

Original Poetry.

THE CONVICT.

AN INSPIRATIONAL POEM BY MISS BETTIE M. PEARL.

'Twas evening, and the purple twilight,
Lingered o'er vale and sea.
Lighting with its mystic beauty
Scarlet lake and crystal sea.

'Twas evening, and a rich vermilion
Beautified the distant sky.
Mingling its warm, glowing beauty
With the evening's starry dew.

'Twas evening, and the south wind stirred
The tall reeds drooping leaves.
And with its gentle fingers touched
The harvest's golden sheaves.

'Twas evening, and white-robed peace
Pallid close her sunny eyes.
From her eyes fell gentle tears
Where hope and joy were lying.

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The tall reeds drooping leaves.
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"THE WORLD MY COUNTRY, TO DO GOOD MY RELIGION."

KALAMAZOO, MICH., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869.

"Why do you run my lad? Do you not know me?"
It was nearly dark when these words reached my ear. I was just returning from one of the neighbors. It was over a mile to our house. The road ran through a dense forest for about half the distance. I was quite young, not yet nineteen years old. The night before my boys had coaxed me over to their house "for fun." They seemed to know that I was afraid to return unaccompanied through the dark, dreary woods. My stay with them was prolonged by the cheerful "supper" of which I was permitted to partake with the family. We dined in the fascinating luxury of eating "good things" at a farmer's well supplied table, the sun went down, twilight departed unobserved, candles were lighted to enable "all hands" to finish the meal, and so I was caught "in the dark" as they say, some deep black forest between me and the bed I longed to be in.

"Why do you run, my lad? Do you not know me?" There is a man! He is following me! I saw nothing, but heard footsteps behind me, approaching nearer and nearer. Although I was running at full speed. I had but just entered the woods. There was no moon, and the sky was filled with October clouds; but happily the road was white with dust, so I could distinctly have seen any object either before or behind me. There was no more in my path and I was glad to see it. I shut my struggling spirit in. But an instant past and holy. From the radiant realm above shall unfold you like a mantle. In its shining folds we were. And these angels, whose pure garments Never wear a stain, Will draw near and gladly aid you. In your efforts to obtain Gems of light and truth and beauty. From the diamond mines of mind. And upon your glowing forehead. This immortal chapter bind.

Then, when you have grown in wisdom. Grown in beauty and in grace. And when every taint of earth. Has been washed from your face. Then all your soul's great longings. That have ever yearned in vain. Shall find full and true expression. In that land that's free from sin.

Then, oh, then, on vision's plains You shall come to bead mankind. Come to break the key letters. That the weary soul would bind. When the morning sun was shining. Over all vale and sea. And lighting with its golden beauty. Duncting stream and crystal sea.

Erre the first faint breath of morning. By a sound that you had never heard. Save the sighing of a sycamore. Or the fluttering of a bird. Came the same bright band of angels. That we saw in heaven's light. With their robes all white and glittering. And their heads all crowned of gold.

And another soul had joined them. Joined this bright angelic band. Yes, another soul was hastening. To the spirit's Father-land. He whom earth had scorned and hated. Whom sin had doomed to die. Tread the pathway to the sky. Thus in this world of sorrow. Thus in this dark world of sin. Did you find a heavenly friend. One who would forsake you. Then the angels make you in.

From Answers to Questions.—A. J. Davis. Intervention of a Celestial Personage. QUESTION: "I am aware that you teach that spirits are seen, recognized, and covered with. Now I am not prepared to object a whole class of well-substantiated facts just because there is nothing in my individual experience to corroborate them. It is understood that the so-called spiritual appearances and manifestations of the present age are well-attested, and are authenticated by as large a number of witnesses, as are corresponding facts and appearances of any past period of the world. Still I am unable to realize how it is possible, especially how a spirit can make itself palpable and so certain in person as to be seen, recognized, and conversed with by any mortal man. I am not prepared to assent to the senses of a Seer, can and do other persons present, not clairvoyant, realize anything unusual? Did you ever witness precisely as Moses did in the presence of men and women? If so, did any of the company speak or act in any manner unusual? Do you think that any mortal man, by the aid of a Seer, medium, seer or influence on the thoughts or actions of others?"

ANSWER: The human mind is so organized as to present two apparently contradictory phases—that of Faith, without the least grain of external evidence, and that of Knowledge, without the least light from internal faith. Men will sacrifice more, struggle longer, and die as martyrs for Faith; while for knowledge, they will do little and care less, as though the human soul was made to live and die for unsubstantial convictions and sentiments. Few minds realize the astounding influence of Ideas. The Real, about which will change, and accordingly, is of least importance to countless multitudes. It is the sense of Faith (the "Ideal") the inhabitants of every country will declare war; and for shadowy convictions all warriors will cheerfully brave every danger, to the death.

On the interrogatory that very earnest in the wish to bring another's experience "to his own bosom." To see what another has felt, is impossible. But it is possible, however, to paint a picture, to relate an adventure, or to tell a story "found in the facts," so vividly as to distinctly impress the scenes and incidents, even the appearance of persons and their actions, whereby another's mind may be made to participate and realize the thoughts and emotions of the artist or narrator. In this manner the most lasting impressions can be imparted by one mind to another. The method is better than philosophy for the millions, who deem Faith "a pearl of great price," and Knowledge at best but a great "stone" which the angelic light roll away from the tomb of ignorance. Denying the preceding pages amply freighted with philosophic hints and explanations, sufficient to answer nearly all essential questions in our particular line of thought, we are now about to give an account of the most practical response to questions just propounded.

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Instantly my feeling was strong against the whole proceeding. In the first place I knew that my clairvoyant powers could not be exercised without the co-operation of my magnetizer. In the second place it was not right, nor our custom, to give parlor exhibitions of the faculty. In the third place I did not want to be so conspicuous in an assemblage of fashionable ladies and gentlemen. In the fourth place I was decidedly disinclined to riding in a carriage to anybody's residence in New York, especially to make a call upon "outer strangers." In the fifth and last place I did not like the peremptory style of the note; not even giving me an opportunity of either accepting or declining "the honor."

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"You wrong me, Mr. Davis. Faint mortality hangs before a power so fearful. And Mr. Davis?"

"One of the five gentlemen here interrupted with—"Will the young man give us a show if his power?"

"I was about to reply, when the lady continued—"Most certainly, Mr. Elbridge. The midnight deepens on all who do not—"

"Let him do so now," gruffly interposed a short-bodied, black-haired, long-fingered gentleman—one of the five.

"At this moment the gentleman who was nearest the door walked across the room and back to his chair. No one seemed to notice him. He was silent, thoughtful, and the handsomest of the party. I thought he wanted to get rid of his associates. Compared with the other four, he looked like a ruffian and genteel gambler, and I did not wonder at his unobtrusive and unobtrusive inattention.

"How much could comfort me, Mr. Davis," continued the lady—"if you would, I am deeply wronged—a desolate widow, a childless mother, my only son, a plain, or sharp, and expressive of heartfelt suffering. The evidence of grief was overwhelming. She seemed to want to hide her tears. But her agony was overpowering.

"Damnation! ejaculated another of the five, his glazed eyes, as though I had deeply injured the lobbing lady. The outrageous plot was perfect. I had a faint glimmering of it, but was as yet unable to comprehend the object. I knew that the lady was pretending—acting—and that something was wanted of the clairvoyant faculty.

"The door was soon opened by a grim-looking old woman. "Is this the residence of Mrs. Barton?" I asked. She growled something affirmative, and asked me "what I wanted."

"Stepping into the hall, I said—"Tell her that Mr. Barton is not at home, and that I am sorry to hear, according to an invitation."

"Walk this way, Mr.," said another female at the top of the stairs. The hall was dimly lighted, only partly carpeted, smelt old and dirty. There was in the middle of the hall a table or hat-stand, and a chair. The door of the room of the place was closed, and I was about to knock, when I heard a voice say—"Not much fashion here," thought I. Up stairs I went, but in hand, and followed a dirty looking servant-girl into a back room on the second floor.

"The room was just as I had heard it said, and immediately withdrew. The room was lighted by a small lamp on the center-table. An old carpet covered the floor. One dusty portrait, and two ridiculous cheap pictures of horse heads hung on the wall. The room was a very poor one, and I was somewhat disappointed. The room was lighted by a small lamp on the center-table. An old carpet covered the floor. One dusty portrait, and two ridiculous cheap pictures of horse heads hung on the wall. The room was a very poor one, and I was somewhat disappointed.

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crossed over and said, "Which way? What are you stopping for?"

"I live close by," I returned—"at 252 Spring Street. A strange gentleman was walking with me," I added. "He left me at the corner, and I'm stopping to find out which way he went."

"An exclamation of doubt escaped the watchman's—"Which way did you come?" he asked.

"Up Hudson street," I replied. "What was the appearance of the man who was with you?"

"He was tall, with white hair and beard." "Did he come with you to this corner?" "Yes, sir. He overtook me at St. John's Park and accompanied me up to this corner."

"You're mistaken, young man," said the policeman in an irritated tone. "No, sir, I'm not mistaken," I replied. "I am willing to be qualified by the most solemn oath that a tall gentleman, with white hair and beard, came by my side from the south end of St. John's Park to this corner."

"The policeman seemed to believe in earnest, but he certainly doubted my sanity. "Surely, young man, do you mean to say, really, that anybody walked up the street with you?"

"Yes, sir—I do declare that a tall gentleman accompanied me." "The officer started toward me as though he meant to arrest me, but immediately halted. "I've been on this beat for two hours; I saw you by the light of the street lamps when you were two blocks below this; and I'll swear that you were alone; and never the shadow of a man within three blocks of you."

"What is the meaning of all this?" said I in another tone. "I've had an awful experience; it must be a deception; but what was it that accompanied me to this corner?" "Come, come, sir," said the watchman. "Where do you live? What number?"

"This way," I replied. On reaching the door, the watchman violently rung the bell, for he was in doubt as to my name, and wished to ascertain whether anybody in the house would recognize and admit me. Fortunately, one of the inmates came down stairs and joyfully accepted me in the presence of the vigilant officer. What an escape from a night in a New York watch-house!

About two years afterwards, in the early spring of 1867, I went with an acquaintance to the residence of Isaac T. Hopper, the well known New York philanthropist. We were cordially admitted by the noble hearted and venerable Quaker gentleman, who himself opened the door and led the way to the plainly furnished parlor on the second floor. There were present five persons besides ourselves—friend Hopper, two ladies, a beautiful little girl, and a gentleman.

Friend Hopper, in his usually straightforward manner, introduced the company to each other by a wholesale remark, without distinctly mentioning any one's name. Happily I was acquainted with one of the ladies, and through her was immediately introduced to the other lady, who was young and beautiful, and exceedingly fond of music.

entirely at home, and everything they did seemed to be so entirely congenial to friend Hopper and the ladies, that I hesitated no longer to inquire who they were.

"The gentleman and a little girl," exclaimed the lady looking from one to the other with the greatest wonder and interest.

I smiled at their curious and excited expressions, and said: "Yes! I mean the gentleman and little girl who have just gone out from the room."

"I have no faith in anything of the kind," said friend Hopper's response.

My acquaintance looked at me with comical expression of bewilderment. His eyes were fixed on me, and he was much surprised at my question as any other thing present.

"For a moment, as the company lapsed into silence at each other, I endeavored to collect myself to meet the excited condition of the night purpose, I asked: "Do you, friend Hopper, mean to say that you did not know the gentleman and little girl who left the parlor when you answered the door-bell?"

"The old man looked at me with a clear, stern, searching expression on his face, as much as to say—"Do you mean to trifle with me?" But his good nature dominated all other feelings, and he replied, smiling: "I have no faith in anything of the kind."

"Seeing that the further remark would be regarded as impertinent, I kept silent, while the honored philanthropist told one of his stories with the greatest particularity of incident and detail of language used by himself and others years ago. The whole company was charmed with the "moral" of his story, and equally astonished at his perfect recollection of all persons and parts which originally entered into the composition of the story, which was one present instinctively accepted as unquestionably accurate.

"On the way across the city to our residence, my companion kept up a running conversation regarding the gentleman and the beautiful little girl."

"You got things and shadows strangely mixed up," he remarked. "One knows not what to believe. Your inquiries had a stunning effect on the old Quaker and the lady. Machiavelli would have been glad to know that you had more than a shill and indifference. What an intensified interest you aroused in the great of the ladies! And you, who were in the great mystery of your question, remained but for a moment, and then returned to your ordinary life."

"Why should I have been so interested?" I responded. "Was there anything unusual in my simply asking you the gentleman and little girl were?"

"I replied, "It is difficult for me to believe that," I replied. "At this moment the same gentleman, leading the beautiful little girl by the hand, came directly in front of us from a cross street! His beard and his hair were all white and his eyes were blue. He smiled and graciously bowed as he passed. The same tall, beautiful personage who had so suddenly disappeared months previous on the corner of the street, was now before me. Returning the strictest salutation, as he passed us, I directed my companion, as he turned toward him. "There he goes!" said I hastily. "Do you not recognize him as the man we saw in friend Hopper's parlor?"

There is one more incident to relate relative to the gentleman's appearance and sudden departure of the tall, slender gentleman, whom no one but myself seems to see. It may be remarked in this place, lest the reader may not receive the whole force of these experiences that, while the personage is perfectly distinct and as nature in object to my eyes as is the form, face, and personage of any other human being, yet it is surprising that no one beside myself seems to take any cognizance of him, no more, in fact, than any one would notice a portion of empty space. Notwithstanding this, there is always something in my own history to prove that the appearance of a real personage. His words are as vividly remembered as are the words of my most intimate acquaintances. His interpositions as a person of crisis in my individual life have been as positive and effective as the interpositions of any private friend and benefactor. These things I mention to give the facts their full force upon the question, "Whether Spirits return in palpable form?" and whether, while moving among mankind, they can influence human thoughts and conduct.







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FRED. L. H. WILLIS, M. D., - Editors.

MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS, - Editors.

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From the Independent.

GOD IS LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

As there are mighty things under the sun.

God's love has been acted, great words have been said.

Not just uplifting some fortunate one.

But lifting up all men to be a God.

As, he rose by the hand, and the shoulder too!

As, he showed my sin, and a thousand may feel!

And it may have been, and it yet may be you.

But the angel in one proves the angel in all.

And whether I might, whatever is high.

Lifting men, lifting woman their native above.

As close to the knapsack they hold to the sky.

Why, this I affirm, that its essence is Love.

The poorest, the meanest has right to his share—

To the life of the flesh, for the strength of his hand.

To the stone of work, his spirit of prayer—

And here, and God help me, I take up my stand.

No pain but it wishes to peace in its arms.

No pain does it know, with knees made high.

As, he would be patient, and the world's story.

To shine as with rainbows, since first there was light.

Go being here whatever the poets have praised.

The mantle of queen, the red roses of May.

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power, and the positive and negative in action,

which produces the force of the universe.

I became so absorbed in these abstract thoughts, that I forgot myself, and came home with my head in the clouds to find Helen patiently helping Susan to comprehend the mysteries of bread making. I put my hand on the forming loaf, and said, "even here the great principles of forming force reveal themselves." Helen looked up with a face all aglow with amusement, and led me off to the study like a mandarin.

"Come," said she, "we want to take a little journey from the ethereal and metaphysical, to the wood pile and coal-bin, for we are in great danger of having no supper." I looked bewildered, but as I had remembered that bread and butter might be considered dual principles, and finally I roused myself to stern facts.

Thanksgiving Day.

Nothing is more expressive of the love and charity that one annual festival is supposed to call forth, than the paroling of prisoners in Massachusetts Prison. We can almost feel the joy thrills that stirred the hearts of the pardoned. The world seems more beautiful for their delight, more joyous for their joy. A sense of relief comes over us also, in remembering that justice is only divine when it is tempered with mercy.

But some of the papers tell us that these convicts were unjustly condemned, that they were suffering for a crime that they did not commit. This tardy recognition of their rights is cause for condemnation of their accusers. When we think what might have been, but for this Thanksgiving day, and that these innocent men might have suffered through these dreary twenty years unrecognized, we forget our joy in the terror of the injustice of our courts. We all know enough of courts and the administration of the laws, to feel little security for the righteous judgment of the arraigned. The whole question of punishment comes before us in its terror. Is it in any way suited to the needs of the sufferer? We know society would have its restricting innocences. We must detect crime and find out the criminal; but the next step should be one, not only for the benefit of society, but also for the benefit of the accused.

When we think of those dreary twenty years, that those prisoners were condemned to wear away, and with always the sense of injustice done, we feel how their spirits must be chafed, and all their better impulses smothered. If the spirit of Christianity gives us love as the guide of our acts, how shall we reconcile the injustice done these men, to the professions of the Christian world.

The truth is all the customs and laws relating to offenders is an outgrowth of the old Mosaic laws of vindictive power. We are acting in our courts after the pattern of centuries gone by. The whole effort of laws should be to aid to better conditions. We want to help men out of their troubles. We need to restrain men's evil propensities, but at the same time give a chance for the growth of their good qualities. There is an angel enshrined in every breast.

To subject all men to the same discipline is as unwise as to suppose we can all perform the same labor, or enjoy the same pleasures. We need in the charge of our criminals, men of acute discrimination and great benevolence. In our public schools there is the same disregard of the temperament and inherited conditions of children, all are subject to the same discipline. A child of nervous organization is treated the same as the lymphatic. It is torture for one to keep still, to the other it is ease, yet both are subject to the same punishment.

Government should hold paternal relations to its citizens. No wise or judicious parent fails to recognize the temperament of its children. The mother pities and loves, while she disciplines her child. If for a moment she feels a tinge of anger, she does not forgive herself until she has made full amends by a double share of tenderness. The wisest parent is never satisfied unless he makes all punishment or discipline tend to the repression of what is wrong in the child, and the excitement of what is good. We know that our spiritual development depends greatly, if not entirely upon the loving sympathy that meets out our discipline. We feel that good and good only can result from the wisdom of our spiritual educators. Thus our sufferings grow into rejoicings.

But if we felt that our own good was not considered, and only the good and pleasure of another or others, we should have no incentive to patience and trust. In this way if our public criminals could feel that all their restraint and imposed penalties tended to their good, and that society was acting in the capacity of a parent toward them, there would perhaps be no longer any need of discipline.

We have in this thanksgiving gift of liberty to two men, a proof of what ought to be done for hundreds. It was to Gov. Andrew, that Massachusetts owes this observance of the national festival. He ever appealed to the nobler and better nature. He expected men to be manly, and he gave them largest opportunities to reveal their better selves. He had so much of the parental heart, that the commonwealth mourned him as a father. We want more such men with the spirit of love and justice, and we should know more of the dignity and grandeur of human nature.

Reverence for the Dead. In passing through Trinity Cemetery a few days since, we saw several of the graves adorned with wreaths and crowns of immortals, or everlasting. It immediately occurred to us that it was a perpetration of the French custom on All Saints day, as that day has just passed. The observance in France is quite general, and processions are formed of children to bear these flowers to the cemeteries. In other countries similar ceremonies at another season of the year are observed. In several districts of the South Wales, Eng. the people assemble in

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"Why, Pat, I'm going to do something!" and Katy grew a full inch taller. "Mamma says I may, and little lame Marcia Dean is going to come and help me; but you know she cannot walk very well, so you will please take my arm and lead me to the school-room, where the sun goes down? take this shawl and wrap her up nice and warm for I saw afraid she will find it colder than she thinks, and tell Mrs. Dean to send the boys, as soon as they come from the mill for we are all to take tea together before we commence our work!" and Katy's face fairly shone with the new light that began to kindle in her breast.

"Yes Miss Katy," answered Pat, "I will go this minute." It was not long before Marcia's white face and solemn blue eyes came smiling and sweet into the beautiful "school-room" where Katy gave her the warmest welcome.

Poor little Marcia could walk only with the greatest difficulty for her crutches were somewhat clumsy; but she seemed to forget her plain ill-looking dress, her poor useless feet, her pale weary hands, and hobbled over her lovely home, and thought more of the beautiful things all around her than ever before, because of the happiness they imparted to this poor child of sorrow. Although Mrs. Mead had often visited Mrs. Dean in sickness and given her plain sewing in health, beside doing many things for the children, still she had never before invited them to the grand mansion and Katy had not made a companion of the little Marcia. Partly because circumstances had not thrown them together and partly because she had an idea that such very plain poor people were not proper associates for her aristocratic little daughter.

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