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LIFE IN EARNEST

A Thrilling Domestic Tale.

BY KATE CARROLL.

CHAPTER I.

The Family at Briar-grove.

"Are you a real friend to me, Fred?" she asked, gazing tearfully into his eyes.

"Of course I am." What made you ask me such a question?"

"Then prove it, by making my parents keep me at home! For oh, they are going to send me away to school!" Flora's tears flowed apace.

"You surely are not going to do this!" demanded Fred of the criminals.

"Yes, Fred; it is necessary." She is as ignorant as a baby," teased Mr. Pemberton.

"Ignorant! Flora ignorant! Why, she's worth all the women I ever knew!" cried Fred, in astonishment.

"Still, wise as she is, according to your estimation, Fred, she must go to school," continued Mr. Pemberton more soberly. He felt the projected separation very keenly himself, and it wounded him to see the tears of his wife and daughter flow, for what he knew to be a necessary evil. He could have wept too, and more than once passed the back of his hands over his eyes, and tried to turn his feelings off with a joke, the faltering tones in which it was given, showing the pain he was vainly attempting to hide.

Fred did not seek to hide his tears. He was astonished to find thoughts and emotions which had lain hidden in his heart, silent and unsuspected. And now, like jangled chords, driven into sound by force, they pained him by their discord. To love, and have the object of it separated, perhaps forever from him, was a suggestion (the evil one himself must have sent it,) he could not endure for a moment.

"Let her stay at home, I will teach her!" he cried, impulsively; then added, amid tears and deepening blushes: "I was called a very tolerable scholar at college."

"I know it, my dear boy, and have ever been proud of it, but my Flora must go to school," replied Mr. Pemberton, smiling inwardly at the idea of Fred and Flora as teacher and pupil.

"What makes yer so glum, Venus?" asked Dinah, Mrs. Pemberton's special servant, when the two accidentally met on the verandah that adorned the back of the mansion.

"The dear child is going way off," sobbed Venus.

"What's she gwine to do dat for?" said Dinah, ferociously.

"Because they do n't think she knows enough to stay at home."

"She not know enough? I'd like to see the lady dat knows more!" and Dinah with this, stalked angrily off to her cabin, when, taking upon her lap a little girl of three summers, blessed God that it could stay at home with her.

From her position on the verandah, Venus could see the caresses that Dinah lavished upon the child, and bearing it till the sight grew too agonizing to her senses, she walked with heavy step, and heavier heart to her young mistress's chamber, a small ante-room leading from which was her own. After lingering a few moments in the former, and, with tearful eyes, viewing tenderly every near object Flora's delicate fingers had touched, or had decorated her lovely person with, she went sobbing into her own apartment, where she gave vent to the distress she could no longer repress.

"Oh, child, child, you little know! you little know!"

"Why, Venus, are you really taking on so about my leaving home?" cried Flora, who, unable to remain below, had rushed up into her chamber, to give way to her mingled anger and grief.

"It's hard to part with you, honey," answered Venus, looking frightened and distressed.

Flora dried her tears, and smothered her own feelings to comfort Venus, yet could not avoid saying:

"How you tremble and sob! Why, you actually show more sorrow than my mamma does! Though of course she feels badly, worse than any one else can!"

"Of course, child," murmured Venus, clasping Flora to her bosom, and kissing her with frantic tenderness.

"Mercy! you'll smother me!" and as Venus exulted her, Flora added: "I do believe Fred feels, and would do just so, if he had a chance."

"He would," said Venus fervently.

"How do you know that?" laughed Flora.

"True love cannot help showing itself. I see with his eyes, perhaps! I know that you are the light of his life!"

"You do?" said Flora, then added admiringly, "Venus, how well you talk! I wonder if I shall ever talk as well. Mamma says that you are often quite poetical in your expressions."

Venus turned away to hide an impatient expression. Often thoughts that seemed to burst into her very soul rose in tormenting strength to disturb the quiet she had sought for years, to strengthen and make perfect. And now!

The few weeks preceding Flora's departure transformed her into something far different from the hoyden of old. This dreadful separation from home made her silent, thoughtful, and weighed down her spirits. She would not speak of going away, especially to Fred and Venus, both of whom seemed so distressed that it pained her to be alone with them. They, (she reasoned) perhaps, being of temperaments similar to hers, understood her feelings and sympathized with them to a degree that moved her beyond expression. Hence she avoided them. The contrast of her past bright life with her dull, monotonous future, as she in her ignorance deplored it, was very great.

One day she had wandered far into the woods to weep upon her tears. It must be remembered that she had developed rapidly in a short time. It was an hour when the Eden of her life seemed closing against her. The stern Real loomed up tormenting before her. She could not invest it with a single charm. She felt unhappy, friendless and alone. Seeing at a distance a bush of wild white roses, she seated herself near them, and, commencing forming from them a bouquet, to carry with her, sprinkling each one with her fast falling tears.

"In two or three days they will be faded and scentless, like everything else in life, after one has once known pleasure," she said sadly to herself.

"It is cruel to make you suffer so," broke in upon her solitude. Flora started up, angry at being disturbed, yet blushing with pleasure at the voice.

"Shall I sit beside you a few moments, Flora?"

"You never asked me to let you before, Fred," she answered, with an attempt at fierceness that proved a miserable failure.

"Because you never, never were so distant before. Now I am obliged to look around for the little Flora I once knew, but I do not see her; I cannot find her. In her stead appears a serious young lady, who looks like an isolate herself, and evidently wishes to freeze me into one. But she cannot; I must be the same Fred that she always found me—"

"How silly you are growing!" pettishly interposed Flora. "But," she added, more gently, "everybody and everything keeps changing!"

"In that case, one may hope you will some time finish the round of your transformations, and turn up at last the child that—that long ago stole my heart—"

"Miss Flora, mistress wants yer to come in, to have yer new dresses fitted. De great dressmaker has arrived, that was sent for from Savannah," unwillingly interrupted Dinah at this juncture. Fred bit his lips with vexation. Flora rose with unnecessary alacrity at the summons, and was hastening away, when, as if obedient to an irresistible impulse, she turned, extended her hands to his grasp, and, with paler lips, kissed his brow. She was gone the next instant.

Fred sat where she left him. A new existence had dawned upon him. He seemed bathed in an inexpressible glory. His feelings were joy, dashed expression and control.

"Do you really love her?" asked a deep voice, so low and searching that it thrilled Fred with something like pain.

He looked up in surprise. Venus stood before him.

"I do," he fervently replied, not once thinking of her presumption in thus addressing him.

"Will that love outlive time and change?" and Venus fell on her knees before him in a transport of anxiety and irrepressible feeling.

"It will," answered Fred, with a reverent, upward glance of his fine eyes.

"I am satisfied," she whispered softly to herself, and glided away.

CHAPTER II.

A Disappointment.

"The tongue of a contentious woman deliver me from it!"

There was an unusual degree of excitement observable in the inmates of the general parlor of Elmwood Seminary. Such a show of bright, young faces—such a confusion of tongues, and such a force of curious glances as were leveled at the door every time it was opened, was a wonder and an amusement to one who did not know that a late arrival the preceding evening had caused it all.

"I long to see her! What a shame she reached Ogress Den so late last night! I tried in every possible way to stay down beyond regulation hours, but the Ogress, or some of her imps, were sure to be on the qui vive, and hustled me off to my room, in spite of sundry ingenious devices I could frame as an excuse to linger below. However, the dragon and her assistants had enough to do to get me to my room, until I had a mind to enter it, which I had n't until I had given up all hope of seeing the new comer. Do n't pity her, though! Four years in this chaste, respectable, head-drumming, heart-freezing, intellectual-polishing (!) retreat, ought to be made up by a hundred years of fun and pleasure! I'll have 'em yet!" cried Ellen Layne, a Southerner, whose constitutional hilarity, hereditary wealth, and natural disinclination to labor, either bodily or mental, caused her to be not the most easily managed pupil in the establishment.

"I suppose, as she is a Southerner, with, of course, all their peculiarities, you will become her very intimate friend," sneered a thin girl, from the depths of the ivy and muslin drapery of the bay window, and whose long neck had stretched itself sore in its vain attempts to give its inquisitive owner a glimpse of the new scholar, who had been seen to go alone to the school-grounds an hour earlier.

"I'm afraid you'll take cold, Miss Brawnish. Had n't you better close that window?" taunted Ellen Layne, in undisturbed good nature.

"I reckon you'd like to take my chance here," sneaked Miss Brawnish, driving her smooth head further out of sight.

"Then, if you will endanger your health, please to remember I have got an excellent remedy for sprains, in my room. If your neck does not resent your intrusions upon its elasticity, I don't know what can be its limits."

"Now, Ellen Layne, let me speak alone. You're only a girl, and you ain't smart, like us Yankees," retorted Miss Brawnish, ducking her face into the room for that purpose.

"Deliver me from ever experiencing your degree of that same quality! Would n't you like a new scholar from the land where 'folks' travel on shingles, and the sun never sets? Would n't you two enlighten us as to the rise and fall in 'punkins,' the price of 'taters,' and the last golden estimate of the value of wine!"

This was too much for Miss Brawnish. With a bound she sprang from her watch-tower, seized the long, silken looks of Ellen Layne, and used them as a lash about the fair face of their owner. The scholars were afraid to interfere, so stood tearful and trembling.

"Order!" was uttered in a loud, deep, angry tone. The combatants paused; the distressed beholders of the unhappy scene turned to the door, where stood Madame Rivers, and close behind her the new arrival, whose proud face was flushed with contemptuous disappointment.

These, then, were the creatures she had been sent to mingle with—her dark eyes plainly said.

"Miss Pemberton, young ladies. I regret that she has been witness to such an unusual disturbance, yet I trust that your future decorum and unity will efface the unpleasant impression that this scene cannot help making upon her mind," said Madame Rivers.

Miss Pemberton scarcely bowed a notice of the shame-bent heads of the scholars. Some of the more easily recuperated, made shy efforts to engage her attention. They could not immediately regain their usual self-possession—it could not be expected under the circumstances. But Miss Pemberton remained haughty and silent.

Strangely enough, Ellen Layne re-collected herself first, at which the still angry Miss Brawnish looked up in stolid astonishment. But Ellen Layne was not easily annihilated.

"I fancy, Miss Pemberton, you do not often hear of women tigers South. I confess I never did. I am a Southerner."

Miss Pemberton deigned no answer to the owner of so red a face, and whom she had just seen flayed with her own looks.

"I do n't care whether she has or not. And I are n't afraid to tell her, you, and all the rest, that I will not put up with your insolence, nor anybody's," cried Miss Brawnish, angrily.

"Miss Layne and Miss Brawnish, go to your rooms. You must be brought into subjection. I forbid, under pain of my displeasure, the rest of the scholars holding any communication with you for one month," said the stern voice of Madame Rivers.

The lady had never been so disgraced. She shed tears over it when alone in her room.

"Dearest Parent—imagine your absent child dissolved in tears. What induced you to send me away from home. Such a nest of vipers as I entered the morning after my arrival! I expected to be bitten to death, but was miraculously saved, owing, I suppose, to the uncertainty of my palatableness for the distinction, so they contented themselves by biting each other. Do you know, dear father, Judge Layne, of Georgia? Well, one of the vipers happens to be his daughter. How delighted the man must be in such a conviction. The other—I have n't yet seen but two of the reptiles—came from that 'Way Down East' that I used innocently to think could be nothing in the world but Utopia itself. But tell Fred not to worry too much about me, I dare say I shall get along very well after all; and do n't you, either; only be particular to write me just as often as you have time (inclination has nothing to do with it) and send me all the good things you can, and if I manage to survive until Christmas, do not fail to come for me to pass vacation in the dear old home I have left, and that I dream of every night."

So wrote Miss Pemberton the second evening of her stay at Elmwood Seminary. To this, her parents replied by the earliest mail.

"Dear Child—Keep aloof from the ill-bred young ladies you wrote of. Your excellent judgment will lead you to make a proper selection of acquaintances among the pupils. Be intimate with none. Your high position renders it necessary for you to be very exclusive. When you 'come out,' the 'right set' will naturally choose you as its central ornament. Fred is devoted to his attentions to us. Indeed, he seems like a son. He manages his vast possessions finely, and is a great favorite among his equals and inferiors. He was disturbed by your account of the vipers. Venus and Dinah send their love, &c."

This epistle, that was wonderfully comforting to Flora Pemberton, enclosed a note from Fred Anderson. Shall we be forgiven for subjoining copious extracts?

"Dear little Playmate—(As my dear departed mother used always to call you,) we miss you awfully at home. If possible, when you come to pass Christmas among us, you shall not go back to school. I have heard of Judge Layne—though your father has not—and guess he'll do among his kind. His daughter, I judge by your description, to be a rude, unpolished girl. You will of course remain aloof from her, Southerner though she be. For personal safety, also, you had better oblige her to retain her social inferiority, should she seem inclined to make overtures to an intimacy with you. Your father is the most indulgent of guardians. Only think! he allows me to be master of myself and possessions to the utmost of my will. Pretty well for a boy of twenty, is n't it? I mean to do great things when

you come home for good and all. I intend to write to you every week, if you'll engage to read the letters. Your parents say I may. So, will you read all I send you? But of course I do n't feel anxious about it, for I know you will do so. I shall pore over every line you favor me with. Pete says the hounds are ready, so I must close, and rather abruptly.

"Yours, ever, Farn."

"P.S. Look out, and keep clear of the vipers. Crush 'em under your heel, if they offend you."

"P.S. 2d. Equal to a girl, are n't I, in the number of my postscripts? Be sure not fall in love with any fellow up there. I'll shoot him if you do. Adieu, my Flora."

These letters were very comforting to Flora, who had never left home before, and who could hardly live under the loss of such friends, and such a home, as she had given up for school. Her haughty exterior offended the pupils, who could not endure it, especially Miss Brawnish, who apostrophized it as "Skin-milk airs, that those weak-blooded Southerners would give themselves, but which it took a clear grit Yankee to pluck to pieces and poke fun at."

But plucking to pieces and poking fun at these airs did not advance Miss Brawnish one step in the esteem of Miss Pemberton, who could not forget her first morning at school, when it seemed as if her respect for her new companions, and hopes of happiness with them, vanished beyond recall.

"How silly in her to keep aloof from us, merely because we do not happen to be so wealthy as she is. If ever she travels, she will of course meet with scores richer than herself. I wonder how she will like to have them look down on her, as she does on us. What vanity to come out of such a beautiful head," said more than one of the pupils often.

But she was not naturally cold, vain, nor scornful. Her heart as often yearned toward them as theirs toward her. But it yearned oftener for the dear home so far away.

CHAPTER III.

Birds-nest.

"We feel too strong in weak. To need thee on that road."

A backward glance through fifteen years. A tiny, yet exquisitely constructed, and lavishly adorned cottage, with its two youthful occupants, we will glance in upon.

In the depths of a leafy forest, hidden like a bird's nest in the thickest and greenest tree-top, it nestled in its refreshing seclusion. Birds warbled around, and flowering vines so lovingly mantled it, that one could hardly tell where were the means of reaching the sweet songstress, now making gloriously scented the fragrant retreat. And a fitting temple had that wondrous voice. No wonder that the whole soul of her entranced listener was borne along by her liquid notes, until the gates of Elysium seemed open to him. For, to his excited vision, with her peerless beauty and matchless tones, she was nothing less than angelic. He had struggled with his passion in its incipient stages, for a sense of foolish differences in social distinctions, engrafted with his earliest consciousness, had made him hesitate to take in the trembling wanderer, Love, that would not be turned away. He had a feminine loveliness of character that won his way to the very centre of every home circle he cared to approach; many and many a proud young heart treasured secretly his image, but his only answer in the depths of its own unspoken joy, "Aurora Orn—Aurora Orn!"

And she? She scarcely knew when her passionate love went forth to meet his. And almost as innocent was she of conventionalisms that pained her beyond expression when at last a glimmering of their meaning darted into her mind. Oh, bells from the sojourn past, your solemn voices ring down to me in strains of deepest agony.

But Aurora had not caught the slightest strain from the discordant future, as we look in upon her for the first time, when she was beautiful as flowers that drink the dew of tender Spring. Her rich tresses of midnight blue lay in heavy folds around her face, or fell in careless waves upon her ivory shoulders. Her eyes of melting brown looked out softly and lovingly through veiling lashes, and her small mouth, full and curved, was like the early rose when it reaches up to catch the first kiss of the sun-gleam. One felt the rare loveliness of that sweet young face, even as they could not help most reverently, regarding the poetical perfection of every graceful motion of the beautiful figure. The young man was full of the realization of her rare beauty, as he revels in the harmony she is making in her solitude.

She lays aside her guitar, and takes a seat on the lounge with him, nestling close her fair young form to his.

"Aurora?"

"What, love?" Her low tones drop like a sweet song into her listener's heart.

"Do you like this look?" And he takes her small hands in his, and looks earnestly into the true eyes that she does not know how, to coquettishly turn from his gaze.

"Do I like it? Ask the bird if he is dissatisfied with his fairest realm!" And her clear laugh of surprise at the question rings musically through the pleasant room.

"Is there nothing more you want?" she asks, glancing around.

"Nothing—my bliss is perfect!"

"Well as words, assure him how true is the answer."

"It seems like a dream," she murmuringly adds, "this change from the old times. I had some mo-

SOPHRONIA. I can never doubt what you have often told me, Sophia, that the Creator is able to control: His own work; nor can I conceive why He should grow careless of the noblest part of it—that which He has elaborated with the longest effort; to speak after the manner of men, as He surely must have done to let Man fall. I repudiate, therefore, with all my heart, the hateful dogma of natural depravity; and, though I do not understand *optimism* as explained by any writer that I have read, I embrace most cordially that part of the doctrine which represents God as doing all things well. Yet the fact of temporal evil is too troublesome to be overlooked; and why God permits it is a question which confounds me.

SOPHIA. To answer you directly, Sophronia, I should say that God permits error and wrong among his creatures, (which are the two sole begetters of evil) as an educational necessity. For, it is the purpose of God to educate Man, and to this end a knowledge of evil is essential; since we shun evil in proportion as we comprehend it, which is hardly possible, without experience. Moreover, knowledge is not to be infused into a passive mind. In the work of instruction the pupil acts as important a part as the teacher. In order to be *light*, one must learn. Sense is the fruit of sensibility, and intelligence is the working of quickened intellects. So with all the mental and moral faculties; they are unfolded by innate operation. This is why it is so hard to teach an idiot. God impresses brutes and tiny insects with instinctive phases of infallible wisdom; yet these have no intelligence of their Creator, and no sense of right and wrong. There is a seeming of power and a semblance of aspiration even in plants. Vines have their own way of climbing, some from North to East, South and West, others from North to West, South and East, and cannot be made to wind a pole in the opposite direction, however urged to do so by horticultural hands. But, though apparently so willful, beans do not know beans. Neither would mankind know themselves and each other so as to be capable of the highest enjoyment, without an endowment of that conscious freedom which allows the human mind to try its wrong as well as right methods of climbing.

SOPHRONIA. Do you then assert the free-agency of mankind?

SOPHIA. In the most practical sense I do. I am conscious of the reality of volition in regard to myself, and I believe such consciousness to be the property of every other person. It is only in a metaphysical sense that anybody disputes the doctrine of free-agency. "I am not free," says the metaphysical reasoner, "because I did not make myself, my own faculties and susceptibilities, the external objects of affection and desire, nor the circumstances and conditions of choice—because, in the act of choosing, as we call it, I am really governed by motives which precede, transcend and overrule the supposed prerogative." But, Sophronia, do you not see that this statement applies just as truthfully to God himself? He who made all created things, surely did not make Himself nor any of His uncreated attributes. The Supreme Being does not ordain the conditions of his own choice, if he do those which sway the subordinate volition of his creatures; and His Sovereign Will can never swerve from the immutable principles of Truth and Right, as revealed by Infinite Wisdom and Love. Shall we argue that therefore God is not a Free Agent? Who has ever dreamed of limiting the Freedom of the Almighty by the worshipful sentiment that He is "too wise to err and too good to do wrong"? Nay, who could worship God in the thought that His Intelligence and Goodness were less binding than Fate? Who, indeed, is so irreligious as to believe that a Divine wish to be absolved from moral obligation is possible?

Thus it appears that nobody is free in the extremely rare and metaphysical sense of the question; and yet, in the plainer acceptance of language, mankind have a larger liberty—perhaps I should say license, than is possible to our Creator. We are free to act from choice as we would not if we were wiser. We are also free to learn by means of error, and thus to modify or over-rule the incentives to ill-will and wrong-doing. But this liberty to err is to Man the vestibule of the temple of Divine Freedom, of which, until the age of superlative wisdom and universal justice, we can have but a mesagre foretaste in doing as we please.

SOPHRONIA. Is there not a real pleasure in doing as one is pleased to do?

SOPHIA. Not always; else your question would answer itself. The pleasure of doing wrong is illusive and quickly resolved to pain.

SOPHRONIA. Did not God make us to be happy?

SOPHIA. Certainly. Happiness is the end of all being; but this end is attainable to mankind only by means which involve the contingency of Evil.

SOPHRONIA. Could not the Creator have made the human mind and body so as not to be subject to pain and suffering?

SOPHIA. No. Every susceptibility to enjoyment is an equal susceptibility to suffering. The essence of every pain and pleasure is feeling; and the instruments of feeling are nerves of sense. God might have made the human body without nerves, like our finger-nails; but then we should have been destitute of feeling, and as essentially deprived of conscious enjoyment as exempted from the liability to suffer. If the mind were constitutionally apathetic enough to have no heart for sorrow, it could have no capacity for joy.

SOPHRONIA. Such reasoning makes God subject to necessity, and I see not how to avoid the conclusion that Omnipotence is only equal to what is possible. But, since all the pains and pleasures of human experience are governed by fixed laws, there is really no need of suffering when we know how to avoid it; and is not the Creator able to make human beings wise enough to this end?

SOPHIA. Not, naturally. God is able to teach us only as we learn, that is, by experience, as I have already said.

SOPHRONIA. And you also say that our experience must partake something of evil, for its educational effect? If so, should we not be reconciled to evil and call it a lower good?

SOPHIA. This is impossible. To be reconciled to evil would be to love it, and to love it would annul its moral effect. Beside, evil is not a lower good, nor even a shadow of Good. It is a useful only to correct error and wrong, and therefore good only for the erring and wrongful. It is foolish to resist evil itself, but wise to avert it by timely self-denial.

SOPHRONIA. Then I cannot bring me to accept the doctrine, that whatever is, is right. Can you accept it?

SOPHIA. This is the saying of a poet. It is not the truth at the bottom of the fallacy, which turns on the ambiguity of a word. What Pope affirmed of

Reason's spite; his idle Manderous rhyme implies, none of his verbal disciples has penetrated. "Say what is right; and stick to your definition, and you will never be able to identify it with wrong." "It is right that God permits evil," says an unwitting sophist, "because without a knowledge of evil we should never know how to appreciate good. It is right that we sometimes err and suffer, because by this means we learn at length how to escape even the liability to error and suffering. It is right to do wrong when one knows no better, or somehow cannot help it." But see how carelessly the word right is employed in these sentences. In the first it stands for expedient; in the second it means disciplinary; and in the third it is a bad substitute for excusable. I grant that nobody is to blame for doing what one is obliged to do; but if this necessity were demonstrated of all human actions, it would nullify the distinction of right and wrong.

SOPHRONIA. Please tell me, Sophia, what you conceive to be the proper import of these terms.

SOPHIA. Well, Sophronia, you know that in popular language the applications of the word right are very various. There is not only moral right, but religious right, legal right, practical right, mathematical right, and several other presumptive rights; which distinctions are objectionable only for their literal implication of so many species of veritable Right; for the respective meanings of these seemingly relative terms are not as homogeneous as their generic designation implies. In reality, there is no measure of moral likeness among them. In a purely legal right there is no shadow of religious right; in mathematical right there is nothing of law; religion or ethics; and as to moral right, it is better known as the only right to which no other right, so-called, has any natural relation. This we ought to have learned even in the grammar school, when, in parsing, we were told that right as an adjective has no degrees of comparison. Whatever is right, is right. But everything, from bad, worse and worst, to good, better and best, is not right in any express sense. As a noun, the word represents but one idea, however imperfectly conceived; and that is, the shortest way to Heaven. As an adjective in the brain of human wisdom, it means tending to the education of mankind, or auxiliary to the development of Human Nature, to the end of Universal and Everlasting Happiness. Whatever hinders this superlative end of our being, is wrong.

SOPHRONIA. I think your definition is just. But, if a knowledge of Evil is essential to the education of Man, as you have said, and this knowledge is obtainable only by experience, it seems that Evil eventuates in Good, and therefore wrong itself must be in some sense right.

SOPHIA. I have said, and do still affirm, that some knowledge of evil is an essential part of human education; but I have never asserted, nor intended to intimate, that all possible evil is to be realized in the unfolding of Human Nature, nor that every soul must experience all manifest evil, in order to be educated. I now perceive that my definition of Right should include a constant tendency to immediate as well as everlasting Happiness. As a noun, it signifies the shortest way to Heaven in every sense; and therefore as an adjective, it applies to whatever expedites the maximum of good with the minimum of evil—whatever would happily the soul and deliver it from evil now and evermore.

The most wretched of all idolaters are the worshippers of temporal misery—they who court present suffering for its future supposititious rewards. The pillar saints, recluses and willing martyrs of a former age, were wofully disappointed on reaching the other side of Jordan, where they had looked for crowns of glory. I can pity them for whom many religionists have only learned to laugh. Yet they were respectable fanatics in comparison with the unblushing voluptuaries of the present day, who stimulate and pamper their carnal appetites with a welcome to all the penalties of sin as aids to human development. How ridiculous! How abhorrent the thought, that one should defile oneself to be holy—that a pure soul must stoop to vice and crime before rising to a loftier grade of character. But this is the dream of certain self-styled optimists. In respect to their theory they should be called pessimists.

Knowledge of evil is not, in and of itself, a utility. There is no essential good in it. Its only benefit is admonition. It bids us beware of learning by experience what it is to suffer, and counsels us to know what is useful to the birth of prudence, if possible, only by observation or testimony. A little of this disagreeable knowledge suffices to mark the boundaries of natural goodness, and discover the line of rectitude; and these are the only motives to its acquisition. Just so much as one learns by intrinsic error, that is with innocence, is morally salutary. All beyond this is fruitless of needless pain and degrading penitence. Now and then one is drowned and another burnt to death, in learning how to manage fire and water; but such calamities have multiplied far beyond what was originally requisite for the enlightenment of mankind, till they have become purely needless and lamentable. The same may be said of nearly every species of vice and crime. Examples of known wrong are no longer righteously tolerable. What would be said of a mother who should allow her child to jump into a well or out of a chamber window, without a timely word of caution, or constraint of infant ignorance? Just what you would say of such a mother, and what most people think of all parents who lack prudential care and discipline in the nurture of their children, all ought to think and say of the national heads of the people, who undertake to rule the world, and only let it wag; that is, who merely make laws for the helpless, and punish those weaklings that cannot keep them. I say the wise are responsible for the errors of the foolish: The able and well-to-do should prevent the otherwise inevitable wrongs of the feeble and ill-to-do. You must be convinced, Sophronia, that Pope was mistaken.

SOPHRONIA. In spite of all his rhymes, in Reason's light it is not clear that everything is right.

SOPHIA. Yet you have said that there is truth at the bottom of the fallacy. Pray, tell me what that is.

SOPHIA. Well, I think the poet had a vague conception of the sublime truth, that the human, no less than other departments of the natural world, moves according to fixed laws, which are the expression of Divine Government; and that, in the grateful saying of Paul; that "all things work together for good to them that love God," or God; and that includes everybody. For God and God are one, and the love of God is the paramount law of Mind as attraction is that of matter. In regard to this law, Man is in no wise free; but we are permitted for a time to experiment in evil in the end of voluntary moral stability. It is impossible to love

evil, but the juvenile soul may mistake it for good. It is equally impossible to choose wrong with a perfect estimate of its bitter fruits. Man, therefore, cannot err forever. In the order of Human Progress, every soul will become infallible; all wrongs will be redressed, all misfortunes recompensed, all wickedness punished, and all worthiness rewarded. Evil will perish, and the dread of it, with every clinging remembrance, will die out of mind. Thus and then, "whatever is, is [to be made] right." This is the prose of the poet's thought. It is only by ellipsis that Pope's expression is at once perspicuous and just.

Here ends the dialogue; or rather so much of what has passed between those truth-loving colloquists, Sophronia and Sophia, as demonstrates the co-agency of God and Man in the work of developing Human Nature. The intelligent reader will conceive that this alleged co-agency involves the seemingly inconsistent ideas of Divine Sovereignty and Human Freedom. But, in the first place, be it resolved that the Creator is the Absolute Ruler of the Universe; inasmuch as He is the Central Source, Originator and Dispenser of all finite Power, Wisdom and Goodness. Being Omnipotent, or able to do whatever is possible and to Him desirable, Omniscient, or cognizant of all that is knowable, as well as All-loving in respect to the well-being of His creatures, He will must be in perfect accord with Truth and Right; and in governing Man he can attempt nothing wrong or impracticable. His rule must therefore be effectual as well as expressive of His own good pleasure. He does not subjugate and control the special will of Man, because to do so would prevent the reality of freedom and that sense of responsibility which are essential to human happiness. In the mind of Infinite Wisdom, it is best that Man should do as he will, under Divine tutelage, however he may err for a time, or so long as is necessary for the generation of a healthy Individuality, to the insurance of Voluntary Rectitude. Yet the Rule of God is absolute as Truth; to this end, by virtue of Man's involuntary love of Good, which is the positive law of Mind and the veritable pivot of human will. Observe also that the Supreme Ruler wills both this degree of involuntary obedience and that measure of voluntary action on the part of His perfect subject, Man. Therefore, whatever the course of human action or the turns of human choice, it can never be opposed to the law of God; for whatever we do we do only by His permission. If, therefore, we are free, it is plainly because it is His will that we should be. This settles the question of Divine Sovereignty.

In the second place, then, be it resolved that Man is free, or is permitted to become so, in the only sense in which Freedom is possible or desirable. Of this we are assured, first by consciousness (which is the very word of God), and again by reasoning; for we have already argued the necessity of volition as the ground of responsibility and the substratum of human happiness. I say we are conscious of being free; that is, of being endowed with the power of volition, or liberty of choice. Everybody takes this for granted, and nobody doubts it, without first mistaking the nature of Freedom, or the essence of volition itself. It is said that we make neither the motives of choice nor the faculties by which we choose, and therefore the act is one of necessity. What then? A fish does not make the lake in which it delights to swim, nor the organism which fits it to live only in water. It abides in its native element by necessity, yet of choice. It is free when it has its own way, though this is just as its Maker intended. So Man is free only in conforming to the laws of his being. He can choose nothing else, except for lack of wisdom. Yet through ignorance he is free even to mis-choose, till the pain is the death of error. This, indeed is license; but its end is perfect liberty. I contend not for metaphysical, but only practical freedom. The freedom of a fish, within the limited sphere of its own being, is not embarrassed by the fact that it has no power to quit the water and peregrinate upon dry land, while it has no natural inclination to do so. The liberty of mankind is larger, inasmuch as human beings are allowed to transgress, to some extent, the laws of their well-being. But the Freedom of Man will be perfect when he shall have out-grown the curiosity of ignorance, and learned to exercise only the choice of unerring Wisdom.

But, the reader is beginning to ask, why all this metaphysical reasoning? What is the use of overhauling the abstract questions of Divine Sovereignty and Human Free-agency, which were buried long ago in the rubbish of an obsolete scholasticism? Who cares to look at these dry skeletons of religious anatomy to-day? I answer, that my object is not merely to harmonize opposing theories and reconcile the parties to an old dispute which has been dropped without being rationally settled; but mainly something more practical than that. I wish to make it appear, according to my earnest conviction, that, in a sense most interesting to mankind, God reigns on Earth as well as in Heaven, over the affairs of men as certainly as in the machinery of the Universe. It is consoling to know this, forasmuch as it rationally certifies that nothing is left to chance; that wrong is not wrong forever; that evil is to be overcome with final Good; that, in the upshot of human trial, there is no such word as fall to the longing heart of Hope. It enables us to say, not only with Paul that God "will have all men to be saved," but that His will is effectual to our salvation; and this conviction is salvation from the fear of any soul's perdition. For the everlasting future, then, all are saved. This knowledge is more happyifying than the strongest faith of enraptured believers.

But I wish to make it appear furthermore, as I am likewise impressed with reason, that Man is to be his own Saviour from temporal Evil; and therefore that there is consistency in the soliloquy with which every soul is sometimes prompted to ask, "What shall I do to be saved?" If man is not free, he can do nothing for himself—cannot even pray, except as an automaton of a foreign Holy Ghost. But, being free, he may and must work out his own salvation, notwithstanding the Sovereignty of God. Though "in Him we live, and move, and have our being," in a certain involuntary sense, though the heart beats at the fountains of life, the digestive processes are persistently completed and the lungs perform their vital function, all independent of voluntary guidance on our part, yet the means only of sustenance and health, as well as the higher regards of intelligence and virtue, are but put within our voluntary reach, as the fruit of discretionary endeavor and self-control. There is such a thing, therefore, as Human Duty, and such a thing as self-born interest. Right and wrong are not imaginary; virtue and vice are possible; and the Age of Virtue is to be evoked not only by the supreme will of God, but also through the conscientious will of Man. Every soul has something to do to this great end, and the wise

and worthy have much to do, as co-operating Saviours of the World.

West Acton, Mass., June, 1862.

THE OMNIPRESENCE, VERSUS THE PERSONALITY OF DEITY.

However Spiritualists and Religionists differ, they generally agree on the doctrine of the Omnipresence of God. But few—perhaps only a very few—deny this doctrine, and yet there is no dogma generally accepted and affirmed, in my judgment, so repugnant to the teachings of reason. The candid, thinking mind rationally concludes that if Deity is Omnipresent throughout the realm of space, as usually asserted, then Deity cannot be an organized, personified Entity, because it is generally assumed and conceded that if space is without boundary and endless, then "the first cause" must be "a principle." Hence, thinking, reasoning minds, accepting the doctrine of Omnipresence as a truth, are impelled to reject the doctrine of a personified Deity, and this conclusion is to-day generally prevalent among Spiritualists.

With all proper deference to the wisdom of both Religionists and Spiritualists who affirm this doctrine of Omnipresence, I beg to submit that it is purely an assumption, and inconsistent with the prevailing philosophy of creation. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I ask a hearing in your columns in defence of those Spiritualists whose reason constrains them to adhere to their educated faith in the personality of God, though it involves their rejection of the doctrine of his Omnipresence. A discussion of the points involved in this issue may be profitable at this time, because it may aid us to more intelligently estimate and determine either prevailing, but as I believe, erroneous dogmas, rapidly gaining strength, among which may prominently be classed the proposition, "Whatever is, is Right."

Candid, thinking minds among religionists, and I believe all thinking Spiritualists, accept what is termed, "the development theory of creation." By them it is generally agreed, that if the Genesis account of creation is true, we must regard the record as metaphorical. While I accept this record as true, and worthy of our profound regard, I propose to invoke the science of to-day for my authority in affirming the Individuality of Deity and denying his Omnipresence, appealing to the intelligence of my readers for the rationale of my argument and my conclusions.

I fully accept the development theory of creation—or, in other words, that the organization of our sun preceded the organization of our earth, and that on our earth the mineral, vegetable, animal and human kingdoms were successively developed in nature, through the same perfect and immutable economy which governed in the origin and unfolding of universal nature. By this philosophy I am willing to be tried and tested in affirming the personality of Deity, and I trust you will, by publishing this, appreciate me that I may have a hearing through your columns, for it is due to those Spiritualists that reject the doctrine of Deity being a principle, that this question should now be fairly met. I avow myself a firm believer in the fact of spiritual manifestations. I accept that disembodied spirits do address us through trance mediums, giving us their highest conceptions of God, and of His economy as manifested in nature; I do not question the integrity of their opinions, but I frankly say I do not feel an implicit confidence in their correctness. My conviction is, that "progression" is a very slow coach in the inner life, and conclude that "our departed angel friends" who are favoring us with their experiences, may possibly be still engrossed with either their educational prejudices, or have hastily adopted opposite extremes.

I will construe your publication of this as an invitation to discuss, in detail, the points involved.

PHILADELPHIA.

Spiritualism in Western New Hampshire.

In my last, June 24th, I was at East Westmoreland, N. H. I was there about ten days in all, and the friends will, one and all, please receive my heartfelt thanks for the many kind tokens of friendship and aid which I received at their hands. I alluded to Mrs. Mathews, a test medium, from Lowell. For the readiness with which she receives names, and the description and identity of departed friends, I think she is as good as any medium I have yet met with. I sought no tests from her, and yet I could not be in her presence ten minutes at a time without receiving them.

Sunday, June 29th, I again lectured in the school-house near Dr. Burt's, in Walpole, afternoon and evening. In the afternoon, I lectured from the text contained in Matthew 7: 12; and I am sorry to say, that a slight allusion to our present national difficulties was too radical for their pro-slavery views. Their exceptions to the lecture, however, did not reach me, as it was prepared entirely under spirit control—perhaps through the aid of some *Unloving spirit*—and is thought by many who heard it to be one of the best lectures I have yet prepared. Dr. Burt I found to be a man of very fine medium powers, used mainly for healing. I formed a very pleasant acquaintance with him and his lady. The Doctor is well advanced in years, and before the return of many more seasons of seed time and harvest, will have passed into the enjoyment of spirit-life. May his passage thence be as calm and peaceful as his past life has been useful to his kind.

Soon after I arrived at Dr. Burt's, I was told that there was a medium there, but they did not tell me who he was; but while I was taking some refreshments, a gentleman entered the room, and announced himself as H. Melville Fay. Had he dropped through the ceiling over my head, I should not have been taken more by surprise, not having previously heard that he was anywhere in the vicinity. As soon as he had announced his name, I made up my mind that I had got a week's work before me, in investigating the phenomena which purports to come through his mediocrity through the agency of spirits. I have on file a large amount of matter pertaining to the striking manifestations which occur in his presence, which I had concluded not to use in my articles on Super-Mundane Phenomena, on account of the conflicting statements through the press, without ocular demonstration. And now the opportunity seemed to be presented—nay, it seemed arranged by our invisible guides, that we should meet, and I determined to investigate the matter as thoroughly as possible. After lecture, I rode up to Walpole village with Mr. E. M. Adams, from Barlington, Vermont, who is accompanying Mr. Fay, and attended

a seance that evening. Every opportunity was afforded me to investigate the manifestations as closely as I chose, and I availed myself of the opportunity.

The next day we rode through a heavy rain to Papermill Village, in Alstead, New Hampshire, passing through Drewsville, a village in Walpole, and stopped with Dr. Porter. I found considerable interest on the subject of Spiritualism at Papermill village, as well as at Drewsville; but the article of Prof. Spence had rendered them exceedingly skeptical in regard to the manifestations said to occur in the presence of Mr. Fay. The next morning, Mr. Adams invited me to ride with him to Claremont, New Hampshire, to attend another seance to be held there, and, after arranging for lectures the following Sabbath at Drewsville, we directed our course toward Claremont.

Mr. Adams is a firm, zealous advocate of Spiritualism. It is his delight to constantly converse upon a subject which affords him undying evidence of future existence.

In our passage to Claremont we called upon Mr. Davis and Mr. Shepard, both interested in Spiritualism. Both of these families reside in Alstead, N. H. In this section, there seems to be an increasing interest on the subject, especially at Lempester, where we learned that Mrs. Clifton Hutchinson was engaged to speak the following Sabbath. I did not visit Lempester, but hope to be able to in a few weeks.

Wednesday, July 2d, I attended another seance of Mr. Fay's, at the hotel near the depot in Claremont. Here every opportunity was afforded me to test the manifestations as thoroughly as I chose. Previous to going into the circle, I read Prof. Spence's *expose* carefully, so that I might examine the weak points, if there were any. Both hands were securely tied. I examined the knots between the wrist. There were five or six apparently hard knots, and the rope was drawn so tightly that it made a deep indentation in both wrists, so that without unfastening the cord, it was beyond all human power to withdraw the wrist from the rope, and in the vast experiment it would have to be untied and tied again in about five seconds, as the lights were not out only about that time before they were called for again. Mr. Fay allowed me to turn the hand over and examine the knots; but with all my examining I could not detect anything that looked like fraud. I also called the attention of the committee to the tying, stating at the same time Mr. Spence's theory; but they were satisfied that there was no possible way by which he could be liberated without superhuman aid. The committee were called upon to untie, and after trying about from twenty to thirty minutes, gave it up, and the spirits had to do the work.

During the week I attended four seances given by Mr. Fay. The manifestations which occurred were about the same as usually occur at his sittings. I cannot detect anything that appears like fraud; and I cannot account for some things which occur, except on the theory of Spirit-agency. I hope others will examine as thoroughly as I tried to. Give the requisite conditions, which is only to remain passively quiet, and then test the matter as faithfully as possible.

Sunday, July 6, I fulfilled my engagement at Drewsville. The day was excessively hot, and consequently the audience was comparatively small. I lectured forenoon and afternoon in Mr. Bond's hall. Had the weather been favorable, I should doubtless have had a full house; and, as it was, I had a full attendance. After lecture in the afternoon, I left New Hampshire, crossing the Connecticut river at Bellows Falls, and passed into my own native State—Vermont, where I design to spend the rest of this month, and a part, if not the whole of August; and I hope in my next to be able to give an encouraging report of the interest in this section. To-morrow I speak at Simonsville, and August 3d I am engaged to speak at Rockingham town. I should be happy to receive calls to speak on the Sabbath, from the friends in the southern and central parts of Vermont, during this and the next month.

My post-office address until August 3d, will be Londonderry, Vt. Yours fraternally,

A. H. DAVIS.

Londonderry, Vt., July 12, 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light, TO WILLIE E. PABOR.

I have read your weary strain, Willie,
Of your waiting, hoping heart,
And the love within your soul,
Which you would fain impart
To some pure angel here, Willie,
Whose soul doth need a rest,
Whose eyes should meet your own, Willie,
With head upon your breast.

You have read of "Dead Sea apples,"
And of Persian roses, too;
And you yet may find the roses
Where you thought the apples grow;
For this world is sadly veiled, Willie,
In ignorance and sin,
And the fairest flowers are often hid
Where the light can ne'er shine in.

Though angels in this world, Willie,
Are few and far between,
Methinks there must be one for you,
You have so patient been,
And now though weary grown, Willie,
Be patient, hoping on,
And I doubt not you will find, Willie,
An angel for the crown—

An angel, e'er to wear, Willie,
The crown that you have made
Of love, and peace, and purity,
Whose gems shall never fade.
And then in fairy land, Willie,
Together shall you roam,
Lapped in elysian pleasures,
And safe with love at home.

New Haven, Ct., 1862.

MATTIE.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of woman. The foundation of political happiness is faith in the integrity of man. The foundation of all happiness, temporal and eternal, is faith in the goodness, the righteousness, the mercy and the love of God.

A quack doctor advertises to this effect: "Consumptives, cough while you can, for after you have taken one bottle of my mixture you can't cough any more." I rather think we want take any of that stuff, until we find out what he means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement. I met a man who had taken a bottle of the above mixture, and he said: "I don't cough any more, but I have lost my voice."

Why is the "Monitor" like a third-class boarding-house? Because boarders are unaccountably soon evicted.

The Spiritualist's Office.

Among the most interesting phases of modernism, we consider the epistolary correspondence between friends on earth and friends who have "shuffled off this mortal coil," to be as satisfactory as any other.

The first mystery that awakens curiosity and inquiry, is the demonstrated fact of interior sight, possessed either by the medium, or some other intelligence, by which the contents of the sealed letter, the questions asked, and the names of parties alluded to, are distinctly perceived.

I assume, of course, that any investigator is competent to seal a letter so securely, that it cannot be opened without affording positive evidence that it has been tampered with. It is a very weak device of the enemy to assert that letter-answering mediums open letters to get at their contents.

The investigator is next met by the assumption that the medium is only a clairvoyant, who reads the letter by the power of his own spiritual vision, and then forges an answer in the name of the spirit applied to, couched in such general terms as any one might employ who knew the questions presented.

This objection assumes the dishonesty of the mediums. Gifted with rare interior sight, they prostitute their spiritual powers to the base purpose of stealing from private letters the secret questionings of hearts whose holiest aspirations go forth to loved ones in the spirit-world, and thus informed, they assume the name of the beloved wife, mother, daughter, son, or friend, and with the pretence of affection, essay to deceive the yearning spirit with false pretences, base less promises, and forged sentiments of love.

This is the charge made by every person who assumes that the letters are answered by the medium. It is a serious charge, and before making it, the objector would manifest a love of justice, as well as qualify himself for the office of judge, by becoming thoroughly informed of the nature and producing causes of Clairvoyance, its limitations, whether induced by spirits, or capable of being self-induced by the subject.

He ought also to be well-informed in regard to what constitutes the conditions upon the existence of which, the ability of spirits to communicate perfectly or imperfectly depend. As yet very little is known upon this point. Why not be patient, and withhold the charge of fraud and deception on the part of the medium, until that is positively proved? Why not accept the justice of the legal maxim, and assume every medium to be honest, until he is proved guilty.

In another article I will state what the conditions are that should be observed by the investigator, and why they seem essential to the success of correspondence between mortals and spirits. Perhaps we may also be able to explain the reasons why many of the answers to correspondents are so general in their character rather than special, and therefore fail as tests of the identity of the spirit communicating.

Fraternally, H. B. FROSER.

Acid and Sugar Mixed Together.

TWO SIDES OF THE ALL RIGHT DOCTRINE. The following are a few of the many expressions, from as many persons as we quote sentences, that we have received condemning or applauding this All Right doctrine, that has awakened so much thought.

One thing is rather remarkable about this doctrine, viz: it is either denounced with bitterness, or approved with admiration. As to the merits or demerits of the doctrine, and the sincerity of its advocates and opposers, we leave our readers to judge for themselves.

"The man who teaches that a lie is a truth, as Dr. Child has done, is a most consummate fool."

"The man who can see that for a lie there is a cause, and that a lie is a truth to the cause that produces it, has a vision that reaches deeper than the surface of things."

"He who believes and advocates the All Right doctrine, is a seagoat."

"He who believes and advocates the All Right doctrine recognizes the handwork of an infinitely wise and good God in everything that he has made. He has a pure vision, and sees more of God, it is the pure in heart that see God in all his works."

"Could we view the world from the standpoint of Deity, all things might be right."

"I view the world from the standpoint of a poor, feeble, finite man, and to me all things are right."

"This sophism, whatever it is right, is the most dangerous one that has yet arisen within or without the ranks of Spiritualism."

"Truth is never dangerous, and the most formidable and crushing truth for the destruction of religious darkness and dogmas is the lucid promulgation of the All Right doctrine."

"Dr. Child's book on the All Right doctrine strikes a heavy blow at all our institutions of morality and religion, and if the sentiment of it prevails, it will undermine them all."

"Dr. Child's book on the All Right doctrine presents our institutions of morality and religion in their true light, without one word of condemnation, and earnestly seeks for truth undisturbed, and pleads for the sufferings of the world fearlessly, without any pretensions or any silly self-exaltation. It strikes a heavy blow to level the institutions of fictitious morality and disguised religion, and if the sentiment of it prevail, it will do this work."

"I think that this All Right doctrine is for the future, not for the present."

"I think that this All Right doctrine might have been true in the beginning of the world, but it will not do for this corrupt age."

"There is no hypocrisy about me; I cannot be made a dupe of the devil, for I am a follower of Christ, and I must expose and oppose this baneful doctrine, whatever is right; I must resist the devil, and fight against evil."

"I believe that whatever is right, which doctrine, of itself, leads us to keep the precepts of Christ—resist not evil; forgive seventy times seven; judge not as you would be judged by, and not boast about our own excellence."

"I pity Dr. Child, for he will fall into the deepest hell, and the millions that his book, 'Whatever is, is Right,' has influenced, will fall on top of him, to sink him deeper still."

"The writer of the book, 'Whatever is, is Right,' stands on the boundary of a new age. He holds the power of absolute victory, for he has solved the great problem of tangled truth. The sweep of his installation is deep and positive; it is sound, above, below, inside. The multitude will be seized by the truth he has presented, and in the light, be borne to happiness and peace."

"The Advocate of the All Right doctrine will find a hotter hell in the other world than in this."

"How different are the claims of the All Right believers from the claims of orthodox believers. The former, in sympathy and love for others, claim a heaven for all. The latter, boastful in selfish righteousness, claim enjoyment and eternal pleasure for themselves, and eternal pain and misery for others."

"I hate the doctrine taught by Dr. Child. He is influenced, I think, by the devil. Get behind me, Satan, that I may never speak it."

"I love every word written by Dr. Child on this great question of good and evil. He speaks the gospel of charity and love. This is the gospel of the millennium. God speed the day when it shall be heralded from every tongue."

"I think Dr. Child's All Right book has produced more evil in the world than any book or all books of the present age."

"There is no book of the present age so radiant with truth, so strong, magnetic and powerful for good, to my mind, as the book called 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"How short-sighted the man must be who sees no evil. I see it everywhere. How stupid that author must be who declares that whatever is, is right!"

"The present century has not produced a work that has elicited more thought and discussion from thinking minds than the book called 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"At first, I opposed the All Right doctrine, but affliction, severe affliction, has made me believe it; and now, more than I can express, I love and admire it."

"I thought that the All Right doctrine would make people worse than they now are, before I examined and understood it; but now it seems to me that no one can rise from the reading of books on this subject without being benefited instead of injured."

"This damnable doctrine, whatever is, is Right, cuts its followers loose from all religion and morality, and it will deluge the world with undisciplined crime."

"The man who can see all things as being right, must be a man of pure morals, and deeply religious. There is, perhaps, no influence that has been thrown out upon the world, which tends so directly to the destruction of hypocrisy, deception and self-righteousness, as the fearless and faithful promulgation of the doctrine 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"The most formidable and dreadful battery ever leveled against human happiness from the frowning ramparts of hell itself, is the battery 'Whatever is, is Right.'"

"The most formidable and acceptable battery ever leveled against human hatred, discord and darkness from the armies of the angel world, is the battery of charity and love. Whatever is, is Right, means the battery."

"The Book called 'The Lesson for Ages, or Optimism,' by Benj. Blood, is for thinking minds, a masterly production. Dull perception can see no beauty in it; but let one's life be chastened by suffering, and it sparkles with truth and warms with love that never dies."

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY JULY 26, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET.

ROOM No. 3, UP STAIRS.

WILLIAM WHITE, ISAAC B. RICH,

LUTHER COLBY, CHARLES H. CROWELL,

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

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Just Ahead.

For years, or at least since we have been proclaiming the progressive views we entertain through the columns of this paper, we have insisted to our readers that the coming years—and not far off either—were full of change for this nation and for the world. Those views are being verified just as fast as possible. How many would have regarded our words with seriousness, if we told them in '69 that a movement would be begun in '60, that would within two years later change the character of this political arrangement of ours? Who would not have sneered, and ridiculed, to be told that blood would soon flow as it has already flowed, and that the land would be shrouded in mourning? Who would not smile grimly now, to be told that it may be that pestilence is yet to follow close in the track of war—typhus in the footsteps of victory—and ravage the land with its terribly fatal breath, carrying woe and desolation to every hearthstone and family altar?

We are not to spurn these still, small voices through which Providence speaks to us. We cannot quite afford to scoff at the communion of angels. When the weightiest matters are talked about to us, we hardly give them our attention; so accustomed are we to respecting sound instead of essence, appearance instead of reality. For a long time, our friends have, from the higher spirit plane, been speaking of these latter days. They saw the gathering clouds, and heard the muttering tempest. They communicated freely their impressions of what was yet to be, always seeking to make it understood that we were at the verge of a new epoch, from which the world will take a start on the path of liberal ideas such as few presume to dream of.

We are so bound up in habits, and forms, and conventionalisms, that we do not know what stuff we are of, nor the volume of clear power that lies asleep within us; all that is demanded, is an opportunity. The world ever waits for an opportunity, going carefully to sleep in the recurring intervals. Now all that man needs is a certain something, of the character of an influence or a force, that shall break up all their old conventionalisms and habits, and enable them to rely on themselves, and see what they can accomplish by so doing. If this modern life of ours needs any one thing, it is inspiration. We want to be breathed into, every one of us, with new power. We need to have our acts informed with a higher character. We would have our men and women more thoroughly and truly men and women; living grandly, with an aim, individualized in character, verging more and more toward the perfect. And no mere example of others was ever likely to hasten forward so desirable a day; it must be ushered in with a revolution, an overturn, with a measure of violence, that pays no regard to that which now is, looking only to what may be expected to come out of the future.

Our friends need be astonished at nothing now; true believers in practical Spiritualism are not. The spirit-world has at length come down very near to the earth-world, and we get messages continually from those who are going up and down the airy and impalpable ladder. What we once heard afar off, or would have been rejoiced beyond expression to hear at all, we now hear daily and hourly; and the communion is so free that we think sometimes we could hardly exist

without its unspeakable access. We may well praise God that He has been so very gracious as to bestow gifts so precious as to critical a time. What strength, as well as comfort, these spirit friends impart, in a period of turmoil like this, cannot well be rendered into words. They certify to us of heaven's wise and far-reaching plans; they apprise us of the great events that are in process of birth even before they are born; they tell us the meaning of what is going on, what real agencies are employed in it, and what must come afterward, according to all the laws of logic.

If the human family will consent to receive the truth, only after enduring woes and sufferings uncounted, then so must it be. Experience has to be bought, let the price be dear or low. If spirit-power in healing human ills is only a topic for ridicule when men are in health, then they can blame nothing but the laws of the universe if disease and death work such a change in their hearts as will influence them to receive the truth as it is. If the healing of angels cannot be successfully inculcated, save by the prevalence of death; but is denounced and ridiculed as miserable nonsense by those who are quacks themselves, then the people will assuredly have to take the new lesson home to their hearts through suffering.

So with our politics and laws; if we will not advance fearlessly into the untried fields of a nobler liberalism under the old leaders, with their worn-out system; then the old leaders will have to be set aside, and their old systems exploded even with violence. The new way comes in, hinder it who may. Nothing is more true than that we are stepping across a threshold we never stepped over before. The Past is at our back, with its huge volume of lessons and examples; before us only the Future, full of promise and hope, and made attractive by the aid of the beautiful lights which the superiors are throwing down upon its surface. He who distrusts that future, distrusts himself and the unseen guides, and has to make way for another.

We need not grieve at these changes. We need to look at them in a larger light; regarding them as wrenches from old faiths which it is absolutely necessary should be made for us. We cannot afford to let the mould gather about our feet. The system of digging cellars, and securing ourselves in them, as we go along, is just the system which requires, for our own good, to be broken up. The spiritual part may be stimulated in us now, and is to be henceforth; we have delved in the material till there was danger of our becoming as base as itself. Our better friends and guides know what is good for us, and will help us to walk where we should. It is needful that we take care not to turn our faces away from them when they might become illumined by the simple reflection of their glory.

Deaths of Miss A. W. Sprague.

We publish in this issue, under our obituary head, a letter from Mrs. M. S. Townsend, giving the intelligence that Sister A. W. Sprague is no more—no more in the external, sensuous form. But her blessed spirit, that has just passed beyond the confines of mortality, to expand and grow more holy in spirit-life, will, we are confident, return to us bearing many blossoms of affection, to guide and direct us in our pilgrimages here; will return with greater power than she possessed while clad in the "flesh of bondage," to reassure us in our beautiful faith, and bid us persevere unto the end.

Miss Sprague was a pioneer in teaching the Spiritual Philosophy in her native State, and through meeting the usual opposition from existing religious organizations, her influence as a public speaker was remarkable. Always deeply in earnest, elegant and forcible in her style of speaking, equally removed from extravagance on the one hand and tameness on the other, she rose not infrequently to a chaste and noble eloquence. She spoke habitually upon the highest themes, with a scope and vigor of thought and a fertility of illustration rarely equalled.

In those localities where she was best known she was prized most; and there her loss will be keenest felt. Hundreds of personal friends in New England, New York, and the West, besides the large congregations she was wont to gather in Boston, Portland, Providence, Philadelphia, Oswego, and in a multitude of other cities and towns in fifteen States of the Union, will learn with regret of the death of one whose persuasive words have often called them to the glorious emulation of a true life. In Vermont she will be sadly missed. Her influence upon that community has been deeper than that of any other mind for a long time. Multitudes who never accepted spiritual intercourse as a fact, were wont to listen to her with unaffected delight. Wherever she went, even in the most sparsely populated districts, she was sure of overflowing houses. It was common to see people at her meetings who had come eight, ten, and even fifteen miles, to hear the "preaching woman," and thought themselves well paid at that. Indeed, all who ever heard her loved her. She was eloquent to every feeling soul. She had the elements of a mother's kindness, of a child's innocence, and of a philosopher's logic, blended most happily. No one who had feeling, sympathy and love developed, could listen to her without dropping a tear of real heavenly love, for she always breathed forth the unadulterated affection of the heavenly world. May God add blessings still to her noble soul, that she may continue to shower them upon humanity.

The Secession Notion.

Here is where the Secessionists of the South are to be first met and vanquished; in their doctrine, secretly but tenaciously held, that a popular form of government is not the best thing for man, but an aristocracy rather. De Bow's Review openly discusses the question, stating the Secession position in terms like these: "The right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind. There is nothing to which the South entertains so great a dislike as universal suffrage. Whenever foreigners settle together in large numbers, there universal suffrage will exist. An aristocracy is patriarchal, parental, and representative. The feudal barons of England were, next to the fathers, the most perfect representative government. The real contest of today is not simply between the North and the South; but to determine whether, for ages to come, our government shall partake more of the form of monarchies or of moral liberal forms (of liberal governments)."

There we have the case they are trying to make out, at the expense of a free government, of free institutions, and of social order all over the continent; it is simply a determination to destroy the chances for popular progress, and secure them to a caste and clan, whose only claim, at best, to superiority lies in a happy combination of circumstances which we of the North seek to secure for just as many of the race as possible. A Charleston, S. C., clergyman also states the case in his way, thus: "The source of all this indelicacy, vice, and natural demoralization is attributable, in a great measure, to the looseness and latitude of the Declaration of Independence, and to the existence of its natural outgrowth, the absurd doctrine of universal suffrage." Who can longer doubt what these men would have, who thus seek to put back the hand on the dial for at least a whole century? If such notions were still lurking on our soil, we may feel glad that they have shown their heads in time for an early and thorough eradication. How providential it is that our troubles came no later in the national life than now.

THE WAY TO MAKE PEACE.—Be at peace with all those who speak ill of others.

A Successful Physician.

We hear of remarkable cures by Dr. F. W. Urran, a physician of great healing power and skill, at present located at the Hampden House, Springfield. Dr. Urran professes to be what we think he is—a practical physician. He has recently had wonderful success in Hartford, and his list of testimonials from that quarter are very numerous and emphatic. He has likewise had wide experience professionally in this city and in Lowell, and the cases brought him, in which he displayed his healing powers most remarkably, have been of that obstinate character which few of the so-called "regular" physicians like to touch. Among them are such as Paralysis, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Fever Sores, Sotolias, Spinal Difficulties and Diabetes. We are happy to be permitted to assist in a yet wider publication of the Doctor's skill by naming in these columns a few instances in which he has been successful beyond any hope, either of the patients or their friends: Mrs. Henry Loomis, of Southwick, Mass., who was troubled with fits and spinal weaknesses; she could hardly walk, but has been entirely restored to health by a single operation. Mrs. Wm. Jenkins, of Unionville, Conn., was afflicted for more than two years with chronic liver complaint and rheumatism, and during that whole time was not able to lie down. She was cured by one operation, and is now perfectly well. James H. Eldridge, formerly of the Hartford Police Department, and more recently on the Hartford and New Haven Railroad, was forced to give up his situation on account of a severe cough with hemorrhages; he was cured at one operation, and is now able to do a good day's work. There are as wonderful cures of Mrs. Dibble, of Granby, Conn.; Mrs. Fancher, of the same town; Ella Roberts, of Hartford; C. C. Gates, of New Haven, and others. The following letter, which first appeared in the Hartford Courant, we subjoin as satisfactory evidence of Dr. Urran's power as a healer of the diseases human flesh is heir to:

SHIMSBURY, May 10th 1862.

Editors Hartford Courant.—Permit me to relate through the columns of your valuable paper an incident that has transpired in our town of late, which unlike many others has created a considerable furor of excitement. My wife has been an invalid for the past five years, and unable to do any work and exceedingly nervous. My little boy has been also confined to his bed and room for more than a year, by paralysis of his arms and limbs, so that he could not feed himself or put on his clothes, or even have his finger nails cut. I read the advertisement of Dr. Urran, in your paper, and was induced to try him, which trial has proved perfectly satisfactory. The Doctor came out to my house two weeks ago to-day, and in the short space of one hour he had my wife and boy both up and dressed, and able to use their hands and limbs, apparently as well as ever. My wife is now as well as she has been within the past eight years, and my little boy is as brisk as a cricket, and able to use his hands and feet as well as any boy of his age. All that seems to be wanting is a little more flesh on his withered hands, and he's "all right." Should any doubt the truth of my statement, they can see the boy, who is now stopping at the St. John Hotel in your city, who is able to speak for himself. I would say that while in our town he operated on some fifteen cases, and many were cured beside those above mentioned, and all more or less benefited. Truly yours, MOSES E. BR. JOHN.

New Publications.

LES MIERABLES.—Second Part.—COLETTE. By Victor Hugo. New York: Carleton, Publisher. For sale in Boston by A. Williams & Co.

Such as have read FANTINE, the first part of the great French author's story, will need no urging to read Colette. The title of this second part of the story of Hugo is derived from the little daughter of Fantine, whose death, as described in the first part, smote every reader's heart with grief and sympathy. This part of the story opens with a graphic and powerful description of the battle of Waterloo—a description that has already earned the spiteful criticism of the English periodical critics and reviewers, and is pronounced by many as likely to remain hereafter as the standard popular story, told by a Frenchman, of the great struggle that cost Napoleon his empire, throne, and liberty. Jean Valjean takes good care of little Colette, as he promised Fantine he would. His after-life is a most exciting record of terrible trials, hair-breadth escapes, dangers and perils without name or number, and will absorb the attention of every reader who has a fondness for excitement. We cannot, in this place, detail to the reader the many fine points of the story above announced; it is not at all improbable that every reader of "Fantine" will bring at least one other reader to "Colette," and perhaps two or more. We feel ourselves as if we could hardly wait for the remaining three parts of the great novel to make their appearance.

HARRIS'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE for August is a capital number. Its illustrations are superb—in the highest style of the engravers' art. Its monthly record of current events is well worth the price of the book. How the publishers can afford it at the low price for which it is sold, when we consider its elegant typography and fine paper and large amount of reading matter, is a question we are unable to decide. For sale by A. Williams & Co., 100 Washington street, Boston.

PABSON BROWNLOW'S book, says the New York Independent, is one of the remarkable successes of literature. Mr. Child's in this week printing thirty thousand additional copies, which will make the whole number, thus far, one hundred thousand, and the book has not yet appeared at all in the "regular trade." Applegate & Co., of Cincinnati, ordered forty thousand copies at once, which is supposed to be the largest single order in the history of the trade.

A Striking Figure.

Victor Hugo, describing a battle between two armies, says that "two armies upon a field of battle are two wrestlers. Their arms are locked; each seeks to throw the other. They grasp at every aid; a thicket is a point of support; a corner of a wall is a brace for the shoulder; for lack of a few sheds to lean upon, a regiment loses its footing; a depression in the plain, a movement of the soil, a convenient cross path, a wood, a ravine, may catch the heel of the colossus which is called an army, and prevent him from falling. He who leaves the field is beaten. Hence, for the responsible chief, the necessity of examining the smallest tufts of trees, and appreciating the slightest details of contour."

The President.

Our President is up with the age in all respects. He falls back on his inherent, not his artificial, dignity. When he wishes to know more clearly and thoroughly about the state of affairs, he goes and looks into them for himself. That is the way he did at Fort Monroe, and now in McClellan's camp. Think of President Lincoln's going off to attend to the capture of Richmond in person! He is wide awake; if none of the rest are. He is perfectly conscious of the vast weight of his responsibilities. A more conscientious man could not have been selected for his position in such critical and confined times.

The Meetings at Lyceum Hall.

During the July and August vacation of the regular free meetings of the Spiritualists of this city, in the above hall, a Conference will be held every Sunday afternoon, at which it is intended to have an opening address, of not over thirty minutes in length, by some one selected for that purpose, to be followed by remarks from those who may feel that they have something instructive to offer. Next Sunday, Dr. Child will speak on the subject of Spiritual Organizations.

A Handsome Face.

It is not often that we see one; but when we do, we always fear we are becoming rude in consequence of the very admiration we pay it. The secret of it is not hidden under any particular style of feature, or tone of complexion; not at all. But we find our handsomest faces; not unbecomingly, where the features refuse to obey any of the laid-down laws of beauty, but inspire by command and express a beauty of their own. One of the handsomest faces we ever saw belonged to an open handed teamster, who drove his four-in-hand three times a week from our mills to the place where manufactured goods were supplied with steam transportation. He was not intellectual; not affectionate, exactly; nor noble, altogether; but manly, good, frank, above deceit. We have seen a blacksmith lift his cap to tuck away the curls from his snuffy forehead, and declared in our heart that we envied him the face he owned.

So with the other sex. She who is, in society (so-called) labelled handsome, may be as destitute of expression of any sort; as grindstones are of humor and smiles to match; while another, whose soul has been years at work, chiseling out an expression of sweetness, and firmness, and faith; and high resignation upon her features, does not fail to betray what she is whenever she throws you a look, or furnishes play for a smile, or lights up with the natural vivaciousness of her own sweet thoughts, or becomes inspired with the silent earnestness that sleeps in the depths of her being. There, then, is where you are to look for any special beauty in the human face—in what it expresses, in its story. The whole nature blazes there; and will out. There the feeble soul shows feeble, and the illumined soul glorious. There all that is beautiful in the nature looks beautiful; all that is base looks base; all that is inert and dead, just as it really is. Cosmetics cannot make out a case; nor any particular cut of hair; nor any other fortuitous circumstance or application. The whole beauty resides in the expression; and that comes from nothing but the life that is beneath.

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

L. K. FISHERVILLE, CONN.—We cannot give you any encouragement in regard to publishing your book. The times are such that it would not be wise to risk the expense at present. Wait patiently, and if what you have had given to you should be made public, rest assured that a way will be provided to accomplish that end.

B. C. DAYTON, O.—You will find the obituary you refer to in our last number.

J. H. H. NEW YORK.—Essay received and placed on file for publication. Will answer the other matter by letter. Did not receive the book.

A. H. J. COLUMBIANA, CAL.—John M. Spear's address is Boston, we believe.

R. S. H. BEAR GROVE, IOWA.—We have not the power to procure a message for you from your spirit-friends. All spirits have full liberty to use our medium and paper in order to reach their earth-friends. We are used only as instruments in the hands of a higher power to aid those who desire to return. When the desire is strong enough for such spirits to come to our circle, they manifest through our medium, not otherwise. About eight thousand have thus manifested up to this time.

EMMA, you are right. Your advice is good. Nearly two-thirds of our best writers think they display genius—a la Byron—by making "pothooks," and so forth. The printers send you their regards.

Mrs. J. T. Bickford.

This excellent medium, formerly known to the Spiritualists of Boston and vicinity, we understand recently took her exit from her physical form in the city of New York. The cause of her death was typhoid fever. Mrs. Bickford has won considerable repute since her medium developments, as author of the book called "Scandal," and also as a contributor of N. P. Willis's Home Journal. Her medium powers were known by many in private circles to be peculiar and wonderful. Her life has been tinted with romance, and her cup has been filled (as it is the case with all mighty soul-developments) with suffering. Her beautiful spirit is now cut free from its earthly moorings, to travel at its own sweet pleasure, from sphere to sphere, in the limitless world of God's creation.

Announcements.

L. Judd Pardee will lecture at Lyceum Hall, Boston, on Sunday morning, July 27, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Admission free.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Chicopee next Sunday; in Oswego, N. Y., during August, (address care of J. L. Poole, Oswego, N. Y.); in Boston the first two Sundays of October; and in Philadelphia during November. Address care of Bela Marsh, 41 Bromfield street, Boston, Mass. Letters will be forwarded.

For lectures by Mrs. Cora L. V. Hatch along the line of Southern Michigan; Lake Shore; New York Central, and Boston and Worcester Railroads, address E. T. Scott, at Lake Mills, Wisconsin; during the month of August.

Frank L. Wadsworth will speak in New Bedford next Sunday; in Marlboro', August 24, 10th and 17th, and in Plymouth August 23d and 30th.

Mrs. Augusta A. Currier will speak in Lowell next Sunday.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will address the Spiritualists of Portland next Sunday.

Country Counting.

The place to fall in love—to our thinking—is the country; and the time, the Summer time, of course. Who could, for instance, ask for more magnificent moons than we have just been having; for such a purpose? And now, too, the scent of the hay is ravishing; and the sounds of all Nature are pitched on the right key; and woods are grateful with their network of shadows, and life lends out from rather than in court. We do not believe that city sparkling begins to amount, in pleasure and after satisfaction, to what the same air does in the rural neighborhood. The low voice of the fair one at your side, as you ride over the narrow and silent roads just at sunset, is just as soft and low as the other sweet influences of Nature that creep into the heart. High as this is a pretty confession for a bachelor, like ourselves, with gray hairs by the handful!

Kicks and Coppers.

The New York Herald appears to think a kick is a good deal better than a copper, any day; especially in these reg-currency days. It suggests that it is every man's duty to vigorously kick any person who is discovered to be guilty of hoarding silver, or selling it to breakers; and if this duty is rightly performed, he shall have no further trouble about a scarcity of specie. But, in our opinion, we should soon find a scarcity of specie holders. Very few men like to hang about merely waiting for their turn to be "vigorously kicked," as they deserve to be. Has the Herald ever noticed that it is on "reg-currency" days that the "reg-currency" men are the ones who are "vigorously kicked" by the "reg-currency" men? When "reg-currency" men are "vigorously kicked" by the "reg-currency" men, they are the ones who are "vigorously kicked" by the "reg-currency" men.

Rev. Dr. Chapin left for Europe on Saturday, 13th instant, in the City of Baltimore from New York. Before leaving he remained in Dr. Child's hall, and was upon the stage and presented with a "reg-currency" man's address, and all passed off. Dr. Child's hall was the scene of a "reg-currency" man's address, and all passed off. Dr. Child's hall was the scene of a "reg-currency" man's address, and all passed off.

Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER we claim to be spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowart, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communication to those friends who may recognize them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or evil. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BARRON or LIGHT OFFICE, No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 8, (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following named spirits will be published in regular course:
Sunday, July 1.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Rachel T. Collins, to Dr. Alexander Collins, of Durham, N. C.; John M. Foy, of New Orleans; Robert Eames, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; John Nelson Merrill, of Hartford, Conn., to his mother.

Monday, July 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Nancy T. Brown, mother of Gov. Brown of Georgia; James Kestell, to Carl Somers of New Orleans; Walter S. Locust, Richmond, Va., to his father Robert Jameson; Roxana Bruce.

Tuesday, July 3.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Robert Garrott, to his sons, in Mobile, Ala.; Cecil Buck, to her father, Wm. Buck, of Boychville, Ala.

Wednesday, July 4.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Col. Jones, of Montgomery, Ala.; James Sheehan, of Company C, 5th N. Y. Reg., to his wife in New York; Emma Augusta Brown, of South Boston, to her parents in Newton, Mass.

Invocation.

Oh, thou who alone art Infinite in goodness, thou who art our loving Father and our tender Mother, we again turn our faces unto thee in prayer and supplication. As the flowers turn their faces to the sun to receive its earliest rays, so do we, thy children, Oh Father, turn our faces unto thee in prayer at this time. Our Father, do we ask thee for those things thou hast commanded us to pray for, it is because thou hast implanted prayer within our hearts, and we feel, Oh Father, that inasmuch as thy beloved son Jesus Christ, drew nearer unto thee through prayer, so may we, thy children of the earth, feel thy presence continually, even as the inspired Nazarene did. Our Father, what though darkness and death be around us, yet will we not falter or despair, for we know that thou art fashioning for us a home beyond mortality. Oh Lord our God, we thank thee at this time for the infinite past; we thank thee for the mighty present with its hopes and fears, its shadows and sunbeams, we thank thee, Oh Lord, for the future—that which lies stretched far beyond us. Oh, our God, for that we thank thee! Oh Lord our God, in behalf of the whole earth, we bless thee now and forever. Amen. June 26.

Right and Wrong.

"How may we poor mortals know when we are right and when we are wrong?" The question given us for this afternoon's consideration is one that hath been asked from the beginning of civilized life. Humanity hath been continually asking this question for more than two thousand years, and at the present day is still drifting upon an uncertain sea, without compass or rudder. But why do they drift upon an uncertain sea, since there is a God to set them right and lead them safely into port? you would ask.

There is a reason why humanity is thus sadly situated. "How may we poor mortals know when we are right and when we are wrong?" When we glance at the peculiar sphere or locality of thought from whence our question issues, we can but stand and wonder; we can but ask of our questioner, how is it that you are thus cast upon an uncertain sea, without pilot or guide to lead you safely to shore? Like Noah's dove, you seem to have nowhere to rest upon. "How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" It is impossible for the individual to be governed by any common or general law, inasmuch as there are no two created alike, therefore no two can think alike, no two can believe alike, no two can worship alike, or bow down at any one shrine or standard of right.

"How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" Nature or her God hath placed within the soul of each of her children a monitor, which, if carefully listened to, will always teach them the right and warn them of the wrong. It is true the way to heaven is exceedingly narrow and straight; so straight and narrow that only one can walk in it at a time. But the very moment you step outside that holy way, that moment you are lost; you then wander from yourself, which is to wander from your God.

"How may we know when we are right and when we are wrong?" You know that there is a satisfaction of soul when you do right; you know it is better to give than to receive; you know it is better to worship that which is dictated from within, or from the highest standpoint of your knowledge, than to bow before the shrine of another. When the individual loses his way, or wanders from the right, then he begins to worship at the altar of a somebody he knows nothing about. He loses his responsibility. He has no home, no abiding place, no God, no hope, no nothing upon which to settle his faith and fasten his honest convictions of soul. Yet, there is no excuse for any one's mistaking the way which God has marked out for each of his children, and nothing is more true than that the ancient way-finding man says of man—though he be a fool, he need not wander from the right.

These failures upon the part of humanity have all sprung from one cause. You have not obeyed the God of your internal. There has been no response from within, and the cry of your soul has been continually, "Oh show me the right and I will abide by it." Oh, in the name of God do not be governed by another's opinion of right and wrong, but consult that monitor, the great I AM, which dwells in the soul of each human being, and you will never be misled from the right path.

How shall you know when you do wrong? This same monitor which hath pointed out to you the right, will also tell you when you do wrong as well. If you judge unrighteously, which is to judge any beside yourself, you will soon be made aware of the wrong you have committed, because you are not at ease with your own soul, and like Noah's dove, you can find no rest.

The Chinese Philosopher hath given you a most glorious standard of right and wrong, and one that is within the reach of every human soul; even the poorest of you may follow its divine teachings—do unto you as you would have others do unto you. In this golden rule there is embodied all the attributes of Deity: "Simple, grand, glorious and sublime is the way marked out for each individual man. Oh, let no one of you consult the God of another, but turn within your own soul, and believe us, you will find heaven. You shall not mistake the way, and there is no stumbling-block in the path which leadeth to eternal life."

"Oh, may God in his Divine Mercy—the God of our questioner—so enlighten and revivify his spiritual nature, that he come not again to the outside world; but that he turn within and ask of his own God which way he shall go to find heaven." June 26.

C. C. Felton.

My friends, the English language fails to give me words to express myself upon this occasion. I AM

only say, as did the Apostle, "whereas I was blind, now I see." It hath pleased Almighty God to so unfold my spirit during its short sojourn in the spirit land, as to enable me to see at a glance the wisdom of many things that were once considered extremely foolish to me when upon the earth. And again I am taught that God, out of the mouths of babes, doth give forth infinite wisdom; and I now find that I knew but very little of God and his wondrous ways while upon earth.

We measure God too often by our own material capacities. I did so. I judged others by myself. I felt that I am almost unworthy to be the recipient of such favors as are this day bestowed upon me. I feel that I am not worthy to be called into the field of spiritual communion to labor. But oh, I would ask of all human life forgiveness; and as I have received it already from God, I may reasonably expect it from his children. I fought against your noble philosophy while on earth, but I did it unconsciously, and should not, therefore, be censured too severely in that respect. But oh, what were my feeble efforts, when used against your sublime theories and divine truths? Oh, mine were nothing. Standing here, as I do to-day, divested of my mortality, I can but wonder at the glory and majesty of Almighty God.

In reply to those friends who are expecting to hear from me as a spirit—if the spiritual phenomena be true—I would say, I am all unfit to bestow upon you those blessings your souls long for. I am not endowed with the power requisite to the performance of such a task at this time. I come here to-day because I feel it my duty so to do, and when I shall, at some future time, feel it my duty to return and bestow upon my friends what they so much need, I shall do so without hesitation. And though the whole earth be against you, and the tide of public opinion be so strong as to tempt you to embark upon its uncertain waters, I beseech you to return to the shore of your own individual reason ere it be too late. I sailed upon it while on the earth, but oh, thanks be to God, I shall no longer do so, but henceforth I intend to sail only upon the sea of righteousness. C. C. Felton.

[This name was written by the controlling influence at the close of the communication.] June 26.

Alexander Currin.

I feel like one who has returned after a long voyage to find his friends all dead, and the whole face of home changed. You'll excuse me, sir, if I ask you a few questions about this mode of return. [Certainly, I shall be most happy to answer any questions you may propose.] I am almost entirely unacquainted with this business. I had very little time to make myself acquainted even with the method of speech generally used upon occasions like this before coming here to-day. I would like to ask how far you allow us to go, and what you expect of us? [We allow you to say just what you like, and only expect you to give such facts as will prove your identity to your friends upon earth.] Precisely so. I comprehend you perfectly, sir.

I wish to reach some of my friends at home in Maine, and some in South Carolina. Now, allow me to ask if you think it possible for me to reach my friends in both places by mail. [We shall print your communication in our paper, and I think without doubt that your friends in Maine will receive it, but at present there is some uncertainty about our paper's reaching Charleston.] I thought you simply took down what we dictated, and then sent it in the shape of a letter to our friends. [No; we print all the messages we receive in this way, and they generally reach the parties for whom they are intended.] I was about to say I should be at a loss how to tell you to direct my letters, as I've been away since '47. Well, then, you want my name, age, manner of death, time of death, &c., I suppose? [Yes.] My name was Alexander Currin, and my birthplace was Castine, Maine. I was chief mate of the ship Tuskuin, which sailed from New York, and was owned in New York. I'm not positive that I've given you the right spelling of the ship, but I suppose that if I've made any mistake, you'll allow me to come back some time and correct it. [Certainly.] I died in February, 1847. I was twenty-nine, and in my thirtieth year. I was drowned on the ship's passage to Havre, and as far as physical ills are concerned, I return here perfectly free from them, for I was in excellent health at the time of my death, and was always blessed with very good health.

I resided in Charleston between four or five years before my death, and I have many friends there with whom I would like to communicate, but I feel it extremely doubtful about my being able to reach them, for I understand you're having a little trouble in that quarter. [Yes; South Carolina seceded from the Union, but the Federal Government will soon re-possess themselves of it.] Well, I'm not surprised to hear of this war, for I rather expected it, though not in my day, for I know there has ever been a feeling of animosity upon the part of the Southerners toward you, on account of their favorite institution, which, by the way, I, as an individual, care but very little about.

Now that civil war is with you, how is it? Is communication open between here and South Carolina? [Not at present, but it soon will be, I think, for the Federal forces will probably ere long have possession of Charleston.] Well, I can hope, at all events, that my friends in Maine will get my communication. I desire to say many things to them that I don't care to throw out upon an uncertainty.

How about this communion? Is it well established? Is it generally received by religious people? [No, not by Christians of the old school.] Well, I am in a bad fix, then, for the most of my friends lean rather upon the religious side. Well, the friends I have in South Carolina are mostly those that were connected with me in business during my residence in Charleston, and I wish to know whether you think it best for me to give their names. [You must exercise your own judgment in regard to that matter.] Well, my judgment is not to give them.

I've been told—excuse me, sir—that your doctrine is not generally believed by religious people. [That is true.] Well, then, perhaps these friends of mine might not like to see their names connected with this spiritual unfolding. It's new to me. Excuse me, sir, I don't understand it myself, and if I find that it's absolutely necessary for me to give the names of my friends, in order to reach them, I'll come back and do so, if you'll allow me the privilege. [Certainly.]

Well, good friend, what's your fee? [Nothing; this is free to you.] You see, sir, it's very difficult to commune with people who are strangers to you. [Perhaps so.] It would be far easier to speak with those who know and understand you, and from whom inquiries of your own would elicit truthful answers. Now if you and I were acquainted, you'd say, "Here, Alex, how is it about this or that thing?" to which queries I should, of course, frankly and unhesitatingly reply. But having no direct means of communicating with my friends, I'm therefore obliged to stand on a raft, and throw out this chip and that chip, and if any of them chance to reach the shore I'm lucky, that's all.

If your father and mother living in Maine? I had a dear, good mother and father living in Castine, but I can't say where they are now. I may be that they've gone to the spirit world, but I've not seen them as yet.

Now, I would be happy to open communication with any of my friends, that is, if they'll meet me at any fixed time and place. [Some one of them will probably call you, if this message reaches relatives or friends of yours now living.] Well, give me a good sailing vessel, and if I do not call her straight into port it won't be my fault. But if they give me a bad craft, why then I shall be in a dilemma again. My time has expired. Good-day, sir. June 26.

Invocation.

Oh, Mighty God, our Heavenly Father, out of the midst of human woes, we send forth our petitions unto thee, knowing that thou wilt, gladly accept the offerings of these earthly children. Oh Lord, our God, we feel that death is all around us. Oh, Father, we feel that we are in the midst of hell; for

what it hath, our Father, but human suffering and woe? Oh, Lord, our God, out of the midst of hell we send forth our petitions unto thee, for we know that though we wander in hell we shall surely find thee there, for thou art omnipresent. We feel that thou art with us continually, in our hours of sorrow as well as in those of joy. Our Father, ere the hour with us has rolled into the past, may I shall have been called upon to mourn the loss of kindred, and many a spirit shall have been cast into eternity without the slightest knowledge of the conditions of the life so suddenly opened to their view. Oh Lord, our God, for them we pray. Do thou send around them thy holy messengers, that they may minister to their spiritual necessities and put upon their nakedness the garments of truth and knowledge. Oh Lord, our God, draw near, in thy especial mercy, to their souls; who are this hour standing, as it were, between two worlds, an inhabitant of neither. Oh, our Father, may it be our divine mission to lead them safely unto thee; may we be enabled, Oh God, to carry magnetic life from this little assembly, that shall be as healing balm unto their sore and troubled spirits. Our Father, receive our thanks for the past, as also for the dark present. Oh, Most Holy One, for the glorious future—for that which, with clairvoyant eye, we behold—we thank thee, and in behalf of the multitude who know thee not we would praise thee, now and forever. Amen. June 30.

Questions and Answers.

Have the friends present any questions to propose? If so, we are ready to answer them. A gentleman present asked:

Ques.—What is my object in coming here to-day? Ans.—In order to ascertain that, we should be obliged first to come into physical rapport with you. Second, to come into spiritual rapport with you, and third, be able to read the page of the mind clearly. As we have no time to attend to these various departments, we shall be under the necessity of waiting your question.

Q.—Is there any spirit near me who has any particular interest in my welfare at this time? A.—There are. None are without their attendant spirits, at no time in life; therefore you have your guardian spirits as well as others. It may be well here to say that I see three standing near you, from whose appearance I should judge there was an intimate relationship, at one time, existing between you and them. June 30.

Can the spirit of the medium leave her body temporarily?

The question which we are about to briefly consider, is one which comes to us from the Old World, and is this:

"Does the spirit of your medium ever wander from the body of the medium to any other place? And if so, is it capable of communing with friends or with any one while apart from the body?"

We have been informed that the spirit of our medium recently left her own body, during its possession by another spirit at this place, and journeyed to London, England, to a place where a party of friends were convened together for the purpose of investigating the phenomena of Spiritualism, when the hand of one of their number was suddenly influenced to write the name of our medium, Mrs. J. H. Conant. The question was then asked, "Is that medium's spirit present?" To which question the answer "Yes" was given on paper. The interrogator then said, "Will she please state her object in coming here at this time?" To which the spirit then replied: "Having nothing to do for the moment, I occupy myself in trying the hand of this medium, which I hope to control longer at some future time. At present, farewell! I am called."

Subsequently, those friends learned that the person of our medium was in human form, and was not dead; but at the time the communication was made, was living in America, and in the enjoyment of apparent good health.

The result of this disclosure was of course rather disastrous to the faith of those friends, who said: "Since we came together, in all honesty and good will for the purpose of learning the truth concerning the spiritual phenomena, why were we thus early met with a lie? Now we are to suppose that the balance of Spiritualism is nothing more nor less than a fraud or deception." A person suggested that they send over some one to America and inquire if the spirit of the medium ever wanders from its own body to other places, and is capable of communing with friends while apart from its body.

Thus we received the question, at present under consideration, from the Old World. Now, in answer, we would say it is not only possible, but is even probable, that our medium—as do all mediums sometimes—finds her own spirit absent from her body during its temporary possession by other spirits. We were unable to state what particular point of attraction operated at that time in London, England; but the attraction was there, and the spirit of our medium gravitated to it. And then, using her own individual spirit-power, as induced from the circle convened here in Boston, she influenced the hand of the medium in England to write not only her own name, but the brief communication which followed it.

"Is it possible for the spirit of the medium to commune with friends when apart from her own body?"

It is possible. Notwithstanding there is a sympathy kept up between spirit and body, yet the spirit itself is free to go wherever it will; free, if it finds conditions adapted to its use, to employ them at any time or place, however distant.

We are told to say to the friends in England that the spirit who had control of our medium at the time spoken of, was obliged to hold control longer than he desired on account of the absence of the medium's spirit, and also that the transient spirit could return by the power of his individual will only.

Now, we would like to have those friends who what seemed to them a falsity, for a foundation to their faith in this spiritual phenomena, for it will give them power nothing else can give to them; it will invest them with a power by which they can unfasten the worlds now unknown to them. June 30.

Sarah Ann Stiles.

I wish to commune, if I can, with my mother and sister. I have been away from them two years in October, and was nineteen years and a little over three months old when I died.

I was born in Chester, New Hampshire, and died in Manchester, New Hampshire. My name you want, I suppose? [If you please.] Sarah Ann Stiles. My mother's, Sarah; my sister's, Olive. They say I died of consumption. I was out of health over a year, but I never was told that I was in consumption until I asked my friends in the spirit world how I came here, and they said, "To your question directly, you died of consumption." Is your mother and sister at present living in Manchester? [I expect they are, sir.]

I was a factory operative, and I cannot boast the advantages that many can in regard to education. I believe I attended school at intervals until I was nine years of age; after that time I was obliged to do something to support myself and help my mother and sister. But I have been told, since coming here, that I took cold in consequence of staying for a long time in an over heated room; and then going out into the cold air. And I am told that thousands come to the spirit world yearly, from different parts of the manufacturing world, from this same cause.

I wish to do something now to help my mother and sister; they say we can't help them. I would wish first to say to my mother, "If it is possible for you to keep my sister out of the mills, do so, and you'll never be sorry for it." Good-bye. I might have been on earth with my body now, if I had taken a different course in life. My father went to California in 1851; after 1852 I believe my mother heard no more from him. If she will give me the chance to talk with her, I can tell her all about my father, and I will do it. She need not fear to talk with me because I am dead, for I am just the same as I was before I died. I've only lost my body; and I feel just as much anxiety about

those I love as I ever did, and only wish I had it in my power to do more for them. You may say, also, that I would like to speak with my father, Aaron Stiles. I shall not reprove him for the course he saw fit to take. Perhaps I can advise him for his good. They say there are mediums where he is, and if there are, I ask him to give me the use of one for a few minutes, and I will promise he shall not be sorry for it. Can I go, sir? [If you wish.] June 30.

Lieut. Morley.

So you who were kind enough to rob me of my own body are kind enough to furnish me with another. Much obliged to you for the favor. [You are welcome.] Can I ask you a few questions? [Certainly.] What do you propose to do with what I may give here? [Publish it in our paper.] Well, I suppose you require my name, and whatever else I may be able to give toward proving my individuality or personality? [Yes.]

I'm not used to this way of talking with my friends. I have talked with them by telegraph, letter, and all the various ways known to you on earth, but I assure you this is new to me. I know that I have not had much time to learn about this new method of communion since coming here. [Nevertheless, you wish to speak with your friends.] True, I have friends I desire to commune with, but if I was going to have my choice, I'd like to commune with them directly, without the assistance of a second or third party. That is one of the impossibilities, I suppose you would say. [For the present.] Is there any possible chance of my finding a way open, to commune directly with my friends in Charleston, South Carolina? [I think not, just now, but there may be at some future time.] Well, will you say to my friends in Charleston that Lieut. Morley, of Charleston, South Carolina, desires to commune with his friends? [Certainly.]

I was killed on the 17th of April by the explosion of a shell, I was told, at Sewall's Point. I was told the shell was thrown from the Rip Raps.

I suppose you are all Yankees here, and enemies to me? [We are called such by Southerners.] I suppose you'll consider me as bearing a flag of truce, then, and treat me honorably. [Do not fear discourtesy from us here.] What communication I may choose to give to my friends—as you've been kind enough to tell me you make public what is said here—I prefer to give to them directly. [Perhaps your coming here may give you some light on this method of return, and enable you to reach your friends privately at some future time.] We all need light, that is certain, and if I get any by coming here to-day, it wont come amiss. Well, I believe you understand my errand, do you? [Yes.] Good day. June 30.

John Salter.

Hey, Captain, what's the course? [You want to steer toward home, don't you?] Ah! true, Captain, but I'm under false colors! [Alluding to the female apparel of our medium.] [You think so?] I do, Captain; I do; too much sail, Captain, too much. [I guess you'll bear up under it.] Yes, if I do not happen to encounter a rough sea; if I do, Captain, I'm afraid I'll get swamped. Captain, I feel queer here. [You are not dressed in your usual costume?] No, not by a long bit. [Well, never mind the clothes; no one here can see you.] I see, Captain, but it do not make me feel right by seeing. I'll get over it in a bit. Well, I do not want to waste any more time than I can help in getting ready for sea.

My name was John Salter, and I was from London, England. I died on the Indian Ocean, sir. I was killed by a whale that I had harpooned, but he afterwards dragged me down with him. Perhaps you do not understand this whaling business. The way we do is to put off from the ship—three to six of us follow—in a small boat, for the purpose of harpooning the whale. We should use care not to get our lines entangled around ourselves, in throwing the harpoon, for the whale generally goes down two or three times after being wounded, and will try hard to drag the boat's crew down with him. Well, I, like a fool, threw my harpoon before I had disengaged my rope from the boat, and of course it was impossible for me to do that afterwards.

I sailed in the American Ship, Cowper, from New Bedford, Massachusetts. [How long have you been dead?] Since the first of February, 1847. [You are sure that you are right in that respect?] Yes, Captain, I'd stake my month's advance on that. I would not tell you a lie on any account. [Have you any friends in this country?] No friends to speak of, and no relatives; I've plenty of shipmates in America. My friends at home, Captain, are two brothers and three sisters. Their names are Oliver, Samuel, Mary, Ellen and Louise. [Is your mother and father alive at the present time?] My father was when I left, but since then he's gone up aloft; but he's not with me. My mother went away before my father did, and before I left home for America.

I've a wife living, and it's her I want to talk with. [Where is she now—in London?] I expect so. I left her living just in the turn of Benton's Alley, just off of Conway Square. I want to speak with her, if I can. [Would it not be well to direct your letter to one of your brothers?] Yes, to my brother Samuel. [Can you give her place of residence?] I can't. One of my sisters was with my wife when I left England. [I've lost that that's necessary to make myself known to my friends, namely, my own body. I can't do a d—d thing till I get it, Captain. [Remember that you are in the company of ladies.] I beg your pardon, not yours, Captain, but the ladies. [I'll send you a letter to your London friends, any way.] I hope you will. I should like very much to speak with them, [They have mediums in London, through whom you can speak to them privately.] What! these kind of orates? How happens it then that I did not make for there instead of coming here? [This may have been the first place for you to start from.] But, Captain, it's a long way from port. You just informed me I was dealing with material conditions here, and my folks I want to reach, have material bodies. [You can be with them spiritually, if not in body.] I can? Very well. [Can you not identify yourself more particularly to your friends?] I had lost the second finger on my right hand down to the second joint before I left, and I had the British Crown printed on my left arm. [Did you correspond with your friends in London, after coming to America?] Oh yes, and they knew my whereabouts.

I've been told that my wife is married again. I do not care anything about it, for that's nothing to me now; but everything was all right between us when I left London; there was nothing unpleasant, and I wrote to her after coming to America, as often as the mail went. I did not come here and take a vessel because I had had trouble at home, but because I thought I could do better here. [One thing more. Did your shipmates recover your body?] No, if they did, I've had no account of it. Well, Captain, what shall I do to you, for your favors to me? [Do something for others.] That's cheap. Well, Captain, next time I come, give me a little different craft—I mean outside, will you? [Perhaps I can give you a gentleman medium next time.] Well, a fair wind to you when you come over. June 30.

Don't write there.—Don't write there, said one to a lad who was writing, with a diamond pen, on a pane of glass in the window of a hotel; "Why not?" was the reply. "Because you can't rub it out." There are other things which men should not do, because they cannot rub them out. A heart is aching for sympathy, and a cold, perhaps a heartless word is spoken. The impression may be more durable than that of the diamond upon the glass. The inscription on the glass may be destroyed by the fracture of the glass, but the impression on the heart may last forever. On many a kind and many a heart there are sad impressions, deeply engraved, which no effort can erase. We should be careful what we write on the panes of these

VISIONS.

VISIONS FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT. TO MRS. A. J. CURRIER. A FRIEND OF AFFECTION AND ESTEEM, FROM THE GREATFUL HEART OF HER FRIEND, OSA WILSON.

I thank thee, Teacher, for thy words of Of eloquence and power; For the bright promise of the soul's Love-light, immortal dower; For woman's inspiration fraught with gems of Truth and pearls of Thought. I bless thee for the holy words, The vindication brave Of true love's inmost sacredness, And life beyond the grave; For guidance to the seraph ships Of deathless love and faith diving With wisdom from the fadless source Of God's creative life; For the stern protest of the soul's Gainst Mammon and the world's control; I love thee for thy thrilling words, Thy womanhood's deep away— That for the trembling feet of Love Still upward leads the way Unto the compensating gain Love grants for grief in God's domain. Once more I bless thee, O angel grand, Thy own true heart may be A shelter for the spirit guest Of Love eternally Shed o'er our souls forevermore Thy treasures of celestial lore! Teach us, uplifted from the dust, Released from thrall of sense, To worship at the holy shrine Of Love's omnipotence— To bow the heart and bend the knee Within Life's angel sanctuary. Philadelphia, Pa., 1862.

"VISIONS."

BY EMMA HARDING.

No phase of spiritual impress on humanity presents more interesting points of analysis, or affords more fruitful pages of illustration than what is vaguely called "Visions," and yet none seems to occupy so small a share of our attention, respect or admiration.

Both as to its mode of production and result, the presentation of those pictorial images called "visions," involves the agency of intelligent and sometimes prescient beings. Spiritual they must be, because they only appeal to our spiritual senses, and never seem to originate from, or connect themselves with, material substances. Even when they represent living or objective forms, they are impendable in their manner of representation and appreciable only by the impendable nature of the seer. However vaguely defined their connection may be as to form or succession of images, they are nothing, unless correspondent with actual scenes or events of human interest in past, present or future, and the fact that they are so, proves them not only worthy of investigation, but the work of intelligent agents, whose sphere of information transcends our own. Without attempting to deny some reality, and perhaps a spiritual, but certainly an adequate cause for all visionary representations, whatever, I am writing simply of those which prove their origin as intelligent, by their correspondence to existing realities, or what is generally termed in spiritual communion, their test facts. For the rest, without here entering upon analysis of the words "dyspepsia," "hallucination," "self-praisology," &c., I merely desire to limit my suggestions to the proven facts relative to the subject of visions.

By way of illustration, I will refer to one or two cases of visions that so thickly strewn my own pathway that I could supply a volume of similar experiences. About four years ago I lectured, for the first time, in Montreal, Canada. On the last morning of my stay in that city, just at the first dawn of a cold winter's morning, and before rising, I saw, or thought I saw, through the sun-blind that shaded my window, an unusual light in the gray sky. It seemed as if all the feeble light of early morning was accumulating in one portion of the sky opposite to where I lay. This growing brighter and brighter, at last shaped itself into the likeness of a gigantic sword; the blade was composed of square sections, in each of which were gorgeously enameled flowers, the whole representing a mosaic work of shining, prismatic colors, the intensely lustrous hue of which informed me of a power and depth in coloring with which my human sight had never before been illumined. The handle was a cross, and was simply light, gray—a sunshine inconspicuous. The size of this sword seemed (though narrowed to the focus of my eyes) to measure the length between the furthest north of Canada and the remotest south of the United States; but the splendid giant had obviously absorbed all the light of the sky. Nature in the New World, at least, I felt sure, was entirely illumined from this sword, and as if the planet Continent, at least, its shadow across the Atlantic could come within the radius of my vision; I saw that the glorious light of this mighty sun-sword was seen and reflected in Europe.

With the love of impartation, inevitable in mortals, I sprang out of bed and actually called to that might be within hearing. "Come, come and see the sword—come quickly." The cold of the room and the action of drawing up the blind to facilitate the view of others, disturbed my condition, whatever it might, have been. I saw the real landscape without, and with it the unreal sword gradually melting, until the glory was gone, and the leaden winter sky resumed its grey hue. No doubt the mass of my readers will say I was merely dreaming. Perhaps I was, but the curious part of my state was, that before the vision I was so fully awake that I had just looked at my watch to see if it was not time to dress. And as the brilliant monster faded before my open eyes, my regret was, not the awakening from a scene of such splendor, but that no one was with me to witness it; but myself; and as I neither fashioned myself nor am responsible for my own deficiencies of common sense, neither do I feel ashamed to own, that instead of realising aught of unreality in the vision; I eagerly inquired during breakfast, and of many of my morning visitors, if such a phenomenon had not really been seen, or at least some report of it been heard.

When actually assured that my eyes alone had been thus favored, I was surprised, to subside into the belief that a dream, or vision, must be the solution to what I had seen, and now for the result. From some of the believers amongst my visitors, I endeavored to obtain some further particulars of the

