

BANNER OF LIGHT.



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Written for the Banner of Light.

AGNES.

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

Sweet Agnes, why ask me to harken
To thoughts that endear me no more?
Why urge me life's shadows to darken,
Though I hate too deeply before?
Though thousands of angels had spoken
In accents as tender as thine,
They would fall to hear hearts that are broken
By passion as holy as mine.

This bosom which trembled and fluttered
O'er the words which a loving one said,
And hung on the accents she uttered,
Now silently beats for the dead.
She sleeps! In my memory dearest,
For death hath drawn closer the spell;
Her spirit, unshackled, is nearer
The God whom she worshipped so well.
Thou, Agnes, with softly combed tresses,
Bedecked in a garment of snow,
As a bride, and a thousand caresses,
From the home of thy fathers shalt go;
But mine 'tis to wait for the hour
When the church-bell shall solemnly toll,
And death shall have vanquished the Power
That binds and imprisons my soul.

Written for the Banner of Light.

GEORGE LESTER'S DIVORCE, AND SOME OF THE CAUSES THAT LED TO IT.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

"Happy—yet most unhappy still—
I dread to think what good and ill
What joy and grief thy heart shall fill
May all good angels keep thy heart
True to itself and to the right,
And shield it from the poison darts!"

The town of Kimball, in one of our north-western States, is truly the most unattractive place we ever saw. Situated in the valley of one of our large western rivers, covered as it is much of the time with fog and mists from the marshy prairie around, the very atmosphere seems one of gloom. While in the high country around spirit-manifestations come with power and in great variety, those in Kimball are in character common, imbecile, often what is termed low, and in number few. This is not strange, for the character of its people corresponds with the place. The business of the town consists principally in cheating each other, selling and drinking whiskey, and lounging in offices, stores and bar-rooms; that of the women in organizing as many social cliques or factions as possible, circulating the decisions of Mrs. Grundy, and putting on airs supposed peculiar to larger places; and that of the children in hugging miserable, curly-looking dogs, (the latter comprising just one-half the town's population,) and fighting. The business of its people does not consist in reading, music, literary attainments, or taking wood and provisions to its widows and orphans. It does not boast of a single scientific man, or one really superior woman, universally accorded such. Its few progressive souls, better inclined, struggle in vain against the dark, obtuse, stolid ignorance around them. A library association was attempted to be projected, but proved an incontinent failure. A brass band was called out for want of public encouragement; it made too much noise, and did not play plain tunes. Dances cannot be had without being composed of those who love strong drink, and of course, must generally end in drunken rows. A debating-club was started, and failed. Kimball has no public hall, though it formerly boasted of one; but the building in which it was located tipped over, in consequence of the stinkiness of its owners, who in building preferred economy and cheapness to substantiality and necessary expense.

And this place the father of George Lester founded many years ago, did business, accumulated property, and passed into the spirit-world. It is with pleasure and a little apparent pride that his children tell how he hailed with oaks, in kegs, his gold and silver treasure, amounting to eighty thousand dollars, into the then dense wilderness. His mantle appeared to have fallen on George's shoulders, which he wore with greater honor than did his father before him. Public rumor says the old gentleman had not lived in his social relations entirely above his neighbors' reproach—a thing which could not be said of his son, as a man of more sterling integrity of character and unflinching rectitude of action in private or public life, the town could not show. George was a lover of good appearances, and thought much of the public's good opinion. He was not a profound man, rather superficial, yet a very good man, a pleasant-spoken, genial person, with a large domestic nature and certain peculiarities of character, the chief of which was an evident desire, at times, to have it thoroughly understood by others that his way was the way. In business he was prompt, punctual and energetically industrious, and had constantly advanced in public favor, which was shown by his being continually in office. He was by no means an educated man—so far from it, that spelling words was a necessity in reading a newspaper paragraph. He had good business tact and knowledge of its details; but, like very many first-class business men, his knowledge outside of it and the externalities of civilized society was very limited indeed.

George Lester was a Spiritualist, not in the sense that he adored good broadcloth and silk, with their attendant senseless conventionalities, as essential to "good society," nor good living and a home of luxury as essentials to life, for the purpose of being more spiritual and of assisting to shed into others' souls the light that streams from the angel-world; not in the sense that life's materialism was swallowed up by the following tide of heaven's spirituality—but a Spiritualist in the sense that, accepting the fact that spirits communicate, it had this influence on his daily life, to make him discharge every expected

duty as a citizen so as to be above any reproach from his neighbor. His effort was to be kind and just. No benevolent project was ever presented to his consideration without his doing handsomely by it. With those who furnished him wares he was considered the best man to work for in Kimball. Thus a just sense of respect for the pecuniary rights of others made him warm friends among the people, and, through his well known integrity of character, he had acquired a position and influence scarcely second to any in the place.

At the time of the opening of our story, George Lester had been a widower for some time, with two lovely children—a girl of five, and a boy of eleven years. Of a strong domestic nature, the need of a home and a kind mother for the half-orphaned had been keenly felt, and he united himself by marriage to a Miss Powers, a lady of mature years, who was well and favorably known to the people of that section as a governess and a first-class educator of the youthful mind. A person of some peculiarities of character, yet a possessor of many solid virtues, was Mrs. Lester. She was a large, portly person, with large brain, rather sluggish temperament, and homely features, save a beautiful, mild and expressively eloquent dark hazel eye, set beneath a well-formed brow and forehead. Having been much of her lifetime in a place of command, where her word was law, it was quite natural for her to take, to assume a leader's place; and she was a person of inflexible and unyielding firmness of character. Domestically she was cold, yet not sternly so, with a strong love of children, which her usual motherly manner seemed to interpret as a kind care, rather than a blind love. Born and brought up among the dowers in New England soil, she was acquisitive to a fault, and yet a person of the truest, purest conscientiousness. She would not knowingly wrong any living person, or once fall of doing what she thought to be right. By all classes in society she was universally respected and esteemed as a good woman. There are those whose faults can never be seen without peeping behind the curtain of their inner lives. She was not of this class. Hers were outside to the gaze of all. She had no secretiveness, or ability to conceal anything—a good, honest soul.

And with this lady George Lester spent the first few years of married life in much apparent happiness. One item of trouble, however, commenced with Adelbert, his boy, who, when his father told him, just before the event of his marriage, that he was about to bring to him a new mother, impulsively declared, on learning who it was to be, that he should never call her his mother. And this prejudice, deep-rooted in the boy, grew with his years, till passion misconstrued his step-mother's best intentions, and made mountains of mole-hill faults. This was more than a source of grief to Mr. Lester, as his marriage had been very much prompted by the expectation of securing the best of mothers for his children. Her course with Jennie and Adelbert was mild, but firm and quite methodical—not indulgent.

There were times, too, when wide differences of opinion arose between Mr. Lester and his wife. Had Sarah been like his former wife, she would have passively yielded the disputed point at once. Not being gifted to perceive with that quick penetration necessary in such a case, these differences of opinion resulted in George's acquiring a habit of passionate-ness, and in Sarah's being habitually firm in her way. Time only could weaken the latter, while the former only wanted his impulses started anew by mental cooperation for harmony at home, for both to gain that conjugal peace for which all must struggle to obtain through human imperfection. This time would doubtless have done so, but for the interference of others; for whatever external considerations affected him in the choice of a wife, she married with a conscientious purpose of fulfilling every duty as a wife and mother to an honorable man. Though much more slowly aroused to perceive, Mrs. Lester was by no means wanting in intellect, which she had always improved by the external processes of school education and discipline, and a perception of any branch of opening between them, accompanied with evident action by her husband to close it up, would not have been treated lightly.

It is a stern fact in social ethics, that if two persons of mature years and judgment have lived happily together in the matrimonial relation four weeks, those four weeks can be again duplicated, if both parties desire it, for a lifetime. It might cost effort; but who goes to the heaven of conjugality without trial and effort? What is there good in the great universe of God, especially in the spirit's realm, but is bought with severe labor? Nothing toll in the subjugation of the rough places in our own souls is the true foundation of each soul's heaven.

CHAPTER II.

"In vain I think, then, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is as yours, with thee I live;
But a high law is laid on him,
And he must live the mortal while,
And die but live in the spirit's world,
And hear the household jar within."

Rosaline Blanding was the only sister of George Lester, living in Kimball. She was below medium size, had a small round face of blonde complexion, slightly freckled, reddish brown hair, which hung in wavy masses, retreating forehead and chin, a very peculiar gait, and a hazel gray eye, that was in its expression an even compound of secretiveness and mildness. She was a person of small brain and cold temperament, with a large amount of vitality in her composition. The perceptive faculties, secretiveness, idealism, language, combativeness, selfishness, self-esteem, and some of the domestic group, were largely predominant. A person whose perceptions caught the first object presented, viewed it in the blinding light of her own identity, and defended it, if liked, against battalions of annihilating

proof. Her character was externally without fault; a model of goodness, virtue, justice and amiability, but at heart a planner and a plotter—a very secret person, an idealist in the world of sentiment, and a woman of inveterate sympathies and prejudices. The lack of a harmonious development which her head showed in real benevolence and the moral faculties, in education, in intellect, in constructiveness and reflectiveness, was more than made up in seeming by the ready tact with which, by the strong arm of secretiveness, she handled in a positive, superficial way, everything that came up in this direction. Illustrative of this was her remark to Sarah Powers, just before her brother's marriage, that she was "more than pleased" at the expectation of her becoming a member of the Lester family, while her hatred and contempt of Mrs. Lester was well known to all who were in any way admitted into her social acquaintance.

Mrs. Blanding was truly a woman of society, whose ambitious social aims were only checked by her husband's means, position and influence. Her dream by day and by night was of "congenial society." With a smooth, easy address, and a conversational tact that was ready for any emergency, she could please to bewilderment almost any listener. Yet, if her auditor were a quiet and unobtrusive possessor of rich strata of thought, which could only be quivered in a gentle way, she would often, in her positiveness of speech and manner, unconsciously pass the boundary of true politeness, amounting on her part to a silencing of her listener, and a monopoly of the hour, forgetting that there is a place to listen as well as a place to speak, in every well ordered conversation. Though not known by all to be such, she was a habitual coffee and tea drinker, and the stimulus thereby derived gave point and brilliancy to many a conversation. Theoretically she was a Spiritualist; but how far spiritualized in practice we shall see.

She was very excitable and enthusiastic, though she did not always choose to show it. She had with this part of her nature an ability to suppress her face with blushes, which gave a charming coloring of modesty to her positiveness of action. It was an unfortunate that this excitability was believed by Mrs. Blanding to be sensitiveness. Though it was truly a kind of sensitiveness in the sense that the passionate emotions were easily disturbed, yet it was one in which the better portion of the soul, the moral faculties, were not so easily roused to action.

A singular manifestation of the intensity of Mrs. Blanding's character, was her blind idolatry of her sister Carrie, the youngest member of the Lester family. Carrie was a person of much innate coarseness and vulgarity, whose faults in this direction were apparent to any observer; and whose attractiveness consisted in an ability to say sharp things in a very sharp way, with a boldness of manner that startled if it did not offend. She was very witty, and figured well in the world of appearances, if not in the real world of the inner life. Rosaline would talk of Carrie by the hour to some quiet listener, who had not interest enough in her subject to venture a single question in connection, without seeming to notice that her listener's interest did not keep pace with her own—blind to adoration. Remembering that Carrie was the youngest—the pet of the family, this, after all, was of itself somewhat excusable.

The really strange feature of this singular character, and the foundation of all the ills that follow—the one great and peculiar weakness of Mrs. Blanding, was in having some one of society's human vipers forever clasped in confidence to her bosom, and, at the same time, trampling with bitterness in the dust her best friends, in order to retain them there. Of this feature in its minutia, much will be incidentally seen as our story progresses.

Her marriage with John Blanding was brought about as much through the influence of Kate Baker, John's sister, as in any other way, about six years previous. John had two children by a former wife at the time she married him, and there were two by the second union. A step-mother's place is no easy one to fill; but the children were young, her course with them quite indulgent, and a letter degree of harmony prevailed than is often found in such families. John Blanding's nature was very unlike his wife's, in that he was strictly a home man, caring for little outside of it save his business, while she was a lover of "society," and never so much in her element as in a crowd. So far as enjoying herself as she aspired to, she could scarcely have chosen a husband whose tastes were so little in keeping with her own. The union was probably hastened by a conscious unpopularity on her part, at the time of its occurrence. It was a sad mistake for both, which they fully realized after two years of married life.

There is association with inferiors that lifts the latter up, and there is association with such that brings superiors down. And perhaps John Blanding's loss of the respect due a wife was as much on account of her taking to her inmost confidence persons whom no pure, high-minded person could associate with as intimate friends without really lowering themselves just so much, as from any other cause.

Mrs. Dingman was one of the socially despised of Kimball. People had accused her of actualizing vice in her own life, which Mrs. Blanding indignantly denied. (Mrs. Blanding was always indignant, she was never what is vulgarly termed "mad,") and which was doubtless untrue. Its effect, however, was to rouse the latter's combativeness, and they clung together more closely than ever.

Mrs. Dingman was a medium, but so wanting in decision of character and integrity of action, as to inspire but little confidence outside of her own circle. Her utterances were some of them pure tests, some unwise things from the undeveloped, some psycho-

logical effects from positive mortals present at the time, and some "made" entirely, and afterwards reported such by herself. All mediums should be reliable as regards the general characteristics of their mediumship—we do not expect them to be infallible. She was not reliable. If there were domestic troubles about, she would be influenced concerning them. Ignorant, and not really meaning to do wrong, she was an undeveloped child of the All-Father, whose worst faults the broad mantle of charity should cover.

Mrs. Blanding, when remonstrated with on her intimacy with Mrs. Dingman, gave, as her reason, that she knew she was assisting her to progress onward. "In what?" interrogated her best friends; and her only reply was, that the family were not formerly so neat and clean in their habits, and that they now "lived like other folks." And she would spend much of her leisure time for the ostensible object of making another's external life better. This, as far as it went, was certainly all well enough, but was not consistent, however, with her social separation from many honest and well-meaning persons who were in equal need of being lifted up; but who did not, in any way, take up her time and effort, though as accessible in every way as Mrs. Dingman.

Miss Prime was one of the leeches of society, who, coming in contact with Mrs. Blanding, drew largely on her sympathies, and consequently succeeded in securing a home by fastening herself under John Blanding's roof, refusing a home proffered by kind relatives, and taking advantage of the kindness and charity of others to accomplish a selfish use. She was a strange perversion of that which the world, with upturned nose, calls "an old maid"—a character, by the way, that if real and true, often deserves instead, pity and respect. A repulsive, polluted, diseased being, in body and soul, was Miss Prime—a selfish, cunning yet ignorant person, with a very small moral and intellectual brain, and a sufferer by disease to loathsomeness. This last awake charity in the humane, which, instead of exciting gratitude in her, only aroused the desire to turn it to her own best advantage. To Mrs. Blanding she made herself a great sufferer—(as she was)—a refined person, very intellectual, and a great historian; the best of mediums, and a persecuted woman, (as she in every sense was not.)

Rosaline Blanding's friends told her she was deceived in the character of the creature whom she had not only given a home under her own roof, but had taken into her inmost confidence as a daily and hourly associate. Some one must be the recipient of the garnered wealth of her inner life, and on the shrine of this miserable accumulation of earth's degradation she chose to offer it. She informed her friends that she only could know Miss Prime, as the latter was entirely isolated from others' society—they could not know her; if so, they would not think so. The opposition she had, only made her more unflinchingly firm, and aroused an insanely extreme opposite action. To such an extent did John Blanding and his wife differ on this matter, that they did not exchange words with each other for a week, as a result—one of the items which then made up the domestic hell of a daily life, and which showed how the sincere, clear seeing husband was rudely trampled down, that the wife might put in the place of his companionship a being every way unworthy.

But time, the great restorer and enlightener, finally awakened Mrs. Blanding from her strange insanity, and she was in turn anxious to see Miss Prime's departure. But kind persuasion, sophistry, argument and threats were then alike useless to accomplish it. She was there, and there she would stay. It being at last even to Mrs. Blanding unendurable, necessity obligated the painful resort to physical force, and the miserable being was at last removed in the care of those who tempered mercy with justice.

Experience, however, learned Mrs. Blanding no lessons on her peculiar weakness. A Mrs. Pran next made her appearance in town—one of the "unfortunates" of society, not recognized as such by all classes. Large idealism united to great superficiality of character—great attempt to put on airs, and but little sense with which to carry them out were her distinguishing characteristics. Mrs. Dugbee was a healing medium, whose mediumship was a success, not so much as regards numbers treated, as on account of the reliability attending its exercise. Among the cases presented to her—she had always done all she promised in every instance—she was the means of restoring the blind to sight, and the dying (or those given up as without hope) to health. She was a person much waiting in self-reliance and esteem, even looking with timidity and distrust on her own efforts, and avoiding notoriety in every form; yet her field of labor was such as rendered the secluded quiet which she loved impossible.

The pretence of Mrs. Pran was to come in contact with the above person, for her health, which, by the way, was very good, and her mission was to spiritualize with Alphonso "Bakab," Kate's husband, whom she had at some time previous, incidentally seen, and whom she had at last the audacity to tell Kate would yet be hers "in fawrin climes!" She had resided in "Cubab," and was "happah," and "so blest," if the scenery under her immediate notice was beautiful, romantic and "lovelah."

Mrs. Dugbee could not bear her presence as an associate, and felt her to be that which she afterwards proved herself to be, a vile, unworthy person, and avoided her intimate society accordingly; but as far as essentials were concerned kept her own counsel, as was her habit, for which Kate Baker afterwards reproached her.

Mrs. Blanding was favorably impressed with the new comer, the expression of which, to Helen Bag-

bee, drew forth the remark from the latter, that she disliked her affectation of speech, which denoted a want of good breeding. On this latter item Rosaline at once took issue, Helen contending that truly polite persons were without affectation, and Rosaline, in turn, that such were frequently so affected. Unfortunately for the latter's position, Mrs. Pran lacked the skill to carry out the Miss Fantadling programme she had started, and the result was an almost immediate failure. One after another became disgusted, till Mrs. Blanding herself soon wheeled into line with the rest.

Of Alphonso, with his idealistic nature, it must in justice be said, that, however much attracted to Mrs. Pran on first acquaintance, in proportion to her liking for him came his dislike for her; and he was more than suited, when she was finally got rid of, which was somewhat as follows:

She formed an intimate friendship with Mrs. Dingman, and hearing much in favor of her mediumship from Kate and Rosaline, she soon placed great confidence in it. Mrs. Dingman, as she herself told it, worked on the fear, selfishness and superstition of her new patron by protracted communications, till she was at last in as great haste to leave town as she was to come into it.

Thus continued the aggressions on John Blanding's quiet, home-loving nature, and he became, as time progressed, more still, reserved and melancholic than ever. Indeed, his fine features assumed a show of over-pressed sorrow and sadness, as if their dense clouds weighed heavily on his noble spirit, that almost any ordinary observer could not fail to perceive; and, choosing to bury his trials in the gloom of silence, he had the name among all who knew him of being a very strange, still man.

Rosaline wanted harmony at home, but failed to see her duty in connection with it. She expected John to do different; because he did not, she gave him to understand, that whatever else was done, her independence of feeling was not to be thus subdued.

And to the days passed, whose want of congeniality expressed itself in short, cold and heartless, or ironical monosyllables, that told of everything else than the pure, generous, self-sacrificing spirit of God-given marriage. Very different was the effect of this want of congeniality on Mrs. Blanding. Deeply sympathetic and impulsive as she was, some one she would have as a sharer of her joys and sorrows; and, as pride, if nothing else, would forbid her being in any sense apparently in her domestic relations, on the plane of friendship, with her own sex, she found a substitute, and in her society passed her best and choicest hours. Kate Baker was one of her choicest and first intimate friends in Kimball—then Mrs. Dingman for a long, long time. Mrs. Dugbee came to Kimball to live, and she soon placed herself on a plane of intimate bosom companionship with her, confiding to her keeping her inner secret treasures, that her earth life had so far accumulated.

Mrs. Blanding was very inconsistent, however, in her attachments; Helen Dugbee was in almost every respect very unlike her, and on an intimate acquaintance Rosaline failed to affiliate with her. The result was a gradual withdrawing of her intimacy to an external passing friendship, which Mrs. Dugbee for a long time after its commencement would not believe, and generously apologized for in many ingenious ways, till she was at last forced to accept its truth. Not so her husband, who understood it from the first. Helen had never had a similar experience, and it came with crushing force on her timid and confiding nature, overwhelming her to such a degree as to perceptibly affect her physical health, which had been so delicate as to make her almost invalid for many painful years. She had, in her negativeness, placed too high an estimate on Mrs. Blanding's positive character, and time only could unlearn her the mistake. Mrs. Blanding had no opposition to this friendship from home or abroad, and the result was it could not endure; for her friendships could only be stable and firm when made by the pressure of combating circumstances without, which were as necessary to their continuance as is fuel to the fire, food to the stomach, or air to the lungs.

CHAPTER III.

"Like chaste fragrant flowers upon life's sea,
And breathing upward to an unceasing shore—
Waiting and dwelling ever as they live,
Leaving and dashing 'mid the storm-king's roar,
Is the great world of men. Wrecked is the world
By self and sense, to very chaos hurled."

For untold ages the world has gone
By self and sense in broken fragments driven,
Yet yearning still for a universal dawn,
When the same world should be a type of heaven,
Walk not of heaven, or of a golden age,
When social life in ceaseless battle rages!"

On the score of old acquaintance, and through the influence of Joseph Naylor, one of the first and best citizens, Homer Hill and his wife made Kimball their place of residence. Hill was a mechanic. His wife and a Mrs. Hubble, who arrived with them, immediately opened a large fashionable dress establishment, and Hill associated himself with Naylor in business. Hill was a kind, good-natured, unobtrusive, and genial man, appearing to lack, in a business point of view, firmness of purpose. His wife was a thorough business woman. Business was her idol, and her tact in its management was excellent. To Spiritualists she was a Spiritualist—to the religious world a worshiper at the shrine of modern Christianity. Excepting her want of oneness of opinion to all, her habit of making it always subservient to business, and an over present fear of that execrable social despot, "what will people say," she was a virtuous, genial, pleasant and social woman—her business itself giving a strong impetus to an innate love of life's externalities.

Phrenologically, Mrs. Hubble had average intellectual faculties, but they had never been exercised—nearly average moral and spiritual faculties, also

and back limbs large. Her prominent points were an attractive, agreeable, intelligent, and very large individual. In temperament, sanguine, nervous—a very cheerful and irritable person; a strong coffee-drinker, and a lover of stimulating food. In feature she was what might be called handsome, with the exception of a sharp, slightly aquiline nose, and a thick chin and neck—the chin of an exact Aaron Burr pattern; dark, sharp, cunning eyes; clear, slightly florid complexion; rather above than under size, and slightly inclined to fleshiness. She was another Mrs. Pratt, except that she possessed a cunning, native shrewdness and knowledge of human nature, combined with an executive-ness that made her much more successful in her enterprises, an ability to say pretty things in a very pretty way, aped with wit and humor, which were very attractive to those on the external plane of life. A pure, true, and intelligent woman she was not. Of her previous history it may be well to state that she was left a widow of James Hession by his untimely death. After a time she received the attentions of an artist named Hubble, and, against the remonstrances of some of her friends, with a full knowledge of his worst faults, married him. Hubble was a man of talent, an extravagant liver, a drinker—a “fast” man. He was a kind, generous soul, and was known to all as “a good fellow.” While health and means lasted, all went smoothly, and apparently well; but a life of excess was too much for him—his health failed, and his means with it, plunging both into poverty.

Fannie Hession had married on the outer plane; she loved Hubble's means, his reputation, his externalities, but not his soul; so that when this stroke of adversity came, she at once deserted him, and fled to her own selfish, external pursuits. The gifted artist, whose faults made him his own enemy—the generous, good soul, mastered by the tyrant strong drink, and deserted by her whose selfishness only stood in the way of duty of being with him to the last, struggled in vain against his fate, and finally died in the poor-house some time after his wife's coming to Kimball. Soon after she deserted him, she went to a large city in the State adjoining, where she lived, up to the time of her next removal, with Mrs. Hill. Her career in this city was such that her name was a “by-word and reproach” among a large class of its residents, though her associations were always formed with the well-dressed and outwardly respectable. But such was her reputation among a certain class, that almost immediately after her arrival in Kimball, Mr. Naylor was called upon, in Hill's absence, to relieve the new comers from the presence of certain male visitors, who would never have thus unconsciously intruded themselves in the society of the pure and good without a cause. Their unconscionable dismissal was necessary in a place no larger than Kimball—policy dictating to Mrs. Hubble that her associations must not be formed rashly.

[CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]

SCIENCE.

When no one did dream
Of the power of steam,
We moved along slowly each day;
But now its rollance,
Hath hidden defiance,
To obstacles placed in our way.

Science hath taught us,
What steam hath brought us,
For we sail without aid from the wind;
We visit all nations,
To see our relations,
Who treat us remarkably kind.

When the electrical spark
Illumines the dark,
And hoarse thunders mutter around,
We direct by our wires
The ethereal fires
Quite harmlessly into the ground.

We can calculate storms
In their varied forms,
And define their course to a T;
So that our sea captains
May take in their napkins,
Or make a wide berth on the sea.

When our mind is overwrought
With a momentous thought,
We express it by lightning away;
And our friends out in York,
Those who dabble in stock,
Are informed of the markets each day.

This great Yankee nation
Beats most all creation,
In its wisdom, and folly, and fun;
Its girls are all beautiful,
Its sons are all dutiful,
And the whole are united as one.

In this go-ahead age,
With Science the rage—
(Such is the condition of man.)
That we strain every nerve
The god Mammon to serve,
And get all the money we can.

LUTE.

OVER-WORKED WOMEN.—An over-worked woman is always a little sadder—a great deal than an over-worked man, because she is so much more feminine in capacities of suffering than a man. She has so many varieties of headache—sometimes as if Jael were driving the nail that killed Sisera into her temples—sometimes biting her work with half her brain, while the other half throbs as if it would go to pieces—sometimes tightening round the brows as if her cap-band were Luke's iron crown—and then her neuralgias, and her back-aches, and her fits of depression, in which she thinks she is nothing, and less than nothing, and those paroxysms which men speak slightly of as hysterical—convulsions, that is all, only not commonly fatal—so many trials which belong to her fine and mobile structure, that she is always entitled to pity, when she is placed in conditions which develop her nervous tendencies.

O. W. Holmes.

KEEPING HORSES' FEET AND LEGS IN ORDER.—If I were asked to account for my horses' legs and feet being in better order than those of my neighbor, I should attribute it to the four following circumstances: First, that they are shod with few nails; second, that they are shod so as to permit the feet to expand every time they move; third, that they all live in boxes instead of stalls, and can move whenever they please; third, that they have two hours daily walking exercise when they are not at work; and fourth, that I have not a head-stall or track-chain in my stall. These four circumstances comprehend the whole mystery of keeping horses' legs fine, and their feet in sound working condition up to a good old age.

Alfred.

“I have a fresh cold,” said a gentleman to his acquaintance. “Why do you have a fresh one? Why don't you have it cured?”

ROUNDELLAT.—“The music of the spheres.”

PROCEEDINGS OF THE SPIRITUAL FESTIVAL.

AT ST. CHARLES, ILL., OCTOBER 20, 21 AND 22, 1888.

Agreeably to published notice, the friends of progress met at the Universalist Meeting-house, in St. Charles, Illinois, on Friday, Oct. 20, 1888, and were called to order by Leonard Howard, Esq., member of the Committee of Arrangements, when the Festival was organized by the election of Hon. S. B. Jones, of St. Charles, President; Mr. Ludd and Mrs. Woodard, Vice Presidents; Dr. U. Kingsbury and Mrs. Mary Kimball, Secretaries.

On taking the chair the President delivered the following inaugural address:

Fellow citizens, Friends, Brethren:—Welcome! welcome! We greet you in the name of common humanity as philanthropists; as true friends of Progress who have left your ordinary avocations of life and come up hither, not for a pecuniary consideration, nor to unite your efforts in sustaining and promoting a popular cause. But inspired by a love for truth and for the elevation of a common humanity, you have congregated here for the interchange of thoughts and for the inter-jection of principles which lie at the very foundation of the welfare of man.

A common inspiration has actuated you. In view of the fact that all such movements in all past time have been unpopular, it is noble—it is patriotic in you—it is worthy of all commendation. We meet upon a broad and free platform; yea, as broad as the expanded universe and the unfolded heavens; and as free as the ethereal elements that fill immensity. We have no church creeds—no dogmatism, to inculcate or maintain. We have not organized the propagandists of one idea. Nor do we propose to stand sponsors, individually or collectively, for the views uttered by any person or spirit who may claim audience on this platform. Respectful utterances of honest convictions will be entitled to respectful attention. But let these sentiments come from mortal or immortal intelligences, they will be subject to the tempered forces of office by the respectful use of the weapons of supposed truth. We claim to be free thinkers of the evening of the nineteenth century. We believe truth is immortal, and the glorious diadem that every son and daughter of humanity is heir to. And we believe further, that any individual or community, or society of individuals who hold to sentiments that they fear to have tried by the fire of investigation and the touchstone of truth, give evidence of the fallacy of their sentiments and the sure decay of their cause. As truth is omnipotent, so is it sure that every sentiment, system of faith, or organization, must, sooner or later, pass through the trying ordeal, and if sound and founded upon immutable principles, it will forever stand; if false, it is destined to decay—to die!

When these truths are believed and appreciated by all, then will be ushered in the glorious morning of that day in which all creeds and dogmas which bear the semblance of liberality, or partially in the name of man's parent, will crumble to the dust, and only be known as among the things that were. Father God, speed the day! We already behold the dawning of that day. The Philanthropist's holy desire for it is a sure index of its speedy coming. Glorious day! we greet thy auroral splendor as it now bedecks the eastern horizon! Him that hath eyes to see, let him see, and he that hath ears to hear let him hear. The light is dawning! the angels are whispering peace on earth and good will to men!

Who are they who ask for the evidence of these assertions? They who have not yet dared to venture beyond the popular fetters, by which the mass of mankind have in all past time been bound. For the benefit of such we will say that the evidences are ushered in like the rays of light from the god of day in a beautiful morning. They come upon us, and no man wist from whence they come, whether they are going, or where or when the mighty tide will be stayed.

Look abroad over the civilized world, and compare public sentiment of to-day with that of the first of even the present century! Did freedom of thought and freedom of speech then obtain? Did men, women, too, then congregate upon a broad and free platform for the discovery and promulgation of truth? Nay, nay. Then to think, and especially to speak sentiments unsanctioned by popular creeds and well settled conventionalisms, was cause ample and all-sufficient for most violent persecutions and anathemas.

Go back a little further into the darkness of the past, and all such offenders were deemed the especial objects of the wrath of an offended and vindictive God; and it was the special duty of the faithful to execute his will and appease his wrath by inflicting the most cruel tortures upon the impatient heretic. Such have been the ordeals that reformers have had to pass through in all past ages. But truth, like the steady oak of a hundred years, has continued to grow upward. Many bold and faithful advocates have fallen beneath the iron rod of persecution, and yielded up their lives in the glorious utterances of prophecies of the good time coming. Like many branches of the oak, which have fallen beneath the winds and lightning, blisks that have swept over it, while the main stem of the tree has continued to rear its stately head heavenward, and every coming year to put out new branches and new foliage, and gain vigor from the very elements that have dealt so severely by it. Even so with truth; in spite of all opposition and persecution, she has pressed steadily onward, until she is beginning to find a resting-place in the bosom of, and is becoming beloved by every son and daughter of humanity.

As strong meats cannot be received and digested by babes—so the babes of a more mature growth, of the present day, cannot receive all the truths that are palatable and digestible by adults; but as all must creep before they can walk, and all must now pass, or have already passed that ordeal, there is hope that present infants will eventually advance to the stature of manhood. The signs that portend this event are multifarious. The physical and spiritual worlds are blending together, and all men are realizing the fact. It has been stoutly denied, and all sorts of arguments (excepting those founded upon common sense and good breeding) have been arrayed against the fact, but all to no purpose. Phenomena after phenomena have confirmed the fact, and exploded theory after theory against it, until they no longer have weight with any but boarding-school misses, young masters and dolls who yet have the person to do their thinking. The great public pulse beats in harmony with the glorious truth. All good men pray for more light upon the subject. Convention after convention is being held, here and there, all over the civilized world, to compare notes and devise plans for the elevation of human character. Savant philosophers and wise men have investigated with the expectation of proving the fallacy of modern spiritual manifestations; but instead thereof have become convinced of their truth and entered the arena, and are now found among the staunchest believers and advocates of that truth. The frowns of the bigot, and the sneers and scoffs of the semi-polished but weak-minded brothers and sisters of humanity, fall harmless at our feet, and begin to be looked upon by the masses as bearing the semblance of ill grace. The liberality of the people is everywhere being more fully manifested than at any former period; yea, it is taking the place of liberality and bigotry. It may be surprising to those who are accustomed to look upon the dark side of the picture, to know facts as they really exist. But nevertheless it is true.

All men, and women, too, are at heart desirous that our faith shall prove to be well founded, but they do not want to say so till it is a little more popular. But it is a natural and legitimate yearning of the human heart; and the natural yearnings of the human heart are always founded in right. It is God-given; and must be right. All desire to live in a higher life after the dissolution of the external form. All desire to feel conscious that departed friends are still near, and loving as when in the external form. That is our faith! That faith all want an evidence of. To that end—to the end of elevating the condition of all classes of humanity—we meet

here. Our friends and neighbors, of whatever faith or creed, have liberally thrown open their doors for the entertainment of those who have come up hither on this mission. The liberality thus manifested is worthy of a free-minded and noble people, and speaks, in a voice not to be misunderstood, that man is good at heart, and that he naturally seeks light, and delights in doing good deeds to his fellow men. Then unbent the shackles, loosen the fetters, deal kindly with the benighted and erring everywhere; and the result shall be the ushering in of the light of that millennial day when man shall no longer oppress his fellow man, but all shall see the handiwork of the common Parent everywhere performing its true mission, and, in the language of the poet, exclaim—

“In spite of jibes, in erring treason's spite,
One truth is clear, whatever is, is right.”

On motion, the following programme of business was adopted:

This Festival shall be opened in conference meeting at 8 1/2 o'clock in the morning of each day—1 p. m., and 6 in the evening.

The Festival shall be opened for stated lectures by select speakers at 10 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock p. m., and 7 in the evening of each day.

The regular hours of adjournment shall be at 12, p. m., and 5 p. m., for dinner and tea.

A free platform shall be maintained throughout the Festival for the full expression of thought upon all subjects deemed advisable by the speaker—the speaker only responsible for views uttered, subject to the ordinary rules of decorum.

At 3 o'clock the Conference was opened by proclamation by the President, when Judge Boardman, of Waukegan, addressed the Conference upon the subject of Organization and Progression. He was followed by Mr. Dayton, of Huntley, Moffett county, formerly a Universalist clergyman, upon the subject of Individual Sovereignty.

He was followed by J. M. Peabody, of Battle Creek, Michigan, who was formerly a Universalist clergyman, but now is an inspirational harmonical philosopher and public lecturer of the purest conceptions of thought. He spoke upon the great subject of Progression in rapturous eloquence. He was followed by Mrs. Woodard, a lady most devoted to the cause of moral reform and freedom of thought. Then followed Mr. Robinson, of Dundee, a gentleman of much thought, and a true reformer.

The hour of 6 having arrived, the conference adjourned.

Re-assembled at 6 in the evening. Conference opened with singing. Mr. S. B. Pease, trance medium, of De Kalb, addressed the Conference upon the subject of Harmony.

The hour of 7 having arrived, the Conference closed; when J. M. Peabody entered the pulpit, and, in his usual spirited and eloquent style, delivered the stated lecture of the evening.

Saturday morning at 8 1/2 o'clock, the Conference opened.

S. B. Jones, President of the Festival, offered the following resolutions, not for adoption, but as the crystallization of thoughts upon the subjects therein embraced, viz:

Resolved, That freedom of thought and expression thereof, or inspiration and revelation, are inalienable privileges and inalienable rights belonging to every intelligent being.

Resolved, That the past, with all its darkness and errors of every age, was goodness in degree, and in accordance with the highest lights then beaming into the minds of humanity, and the traditions and written history thereof serves as beacon-light to mankind at the present time, to guard them from the shoals, quicksands and coral reefs upon which others foundered; that we should not cling to nor follow in their pathway, any more than the branches of the tree should be the trunk, or the flowers the twigs upon which they grow; but each free-born mind should reach out for higher conceptions of truth, new fields of action, and more independence, even to perfect freedom.

Resolved, That blind submission to precedents, immemorial usages, customs, popular opinions, conventionalisms, or the books of authorities, is only worthy of those who still live in the darkness of the past, whose shadows still loom up in the moral West with blasting influence upon the body-politic, giving authority and precedent for every evil deed inflicted upon and toward his fellowman; but which are being rapidly dispelled by the effulgent rays of the Great Central Luminary—Supreme Wisdom.

Resolved, That a blind submission to any Church Creed or “Confession of Faith,” or pleading allegiance to any stated opinions of men, body of men, or a dismemberment of the right arm of individuality and manhood, crippling and dwarfing of all those higher faculties which are especially cunning to humanity.

Resolved, That in all things the rights of females are as sacred as those of males. Their opinions, when founded in like wisdom, are as worthy of being respected; and their privilege of a full, perfect and free expression of opinion is an inalienable right; and consequently any attempt, by whatsoever means, to restrict such privilege is an unwarrantable assumption of power unbecoming an enlightened people.

The Conference was occupied with spirited speaking until ten o'clock, when it closed for the regular lecture.

At ten o'clock A. M. Mrs. Streeter entered the pulpit, and delivered in a trance state one of her peculiarly philosophical lectures. Subject: “Which shall rank the highest in the estimation of man—Reason or the Bible?”

At 12 o'clock M., the Festival adjourned for refreshments.

Convened at one o'clock P. M., and opened in conference. Spirited speaking ensued upon the subject of reform generally, until the hour for the stated lecture, when the Conference closed, and Mr. Pease took the stand, and in an unconscious trance delivered the regular lecture of the afternoon, upon spiritual intercourse, ancient and modern.

At five o'clock the Festival adjourned, and convened again at six in the evening. Conference opened, and continued in session until the hour for the stated lecture, when it closed, and J. M. Peabody entered the pulpit and enchaind the audience for nearly two hours in his usual happy inspirational style.

Sunday morning, at half past eight o'clock, the Conference convened, and continued in session until the hour for the regular lecture. Not a moment of time was allowed to pass unimproved by some spirited and talented speaker, upon the great and all-engrossing subject of reform, which lie so near the hearts of all true reformers.

At the regular hour for the stated lecture Dr. Pease, of Cincinnati, a true friend of reform and very able speaker, took the stand, and in a very forcible and impressive manner delivered the morning lecture, exposing the fallacy of so-called “free love” in its vulgar acceptance.

At one o'clock P. M., the Conference was again opened, and able speakers occupied the session in a manner to elicit the most intense interest and attention of the assembled multitude. Among the speakers was Mrs. Todd, of Batavia, who delivered a very able address on woman's rights.

At the regular time for the afternoon's stated lecture, the Conference closed.

J. M. Peabody delivered the stated lecture, and again enlivened and electrified the audience, and held them spell-bound for about two hours, doing the most ample justice to the great subject—The Harmonical Philosophy.

Evening—Conference opened, and continued in session until seven—every moment being occupied by Mr. Brewster, of Geneva, Wis., and other able speakers, in the utterance of brilliant thoughts and sentiments, in accordance with pure philosophy, progression and reform, until the hour for the last stated lecture of the Festival.

Seven o'clock, evening.—Music by the choir; after which Mrs. A. L. Streeter entered the pulpit, was entranced, and delivered the last lecture of the course to a most densely crowded house. Her theme was, “God hath spoken once—twice have I heard this. All power belongeth unto God; and unto thee, oh Lord, belongeth mercy.”

The inspiration revealed through this lady held the audience spell-bound and in the most profound silence for two hours.

After the close of the lecture Dr. Pease offered the following resolution, viz:

Resolved, That “free love,” in the commonly received acceptance of that phrase, has no affinity with, and is not any part of Spiritualism.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

On motion a resolution was unanimously adopted, expressive of thanks to the citizens of St. Charles and vicinity, for their kindness and liberality (without distinction of sect or party) in entertaining the large number of strangers from abroad who came hither to attend this Festival.

The hour of adjournment *sine die* having arrived, the President, in the name of philanthropy and a common humanity, declared the Festival closed.

The Committee of Arrangements ordered the following resolution to be spread upon their records, and a copy of the same to be provided to the clerk of the First Universalist Society of St. Charles:

Resolved, That the First Universalist Society of St. Charles has manifested a degree of liberality, in granting the free use of this beautiful house of worship for this Spiritual Festival, which is in keeping with their known liberality on other occasions, and is worthy of commendation and imitation by other religious bodies—and we hereby tender them our sincere thanks.

S. S. JONES, Pres't.
O. KINGSBURY, Sec'y.
MRS. MARY KIMBALL, Sec'y.

Written for the Banner of Light.

IF I WERE AN ANGEL IN HEAVEN.

Inscribed to a Sick Friend, far away.

If I were an angel in Heaven;
With a robe that the sunbeams were bright,
While thou'rt lying in anguish so riven,
I would shine like a star on thy night.

If I were an angel in Heaven,
With a bright starry crown on my brow,
Like a priest, I would say, “Thou art striven!”
I would place it on thine own brow.

If I were an angel in Heaven,
Thy angel, thy guardian I'd be,
While on life's stormy waves thou art driving,
I would whisper: “Come hither to me!”

If I were an angel in Heaven,
I would leave that bright Heaven of love,
And wait till my freedom was given,
Then bear thee to bright ones above.

But I am not an angel in Heaven,
And I wear not a bright robe of light;
I, too, on life's storm-waves am driven—
I, too, need a star for my night.

But though not an angel in Heaven,
All my spirit keeps praying for thee,
And those prayers shall still daily be given,
Till a star in the Heavens you shine.

And when thou art an angel in Heaven,
With the angels rejoicing with thee—
When my spirit in anguish is riven,
Wilt thou shine in thy brightness on me?

SOLITAIRE.

Astonishing Cures.—The “Miracles” of To-day.

The large number of persons who have during the last few years suddenly, and without any apparent effort of their own, found themselves invested with a power to heal the sick, give sight to the blind, and feet to the lame, are living evidences of the presence and power of intelligent beings, who, though unseen to our earthly vision become by such manifestations visibly present to our reason and understanding. Many of the cases effected through the agency of these individuals partake so much of the nature and character of like displays of healing power in the times of Christ, that to attribute them to the same cause cannot be deemed otherwise than just.

We desire at this time to call attention to one or two of these, and refer to cures brought about through the agency of Mrs. Nelly Tipple, (now Mrs. E. M. T. Harlow,) who at present resides at No. 46 Wall street, Boston.

In the year 1858, this lady was requested to visit Chicago, and among the many cases treated by her in that city was that of Mrs. T. C. Gruber. A physician of that place, E. W. H. Beck, gave the following narrative of it: “Mrs. G., the mother of three children, was seized with epileptic fits nine years ago, a few weeks after the birth of her oldest child. She had never been three months free from these attacks until this last sickness. She was frequently confined to her bed, having those paroxysms every day, sometimes ten or twelve per day—the longest interval being three days. She traveled from city to city, giving many of our most distinguished physicians a fair trial of their skill in effecting a cure—spending a good home in so doing. Prof. Gross, of Louisville, after a lengthy treatment, declared of his opinion, that she might desire from further treatment, that she never could be cured—that the fits might leave her at the turn of life. In November, 1868, the fits increased—came every day—at least there was not on an average more than one day in the week that she escaped—frequently had eight and ten in a day. About the first of January had a miscarriage; inflammation of the uterus succeeded, with quick pulse, loss of appetite, bowels much swollen and very tender, great distress, rapid emaciation, tenderness along the spinal column, kidneys and liver, according to my own diagnosis and that of two other physicians, and three or four attacks of epilepsy daily. I could not imagine a worse case. Exhausted my skill and the advice of others in a month's effort to relieve her, and the first of February found her worse instead of better. I lost all faith in medicine; had blistered and cupped and mercurialized—our heroic remedies—gave the whole routine of allopathic prescriptions. Such was my case for the medium and her spirit attendants. Mrs. T. visited her on Monday, Feb. 1st, at 3 o'clock. The patient had two fits the same morning. I witnessed the first manifestation—it acted like an anodyne. The patient was a skeptic, catching at a straw for life; she was an intelligent woman, and seemed much pleased with the effect produced. I

visited her with the medium next morning; had had no fit for twenty-four hours; slept well; swelling considerably abated. She was patting again, and went to sleep under a great trouble for weeks had been wakefulness. To be brief—On the third day she sat up in bed, combed her own hair, and took freely of nourishment; the abdominal inflammation, according to my best judgment, had entirely subsided. The medium visited her and bathed her in eight days eight times. On Thursday of the week following her first visit, Mrs. G. took her two children and went to her relatives in Michigan, by railroad, feeble and pale, but feeling quite well, and at this moment is in good health and flesh, not having had one fit since the first laying on of hands by the medium.”

Dr. Beck having witnessed such results of Mrs. Tipple's treatment, was induced to bring her efforts to the relief of his child, and again, what in olden times would have been recorded as a “miracle,” occurred. We give the account of it in Dr. B.'s own words, condensing a lengthy and minute statement of the case made by him in the public prints at the time:—

On the 9th of February, 1868, my little girl, four years old, having gone to bed the previous evening as well as usual, waked up about 3 A. M., vomiting and having a high fever. I regarded it as a worm attack, and gave a large dose of calomel. Dr. Samuel Grimes, the child's uncle, an old and able physician—for six years past one of the State Commissioners for the Insane Asylum—came in about seven o'clock, and pronounced “Genie” very sick. He advised that I give more calomel. We now used every effort to move the bowels. At 2 o'clock P. M., she had taken thirty grains of calomel—fever high—eighty—pulse very quick. While we were at dinner, the child was seized with a severe convulsion. This succeeded each other every twenty or thirty minutes. At 9 o'clock P. M., another experienced physician came in. We used oil, enemata—every means that three of us could suggest, to move the bowels and check the convulsions, which grew more violent and lasted longer. These symptoms continued to increase through the night and the next day, no relief resulting from the use of even the most powerful agencies. At 3 P. M., Feb. 10th, (Wednesday) she seemed to be dying—pulse scarcely moving, and was threatened with paralysis in the last stage—having lain in an unconscious state since the previous evening. In consultation, one physician was for forcing nothing more by the mouth. Dr. Grimes insisted, and gave one sixth of a grain of calomel at short intervals placed upon the tongue; but without effect upon the bowels. The convulsions became less violent, but more internal—the head and feet approximating backwards in a curve by a strong spasmodic action, nearly all the time.

I now entirely despaired of her life; but my wife insisted so strenuously on telegraphing to Lafayette for Mrs. Tipple to come by the 11 o'clock night train, that merely to please her, (with no expectation that she could do any good, and really believing that my child would not live till that hour,) I did so. From 8 to 9 P. M. she rested better—still unconscious, with no movement of the bowels. Twenty minutes past nine, she had a severe spasm, and sunk rapidly. At eleven, we all thought her dying—pulse scarcely perceptible—extremities cold, fingers livid and cold at 12 o'clock, the two doctors went out, saying she would last but a few minutes, and brought in some ladies. None but parents, under similar circumstances, can imagine our suspense and distress from this moment until we heard the Lafayette train at just 2 o'clock, three hours behind time. My wife still looked forward to this moment with hope—I had none, neither did I think Mrs. T. would be on the train. Yet she came, and on throwing open my door, I observed she was under influence. All present were in tears; there was positively no pulse at the child's wrist, but a hurried, hard breathing, death-like coldness, and every symptom of immediate dissolution. It was an agonizing, hard death-struggle; a heavy, fleshy, strong child, cut down so suddenly, the tenacity to life was extreme. My wife exclaimed in her sobbing, “Oh, Nelly! too late! too late! Had you been here yesterday evening, our child might have lived!”

Mrs. T. laid one hand upon the patient's head, the other upon the stomach. The medium shook violently; the child breathed easier, and the limbs relaxed. I walked the floor, thinking she had expired. There around the cradle stood no. She opened her eyes! the medium was jabbering in Indian, and rubbing the child. I cannot relate every incident of those fifteen minutes. The doctors had gone. Seven persons were present, all Spiritualists, and we looked at each other with doubt and hope, amazed, and yet feeling with suspense.

It was just fifteen minutes from the time the hands were laid upon her, till I examined and found warmth returning to her extremities, and pulsation at the wrist. At this moment my child spoke, and said, “drink!”—the only utterance in thirty-four hours! What a moment for me! the darling child of my heart, that but a few minutes before I had pictured cold and dead, now looked me in the face and spoke! She still lived!

The Indian spirit, in broken English, ordered cold water with salt. The child, which had been now swallowing nothing but calomel revived, and presented a more natural appearance than she had for thirty-four hours. Here the medium, or Indian, ordered us to send for Bro. Warren Chase, (who had arrived the previous day for the purpose of lecturing in the place, and was sleeping at Mr. Dewey's, several squares off,) saying, “Him big man; get much magnet power,” &c. Mr. C. was sent for and came. My wife, (who is influenced to speak at times, but during her child's sickness could not be controlled, from the excitement and alarm,) by the assistance of the other mediums was now controlled, and all three in a circle rubbed and bathed the patient until reaction was quite well established.

The Indian then said, in substance, that the child had worms; that a knot of these was fastened in the passage from the stomach to the bowels; they (the spirits) would try and loosen it; the child's bowels must be relieved, and we must continue enemata. I had used warm water—they urged only cold. They wanted her bathed in cold water; I would not consent. I urged the warm bath (it had been used many times); they would not consent. They wanted to pour cold water on the bowels. (There was a running and sore blister on the bowels, the existence of which they deplored.) I would not permit it, but consented to the cold, wet applications. I wanted to give tonics and stimulants; they would give none—cold water only. I was sorely puzzled and perplexed—being called upon to yield my own judgment, with twelve years' experience and reading, to a woman who knew nothing of therapeutics; or to an Indian spirit (if it was not imposition,) that I knew had never graduated in medicine! During Thursday, however, I urged and gave a few doses of tincture of rhubarb; following up the cold enemata. Not until Friday evening did the bowels move, and during that night and Saturday large quantities of small white worms were passed.

Suffice it to add that the child had a rapid convalescence. Indeed, in three days of time, she sat up in bed, and played and eat—though for some two weeks, from partial paralysis of the tongue, could not speak intelligibly.

Dr. B. proceeds to state the theory of the disease and the cure, as given by the spirit-friends, but we have no room to publish it in this connection; neither is it necessary for us to do so for the purpose we have now in view, which is to present one as an example of the many remarkable instances of cures effected by the Unseen who compass our paths. Mrs. Harlow has been highly spoken of by those who have employed her. Gifted with unusually excellent healing powers, she has already accomplished much good, and is destined to do much more. We commend her, and all who, like her, are working out their beneficent mission upon earth—going out doing good, healing the sick, giving eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. God works with them.

THE SPIRIT-CHILD.

[We reprint, by request, the following beautiful lines, extemporized by Miss Liza Dutton, at the close of one of her lectures at the Melodeon in Boston, last winter.]

Oh, thou holy heaven above us!
Oh, ye angel hosts that love us!
Ye angels know how to prove us
By the discipline of life—
That we faint not in endeavor,
But with cheerful courage ever
Rise victorious in the strife.

Oh, my sister—oh, my brother!
I was once a mortal sinner;
One sweet blossom, and no other,
Blooming upon the household tree;
Very fragile, very tender,
Very beautiful and slender—
He was dear as life to me.

All the Spring-time's fresh unfolding,
All of art's exquisite moulding,
All that thrills one in beholding,
Centered in that fair young face;
With angelic tempered glances,
Almost blending into sadness,
Filled him with a nameless grace.

And I loved him without measure:
A careless fount of pleasure
Found I in that little treasure—
And my heart grew good and great—
As I thanked the God of Heaven
That this precious one was given
Thus to cheer my low estate.

But with all my prayers ascending
I could hear a low voice blending,
Like some benison descending,
Saying—"Place thy hopes above;
For the test of all affection
Is the full and free rejection
Of all selfishness in love."

Then I felt a sad foreboding,
All my soul to anguish goading,
All my inward peace corroding;
And my rebel heart began
Crying wildly, that I would not
Yield my precious one—I could not
Say, "Thy will, not mine, be done."

Spring-time came, with genial showers,
Bursting buds and opening flowers,
Singing birds and sunny hours,
Pillowing heaven and earth with light.
But the Summer, fair deceiver,
Came, with withering and fever,
Came my little bud to blight.

O'er my threshold silent stealing,
Chilling every sense and feeling,
All the fount of grief corroding,
Came the great white angel, Death;
And my flower upon my bosom
Withered, like an early blossom
Stricken by the North wind's breath.

And I saw him weakly lying,
Heard his parched lips faintly sighing,
Knew that he was dying—dying!
And my love was vain to save!
All my wild, impassioned pleading
All my fervent interceding
Could not triumph o'er the grave.

Vainly did I crave permission
That the land of the Elysian
Might be opened to my vision,
Forth into that unknown dark,
On that broad, mysterious shore,
Did the hand of God, the Giver,
Launch that little, fragile bark.

Then my brain grew wild to madness,
Changing to a sudden sadness,
Tempered with no ray of gladness;
And I cursed the God above,
That, with heaven all full of angels,
Sounding forth their glad evangel,
He should take my little dove.

Then my eyelids knew no sleeping,
Once, my midnight watch while keeping,
I had wept beyond all weeping—
Suddenly there seemed to fall
From my spiritual being,
From my inward sense of feeling,
Scapes, as from the eyes of Paul.

Heavenly voices were round me playing,
Angel hands my soul were staying,
And I heard a clear voice saying,
"Come up hither—come and see;
Oh, thou sorrow-stricken mother,
Unto thee, as to no other,
Heaven unfolds her mystery."

God's own Spirit seemed to move me,
All the Heaven grew bright above me,
All the angels seemed to love me—
"Weaved their white hands, as they smiled;
And one, fair Summer moonlight,
Crowned with starry gems of midnight,
Brought to me my angel-child.

Like a flower in sunshine blowing,
Cheeks and lips and eyes were glowing—
I could see that he was growing
Fairer than the things of earth,
"Thou mayest take him," said the spirit,
"Back to earth, there to inherit
All the woes of mortal birth."

I had need of no advising;
In divest strength arising,
All my selfishness despoiling—
"Nay!" I cried, "now, first, I know
What it is to be a mother—
To give being to another
Living soul, for joy or woe."

"Keep him in these heavenly places,
Fold him in your arms embrace;
Teach him the diviner graces;
I return to earth, again;
Not to sit and weep unprofitably,
But to live and love divinely."
And the angel said, "Amen!"

Oh, thou holy heaven above us!
Oh, ye angel hosts that love us!
Ye angels know how to prove us
By the discipline of life—
That we faint not in endeavor,
But with cheerful courage ever
Rise victorious in the strife.

Optimism.

From *La Revue de l'Ouest*, a paper printed in the French language at St. Louis, we make the following extracts of its notice of Dr. Child's book. We cannot withhold our commendation for both the logic and the spirit of this criticism. The latter is peaceful, is without insignificant condemnation—it harmonizes with the spirit of the book it reviews:

"Optimism.—All is well. We have before us a new and excellent thing in the form of a book, written by A. B. Child, of Boston, entitled, 'Whatever Is, Is Right.' The title is not precisely a new thing, for it has already been uttered by Pope and Leibnitz; but it appears to us that the English poet with the German philosopher have not written in as categorical a manner as the writer of this book. We cannot say, however, for a certainty, as the works of these two writers are neither found in the Utopian library nor the tons of thousands in the surrounding. However, it matters very little to us, as our Bostonian author may have the merit of the invention. He ought to hold himself very little there if he is true to the principles presented in his book.

Is his thesis true? Is it true that all may be right in the physical, moral and social world? Be- hold! It is necessary to examine. This we shall leave the reader to decide, after reading the manner in which Mr. Child sustains his opinion. In all ages thinkers have tortured the mind in trying to solve the problem of evil. The most ancient of all suppositions is, that the cause of evil is an eternal principle, incessantly combating with good. A later supposition puts forth the origin of evil in the rising of a creature against the Creator.

A third supposition lies itself to the second, and indicates that free will is the cause of all moral troubles that have invaded the world. Upon this theme of free will, philosophers have debated and reasoned from age to age, making so much to lean in favor of liberty, and so much in favor of fatality, so that one day it winks at evil, and another day yields to its universal supremacy. However, across this apparent chaos of diverse theories, one recog-

nizes that evil has gradually lost its importance in human ideas, and that in the modern mind there is a tendency to consider evil as a relative and transitory condition, rather than as a definite and absolute state of things or beings. It is evident that the doctrine of development and of progress, above all, is it is presented by the new spiritual school, strikes into ruin the old theological dogmas of hell, the devil, and sin, and that it promises to men the cure of all their evils, in showing to them in the future the ideal of perfection that they have sought in the past. 'Is it surprising, then, that there is found a man fearless and bold enough to affirm the actual realization of universal good, and to settle, in one word, the most difficult question of philosophy in denying purely and simply the existence of evil? In this view of the question, then, this is not the worst solution that may have been given of this difficult problem, and it is probably the most clear.

If the negation of evil is a paradox, it is necessary at least to recognize that Mr. Child has examined it under all its phases, and that he accepts, resolutely, all the metaphysical and moral consequences. We here introduce his first chapter, which contains, in germ, the whole book.

Mr. Child introduces a crowd of questions, to which he responds with more confidence and poetry than method. He speaks as a man convinced, but the conviction shows not a writer of order and logic. The succeeding questions and dissertations may be considered as so many hymns to Divine Wisdom and universal harmony. There are great thoughts and good words in the book, but some repetition and certain monotony. How could it be otherwise? For Mr. Child, in the virtue of his principles, here presented, blames nothing, condemns nothing. On our part, how would we be able to criticize a man who abstains from all criticism and reproach with regard to others? We prefer rather to recite some passages from his book.

We agree with Mr. Child on the tranquillizing and moralizing influence of optimism. However, our philosopher is satisfied to believe in progress and rest in reform. He has beautifully said, that vice is as legitimate as virtue, and that falsehood is as true as truth; there evidently are some things, some institutions, and even some men, that this doctrine does not agree with. The war of this doctrine is in its opposition, not in the doctrine. Mr. Child recognizes himself, then, that there is much to change in these opposing men, institutions and things. I propose to him to amend his apothegm, and say, 'All that which is, is good, but in condition of becoming better.'

"Is it Right?"

Permit a word of reply to the article, headed as above, by Warren Chase, and published in the seventh number of the present volume of the BANNER OF LIGHT.

That the state of things in regard to poor children, which Mr. Chase has so truthfully described, is not right, it needs no argument to prove. We do not understand Mr. C., where he says, "Four-fifths of these (the poor children) are forced into this world by authorized, legalized, and christianized institutions, through the gate of marriage," &c.

We would ask what particular institutions there are extant, for compelling to the propagation of our race?

We would also ask, if Mr. Chase means to hold the marriage institution responsible for this degradation, poverty and crime?

That the abuse of the marriage institution has caused an untold amount of suffering and crime we do not deny, but the root of the evil lies not here. Were the marriage institution abolished to-day, there would be, in our opinion, a greater increase of children within the next ten years, and what is worse, nobody would feel under any particular obligation to take care of them or their mothers.

There are other institutions existing in our land which, though they do not force the children into our world, yet they force upon the children themselves poverty, crime and death.

Suppose the thousand institutions for making drunkards were abolished, then those parents who are made poor and half idiotic, and vicious, by this animal indulgence, would be in a condition to earn a comfortable support for their offspring.

Shut up the gambling houses and dens of infamy, and let the men who patronize and sustain these hell-holes to work and earn an honorable living, and the ragged and starving children of such parents would soon be provided for. Abolish nine-tenths of your go-between merchants, so that the poor man, when he purchases an article of food or clothing, shall not have to pay three or four times the cost of its production, in toll, to the gate-keepers on the turnpike of trade and speculation. Let everything come as directly as possible from the producer to the consumer, and the honest mechanic would be able—other habits being right—to maintain and educate his family respectably. Give woman her true position, and pay her for her labor, and she will not be compelled to take her choice between a life of starvation and infamy.

It is vain to talk of establishing schools and homes for poor children, thinking thereby to dry up the "pools of pollution," while all these and many more flood-gates are left open to deluge community with crime and pauperism. As well might you hope to stop up the waters of Lake Ontario with a sponge, while the cataract of Niagara was pouring into it.

Nor is the Church the cause of this condition of things. American Christians, as a body, sanction no such crime or wickedness. There are many bad men and women in the churches; but we must judge of the character of organized bodies by the acts of their majorities; and everybody knows, who looks over the face of society with an unprejudiced mind, that there is a greater percentage of morality and chastity in the evangelical churches than out of them.

The conviction forces itself upon us that, if we would remove this evil, we must strike at the roots of the tree. Law-makers have a fearful responsibility resting upon them. Ministers should get the gags out of their mouths, and dare to tell their people some unfashionable, practical truths. Teachers should teach more from the great text-book of nature and common sense. Physicians should stop poisoning the people, and teach them how to live in accordance with the laws of health, and the people should pay them more for advice than medicine. Mothers should teach their daughters that they were made for something higher than to become the doll or the slave of a fool or a tyrant. Fathers should teach their sons to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow, instead of giving them money to spend upon their lusts.

When every one begins to think right and act right, then shall we see a mighty falling off from pauperism and crime. I do not object to homes for the poor. Nor do I see how a lady who pays hundreds and thousands of dollars for a dress to die at night, while the poor children in her own city are crying for bread, and the poorer mothers are starving on faith, without the bread and cheese. There is wealth enough in the cities to feed and clothe comfortably all their inhabitants. What is spent for rum and tobacco alone, would clothe and educate all their poor. But, while a large portion of the community will grasp and waste, the other portion must necessarily starve and suffer. When men become honest in their dealings, and temperate in their living, and industrious in their habits, Mr. Chase can paint for us a brighter picture.

HENRY MAR.

J. H. Loveland's Letter to Dr. Child.

DEAR DOCTOR:—I have read and re-read some portions of your book, "Whatever Is, Is Right." I like it, for various reasons. Prominent among them are the following:—It compels people to think. The greatest benefit one man can confer upon another is to compel him to think. Whether he speaks, or writes, truth or falsehood, is immaterial, provided men are induced to think. If truth be the staple of the author's argument, the thinker will confirm and extend it. But if it be falsehood, he gives himself to the work of exposition, and, in his success, expands the sphere of his own consciousness. The soul is great only in proportion to its experience. That experience is essentially the enlargement of the sphere of his consciousness. The expansion of the consciousness is progress. The spirit, in and of itself, is incapable of change, of being affected by change of material things or conditions; but only as the spirit becomes conscious of its own powers and relations, is it to itself a boundless source of endless joy. And as this expanded consciousness is only possible as a result of thinking, whatever induces thinking is most surely hastening the progress of the race. Your book compels thought. Those who receive, and those who reject it are alike drawn to the work of thinking, in order to confirm, or reject. They are, therefore, benefited thereby.

2.—But I am made glad because the central idea of the book is a most glorious truth, and you have presented it in such a manner as to secure the attention of all who read it. This, "Whatever Is, Is Right," has been as clear in my apprehension, for the last eight years, as are the self-evident axioms of mathematics. Between that and the doctrine of Old Theology there is no middle ground. Either everything and every event is part of one boundless Universe of perfect order, or else there is no order, never has been, and never will be. It matters not whether we believe in a personal God, infinitely perfect, or accept the more modern form of Pantheism, which most Spiritualists adopt, for the conclusion is the same. The works of an infinitely perfect Deity must be perfect. And, if the Universe is one continuous progress from less to more perfect conditions, then that progress, orderly law of progress is right.

All the innumerable instances of temporary suffering are cited in vain as evidences of inherent wrong in the order of things, for it has never been shown that pain is any real injury to man. On the contrary, all religions and all philosophies recognize the fact that by suffering man is made better. "These light afflictions, which are but a moment, work for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The above quotation expresses the result of human experience, and sums up the teachings of all past inspirations upon the subject of human pain. Now, if it is an impossibility, to deny the absolute necessity of pain to secure the highest conditions of joy and perfection, in unnumbered instances, where is the man who dares assume that all suffering will not result in the same way? But if such an one can be found, in the name of reason and humanity, let that person show the law by which suffering eventuates in joy in any case; and then let us have the clear reason for any exceptions to that law. For, if the principle be not universal, then I abandon my position at once, for all order is gone. And as here is the pivot on which the whole question turns, let the advocates of disorder no longer beat around the bush, but, like men, grapple with the real question. The existence of real or intrinsic evil is affirmed by them, on the ground that certain dispositions in men, and actions proceeding therefrom, cause suffering, which suffering is a real injury, inasmuch as no good will result therefrom—or, at least no good can accrue to the perpetrator. But if the one sinned against is made happier than he possibly could have been otherwise, is that not an unnecessary, monstrous and damnable sin, which is indispensable to the highest happiness of another? Will the sinner's case furnish an exception? He meets the consequences of his acts—the retribution of even-handed justice. Will not this suffering have an analogous influence upon him? Is it not universally conceded that it does have this effect in cases that come under our own observation? Most certainly. Where then is the law of exceptions?

But if no law of exceptions can be found; if the principle of compensation be found to be universal, then, beyond all cavil, the affirmation of Pope is a literal truth. But, if any venturesome tyro, or scared veteran even, shall undertake the task of finding a law of exceptions to the seemingly universal principle, let me suggest to him that the question will not be affected at all, even if they could prove man to be as free as libertarian metaphysicians assume for him. For liberty is not, above, but in accord with law. In other words, no possible liberty can transcend the sphere of law, or, more properly, principle. Hence, though we may and can safely admit that any one specific act might have been different, yet as the act, whatever may be its form, is within the sphere of principle and law, it cannot in the least change the final result, for as all essentials are included within, and wrought out by the eternal principles of being and motion, so the incidentals—the results of human volition, are ephemeral, and cannot, in the nature of things, affect the final result. By final result, I mean the ever-growing happiness of man. Volition, to a certain extent, may transcend and control what is merely circumstantial, but cannot affect that which is essential, that which inheres in principle. Hence, then, though volition may modify the manner or mode of attainment, it can never change, one iota, the sure result. Final and complete happiness is guaranteed to man from the intrinsic constitution of the soul itself. It is the end in one sense of the journey of its incipient experience. That journey may be almost infinitely varied by the action of volition, but essentially the journey is the same and the end the same. Still there is a just sense in which we may affirm difference, i. e., difference in the sense of variety. Each individual life seems unlike all other lives, and is so circumstantially, but in its reality is like all others. This thought is a fountain of joy to those who consciously realize the fullness of wisdom contained therein; for, while in the essential elements which make up the river of each one's life, there is a perfect identity—in the character of the channel in which it flows, the scenery of landscape, trees, skies, flowers, etc., volition and circumstance make an endless variation.

But I must close this too long epistle. Your book has aroused thousands, and will still arouse other thousands. It has roused attention which will never sleep, and awakened harmonies that will ever sing the song of joy in many bosoms. Most completely, I think, does it prove your mistake in asserting that nothing can affect the soul. Multitudes will find here, and in the hereafter, that many, very many, of the beautiful variations in the harmony of life, were due to the influence of that book.

Yours most sincerely,

WILLIAM LEE, Nov. 6, 1860.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Written for the Banner of Light.

A SPIRIT'S TRIBUTE.

To One who Remembers, from One who Remembers.

BY ENOLA.

Darling—my darling! In the long ago,
The heyday time of youth, and trust, and love,
Were I not more than all the world to thee?
In that darker time, from which thy soul
Even in the halo of memory shrinks,
Hood I not by thee—thine, forever thine?
Nay! torture not thyself with vain regrets.
Remember is cruel—useless. Thrust it off,
And bear to live, rather than dare to die.

Bride, wife the world hath called thee; yet I know
A holier name than bride or wife is thine—
A truer mission—a diviner trust.
Thou art a mother! Trustful eyes look up,
And childish arms outstretch to clasp thy neck,
While the wild carol of an untrained voice
Brings forth thy sinless childhood back again,
Filling thine eyes with tears.

Oh, wayward heart,
Will thou not learn that life should not be spent
In mourning for the past?—that God alone
Can guide the temptation and the fall—
The trial and the tried? Darling, look up!
Thine is sunshine on the clouds. Be thou but true
To thine own sense of right, and kind to all,
And earth—that weary, dreary resting place,
Shall prove a highway, leading unto rest
And life eternal.

Slander there shall lose
Its venomous tongue; and warm, impulsive thoughts
Shall ne'er be checked or chilled by outward forms;
But out of sin's which earth's wide opened eyes
Discover, on each pure and guileless heart,
Out of misinterpreted thoughtlessness
Shall rise the perfect and perennial day
Of truth and trust. And thou, my singing bird,
Thou shalt find rest in Heaven—Peace and Hope.

Reported for the Banner of Light.

REV. ADIN BALLOU AT ALLSTON HALL,

Sunday, Nov. 25, 1860.

AFTERNOON DISCOURSE.

The choir appropriately opened the exercises, after which the Reverend gentleman offered an earnest prayer acknowledging our weakness and insufficiency beside God's strength and omniscience. He asked that we might be made worthy of the Common Father and Common Brotherhood, and for a realization of things upon earth as they are in heaven.

The choir sang the following melodious hymn from John S. Adams's superior collection of music, the "Psalms of Life":

"Angels, bright angels are ever around us,
Coming from spheres of true wisdom above,
With their bright glory they ever surround us,
Filling our hearts with a heavenly love;
Love for the Father who guideth us ever,
Through the temptations and trials of earth,
Him, who hath left us for ever, we never
Leading us on to the heavenly birth;

God, in his goodness, sends angels to bless us,
Angels, that move in his wisdom above;
They hover around us, and gently caress us,
In their repetition of heavenly love.

"Shall we not love and reverence him forever,
Throughout eternity's unending year?
Naught on the earth nor in heaven can sever
Him, from his love for his children so dear.

Love we the Father who ruleth creation,
Giveth us blessings from birth to the grave,
Thou in the fullness of love's renovation,
Raisest the spirit in glory to love;

Wisdom he giveth to all who receive it,
Light sheddeth over the land and the sea;
Man, in advancement, shall know and perceive it,
Knowledge shall make us immortal and free."

The lecturer's subject was announced as "The Nature and Credibility of Spiritual Manifestations," and his text was, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth."

He said: I would make this language, in a humble application of it, my own; and I trust I may add of those who come prepared at least to listen to the testimony of a true witness. Our interest and our welfare goes with the truth. What is the truth with regard to these things? Here we are, passing rapidly along in the way by which our ancestors and contemporaries have gone, and to-morrow, or in a very brief space of time, we shall have closed our career in the flesh, and shall have either become extinct, or passed into another existence. Is there, or can there be, so important a question as this—are we to have an existence hereafter? I think no more important question can agitate the human mind.

In the first place, then, what is spirit? There can be no manifestation of that which is not, for a manifestation is to come forth to the senses of reality to be a truth. Men have a very vague idea of what spirit is—even those who claim to believe in its existence. Have spirits a substance? Is there any tangible and absolute reality to them? If not, surely they are nothing. We must come to the conclusion if we look into the subject, that spirits are either nonentities, or are of tangible substance. But what is substance? Men have only a vague idea of that. If you show them the granite boulder, they are satisfied that is substance. They are equally satisfied that wood is a substance; so with a clod of earth, and a vessel of water; and the atmosphere, though they cannot see it, is manifested as a substance to them, because they can realize its existence. But there is great difference between granite and wood; between wood and earth, and more yet between these and water, air and steam. If you come to the substance of heat and light, they are still more subtle, yet yet substantial. Finer still is magnetism, but yet a substance. So when I claim that spirit is a substance, you are not to infer it is of so gross a nature as a granite boulder, a stick of timber, earth or steam. We rise to delicate ideas of substance, which are none the less realities. Then, it is impossible to conceive of a substance without form; so the spirit must have some form, either particle, atom, organized or unorganized. We must assert that spirits, if they are anything, have a form, and more naturally the human form—the human organism—not the gross animal bulk of the body, yet its fine particles compose a form corresponding to all the organs and features of the body. Spirits have eyes, noses, mouths, hands, organs.

Since the time of Swedenborg, who held communion with spirits for twenty-seven years, this matter has been agitated in all its bearings, and we have about come to a rational, definite conclusion. The tests of Spiritualism go to settle the question so far as it can be settled; and I may claim it is settled according to reason. To exist, and be nothing and nowhere, is indeed no existence. In reality, we are spirits now. Not my mere lips address you, or my mere eyes see you—not the external, but the man inside, who has life, love, will, power of thought. The body is only the house the soul lives in. The spirit eyes see through the outward eyes, the spirit tastes through the outward sense of taste, and the cognizance of everything comes through the external form to the spiritual senses.

Then where are these spirits, if they possess form and substance, and have power to manifest themselves? The common idea is, that they have passed off into some distant limbo of existence, and are cut off from all communication with mortals. Their condition is one of invisibility to us; but tests go to show they are around us, and perhaps not separated a foot from us, and may sometimes have control over us. There is no separating gulf between us, but they mingle with us in every sphere of life, influence and govern us. This is to my mind, a very rational doctrine.

Another question comes up. Are all spirits alike? There is an old idea, that when people go into the spirit-world they lose all the peculiarities of earth and become infallible; that such a change comes over us, that if we are ever able to appear in the spirit-world at all, it must be as masters of all knowledge and goodness. The bloody bully must appear with all the sanctified grace of Gabriel; if he cannot, he is no true spirit. We cannot think there is a great deal of difference between spirits out of the body and in the body. There are between men differences of mind and character; hence it is one thing to accept communications from spirits, and another to know who that spirit is, and believe what it says—what the communication is, and how we are to judge of it.

Standing on this ground, how are spirits to manifest themselves? They must do it in one of two ways—by exercising physical and material forces, and so acting through them as to appeal to our senses plain and distinct, or by exercising and stimulating our own spiritual sensibilities, by putting us psychologically in a higher state of perception; and this they do—by controlling outside objects; and by stimulating our psychological powers. We perceive that all spiritual manifestations, if a reality, must be either physiological or psychological, and must, appeal to the senses and affections of men and women in the flesh. It is to me a sensible thing, that departed human beings should manifest, or attempt to manifest, themselves, to their loved ones in the flesh—that is if the ties of love between parent and child, brother and sister, friend and friend, are a reality. I know sensible minds have said they wanted no spiritual manifestations; that the Bible held all they wanted to know of a future life. I have no sympathy with such a state of mind; and though I may believe in the spirit manifestations of the past, I want a little of the old manna in this present day. I cannot say I feel my immortality clear, aside from these manifestations. If it is my portion in the hereafter, I want to know something of it. When I look back at those who have passed on—friends, companions, parents—the great and good who have worked their way against the wind and tide of evil in the world—if such as these have a life and home hereafter, I want more than a mere assertion of it; and I have a very strong presumption that if none of these have ever manifested, none exist. I take it for granted that if spirits exist in such oceans of numbers, some of them must find some method of manifesting themselves, somewhere. If this were not the case, we should at least have a good hearty wish it might be so.

This brings us to the consideration of the fact, that if spirits do return and hold communication with mortals, they must have their conditions by which to do it. If the telegraph must have its well-wound wires and regulated batteries, and operators at either end of the route, it is in the nature of things that the instruments the spirits make use of must be delicate and peculiar. It is only ignorance in the height of it that will doubt this. Everything depends on conditions. Human beings are born and grow up under conditions. If conditions are not regarded, there will be no result. A kernel of wheat may lay for three thousand years rolled up in an Egyptian mummy, but it will not grow; and now that kernel may be planted in our Western soil, and bring forth a new kind of grain.

After all, is it a fact that spirits hold communication with mortals? There are thousands of men and women who think this is so. But thousands of others claim it is all illusion and hallucination. If we come to the ground that there is much of the counterfeit and bogus manifestation, we must admit that that is no explanation of the manifestations on which we base our belief. Will the counterfeit affect the absolute facts? We must all admit that there are some very cool heads that have come to a belief in spiritual manifestations; and I think I do not exaggerate when I say we have many as well qualified to analyze or judge as are to be found in the world.

I have never been into the abnormal condition—have never given up the control of my form to any foreign spiritual power, and never was clairvoyantly nor clairaudiently affected so as to realize the presence of departed spirits. But I have long been in the position of an investigator; and of all things I hate to be cheated or to cheat, though I do not know that I am more honest than thousands of others. When these manifestations first intruded themselves upon public attention, I supposed the accounts of them were only a sort of newspaper hoax. I read accounts of the Rochester knocking, and the Hydeville house-haunting, and I watched carefully every new phase of the subject, as it came through the newspapers. I believed in the Spiritual manifestations in the past, and must confess I was troubled for the want of fresh evidence. I had no desire to wipe out the old records, but sometimes I asked myself, if these things were done in the past, why are they not done in the present day? But I had learned to keep my questions to myself, and when any of my people asked me why these things were not explainable on the same ground as the New Testament miracles, I only answered that the era of miracles was past. But there was a certain Adin Ballou within me who could not see how this could be. Where do you find it? The Book did not mention any withdrawal of this power—it said it should grow more universal, and these signs should follow all those who believe. I knew my own unswerving longing in this respect; and when I found I had not only human desire, but the Bible against me, I became satisfied that I had no authority for saying the age of miracles had passed.

I have since found I was ignorant of many things in the past—that I had not kept posted up in all the supernatural wonders happening between the age of Christian miracles and the present time. I found this outbreak of strange manifestations was extending. Influential, scientific and educated men, many of whom I knew, were put upon committees to examine the phenomena, and their reports were vague and indefinite, when not referred to a Spiritual origin. I was resolved to know what it was for myself, and if ever I had the opportunity I would investigate it for myself.

A little specimen of it soon came to my own village, and I sat down to a table and listened to raps. They were, however not satisfying to me. It was not very long after that that a medium was devel-

1. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1997; 278: 1039-1044.

The Messenger.

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

We hope to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond, and do away with the erroneous idea that they are more than transient beings.

We believe the public should know of the spirit world as it is—should learn that there is evil as well as good, and not expect that purity alone shall flow from spirits to mortals.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits, in these columns, that does not comport with his reason. Each experience so much of truth as he perceives—no more. Each can speak of his own condition with truth, while he gives opinions merely, relative to things not experienced.

Answering of Letters.—As one medium would in no way suffice to answer the letters we should have sent to us, did we undertake this branch of the spiritual phenomena, we cannot attempt to pay attention to letters addressed to spirits. They may be sent as a means to draw the spirit to our circles, however.

Visitors Admitted.—Our sittings are free to any one who may desire to attend. They are held at our office, No. 115 Drutlet street, Boston, every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday afternoon, commencing at nine o'clock, and ending at five o'clock. No admittance. They are closed usually at half-past four, and visitors are expected to remain until dismissed.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

The communications given by the following spirits, will be published in regular course. Will those who read one from a spirit they recognize, write us whether true or false?

Tuesday, Nov. 20.—“Oe eto mo more”; Jacob Govey; Charles T. Burgess; Laura Anderson; Abraham Hatch; Natty Chalm.

Wednesday, Nov. 21.—“What do spirits think of the Disunion Movement?” John Henderson; Alice Reardon; Josiah Willey; Invention.

Friday, Nov. 23.—Invention: “Is not the Word of Christ able to cleanse us from sin?” William B. Pitts; Maria Moulton; Jack Lovings; Charles H. Davidson.

Saturday, Nov. 24.—“Why is Spiritualism called Modern Spiritualism—and how does it differ from the old?” Liza to her friends; William Bowditch.

The Senses of Spirits.

“Do spirits retain their five senses after death?”

Most certainly they do. These senses belong to the spirit—not the body. That hath not the power to hear, to see, to feel, to taste. No; unless the spirit moves upon this body, and gives it power. Now, then, these senses belong to the spirit; and if they belong to the spirit where in the mortal body, then they belong to it after it has left.

These senses become spiritually purified, intensified; and, to rob the spirit of one of these, would be to rob it of its perfection. The spirit is the great motive power, and without it the body, the oar, would become an inanimate mass. Look upon your decayed bodies. What are they after the spirit has ceased to animate them? What are they, we ask? No more than the rocks. They possess not the sensibility of your form. Now, then, the spirit carries away all it had here, and it does not carry things away never to use them.

It will be well for our questioner to experiment upon the question he hath propounded to us. Place yourself in close rapport with some spirit friend. When you believe the spirits to be present, although you cannot see them, place before them any article of food, and ask them what are its properties, and whether sour, sweet, or bitter.

Again our questioner shall be satisfied that we have not lost the sense of hearing, for that we have heard his question; not given through any mortal ear; but by our own senses. By this mode he may know the spirit has not lost anything. What was necessary to the spirit in one condition of life, will be necessary in another.

You oftentimes meet with souls among you who are apparently devoid of some one of the senses. Is there any deformity of spirit? No. It is in the outside machine—the spirit must be always right. Perhaps the spirit is unable to hear or see through the organism he holds control of. Shall he be so in spirit-life? No. Nature assumes all her rights in all their glory when the spirit is free.

Believe us, you are to lose nothing by death save the exterior body, and when the spirit has done with it, you readily get along without it.

God never begins anything he does not finish. He begins in perfection, and descends by the same law. The life of man is a complete circle, and the man never goes out of it; but the circle widens until we find him in the celestial heavens, equal with God the Father.

So rejoice, oh man, that you lose nothing, but are constantly gaining some good to lift your feet above the present. Know that your life here is but a type of the higher life, and that though you may be looked in a temple deserted while here, you shall not be when you have passed through death. That hath been called a mighty lever, and surely it is so.

Could the inhabitants of the higher-life come down to your senses, if they have not yet come? It takes a corresponding power to manifest to man's senses. So know that as we appeal to your senses, we are blessed with the same.

Oh, render to God the glory, the homage that is due; feel that you are created not for the day or the hour, but for eternity. Oh, bow vast the power of the Infinite Jehovah! and yet it is all centered in the soul of man. So turn to that page and read it well, and thus live, and offer homage to the Great Jehovah dwelling without you. Oct. 13.

Jack Sheridan.

What's the password here? I suppose the most essential fact I can give you is, that my name is Jack Sheridan. Suppose you say this individual was in the habit of taking other men's goods and appropriating them to his own use. My disease was something like brain fever, induced by exposure. I was born in Boston. I spent part of my time in New York, and about six months in St. Louis. I went to California, but did not find good business there, and came home. I stepped out of the body in New Orleans. I once undertook to learn the cabinet-maker's trade, but did not stay long enough. My father was an old Irish gentleman; my mother a Yankee. My brother stepped over a little ahead of me. I have a brother Tom. Would it be out of the way to drop him a line?

See here, sir, I do not want you to think because I am honest enough to tell you my occupation, that I am any worse than you. Good God! your institutions are so damnable that a man must work his soul out for a shilling, or steal. I don't feel sorry for taking anything I did take. I don't think anything of society. Your prisons would not be peopled, if society was right. As I said, a man has got to work hard for a shilling a day, and part of the time he does not get that. A certain net takes the reins and drives, and if a fellow like me in strong enough to take the reins from them and get a little of God's money—for it all belongs to him—he should not be blamed.

I asked one old gentleman, after I got here, if my occupation was anything against me in spirit-life. He asked me what it was, and I told him. “Oh, well,” said he, “you took nothing but what belonged to God, and as you stole from him, if he calls upon you for pay, you must settle with him.”

My brother has got a little interested in spirits borrowing bodies and speaking, and he has called for me. I don't understand exactly what he wants, but I will try to serve him.

I've got a daughter somewhere around here. How would it do to drop a line to her? Her name is Nellie. She doesn't take my occupation, that I married was a little disappointed in my prospects, and she took French leave, and died, and the child went to her relations, and they gave it their name. If she has not got too much of the old Christian spirit incorporated into her form, I should like to have her give her father a chance to talk to her. The name she has taken is Fret—that was her mother's name. She was named Nellie. I named her myself. Her mother and I lived together till she was six or eight months old, and then she left. Of course, if any party did not want to live with me, I had nothing to say.

I should like to be recognized as myself; if they do think I am the devil, I can prove to them that he bears all the characteristics of Jack Sheridan.

I died five years ago. About twelve years ago I was at the Washington Coffee House, but got disgusted about that place.

I did once understand that some of the family had got married, and Nellie had gone with them; but as I thought she had been taught to hate me, I let the thing go.

Now I consider myself as good as the next one. I did as well as I could, doubtless, according to the circumstances I was placed in. Oct. 14.

Susan C. Parks.

I wish to commune with my husband and children. My name was Susan C. Parks. I was forty-three years of age. I resided in Boston. I was born in Deerfield, N. H. I lived in Spring street, and was buried from there. My husband's name was William Henry. I have a son by that name. Will you be kind enough to say that I came to you, and wish to come to my husband and children? I cannot pay you, but I can be forever obligated to you.

I said I had dropsy of the chest. I died in 1861. My husband was a carpenter. My maiden name was Gregg. My son was a little boy nine years old when I left him. My daughter was in her seventh year. Her name was Susan Frances. I have two children with me also.

I have a dial to say to my husband and children; but you must know I would not say much here; but I know I am obliged to give some facts here; but anything more I shall decline giving. I was not a member of any church, but I usually attended church at the corner of Lynde street. Oct. 13.

Michael Donnelly.

I suppose I may talk about what I like, seeing as I am here. I want to tell my story so I will be understood.

First of all, I have two daughters, and I want them to pay attention to themselves and the Catholic religion, and not be moving round after everything that comes along.

I have a child in the Charity School, and somebody has been telling the daughters to take her out, and bring her up a Protestant. I want my daughters to let the child alone; and seeing as I can come back and talk, I don't see why I can't say what I wish.

The two daughters which I have been talking about I had by my first wife, and somehow they have got their heads turned, and have got to be Protestant, or some other thing.

I want the girls to believe in me, and I know they know of these things. I want them to let the girl alone; she is better off there than running round the streets of Boston.

I have been dead two years; was taken sick, and vomited all the time till I died. My oldest daughter's name is Bridget Donnelly; the next one is Mary; the little one's name is Hannah. I want the little one to stay where she is.

I asked your boss here if I could come back and talk what I like, and he tells me I can if I speak the truth. My own name was Michael Donnelly. I worked at anything I found to do, and got an honest living always. I was right to fifty-four years old. My wife is dead—they're both dead.

I don't care at all what my girls run into; if they do not like the Catholic religion, they can take anything they like better; but I want them to let the girl alone.

This is a very hard way to get fixed up in. I like myself better if I was fixed up in my old clothes. Faith, I do work. I worked a long time, and hard, too, to come back here.

I hear my daughters have got their heads turned about this coming back; that's all very well, if it do not lead you astray; but I'd rather my child will stay where she is till she gets a chance to work. It's well enough to tell her about these things; but to take her away from her home, it's very bad.

Faith, I'd not know myself at all in this rig; but, thank God, I know I am myself inside. Oct. 13.

Whatever Is, Is Right.

“Is not the Doctrine of Whatever Is, Is Right, a Device of the Devil, to lead Man into Atracy?”

We must first pause and consider what and who the Devil is, and how much power he is possessed of. We perceive our questioner has at least a belief in a personal Devil—an individual who delights in tormenting humanity; one who is constantly devising some way in which he may draw them to himself. Our questioner supposes that this doctrine is a child of the Devil, and thus evil in itself. When properly understood, this modern religious light is capable of giving vast knowledge to humanity; capable of lighting up all the secret avenues of man's internal being; but when imperfectly understood, it is capable of making a hell for the individual who receives the light. To each child of God hath been given wisdom, by which he is to decide upon all subjects that refer to his present or future residence.

The intelligence who puts forth this theory we are to decide upon, hath seen not only the past, the present, but the future of life. He hath looked at the coming glory of humanity, and then he hath presented it to the world.

All men cannot comprehend and apply the theory; but because one cannot comprehend it, you are not to suppose that it is a child of evil.

When spiritually and divinely understood the doctrine is good and not evil, because out of darkness comes the light—out of the conditions of to-day shall come a glorious future. The law of progress shall bring forth the change. He who created in wisdom shall not suffer it to go down in dishonor. We have ever sought to impress upon our hearers the fact that nothing is created in vain, no thought is permitted to float in your universe in vain. It may be evil to one, but it is permitted to float among you for good.

Few have arrived at that state where they can realize this truth in its fullest sense, and therefore they apply it wrongfully. One believer says to himself, “All things are right—let me move as I will, all is right. I cannot commit a wrong act, because nothing is wrong.” By so doing, that individual lays down his individuality, and becomes a nothing. Instead of looking within, and suffering the God within to guide, he is looking to a nothing. Instead of governing self, he hath given up the reins to a nothing, a nobody, who cannot conduct to happiness.

According to our understanding, there is no positive evil, because the germ of goodness of divinity, is beneath all things, and must crown all things, and proclaim all things good and proper in their condition. But there are as many ways to heaven or hell as there are individualized existences. You are not to suppose because your neighbor sees fit to pursue one course, it is right for you to follow in his steps, because the law of your existence must guide you, if guided at all. Seek as long as you will to find the course you are to pursue to heaven, outside of yourself, you will seek in vain. No man can comprehend any religious theory unless there is a corresponding religious theory in the soul of that man. Every true Spiritualist is a natural Christian; every true and acceptable prayer is a natural prayer; and anything that does not belong to you as an individual is not of your nature, and thus not yours.

There is but one influence, according to our understanding, governing the universe. God never did give up his power at any time. He never did give up the sword of justice, mercy and truth to any intelligence beside himself. The ways of evil are but the waves of life turning up that which is crude, and giving you something better adapted to your life.

This theory of modern times is by no means of the Devil. He never did originate anything. He has no power to create. Your ancient Record may cause you to believe in a thousand personal devils, yet the great Book of Nature never taught such a theory, and never will. This religious light will prove good to those who can comprehend it—they should apply it; and they who cannot recognize it as true, should let it alone until they can comprehend it.

You Record teaches you that God created everything, and called all his creation good. Can you suppose that this God could so far forget himself that he yielded up any portion of his power? Can you, from the depths of your soul, believe it? No, you cannot—the devil you believe in is a fancy—

you may seek for him through all eternity, and it will be as far off—stretch forth your hand, and you will find it; progress as far as you will, and to the devil will not be won.

Till your spiritual nature shall be strong enough to understand the theory of modern days, let it alone—it is not for you. You need a something more in compliance with the natural tendencies of your soul—a something that will correspond to that you have in your own soul.

The light of Modern Spiritualism, when properly understood, is a glorious beacon light to the soul; but when imperfectly understood, it casts a shade of midnight to those who cannot comprehend it. Do not close your ears to those who cannot see as you see, but know that the same power which gives another knowledge, shall give you the same in due time; and that every knee shall bow, every heart comprehend according to the divine understanding.

Our Mother Nature gives such food to her children as they can well digest, always; she fully considers all their wants, and was never known to fail to attend to them. Every spirit is a child of Nature, and you may rest assured that this kind and loving mother will care for all her children; and when they demand higher light, she will give it to them. You need not fear, because souls near and dear to you are sitting in darkness, because they cannot feel that to be true which you have embraced. If you will but let the glorious guide take the lead, you may be sure no light will be given too soon, no star will be born out of time, but all in perfect harmony, for nature is the soul of harmony. Now that which looks so dark to you, is not so in reality; for as all things are created by Nature, which is the only God you will ever know or ever understand, you may rest assured that this God will crown all with perfection—that he begins in wisdom will perfect in wisdom. So, then, let nature take the lead in all cases, no matter what they are. She will ever guide aright; she is the only safe guide men will ever find passing over the journey of life.

Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. These blessed are those souls who are enabled to see God dwelling even in the lowest hell. Oh, what an holy and divine state to dwell in! Never without God—never can they wander from him, for he is everywhere who the pure in heart. To those who can understand God, he dwelleth as well in the shadow as in the sunbeam, and his light giveth warmth and strength to the whole universe. When God is felt everywhere, and his word is recognized and obeyed in hell, peace shall come.

Oh, then, if God's word is felt in the lowest sphere of life, shall the people in the land be without God? No; for his power is everywhere—not only where evil is most seen, according to mortal understanding, but we find him in the church also. No thought is born without his knowledge and his blessing. So, then, if he knows and blesses all things that are brought into life, believe us he will not suffer evil to overcome the good—no, not at any time. Oct. 17.

Joseph I. Kinney.

They tell me there is a letter here from my brother, who wants me to come back here and tell him who has with me when I died, and what I said.

My name is Joseph I. Kinney. I lived up in Hardwick, State of Vermont. I did not die there; I was taken sick in Massachusetts, in a place you call Duxbury. I was there on business. I had sold some potatoes and apples, to come down here, and the man lived there. His name was Clark. My brother Nathaniel was with me when I died. I said a good many things when I was sick; but he asked me if I was ready to die, and I said I should be more reconciled if I could die at home. I had a mother at home, and I was never long away from home, and was pretty sick.

I was twenty-six years old. You don't know the time I died, do you? Well, I can tell you the year and the month. It was in March, 1854, when I died. You never saw me, did you? Well, I'll tell you I had a won on my eye, and I had thought of coming down and staying long enough to have it taken out.

Will I get an answer to this letter? I should like one. I never knew I could talk in this way until I was halled, and was told there was a letter here for me. You do not know anything about my mother dying. Well, I said she was at home, and in about a year after she died. If you get one that comes directed to me, leave it out, and not put it in with the others, so it will take so long to find it. I think the letter must have come from Nathaniel.

I died of an awful sickness—the small pox; it did not come out. They called it fever, but I know it was small pox. I was part of the time out of my head. Nathaniel did not stay at home much—went out and sold books and pictures. He did not like to work very well—would always shirk if he could.

Look here! I want you to dress up in this way for me. You dress in them all up in the way of my father's name was Thomas Kinney. He died before I did. How do we go from here? Desire to go? Can I have anything I desire? Well, I desire to have a different rig from this when I come again. Good night. Oct. 17.

James Johnson.

I belonged in Bangor. I have a family there, and I thought this the quickest way of letting them know I was dead. I learned something of the way of coming back before I took sick and died; but I did not know I should ever come back in this way. I think my friends should have heard of my death before this; but they have not. I have been dead now seven weeks. I wish to give you some of the particulars, so I shall have an opportunity to speak to my wife.

My name was James Johnson. I was thirty-seven years old. I died at San Francisco, Cal. I have a family in Bangor. I have sisters here, who, although they never communed in this way, gave me what insight I have.

I had been quite unwell for some time, but thought it nothing serious. I kept growing sicker and sicker, until I felt I was going to be sick a long time, or make a die of it. It happened the latter way, and I got over the other side very comfortably.

My affairs are in an unsettled state, for we all have a hope of getting well, if we are sick. Will you be kind enough to state in your letter that I wish to speak with my family? You will say I died between six and seven in the morning of Tuesday, about seven weeks since, as near as I can reckon time. I lived on Montgomery street. I had no store, but dickered in most anything. I was about going into another business. I invested some capital there, and it needs a little attention to get matters straight. I am now where you don't need gold and silver. I stopped with one Taylor. I had been in San Francisco a little short of a year.

I seemed to be sick every now and then until I made a wind up of it. Oh, it's nothing, after you get used to it. I just as lief travel over the same road as not.

I have one child. My wife's name is Charlotte. I had been married between seven and eight years; was married at Portland, my wife's native place. Her maiden name was Wilson. Oct. 17.

Anna Thompson.

It seems to me you have a very strange way of conducting things here. I am told you require one to give a full story of one's life. My name was Anna Thompson. I was born in New York, and there of consumption, I suppose, in 1859. I lived in Weekly Place when I died.

My object in coming here is to send a letter to my sister Kate. I suppose she is in New York now, but she makes her home in Cincinnati. I wish to have a private interview with her. She is much younger than myself. I was thirty-three years of age; she is twenty-four. When our mother died my sister was very small, and she was left almost wholly to my care. Perhaps I did not always do my duty by her; perhaps I might have brought her up in a different way; but sometimes people are obliged to do some things that they do not care to do, to keep soul and body together.

I find myself in a strange situation here. I was as accustomed to find myself here in this body as I should be if I was transformed into an angel of light, which I am not.

I am told there are many people all over the country through whom I can commune, and I can give her much advice that will be of use to her. I made the acquaintance of a gentleman in New York some three or four months before death. It was his desire to leave the city, trying to get all the money he could, and leave the care of his life to me. I have been here, and I advise him to make all things right at home. He said he was very sorry I had died in this way, but he felt satisfied that he had done his duty to me, and I had done my duty to him. He said he would like to give me a letter to my sister, if I would like to give him my name, I will give it. This same gentleman wrote to my sister previous to my being sick—so I was informed by friends of mine. If he will be kind enough to send this letter to my sister, if it falls into his hands, he will do me a great favor. If I have any friends in New York who will be glad to open correspondence with me, I shall be glad to return the favor.

I find we are limited in our communion here. It seems to be rather unsatisfactory, as we are not always sure of our letters reaching our friends. There is one person on earth I fancy I would like to commune with, not because I expect to be well received, but because I would like to know how I shall be received. This gentleman and family are religiously inclined. He is living in New York State, not far from the city. Shortly after my mother died, he kindly offered myself and sister a home in his family. My sister was small. My mother left us a small property, hardly enough to sustain us till my sister was old enough to take care of herself. I accepted his offer. I then supposed he was a friend, and I might have been induced to become a Christian, had I not seen enough to satisfy me that he did not believe what he preached. This same religious gentleman took occasion to deprive myself and sister of what little we did have, saying, I was not capable of taking care of my affairs. He had no right to retain me, but we received such harsh treatment, I resolved to arise and go hence. What little we had been kept from us to this day, and I suggest the propriety of his restoring that little, with interest, to my sister. Perhaps it might quiet his conscience, and might be the means of building him that fine mansion in the spirit-land he used to tell us about. He is a Baptist, and if he has a desire to speak with me, I desire to with him.

Perhaps, as I grow better, I shall think better of Christians; but I do not think I would take the advice of a Christian any sooner than that of a heathen.

I suppose if you hear anything about myself or sister, I can come again? I am disappointed; I believed I was coming to a confessor, who believed himself better than those who confessed to him. Oct. 17.

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Written for the Banner of Light.
A PICTURED MEMORY.

BY CORA WILKINSON.

My tropic home! I see the stars arise
From the calm rose-depth of thy summer skies,
The glory of thy flower-decked paradise.

The shell-town beach that kissing waters lave,
The willow drooping o'er my mother's grave,
The crescent moon mirrored in the wave.

The golden lining of the moonlight there,
The haunted stillness of the midnight air,
Broods o'er the home-land, hush'd and wondrous fair.

The towering mountain's stern and lofty height,
The rainbow gleaming that mark the wild bird's flight,
All the entrancing melodies of night;

All spiced odors from the forest grove,
The starry-eyed juncos, the unspoken love,
'Round the pomegranate blossom softly wove.

Twine round my dreaming heart thy summoning spell;
Through the dim woods I hear the vesper bell,
The boatman's song of welcome and farewell.

The luring shadow of the platanus falls
Around my whitely-gleaming castle walls;
Festoons of roses deck my marble halls;

The royal palm-tree guards the entrance gate;
There the beloved of dream-land ever wait
The tardy coming of the child of fate.

My tropic home! I may not press the sod
By evanescent summer's life prints trod;
For I am bidden by the will of God

To live and toil afar from these, unknown—
Where the bleak north wind pipes its winter moan—
Where heart and hope with memory dwell alone!

My blessed home! Beneath these wintry skies
Some stray gleams of thy flowery paradise
Gladden the yearning sorrow of my eyes;

And with the magic, tender charm of yore,
Brings me sweet pictures of the sea-girl shore,
That, save in dreams, I shall behold no more.

I rest in spirit of benighted seas
Where once I dwelt exultant, proud and free,
Wearing the visions of futurity.

“Cottage Rest,” Lynn, Mass., Oct. 22, 1860.

The above poem was written as dated, and the next day, thinking that I would like a communication through Miss Nanette Emerson, of Lynnfield, I wrote a letter to my dear stepmother in the spirit-world, which letter I carefully sealed. Miss Emerson was then at Dungeness Book. I am at the wood-embosomed cottage of R. F. Mann, and that gentleman carried my letter to the medium. In the course of an hour or so he returned with the following communication:

“My dear daughter, you are a world's child in your loneliness, but your memory of the past makes you a home-child in thought. I can see your wild, romantic nature deepened and developed by contact with the world—your worshipful notion of art and nature blending in one constant prayer for the beautiful life. It seems many a twelve-month gone by since my little helpless creature looked out from her great, wondrous eyes, and claimed from some mother heart on earth the boon by which love deems a mother.

And now your tangled thread is woven in many an intricate web—Truth's snowy white and sunny blue preponderating over Love's rosy red; but all are there. Through the sunshine and the shadows my dear daughter has passed, when the dark clouds above her head were shadowed in the troubled sea over which her life-boat kept its way. On, on the little child has wandered, and now, surrounded on all sides by an impenetrable wall of spirit-love and trust, walking with fearless tread, never sorrowing for a stronger arm on which to lean, or a more powerful will to guide and direct your own—giving up your own individuality to no unlimited control.

I like your wild little ‘Cottage Rest’ not quite so well as that ‘Tropic home,’ whence the bright stars arise From the calm rose-depth of thy summer skies.”

Compare this couplet with the first lines of my poem, which you once had seen—no one knew that I had written. I leave the intelligent readers of the BANNER to form their own conclusions, and am as ever for truth,

Yours,
CORA WILKINSON.

“Cottage Rest,” Lynn, Mass.

A SINGULAR DISCOVERY.—A series of investigations extending through the last twenty years, and conducted in the most careful manner, by the ablest physiologists of France, Germany, England and America, have demonstrated that the liver of man, as well as that of most other animals, secretes sugar from substances brought to it by the blood, and it is found that the liver continues to produce sugar some twenty-four hours after death; even when the organ is removed from the system.

One ought to have dates at one's fingers ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

Correspondence.

Letter from “Providence” Returns” of Quincy Convention, &c.

As in my last letter, I expressed a wish that I might be present at the gathering of Speakers in Quincy, so in this I am happy to speak of its gratification. As the reports were pretty full, it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon them, except to give in my testimony as to

Pearls.

And gauded eyes, and jeweled lips, world's love,
That on the stricken forehead of all time,
Sparkle forever.

PISCATAQUA RIVER.

Thou singest by the gleaming lake,
By woods and fields of corn,
Thou singest, and the heaven smiles
Upon my birthday morn.
But I within a city, I,
So full of vague unrest,
Would almost give my life to lie
An hour upon thy breast.
To let the wherry lullaby go,
And, weary to dream of joy,
Dip and surge lily to and fro,
Like the red harbor-booy!
To all in happy indolence,
To rest upon the oars,
And catch the heavy earthy scents
That blow from summer shores:
To see the rounded sun go down,
And with its parting glow
Light up the windows of the town,
And burn the tapering spire!
And then to hear the muted tolls
From steeples calm and white,
And watch, among the Isles of Shoals,
The Beacon's orange light.
O River! flowing to the main
Through woods and fields of corn,
Hear thou my longing and my pain
This sunny birthday morn!
And take this song which sorrow shapes
To music like thine own,
And sing it to the cliffs and capes
And crags where I am known!

[Thomas Bailey Aldrich.]

Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty,
For talent, or for style; the sweetest wives are those who possess
the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances.

We barbarously call them best,
Who are of largest tenements poorest,
While swelling cohorts break their owner's rest.
More truly happy those, who can
Govern that little empire man,
Who in a fixed unchangeable place
Baffle at the doubtful life of fate,
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate;
Who please less than falsehood fear,
Scorning the purchase life so dear. [Horace.]

In this life we should hope for everything that is good, because
there is nothing which may not be hoped for, and nothing
but what God is able to give us. [Luther.]

When first an infant draws the vital air,
Officious grief should welcome him to care;
But joy should life's concluding scene attend,
And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend. [Euripides.]

Pitch upon that course of life the most excellent, and stoutest
will render it the most delightful. [Pythagoras.]

My heart is a fountain welling upward forever—
When I think of true love by night or by day,
That keeps its full life like a fast flowing river,
Which gushes forever and sings on its way,
I have thought of peace for his soul to repose in,
—Were I but his own wife to win and to lose—
Oh! sweet! if the night of misfortune were closing,
To rise like the morning star, darling, on you.

AXIOMS.

BY A. D. CHILDS, M. D.

Bad morals bring affliction, and affliction is al-
ways involuntary.

Affliction breaks earthly love, and by it the soul
recognizes the power that draws it heavenward.

In silent eloquence affliction holds its place in
creation in accordance with unseen laws, with-
standing the eloquence of words deny that its exist-
ence is lawful.

Bad acts are always rewarded with pain. No one
voluntarily seeks pain; so we must conclude that
bad acts are involuntary—are acts done in blind-
ness.

What we call evil is ruled by an unseen power
and wisdom. "The Lord loveth whom he chasten-
eth." "Evil" is the chastening rod.

The drunkard is not a drunkard from volition.
The prostitute is not a prostitute from reason.

The murderer is not a murderer from the exercise
of common sense.

The thief steals not for the sake of stealing.

There is an unseen cause for every wayward act
that stimulates and produces the action, to which
the actor is blind.

The creation of existence was above our control—
so is the continuance and government of existence.

Each thing of creation bears to our consciousness
evidence of an unseen wisdom and an unseen power
that produced each.

That power which made all things, fails not to
govern all things.

If wisdom pervades Infinity, can it be wanting
in bad actions?

If God is infinite in power, can the power that
does a bad act be outside of God's power?

Faith in God has not place in the soul of man
before a recognition of His infinite power, infinite
wisdom, and infinite love. It is this recognition
that has eyes to see and a heart to feel that whatever
is, is right.

Desire is the great sea of eternity, on which the
soul of man sails on its unending progress.

The fruition of desire is love; it is the sunlight of
truth, in which we shall behold God everywhere, and
hence in the genial atmosphere of his infinite good-
ness.

Desire is nearer the soul than facts and philoso-
phy.

Desire is the immediate product of the soul.
Philosophy is the product of desire.

Desire is warmed by the soul, and philosophy by
the effects of the soul.

Spiritualism deals more with desire than with
philosophy—whereby we conclude it is nearer allied
to the soul of man than is philosophy.

Desire is real life; philosophy is a structure of
animated matter; it is only the anatomy and physi-
ology of the house wherein life resides.

Philosophy deals with effects—desire with causes.
History is the form of matter out of which life
has gone.

Records are dead cinders that fall from the fires
of life—from living desires.

Desires make new tracks on the arena of exist-
ence. History measures and records the remarkable
tracks that have been made outside the highway
where millions have trod.

Desire was the mainspring and governor of all
historic events—of all acts.

Spiritualism recognizes the supremacy of desire
over philosophy.

Desire is perfectly involuntary.
Reason obeys desire.

In childhood and infancy we are strictly obedient
to desire. In manhood and mature age reason holds
an unequal combat with, and is always conquered
by desire.

[To be continued.]

[Reported for the Banner of Light.]
BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE,
Wednesday Evening, November 24.

Question.—"What is Virtue? What are its de-
mands upon humanity?"

Dr. H. P. Gardner was called to the chair.

Dr. A. D. Childs.—What are the demands of Virtue
upon humanity? In answer, what demand has the
ascending smoke upon the fire that produced it?
What demand has the soap bubble upon the boy that
blowed it? What demand has the track of feet
upon the weary traveler that made them? What
demand has the hair of the head upon the body
that produces it? What demand has the thoughts
of yesterday upon the soul that thinks to-
day? None—not any. What demand has Virtue
upon the soul? None. It is the soul that demands
the production of Virtue, and controls its ephemeral
existence. The soul is not a far-off thing. The soul
of each is the centre and the home of each one's life.
The soul is the now of our being—it is the I, the me,
the here and the hereafter, the alpha and the omega,
the all there is and is to be—it is the summum bonum
of all human existence. The soul is the producer
and the governor of every human action, both vir-
tuous and vicious; and yet, behind, unseen, the soul
has a producer and a governor. The product has
no demands to make upon the producer; the pro-
ducer governs the product. The soul is the mother
of pain. Every throb of agony, every pang of suf-
fering, every tear of anguish, give evidence of the
soul's progressive life. Each of these afflictions
banishes a shade of darkness that environs the soul,
whereby a new truth is born to its consciousness.
No new truth is born from the soul without the
throes of "labor pains." Vice is the *ergot* in the
hands of the soul's Physician, that intensifies the
pains of life, whereby a truth is sooner born. Virtue
is the nerve, in the hands of the soul's Physician,
that stops the aches, and stills the pains. Virtue is
only for the rest and quiet of the soul; it is but the
armistice that comes between the conflicts of pro-
gression; it is the healing balm for aches and suffer-
ings consequent upon human progress. Virtue has
nothing to ask. It is a thing given, and it only
gives back again. When deep affliction comes upon
us, when all our earth hopes are vanished, when
naught but poverty, degradation, want, hunger, dis-
tinction, hatred, bondage and disease hang imminent
over our life, what refuge have we—what arms of
trust can we then fall into, and still be safe? Into
the arms of the soul's immortality that rises tri-
umphant above, unshaken by all these things—
into the arms of that Infinite Love that gave us
being, and sustains our being. Take away the
reality of spiritual life, and under the crushing
influence of these earthly afflictions the soul has no
God, no friend, no hope; powerless, discouraged,
disheartened, in utter despair, we have no prospect
before us but to fall back into the arms of the earth
and be lost in oblivion. If the soul can be influenced
by the transient evils of time, by the withering hand
of affliction, such must be the destiny of millions
on millions of human beings. But our soul conscious-
ness begins to be developed; and now, to us, what
are all these transient, fleeting evils but the smoke
of the soul's fires that warms us? What are these
crushing afflictions of time but the damps and dews
of the vanishing night that comes before the glorious
dawning morning of spiritual daylight of eternal
existence? The soul of necessity comes through
these afflictions of earth to reach the peace of
heaven. Virtue has no influence in advancing the
soul heavenward. It is only rest for the soul in its
conflicting journey on the earth. The demands upon
the soul are above itself, unseen; they are not of its
products that are seen. The infant baby's physical
being demands nutriment from its mother's breast;
so the soul, which is unseen, demands nutriment
from the kind and loving parent that gave it being.
Its nature demands the production of Vice; its
nature demands the production of Virtue; and both
are necessary products of its earthly sojourn.

JACOB EASON.—The Doctor's ideas are all of them
so beautifully truthful, but they require a wide
interpretation. The sublime and ridiculous seem
admirably to blend. He talks in such a manner as
to, provoke thought. A friend last week gave a
definition of Virtue which I like—Goodness. There
is but One absolutely good—that is God. He is
the fountain of goodness from which all its minor
branches flow to us. Jesus, it seems to me, pos-
sessed a nature surpassing every other Virtue. He
possessed a Virtue which seemed to go out from him
and heal the afflicted. Christians claim to find
salvation through the blood of Christ. I think the
claim should be based upon his love instead, for the
blood idea is repugnant to the mass of Christians
and others. For an individual to condemn another
soul, because both do not cherish the same desires,
will, etc., is a great mistake. The whole man is
composed of a large variety of organs, and neither
has right to condemn the other. It seems to me the
greatest lesson Virtue teaches, is charity. We do
not know what we might have been, had we been
differently conditioned than we are. While Dr. Childs
looks at Virtue as the tinsel which adorns life, I see
it as working out from the interior of man, and is
the central cause of his actions and life.

Dr. P. B. Randolph.—I recognize the presence of
my master here, in logic, philosophy, goodness, and
all that goes to constitute a man. I shall speak
only a few minutes, and will then introduce him to
you. I recognize Virtue as truth to one's self—no
matter if the whole world raises its finger at you—
and its iron hoof is ready to crush you down. Truth
to one's self is human nature. It is not Virtue to
growl and find fault; it is Virtue to rejoice, or
be exalted by praise. It is to have in your mind a
goal, and to struggle toward that goal. If you have
an idea on your mind which your immortal soul
tells you it is true, Virtue bids you follow out that
idea, though the whole world stands in your way.
Humanity should give such Virtue a chance to live,
and write its name on the walls of time.

"He was a man."

The world has taken over the name of Jesus, for
he was true to his noble idea of Virtue, in spite of
the men and manners of his time. Whoever would
cripple this free thought is a tyrant, and he ought
to be made to feel the tyrant's doom. The Virtue
that has need to be stilled up, is no Virtue. Mr.
President, allow me to introduce to you and the
audience, Mr. Benjamin Blood.

Mr. Blood said it was the farthest thing from his
thoughts or his wishes, in coming here, to make a
speech. He could not think there was too much
speech-making in the world. If a man must needs
make himself a public exhibition, let him have the
taste to come rarely and divinely, rather than with
frequency and commonplace. He could not think
those professional speech-makers who produce a
hundred poor orations in a year altogether void of
that "Aner love" which Emerson calls genius. Cor-

tainly, for his own part, it would take him half a
year to produce a speech of half an hour's length
which should be satisfactory to himself. Venus
might talk with each other, however, without pre-
tension to singularity or effect. As a stranger, he
could say nothing as he desired—but feeling that
the atmosphere of the place was spiritual, consoling,
and kindly, he knew that when, out of respect
for his friends, he ventured a moment on the ques-
tion before them, he would be pardoned anything
indifferently said which time and trial might have
made brilliant and effective. It was irrelevant to
dispute on the meaning of a word—it was disre-
spectful to our own divinity; we were not to go
recking that which another had named, by the
lineaments of the name; we may be those first men
who name all things originally, in the consciousness
of their essence, their standards, and their results.
He that should rise here to explain eloquence, would
be an old wit in the eyes of his hearers which bade
him forbear his description, and show his knowledge
of the matter by a few specimens of that which he
professed to comprehend. If he accepted the invita-
tion, he would make himself ridiculous—for elo-
quence is judged only by results, which are defined
by circumstances attending its utterance; eloquence
is like gunpowder—it throws its shot, and dies; so
every action serves its purpose, loses its original
force, and runs to be judged by its results. If we
must have words, we will say with the Apostle:
"Sin is the transgression of the law"—nothing
more; and Virtue, so please you, call harmony with
law. But if murder, which violates law, shall be
found yet to have a virtue in it, and to serve a good
purpose, then virtue, or good, will not be defined by
law, nor will murder be finally condemned thereby;
for haply law, the breach of law, and its penalty,
together with all other acts and things apparent,
are the best and only virtuous means which omni-
potence and omniscience can compass in favor of the
greatest possible happiness of everything that lives.
Here, then, we find this question coming out where
every other question comes out; is there a necessity
in the nature of things whereby God cannot make
all being continually happy? If so, then God may be
good; then all things may be well and wisely
done, and all things may have virtuous results;
then right and wrong (those were words which
stand in the way of that great sentiment which
Mrs. Childs and Randolph have inculcated) will be
but creatures of law—themselves a creature whereby
omnipotence and benevolence combat the great ne-
cessity. What this necessity was, he clearly per-
ceived; but this was not the time nor the method in
which to exhibit it with fidelity and force.

Dr. Childs.—I wish to say a word of compliment.
This man was a stranger to me till day before
yesterday. As Mr. Randolph has beautifully said: I
recognize him as my master in rhetoric, logic and
philosophy, but not in intuition, for no man is mas-
ter there. He is with me, and I thank God I can
take the hand of a man that is with me!

RICHARD BURKE.—It may perhaps seem wise and
profound in claiming there is no distinction between
vice and virtue; but I believe no man can ever
essay any such task without signal failure.

P. HUNTER.—We had in the development of this
subject a good many different views—noble, grand,
generous, ideal, religious, warlike, devotional, mat-
rimonial. We had virtue defined in a Christian point
of view, in a Mahometan, Indian, African, Physio-
logical, Political, and even Sophistical light. We
have had beautiful words; but all that bright sub-
stance was not gold. The gentleman who introduced
the subject in question hinted of the relations of
the producer, the consumer and the monopolizer, and
in spite of that, this important subject has been left
in complete darkness, demonstrating by this that in
America political training did not give fair chance
to the study of social science. A great deal has
been said about charity; charity is love. But I do
not believe in it except as a transitory means.
Charity humiliates the receiver; and if you love the
immortal soul of your brother or sister, you should
look for other means of reparation. Galileo, in dis-
covering the rotary motion of the earth, found the
untruthfulness of the Divine inspiration of the an-
cient Testament; Fourier, in discovering the motion
of social attractions and associations, brought a
death-blow to the pretended divinity of the son of
Mary. Christ says, "You shall always have the
poor with you." Socialism says, "Unite yourselves
in Associations, and you will become all rich and
virtuous." I consider myself a plague to society,
as privately ambitious; but if that individual am-
bition were transformed to a social one, I would be
a blessing to my fellow-men. Our divine law-givers,
in prescribing contrition of the flesh, did a great
wrong to humanity; and our human law-givers,
following the steps of these, are doing like a tailor,
who, instead of making the coat for the man, would
torture the body so as to adapt it to a coat of ridi-
culous shape. Why should you change the man—
convert him—when it is the institutions we should
change? A man, with a great love of riches, is
despicable in the present organization of society.
Jesus Christ, nursed in the prejudice of the people
with whom he was raised, said it was difficult for a
rich man to go to heaven, as for a camel to pass
through the eye of a needle. If we change the in-
stitution, the very same man, with the very same
passion, will become a philanthropist, because of the
change in association. In bringing wealth and com-
fort to himself he brings wealth and comfort to hu-
manity; and instead of the man being a nuisance,
and going to hell, (if any) he will become a very
valuable man—a genius, considering the passion
with which he will take the interest of the com-
munity and the title of philanthropist, and con-
sequently be called religious and virtuous. Truth
is banished by commerce. Commerce, like the blood
in the human system, brings life to society. It is
in commerce we shall introduce truth and expel
vice, and Jewish knavery, the statement of which
would be a martyrology. Men have two reasons to
sent the commercial mechanism on the throne of
virtue. One is positive, and consists in developing
the germs of association, the sources of all economy,
and contrive to introduce it into agriculture. The
other is negative by its tendency, to expel from the
commercial relations that falseness we so generally
in it. These two problems resolve one another, be-
cause you cannot introduce in the commerce guaran-
tee of truth without the concurrence of association;
and it is impossible to form bounds of association
without perceiving the guarantees of truth. This is
a beautiful way open to science. Men, govern-
ment, and academics, should unite in that study.
The system of free commerce, or mercantile competi-
tion, will give us an example of liberty of action.
Liberty is a beautiful thing, but it must run in the
track of guarantee. The merchant of to-day is free;
but the social corps is not free in its relations with
him, because we are forced to buy. We cannot live
without food and dress, which we cannot obtain ex-

cept by buying. We are consequently subjected to
the merchant, and suffer from his dishonest proceed-
ings. Such mechanism is but simple liberty, and not
reciprocal liberty. All I can do in that case is to
return to the Plutonian philosophy, or submit to
that and be a free spectator to the sarcasms of the
sophist, who calls me Utopian. He confesses that
such and such things are grand and noble, but not
practicable; that men, to practice these things,
should be angels, and these palpable rebellions evi-
dence this. So he decides in favor of the system
practiced by the merchant Jew and stock jobber,
with whom he is sure to find practical lies and dis-
honesty. That servant, or that sophist, to whom
people look for light, is not a virtuous man. I deduce
virtue in two words: Harmonized love. I will try
to illustrate it. If my brother drowns, I am a vir-
tuous man to help him out of danger. My love to
him will be harmonized with my capacity to save
him. If I cannot swim, it will be folly to jump
after him into the water. I will cry and run for
help—use all the means I can bring to save him;
but if I cannot find any other means than by swim-
ming, which would be sure death to myself, reason
and justice comes to temper the love I bring to my
brother. My brother will die, sure, but I remain
virtuous, and I call it harmony in love. The short-
sighted ought to be productive of some good, and in this
case I cannot see what good my drowning brother,
myself, society, or God, would derive from it. Tem-
perance is harmonized love; justice is harmonized
love; truth is harmonized love; bravery is har-
monized love. Charity does not answer fully to the
axiom. She is harmonized love, with a broken leg.
Association is the grand, noble, effective, harmonized
love.

M. P. SKEAR.—There is more Virtue in our warm
word than in long, musty speeches. Of all virtuous
actions kindness is the most virtuous. In the lan-
guage of the ancients, Virtue was synonymous with
valor and strength. The view taken here is good-
ness; but the ways it may be carried out are in-
finite. There are millions of ways in which it may
make itself manifest.

Mr. KAULBACK.—I have been hungering for a con-
ception of Virtue suitable to my mind. It seems to
me Virtue must go out from our relations one to
another. The duties of parents and the affection of
children are Virtues so far as they are carried out
with fidelity. The principle of merit and demerit
belongs to us, and we cannot get rid of it. It is
nonsense, repulsive to us, to tell us there is no dis-
tinction between good and evil. We know the giving
up to passion is followed by the pang. We need not
wait for a future day, for the penalty follows imme-
diately after the violation of the law of right. It is
wild and shameful to say that murder and suicide
are all right. It occurs to me there is a grand dis-
tinction between Virtue and Vice, in all the ramifi-
cations of society.

F. W. ROBINSON, of Plymouth.—I cannot give a de-
finition of Virtue except in action, and I must dissent
from those who claim it is in doing deeds of charity
and love. I don't believe it is a Virtue for one to
do his duty—for a parent to love a child, or a
brother a sister. But I do believe it to be a Virtue
for one to resist temptations when assailed by them.
He may do right, but if we do not so against the
power of temptation, it is no Virtue in us. I believe
Virtue to be that feeling which stands up against
opposition to do its work.

Dr. H. P. GARDNER.—I suppose, take this city of
Boston through, there are certain things every one
would admit to be pure and virtuous. Paternal and
fraternal love, charity, benevolence, goodness, none
would deny to be Virtues. I hold that a man's
organization decides for him what is virtuous. It is
no effort for one of large benevolence and charity
developed to be virtuous; but the popular use made
of this word is the greatest misnomer used in soci-
ety. Not long ago, I was in conversation with a lady
who spoke of another woman as one who made mis-
chief, was a liar, a scold, misused her family, but
the lady said, "But I believe, though, she is a per-
fectly virtuous woman!" A man may rob, steal, lie,
cheat, but if he is not a libertine he is a virtuous
man! Bro. Randolph had the right of it last week
—Virtue does not lie in a memorance. I believe
there are hundreds who walk our streets, and are
called outcasts, who are more virtuous than those
who call them so. One who succumbs to temptation
and falls, is often more virtuous than the one who
prates about Virtue the most, but was never
tempted. I don't like any such idea. I believe
Virtue is constituted in good actions. The only cri-
terion—or the highest perception of Virtue, is, right.
Not to be governed by what Mrs. Grundy, Dr. Childs,
Dr. Randolph or Mr. Burke say is right, but to see
what Dr. Gardner says. But if I decide against an
act, and then perform it, it is Vice, no matter if the
world does sanction it. I believe a woman may not
be absolutely chaste, and yet be virtuous; and I
believe a woman may be chaste as an unborn infant,
but yet be vicious as the very devil. Dr. Childs has
said Virtue has no influence in moulding the soul's
destiny. I don't believe any such nonsense. Vir-
tuous actions, like vicious, bring their own reward.
I know I shall be misunderstood—and purposely so,
perhaps—by some; but I think I have Virtue enough
to say what my soul tells me is right, and abide the
consequences.

Mr. WERNER.—This is a subject that through
my life I have heard so much about, that it is an
exceedingly dull one. I don't agree with the gen-
tleman from Plymouth. I think he would preclude
all comfortable, affluent, well-to-do persons from the
whole list of virtuous people, for it is no effort for
them to be virtuous. I think virtue is further down
than the benevolent faculties. It appears to me hu-
manity is not the product of virtue, but virtue of
humanity. I make a distinction in daily life be-
tween vice and virtue; but, take into view the cir-
cumstances that make men virtuous or vicious, and
we shall find they might change places. Vir-
tue has been different in different nations. Virtue
in Sparta is not virtue in Boston. Virtue under
Moses was different from virtue under Christ. As
nations change, their standards do. It seems to me
virtue is the power within, that carries out the
object for which the man was made.

Mr. DANNES.—I conceive virtue to be the essence
of all goodness. It consists of the purity of all
goodness—all good deeds, thoughts, actions and
words.

Mr. TULLIS.—There have been many and varied
definitions put upon virtue to night. I cannot be-
lieve there is any one, thought or word that is any-
thing but virtuous. It is limitation that makes
things appear wrong. The young child is frightened
by a dog; but as the child grows, it sees the virtue
of the dog and loves it. I am bound to the con-
clusion that what some call crimes, are in nature,
and I am forced to the admission that, though we
cannot see the result, it will be right in the end.

Things that seem wrong partially—for a time—are
right in the end—when our sights are lengthened.
From apparent evils in society is always born a
better state of affairs.

Next Wednesday night, the Conference will discuss
the question: "What is Life? What is Ideal
Life?"

What Good will this Doctrine Do?

My good Brother Deacon asks what good can come
of proclaiming the doctrine, "Whatever is, is
right?"

I respect my brother's question, for so far as phys-
ical vision can reach, he is a good man. In spirit,
know that he is good, and so is every man and
woman, too, that walks this earth. I will try to
answer his question. Our Father is the creator of
all things, both material and spiritual, both good
and bad, as we say. Has he made anything that he
did not mean to make? Our Father sustains all
existence. Does he then sustain anything against
his will? Common sense answers in the negative.
Virtue and vice are things of existence; the doc-
trine that nearly everything that God has made is
wrong, is a thing of existence, and so is the doc-
trine, that "Whatever is, is right," a thing of exist-
ence. Now God has made and sustains nothing in
vain.

So the conclusion is, that whatever was cre-
ated, and is sustained, must ultimate in good. There-
fore the promulgation of the doctrine, "Whatever is,
is right," has a place in creation, and must be for a
purpose, and will ultimate in good, though my good
brother may not yet see the ultimate. Is a truth of
God ever misplaced and useless? Is there a human
utterance that is not a truth of God, and that is not
for good? Everything that exists has a cause,
which causes lies in the bosom of an Infinite God.
Therefore everything that is, is a truth of God; what-
ever is, then, is right. My brother asks, what good
can a proclamation of this truth do? I ask, what
good can the proclamation of any truth do? The
proclamation of every truth serves a purpose in
creation, the final good of which human perception
may not be able yet to grasp. The recognition of
evil, of wrong in humanity, is the recognition of a
truth that belongs to the condition that gave it
birth. I will ask my brother what good this truth
does humanity? I cannot do less than conclude,
that everything that has existence has its use, and
is good, or will be good in the ultimate.

A. B. CHILDS.

The Resolutions of the Quincy Convention.

ERRATA OF BANNER.—My attention has been cal-
led to an error of some importance which crept into
the Report of the late Lecturers' Convention at Quincy.
The Report (prepared in part by myself), states
that all the Resolutions submitted to the meeting,
(with two specific exceptions) were, on motion of Mr.
Wadsworth, in behalf of the Business Committee,
adopted. I am informed that it was the intention of
the Committee to make a distinction between adoption
and acceptance—understanding that the latter
would simply carry the matters over to the next Con-
vention as worthy of further consideration; and that
the Resolves offered by Mr. Wadsworth, Mr. Conoley,
(relative to outcasts), Mr. Goddard, Mr. Butts, and
Mr. Tooley, were only accepted, with this intention.
I did not understand this distinction to be recog-
nized by the presiding officer in putting the ques-
tions, and therefore did not note it in the report.

I am glad, however, to make this correction as re-
gards the intent of the Committee; since it seemed
to me undesirable that questions of such great prac-
tical moment as were involved in the resolves men-
tioned should be disposed of without a more thorough
understanding. Their adoption by a Convention vote
would prove a more force, unless adopted also by
the understandings and hearts of the individual mem-
bers. Let us have done with sham.

A. E. NEWTON.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

ATLANTIC HALL, BOSTON.—Lectures are
given every Sunday afternoon at 3 P. M., and at 7 P.
M. in the evening. The following speakers are engaged:
Mrs. E. A. Gardner, first three Sundays in Dec.; Miss Fanny
Davis, last two in Jan.; Mrs. A. W. Sprague, first Sun-
day in January, 1881; Mrs. Anna M. Middlecott, first two
in Feb.; Miss Emma Harding, first four Sundays in March;
Mrs. Maria M. Macomber, last Sunday in March, and first
two in April.

CONFERENCE HALL, No. 14 BROADWAY STREET, BOSTON.—
The Boston Spiritual Conference meets every Wednesday
evening, at 7 P. M. The proceedings are reported for the
Banner. Subjects for the next meeting: "What is Life?"
and "What is Ideal Life?"

A meeting is held every Thursday evening, at 7 P. M.,
for the development of the religious nature, or the soul-
growth of Spiritualists. Jacob Eason, Chairman.

QUINCY, MASS.—Sunday meetings are held regularly at
Central Hall, afternoon and evening. Mrs. Eason, of Law-
rence, speaks Sunday Dec. 9th; Dr. Childs, Dec. 16th and
17th; Mrs. Childs, Dec. 23rd and 30th.

QUINCY, MASS.—Meetings in Quincy are held every
Sunday afternoon and evening. In the evening, at 7 P. M.,
in the Williams Hall, Western Avenue. Seats free to all.
The following named speakers are engaged: Mrs. A. M.
Skear, during Dec.; Mrs. Fanny D. Nelson, Jan. 6th and
13th; Mrs. M. M. Macomber, Jan. 20th and 27th; Mrs. A. W.
Sprague, Feb. 3rd; Mrs. Lizzie Burton, Feb. 10th; Mr. Childs
Hayden, Feb. 17th; Mr. Miller, Feb. 24th and March 3rd.

LOWELL.—The Spiritualists of Lowell hold regular meet-
ings on Sundays, afternoon and evening, in Wells's Hall.
They have engaged the following named speakers:
Mrs. Mary M. Macomber, Dec. 9th and 16th; Miss
Fanny Davis, four Sundays in January; Leo Miller, three
Sundays, and Emma Harding, the last Sunday in March; Mrs. M.
T. Townsend, during April; Mrs. F. L. H. during May.

NEWAVON.—Regular meetings are held every Sunday
at 2 P. M. and 7 P. M. at Essex Hall.

LEONARD, MASS.—The Spiritualists of Leonard hold regu-
lar meetings on Sundays, at the Town Hall. Services com-
mence at 1 P. M. and 7 P. M.

PLYMOUTH.—J. R. Loveland, will speak two first Sundays
in December; Mrs. E. A. Gardner, Dec. 23rd and 30th.

MORRIS.—Meetings at 1 P. M. and 8 o'clock on Sat. Speakers
engaged—Henry O. Wright, Dec. 10th; Mrs. M. T. Townsend,
Dec. 30th.

Worcester.—The Spiritualists of Worcester hold regu-
lar Sunday meetings in Washburn Hall.