

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Poetry.

THE WORLD—A FRAGMENT. IN THREE PARTS. PART II.—THE REVIEW.

BY G. L. BURNSIDE.

Singular fate of man! to grow apace,
Stored with the dear-bought knowledge of the schools,
And having stemmed the tide of selfish life,
Destined to leave it at the door of death,
And then begin the eternal round again.
Stored with the knowledge of the nether world,
And clasping all its splendors to his heart,
Scraped from the icy pinnacle of years;
And then his latest breath an idle wind
That piles its cloudy fantasies, like those
That the long-languing East accumulates
Upon the verge of its horizon's rim,
At evening, in the firelight of the sun,
That sets in glory of Egyptian kings.
Singular fate, but happy; who would wish
To draw the lengthened chain of memory
Through the long years of a renewed life,
And bitter, it may be, with all its own
Bitterness that it wrought in its new-found
And tasteless life of weary memory.

Have you not seen them toiling like the sons
Of Israel in their bondage? Bitterly
Denied the privilege of the straw that lay
Scattered upon their pathway. Wearily
Scoured to the task of Pharaoh's high decree:
A pyramid of Cheops, to the wild
Worship of God, that made them what they were—
The slaves of servile worshippers. Prepare
To meet thy God; but come without the straw
That binds the bricks of all his temples vast.

Strange fate! And softened into mercy. See
The toiling sons of Earth, that eat the bread
Of carefulness. Confessed by all that know
The lessons of a life spent in the school
Of sad and dearly bought experience,
Is this undoubted truth: give all the years
Of early life to pleasure's transient cup;
And wash the dregs of all their bitterness;
And still remains a taste of that same curse,
Pronounced by God, on all the sons of men:
"Eat of the fruit of earth; but by the sweat
Of summer-heated brows in sorrow eat,
Until thou find again the lowly bed
Appointed for the living sons of earth."
"In sorrow eat!" And who would bear the years
Of sickening toil, without the steadfast hope
Of an unharnessed pasture at the close,
Where laid aside are all the galling marks
Of overwork, and often fruitless tasks
That sit like incubi upon the mind,
Laded with all the trammels of its load?
Who would not wish to revel free from all
The even indistinct remembrances
Of many thousand hapless incidents
That often make the history of life?

Stretch me upon the rack of Imogene,
And I will make a shift to bear the load.
Of high, heroic martyrdom; and if
You crown me victor at the final feast,
I am rewarded for my firmest faith.
But give the wintry weight of all my years
Spent in the simpler events of life,
To the unfound, untasted waters, borne
From high Olympian snows, to that strange realm,
Where, underground and devious in its course,
It strives for mastery, in Italian woods,
With the sweet waters of the tasted stream
That flows from Mount Olympus, in its gush,
Through all the daisied meadows, in its course
To the infernal fate that waits its leap
Upon the rocks of far Læuclipea.
LETTER its name; and bitter be the fate
Of those who let it glide unfound, unquaffed,
For in its silent depths a silver light
Of new-found radiance bursts upon the view
Of those who wander by its shores, and drink.

NATIONAL HYMN.

BY G. WASHINGTON WEST.

Giver of every perfect gift!
Before thy throne we bend the knee,
And, thankful for the past, we lift
Our hymns of solemn joy to thee!
We offer praise—for thou hast given
To us the freedom of our sires;
And brighter yet shall flash to heaven,
Devotion's thousand altar-fires!
To thee we owe this goodly land,
Freed from the stern oppressor's rod;
And here we pour with willing hand,
Our incense to our Father's God!
Accept the grateful sacrifice,
Jehovah! in this hour of bliss;
While prayers to thy throne arise
From many a humble shrine like this.
In glorious hours, when freedom's flag
Was shrouded in oppression's gale—
When darkly from each beeding crag
Poured down the tyrant's wrath like hail,
Our fathers looked to thee for aid,
And dimly through the storm of war
Thy bow of promise was displayed—
Hope-bearing token—from afar.
To God, then, be our praises poured—
Hymns of the heart to thee we lift;
Worthy of honor art thou, Lord!
Giver of every perfect gift!
Songs of thanksgiving shall be thine,
And altars for thy worship set
Wherever Virtue hath a shrine—
Wherever FREEDOM lingers yet.
Unadilla, N. Y., 1864.

Literary Department.

A SKETCH

FROM THE BESIDE OF LIFE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY ADDIE HITCHINS.

'Tis the Sabbath day, and quiet reigns for the
time over the busy city of B—. No longer does
the ceaseless din of week-day life drown the soft
cadence of Nature's melody. Let who will rail
against the Sabbath—wilt thou know that in it-
self it is no more sanctified than all other days—
yet who of us does not welcome its dawning?
Blessed day of rest! Thou droppest thy friendly
mantle o'er the slave of poverty. Wretched
as may be his hovel—dark as may be the corner
in which his lamp of life is shimmering—thou dost
find him and dost wait him a brief, precious
moment of respite from his life of drudgery; whilst
to us, more favored of circumstance, thou comest
a season of spiritual exaltation, when we may call
around us the bright denizens of the better land,
or quaff at that deep fount of inspiration ever lo-
cated in our own souls.

At an open window are seated two young ladies.
The younger—Nellie Raymond—just budding into
womanhood, is one of those gentle, delicate beings,
who seem ever incompetent to thread their way
through life's intricate mazes; ever too physically
fragile to buffet with its storms; a nature formed
to love and to be loved; sensitive and confiding in
the extreme, she ever needs a loving, faithful hand
to guard her from the sharp, hard angles of life-
experience. That shield she possesses in her fond
parents.

Her companion, though only a few years her
senior, carries with her the evidence of earth's
discipline. The expression of the eye, the intona-
tion of the voice, the carriage of the head, and the
firm, proud step evince, in Laura Montrose, a will,
determination of purpose, energy of character, and
a self-reliance totally lacking in her friend. Laura,
sturdy as the oak, dares breast the storms of
life, whilst Nellie, like the clinging ivy, ever de-
mands a strong support, and is ever bound to it
by the tendrils of love and gentleness.

The day has been one of those balmy, soul-in-
spiring days which come to us ever and anon, amid
the melancholy blasts of fall. The sun has been
out in its genial warmth, and now, though fast
sinking in its western glory-bed, still holds en-
chanted the single bird which has been flitting
among the shade trees. Instinctively it feels that
the morrow will afford no such sunshine—no such
warmth; and in the ecstasy of its present joy,
it pours forth the full volume of its gushing melody.
Tiny winged insects, finding life and animation in
the sunbeam, sit, softly buzzing, through the
balmy air, whilst the evening breeze, meandering
through the boughs, murmurs a gentle requiem to
the dying day.

Having caught the inspiration of the hour, the
friends have sat for some time in silence, when
Laura, evidently continuing a train of elevated
thought, observes:

"Yes; even here, in this limited manifestation
of Nature, this echo of her voice swells into a
mighty chorus of instruction, teaching us that
God's law is harmony, and that the result of its
operation is eternal progression. In this simple
clause is embodied the full meaning of that sub-
lime lesson which God has vouchsafed to man
through the immutable order of his works."

"Ah, Laura, like me, you feel the sweet influ-
ence of this lovely day; but it has awakened richer
music in your soul. You tell of loved ones
coming back, and I listen doubtfully. You speak
of lessons precious to the soul, proclaimed by the
silent voices of Nature, and I wonder. I know
that God's works are mighty and sublime. I have
gazed upon the summer landscape, with all its
varied aspects, and felt that it was beautiful. I
have drunk in the golden glories of autumnal
scenery; dwelt upon the solemn grandeur of win-
ter, and revelled amid the vivifying influences of
spring. I have witnessed the storm-king sweep
by in his might and trembled before his fury; and
yet in all these I have failed to read any lesson,
save that God is great and good. What is that
mystic writing which you translate so readily?
What is that principle, or law divine, which so ele-
vates your nature that you seem to me, at times,
a very god. You see it traced on every leaflet,
bounding in the willow, floating in each fleecy
cloud and glittering in the stars. You deduce
from a simple rose lessons so exalted that, if ob-
served, they would convert man into an angel of
good, while I see in it naught save a thing of beau-
ty and of fragrance—discern in it no lesson appli-
cable to life—behold in it no connection with self.
I reverence the fervor of your faith, but do not
comprehend it."

"And shall I tell you why you are so oblivious
to these sublime lessons which every hour reveals
—lessons worthy of man, who should learn them;
worthy of God, who is eternally writing them? It
is because you are a mental slave. It is because
your conceptions of God and the human soul—the
relation of one to the other, and the ultimate
destiny of the latter—are circumscribed by the ster-
eotyped conclusions of men, whose very bones and
sinews, long since returned to dust, are lost in the
mausoleums of the visionless winds. They may
have attained sufficient for their day but God and
the human soul; its destiny is still an open volume
in which there is ever a leaf to turn."

Thus, too, has the world been the slave of tra-
ditions, speculations and theories, handed down
to generations for ages unknown; and man in
this nineteenth century—this glorious nineteenth

century of liberty and power, and of elevated
principles—with all his wealth of intellectual-
ity, his rich, inventive genius so great the very
elements do his bidding, still in religion—the
main-spring of life—deems himself inferior to
the antediluvian races; else why should he say
God's inspirations and revelations have ended.
He ignores his birthright, and fears to investi-
gate those things which past ages in their dark-
ened vision, their limited conceptions, brand-
ed, as branded as *mysteries belonging to God!* He
fails to comprehend that cupid and inactivity
are the only horizon to man's knowledge; the only
impediment which debars him from the full fru-
ition of those spiritual truths which are the soul's
rich inheritance.

Thus is man fettered down to effete systems and
creeds, whose vitality passed out long, long ago.
Thus has man been fettered; but now, a glorious
light is piercing the gloom of this spiritual night.
A few souls have caught its gleaming, and the
world shall yet awaken to its glory. 'Tis yet but
a morning star, but its beams are spreading—soon
they will merge into the rich effulgence of the
noonday sun.

You fall to draw any lesson from the rose—fall
to discern in it any connection to self. Ah! my
Nellie, had you been confined less to written re-
velation, been influenced less by its popular version,
and studied more the grand kaleidoscope of Na-
ture, you would have seen in each of its infinite
variations, a lesson of wisdom, and in striving to
discover, as far as you might, the *modus operandi*
of their formation, you might perchance have dis-
covered that your own gentle self once wore the garb
of some such beautiful flower as the rose."

"What! you do not believe in the transmigra-
tion of souls?"

"I believe that the spirit, or vitalizing essence with-
in us, takes upon itself the various forms around
us, from higher to lower. Matter in the process
becomes refined, etherized, until it attains the
human form. Its ultimate condition—who can
tell? I do not, however, like Pythagoras, believe
that a soul is ever remanded back to earth to be in-
carnated again in the physical, or any material
form. Spirit having worn out one form, assumes a
higher and marches straight onward in the eternal
way of progression."

"Impossible! If so, why do I not remember
when I was a flower, a bird, or whatever I may
have been?"

"Tell me, do you remember the hour when you,
a helpless babe, was placed in your mother's
arms? Were you conscious then of the ecstatic joy
which pervaded her being? Did your baby heart,
scarcely yet throbbing with its first pulsations,
acknowledge the fervid blessing which a mother's
rejoicing soul breathed upon the spark of divine
life which she had individualized forever? Ah,
no; you cannot recall all the events of the past
month; how, then, would you expect to look back
through the dim vista of countless years into that
condition which the gates of so many deaths have
closed against you?"

The flower, under the genial workings of soil,
climate, rain and sunshine, grows, buds and bloss-
oms, and fills the air with its delightful odor; so
does the soul, under the pure inspiration of that
same mother Nature, expand in its own elemental
goodness, until it sheds upon the atmosphere of
human hearts the rich, abiding fragrance of hu-
man kindness. The bird in its freedom, lifts its
tiny pinions and soars away into regions beyond
our view. So does the soul, drinking from the
source of all strength—the deep fount of eternal
truth—cut through the mists of conservatism and
mount into the pure, free air of God's own heaven
—the broad field of investigation. Is there no sem-
blance of beauty—an augury of perfection?"

"Ah! but my Bible says that God breathed into
man's nostrils the breath of life, and made him a
living soul."

"Nellie, in all ages men have been fallible. The
inspirations recorded in your Bible were received,
interpreted and applied by man; therefore the book
is fallible."

"The Bible! Laura?"

"Does it not tell you that the man whom God
created fell from his high estate and was doomed
to die? Then was that breath of life freighted
with the seeds of death—that portion of Deity im-
perfect. Then is God imperfect. He, too, must
die. Oh, seek not thus to mar the infinitude of
God's purity; question not thus his Omnipotence.
Discard this long-lived tradition, and say with Na-
ture's teachings, that God is still creating man;
that each blow of the mighty sculptor develops a
curve of beauty—an augury of perfection."

"These are strange doctrines to me, Laura.
Pray tell me what led you to embrace them."

"To relate all the circumstances would be tedious.
Bereavement kept me from the frivolities
of the world, whilst necessity urged me to self-
exertion. My life has been one of trial; but all
has been good discipline; it has made me self-re-
liant, it has taught me the sacred duty which de-
volves upon every human being—to strive to know
myself. I have ever been of a deep, religious na-
ture; even in girlhood's hour, I turned from my
sportive companions to self-communion. I felt
that I was a dual being, that I had a physical na-
ture which demanded material food, alternative
rest and exertion; but high above this rose, God-
like, an inner nature, which cried out for something
high and holy. This inner power, in its ceaseless
agitation, yielding at times to an indefinite at-
traction, seemed to pass beyond the limits of earth
into the mighty arena of a future existence, in
which was marked out for me a destiny so grand,
so sublime that—oh God, my Father! I could
praise thee in one eternal song, whose refrain
should be, I thank thee that I live!"

At an early age I sought food in the church,
but, alas! too soon for my peace I found the
world's boasted religion a hollow mockery. I
could not stoop to the mediocrity of set forms, but
must worship God in the rich abundance of my
soul's enthusiasm. Question after question arose

to keep me in a perpetual state of unrest. I wait-
ed upon my spiritual teachers, but ever met with
that inconsistent, blasphemous response, 'It is a
mystery which belongs to God!' So continually did
they ring the changes on these few syllables that my
very brain became burdened with mystery—God
so completely enveloped in it that every character-
istic of the Father was lost. Religion seemed a
myth, life but the shadow of reality. Heart-sick and
weary, I left the church. Soon the vicissitudes of life
carried me for a time to a tropical clime. There,
wandering amid the exuberance of Nature, I felt
its harmonizing influence; I began to think; in-
cident after incident compelled me to throw off the
shackles of the old faith, and now—

"And now, Laura?"

"I am what the world would pronounce an *in-
fidel*; and so I am infidel to its cherished faith—but
true to my God, true to my own soul!"

"O, Laura, you startle me! and yet I feel that
you are good and pure; I could trust you with my
soul's salvation!"

"Do not so, Nellie. Yourself must save your-
self."

"Tell me, then, upon what you found your be-
lief."

"Upon the evidence of those truths which the
Eternal Mind writes upon the face of every form
of substance in this objective world. Science is
the grand key which unlocks to man the myste-
ries of his being. Science! the faithful accountant
of his past—the mighty revealer of his future.
Geology—sublime voice of the Most High God—
refutes at once the Mosiac record of the world's
creation, and carries us back to a period far beyond
that in which Adam is represented as resting
"neath the shady bowers, and wandering by the
limpid streams of Paradise. Chemistry, Botany,
Zoology, Phenology, Physiology, all are finger-
boards on the road of life, pointing to the reservoirs
of truth. They teach us that kingdom succeeded
kingdom—mineral, vegetable, animal. So gradu-
ally and so perfectly do these glide into each
other, that science has scarcely yet been able to
draw the exact line of demarcation, whilst there
are various and multitudinous links between the
embryotic and the perfect man. Through the
vast researches which Science makes into the la-
boratory of Nature, it is comparatively easy to
trace out some of the stages of man's past exist-
ence. Who shall strive to chronicle the infinite
incidents which speak to him of the soul's endur-
ing nature? The development of the flower, the
gradations of the human race, are testimonials of
human progression; whilst the very winds, as
they journey from their infinitude behind to their
eternity before, bear upon their viewless wings
the tidings of immortality. Such are Nature's
teachings—God's only true gospel—His ever-pres-
ent revelations. Would I had more opportunity
to scan its pages, all glowing with living truths."

But, Nellie dear, we must join the family cir-
cle. Your mamma will pronounce her guest the
very pattern of incivility should she longer ex-
clude herself on this, the last evening of her stay.
I feel that I have but faintly sketched some of
the glorious principles of our faith, but trust that
I have placed in your soul seeds which may yet
germinate into the whole some plants of thought
and investigation. Then I need not question of
the fruit. Come, let us go below."

"Nay, Laura, still one moment! Our acquaint-
ance has been brief and broken, yet, oh! how I
trust you! During this visit your true character
has been unfolded more freely to me, and I find
in it that which I do much need: strength and
clear perception."

You know, as all our social circle does, that in
a few brief months I am to become the wife of
Walter Williams. He is rich, honorable, high-
minded, and good, a man of influence, position, all
that my parents ask. I esteem—ay, I love him,
and yet when I contemplate this marriage, an in-
definable dread comes over me. I know not why
I tremble, and yet I do. I know that my home
will be one of comfort and luxury, and that he
will ever surround me with an atmosphere of
kindness. There is no other in the land I esteem
so highly, or love so much. I could take him to
my heart of hearts as a brother. Tell me, Oh! tell
me why I shrink from this closer union with him?"

Laura, arrested by the plaintive tones of her
friend, has re-taken her seat. Nellie, in the fervor
of her emotion, has laid her hand on Laura's
shoulder, and now with all the eloquence of the
pleading, upturned eye, asks of her friend sym-
pathy, counsel and strength.

Laura, comprehending the great want of the
young girl's soul, gently draws her to herself and
impresses a kiss upon her brow.

"Ah! then it is as I felt: there is a void in my
Nellie's being which Walter does not fill. You
shrink from this marriage, dear one, because it is
not a true union of souls. I believe, Nellie, that
the Infinite in His divine wisdom and love over-
creates two human beings, the one for the other—
separate, indeed, in body, but in the qualities of
the soul, its aspirations, in the only true vitality—
the life of the spirit—essentially and eternally
one. Your intuitions, true to their office, are loud-
ly telling you that Walter is not your own, not
that counterpart of self destined to walk with you
all along the eternal way."

"Ah, Laura! did I find anything in him repug-
nant, I should understand this dread better; but,
on the contrary, I take deep pleasure in his com-
pany. It is only at the thought of marriage that I
shrink; only when viewing him in the light of
husband that I tremble."

"This but corroborates what I have said. Were
he your own, your whole being would overflow
with happiness at the prospect of a union in
which your destinies so closely intermingle that
they merge into one. You love him, for he is
good and noble; but mistake not sister love for
that higher, more intense devotion which applies
but to one, and to him eternally."

For four years you have looked on Walter as
your future husband. Intimate and constant has

been your daily association, and whilst your mar-
riage day remained distant you were happy; now
its near approach causes you to think seriously of
it, and you are unhappy. The faithful monitor of
your interior being warns you that it would be
untrue, and, oh! believe me, Nellie, it were sacri-
fice for you to marry Walter. I speak not with
reference only to the violations of vows which
you will pledge at the hymeneal altar; but chiefly
to the results which may ensue from an untrue
union of souls.

Wherefore, think you, Nellie, marriage was in-
stituted? For the perpetuation of the human race,
alone? For the gratification of our mortal loves?
Nay, but for the development of our spiritual na-
tures, the unfolding of mind, and that with un-
ited powers we may go forth into the broad ara-
na of Nature and penetrate its mysteries, learning
in unison, page by page, the great volume of our own
being. Thus, dwelling ever in the sunlit courts of
harmony and plucking freely the fruit of the tree
of knowledge, we are better able to legislate for
posterity, better able to build up physical forms of
beauty and of our healthful action; thereby giving
vibrant scope to our spiritual and intellectual powers.
Oh, Nellie! did we all contract and live true mar-
riages, the human race would march unimpeded
to the goal, perfection. Sorrow, degradation and
suffering would ere long disappear from our
midst. I need not pass from the circle of our own
acquaintance, to point out the horrible results of
inharmonic, loveless marriages. You remember
our mutual friend, Virginia B—?"

"Alas! poor girl! I do; but surely you would
not pronounce hers a loveless union. Why, I
have seen George, while yet a lover, visit her in a
state of beastly intoxication, pour upon her a ti-
rade of the most obscene and abusive language,
and yet she has calmed his excitement, pillowed
his head upon her lap, and soothed him until he
had slept away her drunkenness. Insensible to her
generous conduct, he has left her to join his in-
ebriate associates, and soon became as drunk as
before. Despite all this, she married him. Was
not this true love?"

"Nay, Nellie, do not thus desecrate the name of
love. Hers was the wildest infatuation. The most
simple and yet most potent evidence against it be-
ing love, is the simple fact that he did not love
her. All true soul-love is mutual; it cannot be
otherwise. George ever used Virginia as a tool.
He wedded her for what she possessed, and when,
in his wild career, he had exhausted every cent of
that, he left her with two helpless children as a
charge. In a few weeks she became the inmate
of the insane asylum. Her case is pronounced
hopeless, and although friends have taken her
children, who can fill to them a mother's place?"

But a still more lamentable case, if possible, is
that of our friend, Gertrude F—. Recall her
beaming face, ever radiant with mirth and glad-
ness. The animation of our girl circle, kind and
generous to a fault, she was beloved by us all;
but, as you know, she was extremely sensitive and
proud. We saw her led to the altar. She gazed
with pride upon her new-made husband; no doubt
life loomed up before her crowned with happiness.
Alas! how soon the charm was broken, the spell
dissolved! He proved a tyrant, and hers was not
the nature to call forth the redeeming qualities of
his nature. Her proud spirit rebelled against his
tyranny, and in a gust of direful passion they
separated. Having thus drawn upon herself the
ban of society, she proudly kept aloof from it; but
her social nature needed a companion, and one
came—a fiend in the guise of a sympathetic friend.
He first tendered sympathy, friendship; finally
in honeyed words he spoke to her of love. In a
moment of weakness she yielded to the tempter,
and now she is his tool.

Hearing, since my arrival, of her sad condition,
I sought her out. At first she repulsed me; but
by degrees I made her sensible that my visit was
one of love. I besought her, in all the earnestness
of my soul, to abandon her condition; but in vain.
"Why should I, Laura?" she said, "my mother,
whose pride never survived the blow, cursed me
with her dying breath; society brands me with
the stigma of dishonor; the world turns a cold,
contemptuous shoulder upon me; every avenue is
closed against me!" "But go, Gertrude, I plead,
'to a place where you are not known.' I will be
your friend, and under new circumstances, amid
new surroundings, you can free yourself from the
thrall of this man's influence, and lead a life
which your own soul in its natural goodness
would prompt."

"Ah! go among strangers where I'd meet no
familiar face—to live in a perpetual fear of being
discovered. No! rather let me dwell in the
warmth of his professions, and when he forsakes
me I trust a grave will welcome Gertrude F—."

I entreated, but all in vain; I tremble for her
fate."

"These pictures are indeed horrible! Poor Vir-
ginia we must leave to medical skill; but think
you not, Laura, our united entreaties would pre-
vail with Gertrude?"

"Nay, fear not. Dreadful as seems the alterna-
tive, we must leave her until she sinks still lower
in the scale of human morality. Now, whilst con-
scious of having committed but one error which
the world can censure, her pride forbids her ap-
pearing even to her dearest friend as an object of
compassion and effort. When tired of her charms,
her destroyer will desert her. Then it is that—
if she does not with her own hand sever the silver
chord of life—she will be driven by the world's
stern anathemas, society's cold repulses, down to
a life of the deepest degradation and woe. But
howsoever low she may fall, though she sink into
the vilest cesspool of vice and infamy, there will
be moments when the purity of her soul will dif-
fuse throughout her being intense yearning for a
higher, nobler state; moments when every good
and holy element of her nature will go forth, like
searching tendrils, through the dark labyrinth of
erring years, until attaching to the happy era of
her guiltless maidenhood, they will wind with

firm, tenacious grasp around its sunlit memory, drawing her upwards. Then should some honest, sympathizing heart step forth, speak to her with cheering voice, stretch out a sure, strong hand, she would bless the heaven-sent messenger, and follow at their call. So, my Nellie, since I go hence to-morrow, I will leave you to watch over our still dear, though erring Gertrude."

"And in sacred trust do I accept the charge, my Laura."

"But sympathy and anxiety for our friend has led us from our subject. You may urge, Nellie, that these cases can form no parallel to your own. Let us look beneath that which passes for communal happiness. Turn to Mr. and Mrs. P. A superficial observer might say they were happy in each other. But mark them closely, note the utter indifference which characterizes their intercourse. They live in quietude; but is there any soul-communion there? Can you discover any of that elevating, strength-imparting happiness which kindles into existence only at the union of two soul-knit beings? Think you not that they have moments when their natures know a mighty want—moments when life seems all a barren state, and they long to escape from its monotony, even through the fiery ordeal of suffering—the dread gases of death? Their daughters, too—oh! pity them! Unblest with that harmony and wisdom resulting from the rule of united parent hearts, they have grown up uncultivated in their spiritual natures. Having no conception of the sublime duty of life, their highest ambition is to attain to a position and a name, for which they are ready to throw themselves heedlessly into the vortex of matrimony, which may engulf not only their happiness, but their very virtues, and render themselves, or their children, fit subjects to rank with our wretched Gertrude and unhappy Virginia."

I need not draw for you the sublimely beautiful and happy picture of a truly united family—your own soul will sketch it. But tell me, do not these I've represented bid you beware, and not lightly assume a position which will effect not only yourself, but the happiness and destiny of future generations?"

"Alas! they make me shudder, and yet I feel that I am bound by every principle of honor, by the cherished hopes of my parents, to become Walter's wife. Oh! how can I wring his kind and trusting heart, how can I blot his glowing vision of a happy home? How can I crush his fondly fostered hopes by refusing to keep my long pledged vow? Father of Mercy, guide me! . . . and you, Laura, what of your future?"

"My future, Nellie, is swallowed up in the consciousness of the ever earnest present. Let me each moment live up to the highest realization of the capabilities of my being, and I know that my future will be one of usefulness and serene happiness. Somewhere in the realms of God's universe exists my soul's counterpart, and we shall meet and recognize at some point in the eternal way. It may be here or hereafter—what matters it?"

"And can you thus calmly contemplate the possibility of merging into that cold, helpless creature—an old maid?—one who has no place, no power in society. That was a sad fate for you, my warm-hearted, generous friend!"

"Speak not thus carelessly, for I know your better reasoning would refute these charges. Must I necessarily change my nature because I lead a single life? Will there be no avenue open for the exercise of the emotions of my affectional nature? Can I not make for myself a place and a power in the hearts of suffering humanity, more enduring and more potent than any society can give? For years I have battled with an orphan's fate. Think you that as each year adds its measure of experience, I cannot continue to go forth, if need be, with augmented strength? There are women—would there were many such—who, realizing true conceptions of life and its solemn duties, and whose present minds tell them that in the hereafter alone they shall know the fruition of soul-union, have dared to face the world and its epithet, 'old maid,' and dedicate themselves and their talents to humanity. Whilst the world bows in reverence before the all-embracing love of these women, it still pronounces them cold, incapable of feeling in the closer, dearer relationships of life; and yet, could you scan the pages of their lives, methinks you would find recorded moments of quietude, in which the grateful increase of gladdened souls, the homage of admiring thousands full to appease the intense longing for a nearer, dearer life. But the hour passes. The thundering voice of humanity's distress sends forth its notes of summons, and smothering all these yearnings, forth they go again to battle for the weak. Then say not, Nellie, old maids are necessarily emotionless, helpless beings, and should you ever meet with one such devoted soul as I've described, and feel attracted by a kindred sympathy, oh! do not hedge her in with a divinity so great as to render her incapable of response. Remember, that though Godlike in devotion, she is human still; proffer her your love, and be assured, she will ever bless you for it. And now, dear one, ere to-morrow's dawn I must start for my old field of labor again, therefore I cannot stay longer from your dear mamma."

"Then, Laura, my own, my faithful friend, though we may mingle in the family circle, let this be our parting hour. I know that your kind and noble nature will ever draw around you sincere friends. I need not ask for that, but oh! I pray that heaven will ever prosper you in all your efforts, and bless you in the fruition of your heart's desires."

"And I would not dictate to you, my Nellie, a line of action; but I beseech you to think seriously and long upon this momentous subject. Listen to the pure intuitions of your soul, and you will never fail to attain to happiness. This kiss shall be a seal of perpetuation to our friendship."

Scarcely sixteen months have left their impress upon the sand-beach of Time, ere we note the issues of our Nellie's life. We stand upon the sea-shore, the lashings of the waters upon the strand beat, beat, beating sound like the great pulsations of a mighty heart, and the foam-crested billows remind us of the flickering lights of human existence as they ride, for a brief space, in their towering majesty, then break and sink to give place to others. Night has spread out her sombre mantle—oh! how I love the night, lighted up with the mild radiance of the moon. We may bask in the genial warmth of the sun—we may gaze on gorgeous landscapes illumined by its brilliancy, until our souls grow with admiration of its beauty; but give to me the solemn, the majestic night! Why, every silvery moonbeam seems laden with a happy influence of strength, which steals o'er the wearied, discouraged soul, girding it for renewed action. Every whispering breeze and murmuring hill speaks out in still potent voice, "Sister, cheer up; let not earth-life's battles weary thee! Thou art divine; thou art omnipotent. Strike, and prove it! While from leaf and bush, dancing ripple and starry sentinel, goes up one grand, silent but soul-responsible chant to the All-Father. Fitting time for a soul, gathering from its surroundings evidence of its divinity and power, and prophesies of its destiny."

"Fitting time for a soul to pass through the portals of a higher life."

Entering one of the cottages which skirt the coast, we find our Nellie stretched pale and feeble on a couch. Around are grouped her father, mother and husband—for such is Walter Williams. A glance into their mournful faces reveals the sad tale—she is dying.

"Walter, dear, roll my couch to the window; throw up the shutters, that I may once again feel the balmy air of June kiss my brow and sport among my tresses. . . . Oh, 'tis joy thus to gaze on the pure blue vault of heaven. Tell me, ye starry watchers of the night, what of my future home? But nay; sublime as is the answer which your pure radiance gives, the silent voices, the angel whisperings which come tidings to my soul, picture to me a grander, a sublimer one. They tell of a land of beauty, lighted by the sunlight of eternal Love and Truth. They tell me that there I shall indeed live. Oh, my Laura, had I heeded thy warning voice, earth-life might have been to me a blessed reality. Walter, my brother, unwittingly have I shined against you; but you need not, if you could, ask my punishment, for it came with the very act. I have shined most fearfully against myself and him. By my act I have cut short two lives in their earth-bloom; but you, you shall live to realize the capabilities and powers of your being—ay, my brother, you shall live, and thus I bless you. Mother, my mother and father dear, I go not so far but that I shall come again gliding o'er the electric chords of love to commune with you, soul with soul; and when at eventide the little home-band gathers round, your Nellie'll be near, to strengthen, cheer and comfort. Weep not, dear mother; nay, look up and smile. Thrice blessed is your child, who seeks a brighter home, where she the fruition of exerted power shall know; and—but—I'm going—now. Farewell—farewell!"

The explanation is briefly given. Unable fully to comprehend the warning words of Laura, Nellie yielded to the influence of circumstances and married Walter Williams.

Scarcely had the vows died on her lips ere she awoke to life. Attending the wedding was Edmund, Walter's only brother. Possessing all the noble qualities which in Walter she loved, he possessed, too, the magic power which found the inner spark of Nellie's being, and fanned it into a flame upon the altar of her soul. For days they mingled together, scarcely designating each other as the source of the supreme happiness they felt. No word was spoken; but that electric telegraph which extends from soul to soul revealed it. He remembered she was his brother's wife—she never forgot it. To prevent these new emotions betraying him into any word or act of inconsistency, he resolved to travel. Having made his preparations and adieu, he started for the train, arriving near which his horse, in a freak of madness, dashed across the track; but the mighty wheels of the iron monster crushed the driver, and in less than an hour he was carried back a mangled corpse. Nellie lived on. Her husband was ever gentle, ever kind; but he could not impart the warmth her nature needed. She pined and drooped—at last she died. Physicians pronounced her case consumption. Were they right?

Thus we leave one who, if she had obeyed the admonitions of that voice which ever makes itself heard within the sacred precincts of the soul, might have sown the field of earth-life with precious seeds, which would have ripened into golden harvests of true reward. Alas! that now she can only reap the worthless thistle-down of uncultivated faculties.

And Laura! What of her? Why, who that has gained this insight into her character need question of her path in life? Her letters come to us freighted with the deep earnestness of her soul, and we know how zealously she labors to instill the glorious principles of Truth into the minds of her charges. Into the realms of the future we cannot go.

Do you ask, reader, why I've recorded these incidents? I answer, because by tracing out their effects I hope to strike a blow at that culpable levity and haste which characterizes most marriages of the present day. It is to you, my sisters, that I appeal—you who are about to enter married life for the sole purpose of gaining a home and support. Recall the wretchedness and degradation of Gertrude—the imbecility of Virginia—ay, do more than this: investigate the cases of want, unhappiness—yes, and of crime around you, and see if you cannot trace it as the result of inharmonious, sinful marriages. You may advance as a plea the low rate of woman's wages, and say you cannot live by them. Better die in striving to live a true life than live materially blest but ever transgressing moral laws, consequently ever enduring penalties. This, however, involves the consideration of another point. Man has almost ever monopolized the means of a support, leaving to woman one—the healthy, elevating occupation of sewing from morn's first streak to midnight's gloom. Woman, slave as she is, or has been, obedient to the mandate of her duty, uncomplainingly took her allotted sphere, embracing it as her destiny. But is it so? Man designated it, but has God decreed it? Wherefore has he given to woman will, individuality, desire, intellect, talent, every faculty that man possesses, unless it be to use them? There is sufficient evidence that woman's position is false, in the simple fact that she is breaking through the limits man has imposed. A new era is dawning for woman, and she who, stepping bravely forth, asserts and maintains one God-given right, hastens by so much its inauguration.

God has endowed his creatures with certain faculties, and he who fails to use them, who occupies a position inferior to their capacity, mocks his God and robs some fellow-being of a livelihood. Therefore, my sisters, you whose abilities sanction your engaging in a higher and nobler pursuit, does it not occur to you that by swelling the ranks of sewing-women you rob your less favored sister? Let us see. A woman depending on her own exertions resorts most generally to the needle. Each addition to the ranks diminishes the price received, until now the number of sewing-women is so large, and the remuneration so infinitely small, that a poor girl having no other resource—though she convert her existence into one continuous day of sewing, and stitches the very golden thread of life into the garment which she shapes, baptizing it with the bloom of health from her cheeks, and entwining in each fibre the ebbing pulsations of her heart—cannot, nay, she cannot gain a support. Call ye that support which awards merely the bread and water necessary to life, without one moment of social intercourse or intellectual enjoyment?

There are many other employments for women with adequate capacities and brave hearts, employments which honor dictates and Nature sanctions, viz: clerks, book-keepers, copyists, designers, telegraph-operators, compositors, teachers, physicians, and even lawyers, if need be. Where is the inconsistency? Woman may stand on the rostrum, and teach the people the glorious principles of truth. Why may she not stand up in the bar and plead for the wronged and oppressed—

take the weapons of the law—assert and gain their rights? Surely this capacity in life would afford a wide scope for woman's tender sympathies and benevolent efforts, for there is no phrase whose meaning wealth and position so shamefully distort, no instrument with which they so cruelly grind down and inflict the poor, as this same law.

Then arouse ye, my sisters all, and listen to the voice which comes pealing through our land. It breaks upon our ear in the thundering tones of misery, it startles us in the piercing cry of snapping heart-strings, it reaches us in the doleful wail of want, and speaks to us in the pale, wan features of the compelled to be sewing-girl. Its ever-recurring utterances—what are they? Women, to your work! Step forth in the sublimity and might of conscious right, and open avenues for the exercise and use of the faculties and powers which God has given you, until you stand side by side with your brother, man, in the great battle of life, in the march of progress.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FAIL!

BY A. F. M'COMBES.

Fail I who dare utter such a thought
With heritage so dearly bought?
What! twenty million freemen fail,
Who dare to do, whose hearts ne'er equal,
Whose cause is just, and must prevail
O'er every foe?

Fail I with millions spent and thousands slain,
With all our tears, with all our pain,
With all we've lost, with all we've won,
By Frederick'sburg, by Donelson?
By Heaven! No!

Fail I never, while a Bunker Hill,
Or Cowper's Field is whispering still,
Or Saratoga's frowning peak,
Or Brandywine's red, bloody creek,
With Yorktown's battlefields, still speak
Of glorious deeds!

We cannot drop a single star,
While ITALY looks from afar,
While POLAND lives, while IRELAND hopes,
While AFRICA's son in slavery gropes
And silent pleads.

Fail I who breathe the burning shame,
Who sell his birthright and his name,
Must be a coward, or a knave,
Who'd heap dishonor on the graves
Of all the hosts of martyred slaves
For liberty!

What! twenty million freemen fail,
Whose strength is borne on every gale,
Who wield a power of vast extent,
And grasp in half the continent
From sea to sea!

With plains so rich the race can feed
Or starve their enemies, if need;
Who, as the masters of the world,
King Cotton from his throne has hurled,
And Corn hath raised, with flag unfurled
Upon the gale!

With education as a dower,
And knowledge, that is always power;
While maid and matron, son and sire,
Are burning with the olden fire,
They cannot fail!

With forests deep, and valleys wide,
With rattling wheels on every side,
With mines of gold and iron hills,
With giant streams and massive mills,
With hands for toil and master wills
To move the whole!

Whose art outwits every one,
Whose eagle soars in every sun,
Whose name, and fame, and wealth are known
In every land, and clime, and zone,
From pole to pole!

By all the grand historic names,
By all our fathers' heaven-born aims,
By the great name of WASHINGTON,
By all the past and present won,
By all the future yet to come,
We must not fail!

Fail I let not the word be spoke again—
'T would make the bones of heroes slain,
Now bleaching on Antietam's plain,
Cry out in agony of pain,
To hear such wail!

What! shall a nation, great and free,
Now blazoned bright in heraldry,
Be stranded, and go down in night,
Forgotten, lost to human sight,
Too base to struggle for its right
Against tyranny?

No! Banish ease, each selfish God,
No! Never stoop to lick the rod!
What! shall a puny few prevail,
The spirits of our sires bewail
Their progeny?

Fail! Traitors only breathe the word,
Let those with love of country stirred,
Rise in their strength, nor fall nor falter,
But firm around their country's altar
United stand!

Oh! NORTHERN, now the time has come
When you must strike, or all is gone!
Oh! do not you feel the mighty throes
Of Freedom struggling with her foes?
Rise in your strength! Rise in your might!
Strike for your country and the right,
Strike for the land your fathers gave,
Strike, the grand heritage to save,
Strike for your flag; strike treason pale,
Strike, he who dares to utter fail;
Strike for yourselves, your hearthstone fires,
Strike with the nerve each hope inspires;
Strike for your children yet unborn;
Strike for mankind blows that will tell,
On Time's great stream resurging swell;
Strike deadly blows, none else will do,
Strike traitors, till they beg and sue;
Strike crushing blows, that strife may cease,
Strike, till you bring the dews of peace
All o'er our land!

The Sayings of Jaffer Clayton.

When a man takes his first glass of liquor, the balance needle of his life begins to dip the wrong way.

The carrier that lies by the roadside arises in the form of green grass and beautiful flowers; so man, whether in the dungeon, poor-house, or brothel, is on the road to something higher.

How like the human heart are two raindrops chasing each other down the window-pane. They have no beauty in themselves, but beneath the great magnifying glass of the Almighty's Love, they shine forth with all the rainbow's glory.

All the elements of our country's proudest triumph might be wrought out by the sledge hammer of Revolution on the anvil of the direct conflict, for the curling tops of lofty waves are only the crest of the ocean. From its depths comes the overpowering strength of its tides.

Cleveland, O., June 23, 1864.

Original Essay.

RELIGION AND PROGRESS.

BY L. JUDY PARDEE.

The long standing question—"What's in a name?"—perpetually, vitally presents itself. Once, indeed, in the long ago past, when men were more instinctive than rationally individualized, names were outer types of inner states, or, expressive of some personal psychological or physiological quality. Now we are more unnatural and more arbitrary. Civilization has drawn us to the circumference of things. We are somewhat detached from the central significance and spirit of life, and hitched to the car of Conventionality. But still there are certain correspondential meanings left us. And as we go back upon the within, or the spirit, we spontaneously let the outer envelope, embody and express the inner more and more. The words, therefore, *Religion* and *Progress* mean something. Contrariwise to the common estimation amongst us, there is no essential antagonism between them. It is a fixed Theology against which we do battle, not a true Religion. This last is always in union with Science; and these two, co-wed on Natural, Spiritual and Celestial planes, bring forth the child Progress, itself pregnant with thought-children fit to teach or rule the world.

But what is Religion? It has significance in two senses—the general, the special. In the general sense, Religion is an affectional consciousness of our relation to the Divine—not an intellectual, primarily, but an affectional consciousness. But what is the Divine? Assuredly, all things bear that stamp—that is, all things express the presence and power and use of the immanent Divinity. The expression is as to grades of existence and degrees. The Goodly Spirit is not only immanent, overbrooding and providentializing us from spiritual, finer and therefore diviner spheres, but immanent, also—finding outlook and manifestation through everything, by everything. Pantheism has its own significance and must not be absolutely set aside. As well try to make the universe an empty shell, or the form of man simply a galvanic machine.

Now Uses embody divine Ultimates. Hence uses best express the Divine. And they imply, always, that antecedent parentage of Love or Life and Wisdom or Form which are perpetually wed to bring them forth. So, therefore, when I say that Uses best express the Divine, in Her or His Ultimates, I do not forget, but at once suggest, Essences or Elements, which are the bases of Affectional Consciousness, and, therefore, of the Religious instinct—as also, Forms or Methods whereby all that finds expression. Uses, then, imply irresistibly Religion, on the one hand, Theology the Science of Religion, and all general Science itself, on the other.

But Uses vary, being dissimilar. For instance, man is a threefold being, an outer, an inner and an innermost existence—or a Natural, a Spiritual and a Celestial, or specifically Divine Entity, a being of body, mind and soul, which, by virtue thereof, make him such. So, there are Uses Natural or External, using that term in its limited sense, Uses Spiritual, Uses specifically divine.

Now, is there a man not attached, that is, affectionally related, to some use? That use may be low or high, gross or fine, outward and material and inward or spiritual—or, it may be inmost, and relatively highest and celestial, and, therefore, specifically Christologic or Divine.

What is the induction? That all men are religious on the plane they feel and think and act—but not religious alike. The grossest and most material men, the men of the world, and such because bound hand and foot in mind and will by its gravitating attractions—each has his Religion, though he never so much as bends the knee of spirit to the Higher Spirit, or recognizes Immortality, Spiritual Progress, or Absolute, Universal Good. But his Religion is not that of Saint or Seer, nor such as Jesus, the Christ of Love, was interloperly commissioned to teach. Some use, something expressive of the Divine, on its plane, affectionally bends or binds every one. It is the progressive destiny of every mind to realize and actualize, either here in the *Seen*, or there in the outwardly *Unseen*, the Religion of Christ Jesus—that Religion, in short, which is specifically of the inmost, and, therefore, specifically Divine. It has a twofold formula, an inward look toward God, an outward movement toward man. Love God thy Father and thy fellow men, said the Nazarene. And it is this specific Religion of Humanity, which, from the depths of Consciousness we can truly say, nothing here on earth can ever supersede. When Jesus gave us the representation of Universal Love, even as Washington did of Justice and Garrison, does of Liberty, the after ages got a Gospel of the Heart which cannot be transcended. But dead forms must decay and vanish. The renewed Spirit of the race demands a new Theology. The divine energy of that Christly Religion will work for itself a fresh fabric of theologic expression. Progress will be the generic means to do the deed. That will fetch this golden fish out of the waters of the God in man. I augur for this people, and for all peoples, a grand result, though it come walking through smoke and din of battlefields, where fierce passion spends itself in the spill of blood, or tolls by many a winding way and successive "valley of the shadow of death" to its destined goal, when the Gospel of Progress blazes on all the banners of life. Progress is the ultimate of new Combinations, on the one hand, and new Developments, necessarily because of them, on the other.

To-day, we are progressively struggling to get rid of the principalities and powers of Darkness, which is Error, of the past—in the threefold sphere of the Church, the State and Society. Look around. A Protestantism needs to be persistently protested against. Not one side or sign of it can fairly feed us with its offering. We go beyond—and ask not simply for refreshment but nutriment. Whether it be Methodism, the theology of the million—or, Episcopalianism, that of the upper and aristocratic ten thousand—or, Presbyterianism for the hard-headed—or, Baptistism of the hard-hearted—or, Universalism for the loving—or Unitarianism for the thinking—or more Quakerism, that and nothing more, for the beauty-sacrificing—each and all alike are inadequate unto us, catching the Light of a New Spiritual Age. We need a Theology, expressive of a Religion for Humanity—Christianism over again, and something more—the heart of God once made manifest by the living life of the Nazarene, the fount of highest and broadest feeling, wed to a head commensurate, in its dualism, with the demands of the rapidly developing Affection and Reason of the Race. Hence, we need, and are getting because we do, a new outpouring of the God in high spirit—in short, a special Spiritual Dispensation. So the signs signify, and any man may interpret them who has unclouded eyes. More Church-ianism, dead in the spirit and in its trespasses and sins against the spiritual rights of man, and lacking a God of Nature, must give way before the march of freshly

inspired mind. Defunct bodies should not lie on highways to depurify the atmosphere, or impede the freedom-trend of men.

But do we realize in thought the full spirit, and aim, and irresistible tendency of this new Spiritual Age? As I understand it, that is dawning now not simply fraught with an iconoclastic, but gifted with a constructive spirit. Something else besides a perception and agonized feeling of defects is needed. Let us open our interior eyes of mind, and slight the probable effects of the advent, already foreshadowed, of a special Universal and Unitary Truth-Dispensation. As I see it, that is missioned to march not only through Churches, but also, through States and Societies. It will level with one arm of power, and build anew with the other. Man needs to be redeemed both without and within. A new set of principles, a new system of methods, a new style of women and men are called for. Who knows but that they are in our very midst?

Do I merely make surmise? Let the signs, abundant on every hand, make their demonstrative signification. Let us march out of old places to meet the new comers. When George Fox, that heretic and apostolic spirit-revelator, took his life in his hand, and went forth with a New Gospel on his tongue, to wit, that God is an inspiring and guiding light in every man's soul, did he pause because the Church and State, and even good men but blind, set up a fierce front against him, and would not accredit, as from God, the word he gave? Of a verity, I think, we stand to-day on the threshold of a grander Dispensation than his—grander, indeed, because broader in Wisdom, but not higher in Love, than that which came by the lips and life of Christ Jesus. A new Evangelicalism on us—a Gospel commensurate with the fullness, if not the completeness and perfectness, of Divinity, the true trinity and unity of Truth, and Love, and Wisdom Universal.

I said such Dispensation opening will be constructive; but first it will be disintegrative. It knocks with irresistible hand at the doors of every department. And it must and will overthrow every idol. What do we see in the State? No God of Absolute Justice, either constitutional or practical, is there enthroned. Granted that everything there is as well as well can be. We aim for, and, in the providence and by the grace of God, we must and will have better.

What do we see in Society? A huge machine of Custom to grind to atoms the highest hopes of man. Civilization is its right arm of power and Ecclesiasticism its left. Between the arms of this trained but terrible force the pure Christ of Justice is well nigh crushed. Therefore, in the light of that Wisdom which sees uses in everything and event, and which justifies herself by long results, I hail the one set of preparers of this new Advent—war and woe and all distress. There are two methods of Divine Government, each equally authentic in its place. They are *Sanction* and *Force*. One is the child of Love, the other of Wisdom. When one cannot avail, the other must. And I say, if the Light cannot get into the world's Bastilles, the Bastilles must be demolished, that it may shine over their waste places, and light the workmen who build anew. I am for Force when Wisdom presents it, because I am a friend of Love and Peace.

If we are to have a new Theology, we must have a New State, the New Church (are long to rise) to be the Mother of it. Church and State ought to be, as in essential reality everywhere they always have been, one. This ostensible separateness never struck deep. Every thinker knows what mutual and interactive help and play there practically is between them. Give us a pure, a divine, a rationally justified and a continuously inspired Church—and it must help keep pure and heaven-helped the State. I proclaim a State resting on three corner-stones, to wit: First, That all things and forms, atoms and forces, are dual, that is, *seized*, positive and negative, masculine and feminine; hence woman must sit in the Legislative hall, on the Judicial bench, and go wherever her abilities can take her. Second, man is an individual sovereign, and though as a social being he has not the right to do as he pleases, unless he pleases to do right, (which right is determined, first, by his own development, and, next, by his relations to others) yet that broadest, amplest, fullest freedom, consistent with the law of its own limitation in this sphere, should be allowed him. Third, that Governmental structures and forms may and inevitably will be outgrown, new ones be demanded, and that effect of progress be understood at the start, and constitutionally recorded. No living or defunct Governmental Institution ever expressed, on its Constitutional parchment, either of those three. I look, then, within the next decade, for a new Declaration of Independence, and an entirely new Constitution for the purified Nation.

But before that hour fully comes, expect not only no peace, but civil war and disintegration in the North. A returning soldiery, demoralized, in the main, by camp life and the bloody incidents of battle; an increasing peace party, lost to a sense of real Justice and Purity, the only solid bases of peace; and the revolutionary power of new Ideas come to every sphere of life—these will usher us into new battle-fields not simply of mind, but arms; and not simply hot, but bloody. Besides, the North is not yet fit, before God, for its own heritage. We behold, indeed, a plenteous and splendid illustration of public spirit and private worth; on every hand a royal self-sacrifice and a kingly act in behalf of all that goes to make a people great, by the standards of the past—but we see, also, a lust of gold, a corruption of morals, and a lack of education in the spirit and aim and use of grand new Principles waiting advent to power, and even now asking but to be heard, which must eventuate in still successive woes. Well, always the pathway to heaven is through hell, even though it is not necessitated upon every one to have the hell pass through him. Therefore, let us put our trust in God, gladly greet the comers of redemptive thought, with which the New Age comes burdened, in the spirit of that redemption which awaits us, and valiantly fight in love, and if needs be with arms, for the Truth-powers commissioned from out the heavens of spirit to help fashion for us this gladsome end.

But what is that end? It is spiritual development within, and absolute reconstruction without, for all. Hence not only individual purification and illumination, but political, religious and societary re-institutionalization is God-demanded. We cannot jump into new states. We must grow. Hence the need of every aid. And by this light we justify that Wisdom which uses those evils we have, or those which are to come.

To-day, in the State, we are rapidly tending to military rule. Who can say that in the accumulated troubles marching out upon us, a still stronger hand may not be needed to give us even the semblance of some security? Besides, we are going forward to solve a problem in Government, to wit—the reconciliation of what has hitherto been deemed antagonistic, and which is evidently opposite. Autocracy has its goods and uses; Democracy its. We are fit for the absolute of neither. Why may not there be, under the providence of God,

SUBJECTS. Address, Philadelphia, Franklin Co., Pa. May 1—
 SAMUEL H. PAIST, the billed medium, will answer calls to lec-
 ture and sit for tests. Address, Henry T. Child, M. D., 634 East
 street, Philadelphia, Pa. May 2—
 H. B. STONER, Foxboro', or 4 Warren st., Boston. Feb 3—
 MRS. LAURA CUFFY, Dayton, Ohio. Mar 12—
 REV. ADIN BALLOU, lecturer, Hopedale, Mass. April—
 L. JUD FARDER, Boston, Mass. June 1—

Three Days' Spiritual Grove Meeting.

Held at Grand Lodge, Eaton Co., Michigan, on Saturday, Sunday and Monday, July 23, 24 and 25, 1864.

Reported for the BANNER OF LIGHT by W. F. Jamieson.

Among the homelocks, surrounded by the wild, grand and most picturesque scenery that is to be found in this part of Michigan—deep gorges, high cliffs, and rushing, musical rivulets, the waters of the noble Grand River calmly moving on to Lake Michigan—and such scenery and with such surroundings, a few earnest souls assembled at two o'clock, on Saturday afternoon, to enjoy a season of intellectual and spiritual instruction.

Sylvester Hoyt, Esq., of De Witt, was chosen President, and W. F. Jamieson, of Birmingham, Vice President; W. Jamieson, Secretary. Finance Committee—W. Brown, of Grand Lodge; A. Reed, of Watertown; J. B. Taylor, of Williams; L. B. Brown, of Westphalia; Stephen Hill of Watertown.

Mr. Hoyt on taking the chair, said: My friends—For this mark of your esteem, in conferring upon me the high honor of presiding over your meeting, you have my thanks. The purpose for which we are assembled has been explained to you. We have met for pleasure and instruction. Permit me to introduce to you Mrs. Emma Martin as the first regular speaker.

[As the Secretary was called away at the close of the first session, to attend the funeral of Wm. H. Hicks, at St. Johns, thirty miles distant, Sunday's proceedings were unreported, therefore, there will be no full report given of any of the sessions.]

Mrs. Martin speaks almost entirely in verse upon subjects chosen by the audience. On this occasion, many beautiful truths were uttered through her organism, by the noble spirit of Robert Burns, such as—God rules and holds control of every soul; he speaks in all that is sublime, that is bright; the Law that was, is still the same; angels have come to earth, and will come again. For nearly three-quarters of an hour this controlling intelligence, in poetic measure, reasoned clearly, logically, to prove that angel communion is a present truth, that history, nature and the intuitions of the soul proclaim it. The beauties of the summer-land were next portrayed in choicest language. Well may we feel as this pure spirit said: "Death is not so dark."

The Secretary spoke on the "Nature of Truth." (Reported by A. B. Whiting.) "All it wants and all it asks, is the liberty of appearing." All are seeking for truth. All that is acquired in science, art, or religion—every species of knowledge on earth, will be of service to the soul in the next state of existence. When it obtains a taste of knowledge its effect will be felt forever. Every act of the present is shaping the destiny of the immortal spirit.

Second Day.—Meeting assembled at nine o'clock Sunday morning. A conference of one hour was held, in which L. B. Brown, Elijah Woodworth—an old veteran in the cause of truth—and others took part.

Mrs. Martin and A. B. Whiting made the principal speeches of the day, affording a rich treat to the thousands in attendance, who were so happy to be singing and poetry by both speakers.

Had the good fortune to meet Prof. Stearns, the celebrated psychologist, at St. Johns, whom I persuaded to accompany me Sunday evening on my return to Grand Lodge.

Third Day.—Awakened at sunrise by the booming of cannon, reminding us that there is WAR in the land. I hope and pray for the time when REASON shall rule, then war shall be no more. We celebrated our National Independence in a becoming manner, by devoting the forenoon to a delightful ramble through the woods on the river bank, and among the rocks, up and down steep, narrow paths, with the craggy, massive stone hanging over our heads. At one point our party wended its way for a considerable distance along the shelving rocks extending far out over our heads, from which streamer water were pouring, rendering the atmosphere deliciously cool. Added to all this was the luxury of slaking our thirst at the springs of water that issued from the rocks.

Hanging from a shelf of rock was an embowered (dried up) cricket. We invoked the spirit of Burns to control Sister Martin and favor us with an impromptu poem on the cricket. It would have been a rich treat for the readers of the BANNER to have listened to that poem.

During the ramble an Indian spirit, tempted, no doubt, by his old familiar haunts, seized Mrs. Martin—who is a young, slight, delicate woman—and sped away like a fawn over steep, rough hills, down through valleys, up the rocky cliff, from which a commanding view of the surrounding country was obtained, and which afforded the spirit great satisfaction. As she bounded away when first induced, our whole party started in pursuit, to endeavor to ward off harm, but we were left far in the rear, and out of breath, but the medium exhibited no symptoms of fatigue.

At noon the party had returned to the village, after enjoying the celebration of the Fourth of July in this sensible, healthy and delightful manner.

At 2 o'clock the people again assembled. Speeches were made by Mrs. Martin, Mr. Jamieson and L. B. Brown, after which the meeting adjourned sine die, and thus closed a pleasing meeting, which will afford many a pleasant reminiscence. The bonds of friendship were there formed between many hearts that will be enduring as eternity.

Prof. Stearns gave one of his interesting psychological entertainments in the evening, for the benefit of the speakers, for which he received their grateful thanks. The Professor has met with much bitter persecution, in like manner as the Davenport, but he has an iron will that knows no defeat. He is added in his psychological experiments by William Beller, a Normandese Frenchman, with whom Mr. A. B. Whiting converses with great fluency in Normandese French.

Prof. Stearns will attend the Grand National Convention of Spiritualists at Chicago in August next, and would be happy to meet Prof. Grimes there—one against Spiritualism, the other for it.

LINGERING MUSIC.

[It is affirmed, by those best qualified to judge, that in the apartment occupied by the working lodge of Masons, there may be heard for an hour after the dispersion of the brethren, SONGS OF MUSIC—sweet, lingering, and of wondrous sweetness. They are significant, it is said, of that first anthem, inspired by the genius of GRAND MASTER SOLOMON, and sung in the Masons' lodges in the crypts and chambers of the Temple. They are the lingering music of the Masons' song dead. No one who has ever enjoyed the influence of that ghostly melody sung by invisible choirs in the deserted lodge at midnight, can ever forget it.]

Lingering notes the echoes stir,
Soft and sweet, these walls along;
Softly, sweetly, they concur
In the pleasant tide of song;
Night-birds cease their plaintive lays,
Listening to this hymn of praise.

Angels gliding through the air,
On celestial mission bent,
Pause, this sacred hymn to hear,
Fold their wings in soft content,
Join their notes divine to these,
Hymning Masons' mysteries.

Now the solitary room,
Peopled with a countless throng,
Now the silliness and the gloom
Kindled with the tide of song,
Filling our delighted ears,
Music of three thousand years.

Every emblem pictured there,
On the ceiling, wall or floor,
Gavel, Trowel, Apron, Square,
Column reared or open door,
Thence a light and voice a tongue
With this softly-lingering song.

Now the anthem dies away,
One by one the voices cease;
Milds resume their wonted lay,
Angels on their mission press;
And the lone but earnest throng
In this mystic song is LOVE'S!

Agnettema, in advertising for a wife, says—"It would be well if the lady were possessed of a competency sufficient to secure her against grief in case of accident occurring to her companion."

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1864.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET,
ROOM No. 2, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE & CO.,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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

The National Resources.

Blue as these times are, and discouraging as appearances are to those who are in the habit of forming their opinions from hasty half-views, and especially from views which are lugubriously discolored and darkened, we think it is the duty, nevertheless, of every press and person of any influence to do all that can be done to relieve the public mind of its despondency, and to infuse into the popular heart all the hope and courage possible. If it be a fact, as croakers might desire to have us believe, that the country has not the resources to carry it through a strain like that which is being imposed upon it at present, and that we are really ruining ourselves in our earnest efforts to save the nation whole, then the sooner it is understood the better, and the less likely we shall be to commit mistakes from which recovery is possible. For ourselves, we do not believe, nor do we even fear, that there is danger of our breaking down before we get through this work to which we have been called; it is a case of a nation's being summoned to pay the highest price it is able, to redeem the pledge which is implied in its very existence—and that would be a nation unworthy of existence which was not ready to peril all it had in such a cause.

Among those who have patriotically made it their business, since the war began, to enlighten the popular mind, and encourage the popular heart, we have no hesitation in naming Mr. Robert J. Walker, formerly Secretary of the Treasury and United States Senator, and at present residing in London. He has published several timely articles in the London journals, enlightening the people of England in relation to the resources of the United States, or the loyal portion of them, and demonstrating their entire ability to go through the present trial successfully. He has certainly done as good work for the country abroad as Ward Beecher did by his eloquent and forcible exposition in Exeter Hall, or any other prominent individual who has set out to represent truly the public sentiment of the United States.

In a recent article from his pen, on the subject of our resources, which could not have failed to open the eyes of intelligent readers all through the United Kingdom, he makes a statement to the effect that the area of the United States is thirty-two times as great as that of England, while its mineral wealth is infinitely greater than that of all Europe, its inland steam tonnage is superior to that of the rest of the world; its harbors are much more capacious than those of Europe, there is vastly more water-power than Europe can muster, and there are more miles of railway and telegraph than the whole world outside of us can boast. Our mines of silver and gold yield immensely every year, and are capable of yielding almost indefinitely. Our landed domain, too, is immense, and is altogether the most fertile of any that stretches out under the sun; it yields like the productions of the tropics and the temperate zones in abundance. Only a fractional part of this vast domain has been actually settled, and the grand remainder lies open invitingly for the feet of settlers from all parts of the globe. Hence the field for an expansion of population is almost without limit, and invites immigration from every place where there is a teeming population that craves a betterment of its condition. That immigration, too, in spite of the existence of a threatening war, and in spite of the warnings of foreign governments, and journals, and speakers, has been pouring in to an astonishing extent and almost defies prudent calculation in reference to the amount of real, substantial wealth which it confers on the country.

Facts like these are of the highest import; they mean far more than their mere statement contains, for they reach out into a future of whose limits we have yet realized little or nothing. And he winds up with the following comprehensive but very meaty statement:

"Contrasting the condition of England at the close of the war in 1815 with a debt of \$350,000,000, with the present condition of the United States, there can be no doubt that the debt is a mere flea-bite compared with their resources. But we hear it said that they will repudiate their debt. We remember the time when our debt bore heavily upon the country there was a party who advocated repudiation here, and that party were those who had been most benefited by the war, and passed corn laws to prevent their produce falling to peace prices. It is true that the war has been made in depreciated greenbacks, but the largest loan ever made in England was also made in depreciated Bank of England paper, at a time when guineas were selling at 28s. each, with this difference; that, instead of the government receiving par for their loan, as in America, they received only fifty per cent. in a depreciated currency."

Now when such confidence as the above paragraph expresses is shown by the people of a country in their government, and that government one of their own making, we may safely conclude there is a rock bottom underneath which is firm enough, and deep and solid enough, to stay up a nation with all its heaviest burdens.

But there are still further considerations: In reference to this matter of our debt, it appears that the wealth added to the nation by immigration has much more to do with its speedy liquidation than we think for. Between the years 1850 and 1860, the actual increase of our national wealth by immigration is, in figures, \$1,450,000,000—which comes very near to the amount of our present war debt. If, in addition to this increase of national wealth, we take the increased value of the real and personal property of the United States from the census report for the period running between 1850 and 1860, and cast a calculation at the same rate between this and the year 1900, we shall reach as a result the enormous sum of \$423,330,438,228, as the increased value of the national wealth. To reach this result we leave out of account one-fourth of the above aggregate; and

then, in the language of Mr. Walker, "we shall find that our public debt constitutes less than one-half of one per cent of the increase of our national wealth. This debt, then, does not exhaust our national capital, but effects only a small diminution of the rate of augmentation."

We cannot as yet take into our imagination what is to be the future of a country whose resources are so immense as are those of our own. And if this increase in our national wealth is so marked in a term of war, what limit shall we set to our career of prosperity and wealth when peace again returns, and all the arts of peace, with industry and contentment, unite to aid in the development of a country favored above all on which the sun of heaven ever shone. Our resources certainly are abundant enough; we should strive to be worthy of such a magnificence of wealth, and to make ourselves a truly great and free and noble people.

Gold.

So much is said of Gold of late that a stranger happening in our midst might suppose that we had suddenly changed our diet from a vegetable to a metallic one. Turn in whatever direction we may, the question is popped into our ears, "How's gold?" as though gold was sick and we were its physician. Every interest seems absorbed in the one great interest, in the personal welfare of gold. It may be "all quiet on the Potomac," or otherwise, it does not seem to matter much, if the public mind can readily digest the gold question. And this has got to be so great an evil that some very sensible people have resolved upon ignoring gold altogether. To be sure, so far as they are personally concerned, they have been obliged to do so for some time past. Gold is such a stranger to them that they have almost forgotten its color. They have an indistinct idea that it may be blue, or green, or some such color, possibly yellow, but they can't say with any degree of certainty. The truth is, it begins to assume a coppery hue, and the sooner the people discern this the better. No more powerful lever has been employed by the hirelings of Jeff D. to disturb the popular feeling of the North than this. Worked by a few men in Wall street, it has wrought confusion and distrust all over the country. A single score of operators telegraphing in all directions any advanced rate which they have pleased to place upon it, like the decree of a potentate has moved all before it. Every trader, with a stock great or small, has marked up his prices in like ratio, and they have rather liked to do it. But there is a limit to all things, and there must be to public endurance; and that limit is nearly reached. At least we trust it is so; for, if not, the evil which Reubensold has sought by this means to inflict upon us will surely be ours to bear.

Let us, then, do those things which will avert its coming. Let gold be out of the question. Have we not a currency established by ourselves, by the whole people, for the redemption of which the entire country is pledged? Let us diminish our imports; increase our exports; avail ourselves of our own resources, amply sufficient to supply all our needs, and by such means thwart the designs of the enemies of our country, and re-establish that equity in which alone is to be found a substantial basis for true happiness and safety.

Found Out.

It seems that our Advent friends are not very discriminating in the bestowal of their amens. A writer in the Crisis reproaches them for their lack of judgment in such matters, and mentions a case in point, where a sister "popped up in her seat and muttered over something that could not be heard nor understood by half in the house." Those near by heard her say, "I have spent most of my time in serving Satan," in response to which rare confession those at a distance, who knew not what she said, shouted, "Amen," "Thank God!"

In the light of this statement we begin to see how it was that our friend Grant made such a lamentable mistake some time since, when he boldly said that twenty-five Spiritualists had been converted at one time through the instrumentality of his preaching. It was probably in this wise: some one "popped up in his seat" and stated that hundreds of Advent people were going over to Spiritualism, whereupon, some zealous disciple of the end of all things who did not hear distinctly what was said, hurried off to Miles, and in breathless haste reported that twenty-five Spiritualists had been won over to Adventism by his blessed preaching!

Yes; that's the way it came about. We have asked, and asked Bro. Grant to explain, but he has never done so. We have it now; Bro. G. needn't say anything.

A Glimpse of the Future.

A few hours before the departure of Starr King, he remarked to his wife, "I wish I could describe my feelings; they are strange. I feel all the privileges and greatness of the future." To another he said, "I see a great future before me. It already looks grand and beautiful. My feelings are strange."

It is thus as our ties to earth are weakened, we grasp with keener sense and stronger vision the realities of the world to come. In nearly every instance of passing on, when the individual is conscious, similar expressions are made. And we may reasonably suppose, that with those whom we call unconscious, because they make no external sign of consciousness, the soul is flooded with scenes of ecstatic joy. Sufficient evidence exists, aside from the testimony of those who have experienced the change falsely called "death," to prove to us that no dark valley lies between the two worlds; that no chilling waters separate the land we are in from that to which we are going, but that this life blends as softly and beautifully into the next as night passes into day, or as the rose unfolds from the bud to the full and fragrant flower.

High Price of Printing Paper.

The advance on the price of all printing material is enormous. The paper on which the BANNER is printed, has gone up three hundred per cent., and is still advancing; manufacturers refuse to take contracts for a longer period than one month, even at the present high rates. What are publishers of weekly papers to do? Raise their price, or stop their papers? We trust our friends will not allow the latter catastrophe to befall us, but give us their earnest, cooperative aid, which will be necessary to enable us to keep the BANNER afloat.

Onions.

The Onion movement at the North, in behalf of the soldiers in the army, is a good and timely one. The brave fellows need just the virtues which that aromatic esculent contains, to save them from the terrors of the scurvy, for the scurvy is terrible, when it fairly takes hold of one. The fund contributed with which to buy onions for the soldiers has grown to be a considerable one, and we doubt not that many a heart thanks the kind philanthropist who first suggested so timely a movement.

The Davenport in Canada.

Our Canadian friends have had their marvel-musement excited by the presence of the Davenport, and an increased attention has been awakened to the subject of Spiritualism in Montreal and its vicinity. As usual in other places, a committee was appointed, who availed themselves of every opportunity to detect deception—if there was any. Of the result of their examination of the cabinet, the Evening Telegraph says:

"The committee having satisfied themselves, after a close inspection, that no means of fraud or deception existed, Mr. Dessaulles came forward and stated to the audience in French the result of the investigation. He assured them that the cabinet was a plain box, without machinery or means of communication of any kind, and that the seats, three in number, were fastened so securely as to render it impossible for persons tied to them to change their position, or communicate with their companions."

As the doors were being closed by the committee, a human hand, apparently having no connection with any body, was suddenly extended from the cabinet and struck the face of one of them. The doors being instantly reopened, the young men were found bound as at first. The manifestations generally occurring in the presence of these mediums now followed in rapid succession, to the wonder and amazement of all present.

The Telegraph says:

"Judging from the low-toned remarks and anxious looks among those present, after these marvelous manifestations, many who had entered the room merely in quest of amusement experienced the fact that their skepticism had been seriously shaken, and by the time the proceedings closed the majority of the audience were doubtless ready to pass an expression of entire confidence in the mediums."

One of the committee, Mr. Dessaulles, entered the cabinet, "where he was secured with strong cords and fastened between both mediums, in such a manner that they could not move a muscle unknown to him. The doors were then closed, when a noise was heard within, caused by a commotion among the instruments. A few minutes having elapsed, the doors were once more thrown open, and Mr. Dessaulles revealed to the audience with the banjo on his shoulders and the tambourine perched upon his cranium. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme, and called forth shouts of laughter."

Subsequently, a private sitting was held, at which still more surprising manifestations occurred. One of the mediums, while bound hand and foot to a chair, had his coat removed from his person and thrown upon the floor, in less time than it takes to state the fact. The garment was afterwards put on in the same mysterious and rapid manner.

England and Denmark.

Some of the foreign papers pretend that England will go to war with Germany now, on Denmark's account; while some of our own press profess to believe that all this talk is mere talk, and intended for political effect at home. If it should prove to be so, then all we can say is, that her conduct toward poor little Denmark is worse than disgraceful. The Conference having dissolved, and both Denmark and Germany having refused to submit the question of boundary—the only question left—to the arbitration of a neutral power, war between the two sides has again commenced, and the latest European news says the island of Alsace had been wrested from the power of Denmark. We shall soon know whether England is in earnest, and means to act in good faith about this business with Denmark, or will desert her friend after having urged her so persistently into her present difficulty.

The Increased Taxes.

There has been a decidedly heavy increase of taxes, since Congress took it in hand to overhaul the business. Everybody will of course find it out for himself. We have, in our daily journals, tables of the new bill, and of the rates newly imposed, which tend very much to thoughtfulness. Yet if we dance we must expect to pay the fiddler. We cannot carry on a war of the dimensions of the present, without being obliged to pay its expenses at some time. We shall all of us find that the rates have very greatly increased since last year, and that we shall have to move around livelier than ever to keep up our end of the lever. There is as little disposition to grumble, however, as could perhaps be discovered in a free people; there is, on the contrary, a willingness to have the burdens laid on, if it only will assist the work in which we are all of us engaged.

The Welcome Rains.

It is surprising to find how much more some sections of the country have been favored than others, in the matter of getting rained upon this summer. One place is parching and burning up with the drought, while another, and not very far from it either, is moistened and kept green and fresh with the falling of the early and latter rains. We often wonder if those who have the blessed benefit of the rains are as much given to expressions of their gratitude as those who are denied them are given to muttering and growling. We fear not, as human nature goes. It is notorious that nobody spends more time in grumbling than the farmer; he declares, of course, it is because he has so much to grumble about. But we may be very sure he will grumble when there is no rain. If he were only as grateful when the weather was just right!

Foreign Recognition.

An intelligent correspondent of a leading New York journal, in commenting on the chances which exist for the recognition of the rebel Confederacy by England and France, says that "every reverse to the National arms in America convinces John Bull that there would be less and less danger of your going to war about it—which has mainly deterred him hitherto. Let but the war drift on, and let the humanity shriek achieve a certain degree of shrillness, and Richmond may be illuminated in honor of the simultaneous recognition of England and France before you expect it. We are not at all too strong here with any class of Britons, and they all hold up their hands in horror at 'forty thousand killed and wounded'—and the war not ended."

Trees and Worms.

The notions of some people are queer beyond description. We cannot pretend to fathom their meaning, if indeed they have any. For instance, we have read of certain persons who have resolved to cut down the trees about their houses just because the worms have got into them, this season, and are making havoc with them. One man, residing on Fifth Avenue, in New York, has cut down some beautiful elms near his house, simply to get rid of the worms that infest them. A contemporary truthfully remarks that he might just as well cut off the heads of his children because their heads are troublesome! We are of the same opinion. When will there be a general reign of common sense? and when will all this nonsense be knocked out of men's heads?

Compensation of Speakers.

It is not desirable for a speaker to urge his claims on the generosity of his audience, and as a usual thing there is no one to urge them for him. If he does, he is at once set down as a beggar of an avareous disposition, speaking more for self than the good of humanity.

And here is the point: Is the good of humanity of more moment to the speakers in the ranks of reform than to those whom they address? It does the speaker little good to address an audience; it is the latter whom we suppose are benefited. So far as the good of mankind is concerned, each individual is responsible, one as much as another.

If reform speakers had a prospective system, to build up which in the end would give them position, honor and emolument, they could afford to operate without present support. But this is not the fact. They have no such result in contemplation; their teachings are the opposite of system building—to disintegrate and individualize. Hence, unlike other teachers, they are on an equality with the masses they teach and from whom, as leaders, they never can arise.

Their business of life is teaching. From that they expect support. But generous as Spiritualists are, they are here many times remiss. Often do speakers scarcely receive their expenses. This is the fact at most large meetings where several speakers are present. The committees thoughtlessly invite so many speakers that there is not time for them to make more than one speech each, and at the close find that the contributions will not meet the traveling expenses of the speakers. There is A. who has come from the far West expressly to meet this engagement. His expenses are not less than twenty dollars. There is B. who came from the far East; expenses the same; and C. who also came a long distance; they have spent a day in coming, two days at the meeting, and will spend a day in going—in all, four days. Their expenses have been fifty dollars. The audience have contributed forty. This the speakers divide, and go their way, losing their time and money. If they show any dim recognition of the injustice of such treatment, they are at once set down as money-lovers and laboring not for humanity.

The excitement produced by speaking may be very sweet to the lover of applause, but it is not sufficient to overpower want. Talent must be paid, or it will seek a position where it will be recognized. Walk with our speakers. They are compelled to travel in the cheapest manner; they allow themselves few omnibus rides; when they change cars they go on foot from one depot to another; they dine at the cheapest hotel, or simply lunch, and even then their expenses are not met by those whom they go to teach.

We urge this on the attention of Committees. It is unjust to invite more speakers than you can pay. It is wrong to turn them away with just their expenses. As a usual thing the audience will contribute as much for one speaker as for a dozen.

A prominent lecturer said to me when I urged him to introduce the BANNER, "I cannot, for now I receive little more than expenses, and every dollar subscribed for the BANNER would be out of my pocket." Another—"I do not carry books longer, for I find that when I do I receive so much less that the profit is against me."

These are home truths, and they speak in biting terms. Now that the season of grove meetings is with us we hope they will be remembered, so that speakers as well as hearers may go away rejoicing.

Delegates to the National Convention.

At a regular meeting of the Spiritualists of our neighboring city, Charlestown, Mr. A. H. Richardson in the chair, the following named persons were elected delegates to represent them at the National Spiritualists Convention, in Chicago, on the 9th of August: Delegates—Messrs. James Kelley, A. H. Richardson, C. H. Vose, Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes and Mrs. S. S. Richardson. Substitutes—Mr. Meyers, Mrs. S. Hill, J. Plumb, C. C. Cooledge and Dr. York.

We are glad to see Charlestown moving so earnestly in the matter, and we hope other places will do likewise. Let there be a gathering in Chicago which will astonish the bigots who are constantly crying out, "oh, the Spiritualists are only a handful of fanatics." Let them see that they are a power in the land which is destined to reform all abuses, civil and political.

One Lesson Learned.

It is certain that the recent fight between the Kearsarge and the Alabama has taught our people one thing, and that is not to trust to the honor of an English commander who may next time be near at hand. Even at the risk of offending a man of real honor, it will be the only safe rule in the case to treat them all alike, and give them every one the go-by. If we fight a pirate enemy again, it is safe to say that John Bull will not on any pretext be permitted to sail in, and under pretence of saving human life, steal away trophies of a victory which belongs only to ourselves. Had Captain Winslow sent a shot across the bows of the Deerhound, and another across her hull had she refused to heave-to, he would have secured his prize and satisfied everybody. We do not think he will allow himself to be cheated out of his rights again.

The Grove in Medford.

It was not the intention of our reporter to speak in a way to convey any unfavorable idea of the Grove in Medford, where the Spiritualists had a picnic week before last as those interested in the grove have supposed. The grove is owned by Nathan Childs, Esq., of Medford, and is one of the most beautiful in New England. It has a large lattice-hall for dancing—comfortable and convenient retiring rooms for ladies—long dining-tables, under the trees—a little lake in the centre of the grounds and thick foliage of trees above. A plenty of cold water is furnished gratis in various parts of the grove, and no intoxicating liquor is allowed on the premises. For religious societies, select parties and Sunday schools, the grove affords great rural charms.

A New School.

We observe that Columbia College, of New York City, intends to open a School of Mines. It is a novelty, or will be one, in this country. In Europe, however, such schools are common, as all interests require that they should be. There is an Imperial School of Mines at Paris, which many American youth have already attended, and of course with marked benefit. We certainly have mining wealth in this continent to make it an object to educate young men up to the science of Mining as a distinct calling, or profession. It is believed the new plan in New York will be a signal success.

Utica, N. Y.

The friends in Utica, N. Y., are awakened anew, and are arranging for permanent meetings. Uriah Clark has lectured there two Sundays, and has engaged to return after a trip through Canada and the Western States.

New Publications.

SERMONS PREACHED IN INDIANA PLACE CHURCH, BY JAMES FERGUSON CLARK. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co., 1864.

It is not much more necessary, in the present case, than to quote from the Preface the statement that these sermons "have been mostly written within the course of the last three years"—which will fully account for the earnestness and searchingness of their character. They are twenty-two in number, and make, all together, a very neat volume of three hundred and forty-eight pages. Mr. Clark's style of pulpit oratory is very well known, and it is equally well understood that his thoughts are fully worthy of his delivery. He has made a distinct and deep impression on the public heart and mind by his discourses and speeches in relation to the great topics which have sprung up so thickly in consequence of this war, and he cannot fail to feel a secret sense of satisfaction at discharging his whole duty as a public teacher. These sermons not only deserve general perusal—they should certainly have it, for the good they will scatter so freely on all sides.

HARPER'S MONTHLY for August is for sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street. It is as usual finely illustrated, and filled with the choicest reading matter.

The Convention at Chicago.

We who live in this great central city of the far West, notice with pleasure that the general Convention of Spiritualists is to be held here in August. We know that this is the most eligible location for this Convention to be found in the world, and due credit should be awarded to Dr. Gardner for making the selection. Here in this great city of two hundred thousand people—this metropolis of the valley of the Mississippi—this central depot of the great grain-bearing region of America, where are collected the people and representatives of all countries, all nations, all climates, all peoples and all religions, the enunciation or demonstration of any great religious truth will find a starting-point, from whence it will spread far and wide over the entire globe. It will be carried back to the fathers of the vast multitude who centre here. It will be carried back through the channels of relationship to the bounds of postal and telegraphic communication. In fact, there is no place like Chicago for the purpose indicated on this continent; and this statement will be made apparent when the brothers assemble here in August.

Our spirit friends here have for a long time had in preparation, and will develop about the time of this Convention, one of the grandest and most authentic demonstrations of spirit-power which has ever been made to man. It will come in a shape that no one can question, and will be for all time an evidence of the truth of this Philosophy which skepticism can neither cry down nor destroy. It will be a landmark in the history of our faith; and the members of this Convention will carry to their homes, and will distribute over all the world, the overwhelming evidence which this demonstration will furnish of the exalted power of the spirit-land. Yours in the faith, GEORGE A. SHUFELDT, JR.

Chicago, Ill., July 7, 1864.

Miss Sprague's Poems.

We give a few more opinions of the secular press on this interesting volume of poems.

About one hundred and ninety pages of the volume are occupied with the investigation of the peculiar views of "Spiritualism" and "Woman's Rights," under the title of the "Foot." The balance of the work comprises her "Miscellaneous" and "Early Poems." Her writings evince great mental ability, vigor of thought and purity of character. If her life had been spared she would undoubtedly have taken a high rank among the female writers of our day.—*Nashua (N. H.) Gazette.*

This is an interesting and somewhat curious volume—curious from its connection with the much mooted question of Spiritualism. As a collection of poems it is entitled to consideration. Some of the pieces in the volume are of decided talent and power, evincing thought, susceptibility and ability of execution.—*New York Daily News.*

This is a beautiful volume of over three hundred pages, from the pen of Miss A. W. Sprague, who was chiefly known to the world as a trance lecturer, under what claimed to be "spirit influence," until the summer of 1862, when death put an end to her mortal labors. The poems are characterized by great ease of style, flowery rhythm, earnestness in the cases of philanthropy, and frequently containing high moral lessons. The volume is filled with rich gems. Published by Wm. White & Co., Boston.—*Haverhill Publisher.*

Grand National Convention.

For the information of the friends in New York and the New England States who desire to attend the National Convention in Chicago, permit me to say that the fare from New York City to Chicago and return, via Buffalo, Sarina and the Lakes, is \$30.70, exclusive of meals, or \$35.70, including meals on steamer, for the round trip. From Buffalo to Chicago and return, \$12 without, or \$17 with meals on steamers. Excursion tickets to be had only of E. P. Beach, General Agent, No. 279 Broadway, New York, and George H. Tryon, opposite the Erie street Depot, Buffalo. Single meals on steamer, fifty cents, or passengers can carry their own provisions. No extra charge for berths on steamer. For particulars in regard to fares from the New England States, and depots for the sale of excursion tickets, see notice in another column. Tickets good from July 20th to Sept. 1st, inclusive. United States currency and notes received at all refreshment rooms on the line of the Vermont Central and Grand Trunk Railroads and on the steamers.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman Com.

Isaiah Thomas.

MR. EDITOR—In your paper of the 9th inst., under the head of "A Remarkable Communication," you have made a mistake in the name of the spirit communicating. It was Isaiah Thomas and not Joshua as you have printed it. He was the grandson of Isaiah Thomas, the well known and celebrated founder and printer of the Worcester Spy, in the days of the American Revolution. He probably made the communication to me, because he knew of no other way to let his friends know his fate, and the circumstances of his death. I have since sent them the communication.

W. S. A.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

OUR CORRESPONDENTS must not conclude because their communications are not immediately published that they never will be. We have now on hand a very large number of valuable contributions, and to this number additions are constantly being made, which will appear in due time.

W. C., ST. CHARLES, ILL.—\$3.50 received.

W. C., GENEVA, ILL.—\$7.50 received.

W., PHILADELPHIA.—You will find the acknowledgment in the BANNER of July 9th.

S. B. S., ROCK ISLAND, ILL.—We believe Dr. Newton is at present at his home in Newport, R. I.

D. H. S., CINCINNATI, O.—Photograph received.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Our readers, particularly the marriageable portion of them, will not fail to be deeply interested in "A SKETCH FROM THE ROADSIDE OF LIFE," on our first page. It contains a large amount of wholesome truth presented in an attractive form, and with a force that will carry home a conviction of its importance to the minds of many who may not have previously looked upon the subject in the light in which it is therein presented. The sketch is evidently the product of a mind well cultured by experience.

We would call attention to some novel thoughts on Government, and the Future of our Country, embodied in an article on our second page, entitled "Religion and Progress," by L. Judd Pardee.

IN OUR NEXT PAPER we shall publish complete a new and interesting story by Mrs. J. S. Adams, entitled "AFTER A BATTLE."

We shall print an able article from the pen of Dr. Horace Dresser in our next issue, on "Abuse of Habeas Corpus."

Read Burnsides and McComb's fine poems in this week's paper.

The Willow Park Water Cure Establishment in Westboro' in this State, boards patients at such reasonable rates, (and we suppose the non-ailing class are not objected to,) we should think the Institute would be filled up at once by those who desire an out-of-town home for awhile, especially in these high-board times, and considering, too, the fine location of the premises. By a notice in this week's paper it will be seen that Rev. J. H. Hero and wife have again returned to the Institution, and intend to make it one of the pleasantest homes anywhere to be found.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.—Those who desire a photograph of No. 1 of this series of pictures, larger than the album card, finished in oil, and colored so as to be an exact fac-simile of the original, can obtain one by addressing Hudson, Tuttle, Berlin Heights, O. The price is five dollars. In this large form it is really a beautiful oil painting suitable for a parlor, and valuable not only for its beauty but for the information it imparts respecting the spirit-world.

Dr. G. NEWCOMER, of Mendville, Pa., has recently fitted up a hall capable of accommodating between three and four hundred persons. Mendville has a population of about eight thousand. No lecturer has yet visited it, though there are a number of Spiritualists residing there. Dr. N. wishes us to invite those engaged in the service of Spiritualism and Reform, to make a memorandum of this in their note books, and when opportunity offers, favor the town with their presence.

JO COSE returns the compliments of Digby, and deeply regrets his unfortunate affair with the bivalves, congratulating him, however, that he did not get into a stew.

"You have been sorely tried," said a sympathizing neighbor to old Joe Crawford, weeping over the coffin of his third wife. "Yes," responded the bereaved one, "I have always had the dreadful luck with women!"

In the course of an examination for the degree of B. A., at Cambridge, under an examiner whose name was Payne, one of the questions was, "What is happiness?" To which a candidate returned the following laconic answer: "An exemption from Payne."

There is one Colchester at Washington, who calls himself a test medium. He answers all sorts of questions correctly, and puts no limit to either the subject he is questioned upon or the number of interrogatories. His answers are described as candid and correct, and all the city is agog over this latest wonder.—*Exchange.*

The trial of the celebrated Yelverton case in the English House of Lords has developed the fact that a man may lawfully have a separated wife in each of the three countries of England, Scotland and Ireland, whom he may respectively repudiate in each of the others, a legal marriage in one country not being legal in another.

A million of money would lay in ashes New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburg, Washington, and all the chief cities, and the men to do the business may be picked up by the hundred in the streets of those very cities.—*Richmond Whig.*

"Friendship with all, untangling alliances with none," is as good a motto for women as for nations.

A California correspondent thus speaks of the wants of his State: "What California needs most to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is seventy-five thousand females, which would equal the male population, according to the last census. The article known in commerce as Jute is now used in the manufacture of fine goods, such as ladies' dresses, cravats, trousers, and other articles of dress. It costs but about five cents a pound, and when properly bleached and prepared is as handsome as cotton.

A new reading of an old couplet is now ordered by a savage hater of hoops and that style of dress which leaves too little of woman's beauty to imagination:

"I sit on a narrow neck of land,
Twist too unbounded she's I stand."

The Growler says: "The Government may tax our matches, but we challenge the world to match our taxes." But what's the use of growling? all we've got to do is to tax our energies and pay 'em.

Two lawyers, when a knotty case was over, shook hands, and were as good friends as before. "Zounds!" says the losing client, "how came you to be such friends, who were such foes just now?" "Thou fool!" says one, "we lawyers, though so keen, like shears, never cut ourselves, but what's between!"

A fair devotee lamented to her confessor her love of gaming. "Ah, madam," replied the reverend gentleman, "it is a grievous sin; in the first place, consider the loss of time." "That's just what I do," said she; "I always begrudge the time that is lost in shuffling and dealing."

Miss Harriet Hosmer will visit this city next month. She has finished her "Sleeping Faun," which is said to be the finest work that she has executed.

A stop has been put to the outrages on colored people in the New York street cars. The police have been told that their business is not to help conductors remove colored passengers, but to defend the latter in their right to ride, and to arrest the conductors who outrage it as breakers of the public peace.

A sister of President Madison once observed, "We Southern wives are but mistresses of sermons."

On hearing a clergyman remark, "The world is full of change," Mrs. Partington said she could hardly bring her mind to believe it, so little found its way into her pocket.

The disrobing of a young lady is called the "sweet peal of bells."—*Exchange.*

While Digby was laying back in a rail-car enjoying a sort of a semi-snooze, a stranger nudged him in the side and directed his attention to a large rock, on which was painted the name of a new kind of bitters, in letters equally huge. Digby rolled his eyes round, and quietly his friend by saying, that if they got their bitters out of that rock they would have to invoke the presence of Moses and his rod.

Washington was visiting a lady in his neighborhood; on his leaving the house, a little girl was directed to open the door. In passing the child he said, "I am sorry, my dear, to give you so much trouble." "I wish sir," she promptly replied, "it was to let you in."

I have ridden, says an army correspondent of the New York Tribune, over nearly all the roads in the region we have traversed, between the Rappahannock and James River, and I have seen barely one school-house. Curiosity led me to enter. Every seat was furnished with a spittoon.

The people of Nebraska have voted again that they are not ready to become a State.

A skeptic once said to Dr. Parr, "That he would not believe anything he could not understand." To which the Doctor replied, "Then, sir, your creed will be the shortest of any man's I know."

A mother, admonishing her son who was about seven years of age, told him he should not defer till to-morrow what he could do to-day. Theurchin replied: "Then let us eat the remainder of the pudding now."

Nevada Territory has thirteen papers, of which eight are published daily, one tri-weekly and four weekly. Of the latter, one is published in the German language.

Here is a little war story from the far West: A Lieutenant of the 10th United States Infantry recently met with a sad rebuff at Fort Kearney. The Lieutenant was promading in full uniform one day, and approached a volunteer on sentry, who challenged him with "Halt! who comes there?" The Lieutenant, with contempt in every lineament of his face, exclaimed indignantly, "Ass!" The sentry's reply, apt and quick, came, "Advance, ass, and give the countersign."

The strongest man feels the influence of woman's gentlest thoughts, as the mighty oak quivers in the softest breeze. So says some fine writer, and Blifkins says it's all true about the quiver, and the breeze is very often.

REMEDY AGAINST MOTHS.—One ounce of gum camphor, and one ounce of powdered red pepper, macerated in eight ounces of strong alcohol for several days, then strained. With this tincture the furs or cloths are sprinkled over, and then rolled up in sheets. This remedy is used in Russia under the name of the Chinese tincture for moths.

One of the surest evidences of friendship that one individual can display to another, is telling him gently of his fault. If any other can excite it, it is listening to such a disclosure with gratitude, and amending the error.

What can be more foolish than to think that all this rare fabric of heaven and earth could come by chance, when all the skill of art is not able to make an oyster?

An exchange says, "There is something inexpressibly sweet about little girls." The Louisville Journal adds, "And it grows on 'em as they get bigger."

An Irishman swearing an assault against his three sons, thus concluded: "The only one of my children that shows me any real filial affection, is my youngest son, Larry, for he never strikes me when I'm in 'down!"

A young widow was asked why she was going to wed so soon after the death of her first husband: "Oh," said she, "I do it to prevent fretting myself to death on account of dear Tom!"

A school-boy being asked by his teacher how he should fog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like to have it upon the Italian system of penmanship, the heavy strokes upwards, and the down ones light."

The last revolutionary soldier in New York has gone over to the majority. He was one hundred and nine years old and died last week.

A GOOD MOVE.—A chimney about one hundred feet high, comprising about ninety thousand bricks, and estimated to weigh over two hundred tons, has been moved a distance of one hundred feet in Worcester, without dislocating a brick.

Married.

In Chelsea, July 14th, by Rev. Mr. Greenwood, of Malden, Mr. J. Quincy Billings to Miss Sarah P., only daughter of Wm. D. Crockett, Esq.

[This young couple, who have united hearts as well as hands, for the journey of life, and started off so happily together, have our earnest prayers for a continuation of the bright vision now open to their view, and that good spirits may guard and guide them safely to the shores of real life, where, hand in hand, they may sail journey on together.]

In East Westmoreland, June 1st, at the residence of the bride, by Rev. O. G. Woodbury, Mr. D. H. Norris of Natick, Mass., to Mrs. Delana Clark.

Sealed Letters.

The public are requested not to forward any sealed letters to our care for the medium to answer, at present, as her health will not allow her to sit for the purpose of receiving responses to such letters.

Letters already sent to this office for answer, we shall retain for, awhile, in the hope that the medium may soon be able to answer them. If not, they will be returned agreeably to our standing notice. Due notice will be given when the medium regains her health sufficiently to resume her duties in the holy calling for which she has been chosen by the angel-world.

Vacation for our Free Circles.

Our friends and the public will bear in mind that our free circles will be closed from the 10th of July to the 1st of September, in order that the medium and others can have their annual vacation, for the purpose of recruiting their health—which is an important consideration, especially at this season of the year. Please mention the above facts to your friends, so they will not call and be disappointed in finding no circle.

The above cut speaks for itself. It represents a common house-fly's foot, as seen under the powerful magnifying lens of the celebrated Craig Microscope. Some idea may be formed of the magnifying power of that wonderful and useful instrument by comparing the above cut with the mere foot of a common fly. See advertisement.

While Digby was laying back in a rail-car enjoying a sort of a semi-snooze, a stranger nudged him in the side and directed his attention to a large rock, on which was painted the name of a new kind of bitters, in letters equally huge. Digby rolled his eyes round, and quietly his friend by saying, that if they got their bitters out of that rock they would have to invoke the presence of Moses and his rod.

Correspondence in Brief.

Progress in York, Pa.

Allow me to intrude on your columns, Mr. Editor, to say a few words as to what progress we are making in the good work. We had Mrs. A. Wilhelm, of Philadelphia, to lecture for us the last two Sundays, to good and appreciative audiences. She left a very good impression on her hearers, all of whom will be glad to hear her again. I hope the friends of the cause everywhere, and especially in Pennsylvania, will procure her services; I know they will not regret having done so. She is certainly an able lecturer. Such profound truths, cogent reasoning and eloquent speaking could not but win the admiration of those who are not believers in our beautiful philosophy. Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxen will lecture for us the beginning of September.

Yours for the cause, JACOB L. KUELIN.

York, Pa., June 28, 1864.

Can Good Come Out of Nazareth?

The ignorant Jews recoiled at and spit upon Christ, because of his humble birth and the simplicity of his teachings. So with this new doctrine; its birth was too simple to command attention from the Doctors of Divinity. They thought because it commenced with the thy rag, it was not worthy of their attention. Perhaps they would do well to notice more the admonitions of the angels' words to Peter, telling him that he should call nothing common or unclean. The more I study the character of Man, the more I am convinced that Pope was right when he said, "The proper study of Mankind is Man." If man knew more of his being, or even of the objects of life, he would live more in harmony with all created things; and until that time arrives when and where of wars are the inevitable attendants of life. ALEXANDER ROGERS.

Springfield, Ill.

To Lecturers.

Would you suggest, through the columns of the BANNER, that some good lecturer would give us a call here in Westfield, Chautauque Co., N. Y.? We are starving for spiritual food. Send us some one to break the fallow ground, enlarge thought, and enlighten the minds of the people. Speakers going West, or coming East, might give us a call, and although there are but a few spiritual believers here, we will endeavor to remunerate expenses satisfactorily. Truly yours, E. J. EASON.

Westfield, N. Y., July 8, 1864.

A New Speaker in the Field.

A correspondent writing from Utica, N. Y., says: "Miss Julia Justina Hubbard, of Portsmouth, N. H., has made her first appearance in this city. She is a trance medium, an inspirational speaker, of great influence and brilliant spiritual gifts. She excited a high degree of interest and enthusiasm, and at the close of her last address she was called to the platform again by the acclamation of the large and intelligent audience. Miss Hubbard is only eighteen years old, and gives promise of a career unexcelled by any young woman yet in the medium." She is on her first tour, and goes West till autumn.

Sowing the Seed.

Spiritualism is slowly but steadily gaining converts in this part of the country. I circulate the BANNER to the wavering, and those who will read it. It is better than a lecture for them. I hope, in this way, to still further increase your list of subscribers here. HENRY STEWART.

Rhaca, N. Y., July.

Emma Houston.

I regret being obliged to say that our worthy collaborator in the field of human progress, Miss Emma Houston, who has so ably ministered to our Spiritual wants during the past five months, has felt herself compelled to ask to be released from her engagement with us for the month of July, on account of a rather serious derangement in her vocal organs. I trust and hope that her rest from speaking during this and the coming month of August, will enable her to recuperate sufficiently to fulfill engagements for the fall and winter. L. STICKWELL.

Bangor, Me., July 11.

"The Wall of Doctor Brown."

MR. EDITOR—Last evening I read the "Wall of the spirit of Doctor Brown" in the BANNER of July 10th, and called him, and told him if he would follow me to the medium this morning, that, with God's help, I would afford him relief. The morning he was present, and heard my call, and went away rejoicing. PAUL FRY.

Boston, July 13.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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

WALTER HYDE,

No. 720 Broadway, New York.

TUITORS: JOHN H. LARLEY, Course of Instruction in the Art of Healing and the Development of Mind. Commence on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of any week before the first of September.

Our course of instruction, a moral view always accompany the lessons. For further particulars address as above, or a few of the many ladies and gentlemen who have attended our course, and whose names are subjoined:—Mrs. Nancy A. Miller, M. D., Saratoga Springs; Mrs. E. Lewis, M. D., New York City; Miss J. A. Smith, M. D., New York City; Mr. J. M. Sargent, M. D., 247 Washington street, Boston, Mass.; Dr. H. S. Phillips, Westfield, Mass.; Dr. C. G. Foulke, Troy, N. Y.; Dr. F. G. Gibbs, Westfield, Mass.; New York City; New York City.

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Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

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

AUNT RATIE'S STORIES.

No. 5.—THE BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

We had been watching the beautiful orioles that had built their hanging nests in the old elm, and admiring their beauty and their sweet songs, when Bertie Lee said: "I wonder why, when all the birds and fishes and flowers seem so happy and perfect, that girls and boys have so much trouble, and are not good and perfect. I'm sure I often wish I was a bird."

"But did you ever think," said Aunt Ratie, "that these troubles and trials are just what we ought to be most thankful for, because they show us that there is something within us that is superior to the life of the bird or the fish or the flower—something that is capable of becoming better and nobler and more perfect, continually? I call this the spirit that is within us. You will remember that I told you that I needed trials to make me better, and I feel more thankful for them than for all else that was given to me, because they made me better and wiser. I was selfish and needed to become generous and loving; I was wilful and needed to become gentle; I was also jealous; that is, I was afraid that some one else would be loved more than I. Shall I tell you what trial I had to help me overcome that fault?"

"Oh, yes," said I, "I was afraid."

"But," said I, "Aunt Ratie, you do not seem to be afraid to tell us your faults. Now I am so ashamed of mine that I want to hide them, and am never willing to tell of them."

"Perhaps," said Aunt Ratie gently, "if I had not overcome mine I should also be anxious to hide them."

Gentle as this rebuke was, it made the tears come to my eyes from shame.

"My dear child," said she, "you are not yet as old as I am, and as I am telling you what helped me to overcome my faults, so I trust, your trials and experiences are helping you. If there is a fault that it is difficult to break one's self of, it is jealousy, which is only another name for selfishness. Now Anna felt as if it was very fine because I had so many fine things and was so much indulged; but you have seen that my nice hats did not keep me from being selfish, or my nice dresses from being wilful; but it was only when I found by bitter experience that selfishness and willfulness made me very miserable, that I grew ashamed of those faults and tried to get rid of them. But I see you are getting tired of my sermon and want my story. I am going to tell you about

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

You will remember that Egbert was the boy that Freddie helped rescue from the sea. Well, great was our delight when Freddie wrote to us that his dear friend Egbert was coming to stay with us. He was to make his home at Aunt Ratie's mother's, but Freddie hoped he would be received by my father and myself as his friends; and so he was, for he was a noble fellow, full of generous, kind feeling. It was a perfect delight to Aunt Ratie and me to have so pleasant a companion. It was two years after Freddie left us before Egbert came, and we had both grown in stature and we thought, in wisdom. I esteemed myself quite a young lady, and tried to entertain Egbert at first much as grown people do. I showed him pictures and talked about the books I had read, as I had heard my father do with his friends. But this did not last long, and we were soon children again and had our merry plays. Egbert taught us the game of "High Spy," and he made swings for us, and found the best trees for us to climb, and made paths for us through the woods. He also taught us how to arrange mosses in baskets, and how to make delicate baskets of reeds.

When I think of that summer I feel as if I had been living in some enchanted land, where a good prince made everything beautiful that he touched. Such a prince Egbert surely was, because of his goodness and kindness of heart. He made us happy every moment, unless our own wrong made us unhappy. I loved him dearly, and he used to call me his dear sister Rati, just as Freddie had done. But I thought that he liked Gertrude better than me, and much as I loved her, yet was I displeased when I fancied that he always gave her the fairest flowers and the most beautiful mosses. Gertrude had grown very beautiful; her hair hung in light, flowing curls about her face; her eyes were as blue as the sky, and her skin was white and soft like the lily. I loved to look at her; but when I contrasted her face with mine I knew that she was more beautiful, and I grew jealous of her. I knew it was a mean feeling, but I did not struggle against it. I was sure it was not Gertrude's beauty that made her seem so lovely to every one, but rather her goodness and gentleness; yet still I fancied that Egbert would like me better if I was as fair as Gertrude.

My father had promised to give me a birth-day party on the arrival of my twelfth birthday, and we had been long anticipating it as a time of great delight. Egbert had planned many arrangements for us, and we had searched the woods to find where the most beautiful wild flowers grew, that we might decorate the rooms. When the time approached I was full of thought as to what dress I should wear, and how I could make myself look more beautiful than Gertrude. Ever since my father had brought the family to the little cottage to live he had taken care that Gertrude had as good clothes as myself, and we often had dresses alike. My father said to me when he heard me speak of preparing my own dress for the occasion:

"And you will not forget Gertrude? She is a dear good girl and must have a dress, too. What shall it be?"

"Oh, dear!" said I, "she has more dresses now than she can wear, and besides I heard her say that she had one all prepared; very like Egbert got it for her, or Freddie sent it to her."

Now I knew very well that this was only partly true. I had heard Gertrude say that she should wear her old white lawn, though it was rather short in the waist and the sleeves were old-fashioned. But I was so afraid that my father would provide her with as fine a dress as mine that I was willing to tell this falsehood, although I tried to make myself believe that it was the truth, because I had really heard Gertrude say that her dress was all ready; and then, also, I saw Freddie speaking to her, and I fancied that perhaps he would really see that she had a nice dress. You need not suppose that I felt happy in this state of mind. I was more miserable than I can tell, and yet I did not try to make myself happy in the only way possible—by acting generously and unselfishly.

"When anything was said of the party, I tried to be very merry and to tell all my plans; but I had

made Nannie promise not to tell any one what I was to wear. I had heard Egbert admire a blue lawn dress that Gertrude wore, so I determined to have a blue silk. I insisted on Nannie's purchasing it, although she said it was the most unbecoming color I could wear. Whenever Gertrude said anything about my dress I said, "Oh! I shall wear anything that comes handy."

When the day arrived, Egbert and Gertrude arose early and went off for flowers and overgreens to decorate our rooms. They toiled all day, and wound beautiful garlands and arranged vases of clematis and orchids.

I was every moment uneasy, for I felt conscious of my own unworthiness of all this love. Once I even cried from vexation at myself, and then Gertrude came to me, and putting her arms about me, said,

"What ails Ratie? do the flowers not please you? shall we arrange them differently?"

"It is not that," said Egbert, "she is thinking of all the beautiful and good things she will do the coming year, and she weeps because she cannot do them all at once."

"Oh, no, no!" said I, "do not say that. I am not good or beautiful, and I wish I was not going to have a party."

But I was ashamed to tell my true trouble, and the day passed by and I was miserable enough each hour of it. When evening came, Nannie dressed me with great care, and as I saw the lovely dress, I forgot all else. I looked at myself in the glass, and smoothed down the skirt again and again, and for a time felt very sure I was quite happy. When I went down to the parlor to receive my friends, every one looked at my dress with delight, but no one seemed to notice me. I even heard some of the girls say, "How unbecoming!"

"What horrid taste!"

Egbert and Gertrude did not come in until late, because they had worked until the last moment in winding a beautiful chaplet for my hair. It was made of the clematis buds and scarlet berries of the twin flower, and it was really the only thing that kept my dress from being horrid, as the girls represented it; for as the blue did not suit my complexion, neither did the arrangement of ribbons and lace, which I had ordered, suit my years. They were old enough for a woman; and I had insisted on having my own way, and would not heed anything that Nannie told me of the inappropriateness of the trimming.

I saw Egbert smile as he looked at me; yet it was not a smile, but rather as if he would like to make fun of me; and then he turned to Gertrude, with her dress of snowy-white lawn, and her clusters of wild rose-buds, and chaplet of pond lilies, and he bent over her and kissed her. I was ready to cry, for I saw that I looked ridiculous in the eyes of the one I had wished to please. Oh, how vain and foolish my dress seemed then! I would have given anything I possessed to have been rid of it, and to have had on a dress like Gertrude's.

As soon as Gertrude had an opportunity, she called me out, and gave me a package, saying:

"I heard you once say you wished you had it, and I was so glad to be able to get it for you. You must always think, when you see it, how much I love you."

"Yes," said Egbert, coming in, "and to prove how much I must tell you that I insisted on giving Gertrude's mother money enough to buy her a new dress for the party. I wanted her to have a blue one—she looks so lovely in blue—but Gertrude persuaded her mother to buy this instead, and said she would much rather wear her old dress for the sake of getting a gift for you."

My face was crimson with shame as I heard this. I opened the package, and found it to be an exquisite basket, made of tiny shells that we had seen and admired in a neighboring town. I was too ashamed to thank Gertrude, and too vexed with myself to show any pleasure. I hid my head in my hands, and cried as if they had injured me, instead of tried to give me delight.

Egbert tried to say something pleasant, but he was so surprised at my ill behavior, that he knew not what to do. Gertrude came to me, and stooped to kiss me, but I shook her off, and ran out of the room. I ran as fast as I could go, not heeding where I went, for the sense of remembering my own selfishness and Gertrude's nobleness, was like some terrible haunting evil. As I ran, I went into the narrow hall that led to the dining-room, where we were to have our supper, and where the servants were already preparing it. In my haste I ran against one of them who had his arms full of dishes of preserved fruit, and he stumbled against me, and deluged me with the contents. My blue silk dress was completely ruined. As I looked at it, I think I never felt so glad of anything in my life. Tim was overwhelmed with fear; but I put my arms about him, and kissed him, and said:

"Oh, I hated it, and I am so glad it is ruined! Only call Nannie, and let her help me take it off!"

Tim thought that I was a wonderfully amiable child, because I did not fret and cry at the ruin of my new dress; he little knew that I would gladly have given him all my dresses for ruining that one.

Nannie took me to my room and put on a white lawn, and tied a pink ribbon around my waist, and kissing me, said:

"Oh, Ratie, you look like your own dear self now; that blue took all the color out of your eyes, and gave you such a melancholy look."

I thought to myself, that it was something besides the color that faded my eyes, but I said:

"Oh, Nannie, I wish you would not always let me have my own way when I want it; the next time you say blue dress, and I will remember."

When I went down to the parlor again, I believe no one would have known me, so gay and happy was I. I ran up to Gertrude first, and said:

"I am very much ashamed of wearing so ugly a dress as that blue one, and of being so rude to you—and—and—"

"Do not say any more," said Egbert; "I know of what you are ashamed of trying to outshine Gertrude. I saw it in your face; but now you are my own dear sister Rati!" and he led me off to join in the dance.

It was soon whispered about that my dress had been spoiled by some accident, and I heard some say, "Served her right; she looked as proud as a peacock in it, and could not speak to any one. I never thought Ratie was vain before!"

I thought to myself, "Yes, served her right for her selfishness, but not for her pride."

The evening passed delightfully, and I was merry and glad with my father.

It so chanced that my father had not seen me until after the mishap, and when at night he took me on his knee, he said:

"Ratie, I am so glad you are a girl of such good taste, and wore such a simple dress. For some reason I felt a little afraid that you might try to make some foolish show, and out-do some one else; but now I see I can always trust you."

I hid my face on his shoulders, and thought at first I would not say a word; but to be praised for what I did not deserve never suited me, so at last I said:

"Father, did not you say that God loved us when we were not good and loving and gentle?"

Was that because you would love me just as well if I was not as good as you thought?"

"Well, Ratie, I suppose we all judge of God by our own hearts. I am very sure that I could not love you less, even if I found you not all you seem to be, and that is because I know that there is a better motive within you than always shows itself, so I love you for what you try to be. So God loves us for what we are capable of being."

Then I gave him a particular history of the blue dress. I told him of my selfish feelings, and how I had indulged them. When I had finished he kissed me, and said:

"Is not love stronger than all else, Ratie? Love at last overcame your mean jealousy; let it triumph until the end."

I think this was one of the best lessons of my life, for I saw how little mere outward dress has to do with happiness, and I also learned to check the first feeling of jealousy that sprang up in my heart, remembering that no one would ever love me the less because they loved another, if I really deserved their love."

"Oh dear!" said Anna, "I thought when you began, Aunt Ratie, that if I could have a blue silk like that, I should be perfectly happy!"

"And I thought," said Willie Mason, "that if I had been in Egbert's place, I should have laughed outright at Ratie, and made fun of her!"

"But you see," said Aunt Ratie, "how much better was Egbert's kindness. But come, the oriole is in his nest, and we must have some supper. Who'll pick the raspberries for the short-cake? and who will build the fire in the stove? for I am going to take down my best china to-night that Freddie brought home to me, and serve you as if you were all fine ladies and gentlemen."

What a merry time we had preparing the nice supper, and how many questions we asked about the china, with its pretty bunch of flowers on a white ground!

"I see," said Aunt Ratie, "that I can have no secrets from you, and one of these days I will wind another short thread off the spool of my life."

Dear Aunt Ratie! how we all loved her that day and ever after.

Enigma.

I am composed of 14 letters:
My 2, 5, 6 is worn on the head.
My 10, 9, 8, 7 is what my 2, 5, 6 is mostly made of.

My 10, 8, 12, 5 is a troublesome insect.
My 1, 3, 8, 13 was the deliverer of Switzerland.
My 4, 3, 12, 1 is a garden vegetable.
My 8, 9, 5, 14 is an ore.
My 8, 11, 12 no good person will do.
My 4, 3, 7 is to wage.
My whole nearly every Union soldier has seen.

ORESTES.

Charade.

My first if you do, you won't hit it;
My second if you do, you won't leave it;
My whole if you do, you won't guess it.

Conundrum.

Why is children's play like yesterday?

ANSWER TO ENIGMA BY A.—"Peccolier."

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM—"Lemon." "Melon."

First Grand National Convention of Spiritualists.

At a Convention of the Spiritualists of New England, held in Boston, in March last, the following Preamble and Resolutions, after a full and free discussion, were adopted by a unanimous vote:

Whereas, The facts given to man through communication with the spirit-world, conclusively prove that a portion of the inhabitants of that world are interested in the elevation and improvement of humanity, and are associated together for the perfecting of wise plans to accomplish so desirable an end;

Resolved, That it is largely by associated action on the part of Spiritualists that their beneficial teachings can be made practically useful to our race, and in the establishment of individual and social liberty, equality and fraternity throughout our world.

Resolved, That we believe that the exigencies of our time demand that measures should be taken by which this concert of action on the part of Spiritualists should be brought about, and for the accomplishment of this object, we recommend that a National Convention of Spiritualists should be convened at some central point in the great West during the coming summer.

Resolved, That this Convention appoint a committee of five to correspond with the friends of the movement throughout the country, and decide upon the time and place where the Convention shall be held, and make any other necessary arrangements for carrying out the spirit of the foregoing Resolutions.

H. F. Gardner, H. B. Storer, Mrs. Amanda M. Spencer, Miss L. L. Townsend, and Henry C. Wright were appointed said Committee.

Resolved, That we most earnestly recommend all Spiritualist associations and neighborhoods to appoint one or more of their best minds to attend this proposed Convention when called.

"No pent up Ulice confines our powers,
For the whole boundless universe is ours."

It was said in a former notice, all Spiritualists realize the great fact, that we live in a transition age. Old things are rapidly passing away in the religious and social, as well as in the political world. We hold all things fast by the old, and the new is in our country who have received the glorious light of the incoming day, must decide whether, by associated action, they will give direction and shape to the new, securing to all and each the greatest possible amount of individual, social, religious and political freedom, compatible with the greatest good of the whole; or, whether religious and political dogmas, the rulers of the past, shall in the reconstruction, so frame our Constitutions and Laws as to crush the millions, for the exclusive aggrandizement and benefit of the few. Slavery, cruelty, oppression and wrong have had full sway under the old regime, based as it was, and is, upon the Mosaic code of barbarism; and it is for us to decide whether they shall still rule the earth, or the more rational and beautiful theory of the Brotherhood of all races of men, and the Fatherhood of God shall furnish the basic foundation of the new Church and State.

In conclusion, the Committee would urge upon the attention of all Spiritualists the recommendation contained in the last resolution. Do not fail to have a representation from every city, town or hamlet. Come, and let us reason together.

Arrangements have been completed with the Vermont Central R. R. Company to convey passengers from the following places to Chicago and return for twenty-five dollars the round trip: Boston, Lowell, Lawrence, Worcester, Nashua, Keene and Portsmouth, N. H.; Bellows Falls, Rutland, White River Junction, Burlington, Montpelier and St. Albans, Vt., and Ogdensburg, N. Y. by the following route: over Vermont Central Railroad from Boston to Ogdensburg, thence via Saratoga Line of steamers to Chicago, and return by the same route. Tickets good from August 1st to September 1st inclusive. Tickets to be had in Boston only of L. Mills, Esq., General Agent, No. 5 State street, and at the ticket offices of the Ver-

mont Central in the above mentioned places. From the State of Maine passengers will be conveyed over the Grand Trunk Railroad to Port Sarria, thence by the Lakes as above for the same fare, viz., \$25 for the round trip. Apply to Wm. Flowers, Esq., General Agent, Bangor, Me. The Spiritualists of New York can make satisfactory arrangements for reduction of fares by calling upon H. F. Gardner, Esq., General Agent of Grand Trunk Railway, 270 Broadway, New York City.

H. F. GARDNER, M. D., Chairman.
H. B. STORER, Secretary.

All papers favorable to the movement will please copy.

Three Days' Meeting.

The Spiritualists of Old Town, Milford, Bradley and vicinity, will hold a three days' meeting in Milford, on the 26th, 27th and 28th of August.

It is expected that the Davenport Brothers, whose celebrity is world-wide, will be present, and possibly the Davenport Sisters; also, some prominent Spiritualist speakers and lecturers. Among them, W. K. Ripley, H. P. Fairchild, C. A. Hayden, I. P. Greenleaf, Mrs. A. A. Currier, Emma Houston, Susie M. Johnson, and, we hope, a host of others. All lecturers, mediums and Spiritualists are most cordially invited to come and share with us our homes, hearts and hopes.

The friends here will make provision to accommodate those coming from a distance, and want every niche of the hall occupied.

Come! on and all occupied, join hand and heart, that we may more effectually work—

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the future that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

H. B. EMERY,
NEWELL BLAKE,
A. RIGLEY,
I. M. ROBINSON,
J. J. NOHRIS,
Committee of Arrangements.

Bradley, Piscataway Co., Me., June 25, 1864.

County Convention.

The Spiritualists of Boone County and vicinity will hold a Three Days' Meeting, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, the 23, 24, and 25th of September next, in the incorporated town of Belvidere. A free platform will be sustained. Each speaker will be responsible only for his or her ideas. Speakers from abroad are expected to be present, among whom is Rev. Moses Hull, of Battle Creek, Mich. A cordial invitation is extended to all. Arrangements will be made to entertain those who come from a distance.

By Order of Committee,
H. Bidwell, of Belvidere; D. Chapman, of Bonus; D. H. Ellis, of Manchester; S. Wellington, of Caladonia; W. Lewis, of Spring; A. S. Royal, of Florio; Wm. Wadsworth, of Leroy; H. Willard, of Boone, Committee.

CHARLES GORHAM, Cor. Sec'y., Belvidere.

Grove Meeting.

The Third Annual Grove Meeting of the Spiritualists of Superior near Ypsilanti, Mich., will be held on the 17th days of August next, commencing at 10 o'clock a. m. Speakers on their way to the Chicago Convention are respectfully invited to attend. Accommodations free, and as large a fee given the speakers as can be obtained. Moses Hull is engaged, and others will be unless response is made to the above.

By order of the Committee,
WM. F. GOODELL.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

HOSPITALITY HALL.—Spiritual meetings are held in this hall every Sunday, at 10 A. M. All mediums are invited.

CHELSEA.—The Spiritualists of Chelsea have hired Library Hall, to hold regular meetings Sunday afternoon and evening of each week. All communications concerning them should be sent to Dr. H. B. Gardner, Chelsea, Mass. The following speaker has been engaged—N. Frank White, July 24, 31, Aug. 7, 14, and Sept. 18 and 25.

Lowell.—Spiritual meetings in Lee street Church. "The Children's Progressive Lyceum" meets at 104 A. M. The following lectures are engaged to speak afternoon and evening of each week: Mrs. S. A. Hayden, Sept. 16 and 23; Mrs. E. A. Hayden, Sept. 20 and 27; N. S. Greenleaf, during October, November and December; Chas. A. Hayden, Dec. 4 and 11.

LYNN.—The Spiritualists hold meetings in City Hall regularly at 2 and 7 1/2 P. M. Speakers engaged—H. P. Fairchild, Sept. 4 and 11; Sarah A. Hayden, Sept. 18 and 25; Charles A. Hayden, during October, November and December; N. S. Greenleaf, during January; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebury, during January; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebury, Dec. 4 and 11.

MILFORD.—Meetings are held regularly every Sunday, at 10 A. M. and 7 1/2 P. M. in Irving Hall. Speakers engaged—W. H. Ripley, July 24.

PROVIDENCE.—Meetings are held in Pratt's Hall, Westchester street, Sundays, afternoons at 3 and evenings at 7 1/2 o'clock. Speakers engaged—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, during July, August and September.

OLD TOWN.—The Spiritualists of Old Town, Bradley, Milford, Upper Saratoga and vicinity, meet every Sunday, afternoon and evening, in the Universalist Church. Speakers engaged—Chas. A. Hayden, the first four Sundays in July; Mrs. A. A. Currier, during August.

NEW YORK.—Dorchester's Hall. Meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. The meetings are open to all, and are held in the city of New York, and Broadway. Free meetings every Sunday morning and evening, at 10 1/2 and 7 1/2 o'clock. Fred. L. H. Willis, permanent lecturer.

THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS will hold spiritual meetings at Union Hall, corner of Broadway and 22d street, New York, every Sunday. Circles, wonderful diagnoses of disease, and public speaking, are given in the daily papers.

CINCINNATI, O.—The Spiritualists of Cincinnati have organized themselves under the laws of Ohio as a "Religious Society of Progressive Spiritualists," and have secured Metropolitan Hall, corner of 4th and Walnut streets, where they hold regular meetings on Sunday mornings and evenings, at 10 and 7 1/2 o'clock.

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