

BANNER

LIGHT.



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ONE YEAR.

AT A TIME.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1865.

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NO. 7.

Literary Department.

Written express for the Banner of Light.

BY CORA WILBURN.

The Story of the Ideal and the Actual.

Written express for the Banner of Light.

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that, loosened from its fastenings, would have broken, she looked there to know how the cause could not find voice so utter.

Sometimes or much of the soul seemed constrained must have been pictured there, for she drooped again to her heart, with an exclamation of grief and dismay.

"Has anything happened to Ernest?" she inquired.

"No; but everything to me!" and I told her all that had occurred.

I had seldom seen her agitated; I saw her then in all the roused indignation of her protecting love for me.

"A villain! a deceiver!" she cried, with flashing eyes. "Oh Olive, thank God, on bended knee, that you have escaped his toils! The mere external tie of marriage could not have changed him; you would have awakened to a life of misery. The blow is hard; yet, thank God! it did not come a week too late!"

I know that some mothers even would have argued differently; would have urged me to accept as a husband the man who offered me an adorable love. They would have drawn false conventional distinctions between my untried and guarded purity, and the poor girl who bore the name of his mistress. But my grandmother was not one of those who think a hollow mockery can atone for the violation of holiest obligations. And while professing, perhaps after his undeveloped nature feeling love for me, he still held the beautiful Juanita in all the raptures of a wife, denying her, in a fit of selfishness, the assumption of that sacred name.

Neither of us touched food that day; and when the farewell rays of the setting sun shone in at the lattice with an impulse of my varying mood, I snatched the shawl from off my bridal robe, and tramped that beneath my feet, as in that moment of fierce and unforgiving anger, I could have trampled on his traitor heart!

I tore my wreath to pieces with a maniac zest; and sorrowfully regarding me, my grandmother spoke no word of reproach; she thought it best to let the tempest have its way.

The long night passed. I smile now as I recall my extravagances of sorrow; how beneath the iron heel of one sentiment I crushed so many womanly and angelic attributes. I wept incessantly for a time; I prayed; I abominated God of injustice; I was petulant, irritable, moody. Most severely I must have tried the patience of my devoted grandfather for many months. I would soliloquize myself for days, refuse food, and even access to my best friend. I disturbed her nightly slumbers by my insane ravings; I injured my health, made all around me uncomfortable, and myself most miserable by brooding incessantly on my disappointment. In the plain language of common sense, I made an egotistic fool of myself.

But to return to that probationary week. Ernest Lavalliere returned; and the first visit he made was, of course, to us. I thought I had schooled myself to receive him with perfect self-possession; to dismiss him with absolute indifference. I know not the weakness of my own heart. I could no longer respect him; and even then, it was my cardinal doctrine that love must be founded on esteem. There were times when I grieved to say, I hated him; but when I heard the sound of his voice; when, he approached with extended hands and beaming smile of welcome, something of the olden fascination twined its folds around me. I had only to remember Juanita, and I grew cold, and to all appearance calm. My grandmother was present.

I had resolved to keep command of my temper, and restrain my tears, but I did neither. At the first mention of Juanita's name, he started, and turned pale. I did not spare him; I called him traitor, unworthy of the noble name of man.

"Go to Juanita Flores! She is the mother of your children; she is your wife in the sight of God! Never again approach me; I will not remain in the house that is darkened by your presence."

I drew the ring he had given me from off my finger, and threw it on the floor toward him. My grandmother handed him the casket that contained the pearls, fatal precursors of so many tears!

"You have shadowed the morning of her young life," said my grandmother; "but God in His mercy will sustain her, and give her peace. May He forgive you, sir, and lead you into better paths!"

With the majesty of a queen, she led me, trembling and weeping as I was, from the room.

Not a word of self-defence could be brought forth in vindication of his conduct. I left him standing with the casket of sandal-wood held mechanically in his hand, the ring of his broken fidelity lying unheeded at his feet. And I never saw Ernest Lavalliere again.

I had done my duty and wrung my own heart in the fulfillment. But this was because my spiritual sight was not yet opened.

Monsieur Lavalliere, the father, called upon us, and with every appearance of sincerity, condoled with us upon the baseness of his son. He redressed himself somewhat in our eyes by his scathing rebuke of Ernest's conduct.

"Madame, and Mademoiselle Olive," he said, "I always knew that Monsieur, my son, was a little-brain; and that all young men have their amours. But I never courted two women at the same time, and I never hid my mistress in an out-of-the-way chateau, and denied my own children. If any woman, except Ernest's mother, and she was my lawful wife, though slave, and African and Indian blood was in her veins—if any other woman had been as true to me, as you say that petite Juanita is to him, I should have been true to her; and I think some day you'll see that I did not do it. I would not marry any other woman. He is unworthy of the least of your thoughts, Mademoiselle. I am ashamed of him. If he was not my son, I would demand satisfaction at the field of the pique or battle!"

Ernest Lavalliere left La Grange soon after his disclosure from our home. To all inquiries and repetitions I replied with a hasty manner that forbade all further intrusion.

"Or if that's the best way," responded to his sympathetic question, "put by meats and mirth. If I was bound to it, I know it not; and there was a secret satisfaction in the thought, that I, whom so many worldlings would reject for the stain upon my birth, was repudiated with the self-satisfied dignity of my manhood; the rich and influential man whom I loved. And thus ended my romance of early love."

[To be continued in our next.]

—*Continued from page 117.*

None one was there in Lamb's presence, the count-chamberlain of the Duke of Cumberland, in witnessing the discharge from his hands. After a considerable time, and insisted on her receiving him in state, Miss Emily coolly said, "I said the interview." "Yes," replied Lamb, in his most cordial way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cumberland, and in full judgment, doing justice to a young man who has recently taken a wife, and he did not and will not be hard to convince that he did get the fair woman."

BESTMENT Department.

BY MRS. LOYE M. WILLY,
192 WEST 36TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

"We think not that we ought to be
About our hearts, angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
They shall indeed to meet in happy air." [LITERATURE]

(Original.)
BATTLE FLAGS;
or,

EFFIE'S VICTORIES.

PART IV.

Effie sat before the bright glowing fire in her mother's sitting-room. She had just finished the work her mother had given her to do, and was looking at the embers, that glowed beneath the grate of the stove. Very many thoughts flitted through her mind. She listened to the cold whirring wind, and heard the snow strike the window-pane, and she thought of the fine coast she and Willy had had the day before. She became quite impatient for the return of her mother, who had gone to visit a sick woman and carry her some comforts, for she wished to go out again, spite of the snow and wind, and slide down the hill back of the garden. Little by little impatience feelings kept creeping into her heart, and instead of driving them away, she entertained them, as if she expected them to prove excellent friends.

"Why don't she come?" said she to herself. "I am so tired of waiting. There's the hand of the clock pointing to four. It will soon be dark, and I shall have no time for fun. I have a good mind to go before she gets back; but then I think that would not be best, because papa would see me and send me back."

Thus Effie, let a little thought of wrong creep very near her. One of the enemies had assailed her, and her flag wavered a little. She crept up to the window, and laid her forehead against the glass.

"Dear me! What shall I do?" she thought again. "I hate being alone. Mamma is very kind to stay so long. I am sure I think it quite wrong. Of course girls don't wish to stay alone. Let's see what I can do. I feel very hungry. Here it is almost supper time. I can have bread and butter, but then I don't care for bread. I am sure if mamma stays away she must expect I'll do as I please. She will not expect me to stay at home and fast away."

Here Effie heaved a deep sigh, as if she was the most abused of girls, and as if her sufferings were very hard to bear.

There was in the cupboard, on a shelf, a stone jar, in which her mother kept her cake. Effie had never opened it, because she knew that her mother would be displeased at her doing so. To be sure, she had never directly forbidden her touching the cake, but Effie knew very well that she ought not to meddle with it. She had, however, become impatient and unreasonable, and she was quite ready to yield to any wrong. She slipped from the chair, and stood for a time before the stove. Little sighs kept coming from her lips, as if she was quite exhausted. There was a book on the table that she could have amused herself by reading; but nothing seemed to attract her. She fixed her mind on the stone jar, and nothing else could interest her.

"Suppose I just go and look at it," she thought. "I would really like to see just how much cake there is. I am not quite sure that there is any. Very possibly the rats may have carried it off. My grandmother handed him the casket that contained the pearls, fatal precursors of so many tears!

"All those excuses, and many more, kept coming into Effie's mind, and as she did not drive them out by saying firmly, "I have no right to go to my mother's cake," they became as busy as a swarm of bees. They kept repeating to her the story of her hunger and the necessity of something to eat, until at last she approached the closet door and opened it softly. She had never noticed that it creased before, but the loud noise that it now made caused her to start as if something had struck her. "Pooh!" said she, and gave the door a jerk, as if it had done her some wrong. She looked about the cupboard for a moment, as if she was too much excited by the thought of the contents of the jar to pause. She quickly removed it. Her little hand was thrust down and touched the frosting of the cake. The loaf had been cut, and there were loose pieces in the jar, so that Effie easily took one in her hand. How nice it looked, with its snowy sugar crust and its rich golden center! Effie held it a moment in her hand, and the next instant she was seated on the floor eating the delicious bit. Very sweet it was, and quite refreshing the thought; but, in a moment it was gone, and the sweethearts had departed. Effie looked at her little hands, and it seemed to her as if they did not belong to her. She rubbed them to brush off the crumbs, and then she arose to brush her apron.

Just then she heard the gate, and her mother came up the yard. Effie had no time to think what to do. So across the window and looked out. Her mother came in, and seeing the cupboard door open and the shelf within, she said:

"What have you been doing, Effie?"

Effie had not thought of telling a lie, but one wrong almost always leads to another. She hastened to mouth a lie.

"I thought I heard a noise in the closet, and I went to see."

But Effie did not look up to her mother's face as she had said, and she felt a little guilty in her heart that it was not at all pleasant to feel.

Nothing looked pleasant to her in the room, and she made many excuses to go out. She was very thirsty, and wanted some water, so she fanned her hair with a handkerchief, and said, "I want to go to the fountain." Willy ran to the door to see. But all these excuses were only to many little lies or deceptions to conceal from herself the wrong she had done. She wished to forget it, and to get away from that which reminded her of it. She could speak a falsehood to her mother, but she kept acting a falsehood to herself.

When supper was ready, Effie was surprised to see a fine plate of cake on the table. She had expected to see only a slice of bread, and she wondered what her mother meant by putting it on. When it was passed to her she could not take it. Her hand went up, but it fell again. However,

"Why will you eat cake?" said her mother.

"I do it like cake," said Effie.

"Oh Effie," said Willy, "it's ever so nice, and I don't think you liked it when we had company."

"But I don't wish it now," said Effie.

"Perhaps you are not well," said Willy.

"I'm not ill," said Effie.

Effie did not wish to eat the cake, but she did not dare to tell her mother so.

She was seated at the table, holding a piece of cake in her hand, and looking at it.

"I wish I could tell you a little story," said Effie.

"Tell me," said Willy.

"It's a little story, and it's a great story," said Effie.

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Message Department.

Each Message in this Department of the BANNER was spoken by the Spirit whose name it bears, through the instrumentality of Mrs. J. M. Cesare.

while in an abnormal condition called the trance. The Messages with no names attached, were given, as per desire, by the Spirit-guides of the circle—all reported verbatim.

These Messages indicate that spirits carry with them the characteristics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether for good or evil. But those who leave the earth-sphere in an undeveloped state, eventually progress into a higher condition.

We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by Spirits in these columns that does not comport with his or her reason. All express as much of truth as they perceive—no more.

The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 155 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs) on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock, after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

Mrs. CONYAN gives no private sittings, and receives no visitors on Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays or Thursdays, until after six o'clock P. M.

Special Notice.

All questions propounded by the audience at our Free Public Circles must hereafter be in writing, to avoid confusion.

Invocation.

Oh thou who art the perfectness of life, thou who hast all souls in thy keeping, thou who clothest the ills of the field and noteth the falling sparrow, we believe in thee as an Infinite Presence in which all things live. We believe in thee as a Divine Glory, drawing all things to thyself. We believe that thou hast marked out the destiny of all souls, all forms. We believe, through thy love and wisdom, all souls will be gently led through life, higher, still higher, until they are crowned with wisdom, all parts harmonized—until they are able to sing a glad song of joy. Oh, we believe in thee as an Intelligence Supreme, giving no place, no time, no condition of being for ought to stay itself. We believe in thee as our Father and Mother, as a Presence that crowns with glory this bright autumn day. Oh, we believe in thee as a Power that ever has been in the past, that is in the present, and ever will be in the future. Therefore it is that we are crowned with infinite trust; therefore we feel safe. Though the storm rage ever so wildly around us, though waves dash at our feet, still we trust to thee, for thou art strong and wise and good. Oh Infinite, receive our song of thanksgiving, and return us therefor that blessing of consciousness that comes because we have done well. Amen.

Sept. 25.

Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We are ready to answer the inquiries of either the audience or correspondents.

Ques.—Will the controlling intelligence give us some idea of the food—if any—and the ways and means by which spirits live? What are the appearances or scenes among which spirits dwell or make their home? What are the usual employments of spirits in general? We want a lifelike description of things as we shall find them in the world of spirits; for many spirits complain, when they return, that they did not find things as they expected. A.—“Orthodox” deacon once said: “I am bewildered; I’m bewildered!” And yet he had been a long time in the world of spirits. The minds of most people are vague on these subjects. Can you make us see some things as you see them and as other spirits see them?

Ans.—Mind feeds upon its own production. Thought. It has not, does not need that food the body needs, nor does it need to be clothed with raiment as the body needs to be clothed. And yet it has a clothing, an external form, which is an outgrowth of its own internal sphere, and corresponds to that internal sphere, whether it be good or evil, deformed or fair proportioned. It is also impossible to demonstrate clearly to you the absolute condition of the spirit after it leaves the physical body. You are not so conditioned as to receive such information. Being accustomed, as you are, to measure all things by your human senses, you can understand things only through those senses; and whatever you can show you that will appeal to those senses, you can understand; but those things that pertain to the spirit-body cannot be brought to the sphere of your understanding. Therefore it is that all spirits, when they pass beyond the boundaries of earth-life, are disappointed—not do they find things in spirit-life as they expected, simply because it is absolutely impossible to give you a clear description of the spirit-land proper; because there is nothing with you with which to compare that spirit-land. We may carry that wisdom and knowledge into our internal being, and the internal will understand us; but in the external you cannot gain a fair understanding of the things that belong to your second condition of life. Be content with the knowledge you receive through your human senses. Be satisfied to know that you live after the change called death, and that you will meet your friends beyond death. Be satisfied to know that that life is a step beyond this; that you will retain all your propensities, be they true or false; whether they are born of your human surroundings or not, you will carry them with you, and hold them in your possession until you shall have outgrown them, or until you shall have no longer need of them.

Q.—Please describe the original inhabitants of earth?

A.—The earth never had any distinct original inhabitants.

Q.—It is not believed, is the spirit-world that matter is covet, in point of existence, with Deity?

A.—It certainly is. Without matter Deity would have no means of expression.

Q.—Is not the old Orthodox doctrine that God created all things out of nothing, a false one?

A.—There never was a greater absurdity.

Q.—Does the quantity of matter in the universe ever vary?

A.—Certainly; so far as density is concerned.

Q.—Was there more time than another?

A.—No; but time and space are concerned. There has been more matter one time than another.

Q.—So far as substance is concerned, was there more one time than another?

A.—Yes, that substance that you can perceive.

Q.—Where did that matter come from?

A.—That we cannot tell you.

Q.—How is it known that there was even more matter one time than another?

A.—The mature form has aggregated more matter than the form of the child. So it is with regard to universes.

Q.—In the matter that goes to form the child so much taken from something else?

A.—We certainly do. And yet this same devil is our God, for “that is only the soul of man he bears.” Names mean nothing.

Q.—Can spirits tell the difference between a total depravity and an extremely wicked life?

A.—They are no very readily able to teach others. We should hardly be able to teach them of demarcation between them.

Q.—Do you know of any such spirit as a person we call the devil?

A.—I suppose I do. And yet this same devil is our God, for “that is only the soul of man he bears.” Names mean nothing.

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Q.—Can spirits tell the differences between a total depravity and an extremely wicked life?

A.—They are no very readily able to teach others. We should hardly be able to teach them of demarcation between them.

Q.—Now apply the same question to spirit. Is the quantity of spirit in the universe always the same?

A.—Yes, we believe it is. But spirit is constantly like form, passing through different gradations—changing. One form loses; another may gain. Give and take, is the order of law in universal life.

Q.—Has any individualized spirit ever lost its identity?

A.—No, we do not believe that that which has once been individualized can ever lose that individuality.

Q.—Are spirits now being individualized?

A.—As souls, we believe they have always been individualities.

Q.—What additional power do they get by being born?

A.—Only that which belongs to form.

Q.—Did not spirit have form before it was born?

A.—Yes.

Q.—What additional form does it acquire by being born?

A.—The form that pertains to crude matter.

Q.—Does it lose its previous form?

A.—No; for nothing is ever lost. It may be changed, absorbed, but not lost.

Q.—Are not geologists agreed that there was a time when the earth was not inhabited? If this is true, how could the inhabitants of earth have been eternal as human bodies?

A.—It is our belief that all things progress in cycles—are constantly repeating themselves. Now there may have been a time—and doubtless has been—when the earth has not been peopled with human intelligences. But yet that is only one of the events that must of necessity come by virtue of the progressive power of its own internal law. We stated that the earth had no distinct original inhabitants; and so we believe.

Q.—Does the spirit control the passions and appetites of man? In other words, do we receive them from spirit-life, or are they inherent in the body and to be charged upon the body?

A.—There are certain appetites and passions that belong specially to the body, and there are others that belong specially to the spirit. Those that belong to the body are charged upon the body. Those that belong to the spirit are charged upon the spirit. You are living two distinct and positive lives, one in the internal, the other in the external. One is governed by your external surroundings, by the circumstances of your external lives, the other by the internal. One may be called human, the other divine. One belongs to the form, and therefore changes; the other, you will have throughout eternity.

Q.—Is there any truth in the idea entertained by some persons, particularly Catholics, that some lead an angelic life, such as priests and bishops? Is it a hoax upon the world, or is there truth in it?

A.—All persons lead angelic lives who strive to live up to their highest convictions of right, whether in the Catholic Church or outside of it.

Q.—Do many succeed in carrying out this angelic life, as understood in the Church of Rome?

A.—Yes, certainly, to their own satisfaction, at all events.

Q.—Do Christians in general come up to the Christian rule?

A.—No; you are never ready to make this rule apply to yourselves individually, but are always ready to apply it to others.

Q.—Which is the higher rule of action, self-preservation or self-abnegation?

A.—They are both good.

Q.—Is one more desirable than the other?

A.—No.

Q.—...not contrary to each other?

A.—No; they may seem to be, yet they are not.

Q.—Is spirit to be held accountable for actions done in the body?

A.—Yes; but not in the old theological sense.

Q.—Paul says, “The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak.”

A.—The soul knows the better way. There is a law pertaining to physical life, as well as to internal or Divine life. The internal never conflicts with the external. In other words, you are suffered by the internal to go this way or that, led hither or thither by external circumstances. The soul takes no means to prevent you.

Q.—The soul seems to sympathize with the body when the latter commits some wrong action. Is the spirit held accountable for that action?

A.—Yes, always.

Q.—Why is the body allowed to commit the action?

A.—Because it is right, because there is absolute need of your passing through just that experience. That is our belief.

Q.—Do the spirits know such a spirit as Jesus Christ?

A.—They certainly do.

Q.—Have you ever seen and conversed with the first inhabitants of the earth?

A.—We have seen and conversed with the intelligences who lived on this earth many thousand years ago. They are unable to point back to a time when the earth was not inhabited. Though it is our belief that there was a time when the earth was not inhabited by humans, yet prior to that time we believe it was inhabited. But according to the course of its own law, there was a time when it was unable to sustain animal life.

Q.—How many thousand years ago did those persons live?

A.—Over seven thousand years ago.

Q.—Were not those the original inhabitants who lived after the earth became habitable?

A.—We do not believe the earth ever had any original inhabitants, we again assert.

Q.—Then you do not regard the doctrine of an original pair, from which all have descended?

A.—We certainly do not.

Q.—Is extinction, how did they commence again?

A.—We cannot tell.

Q.—Have spirits any knowledge in relation to time and space?

A.—Yes, but that knowledge is governed by time and space.

Q.—Is there time and space in the spirit-world?

A.—No.

Q.—Then the spirit-world is not regulated by time and space?

A.—No; it is one vast, unbroken eternity.

Q.—Condition?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you know of any such spirit as a person we call the devil?

A.—We certainly do. And yet this same devil is our God, for “that is only the soul of man he bears.” Names mean nothing.

Q.—Can spirits tell the differences between a total depravity and an extremely wicked life?

A.—They are no very readily able to teach others. We should hardly be able to teach them of demarcation between them.

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A.—We certainly do. And yet this same devil is our God, for “that is only the soul of man he bears.” Names mean nothing.

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