

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;

BY A. D. CHILDS, M. D.
DEBRY, COLBY & CO.,
Publishers.

AUCANA OF NATURE;

BY
HUDSON TUTTLE.
Price \$1.00.
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TWENTY CINQUAINE

BY
GEO. L. T. WATSON.
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INTERN ABNEY. Among the Ruins at Evening.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

How still the scene! Within yon ruined choir
The low wind sighs as with some vain regret.
Murmuring as though some sad and solemn friar
In spirit wafted his hallowed precepts yet.

The walking sunlight lingers on the tower,
As lovingly as in the years long flown,
Shedding around a fascinating power,
Exalting it with beauty all its own.

But, ah! then floating phantom of a day,
Thou bear'st a trivial splendor from thy clime;
These ruins reap a grandeur in decay,
Made solemn by the touch of anxious Time.

How sombre grow the dark and mould'ring walls
O'er which luxuriantly the ivy clings,
As from the tower the sun's last arrow falls
Lost in the dusk the coming twilight flings.

How silently it treads the hills, a shade
Which draws the spangled veil of night, attires
In gloom the bosom of the om'ral glade,
While, bathed in tears, the vanquished day expires.

Soured far in dark Pylimmon's rugged height,
Here gently glides the placid Wyand, flowing
Fearing its countless oarlocks to the night,
While Tintern whispers back its liquid song.

Slow, from the starry curtains of the sky,
With solemn step, comes forth the pallid moon,
As if to catch the whirling melody
The nightingale weaves in the groves of June.

Sweet bird of sorrow, chaunt thy lay once more,
My heart forgets while its troubling woes;
'T was worth a pilgrimage to Britain's shore,
With thee, by Night's pale light, to find repose.

Strange, weird shapes are moving to and fro
In Tintern's gloom, where only silence dwells,
While at this hour, five centuries ago,
The good Cistercians sought their lonely cells.

Yon tangled wood, bending above the stream
Which winds its dimpling course through all the vale,
Where Phyllon still courts Cynthia's beam,
Still freighted the zephyr with her mournful tale.

To good St. Robert once lent grateful shade,
'T is said, bidding its leaves answer him,
When'er the friar knelt him down and prayed,
Lingered, spell-bound by his inspired tongue.

When Love shall all her sacred vows profane,
And poison Poesy with her insidious kiss;
When Virtue's words Deception's gaudy train,
Who would not wish for some such place as this?

When Fate in ruthless rage assails the breast,
Friendship delights in scorn, and Hope deceit,
Who would not fly the world, to find him rest
In such a realm—in such a calm retreat?

A stranger unto joy, here he might live,
And still endure, yet find him some relief
In that dear bond the world could never give—
The priestly luxury of lonely grief.

Prate good St. Robert, of the Brotherhood,
For this retreat, where Grief found rest at last!
Its ruins stand a lesson, as they should—
A Future's pattern from the glorious Past.

Written for the Banner of Light

TEMPESTUOUS LOVE;

OR,
WORLD STRIFE.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST NUMBER.

CHAPTER V.

THE RECEPTION.

Well did Averila begin to sympathize.
We can love those who will be useful to us.

While Madame De Versy sought the solace of rest-
less slumber, we will revisit the Gipsy encampment,
and record the singular occurrences which there took
place.

The fortune-teller raised the bundle from the
floor. With expert hand she threw aside the closely
enveloping blanket, and brought forth from its
many folds a beautifully formed child, just ushered
into this sphere of existence, yet already feeling the
bitter breath of its late and ignorance. Sweet as a
rose-bud just bursting into fragrance; its eyes blue
and serene, as violets awake in the meadow by the
warm spring breath. It was a model to fashion
an angel or cherub from; a model of anything but
an outcast consigned to the cold heartlessness of
the world. The Gipsy women gathered around it
in wonder. "What an acquisition!" they murmured.
"And how much gold. A prince dwells here in the
wilderness!"

The fortune-teller, whose name was
Avarilla, gave a dark, mysterious glance to her
sister; but both preserved unbroken silence. She
suspended a large round basket, by a long rope
hung down from the top of the tent, and after pre-
paring a soft nest in it, placed the little stranger in it,
and carefully covered it with a lacy blanket. She
then called a little girl, and gave it to her charge to
swing it to and fro. After the surprise of its un-
expected advent had subsided, Avarilla, exchanging
glances with her sister, exclaimed:

"Come, Lenora, the moon shines gloriously,
and the stars await us; it is not a late hour for us. Let
us take a stroll through the forest. To-morrow,
you remember, we leave its shades, and, during
our six months' stay, have become friends to us."

"Willingly," responded Lenora, and the sisters,
leaving the tent, wandered along the wood-path.
For a long time silently they pursued their way.
Avarilla, half hesitatingly, broke the trance-like
silence.

"Dear Lenora, did you recognize the dame who de-
posited that child with us?"

"If memory serves me aright, it was the wife of
De Versy, who shot our father in a duel, be-
cause he gave her a slight offense, which she ex-
aggerated into a mortal affront; and then inflamed
him until he robbed us by law, and cast us
homeless into the world, to turn Gipsies, and swear
by the temples of Thebes, and the Pyramids, that we
came from Egypt, and are true and direct descend-
ants of the Pharaohs, who, being from immemorial

time astrologers, and we being seventh daughters of
seventh daughters, can cry *ecce me*, and the book of
fate lies open."

"Ay, good Gipsies we make. It is not often we
mistake the character of those who apply to us;
and understanding that it is easy to determine
what the past of such an organized character has
been, and what its future will be."

"But the life is hateful—so hateful. To sink
from our position of honor, respectability and
wealth; to lose our splendid equipage; to cast from
our parental hall, and instead go dressed in rags,
crawling about the streets. My late, my anger, is
augmented every time I think over our wrongs. My
heart becomes a bed of coals fanned by a strong
blast."

"I suppose it is wrong for us to indulge in anger,
Lenora; but we are not Christians now as once;
we are not supposed to know a commandment; we
are mean, degraded, Gipsy hags, lying to procure
bread. Why endeavor to restrain our passion?"

"If we were never so good, and prayed three
hours a day, who would believe us? No, I am not
a Christian; I make no pretences. I could glide
over the agonies of the De Versy race."

"Lena, Lena!"

"He dodged the law as an old fox a hidden
snare."

"As well when he forged the papers which wrong-
ed us of our estate."

"It is a mystery how his widow came in this
wilderness."

"I know a greater. Yesterday I passed the
Countess De Orsay, our aunt, as I wandered along
the dell."

"And she recognized you?"

"No, for I appeared suddenly crippled and wry-
faced."

"You have great forethought, dearest Avarilla."

"It is a singular mystery. I am certain that the
babe is related to the De Orsay. This supposition
has with me all the force of reality."

"I am similarly impressed. De Versy and not Lenora
that ere we left France the De Versy's and De Or-
say's had departed for unknown parts?"

"And here, by a providence, we find them."

"Well, Avarilla, you have keen perceptions and a cool
head. What do you propose?"

"Perhaps the babe is our cousin; if so, he is heir to
the immense estate which has lately fallen to our
uncle De Orsay, which he has never claimed, for rea-
son, I presume, that, shut up in the wilderness, the
advertisements and inquiries which have been in-
stituted, have never reached him."

"How can the babe be our cousin?"

"I cannot positively answer; but I have observed
that our cousin Dora, whom we often met as we
strolled up the glen, has been absent for several
months, and my suspicions are awakened. If the
babe is here, then, she is the only heir of our
uncle, it will be sole heir to this estate."

"Do you dream thus wildly?"

"Yes, more wildly. Providence has been just.
It has placed the means in our hands whereby to
regain the position and fortune we have lost, and
that, too, by the same means by which we have lost
them; for you remember it was by De Orsay's aid
that De Versy swindled us of our estate, and by his
influence he escaped the law."

"What do you propose?"

"By aid of the child to become heirs to this
estate."

"Oh, then, we may go home!" cried Lena, in ex-
stasy.

"Perhaps. Do not too hopeful my Lena."

"Now you come, a great black cloud, between me
and the sunlight—go away."

"We have much to do before we can hope for suc-
cess. The child must be identified, you well know.
Perhaps my suppositions are wholly untrue, and
my castle of air."

"How can we identify, or learn anything concern-
ing it?"

"You know Gustavo."

"I should know one who, although a count, loves
you so well, that he has sacrificed friends, honors,
bounty, and become a Jockey and vagabond, and
might remain by you, protecting you from harm in
the rude life you have adopted. Avarilla, you have done
him a great wrong."

"No, Lena, I cannot, will not bind his noble des-
tiny to my present degraded one, for I should
forever feel myself a fetter to his ambition. I must
become his equal before I consent to be his, though
I pine for his love, and feel myself slowly dying
because of this deference."

"How can he aid us?"

"He must go on a tour of investigation,
and make himself acquainted with everything pertaining
to these two families. Some one approaches. Let
us conceal ourselves until they pass."

"Secretly had they disappeared before a tall and
elegant man appeared among the shadows."

He was engaged in conversation with himself.
"Solitude! Poor fellow, you have chased this
will-o-the-wisp you call your love around a tink-
er, and made yourself a fellow with outcasts—a tink-
er, a Jockey, a beggar. Strange, silly fellow! Dear
friends at home—journeying in the East. You are
in two foreign countries at the same time; this wil-
derness which you have well learned, and the human
heart which, poor fool, you never can learn. Mak-
ing the tour of the continent! Ay, the continent
of Despair. Doubt is good, sometimes, interspersed
like plums in pudding; but a life all doubt is a
pudding soured, and molded, too. I was mournful
—very mournful; now I am gay, because I have
resolved to follow no longer. I will present my
suite for the thousandth time; if she still rejects it,
I will persuade her at least to return with me. If
she refuses even this, I go, for if no, she cannot love
me."

As he thus soliloquized, Avarilla grew livid, and
but for the support yielded by her sister she would
have fallen.

"Gustave, dear Gustavo!" unconsciously escaped
her lips. He stood electrified; for not since he left

the shores of France had such endearing words es-
caped her lips. Schooled to cold reserve, she dared
not to venture a more familiar manner. The depth
of his heart was entered by these words, probing
like magnetic flame. He plunged into the shade and
caught the fainting Avarilla in his arms.

"You have read my heart, and have answered,"
he murmured.

"Oh, Gustavo," she repeated as she revived, "do
not press your suit now. You know I wildly love
you. You know that I never can, nor will I love
another. Be content."

"No, I cannot be content in doubt. Oh, exile me
no longer, but return."

"And be a pensioner on your bounty. Never! Go—I can trust you if you cannot me."

"It is not because I cannot trust you—you know
it is not; but this life is abhorred, and I wish to
deliver you from it. Oh, Avarilla, go—go with me."

"I cannot."

"You are hard-hearted."

"Gustave—Gustave!" she cried, tears gushing
from her eyes, "will you go?"

"Never without you."

"Then listen. A babe has been given us. It was
brought to us by De Versy."

"De Versy?"

"Do not interrupt me. I have reasons for think-
ing that it belongs, or is closely connected with the
De Orsay. Oh, do not start. I have a mission for
you, and if you perform it faithfully, I will return,
within six months, with you to France."

"Quick, quick; what is it?"

"Our departure must be postponed for a few days.
To-morrow evening you must call on these two old
acquaintances, disguised of course, and learn all
you can of their affairs."

She then stated all she had surmised, and what
she so ardently hoped.

"After you have accomplished your task, you
must meet us here under the oak, when the moon is
exactly in the zenith, which will be at one."

"For this you will return, my own, to our native
land," he exclaimed passionately.

"Return, but not as yours. Perhaps in a few
years I will be; but now my heart only can be
yours forever," she replied in mournful but deter-
mined accents.

"Strange, inconsistent girl! I, like a beleagu-
ered city, always am obliged to surrender at discretion.
But stay, I return with you."

The three confidants slowly walked toward the
encampment, talking of other scenes and other
years.

CHAPTER VI.

GUILD.

"Justice treads on wool, but its head is iron."

Faithful to his engagement, Gustavo, as soon as
the shades of evening fell on the forest, began his
task. Inquiries made during the day had made
him familiar with the position of the two cabins he
was to visit. After a lengthy consultation with
himself, he concluded to pay his respects first to
Mrs. De Versy. After a rapid walk of a mile he
gently rapped at her door. A feeble voice bade him
enter.

"Good evening, stranger," said a timid maid, half
shrinking behind the jam of the chimney, and who
will be at once recognized.

"Good evening, father," was the reply.

"I believe Mr. De Versy dwells here."

you and your guilty accomplice. Others with me
know you too well; and Justice resides, I believe, in
all countries—here in the wilderness as well as in
Paris. How easy I could set the law bounds on your
track, and then the orows would feast!"

"Who are you?" she shrieked, "who are you?"

"Count Gustavo, the affianced of a niece of yours,
whose father's blood cries for revenge."

"She would have fallen, but he supported her."

"What will you do?" she gasped.

"What would you do in similar circumstances?"
She hesitated a moment, then replied: "I'd take
gold."

"Ay, you devil—you'd sell yourself in the mar-
ket for gold, infernal fiend! Vengeance is too sweet,
too sweet!"

"But will not gold satisfy it?"

"No; we must have vengeance, dire, fearful ven-
geance! The blood of our father cries—we must
make an example of your two accomplices."

"One word will ruin me. You will not ruin me?"

"When we try with such hearty good will as you
have to ruin ourselves, we must not blame others for
helping us."

"Will nothing satisfy you?"

Gustavo paused for several minutes, during which
the agitation of Madame De Orsay increased, and
her whole frame quivered.

"You can never return to France," he began;
"one word from me when I return would ruin you.
Your husband is dead. An estate has fallen to him,
which he has never claimed—he dared not. It will
be useless to you. This child you gave us, in justice
should have it. Avarilla and Lena should have a part,
which you know by right is theirs. My proposal is
this: if you will go to the town to-morrow, and pre-
pare the necessary papers, deeds, etc., identify the
child as legitimate proving that your husband is
dead, and that he is the sole heir, and deliver them
to me at this place, to-morrow eve, I will set out for
Europe next day, and never trouble you more. If
you refuse this most reasonable request, I shall be
reluctant."

"I have no disposition to refuse. Repair here at
an early hour."

With a light heart, Gustavo returned to the en-
campment.

CHAPTER VII.

NOSES.

The soul is light when buoyed by hope.

Beneath the dusky branches of the great tree by
the side of the bubbling brook, Gustavo met Avarilla
and Lena.

"Ah, truest," cried the latter, "for two long
hours we have awaited you as earth awaits the sun;
and you, as the sun, when wrecked seamen, storm-
tossed and dying, await him, delayed your coming."

"Nay, prattler, I delayed not, but on swift
wings of love hastened to fulfill my pledge. See, the
moon is not yet in zenith. I am an hour before the
set time."

"No excuse, dear Gustavo—excuse my disquietude,"
cried Avarilla, in a voice trembling like a harp-string.
"No more, Lena. Life or death depends on his re-
velations. Such levity is out of place."

"There is consistency in joy now, Avarilla—all is as
you anticipated. This evening, previous to my
coming here, I received a packet, containing all the
evidence required to substantiate the child's claim
to the De Orsay estate."

He handed her the packet he had received. She
eagerly grasped the papers, and glanced over their
titles. "They are all right, I presume, or they would
never have been received by the best law student of
Paris. What is this?" she exclaimed, as a stained
paper, bearing the label, "Confession," met her eye.

"I know not—I must have overlooked it—let me
see it." He quickly unfolded the paper, and glanced
over its contents. He came to a passage which,
after pausing, he read aloud:

"The notes and obligations by which I claimed
the estate of Charles Louvier were all forged. If,
when I shot him in the ill-fated duel, did not owe me
a franc. I deeply regret the hardness of heart which
made the demon of me, and his children miserable
outcasts. When I am dead, I desire my wife to send
them the proper evidence, that they may claim their
rightful inheritance of those with whom I left
them. They must inquire of James Legrange, 17 Rue
Vivienne, where, if they present the enclosed papers,
they will without difficulty receive more than all I
took from them."

"Unspeaking joy," cried Avarilla; "I am again to
be mistress of the Hall!"

"And Verlonne Castle," interrupted Gustavo.

"Yes, then I will be joyful."

"What are the papers of which he speaks?" asked
Lena.

"Let us examine. Ah, they are all sealed except
one, which is evidence of the forgery." She read it.
"Ah, it implicates the most popular man in Paris!"

"Then we are safe. The babe shall have his
whole fortune, you shall have yours."

touch the deck than a thrust from a sword brought
him down reeling in his gore. As he fell, his face
fortunately remained upward. The pirates no sooner
saw his haggard lineaments than they uttered a loud
exclamation of surprise and regret, and at once
ceasing from strife, crowded around him.

"Our old captain has perished by our own hands."

"Do not trouble yourselves, good fellows—it is
fate; thus ran Gill's blood from his back by my
hands, and thus runs mine. I dreamed it all. I am
going; do not weep," he exclaimed, as those
hardened men wept, "I am only a man. Before I
go, however, this young man," pointing to Hayden,
"saved my life. As a reward for which, and from
respect to your old commander, I desire that he
should have this ship and cargo. Do you consent?"

"Ay, my hearty, and we will add as much more."

"Give me your hands, boys—leave this life—be-
come honest seamen—and—"

He had passed away. The three pirates wept like
children. After the intense feelings of the moment
had subsided, they approached Hayden and saluted
him commander. He thanked them kindly.

"Our beloved captain needs rest; let us place him
in the barge bed, rocked by the waves and guarded
by sea monsters," said the chief of the pirates.

A sack was soon prepared, some old iron placed
in it for stinkers, and then the earthly remains of
their captain.

"Who shall pray?" asked a hard-visaged sailor.

"Hayden," answered all.

Slowly they lifted the body over the vessel's side,
and lowered it down to the water.

"Our Father who art in heaven, we deposit this
body in the bosom of the illimitable deep; the spirits
already rests in thy equally boundless love. May
his robes be blotted out as the waves efface the
track of his vessel, and his good deeds shine glorious
as the star by which he so often laid his course.
May he rest in the peaceful haven of Divine benevo-
lence, nor be tortured by the storm and whirlwind.
If he can come back and realize the turmoil of this
life, may he watch and guard us. We consign him
to the keeping of the deep. Father protect him,
Amen."

A plash came up from the waters, the waves closed,
and he who for a few brief years fought life's battle
hero, passed away, scarcely leaving a vestige of his
existence. So devout the waves our hopes and am-
bitions, our loves and our follies, and thought remains
but the undisturbed sea.

Silently the pirates dropped from the side of the
vessel into their boat, and rowed away to their own
ship. A loud cheer greeted their generosity, to which
they replied by silently lifting their ears, and paus-
ing for a moment.

After making necessary repairs, Hayden sailed
for Jamaica, where disposing of his cargo, he con-
cluded that his fortune had already far exceeded
all expectations, and that he would return directly
homeward. Propitious gales wafted him and his
rich cargo homeward. He had passed the Florida
Key, and felt the wind and wave of the mysterious
gulf river bearing him swiftly onward. At this mo-
ment he remembered the treasure revealed to him
by the captain. "Perhaps," he argued, "he said
truly, and there really is a treasure concealed. At
least, I might run close to the shore, and should I
discover this headland with its tree landmarks, I
could run ashore in a skiff, and make investiga-
tions."

Persuaded to this intention, he ordered the ship to
stand for the shore, much to the surprise of all.
The crew, who devotedly loved their young com-
mander, considered he had certainly lost his senses,
or he would not give such unreasonable orders. Nev-
ertheless, schooled to obey, the helm was turned. In
a few hours the shore loomed grandly from the wa-
ter, and as the sun declined, the expected headland
with its giant trees were seen. Calling the trusty
colored water to his cabin, he presented his plans.

"I shall go ashore alone, Gar, this evening in my
skiff, unless you will accompany me."

"Go ashore alone, Massa, dat will never do; I'll
company you if it be to de infernal regions."

"Well, then, get the skiff ready, with some tools
for digging."

"Yah, massa. I am suffocated wid de honor
you bestow."

As he was busily engaged placing the requisite
articles in the skiff, Gar was accosted by the mate:

"Hullo, Gar, what are you about?"

"'Baylin' orders," replied Gar, with a consequen-
tial air.

"Who in — gave such orders?"

"Massa and I 'goin' ashore!" answered he,
showing a long row of polished ivory.

"In the name of the furles, Hayden has gone
cray?"

The latter individual interrupted further remarks
by appearing on deck.

"Run as near to that headland as you dare, pi-
lot, and there hold until I go ashore."

The order was unwillingly obeyed. The ship
swung

being, and from an unseen direction, regulate every action of his life, must expect to be called a fool by the earth-minded. This is no marvel. It must be so, because of the discordant nature of the two natures. As said Jesus, "If ye were of the world, the world would love you; but because ye are not of the world, therefore the world hated you." But, "ye know that it hated me before it hated you." As the priests, and all the people they could influence, persecuted Jesus, they will also persecute you. But the Christ within will enable you to overcome the world, as it enabled Jesus, our exemplar, to overcome the world.

So ye therefore emboldened by these words of the apostle: "We are fools for Christ's sake, but we are not ashamed." We are not ashamed for the name of Christ, happy are ye for the spirit of God resteth upon you. On the one part Christ is evil spoken of, but on your part God is glorified.

Keep these words in mind, and let nothing lay upon your independence of mind, nor your dependence upon God. As the intelligence of the lower animals cannot discern the reasoning powers of man's earth mind, so neither can man's unaided reason find out God, nor the capacity of his own spirit-mind.

Earth-mind, in different degrees, is apter to animals of various grades, from the highest human to the lowest brute. Spirit-mind belongs to spiritual beings, from Deity to the lowest human on earth, where man is a twofold being. As an animal, he has propensities and passions participated with brutes. As man, he has power to become a son of God equal unto the angels, equal unto the highest ones of God, who shouted for joy when this world was created.

The spiritual plane being higher than the earth plane, the earth mind cannot, in the nature of things, understand the spiritual. It is, and can be nothing but a hindrance to the spiritual. It is the veil that is revealed to him by God through his spirit, Christ. And it is the office of Christ, to continually strive to fight men to God, whose mercy is ever ready to exercise itself upon the sinner; and so long as sin exists, Christ, or God's spirit, will strive with man. "God's spirit will not strive with man."

What then will be the result? Let your reason answer. It is only when the earth-mind is passive, that Christ the great spirit of God, can dwell within, and not upon the inhibition, or spirit mind of man; because only then is it unobscured by his own positive will. When the comforter so acts upon intuition or spirit mind, it conveys its assurance to the soul with unobscured strength. We are not deceived, for Christ has entered, and where Christ is there is God. Oh Christians, "See that ye turn not away from and refuse to hear him that speaketh from heaven." Heb. 12, 25.

These ministering spirits which minister the movement of man's will, and the instant he opens his heart's door, by a willingness to receive God's help, they enter in, and embrace him, as it were with tears of joy. But, too often are they so suddenly thrust out. Again and again do they stand at the door, and again and again they are thrust out. Man should know the work of purification. While the man remains willing and passive, they stay. But when evil desires invade the sanctuary, they cannot stay, for good and evil cannot dwell together. Man should know they linger long enough to warn, to lament, (as Jesus did over Jerusalem), for the misdeeds which they plainly see man will receive, and suffer in consequence of his evil. They are standing by the door, and the elevation and progression of the human race, neither they, nor any Christian on earth, acting in the will of God, will ever interfere with the will of man. God made man to be free in spirit, and uncontrolled by good or evil. Without the will of the man, there is freedom, there would be no individuality, no responsibility, no accountability.

No one but God can control man's will, and He will not do it. He designed man for this very state of freedom, and when his creature will and laws were completed, he pronounced them good.

Humility is the condition of truth. To our heavenly Father we should be humble and passive, teachable and obedient, as a little child is to its earthly parent, as the child under the will of its parent. Man should be in the capacity of a child, and it knows more of its parent's will, the child must continually do as well as it knows how, or suffer the consequences. So we know the will of our heavenly Father, by his Christ within, and if we do not, we shall be "beaten with stripes," and the degree of our suffering will always be in proportion to the light or knowledge shined against: from him to whom much is given, much is required; and of him who has little knowledge, little will be required. Yet Christians should not infer from this, that they may close the avenues of knowledge, and shut the eyes of their understanding, lest the light of God's glorious spiritual dispensation should shine into their souls, and they be converted to God's glorious spirit. Man should work out his own salvation, in the heyday of this earthly life. God will have men to act for themselves, but he will have them conform to his will, so far as his will is known to them. God will have them conform to his will, so far as that will is known. God will have men to exert their own will, and act in it, but only as their will is subject to his will, and entirely subservient to it, as a child is to its parent. And God will have men open their eyes to the light that is shining for them, that their spiritual powers may be unfolded to know more of his will, and obtain strength through him to do the will of God.

Let us, then, for that still small voice which the prophet heard, when it came in the twilight evening of the soul, to write God's law in your heart, and make known to his will. Do ye ever faithfully obedient to the promptings of the good Spirit? Can the child be happy who keeps not the law of its father, and forsakes the law of its mother? Neither can true happiness result from man's own will being indulged, even though every wish be gratified, and every desire satisfied.

True happiness has but one source, and that source is the source of all good, and the fountain of every blessing. This happiness continually flows from the fountain, through Christ, to man, and is his portion. Christians have only to strike off the fetters of the age, burst open the theological prison doors, and walk forth into the light which has been shining from the fountain of light, and upon earth's surface, the Christians of this age must first exist on this globe, and is now shining in an unwonted manner.

Therefore, the upshot of the matter is this. All that will come, may come, and partake of the water of life freely, and eternally, who will do this. God will teach you himself. No man need go to his brother man to inquire where is Christ; for behold he is in you, except ye be reprobate, or in other words, except you reject him. And if you do reject him, repent and live. Repentance is Christ in the way of his coming, which is God's way.

Too many Christians ask him to come in their way. Too many are exclaiming, "without authority." Lo, here is Christ! or Lo! he is here! When we do reject him, oh, Christians! turn, turn to God; if you will in yourselves; for, be assured, God is not far from you. Acts 17, 27.

Philadelphia, Pa., August 18, 1860.

FROM EUROPE.

NAVES AND SCIENT. The Royal Intendant of Naples, was at the head of the intervention in the Kingdom of Naples. The Chiefs of the National Guard at Naples had tendered their resignation, in consequence of the foreign battalions not being disbanded. The invasion of Calabria by Garibaldi is fully confirmed. The fort of Reggio capitulated on the 21st. The garrison was allowed to leave with muskets and personal baggage only. Gen. Cozzani, with a considerable force, had crossed the straits at Fiumicino, and two Neapolitan brigades had surrounded him at discretion. The Garibaldians were masters of the Fort of Delipio. They had also, after a short fight, occupied the Villa San Giovanni. The defection in the army at Naples was considered extremely probable, and it was almost certain that Garibaldi would enter the city in triumph without bloodshed. His coming is looked for with delight by the people. Four thousand Calabrian insurgents had joined Garibaldi. A general battle with the Neapolitan troops was considered imminent. An English steamer, the Orford, from Hull, with passengers for Messina, was seized by the passengers, while the captain was ashore at Messina. It is supposed that the passengers were friends of Garibaldi. The vessel was chartered under a penalty of \$4,000 against seizure. The inference is that she was destined for Garibaldi. The Neapolitan government has forbidden any more volunteers embarking at Genoa for Sicily.

Spain.—All is quiet. Pasa Dasha and his troops had completely quieted the people.

France.—The Emperor and Empress have gone to Savoy and Nice. An Imperial decree is issued, opening all the ports of France for the admission, duty free, of all kinds of foreign grain and flour. All vessels laden with breadstuffs will be exempted from tonnage dock, irrespective of their flag. This regard is an indication of a great defeat in the French harvest. It was reported that the Emperor had ordered the garrison from Hiffat to Mentana, to form a corps of 100,000 men, who are to be ready with campaign materials and artillery to march at short notice.

England.—The British Parliament will be prorogued on the 28th. The weather in England has

been unfavorable, but was fairer when the America left. Jesse Hartley, engineer and constructor of nearly all the Liverpool docks, is dead.

A reconciliation between Austria and Russia is said to have been fully accomplished.

Banner of Light.

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EDITORS:

WILLIAM DERRY, Boston. [S. B. BRITTAN, New York. LUTHER COLBY, Boston. [J. R. M. QUINN, London.

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OUR OWN DESTINY.

If we could go ballooning through the air, and look down on our floating eyrie upon the shifting lines of towns, states, people and nations, and see how busily they are employed about their own affairs, it would certainly give us a larger idea of men, and a clearer and more comprehensive one, than we could obtain by traveling among them all our days. Men and matters look smaller, or at least we can get juster views of them by regarding them at a distance, than if our vision was dimmed by prejudice and sympathy; a close view being, if the only view, an unfair and unfortunate one. So with the individual; we cannot fairly behold a man in his right proportions and relations unless we allow some room for perspective; all men, like statues, require the aid of a little margin, or landscape. In the mass, men all look alike; but viewed as distinct objects of study, they discover all the variety that could be asked for.

Every man has a distinct destiny. He was unquestionably born for something. He may not live long enough in this sphere to find it out, but he will find it out, nevertheless. If this were not so, then existence would be vain; it would be an accident, of which no great and immutable law of nature took cognizance. Whereas, there can be no accident about it; nothing is without design, even when all law would seem to be broken. We each of us come into life for the development of our noble faculties, and the growth thereby of our spiritual natures; as these processes alone are capable of securing happiness, it is plain that we must finally undertake carrying them out, for happiness is the one strong and abiding desire nearest every human heart. And although the way to it, in very many cases, leads through dark and dreary places, through thorny trials and fiery risks, we do all nevertheless strike upon it, and are not at peace with ourselves until that day has dawned for us.

Nobody gets inward peace by doing as some one else does; much less, by doing what some one else insists is right and proper. It is better for the soul's health, beyond a doubt, that it should pursue its own way steadily and bravely through error, than that it should go right merely on another's order, and just as blind still as if it were in error. For what the soul needs most is experience; and this comes as well by making mistakes, by grievous errors, by conscious pain and suffering, by falling down and getting up again, as by walking straight and firmly always in the unconsolable path of rectitude. Nothing to us of us is in reality right or wrong, until it becomes so through our own finding out. We cannot take anything for granted; it is for us to find it out, once for all, for ourselves; we do not know what it is until we do. Hence the doctrine—not a notion, rather—that there is no such thing as evil, but that all evil is good, because it works to the best results, is by no means a crazy one, but has substantial basis and bottom, and cannot be laughed or scraped down. It is none the less true because those who denounce it cannot yet take in so large a view as it suggests.

It is not wrong, and it cannot be, for every man and woman to pursue his and her own destiny. In truth, they must do it; they can do nothing else; it was as sensible to deprive them of existence itself as to cut them off from following this necessity. But what if that destiny takes them through evil and error? asks some doubting one, who is willing enough to trust in a special Providence if it happens to lie on his side. Very well, answer ye, it is all the same; if the growth and salvation of the individual lie only that way, then it is plain he can go no other. If he must be a drunkard before he is able to conquer a drunkard's instincts and desires, then he must, and that is all there is to be said about it; if he must steal, and cheat, and lie, and live adulterously, then he must, and there is no present help for it. By-and-by he will change all this, and then only will he have gained that profound spiritual experience which is lasting and of worth. Compel him to do better by the operating restraints of law, and he is not yet made better; he only holds his instincts in abeyance, as it were—has become a shrewd hypocrite—has learned how to disguise himself, and pass for that which he is not. Not yet has he become what St. Paul terms "a law unto himself," than which there is no higher law in the courts of the universe. You may restrain a man, by threats or by shame, from publicly doing what his present instincts demand for their natural gratification, but still you have not reached his nature to make it better; no law can do that but the one which he at length comes to read and interpret in his own heart. And not until he does so read and interpret, is it possible for him to say that he has gained experience, or knows himself. No matter by what steps he gets at it, if he only arrives there. Genuine experience is worth all it ever costs.

In our hasty and utterly incompetent judgments of men, we not only publish our own lack of charity, but our want of intelligence, too. How little do we know, or think, of the law of temperament, an inheritance for which no man is responsible, and in the gift of which no man can have the slightest choice. What small allowance we make for condition in life, with which no person has anything to do. How little, too, do we estimate advantages and disadvantages—some being blessed beyond and above others, and others, again, being ground down into the dust by the weight of circumstances, which they do not know how to oppose, if they could. What allowance is not to be made for privileges conferred and withheld—some men being born and bred in the very atmosphere of a refining culture, while others never had any more conception of progress than if it were to fall to their lot to become, in due time, its subjects.

Yet all these diversities of character are to work themselves out into a state of equilibrium. There is no end living, but he must take such starting-

point as he has and proceed to his goal by paths of his own exploration. There is no other way for him. Another cannot live his life for him; another cannot show him how to do it; his gifts are his own; he must live true to them from beginning to end. As Emerson once said of himself, in reply to some personal remarks of an orthodox friend, "If I am the child of the Devil, I will at least be true to my father!" So it must be with every one of us; if, as the ecclesiastical assure us, we are the children of the Devil, simply because we do not believe as they believed, then it was all so intended and it is all right—and we are not to be expected to bellow the character of our father.

Most of us fall of working out the problem of our own destiny as readily as we might, from being given to watching the course and conduct of others; as if we were appointed keepers of one another, and time was best spent when it is consumed with gossip and slander, and eaten up with a meanly inquisitive care of other people. Our sympathy has degenerated early; we interest ourselves in others, not because we love them but because we merely want to find out how they live, what are their private manners, what they regularly and irregularly eat and drink. In this way we miss our own destiny and meddle with that of others. But a man, or a woman, somewhat works out the problem of his or her own being by staying at home alone, and there living out his or her conditions faithfully. This is the central secret, after all. The guiding and governing to which we are addicted, is the greatest loss imaginable to all of us. If we first know more about ourselves, we should certainly know the whole world beside, without being at the unprofitable trouble of hunting into the external characteristics of everybody else around us.

Counterfeit Presentments.

From time to time, Spiritualists have detected and exposed several of the public test mediums in performing bogus miracles. For example, I supposed to have been made from the "boundaries of another world," have been proven to have been made on this side of the Jordan. Fortunately, Spiritualism is not confined to this lower plane of phenomena of merely physical signs and wonders. We know not a more infamous drop of villany than that a medium should exhibit, as from spirits, his own juggling tricks. Mr. Billy may have taken the most proper course to induce Spiritualists to take heed of this matter; but so far as he has elicited truth in this direction, he has our thanks, as we doubt not to have of all Spiritualists who prize truth above all things. We or others will speak more fully in a short time, when we shall have sufficiently probed the whole matter to the bottom. Let it suffice for the present to put the public on their guard against writing names, "pelted," "raps," "taps," "alphabetical cards," and handwriting on the arm. We have very recently seen those things engaged in such with as to deceive the very credulous. Therefore, watch as well as ever when the more prominent mediums are working their wonderful combinations with all the dexterity of a Robert Houdin. Otherwise,

"You will have miracles, yes, around you, too—soon, heard, attested, everything but true."

Some of the Yankee miracles are very close akin to the "wooden nutmegs." The handwriting by the finger of God upon the arm, proven to be by a spirit in the flesh, with the aid of a pointed instrument and intricate of cantheries, which makes the supposed spirit name stand forth in visible resurrection. "Raps," as loud as the "iron boots Quicker," are made by tying the foot with a cotton string, and writing with the spirit of wine, thus proving that "wine is a mocker," and that such "Footfalls" are not to be received in their oracular responses.

All this domain of jugglery, foisted upon the higher revelations of spirit intercourse, is not only shameful, but cruel and wicked in the extreme. It is the bitterest of trifling with the holiest of worlds, where the mingling of the spiritual and material are seeking to open revelations as the sweetest unfolding of the kingdom of heaven. Let the taro be separated from the wheat, and the foul be consumed in unquenchable fire.

C. B. P.

We give place to the above communication from a much esteemed correspondent, knowing as we do the necessity of closer scrutiny into the real merits of many of the alleged manifestations of spirit power. That genuine manifestations of the class alluded to above are given to us by disembodied spirits, not by men, and that the latter have no doubt; yet the fact is too apparent to dispute that we are often imposed upon with bogus manifestations, by those mediums even who do at times give genuine manifestations.

In this connection, we feel it our duty to speak of a medium, a notice of whom appeared in our paper of August 25th, copied from the *Providence City Item*. Having so often cautioned the public in these matters, and insisted upon the right of the investigator to the closest scrutiny, in order to avoid imposition, we do not make personal attacks upon mediums whose conduct has given occasion for sorrow to Spiritualists. But we have avoided nothing such in this case, however, we have been unwittingly led into a notice of a man whom all investigators are in duty bound to watch closely. That he is a medium is not to be questioned, but that he has lost the confidence of far too many intelligent Spiritualists, is true.

While we over exercise that charity toward others, and that mercy which we stand so much in need of, we feel it to be our duty to put all honest men on their guard, and to caution them against accepting any manifestation as of spirit origin, until they have taken such precautions as will preclude the possibility of deception on the part of the medium. Especially is this scrutiny needed toward all operations like spirit-writing under tables, and manifestations in the dark. We have known a medium to allege that a name written with a black lead pencil was produced by a spirit from a blue pencil deposited on a sheet of paper under the table.

So we say, again, scrutinize closely, then your manifestations and your theory, built upon facts, will not be blown away by the exposure of your medium in after times.

The Prince in New York.

It appears that they are going to entertain Victoria's oldest son in New York, after a most exclusive and particular way. They did, at one time, of getting up a dinner-party; but as that would naturally require the young gentleman to "make a speech,"—that base of all public dinners,—and as it was not to be supposed that he was much of an adept in the business, it was finally concluded to give a ball in his honor, which he has signified his willingness to attend. The papers say that the committee of citizens having the matter in hand, voted to issue twenty-eight hundred tickets, each gentleman on the committee to have the right to seven accepted invitations, subscribing therefore seventy dollars—the invitations to be in the proportion of at least four ladies to three gentlemen. Each member of the committee must submit the names of the persons he proposes to invite to the invitation committee for approval, and tickets will not be transferable. All tickets which may be left over will be disposed of pro rata among the members of the General Committee, which is made up of a large number of the "solid men" of Gotham.

Mr. Newton, the celebrated healing medium, has arrived in Boston, and taken rooms on the corner of Edinboro' and Beach streets.

The Horse Show.

Up at Springfield, the United States Horse Show was held, last week, making a most imposing demonstration. It was there where the first exhibit on of the sort was held in the country. A trotting park was then laid out and skillfully graded, which was named Hampden Park, and enjoys a reputation second to no other over the country. At the late Fair, which was a great success, horses of all sorts, pedigrees, and names were marshaled from the different quarters of the country, drawing after them, though not in carts or carriages, a concourse of men and women, poets, divines and philosophers, of which not merely a horse park but even the gayest of London's aristocratic parks might feel a little bit proud. It strikes us, at this distance, that Springfield prides herself on just two points—perhaps more; her Armory and her Horse Fair. The latter better even than the former; though a pedantic friend of ours declared, the other day, that of course the canvas must be superior to the living thing! The horse does not appear to grow less valuable, in these days of steam and electricity.

The Dog Days.

These troublesome fellows have come and gone. Some of the weather, during their continuance, has been extremely sultry, but we have managed to get through it, as a whole, quite comfortably. The beautiful Autumn days that are now upon us cannot be thought too highly of. No such weather, with such scenic glories adored, can be found elsewhere on the face of the earth. An American Fall is the crown of all natural gifts. Let us welcome it, as we bid adieu to Sirius.

Garibaldi.

This hero is becoming more and more conspicuous as the liberator of Italy. He has passed over from Sicily to the main land, and the Neapolitans are so far sympathizers with him as to be ready to join his forces at the right moment, in which case it is thought he may enter Naples without shedding a drop of blood. Garibaldi has refused to fight, from the first, except where he found the people ready and anxious to achieve their own liberty. His name certainly goes into history.

Sabbath Schools.

A very large and spirited gathering was held in Beverly, last week, on Wednesday, on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the establishment of Sunday Schools in this country. Such schools may have been started in other localities, but to Beverly belongs the credit of having permanently established a system of instruction for the young that has held with such wonderful and lasting effect upon the mind of the country. The assembly listened to the fine addresses, and a portrait of Miss Hannah Hill, the founder of the system, was publicly exhibited.

Joanna Waterman.

We have lately received a number of letters that speak of Miss Joanna Waterman's medium powers in high terms, accompanied with the request that we call the attention of those to her who desire communications from their deceased friends.

The Providence Banner and Dr. Child's New Book.

The editor of this able journal, J. W. Emery, keeps time and tone with the motto of his paper, viz.: "Be just, and fear not." We follow truth wherever it leads the way." There is no paper on our large list of exchanges in which there is more independence and fearlessness made manifest than there is in the Providence Banner, and consequently there is no paper that, for its size, has more freshness, life and interest. The last issue of this paper comments on Dr. Child's new book as follows:

WHATSOEVER IS, IS RIGHT.—This book is written by Dr. A. B. Child, and is published from the Banner of Light office, in Boston. It is fresh and vigorous, and well worth reading. The whole book is a presentation of the doctrine that all existence is precisely as it was meant to be by Infinite Wisdom, and therefore that all is good and right. Strange as all this may seem, there is an overwhelming logic in it.

Old Men.

It is a hard matter for persons to admit that they grow old. Those who have children of their own are able to see it a little better than they who have not, for they feel how gradually the latter crowd them along in life's platform. Two foolish gentlemen meeting, once on a time, one said to the other, "Mr. —, where are all the old men now?" the latter answered, pointing the gray in his inquirer's locks, "ask the boys!" So perfectly unconscious are we of the advance of years, and so unwillingly, at least, are we to admit a fact which our vanity feels to be a blot, that we are less true by this preserving denial. Alice Carey once wrote an extremely thoughtful poem on growing old, and took the true and sensible view of it; she would not surrender—she said—her prelate increased experience for all the immature hopefulness that youth could boast of. Present age offers us something tangible; the past has been nothing but an illusion.

Literature.

A MEMORIAL: Addressed to the Ladies' Sewing Circle of the South Congregational Society, Boston (Rev. E. E. Hale's). By Hiram A. Reid, Boston: A. Williams & Co.

Another case of the operation of the Modern Inquisition. The author of this little pamphlet was sent to Mendville (Pa.) Theological Seminary by the ladies of Mr. Hale's society, and, only this summer, was suddenly expelled from the seminary, after a very severe examination into his case by one or two Professors, on account of his heretic notions respecting the doctrine of miracles! He happens to think the profound spiritual experiences of the human soul of more consequence than the externalities that have been piled upon them by credulous, superstitious and ignorant people. The professors think more of the husk than of the kernel, and so are guilty of such a mistake as they have committed in the present instance. This pamphlet is a statement of the whole case, and embodies also an essay in refutation of Hume's "Essay on Miracles," which was read in due course before his class. It is intended especially to be read by the ladies who offered to aid him in procuring theological education, and they certainly ought in justice to purchase and peruse it. The author is a progressive and deeply spiritual man, and cannot, apparently, be quenched by any dash of cold water from the buckets of the Mendville professors. Let him take up his burden at once, and go to preaching to the people of his beloved West without any further waiting on human pleasures. His true friends will be glad to help him.

THE FRENCH SEVENTH MONTHLY, No. 1. P. W. Genesee, Editor. Boston.

A very neatly printed monthly for the use of beginners and young students of the French language. It is calculated to supply students with a continuous and systematic series of exercises to keep pace with a regular French course. It will be found to be of great help to the teacher, and the solitary student will be thankful for the aid it offers him. It is, in fact, a very useful Monthly French Teacher for all.

What is this objection?

Whether it is right, by all who oppose this tenacious belief, is objected to, on the ground that it paralyzes all efforts in goodness, stagnates the noble energies of the soul for progression, and makes man a mere machine. Does faith in God stop the growth of the soul? No. Does the recognition of the realities of the unseen spiritual world paralyze our efforts to let go things below that fade away, and set our affections on things above that endure? No. Does the sunlight of a truth of God stagnate the noble energies of the soul for other truths that shall be the soul's lawful possessions? No. Does the development in man, that is progressive eternally, make it a mere machine that has no pulsation, no desire, no longing for development still? No.

If the soul be immortal, and possess the inherent power of eternal progress, no thing that is earthly can influence its immortality or its powers of progression; no opinion or assertion; no sunlight or shadow in philosophy, or in what is called religion, can stay or advance it; can kill or make alive a single desire that stimulates human action. The rivers of human desires run deeper than the superficial streams of language made by words. Human desires are the deep waters of the soul's immortality, and they run undisturbed and unimpeded by the bubbles of time that break on their surface; by the trash of words that one or ten thousand may produce.

The currents of human desires are flowed by God's power, not by man's. Human efforts, that as yet only dabble with material things, have done, or can do, nothing to produce these currents—to create their flow—to retard or to advance them. It is but the child-like, yes, the baby-like, conceptions of our existence, that make us think we can. The advocacy of certain beliefs, or of the utterances of bold and unacceptable assertions, like the declaration, "whether it is right, has no influence upon the soul or its spontaneous desires, for the soul and its desires are above the floating, perishing influence of words."

No human voice, no matter what its eloquence; no pen, no matter what it writes; no printed sheet, no matter what is stamped thereon, can produce or keep back, one single desire of the human soul, which desire is always necessary to human action—for there is no human action that is ever produced, independent of spontaneous desires, in the human soul. It is futile, the thought that the truth of words, in the form of language, can alter the currents of human desires, which currents are necessary to, and do produce all the manifestations of human life, no less, what is called evil than what is called good. If what we call evil deeds could have been prevented by the power of the language of words, I ask in the name of reason and common sense, why has this not been done? There has surely been enough spoken and written against "evil." If it even had the consistency of liquid substance, to inundate the world and deluge all human existence. Language that is made of words, and all philosophy, and what is called religion, presented by it, to the soul and its desires, are as unreal in their influence as shadow is compared with substance; as impotent as the human will is when it commands the earth to cease its revolutions, or the sun to stop his shining.

To say that words, books or sermons; doctrines, beliefs or creeds, can influence the soul's spontaneous desires; can paralyze the efforts that these desires produce; can stagnate the noble energies of the soul's immortal existence; can kill a man's eternal life, and make him a mere machine—to say this, is to see with accurate vision, only on the surface, and contradict the facts of all human experience; it is to brand the inherent powers of the soul, that constitute its eternal progress and its immortality, with the stamp of time, and with the changeable, perishing qualities that belong to the material world.

The view that makes us think that the soul can be influenced for its benefit, or for its injury, by philosophy, and what is popularly called religion, is a view seen with our earthly eyes alone—not by the soul's deeper perception, which perception alone can recognize the reality of immortal existence.

A. B. Child.

Mrs. Macready, the Recitationist.

The numerous friends of Mrs. Macready, who sympathize with her in her efforts to sustain herself, will feel pleased to hear of her success in the Provincetown.

On the day of the arrival of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Mrs. Macready, the celebrated recitationist, now on a visit to our island, was requested by the Duke of Newcastle, through our greatly respected Mayor, Mr. Haviland, to read before the Prince at Government House, on the first evening of his stay here. On her arrival at the Government House, Mrs. Macready was received most kindly and graciously by Mrs. Dundas, our Governor's amiable Lady, who, in the midst of her numerous and onerous duties, showed all courtesy and kindness to the stranger. Mrs. Macready was ushered into the Hall by Mr. Haviland and the Lieut. Governor—the Suite of His Royal Highness and the Ladies and Gentlemen partaking of His Excellency's hospitality being arranged round the Hall. The Prince then entered, and Mrs. Macready was presented in form.

The fair artist, after other pieces, by permission of His Royal Highness, rendered the Crimean song, "Jessie Brown," and "The Prince's Welcome." At the termination of this last very beautiful and striking poem, the splendid band of the 69th Regiment, which was in attendance in the ante-room, responded to the call of the fair Lady, by at once bursting forth in the National Anthem.

The Prince, who was standing during the whole performance, applauded most warmly. Mrs. Macready was then again presented to His Royal Highness, and he expressed himself delighted with this Lady's great power of recitation. His Grace the Duke of Newcastle and the Earls of St. Germain and Mulgrave, Major General Bruce, &c., &c., were then introduced, and expressed their great admiration of Mrs. Macready's wonderful talent and superior genius, complimenting her highly on her power of intonation—regarding that her intonation alone would prevent her having the pleasure of hearing her again. *Examiner, Charleston, S. C., Island, Aug. 15, 1860.*

Dr. J. R. Newton, the Healing Medium.

Jesus answered and said unto them, Go and show John again those things which ye do hear and see: The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them."—Matt. xi, 4, 5.

The above passages of Scripture in connection with the 17th and 18th verses of chapter 16 of Mark, were forcibly brought to my mind by my calling upon Dr. J. R. Newton, at his Healing Institute, on the corner of Edinboro' and Beach streets, in this city, and witnessing the wonderful and miraculous power there displayed through the Doctor by the Apostolic mode of laying on of hands, in giving sight to the blind, hearing to the deaf, cleansing the lepers, causing the lame to walk, and raising up the dead in unbelief from the dusty tombs of superstitious and bigotry, to the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel of Truth.

In the brief time I can devote to this communication, I can only give a few cases in proof that the days of the so-called miracles have returned: Miss —, a young girl of some sixteen years, has been partially deaf since she was three years old, from scarlatina; was quite deaf, but was entirely restored by Dr. N. in ten minutes.

A daughter of Mr. J. D. Wood, merchant, of New Bedford, fourteen years old, who had not for ten years been able to bring her heels to the floor, but

walked only on her toes, was entirely restored by one operation of about ten minutes, after all surgical and mechanical means had been exhausted. I cannot at this time cite more cases; but any who are skeptical can see for themselves by calling at the Doctor's rooms any day except Sunday.

From the following notice: "Those that cannot well afford to pay are cordially invited, without money and without price." Truly, the Millennium dawns!

I will endeavor to furnish an account of cures performed here in our own city, for publication next week.

Boston, Sept. 7, 1860.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

A letter from our Junior Editor, written from York,shire, England, will appear next week. And an interesting paper on the Superstitions of Ireland, by a talented correspondent.

Our readers will not do themselves the injustice to forget that the last Spiritualist Picnic of the season will be held at Abington on Wednesday, the 12th inst. See notice elsewhere.

We would advise our friends in want of musical instruments of any kind, both of Foreign and American manufacture, to give White Brothers, 80 Tremont street, a call.

ELIAS YENNER.—Dr. Holmes, the willow Anatomist and Professor of the Atlantic Monthly, has, since the beginning of the year, been writing for the pages of this superior magazine a "Professor's Story." It seems to be in Rochester, and its heroine a weaver, which like girl by the name of Eliza Venner. Messrs. Proctor & Clark, bookseller and publishers, No. 200 Washington street, have published and for sale a photograph of this strange girl, taken from an engraving, drawn by Charles A. Barry. The picture has been examined by Dr. Holmes, and has received his highest praise. Its face is one which could never be forgotten, once seen. Such intensity and vigor of expression is rarely portrayed by the most powerful artist, and the photographer has presented an exact facsimile of the original portrait, on a sheet of about seven by twenty-one inches dimensions. The price of the photograph is \$1.00. Messrs. P. & C. have also for sale all the standard foreign and domestic works, as well as school-books, and monthly, weekly and daily publications.

The "Fraternity" connected with the late Rev. Theodore Parker's Society, in Boston, has already announced its lectures for the coming season. The course will consist of thirteen, the first one being Monday evening, Oct. 1. The services of the following lecturers have been secured in the order named—Charles Sumner, Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Rev. Thomas W. Higginson, Caroline H. Dall, Rev. Wm. R. Alger, Wendell Phillips, H. Ford Douglass, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Ward Beecher, Sarah Jane

New York Department.

B. D. Brittain, Resident Editor.

OFFICE, NO. 148 FULTON STREET.

THE COMMERCIAL VIEW.

"The last decade has seen the rise, growth, and subsequent decline of that phenomenon or system known as Spiritualism, with various other less introduced as a fall to this ghly life. Most of them are now flat on the ground, where they will be allowed to remain."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, Aug. 11.

Institutions are living ideas, invested with organic forms, and adapted to promote and secure particular objects and important public interests. In the course of their development they present different phases and aspects, corresponding to the several stages of their inward growth and organic formation. Each succeeding phase in the entire process may be fitted to arrest the attention of some particular class of minds; and such persons will be most likely to be active and efficient at that particular stage of the world's progress. But when forms change, and functions are correspondingly modified, so that the subject presents new aspects, it is natural for such minds to presume that the essential idea is obscured and the old identity forever lost. Another class of angular and half-developed minds, looking from a different physical, intellectual and moral standpoint, may be especially qualified to perceive and appreciate some other form, feature or degree in the great process whereby ideas are evolved and the institutions of nations are formed. Only the few, by his mysterious insight, and the Philosopher, with his profound and all-embracing grasp of mind, are able to trace the relations of succeeding events and the whole current of circumstances to their general causes and specific effects. It is the peculiar province of the philosophic observer to descend from general principles through the long succession of correlated effects to ultimate results; at the same time, a thousand truths shine out and sparkle like pearls and diamonds along the line of induction which leads him upward to the Infinite. The relations of essential principles, and the succeeding phases of their outward development, to time and circumstance, and to each other, are more or less perfectly comprehended by the true philosopher.

We certainly had no reason to expect that our Commercial neighbor would even form or express any enlightened and comprehensive views of Spiritualism, or that he would perceive its relations to the development of religious ideas and the general progress of society. He is too much accustomed to limited and mundane (commercial) views of things, to look beyond the present and more superficial aspects of the subject. He is doubtless well qualified to watch over the commercial interests of the people; to report the changes in the produce, stock and money markets; to prosecute a general advertising business, and to instruct *marines* whose education has been greatly neglected. But when he attempts to perform the superior functions of a just historian or a true philosopher, he is sure to present a sorry spectacle. He is then out of his appropriate element, and his movements are ludicrously clumsy and ineffectual. The Commercial Advertiser could no more exist in the refined atmosphere of a pure, spiritual philosophy, and become a teacher of its divine principles, than a marine monster could be expected to alight gracefully on a hawthorn hedge and sing like the lark in the morning. So long as every creature has its appropriate element, in which it is most essentially at home, and may be really useful, the commercial medium has no authentic warrant for trespassing on the spiritual domain. To fully answer the object of its existence, it must preserve its place, and perform the functions of a normal life in its own appropriate element. Whales are at home in the sea, and cannot live in a more ethereal medium. Moreover, whales must be satisfied to keep on *surfing* in their own rude way; at the same time, it is our prerogative to attach a commercial value rather than a moral significance to their existence.

When the phenomena of Spiritualism began to command public attention, a large portion of the secular press manifested a strong disposition to prostitute the whole subject to commercial, selfish and sinister ends. It was proposed to employ the invisible agents in the capacity of foreign couriers; and it was remembered that one of our city dailies offered the sum of five hundred dollars to any spirit or medium who would communicate to the news by the next steamer in advance of the arrival. But the spirits did not condescend to engage in the service of grasping speculators, who were quite ready to profit by an unfair advantage of their competitors in the same field of enterprise. The modern angels wisely refused to keep "their first estate"; and those unscrupulous men were not permitted to profane the spiritual temple by the prosecution and accomplishment of their selfish and sacrilegious designs. Of course, if the angels would not consent to report the state of the stock market on the other side, or otherwise aid our commercial and political gamblers, the world had no occasion to employ their services, and the subject was at once deprived of its chief attraction and importance. Our commercial and sensational scribblers went their way, feeling no more interest in Spiritualism than the old Jewish financiers had in the Temple they had converted into a den of thieves, and from whose counts they had just been scourged by the spirits that "overthrew the tables of the money-changers."—*MARR.*

It is quite likely that some few believers in Spiritism have been inclined to value it because they hoped to turn it to a good account in the commercial way. But such expectations are likely to be disappointed, and we rejoice in the conviction that this particular phase of the subject is rapidly declining under the irresistible action of the great law of progress. We go forward by a divine impulsion to further conquests and nobler attainments. Spiritualism is not declining; but it is being purified of the corruptions which, though constituting no part of itself, have hitherto accompanied its progressive development, only because those evils attach to poor human nature and our imperfect civilization. Those who look at the subject from a commercial point of view, may readily conjecture that Spiritualism is being annihilated by the essential power and the redeeming process employed to remove the material obstacles to its future advancement, and to separate it from the sensual pursuits of men, and the base corruptions of the commercial world.

The scribe of the Commercial Advertiser imagines that Spiritualism is dying because he has never been honored with an introduction to the living subject. His attention has only been called to the noise of the opposition, and to the frightful effluvia it has set up to deceive the people; and now that the truth is fairly demonstrated and the senseless confusion to which itself has contributed so much has subsided, it vainly presumes that Spiritualism itself is afflicted with a species of atrophy. If it will but wash the dust from its own visual organs, and keep silence until the cloud it has raised is fairly dissipated, it will discover that it has been fighting a phantom of its own creation. Moreover, that "life," with the com-

posite "fall," will be found to be the proud and arrogant Materialism of the age, with its pretended explanations of Spiritual Phenomena. Each of these explanations ("the name is Legion") has, in its turn, been rejected as unsatisfactory, trifling and absurd. The spiritual press recorded the advent of each, and it remains to note the departure of the last of these monstrous progeny, conceived by the human mind in the darkness and delirium of its unbelief. In that "fall" not far from its inferior extremity, and (by virtue of a species of moral gravitation) very near the earth—the Editor of the Commercial will find his own arbitrary assumptions, and speculative theories.

We scarcely know where to look for the evidence that our beautiful faith and sublime philosophy are losing their influence over the mind and heart. Only a month ago six thousand people assembled at a single mass meeting in Rhode Island; and similar meetings through all the Eastern and Western portions of the Republic are numerous and active. Neither shall we find any indications of this decline in the growing liberality of the church, and the general tendencies of the human mind. Nor yet is it apparent in the best current literature, adorned as it often is by the fresh and beautiful imagery of Spiritualism; at the same time it is vitiated by a recognition of the essential principles and phenomenal illustrations of its rational and scientific philosophy. We are far from believing that the progress of Spiritualism hitherto, and the present measure of its influence, can be rightly estimated by its outward conquests. Its silent forces are the most potent. Its influence is strongest and most widely diffused where it is least observed. It was said of the ancient spiritual kingdom, "it cometh not with observation"; and it is no less true to-day that the mysterious powers of the Invisible World operate silently and in all directions, where there are few to observe and recognize their presence. Could we disclose the secrets of the universal mind and heart, we should discover how sincerely the truth is cherished by many who are wont to retire from the thoughtless herd, that they may enjoy the sacred possession alone and in silence. Could we but banish the fear of ecclesiastical and popular reprobation, whereby multitudes are held in bondage, and break the triple chain of Custom, Fashion and Mammon, millions would instantly stand erect in their Spiritual Freedom!

CURED BY THE SPIRITS.

A remarkable illustration of the agency of Spirits in the cure of a dangerous disease, recently occurred at Polo, in the State of Illinois. The subject was Miss Cora H. Jay, a niece of Mrs. Emma F. Jay Bullene, who will be remembered as one of the first and most eloquent of our inspired speakers. The patient is a young lady of seventeen summers, whose ordinary appearance, to the superficial observer, is indicative of good health, though her vital constitution was always feeble and seemingly defective. All the circumstances of her painful illness and extraordinary cure transpired at "Woodlawn Farm"—the residence of Mr. Bullene—and were witnessed by intelligent observers. The delicate health of Miss Jay had rendered it impossible for her to attend school regularly, and any violent or protracted physical exertion served to aggravate her symptoms. Her case naturally occasioned no little anxiety among her friends, and in April last, Dr. Flowers, of Chicago, was consulted, with a view of ascertaining the nature of her malady. A stethoscopic examination left no doubt in the Doctor's mind that the heart was the chief seat of disease, and he moreover predicted that she would have a severe illness unless suitable means were employed to prevent it. Dr. F. prescribed remedies, but for some reason they were not administered.

On the 28th of May, Miss Jay was suddenly attacked with severe convulsive pains in the region of the heart. These were frequent, and increased in violence. The family physician, Dr. J. C. Burbank, was called, and his diagnosis determined the disease to be "Neuritis of the Heart." For ten days her sufferings were intense, the paroxysms returning at short intervals, and sometimes to the number of sixteen or twenty in a day. On the 8th of June "the disease assumed a congestive form," and her symptoms were otherwise more alarming. We quote from Mrs. Bullene's description:

"The pain was so intense that every respiration was attended by an irrepressible scream; at length, from the severity, the breath was suspended, the form became rigid, pulsation ceased, the eyes were fixed, the face livid and spotted; and on three different days we supposed her spirit had fled, and our loved one would return to us no more; but our continued efforts were rewarded, after the lapse of some minutes, and respiration was again established, though at first very feeble and unsteady, and on the fourth day she was able to utter a few words, and on the fifth day she was able to sit up in bed, and on the sixth day she was able to walk, and on the seventh day she was able to eat and drink, and on the eighth day she was able to go out of doors, and on the ninth day she was able to go to school, and on the tenth day she was able to go to work."—*MARR.*

From that time until the 10th, her case presented several curious and extraordinary physiological and psychical phenomena. At times, the pulsation was scarcely perceptible, and respiration, even and unobscured, seemed to be finally suspended. The signs of speedy dissolution were so palpable as to leave no hope of her restoration. The patient had frequent visions; she repeatedly declared that she saw her mother; and it was otherwise apparent that she conversed with beings who were invisible to her attendants. The following is condensed from Mrs. Bullene's interesting communication:

"She trembled on the verge of spirit-life, struggling to break the fatal coil that bound her, and at length, as we knew that the glorious day had come, she was so completely attracted. At length she smiled, and a glorious light illumined her countenance. She whispered, 'in a few minutes,' and closed her eyes in gentle slumber. This brief but quiet sleep brought a gleam of hope to our troubled hearts, as no more than ten minutes elapsed before the restored circulation had imparted warmth to her entire system. Respiration was established, though the action was so slight as to require close attention to preserve pulsation in any part of the body. Thus for hours she remained motionless, the hands folded across the breast, the eyes alternately closed or opening with a strange mechanical movement, ever retaining the same fixed gaze upward. The pulsation form in death could not have been more obvious of our presence than her gentle spirit seemed for twelve slowly-passing hours. After remaining four hours in that trance-like sleep, several deep respirations were taken, indicating the lungs to be again breathing; the right hand was tremulously raised and tenderly opened the folds of her night robe and rested over the heart; for some minutes it lay quivering there, as though being charged with electric force, when she began a most thoughtful examination of her body, which occupied one hour. Again that motionless repose was resumed, and maintained (with a slight exception of resting physical contact with all persons, and keeping the right hand constantly over the heart) until the right hand was tremulously raised and tenderly opened the folds of her night robe and rested over the heart; for some minutes it lay quivering there, as though being charged with electric force, when she began a most thoughtful examination of her body, which occupied one hour. 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Pearls.

Oh, weary moments, weary hours and days,
Oh, weary years, pass me more quickly by;
I am all weary with your long delays,
I have not lived, yet I have not died.

Oh, weary life, hast thou brought other birth,
Than in the mystic shadows of a dream?
Is any being in this earth,
Or do ourselves and all things only seem?

Life! I am sick to very death of thee,
Of thee, if that indeed I feel thy glow.
If I am not, as sometimes seems to me,
A misty phantom in a phantom show.

All things are dreary to what end is youth?
Oh, I am young yet feel too tired and old;
Oh, languid life, hast thou not in truth
In all thy days one little grain of gold?

All things are dreary, all things are a dream,
Oh, life, if thou art nought but trouble sleep,
Made quickly by for me and cease to deem,
Or art thou earnest, give me life more deep.

[Cecil Jones.]

Most men, sensual and blind, to their flatteries and caresses, say of women: "They are flowers; let us pluck them; let us inhale and enjoy their perfume; they bloom only for our pleasure." Oh! how much greater the pleasure would be if they would cherish the poor flower, if they would leave it on its stem, and cultivate it according to its nature! What a charm of happiness would it not give back to him who would devote his soul to it!—[Michael.]

Winter! no dread of thine approach shall I
Oh, heart, come in thy lovely robe of snow
Jeweled with icicles. Blow, fiercely blow,
And hush the babbling of the shallow rill,
With thy thick breath; woe over every hill
And scolding vale thy radiant mantle fling;
Down to the feet in wither'd vegetation
The broad coat of thy stubborn robe, and with thy shrill
Thine awful voice, the very mountains shake.
Yet shall our souls be calm. For He who hides
A golden purpose in a cloud all dark,
They busy hand in every motion guides,
Scourges the victory to our storm-lark,
And points to fair Spring laughing in her wake!—[John Ellis.]

Peace be better than joy. Joy is an uneasy guest, and always upon us to depart. It is not warm and out, and yet peace is not so—comes more quietly, it stays more contentedly, and it never exhausts our strength, nor gives us any anxious forecasting thought. Therefore, let us pray for peace.

There lies a den,
Beyond the seeming confines of the space
Made for the soul to wander in, and trace
Its own existence of remotest atoms;
Dark regions are around it, where the tempest
Of buried griefs the spirit weeps.—[Katie.]

Often when a preacher has driven a nail in a sure place, instead of clinching it, and securing well the advantage, he hammers away until he breaks the head off or splits the board.—[Taylor.]

Our times are in God's hands, and all our days
Are as our needs; for shadow as for sun,
For cold as heat, for want as wealth, alike,
Our thanks are due, alone that is best which is,
And that which is not, sharing not its life,
Is evil only as devoid of God.—[W. H. Miller.]

Offensive pride, which is intolerable, produces defensive pride, which is only self-respect.

[Prepared for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 4.

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

QUESTION.—Love.

Dr. GARDNER was called to the chair.
Dr. P. B. RANSFORD.—I think I owe it to myself to state that no thought upon this subject has been spoken here by me for the sake of being on the opposite side. All I have said of physical love has been uttered from the fullness of an honest heart, believing what I say.

Let us open up another page of this love volume, and demonstrate its substantiality, its absolute physical nature. It is proved to be material, for reasons I have already stated; and, let, in the third list of reasons, I am a man or woman were ever yet jealous because their legal partner loved some one else with a "divine," or a "spiritual," or "angelic" love. Why? Because the common sense of all mankind affirms that the sentiment of Adoration the transcendentalist's "love" is a mere sentiment; but that the outflow of the love of the body entailed a positive loss, and was, in fact, and ever will be, productive of positive injury. The universal human instinct of this fact lies at the bottom of jealousy. If there is any mental injury, why do we not call it a "philosophical" loss? But we do not, because the loss of the treasure house of the body is a loss of the treasure house of the body.

2d. Cases have occurred wherein a patient has been so ill as to require a fresh supply of blood. This blood has been transferred from the veins of one person to those of the other—generally from a man to a woman; and there never yet occurred a case of this kind but that a deathless attachment sprang up between the parties. "Ah, that is gratitude," you say. It is not; for a case is recorded where the blood was drawn from a man and conveyed into the veins of a young girl while she was convulsed with the mania of the moon, and she recovered, and went to sea. The girl got well; grew up. Ten years elapsed; she became melancholy—retained so; felt an insupportable longing for something, she knew not what. War broke out; she left her country; went to a distant one; still was unhappy. At length, she was walking along the streets; passed through a crowd; a man came up to her, and said, "I am the man who was once your lover; I have been a sailor man; took his hand; felt her longing grasp; took him home—she was rich—had him doted upon; married him in ten days; lived with him four years; was inexpressibly happy; found out that he was the very man whose blood ran through her veins; I advise all the wives to get some of their husbands' blood transfused into their veins—it's a capital experiment;—they will pay well!" The inference is plain that love is a physical element, else how came that longing?

3d. That love is a physical element is proved by its effects; for hunger conquers it. How many free-lovers live on coal and hay? Nay, one! They go in for beef to a man or woman. Women, under the power of hunger, have been known to dine off a child—(not the Doctor!) Poverty kills love by cutting off the supply of highly refined food. Condiments, however, love; acids and alkalies very soon destroy it. Drunkards abuse wives and children, because the fuel oil and aquafortis, constituting the base of the liquor drunk, destroy the power of the glands alluded to in the other week. Modern tangle leg whiskey, warranted to kill at forty paces, kills love at twice that distance, on principles purely chemical. The strawberry and peach, peach and grape, make love, and that's why the French are such general lovers. Beer and malt destroy love; that's why England is the land of wife-abuse.

4th. Methodist love feasts prove the materiality of love. The sisters affect the brothers, and then the brothers react upon the sisters. Love burns like fire, and all become impregnated therewith, especially the sisters. They all become psychologized, and call it the "grace of God." It's a very good sort of psychology—I rather like it. A brother prays, and the more vigorous his body, the more unctious will his prayer be; his love is at high tide. Next day he finds himself prayed out, and can't get up the glory again, except on an opium of good eating.

5th. The love-element may become diseased—it is often so. That's the cause of so many miserable families. The love of a man being diseased, acts as a direct poison upon his wife, in consequence of which she soon grows thin, pale, or sallow. Affection and respect fly out of the window, and the home becomes a hell on earth—a hell, too, which a little common sense, such as is not got forth in the production called "Human Love, in its Physical Aspects," by Dr. Gardner.

and their remedy," will speedily re-transform into a happy heaven, and the pleasure to be had in it. Love is life, in fact, in every sense. The old folks know it, when they tried to re-transform the used-up David into a Daboleba; but it didn't work. Why? Because his excesses had deprived him of his physical power. He was that awful spectacle—a human wreck.

7th. Christ was perfect love, incarnate. That's why he was so good a doctor. No man cures by the laying on of hands. How? They raise up the organic patient by the laying on of their own love. If they keep it up long it is done—they waste away. Why? Because their love is exhausted.

8th. There is a class of human vampires in the world who draw out the love of all the opposites with whom they come in contact. People near whom they move feel the virtue going from them in streams. I speak of professional vampires; but a similar phenomenon occurs with honest people. They are drawn to each other with terrible power; it is like a magnetism. They must have each other, or they will die. The only safety is to instant flight. This thing is thought to be a mental or spiritual affair; it is not. It is physical.

The tests of diseased love are various; but a harsh, cracked voice is an infallible sign. A deep, round, full-toned one, is a sign of health. The walk is also a method of judgment. Show me a man's well worn boot, or a woman's shoe, and I'll tell you the state of their love in five minutes. If I was a young woman, I would marry the man whose shoes were as good as new, and whose walk was as good as that of a child. The cold hands of the winter. It is astonishing to behold the effect of cold water poured down the back of an ardent lover. It will make him swear, very likely. If love is so essential, why is it thus affected by blue pills and shower baths? Why can't it withstand hunger, cold, sea sickness and cholera?

If love isn't material, why do honey-moons degenerate into the worst sort of vinegar so soon? As I have concluded that I may, that while contending for the materiality of love, I do not deny the existence of a moral force somewhat analogous. They call this force Religion, and its domain is the human soul, just as love is in the human body. We shall outlive all earthly loves and all earthly unions; for the only mission of love is to stock the world. To that country where we go at death, we shall carry our religion, our hopes, affections, memories, faith, justice, pity, mercy, benevolence, generosity, and goodness; but love is then left behind. We shall no longer fall before it, no longer struggle in its toils; no longer be led astray by its falsehoods, or pierced by its arrows. When I get there I expect to grow new loves, fitted and adapted to the new conditions. When there, it will be time enough to exorcise my "Divine Love and Nature," for there perhaps they will be needed, but while here my time is best employed in purifying the every-day human life, and cultivating and cleansing the human frame. Philopophers may call us all by the title of "Atheists," but we are not, as such, but as for me, I am only a poor, weak, fallible, erring man.

J. Enoch.—When we contemplate the first natural phase of love, its affectional origin, of cause and effect, the effect to be an embodiment of the immediate cause. It is similar to, not far removed from, what we find by observation and experience in prayer, that it is difficult to determine which is first, the demand or supply. It is like the oak and the acorn. Neither is first; but rather that chemical or spiritual gestation, that reveals the indwelling regency of love, in light and life, or cause and effect. Causation is so perfect, that we cannot tell which is first, God gives us the seed, and that seed grows into a life. It seems, like the begotten conception of truth in thought, to have been there before it was perceived. While the child is being formed for birth, the milk, or love element, is being developed for its food. The mother has as much desire to give, as the child has need to receive. Each is equally benefited, but the mother feels the most blessed.

The effect of love in the human sphere of love vibrates through the web-work of the universe—each throbs a living life. It is like the light of the sun, which permeates the entire system of spirit. Each and all are permeated. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Although the abstract tone is disordered, it exists in, and is dependent upon, the concrete, the basic body of God. In the lowest, most externally natural, the material, as well as the mental or spiritual food taken, has its part to perform, as a causative substance or embodying essence. The food that supplies the body, in and through the blood, with physical matter, which is the material of itself, furnishes also the metaphysical or spiritual element—the blood of the soul—in which to unfold its interior cause, or divine and all-permeating essence. The lowest phase of love is the outer court of the temple of life, its kitchen, the culinary department, (in conjunction with the garden of the Lord) in which we live until the other apartments are spiritually opened and furnished. No soul can overrate the importance of this first phase of love. It cannot be overrated or ignored. It may be regarded as the material of the body, which is the foundation of the whole. Like the bones in music, it is the foundation of the other parts. We must study sub, or thorough bass, sound its notes and learn their value, before we can appreciate the great anthem of universal life—the music of the spheres—the how the most interior, or divinely natural, lives in and expresses itself through all others. The body eats, the stomach digests, the blood circulates, and embodies its substance, and unfolds the love of the body. So the spirit eats, the mind digests, the love circulates, and embodies its substance—the love of the interior basic life.

Man, under God, through laws, is master of himself when, and in proportion as, his spiritual eye is opened. He looks to his foundation, the rock, its disordered particles, the work, the wood, the hay and the stubble. Turning his eye interiorly, he perceives that the resisting, contentious deg that fights, eats, bleeds out; that the sensual, loving lamb feeds on the mountain side, drinks the living water of the valley, and reflects the sunshine of peace.

The soul, in the first phase of love, may be what is called mortal, through fear. It may profess Christianity, possess its forms, the mere husks, oftentimes the very skins of truth, "stuffed and set up." But it cannot possess pure and undefiled religion, that needs no progression. He may be a spiritualist, but he cannot, in any interior sense, be spiritual minded. To such, the most divine metaphysics are like pearls before swine. "If we have not the spirit of Christ, we are none of his." If he is not formed within us the hope of glory, a living substance or spirit entity, (in a figurative sense) we are without God and without hope in the world. In other words, figuratively, we are bastards, and not sons. It is impossible. No theological belief, creed or canonics can transport from hell to heaven without transforming the affection through a successive conception, travel and birth. The second phase of love which we have looked to the shores of the ship, is preeminently practical. It is the phases of friendship—it looks beneath the surface of things. It perceives that a true friend to one man is necessarily the friend of all. It perceives that a good bargain must be made on all round, like an apple, pear or peach. It cannot speculate upon far needs of others, upon the principle that might is right. It was the natural expression of this quality of love, which David to Jonathan. It is, so to speak, a threefold cord, consisting of belief, faith and hope. This sphere of love connects mother earth, external nature, God's mode of operation, with the Father God, the paternal spirit that sends forth its informed aspirants in light and love to warm and purify the soul of all round, like an apple, pear or peach. It cannot speculate upon far needs of others, upon the principle that might is right. It was the natural expression of this quality of love, which David to Jonathan. It is, so to speak, a threefold cord, consisting of belief, faith and hope. 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