

mean suggestions whereby Mr. Deshon himself, or Mary, his daughter, might get out of the trouble.

"I never can marry him, father; never in the world!" said Mary to her parent, one day.

He had been urging the claims of Mr. Thomas upon her, with all the earnestness and ingenuity of which he was capable.

"But daughter, he is rich! He has means enough to supply all your wants, and would make you a first-rate husband."

"Ah, he is not my choice," was about all the answer he could extort from her.

"Then who is?" inquired he.

"Will you not at least tell me your preference?"

"You might guess it," answered she.

"This Luke Livingston?" he inquired.

Her maidenly blushes furnished her best reply.

"But he is poor!" protested her father.

"Is that, then, your only objection to him?" she anxiously asked, his concealing her deep interest in his answer.

"It is certainly an objection," evasively answered Mr. Deshon.

"And your only one?" she persisted.

"It is a great objection," he added.

"But is it your only objection?" she asked, still the third time.

"I may say it is my greatest one," was the most direct answer he would give.

Mary relapsed immediately into a fit of deep musing.

Here was the man of her heart, the only man she truly loved, the only one she thought she ever could love—and it was forbidden her to marry him!

Merely because he did not possess the funds that some other man possessed. Considered as an abstraction like this, and divested entirely of its flesh and blood character, it was something with which Mary thought she could have no sort of patience.

Still Mr. Luke kept paying his regards; and still the father of the perplexed girl kept insisting that Mr. Luke Livingston, but Mr. Thomas Whitlock, was the individual to become possessed of his daughter's hand.

Now it would not have made much difference, any way, whether the suitor of Mary happened to be rich or poor; for she would, in all human probability, have had property enough in her own right, and there was not the slightest probability of either her self or her husband's ever coming upon the town.

But the ways of a man's heart are sometimes as difficult of fathoming as those of a woman's; and it is only upon this hypothesis that we can explain why it was Mary's father held out as he did against Mr. Luke, and for Mr. Thomas. Only one thing did Mary understand; and that was, that it was nothing but the present lack of means that set her father against the man of her choice. On this one point of intelligence all the rest of the story hinges.

Matters went on in this most unpropitious way, for a long time; till at length, Mr. Luke received an earnest and urgent note one day from his less successful rival, asking him to call and see him.

Mr. Luke did not omit, first of all, to show the note to Mary, and get her opinion upon it.

"Perhaps it is a plot to get you out of the way!" suggested her timid heart.

Luke's cheek turned a little pale at such a possibility.

"You cannot tell about these things," added Mary; "some of these men are so very jealous, unless they can by some means have their own way altogether!"

"But I'm not afraid," plucked up the fortunate suitor, anxious to appear courageous in the presence of his lady love.

It pleased him to observe that Mary looked straight at him, as he said this, and that his words produced just the effect intended.

She protested, however, yet more than this; but it was only as a sort of foil, or background, upon which his courage was set off to still better advantage.

Off he went to find his rival, nothing doubting, and with very little fatigues in his heart.

He was shown up to Mr. Thomas Whitlock's room. What was his astonishment to find that gentleman in bed, propped up with pillows, showing a very sharp set of features, and, apparently, the victim of consumption!

The unhappy lover, feebly extended his hand to his more fortunate rival, and asked him plaintively if he would not take a chair and sit up near the side of the bed.

Luke complied with all possible alacrity, and was soon engaged in listening patiently to the melancholy syllables of the sick man from the region of the piled pillows.

"Mr. Luke Livingston," said he, "I've a few plain words to say to you."

Luke began to grow cold, with apprehension.

"You know, as well as I do, that you are the favored suitor of Mary Deshon; I happen to be very acceptable to her father, but that is not exactly the same thing as making my peace with the lady. I don't see as she is ever likely to have me; and especially not, now that my health has given way so fast as it has of late. What, therefore, I have sent to see you for is simply this. You are the lucky man, and I am the unlucky one; seeing that you are really on the winning side in this matter, I am disposed to have you play your part out to the end."

Luke grew considerably warmer, right off.

"Could I have married the girl, all the property I happen to call my own—and it is quite enough, I assure you, to satisfy all my reasonable wants in this world—all my property, I say, would have been freely used to add to that dear girl's happiness. I tell you, Mr. Livingston, not a dollar—no, nor a dime—would have been spared that she might have brought to her heart even a feeling of pleasure. But now I see just how it is; the whole truth has come over me; she will never have me in the world, because she is determined that she will have nobody but you. And that being the case, I intend, if she is resolved not to have me, that she shall at least get the good of my money. I have therefore to acquaint you with the fact—and I sincerely trust it will not be such a very unwelcome one to you, sir, either—that, in view of my decease at no very distant day, as it must certainly come, I propose to endow you with my entire estate, solely and entirely on account of the true love I bear Mary, and in the hopes that it will be the means of adding in some slight regard to her happiness."

If Luke was warm before, now he broke out in a profuse perspiration.

"Noble man!" exclaimed he, advancing toward the sick person and holding out both hands to embrace him. The tears coursed down his cheeks. Though unused to the melting mood, he was overtaken by a fresh experience now, and one for which he was not in the least prepared.

The preliminaries were all arranged, after due delay, and it was understood between them that Luke was to come into possession of the bulk of the unfortunate suitor's property immediately upon the event of his marriage.

Now, that all objection to himself in the eyes of Mary's father had, by this most generous act of his rival, been removed, Mr. Luke Livingston hastened

to acquaint Mary with the delightful news, while it was arranged, for obvious reasons, that her father should be informed of the new state of affairs from the lips of his less fortunate rival.

Luke, therefore, went bounding into the presence of his lady love, a good deal more than half-distracted with joy.

"Why, Luke!" exclaimed she, observing in an instant the change that had come over him; "what is it? what is it?"

"Oh, Mary!" he cried out, fairly clapping his hands with delight, "I'm sure it's something that I hardly know how to begin to tell you! It's so very unexpected! I don't believe that you'll believe it! Oh, Mary—Mary! now then, your father will urge before you more of his empty objections against me! It's all a clear field now, and the sooner we are married, Mary, the better!"

He dashed and skipped about the room while delivering himself of this most strange piece of information, and finally, as he concluded, ran up to Mary and gave her such a hug and a kiss as she had never before received in her life.

"Now tell me what all this means, Luke!" she asked.

"You puzzle me! What news? What are you talking about? You can't have lost your wits, or got your head turned, I hope. Explain yourself to me, Luke!"

And upon this demand, he began and narrated to her the whole of that interesting occurrence with which the reader is already familiar.

"He gives me the whole of his property, for your sake!" repeated he, chuckling with delight.

"And did you tell him that you would accept it, pray?" asked she.

"Why, certainly I did."

"Then I'll never have you for a husband, Luke Livingston, as long as I am, in the land of the living!"

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated he, made suddenly forlorn by her resolution.

"No, never—never, will I have it said that any money that belonged to Thomas Whitlock was spent upon me!"

"But consider, Mary—"

"I'll consider nothing about it! I have told you just how I feel; and if I were to tell you the whole, I should have to tell you how ashamed I am of your want of true manliness in not declining the offer, gently, but with all possible firmness."

"There—there!" he broke forth, half in chagrin and half in grief. "I know it will be so! I thought it must be too good luck for me! If ever I had a good piece of fortune, I lost it before it brought me anything tangible. And it's just exactly so now! Mary, what in the world could I have done, other than what I have done?"

"Does? Why, spoke up as you ought, and told him that you hoped you never should want money bad enough to take advantage of a poor man on his death-bed! That's what you might have done!"

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! It's just my luck! It's always my luck! I was born only to make mistakes! And you refuse me, Mary, because I have only done what I thought would please you! Oh, dear—oh, dear!"

Meantime, Mary's father having called in to see Mr. Thomas Whitlock—his own favorite in this matter, that gentleman lost not a moment in acquainting Mr. Deshon with what he had done, and begged him as he valued him as a friend, to accept to his plan and make Mr. Luke, at last, the happy husband of his still happier daughter.

The father was lost in his perplexity. He certainly saw, in this generous act of Mr. Whitlock, the most formidable objection to Mr. Luke Livingston finally and fairly removed. He would still, however, have preferred that Thomas should be his daughter's husband; but there were now a couple of very solid obstacles in the way; one was, that Mr. Thomas would not probably last very long, in any event; and the other, that Mary herself was dead set against having him. He could not well conceal of two reasons that might be urged with more force.

But then he must, in one he accepted Thomas's plan, accept Luke also; and that was the hardest matter of all, because his pride was concerned. Still he soon saw there was no way for him to get over it, but by bolting it whole. So he did.

His next natural step was to go and talk with Mary about it.

"Mary," he began, "I have to tell you something very surprising. Thomas has proposed to bequeath all his property to Luke, on his marrying you; and if he should do that, I don't know but my objections to the latter will be entirely removed. What say you to such an arrangement as that?"

"As what, father?" she inquired, rather crisply for so dutiful a daughter as she was well known to be.

"As what? Why—that you marry Luke Livingston, under such circumstances."

"Is he more acceptable to you now, father, than he was before?"

"Why, certainly; he is worth money now, and that puts the matter on a very different footing."

"Then you have objected hitherto to my having Luke, solely on account of his not being worth as much money as Thomas?"

"Well," hesitated he, "that has been my greatest objection."

"And now I may have him, because he has the promise of Thomas's money?"

"Well—yes."

"Father," said she, with great resolution, "I never shall do it!"

"What?"

"Never will I marry Luke Livingston, or any other man, if he takes a single dollar of Thomas Whitlock's money!"

"Daughter! daughter!"

The father was astonished beyond account.

"If, now," pursued Mary, "you have given your consent to my having Luke with money—no matter whose it is—you can consistently give your consent to my taking him without money! It's the principle that I'm after, and you have admitted it, father. You have declared that Luke himself is not objectionable to you, and that is enough. Now I will marry Luke Livingston—provided he lets alone this property of Thomas Whitlock—or I will marry nobody at all!"

There it was; no one could beat the girl out of her mind.

Her father was puzzled. He must accept Luke now for a son-in-law, for he had virtually agreed to it already. And he did! Mary had her way, and her choice of a husband, too. But Luke was obliged to decline his rival's generosity, and Mr. Deshon had to forego his objections to Mary's preference.

And thus did a woman's heart, true to its own instincts, win over two men from the folly into which they had fallen, besides asserting its own self-respect to the end.

An important reason for benevolence is, that though you may forget your own joy, from being so accustomed to it, the joys of others seem ever something new.

WESTERN PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

Written by the Banner of Light.

ANNUAL.

BY A. P. MORGAN.

Is there a land beyond the grave, where vernal beauties bloom?

Or are our longing souls engulfed in dark oblivion's tomb?

No more to range o'er realms of thought, or take our lonely way.

Upon the blissful plains of hope, in Canaan's promised land?

If all our loftiest, treasured hopes, which beauteous nature taught.

To guide the pathway of our lives, will surely come to naught.

And never back to friendship's light, secure in angel's sphere.

Or greet the welcome, loving smile, of those we prize while here.

Although we cried, let truth abound, let thought her banner wave.

And science shine o'er darkened paths, to enlighten all our ways.

Let evil with error flee away, and ignorance be put to flight.

And with joy and conscious truth exclaim, "What over is, is right."

But if this fatal truth be revealed, that annihilation's night.

Will wait us in its sable folds, our highest aims to blight.

Then let the banner of truth and light in dusky silence lie.

And the dead of science be withered up, and man in darkness die.

WESTERN PICTURE OF THE INFANT SAMUEL.

In childhood's spring, oh, blessed spring!

(As flowers, closed up at even, unfold in morning's earliest beam.)

The heart unfolds to heaven, Ah, blessed child! to heaven!

And to a Father whose voice calls, And to a Father whose voice calls.

Speak, Lord, thy servant hears!

When youth shall come—oh, blessed youth!

(If the pure heart glow, And in the world and word of God.

Its Maker's language know; If in the night and in the day,

Mild joyous joys or fears, The truth shall come and answer all.

Speak, Lord, thy servant hears!

When age shall come—oh, blessed age!

(If the long life shall glow, When life grows faint, and earthly lights

Recede, and sink, and fade— Ah, blessed age! if then heaven's light

Down on the clouding eye, And faith unto the call of God

Can answer, Here am I!

[Rev. Ephraim Peabody.]

Original Essays.

THE AGE OF VIRTUE.

By George Stearns.

NINTH PAPER CONCLUDED.

If any of my readers think the foregoing descriptions

of miscommunication in business imply some worse characteristics than the blunders of human error, or the

sheer mistakes of good-natured people who are only trying to enjoy each other, I shall not wonder; and

therefore I take the liberty to suggest that, in depicting

the fact of human depravity, we should not lose sight of the principle of personal exculpation. I say

distinctly, *no creature is self-made, and therefore none is to blame.* Let it be understood, also, that the sense of

language is always relative. When I employ the terms *righteous* and *unrighteous* when I laud the virtuous

and dispraise the vicious; when I extol Jesus of Nazareth as the paragon of human excellence, and de-

scribe another as an extreme degree of diabolism, I do not wish to imply any difference of de-

gree. The distinction is merely congenial with that of *health* and *disease*. One promotes *happiness*, the other *misery*. The former tends to *heaven*, the latter *to hell*. Therefore that is good and that is bad.

I have no other conception of right and wrong. But all love happiness and hate misery; and all ought to do right just in proportion as each desires to be happy. Moreover, there is no being out of Nature, or out of the pale of the Natural Universe, (except God, who is above it) and therefore none is exempt from the natural and universal law of Progression, whereby the least shall come to honor the present example of the greatest. In this sense, if in no other, all are "good-natured." There is no such thing as *innocent selfishness*. Let this sentiment become general, and mankind will grow less invidious—will become more charitable and more like God, who, as one scripture affirms, "is no respecter of persons."

I now ask the reader to recollect the leading object of these sketches of social wrong, as I discuss the preceding topic, and introduce another class of evils which spring from

MISCOMMUNION IN LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

I suppose every human being is more or less a subject of *conjugal unity*; which want is so natural and imperious that none is quite happy until it is supplied.

I conceive, also, that this want is no appendage of sexuality, but rather the antecedent of both that and amateness, with which latter it is commonly confounded. I think this *conjugal want* is the germ of *Immortal Love*, the sensuous form of which must surely die.

I do not believe, as some presume to say, that one's conjugal want has but a single personal reference; or that all souls are born in pairs, it may be widely asunder in time and space, with a chance for mutual longing and a life-long privation. Such a notion does not argue well for a God of Love, whose compassions fall not, and whose donations of appreciable good are indeed "new every morning." I do not patronize any caprice of "spiritual affinity," so subtle and elusive as to elude all the researches of philosophy, and all the sanctions of common sense. I believe that conjugal want admits of some versatility as to the source of its supply. I doubt not that every soul might find its essential mate in any one of a thousand others; though the heart is ever single in its choice, which, when once made, causes the true lover to cling to one's married counterpart for life.

If this persuasion is founded in fact, there must be some natural law of constancy in wedded love, over and above the fortuity of personal harmony. I think this law is embodied in animal magnetism, and consists in the comparatively rare susceptibility of persons to mutual pathos, or, what is more likely, the susceptibility of one to be pathosized by another; and that this often happens unwittingly to both parties, when they are unexpectedly brought into amative communion. I hope no real lover will be shocked by this suggestion, which, while it dispels the mystery, neither destroys the sacredness nor mutes the felicity of Love, and does not invalidate the reality and use of Marriage as an institution of human nature. Quite otherwise in tendency, it furnishes a key to the character of that wild affection which works a thousand mischiefs in the name of Love, and cheats countless hearts with Hymen's worst disguises. For we have only to presume, what is more than hypothetical, that all apparent lovers become such by accidental pathos, whereby many not otherwise matched by personal character and temperament, become enamored of each other, or, as the people have it, "fall in love," to account for all the conjugal discord that has ever transpired within the portals of legal cohabitation. But these are only likelihoods.

I recall the universality of conjugal want, with the reflection that it is by no means universally supplied. It is not supplied to thousands of old maids and bachelors, whose apparent aversion to love knots is wholly due to their fortune of non-pathos. It is not supplied to the celibates of the Catholic priesthood and nunnery, whose votaries make a merit of bearing this cross of human nature only for Christ's sake. It is not supplied to the Mormon polygamists and their

concubines in Utah since divided covenants of love are not the terms of Marriage, and the lust of a boy of woman, who know that he is naturally a husband, has just as life at all. Nor is it supplied to those mis-named "free-lovers" who are as much averse to constancy as any sort is to temperance. And who thinks it is supplied to one in ten of hymeneal adventures? Many of whom, after a passionate long-continued passion, the courts of law for divorce; and more of whom openly avow their disappointment, without finding a legal cause for severing the matrimonial tie; while a still larger number, out of deference to public opinion, or to a supposed obligation to fulfill their unkindly vows, or else because of some pecuniary or domestic interest, bravely enduring an unhappy alliance from which there appears no expedient means of escape. How indeed is the face in wedded life which seems unconsciously with a native sense of conjugal self-sufficiency.

Nature has but one method whereby conjugal want can be satisfied; and a common ignorance of this occasion of a general starvation of Love, but various forms of amorous and matrimonial mis-communication, which out-do in social violence the pining afflictions of all hungry hearts. The first of these errors in the order of suggested thought, is *misapprehension*. A young man who finds himself smitten with an unaccountable affection for a girl of whom he knows next to nothing, save that she looks very handsome, is at length persuaded, after many bashful misgivings, to go and solicit her company. She consents with grace, or assents with becoming reserve, as suits the humor of a witch whose charms are as various as Nature; either of which is another arrow from the spring bow of Cupid. And so they "sit up together" for the very worthy purpose of getting acquainted. But how ill-attended to this end are the means employed, let observation say. Does the ardent avain go courting in his real character? Does he not rather put on his "best clothes" and in all respects aim to make his best appearance? Does not his "intended" also robe herself in her most winning attire, and vie with the fairy land of her sweet heart in the spontaneous strategy of "make believe?" What ought therefore to be the result, but that, in all cases save one in a hundred, both succeed, according to the aptness of their method, to the end of a mutual deception? And no thanks to the art of wooing, when, as now and then it happens, the dupes of pathos are married by nature, so that the illusion is harmless.

A more perilous form of amorous mis-communication is *seduction*. The *modus operandi* of this dastardly wrong does not differ from that of courtship, except in the vile motive of its hypocritical agent. Does the seducer love the fair maid whom he purports to invite to rain? Yes; voraciously—as a cat loves a mouse, or a spider a fly. And is not the wheedled virgin also in love with her voluptuous enticer, for whose pleasure she makes a very oblation of self? Indeed she is; though only after the similitude of a bird fascinated by a snake. That is vulgar love. In truth, the bird is bewitched when it is charmed, the maid is infatuated when thus impassioned, and both are pathosized. But the reptile, in-coit and quadruped deceivers are all less cruel than the biped they symbolize, in that they dispatch their victims at once, whereas he only maims his prey and leaves it to die alone. The seducer feasts on his victim's shame. He is a defacer of Beauty, a defiler of Purity, a defamer of Womanly Virtue. He is the Judas of all time, betraying the innocent with a kiss. He looks like the meanest and most atrocious of all the emissaries of Satan, and seems to verify the fabled occupation of his master—that of decaying young angels from Heaven and dragging them down to fill, if he have another object, it is not apparent. If his motive were sheer lust, why should he pass by the open doors of "easy virtue," and wait long and importunately and continually at the closed gate of Chastity? Why is he bent on a *chaste* medium of indulgence? Ah! that indicates the madness of his guilt. His motive, after all, is *conjugal hunger*. Yet he seeks as he can never find. He plucks the rose of his heart's delight with a quite destructive haste. The violence of his love de-grades the prize of all his pains. He worships to death his idol of feminine worth. Oh! how like an idiot he misses of what he seeks—the boon of conjugal bliss.

But how shall I speak of that more numerous class of love-born mortals whose very appetitions are thought to be so fooled by what they represent as to pollute the lips of all that utter them? I mean those desperate daughters of shame who barter their sexual aptitudes for bread. There are said to be six thousand of these in the city of New York alone, probably two hundred thousand in the whole Yankee Nation, and not less than three millions in all the lands of Christian birth and breeding, the average of whose earthly lives does not exceed four years. Every one of these "unfortunates" was meant by nature to be a happy wife and mother, and would have been at least the former, had she been allowed to choose her position in society and project her own career. And nothing but the heartless—no, monstrous beastliness of man kind, has prevented this better choice. Nothing else could have made, and nothing else can perpetuate, that intolerable public opinion which makes feminine unchastity the scapegoat of masculine lechery. In all ages, harlots have been stigmatized with all the malignant contumely that language can express; while for the carnal monsters for whose selfish gratification they live and suffer and die, there has been hardly a word of reproach. Even now, those who talk pitiously of "fallen virtue," are nearly blind to the stumbling-blocks which made her fall; and the public authorities who are beginning to take the census of lewd women, have as yet no notion of numbering the investigators to their lewdness. The six thousand prostitutes of New York are named without reference to the sixty thousand libidinalists of the same city, by whose lascivious abuse these miserable women and girls are brought to their untimely and dishonored graves; just as if for every where there were not from ten to twenty *worm-eaters*, through gully men of cloth echow the offensive epithets by which their own characters are properly designated. But the truth will out; and the reality is not to be always concealed, nor its conception forever suppressed, that the myriad millions of lust in Christendom indicate tenfold as many rakish lords that put promiscuous venery for conjugal love.

I am rejoiced to think that the Savior of lost women is about to appear. The recent proposal of Miss Harding to establish a horticultural college, the principal aim of which shall be to "remove fenceless and outcast women from the temptation to sin for bread," is one of the blessed signs of their approaching redemption. Let this humane and propitious enterprise be seconded at once by all reformers who have money at command, and great shall be their reward in the gratitude of immortal souls rescued from the all-glorious jaws of carnal ruin. But the abandoned man—there is no prospect of their reformation by other means than absolute constraint. To this end my only counsel is, *Deliver their victims and let their vice starve*. In their case, "the Kingdom of Heaven saitheth violence, and the violent take it by force."

It is well known that venereal Indulgence is so far abortive as to prevent its devotees from reproducing their class; and I wonder that the observation of this fact has so rarely suggested a question of its origin. Can it be that there is another class in society, parallel to this, and latently so much its similitude in character as to justify the axiom that "like begets like?" However a sagacious answer to this question may modify the force of its impetus, it can never do away with the filial relation of all lewdness to *miscommunication*. Having traced back the pedigree of lustful developments, I find that *marital concupiscence* has seized them all, by repeated *perpetrations* on the process of *vegetation*. O that fathers and mothers could fathom the hellish consequences of this worse than seducery! For many, I am well assured, could not, except in ignorance of what they do, thus debase the image of God in their own offspring, and put themselves to future shame before an intelligent world. But what is most

pertinent to my intention in this exposure of marital miscommunication, is the thought that this greatest of all crimes against Nature never has happened, and never will happen, under the sacred bonds of NATURAL MARRIAGE, which consists of *communication* and *intimacy* in *conjugal self-sufficiency*. It is only the legal matting of uncommunicated souls, which, often and quite otherwise than charity, "covers a multitude of sins."

Perhaps we have talked long enough, however, about the unhappy effects of conjugal miscommunication in all its forms. It is wiser to seek their remedy, which, as I conceive, is to be found only in so penetrating the essence of conjugal want as to distinguish *marriage* itself from its semblance in monogamous cohabitation. I am persuaded that none who had done this would prefer the counterfeit in matrimony more than in other instances of human interest. Therefore no blame attaches to the parties of mis-marriage, and no personal immunity is endangered by the discussion.

Marriage is a sort of mystery to the common mind, and I am not aware that any have attempted to explain it have done so precisely to their own satisfaction. Most essays that I have read involve this

There is only one thing more, which is four

In what I have already said. The divine kingdom comes, not to individuals, but to the "I" or "me" or "thine," as with outward events, with splendid and terrible results. But in your own heart, when you feel the love of Jesus Christ, when you feel his life in the sacred allment of your life, when you are brought into communion with God, and when you are for all men, the kingdom of God comes. It is not to be snatched to face with some sudden event. It is brought to you by the kingdom of God, as it comes in this inward power and this inward life. The kingdom of God—it is near to us to day. It is not far off. It is not some remote beyond the grave. It is not some victory which we accomplish when we pass beyond death. Oh weary heart, it speaks to you now, in the utterances of Christ's truth. Oh sad, forlorn, disconsolate soul! it says, "Come now and accept the faith which lifts you above the shadows and disappointments of life." Oh, sin smitten soul, take the law of Christ for your law, and you are in that kingdom, and that kingdom is within you, sure and blessed, now and forevermore. Crumble, forms of earthly power! Pass away, shadows of earthly glory! That which is eternal that which is of God, that which constitutes the essence of the divine is to remain, spiritual, unmodified by changes of time and decay, inward and forever.

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THE NEW POLITICAL SPOON.

It is safe to say that the time has at length come, when the popular habits of thought on current political topics are to undergo a striking and healthy change; something more than a mere modification, and something very much like a thorough reformation. They regard with a feeling of doubt, or anxiety, or terror, the present disruption of ancient political ties, and the decay of party authority, fail to comprehend, from the first, either the object and purpose of party relations, or to understand the advancing spirit that is constantly making newer and larger impressions on the present age. We have ourselves, from time to time, predicted all this and more; we felt sure, because our superior impressions were so distinct and emphatic, that a day of apparent chaos in public affairs was at hand, all circumstances and events combining to show what was the tendency. It did not seem possible, in the very nature of things, that the old forms, that had long ago proved themselves worthless, could protect an existence for which there was no demand. The men, too, who had for a generation had the management and direction of public affairs, giving them only such shape as their personal ambition demanded, and not such as was required by the developments of the time and the advancing intellectual and spiritual knowledge of the people—those men had manifestly finished their career, and now the conviction had forced itself on every reflecting mind that never days were dawning, in whose more radiant light would be seen what would only be concealed in the twilight of our past political superstitions. It is so true that, in the world of thought and experience, all things move and grow together; there is no violent and forced advancement in one direction, while in its opposite all remains stagnant and still, but the progress is general, and therefore harmonious. Hence the movement of this time embraces not simply progressive ideas in matters pertaining to church government, the social state, this particular reform or that one, but all topics that are included within the relations one human being bears to another. And of course the politics of the day are not left out of the account. Reforms are not to be worked with them, or the whole talk about reformation goes for nothing.

A journal like the New York Herald, for instance, remarks with a wonderful degree of truth respecting the present condition of public matters, that "whoever takes a broad view of the country and its attendant circumstances, cannot fail to perceive what the new order of things really is. It is supposed that the state of affairs in relation to political parties which existed in 1821 is repeated now; and though this is true as regards the breaking up of old organizations, it is not so for the formation of new ones. Then the adherents of Jackson, Adams, Calhoun, Clay and Crawford, all came from the old republican party, and each gathered to itself acceptions from the loose elements of party politics, and from the then rising generation of men. The new parties were ranged after the old system of political tactics. To-day this cannot be done. New circumstances attend the country, new elements must exercise their influence on parties, and a totally different system of tactics is required to attain success in future political campaigns."

And, in connection with its own speciality—the increasing influence and power of independent journalism—the Herald very naturally puts in the following emphatic words:—"From this time the necessity that the men who conduct our national affairs, and the policy they pursue, shall be of a higher order, and partake more purely of a national character, than mere local politicians can ever become. Those who look only to success in State and county elections are incompetent to conduct the affairs of a nation embracing a hemisphere. As a consequence of this state of things, the old scheme of party organization, through a connected chain of county conventions, State conventions, and national conventions, in which the same men figure at all times, has become an impossibility. This is clearly exemplified in the present state of the press all over the land. The old system of county journals, led by one or two political organs at the capital, has been superseded by the national journals, which the independent newspapers of this metropolis have become. It is no longer in the power of the county newspapers and the political organs to make great men by a system of elaborate and continued puffing. Public men, as they appear in the arena of public affairs, are subject to the independent judgment of national journalists, and they must grow or diminish in reputation as their views are broad or contracted, their motives high or low, and their deeds national or sectional."

Here we have a new element in the future organization of political parties which has never before existed. The independent journals of this metropolis constitute a national congress in permanent session, where men and measures are continually discussed as they rise, and which is destined to exercise a continually increasing power among the people and in government. It is this Congress which will draw the main animating and direct the ideas of the people, and every mile of new telegraph or new railroad, every improvement in the transmission of intelligence and newspapers, tends to increase its influence. Under its guidance the national impulses of the people will break up the old system of county and town party organizations, in which the same proportional politicians and office-hunters assume the right to draw the same party lines in national and in local affairs. Higher and nobler motives than greed for office will thus become infused into the conduct of all our public interests, and we shall get rid of the spoils-hunting mania, which has so long been the bane of national, State, county and town politics alike."

The present to beget the Preacher—the universal Congress—the national Voice. And it must be worthy of its high vocation. It must neither lie in

the manger and bark for the churches and creeds, nor stand in the door and warn off the people from too close contact with the plotting politicians. It must simply tell the truth, which is what its conductors have hitherto been afraid the people could not bear; just as the preachers think it would never do to let their flocks know all at once what it is quite possible to conceive and comprehend and believe about Divine Providence. Yes, in this general shake-up which is a reformation of all old things and their gradual renovation, the Newspaper is not to be overlooked, or left out of the account; but its character must change to suit the requirements of the new time, and, more especially, to reflect the advancing opinions and sentiments of the people and their natural leaders.

Our modern politics indicate too truly the advent of the epoch so long predicted. It was necessary that the tough outer crust so long covering up the delicate elements of society should be burst through and removed; and the internal elements have been working fiercely and fervently, till now they have belched forth their fire and begun the destruction of all the old obstacles and incrustations. Now that light has come through into the darkness, there is new hope. When one worn-out custom, or prejudice goes by the board it is easy enough to make others follow; there is a sort of contagion about these matters, awaiting only the hint contained in the first start, or move ment.

What we are directly coming to, in the rapid progress of modern events, is the largest possible individual sovereignty. The masses have just been told by the action of their leaders that they may follow the bent of their own preferences now, may be absolved from their old partisan allegiance, may make independent and intelligent choice of men and opinions for themselves, and, in fine, begin, from this time forth, to exercise those individual prerogatives of which they have been robbed by the superintendence of old faiths and practices. Men can now behold the light. Their manacles are broken. They have got over their fear. They are looking more within themselves for an instructing voice, and less to those who are not half able to raise such a voice for them.

We must have had such a demonstration as this, at the present juncture, when the universal mind is active beyond all precedent and eagerly seeking for the largest freedom for growth and development, or the first condition to such growth would have been wanting. The elements must needs combine in favor of the race, or it has no chance at all. What man most wants is a glimpse at his future; this acts like an inspiration upon his soul, lifting it up by the power of its fresh energies. And to see that future, and get an idea of the promises that lie hid away within it, it was necessary to remove the present fears and partitions, giving larger vision and wider scope. Thus do we all stand to-day. The signs indicate a true freedom for the individual, whether in the Church, in the State, or in the purely social scale where morals and reforms have been rarely enough alluded to.

Chewing and Working.

Some carpenters can work faster if they whistle while they are about it, and we once knew a wheelwright who could not drive a wheel if he was not allowed to "sing his lip" to a lively tune, at the same time. The report of the Inspector of the State Prison, at Charlestown, lets us into one little secret in relation to the matter of chewing tobacco, which is interesting enough to make a special note of. It is reported that there are five hundred and nine prisoners now confined in the institution, less than a dozen of whom are detained from work by sickness, or by being placed in solitary confinement for misbehavior. The workshop "resounded with the hum of busy industry." The prisoners seemed contented with their treatment, and their general appearance and the remarkable exemption from disease in the prison, shows that they are well cared for. It may be remembered that the Legislature recently repealed the law which prohibits tobacco in the prison, and a small quantity is now allowed to such prisoners as desire it, as a reward for good behavior. The result of this regulation has been not only to make the prisoners more contented, but to make their industry more productive. In the cabinet shop, for instance, nearly double the number of sofa frames are now turned out by the same number of men that were made before the regulation went into effect. Now here is an item on which some patient and industrious thinker may possibly base a theory for labor that has not yet been seriously thought of. If tobacco chewing can be of any service at all, it assuredly can be so only in this way: for we are positive that its influence on the individual using up the weed cannot compare with its influence in the increase of chairs and sofas under the industrious hands of chewers.

Dr. Hayes and the Polar Sea.

The distinct purposes of Dr. Hayes in his present expedition to the North Polar regions, are stated by himself to be—1. The further exploration of the open sea, discovered by Dr. Kane, with a view of determining its limits and character and thus settle more positively the vexed question. 2. To complete the survey of the northern coasts of Greenland and Grinnell Land. 3. To determine important questions relative to the magnetism, the meteorology, the natural history and the general physics of the unexplored region north of Smith Strait.

Dr. Hayes states that on leaving Boston he will proceed direct to the coast of Greenland, possibly touching at St. Johns. On arriving on the coast of Greenland the expedition will stop at Upernivik, the most northern outpost of civilization, and the last mission station on the Greenland coast. Here they will procure dogs and furs. They will leave Upernivik about the 25th of July, and proceed northward through the middle ice, and will reach Smith Strait about the middle of August. The remainder of the season, until the 10th of September, will be occupied in reaching a secure winter harbor on the west coast of Smith Strait. In the spring they will proceed northward with the boats on sledges drawn by the Esquimaux dogs, the vessel being left in charge of one-half of the crew. The exploring party will be in the field during the summer season, and should Dr. Hayes be successful in accomplishing his purposes, he would return to the vessel before the close of the summer, and in August will set sail for New York. If, however, the explorations are continued into the second winter, he will not be liberated from the ice until the following autumn, prolonging his absence to two and one half years. Dr. Hayes will be accompanied by Mr. Sontag, who was the astronomer of the Kane expedition.

The Sea Monster.

Well, the Great Eastern has come, at last. She was rightly named the Leviathan. In the first place, and should never have had that name changed; it boded bad luck to her, as any one could have told her owners, to start with. She crossed the Atlantic with floating guns, and at an auspicious time. The world of America will crowd down to see her gigantic proportions, while she stays in our waters; mechanics will gaze with wonder at her breach of all marine rules of propriety; men, women and children will peer her deck, stretching clean and unbroken from stem to stern, and feel certain such another promenade is not in reserve for them. This spectacle of naval architecture is really better than your sporting peace congresses, and will do more to keep the peace than all of them together. The saw-mill, or grist-mill, is a better preacher than the hawk and inter-jawed missionary; and so is a grand ship like this a far better peacemaker than all the cannon that were ever bored for purposes of murder. We entreat all our readers, who can, to go and see this monster of the deep.

Old Maids.

Hall's Journal of Health has a right good and generous word for these persons, and they will thank the writer for his appreciation. He says that a woman at the age of thirty-three and a third years, who has never been married, is considered poor, is called an old maid, and the term is most unjustly used in derision. The very fact of being an old maid is prima facie evi-

dence of the possession of purity, prudence and self-control, and there are essential to the character of a perfect wife—without them, no woman is worth having. Being an "old maid" implies decision of character; neither shame, nor shyness, nor coquetry, nor splendid persons, have won them over, nor fair promises, nor shallow tears; they look beyond the manners and the dress, and finding no cheating indications of depth of mind and sterling principles, they gave up the specious present for the chance of a more solid future, and determined in hope, and patience, and resignation, to "bide their time."

G. R. H. James.

The profile of G. R. H. James is dead. What a pile of novels he has wrought, in his life! The merely mechanical labor of writing them out he was never equal to, nor, indeed, is any other man; and he therefore employed amanuenses, who took down his plots, outlines, scenes, incidents and colorings, as he walked the floor and dictated, filling them in according to their best ability. His life has been one of incessant industry, and in work he must have found the chief enjoyment of his existence.

Whatever is in Sight.

This book, by A. B. Child, M. D., is now ready, and will be sent to single orders, post paid, for one dollar, and to dealers at a liberal discount. It is a peaceful book, yet it is bold and fearless in its utterance. It is a curiosity, for it presents new and startling thought. It is replete with assertions that seem hard to controvert. It presents a religion with which the natural desires of every soul have a strong affinity. If the position taken by the book be true, it presents to humanity a new religion more beautiful than language can express.

The Clerical Murderer.

Garden, the minister, murderer (a Methodist, and not a Spiritualist) is to be hanged in New Jersey Friday of the present week, for having poisoned his wife. He has already made a confession of his crime, and his church brethren have prayed for the peace of his departed soul. Their prayers, however, will have little effect; his crime is a part of that experience which is to make him at last a better man. We only pity him.

Spirit Rappings Explained.

The Sunday School Advocate has the following:—"But do spirits never rest? Never! God has shut up the spirits of bad people in hell, and they can't come to earth if they would."

Another good religious paper of the same denomination has the following:—"The whole thing of spirit rappings is a device of the devil, and none but the spirits of wicked men and devils produce the raps."

A New Lecturer.

Rev. Elias Tyrrell, No. 8 Gorton street, Boston, is now ready to lecture before Spiritualist societies. We unhesitatingly introduce him as an able, interesting, and faithful exponent of the beautiful truths of Spiritualism. He speaks in a normal state.

LITERATURE.

The New Discussion of the Trinity. Containing notices of Prof. Hamilton's recent Defence of that Doctrine. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

In this little volume is to be found a searching and thorough review of the new trinitarian views of Dr. Hamilton, whose change of front on that subject caused so much talk but a little while ago. The reviews are reprinted from articles that attracted general attention, at the time, in the pages of the "Christian Examiner," the "Monthly Religious Magazine," the "Christian Register," and the "Monthly Journal of the Unitarian Association." In addition to these are able and thoughtful discourses relative to the same topic from Dr. Dewey and Henry King; the whole forming, in fact, a complete "study of divinity," so far as this single point of Unitarianism and Trinitarianism is concerned. If any one desires to become familiar with the whole history, philosophy, points and ground of the discussion of this great theme in theology, he can do it no better than by a thoughtful perusal of the well-printed little volume under notice.

THE DAYS AND WAYS OF THE COCKED HAT; OR, THE DAWN OF THE REVOLUTION. BY MARY A. DENISON. New York: S. A. Helle, Publisher.

Mrs. Denison is a quick discoverer of peculiar traits of character, and appreciates readily all scenes and situations that show the slightest dramatic appearance. She describes well, though with too much of minutiae and detail, and a narrative, while flowing and bright, suffers only from an occasional effort to outdo herself, which makes it, in our judgment, a somewhat uninteresting process. For we know of no better name for it—by which she, as well as a plenty of other authors, hopes to keep her readers interested longer than the dialogue naturally would allow. This process may readily be detected in the frequent use of harsh and emphatic phrases—sometimes a slice of slang and sometimes a shower of imprecations—now a terrible flow of needless ejaculatory phrases, and now a sudden drenching away into the petty shies of excessive sentimentality. Still, Mrs. D. is a bright, if not brilliant, writer of fiction, a woman of large and warm sympathies, earnest and true above her mere love of melodrama, and holds a practiced pen that has done, is doing, and will continue to do, much good in the world.

The present tale belongs to the old Cotton Mather days; and although to those not particularly fond of antiquarian associations it might not at first present such attractions as they desire, she has nevertheless brought into it, and out of it again, such a strain of ideal pathos and beauty—so thoroughly spiritual and exalted, yet human and of every-day worth—that the reader finds himself quite as much at home in the midst of the men, women and children of those days, as he does among those of his own, and is equally interested in their conduct, their manners, their passions and their entire life. There is one sweet and graceful little body in this book, with whom we could wish all the readers of the BANNER to become personally acquainted; and we are sure that they will say that Mrs. Denison has given them one new creation, that will live in their hearts for many and many a day.

QUAKER QUIDDITIES; OR, FRIENDS IN COUNCIL. A Colloquy. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee & Co.

Here is a thin brochure, in rhyme, from a well-known press, whose design is to hit off and criticize with a friendly hand the quirks and quiddities of Quakers. It must have been written by an original Quaker, who now doesn't "see the use" of it as he once did. The ideas are pretty well put, and the versification is from fair to middling; but the droll tone prevails through its whole character, and that tone is of course tame, and rather sleepy. Mechanically, the volume presents a very neat appearance; but the contents are dull to a remarkable degree.

THE LITTLE BEAUTY. By Mrs. Grey, author of the "Gambler's Wife," "The Belle of the Family," "The Young Prima Donna," "The Little Beauty," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Grey has written and published some twenty novels, averaging one a year. She is not as good in this regard as James was—poor man!—but has done exceedingly well, considering. This last novel—"The Little Beauty"—from the brain that wrought out the thrilling story of the "Gambler's Wife," will be eagerly received by those who read that with intense admiration. The plot, characters, incidents and whole tone of the book betray a close observation of the peculiar phases of English society, and a familiar knowledge of its various traits. The book is full of exciting adventures, in this respect offering all the attractions of a romance. The heroine is taken from the lowest rank of life, and made to shine in the very highest; and the various steps through which she passes in order to secure this point, will be read with

avidity by all who become at all interested in her character. "The Little Beauty" is published by the Petersons simultaneously with its appearance in England.

MY EXPERIENCE; OR, FOOTPRINTS OF A PRESENTIMENT. A MINUTEMAN. By Francis H. Smith. Baltimore, Md.

We have in this volume a very good collection of facts that have occurred in the author's experience, covering a period of about six years. These facts are so pertinent, it would seem, to convince the most skeptical in spiritual matters of the truthful basis upon which Spiritualism rests—at least, we cannot see how a reading of it can result otherwise than in forcing one to the conclusion that there is something in the phenomena that is not merely a delusion, but a reality. Mr. Smith has contributed somewhat to these columns and to those of other journals. This "Experience" will be found admirably suited to the wants of those persons who wish a place to place in the hands of friends who have had very little if any experience of their own in the matter, and who wish to obtain some knowledge of the manifestations and workings of Spiritualism. Such a work has long been needed, and we are quite sure it will be heartily welcomed by our readers.

DICKENS'S SHORT STORIES. This is another volume of the uniform edition of Dickens's works, published by Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Co., Philadelphia. It contains thirty-two stories by Charles Dickens, never before published in this country. 144 pages. Octavo. Price fifty cents.

A. Williams & Co., agents, 100 Washington street, Boston.

NINTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE BOSTON PROVIDENT ASSOCIATION.

This report of what is philanthropic body as the Provident Association has been doing for the past year, will be welcome to all persons who take the least interest in the humanities of the time. We observe that the Committee state that the public use in this particular charity twice as much as they did seven years ago, demanding twice as much time from its visitors, and nearly twice as much money from its treasury. The Society disbursed more than \$11,000 during the past year, the weight of the charities falling on about one hundred persons.

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, JUNE 27.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 14 Bromfield street, every Wednesday evening.

QUESTION—Shall we contend for good, and resist evil? DR. CHILD.—Shall we contend for good, and resist evil? We have always contended for good that has been visible to our perception, because good made us happy. We have always warred against evil that has been visible to our perception, because evil made us unhappy. Both the contest for good and the resistance of evil have been natural and inevitable; both have been the effect of unseen causes; both have been true in the ordering of Wisdom; both have been right.

Shall we contend for good, and resist evil in the future? No one knows what he will do in the future. We may not doubt that the time is speedily coming when good will be recognized by all of us as a spontaneous production in nature, and when all the productions of nature, without any exceptions, will become intrinsically good to the soul's consciousness. When this comes, both contention and resistance will be no longer necessary. Spontaneous productions come without contention or resistance over. We palpably begin to recognize the fact, that spontaneous productions come of unseen causes, perfectly independent of outside application. The water lily grows without the aid of human hands, spontaneous, from an unseen cause; carbonic acid gas generates in nature, and is spontaneous; it is produced by an unseen cause; epidemics appear in various parts of the earth, spontaneous, from an unseen cause; on the earth is generated, daily and hourly, a multitude of beautiful immortal souls, spontaneous, from an unseen cause. The will and the desires of humanity are the spontaneous productions of nature.

Nature produces and re-produces, and her productions are spontaneous—and all there is in existence is produced by nature. Nature works unseen—we only see the effects of her work. We say the will and the desire of a human soul directs it, while our vision has not reached the fact that nature makes the will just what it is, and the desire just what they are. In the will and in the desires of human souls we may find the germ of every human action, even resistance and non-resistance, contention and harmony; it is the hand of nature that produces and holds these germs. If we contend for good, in these germs is found the cause; if we resist evil, in these germs exists the cause.

An animal of prey grows at that which he does not like, at that which is wrong to himself, and devouring another animal, and eats his flesh, because the flesh is good to his nature. The animal of prey contends for good, and wars with that which is not good to himself, with that which is evil or wrong to his own being. The innocent lamb never grows, but ever, with his eyes toward heaven, crops the tender grass without contention, even so wrong, and resists no evil. A passive, peaceful emblem of a better state of existence is the lamb—the innocent lamb of God that grazes on the hill side of time—quarrels with nothing, devours no one, and yields yearly its fleece of wool for the comfort and benefit of humanity. The hog is different; he expresses the existence of wrong at almost every breath; contends with what is not right to his nature; devours chickens, and ruins corn and potato fields, where there are no fences; eats worms and bugs; contends for good, and resists evil, because it is in his nature. His large ears hang over his eyes, and shut out the pure light of heaven. He roots in the mud of earth to find the treasures that satisfy his selfish longings. It is right that he should do so. But the things that exist around the hog are, nevertheless, as good as the things that exist around the lamb. It is the nature of the animal that makes him greedy and grasping, repulsive and discord. It is the nature of the creature that makes passiveness, peace, and heaven, or contention and resistance.

To contend for good and to war with wrong is nothing short of hell—it is a scene of conflict in which the soul begins its earthly journey. Heaven, in its place, comes after this, in which there is no contest, no resistance. The wreath that crowns the warrior's brow, who contended and resisted, shall be made of flowers of peace and passiveness. Happiness is the fruit of the conflict; the fruit of earthly contention and resistance is the peace of heaven. Every human soul has contention, or has had; but it belongs to the earliest condition of soul development. The din of war grows faint as we advance toward heaven's gates.

Is it our duty to contend for good and to resist evil? In answer—I say it is the duty of the infant child to always cry and never stop; to always be a baby and never a man? The baby knows no duty—my soul knows no duty. The baby in its material existence is governed by the laws of God in nature; my infant soul in its spiritual existence is governed by the laws of God in nature. The baby cries when it is a baby, not when it becomes a man. My soul contends for good and pushes evil away, when it is a baby in spirit, not when it has grown to the stature of spirit-mankind. Neither contention or resistance belong to the manhood of spiritual development; but this development of spiritual manhood is only gained by passing the ordeal of both contention and resistance. Then

"Fly swift around ye wheels of time," and bear our souls from contention and resistance, from a hell of harmony, to contentment and non-resistance, to a heaven of passiveness and peace. Am I friend in soul to my enemies? If so, I have a power which my enemies have not. I have a power that treads the antagonism of enmity beneath my feet. Then what need is there of resistance or contention? Do I love the man that hates me? If I do, his hatred

is conquered, and he loves me, too. When this shall be, what need is there of content or of war? Of the resistance of evil or contention for good?

Mr. DUNN.—As most here are believers in nature, and nature as most here is preferred, let us examine the question in this direction. It matters not whether nature or God made man—every man has a desire to contend for light, given him by nature. No man can point a finger to a living being who contends not for light. It is the same in all lower animal life as it is in human life. That evil exists, there can be no question. And evil must be overcome, and good can be gained alone by the resistance of evil and contending for truth. What is a man or a woman worth that does not contend for truth? I agree with Dr. Child in what he has said, that in the will and the desire lies the cause of all action. But the will and the desires are different.

Mr. ENOS.—I feel a deep interest in this question, as it is one of the family of questions that belong to this course of discussions. It tends to begot charity and brotherly love among us. We desire nature to be God's mode of operation. We contend for good, and resist evil, only in lower spheres of existence, not in higher developments. Each one is conscious of truth, that lies in his own convictions. No one can be injured by another's views. When this fact is discovered, we shall not war with other's views. My views are different from what they were years ago, and this change has taught me not to reject the views of others that are different from mine, for I was at all times sincere in every belief. I would love my brother who has views different from me. To combat and contend in this direction, I think, is a mistake. I prefer the peaceful, forgiving life—charity and forgiveness exercised toward all men.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—It is not the duty of man to resist evil and contend for good, a prominent fanatic faculty of the human brain is worthless, viz., that faculty that teaches us to tell the truth, and to do good to our neighbor. Some on this floor have speculated on all the right doctrine, till they have lost the faculty to judge between right and wrong. One man here, at one time, could distinguish between right and wrong by intuition; but now I believe he has lost that faculty by intuition; he is lost to the existence of wrong, he is lost to all good. A man cannot use tobacco without making himself sick; he cannot use intoxicating liquor without making himself drunk. It is just as when a man tastes of that evil doctrine of necessity, of non-resistance of evil, or whatever it is, is right. Such a doctrine is poison to the soul, and destroys our chances of salvation. Brother Child is right and consistent in his practical life. He says that nothing is wrong, and everything is right, and he acts accordingly. But most others who claim that the doctrine of necessity is right, are apt to find fault with others.

Mr. SPOONER.—I do not understand the question to be, whether we should contend for good with any bad feeling; but whether we should seek to accomplish good, and avoid evil. The doctrine that whatever is, is right, does not deny that pain would be an evil, if it were taken by itself, independently of its effects. But as its effects are to set our faculties in action, and thus give us additional wisdom, its good effects more than counterbalance the evil of the pain. Pain is given us to keep our faculties in motion. The knowledge we acquire as to the means of avoiding and removing pain, is progress. Every pain ever suffered by any living thing, did good to the creature that suffered it. Contentment is good. All nature is full of content. The wave beats against the rock, and the rock resists the wave. But because these elements of nature are in conflict, the author of nature is not therefore in conflict with himself. He has a purpose to accomplish by all the conflicts in the material world, and he has also objects to accomplish by all the conflicts in the intellectual and moral world, viz., the improvement of our intellectual and moral faculties.

Rev. Mr. TYRRELL.—I think it is highly necessary that we should understand the language we use. What are we to understand by the word contend and the word good? Good is a relative term. That which produces every emotion of pleasure, man calls good; and that which produces unpleasant sensations man calls evil. What is good for one, may be evil to another. In my opinion, the best way for successfully obtaining good is not to contend, not to resist evil, Jesus said, "Blessed are they that overcome evil with good." The best way to conquer is to appeal to your enemy in a meek, loving and forgiving manner. The greatest evils may be overcome by non-resistance.

Miss DEFORE.—While we are contending for good we are resisting evil. If whatever is, is right, we may contend for good or resist evil, and both will be right. Every faculty of our nature should be used for the purpose for which it was designed. I take the ground that whatever is, is right, and that it is right to contend for good and to resist evil. Both the resistance and the non-resistance of evil are right to the conditions that produce each. We look not upon the gentleman as evil, while we look upon the destructive tornado as evil; both are in nature. The warlike passions are right; the peace and harmony of human soul is also right. There is more goodness, purity, harmony, in every human soul, than there is evil, discord, contention and resistance. Harmony is the great law of God's universe, and when we understand the laws that govern life, we are in harmony with all things. Every faculty and its exercise is in its place and in its time. It is right to fight that which calls for fight in its time and place. I do take the ground that whatever is, is right, and it is right for us to resist what we call evil, and to contend for good.

It being the Fourth of July next Wednesday, there will be no Conference. The same question will be continued on the 11th inst.

THE MUSICAL PRODIGY.—Martha S. P. Story, of Essex, a little girl about three years of age, gave a public exhibition at Creamer Hall on Tuesday afternoon. A large audience assembled to hear and see the little musician, and every individual seemed astonished at the correctness with which she played, giving the tones with precision and in good time, while she gazed about the room in apparent wonder at the many people who were present. She played in different keys, and rendered the same tune in equally correct tone in C and G, giving the same full harmony in both. It would be surprising to hear a child of her age give the air of a tune with an approximation to correctness, but this one played two or three marches in harmony in a manner that would have elicited applause if done by an artist. At the same time her innocent beauty, her pretty childish ways, her unconsciousness of being the object of attention, and the total unconsciousness with which she looks around upon the spectators, while her tiny fingers, with bewitching grace, are moving over the keys, add a charm to the performance which the most artistic execution could not excel.—Salem Rep.

THE JAPANESE HUMBUG.—The N. Y. Sunday Atlas makes the following sensible remarks:—"The Brooklyn authorities have not yet invited the embassy to visit that city, and therein they have acted sensibly. The Boston folks are in a terrible stew because the orientals are not going to visit their little city, and are fearful that the New Yorkers are keeping them here in order to secure some advantages in the Japanese trade. Let the Bostonians keep perfectly cool, and rest assured that the profits of all the trade we shall have with Japan for twenty years, will not amount to one-half the sum that has been expended in this country in feasting, toying and boring the embassy."

Marriages may be celebrated in palaces or rustic huts, but most of them have ultimately to be tested in the workshops of life. The angel of courtship dips her hand at last in the wash-tub of wedlock, and perhaps garners her first baby with ribbons that were worn as bridal favors. Happy the man who can stand the disenchanting process and find himself still a lover. Happy the woman who passes the gulf that lies between romance and reality without losing her happiness on the route!

The Home Journal is responsible for the latest and best definition of beauty—that which has troubled the brains of the wisest philosophers. It says: "Beauty, dear readers, is the woman you love—whatever she may seem to others." Scandal is fed by as many streams as the Nile, and there is often as much difficulty in tracing it to its source.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

☞ We have such a mass of communications on hand that we fear we shall be obliged to give some of them the go-by, although it "gives against the grain" for us to do so. Were our paper ten times its present size we could fill it with beautiful thoughts that daily pour in upon us from various quarters. But the time may not be far distant, friends, when all your favors will go forth upon the folds of the Banner. It depends upon yourselves, in a great measure, whether or not such shall be the case.

☞ We shall print in our forthcoming issue a story by Lizzie Doten, entitled, "MY AFFINITY."

☞ ANCIENT OLYMPICS OF THE SPIRIT LAND, No. 15, next week.

☞ Ere our paper again leaves from the press, the "Glorious Fourth" will have come and gone, with its fun, its accidents, the ringing of bells, the booming of artillery, the racket of guns, pistols and equis, and the usual quoniam of oratory. Boston will be alive with strangers; hotel-keepers, confectioners and the various places of amusement will do a lively business; and as the day wanes, the pat-fish of the people will explode with the fireworks on the Common, to be renewed a year hence.

We do not like to hear Spiritualists, or anybody else, declaiming about the creation of Church edifices. It exhibits invariably a worthy and uncharitable disposition. We mentally clap our hands whenever we see a new temple going up. We find much of our religion in music, painting and architecture—architecture has been sweetly styled "frozen music." The time is approaching when churches and cathedrals will become co-termini of art, hospitals for the afflicted; or gymnasia for the education of youth. Let us be thankful that modern religion does so much for unborn men and women.

Lord Lyons has left Washington for Canada, to meet his future sovereign.

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