



Written for the Banner of Light. SPIRIT WHISPERS.

There are hours in all lives, when the shadows seem to shroud the heart like a darksome dream; When life grows dark, and the weary soul longs for rest and peace at some bright goal.

My life was long, though its years were few, And friends were constant, and kind, and true; But a wearisome, thornful path did I tread To win my place 'mong the quiet dead;

My Mother—she felt it was hard to part From the idol she had in her lonely heart; I had been her joy—her summer flower— Her pride and support in each darker hour;

And now I look down from the twilight skies To wipe the tears from her weary eyes, Or pause in the quiet, deserted room, To muse your heart from its gathering gloom;

My Mother—she felt it was hard to part From the idol she had in her lonely heart; I had been her joy—her summer flower— Her pride and support in each darker hour;

On Living Spirits and Dying Spiritualism. MESSRS. KERRON.—Observing a general feeling of antipathy toward the repulsive subject of non-mortality as recently discussed in your paper, I should not intrude any further remarks on your readers concerning a theme so unacceptible, had I not noticed the singular absence of that peculiar kind of testimony in these discussions, which is more calculated to rebut groundless and fantastic theories, than all that reason and logic can advance—namely, FACTS.

When it is remembered that, in this nineteenth century, thousands of the noblest minds of civilized lands are professed materialists, despite of reason and logic, theories and religion to boot; and that within ten years a few stubborn facts have brought conviction of the immortality of the soul to many of those thousands, whom the theoretical teachings of all past ages had failed to convince, it seems somewhat remarkable that your numerous correspondents should waste their time and your readers' patience over columns of theory, which the relation of one well attested fact would confirm or rebut in fact.

Somewhat more remarkable still does it appear to me, that a theory so hideous that nothing but the most unequivocal testimony or the most unanswerable arguments could justify its agitation, should be advanced by professed believers in that very spirit communion whose test facts must, if reliable at all, settle the whole question.

If I can put faith in any of my senses, they assure me conclusively of the fact of spirit communion, as of the ordinary objects appealing to sight, sound, taste, &c.—and if I believe in one class of facts ranging under the general appellation of spirit-communion, how am I to separate them from another class, quite as reliable with evidence concerning the existence in the hereafter, of ALL instead of a PART of the race?

In the illustrations which follow, I have selected a few extreme cases, the character of which will speak for themselves.

In Greensboro, Henry County, Ind., lives one whom I have never seen; but from report, and a limited correspondence, together with impressions derived from a psychometrical reading through my own spirit, I please myself by having this dear and venerable friend, my father in spirit. In his house are a large collection of portraits of deceased persons, executed by Mr. George Walcutt, of Columbus, Ohio, who himself an entire stranger to my respected friend, both Hinshaw, painted, some of them blindfolded, and others at his written request; without having the smallest chance of becoming familiar either with the family or connections of those for whom he worked. A very interesting account of these portraits, and their wonderful mode of execution, appeared in one of the last numbers of Mr. Partridge's glorious Old Telegraph (dead in body, but as immortal in soul as our dear spirit friends themselves), written by Mr. G. B. Stobbins, from their pictures, representing persons, many of whom had long since passed away, and all of whom (except likeness) were total strangers to the great wizard of the palette. Now if the wife, sisters and friends present a resemblance in the minutest particulars so extraordinary as to form proofs of the immortality of those persons, which none but knaves or fools could deny, why should not the same evidence be placed to the account of the portraits of "two children, who showed no signs of life, and in giving birth to whom the mother died." Those who deny the existence of these children, their presence, then to a total stranger for sittings, their appearance as growing girls, and the resemblance of one of them to their mother, must also invalidate the manifestation of that mother herself, who sat for the same artist, enabling him to send a likeness "which was readily recognized, though she had been gone thirty-five years." "Also three sons of present wife, one small, one—who died in a few hours." No mere yeggo phantasm of dead or imperfect infants, good people, who are anxious to snuff out other people's children, (your own, of course, being in the full light of immortality,) but real living, growing boys and girls. Besides these, there is a goodly array of sweet young grandchildera rominated at different periods of extreme youth, but obstinately persisting in living; and although growing, retaining a sufficient amount of identity to make these wonderful pictures perfect portraits, and proving conclusively that though by virtue of certain learned theories of to-day, they ought, by this time, to be little puffs of hydrogen or nitrogen gas, or it may be a globe of intensely rarified atmosphere, yet in God's good providence the power that was able to design them, has managed to keep them in existence, and there they peep out from George Walcutt's magic paintings, smiling their saucy defiance upon pen and ink theories, to put them out of life.

One of my earliest experiences as a test medium in New York, was to present to a lady who called on me, (a total stranger,) two very remarkable portraits of deceased relatives so vividly portrayed, that her skepticism was entirely conquered in that one sitting; just as the case about to go, I was compelled to present her in writing with a communica-

tion from a young daughter, of whose existence she had "no knowledge," so she said, until the little spirit reminded her of the birth of a stillborn child, occurring in connection with circumstances so remarkable that they formed one of the strongest tests in the whole sitting. On another occasion a girl of eighteen, beautiful as a seraph, appeared to me, and insisted that she was the daughter of a lady for whom I was then sitting, but who denied having any such child, until the fair spirit reminded her that she had lived one hour only, and in the little box that had been made for her, had been rolled up in a certain piece of delicate muslin, which the spirit described most graphically. This manifestation is strongly imprinted on my mind, first from the do, light I experienced in gazing at so beautiful an apparition, and next from the grief which the young daughter expressed and made me feel by sympathy, when the cold mother declared she felt no interest in such a child; "she had never known her, and did not even think she had lived." That mother often came to me, and was always accompanied by that tender girl, who in one sitting, piteously lamented her mother's indifference, declaring that all young children were brought up in the parental sphere, and in such gentle affection for their earthly life, that it often cruelly pained them to observe the indifference manifested toward them. "They deem me dead, or nothing," wrote this bright being, "but they would not think thus of spirit, did they but know that it is imperishable. Death only dissolves matter, spirit it cannot touch, and affection is the undying attribute of spirit." I could go on, enumerating scores of cases in which infants, very young children, and sometimes—though rarely—embryotic births formed the array of test facts in which my own experience as a test medium was passed; enough for me to add that two-thirds of my spirit-experiences (generally occurring in the presence of numerous living and reliable witnesses,) were, and are still, from children under twelve years of age, in fact, in the present crude understanding of the laws of health, by which the chief of the freight of human souls that crosses the beautiful river, are the youngest and fairest of earth's blossoms—if these perish, not only is creation a miserable failure, and spirit-land a desert, to which the blooming, teeming, child-peopled villages of earth are paradises, but as a shrewd Yankee lately observed to me, when commenting on this notable non-immortality theory, "The Lord was a poor trader, and would never grow rich in souls, if he created such an awful waste of raw material."

I shall close these few fragmentary illustrations from a page which I feel quite sure any of our reliable test mediums might well write into a quarto volume, with a case that has very recently come under my observation. The narratrix was a sweet Quaker lady, equally respected for her purity of life, unimpeachable veracity and respectability. "How can I help being a Spiritualist?" she said, when entertaining me last April, "when I remember such facts as these." I cannot quote her words, but the sum of the communication was as follows: Mrs. had at one time in her service a girl who proved to be a remarkable rapping and physical force medium. Her mistress and her friends held frequent sittings with her, obtaining any quantity of excellent communications from dear departed ones. On one occasion the spirit of a young man reported himself, calling himself the lady's son. She "had no son in the spirit-world," she said; "there must be some mistake." Still the spirit persisted, and to deepen the mystery, added that he was one of a pair of twins, and then had a beautiful sister in the spirit world, who was anxious to take advantage of the modern manifestations, and become acquainted with their mother. And now the lady was confident there was a mistake! The spirit son was far enough from the truth—but a pair of twins! "The thing was absurd," until the youth reminded her how, twenty-one years ago, in the early years of her married life, she had lost, by premature birth, a pair of twins, in whom she could not remember any manifestation even of life. Certain graphic details were added, which brought forcibly to the happy mother's mind the memory of what she then deemed her misfortune, now her inexpressible delight. Commenting on the remarkable accuracy of the tests, she observed that she had not imagined they could have had any life, and she had never even named them, when the spirit rapped out, "That is true. These gave us our names, so they call me Love, and my sister Beauty. Will these names be now, mother?" The lady replied she would think of some names for them, and christen them the next evening, at a circle, if they would meet her. The night following she reflected on the strange meeting with her "angel-born," and mentally decided on the names to call them; but long before the evening and the promised circle came, the mistress and maid being engaged in household avocations, heard loud raps calling their attention, and demanding the alphabet, when was spelled out: "Mother, I have come to say we like the names thou hast thought of for us, very much." Knowing that she had not communicated those names to any mortal, she demanded, as the concluding test, that the spirit should rap them out, which he did, through an ignorant girl, who in all probability had never heard such names before as Angelo and Angela. And precious, darling Angelo and Angela (who described themselves as very beautiful, with all the childlike sympathy that rebukes our phrasalness earthly humanity), brought the convictions of the immortality, even, of the soul's cease, to that mother, with a force which no idle speculations or visionary theories can sweep away.

My venerable father in spirit, both Hinshaw, and valued friend to whom the above little fact relates, your eyes will undoubtedly meet these lines; and if they should grow very wide with astonishment at the liberty I have taken with these portions of your family history, forgive me for the sake of the happiness which your highly respected testimony may bring to the heart of some bereaved mother, whose wounds have been torn open afresh by the horrid and groundless theory that blank annihilation can ever be the doom of that divine spark that shines through the eye of life incarnate, and even marks itself in characters as immortal as the Designer from whence it came, on the uncolored but not uncolored frame-work, meant to enclose life, when in the fullness of time (in this sphere, or some other equally radiatory,) the design should be perfected to the point of that consciousness which in itself is IMMORTALITY.

It was my intention to add to these illustrations some of the curious phenomena which we term the manifestation of "living spirits;" but I have already exceeded the limits within which I ought to trespass on your columns, and will reserve these illustrations for another paper, together with a few remarks concerning the "dying" condition of Spiritualism in the places where my wandering feet find temporary rest. I can only say, in brief, whilst reserving the details for the aforesaid future article, that if faith is the substance of things unseen, then must modern theology and conservatism take especial delight in the contemplation of Spiritualism, through the visionary spectacles of faith; for to find it in the dy-

ing condition which said theology is so fond of representing it, requires a stretch of faith no larger that it truly becomes a "thing unseen," to the material eyes of EMMA HARDING.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND. By Our Junior.

VALE OF AVONCA AND GLENDALOUGH. We made our readers a promise to take them with us through the Vale of Avonca and Glendalough, and it is only to that promise that they must be indebted for the trip, for, did we not fear to break it, we should long ago have been roving in the pleasures to be reaped from the reproduction of the vividly remembered scenery of the Lakes of Killarney—pleasures won by much effort, we must admit.

We left our readers at Wicklow—beautiful Wicklow. Come, follow us to Arklow. We go by Genally, Rathdown, Arondale—then on to Castle Howard and "The Meeting of the Waters" by Avoca and Shelton Abbey. There is a shorter way than this, which leads by the coast. It is not without its attractions, affording at intervals some very fine glimpses of the shore and some bold sea scenery. But let us forget our national love for rapidity, and the utter annihilation of time, and see as much of the world as we can. We shall say little of Arklow, although it is the largest town in the county.

Long ago it was the scene of many a stout contest. Its castle, the chief object of its assailants, was built in the reign of King John, and the operation of unbuilding was pretty successfully performed by Oliver Cromwell. Of the castle there is now but a mere fragment left standing at the end of the town near the barracks. To the west of Arklow rises Croagh-na-Kinella, nearly 2000 feet above the sea, lifting its head proudly above its neighbors for miles around. From its summit, reached with no little labor, is commanded a view as magnificent and sublime.

We pass on by Tinnahilly, which has nothing to lead the wayfarer aside. We reach Aughrim, a quiet mountain village, poor and rude, but very picturesque—being a collection of stone and clay cabins by the side of the river and backed by the mountains. Glen Aughrim commences here. In its way, its scenery is fine, without any of the soft, cultivated slopes; there stretches away a genuine wild mountain glen—along its bottom leaps and tumbles a swift stream, making music all the year round, and high in front rises the vast mass of Croagh-na-Moira. One road continues along the Aughrim river to Aughavanagh Barracks. Lugganquilla, the lofty giant of the Wicklow mountains, for the last five miles has been staring us directly in the face, and here its huge form blocks further progress. Let us verge to the right, toward Drumgoff Bridge, where is another barrack—one of the overlooking mass that sprang up, after the insurrection, like tooth-stools in an Irish fairy circle.

Drumgoff Bridge crosses the river Avonbeg, which rises far up among the mountains, and after flowing through Glendalough, unites with the Avonmore at the celebrated meeting of the waters. That part of the glen which is above Drumgoff is wonderfully enchanting ground. But not that grandeur most pleasing—without any of that softness which is ungenerally appreciated. It struck us as more the grandeur arising from the most savage majesty of nature. It has nothing of the placid and beautiful; all is sterile and desolate—we cannot say forbidding—though it seems to have been so to the presence of man. Yet man has placed into the very heart of these mountains. How the lead mines are most extensive, as the name Glendalough would suggest to the uninitiated—glen of much ore. High up, the Avonbeg precipitates itself over a long, rocky shelf, and forms the Ees Waterfall. The glen is not less grand below Drumgoff, while it is generally much more attractive, assuming, as it descends, a gentler character. The route we have indicated has its attractions for the lover of grand and majestic and wilder scenery—but let us speak of that which is so dear to delight every one—the Vale of Avonca, the Stangillon of Ireland.

The best scenery from Arklow, for the traveler who desires scenery alone, lies through the domain of Shelton Abbey. We might have kept the high road, which is not destitute of beauties; but as the Earl of Wicklow very generously permits strangers either to ride or walk through his grounds, we found our selves repaid in taking advantage of this privilege, not to speak of having saved seven miles or more of travel. Shelton Abbey is the most justly celebrated mansion at this end of Wicklow. It is a modern Gothic structure of a very ornate character, with the disadvantage of a low situation. Much praise is due for the skill displayed in making the most of its capabilities. The grounds are very extensive, and of great beauty, but are not by any means kept as nicely as are most of English parks. The roads on the outskirts of the estate are beautifully bordered by lines of beeches, forming leafy avenues, with many a pleasant view between.

From Shelton Abbey grounds we pass to those of Ballyartur. These are exceedingly well worth a visit. The house is after the style of common old English manor-houses. The walks are shady, affording exquisite prospects. In fact, it is one of those spots where the most imaginative might desire to dwell; and for ourselves, we can only say that, ever since we saw it, we have had strange fancies about transformations, and wished ourselves other than we are—perhaps he who possessed Fortunatus's cap—and made many a promise silently to ourselves, that if such were the case, we know where we should spend the remainder of our days. But these were day-dreams, and the reader who over knew the fairy tale, knows how much their realization depended on the above mentioned cap.

By Ballyartur we pass into the famous vale. There is no land, where the English language is read, where the beauties of the Vale of Avonca are unknown; and so long as music, married to sweet verse, finds admirers, so long will its loveliness be fresh in the memory of the world.

"There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet As this vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet." The Vale of Avonca is indeed extremely enchanting—perhaps not remarkably so to the casual observer, or to one who has no marked affection—if I may use such a term—for scenery. A pleasant open valley, many miles long, nowhere closing into, or approaching the character of a glen, neither so broad as to lose its opposite sides unconnected, but gently widening as it descends, it comprehends so much of effect with its sinuous attractions, as to afford continued gratification to him who lingers in its quiet realm. With a quick current, but never sufficiently noisy to disturb its calm, sequestered character, the Avonca glides along its centre, a dividing line to the contrasting beauties, that assume a gentle, barely perceptible change of character on either side. The hills on either hand, lofty, and exquisitely varied in surface, form and outline, present new and pleasing combinations at almost every turn. Here the valley is rich with dark, thickly clustering masses of the most enticing foliage, while away its

undulating surface is spread out before the eye like a lawn, save here and there a single tree, or a detached clump, of light, feathery fern. Here long lines of trees climb far up the mountain's side, while another turn gives us the slopes covered only with bright verdure, or abruptly assuming a bare, rugged and precipitous character. But the stranger, bearing this vale for the first time, is apt to anticipate much more from it, if he have become familiar with the description of Moore, than he will be likely to derive from a cursory glance at it. He may be disposed to question its anticipations of its fame. But linger in it until the objects which go to make up its general attractiveness become so familiar that each assumes an individual beauty, and then it is that the spot begins in a measure to recall all that has ever been said of it. It is true that the bard of Erin has stamped on it the title to such supreme loveliness, that the visions we are apt to form of it can hardly be realized unless we have in us something of an influence akin to his own. We must not forget that he was speaking of his native land, and that, as an Irishman, he saw more readily, and appreciated with a national enthusiasm, the beauties of the Emerald Isle. Again, with its natural attractions, it must not be forgotten, he has associated a moral claim to his admiration:

"Yet it was not that nature had shed o'er the scene Her richest smiles, her brightest green; 'T was not her soft magic obsecration of hill— Oh, no! it was something more exquisite still. 'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near; Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear; And who felt how the best charms of nature improve, When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

Therefore, when we take this view of the poet's admiration, the reader cannot fail to acknowledge that, with such associations and feelings to lead a new charm to nature's beauties, there is no spot in the wide world but what would receive from him or her the title to pre-eminence. The scene becomes charming indeed, near the "second meeting of the waters," sometimes said to have been celebrated by Moore, but without doubt an error, as the poet himself explains his allusion to be to the confluence of "the rivers Avon and Avonca;" whereas this is the meeting of the Avonca and the Aughrim; and even Moore was mistaken in speaking of the meeting of "the rivers Avon and Avonca," which were in reality the Avonbeg and the Avonmore, as they have always been, and are now called, the name Avonca applying to the river immediately after the confluence of the Avonbeg and the Avonmore.

Not alone have we here the meeting of the rivers, but of the glens also, many and lovely. The view up and down the vale at this point are exquisite—crowded with beauty. Let us rest a little, then alimb the rugged heights of Knocknamokill. Here the prospect is wonderful—wide and impressive. Not only does it afford an entire view down to the extreme end of the vale, but towering above its neighbors, it gives us the beautiful effect of light and shade, made by the sunlight trembling upon the points of the splintered heights which surround us, and losing itself in the dark gorges below. But looking eastward, far away beyond and over Arklow, we catch a glimpse of the blue sea.

Ascending the vale some way from the foot of Knocknamokill, having passed Newbridge, quite a new feature opens in the landscape. Here the mountain sides are completely ridged for some distance with the works of the copper mines. The Ballymurrigh and Cronbane mines are the most extensive and valuable in Wicklow, the latter of which has yielded as high as 2800 tons of copper ore in one year. The quantity has now somewhat diminished, notwithstanding which two mines employ above a thousand men. It cannot be said that these works add any beauty to the scene, or much of an attractive nature to its picturesque; still the strange configurations of the mountain, the almost impenetrable pines in which some of the working gear is stationed, and the enormous slow-moving water-wheels, lend a popularity to the whole which is not without its gratifying effect upon the observer.

The first meeting of the waters, that of which Moore really sang, is by far more beautiful than the second, and the prospect of the vale from this point far more impressive. The Avonbeg pours down from Glendalough a swift mountain stream; the Avonmore is like a smooth, lowland river. The one, the impatient, brave lover—the other, the gentle, trusting maiden; the one curbing his ferocity to the mildness of his mate—the other in union timidly as springing to the grandeur of its companion—united they glide on together, in safe companionship, between the frowning hills, widening and widening, until, having finished their pilgrimage, they blend with the sea. What a sublime lesson for humanity in its pilgrimage to eternity!

All along the valley, in the water, far up on the heights, springs the most luxuriant foliage. Bold and lofty rise the hills, their uneven sides clad with trees, with many a gray crag towering up from green canopies, or soft, sunny slopes of the greenest verdure. Far away beyond the opening of the valley are seen the beauties of the country immediately surrounding the vale. Mountains beyond lift their summits far into the sky, until they are clad in aerial hues, affording the most delightful combinations imaginable. To the right, high upon the summit of a hill, is seen a castellated mansion, known as Castle Howard, the seat of Sir Ralph Howard. It is a modern structure, more remarkable for its noble site than for any architectural beauty. The view from it, as the reader will readily imagine, are surpassingly beautiful. Our way now lies through the Vale of Avonca, a beautiful spot, though in no way to be compared with the Vale of Avonca. To the left lies Avondale, an estate stretching away about three miles—a charming spot—through the whole distance of which winds the Avonmore in its most beautiful forms. Thence we pass by Rathdrum, and taking the road above the Avonmore, we reach Lareagh, and find ourselves not far distant from Glendalough.

The first glimpse of Glendalough is remarkable. It is reached by a mountainous road from Lareagh, which, as you toil up it, appears to have no outlet save by a narrow pass through which just streams a line of light at the very top, but you pass on by a few miserable huts which a slight turn in the road brings before you, then a round tower which rears its tall form beyond; this is surrounded by several ruined buildings, perhaps the remains of some castle—the picture has far its background a dark, hollowed comb, formed by rocks which rise perpendicular to a great altitude and then fall back into the mountain slopes. It is not till you are much nearer that the lakes become visible; unless, perhaps, you turn just beyond the round tower, and climb the side of the mountain, which affords a fine view, and as good a conception of the whole glen, its lakes and antiquities in a general way, as can be elsewhere obtained.

Sweet Erin is the home of beggars—and in saying this we do not mean to be at all general—neither do we wish to convey the idea that she is more unfortunate in this respect than other countries; perhaps it were better to say, "the school of beggars" for they are adepts in the art; in other and more com-

mon words—"they know how to do it." Even Dublin has its Beggars' Row, and Killiney its Beggars' Lane—does this not argue something? Long before you reach the ruins a crowd of beggars least you, and play upon your feelings by the most touching recitals of every imaginable distress; they display fragments of rock or crystal, to which they attach a mysterious value by making them subjects of as many tales of the doings of the Saints in the region from whence they came, as would, if collected, supply every nursery in creation with wonderful stories. Then come the guides, rough, uncomely looking fellows, who each assures you that he is the best guide in the Glen, that there is no't any to begin with him, and besides "it is n't his fault, at all, at all, as makes a blain to be tellin' lies to gentlemen." The only escape is to take one—give yourself into his hands—he will show you all the sights, tell you all the legends; he will take you to St. Kevin's bed, and greatly add to your enjoyment by his untiring efforts to persuade you that you are the best walker he "ever topped a hill with, and the most knowintest gentleman he ever seen; that he was a guide." This is a dose which you must take patiently, well knowing it is not intended so much for your information as to sound the depths of your pocket; bethink yourself to pay off your guide, and then you will be left to yourself to see things for yourself. There are generally three guides on hand—the guide books recommend sometimes one, sometimes another—but the guides themselves boast of the great men and fair writers they have shown about. "It's myself, sir, as was after taking Mr. Willis, yer own countryman, bless him, sir, over the Glen." One claimed Edwin Forrest, while another, with the most innocent look assured us it was only last year that he took Sir Walter Scott all over the hill; but there is little choice between the three. We tried two for the sake of their tongues, and chatted with the other—and beside, we climbed into St. Kevin's bed, and can speak with some authority. We are constrained to say we accord as much credit to one as the other; their power in the Munchausen line being to all appearances about equal; the older of course having a larger fund of experience and a longer string of tales, but the younger was much more ambitious and vivacious.

Glendalough—the name very nearly suggests the character of the place. Glen-dalough, being the glen of two lakes. The lakes lie in a deep gully between immense mountains, whose rugged and bare sides rise precipitous to the height of some four or five hundred feet. The upper end seems entirely closed in, and in point of fact is so, save a deep, dark, narrow and almost impassable ravine, down whose extremely rugged glen, the Glencolca—the principal supplier of the lakes, forces its way—tossing and leaping into all imaginable shapes—and falling near the rim of the lakes as white as the driven snow.

There is another stream, which, before it reaches the lakes, takes a tremendous leap over a huge wall of rock, lofty and jagged, forming a splendid waterfall, called the Poolmans. The glen is perhaps between two or three miles long; the upper lough is nearly a mile long, and quite a quarter of a mile wide. Around this lough the wilder features of the glen are seen. Imagine yourself floating on its bosom as night sets in, and heavy storm-clouds are clustering around the summits of the mountains, when the thin gray mists gradually creep along the sides of the black cliffs which rise at once frowning from the water—listen to the deep, purple waves curling up and menacingly lashing against the boat as the wind sweeps along in a hollow, prolonged sigh. Can anything be finer or more sublime than this, surrounded by echoing hills, which prudently natter back the music of the storm, lifting high their shattered pinnacles where from cliff to cliff the lightning leaps along? Here, also, a little way up the rock, is the famous Bed of St. Kevin. It consists of a hole running into the rock far enough and large enough to admit two persons at a time, comfortably—three may enter. Here St. Kevin is said to have retreated in order to escape the persecutions of the love and the allurements of the world.

The legend is doubtless known to every one—Moore has told it—and does not the world know it? He told, how

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore Skyward her warbling o'er; Whose cliff hangs high and steep, Young St. Kevin made to sleep. 'Woman at least, he calmly said, 'Woman he's not shall find my bed.' All that good saint this knew, What that, why say can we not?"

The rest is known, and we need not proceed in the repetition. Since the good saint so ungenerally threw the fair Kathleen from his chamber into the deep waters below—now over fourteen hundred years ago—every lady who ventures there, it is said, bears away a charmed life; for such, in his remorse, St. Kevin prayed might be. Many and many a fair lady has tested the charm by scrambling into the bed, and all have, we believe, with no exception, returned unharmed. Neither is the desire to test it, ever. Many a beautiful woman, in Erin, with a touch of pectic superstition, such as they all have, climbs for the charm to-day. But besides the immunity purchased at such a fearful price by that Kathleen, there is a living Kathleen here, as guardian angel of the rock, whose care is to avert any chance of a mishap in the matter of climbing into the bed. She is unobtainable anywhere near as lovely as we have, of course, every reason to believe of her namesake. But what is of more importance here, she has a firm, strong hand, and a steady foot. She lives in a miserable cabin in among the rocks, and subsists on what she gets for assisting the adventurous into St. Kevin's bed. She has been here, she says, upwards of thirty years.

The climb into the bed is certainly a rough one; and, at first sight, it looks dangerous, as in order to reach it you are obliged to crawl on all fours along a narrow ledge stiff rock, which overhangs the water; but the danger is merely in appearance—the least skillful climber, by the aid of the guide and the help of Kathleen's hand at the narrower part, must get on with very little difficulty. Inside the cave are numerous names and initials of those who have succeeded in getting in—among which, as among those at the Devil's Glen, may now be read our name, though not in over beautiful carving. (Kato pointed out to us, among others, that of Sir Walter Scott, though not over easy to decipher. Scott's ascent into the cave is told by Lockhart in a letter which appeared in the "Life." "The danger," he writes, "has been exaggerated; yet I never was more pained than when, in spite of all remonstrances, he would make his way to it, crawling along the precipice. He succeeded and got in; the first lame man that ever tried it. After he was gone, Mr. Plunkett told the female guide he was a poet. Kathleen treated this with indignation, as a quip of Mr. Attorney's. 'Poet!' said she, 'he gave me half-a-crown.'"

There is a perfect echo here, equal almost to that of the White Mountains, in New Hampshire. One of the men, a man with leathern lungs and a stentorian voice, chanting in a very lonely, delectable sort of slow singing, loud enough to be heard two miles away, Moore's legend of St. Kevin, and th-

Little River. Great River.

orange-trees, tuberoses, and oleanders with which the balcony was filled, appeared a female figure robed in white. As she stepped forth in the moonlight, she looked like the spirit of purity waded down from above to sanctify the arid of passion. By her careful silences, it was natural to suppose that she wished to enjoy undisturbed the sound of music by night. The voice continued as she appeared:

"On regard, o Chateleine, Your attitude jusqu'au jour."

But, notwithstanding all her precautions, it would seem that her presence was acknowledged. Probably the singer had no wish to be overheard; for he suddenly ceased, and no tone of music was heard after. In a few seconds, partly concealed by a thickly overhanging Bengal rose, there stood two beings in that balcony. The moon shone in all her splendor, silencing every object around—the deep blue sky above, the stillness of the earth below—all was harmony, while like a queen—

The moon, Madonna of the night's repose, Touched with her silver tress the hills and streams, And clapt the woods in tissued braids of light.

It was a scene, it was an hour, when two hearts that are drawn together must beat in union. They sat long side by side; her head was on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist, their hands were clasped in each other's. They did not speak much, but the few words he uttered were so whispered as quite unobviously to force his lips upon her cheek. They needed no words; to them, and such as them, there is a voice in nature; the pale moonlight, the twinkling stars, the secrets of the flowers, the breath of the night breeze, the stillness of the scene, the distant bell of the Cathedral—all speak to them, and interpret what they only feel.

He held in his hand two small bouquets—one was faded, the other but just plucked. He had that moment gathered, with the down of the night yet upon them, the pearly orange-flower, the opening rose bud, the delicate jessamine, the spiny carnation, and the sacred myrtle, to bind together into what the old bards quaintly termed a "pau," which he placed in the bosom of the fair seraph by his side.

"Look, dearest," said he, "have I not made you a dainty bouquet, in return for the one you gave me at the ball?"

"She took the flowers in her hand, and smiling, "How long will you keep yours?" said she.

"As long as you will promise to keep mine," was the reply.

"Then say forever!" And she looked at him with all the confidence, all the innocence, all the truth, of first love and seventeen.

Vows were exchanged. He swore—and he did not deceive her, for he believed what he swore. (How many deceive others in deceiving themselves!) "Take care," said she; "there is no ancient superstition recording that vows made beneath the moon's light are always broken."

As midnight struck she stood alone in the moonlight; receding steps were heard in the distance. She leaned over the balcony, and with an upturned look of hope and confidence, pressed the flowers to her bosom. Her hand was on the window; she turned round once more; the rays of the moon illumined her placid face and graceful form; and, as she vanished, her lips parted, and repeated, "Forever, forever!"

(CONCLUSION IN OUR NEXT.)

Written for the Banner of Light. THE CLOUDS.

[The mystery of the weather is noted by the spirit in the following lines.—G. E. D.]

A fleet of clouds come up into the blue, And alternate with each other, like The dashing spirits that float upon the sea, And turn a flimsy side toward the air. They come to greet us; trumpet me the winds, And I'll make a blast that will not blow The clouds from out their places; for they come As exulting fleets from out the realm Of chaos and confusion, and the storms Of other atmospheres. I come to them And say: Be calm! A calmness comes on them; And they are there, a floating pyramid Of fecid armaments, and all the air Is filled, with floating fragments of the wreck Of other storms that waited time to this Haven of quiet. Where are all your hosts Marching in banners fullness to the tune Of spectral music, harmony without, And in ye all the music of the air That waited you to the port of youthful dreams? Why are ye drawn up in battle array, If no more storms are to come up upon The cloudy armament?

I attempt it all! An unhopd for task to answer it; Because the winds are whispered: "Tell them not 'Whence ye come; for they are all aboard The same fleet; and if ye fill the sails With babbling forecets of the future fate Of all of them, the winds will give the lie To the whole of it, and turn them round To the uncomprehended depths of ether Where they will whirl into unlooked-for tanks. And take the earth with other storms that come From whence the babbling winds have no account."

Gene Before. She is gone, that beautiful child, the life of fond parents, the hope and the joy of their souls. Why did not death choose that aged man, with tottering limbs, whose life is well spent, and whose vigor of manhood has departed? There, in that home of poverty, where the midnight toller carries a scanty pittance to keep soul and body together, where dilate and suffering weigh heavily upon one who waits the summons to a land of rest, why not there, grim messenger, why? Because his ways are not as our ways, and the land of souls is radiant with happy, innocent child hood, that the web of this changing life may be broken, and our gems rest in immortality. The aged and suffering are left to walk with trembling steps to the tomb, while youth and beauty are called before, that they may brighten their future homes, and welcome them to its repose.

Once upon a desert hot and dreary there traveled an aged couple, with three fair daughters. Weary would have been the way oftentimes without the cheering words and happy smiles of these youthful companions. But the days grew hotter, closer was the air. Within a few miles' journey lay the valley, rich in fruit and waters cooling. "Now, on before us," said the aged father; "we can spare you from our sight awhile, because we know that beyond the meadow lies a fruitful rich and spring refreshing. On before us; gather fruits, and make us seats of branches." So from sight the daughters fled, far from sight of eyes that loved them. On before, to give the welcome, to prepare the fruits and branches. When over the hill-top the hot sun rested, two weary forms were seen approaching the rich, green meadows, where the true, brave daughters had spread the green boughs, and shed their cups from springs all sparkling, for the aged parents who had tarried, and in faith had sent their loved ones on before.

So, in Mr. de la Cour's desert days journey, And the best ones to desert us go before, Know we not that to our fate to march and forms so weary, They will rub the copied spread the branches evermore? TWENTY.

A farmer out West, when importuned to take shares in some stock company, said that plow shares and Devon stock were the only ones that farmers should meddle with.

echo, gives it back again clear as a bell to the last syllable. Then that opens with a little nonsense, calls the echo a few darling names, such as "yo murdering thief ye," etc., and generally winds up with a true liberal "Oh, arrn!" This is buried back again, and so admirably was the Irish done, that we instantly favored the idea that that echo was a native.

The ruins, which at first we imagined to have been those of a castle, are called the Boreen Church, (the whole place is known by this name,) lie at the bottom of the glen. They comprehend what is called the Cathedral; the Chapel of the Virgin; a church, with a turret at the end, which is commonly called St. Kevin's Kitchen; these, with some other remains of buildings, and the vestiges of several stone crosses, are, with a round tower, contained in an enclosure still used as a graveyard. Many other ruins, and without doubt those of churches, are to be seen in the distance.

It is a matter of much surprise why such buildings and so many of them should have been erected in such a spot as this; but there is evidence sufficient that an ecclesiastical establishment was here in the fifth and sixth centuries, and that it was many times devastated and plundered in succeeding years. Glendalough was constituted a bishopric at an early period, and continued so until it was united with the see of Dublin, and even now the metropolitan title is that of Archbishop of Dublin and Glendalough.

These ruins have been the subject of much inquiry, being, though not unlike many of a similar character in Ireland, strikingly remarkable. We do not intend to enter into an examination of them; it would be out of place in a descriptive paper, and again it would involve an amount of antiquarian detail, that we respectfully beg to acknowledge ourselves unable to master, at least in such a manner as would repay the reader the perusal. But perhaps a short notice of the Round Tower will not be out of place; this kind of structure, and in Ireland especially, being regarded with no little curiosity; and beside, during our stay in Ireland, we obtained a copy of Mr. Petrie's "Essay on the Round Towers of Ireland," which afforded us much pleasure, and a great deal of new and valuable information. This tower, to which allusion has been made, is about fifteen feet in diameter at the base, and tapers very gradually to the summit. It is over one hundred feet high. Its original conical roof has disappeared. It has for its entrance a narrow arched doorway, the lower part of which is nearly twelve feet from the ground. Its windows are extremely narrow. Its material is rubble stone, consisting of different sizes, but arranged in regular courses. The question as to why these towers were built has been a problem for antiquaries for many years. Of all the solutions proposed, no one as yet is admitted as demonstrable. That they were beacons, sepulchres, dwellings for anchorites, and many other stranger things than these, have been suggested; until some probably have arrived at the conclusion that they were erected merely—if not to both Irishmen—to puzzle posterity. The opinion that they were "fire-towers," where the sacred fire was kept alive, is not at all unpopular, and it is advanced that this opinion is countenanced by vague traditions, not yet quite extinct among some of the peasantry. But since Mr. Petrie's essay that opinion is not so strongly maintained, and there is an increasing belief that they were built by the Christian ecclesiastics who settled in Ireland at a very early period. Mr. Petrie assumes that they were either beacons or places of security for marauders. Their position being most always in connection with religious structures, would seem to indicate that they were intended as places of refuge for ecclesiastics. Their character and style of construction Mr. Petrie thinks clearly proves them to have been of a later date than the worship of Baal. His labors in research have been extraordinary, and pursued with the greatest assiduity, and he is convinced that they are beacons; and his opinion is entitled to great respect.

Let us insist upon the reader's spending a night in this locality if he or she ever chance to visit it. The gloomy lake, grand as it appears by daylight, becomes infinitely more so as the sun is sinking behind the hills, just trembling upon their summits, as the twilight slowly spreads its veil over the scene; shading in deepest gloom the glen and the lakes. We lingered in the glen to see the gradual withdrawal of the sun, and beautiful, indeed, was the effect of his going; seemingly unwilling to depart, he tissued himself, as it were, in a net of light, and tangled its drooping ends in the trees that clustered about the head of Binn Duff, and in among the broken peaks of time-worn Knocknashole, and there it hung, pulsing and growing paler, before the approach of the night, that came rapidly on, leaping from hill to hill, tolling over the distant heights of Wicklow mountains, until it heated above Glenmalur; here the sun hurried his arrows, but one by one they sank noiselessly into the bosom of the night, who, unharmed, again resumed his course—one still glare, and the Sol swung down behind the heights, and left the glen in the deepest midnight gloom, and we made our way to the little inn behind the church, resolving to be up betimes to see the glen by the earliest dawn. Long before the sun we were there, and of all the spectacles, of all the imagined scenes, truly this was the most gorgeous and the most glorious. Low and dense, far down the glen, was settled a thick haze, which charged all the atmosphere; and on came the sun, towering here and there the loftier peaks with a straggling ray; and then as he rose higher, and hurled his rays down the glen, the mist sank into the gloomy hollow, and a darker, heavier shadow seemed to rest on the valley; the mists soon steamed upward, just catching, as they rose, a momentary glance of the sun, and then vanishing; the tops of the precipices, became softly illuminated, and then, as if by magic, a rainbow spanned the glen, lingered a moment, and then seemed to melt into the tinted haze that clung about it, and on which it seemed to rest. The whole scene was pictured in it; the hills, and cliffs, and lakes, were there, but all evanescent. It was a magical reproduction of one of the marvelous masterpieces of Turner—his wondrous conception changed into reality. The visitor may not be fortunate enough to see it thus; but, seen under the usual effect of sun and shadow, it is almost equally grand.

Be ready, kind reader, to take the train in our next with us from Dublin to the Lakes of Killarney.

A FAIR UNDERSTANDING.—A few years ago, a young man from just across the Connecticut, who was attending the village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all the maidens were in love with him. While in this state of mind it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H.—safely to her father's domicile. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H.—was showing him to the door, she innocently remarked that what he pleased to see him again. There was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied, "I should be happy, Miss, to call as a friend, but not as a lover!"

Written for the Banner of Light. A VISIT TO THE OCEAN. BY HENSON TUTTLE.

I stood upon the ocean's shore, A sublime madness filled my breast; In awe I listened to its roar, And gazed on its billowy crest. I, with my littleness oppressed, In vain threw back the solitude Whose shadow filled my home-sick soul; Recalling back, the loneliness In deeper volumes on me rolled, As stormy clouds at night unrolled.

Behind me waved the wood of pine, Responding to the sea's deep moan, Echoing in a mournful tone, The cadence of its solemn tone; Beneath my feet the speaking foam; In thunder beat the crazy rocks; While high in air the snowy spray At each convulsive heave was thrown, And erascent rainbows gay Were painted on the cloudy spray.

Above me spread an azure sky? Beneath me spread the vasty deep, While sea-birds wildly screamed on high; And far on the horizon leap I saw a bark the billows sweep. Wakeful when first I viewed the flood, At length I bathed in waking dreams, And reverie, in fancies strange, Through all my being threw her beams. As sunlight through a lattice gleams, Escaped in fancies strange and wild, I noticed not the rolling wave, Which on its bosom bore its child, A ruffled ocean shell, A murmured, child of ocean doll, From whence art thou a wanderer? You'll tell me tales of ocean's halls, And sea-nymphs' crystal homes I trow, For long thou'st traced their money walls, Where ne'er a ray of sunlight falls.

Hadst ever seen their starry eyes, As they among the sea-flowers soar? Or have you heard their tiny feet, Dance light on ocean's golden floor, In cadence with the upper roar? Hadst seen them sit on mossy rocks, And comb their floating, glossy hair, And gild their brows with wreaths they twine With coral buds, and sea-flowers fair, With gold bespoken, and diamonds rare? Can't tell me of the caverns huge, Far down in the reposing deep, Wherein their water-curtained halls, The storm gods their tribunal keep. And the storm wearied demons sleep? Thou hast no tongue, poor shell, to speak, Yet can something learn of thee, As wise as sippant tongue could teach: Though loss'd I am on life's great sea, Steadfast I will remain, and free.

Near by its side there lay a wreck Of sanded plank and oaken spar, Torn from its place in gallant bark— By sunken rock or treacherous bar— Returning freight from olives afar. It told a dismal tale of woe— Of wreck upon a stormy night, Of freezing sighs and gurgling groans, Of straggling mortals' puny might, When spirits upward took their flight. For ever thus, I said, great deep, Thy intercessor with vanishing man, Who hoisting lays upon thy mane, In childlike trust his puny hand, And blinks on thee his bold command, Ah! rising thou dost shake them off, As Xerxes' chains were cast on shore, And roll on in grandeur proud, Above the wrecks which strow thy floor, Conquering, unconquered ever more.

A blushing shell or seaweed green, Or pebble from thy shore, grand sea, Memento I shall ever keep, As souvenir from thee to me, In all that I will ask of thee, The ocean sullen answer growed, As I threw upon the wave-washed strand A lock of alginate hair, And a sea-pen's curious wand, Jeweled o'er with ruby sand, Walnut Grove Farm, 1860.

SEBASTIAN YARD-STICKS! Once upon a time—not long ago—we chanced to be at a certain town, in this city, where are sold the various publications of spiritual literature, when a gentleman entered and inquired for books touching upon ghostology, which should be after the most approved order of Methodical Orthodoxy. He was shown the various publications of Davis, Edmonds, Tallmadge, Hale, and sundry others, all of which he commended, on the ground of their being "infidel." He wanted books on Spiritualism which could be put upon the same shelf with those incalculating "ding from grace," without their beguiling disc.

He extended his examinations through a variety of works, but his sectarianism, like a connoisseur, being hard to suit, he discarded them all. As we sat a spectator to his goings-on, we were forcibly reminded of an anecdote told us once by an artist who had a trying experience in endeavoring to suit a young lady with a picture of herself, which she wished to bestow on her lover as a memento of the golden link between them, which it was her desire might not be weakened by the necessities of delay and separation.

Conscious of being unbidden in respect to an over share of personal attraction, the successful efforts of the artist, in some twenty attempts at giving her a faithful reflex of herself, failed in both to give her satisfaction. At length, eyeing among the specimen pictures about the room, one of a celebrated beauty, she orientally seized it, exclaiming, "There! I want my picture to look like that!" The artist informed her that he would sell her that particular picture if she desired, but gently reminded her that it would be a copy of a lady called Mrs. Zerkel. "I don't want to buy it, but I want mine to look like it," was her reply. "I think you had better try some other artist—perhaps he could suit you better," uttered the despairing knight of photography, and departed from further attempt at realizing to his fastidious patron, the ideal of her personal charms.

Being a stranger, we felt not at liberty to impart any advice to our Methodical friend as to his better course in obtaining a supply for his spiritual wants; but had we been applied to, though, we should have sketched something like the following programme for his benefit: To seek out a brother or sister of mediumistic capabilities, and open a circle in the centre of an active, stirring *Lovesday*, calling for importations of truth and wisdom (?) from such only (on the other side of Jordan) as departed life in the strictest bonds of Methodistic faith; and, last but not least, on such occasions as had recently migrated to the invisible world, and who had not consequently become flattered with any new-fangled notions of progression or other "infidel" tenets.

If some accommodating medium would set up and advertise "Tracts from the spiritual world received upon order to suit inquirers," we doubt not the business would prove satisfactorily remunerative; as it would seem that the great majority of spiritual investigators (?) want only such revelations from the other world as tally with their individual predilections. For our own part, we have never been an advocate for either disguising or diluting truth. The receptivity of minds—it is true—admits of the appropriation of but small measures of it at a time; but whatever amount can find a lodgment in the mind, for the time being, should be, so far as we are capable of apprehending it—"The truth, and nothing but the truth."

SPECTRES. There are those, says Plutarch, who say that no man in his senses ever saw a specter; that these are the delusive visions of women and children, or of men whose intellects are affected by some infirmity of the body, and who believe that their absurd imaginations are of Divine inspiration. But of Dion and Brutus, men of firm and philosophic minds, whose understandings were not affected by any constitutional infirmity—if such men could pay so much credit to the appearance of spectres as to give an account of them to their friends, we see no reason why we should depart from the opinion of the ancients, that men had their evil geniuses, who disturbed them with fears, and distressed their virtue, lest by a steady and uniform pursuit of it they should hereafter obtain a happier allotment than themselves. Both these men are declared to have seen frightful spectres not long previous to their death. Plutarch wrote about the latter part of the first century of our era. Brutus flourished about forty or fifty years, and Dion about three hundred and sixty years, before Christ.

While a conspiracy was impending over Dion, he was visited by a monstrous and dreadful apparition. As he was meditating one evening alone in the portico before his house, he heard a sudden noise, and the portico perceived (for it was not yet dark) a woman of gigantic size at the end of the portico, in the form of one of the Furies—as they are represented on the theatre—sweeping the floor with a broom. In his terror and amazement he went for some of his friends, and informing them of this prodigy, desired they would stay with him during the night. His mind was in the utmost disorder, and he was apprehensive that if they left him, the spectre would appear again; but he saw it no more.

While Brutus was sitting alone in his tent, by a dim light, at a late hour, he thought he perceived something on the promontory. Turning toward the door, he saw a horrible and monstrous specter standing silently by his side. "What art thou?" said he boldly. "Art thou God or man? and what is thy business with me?" The specter answered: "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." To which he calmly replied, "I will meet thee there." When the apparition was gone, he called his servants, who told him they had neither heard any noise, nor had seen any vision. That night he did not go to rest; but repaired early in the morning to Cassius, and told him what had happened. Cassius, who was of the school of Epicurus, while Brutus was of Plato, and used to dispute with Brutus on these subjects, thus replied to the latter: "It is the opinion of our sect, that not everything we see is real; for matter is evasive, and sense deceitful. Besides, the impressions it receives, are, by the quick and subtle influence of imagination, thrown into a variety of forms, many of which have no archetypes in nature; and this imagination effects as easily as we may make an impression on wax. The mind of man, having itself the plastic powers, and the component parts, can fashion and vary its objects at pleasure. When the body, as in your case, is fatigued with labor, it naturally suspends or perverts the regular functions of the mind. Upon the whole, it is highly improbable that there should be any such beings as demons, or spirits; or that, if there were such, they should assume a human shape or voice, or have any power to affect us." Such were the arguments he used to satisfy Brutus.

We now leap over a number of centuries, to Wednesday morning, July 31, 1836. It was at that time Ignatius Loyola breathed his last. We transcribe from a biography of him which was written over a hundred years ago. Indeed, it was translated from the French language into English as late as published in London in the year 1764; and of course, its original was prepared before that date—how long before, we have no means of determining. At any rate, the narrative refers to an occurrence over three centuries ago, and is itself obviously over a hundred years old; so that it does not exactly belong to modern manifestations. "A moment after Ignatius expired, he appeared at Bologna to a lady of quality greatly attached to the society, to a great admirer, and continually employed in works of charity in the hospitals and prayers in the churches. This pious lady, Marguerita Gigli, sleeping tranquilly on the morning of July 31, was suddenly awakened by a terrible noise which shook her whole chamber. She had no sooner opened her eyes than in the midst of bright moonlight, she saw the saint shine with brighter rays, who said to her, 'Marguerita, let me thus I am going as you see; I recommend my children to you.' So she said, he disappeared, and Marguerita immediately related what she had seen to her father, Francis Palmis, her confessor. Though she had never seen her blessed founder, she gave so exact a description of his features, that those who had longest conversed with him could not have described him better. Meantime, as they were ignorant at Bologna of the danger he was in, and even knew not that he was sick, the fathers of the society to whom the confessor related this admirable vision of his penitent, suspected it for a falsehood. But, a few days after, news of the saint's death arrived; and the precise moment when he expired agreed so well with that of his apparition, that the fathers no longer doubted but Lady Gigli had seen Saint Ignatius." He died at Rome, distant from Bologna some hundred and fifty or two hundred miles, and in an age when the modes of conveyance were not so speedy as they now are.

So much for the historical record, profane, as it is styled, without trespassing on the noise which accompanied the sudden apparition upon the rock of the retired Nazarene's sepulchre, or on that which shook the prison when Paul and Silas were released, or on the re-appearance of Samuel at the conjuration of the *Entor medium*, or any other part of the sacred page. Let us simply detail the outlines of what was seen by a lady in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, some ten years ago. While in the pasture for some strawberries, she unexpectedly discerned at a distance of a few rods ahead, her youngest sister's duplicate, whom she had but a few moments before left in the house at work. The phenomenon startled her after she had approached the spot and found it had vanished. She returned forthwith and found the girl sitting where and as busy as she had left her. Both parties enjoyed excellent health, and knew nothing of spiritual manifestations. Within a year, another young lady, just as she had put out her light and was in bed, suddenly arose from behind the foot-board a tall man, evidently a Scotch filer, with Scotch cap on his head and a bawble under his arm. She closely scanned his features, and was about to raise an alarm when he faded from sight. In less than a week she was walking in the street one evening, and was met by a man who asked to be directed to a certain house, and said that he was a stranger in town. As she looked at his face she recognized the prototype of the shadowy personage who had so abruptly appeared in her chamber. The features, the cap, the clothes, the pipes, all answered their pioneer representatives. This was in one of our reports. In another of our reports resided an elderly maiden lady, some few years since. She was a member of the Orthodox church, and privately claimed to have discerned and often seen the spirit of her departed sister. She communicated the fact to a member of the Baptist church, who recited the idea of such illusion. Subsequently, however, while making a call on the latter, the departed sister's duplicate appeared and seated herself upon the sofa by their side. The maiden lady,

looking significantly toward the figure to direct her neighbor's attention thitherward, asked, "Well, now, what do you think of it?" She yielded, and declared it was no, and there could certainly be no mistake of the reality. This is now confidentially whispered about among the professedly unbelieving sisters of the Baptist and Orthodox churches in Gloucester, in this State. About three months since, a citizen of one of our adjoining towns was suddenly aroused by a shock at midnight from his sleep. His eyes rested upon the features of a rough looking man, who seemed silently to implore his aid, but seemed unable to communicate his wants. The next morning, he accidentally stepped into a house in the city, and was accosted by a lady, "Well, you had a visitor last night," she correctly described his appearance, stating also that he had appeared to her about an hour before midnight, and mentioned that he was in pursuit of this gentleman for his assistance. To corroborate the existence of such a principle as this last occurrence involves, we will add an instance which transpired about fifteen or twenty miles from us, some four or five years ago.

A young lady announced herself by name to a circle sitting in M— one evening. She stated the time she left this life, her age, the disease occasioning her decease, the residence and name of her parents. She also requested some one to inquire of her father, if these items were correct. One of the party personally repaired to the city of her former home, and ascertained that it was all true; discovered that the father had no faith in such phenomena; and that he had also received a letter from a town distant about ten miles from M—, inquiring concerning the same particulars, and stating that the same individual had also visited a circle in that town, during the same evening, narrated the same items, and made the same request for identification. All these parties, too, were at the time in the enjoyment of good health.

We will close this succinct sketch by relating a similar phenomenon which happened to the writer of this, in the year 1833, while residing in the State of Maine. Having retired to my bedroom one evening for the night, and while lying with my face to the wall, all at once a chalky-looking head seemed to be set permanently in the partition, and directly before me. It started me at first; but, on a second thought, I began to wonder how any one's head could get into that solid wall. My curiosity impelled me to scrutinize the apparition. Presently, I began to recognize the familiar features of a phrenological bust of plaster of Paris which was stationed upon a shelf on my high desk in the adjoining room. No sooner did I detect the imposition than my inquiring eyes wandered over it for some seconds, tracing out the lines, circumscribing the localities of the various organs, and thoroughly satisfying myself of the identity of the image. That was not a subject of study with me at that time, so that no drilled impress of its outlines on my mind occasioned the spectral appearance. I had observed it only casually, as I did the desk, or any other object in the room; and yet its spectre was very vivid to my natural eye. Readers of the above enumerated and equally well authenticated accounts will, of course, arrive at their own conclusions. They seem to me to fall under both the Platonic and the Epicurean categories. Each system appears to be susceptible of verification. At any rate, these facts are worthy of record for future reference and comparison.

"OUR FATHER WHO ART IN HEAVEN,"

Oh, wondrous mystery of life—of thought! Oh, soul! thou vitalized point of consciousness—thou art the gem of God's creation—all vast aggregate of sense, material things, is but the setting. Who yet hath found the limit of thy far-reaching radiance, and will how strangely bound thou art. A shining, indestructible atom, reflecting in miniature strange images, not of this life, in whose prophetic light a blessed immortality is shadowed forth. This art thou, and yet frail, perishing clay, which every movement of time is crumbling, bath through some hidden force the power to hold thee to itself. Lights and shadows as grand mysterious as the eternity "glint" which they give, wrap up personality, at once linking it with every other, and dividing it from all. Complete in itself, like a star in the sky, it is separate, but in its very completeness, revealing fixed laws of reciprocal being, presupposing others—"ad infinitum" to which it is forever related! Who shall compile in human language that lexicon which might assist translation in the hieroglyphic book of life? Our furthest sight is only the arc that a man may measure of an infinite circle—our highest knowledge—the broken fragments written there—with hardly ever two interpreters agreeing altogether.

The streets of time are never still. On, on, forever march the earthly pilgrims toward an unknown eternal city. Children of the fleeting shadowy, how they heed in meanness, fold thy hands in resignation over thy throbbing hearts—for neither brain, nor hands, nor heart shall avail thee in thy pilgrimage, if one infinitely vicer, stronger, go not by thy side. "Our Father who art in Heaven." All deep and sustained feeling will express itself at last in this appeal. In whatever words it may be spoken, it is in some kind or degree the absorbing cry of spirit everywhere, in every time. We may be as far apart as the antipodes in name of creed or party, but the language of the soul when its deep latent capacities are roused is one. As Martineau has beautifully said, "Beneath all the moving tides of Christian thought there are still depths, which supply them all, and a centre of equilibrium round which they sweep." There are times when the soul is very near these "still depths"—when the terrible uncertainty, the distorted, conflicting images of the "moving tides," play like harmless foam far away. In this sweet rest, how fondly we look up to our Father, how sure we are of his protection and his love.

Of what account is every finite happiness or good, if reigning over all, there be not some great personality, whose love and wisdom are both infinitely, whose will is not only creative, but all-controlling? What other sure foundation have we on which to build our hopes of immortality? The grand forces of nature—the subtle principles of life may sometime be expended, with no creative, all-controlling personality. Then what reliance can there be on their duration? Ah! in the very midst of all the ills that flesh is heir to, there is something always lying slumbering—thy Father in heaven shall save thee "by the power of an endless life." Worship is so natural a condition of mind—the capability of worship so essential to humanity—that even those who never ponder upon eternal things, to satisfy that want, have made unto themselves some idol where all this adoration may be lavished. They fly to this for refuge when their souls are stormy—they fancy it a strong support, and go to it for rest—they keep imploring for its protection in their hours of need. It may be a gifted intellect; it may be great possessions—pride of place—ambition, fame; but do they find the refuge, rest, protection, that they dreamed, in any one of these? The painful lesson daily learned, needs daily repetition; false lights which "dazzle but to lead astray." Twofold unhappy are they who, with natures capable of such exaltation, so misplace their highest action. Others, again, pay the wealth of their devotion at the shrine of some glorified ideal—and with the strong desire of the soul, to realize in actual existence its beautiful abstractions—some clothe with it into some friend, some pursuit, some study, perhaps something nameless to all others—day and by day they fall into worshipping the mere clay image, which at first was only representative. Ah! life here is full of mistakes, errors in judgment, false ethics, materialisms; but for a soul which can create such gorgeous ideals of the beautiful and true, there must surely be a golden reality somewhere, a fitting life and a fitting object of that life's worship. Soon shall "time, the great leech," crumble all these material idols to their native dust. Then, if not till then, shall they who do them reverence be awakened to a truly spiritual worship.

Goethe once said, "To believe in God, that is well; but to recognize God in all his works, that is the true religion." There's a world of meaning in that word "recognition" when applied to spiritual things. It tells of an imperishable bond of union between the great Father and his children—woven from this very capacity, and impossible in any other way. To recognize our Father in him who said, "Let there be light," and to be recognized of him—a life that has once grasped this glorious idea must be thenceforth deep, pure and still. An infinite presence of love and purity has revealed itself, enshrouding that soul, as the atmosphere of the earth. It tells not alone of this, but it speaks of friendships, loves, whose silver cords are never loosed—of deep answering depths—of souls reading each other always, as sometimes for an instant here.

Oh, never till the hymns and faces of the other life shall unveil our spiritual senses, may we know all this "recognition" means! But we look forward to it all with a sure confidence. The time between us and that future lesson hourly; of how peacefully it goes, our faith in God must be the measure, for "this is the victory which overcometh the world, even your faith." Sublimity of faith, whose strong uplifting beams the soul so early up! Sure refuge! The happiest earthly home have not one hour's security against invasion of their peace, when this faith is not. Evil and wrath and bitterness are ever standing at the door, seeking to enter. The flood-gates of sorrow may be opened; its merciless waves dash down, and beating on that home, and on the shifting sand whereon it stands, may leave it there a wreck, and surging back to silence, make no pitying sign; the solemn darkness of mortality's last fog may gather there; and with no anchors cast within the vale, who—what shall stay it then?

Well might the apostle say, "If Christ be not risen from the dead, then are we of all men most miserable." The life that had just passed out of their sight, incensing such exalted spiritual possibilities, this life, with all its promises, a failure—the rock of their firm trust shattered at last by the little stone at the door of the sepulchre—that stone which for ages clogged the blessed radiance beyond. Their natures had been educated aloft in any other system, and, with this forsaken, where was a refuge from the desolation that would surely come? No antidote of sophistry, or subtle argument, could hold their souls asleep again, no mythologic tales could give them rest. They had outgrown their power. With all the mighty forces of their awakened beings in such fearful action, what earthly sorrow could be like it? But, thank Heaven, the Galilean fishermen gloried not in vain. Of eighteen centuries since then, find in our nature the same great needs, and their "physician" and their "balm" is ours. We have traveled a long way in science and philosophy, but the little hills of spiritual truth on which they ventured, all have proven their divine source by expanding with the mind and spirit of the race. Now they are deep and mighty rivers, appearing as surely with all our keener insight, added knowledge, as they bore those few disciples then. The dark immensity of things and events grows suddenly translucent, as looking upward through them—laugh of Christ—our spirits see the veiled face of our Father shining down. True refuge, rest, protection, strong eternal trust. Its outcome of mind and soul—its past, its present, its to come—is safe immortality, in the everlasting arms of "Our Father who art in Heaven!"

WOMAN.

Who understands her nature? Most assuredly man does not. If he did, he would award her her proper place in life, in society, in all and every relation pertaining to her present and future. Woman, not understood by man, is most frequently cast off to become an outcast in society. And why is she thus cast off? Let us briefly answer—First, she is sold and bargained or given to man as chattel and property, or a plaything, to be toyed with for a little season, and then to be cast aside, that another may fill her place. And this bargaining, selling and giving away of woman is frequent, by without her consent—transacted and carried out by unscrupulous manumans, or older sisters, and other female relations, who have passed through the same ordeal, who have been borned by the scathing fire of public opinion, false fashions and customs. They take malicious delight in bringing these daughters, sisters, and female relations generally, into the boiling cauldron of matrimonial woe.

Woman as a wife, politically speaking, has no rights, save strict obedience to the will of her master, lord and husband. Woman in all ages of the world, religiously, has been sold. Under the Mosaic law, she was sold by her relatives, as goods and chattels, or taken by force as the concubine or leman of some lecherous old patriarch, for purposes that to-day would not be countenanced, save in some Mormon community. Woman has no control over her person. Maternity is forced upon her by her lord and master, and that, too, when her soul, nature, and health, rebel against the legal rape, sanctioned by the sacerdotal mummeries of a rotten theology, and approved of by a bigoted, narrow-minded priesthood, who teach "that whom God joins together let no man put asunder." Trash, vagaries, drawn from the dead past, and continued with a speciality for purposes self-evident to every thinking mind—viz., the entailment of all manner of hereditary diseases, such as deformity, insanity, apoplexy, and premature old age, or an early death.

One of the great reasons which man must pay for his own elevation, for his future progress, for truth and the future welfare of his descendants, must be the privilege to woman to accept or reject maternity. God has so constituted the sexes that man is ever ready to plant the seed of our physical nature whenever the spirit-world is ready, through its permeating forces, to move and quicken woman to accept of maternity. And that man who solicits sexual intercourse, or moret woman by entreaty, persuasion, false promises of marriage, ingenuinity, or through gold, seeketh to entail on society a false condition, is, in the sight of God and the spirit-world, guilty of adultery. Be it under cover of the marriage law, in the bridal chamber, or at the house of assignation, it matters not; the act is an adulterous one, and a sin against the holy law of reproduction, and that beautiful element and principle known to earth spirits as paternity and maternity. What man would not be proud of being called the father of a sweet, beautiful, angel child, perfect in its physical formation, beautiful in its facial presentation, and with a spirit that God will be proud to admit into the royal road of progress? Fathers, men, and brothers! if you would have these little ones about you, in all their beautiful perfection and heavenly love, you must respect the rights of woman, leaving her to decide when she will become a mother. Oh, have no fear for her truth and virtue. Married men, she will not leave her bridal couch for another if you use her well. She will not take to her embrace a second love if you, oh man, are true as her first choice. She will stand by you in sorrow and joy, and when the cloud of adversity darkly lovers over your present and future, she will be your guiding star to glory prosperly. In sickness she will care the good Samaritan, and teach your soul to rise above the groveling things of earth and the animal in man. And when the scroll that separates the soul from its future shall be rolled up, she will meet you at the portals of God's great land of promise, and guide you to an arbor of sweet love in your Father's home, where there are many mansions, and balm your soul in seas of heavenly love.

A Hog on Two Feet.

The Baltimore American tells a story of a colored man who died recently in that city, named Thomas Thomas. Well known in the eastern section of the city as Eating Tom. He died at his home, on Fippen-city-bit alley, near Eden, north of Baltimore street. He had partaken the previous evening of a large quantity of cucumbers, and on rising early on Wednesday morning, drank immoderately of ice water. In consequence he was seized with violent pain from colic, and notwithstanding the efforts of Dr. Healey, expired in two hours. He was in the eighty-eighth year of his age, having been born in 1772, four years before the

declaration of Independence. In his early life he was engaged as a stevedore, counting that occupation until his advanced age compelled him to quit it. He has been known to eat a moderate-sized ham, with vegetables, &c., in proportion, at one meal. Six large loaves of bread, with more than a quart of coffee or tea, would scarcely suffice for his breakfast or supper. A good-sized goose or turkey would disappear from sight in a short space of time. His daughter would prepare a plum pudding at stated periods, and cook it in a bushel bag. This would serve him and two others as a dessert. A number of instances where-in his voracious appetite has been tested, have occurred. At other times he would be content with a more moderate share of edibles.

A SPIRITUAL APPARITION TO A BAPTIST CHRISTIAN IN HALLOWELL, ME.

By DEAN BANNER.—The following fact occurred in this place this spring. I received it from a mutual friend, who had the statement from the party who saw the spirit. A gentleman buried his wife not long ago. Prior to her death, he was talking with her on the all-absorbing subject of spirit-life, and the power of the spirit to return and visit the friends of earth after it had thrown off the mortal form. After some conversation on the subject, it was agreed between them that the one who died first should return and manifest to the other as soon as possible under the law of spirit control. At the time this conversation took place, the wife was well, and in the full confidence of a long and happy life. A few weeks after, she suddenly died, leaving her husband and children to mourn her loss.

A few days after her death, her husband one evening saw the spirit of his wife for a few moments floating through the room, as if resting on air, and then it disappeared. Nothing was said of this vision, for fear of ridicule from the world and his brothers in the church, and also from the fact that he might have been deceived. Two or three nights after this occurrence, when the husband had retired to sleep, having in bed with him a little child, his hand was sharply pulled, by another hand, waking him up out of a sound slumber, and that, too, when a good light was burning in the room. Mr. — looked about him, wondering what had produced the singular phenomenon that had waked him out of a sound sleep. He noticed that his child was asleep. He looked carefully about the room, and found no evidence of any other presence in the room. He then turned his attention to his hand, which lay on the outside of the bed. At this moment, he noticed a hand come up from the side, as if from under the bed. This hand approached his, took hold of it, and pulled it several times very tightly. Mr. — states that he saw the hand, fingers, and forearm up to the elbow, and that he was not mistaken. After this, the hand left his. Then his clothes, which lay near the bed, on a chair, got up and stood erect, as if on a person.

After a little while there appeared a mist, or cloud, in the room, of a lightish cast, out of which there gradually appeared the form, face and features of his once loved wife. There she stood, as natural as when in the form, looking directly at him. Soon she began to move around the room, and finally went to her child, and laid her hand on its head, and with the fingers of the other hand pointed up toward heaven. After this, she gradually disappeared, the clothes assuming their place on the chair, the cloud vanishing, and all was still.

Mr. — states that he was not asleep, nor was he frightened; that he got up and examined the room, handled his clothes—in fact, did everything that a sane man would or could do, to satisfy himself that that which he saw was not a delusion, but a reality, happening before his waking sense, and with a full light burning in the room. Mr. — is a printer by trade, a member of the Baptist Church, belongs to a respectable family, and is not a Spiritualist. Mr. — is responsible for anything that he says, and is considered by my informant to be a man of truth. I tried to see him myself, but could not, on account of the sickness of his child—the one that the spirit put her hand on—who is not expected to live.

Truly, God is no respecter of persons, and to-day, as of old, manifests the power of spirit control alike with the Spiritualists and the opponents of Spiritualism. Formerly he wrote before Belshazzar and his drunken court and concubines, as well as the prophets of the Jews; to-day he shows his hand to the bigoted theologian, as well as the reformer and Spiritualist.

What will the church do with these facts in their midst? Will they set them outside of their theology, as their ancestors did the book of Thomas, which they pronounced non-canonical, because it had a few plain matter-of-fact spirit communications in it? Oh! ye churches! ye make clean the outside of the plaster, and leave the inner part full of all manner of unclean things. Hallowell, Me., July 6, 1860.

MY FALL, AND HOW MUCH I WAS INJURED.

In October, 1858, in coming down the stone steps of a house on Twenty-fifth street, New York, I missed a step, and fell my length upon the pavement without any break in the fall. It was late in the evening, and I was in haste. As I fell, I felt as if I should be crippled for life. There was a gentleman but a few yards from me, who came to my aid and helped me up, and when oh my feet again, I found that I was not only not injured, but that I did not feel the slightest sensation of having fallen, no more than if I had turned over on a feather bed.

This occurrence, as was natural, frequently came to my mind; I had but recently received evidence of spirit-communication, and knew but little of spirit-power; still I could not help asking myself if it was not possible that I had received spirit aid, or was it a special Providence, that one weighing two hundred and twenty pounds should have had such a fall without receiving injury?

On the evening of the new year following, I went to Mr. Conklin's, in Broadway; he was in the outer room writing, and immediately became entranced, and I was addressed as "father;" and when seated on the sofa, the medium was controlled to say: "Father, you received a letter this morning from —, which gave you much comfort." "Why, yes, George; but how did you know that?" "Oh, mother and I were over him; and impressed him to write as he did!" This, at the time, seemed to me very marvellous. "After a time I asked my son if he knew anything about my having had a fall when last in New York." "Oh, yes, father, I know all about it. You had been talking of Spiritualism with the lady of the house, and mother and Uncle Nathan, and Cousin Jane and myself were present; and as you fell from the steps we caught you, and laid you upon the sidewalk." I omit the effect of this communication upon me, as it is not needful for my present purpose.

When I named this incident at a circle where Doctor Channing purported to be present, he said, "Your son has not given you the precise explanation of these manifestations; of aiding you. They did not catch you by their hands, as you might infer; but they, by their will-power, overcame the force of gravitation, and you fell upon the sidewalk like a feather."

Now, Messrs. Editors, I do not suppose that this—or that in relation to the case, or of my spirit child, or the "Spiritual Telegraph," or any other test of spirit communication that I may hereafter send you, will have any influence upon the skeptics—but there are millions that are not believers, nor yet unbelievers—who see and hear what they cannot account for; who do not scoff, and yet cannot realize in their hearts, that a spirit communion can possibly be true, and to such, these like these will have their influence in overcoming their doubts, and letting the light of truth into their souls. PAUL FAY.

If you ask the thoughtful inquirers to think, and ask themselves from what source I received the information that I had had about this of myself, and I was too much of a novice to have had the power to impress my thoughts on him, I have thought had entered my mind; but I was either "by some of the devil," who spoke through the medium.

Take your place modestly at life's banquet, says Knobel, and ask for nothing not in the list of fare.

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ONE MORNING.

The spirit of Nature is, of course, all there is worth finding out. It is the soul's desire to see it in outward things, or inward. We could not so much delight in a hill, a stream, a tree, or a landscape, unless we felt the spiritual personality of these things so keenly. All is of association. A brook is of itself nothing; but it may send its liquid way into any susceptible and truly poetic heart. A tree stands out stateliness in the landscape, simply a tree; but we may many times and at other times, we whisper our joys and sorrows, our disappointments and our desires to the leaves that thatch the green roof it makes above our heads, and forever after that tree has living part of ourselves. Sir Walter Scott always walked in a favorite strip of woodland, which was at length streaked by his footsteps; every tree and rock he met and passed was clothed upon with the thoughts, fancies and emotions that were originally born near them; and to his soul they were thenceforth sacred and living things, from this mere power of association. Our own Cooper had just the same sort of experiences in his lifetime, the associations that grew up about the objects he learned to love forming a very essential part of his spiritual existence. And still coarser natures, because they can of course know no better, jeer at these things, as if they were the very least of all, or even had no real existence. But then these same profound spiritual experiences, what can be more truly and entirely real?

June and October are our favorite months out of all the year. Perhaps October is the fullest of delight, because the very atmosphere itself has an infusion, even as the skies overhead have a coloring, of that genuinely spiritual strain which feeds the soul with its true nourishment. The sighs and sounds of Juno-sky, earth, waters, birds, trees, boughs, colors—all are breathing with the emphasis of promise; that excites the heart, through the senses, and makes it leap at times with a very overflow of joy; but it is a question, after all, if the delight is not more sensuous than spiritual, by reason of its tarrying on its way over the very telegraph by which Nature loves to forward her impressions to the soul. Nor, indeed, could this be entirely avoided. June is so essentially distinct, as a poem in the Calendar, from October, that the experiences it offers must be entirely distinct also. Nature delights in contrasts. June is the eastern, as October is the western gate of the year. She comes in over a carpet of verdure, with the poets and pillars and arches at the entrance reeling with vines and clustered with roses; she goes out with pomp and gorgeousness, all the green having been mysteriously transmuted to scarlet, and purple, and orange, and gold. And it is these very associations—of colors, and sounds, and atmospheres, and skies—that make the grand whole of the influence that, because of its very purity and spirituality, does its way over the same telegraphic wires, unobstructed, to the soul.

But June only makes October still more delightful. Having been so long in the habit of coupling these heavenly months, we never enjoy the one without thinking of the other. In our heart, they are twinned. Their names alone are delightful. We moderns will never surpass the mythological ancients in the bestowal of poetic nomenclatures. One particular morning was born to us, only this last June, of which we know we have dreamed dreams beforehand for many a year. It was ours the moment it dawned; and our spirit laid claim to it as its own property. Even thus all things in nature belong to us, if we can trace the divine right of possession and use. We awake with the earliest note of the earliest bird; an honest voice of a domestic robin, whose little heart was gushing with joy close by the nest where nestled his treasure of a family. With that first trill of song our whole soul awakes. While yet it was in the morning's gray, and all about the rustic household slept the sleep of an innocent care, we deliberately proceeded to put on our daily attire and creep silently down stairs. Having disposed of a cold bite, with a copious draught of sweet milk with the cream at the top, we equipped ourselves with "angle-dogs" and fishing-rod, and set forth for a little trout-brook whose every twist and turn is familiar.

It was a walk of a mile or more. The dust lay a little matted and heavy in the old country roads, and we caught the sound of lowing cattle from the pastures, on this side and that, impatient for their milky companions that had been driven home to the yards, on the night before. There was not the slightest breath of a breeze stirring. Now and then a bird flitted across our way from one roadside covert to another, as if to extend us welcome for our morning fellowship. The east was fast becoming glorified with the colors that began to pile themselves there in such splendid display. As we trudged on, feeling more thoroughly alone than if it were midnight even, we could not but reflect how much those lost who never rose from their beds out of the accustomed hours; this little jaunt was of itself worth many times its trouble, for it acquainted us inessentially with new experiences. We were always in the habit of beholding the sun after it had fairly begun his race, and then the landscape was brought out in all its beauty; but to see the same lights appear before the sun, was indeed to awaken to new and delicious experiences.

In half an hour we were at the brookside. Near by was a strip of woods, into the twilight of which we plunged for a moment, that we might taste all that lay on our morning table. In there, the birds seemed to be just getting up; they were calling from one leafy chamber to another, and their piping voices sounded in every vale and along every corridor. The moss and short grass under foot were scarcely wet with the night-dew, so dense and protecting were the leaves overhead. We caught, in the heart and mystery of the morning silence, the sound of young cattle that were roving at random through the wood, breaking down the tender boughs with their brawny sides, and advancing with eager step of so unexpected an intruder. Their eyes glistened like the very dew themselves in the grass.

Again we emerged, and slyly cast our line into the little wimpling stream. Where we stood, it was hardly bigger than our body, and seemed modestly trying to hide itself in the sedges and long coarse grasses. We stood knee-deep in the lush jungle of the grass; among the forests of whose slender stems insects without number sported away their brief summer existence. And while we were thus disposed, the yellow sun came up over the eastern hills, pouring out its glory into the basin of the meadow. As we tramped slowly on, leaving a single trail through the heavy grass behind us, each step revealed to our open eyes new and larger beauties. For the first time in our life, as it then appeared to us, did we really understand what the glory and the delight of the morning was. The splendor had swung long and slender ropes of a fairy texture from the tip of one grass-stem to another, and each rope, like a true suspension bridge, was strung with pearly drops that seemed to be venturesome passengers.

We frightened a callow-bird out of his hiding-places

down in the grass, where he was waiting for his breakfast from his attentive mother. Evidently, the voice of boys could be heard over against the hillsides, shouting a sturdy "go along" to the cows that moved so slowly for their temper. Then the hissing sound of scythes grinding for the work of the day. Next, a cart rattling over the stony road. And the cattle every where lowing now, and calves bleating, and the whole day finally awake with its sounds of life and activity. Still in the meadow basin we continued to slowly tramp, twisting our way along by the side of the tortuous little brook, that kept whispering and smiling, prattling and laughing to us, till we fairly ceased to know what the spirit would really say.

Such a morning, three hours long though it was, lies in our memory like the picture of a world which we feel that, in some previous existence perhaps, we may have dreamed. It was all itself, and nothing could be like it. It was that material world would call a cheap pleasure, because it cost no money to go out and claim its possession; but it is just this sort of pleasure that are forever afterwards referred to as worth all the rest together. Nothing of a spiritual nature can be bought and sold with money. It is all open and free, and may be taken by any who have the perception to see and know what is their own.

Commencement at Harvard.

It was a glorious occasion for Old Harvard, last week. Commencement Day came on Wednesday; the annual meeting of the Alumni, on Thursday; and, on the same day, the inauguration of a new President. The Commencement exercises passed off with great credit, the event being dignified by the presence of more than the usual number of distinguished men, four ex-presidents of the College among them. The Alumni had a rather warm discussion, on Thursday, relative to the propriety of appointing an inauguration Day for the same time with their own meeting, and many quite emphatic sentiments received expression concerning it. Our old friend, Professor Felton, was inducted into the office of President, by Gov. Brooks. The latter gave utterance to one of the most eloquent, graceful, dignified, and appropriate speeches we remember to have ever read. It commanded the attention of all present. Mr. Felton's address was good, rather learned if not pedantic, with a decided tinge of scholarly classicism, well-meaning, good-hearted, and altogether manly. We always considered the Professor (now President) a clever fellow, the only difficulty being that he would put the wrong side outward.

The speeches by the young gentlemen graduating were about up to the standard of such anniversary efforts, and were gone through—thirty-six of them—without wearing out the patience of the audience. It has become the fashion for young graduates, averaging twenty years of age, to undertake disquisitions on the state of public affairs, the public men of the day, &c., &c. Of course they knew how to gain a capital of applause for the performance in different localities, and it may be that some applause that spoils them forever afterwards. We have but a slim opinion of the capacity of such youngsters to grapple with the great questions of the age as yet, if indeed, that is what they attempt; and as for pandering to any particular party feeling, whether at their own suggestion or that of their fathers, it is all nonsense. A wiseacre at twenty may be very duncel long before he comes to forty; and it would be just as sensible for graduates to talk upon topics which they have been added to for four years past, than of those with which they can have no sort of acquaintance. Our remarks concern no particular side, but are made for the general benefit only.

Good and Evil.

In the midst of the discussions about the reality of Evil in the Broadfield St. Conference, where so much has been uttered by those who thought they said much, too, we are tempted to go back to the pages of Emerson—that greatest and loftiest of Spiritualists—and quote out of them a single passage expressing all that has been said, and more too. It is, in fact, the pithy summary of the whole matter. Says the Concord Philosopher:—

"Thus do all things preach the indifference of creatures. The man is all. Everything has two sides, a good and an evil. Every advantage has its disadvantage. It is the doctrine of indifference. The thoughtful say, on hearing these representations—'What boots it to do well? there is one event to good and evil: I gain any good, I must pay for it; if I lose any good, I gain any other; all actions are indifferent.' There is a deeper fact in the soul than compensation—to wit, its own nature. The soul is not a compensation to a life. The soul is, under all this running sea of circumstances, whose waters ebb and flow with perfect balance. Here the absolute abyss of real Being, Essence, or God, is not a relation, or a part, but the whole. Being is the vast affirmative, excluding negation, self-balanced, and swallowing up all relations, parts, and lines, within itself. Nature, truth, virtue, are the by-products of Being. Vice is the absence, or departure of the same. Nothing, falsehood, may indeed stand as the great Night, or shadow, on which, as a background, the living universe paints itself forth; but no fact is begotten by it; it cannot speak any harm. It is harm, inasmuch as it is so near to us that it is."

Felton in Boston.

The arrival of Senator Douglas, with his beautiful wife, in Boston, last week, created one of the most decided stir in what we refer to as witness in a long time. Since Webster packed Bowdoin Square with eager people, to listen to his sonorous sentences from the balcony of the Rotunda House, we do not remember to have seen quite so much excitement on the appearance of any of our public men. They all say, however, that any one of the other candidates would create as great a furor as did Mr. Senator Douglas, on his arrival. It may indeed be so—we trust it is; for nothing augurs better for the heart and mind of the community than to find them fully awake to the great issues that are discussed, from time to time, and on which hang the destinies of the nation. And their enthusiastic recognition of the representative of such issues, on the one side and the other, only show that they do not pass ignorantly over those questions which concern us all, and concern the world's welfare itself.

The Eclipse.

This wonder came to Boston, agreeably to astronomical announcement, and quite punctually. Although but about one quarter of the sun's bright disk was shaded by the hazy passage of the moon across it, even that limited sight was a most welcome one to many a gazer who craved their noses against smoked glasses. The moon behaved very well, under all circumstances. Not very many centuries ago, when the world lay asleep in its superstitious awe, such an event was attended to with all the mysterious awe imaginable; as if it proved the sudden arrest of the great laws of nature, and that what they called a miracle was in process of enactment. And the men of those same days are appealed to by the theologians of our age, as having been gifted with vaster spiritual knowledge than we can claim to be in our time, and deserving to be styled the Fathers! We are told that we must not think more than they thought, and that their childish conceptions of Hell, the Devil, a Trinity, Christ, and all other points of religion, are worthy to be followed by thinkers of all time!

No Sort of Faith.

Mr. W. C. Prime delivered an address at Princeton (N. J.) College Commencement, recently, the purpose of which was to question if the present age was as progressive as people think. He argued that neither the press (the printed word) nor the pulpit (the spoken word) could be depended upon to ensure the triumph of truth; the first, because it is essentially a commercial institution, selfish, and ready to supply a bad literature if a good one failed to pay; the second, because reason is subverting faith, and great errors are creeping into the character of the age. He further argued that there was no inherent power in Truth in this world, from which any one might take any confidence

for the future. The old proverb, "Truth is great and will prevail," the speaker said might be true as a prophecy relating to some distant future, but as a statement of fact that there was a prevailing power in Truth in the battles of the world, he pronounced it a falsehood, and proceeded to show from history that Error, mainly or almost invariably, has triumphed over Truth. Because the degens are decaying, therefore Truth itself cannot stand. He looks through the green spectacles to learn to us in college—that's all.

Higgin and Housekeeping.

Archbishop Hughes has recently looked out on a new place. Although a confirmed bachelor, as in duty bound according to the rules, he nevertheless goes in for the usefulness and beauty of useful housekeeping. He is a gentleman and a scholar, and plainly knows what he is about. At the recent anniversary of a young ladies' seminary, in New York, he wound up with a very excellent address to the graduating classes in the following style. It is in relation to the science of cooking, and we commend it to the careful attention of all mothers and daughters:—

"Although it is of the utmost importance, young ladies, that you should have a good education, should be accomplished, cultivated, graceful and refined, yet there are other things that cannot be lost sight of. Before another year rolls around, I propose to arrange with the Sisters for a new branch of study in the Academy. That branch of study, which the French call the science of cooking. It is the science of keeping house, and that we all know concerning with the kitchen. Every young lady, I don't care if she be a queen's daughter, ought to understand that department of life. Even though she will never have to practice it, she should be able to direct her cook, yet she should understand it herself, for it may happen some day that the cook will desert her. (Great laughter.) What a predicament she would be then! Well, what I was going to say, was, that the Sisters should arrange it so that the girls over thirteen years of age should be enabled to spend a portion of their time in the kitchen, and become acquainted with cooking and house-keeping. Here will be a new branch of education. (Laughter.) We shall then have the theory and some practice."

Another point and I will close. At the end of another year, if I live, and my purse is long enough, I am going to give a gold medal, of not less than \$50 in value, to the young lady who will write the best essay, not only on this subject, but to detail why so many measures which the Christian Church proposes cannot promulgate true religion. I shall pass only a mere glance upon the subject; how far should true religion tolerate any such amusement, but qualifies him to distinguish true from false recreations.

Amusements and Recreations.

Under this head we find contributed to a recent number of the "JOURNALIST"—the Cincinnati organ of the American Jews—a well written article. We make a few extracts. If we should judge from the efforts which are now made in the Christian Church to improve the present state of religion, then it would be reasonable to suppose its wholesome influence should be visible everywhere. But the contrary is the case. The contrary. Atheism and infidelity spread everywhere and snatch away many, who had been active and zealous church members. But is this to be wondered at? When we candidly and rationally investigate the peculiar doctrine of the Christian Church, how it strives to arrest every progress, and to obtain the self-government over the mind of man—then it is only a matter of surprise why the number of unbelievers is not actually greater, and how that church can sustain itself in this enlightened age. I will not detail why so many measures which the Christian Church proposes cannot promulgate true religion. I shall pass only a mere glance upon the subject; how far should true religion tolerate any such amusement, but qualifies him to distinguish true from false recreations.

In examining the proceedings of the late General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Rochester, we find that this body passed the following resolution:—

"Resolved, that no member of this church should permit dancing or any social parties where the only amusement is dancing, and that every member who violates this provision should be subject to the censure of the church." Now let every enlightened man think for himself and answer the question: Who is to be benefited by the consequences of this? Can such a similar measure be calculated to improve true religion? By no means; it can only lead to indifference and retrogression. True religion cannot have the design to deprive man of innocent pleasures and recreations, but qualifies him to distinguish true from false recreations.

The youth seek pleasure, and will have it either with or without permission of the parents. Thus it comes that many of the tender youth have been driven into such amusements, where the only amusement is dancing, and that every member who violates this provision should be subject to the censure of the church." Now let every enlightened man think for himself and answer the question: Who is to be benefited by the consequences of this? Can such a similar measure be calculated to improve true religion? By no means; it can only lead to indifference and retrogression. True religion cannot have the design to deprive man of innocent pleasures and recreations, but qualifies him to distinguish true from false recreations.

The President and the Queen.

Notwithstanding the two wars, and the constancy of the abuse of America and the institutions of America by the press of England, there is still a "fellow feeling" between the two nations. Jonathan T. Smith, a man to be affected by distastes of the cockneys of London; and although he often suffers himself to be irritated, upon reflection he owns that he likes England. The following correspondence interprets the true sentiments of America and England:

PRESIDENT DOUGLASS TO QUEEN VICTORIA. To Her Majesty Queen Victoria: I have learned from the public papers that you are in Wales, and I am about to visit your Majesty's North American Colonies. Should it be the intention of His Royal Highness to extend his visit to the United States, I need not say how happy I should be to give him a cordial welcome to Washington, and to be assured that every body in this country will be greatly pleased by the American people in such a manner as cannot fail to prove gratifying to your Majesty. In this they will manifest their deep sense of your domestic virtues, as well as their cordial affection for you as a wise, patriotic and constitutional sovereign.

Your Majesty's most obedient servant, JAMES DUCHANAN.

Washington, June 4, 1860.

QUEEN VICTORIA TO PRESIDENT DOUGLASS.

My Good Friend: I have been much gratified at the feelings which prompted you to write to me, inviting the Prince of Wales to come to Wales to meet me. He tends to return from Canada through the United States, and it will give him great pleasure to have an opportunity of testifying to you in person that those feelings are fully reciprocated by me. He will be able, at the same time, to mark the respect which he entertains for the chief magistrate of a great and friendly state and kindred nation. The Prince of Wales will drop all royal state on leaving my domain, and travel under the name of Lord Renfrew, as he has done when traveling on the continent of Europe. The Prince Consort wishes to be kindly remembered to you. I remain, ever your good friend, VICTORIA, R.

THE LITTLE ANGEL.

I know a little angel, And she is a form of clay, And she is the evangel, I worship every day. Why should I not adore her, Whom God has sent to earth A fitting representative Of the second birth? When the tempter would enthrall me, My angel doth appear; And she bids me "look up fear," And I have sought to fear. And then I kiss her tiny lips, And I breathe a fervent vow That I will ever cherish her As faithfully as now. L. C.

[Reserved for the Banner of Light.]

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 18.

The Boston Spiritual Conference is held at the Hall No. 11 Broadfield street, every Wednesday evening.

QUESTION.—Should we call for Good, and resist Evil?

Mr. EDSON.—It has been said that "resistance to tyrants is obedience to God." I cannot accept this assertion as the highest practically, without qualifications. Resistance may be productive of great good; contention and strife may develop lesser goods, or comparative evils which must be obtained and passed as means to accomplish the great object of life which culminates in a pas-sive, receptive, aspirational condition. Resistance and contention are in accordance with external nature. Nature is God's mode of operation. Contention and resistance are in obedience to laws which differ (as demonstrated by the phenomena) in the more external forms, or first and lowest manifestations, which the discreted orders of nature or spheres of action express. From this view of the subject, we are enabled to look "through nature's laws up to nature's God," and perceive in a finite sense that the law of the Lord is perfect, and that the perfect God, being omnipresent, governs matter, in all its various com-poundings and conditions, by laws; and controls nature, in all their complex conditions and complicated circumstances, through laws, by motives the purest, most interior, or spiritual, that could be conceived, then and there, thus converting the real world out affecting its accountability as a responsible instrument or agent acting for the eternal, omnipresent and omniscient principle of life.

When we contemplate the scheme of life, and question the fountain of causation, the senses of the soul concentrating, blend together interiorly. The concentrated sensation is a consciousness of divine presence in which we see, hear, and know, that the Divine Father is at the helm of church and state, as well as of our own frail bark which is tossed upon the sea of life by the following currents of its unbalanced rivers. Though we have neither instinct to control, or sufficient reason to direct, we feel safe; we feel that there is an over-riding providence, a compensating principle, that guides us through the changing scenes of time, that unfolds the different spheres of thought and perceptions of goods and uses, that will eventually bring us back to the Eden beyond the shores of time, where the rivers, (Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates,) blend in (Piscon) the eternal ocean of unbounded good, where "the first is last, and the last first." Though the storming wind may howl around and about us, we feel that there is no occasion for the weakest sons or daughters of Adam to fear, contend or resist, if they will but knock in a receptive, aspirational state, and permit the fulcrum word to enter the internal nature. Speaking authoritatively it will say, "Peace be still—it is I, be not afraid."

Man is a dual being, embodying two natures—the internal or spiritual in connection with the external, animal or selfish. The internal or spiritual allies us to the Father, God, and angelic influences; the external allies us to mother earth, external nature, and animal proclivities. These natures, cohabiting in one body, conceive and develop a third and superior nature, begotten and unfolded through a passive aspirational receptivity by means of a series of distinct births that distinguished his being individualized into existence. This new principle is not a development of the animal nature, its mentally, desires, or proclivities. It is a regenerated state or progressed condition of the affectional nature or love element beyond the culminating point in the animal kingdom. It is a resurrected condition of the Christ principle that stands forth the quickened spirit or new creation. It is conscious that "God is love," that love is to the soul what blood is to the body or sap is to the tree—the life force. Consequently it does not conform to the contentious habits of animal man, but is reborn in its affectional nature or joy element, day by day, through the Christ principle that allies to the Father God and angelic influences. In the ungenerated soul there is a continual warfare going on. Each department of the dual nature is contending for the mastery. The soul cannot serve two masters. The external or animal must serve the internal or spiritual, or this latter will continue to resist and contend until it consumes its power to contend with. This would be the death of the worm, the annihilation of its interior being, which seems impossible. The divine can never die. Consciousness may cease for a time, but the fire of an infernal pit will kindle the divine spark within the worm into a fire that shall never be quenched, but burn on and on until there is nothing selfish or corruptible to be consumed. Such an everlasting burning we call an evil, a positive evil, though it may be overruled so as to bring about the greatest possible good. Here important questions suggest themselves, upon which we must speculate, which nothing but time, and, in some cases, a bitter experience, will fully answer. Can a soul be so finally incorrigible as to continue to combat, contend and resist its interior self until it is entirely consumed, leaving the divine individualized, it never having been born with? If so, is it not just and right? May not the soul, by rebellion, contentions, and passionate gratifications, consume some of its interior properties, and ruin or annihilate a part of its functions? Is there not internal criminality that cannot be forgiven, outgrown or forgiven? If there is, what is it, and how can it be avoided? Will resistance and contention help the matter?

Dr. CHILD.—A man in England has for his motto, *Frangere non flexio*—you may break but shall not bend me. A man in Ireland has for his motto, *Freer is like pipe-stem, stiff and brittle*. The latter is like a silken cord, flexible and yielding. The pipe-stem may be useful in a straight line. The silken cord may be used to bend, to break, to resist evil; to be bent, but broken, is to resist evil. The Englishman will yield to a man, and do his bidding. The murderer would yield his conquest to such a man. Mr. Edson would never build a scaffold for human execution. Why? Because he needs none. His kindness and his forgiveness, his charity and his love, are infinitely more powerful for good than scaffolds on which an exhibition of the resistance of evil is made by the high-handed crime of murder committed by our legislative and executive bodies of "Christian" men. *Freer is non frangi*, (to be bent, not broken.) This is not only the Irishman's motto, but it must be my brother Edson's, too. Mr. Edson, in his position, cannot be broken, but he may be bent. The coarsest granite is the most friable, the most easily broken; the finest gold is the most flexible and yielding. The Englishman's motto is like coarse, friable granite, while the Irishman's motto is like fine, ductile gold; but both the Englishman and the Irishman are right to their place and condition.

It is from Mr. Edson's remarks on this floor one week ago that I am led to this present him, not from his metaphysical reasoning to-night. I must confess that my affections run out to sympathize with Mr. Edson's non-resistance of evil, with his peaceful flow of love, kindness and forgiveness, rather than resistance of evil, which makes men set like the devil, and fight like bulldogs. I would be rather than broken; I would be a flexible, silken cord of love, rather than a brittle pipe-stem of self-righteousness. I would choose the peace of heaven, and its forgiveness, and love, where evil is not resisted, rather than the contention and war of hell, where evil is fought; I would call evil, without any affectation that of magnifying its existence. In both Church and State we have been taught, and are taught, to kick a man when he kicks us; to strike a man when he strikes us; to kill a man when he kills us. Christ taught no such doctrine of hell as this; but Moses did—and our churches and States have gone and gone for Moses, not Christ. It seems as if two thousand years in the progressive development of humanity might bring us to the practical acceptance of the flexible, forgiving love of Christ. It seems as if humanity had fought long enough, had resisted evil long enough, to become child-like, and lamb-like, like Christ. But if light we must, fight we shall; hell comes to us before heaven. But the peace of heaven will surely come to us all, sometime.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—Sir, I am surprised at the tone of gentlemen here, who by claim to the possession of cultivated logical faculties, and whose philosophic opinions is generally thought to be far beyond the average. I concede them all due homage; but when they affirm that evil is a mere negation of good, may that evil be good in any way, I must and do dissent. I have a toothache; that is positively bad to me. There is no good about it at all. Evil and good journey together, always fighting, and good gets the worst of it in the majority of cases. Evil is an absolute, positive power in the universe of matter. It environs and affects us in a myriad ways. It is the very opposite of good, and has nothing excellent or conducive to human happiness or well about it, not even in germ. It is a wall of fire, a sea of horror, agony and woe, against which we are continually running, and through which we are constantly being crushed, and which we are unwilling to stop, and in which we are so many of us sink. A Voice.—Why, you are a regular Orthodox, Dr. Randolph.

Dr. RANDOLPH.—If in calling evil an absolute principle, and contending that we must resist it, I am "Orthodox," then set me down as such. If to declare the duty of all men to be the continual warfare against evil, is ground for dubbing me "Orthodox," why set me down as being "obscure" as I judge. I have just been treating a case of evil, where the party was an innocent person, but who had fallen under influences dark as night, and made to contemplate the commission of deeds black as the hideous gulf. I account for evil on the ground that we live in a spiritual atmosphere, charged alternately with the auras of heaven and the malarial of hell. Nothing but the most ridiculed "Religion," the genuine, unmistakable grasp of God in a man or woman's soul, will render them impervious to this fatal exuvia of the pit. I use these terms not as actualities, but as similes expressive of evil, in whatever form it appears. Evil is a concomitant of man's existence here below. I believe it to be confined to the material universe only, hence that it is not co-eternal with good. It will end one day, but still within the sphere it is as real and positive as figures themselves, or rather that which figures express. Guardian spirits can help us to resist evil. To them, but, above all, to the Eternal One, should we go for aid and comfort in the dark trial hours which we all, more or less, pass through. A current philosophy lays it down that bad is but undeveloped good, embryonic excellence, and so on. It is the greatest fallacy of the age. Evil cannot be its own opposite. We must take things as we find them, not as we wish them to be. If we do so, and examine ourselves in the light of common sense, we shall not fall to credit much of our experiences to the action of a principle absolutely evil. If the results of a given action, or series of actions, redound to the good of the actor, and to others, also, I conclude the thing is good. If the results on the individual and others be bad, then the thing is evil; and in the latter case the pains are even more positive than are the good results, and affect us more deeply. This is my final position in this great question. I am driven to it, not by love of argumentation, but because experience has demonstrated the existence of a power antagonistic to good; and this subtle power we must resist and overcome, else it will assuredly overcome us, and destroy every lot of human happiness.

Mr. BROWN.—The opponents of the doctrine that whatever is, is right, think it is inconsistent for persons who believe in that ground to resist evil and contend for good. I do not see that that follows at all. Our consciences perceive a source of all things, and the real actor who regulates the universe. If we admit that the Author of all things can see to the end of all things, we have no need to inquire if whatever is, is right. But we have a very short vision, and are able to see only a short distance before our eyes. The man who has but a momentary view of machinery in motion, and does not see the results, declares it to be nothing more than confusion and violence. But let him see the result, and he sees nothing but beauty and order. So I conceive it to be of things in the universe. Supposing God's creation a machine, under his control, and direction. If we could see from the beginning to the end of its operations, we should doubtless see that all, which now appears like disorder and violence, is really order and beauty, because we should see the results achieved by it. We have but to assume that God has done right in giving us the nature he has. The question then is, how shall these natures be improved? It is obvious they cannot be improved without the agency of suffering. And the improvement resulting from the suffering, compensates for that suffering. Is there a man in this room who would not rather have met all the injustices that ever has been his lot, than not know and feel the difference between justice and injustice? Is there a man who does not feel compensated for all the injustices he ever was the victim of? Experience is the compensation of injustice, pain and suffering. Taking it for granted that we live hereafter, I wish to know if we are not repaid for all our outlays of pain and toil, either in this world or the other. I feel that it will be so. I feel that all I have ever suffered has been for my advancement in knowledge; the pain was only temporary, while the knowledge gained is eternal. If a child was to come into the world, and never suffer any pain, it would inevitably be an idiot. It would never learn anything, and never could. It would not even take the nourishment necessary for its sustenance, for it would never feel the pangs of hunger.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—The child would eat because the food would taste good.

Mr. SPOONER.—Then he would go on eating till he killed himself; for pain would not tell him when to stop.

Mr. CUSHMAN.—Men of common sense would not eat till they distressed themselves.

Mr. SPOONER.—But a child would, and some men do. Were there no such thing as pain and suffering, we would have no incentive to know anything.

Mr. PRINCE.—We are so constituted that we cannot help recognizing moral distinctions. However our principles may be, our moral sense discriminates over them. It invariably prompts us in the right, or chides us when we follow the wrong. The growth of every thing is by the law of conflict. In every soul we find conflict and development, growth and struggle, going hand in hand. The question is, is there such a necessity for evil? Mr. Spooner realizes evil as real, and gives it great importance in the affairs of the soul. He uses the words pain and pleasure as opposite sensations, and holds that pain intensifies pleasure, and makes us appreciate it. Now I ask it is essential that man should feel pain in order to know what pleasure is? I cannot accept my friend's position as tenable. Does he think it is necessary for me to listen to death rattle first in order to appreciate music? I do not deem it essential for me to know the horrors of interpenetration by experience—or in other words, I do not think it necessary for me to first go down into Hell in order to reach Heaven. Hell is discord, while Heaven is another name for harmony.

Mr. TRASK.—I had not intended to speak to-night, but since I have listened to the orthodoxy of Dr. Ran-

than broken; I would be a flexible, silken cord of love, rather than a brittle pipe-stem of self-righteousness. I would choose the peace of heaven, and its forgiveness, and love, where evil is not resisted, rather than the contention and war of hell, where evil is fought; I would call evil, without any affectation that of magnifying its existence. In both Church and State we have been taught, and are taught, to kick a man when he kicks us; to strike a man when he strikes us; to kill a man when he kills us. Christ taught no such doctrine of hell as this; but Moses did—and our churches and States have gone and gone for Moses, not Christ. It seems as if two thousand years in the progressive development of humanity might bring us to the practical acceptance of the flexible, forgiving love of Christ. It seems as if humanity had fought long enough, had resisted evil long enough, to become child-like, and lamb-like, like Christ. But if light we must, fight we shall; hell comes to us before heaven. But the peace of heaven will surely come to us all, sometime.

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one man honestly believes to be truth, another man... as honestly believes to be error.

I regard the work under consideration as THE... text book of the age in which we live.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

DR. RANDOLPH'S PAMPHLET.—Arrangements have recently been made, according to which Dr. Randolph's "Unwilling" will be hereafter sold at 35 cents each.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT circulates twenty-five thousand copies weekly, and is, therefore, a medium for advertising, unsurpassed.

THE PRINTER'S BURIAL.—The funeral of the late Mr. J. W. DeLoach was held at Mount Hope on Saturday, July 21st, by the Franklin Typographical Society.

THE EXECUTORS OF THE WILL.—The executors of the will of the late Mr. J. W. DeLoach have been appointed.

THE VISIT TO BOSTON.—The visit to Boston of the Zouaves created quite a sensation in military circles.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE, HAYMARKET SQUARE.—We cordially recommend this hotel to those of our friends who may have occasion to visit Boston.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, July 6th, the captain and crew of the Great Eastern were tendered a complimentary banquet by the proprietors of the New York Illustrated News.

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maters. The people of Japan attend very little to religious matters. Religion is a matter of business, which is attended to altogether by the Makado and his priests.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision, and yield with gracefulness or oppose with firmness.

Little Dolin Dutton's forces are said to have yielded profits to the amount of \$50,000 the past year.

We have always observed in company, that a mild and soothing reply, made to an angry observation, has carried in it such influential proof, that the angry person has been appeased, while the complacent and tranquil conversant became the object of esteem.

Some of the Japanese, during their recent visit to New York, went into a market stand, and being offered some oysters on the half shell, one of them attempted to eat shell and all.

An evasive man replies as much as the manner in which his neighbors live, as if he maintained them.

A Texas paper says that the Rev. R. P. Thompson, a native missionary in that State, is "breaking himself of the habit of swearing, and reads the Scriptures quite frequently."

Misses, ENGLISH.—For the benefit of H. W. Plancy, of Mill Brook, Ct., and all others interested, my post-office address is in this country, at No. 1, 1/2, also, we have a post-office here, and have had for a year and a half at least.

John B. Gough, the eloquent orator, has closed his three years' labor in England, and will soon return to America.

Several literary gentlemen went down the harbor, fishing, the other day. In due time, a large shark was caught, when it was unanimously voted that her shark ship should be welcomed to her new element by a net speared by one of the party.

Among other amusing superlatives appearing upon letters received not long since at the Chicago office, the following are given: "Chicago post-office, State of Mass., Conn., North America," and another thus: "To me husband, Mr. —, Paid with a three cent thing."

OKLAHA, ILL.—God, and the winds and waves piled up a heap of sand on the East Bank of the Mississippi, and some speculators in pursuit of a high place for high prices, pitched their tents at this point, and by the aid of noise and fees have built quite a town, and called it Oklahs.

Justice Corwell, of Brooklyn, last week, delivered an opinion virtually deciding the Sunday law to be unconstitutional, and discharging all the parties arrested for keeping open shop on Sunday.

ON FRIDAY EVENING, July 6th, the captain and crew of the Great Eastern were tendered a complimentary banquet by the proprietors of the New York Illustrated News.

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New York Department.

Office, No. 145 FULTON STREET. Business of Dr. Williams.

A SIGN OF THE TIMES. In all directions we discover evidences of increasing light and the growing liberality of the common mind.

Office hours from 9 to 12 o'clock, a. m., and from 3 to 5 p. m. Patients visited at their residences when required. He will also answer calls to lecturers.

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NOW READY, WALT WHITMAN'S LEAVES OF GRASS, COMPLETE. A Superb Volume - Price 91 25.

TO THE PUBLIC. The strong and electric writings of Walt Whitman are here presented to you in complete form for the first time.

TO THE TRADE. We pledge ourselves of the material and execution of this "Leaves of Grass" to be the best of its kind.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHERS, 114 & 116 WASHINGTON STREET BOSTON, MASS.

NOW READY, THE GREAT DISCUSSION OF MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

Prof. J. STANLEY GRIMES AND LEO MILLER, ESQ., AT THE MELODION, BOSTON.

QUESTIONS: 1. Do Spirits of departed human beings hold intercourse with men on earth, as claimed by Modern Spiritualists?

REPORTED VERBATIM FOR US BY JAMES M. COMBROT, PHOTODUPLICATION.

NOW READY! DR. WARREN'S GREAT WORK. "THE HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN."

GLENDYLL ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SEVEN FIGURES, and eight superb colored LITHOGRAPHS.

THIS IS TO CERTIFY THAT MR. E. Y. WILSON HAS THE EXCLUSIVE RIGHT TO SELL DR. WARREN'S HOUSEHOLD PHYSICIAN IN THE STATE OF MASSACHUSETTS.

JUST PUBLISHED. RACHEL: A ROMANCE, BY JOSEPHINE FRANKLIN.

THAYER & ELDRIDGE, PUBLISHERS, 114 & 116 WASHINGTON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

SARATOGA WATER, FROM THE EMPIRE SPRING.

THIS NATURAL ALPHEBERT WATER, FROM THE celebrated Empire Spring at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., needs but a passing notice—the water will speak for itself.

IT STRIKES DIRECTLY AT THE FOUNDATION OF ALL DISEASES—the impurities of the blood—by its alterative and cathartic virtues.

DR. J. J. ESMERALDO'S Celebrated Eucalypti Vegetable Medicines, OBTAINED THROUGH CHAIWYANOK, may be had at No. 42 Greenwich Street, corner of Morris Street, New York.

TO WHICH WILL BE ADDED, DR. E. L. LYON'S ARGUMENT, IN THE DISCUSSION BETWEEN HIMSELF AND ELDER MILES GRANT, IN CONNECTICUT.

QUESTIONS: 1. Is it possible, probable and absolutely certain that departed human spirits can do and communicate with mortals in any form or spirit life?

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, THE GREAT ORDER OF CONSUMPTION was for several years so badly afflicted by Dyspepsia, that for a part of the time he was confined to his bed.

DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., July 15.

MOLLAT'S LIFE PILLS AND PHOENIX BITTERS. IN CARE OF SCROFULA, ULCERS, SCURVY OR ERUPTIONS OF THE SKIN, the operation of the LIFE MEDICINES is truly astonishing.

WILLIAM B. MOFFAT, M. D. 333 Broadway, New York, July 25.

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT, BY A. D. CHILD, M. D., NOW READY.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS: What is Nature? What is God? What is the Word of God? What is the Bible of the Soul?

THE PURSUITS OF HAPPINESS. NATURE. WHAT APPEARS TO BE EVIL IS NOT EVIL. A SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

THE SOUL IS REAL. SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS. SELF EXALTEDNESS. VISION OF MR. ADAMS.

THE VIEWS OF THIS BOOK ARE IN PERFECT HARMONY WITH THE PRECEPTS AND SAYINGS OF CHRIST.

WHAT EFFECT WILL THE DOCTRINE OF THIS BOOK HAVE UPON MEN? A Long Chapter of the Opinions of the following named Persons, with Remarks:

JUSTICE CORWELL, of Brooklyn; JOHN W. DELOACH, of New York; JOHN B. GOUGH, of New York; JOHN W. DELOACH, of New York.

THE NATIONAL HOUSE, HAYMARKET SQUARE.—We cordially recommend this hotel to those of our friends who may have occasion to visit Boston.

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The Messenger.

Each member in this department of the BANNER we claim...

We ask the reader to receive his doctrine not by faith...

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to anyone...

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

From No. 2132 to No. 2187.

Saturday, June 16.—Innocent: What is Nature? Joel...

Sunday, June 17.—Innocent: May we ever expect to...

Monday, June 18.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Tuesday, June 19.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Wednesday, June 20.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Thursday, June 21.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Friday, June 22.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Saturday, June 23.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Sunday, June 24.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Monday, June 25.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Tuesday, June 26.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Wednesday, June 27.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Thursday, June 28.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Friday, June 29.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Saturday, June 30.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Sunday, July 1.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Monday, July 2.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Tuesday, July 3.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Wednesday, July 4.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Thursday, July 5.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Friday, July 6.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Saturday, July 7.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Sunday, July 8.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Monday, July 9.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Tuesday, July 10.—Innocent: How do we know that...

Wednesday, July 11.—Innocent: How do we know that...

from childhood would not allow me to believe the new...

I feel under many obligations to the kind friends...

I am sustained wholly here to-day, in speaking, by...

Abraham Ricks.

It appears to me, if I had died in consumption...

Yes, I killed myself—abandoned to want; did it...

You see some of the folks are laboring under false...

I am going to send you a letter. God gave his...

My name is Abraham Ricks; that's the whole of it.

My occupation was making boots. I was born in...

I want to tell you how old I was—and I was pretty...

Christ and Eternal Life.

Did not Christ die, that through his death we might...

This is the question given us to speak upon to-day.

When the Spirit of Progress and Truth was seen...

The old, worn-out philosophy of the statement is...

God is a spirit, and no material offering would atone...

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the third and fourth generations. God plainly tells...

Each individual, whether out of the form or in it, is...

Why do spirits differ while teaching of spiritual things?

William Parker.

I lived to be ninety-one years old. I have lived in...

Yes, I killed myself—abandoned to want; did it...

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den, may go forth among earth's garden and pluck...

Each individual, whether out of the form or in it, is...

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Edward—No. 2.

Lines from Warren Chase.

Why do spirits differ while teaching of spiritual things?

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the cause of spiritual advancement and truth better...

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mourning the departure of friends, will come and realize the joy and peace this sweet communion brings to the heart, in the wish of A. BRUNNENBERG. Somerville, July 6, 1900.

Western Meetings. DEAN BARNES—As I promised in my last letter, I will now commence my narrative of journeys in Michigan, commencing with Cadillac.

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the true inspiration of Pope, and that, as an action of law from cause to effect, it is all right. Knowing, then, that the effect has a true law of nature, we should ever seek a Godlike cause.

I would say to brother Child, that the fruit which seems so delicious to his taste—whatever it is, is right—the forbidden fruit of nature's garden.

DEAN BARNES—Perhaps notice has already been given you of the change from earth to spirit-life of our dear friend and sister, Mary E. Frost.

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MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Paris (Boston) under this head are at liberty to receive subscribers to the Banner, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tour. Sample copies sent free.

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TO "COUBIN BENJA."

Written for the Banner of Light. TO "COUBIN BENJA." BY MARY M. MACDONALD.

Forma beautiful and holy. There dwell in mansions bright And mists soft and lowly.

Bright beauties never fading, Shine in the holy sky; And glories never shading, Are born no more to die.

Pure streams are ever flowing, And zephyrs softly breathe; While hills and daisies are glowing With flowers which angels breathe.

And glowers are gently glowing, Where spirit forms may rest; Denote whose shadows lay; The deathless soul in rest.

Flow pure the radiant gleams, And sparkling in the deep, Upon whose breast the beamings Of holy strength sleep.

Measuring Worms. Meritt, the well-known meteorologist and clerk of the weather, offers three cents apiece, or twenty York shillings per quart, for all the measuring worms the little boys of New York and Brooklyn choose to bring to his house.

"CHARITY NEVER FAILS."—The chronicles of history, the earlier and the later, furnish innumerable evidences of the truth of the saying, "Charity never fails." In the reign of King Edgar, in 963, the Bishop of Winchester, while a great famine was raging, sold all the sacred vessels of the church, to relieve the starved people, saying that "there was no reason that the senseless temples of God should abound in riches, and living temples of the Holy Ghost lack it."

Boston Advertisements. DR. G. OLINSON BERRY, Electro-Physician and Psychometric Physician, HAS removed his office to 52 Kneeland street, where he will receive his patients, and will supply such other services as may be required.

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New York Advertisements.

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Banner of Light Bookstore.

143 Fulton Street, New York. S. T. MUNNION, Agent.

Mr. Munson will attend to orders for any book in the following Catalogue, or any other book which can be procured in New York, with promptness and dispatch.

NEW BOOKS. Miller and Grime's Discussion, Price 25 cents. Loveland and Grant's Discussion, Price 37 cents.

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And quietude, and jewels three worlds long,
That on the stretched forehead of all time,
Shine forever.

That then is the ideal to be before every human soul.
That is the highest point to which man can attain...

You see that here is taught no weak, passive,
sentimental principle, as so many seem to think.

Now this which is a principle for ourselves, which
is a great power in us, lifting us from the passive

pro, and men praise and thank God in tribulation.
Joy is one of the highest elements in the Christian

to order. Mr. Clark spoke well upon the spirit of the
age and the intolerance of the past.

EDWIN H. CHAPIN,

AT BROADWAY CHURCH, NEW YORK,

Sunday Morning, July 15, 1880.

REPORTED FOR THE BANNER OF LIGHT BY JOHN AND LOUD.

Text: That you may be the children of your father which

In these words we have the summing up of Christian

character, the final statement of the Christian

life. For I presume no one will deny that the high

ideal which can be set before the soul of man is

that of being children, is that of being the spiritual

image of our father who is in heaven. All will admit

that however minute may be our analysis of the

constituents of Christian character and Christian life,

this is the grand result which these elements com-

bine, set forth in the personality of Jesus Christ, his

life. The Christian life, as we have seen, and I think

very properly called, the highest type of man.

And therefore the essence of the New Testam-

ent is in these words; the essence of that new dis-

position which broke in upon Jewish formalism

and Gentile lusts, with freshness, with power from

heaven. It is the heaven which from that hour until

this has been working in the world's heart, under

customs, institutions, and philosophies, under private

and errors, to regenerate and to transfigure the

individual and the race.

Seeing then that in these words we get as near the

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