
Banner of Light.

1200 can do more be comprehended than a taste mathematics or for music. Jane's eyes opened at last. What is she to do? Dr. Hill tells us that if she is a pure woman, she will rejoice in Jonathan's ownership of her. Common sense and common experience tell us that is not so and that it ought not to be so; that assertion is one of those traditional sentiments which are so currently accepted with challenging, and which do such infinite misery in the world; that it is, in short, a miserable childish lie. Pure women do *not* rejoice, *ought* not to rejoice, in their ownership by a spiced, a depraved, or a wholly unromantic band. The greater her purity the less will a woman rejoice in the prostitution of herself

This same Scribner's Magazine has for the month or two been uttering wild jeremiads of the decay of Christianity. One of the writers (the August number says: "If American Christians do not wish, ten years from now, to be among what Christians are at this instant doing in Europe, that is, *renewing hither and thither* *wringing their hands and their hearts* *blackened* *the fearful extent of the already* *backed* *d*

"Spiritualism is a sublime mockery," says the Boston Daily Globe. We appeal to the thousands of Spiritualists of Boston and elsewhere, whose beautiful faith is so ruthlessly assailed, to drop that venal sheet as they would a rattlesnake.

At the close of this dark circle, the room was lighted, but not quite sufficiently to see clearly the expression of each other or of visitors. William was tired, and, as we described, entered the little closet in his ordinary clothes, and, as *knave*, with no wardrobe of other articles to receive us. A blanket was hung over the doorway so as to be easily and silently pushed aside. As most the very instant he entered the closet, his hand and long arm were extended and struck the wall on our right, and shook the hand of Mr. Jewett, who sat nearest. Some of the circle arose, and an Indian walked out before us, took up the sword from the table, and stood a minute or more in full view; the color and features were distinct and no one could mistake it for the medu-

Read the commendations of Gerald Mass
as a lecturer, in our advertising columns.

