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"ONLY A NEGRO MINSTREL."

BY DEL DOROTHY.

"Well, cousin mine, I have news to tell you!" said Julia Hastings, as, entering her relative's chamber, after a somewhat lengthy afternoon promenade upon Washington street, she proceeded to divest herself of hat and shawl, preparatory to resting her wearied limbs upon a neighboring lounge.

Clara Le Vert, the young lady so familiarly addressed, looked up smilingly from the heap of cloud-like lace in which her little person was nearly buried, and, tossing aside the delicate dress to which she had just been putting the finishing touches, carelessly inquired the nature of the pleasant tidings which her cousin seemed so anxious to communicate to a second pair of ears.

"Really, Clara, I shall soon begin to believe what father once said of you—namely, that Clara Le Vert was almost the only woman he ever chanced to meet with whose bump of curiosity was not prominently developed; and you know papa prides himself not a little upon his philosophical knowledge. For my part, I wonder that you are not more impatient to learn this exciting bit of intelligence, which Eugenia Clifton says is in everybody's mouth."

"Well, Julia, I suppose I must try, for your sake, to get up at least a show of curiosity in a matter which, according to your friend's exaggerated statement, is occupying universal attention throughout the limits of all Boston;" and Clara Le Vert glanced archly at her fair cousin as she lay languidly upon the softly cushioned lounge before her, her blue eyes beaming with delight at the possession of what she believed to be so valuable a bit of gossip, and her long, golden curls falling in rich luxuriance over neck and shoulders.

"To be brief, then, dear coz," said Julia Hastings, at the same time beckoning with one white and jeweled hand her gentle cousin and foster-sister to her side, "there is to be present at Mrs. Lyon's party, this evening, a real English Lord, whose acquaintance that lady made while visiting London, a few months since, with her husband."

"But his name and age—have you learned those two essential items?" asked Clara, her dark countenance betraying, in its quiet expression, less interest in the affair than her questions seemed to imply.

"That he is a young man—that is, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty years—is known for a certainty; but his family name—for he is of high birth—Eugenia Clifton had forgotten to ask of Mrs. Wilbur, (who is, you know, the particular friend and confidante of our fair hostess, Mrs. Lyons) in her great delight of heart at being told that she was at last to meet, face to face, a real, live English Lord, who could boast his coat-of-arms;" for Miss Clifton, like many other fashionable young ladies of the modern school, entertained a strong penchant for foreigners of all descriptions—to prove which, I have only to add that she had often been known to rave over the dreamy eyes and midnight looks of itinerant organ grinders, (when unaccompanied by monkeys,) whom, in her wondrous imagination, she believed to be Italian patriots in disguise, who for political causes had been exiled from their native land.

With an associate of this rapid and over-romantic nature, Julia Hastings, though really at heart a well meaning girl, was often led into making the most ridiculous mistakes, besides being frequently placed in false positions—to extricate herself from which it generally required all her woman's tact and energy—by merely listening to and crediting the highly exaggerated statements of one whose friendship was valuable only in a worldly sense.

The entrance of the French hair-dresser, suddenly snapped the thread of conversation between Julia and her cousin who preferred arranging her long raven hair with her own slight hands. Evening found the young ladies arranged in ball costume, and waiting in the parlor before the appearance of their intended escort, Henry Gifford, to whom the fair Julia had but a few weeks previous pledged her heart's best love. To a fond lover's eyes, Julia Hastings had never looked so transcendently beautiful before, as on this particular night. The warm and passionate greeting which he bestowed upon the object of his soul's adoration was met with indifference by Julia, whose mind was entirely absorbed in solving the one grand question of her heart, namely, how she should lay her snares for the immediate capture of the distinguished Englishman, whom as yet she had not even laid eyes upon.

During their drive of some ten or fifteen minutes to the residence of Mrs. Lyons, Julia Hastings scarcely spoke to her assiduous lover. So entirely foreign were the thoughts which swiftly coursed through her brain, to circumstances and persons about her, that when she did rouse herself from the deep abstraction in which her entire soul seemed reveling, for a moment or two, for the purpose of answering the numerous questions addressed to her by her devoted cavalier, her replies were either given in monosyllables, or so entirely at variance with the subject under consideration as to excite no slight degree of alarm in the breast of Henry Gifford concerning the rational state of his lady-love's mind.

Clara Le Vert, with her quick, womanly perceptions, at once noticed the discomfiture of Mr. Gifford upon the occasion, and as quickly divined the true cause of her cousin's actual hauteur and indifference of manner toward the one whom she had so recently accepted as her affianced lover. To relieve Mr. Gifford from the embarrassment under which he labored, Clara Le Vert strove to engage the former in an animated conversation, upon topics interesting and familiar to both. As if reading the young girl's intent of purpose in the matter before alluded to, Mr. Gifford endeavored to shake off all appearance of moodiness upon his part, by increasing his attentions toward the cousin of his betrothed.

If the handsome Julia felt any jealousy toward her warm-hearted relative, she had sufficient good sense not to display it, although it was with a sense of relief that she saw the carriage containing our

trio stop before the princely dwelling of Mrs. Lyons, in Mount Vernon Street. Henry Gifford not forgetting even for a moment the civilities of a gentleman, politely assisted both ladies to alight from the carriage, and offering each an arm, quickly ascended the steps of a dwelling to which for the first time in his life his soul seemed to instinctively shrink from entering; a dwelling beneath whose hospitable roof Henry Gifford had heretofore experienced the most liberal treatment and deepest pleasure. In his somewhat limited intercourse with the esteemed proprietor of said mansion and his accomplished wife.

A butler ran through the dense crowd already assembled in the elegantly furnished drawing room of Mrs. Lyons' establishment, when the cousin, Julia Hastings and Clara Le Vert, leaning gracefully upon the arm of Henry Gifford, the junior partner of the well-known mercantile firm of Hastings, Clarke, & Co., entered the room. The former perfectly radiant with azure satin and pearls, and the gipsy-like style of beauty of the latter, rendered only the more striking in contrast to that of the queen-like Julia, by the utter simplicity and becomingness of the delicate robe of snowy lace in which the plump little form of the dark-skinned Creole was so exquisitely draped.

The marked attention shown the newcomers by the brilliantly arrayed hostess, Mrs. Lyons, was only a signal for the bestowal of similar favors upon the part of those who aped the slightest movement of this distinguished leader of the ton. With all Julia's exhibition of coldness toward him, Henry Gifford was yet proud in vindicating to the public eyes, his claims to the love and regard of one who, though known to the world as one of the most daring of coquettes, was nevertheless the particular admiration of an extensive circle of gentlemen acquaintances, as well as being the envy of less-favored individuals of her own sex.

Late in the evening, the arrival of the long anticipated "English Lion," Lord Frederick Hampton, was announced. A low murmur of delight ran from lip to lip of the rapturous crowd, (especially the female portion of it,) as the distinguished foreigner, a noble looking man of some twenty-nine or thirty summers, walked slowly across the room to the spot where Mr. Lyons and his wife stood, with countenances wreathed in smiles, to receive him; and, after having graciously paid his respects to the brilliant hostess of the festive scene, moved quietly to the side of the ex-merchant, Mr. Lyons, and began an animated conversation, which lasted full fifteen or twenty minutes, and was only broken in upon by the pleasant voice of the hostess, who, begging pardon for the interruption, craved permission to introduce his lordship to the belle of the evening, Miss Julia Hastings, as a partner for the coming waltz quadrille.

Julia, who had exhibited signs of disappointment and strong displeasure throughout the first half of the evening's entertainment, and had, from the very first commencement of dancing, refused all offers for quadrilles, polkas, and mazourkas, in which she so much loved to indulge on ordinary occasions, began to brighten perceptibly, both in countenance and spirits, when Mrs. Lyons, fondly twining an arm about her taper waist, begged leave to introduce her to her friend Lord Hampton.

The young nobleman, most favorably struck at the first glance with the delicate and blonde style of beauty of the fair Julia, at once made overtures for the hand of Miss Hastings for the ensuing quadrille, and was immediately accepted as a partner by the delighted and blushing maiden.

Five minutes before this, Henry Gifford had entertained Julia Hastings to take a turn or two about the room in the polka with him, which was with the former a favorite dance. But no; this proposal was stubbornly refused, as others of a similar order had been during the first two or three hours of their stay. What wonder, then, that the dark eye of the adoring lover emitted a fiery light, as, glancing toward the spot where Mr. Lyons and his friend had stood for the past quarter of an hour in earnest conversation, he saw to his perfect dismay the object of his heart's deep love unobtainably accept the proffered arm of the titled foreigner, and proceed at once to the dancing room. Quick as a flash, Henry Gifford drew the arm of Clara Le Vert within his own, and, without even taking time to inquire if she were otherwise engaged for the proposed waltz quadrille, at once led his wondering partner quickly on to the scene of Terpsichorean action, and with consummate coolness took his place as the vis-à-vis of the confused Julia and her handsome and unsuspecting partner.

Whenever, by any change in the quadrille, it became necessary for Julia Hastings to take Henry Gifford for a companion for a brief walk around the set, the estranged couple proceeded to execute this, to them highly disagreeable figure of the dance, in an entirely mechanical and business-like manner, which, to an observer having knowledge of the relationship in which said lady and gentleman stood to one another, would have provoked in the mind of the most serious an irresistible desire to smile at the strange turn which affairs had so suddenly taken.

Just as the music ceased, and Lord Hampton was preparing to lead his exhausted partner to a divan in a deeply curtained recess, a servant announced the arrival of Miss Eugenia Clifton, who, according to her usual custom, had delayed coming until a very late hour, because of the immense sensation produced by the pursuance of such an act. Eugenia Clifton was what men of the world, who love fast horses, and still faster women, would call a splendid creature. On this particular evening, one could see at a glance that this gorgeous butterfly of fashion had spent more money and time than she was wont to do in the preparation of her toilette, with the hope thereby of outwitting her "dear friend," as she persisted in designating Julia Hastings, in the eyes of the young nobleman. Her dress on this occasion was of itself quite a study, both in richness of texture and disposition, being an imitation of the costume worn by Cleopatra when, attended by her maids, she went forth, in all the effulgence of her beauty, to meet Antony.

This odd idea of counterfeiting the costume of the

Egyptian queen, was probably suggested to the mind of the pleasure-loving Eugenia, by a remark which had often been made to her by men of flattery and fashion—and which, by the way, the weak-minded girl was foolish enough to consider a great compliment—that she was in form and feature the exact counterpart of portraits which they had seen of the lovely Cleopatra.

A more voluptuous and sensual looking woman than Eugenia Clifton is seldom met with even in southern countries. A robe of imperial purple velvet, with trimmings of gold and linings of rich white satin, together with rare ornaments of gold wrought into quaint and curious devices, were scattered here and there over her dress; while upon neck, arms and shoulders, sparkled gems of varied hues, and surrounding the large and well shaped oval head, rested a magnificent tiara of diamonds, the recent gift of her uncle and guardian.

Moses Clifton was by birth a Jew, and for long years a dealer in precious stones. The beautiful Eugenia, now a woman of twenty-five years, was thought by many to be his daughter, instead of niece, (since a keen eye might easily trace some few points of resemblance in the faces of both Eugenia and her guardian,) although the old man always swore by the Jewish Testament, that he had never been married, and that the beautiful creature who had reared from infancy, and who had shared in childhood his wandering life from country to country in South America, was the child of an only sister, who had died on becoming a mother.

Whatever relationship existed between Moses Clifton and his handsome niece, there was one thing certain, which was, that old Moses was a Croesus in point of wealth, and that Eugenia would, without doubt, become sole heiress to his immense property at the time of his death.

But I have wandered considerably from the main thread of my narrative. As Eugenia entered the drawing-room, resting somewhat heavily upon the arm of Moses Clifton, (a kind of miniature Falstaff in point of size) her eagle eye fell directly upon her fresher and more spirituelle rival, Julia Hastings, who, arm in arm with a distingue looking man of foreign appearance, was just entering the drawing-room with her companion, upon the conclusion of the last quadrille. One look sufficed to assure the voluptuous beauty that the person who was so attentive to Julia Hastings, could be none other than the intended Englishman, whom she had so longed to see and kill with her subtle fascinations.

With that degree of boldness which was ever characteristic of Eugenia Clifton, she hurried her uncle towards the recess where Julia Hastings and Lord Hampton were enjoying a cosy late-afternoon, behind the heavy curtains of damask and lace, when suddenly a plump and jeweled hand hastily parted the curtains, and before either the gentleman or his companion could rise from the divan on which they were seated, the passionate Eugenia, releasing her hold upon her uncle's arm, rushed forward, and without ceremony threw herself upon the neck of Julia Hastings, murmuring, in a rich and musical voice, "My dearest Julia, I am rejoiced to meet you!"

Surprised, and half ashamed of the interruption occasioned by Eugenia's sudden appearance, Julia Hastings rose to her feet and stammered out an introduction between Lord Hampton and the gorgeous beauty, who was met with extreme coldness upon the part of Lord Hampton, who remarked, upon Eugenia's speedy exit—caused by the dagger-thrust which the distinguished Englishman's coldness of manner had given to her fierce pride—that he presumed that Miss Clifton was an *attache* of some dramatic establishment, or a leading member of some traveling theatrical company, who delighted in impersonating a mock Cleopatra.

Julia Hastings knew not how to extricate either herself or friend from the unfortunate snare into which she had fallen, without lowering herself perceptibly in the estimation of Lord Hampton, whose fine title and worldly prospects had exalted him to a great height in the eyes of simple-minded Julia; and so the latter made no reply to the remark of her companion, affecting to be just then spell bound by the magic strains of one of Strauss's waltzes, just at that moment being performed by the Germania Band.

That night Lord Hampton escorted Julia Hastings to his father's residence; and Clara, grieved at the course pursued by her frivolous-minded cousin, in regard to her accepted and over-ruled lover, was only too glad to escape from a scene of such heartless dissipation as that into which she had been whirled by the fearful currents of fashion, to refuse the kind invitation of Mr. Gifford to escort her home.

Julia reached home a few minutes before Clara, and like a guilty wretch at once retired to her own chamber, knowing full well that if found awake by Clara, she would not escape the censure of her less lovely, but true-hearted cousin, who despised flirtation above all things in the world.

The next day Julia Hastings dispatched a note to Henry Gifford, signifying her strong desire to be released from an engagement which had been too precipitously entered upon by both parties, and could never be productive, in the end, of the happiness which each had mutually desired and hoped for.

To this heartless missive an immediate answer was returned, expressing perfect willingness, upon the part of Henry Gifford, to release the fickle and inconsistent object of his choice from her engagement with him. The latter now rarely visited the house of his senior partner, who had been at first the boy's master, and in whose friendship and counsel the young man had ever reposed much faith and confidence. Mr. Hastings was grieved at his daughter's cruel treatment of her lover, and even went so far as to threaten to deny Lord Hampton the house—who now paid his addresses to the cousins quite assiduously—and was only prevented from doing so by the earnest entreaties of Henry Gifford, who declared that matters would all come out right in the end.

"Julia, darling," exclaimed Eugenia Clifton, as she entered the drawing-room where were seated to

gether Julia and her cousin, busily engaged upon their embroidery, and awaiting the appearance of Lord Hampton, who had that morning invited them to take a ride about the suburbs of Boston.

Both Clara and Julia let fall from their fingers their needlework, and glanced wonderingly at the face of Eugenia, for there was something indicative of mystery in the tones of the proud beauty's voice, which momentarily startled them.

"For heaven's sake, Eugenia, what awful thing has happened now? Has any one been poisoned, or shot in a duel? for surely this is an age of calamities," cried the alarmed Julia, rising to her feet.

"No indeed, Julia; nothing quite so bad as either of the things you last mentioned has occurred," said Eugenia, smiling almost ecstatically through her large pearly teeth; "but it seems that your particular friend and admirer, Lord Hampton," and the revengeful beauty applied pretty strong emphasis to her words, "has turned out to be just what I expected, (although I did not wish to hurt your feelings by arousing any such like suspicions in your mind,) only a negro minstrel!"

The faces of both the cousins became deadly white. Julia actually screamed aloud upon hearing so terrible a denouncement. Upon partially recovering herself, however, the first exclamation that escaped her lips was, "What will poor papa say when he learns that his child has for three long months encouraged the addresses of a monster who was 'only a negro minstrel' in disguise? I see it—the whole matter is as plain as day to me now; this disclosure of yours, dear Eugenia, now fully accounts for the engagement which he invariably has from seven till half-past nine o'clock, every evening, lately. Oh, Julia! Julia Hastings, how hast thou been deceived!" and the weak-minded girl leaped, her head back in the rocking-chair and sobbed hysterically.

Clara, though deeply agitated upon hearing of so strange a discovery concerning a gentleman whose acquaintance grew daily more and more pleasing to her, could not bring her mind to the admission of a belief which seemed so inconsistent with the general bearing and deportment of one who had evidently seen better days, if not now wealthy and the possessor of a title, as Mrs. Lyons had reported.

With this last thought firmly lodged in her mind, Clara Le Vert turned toward Miss Clifton and inquired from what source she had gathered such singularly important information.

"Not from Mrs. Lyons, to be sure, who was Lord Hampton's only friend in Boston on his arrival in this country; but from a person whose authority, neither you nor Julia will for a moment think of doubting," replied Eugenia—"that of Mr. Henry Gifford!"

Before Clara could so far recover from her great surprise upon hearing this last announcement, as to reply to her friend's remark, the door bell rang, and a second later, the voice of Lord Hampton was plainly distinguishable in the hall. This was a moment of terror and confusion to the trio assembled in the parlor. Julia screamed hysterically, and declared she should faint at the very sight of "a negro minstrel," and would upon no condition be seen out riding with such a vulgar personage. By the time that Lord Hampton reached the parlor door, both Julia and Eugenia had succeeded in beating a retreat to the chamber of the former, whom, having looked themselves severely in, they sat down to recover their breath and lost wits—for, anxious as Eugenia Clifton had been to revenge herself upon Lord Hampton for his intended slight of her upon the night of Mrs. Lyons' party, she was nevertheless too much of a coward at heart to confront that gentleman face to face after having poisoned the ear of her friend against him, by a report which, if true, would probably lower the haughty lord, not only in the eyes of Julia Hastings, (who had to all appearance thoroughly reciprocated the sincere attachment which the handsome Englishman had professed for the merchant's daughter); but in the estimation of all upper tenement, among which he had played the part of a great lion since his arrival in America.

Clara Le Vert received her by no means unexpected visitor with as good a grace as possible, after the scene which had just transpired, and went at once to don her hat and shawl for the ride in which she had promised to become a participant. Once, twice, and even thrice, she knocked upon her cousin's door, for the purpose of entreating her to see Lord Hampton, even if she did not wish to join in the proposed ride; but Julia and Eugenia, at once divining the young girl's intention, persisted in maintaining a sullen silence, until Clara Le Vert, tired of waiting for a response from the lips of her cousin, slowly wandered her way back to the parlor, and forming some slight excuse for Julia's non-appearance, at once started upon her anticipated ride with Lord Hampton, in anything but gay spirits.

When a staid beside her companion, who had never seemed one half so fascinating before as upon this occasion, the warm-hearted girl quite forgot the story which she had so recently heard concerning Lord Hampton's sudden descent from high to low life, until their conversation turning upon the subject of public amusements, the gallant Englishman politely asked his dark-eyed partner if she would not bear him company that evening to hear the Campbells sing. Clara knew not what to say; but there was something so noble and respectful in Lord Hampton's manner, as shown toward her, that the innocent and kind-hearted girl could not find it in her soul to refuse him; and so the invitation to the concert was accepted by Clara, who resolved before reaching home to broach the subject which had excited so much controversy and alarm in the minds of two or three persons, in the early part of the afternoon. To her still greater surprise, Lord Hampton did not hesitate to pronounce the rumor concerning himself to be a true one, although he did not appear to exhibit the slightest shame at his exposure. As for Clara, she went home that night with a great problem weighing upon her mind, which it seemed a life-time labor to solve correctly.

That evening Lord Hampton called for Clara at an early hour, for the purpose of waiting upon her

to the concert. With trembling and fear, the young girl took her departure from her uncle's house, not having dared to communicate her intentions even to Julia, in whose eyes Lord Hampton had at once dwindled into insignificance. After having conducted his gentle companion to a front seat in the hall, which was already pretty nearly filled, the handsome Englishman retired to his dressing-room, from whence he issued some fifteen minutes afterwards as an Ethiopian guitarist and singer. His performance elicited much applause from the audience throughout the evening, and when at the close of the entertainment, Lord Hampton, or Mark Williams, as his name figured upon the bills, again stood beside Clara Le Vert, for the purpose of conducting her home, the sweet-hearted girl could not help replying from the depths of her heart, to her companion's question as to how she liked the evening's entertainment, that she had been indeed greatly amused and delighted. Just as the happy pair were leaving the hall, they were met face to face by Mr. Hastings and Henry Gifford, who looked rather surprised at seeing Clara Le Vert issuing from the concert-room in company with an Ethiopian singer, but doffing their hats respectfully to both parties, passed on.

The next day Clara Le Vert received, to her great astonishment, a very urgent invitation from her friend Mrs. Lyons, to spend a month with her at her elegant home. Julia was not a little pained at the slight which she had received from one who had hitherto professed so strong a regard for herself, in numerous ways, but was too unselfish to allow her cousin to refuse the acceptance of an invitation which could not fail to be productive of great pleasure to both Mrs. Lyons and Clara.

Strange things must have grown out of that eventful visit, for at the end of the four weeks Mr. Hastings brought home with him one night a sealed envelope, carefully tied with white ribbon, and directed to Miss Julia Hastings and father. Julia hastily broke the seal, and nearly fainted away, as her quick eye devoured the contents of the note before her. It was an invitation to a wedding levee, to be given by Mrs. Lyons to her esteemed friend Lord Hampton, on the occasion of his approaching marriage with Miss Clara Le Vert, Julia's own cousin and adopted sister.

Julia Hastings at first declined attending her cousin's wedding, but as her father insisted upon her accompanying him, out of respect for Clara, (who had ever been a great favorite with her uncle,) the mortified girl at last yielded a reluctant consent to her parents' wishes. That evening Henry Gifford accompanied Julia home, Mr. Hastings having purposely left them to one another's society. When comfortably seated in the carriage that night, Henry Gifford seized the opportunity of revealing to his now thoroughly humbled companion, the ruse which had been so successfully perpetrated concerning Lord Hampton's position in life, and in the carrying out of which he had been a fellow-accomplice. Julia, now an altered girl in heart, confessed to Henry Gifford, what he had suspected, that it was Lord Hampton's title that had at first dazzled her senses, rather than any degree of love which she felt for the man. Instead of committing suicide, or fighting a duel with his rival, Lord Hampton, upon perceiving Julia's loss of affection for him, Henry Gifford held a secret interview with the distinguished Englishman, who was the soul of honor, and after laying open to him the subject of his recent engagement with his partner's daughter, from whom Julia, in her excessive love of vanity and admiration, had carefully kept the matter secret, they both set their heads together for the denial of some plan which should prove the sincerity of Julia's affection for one who had at first been dazzled by the great beauty and accomplishments of the merchant's daughter—so much so, in fact, as to quite overlook the innumerable virtues of the warm-hearted and modest little southern flower, Clara.

How well the Ethiopian singer succeeded in his disguise as a member of the Campbell Minstrels, my readers have seen; and must agree with me, I think, in pronouncing the course pursued by Henry Gifford in love matters, a most harmless and commendable one. Lord Hampton and his gentle bride delayed their departure for England—their future home—for a month, in order to be present at the marriage ceremony of Henry Gifford and his beautiful betrothed, Julia Hastings, who declares that she cannot, after all, regret the circumstance of Lord Hampton's being metamorphosed into "A Negro Minstrel" for a short time, since it was the means of teaching her a useful and all-important lesson, without which knowledge she could never have settled down into a devoted and contented wife. Eugenia Clifton is still unmarried, because, as she says, "the gentlemen are all afraid to propose for the hand of an heiress, lest the lady should think that money was their principal object of interest in the matter, and so submit them to the deep mortification of a refusal." Poor, deluded woman! She does not know that there are some noble minded men in the world, who are above bargaining their souls' pure love for paltry gold. Leave such work to Mephistopheles and his co-laborers, say I!

CHILDHOOD.

BY ZANA.

Oh, loving heart of childhood! Pure, unalloyed, little soul! How strong the arms of love that so safely fold thee in! How true to thee the heart's earnest glow that beats in such trustful rest. Eyes glistening with happy tears are looking down upon thee; warm breath, the constant south wind of thy little world, falls on thy face, fluttering thy soft brown curls; little showers of kisses rain down upon every childish feature; the fresh, downy lips, the clear brow, the richly tinted cheeks, and the transparent eyelids tinged by the azure underneath. Childhood as it should be. It has been said, "a happy childhood is the rightful inheritance of every human being. Would that it were as sure, as right! Ah, parent! hold thy treasure tightly, train it carefully, guard it well. Within thy arms has fallen a tiny seed from the eternal tree of life. Two natures lie before you, either of which may far outreach the other, in its growth—the nightshade or the lily. The blossom of a completed humanity, whose fruit shall be the angel—or the poisonous plant, whose exhalations shall ruin the health of a whole spiritual atmosphere, invert the action of an entire moral nature. Such is childhood. There is an alchemy in truth and goodness; drawn within the influence of its strong crucibles, evil itself may melt and change into the golden good. Looking down upon the little face upturned to thine, remember this. The fair book of life is all unwritten now, the infinite realm of the possible opening before it toward two opposite poles. Its tiny cup o'ersows with each trifling joy or sorrow; the all-absorbing present fills to the brim the little soul; the yesterdays sink down successively behind the horizon of mystery from whence they rose, nearly or quite forgotten, as each new morning dawns. 'Tis wisely ordered for the race, that however intensely children may think and feel, all in their childish fashion, still the present so completely absorbs them, as effectually to preclude all effort at sustained reflection. The constant pressure which would be thus induced upon the mental faculties, would in their plastic state, either distort them, beyond all human fancy, or crush their power of action altogether.

In no other way could that buoyancy of spirit, that rebounding of mind and soul from one event or question to another, that capability of receiving impressions from all sources, without being completely fashioned by one—in no other way could these essential to an equal development of character be so well secured. Not that each thought or even a single feeling is completely obliterated as it passes, (sometimes what seems to be very trivial things are taken up by the mind of a child, retaining a controlling influence through a long, stirring life,) but that each one so displaces another, as that all may exert their proportionate influence in the formation of character. There are homes of iron rule, whose stories of unnatural repression are written all over the weary little faces, spoken forth in every motion of the restrained manners—imprisoned histories of that fearful system which, in full away, would make dwarfs or demons of the whole race. But even in such mock-homes let the pressure be removed a little while, and do we not see a little of the true child-spirit shining forth, assuming something of its natural proportions, as soon as it is free from the deforming mold in which it was so bound? The figure of the stern, hard hand may be impressed indelibly upon the little life, but other figures, too, may grow around it and upon it, like moss upon a rock. Wherever we may look, in sunny or cheerless homes, at bright, free little faces, or worn, and looking ones, in each and all of them this element of mind raises its head of blessing.

The power of teaching and rebounding from things, subjects or events, so carefully trained in childhood, by the very nature of the child is the prerogative of man alone. 'Tis greatest in the largest minds, most perfect in detail in the most mature. Indeed, we grow mature as we gradually lose the over-present consciousness of space and time, and learn to look on things simply in their relation to each other. In this, as well as many other senses, this sphere may be justly called the one of spiritual childhood. Whichever way we turn, we are sure to meet some limitation of the flesh, reminding the impatient, restless spirit constantly of the tangibly new and *Aeva*. The nations of the world move on through time like an unending torch-like procession of children.

There are patches of red glare, struck from the flint of some great mind by the fearful friction of its strong questionings. These gleam out here and there, serving to make the surrounding darkness visible, and then die out. There are little flames of reason, held up by the tallest ones, at every change of position or relation assuming different forms. The rushing of the ponderous centuries, the feverish breath of bigoted, blind dissipation, flare them in all directions. Dim torches are they all; dim torches—nothing more. We move forward into mystery and darkness, and the mystery and darkness close up again behind. Were nothing added here, we were indeed lost children, at the mercy of every stray will-o'-the-wisp. But there are tiny beacons of faith, each throwing a soft halo upon a smiling, trustful face. Ah! these little star-like torches, borne by the untrembling hands, and shining on the peaceful faces, these are all which really guide us on to some sure end. We look on them, and as we look they grow, and by and by we see and feel their warm reflection in our lives. Presently an inner light is opened, we are holding one ourselves, lit by the pitying magnetism of a down bending sphere. Just above us is the tiny star's great fountain shining. Ah! childhood of the flesh, defenceless, dependent as thou art, for life, sustenance, and guidance, not more so art thou than that strange correlative of thine, the longer childhood of the spirit.

We look upon the child's fair, unalloyed innocence, its quietness of spirit, and from the lips of many a care-worn pilgrim bursts the exclamation, "Oh, for

the fairy-land of childhood always, the rest of the little deities there forever! Again we try to look out on the great hidden future, when the torch of faith burns low, and with the unceasingly dreading seals upon us, we exclaim, "Life, life, of any price—life that we have known!" But these are only expressions of the moment, the foam thrown up by the agitation of the water, not the wave itself—one filled with the shallow joys and petty sorrows of the ever-dwelling present, the other with the deeper happiness and sterner conflicts which always come together. Oh! who, with one's momentary thought, would not shrink unutterably from the ominous word immortality? "It is not the 'dame of beauty,' not the fatal glare of reason, but the 'heart of fire,' the constant, sacred fire of faith, courageous strength to do, dare and suffer all in the right; faith in the Eternal God of Right, and his sure final recognition—this is that leads us safely through the darkness of our defenceless state. What are we but dependent children all?"

"Behold, we know not anything; I can but trust that God shall fall at last, far off, at last, and every winter change to spring. So runs my dream, but what am I? An infant crying in the night, An infant crying for the light, And with no language but a cry."

Waukegan, Ill., 1860.

INScribed TO MISS

Of Ireland, on receiving from her a white "Forget-Me-Not."

BY J. ROBERT M. SQUIER.

Long years ago, at that beautiful time when Spring, having finished her allotted labor, was slowly trailing her flower-gemmed robes over the distant hills, resigning her realm to the more genial rule of her gentler sister Summer, by the side of a crystal stream wandered a sunny-haired maiden and her lover. Merrily sang the stream as it rippled on through fair fields—now gliding untroubled, like a sheet of silver beneath the sun, now gaily leaping into miniature cascades down some sequestered vale—here lost in the enchanting shade of some exquisite "dream of leaves" where reigned silence and mystery, and upon whose stillness the low murmur floated like the dying cadence of some loved old song revivified in the fairy's fairy realm.

Of what our wanderer thought, and felt, and said, no pen has told us—we imagine from the experiences of a world of lovers since—the legend only we know. Some fragile, slender, waxlike flowers were coquetting on the banks of the stream, which, like a mirror, gave them to view their own exquisite beauty, and they thrilled and pulsed with such a joy, that they leaned far out to kiss the rippling waves. The maiden, untroubled of any danger consequent upon securing the flowers, no sooner expressed a desire to possess them, than her lover hastened to gratify her wish. The reach was long; losing his balance, he was precipitated into the stream—but grasping hold of the bank with a strong hand, he plucked the nameless flowers and passed them to the girl of his heart. His strength here failed him, and wearied with his fruitless efforts to regain the bank, he sank to rise no more—the last words on his lips, "Forget-Me-Not!"

The flowers kept their bloom, watered by the tears of the unhappy maiden, until she joined her lover, in early autumn time, when they withered, leaving only their seed. These Venus scattered far and wide over the most beautiful country in the world, and called their blossom

FORGET-ME-NOT!

Fair flowers! touched with Heaven's faultless art, Those silent orators from God's own hand, White as the soul-page of a virgin's heart.

A fallen star to gem the fruitful land; Untroubled still the blossom in glen and grove—Infidelity's Interpreter, "Forget-Me-Not!"

Would I might read the secret of thy life, And unto mine add something of thy years, And learn as thou dost at present strife—Waiting the sun of future recompense—To be content whate'er my changing lot, And live that men hereafter shall "Forget-Me-Not!"

Yet not alone dost thou command my praise, Or call the muse to wake his slumbering lay, Whose strings have silent been, since those glad days, When in my heart grew dim affection's ray, And from those smiles, I since have ne'er forgot, I turned away, nor heard one kind "Forget-Me-Not!"

A lonely wanderer by sweet Erin's streams, I bless the land wherein thy beauty sprung, Whose glory down the by-gone ages gleams Undying, as its earlier poem sung, Though conquered, honored still, inspiring spot, Thy every scene hath breathed to me "Forget-Me-Not!"

Oh! linger still kind muse, while yet I sing All joy to her whose gift awakes my lay; Oh! may the flower that graced the dying Spring, Bear seeds of friendship for each future day, And in the years to come whate'er my lot, My fate shall be to ne'er forget, "Forget-Me-Not!"

Dublin, May 23, 1860.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A MOURNER'S STORY—AN EXTRACT.

BY MADGE CARROL.

A slight epasm, a long-drawn breath, then death's stillness overspreading the lovely face, and she was lost to me! She whom I had loved so long, so well—she who was my all in all!

The wonderful brightness of the sun might have gone out from the vaulted sky, and for me, not left such utter blackness as the outgoing light from those soft eyes. The melodious pen of nature's harmonious moving might have stood in dumb quiet, and not left such awful stillness as the hushing of those tender tones. Death might have gone up and down the earth, and stretched in wakeful slumber its myriad millions, and still I, amidst the unburied dead, she had remained standing by my side, the world would not have been so solitary. And yet she was gone!

One—and the sun glared down upon me like the blazing eye of relentless death—every sound was strained to discord, while never before had men and women hurried about so replete with misery life. They even invaded the sanctuary so purely, so sacredly here, and laid their sorrowful hands upon her. They clad her in snow-white robes, twined pearl-white blossoms amid the silken darkness of her hair, laid scented blossoms over her feet and in her calm clasped hands; decked her thus to mock me with her beauty; then bore her from me and buried her under the willows.

She was lost to me; day after day but engrained this knowledge deeper on my burdened heart and brain. The sun wrote it with fiery finger on the floor where the slender grace of her shadowed form never more fell—so I shut out the sunshine. Her birds sang its shrill and sharp through every quivering nerve, and I scented them all away. Her flowers poured in forth from every perfumed urn, shook it from every thicket bell, and morning and evening wailed "lost! lost!" and so I let them die. Her book bore it stamped upon every gilded leaf, and I banished them from my sight. Every familiar face held this unending truth, written on lip and brow. I would bear intruding footsteps, and peering out from some small crevice, see this thought writing itself slowly over the features, when they came into my room and stood between them and me—so I closed my doors against them all.

Lost—the darkness was haunted with whispers of

It—free birds trilled it outside the house among the tree boughs that sighed in mournful reply, and shut upon the great hidden future, when the torch of faith burns low, and with the unceasingly dreading seals upon us, we exclaim, "Life, life, of any price—life that we have known!" But these are only expressions of the moment, the foam thrown up by the agitation of the water, not the wave itself—one filled with the shallow joys and petty sorrows of the ever-dwelling present, the other with the deeper happiness and sterner conflicts which always come together. Oh! who, with one's momentary thought, would not shrink unutterably from the ominous word immortality? "It is not the 'dame of beauty,' not the fatal glare of reason, but the 'heart of fire,' the constant, sacred fire of faith, courageous strength to do, dare and suffer all in the right; faith in the Eternal God of Right, and his sure final recognition—this is that leads us safely through the darkness of our defenceless state. What are we but dependent children all?"

Autumn moaned for her, and strewn its falling honors over her grave. Whiter winds shrieked around my desolated home, and tortured me with wailing cries. Then came the snow, with fingers of pearl, and heaped its white wreaths high over her mound, and piled its mimic semblance in every window-pane. Once, when the willow boughs were crusted with a glittering rim of ice, and the wind was rattling wild amongst them, I went and stood there while the narrow icy points bent around my head and face, forcing out great blood drops. But no physical pain overpowered the mental; my heart beat faster than my face. One day a kind hand drew aside the blue curtain of the sky, and pointing upward, inward a soft voice told me that the faces of the "lost" looked down. Said that bright form were straying out upon the azure heights, and floated above us like white doves in the sunlight.

A yearning desire to behold the face of my lately lost took possession of me. I searched for her in the spring-drewn woods, where early violets dotted the green fringes of gurgling brooks, or where the stately dandelions laughed over the wild meadows. It was not long before I found in those dew-dimmed violet urns, the balm of consolation. And in those sweet flower-eyes, lifted ever smilingly to the bending heavens—be they wrapped in storms or bathed in calms—I read a holy knowledge. I saw the flower die, seemingly, then gracefully put on its new attire, and hang trembling on the olden stalk, its long growing frailty every hour, until some wondering wind's wing touched it gently, and the airy thing would rise and flit away; but not to sink downward to decay, not to be lost—new flowers strewn greener meadows every year. I met the snow-drops flying like fairies on every wondering breeze, and they taught me immortality. Told me to look for my darling, and I should find her.

The beautiful and harmonious elements of the departed spirit seemed to pervade all lovely forms and pleasant sounds in nature. I saw evidences of my dear one's tenderness in white blossoms drifting at my feet—in green leaf-tips bending to kiss my forehead, and in the light play of zephyr-fingers through my hair.

Her red lips smiled upon me from the curved leaves of every crimson flower, and her sweet breath came to me in gentle waftings from many a scented urn. The rippling murmur of soft flowing waves caught dreamily her low, low tones, and whispered them among the swaying grasses. The pebbles slumbering in their sun-kissed beds, reflected the graceful outline of her form, and drooping shadow-branches breaking in wavy lines on the water's edge, was like the mirroring of her long tresses. Every star-gem, set however high in the heavens, looked down upon me with the serene lustre of her dark eyes. I saw her radiant robes in every rosy flushed cloud at sunset. And each golden pendling of light upbreathing in the eastern horizon, seemed like glittering harp-strings for her white hand to sweep.

But, alas! within the veil of all this beauty and glory, she was walking apart from me; I could not lift the mystic silver curtain from those inner halls, and see her spirit's home. She was shrouded from me, a prisoned presence, fretting me to fever. I could not see her visible form, or hear the reality of the sweet voice that had made the music of my life.

One day, one golden day, after I had learned what was meant by watching and waiting, after I had learned patience through long denial, I found my lost angel walking by my side.

Philadelphia, 1860.

SOMERVILLE.

Rev. Silas Tyrell spoke before the society in this place on Sunday, July 28th. His subject was Prayer. He claimed that he should offer nothing as being authority, nor anything that should cater to please the multitude. A great deal has been said and written on the subject of prayer. We have been taught that but a few prayed acceptable prayers to God, because they did not pray in keeping with certain external forms and under certain restrictions; but this is a mistake. Christ taught a different kind of prayer from what is practised in our churches. We claim that Christ's teachings are not the teachings of the popular church, but that they are in perfect harmony with, and are identically the same, as Modern Spirituality.

He presented the following words from Dr. Child's new book—*Whatever Is, Is Right*—which he said was the most suggestive book he ever read—

"Prayer is an uttered or unuttered petition to command what the soul craves. So near is prayer allied to religion, that they are inseparable. Every breath is a prayer; every throbbing of the heart is a prayer; every desire that makes every action of life is a prayer. Prayer, in every human soul, comes not from the outside to the grave. Nature commands us to pray without ceasing, and sternly enforces obedience. Christ also says—'Pray without ceasing.' This we do, and have done."

I claim that all men pray. The gambler prays; the miser prays; the politician prays; the murderer prays; the lascivious man prays with his hellish desire for lust; the self-righteous man prays, too, when in holiness he raises his voice for his own exaltation, and for the continuance of his own excellence above his brother. All Christians have prayed, after the style of the self-righteous man, for two thousand years. The Dutchman's prayer is the prayer of Christendom, which is—

"Oh Lord, bless me and my wife, my son John and his wife, we fear, oh Lord—we care for no more—amen!"

From the fullness of the heart, every man prays—and every man prays the truth—which prayer is the desire that flows lawfully from his own nature. The church, in the exercise of prayer, has gone directly opposite to the teachings of Christ, for he taught his followers to pray not for others to hear. If the soul prays, the prayer is always answered in nature, whatever that prayer may be. I take the all right doctrine; I believe that everything exists just as God intended it should. I cannot see wherein the teachings of Christ differs from the all right doctrine. Jesus told his disciples to resist not evil. But by this saying of Christ, we do not understand that Christ taught to relax our efforts in goodness, or cease to do well.

Prayer is want, is desire. Every desire is prayer. Nature produces every desire and answers every prayer. It is as much a folly to erect a standard for prayer, as it is to erect a standard for human desires. What people call evil, is simply the faults of others—not the virtues of myself. We impeach the wisdom of God if we say that the prayers of Robert Kidd and Judas were not as lawful to their conditions as were the prayers of Christ. God always answers prayer through fixed and immutable laws. God does not answer prayer by special acts.

I contend that oral prayer has its use and its mission—it concentrates our thought and stimulates our aspirations.

Nature teaches us that we are all dependent.

GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER FOUR.

THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY—SECOND PART.

Some years ago, from the pen of the Irish lover, emanated some very unpoetical lines on the prevailing weather of this locality; they ran as follows—

"The rain comes down
The leaves to drown,
Not a gleam of sun to stay it;
From my heart I wish
I was but a fish,
What a glorious place to enjoy it."

No flight on
Old Managora,
And there I cannot make out, air;
What need we know,
When near our home,
You're a fine cascade from the spot, air!"

Our experience was widely different. Although our yesterday's ramble had just a show of a shower—we have no desire to rank among the libellers of Killarney, or make any capital out of prating about perpetual rain. Our's was a fine morning for a ride through the Gap of Dunloe, and the boat to meet us at the head of the Upper Lake. A fine road takes you along the northern bank of the Lough Leane or Lower Lake, till it falls into the Lough river; it has very few traces of that extreme poverty which is common to almost every highway in Ireland, and is very picturesque. Here the little fields are well cultivated, and the wretched hovels are seldom seen. Here we stand upon the Lough Bridge, below which tumbles a rapid stream, very tempting to the angler; a little way on, the Gap opens its ponderous jaws. In a field near the entrance of the Gap, is the Cave of Dunloe, interesting to the archaeologist. The roof is formed of large stones covered with Ogham characters, supposed to be the written language of the Druids, of whom, could one decipher them, here certain are "sermons in stones" to no end.

The road through the pass was made by Major Mahony, and although in certain places there may not have been much choice for selection, it must be remarked that it has been laid out with considerable judgment; there are many of its beads which display the wild scenery of the Gap to the utmost advantage. Through a wild and boggy country we gradually reach this road. We turn the shoulder of a rock and reach the Gap, where

"The abrupt mountain breaks,
And seems, with its accumulated crags,
To overhang the world."

It is curious to see how widely tourists differ in their estimation of particular scenery; let us furnish our readers with a few of the most prominent. J. D. Inglis writes, "The Gap of Dunloe did not seem to me to be worthy of its reputation; it is merely a deep valley, but the rocks which flank the valley are neither very lofty nor very remarkable in their form; and, although, therefore, the Gap presents many features of the picturesque, its approach to sublimity are very distant." Mrs. Hall enthusiastically calls it "a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. Its deep gloom impresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy."

Windsor says, "It is, after all, a very natural, very gloomy, a very lovely ravine, running between the rocks at one side, and the purple mountains, a huge limb of the Tonic on the other, and is, beyond all comparison, the finest thing of the kind in Ireland." These wide differences of opinion unquestionably arise from the different aspects under which a scene is viewed, and the varying moods of mind produced by these varying aspects—what is beautiful under the blaze of the noonday sun becomes sombre and impressive in the mist of evening. We passed through this chasm on a bright morning in June; the Lee was running down its rocky bed, on the right the Rocks lifted their heads far to the arched sky; on the left the Purple Mountains blushed in the glowing light. "That its approaches to the sublime are very distant," we cannot agree. There are here several views which quite come up to our ideas of sublimity; it is altogether a singular scene, and one which completely baffles description. The place looks as if caused by an earthquake, or some other mighty convulsion of nature.

The huge masses of rock which have rolled down the sides convey a very good idea of the height of the mountains on either side. The traveler is so hedged in that he has nothing else to assist his judgment, unless, indeed, the numerous gulls which are scattered about far up among the crevices of the rocks, into which they not infrequently fall and perish from sheer hunger, being unable to extricate themselves. The craggy cliffs suspend fearfully over the narrow way, as if threatening the explorer with instant destruction for his daring. In the interstices of these immense projecting rocks, a few shrubs and trees shoot out in fantastic shapes, which, with the dark ivy and luxuriant heather, contribute largely to the picturesque effect of the landscape. The road winds along the frequent brink of the precipices, and follows the course of the Lee, and two places crosses it by means of fantastic little bridges. One of these stands at the head of a beautiful rapid, where the water rushes in whitening foam over the rocky bed of the torrent. We halted at a spot where suddenly vanished our "Bogie" into a deep dell, and then rose such a wild bugle-strain, repeated in the most delicate softness and charming harmony by the rocks around, that the whole scene was one of enchantment. Fresh to our memory came Shelley's noble translation of Faust, in which the images of beauty and sublimity are so powerfully blended:

"But see how swift advance and shift,
Trees behind trees, row in row—
How, cliff by cliff, rocks bend and lift,
Their frowning foreheads as we go.

The giant-sentinel crags, hot hot!
How they stand and how they blow,
Through the many moods and moods,
Stream and streamlet hurry down.

A rushing torrent! A sound of song,
Beneath the rock of heaven is blown,
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones
Of this bright day, sent down to say
That Youth and Love are not a dream,
Resound around, beneath above.

All we hope, and all we love,
Whisper a voice in this little strain,
Which wakes the heart and wood, and rill,
And vibrates far o'er field and vale,
And which echo, like the tale
Of old times, repeats again."

We extract from "The Collegians," a charming description—a view down the Gap from the Purple Mountains, because it will give the reader some idea of the effect produced under the different conditions of sun and shadow.

"Although the day was fine and sometimes cheered with sunshine near the base of the mountains, its summit was wrapped in mist and wet with incessant showers. The scenery around was solitary, gigantic and stormy barren. The figure of some wonderful hunting tourist, with a guide boy bearing his portfolio and umbrella, appeared at long intervals among the lesser undulations of the mountain side; and the long road which traversed the gloomy valley, dwindled to the width of a meadow foot-path. On the opposite side of the enormous ravine, the gray

and misty flocks still raised their crumbling summits far above him. Masses of white mist gathered in sudden congress between their peaks, and sometimes floating upward in large volumes, were borne majestically onward, catching a thousand tints of gold and purple from the declining sun. Sometimes a trailing shower, of mingled mist and rain, would sweep across the intervening chasm, like the sheeted specter of a giant, and present to the eye of the spectator that appearance which supplied the imagination of Ossian with its romantic images. The mighty gorge itself, at one end, appeared to be lost and dilapidated amid a host of mountains tossed together in provoking gloom and misery. Lower down it opened upon a wide and cultivated champaign, which, at this altitude, presented the resemblance of a rich meadow of a thousand colors, and afforded a bright contrast to the barren and shrubless gloom of the solitary vale itself."

Along this road is the famous "Cot of Kate Kearney," since her time rebuilt, and now occupied by a descendant, not half so pretty as has been sung and written of the Kate. One is not in the least surprised, on seeing the immense number of goats that browse on the sides of these mountains, at the quantity of goat's milk with which he is assailed under the name of mountain dew, in which case it is generally "qualified carefully" with poison, and however declined he may be for this inspiring beverage on the outset of his journey, he strongly urges that after a long ride he will not be insensible to its merits—though as a rule he may prefer the best Scotch—nine years old to the uncertain Irish whiskey.

Echoes again, but not of music—mimic thunder at six paces a shot from a rusty old cannon that you have serious objections to sitting on during the operation of firing—but away goes the report, brattling and ringing up the mountain sides as if a certain stygian district had been invaded to the utterable horror of its inhabitants.

We ride on over the lonely bridge, the last that spans the Lee, and ascend to the extremity of the gorge. And here indeed we have a scene—stretching far over the Black Valley or Coomedaun Glen, through which lies our road. We command this view suddenly, and the effect, apart from its magnificence, after gazing a scene so grand, though gloomy, was that of exceeding surprise and delight. The unexpected change, from the wild and savage to the comparatively soft and graceful, was gratifying to the fullest extent. It is this extraordinary variety and contrast with which Killarney abounds that affords such intense gratification—and in the whole range of its scenery we question if there is any finer than the views afforded along this winding road.

Beneath us lies the Upper Lake, a basin among the mountains. All around us is charmingly grand. The long valley of mingled rocks and greenwood—far at the back McIllicuddy's Rocks—nearer, a far stream rushes down the mountain side, forming a rapid river as it reaches the lake—surrounded by mountains which seem to shut out the world—one way to enter the gorge—one way to retreat—below us the lake, which seems to have no outlet. Here we could sit and rest—here, with this grand amphitheatre open to our view—and never tire of this wild and glorious scenery.

Many and many a laboring man, in whose hard features the great world claims to trace no feeling, met here, who stands gazing, with we know not what emotion, upon the wonderful combinations of scenery. A great poet has said that the love of the scenery is an acquired taste, and belongs only to highly cultivated minds. Do not such notions come of exclusion from the world? As we approach the lake the road becomes more difficult, but the sure-footed ponies step briskly among the stones and intricately avoid the frequent bog.

We arrive at Lord Brandon's gate, an iron grating in a rude wall, which admits us to a smiling domain. Here is another change—here the river glides on between gentle banks and through flowering fields—

"Cutured slopes,
Wild tracts of forest ground, and scattered groves,
And mountains bare or clothed with ancient woods,
Surrounded us, and as we held our way
Along the side of the glacial flood,
There ceased not to surround us change of place,
From kindred scenes diversely combined,
Producing change of beauty ever new."

Through this property we reach the rendezvous, and, having looked our name, we seat ourselves in the boat, with our new-made friends, and congratulate ourselves that the pony riding and walking business of the day is over. And now our ears are rapidly carrying us through the Upper Lake. Mountains encompass us, bleak and barren, but mighty, in their grandeur, they seem to have their feet in the deep waters—rising sheer on every side. Islands spring abruptly from the bosom of the deep, loaded with luxuriance, while here tower gray rocks surmounted with a few of the greenest of trees—while the arboreal scene of some of them attains a fabulous size. The Upper Lake, though inferior in point of size to the Lower Lake, deserves, we think, the preference in point of scenery; it displays much greater variety than the other, but that variety arises entirely from different combinations of the same wild features; its shores afford none of that contrast peculiar to the Lower Lake, between verdant lawn and rugged heath, the graceful grove and thick entangled forest. But the scenery retains its native attire, and from this circumstance alone derives its real interest. In real picturesqueness it far surpasses the Lower Lake, but it is only by patient examination of its shores, peeps into its every deep inlet, that one by one its beauties are discovered, and assume each its own attractions. The fact of the mountains being so much nearer the lake, and so completely hemming one in, is gratifying and not without its effect upon the scenery—it leaves it without one tame feature.

Its islands are more numerous than in the other lakes. We landed on many of them, and were charmed with the luxuriant vegetation, and, above all, with the contrast made by the fresh tint of the arboreal and the grey rocks among which it grows. Rosine's Island is so called from a person of that name having retired to this lonely and sequestered spot, where he lived and died a recluse, subsisting by fishing and shooting. We landed on it at a gravel walk, which commences at the water, and winding round the rocks, leads to its summit, which is nearly forty feet above the level of the water. The views it afforded were very striking. Having circled around the lake, we proceeded to what is termed the Long Range, the entrance to which is guarded by a singular promontory known as Coleman's Eye. The Long Range, which terminates at Glenna, is a channel full of interest and beauty. The water is clear and rapid, and on either side it is amply wooded. The most attractive feature in the Long Range is the far-famed Eagle's Nest. It lifts its pyramidal head upward of a thousand feet above the river, a rugged, precipitous mass of rock, in whose interstices the lordly eagle builds its eyrie. The rocks are tolerably covered with trees, shrubs and undergrowth, but the upper part is destitute of covering, save from a few stunted trees nourished in the crevices or the bank and other lowly sub-alpine plants, which clothe it. Here is the most perfect, glorious and exciting of all Killarney echoes. Here our "bugler" is in his glory, and low, soft and shrill rush the notes from his bagpipe. He gave one note, and the effect was like magic—it was

caught and repeated, loudly, and softly, and loudly again, gradually rising and falling, all the time making its way up the height, until at last it died away in low murmurs. This for the bugle. Now—and what a terrific peal in the ears—rings the cannon. Alpine thunder could not be more sublime! Echo has it a peal—another, and yet again; now silence, then far away a solemn roll, until, rising to the very top, it whistles back from a height running to twice the altitude of the Cheops. Hill seemed calling back to hill, and our imagination was ready to enfold them with all the attributes of life. The effect of the report of a gun exceeds belief; the first idea is as if the whole pile of rock were rent asunder, then the immediate echoes resemble a tremendous peal of thunder—

"Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain has its echoing file of gun,
And every cliff, from its steep side, back to the very top,
Back to the base of the precipitous fall,
Back to the roiling surge and its white foam,
Back to the muffled drums, which shout along
The bosom of the lake."

Thus Byron depicts an Alpine thunder storm, which is not unlike the effect produced by these truly wonderful echoes. In favorable weather twelve distinct echoes are borne to the ear, and they are by no means unusual, but greatly aid the elongating tone to

"Load the trembling air with various melody."

Lord Bacon assumed that there were certain letters which no echo would return or express, and Dr. Smith, on his authority, in the History of Kerry, in which he took considerable pains to explain the causes of echoes, gives an instance of a celebrated echo formed by the walls of a ruined church, at Pont Charanton, near Paris, where there resided an old Parisian, who took it to be the work of good spirits, "for," said he, "if you call Satan, the echo will not deliver back the devil's name, but will say *va-t'en*," which in French signifies *avoid*—by which accident Lord Bacon discovered that an echo would not return S. We have tried the matter, and suggest it to our readers as worth while, to test the conclusions of great men, and especially in this, as it can be done on roads from any barn in the open country.

Below the Eagle's Nest is a passage through which a laden boat is not very safe to pass, according to boatmen. "To shoot old Weir is a feat." The more staid and serious of our party landed, but our fair companions, with all womanly sympathies and refinements, had too sovereign a contempt for imaginary dangers, so three young heads and light hearts performed the feat; and to our mind it was just as easily accomplished as it would have been to have accomplished the feat of rolling off the trunk of a "felled monarch of the forest."

Once more into the lovely Danish River—once more out into the beautiful Lower Lake—once more across to Ross Island. Had we the time and space, it would be worth while for us to give the entire history of Ross Castle, it is so full of the curious and all remarkable. Erected by one of the early O'Donoghues, it was the last stronghold in Munster which defied the cannon of the Parliamentary Ironsides. In 1652, General Ludlow laid siege to it, and by some wondrous exertion conveyed boats to the lake, with the intention of attacking it on a side where the enemy could not be expected. Dr. Smith gives a curious anecdote respecting the influence which the unexpected appearance of a large vessel upon the lake, produced upon the superstitious garrison of Ross Castle. "A man," writes the Doctor, "whose name was Hopkins, and who, a few years ago, was sexton of Swords, near Dublin, was present at the taking and surrender of this place, and assisted in drawing the above-mentioned vessel into the lake, which, as Ludlow says, was capable of holding one hundred and twenty men. The Irish had a kind of prophecy among them, that Ross Castle could not be taken until a ship should swim upon the lake; and the appearance of this vessel contributed not a little to intimidate the garrison and to hasten the capitulation. The said Hopkins lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen years."

In looking over the despatches of General Ludlow, we find the following which we extract—"I marched with about 4000 foot and 2000 horse toward Ross, which the Lord Muskerry made his principal rendezvous, and which was the only place of strength the Irish had left. I was accompanied by Lord Droghda and Sir Hardress Waller. We had received our boats, each of which was capable of containing one hundred and twenty men. I ordered one of them to be rowed about the water, in order to find out the most convenient place for landing, which the enemy perceiving, thought fit, by a timely submission, to prevent the danger which threatened them, and having so expressed themselves, commissioners were appointed on both sides to treat; finally, 5000 horse and foot surrendered."

There is but a small portion of the ancient castle now remaining, which is to be regretted, as the modern additions are not calculated to improve its appearance, although not too artificial, and seeming carried out in a spirit to which Shakespeare has alluded—

"This is an art,
Which does mend Nature—change it rather; but
The art itself is Nature."

As Inisfallen is associated with the ancient religion of these beautiful regions, so Ross is in the same way allied to all records and legends of the feudal power, which once held sway over these waters. Beneath this embattled tower spirit stirring strains once summoned the mountaineers to gather, and the "Eagle's whistle," "Step of the Glens," and the marches of the O'Donoghues, which still may be heard in hall and bower, "stirred the heart as with a trumpet."

Froisart has a striking picture of such chieftains as those who sat five centuries ago in the halls of Ross. It is the narrative of Sir Henry Christall, who was made prisoner by the Irish in the time of Richard II—married the daughter of his captor—and coming back after some years to English society, was sent to attend upon the kings who had submitted themselves to England, and were detained in a sort of honorable captivity in Dublin:

"The king, my sovereign lord's intent was, that in manner, countenance, and apparel of clothing, they should use according to the manner of England; for the king thought to make them all four knights. They had a fair house to lodge in in Dublin; and I was charged to abide still with them, and not to depart; and so two or three days I suffered them to do as they list, and said nothing to them, but followed their own appetites. They would sit at the table, and make countenance neither good nor fair. Then I thought I should cause them to change that manner. They would cause their minstrels, their servants, and their valets, to sit with them, and to eat in their own dish, and to drink of their cups; and they showed me that the usage of their country was good, for they said, in all things (except their beds), they were and lived as common. So the fourth day I ordained other tables to be covered in the hall, after the usage of England, and I made those four knights to sit at the high table, and their minstrels at another board, and their servants and valets at another beneath them, whereby seeming they were displeased, and beheld each other and would not eat, and said how I would take from their good usage wherein they had been accustomed. Then I answered them, smiling to appease

them, that it was not honorable for their estates to do as they did before, and that they must leave it and use the custom of England, and persevere in the same as long as I was with them; yet they had one use, which I knew very well was used in their country, and that was, they did wear no breeches. I caused breeches of linen cloth to be made for them. While I was with them I caused them to leave many rude things, as well in clothing as in other causes. Much ado I had at first to cause them to wear gowns of silk, furred with miniver and gray; for before, these kings thought themselves well apparelled when they had on a mantle. They rode always without saddles and stirrups, and with great pain I made them to ride after our usage."

Such as they were, it is pleasant to contrast the frank fellowship of the native kings toward their minstrels and servants, with the formal etiquette of the Anglo-Norman Court. Many a noble feeling was there in those despisers of "silk gowns" furred with miniver and gray," which the luxurious Richard could not boast. Two centuries went by, and Hugh Tyrone, the great rebel, as he was termed, because down deep in his heart still lived the flickering flame which nourished a great love for his country, and a proud hope for its freedom, defied the power of England, and she wondered at the love of his retainers. The old system of brotherhood had not died out, and there was no mystery. Sir John Harrington could not see the charm by which such love was won, and scoffed at the great influence of a fellowship which he chose to term "debasement to royalty."

But we are lingering too long amid the traces of old manners, as we lingered, till the sun was going down in the exquisite gardens of Ross, looking out from paths beautiful with every shrub and flower which art could acclimate, or of which nature has been lavish. The mist is gathering about the mountains, and a gusty wind is driving them far and fast before it. Our crew are impatient; so away we pull through the waves, now beginning to leave like a troubled sea. A quarter of an hour leaves far behind us all of serene beauty, and opens to us the sterner beauties of the scene. Sweet Inisfallen, solemnly slumber in thy watery bed. Though Glenna brown above thee, it shall be thy guard, as it has been from now silent centuries; and the lake, now black, black beyond all imagining, beneath the gloom of the gathering clouds, shall still bear thee up, as it has borne thee from the now silent centuries.

This takes us through the Lakes—Upper, Lower and Toro Lakes. We have seen them under very favorable circumstances, and can judge to a degree of their claims to surpassing beauty. Let us compare our views with two competent, but widely different observers. Inglis—sharp and cautious, seldom elevated beyond the point of calm satisfaction—gives us, as a general summing up, the following—"Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not, within the same compass, anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its boundaries, the Lower Lake of Killarney is decidedly superior to Windermere; and, though the head of the Ulswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killar

SPIRITUALIST CONVENTION AT PROVIDENCE, R. I.

First Day—Morning Session.

Several hundred people were present at Pratt's Hall, Broad street, Providence, in the morning at the hour of organization. The number was continually increased by the arrival of delegates from the surrounding towns and from Massachusetts and Connecticut. They were present from various parts of the country, as far distant as New Orleans. A good delegation was present from Carbondale, Pa.

Among the popular addresses of the case, who are present at the Convention, were: J. S. Lordland, of Auburn, N. Y.; J. H. Randall, of Northfield, Mass.; Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y.; F. L. Wadsworth, of Portland, Me.; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Miss A. W. Sprague, of Plymouth, Vt.; Miss Laura E. DeForest, of La Crosse, Wis.; Mrs. F. M. Felt, of Northampton, Mass.; George L. Cade, Esq., of Cambridgeport, Mass.; Mrs. A. M. Spence, of New York; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, Mass.; N. Frank White, of Troy, N. Y.; H. B. Storer, of New Haven, Conn.; Dr. P. J. Randolph, of Boston; F. W. Robbins, Esq., of Plymouth; L. J. Hall, of New York; Dr. L. K. Cooley, of New Orleans, La.; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, of West Killip, Conn.; John C. Ciner, and daughter Sade, of Boston; Mrs. Uzzelle Dotsen, of Plymouth, Mass.; Abby Kelly Foster, of A. E. Ostrander, of Troy, N. Y.; Rev. S. Fellows, of New Bedford, Mass.; N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, Mass.; Rufus Elmer, of Springfield, Mass.; Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston; Henry C. Wright, of Boston; J. K. Durfee, of Carbondale, Pa.; Mrs. H. B. Storer, of Providence; Dr. Charles Main, of Boston; W. L. Ryder, of Northfield, N. Y.; Hon. Fred. Robinson, of Marlborough; Mrs. E. F. Atkins, of Jamaica Plain, Mass. The list might be swelled to a much larger compass, but it is hardly possible that they will all have a chance to be heard in the Convention. Everything thus far indicates a pleasant time, and ample provisions are made by the good people of Providence to accommodate those in attendance from other cities and States.

The meeting was called to order at half-past ten o'clock by H. B. Knowles, Esq., of Providence, and John C. Ciner, of Boston, was chosen Chairman, and Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y., Secretary.

A committee on permanent organization was chosen, consisting of H. B. Knowles, Immanuel Seale and Lita H. Barney, of Providence; Dr. H. F. Gardner and Henry C. Wright, of Boston; Willard Tripp, of Taunton; Miss A. W. Sprague, of Vermont; Mrs. Anna M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn.; and Hon. Fred. Robinson, of Marlborough.

Mr. CLARK, while the committee were out, addressed a few remarks to the Convention. Making speeches, he said, seemed to be a part of his nature; he thought the people wanted to see him here at the Convention, and he was glad to mingle with so many happy hearts, and see so many cheerful faces. He paid a compliment to the beautiful ladies of Providence who graced the Convention with their presence. He loved the Spiritualists, whose hearts were open wide enough to hold all mankind; he loved the sufferers of community, the convicts, those who have strayed from the paths of integrity; the poor condemned women whose society casts off after it has made them what they are. He related an incident of his own experience among the denizens of North street, in his quiet, characteristic pathos, which moved many in the audience to tears. God is with us, said he; spirits are with us, and we have begun well.

Miss SEALE, of CLARK, recited a poem, entitled "Lamenting Angels," for which she received raptures of applause.

H. B. STORER, of New Haven, was called for, but did not feel prepared to speak at this stage of the meeting; he would like to stir the hearts of those present, though he did not know as there was any need of much stirring to waken them up to love and affection for one another. He felt that a great work had been done since last year's Convention in this place. He spoke of Emma Hardinge's efforts to raise up the fallen, to reduce those whom the world counts as lost. It is an old maxim, that every heart will vibrate to the touch of kindness. He spoke of our reputations as Spiritualists. There are those who dislike to associate with those who the world had cast out, the church will not recognize, and society regards with disfavor. As for him, he was not ashamed to associate with any of God's children, no matter how low they had fallen, if his influence would move one obstacle to their redemption, or lighten the burden of their suffering. We must recognize them as never before our sympathy. We must feel for those beneath us, so far as we can, or we are unworthy our name. He hoped this Convention would adopt the sentiment of a practical and common brotherhood.

The Committee on permanent organization entered, and submitted the following nominations, which were accepted:

President—Dr. H. F. Gardner, of Boston.
Vice President—H. B. Knowles, of Providence, R. I.; Rufus Elmer, Esq., of Springfield, Mass.; Henry C. Wright, of Boston; Rev. Adin Ballou, of Hopedale, Mass.; Hon. Fred. Robinson, of Marlborough, Mass.; Mrs. M. S. Townsend, of Taunton, Mass.; Miss A. W. Sprague, of Vermont; Mrs. A. M. Middlebrook, of Bridgeport, Conn.; Mrs. Gregory, of Marlborough, Mass.; Mrs. A. F. Fowler, of Providence, R. I.; Secretary—Miss Lita H. Barney, of Providence, R. I.; Miss Davis, of Putnam, Conn.; Wm. H. Robinson, of Boston.

Business Committee—H. B. Knowles, Henry Simon, and I. Seale, of Providence, R. I.; H. B. Storer, of New Haven, Conn.; F. W. Robbins, of Plymouth, Mass.; Uriah Clark, of Auburn, N. Y.

Dr. GARDNER briefly thanked the Convention for the post of honor assigned him, and calling upon all present to sustain him, he entered upon the duties of his office.

The Business Committee retired to transact their business, and while they were out the Convention was addressed by

Dr. RANDOLPH. I believe there is a principle at work from one end of the world to the other, and the day is already dawned when all society will be swept on by the rushing tide of truth and common-sense, to the ultimate belief in Modern Spiritualism. I believe all the signs of success which we recognize around us, have been vouchsafed to us by the God who doeth all things well. I believe the heavens have wept at the condition of the world in the past, and that the heavens are now smiling to welcome the dawn of the "good time coming." Some of us will be laughed and sneered at, and take us all in all, we may expect to be roughly used. The stone gets its angles rounded off in rolling down the mountain side. So it is with all new principles and ideas. So is it with the beginning of all things. The child is imperfect, weak and insignificant. All ideas are born crude, just as children are; but by the process of time they are finally presented in comely form, and beautiful to be looked at. When the beautiful truth of Modern Spiritualism first came upon the mind of humanity, many accepted it, and ran off into all sorts of side issues and transcendental nonsense. But time has rubbed the rough incongruities from it, and the jewel of spiritual truth radiates its light, and it is more beautiful than aught the world ever saw before. The truth comes to us, and we all live with it; we can see in it the elements of a greater manhood and a more beautiful womanhood. If we do our duty to ourselves, by Spiritualism, we grow better day by day. No matter if we slip down once in awhile; we are only a warning to others; and we know much more than we did before we slipped—and this will aid us when we start again. We must not abuse the bridge over which we go. We owe a debt to bigotry and superstition. Even they have had their bearing upon the progress of the world; from them the world has grown into liberty and kindness. The progressive world will build up a temple for mankind, beneath which will gather all who can recognize God as the Universal Father, realize all mankind as their brothers, and struggle on to their destiny. Aspire to the grand

estate of truth. The old and new—all things will pass away, and we shall realize the things spoken of in the good book, a new Heaven and a new Earth in the universal heart of humanity, to the destruction of all that is false and to the elevation of all that is true and beautiful.

Hon. FREDERICK ROBINSON, of Marlborough, followed. In some remarks on Spiritualism as an antecedent of and connected with modern Spiritualism. His speech was somewhat lengthy, but quite interesting, so we have reserved it for a future number of the BANNER.

The Committee on Business made a partial report, which was accepted and adopted by the Convention. They recommended three sessions of the Convention each day—at 10 A. M., and at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.—each session to be two hours in duration, and to be opened with singing; after which, a pause for voluntary invocation or prayer; the morning session to be divided into speeches of ten minutes each, consisting of personal narratives, statements of facts, etc.; the afternoon and evening sessions to be opened by a speaker selected for the occasion, who shall be allowed an hour, after which other ten minute speakers shall occupy the rest of the session, interspersed with singing, etc.—no one being allowed to speak twice while there are others willing to occupy the time.

The Finance Committee recommended that voluntary contributions be taken at the afternoon and evening sessions, to defray expenses.

The Business Committee were allowed further time in which to prepare Resolutions for the Convention. At about half-past twelve the Convention adjourned.

Afternoon Session.

The Convention was called to order at the appointed time, the President in the chair. After singing by the choir, Rev. J. S. LORDLAND spoke upon the "Purpose of this Convention, and the Methods of Securing that Purpose." The highest desire of every mind, he said, is for happiness, and every mind strives to achieve it; and as every man and woman so labor, so every humanitary object has this end in view, though seemingly various and sometimes conflicting in the manner of reaching it. This is the object of this Convention—not the happiness of you and me, but of all. Upon this point there need be no argument, for there is no dispute. The great question which, more than all others, moves us to-day, is the way by which that end may be gained. In the answering of this question we shall be often perplexed. We have met obstacles, and shall expect to meet them. Other bodies of men have met with the same obstacles. Disappointment, like a bird of ill-omen, has followed our footsteps. So far, the great reason of failure is, that the incarnating principle has been selfishness. The institutions have sprung up, which are the incarnated methods of procuring happiness, but have been blighted by the selfishness of those connected with them. Now and then, meteor like, have sprung up periods of success, and cheered the faithful workers; but they have been only the fitful glow of the meteor, while a leaden darkness has followed, heavier than before. I have no desire to find fault with this state of society. The purpose of this Convention is, that we may educe some better method than we have produced thus far; and we need go no further than to examine the great movements of this age—of modern Spiritualism. We will see if the effect is not so manifest that it need only be stated to be understood. This disorder involves, if we may so express myself, a lack of undivided organic efforts. It involves a need of constant action. We sometimes feel as though we would like to

"Sit and sing ourselves away
To everlasting bliss."

But human life is no dream. We must work till life passes away and we mingle with immortality. Life is not a happy song. There is singing for the soul. There are beautiful things in life, but there is still required the real, strong, athletic moral, intellectual, spiritual vigor. When you have these, then spread the halo of glory over all.

The institutions of the present are not equal to the capacity of the men and women of to-day. When we strive to remove the necessity which exists in the condition of things, we must have method, and banish selfishness. Selfishness, of necessity, draws us apart, and disintegrates us from the heart of the mass of his humanity. It bids men go forth and act out his God-given nobility as each man in his own right. He feels he is only one of the pulsations of the great heart of Deity. But each drop is inseparably connected with each and every other drop, and to cause a pain to the one, sends a thrill through the whole.

Method implies a feeling of aggregation—a blending together of one with every other one. And as all the minute atoms are bound together, we hear the question asked: Am I to be in some sense limited by another? Instead of enjoining others, am I myself to be subjected? It does mean just this, and nothing more. It means there is no royal road for me to pursue, that you must, to reach the great end we have to accomplish, the course for one is the course for all. It means, in the old adage—as true as old—that "in union there is strength." That unless there is concerted action, labor is futile. If the Spiritualists movement fails to inculcate the principles of union and order in the minds of those who accept it, all our hopes to serve humanity by it, are destined to perish.

I have watched with painful solicitude, this movement, since its inception manifested. At the out all hope spread its wings, and I thought here was the germ of elements, which, when elaborated, would most thoroughly and fatally undermine the citadel of human selfishness and inhumanity, as identified with all the institutions of the world thus far; that was to foster the terrible trials that had walked over humanity in all ages; a real, veritable, vital baptism, which should infuse into our hearts a new purpose, and give such a breadth and power that the problem of human happiness would be worked out on the earth. Some, gazing only on the external, have gone down on their knees to blithely bow to their mistake.

But how are we to help the matter? Where is the man or woman who proposes to give the subject its just weight, and who shall point out to humanity the paths leading to the eternal city of joy? Who are the men and women who have so sounded the immense depths of human nature in all its capacity of feeling, as to be able to lay in perfect accord on humanity's harp of a thousand strings? These are the men and women we need. This is the necessity that is staring us in the face. No doubt such live, but how shall we find them? Who shall wake them from the slumber in which they have slept so long, into the springs of life where they belong? It is no secret, if the position of irrepressible longings in our hearts; they are way indicative of that which is to come, the mind will call forth its own reply. Impression will be the power to call them out. I am waiting to listen to its voice. I came to this Convention, that its music tones might lift my ears. I am waiting to see the finger which points out unmistakably the pathway to such great results.

At all events, if we may not receive all we desire, we may concede that the necessity exists. Do you dream that Spiritualism shall go on in future generations in the way in which it is going now? Are we to have no sense of our purpose—no more definiteness in our aim?

"Am I not capable," says egotistical man and woman, "of defining my own sphere of action—of knowing that which I may best pursue?" Never. "Do you realize this consciousness for yourself?" you ask. Most heartily and thoroughly I do. I am no standard for humanity, but humanity is a standard for me. I am no test of principles, but the great heart of humanity is. All days and ages are equal to the demonstration of principles, and vain would it be for me to say I am a standard for myself. We are governed by the great incarnating power of humanity, how before the great indication of the right—and the individual as well as general happiness. The aggregation of the mass of minds will lead us on straight forward, rather than in the zigzag course our own untamed mind would follow.

A glance over the history of the past will disclose to us many a mistake, to be avoided in the formation of new institutions. We are the men and women to solve the questions which have stood longingly in the way of those who have gone before us. This is no place nor time to indulge in vague theories, nor doubtful philosophical speculations. We must struggle with the great thoughts which are upon us. My heart was cheered when I came into this Convention this morning, and heard my brother striking the keynote of clarity; and I have no doubt that the deliberations will be of such a character that this will be the greatest Convention ever held by Spiritualists.

As soon as Mr. LORDLAND had closed his remarks, the Committee on Business, through the Clerk, Uriah Clark, of Auburn, (editor of the *Clarion*), re-entered, and presented the following regular

RESOLUTIONS OF THE CONVENTION:

Resolved, That this Convention, for the purpose of declaring its own position, and of correcting the mistakes and misinterpretations of opponents, adopt the following:

DEFINITIONS OF SPIRITUALISM AND ITS AIMS:

I.—*Meaning of the Term.*—The term SPIRITUALISM, in modern usage, often means nothing more than the alleged fact of spirit-interference; or, to express it in full, that human spirits have a conscious individual existence after the death of their physical bodies, and can do, under suitable conditions, manifest themselves and communicate with the living. Those who believe in this one fact are termed Spiritualists, whatever else they may believe or disbelieve.

But the term is also applicable to a System of Philosophy or Religion recognizing this as a cardinal fact. When thus applied, it may be defined as follows: Spiritualism embraces all truth relating to the spiritual nature of man, its constitution, capabilities, duties, welfare and destiny; also, all that is or may be known relative to the spirit-world and its inhabitants, to the Father of Spirits, and to all the souls, forces and laws of the universe, which are spiritual in their nature.

This broad department of truth, however, is but imperfectly understood as yet by even the most capacious minds of earth. Hence wide difference of opinion exists among the adherents of Spiritualism, in philosophy and religious duty. No system yet put forth receives general acceptance. Men can see alike on such questions only as they arrive at like states of mental and spiritual growth.

II.—*Meaning of the Term.*—Though Spiritualism cannot now be defined in all its details, yet its grand practical aim may be stated as follows:—the quickening and growth of the spiritual or divine nature in man, to the end that the animal and selfish nature may be subordinated to the higher and nobler nature of the soul. In other words, that the "works of the flesh" may give place in each individual to the "fruits of the spirit"; as a consequence of which, mankind will become an angelic brotherhood, and the "kingdom of heaven" come upon earth.

III.—*Relation to Specific Reform.*—Since man's spiritual growth and welfare, in this life and the future, is believed to depend in some measure on his physical health, his habits and surroundings, as well as on his beliefs and motives of action, all departments of human improvement and practical Reform come legitimately within the scope of a broad Spiritualism. Hence earnest and philanthropic Spiritualists cannot fail to take a deep interest in the promotion of objects like the following, though they may differ in regard to methods of accomplishing them:

1. Physiological Reform in general, whether as relates to injurious habits of food, drink, dress, labor, indulgence or stimulation, or to erroneous systems of medication, to the end that every human body may be made a fit temple for the indwelling spirit, and a beautiful instrument for its use.

2. Educational Reform—that body, mind and spirit may be unfolded and cultivated symmetrically, and by the use of the most intelligent and judicious means.

3. Parental Reform—that every child may be reared in the right to a healthy organism, and an introduction to life under favorable circumstances.

4. The Emancipation of Woman from all civil and social oppression; that she may freely choose her own occupations, and become best fitted to be the mother of noble offspring.

5. The equal enlightenment, enlargement and consequent ultimate liberty of all human beings, and the abolition of all tyrannies or authorities of a despotic, arbitrary or spiritual nature.

6. Theological and Ecclesiastical Reform—since deceptions from error and dogma, which authorities are responsible to the best spiritual advancement.

7. Social Reform and ultimate Reorganization—because the present selfish and antagonistic relations and institutions of society are unsuited to a higher spiritual condition.

Lastly, in any and every effort, calculated in their individual judgments, to improve the condition of mankind.

IV.—*Its Bearing on Organizations.*—While Spiritualism has a general, universal or authoritative character, and cannot consistently combine for the purpose of controlling each other's opinions, or settling bounds to inquiry; yet they may properly associate for such objects as the following:—the promulgation of the important truths of Spiritualism; the promotion of fraternal intercourse; and the affording of mutual encouragement and aid in a true life.

On motion, the Resolutions were accepted by the Convention, and taken up in their order for discussion. The first Resolution was discussed by Dr. L. K. Cooley, J. C. Ciner, L. J. Hall, Uriah Clark, H. B. Storer, J. S. Lordland, and Rufus Elmer.

We are unable to forward more than the above for the present issue of the BANNER. In our next number we shall give a report of the ideas advanced by these gentlemen. In the discussion of the first Resolution, and of the following sessions of the Convention.

REPORT.

The Syrian Massacre.

A foreign correspondent of the *N. Y. World* writes that the Turkish problem takes precedence, in universal interest, over the Italian. The terrible massacre in Syria have awakened the indignation of all classes of men. Isolated acts of barbarity have been committed almost weekly in some parts of the Turkish empire for ages past, but the present case is not a question of isolated acts. It is a strife between Christianity and Islamism as systems; or rather, one would think the last act of the long warfare between the two. This last combat will be a *tour de force*. The "weak man" is on his last legs; the fever has mounted to his head; and his madness will only hasten his end. M. Thiers, as you have probably informed your readers, has instructed M. Lavieille, the French ambassador at Constantinople, to inform the Porte that the French have taken steps, in concert with the other Christian powers, to put an end to the horrible scenes which have stained Syria with Christian blood. Two French steamers have sailed for Beirut, and a brigade of troops has been shipped at Toulon.

It is sad to contemplate the sickening details of the civil-war in Syria. Here is a sorrowful tale of the horrid butchery of the Christians by the Druses, in Hama, a beautiful village at the foot of the Hermon, and close to the source of the Jordan. It contained before the massacre, a population of 6000 Christian souls, chiefly of the Greek "orthodox" church. To Protestant Christianity Hama should be a place of the utmost possible interest, for it was here that the preaching of Evangelical truth had borne most fruitful than anywhere else in Syria. The Protestants numbered in this village 1000; they had a native pastor and a regular church of their own—the latter having been built chiefly by their own contributions. Of that Protestant community which a fortnight ago was full of spiritual as well as material life, two men now lie in the tale of their butchery, whilst of the 4000 Greek fellow-Christians, but thirty-three now have survived, and the fate of their wives and children is worse than uncertain.

Here's what Dececher says of fault-finders: To watch to see what is awkward in others; to search out the infirmities of man; to go out like a star-sweeper, or a universal scavenger, to collect the faults and failings of people, to carry these things about as if they were cherries or flowers; throw them out of your bag or pouch, and make them an evening repast or a morning meal, or the amusement of a social hour, unless by unfeeling criticism, heartless jest, and envious sarcasms; to take a man up as you would a chicken, and gnaw his flesh from his very bones, and then lay him down, saying, with English exultation, "There is a dead man!" This is devilish! Talk about cannibalism! Cannibals never eat a man till he is dead. They are nearer Christ than you are, a great deal.

The only things that England has been able to import from Japan have been little clay gods, proving that in the endeavor to establish a commerce with that country, all her efforts have been idle.

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

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 11, 1866.

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THE USES OF SUFFERING.

The poet comprehended it all, when he told us that we must suffer, if we would be strong. They who suppose evil to be not much else than a mistake, or an oversight, on the part of the Almighty Father, see out of childhood's eyes, ignorant that nothing in the universe is without its divinely-appointed uses. If it was all smooth and pleasant sailing with us through the world, we should die the merest sluggards conceivable, the whole of our experience not being worth recording. "Attrition, or constant and severe rubbing, not only polishes up a man's native faculties, but it keeps him all the while alive to passing influences which would otherwise work no effect. As it does a boy good, sometimes, to rub up his ears till they tingle rather smartly, so it benefits a man, beyond question, to oppose him with circumstance, to rap his knuckles now and then with obstacles that he had not dreamed of, to challenge his pluck and energy with repeated disappointments, and to throw him flat on his back with accidents and with disease.

Life, in fact, is no better than a continued struggle, on the part of a man, with the mesh of circumstances that surrounds him. It is a daily warfare with the obstacles; and the contest is simply to keep up the stoutness of the individual will when sought to be overthrown by its combining and coercing enemies. Hence, out of such a contest strength must necessarily be developed. And thus even what we temporarily term evils are our true friends, or, as they have been termed before, "angels in disguise." Because, if there were no cause there would be no effort; and without effort, stagnation of all the faculties would inevitably ensue; and this is death, not life. We see the cascades in the stream only at those points where rocky obstacles have been put in the way; and there would be no flexible bend in the current, did not opposing banks and jutting headlands come down to the river to try and turn it from its course. So it is with human character: unless there was need of continual compromises and concessions, we should see very little of that beauty and harmony of which we are all so largely capable. The fact is, it takes tough experiences to help us to find ourselves out. We might live and die strangers to our own being, were not these stern teachers so kindly suffered.

Christ suffered, and, of all men, understood the profound spiritual uses of suffering. He knew too well that they were "blessed who mourn, for they shall be comforted." He knew that balm, which is so very precious, was only appreciated by the wounded spirit, and not by the well one—that sin itself was good in its effects, at last, for men were thus taught to be stronger than the temptations which led to sin, and were thus saved. Little enough do any of us know of the value of suffering; instead of being a scourge to the human spirit, it is its true corrector and loving monitor. We could no more live healthy lives without it than the atmosphere could be preserved pure without the aid of winds to waft away the accumulating strata of foul air and rising malaria. A man who has suffered much in his lifetime, is a *cheerful* man, and, of course, a purer and better one. There is no spiritual medicine that works with such marvelous certainty. When the human soul concludes, at length, that it is better to be silent, accepting all things that come as if nothing could possibly come wrong, and perfectly satisfied within itself that "all things work together for good to them that love God," then it is that it may be awarded of having gone a long way on the road to happiness and heaven, and that, therefore, there can be no suffering, because there can be no such thing as disappointment. Such a soul has already arrived at the highest round of the ladder of experience, where nothing can work it further harm, but all things work good only. And it is to reach just such a state that life is what it is, and our experiences are made what they are; until that time comes when we silently confess that the good and the evil are both alike to us, and both good, we have not found out the priceless secret which is folded up and hidden away in this tangled web which we call existence.

It may not be true that it is solely because of the bitterness there is in suffering that the soul receives benefit; we do not, indeed, think it necessary to assume any such ground; but the good comes, as we assume, only of other causes. For example—it is plain that when a man becomes bewildered, confused even, by repeated disappointments, he is gradually thrown on his own resources, and thus his individuality is developed; if what he first saw and felt, if his earliest impressions of things were to remain the true ones, and he were not put upon his own best thought to discover what was real, and what was only apparent and chancelled, it is quite plain that he would never find either himself or nature out; as a child he would grow through life, stumbling and tottering along, gathering up no rich harvest of personal experience at the end.

Chaos, for the time, is absolutely a good thing for a man to contemplate. The good is hidden away in the fact that, in the midst of general uncertainty, he is compelled to find his way out for himself. If the road was perfectly plain, how is he to have his wits exercised at all in finding it? There can be no such thing as experience without bewilderment, and doubt, and perplexity, and anxiety, and a continual balancing of thoughts and spiritual impressions. Hence, it is evident enough that to suffer is to be strong. Through trial alone comes development. The athlete is at length able to show that steel-like compactness of muscle, only after long and severe training; he never got it by indolence and luxurious ease; by courting sensual indulgence, or in any other way than by opposing himself freely to all obstacles which he hoped to conquer. It must be so, spiritually, in more than a double sense. A man can feel conscious of no spiritual strength, who has not been tried by suffering of all kinds, which is nothing more nor less than opposition, as by fire. It is only after this that he can feel that he has gained self-reliance and a calm possession of himself. Not until he knows by personal experience what it is to be lost and find his way again, to be opposed and conquer, to be disappointed and overcome by disappointment by sweet resignation, and to overthrow all sorts of opposition by refusing to resist and fight them, can he say of a truth that suffering has been of service to his soul, or that he has found out the secret of mortal existence.

What we call suffering is only comparative and conventional, after all. It is suffering, spiritually considered, only so long as we offer our personal opposition to it, in the vain hope of making a conquest of it. When we submit, and only submit, we are victors indeed. Then our conquest is complete. For by that act we have simply conquered ourselves, and that sort of submission it is out of which proceed all the spiritual graces of the being; to this calm and single end it is that we live and labor. When we arrive at that point

of progress, suffering ceases to be suffering, but it is welcomed with all the heartiness of a blessing. And then it is that we make no resistance; a condition necessary to the highest attainments which the human soul can ever claim.

In this cradle existence of ours, we have much to be grateful for. Whatever increases our stock of knowledge, enlarges our acquaintance with ourselves, and adds to the volume of our individual wisdom, is to be especially desired and sought after. No matter how we gain all this, we must accept the methods, let them be as severe as a tasking as they may, with gratitude. All is sent us for our good. It is of little consequence how we progress, if so be that we do progress. The great point is to reach the goal. Under Providence, it has been made plain that we come to it by no shorter or more certain way than through trial, and toll, and suffering; and that must be accepted by us as the divine method through which we attain final perfection and peace.

To Alpin.

We wish to inform our good brother "Alpin," who writes us from Philadelphia, that the few lines with which we introduced an extract from a New York letter to the *Boston Journal*, relative to Rev. Dr. Cheever, were instigated by no sort of malice toward that "reverend" gentleman, much less out of any desire to bring obloquy on the cause of human emancipation wherever. We looked at it as simply a question of veracity between the *Observer* and the Doctor. The former charges him with a certain inconsistency, which, if proved, vitiates all his professions of philanthropy, and the latter flatly denies it. We confess that we thought the Dr. had the weight of circumstantial proof against him; and, if so, then, with certain facts staring him in the face, he would have less ground for asserting the motives of those men who would not go to the extreme to which he is pushing. We trust "Alpin" does not so readily infer that we are wanting in philanthropic feeling, because we are prone to record a dispute over a point of veracity between two orthodox ministers.

Chief Justice Shaw.

This venerable and renowned jurist, who alone has kept up the reputation of the Massachusetts Bench to what it was in the days of the famous Theophilus Parsons, has just left his duty to resign his office. In his letter of resignation to Gov. Banks, he states that his leading motive is a desire to take the repose which is specially needed at his time of life. Chief Justice Shaw was born in Barnstable on the 9th of January, 1781; he entered the Suffolk Bar in 1805, was in the State House of Representatives from 1811 to 1816, in the Senate in 1823, and in 1833 was appointed to succeed Hon. Isaac Parker as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, which important position he has held to this time with credit to himself, and adding increased lustre to the previous high reputation of the Massachusetts Judiciary.

Heads for the Printers.

This noble class of men must needs have a place to be buried in, if they don't get so much to live in; their services cannot then be at least a grace, if they are short of a living. Last week a Printer's Burial lot was dedicated at Mt. Hope Cemetery, with appropriate and imposing ceremonies. Hymns were sung, and a fine address was made by the President of the Franklin Typographical Society, Mr. C. H. Woodwell. It was touching and to the point. We learn from it that this is the first Printer's Burial lot ever dedicated in America. After the address, a hymn, written by our dear and good friend and brother, H. P. Shillaber, Esq., was sung to the old tune of Hebron; and we close our notice of the event with a copy of the excellent verses:

Where is thy victory, oh Death?
These pleasant hours, this peaceful shade,
Those airs that blow with fragrant breath,
Despise no pulse by thee dimmed.

Here may the weary rest in peace,
Beneath the fresh and emerald sod,
When life's fierce strife with them shall cease,
And their freed spirits soar to God.

Here summer clouds their dew shall shed,
Here birds their sweetest requiem sing;
Here winds shall whisper o'er their bed,
Here flowers their sweetest incense fling.

Inspired with newer, holier trust,
We draw instruction from the scene,
And set apart this sacred dust,
With undimmed eye and heart serene.

Our faithful breasts shall half forget
The fact that lately left its wound,
Where nature, love and art have met,
To bless our consecrated ground.

Father in Heaven! hear our prayer:
May we in loving union bide,
Till all the common doom shall share,
And "neath these shades rest side by side.

Shillaber on the Sea.

The article called "The Cruise of the Ambrotype," in the *Gazette*, giving an account of an excursion party down the harbor recently, is a clever "yarn." Of course everybody that reads it will know it's from *Dea's* pen. Here's a specimen:

"Sunrise at sea is very beautiful, when the land, shrouding his way, through impending clouds, the hills he jolly bend above the waves, purpling the vapors with his beams, and filling the east with golden glory." How fine the weather! and the ardor of the party, putting his head up through the hatchway. He was informed that what he saw was the light of the smelting works at Point Shirley, and that sunrise was expected again for about an hour. He went below again, and to avoid such another mistake did not get up till the sun was about an hour high. He didn't care, however; he had seen, he said, more than a thousand sunrises, and knew all about them.

Then came the preparation of breakfast, when the mysterious packages were brought out and adored culinary operations "scented the morning air." There is no place in the world where the palate is less fastidious than at sea. All mankind's delicacy is ignored which prevails in polite society, the air gives appetite an unsuspicious voracity, and the beauty of the cookery is overlooked in the quantity of the food. A great refresher is a cup of coffee in the morning, as the adventures of the Ambrotype found, and Dale who engineered it became almost a hill, no high did he grow in the estimation of the crowd. The sea supplanted the role.

Pearls.

And quoted old and new words long,
That on the stretched face of the world,
Spoke to the heart.

THE FOUR SEASONS.

A blue-eyed child that sits and sighs,
Orching with a lullaby's dreamy sighs,
Along the grass the daisies and the daisies,
Along the grass the daisies and the daisies.

All beauty that is shown in womanhood,
Peculiar summer's golden glow,
To bid her blushing cheek from one who talks,
To bid her blushing cheek from one who talks.

A happy mother, with her fair-faced child,
In whose sweet eyes the world is bright,
With soft and tender, and laugh and sound, and song,
With soft and tender, and laugh and sound, and song.

An aged woman, sitting in a wintery room,
Foot on the floor, without the whitening snow,
Reading old letters of her boy's youth,
Reading old letters of her boy's youth.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness, faith, alone can
Give vitality to the mechanism of existence.

Oh! Thou, whose eyes alone can reach
The human mind's recesses,
To us our secret errors teach,
To us our secret errors teach.

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that it is not a good to us, that is, to our perception.
This internal contest, or struggle for the higher, is
necessary to bring out the powers of the spirit—its
power in it, it results in strength, growth, and finally
to all the joys of conscious freedom and manhood.
"Blessed be he that overcometh." If, on the contrary,
we simply yield to lower inclinations or to indifference,
the result is increasing weakness, indelicacy, mental
and spiritual enervation—a condition of darkness,
blindness and condemnation, where the worm [of
sinful regret] doth not, and the fire [of unquenched
desire] is not quenched." Such seem to be the tendencies
of these two courses of action, as I find them
written in the Scriptures inscribed upon the human
constitution.

Some may answer the question before us in a summary
way, by affirming that there is no evil to resist.
But this seems to me a mere play upon words.
That there is in the universe any absolute evil, in the
sense of a being or substance (either self-existent or
God-created) is essentially and only malignant.
I cannot believe, with my present information, if
any have understood me otherwise, in previous ex-
pressions, they are misunderstood me.

Nevertheless, I have affirmed (what everybody else
has practically) that there are relative evils, and that
these are real to those who experience them. The
statement of Mr. Farley, in a late Conference, seemed
to me eminently clear and correct—namely, that
"though in the absolute there is no evil, yet in the
relative there is evil." Those who have advocated the
"no evil" theory here, have seemed to me to take this
truth of the absolute and attempt to apply it in the
relative—thereby involving themselves in enormous fal-
lacies and contradicting universal human consciousness.

It is as if a tyro in philosophy, having caught the
grand truth that in universal space, away from the
surface of this globe, there is neither up nor down—
neither east, west, north nor south—should insist on
applying this truth to everything on the earth's sur-
face. He might declare, for example, that the top of
this house is not up, and the bottom is not down;
that these distinctions are mere phantasms of igno-
rance; that the bottom is absolutely just as high as
the top, and the top just as low as the bottom; and
hence there is not the least possible danger of falling,
though you walk out of the attic windows, or step
from the roof. He might argue that there are no
Northern States in this Union, notwithstanding the
recent discovery of politicians that "there is a North";
and might pronounce the North Star an illusion of the
senses, though it has piloted many a fugitive from the
Southern prison-house! All this would not be a whit
more absurd—not a whit more a play upon words—
than is the unqualified declaration that there is no evil.

Evil is a reality to those who experience it; and there
is one form of evil which is not a mere negation of
good, but positive and destructive. I refer to that
doing what one feels or knows to be wrong. By this
the moral and spiritual powers are weakened, and the
susceptibility to temptation increased. This evil is
not a thing, substance or being which God has made;
but a mode of action which man adopts in the exercise
of his (not absolutely "free," but) limited voluntary
agency.

There may be—there doubtless is—a plane of vision
—the celestial—where there is no evil. The attainment
of this is doubtless necessary to the enjoyment of
perfect happiness—for how can we be happy in the
contemplation of evil and consequent suffering? But this
vision, in its true exercise, is not to be attained until
we have overcome and are purged from all evil within
ourselves. And this celestial vision is not that which
takes cognizance of the details and relations of human
actions. It sees only the absolute, not the relative;
and hence sees only good.

Nevertheless human actions in all their details and
relations do exist, and have their opposite qualities
of good and evil. Spirits attain—at least, the more refined
and exalted—those that do not see or feel the grosser
forms of matter which are such stubborn realities to
us; that to them this whole external world has no
perceptible existence, except as perceived through reports
with our minds and external senses. Doubtless there
is a plane of spirit-vision, which we may all sometime
enter, that takes no cognizance of these external forms
of matter. But it does not follow that these forms of
matter are not real to us. And we must treat them as
realities, and conform to their laws, else we suffer the
consequences. So, though celestial vision may see no
evil, it does not follow that evil is not a reality of our
present state, to be resisted and overcome, if we would
not be overcome by it.

A question worth considering yet remains—namely,
whether conscious evil within ourselves can be re-
moved by direct efforts of the will to resist or exter-
minate them, or by the exercise of active goodness,
overholding the soul quietly receptive to the influx of
that Divine Spirit which is the generative source of all
good? I incline to think the latter the most effective
mode. If so, the precept, "Resist not evil, but over-
come evil with good," may have an internal as well as
external application.

Dr. CURTIS.—The resistance of evil is a pretence.
The resistance of evil is like the profession of religion:
you can't tell whether a man professes religion or not
by his dealings with, and his treatment of, other men.
The man who makes loud and long pretensions about
resisting evil, does just the same, *ostentatiously*. The
man who does not resist evil, the resistance of evil
is a "Jack-o'-lantern"—a thing never grasped
by physical forces or any other forces. This resistance
of evil, talked about with such unmeasured air of
holiness, is but the empty sound of words; it is but
the trill of nonsense; it is only the flimsy of
self-righteousness that blossoms in fear and falls to
the ground in rottenness. Every man and woman
always spontaneous desire, let pretence be what it may.
The millions who pretend to resist evil by words may
appear to the superficial sight of the flesh to be awful
good; but this excellence is only on the outside, it
is only seen and felt that floats on the pure surface of
life—only the bubbles that break and are gone forever.
All men are good; all the pretended resistance of evil
are good; but their goodness has a poor exhibition in
such pretence. Deeper down than surf and bubbles lie
the man's goodness, then the infinite worth of his
life. Men of pretence are intrinsically no better than
men without pretence—and every man who has seen
much of life knows it. Neither are they any worse—
for all are good. Draw up the curtain of the soul of
man, and look at the unseen workings of the beautiful
mechanism that is in operation forever, moved by the
inward power of God in nature, and wherein, think
you, should we behold superiority in one, over the
mechanism and workings of other souls? The soul of
the poor publican was made by the same hand, was
moved by the same unseen power, and is destined for
the same eternal home. Tell me wherein the desires
and the yearnings for happiness are more true to the
God of nature in the man of pretended righteousness,
than they are in the man who openly declares that he
is without pretence? I tell you that the resistance of
evil is an unmeaning, unreal thing—just an unmean-
ing and unreal as the religious excellence of one man
above another man; as was the self-righteousness and
holiness of the Pharisee above the real development of
the publican, all covered over with what are called
devotional deeds.

This conference floor is no place for the bubbles of
self-righteousness to discharge their gaseous force. We
will go for common sense, not nonsense. The gas of
action will punch a hole through, and let the gas out.

Men have been stuck up with the pretence of being
better than almost everybody else, long enough. The
people that come to this hall at least recognize the
fact that it is only the game of bluff that self-righteous-
ness plays; it is the old game of what is called religion.
That religious game of bluff, that we may well call the
game of bluff, is well enough for its place, but honest
labor is better. The former blows, the latter works;
the former does nothing; it is pretence—it speaks in empty
words; the latter does something, and its deeds speak
"in fine articulations."

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the former does nothing; it is pretence—it speaks in empty
words; the latter does something, and its deeds speak
"in fine articulations."

Mr. ELLIS.—It is conceded that evil is a painful
reality, not the manifestation of an eternal principle
co-existent with good; but rather a condition of things
that prevents the harmonious development of our in-
terior or spiritual nature in the soul's unperpetrated
or unperpetrated condition. In other words, that igno-
rance or an unenlightened affectional nature is the
occasion of evil manifestations, which fact are induced
by the animal proclivities, external surroundings, in-
fluences and circumstances, over which we have little
or no control. It is admitted by all that neither igno-
rance, circumstances nor conditions, furnish any
reason in divine economy why judgment should not
be passed and sentence executed upon the criminal in
proportion to the crime committed. It is useless to
put in the plea of necessity, based upon the fact that
our wrath, contention and resistance, or inflamed pas-
sions exhibited in the naughty act, were overruled
and made to serve the purposes of divine law. We
did not intend it for good, and no amount of special
pleading upon the doctrine of necessity will justify
us, however well it may be argued, upon the additional
fact that we came legitimately by the ignorance, im-
pulsiveness and desires, (that constitute the occasion and
cause,) and that they were transmitted to us by our
parents from external nature, the maternal side of
God. By putting in these facts and pleadings, we
exhibit our knowledge of the paternal cause that begot
us—of external nature, and the tenderness of the
world or womb in which we were conceived.

These facts and pleadings amount to a confession of
guilt; it is a plain admission that we have lived
in the external or animal department of our dual
nature, beguiling impure desires, that generate the
positive spirit of resistance, contention and strife,
that Jesus called the Devil our father—"The father
of lies," which keeps us in the night side of nature,
the mother part of God, where everything that is, is
wrong, except as a means to develop us in and wean
us from our infantile condition.

In these mental caverns of external nature, where
the light shines, though the darkness comprehends it
not, even our best acts, purest desires and highest
virtues are external, animal, contentious and wrong.
In other words, we are in the sphere of stiffs, resist-
ance and contention. We have not yet reached the
better part, the light side of nature; and, though we
use our goods to feed the poor, and our bodies to be
burned, we are in the letter-born, as it were, of water.
In the mud of animalism, which kills—not, of water,
the spirit of love, or God, which gives light and
life. We are compared to sounding brass and tinkling
symbols. Even at the very culminating point of our
dual nature, where we strive for the best gifts, we are
this side of the all-right, non-resisting Jesus. The
yoke is hard. There are crosses to carry and duties to
be performed while in this condition. We think with
it all that everything that is, is not all right; and it is
very so, for as a man thinketh, so he is. Is there
not a condition where the yoke is easy and the burden
light—where duties and in things of choice—where
love anticipates commands, and all crosses end in
conditions that are passed—in short, is there not a con-
dition of quietude or non-resistance in which there is
kind, light, love, or charity that "suffereth long and
is kind, enerveth not, vaunteth not itself, is not puffed
up, doth not behave itself uselessly, seeketh not
her own, is not easily provoked, and thinketh no
evil?" because in its progressed or unfolded condition
everything that is, is right. It is conceded that there
is such a state or condition. We believe it to be
unfounded from the divine within the soul that can see
God or divine us in the most external blot or burr
that now disfigures the otherwise fair face of tied in
nature, may hope, through pure receptivity, to
obtain unto it. "Can we pull up the weeds without
rooting up the wheat also?" Why should we resist
evil? Is not the wrath of man made to serve the
purpose of divine law? Is not the remainder
trained? Why should we contend for good? Can
we make one hair white or black? How did the
contending David, or his favored son Solomon, compare
in glory with the passive Jesus of the valley, as they
loved receptively toward the rising sun, and sent
forth their divine life, blending with the morning
air? Was Christ's life a failure, especially its closing
scene? "Resist not evil." If we resist the devil, he
drives from us, and we lose our opportunity of doing
good.

Permit me, in conclusion, to most respectfully
protest against resistance and contention as not the only
or best means to obtain the greatest possible good,
the perfect control of our entire self, which is freedom
from the conditions that permit crime, a partly pro-
gressed state, or unperfected journey toward, I
further protest against resistance and contention with
either spiritual or moral weapons, in any and all of the
moral and religious states or conditions, as being puffed
and not the most practically productive of the
chief object of life, which is, or should be, to know,
love and serve the only one and true God, the perfect
Father of us all, which was begotten and continues in
the word, which will continue to manifest itself in ac-
cordance with fixed law. I would further warn and
entreat all good wishing, well disposed souls of this
great mistake of would-be reformers. If they would
but stop pulling weeds in their own and each other's
gardens, and go to work in the sphere of causation, so
as to permit the divinely begotten conceptions or ger-
minating principles of truth, growing under the sun-
shine of a perfect cause, to swell into buds, burst into
blossoms and ripen into perfect fruit.

Mr. TRAYER.—Can hardly think of a question more
interesting than this. Most of us believe there is a
principle of evil in the world. Now is it right to re-
sist this evil principle? I have listened to my brother
Newton with much interest, and I accept his state-
ments. Christ taught the non-resistance of evil, and
I believe that it is better policy for us in this world
not to resist evil physically.

Mr. TRAYER told a story about a clergyman who treated
a highway robber so kindly, that the robber's inten-
tions to waylay and rob the clergyman were thereby
overcome, and he became the clergyman's faithful
friend.

Mr. BURKE.—It does seem to me that there are some
things that may be taught by words, and others that
may not. This question of the resistance of evil is
one, I believe, that cannot be taught. One ounce of
experience is better than five hundred weight of pro-
fession. Those who talk the loudest and the longest
about resisting evil, are only standing monuments to
prove that they resist evil with.

Mr. PLACE.—My own reflections on this subject have
led me to banish all theories in regard to the character
of God and his attributes. Shall we contend for good
shall we resist evil? The question of struggle is in-
volved in our experience in life, which struggle
approaches contention and resistance. In all our lives
in this organic existence, there is struggle, which is
always connected with progress and growth, and con-
tention and resistance is involved in this struggle and
growth. There is danger to the physical man, and that
danger must be guarded off. There is danger to the
growth to his moral nature—that may mar and retard
the soul's progress. This danger should be guarded
and avoided.

Mr. TRAYER.—The gentlemen who affirm that there
is such a thing in existence as evil, have labored long
and hard to prove what we have never denied, viz.,
that there is a difference in things in nature; that there
are certain forces and elements in the material world,
which, if brought in contact with man, will produce
in him unpleasant sensations. No one has ever said
to the contrary of this in my hearing. Mr. Newton
has spoken of evil as being and not being—of what-
ever is as being right, and everything is not being right.
Absolutely, he tells us, everything is right; while rel-
atively, everything is not right. This is the argument
of one who has talked to us about tyros in philosophy,
who, by saying that there is no evil in the world, merely
play upon words.

Spirit is the basis of all things, and is manifested
through everything in the material world; it is life,
light and love, the moving power of the universe, and
is the force absolutely good. No man denies that what

is called evil exists, but we deny that anything that
exists is wrong as to its place or condition.
If spirit be the basis of all organic forms, the life-
principle of everything, then it cannot be just as pure in
one object or thing as it is in another—just as pure in
the wicked man, as it is in the virtuous man. In the
realm of matter or mind, it is the result of fixed
and immutable law. The same infinitely wise and
good God produced the poisonous serpent, that pro-
duced man, and although the serpent may spring and
thrust his fatal fangs into the unwary traveler, and
inflict a deadly poison which shall cause him to fall a
corpse, yet we cannot with any degree of propriety say
that the serpent is not just as necessary and good, in
his place, as man. If we do, we impeach the wis-
dom of God. There is no platform to which we can
come, where we can see the infinite wisdom and good-
ness of God so plainly as the platform of whatever is,
in light.

That there are seeming discord and antagonisms
that mar the beauty and destroy the peace and har-
mony of human society, no one will deny; but we do
deny that what is called evil is an absolute principle,
possessed of qualities and essences in direct opposition
to good. Self-righteousness is the prolific source of
much of what we call evil that exists in our midst to-
day. Because one man is placed in what is called
superior circumstances, he places himself on an eleva-
tion above those whom he considers beneath him, and
refuses to fellowship them, exclaiming, "Stand by
thyself, I am holier than thou"—not realizing the fact
that both have been made what they are by circum-
stances and conditions over which neither have had
the slightest control.

In so far as intrinsic purity and goodness is con-
cerned, the spirit of the murderer is just as pure and
good as is the spirit of the most Godly saint. The
difference between them is about the same as the dif-
ference between green and ripe fruit. One is unripe,
is bound by the iron law of his animal nature, and is
compelled by circumstances to gratify his earthly
loves, his animal feelings; while the other is ripe, mat-
ured, is spiritually unfolded, and consequently is
forced to obey the law of his spiritual being, in seek-
ing after purity and holiness himself, and in doing
good to others. That there is a difference between the
condition of the murderer and the condition of the
saint, we frankly confess; but we contend that one is
no more to be blamed or praised for the condition
which he occupies than the other, from the fact that
each occupies his present condition through the power
and influence of God's eternal and immutable laws.
Do not suppose for a moment, sir, that we deny the
existence of wrong conditions to man's peace and hap-
piness here—that we make no distinction between
what is called virtue and vice—for such is not the
case. We know that these do exist, and we know
that, virtue and goodness are our crowning excel-
lencies as human beings. But the great question with
us, is, how can we most abundantly bring wrong con-
ditions, and cause every human being to love virtue and
practice well doing? We believe, by mounting the
platform of whatever is, in right, where we can see
goodness in everything, in every thought and act of
man, will accomplish it the quickest. We have no
faith in driving man into goodness, or goodness into
him. Let us disrobe ourselves of our self-righteous-
ness, acknowledge the all right doctrine, regard every
man and woman as a brother and sister; and, through
the almighty power of love, we may overturn the
world of error, and cause the obedient rays of light
from the sun of divine truth to illuminate every human
soul, so that all will be able to see nothing but beauty
and harmony in this beautiful world of ours, and
recognize the eternal truth that whatever is, is abso-
lutely right.

Mr. LEONARD.—All mankind have always contended
for good. Man has always contended for the good of
self. This has been and is necessary for us in our early
spiritual existence, but by-and-by we shall get up
higher, and our contention for self-interest will cease to
be. I see a great diversity of opinion among men,
but this earth is fast becoming a free platform for all
to think as they please. I have looked all through na-
ture and have failed to find evil anywhere in existence.
What is called evil, always has had a lawful cause that
may be found in nature, produced and governed by the
over-ruling power of wisdom.

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, giving his
experiences in Mexico, relates the following:
"My arrival in that country was soon after General
Pequero, Governor of Sonora, at the head of the 'Lib-
erals,' by a decisive battle at Mazatlan, took possession
of the government of the State of Sonora. Placido
Vega was then appointed Governor and Comandante
in Chief of all the forces of Sonora, and Governor
General Vega became pretty well acquainted, consid-
ering the short time I had in which to make the ac-
quaintance. He is a young man of pure blood, of fine
blood, good talents, well educated, very pleasant
and kind in his manner, and I do believe he has
an honest, good and pure heart. He at one time told
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