





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

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

Waukegan, Ill., 1860.

#### INScribed TO MISS

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

BY J. ROLLIN M. SQUIRE.

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

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

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

#### FORGET-ME-NOT!

Fair flower! touched with Heaven's faultless art,  
Thou silent orator from God's own hand,  
Whilo as the soul-purge of a virgin's heart,  
A fallen star to gem the fruitful land;  
Unwilling still thou bloomest in glen and grove—  
Infantly's interpreter, "Forget-Me-Not!"

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

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

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

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

Dublin, May 23, 1860.

#### Written for the Banner of Light.

#### A MOURNER'S STORY—AN EXTRACT.

BY MADGE CARROLL.

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

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

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

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

Lost—the darkness was haunted with whispers of

It—free birds trilled it outside the house among the tree boughs that sighed in mournful reply, and shad-ows with phantom faces floated through my rooms, and with long, lank fingers wrote it on every wall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Philadelphia, 1860.

#### SOMERVILLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Nature teaches us that we are all dependent.

#### GLIMPSES IN IRELAND.

By Our Junior.

NUMBER FOUR.

#### THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.—SECOND PART.

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

"The rain comes down  
The leaves to drown,  
Now a storm of sun to dry it;  
From my heart I will  
What a glorious place to enjoy it."

No light is on  
Old Managerty,  
And there I cannot make out, sir;  
What need to roam,  
When nearer home,  
You're a fine cascade from the spot, sir!"

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

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

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

It is curious to see how widely tourists differ in their estimation of particular scenery; just as we find our readers with a few of the most prominent. H. D. Inglis writes, "The Gap of Dunloe did not seem to me to be worthy of its reputation; it is merely a deep valley, but the rocks which flank the valley are neither very lofty nor very remarkable in their form; and, although, therefore, the Gap presents many features of the picturesque, its approach to sublimity are very distant." Mrs. Hall enthusiastically calls it "a scene rarely paralleled for wild grandeur and stern magnificence; the singular character of the deep ravine would seem to confirm the popular tradition that it was produced by a stroke of the sword of one of the giants of old, which divided the mountains and left them apart forever. Its deep gloom impresses the spirits with exceeding melancholy." Windale says, "It is, after all, a very natural, very gloomy, a very lovely ravine, running between the rocks at one side, and the purple mountains, a huge limb of the Tonicas on the other, and is, beyond all comparison, the finest thing of the kind in Ireland."

These wide differences of opinion unquestionably arise from the different aspects under which a scene is viewed, and the varying moods of mind produced by those varying aspects—what is beautiful under the blaze of the noonday sun becomes sombre and impressive in the mist of evening. We passed through this chasm on a bright morning in June; the Leo was running down its rocky bed; on the right the Reeks lifted their heads far to the arched sky; on the left the Purple Mountain blushed in the glowing light. "That its approaches to the sublime are very distant," we cannot agree. There are here several views which quite come up to our ideas of sublimity; it is altogether a singular scene, and one which completely baffles description. The place looks as if caused by an earthquake, or some other mighty convulsion of nature.

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

"But how with swift advance and shift,  
The lightning took, and rose in row,  
How, still by cliff, voice loud and shrill,  
Their flowing furrows as he go.  
The giant-armed eagle, hot and slow,  
How they stood and how they flew,  
Through the misty rocks and clouds,  
Stream and streamlet hurry down,  
A rushing torrent! A sound of song,  
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown:  
Sweet notes of love, the speaking tones  
Of this bright day, sent down to say  
That Juliet on earth is known,  
Reverend around, beneath, above,  
All we hope, and all we love,  
Which wake him, and wood, and rill,  
And whistles for or fold and vale,  
And which echo, like the tide  
Of old times, repeat again."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Far along,  
From peak to peak, the rolling crash among,  
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,  
But every mountain-top now bids a combat,  
And every mountain-top now bids a combat,  
Back to the joyous Alps we call to her aloud."

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

"Load the trembling air with various melody."

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

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

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

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

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

"This is a art  
Which does mend Nature—change it rather;  
But the art itself is Nature."

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

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

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

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

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

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

This takes us through the Lakes—Upper, Lower and Toro Lakes. We have seen them under very favorable circumstances, and can judge to a degree of their claims to surpassing beauty. Let us compare our views with two competent, but widely different observers. Inglis—sharp and cautious, seldom elevated beyond the point of calm satisfaction—gives us, as a general summing up, the following:—"Although the lakes of Killarney are three in number, yet they are all contained in one mountain hollow; and certainly there is not, within the same compass, anything in England presenting the same concentration of charms. There is infinitely greater variety at Killarney. In form, and in the outline of its boundaries, the Lower Lake of Killarney is decidedly superior to Windermere; and, though the head of the Ulswater presents a bolder outline than is anywhere to be found in Killarney, yet it is upon this outline alone that the fame of Ulswater depends. Elsewhere than at Patterdale, the lake scenery is tame; and the same may be said of Windermere, which toward the lower extremity is almost devoid of attraction. On the contrary, throughout the whole chain of lakes, there is a variety at Killarney; tameness is nowhere to be found; and I cannot think that the somewhat nearer approach to sublimity, which is found at the head of Ulswater, can weigh in the balance against the far greater variety in the picturesque and the beautiful which Killarney affords. It would be unfair to compare the Lakes of Killarney with Windermere, Keweenaw and Ulswater, for these are spread over a great extent of country; whereas the Lakes of Killarney are all contained within a smaller circumference than Windermere; but even if such a comparison were to be admitted, Killarney would outvie the English lakes in one charm, in which they are essentially deficient. I mean the exuberance and variety of foliage which adorns both the banks and the islands of the Killarney lakes. Such islands as Ronayne's Island, Oak Island, Divils Island and Inisfallen, covered with magnificence timber and gigantic evergreens, are nowhere to be found amongst the English lakes. I think



















and scientific character, to large and intelligent audiences. He challenged the opponents of his views to refute his arguments, if they could. We were much delighted with him, and cheerfully recommend all friends who have never heard him, to avail themselves of his services the first opportunity. His discourses are logical and eloquent, and will carry conviction to any reasoning mind.

#### An Answer to Enquiries.

J. SCHNEIDER, JR., AND OTHERS:—I have received several letters from individuals requesting information in regard to the agricultural and other facilities of this part of Missouri. You may see that the above letter; but as my time is very much occupied, I have concluded to answer all the letters at once, and direct to the BANNER OF LIGHT in reply, trusting to their well-known kindness to publish. The questions are respecting the climate, soil, staple products, face of the country, health, population, water, price of land, wood, slavery, etc., etc.

I came to this place from Minnesota the 1st of April last, consequently I have but short experience here, but give that little freely:

First, Cuba is situated on the Southwest Branch of the Pacific Railroad, ninety miles nearly southwest from St. Louis. To come here from the above place, you come thirty-eight miles on the Pacific Railroad west to Franklin, thence fifty-two miles on the Southwest Branch south to Cuba Station. The railroad was finished to this place last winter, and the cars commenced running once a day each way, carrying both freight and passengers. The town consists of some fifteen shops, among which are two stores, one hotel, blacksmith shop, tannery and schoolhouse, with Freeman's Hall up stairs. Previous to the opening of the railroad here, the population consisted of the descendants of the old settlers of the country, and since that time there has been a section of good land bought at the Government Land Office, within one mile of the depot in Cuba, and there is still abundant land within from one to six miles, to be entered at the same price (\$2.00 per acre) outside of the railroad limit (six miles). Government land may still be bought at \$1.25; cultivated lands in the vicinity are held at from \$10.00 to \$25.00 per acre, according to improvement and situation.

The soil is a clay loam on the high lands, pretty heavy in places, but does not bake; the prairies are somewhat lighter and blacker colored, and the bottoms, along the water courses, richer still. The crops have frequently suffered with drought; but an intelligent cultivator would soon understand the cause and the cure, when he would see one little mule, with an antiquated tiny plow, trying to do the work where two heavy horses and a good improved plow should do it, stirring the ground not less than eight to ten inches deep, instead of two and a half, as is usual here. My crops have suffered little or none with a late drought, while those near by are nearly ruined. The productions are wheat, rye, corn, oats, potatoes, tobacco, hemp, and all the fruits of temperate climates. Corn is cultivated more than any other grain, and tobacco quite extensively. Wheat yields twenty bushels per acre, corn fifty to eighty, oats fifty to sixty, tobacco eight to ten hundred weight per acre; while grass yields well. All farm products are raised with good profit, being within four hours by railroad of St. Louis market, where prices are higher than any other Western city. One would suppose agriculture would be stimulated to its utmost limit, still three fourths of the four consumed here is brought from St. Louis, and corn and oats cannot be had to half supply the demand, at seventy-five cents for the former, and sixty cents for the latter. Cultivation is generally slowly done and profitless, compared to what it might be.

The face of the country is rolling, sometimes rough, or appears so to one who has spent twenty years on the Western prairies. There are occasional small prairies of from five hundred to two thousand acres; but the country is generally thinly covered with five or six kinds of oak, and two kinds of hickory, on the highlands; while the bottoms, along water courses, are thickly wooded with sycamore, black walnut, butternut, hackberry, locust, and other kinds peculiar to the Southwest.

The woods are well filled with tall and sweet grass, which all kinds of stock eat with avidity. There are no swamps or marshes here; the surplus water is carried off by the ravines running to the water courses, cutting up the country in all directions into ridges or swells.

The springs are mostly in the ravines, or low lands; they are found frequent, and some remarkably large—in several instances one spring turning a mill. At the Iron Works, twelve miles west of this place, one spring turns machinery equal to a dozen pair of stones or more. Cuba is situated on a prairie of some six hundred acres of the highest land in the vicinity. There are no springs within one mile of the town, but there are several good wells from twenty-five to fifty-three feet deep, of good soft water, some of them equal to any that I ever saw in Missouri, or anywhere else. The slopes or hill sides are apt to be stony, and the ravines rocky, mostly sandstone, sometimes lime and boulders; only the high lands and bottoms are free from stone. One-fourth of the entire country is too stony for convenient or profitable cultivation, except, perhaps, for vineyards or orchards. This will insure the use of them many years to the stock raiser, and this business is decidedly the most profitable of any at present followed here; the winters being short and mild, requiring but little wintering, and the summer feed costing nothing.

This country was settled some fifty years ago—along the water course, on the bottoms—by people from the South; and still, to an Eastern man, it looks like a new country, in this vicinity; not more than one-fourth yet bought from government, while the remaining three-fourths—many as good lands as any—are equally divided between the Pacific Railroad Company and the government. There is but little enterprise manifested here among the "old settlers," many of them letting the old log cabins rot down over their heads, and the bushes in the fence rows assume suitable proportions for fence rails. Though stock is so easily raised, they "take care of themselves" so much that they are often of poor quality. The country has suffered much for the want of schools, judging by the rising generation; but this is getting into other hands. Slaves have been held here since the first settlement of the country, but there are not probably more than one hundred now in this county. The subject of slavery is little spoken of; it enters so little into the property interests of the people, that few seem to think of it. It is generally looked on as an evil that will soon work its own cure, and the more intelligent of the people are ready to give their influence for its speedy extinction in the State. I long ago determined what little influence I exert in this world should be given in favor of what I think to be truth. In pursuance of this, I have spoken very freely and frankly on the subject of slavery, and have generally been met in a frank and tolerant spirit.

There are in this immediate vicinity some nine or ten families lately from the North and East, and more coming. They are fast introducing habits of industry and thorough cultivation, and will soon form a social community equal to almost any in the East.

Of late years emigration has gone to Kansas and Nebraska, shunning slavery and its attendant evils, while they have settled the wild lands of those frontier localities, suffering the evils of a pioneer life, they have left the towns and railroads of Missouri, with as good or better lands, surrounded by the advantages of civilization, and where a few spirited families could build up for themselves social privileges equal to any in the East; while farming, stock raising, etc., is exceedingly profitable in this country. The climate, soil and market advantages here are peculiarly adapted to fruit raising. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, grapes, blackberries and strawberries grow here equal to any part of the American continent, being within four hours of a city of one hundred and sixty thousand inhabitants, with an immense northern region to be supplied with fruit, along the upper Mississippi. For many years in the distant future, fruit growing will be a beautiful and profitable employment for thousands in this part of Missouri. At present but little of fruit of the finer kinds is raised—except the apples are mostly seedlings, and so of peaches and plums. Though St. Louis is situated in the finest fruit growing territory in America, it is one of the poorest supplied with fruit; and perhaps but few are aware that, while the above city is situated in the heart of the best fruiting and grape growing region on earth, its inhabitants are mostly supplied with butter and cheese from the dairies of Ohio and Western New York, at good, round prices. The stock raisers here let their cows and calves run out together, very often, while their own families do without butter three-fourths of the year; and from improper means of making butter, a large portion of that actually made is fit only for wagon grease.

From all that I have seen and can find out, this is one of the most healthy places I was ever in, unless you try to live on the bottoms along the streams, where human beings never ought to live. Those who will violate this well-known law of health, must expect fevers and agues, and other concomitants of Nature's violated laws; but in all the uplands there is very little sickness any time of year, and no agues.

Had this country been settled by the Yankees, the government lands would have long ago been bought and held at high prices, and the country would be dotted with well cultivated farms, good houses and barns, while now there is not one framed barn in the circle of my acquaintance.

Should the Homestead Bill pass, (and it will any other year), there will be thousands of free and pleasant vine-land homes along the south-west branch of the Pacific Railroad. D. SMITH.

Cuba Station, Crawford Co., Mo., July 15.

#### Dr. Childs' New Book.

Dr. Childs, Lower Windsor, Pa.—Dr. A. B. Child in his book, "Whatever is, is Right," says that the views contained in it are in perfect accordance with the sayings and precepts of Christ. It appears to me that there is a direct antagonism between his views, and the doctrine of Christ. Is not Dr. Child in direct antagonism with the teachings of Christ, in saying there is no evil? Does not Christ make a distinction between good and evil? Is not Dr. Child wrong in classing the "drunken man in the gutter," among those whom Christ has blessed? Has not Christ said, that "the drunkard shall not inherit the kingdom of God"? Christ has said, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake?" Now Dr. Child, in trying to explain the above, as being in harmony with his own views, has taken only the first part of the verse, thereby changing its intended meaning to suit his own views. He says, in answer to the question, "Who are reviled and persecuted by man?" "All to whom the finger of scorn and condemnation is pointed." But are all such reviled and persecuted for Christ's sake? Do men say all manner of evil against them falsely? Does the "drunken man in the gutter," the woman in the ditch of immorality, and the criminal in the prison-house, suffer revilings and condemnation for Christ's sake? No! No! for violation of the laws of life and the commandments of God. Those who are called "blessed," are those who are reviled and persecuted in their endeavors to do his will, and live lives of virtue and uprightness for his sake. Now if Dr. Child will please to show, conclusively, how his doctrine of "All Right" corresponds and harmonizes with all the sayings of Christ in every respect, I will be glad to accept it as *all right*. But there are many passages of holy writ which I cannot reconcile with his views.

#### To Whom It May Concern.

MISSA. EDITIONS—I hereby remind you that the piece of poetry in the BANNER OF LIGHT of August 4, 1860, purporting to be communicated by or through Charles T. Irish, and headed "Angel Whispers," is copied almost word for word, from a piece entitled "Kindred Spirits," which you will find in the bound volume of "The Flag of Our Union" for 1861, in the month of November, published by M. M. Ballou. The writer of it is Mr. Kaye, a young author of this city. If you should doubt this statement in the least, call on Mr. Ballou, and a moment's investigation will assure you. ONE WHO KNOWS.

Boston, July 31, 1860.

[We have a better opinion of human nature than to think a gentleman or lady of respectability would be guilty of faking other people's productions upon the public as their own. But this, and a similar case, which we alluded to in our last issue, causes us to ask for an explanation.]—EWS.

#### Spiritual Progress.

Mrs. M. H. F. VANDALL, MOH—A grove meeting of Spiritualists was recently held in this place, and Mr. Todd spoke, to the edification of many minds in the neighborhood who have already thrown off the garb of superstition, and are seeking for more light. Spiritualism is fast unlocking the fetters of false education and false social relations, and the men and women of the growing West are rejoicing in the age of reason and the reign of common sense.

#### From a Corner of New England.

SAMUEL S. SCOTT, WOODBORO, N. J.—Spiritualism has at length found a footing here, and we have occasionally had lectures from Mrs. A. M. Spence and others. And now, through the instrumentality of Mr. S. H. Voss, arrangements are in order for a permanent Sabbath meeting.

#### MOVEMENTS OF LECTURERS.

Parties noticed under this head are at liberty to receive subscriptions to the BANNER, and are requested to call attention to it during their lecturing tour. Sample copies sent free.

Lecturers named below are requested to give notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that the list may be as correct as possible.

Mrs. ANNA M. BRADSHAW will lecture in Providence, R. I., on Sunday, 4th Sunday in Oct. Cambridgeport, 8th Sunday in Oct. Philadelphia, 4th Sunday in Nov. New York, 1st Sunday in Dec.

Mrs. A. W. BRADSHAW will lecture through August, will be at New York, N. Y., care of Judge Manchester, and she will speak at Portland, Me., the three first Sundays in September; at Lowell, Mass., the two last Sundays in Sept., and first Sunday in Oct.; at Plymouth, Mass., the second and third Sundays in Oct.; at Waltham, fourth Sunday in Oct.; at Worcester, the three first Sundays in Nov.; at Quincy, fourth Sunday in Nov. At Providence, R. I., through Dec.; at Boston, Mass., through January.

Rev. JOHN PIERCE, West Medford, Mass., will receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism.

Miss L. E. DEPOSE will lecture at Putnam, Conn., August 12th; at Oyster, N. Y., August 18th and 19th; at New York, Sept. 23rd and 24th; at New York, Oct. 10th and 11th; at New York, Oct. 17th and 18th; at New York, Oct. 24th and 25th; at New York, Oct. 31st and 1st Nov.; at New York, Nov. 7th and 8th; at New York, Nov. 14th and 15th; at New York, Nov. 21st and 22nd; at New York, Nov. 28th and 29th; at New York, Dec. 5th and 6th; at New York, Dec. 12th and 13th; at New York, Dec. 19th and 20th; at New York, Dec. 26th and 27th; at New York, Jan. 2nd and 3rd; at New York, Jan. 9th and 10th; at New York, Jan. 16th and 17th; at New York, Jan. 23rd and 24th; at New York, Jan. 30th and 31st; at New York, Feb. 6th and 7th; at New York, Feb. 13th and 14th; at New York, Feb. 20th and 21st; at New York, Feb. 27th and 28th; at New York, March 5th and 6th; at New York, March 12th and 13th; at New York, March 19th and 20th; at New York, March 26th and 27th; at New York, April 2nd and 3rd; at New York, April 9th and 10th; at New York, April 16th and 17th; at New York, April 23rd and 24th; 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## Pearls.

And quoted him, and said: "That on the stretched face of all things, I have seen."

A five-eyed child that sits and looks at the sun,  
Or looks at a lightning's flaming rays,  
Playing his little eyes, while the world is full of light,  
Along the great, clear, shining, shining rays.

All beauty that is there in womanhood,  
Peculiar summer's golden, glowing face,  
That shines to smile a glory, and a glow,  
To hide her blushing cheeks from one who talks.

A happy mother, with her fair, sweet face,  
In whose eyes spring her own young face,  
With love, and love, and love, and love, and love,  
Surrounding the autumn's orchard-blossom trees.

An aged woman, sitting in a wintry room,  
Front on the sun, without the slightest glow,  
And old letters of her far-off youth,  
Of sunny days, and joys of long ago.

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

Oh! Thou, whose eye alone can reach  
The human's innermost feeling,  
To our secret, secret, secret,  
Self to itself revealing.

Thy word is just—Thy Judgment true—  
Thy glance all comprehending;  
Search Thine hearts and make them pure,  
Thy grace upon our minds sending.

Oh! Thou who greet every creature,  
O'er all that grace abiding,  
That love may all our life be,  
Our neighbor's weakness hiding.

Plant the "seed of love of charity"  
Deep in the heart within us,  
And let its precious perfume be  
A charm for Heaven to win us!

It is the heart, which more than all agencies combined,  
Contributes most to the beauty, the comfort, the efficiency of  
man, in every department of life.

Like the vine whose clinging tendrils,  
Sole would climb the mountain height;  
So man's heart, a precious treasure,  
Struggle upward to the light.

Where each flower may open up its beauty,  
Like a blossom peering with dew,  
Aspiration, pure, and holy,  
Burn within my heart, and glow.

Despite suffering because it comes weak. The old and  
young have done more hurt than over the bare and honest.

And so it is, that the heart, which more than all agencies combined,  
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that it is not a good to us—that is, to our perceptions.

This internal conflict, or struggle for the higher, is  
necessary to bring out the powers of the spirit—if per-

ceived in, it results in strength, growth, and beauty  
in all the joys of conscious freedom and manhood.

Observe to him that is "asleep." If, on the contrary,  
he simply yields to his inclinations or to his passions,

the result is increasing weakness, indolence, and  
material and spiritual enervation—a condition of darkness,

boundings and confusion, and the fire of unsatisfied  
desires is quenched. Such action as is the tendency

of these two courses of action, as I find them  
written in the Scriptures inscribed upon the human

constitution.

Some may answer the question before us in a sum-

mary way, by affirming that there is no evil to resist.

But this seems to me a mere play upon words.

That there is in the universe any absolute evil, in the

sense of a being or substance (either self-existent or

God-created) which is essentially and wholly evil, I

cannot believe, with my present information. If

any have understood me otherwise, in previous ex-

pressions, they have misunderstood me.

Nevertheless, I have affirmed (what everybody has

known practically) that there are relative evils, and that

these are real to those who experience them. The

statement of Mr. Pardee, in a late Conference, seemed

to me eminently clear and correct—namely, that

"though in the absolute there is no evil, yet in the

relative there is evil." These who have advocated the

"no evil" theory have seemed to me to take this

truth of the absolute and attempt to apply it in the

relative—thereby involving themselves in enormous fal-

lacies and contradicting universal human consciousness.

It is as if a tyro in philosophy, having caught the

grand truth that to universal space, away from the

surface of this globe, there is neither up nor down—

neither east, west, north nor south—should insist on

applying this truth to everything on the earth's sur-

face! He might declare, for example, that the top of

this house is not up, and the bottom is not down;

that these distinctions are mere phantasms of igno-

rance; that the bottom is absolutely just as high as

the top, and the top just as low as the bottom; and

hence there is not the least possible danger of falling,

though you walk out of the attic windows, or step

from the roof! He might aver that there are no

Northern States in this Union, notwithstanding the

recent discovery of politicians that "there is a North";

and might pronounce the North Star an illusion of the

senses, though it has piloted many a fugitive from the

Southern prison-house! All this would not be a whit

more absurd than a whit more a play upon words—

than is the unqualified declaration that there is no

evil.

Evil is a reality to those who experience it; and there

is one form of evil which is not a mere negation of

good, but positive and destructive. I refer to that

evil which does one harm or knows to be wrong. By this

the moral and spiritual powers are weakened, and the

susceptibility to temptation increased. This evil is

not a thing, substance or being which God has made;

but a mode of action which man adopts in the exercise

of his (not absolutely "free," but) limited voluntary

agency.

There may be—there doubtless is—a plane of vision

—the celestial—where such evil is not. The attainment

of this is doubtless necessary to the enjoyment of per-

fect happiness—for how can we be happy in the con-

templation of evil and consequent suffering? But this

vision, in its true exercise, is not to be attained until

we have overcome and are purged from all evil within

ourselves. And this celestial vision is not that which

takes cognizance of the details and relations of human

actions. It sees only the absolute, not the relative;

and hence sees only good.

Nevertheless human actions in all their details and

relations do exist, and have their opposite qualities of

good and evil. Spirits attain—at least the more refined

and exalted—their duty do not see or feel the grosser

forms of matter which are such stubborn realities to

us; that to them this whole external world has no per-

ceptible existence, except as perceived through apparitions

with our minds and external senses. Doubtless there

is a plane of spirit-vision, which we may all sometime

attain, that takes no cognizance of these external forms

of matter. But it does not follow that these forms of

matter are not real to us. And we must treat them as

realities, and conform to their laws, else we suffer the

consequences. So, though celestial vision may suffer the

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