

We were soon fully equipped, when Constance ex-...
claimed:

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

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

They all laughed. But Florence said:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

One such exploit ought to suffice."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Mother, here I am!"

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

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

His listener looked annoyed.

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

"Cousin Howard, that is just like her," said Flo-...
rence. "She is always depreciating herself."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

You imagine that you hear the matterings of the...
storm, do you? Well, when there is a commotion in...
the natural elements, do we not view it philosophi-...
cally, and say that the atmosphere requires purifica-...
tion, and that the sun will shine again? We should be...
perpetually very unwise, if not wicked, who throw all...
the pleasant Summer, grumbled and murmured be-...
cause the Winter was to come. We must fortify...
ourselves in expectation of the tempest, by let it not...
detract from our present enjoyment, knowing that...
whatever comes is for a wise purpose."

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

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

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

WRITTEN FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT - EAST AND WEST.

BY WILFRED WELLS.

The East sends greeting to the West...
Of every hill and plain...
The West shall rule the trade on land...
And sweep the rolling main.

Right swiftly our ships shall ride...
Our armor shall be steel...
To sweep into the chaos of trade...
The harvest of the sea.

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

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

You've made me a thousand hills...
You've shepherds down the glen...
Your harvest gives the yellow corn...
To feed our working men.

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

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

Your fields with fruitful plenty teem...
Your barns with harvest groans...
Then send us food—your kine and corn—...
We ask but this alone.

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

Across the far Sierra's height...
Where wild the tempest roars...
We hear the call which echoes up...
Along the golden shore:

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

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

Go forth into your work, oh West!...
Go! rule the mountain and plain...
Your songs shall glad the teaming land...
And cheer the rulling main.

A SHORT SERMON. TEXT—CHARITY.

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

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

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

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

We find, among other sayings of Christ, this pas-...
sage: "We note the world, because of offences; for it...
must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man...
by whom the offences cometh!"

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

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

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

You imagine that you hear the matterings of the...
storm, do you? Well, when there is a commotion in...
the natural elements, do we not view it philosophi-...
cally, and say that the atmosphere requires purifica-...
tion, and that the sun will shine again? We should be...
perpetually very unwise, if not wicked, who throw all...
the pleasant Summer, grumbled and murmured be-...
cause the Winter was to come. We must fortify...
ourselves in expectation of the tempest, by let it not...
detract from our present enjoyment, knowing that...
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The mountains bloom with vines...
From Iowa's fruitful fields...
To California's mines.

You've made me a thousand hills...
You've shepherds down the glen...
Your harvest gives the yellow corn...
To feed our working men.

Original Essays and Correspondence.

WHAT ARE THE DOCTRINES OF CHRIST?

BY A. BRADSTREET.

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

He says, "Will not some one of them put their...
finger down on the place of passage wherein 'true...
Christianity' is expressed?" I agree with him when he...
says that "Pure Christianity has reference to the...
teachings and example of Christ, as set forth in the...
'New Testament.'" Pure Christianity and pure reli-...
gion are the same. I will put down my finger on the...
Epistle of James, 1: 27, and say, Here is an expression...
of "true Christianity." Mark it well. May it be...
written upon the inquirer's heart in indelible charac-...
ter: "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the...
Father, is this: to visit the fatherless and widows...
in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from...
the world." This is practical Christian religion.

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

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

In reference to the apparent contradiction between...
the peace principles inculcated in the Sermon on the...
Mount, and that passage in the 22d chapter of Luke...
"Ye shall have your sword, let him sell his garment and...
buy one," I would remark that Christ and his Apo-...
stles recognized the authority of the civil government...
and inculcated submission to the laws in all cases in...
which conscience is not violated; hence, the injunc-...
tion, "Render unto Caesar the things that are...
Caesar's," &c.; "If a man will sue thee at the law, and...
take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also;" and...
St. Paul says, in reference to the civil power, "He is...
the minister of God—a revenger to execute...
wrath upon him that doeth evil; wherefore, ye must...
needs be subject, not only for wrath, but also for con-...
science's sake." This is the general rule; but we can...
conceive that a government may become so wicked...
practical, and unjust, as to enact laws and enforce them...
in direct contravention to God's laws; then the citi-...
zen or subjects are bound, by their supreme allegiance...
to God, to refuse obedience to such laws; then, if ne-...
cessary, in self-defense, or the defense of human...
rights, "He that hath no sword, let him sell his gar-...
ment and buy one." This is an extreme case. In a...
republican government we are bound to obey the laws...
as long as they are just, until the laws are repealed by...
the election of honest men, at the only lawful secu-...
lar tribunal—the ballot-box.

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

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

Evansville, Ind.

WHAT IS MIND?

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

Do these last named organs belong strictly to...
physical man, or are they part and parcel of the real-...
mind? Do they set in unison with the physical com-...
position, dependent upon these "independent or-...
gans?" Or are they component parts of the inde-...
structible, immortal man, which, when dissolution...
comes, shall shine out with redoubled lustre, untrou-...
bled by the ravages of time, added to, rather than...
diminished by the wisdom that experience alone gives?...
Who can answer?

U. B. G.

FORTUNE TELLING.—A singular story has been cir-...
culated in town recently, much to the benefit of the...
party concerned, as we presume "all the world will...
run after him." An article of household use was ab-...
stracted from a clothes-line at South Abington; being...
the more no less than the half of a good woman's out-...
fit. As the other half was almost useless without the...
remainder, the lady was greatly annoyed at the loss...
and searched in vain for the missing portion. A gen-...
tleman, who, we understand, possesses memoristic...
powers, happened to call on the lady; his observing her...
dilemma, put himself into the trance condition, and in-...
formed her that the carpeting could be found in a...
specified dwelling, between two beds; also that she must...
leave the part in her possession, go to the thief, and...
demand the missing portion. Accordingly she pro-...
ceeded to the house, and made known her mission...
but was met with an emphatic denial of any such arti-...
cle being in the dwelling. A visit to the upper story...
however, proved to the astonished lady that "there...
was more things in heaven and earth than were dreamt...
of in her philosophy;" and the carpet was dragged...
from its hiding-place between the two beds indicated...
in the memorized gentleman. We should be inclined...
to place this year upon the same plane with the pre-...
ferred "revelations" of so-called fortune-tellers, were it...
not that standard persons declare it to be a fact.

Evansville, Ind.

LETTER FROM MRS. GORE.

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

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

We next addressed the friends in Union, in the re-...
futations of the New Philosophy, and to good au-...
dience.

We next visited Evansville, by invitation of Prof. J...
Y. Kilgus, principal of the Seminary in that place, and...
formerly a Methodist clergyman, but recently converted...
to Spiritualism. By his liberality, the Hall of the se-...
minary was opened for two lectures to very good au-...
diences. Prof. Kilgus is a man who gives all for his...
truth—is self-sacrificing and devoted to whatever cause...
he espouses. He is a man of power—a natural ruler...
over the minds and hearts of all who come within his...
reach. He establishes a kingdom in the hearts of the...
people wherever he speaks or makes his appeal. We...
hope the liberal portions of community in the ad-...
joining States will give

WHAT HAS SPIRITUALISM DONE?

Written for the Banner of Light. NUMBER TWO.

The trials and disappointments that we meet with in our journey through life are as important to their influences as many of the more agreeable and pleasant scenes.

In a recent communication in reference to the introduction of modern Spiritualism, my friend remarked that there was considerable discussion among intelligent spirits as to the propriety of doing it at this time.

It was well known that at various periods there had been efforts made to introduce the manifestations, and most of the phenomena had been more or less common.

but in every instance difficulties had arisen, and much suffering had resulted to those who had been developed as mediums because they were ignorant of the laws and principles that were at work in it, and the world was still more ignorant.

It was wisely remarked in this debate that the difficulties which arose were entirely attributable to the meeting of discordant elements from both spheres.

If the harmonious and well regulated influences from our sphere can be brought to rest upon the discordant elements of earth life, though there may be some conflict, the result will be beneficial.

On the other hand, if the discordant elements of this sphere are brought into rapport with those of earth life that are harmonious, but little and temporary inconvenience will result to the latter, while the former will be much benefited.

But when the discordant elements of both sides meet, it often causes much suffering, and in the present ignorance in regard to such things, but little can be done to remove the evil.

It was, however, decided to make the experiment, and the success which has attended it has thus far overbalanced any evils that have resulted from it.

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

In the year 1834 a young gentleman left his wife, and a daughter about three months old, and went to England. When this child arrived at the age of three years, her mother died, and information was sent to the father that his wife and child were both deceased.

He remained in Europe several years, and then returned and settled in the interior of this State. The daughter grew up entirely ignorant of her father.

At the age of fourteen the daughter was in a trance, and saw her mother, and she told her that she had a father living, but she could not find him yet. At the age of seventeen she married, and at the age of twenty-six she had a severe attack of illness, and was then developed as a medium, and her mother appeared to her, and told her where her father was living, and urged her to visit the place and see him.

She did so, and on calling at his house, she asked him whether he knew that he had a daughter living. He replied, "No." She asked him if he did not leave a little girl at a certain place in 1834. "Yes," he said, and at once recognized her from the resemblance to her mother.

The part of my story that is to come is not so pleasant. This lady was very rapidly developed as a medium, gave wonderful tests and was engaged at it much of the time.

Some injudicious friends advised her to hold a public circle—quite a large number assembled. She was entranced, and gave very satisfactory communications; but when ten o'clock came, and the company left, she was in a sad condition.

With a wild and vacant stare, she answered only in monosyllables some of the questions put to her, and for nine days was continually repeating some unmeaning word, or sentence day and night. Several physicians who saw her thought it would be necessary to place her in an asylum for the insane, but patience and kindness on the part of her friends enabled her to come from under the influence, and now with the dear purchased experience of great suffering, she has learned that mixed influences will often bring discordant feelings to mediums, especially in the early stages of their development, and there are few persons who are not made to suffer at times from these conditions.

It is very consoling to find that many physicians in the present day have become so far familiar with phenomena of trance and other forms of mediumship, that these poor victims are not always compelled to suffer the additional torture of barbarous medical treatment.

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

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

Yours for true progress, HENRY T. CHILD, M. D. 634 Race street, Philadelphia, May, 1863.

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

When pain, disease and death crowd heavily upon us, our love for this world seems almost lost. Only that part of God which pertains to the well-being of the material world is yet virtually acknowledged to be good, so all has been called evil and antagonistic to God that pertains to physical dissolution.

All that is called evil, as well as all that is called good, must exist in God, if God be infinite. Faith in the goodness of God must recognize all evil as a means of use, created for a wise end.

Health and disease are subordinate to real life. Physical life is but a breath of real life. The ends of life do not begin or terminate in matter. Disease and death, and all that is called evil, are only properties of matter, and have no influence upon life.

President Lincoln to the English. The Emancipation Society of England having forwarded an address to the President, on the character of the struggle in which our country is at present engaged, the latter has directed the Secretary of State to reply on its behalf, which he has well done in the following language: "Circumstances which neither this Government nor that of Great Britain created or could control have rendered it unavoidable that the causes, character, tendency and objects of the insurrection should be discussed in that country with scarcely less freedom and impartiality than in our own. The results of that discussion, if it shall continue to be conducted in a just and impartial spirit, may be taken as foreshadowing in some degree the ultimate judgment of mankind. It is, therefore, with sincere satisfaction that the President learns from the proceedings now under consideration that a large, respectable and intelligent portion of the British people have on unprejudiced investigation arrived at the conclusion that the existing rebellion violates the principles of political justice, and that they protest against it as a wrong to the human race, because it seeks to displace a government which is based on the rights of man, to make room for the establishment of another which is to rest upon human bondage as its corner stone."

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

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FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

LYONS COLBY, EDITOR.

"I cannot believe that civilization in its journey with the sun will sink into endless night to gratify the ambition of the leaders of this revolt, who seek to 'Wade through slaughter to a throne And shut the gates of mercy on mankind'; but I have a far other and far brighter vision before my gaze. It may be a vision, but I still cherish it. I see one vast Confederation stretching from the frozen north in one unbroken line to the glowing south, and from the wide billows of the Atlantic westward to the calmer waters of the Pacific; and I see one people, and one law, and one language, and one faith, and over all that vast Continent, the home of freedom and refuge for the oppressed of every race and of every clime."—Extract from John Bright's Speech on American Affairs, delivered at Birmingham, England.

To Such as Understand.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Prof. William Denton in Lyceum Hall.

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

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

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

The speaker went back to the time when this earth was but a sea of rolling, seething lava, and following it up through the cooling process and the formation of the crust, till it was a wilderness of rock, with no living thing upon its surface. Then the atmosphere began to cool, and it was a wilderness of rock, with no living thing upon its surface. Then the atmosphere began to cool, and it was a wilderness of rock, with no living thing upon its surface. Then the atmosphere began to cool, and it was a wilderness of rock, with no living thing upon its surface.

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Through Philadelphia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

The Life of President Lincoln, published by Walker, Wise & Co., Boston, and entitled, "

Parls.

And quietude, and jewels are words long. That on the stretched forefinger of all time Sparks forever.

NOT YET—BUT SOON. Not yet—along the purpling sky We see the dawn of day. But loquacious of cloudy distance lies Between us and the day.

Not yet—the Aloe waits across Its promised advent hour— A patient creature of green To one full perfect flower.

Not yet—the harvest song is sung In the sweet air of Spring. Nor bear we, while the blade is young, The reaper's sickle swing.

Not yet—before the crown, the cross; The struggle are the prize: Before the gain the fearful loss, And death are Paradise.

—[Caroline A. Mason.

The water that flows from a spring does not congeal in winter, and those sentiments of friendship which flow from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity.

WORDS THAT REACH THE HEART.

If words could satisfy the heart, The heart might find its care; But words, like summer winds, depart, And leave but empty air. The heart, a pilgrim upon earth, Finds often, when it needs, That words are of an little worth As just so many words.

A little said—and truly said— Can deeper joy impart Than words of words, which reach the head. But never touch the heart. The voice that wins its sunny way, A lonely home to cheer, Hath of the fewest words to say, But oh! those few, how dear!

The arrow that is feathered with love will fly the swiftest and pierce the deepest. —[Cummings.

HUMILITY AND GRANTY.

The gentle flowers Retired, and stooping o'er the wilderness, Talked of humility, and peace, and love. The dove came down upon at venturist, And silently their hoots died, to teach Mankind unostentatious charity. —[Fullok.

Charity is a meandering stream from the fount of love.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

Transcendent star! we fix our eyes On thee, until beyond this life We meet; when pleasure never dies, Far from these scenes of noise and strife, Where Hope and Faith are lost in sight, Ecclipsed by Heaven's diviner light.

That man is always weak who depends upon seeing the result of what he does.

Writes for the Banner of Light.

UNITED STATES—A FIGURE.

BY J. A. SPEAR.

Sam was a very remarkable boy, very fair, large and strong. He was the pride of all his friends, and even his enemies beheld him with a sort of reverence mixed with fear. He seemed to be almost the very model of human perfection, with one exception, and that was scrofula, which he had inherited from his mother. A child from this, his constitution was good. He was quick to learn, and when quite young became an inventor, and always showed an extraordinary talent for new inventions, and was much pleased with improvements. He was naturally very pleasant and kind, and sought to make everybody happy. But as he grew and increased in years, it was discovered that on his left side, on his neck, near the jaw, was a slight swelling, or tumor, the effect of the scrofula he had inherited. Various opinions were expressed relative to that enlargement, as to what the final result would be, &c. Some thought it would soon disappear; others thought he was going to have a double chin on one side; while Sam and his particular friends flattered themselves that whatever it might be, it would never do any harm. But it continued to grow as fast, or even faster, than Sam, and as he was generally admitted more than others of his years, he and some of his friends were at last induced to believe that the tumor on his neck added to his beauty, made him admired, and that those who had no such tumor could not be his equal. Those that admired his tumor began to be proud of him, and quite jealous withal lest some one might speak disrespectfully concerning it. The tumor had now become very large, and that it might remain where it was, a mark of beauty and a badge of honor, they had a compromise line drawn around it to keep it in that conspicuous place.

But alas! as years sped on it became oppressive, and they began to regret that that line was ever made. His general health began to fail, and he was evidently much troubled about the tumor. But those who admired him most were more troubled about it than Sam himself. They grew extremely jealous lest something might be said about the tumor, either to their or Sam's displeasure; for they had learned that by some it was considered a deformity. They being the only good judges of beauty, considered it a mark of greatness, and a badge of honor, and stigmatized those who saw no beauty in it as being poor judges of beauty—what they called dough-faces. His mother, from whom he inherited it, had learned by sad experience that it was a serious evil that would coat man to get rid of; for she once had such an one herself, and when it was removed from her she felt to rejoice. She knew it was really a cancer, and the quieter it was removed the better it would be for Sam. It was evident that it was injuring his constitution, and making inroads upon it that she feared would be lasting; for she saw that his speech began to be affected by it, that he could not speak free and easy as formerly. She saw, too, that he could not worship his Creator but in broken accents, for his devotional powers were all centered on that tumor; and, worst of all, neither he nor his friends that admired his tumor, would even allow others to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences, but by force would compel them to pay homage to his tumor, and would not allow them to feed the hungry or clothe the naked one, when, by so doing, they neglected to worship Sam's tumor. The admirers of that ridiculous tumor had become strangely infatuated, and had so far lost their reasoning faculties that they could not talk freely about what they most admired, and were not willing to allow others to, but passed an edict that it should not be mentioned when they met in council. But, as out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, they had to talk about it, and qualified their own edict. Now chagrined and perplexed, and seeing Sam's health really falling, did a know what to do.

Something must be done for Sam; but his friends were divided in opinion as to what should be done for him. Some thought the tumor would never injure him if it was let alone and suffered to take its natural course; but others felt sure it was a cancer, and must be removed, or it would ruin him. As it was constantly increasing in size, they decided to take the bark of the Liberty Tree and make what was called an abolition poultice, and apply it to the tumor, and, if possible, bring it to a head, that its growth might be checked, and perhaps its size diminished. That being done, those of Sam's friends that were

opposed to having anything done for the tumor, soon became alarmed, lest that poultice would ruin him by causing his very life to run out at the tumor. They said the poultice must be taken off, and the tumor must be healed over and let alone. But alas! it was a cancer fairly broken out, and could not be healed. It continued to run, and still the inflammation did not abate, but rather increased. Sam was much troubled now, and began to be alarmed for his own safety. The tumor was oppressive, continued to run, and would not heal.

The celebrated Dr. Douglas was consulted, and after an examination, he decided to apply some soothing ointment to that compromise line, and thus neutralize it, that the tumor might be scattered over the whole of Sam's corporeal system. The compromise line was neutralized by Dr. Douglas's ointment, and every possible effort made to scatter the tumor, and for awhile strong hopes of success were indulged in; but as Sam's right side seemed instinctively to repel it, and as the tumor showed no signs of healing, but rather grew worse, they said many hard things about that abolition poultice that was made of the bark of the Liberty Tree. They had said that had done all the mischief, and was the cause of all Sam's trouble, forgetting that he inherited a cancerous humor of his mother, and that a cancer was really formed and almost ready to break out before the abolition poultice was applied.

Though the Liberty Tree was of all things the dearest to Sam, yet those that attributed all of his calamities to the abolition poultice, were inveterate against the Liberty Tree, because that poultice was made of its bark. Therefore they determined to how it down and utterly destroy it, both root and branch. And because Sam's right side repelled the tumor, throwing the inflammation all over his left side, even to the left extremities, they came to the conclusion that his right side was not very closely connected with his left side, and that he could be divided without much injury or difficulty. They said, too, that his constitution never was of any consequence, and as nothing of it but an "old soul" was left, so far as that was concerned, there could be no objection to dividing him. They came to the conclusion that if both sides died by his being divided, no harm would be done, since he had been ruled by that abolition poultice; and, as his right side would be left without a heart, it might make for itself a new one and put it in his heel, (Capt. In Bangor, Maine), and his left side would make for itself a new Constitution.

Thus they concluded to divide Sam nearly through the centre, so as to leave one half of his head, nose, and mouth on each side, and give each side one eye, one ear, one arm, and one leg. Sam was chagrined at that decision, and called for a Convention of his friends, among whom was Dr. Crittenden, who cried out at the top of his voice, saying: "Stop, stop! I'll spread a compromise plaster for Sam that will heal all his complaints. Don't, for heaven's sake, do it! Don't split him asunder, for that would ruin him, besides spoiling his good looks. One side helps sustain the other, and how do you think Sam's two sides would look, each hopping on one leg?" "Don't do it!" exclaimed Granny Buchanan; "that would be too bad. Look here, dearest, I've got a whole handful of sugar-plums for you; now take these, and I pray you don't cut Sammy in two, but put on Dr. Crittenden's plaster."

"Compromise plaster? Bah! We have seen enough of Compromise, and Abolition, too, and have got perfectly sick of Granny Buchanan's sugar-plums; so be off, for we are going to divide Sam." With long knives, and various other implements, they prepared for making the division. Sam is horror-stricken, and calls on Dr. Lincoln for protection. In reply he stretches forth his hand to protect him, saying that he shall not be divided, for such a division would spoil him—and even then his odor (for such it really was) would not be cured; but as he was much distressed, he would doctor his blood, give soothing powders to quiet his nerves, and do all that he could to preserve his Constitution.

Sam's mother now beheld her son in jeopardy, and being chagrined, sneered at the folly of dividing him, because he had a cancer on one side, and was disgusted at the idea of trying to cure him by doctoring his constitution and blood, and giving soothing powders. His mother's sister (F.), said she feared Sam would be ruined, unless she interfered. Dr. Fremont, and many others, advised to remove the cancer as the only alternative. But Dr. Lincoln preferred to try everything else first. But seeing that Sam was not improving, he said, in hearing of Sam's friends, that if Sam was not cured under his present treatment by a certain time, the cancer must then be removed. The time expired, and no symptoms of healing were discovered; therefore, Dr. Lincoln proclaimed to all concerned, that Sam's cancer must be removed.

Sam's mother then clasped her hands, and even shouted for joy; and her sister (F.) rejoiced too; and all of Sam's friends were glad, except those who were anxious to divide him, that he might die in the operation, thus seeking his destruction, who in truth were really his enemies. They were very much displeased at Dr. Lincoln's decision, well knowing that if Sam's cancer was removed he would recover, and again be active and strong. Therefore they proclaim in every street, by night and by day, that no harm would be done by dividing Sam; but to remove the cancer would be the worst thing in the world, for it would spoil his excellent Constitution, and the left jugular vein must necessarily be severed in removing it, for its roots could light around it.

It had become evident that they were trying to destroy Sam, and let his name perish forever. They never were really friendly to him, for they felt that the honors that were lavished on Sam really belonged to them, and if he could be by any means be put out of their way, then they might be numbered with the mighty ones.

Their real design being discovered, Dr. Lincoln and many others examined the cancer closely, and found that its roots did not coil around either of Sam's jugular veins, and that it would be safe to remove it, though it was connected with some proud flesh and effete matter so closely that it must all be removed to gether. And as the cancer had produced the proud flesh and effete matter, it might as well go together. As for his constitution, it was good, aside from that scrofula, or cancerous humor, that he inherited from his mother, and when that was removed, Sam would be even better, and have a better constitution than he ever had before. It was not the poultice that hastened the cancer to a head that was the real cause of Sam's trouble, but the cancer itself was the cause of the mischief, and its breaking out, or coming to a head, was the natural consequence, which could not have been avoided. Had success been used to scatter it, and make it spread, it might not have broken out quite so soon, but its roots would have extended deeper into the flesh, and been in every corner of the word even worse than now. It should have been removed when it was first discovered, when its roots were small, for then it would have injured Sam but little. As it is, the sooner it is removed the better.

Now Sam's pretended friends (really his enemies), as a last resort, though they have despised and abused Aunt Copperhead, yet in a sordid and hypocritical garb, like wolves in sheep's clothing, came very lovingly to her, and endeavored to touch her sympathy, and thus induce her to assist them in smuggling away Sam, that they may divide him. Aunt Copperhead was once very fair and well disposed, generally admired for her beauty and good qualities, but as she could not receive honor without becoming proud and haughty; and even abusive, the most refined minds were disgusted with her, and turned

away from her, leaving her to perish in her pride. She, feeling forsaken, became sad and despondent, fretful, wrinkled and bowed down, and was a poor, retired old woman. To drown her sorrow, she had resorted to the free use of strong, poisonous, intoxicating drink, and under its influence had indulged in almost every kind of riotous conduct, disregarding the constitution and the laws of the country where she lived, especially the laws that would prevent her from using intoxicating drink to her own ruin, or rioting under its influence, to her own shame and destruction, till in her more sober moments she despised herself.

Being called upon, in this deplorable condition, to assist on an important occasion, and thinking that perhaps she is really somebody after all, she strains upon hot eyes, and tries to stand erect once more, and over her glasses gets a glimpse at something which she thinks is Sam. Then she rubs her eyes—they being sore and dim by the use of bad liquor—and tried to see him through her glasses, and, if possible, tell what ailed him. At length she saw something just at the time that she heard some one say, "Abolition," and then, suddenly arising from her stupor, she exclaimed: "Ah, me! Sam has got an abolition sore, made by that abolition poultice, and I can cure it right up, if you will let me. I will put on a great compromise plaster, that will cover Sam all over—Sam will neutralize the effect of the abolition poultice, and make him just as he used to be, and his constitution as it is."

But her employers, blessed at her prescription, saying that Sam had been poisoned and plastered too much already, and that, as his constitution was nothing but an old bulk of a thing—good-for-nothing—they did not ask her to procure it. Neither did they ask her to make him as he used to be; but her help was wanted in smuggling Sam away, that they might divide him. "Gracious heavens!" says Aunt Copperhead. "What divides Sam, when with one great plaster I can make him just as he used to be, and his constitution as it is? Why, how Sam could look, split right in two! It would spoil him entirely, constitution and all. I want to save his constitution, and save it just as it is, and have Sam as he used to be."

"Well, we don't care what you want. We want you to assist us in dividing Sam, and getting his left side off out of old Dr. Lincoln's way, so that he can't get out of that cancer. We would carry him off whole if we could; but as he is too big for that, you must help us divide him. We tell you, Aunt Copperhead, that we are for dividing the living child, and you must help us do it, for we will not consent to any other prescription!" Aunt Copperhead's eyesight grows a little clearer, and she appears more as she was in her youthful days than she has for a long time before, and replies, saying: "As you seem determined to divide the living child, I am confident it is not yours, and that you have no regard for it—nothing but the cancer; therefore he shall not be divided; but I will assist Dr. Lincoln in removing what he calls a cancer, and you may smuggle that away if you wish to, and I hope you will take all of Sam's scrofula with it, and never let it be seen again. And now, since I am not what I used to be—fair and comely—and never expect to be again, and Sam is not what he used to be, and I can't be allowed in making him so, rather than have him divided I am forced to assist Dr. Lincoln in removing what he calls a cancer, for when that is fairly out there is no one that would wish to have him divided."

New the removing of the cancer goes on well. The jugular vein on the left side is not severed, nor like to be, and Sam will not be injured, only by efforts of his enemies to divide him; and as none of the wounds inflicted by them are mortal, he will endure the operation, and eventually recover, and, being freed from his scrofula, will be even healthier, having a better constitution than he had in his youthful days.

Aunt Copperhead could see Sam suffer, hear the cries of parents and children and husbands and wives, when separated by tyrants, and even see them tortured and abused by proud aristocrats, and her sympathy was not moved until the tyrant's own back was made to smart; and then, all at once, her sympathy was wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement, and she grew very tender-hearted. But finally, rather than have Sam divided, she was forced to help remove his cancer.

We hope Aunt Copperhead's heart will not again be hardened, and rejoice that it has become tender at last, for there are others besides lawless tyrants that demand her tender care.

The history of the past tells us that the world has ever been verging toward the principles of Liberty; that when a government has been subverted, it has been superseded by something higher and more liberal. The earth, for six thousand years, has not taken one backward step, and we have no right to think it will for six thousand years to come. No matter what the cost, it must and will roll forward, and God will rule. Proud tyrants must surely be brought low, and the humble ones will be exalted. If God is God, knowledge must and will increase, and those who oppose the increase of knowledge are but the chaff and rubbish that must perish. God is no respecter of persons. All oppression must see before the onward march of liberty, and he that despise that knowledge will die as doth the fool. The oppressor may gnash his teeth, and brandish his sword, and even cause "Rachel" to lament and refuse to be comforted, because of her bereavement, but fall he must—there is no help for him.

Brainree, Vt., 1863.

Spiritual Grove Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Michigan will hold a meeting in Oliver O. Atwater's grove, one-half mile east of Oakton Station, and five miles west of Kalamazoo, on Saturday and Sunday, June 27th and 28th. Ample arrangements are being made to make the Convention one of the best and largest ever held in the West. A large corps of speakers, as good as the field affords, will be engaged to attend. Their names will be duly announced as soon as heard from. Warren Chase will please consider himself "called" to attend the meeting. RUBEN, MUNGER, & Co., W. F. JAMERSON, Secretary.

Quarterly Conference Meeting.

The Spiritualists of the Northwestern Wisconsin Spiritual Association will hold their third Quarterly Conference in the city of Ripon, on the second Saturday and Sunday (the 13th and 14th days) of June next.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

Session of Spiritualists, LYON'S HALL, TOWNSEND ST., (opposite head of School street).—Meetings held every Sunday by the Society of Spiritualists, at 2-4 and 7-1-4 E. County, June 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

CONVENTION HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—The Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 7-1-3 o'clock.

CHARLESTOWN.—The Spiritualists of Charlestown held meetings at the Free School every Sunday afternoon and evening. Every arrangement has been made to have these meetings interesting and instructive. The public are invited. Seals free. Speakers engaged:—Miss Emma Houston, June 14; Mrs. Sarah A. Byrne, June 21 and 28.

TOWNSEND.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—Dr. L. K. Conroy, June 2, 9, 16, 23 and 30; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13; Mrs. M. B. Townsend, Sept. 6 and 13.

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A New Work of Great Interest. JUST PUBLISHED. PRE-ADAMITE MAN: THE STORY OF THE HUMAN RACE. From 35,000 to 100,000 Years A. D. BY GRIFFIN LEE, OF TEXAS.

Adam not the first man; Man built cities in Asia, three thousand years ago; Luke Burke and the cross; History; The Fate of Genesis; The New York Tribune; and creditably; The First Man, according to the Egyptian; we know that the Egyptian made Pottery 100,000 years ago; the date; the Arabian Wells; Discovery of the state of Kiangsi; and what followed it; Chinese Kings 18,000 years ago; Pre-Adamite Man, the original Chinese, created 120,000 years ago!

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PART II.—On the banks of the Nile; What an father Obit thought of the Shem, Ham and Japhet tradition; Egypt, 4000 years ago; Are Jews a race? Ham, Sem, Japhet; The Egyptian; Pre-Adamite Man; Egyptian Kings 18,000 years ago; Pre-Adamite Man, the original Chinese, created 120,000 years ago!

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