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Original Essay.

WHAT IS RIGHT?

BY WILLIAM DENTON.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

What do you think on that subject, Jew?

"From our law I cannot learn that there is anything wrong in the moderate use of intoxicating drinks, though drunkenness is of course a great crime, and forbidden by our holy law."

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

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

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

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

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

to put the strength of a hundred men's arms into one man's arm; a shepherd of might, that could rescue his sheep from the jaws of the devouring lion. Now mark how he does this: the angel of the Lord—that is, the Lord's messenger—appears to Samson's mother, and says to her, 'Thou shalt conceive and bear a son.' Now, therefore, beware, I pray thee, and drink not wine nor strong drink.' And to her husband he says, 'She may not eat of anything that cometh of the vine; neither let her drink wine or strong drink.' Why these stringent prohibitions? Evidently that the child might be free from alcoholic taint, he being also a Nazirite from the womb to the day of his death. Thus did God accomplish his purposes by the strength of this mighty abstainer, and deliver the Israelites from the hand of their oppressors. Nor is this all: God's word abounds with passages condemning the use of intoxicating drinks. Let us hear what Solomon, the king of wise men, says: 'Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine, they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; at the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder!—Prov. xxiii: 34. What can be plainer than this? No abstainer could write a passage more strongly forbidding the use of intoxicating drinks. You must not even look at the tempter, lest you be poisoned by its deadly venom."

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

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

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

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

"Allow me to ask you a question," says the drinking Christian. "Was not Jesus Christ a greater person than Daniel?" "Oh certainly, he was God himself, who came down from heaven."

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

"The conscious water saw its God, And blushing, turned to generous wine."

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

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

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

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

I turn to the Jew. "What do you think upon that subject?" "There is no holy day," he replies, "but Saturday. Fridays are no better than Sundays; but Saturday, the seventh day, is the Sabbath of the Lord our God, on which no manner of work may be done." "What makes Saturday so much better than other days?" "Do you not know, that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, and rested on the seventh, wherefore he blessed and hallowed it? In his law, delivered to Moses on Mount Sinai, he gave the command to observe this day as a holy day forever.—Ex. xxxi: 13-16—and what God commands, man must do."

"What do you think about that, Christian?" "Well, sir, of keeping Fridays and Saturdays I know nothing; they are no better than other days of the week; but Sunday is the Lord's day, and whoever breaks the Sabbath, by work or play, does it at the peril of his soul; for all Sabbath-breakers shall have their portion in the lake that burns with fire and brimstone." "But wherein lies the peculiar sanctity of the Sunday?" "Have you not read the Bible, sir, God's holy word of truth? 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy.'—Ex. xvi: 23. 'Yes, but that is Saturday.' "No, it is Sunday, for the day has been changed, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, on the first day of the week." "But as he rested in the grave on Saturday, the Jewish Sabbath must very well have been retained." "The Church, sir, from the earliest times, observed the first day of the week. On that day the disciples met to break bread; and from those earliest times to the present, the Sunday has been observed as a day of rest and a peculiarly holy day, by all classes of Christians everywhere. John, in the Revelations, evidently refers to it when he speaks of 'the Lord's Day.'"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Written for the Banner of Light.
WAITING.

BY MRS. HARVEY A. JONES.

O'er the lowly couch of pain, through the watch-
towers of the night,
Shadows dimming deep recesses, unlit by pale
lantern light;

Hovering o'er the dear one, in the fitful sleep of
pain,
Waiting, waiting for the dawning; to cheer the
heart again.

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

Morn has brought no gladness, as slowly, day by
day,
The form by sickness wasted, passes from earth
away;

Still hope burns in its socket with fitful, flicker-
ing light,
While nearer, ever nearer, fall the shades of
grief's dark night.

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

Round our way in gladness, with their looks of
love,
Forms are flitting from the past, that long have
dwelt above.

And in the hour of sadness, low tones fall on the
ear,
Whispered by angel-voices, our earth-worn hearts
to cheer.

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

Mrs. Wilhelm's Labors in Monmouth.

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

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

Resolved, That we have listened to the course of lectures delivered before this Society by Mrs. Wilhelm with much pleasure, deep appreciation, and, we may hope, no inconsiderable profit. Regarding that we cannot at present longer be privileged to hear her expression, we realize that the active and energetic character of the speaker induces our loss, however long felt, to be the gain of others. While our kind wishes attend her wherever located, in pleasant remembrance of the receipt of her address, and the knowledge that we are in the way of an example so worthy of being followed, we are deeply aware of the time when it may be our fortune to receive from her the benefit of her earnest and pertinent expression of intelligent and imaginative thought, has been productive of so much that was enjoyable.

H. H. HUGHES, Pres't.

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

D. R. STEVENS, Sec'y.

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

Impressed with full sense of this unfitness, we are, nevertheless, obliged to record it as a victory, that to some of those who saw and heard the subject of our sketch, she really seemed less out of place than a large majority of those victims of misguided education, who, in the pulpits of our churches, while they rejoice in placing on exhibition the productions of the tailor rather than those of the mantua-maker, disgrace their organization, blurt the sources of being, and burlesque the one named, or other, of our female orators, who speak because they have something to say—from the abundance of the heart rather than the spur of a necessity, (the more cruel because self-created)—who can tell to what extent the world would be the better for it?

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

Monmouth, Ill., July, 1866.

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Children's Department.
BY MRS. ROSE M. WILLIS.
ADDRESS, CARE OF BANNER OF LIGHT, BOSTON.

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

(Original.)
**SELFISHNESS:
AND THE TROUBLE IT BRINGS.**

[Continued.]

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At recess one day Gertrude accosted Christie: "I suppose you've heard the news?" Lucy is over head and ears in love!"

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

"It's a lie!" said Gertrude, "Jo Shrimp is a thing of a lie, but it's his way to prove it to you."

"You can't prove it against Lucy," said Gertrude, "she has proved it to me, and you know it."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Christie had at last become convinced that Lucy did not care for him, and she was quietly left out of every gathering of her young companions. It was a gay winter, and Gertrude with her friends spent almost every evening at some party or social meeting. Mrs. Clipp sat alone and wondered and waited, and hoped and prayed. Arthur went more and more with his evil companions, and no one had any power over him but Gertrude, and she always exercised it for the wrong instead of the right.

Mrs. Clipp could not keep off the evil day much longer. Her place was to be sold, and she was to be without a home. And she talked it over with Lucy, and wondered what she should do. But Lucy had only cheerful words, and was something, would happen to prevent it.

But Gertrude wondered what all the fuss was about, and was very much annoyed for her, because they troubled her about things that were disagreeable. And she went away and the cold days of spring, and the warm days of May were at hand. The school had closed, and Christie had had the winter holidays, and was much admired as every body has observed. She was at the station on the river, and spent his days alone in his boat on the river, roaming the country. Gertrude, disappointed at the result of her efforts to gain his good opinion, and having had some variance with Bertie, moved at home, and wished the days were not half as long.

Oh, no, you are not Gertrude. "We don't want to be Gertrude, and anybody to say they like her, say so!"

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

"She walks with us this afternoon, just after school, and see."

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

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

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

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

Lucy extended her hand most cordially.

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

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1886.
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W. H. WHITE, C. H. CROWELL, I. B. RICH,
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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.
All letters and communications intended for the Editor
of this paper, should be addressed to the Editor.

SPIRITUALISM is based on the cardinal fact of spirit-communication and influx: it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. 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; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to the true religion as at one with the highest philosophy. (London Spiritual Magazine.)

A Monopoly of God.

When an individual, or a sect assumes that he has a sort of title-deed to the favor of the Almighty in his pocket, which gives him the warrant to drive and keep all other people out of the enclosure, it is perfectly safe to say that there is no true trust in God there. The worship of the Divine has little to do with bragging about the exclusive possession of it. Men might as rationally, and as religiously, bet upon it as brag upon it; either practice shows that the bottom is out and the contents of course are wanting.

What volumes of blasphemous verbiage are steadily poured forth about "trusting in God." Davis and Lee were full of it, on setting up the self-styled Confederacy. But it seems that Heaven paid little or no attention to their claims, after all; these and their zealous pious appeals all went for nothing. How many times was the worn, old phrase of "trusting to the God of battles" used by them in their addresses! Yet that same "God of battles" did nothing for them. It was as Napoleon the First said it was in his day: the Lord was on the side of the heavy artillery.

So with Francis Joseph, the Emperor of Austria, whose power has been completely trodden under foot by the superior military energy and skill of Prussia. On entering upon the war which has just reached a breathing-place, he made proclamation in a solemn enough manner to be really ministerial, that Heaven was assuredly on his side, and would never consent to see the wrong cause get uppermost. He was perfectly satisfied with the case as it stood, for he knew that he and his side never could go down while there was a God that ruled in the heavens. And it was true that Prussia was the wicked and determined aggressor, too. But what change did that fact make in the general result? When it came to a trial of sheer force, it was anything but a divine principle or rule that was likely to come off victorious. Arms performed the work. Austria went down in spite of the fact that she professed such a loud obedience to the wishes and will of the Almighty. If she had been in the habit of doing so in all strictness before the day of travail came upon her, it would have helped her in this last trial, because there is little doubt that it would have kept her out of it altogether.

Now is it probable that Davis, of the defunct Confederacy, and Francis Joseph, of vanquished Austria, trust and believe in the interposition of the Lord as much as they professed to before their misfortunes? That is the question to test their sincerity. Do they believe now that the Lord was only on the side of the Right, and that they were themselves wholly in the Wrong? They certainly should do so, if their faith in God is a sincere one. They must certainly conclude that he has turned against them, and taken sides with their adversaries in order to work their own deserved discomfiture. On any other theory, and with any narrower conclusion than this, their professions are nothing but the basest sort of hypocrisy. They are obliged to accept the bad as well as the good, in their faith.

The same hollow habit prevails, too, with the Orthodox ecclesiastics as credulists. They are very sure, so sure that all possible testimony in addition could not make them more so, that the Lord is all their own, that he has them in his exclusive keeping; that he laid the foundations of the earth and stretched out the curtains of the heavens for their peculiar satisfaction and good; that he watches over them personally, having a close care of their domestic affairs when those of their neighbors no doubt go unthought of; that they are the elect few out of untold millions of human beings who are destined to enjoy "salvation," while the rest of creation are sure to go down into the pit from which escape is entirely out of the question; and, in fine, that their property in the Almighty is personal and exclusive, having the right to grant favors from Him to others as they feel disposed, and able to shut out others from all share in such benefits as they think ought not to be allowed.

And so it goes the world over. Mankind have yet to rise to a far higher and broader contemplation of the divine power which creates, sustains, and rules all things, within and without the human family, or what is popularly styled Religion will in time become a worse tyrant than it is now. It is so mixed up with human conceit to-day, that it is difficult to separate the one from the other. But there is a difference between them, and a wide one. Religion teaches us that we are all children of a common Father. Secularism teaches only that God is a powerful being who is on our side, but full of wrath toward our enemies.

National Convention of Spiritualists.

The Third National Convention of Spiritualists convenes at Providence, R. I., on Tuesday morning August 24th, at 11 o'clock, and will continue its sessions till the close of the following Sunday. So far as heard from, quite a large number of delegates have been elected, and no doubt most of them will be present. There has not been that interest felt in the matter in this part of the country which so important a Convention deserves, partly owing to the existing prejudice against organization of any kind. This should not be so, for there are many other important subjects which will command the attention of the Convention. It is well for Spiritualists to meet together occasionally from different sections of the country and compare notes, and then discuss all progressive movements in a candid and rational spirit, remembering that Spiritualism is the basis of all reforms. In this manner much good can be effected, which the future will surely realize.

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

Aid to Spiritualists who Suffered by the Portland Fire.

We wish particularly to call the attention of our readers to the following circular, setting forth the necessities of Spiritualists who lost their property in the great conflagration which recently visited the city of Portland. As the facts come to light, the calamity assumes enormous proportions, showing that the suffering must be great the coming winter, unless more aid comes in. The benevolent have promptly come forward with sympathizing hearts, and contributed nobly toward the relief of their suffering fellow mortals, but only a fractional part of the losses have been made up to the sufferers. Denominational societies in many instances have raised what they could to relieve the distresses of their friends; but no general effort has been made among Spiritualists, in different parts of the country, to succor their suffering brethren in Portland, and we earnestly hope such measures will at once be taken as will procure the necessary means to do so. If all would contribute what they could easily spare, much suffering would be averted, and much good be done. Our suffering friends thus far have only received a small proportion from the general fund sent in, to which many Spiritualists contributed largely, and to which we added our mite. Mr. Rich, of the BANNER OF LIGHT, gave an entertainment at the Howard Athenaeum, and realized \$318, all of which he gave to the general fund; the proprietors of the BANNER added \$25 more, and the editor \$10, making \$353 from this office. Many other Spiritualists contributed freely, among whom we noticed Dr. Gardner's name for \$20, Miss Lizzie Doten's for \$5, and Alvin Adams for a large sum; but this all went into the general fund. Now, however, we are pleased to notice that efforts are being made among the Spiritualists, to assist their friends, who represent a large portion of the sufferers. This can easily be done with a little effort. Here is an instance: Dr. Gardner called attention to this subject at his late picnic at Abington, and asked the people to contribute what each chose to give, and in a few minutes he collected \$116, which he promptly forwarded to Mr. Blanchard, and we understood the Doctor to say he should send them in addition a hundred dollar sewing machine. A few such energetic men would soon bring a smile to countenances now enveloped in sadness from sheer want. Friends, move promptly in this matter. First read the following:

CIRCULAR LETTER FROM PORTLAND.

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

We do not presume to address you in the light of an appeal simply to your sympathy and generosity in aid of the sufferers by the terrible scourge that swept our city as with the besom of destruction, on the night of July 4th, 1886, especially as the contributions to that end from all parts of the country have been, and still are, most munificent, in which we doubt not Spiritualists have borne their full share.

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

Little did the inhabitants of our city think on the morning of the last anniversary of the nation's birthday that before the rising of another sun, nearly, if not quite, one-third of the thickly populated territory of the city, comprising more than half of its business, and the habitations of more than ten thousand of its citizens, covering an area of rising two hundred acres, would be laid in ashes, swept clean by the devouring flames, leaving but two buildings standing in the track of the fire; but so it was, and for a distance of about a mile and a half in length, by a varying distance of a point to a half mile in width, a destruction more complete or a desolation more appalling cannot well be conceived. The mansion and the hovel alike fell the devouring element; the rich and poor, the saint and sinner alike its victims. The wealth of long years of toil, care and prudence disappeared as by magic, and many whose small life earnings had been tenderly nursed to sweeten and gladden their descent of the shady side of life toward the "land of the hereafter," saw them snatched from their grasp in a moment, scattered to the winds, and they turned into the street without a penny, dependent, for the time being, for a meal of victuals or a night's lodging.

Instances have been numerous of the loss of every memento that immediately connects the memory of the "loved ones gone before" with the shifting scenes of this life. Every family has treasures of this kind, priceless to the possessors, though valueless to others for whom they furnish no suggestion of pleasant memories or happy associations. But the hardest of all to bear in this visitation—not of kind providence, but of inexorable cause and effect—is the utter desolation that has overtaken so many families, bringing poverty, want and suffering to those who, by industry and the exercise of a prudent economy in early life, till past middle age, or indeed until old age even had actually been reached, had gathered enough of this world's goods, or had placed themselves in such comfortable circumstances, as render life a perpetual benediction; these, so far as materiality is concerned, must begin life anew, starting again where they did thirty or fifty years ago.

So far as yet ascertained, about forty families of Spiritualists have been burned out, either in their business or homes, about one-half of them in both. Some, a few, possess means with which to regain business standing again; these do not need aid, and have carefully abstained from receiving any of the contributions so generously bestowed from abroad and at home; but the great majority are not so fortunate; they have lost the accumulations of years, which had become necessary to their everyday comfort. It is needless, however, to enumerate particulars. Picture to yourselves a sudden, complete and overwhelming loss of all accumulated means, and also of all present means of livelihood, such as places of business, tools, &c., the parties actually turned into the street with, in many instances, absolutely nothing but what they stood in, wholly dependent upon their more fortunate neighbors for the means to live for a day, and you have a faint conception of the destructive calamity that surprised our people on that eventful night.

Though the contributions in relief have been apparently enormous, it must also be borne in mind that the victims are counted by thousands

and could a distribution be made pro-rata, or even in proportion to losses according to actual necessities in each case, it would then be found but as a drop in the bucket; and while we feel it to be a very delicate matter to suggest further aid, and special contributions by our friends of the Spiritualist faith, we yet believe they will accord to us a knowledge of the necessities of the case, impossible to be known except to those dwelling amidst the ruins of our once prosperous and beautiful city, and which, with the latent energy of our people, coupled with the generous aid of strangers and friends, which has strengthened our hearts and hopes, we purpose at no distant day shall be as prosperous and more beautiful than before.

We beg leave to suggest that contributions which our friends may see fit to make, should be in money, and may be directed to M. A. Blanchard—Post-Office Box 1844.

Fraternally and truly, your obedient servants,
M. A. BLANCHARD,
JAMES FURUSHI,
N. A. FOSTER, } Committee.
Portland, Me., Aug. 10th, 1886.

The Principles of Nature.

AN EXTRAORDINARY WORK.

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

"The Principles of Nature, as discovered in the development and structure of the Universe. The Solar System: Laws and Method of its Development. Earth: History of its Development. Being a concise exposition of the laws of universal development, of origin of systems, suns, planets; the laws governing their motions, forces, &c. Also a history of the development of Earth from the period of its first formation until the present. Also an Exposition of the Spiritual Universe. Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King, Vol. I. Saratoga Springs: Published by Andrew J. King, 1886."

Such is the grand and august theme upon which the spirit influencing Mrs. King has entered in this remarkable work. This lady, as we learn from the communicating spirit's Preface, is of the age of forty-one, a wife and mother. Her advantages for education have been limited, although she was "a teacher at fifteen, and at twenty-four, and a student also." She was a member of the Baptist Church until four years since, when she voluntarily withdrew from church fellowship, being convinced of the truth of the Spiritual Philosophy and of the reality of spirit manifestations. "Spirit-friends, guardians, understanding from the period of her birth, the quality of her mind, guided her to the end that circumstances might favor her development at the proper period." Processes simultaneously acting upon body and mind have been conducted in her case by these spirit-guardians, until her present stage of development has been reached. She is the substance of the explanation given by the controlling spirit, in his Preface to these revelations, as to the course pursued toward the medium.

Besides the "Author's" or controlling spirit's Preface, there is a modest and well-written Preface by the medium's husband, Mr. A. J. King, in which he tells us that some two weeks previous to the 8th of March, 1884, the medium announced that on that day she would commence to dictate to him the work long before promised, on the Principles of Nature, and that he was to act as scribe. Accordingly, at an early hour on the day indicated, they seated themselves at a table, and after an hour of silence, followed by prayer, the medium began to dictate and the scribe to write. The first day will serve for a description of others. The actual time she was thus engaged in preparing the book for the printer was less than six months; the medium occupying, for much of that time, from three to four hours a day in the dictation.

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

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

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

"The sphere to which gravitation spiritual substance from physical spheres, is termed the second sphere; the physical being the first. Each sun of the first order—which signifies its entire system—evolves a spiritual sphere, or rather, spiritual sphere is the second sphere to all the bodies of that system; the sphere, or plane, to which gravitation all spiritual substance from all bodies of that system. In conformity to a law to be hereafter enunciated, the sphere of attractive influence of the positive spiritual sphere of the universe, fixes the location of the spiritual spheres. By the proper attraction of the positive spiritual sphere, the spheres of the system are transported to that plane, and in forms, as remarked, in currents of elemental substance; which, the laws being reached, the strong attractive force being removed, that draw these

elements together, disorganized the forms which these elements composed—these enter again into organization, and obedience to the paramount law of gravitation, which determines that spiritual proportions shall unite. As, naturally, do these elements recombine on arriving at the spiritual plane, as they combine when evolved to form the life-principle of physical forms on the physical plane; and upon the same principle. This combining, as naturally do they arrange themselves in appropriate positions, according to quality, affinity; thus forming a plane in exact correspondence to the physical plane by which they were evolved—in exact correspondence relative to the appropriate distribution of planetary planes, the appropriate nature of each planetary plane as a whole. Appropriately distributed over the spiritual sphere, in positions perfectly corresponding to the positions of planets in the physical systems, are planes of spiritual substance, denominated spiritual planetary planes, being the planes to which gravitates spiritual substance from the corresponding physical planes or planets. A slight reference, only, is made to the constitution of the spiritual spheres; this being sufficient for the explanation of the principle under consideration—the arrangement, distribution, of spiritual substance upon spiritual planes; the nature of that substance, its grades, its office, its destination in the universe."

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

Ourselves and Correspondents.

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

"The Friend," a well-conducted paper published in New York, contains a brief article upon this subject, which so entirely agrees with our own views, that we copy it, for the especial benefit of those who do not find things just as they would have them. The editor, with the caption, "How to treat the Question," remarks:

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

L. Judd Fardee in Chicago.

In a private note from Mr. Fardee, he speaks rather disparagingly of his health, and regrets he has not the means to enable him to rest awhile from the lecturing field. We trust he will not break down, for he is too able a champion in the spiritual ranks to be spared at this particular time. He also says:

"I notice in your issue of the 11th inst., that Mrs. Cora L. Daniels has been lecturing before the Spiritualists of Chicago recently with marked success. Perhaps she has. But I was laboring under the impression that the undersigned had, through the kindness of the Committee here, immediately followed Mr. Finney, who spoke the first four Sundays of July. However, as Bishop Berkeley held that matter was a myth and material existence a phantasm, perhaps I have been, and am, laboring under a stupendous delusion. The only remaining point of difficulty in the matter would then be—how could, under such an hypothesis (Berkeleyan), Mrs. Daniels have been speaking here, or anywhere else?"

But to quit metaphysics and come down to physics—or facts—the latter are briefly these, as I was informed by one of the Committee: Mrs. D. was engaged to speak for the friends here immediately succeeding Mr. Finney. There was a strong desire that she should. But, at the eleventh hour, the Committee were informed by Mrs. D. that her price (per Sunday) was fifty dollars. As this was just double the sum they were paying speakers, and as the condition of the Society's finances would not permit so large an outlay for services rendered if they were reluctantly compelled to forego Mrs. D.'s valuable lecturing aid and her instructions as a spiritual teacher. Mrs. D. did speak, however, on her own responsibility one week-day evening; and her given lecture was, I am informed, highly interesting and instructive."

France Up in Arms.

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

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

What is in the Air?

The essay on our first page, from the pen of Prof. Wm. Dutton, should receive the thoughtful perusal of all who are profound thinkers and the humblest seeker after truth in particular—for it will greatly help enlighten their minds. Prof. Dutton possesses a stock of great depth, research and capacity, and ranks high among the ablest geologists of the age. We wish he would more frequently give the public the benefit of his knowledge, and direct his powerful pen to the elucidation of those subjects which are so generally misunderstood and so generally misapprehended.

Opening at the Howard Athenaeum.

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

The Spiritualist Camp Meeting.

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

Children's Lyceum in Troy.

The Sunday Mirror, published in Troy, N. Y., in its issue of Aug. 8th, devotes over a column in elucidation of the workings and benefits of "the new Sunday-School system" recently inaugurated in that city by the Spiritualists. In the course of his remarks the editor says, "The school is visited by large numbers of our citizens, who are well entertained for their trouble, every Sunday. The public are always welcome, and we are requested to state that all interested in such matters are invited to attend. Those who do attend will be well repaid for doing so. The Lyceum in this city was superintended for a few Sundays after its commencement by Mr. Andrew Jackson Davis himself. After it had got fairly in working order, it was taken in charge by several of our prominent citizens belonging to the Spiritualist Society. The managers of the institution have labored assiduously for the foundation of the Lyceum, and their school now ranks among the foremost of the Sunday Schools in the city in point of numbers and management."

The Atlantic Cable.

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

Illness of Jennie Lord.

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

Death of W. P. Brannan.

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

Dr. John Mayhew Coming East.

Dr. Mayhew, who for eight years past has been laboring in the West, is about to revisit the East. He intends to cross the Mississippi at Davenport, Iowa, thence to travel by way of Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany to New York, and thence on for his intended purpose, desiring a visit from our Spiritualist friends, who are so kindly and so ready to receive him, with all the help and aid of our Spiritualist friends. Dr. Mayhew is a well-known and highly respected man, and his visit will be a great benefit to the cause of Spiritualism in this country. We hope he will be able to give the public the benefit of his knowledge, and direct his powerful pen to the elucidation of those subjects which are so generally misunderstood and so generally misapprehended.

Message Department.

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

Mrs. J. H. Conant.
While in an abnormal condition called the trance. These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition. The questions propounded at these circles by mortals, are answered by spirits who do not announce their names.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

Our Public Free Circles.
These circles, in which the public have heretofore manifested so deep an interest, will be resumed on Monday afternoon, Sept. 21.

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

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

Questions and Answers.
CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—Mr. Chairman, we are ready to consider whatever inquiries you have to propound.
Q.—Are there any permanent unions in Nature, either with matter or mind?
A.—No; there are no permanent unions in Nature, either in the nature of matter, or of mind, because life is perpetually perfecting itself through change. Therefore the atoms that form an aggregate mass to-day, may be scattered broadcast to-morrow. Souls that are grouped together in love and affinity to-day, to-morrow may be widely separated.

Q.—A message purporting to come from the spirit of Anna Goodwin, was published in the "Banner of Light" last February, communicated at the Free Circles. It stated that her father had called upon some medium with a friend, (Mr. Moulton), to obtain a message from his daughter (Anna). A gentleman wishing a test, inquired of Mr. Goodwin if it were so. He said he had never been to any medium or seance, or made any inquiries upon the subject. Will the Controlling Spirit please explain the discrepancy?
A.—It sometimes happens that those intelligences who have lately become residents of the spirit-land, do so far confound the action of mind with the action of matter, as to declare that the form, the external form, was seen in such and such places and communed with earth friends, instead of the indwelling life of the form. It is a well known spiritual scientific fact, that the indwelling spirit, at all times, under all circumstances, holds communion with those it loves the best. But the result of that communion is rarely transmitted to external senses. Now it is very possible that this may be attributed to the confounding of the spiritual with the external; yet we do not know—we say it is possible; we are not informed directly with regard to the case, but we believe the discrepancy may have been caused in this way.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Well, that's what I want to tell my mother, and make her know that it's not wicked for her to grieve for me, and I should feel awfully if she didn't cry for me. I should say she didn't love me, and I should feel awfully.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Circle closed by William E. Channing.

Invocation.

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

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

Questions and Answers.

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

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

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

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

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

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

John Hughes.

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

It is believed by the greater portion of my acquaintances, that I was led to commit the mistake for which I was executed, because I was a Spiritualist—because I had been induced to that course by holding communications with will and conjuring spirits. I have, however, feeling anything purporting to come from the unseen world, or inhabitants of that world, that would in

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

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

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

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

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

Charlie O'Brien.

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

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

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

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

I want my communications—that's what you call it—to reach my brother James, so he'll go to Ireland and do his work. Now he has the means. Faith, we laid it up together, and he has my share and his own now. Ah, then, he's got nothing to bother himself about; he's fit to go and do it up in good shape; he'll be equal to it all right.

Good-by, to you. Sometime or other I'll have the pleasure of shaking hands with you, I can't tell whether it will be on the other side, or whether it will be as you are. But I'll be sure to shake

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

Angie Russell.

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

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

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

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

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

William Harris.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Circle closed by Robert Owen.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.
Friday, May 15.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Stephen, to his friends; Josephine Jones, to her parents; Mrs. Alice Clark, to her husband, sister and brother.
Saturday, May 16.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Sarah Jane Gates (Jennie), of New Bedford, Mass., to her father, and the friends; Rev. Arthur Fuller, to his friend Adams; Nania (an Indian girl), educated in our schools, to her friends in England, who have called for her.
Sunday, May 17.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; David Jones, of the 24th Illinois Cavalry, to Chaplain Brown, of Vermont, also to friends in Princeton, Ill.; Mary Richardson, to her children; Willie Johnson, to his father, William Johnson, of Charleston, S. C.; John Andrew, to his parents, at Racine, Wis.; Eliza Smith, to Eliza.
Monday, May 18.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Rosa T. Amey, to friends; James Cooley, to his cousin Daniel, in New York City; Capt. Robert Spoford, to the friend who served with him upon Spiritualism, also to other friends South.
Tuesday, May 19.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Thelma Curry, of New York City, to her friend, George; George, to his mother, in Boston; George, to his father, Geo. D. Frentice, of Louisville, Ky.; Fanny Chase, of Georgetown, D. C., to her parents.
Wednesday, May 20.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Mary Ellen Kearney, of Roxbury, Mass., to John Brown, of New York City; John Brown, to his friends; John Brown, who lived on High street, Boston, to his brother James; Nathan Flanders, of Virginia, to Alexander Flanders, James T. Sims, and Jacob Forth.
Thursday, May 21.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Annie Barclay, to her mother, Sarah; to her sister, Living in Davis Court, New York City; John Calvin Holmes, to his aunt and friends; Henri Borghman, to his brother, Frederick Borghman, in Cleveland, O.

Written for the Banner of Light.

LYNES.

BY ADDIE HITCHINS.

I stood alone!
The God of Day
On the horizon
In glory lay.

The hillslope, crowned with his last beams,
Sang their joy in woodland echoes low,
The murmuring ripples of the streams
Danced gleeful in his ruby glow;

While blithesome warblers of the sky,
Caught up the refrain of the hour,
And, sailing on swift pinions high,
The pean swelled with birdlike power.

From each, from all of Nature's horde,
Outpoured this anthem of delight;
Till exalted all, with one accord,
Sleep, cradled in the peace of night.

No sound disturbs the brooding air;
No fraction jars the whole;
Trysting of each eternal pair
Soul answers unto soul!

Anon, fair Luna and her hosts advance,
Treading the sky with matchless mien,
Dispensing life their alvery radiance,
Shed constant beauty on the scene.

The night grows old,
The darkness yields
To rays of gold,
Shed through azure fields!

Nature awakes! Morn grows apace!
Sol, upspringing from the vasty deep,
Begins anew his endless race,
With shadows on the mountain steep!

Another day is born! Life's tidal flow
Leaps on with vigorous activity;
Birds, streams, and trees, and flowers bloom;
All waits for strength and beauty!

How sweet to strength and beauty!
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How sweet to strength and beauty!

Third National Convention.

To the Spiritualists and Reformers of the World:
At the SECOND NATIONAL CONVENTION OF SPIRITUALISTS, held at Burlington, Vermont, from the 17th to the 21st of October, 1885, it was

Resolved, That this Convention and its successors be, and hereby are declared to be, a Permanent National Organization of Spiritualists, to be held at the next Annual Convention, and that its respective officers until the next Annual Convention, and its successors be elected.

Resolved, That the delegates and substitutes, except such as voluntarily withdraw their names, are hereby declared members of the National Organization of Spiritualists, whose names of office, as delegates, shall be elected when their successors or other delegates, shall be elected by their respective local organizations, shall not cease until their names are voluntarily withdrawn, provided that membership, without annual appointment by local organization, shall not entitle members to vote, or take part in the business of Annual Conventions.

Resolved, That the National Organization of Spiritualists will, until otherwise ordered, hold Annual National Conventions of delegates from local organizations, at such times and places as the President, Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer of this and each subsequent Convention shall designate, and such officers are hereby declared an Executive Committee for that purpose.

Resolved, That appointments and records as delegates from local organizations, shall constitute the membership in the National Organization of Spiritualists, and in such delegates shall be thereby constituted and remain members until their names are voluntarily withdrawn.

Resolved, That in adopting these articles, all rights of the National Organization hereby instituted, in any way, at any time, or in any manner, in the least degree to assume the power to prescribe or declare any doctrine, or to interfere with the rights of local organizations, by resolutions, or otherwise, are forever prohibited.

In pursuance of the above, the undersigned officers of said Convention, as the Executive Committee, have received the following invitation, to wit: "At a meeting of the Providence Congregation of Spiritualists, held at Pratt's Hall, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the National Convention of Spiritualists be invited to hold their next session in the city of Providence, in the month of August next.

Resolved, That this invitation be accepted, we recommend that one day be devoted to an excursion upon the waters of our Narragansett Bay, and we tender to the Convention the free use of our hall, a fraternal greeting, &c.

And, on conferring with each other, we have decided to call the Third National Convention, to meet on Tuesday, Aug. 21st, at 11 A. M., and continue in session until the following Sunday, at the above-mentioned hall, in the city of Providence, State of Rhode Island. And we therefore invite "each local organization of Spiritualists or Progressive Reformers," to send "two delegates and an additional one for each fractional fifty over the first fifty members," to attend and participate in the business which may come before said Convention.

JNO. PIERPONT, President, 621 Broadway, New York.
HENRY C. CHASE, Secretary, 621 Broadway, New York.
M. B. DAVIS, Treasurer, 621 Broadway, New York.
J. G. FISKE, Vice-President for New Jersey.
J. R. PIERPONT, Vice-President for Pennsylvania.
THOMAS GARRETT, Vice-President for Delaware.
J. A. ROWLAND, Vice-President for District of Columbia.
A. G. WILSON, Vice-President for Ohio.
BENJAMIN TODD, Vice-President for Michigan.
S. S. JONES, Vice-President for Illinois.
CHARLES H. CROWELL, Vice-President for Massachusetts.
H. S. LORAN, Vice-President for Wisconsin.
MRS. M. B. RANDALL, M. D., Vice-President for Vermont.

First Spiritualist Mass Camp Meeting, near Malden and Melrose, Mass.

The undersigned committee appointed by the Malden and Melrose Grove Meeting, on Sunday, July 20th, having duly deliberated and made all preliminary arrangements, are happy to announce that the first Spiritualist Mass Camp Meeting will be held in Lynn's woods, about half way between Malden and Melrose, Mass., commencing on Thursday, Aug. 30th (the week after the Providence National Convention), and continuing till Sunday evening following. The grove is beautiful, cool, quiet, retired, and well adapted in every particular. It is now the public highway, and a short distance on the west side of the Boston and Maine Railroad, one mile from Malden Centre, and the same distance from Melrose, and less than half a mile from Wyomington Station, the nearest station to the grove. Cars leave Boston and Maine Railroad station, Haymarket Square, at 7.45, 8.15, 8.45, 9.15, 9.45, 10.15, 10.45, and 11.15 P. M. Fare 20 cents. Fare to Malden, 15 cents. Omnibuses and job wagons will be at the station, to carry passengers and baggage. Omnibuses will run from Malden and Melrose to the camp ground. Horse cars run every half hour between Malden and Melrose, till 11 P. M. Fare 15 cents.

Parties desiring tents put up for them on the ground can secure the same by writing beforehand to Dr. P. Clark, 15 Marshall street, Boston, Mass. Terms for a whole tent, accommodating from eight to ten, one dollar a day, or three dollars for the four days. Single individuals can be accommodated by writing to the same.

Parties wishing a tent, and desiring to provide for themselves and stay through the meeting, can bring a few utensils, pillows, blankets, etc., and they will find all kinds of provisions for sale on the grounds at the market prices. H. F. Taylor, of Malden, will supply a large tent, to accommodate those who wish single meals, or will board visitors for one dollar per day. He will also furnish refreshment stands, straw for tents, fuel, and water. Though no disorder is anticipated, yet police officers will be on the ground and cooperate with the executive committee to insure order and harmony. No prominent exhibitions or disorderly manifestations will be permitted, either in or outside of the tents. The strictest order and decorum will be preserved. A corps of efficient speakers is already engaged, and all accredited speakers and workers are cordially invited to attend and participate. Public services, 10 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M.

P. CLARK, M. D., Boston.
G. W. BACON, Melrose.
J. S. HOPKIN, Boston.
C. O. YORP, M. D., Charlestown.
G. W. YAGG, Malden.
L. MOORE, Malden.
DR. U. CLARK, Malden.
C. E. THOMPSON, Malden.

Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress, of North Collins, will be held at Hamlock Hall, in Brant, Erie county, N. Y., commencing on Friday, August 18th, 1886, at 10 o'clock A. M. The following are the speakers: Mrs. Hyzer, of Buffalo; Lyman C. Howe, of Clear Creek, Chautauque Co.; Geo. W. Taylor, of Collins, and other speakers are expected to be present. A cordial invitation is given to all persons to attend. Persons from a distance will take the State Line Railroad to Angola.

LEVI BROWN, Secretary.
FRANCIS LEACH, Secretary.
LEWIS BALDWIN, Secretary.
EDMUND LAMBERT, Secretary.
JAMES LADNEY, Secretary.
ANNIE TAYLOR, Secretary.

County Convention.

The Spiritualists of Boone County, Mo., will hold their Fourth Annual Convention at Balladale, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 7, 8 and 9. A social dance and basket picnic will be held the first day, and those who come are requested to bring well filled baskets; to contribute \$1.00 A. M., 2 and 7 P. M.

The friends will extend their hospitalities to those who come. Mrs. Alcinda Wilhelm and Miss S. A. Nutt are engaged, and other good speakers are expected. Per order of Committee, H. BIDWELL, Belvidere, Ill., Cor. Sec.

Annual Picnic.

The Spiritualists of Johnson's Creek and vicinity will hold their annual picnic at Middleport, on Wednesday, the 5th day of Sept. Bro. J. M. Poles is expected to be present. A cordial invitation is extended to all who can be present. Johnson's Creek, July 18th, 1886, at 11 A. M. S. LORAN, Secretary.

Grove Meeting.

There will be a two days' meeting in a grove near Cuyahoga Falls, Summit County, Ohio, on the first and second of September. Good speakers will be present. A. UNDERHILL, and others, Committee.

Vermont Spiritualist Convention.

The Spiritualists of Vermont will hold their thirteenth annual State Convention at Montpelier, in September next, commencing on Friday, Sept. 17th, and continuing through the following Sunday. All true friends of the cause, in or out of the State are cordially invited to attend and contribute of their thoughts and influence to the Convention. It is hoped and expected that some of our best speakers will be present, and the attendance large. Good accommodations at the hotels for \$1.25 per day, and at private houses for \$1.00. The Secretary of the Convention will furnish return checks over the Rutland and Burlington, and Vermont Central Railroads.

G. W. SIMMONS, } Com.
A. W. HIRLEY, }
SABIN SCOTT, }
GEORGE DUTTON, M. D., Cor. Sec.

Notice of Meeting.

The next annual meeting of the "Northern Wisconsin Spiritualist Association" will be held at the city of Berlin, Green Lake County, on the second Saturday and Sunday, September next. The speakers engaged are W. F. Jamieson, Mrs. S. E. Warner and Mrs. H. F. Brown.

J. P. GALLUP, Secy.
Oshkosh, Wis., Aug. 4, 1886.

Obituaries.

Passed to the Spirit-Land, from near Jacksonville, Ill., July 27th, 1886, the freed spirit of E. F. Martin, aged 53 years. He left his home at West Townsend, Mass., a few weeks ago, to go to his son at the office of a large firm in Chicago. He was a firm believer in the spiritual world, and his death was a great loss to his family. He was a kind, generous, and upright man, and his death was a great loss to his family.

In Reading, Vt., July 1st, Mrs. Lydia Whittemore, aged 83 years, passed to spirit-life. Her husband, Oliver Whittemore, went twenty years before her to the angel's home.

In Hingham, August 3d, Lizzie Alberts Angell, aged 13 years, also passed spirit-life. She was the daughter of David and Anna Angell, and had been a sufferer from heart disease ten years of her short life. She was a kind, generous, and upright man, and his death was a great loss to his family.

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J. M. FEEBLES.....RESIDENT EDITOR.

Benefits of Sickness.

Mrs. M. J. Wilcoxson.

The Beautiful Nazarene.

The Bolvidero Seminary.

The Courts on Scolding Women.

Build but Little.

The Good Work in St. Johns, Mich

The Illinois State Convention of Spiritualists.

Dr. E. C. Dunn in Wisconsin.

The Michigan State Commission of

Dr. Buttley in Erie, Pa.

LECTURERS' APPOINTMENTS AND ADDRESSES
PUBLISHED GRATUITOUSLY EVERY WEEK IN THE BANNER
OF LIGHT

OF LIGHT.

Lois, Walbridge, and I spent the day at Dover and returned to
Aug. 16 and sent 2 and 3

The Bureau will be forwarded to the Bureau of the
the papers with the documents marked.