

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### MY SISTER. AN OLD WOMAN'S STORY.

BY SUSIE RIVERS.

I sat by her side in the still evening, when the calm summer moonlight bathed us with its silver brightness, and no sound save the distant rustle of the sea as it washed the pebbly shore, disturbed the cadence which stole through our hearts.

For many days she had lain thus upon her couch, and I had sat beside her there, with the shadow of the death angel's drooping wing falling darkly and noiselessly around us, waiting the summons which should bid him unfold his plumed and bear her to the upper shore, leaving us without the sister whose love was dearer to my heart than all other earthly affections.

And sitting there in the holy hush of that summer night, with my hand clasping hers, and her head lying upon my breast, she told me all.

Page after page of her life record she repeated, and I listened, sometimes with a heart throbbing painfully with its outwardly-repressed emotion, and sometimes with the tears falling like the driving rain, when the storm-spirit is abroad, and the earth is deluged by his fury.

I had left my home early to become the bride of one whom my heart loved and revered with an affection second only to that which I gave to Him who had bestowed the gift of my life's pure, untroubled happiness. I had left my sister fair, young, and joyous as the bird which warbled its summer melodies amid the leafy branches which shadowed the windows of the chamber which we shared together in those dear home-spent days. In the peaceful quiet of my distant home, we had never met; but seldom had a day passed on to its starry ending, in which my heart had not traveled backward to the dear home of my youth, and the loved ones stricken there with unchanging affection.

"Pictured in memory's mellowing glass," how sweetly did her fair countenance cheer me with its daily visit! The soft curls of her dark brown hair, the tender light of her violet eyes, and the changing color of her cheek—all, all lay before me on that imperishable tablet, as fair as when I kissed her for the last time, on the morning of my bridal; and often, too, her sweet voice sang in my ear the simple lays which were ever gushing from her lips, as she pursued her daily avocations, or, as we sought the forest's shadowy aisles, or the pebbly shore of the blue and bounding sea.

Her letters had grown graver and more frequently characterized by sentiment, till by and by, a sweet love-tinted tinted their pages with its glowing radiance, and words, melodious with the heart's outgoing joy, flowed in graceful and rounded characters from her agile pen. The object on which she poured out with lavish profusion, the pure affections of her girlish heart, I believed to be well worthy even of my lovely and beloved sister. I had known Frederic Cleveland well in my home-spent days, and we were often together, he and Alice and myself, in the pleasant rambles which I have before mentioned, and in the long winter evenings which followed those sunny days.

But they were younger than myself by many years, and when I bade them adieu, and went to the home of my wedded life, I had no thought that the childish intimacy between them would strengthen into a deeper and more abiding sentiment. He had gone from home, she wrote, and in a now and more stirring life, was developing his own powers, and striving to gain that which would fit him for the life he had chosen, that which they should spend together. It was beautiful to read the timid trustfulness of her nature in the brief sentences in which she mentioned her lover; beautiful to trace the blushing of the girl with the woman; the gradual dropping of her sweet, childish fancies, and the unconscious assumption of a new, yet graceful, dignity, which became her infinitely well, and rendered her none the less lovable, in those characteristic epistles—records which transmitted faithfully, although she guessed it not, the working of her heart, as though I had looked in a mirror, and there beheld them.

There came a change at length; imperceptibly at first, then more and more a still graver tone in those dear messages which gladdened month by month, my quiet fireside, an undercurrent of sadness which haunted my nightly rest with its mournful cadence, and caused tears, for what, I scarcely knew, to steal down my cheeks as I turned over and over in my mind, brief passages in those ever welcome, and still new, joy-breathing missives. A long interlude elapsed, in which no letter came, and I resolved to know the worst; wrote anxiously and earnestly to Alice, beseeching her if possible, to shadow her path, or, if the tempest of sorrow was falling on her head, to let me share it with her. Who so worthy, I pleaded, to be the repository of her grief, if such there was, as the sister who had shared her joys, her joys in the past, and with her indulged in golden-edged dreams of the future? Her reply was vague and unsatisfactory, and made my heart ache with its want of sisterly confidence, and a strange, wild yearning to fold her in my arms, and read the never-before-seen pages of her life.

She was not as strong as usual," she said, "when

duties had increased in number, and wearied her; her lover's absence had been prolonged, too," she mentioned, as if casually, "and longing for his presence, and loneliness without him, had, perhaps, diffused a shade of sadness over her letters, which always seemed to tell her feelings whether she would have them or not. He was afar in foreign lands, transacting important business for his employers, and meanwhile, feasting his eyes and his intellectual faculties also upon the rich productions of genius and wealth which other countries presented for his admiration and imitation. She almost feared he would return too much improved, too well versed in polite knowledge to be a fitting mate for an ignorant country girl like herself," and with this poor attempt at gaiety, the letter ended.

Time passed, and in hopeful anticipations of his return, and the joy and love which would fill her heart to the exclusion of every saddening thought, I almost forgot that I had feared for my darling sister's peace. He did return, and she spoke of his acquired wealth, his graceful manner, and the charm of his conversation, but I could see that the cloud had fallen to lift itself from her sky, that the sunlight shone not as of old over her flower-bespangled path, and that the soft notes of love and joy which had been wont to awake such sweet echoes in her heart, and lead the very air with their beautiful and perfect harmony, had ceased their vibrations, or failed to awaken an answering response in her heart.

The time came when she wrote that all was over. She said not why it was, but his name must be a sealed theme between us. It was all right; all for the best, that henceforth their paths were to be separate; that the golden edges of her life-pattern were changed for a sable border. She blamed him not, he had gone his way, she would go hers, God helping her, alone, and forget that the flowers of love had ever blossomed for her to gather, and that its sweet melodies had stolen in exquisite strains through the chambers of her heart.

Henceforth, there were other, and sterner duties for her to perform, and in the right occupation of her mind and hands, she should find rest and calmness.

Years passed on, and the flowers which I had woven in my own life web faded, the notes of worldly gladness became as discordant sounds in my ear, and my weary heart longed for home, the home of my childhood, and the presence of those who had blessed the days of my early life, with the unselfish devotion of love.

One by one the links which bound me to the beautiful home of my wedded life had been sundered, and the chain was now held by the hands of our Father in Heaven, who was thus imperceptibly, yet constantly, drawing me thitherward.

One after another the plants of that precious garden had gone to beautify the grounds of that upper homestead, which is filled with the rarest and most beautiful of our earthly flowers, and a sweet, infinitely precious memory, and a little green mound in a quiet churchyard, were all that remained of each to tell of what had been mine, in the days of the happy past.

And now, he who had made life's rough paths smooth to my tender feet, and scattered blossoms and fragrance through all the bowers where his loving hand led me in peaceful joy, whose lightest word was ever fraught with exquisite harmony to my grateful ear, had gone to join the band of angels who waited for his coming on the opposite shore.

There was nothing, as I have said, but the dear memories of the past to bind me there, and these I could take with me, and cherish as fondly in my ancestral home as there, and though it was hard at first to resolve to leave those little mounds where I had laid my dearest earthly treasures, I knew that the mortal part was there, and that already mingling with its kindred dust, and sweet assurances were mine that the immortal essence of those I loved might still mingle, spirit with spirit, with me, though far from the place where I had learned to look heavenward, as they ascended thither; and so, gathering a few memorials of all which was still dear to my widowed and childless heart, I came to my early home.

Many changes I had expected to see. I was prepared for the feeble steps and silvery hair of my aged parents, for I knew they must be treading the shore which lies by the Jordan's dusky wave. I knew the old dwellings had grown older and browner still, that the forests had fallen beneath the woodman's axe, that the green fields had become busy streets, and the prattling children sedate men and women, but I was not prepared for the change in my sister. From the fair, joyous, smiling girl, with flowing ringlets, bright eyes, and cheeks which rivaled the summer roses in their unfolding bloom, she had become transformed into a calm, pale, bald-headed, soft voiced woman, with no tincture of impetuous enthusiasm, no warm expressions of affection, but still with a calm, even serene manner, which spoke of inward peace and revealed no traces of the great conflict which I felt must at some time have passed in her life to have produced this striking change.

We dwelt together in the home of our childhood many years, and if we were not gay and joyous as in our youth, there was a fountain of peace in both our hearts, fed from "the river of the water of life," and the light of a hope full of immortality glided and beautified our lives with its beam of sunshine.

Together we went by the graves of our parents, who, like shocks of corn fully ripe in their season, were united in their death, as in their life, were

rather beheld the dawning of the "perfect day" with their unsealed vision nearly at the same time, for it is not fitting that I should speak of death in connection with the departure of those who (like them) "rest from their earthly labors," only to commence the duties of the immortal life. Together we performed the daily avocations which belonged to our simple life, emulating each other in deeds of kindness to those whom our parents had befriended, and never did the erring, the needy, or the sorrowing go from our door without being refreshed and comforted, or warmed and encouraged to return to the paths of peace.

To her the leaves of my life record were ever open. Day by day we perused its changeable pages, darkened with sorrow and brightened with joy as they were, and it was a sacred pleasure to me to recall the tenderness and affection of my wedded life, the virtues of my husband, and the loveliness of my children, which shone with no less brightness from the lapse of years which had intervened since those gay and sombre tints were woven in the web of my life. I loved, too, to think of them as watching over me and communing with me still, and called them mine own, as fondly as in the days of our earthly intercourse. I did not now think of them as dead; the graves in that distant land were only waypoints where they had paused to throw off the robes of their mortality, not shrines for worship or adoration, but as angels, bright, spotless and immortal. I beheld them watching over the days of my earthly life, comforting me in despondency, and ever striving to call my thoughts and affections heavenward.

Thus together we lived and loved and labored, till my hair was silvered with age and my sister's auburn tresses showed here and there many a shining thread.

Never so strong and robust in person, or so determined and resolute in mind as myself, I strove to temper the rougher winds of life ere they reached her, and with watchful tenderness, interposed the shield of my protection whenever the least shadow of evil threatened her. But I could not ward off the destroyer who was to deprive me of the earthly presence of the one who was the last who bore my name, or claimed the endearing privilege of kindred. Slowly, yet constantly, for two years, he beheld her droop, and now her feet drew near the shore where those we loved had already passed over the river, and she could almost hear their voices from the other side. Still there was no mention of the trials of the past, no recurrence to the love which had blighted her youth and transformed her into a prematurely old woman, no word to tell me whether she yet lived, or had joined the band of those who went before.

I would not disturb the peaceful serenity of her mind by any allusion to this particular theme, although through all the days of her declining strength she spoke of the changes through which we had all passed, saying often "that we should not regret the means employed for our purification if they brought the desired result, and caused us to be accepted in the Beloved, as gems polished fit for His temple."

Thus were we at the time when my sketch commenced. Though always gentle and affectionate toward me as a child toward a parent whom it loves and in whom it confides, there had been for a few days past, and more particularly during that day, an inexpressible touching tenderness of look and manner unusual to the quiet, undemonstrative manner which had become habitual to her, and it was with unspeakable yearnings to retain her until my life's sun should also go down on earth, that I sat beside her while the crimson of the sunset faded from the western sky, and the bright radiance of the day faded to the tranquil, peaceful beauty of the twilight hour. It was then, as I said, that with her hand clasped in mine, and her head reclining on my breast, so that her soft, still breath mingled with mine own, that the one sealed page of her life, without hesitancy or reservation, was laid before me.

"I could not unfold these heart-leaves to you, my sister," she said, "in the days of our past intercourse; the task would have been too hard; not that I have not forgiven all that seemed so cruel then, not that I have not found such peace as earthly love could never again disturb, but that I dreaded unsealing the book of memory, and wandering again among what were once to me, hallowed precincts.

I cannot tell you when I began to love, or rather when I did not love Frederic Cleveland. In the happy, careless days of our childhood, you know how he was always my champion in my little difficulties, my protector in the little dangers which threatened me. We gathered flowers together, and twined of them wreaths with which he crowned me Queen of the May, and together we walked in later years by the beach, and listened to the roar of the ever sounding sea, or sought the woodland's cool retreat in the burning summer days. But it was not until you left us a happy bride, and I in my loneliness, felt new and sweeter pleasures in his society, that thoughts of the future began to gather in sweet clusters, and with voices of exquisite harmony in my heart; although as yet I scarce knew the name of that which woke the echoes, or tinted the blossoms with such rose-colored light.

"But when the time drew near that we were to leave the scenes of our early life, when we stood together by the blue rolling waves which were soon to flow between us, then he spoke the words which kindled the soft light of 'love' into a living, glowing flame, and from that as I deemed it, blessed hour, sweet harmonies flowed out to minister of rapturous joy, even to the threshold which bore to my ear the sound of his and her feet. There, by the sea, I promised to wait his return, and the silver waters which sealed

our betrothal sparkled on my hair, and bedewed my forehead with their cool baptism.

I was sorry for the parting, but the new joy sweetened my life and beautified it, till it seemed a glorious thing to live and be the recipient of such happiness. He wrote often, and always with loving reminders of the life-promises which we had made each other, and mingled with fond, caressing words, and longings that I could share his present pleasures, were descriptions of new scenes, and of things more wondrous than I had ever dreamed, and unconsciously at first, I grew proud of my lover's eloquence and the attainments he was making in knowledge and wealth.

The summer passed with its sprays of rosy blossoms and its growing verdure; autumn came with its gorgeous foliage beautifying the forests and the mellow light of her sunbeams abounding the earth as with a veil of soft, golden tissue, and then the winter brought her snowy robe and enveloped earth and tree, and shrub therewith, and kindled bright fires on the hearths of the old farm-house, which went roaring and crackling up the chimney, as if to cheer us with their gladness. Winter lingered long on the hill-top, but the spring came at last—the lovely, blushing, verdant spring! How joyously I greeted her advent! Did it not bring nearer the presence of him who had become the treasure of my life? And yet doubts had crept in. I knew that he must change in manner, from the change in his life from the quiet of our secluded country village to the scenes in distant lands with which he was now conversant, and the thought would creep in, unwelcome as it was, would not his heart, his taste, his love change also?

The summer returned, the year had passed, and with the rosy blossoms my lover came also. Was it the fair-skinned, curly-headed youth of one year before? Could it be possible? This bronzed, dark-whiskered, mustachioed gentleman, with the graceful manners and polished self-possession which mark one who has passed his life in good society, and been looked up to with a deference for his opinions and a reliance on his judgment, flattered, even to a maturer mind? Yes, this was Frederic Cleveland.

He met me kindly, affectionately, with some reference to the promises between us, and I hardly knew why I was not satisfied; but that night, even after his kisses had pressed my cheek, and his hands had clasped mine, alone in the solitude of my chamber I wept bitter tears of sadness and disappointment. He had come; the wedding-day was appointed; soon we should be all in all to each other, and yet my heart sobbed with a vague unrest, an unsatisfied yearning for something which I had not, and alas, feared lest I might not obtain. Days and weeks went by, and still the feeling remained. A trembling foreboding of the future had come upon me, an overshadowing cloud hovered darkly above my head, and so terrible was the suspense, that I almost longed for the storm which I felt awaited me.

At times hope revived, for Frederic was ever kind, ever thoughtful of my happiness, but it was with a sort of plying tenderness which grieved even while it soothed me. Daily, hourly, I questioned myself why this change had come, and in the solemn silence of midnight I reviewed scorchingly all the tablets of my soul, and all the manifestations of my daily life, to see if aught in me were wanting. But I only found that same undying love which had blossomed into being when we stood by the sea side on that well-remembered night, and with clasped hands and tearful eyes, spoke the solemn, earnest words of our betrothal. How was it now? Was the joy and beauty of that sweet flower fled forever? and should the exquisite fragrance no more thrill my heart with ecstasy as I looked onward to the future which I had hoped to spend in his dear presence? Must I give it all up? Thus I asked myself, in bitter anguish of heart, many and many a time before I could listen to the answer which my reason uttered.

Yes, Frederic was not neglectful, not repellent. Evening after evening he spent by our quiet fireside, rehearsing in strains of eloquent measure the scenes which he had witnessed in foreign lands, and explaining with pictures of wonderful and graphic imagery, the new thoughts and opinions which he had gained while away. My parents sat by and listened with gratified pride, all unknowing the throes of anguish which rent my heart, as I wondered if, in those distant scenes, he had met some fairer being whose glances had thrilled his heart, and whose silvery voice had touched a chord which lay deeper within than those which mine had ceased to vibrate, or whether his companionship with the gifted and beautiful, his associations with the grand and wonderful in Nature and Art, had only shown him how insufficient was the life which he had chosen, and the love which he had won, to satisfy the cravings of his soul. There was, as I have said, no neglect, no unkindness, nay, he seemed even kinder, more attentive than before, but there was an involuntary avoidance of being alone in my society, an involuntary turning of the eye from mine at times when he had been wont to seek its expression, which chilled me to the very heart. I could not take the solemn vows which should ratify our life-promises upon my lips while this agonizing doubt poisoned the draught which would otherwise have been as nectar to my taste.

But this could not last, and when four weeks had rolled away, I resolved to know the worst. Frederic had been absent from us a few days, and in the meantime I endeavored to strengthen myself for the ordeal through which I had resolved to pass. Mechanically I performed my usual duties during the hours of the day, and my parents approved naught

of the care and sorrow which was, as it were, gnawing the very life from my vitals.

But, in the hours of darkness, when naught but the plying angels beheld my agony, then it was that the waves and the billows went over my soul, and I sank in deep waters. But, gradually, my resolution grew stronger, and as I bowed before Him who is the helper of all who call upon Him, a degree of peace came to my heart. I felt that my Heavenly Father had "gathered up my tears," and given command "to his angels to encamp around my path." And it seemed to me that I could hear their soothing whispers: "Be strong, fear not; after the storm cometh the sunshine of peace." And gathering these sweet consolations closer to my heart, I met Frederic Cleveland in the hour of his return.

The task was harder even than I had thought it, for his voice was musical with an unwonted tenderness, as if he would compensate by kindness for the love which had died out upon the altar, where its flame had once glowed with living brightness, and his manner was unusually friendly and caressing. But my strength did not fail, nor my resolution waver, and I performed the task faithfully, even to the bitter end.

At first, he seemed surprised, and tried to dissuade me from my purpose; but when he saw the solemn determination which nerved me, he confessed all. It was as I had feared. When he left his native village, he fondly imagined that he had given me the strongest and most abiding sentiment of his heart, and exulted in the unreserved confession of affection which he had won from me. Thus, for months he had continued, and it was not until forced by the lapse of time, to bid farewell to the new scenes in which he had mingled, and the pursuits which had engrossed his energies in a foreign land, that he had suspected the change. Shocked at the discovery, he had turned immediately homeward, bidding a hasty adieu to the scene, as he deemed, of his sinful happiness, and resolving to fulfill his early promises, even though the light had faded from his life, and the fount of joy had been quenched at the altar. He had resolved that I should never know the change that had come over his feelings, trusting that a sight of his native scenes, and the spot where our early happiness had been enjoyed, would recall his wandering affections, and the hand of time heal his recent wound. But it had been in vain, and it was this struggle between honor and affection, which had caused the disquietude of manner, which might have been hidden from the eyes of careless observers, but could not be concealed from the watchful anxiety of love.

And so I gave him back his promise, leaving to him the sacred blossoms of love, and for myself reserving only the pale, and now, alas, drooping flowers of peace. But there was a light shining through the darkness; a star which had arisen even upon that clouded sky, and a small, narrow strip of blue, where the blessed angels of hope and consolation walked with hushed footsteps, and bent therefrom looks of tender and loving sympathy upon the agony which only they and Him who had permitted it for my own purification, beheld.

He went away after this—went back to the scenes from which he had torn himself, back to the smiles which had lured him from the bride of his early choice, and left me alone and desolate, save for the love of my aged and fast-failing parents.

The dream of my youth was over, the flowers of love had faded before their unfolding; for me no more was joy and beauty and the music of fondly uttered words; but his parting blessing was breathed in my ear, and he who had never mistrusted the depths of the affection he had squandered, remembered me only with gratitude that I had given him back to the life for which his spirit yearned.

I heard from him, sometimes, as a respected and honored man, that the star of fame blazed brightly above his path, and that his name was one familiar in courtly circles, but of his home-life I have known nothing. I know not whether she who won from me his heart proved all that he asked or otherwise; but I trust that in the mansions of the upper home we shall speak together in confiding friendship of the past. Thither he went long ago, and often has his spirit come with the angel ministrants who have guided me on my lonely path, to speak of the glories and beauties of the life which awaits me. In my heart there has long been peace; no lingering regret mars the anticipation of the breaking of the day whose eternal brightness shall soon burst upon my spirit. A few more struggles with this earthly weakness, a little conflict of the mortal with the immortal, as the fetters break which confine me here, and I shall join your beloved and mine in the land where they wait to welcome me.

A little while, my sister, and I shall go from your mortal sight. My hours are few on earth, but oh, what joy is mine, to have your loving care, the affection which anticipates all my wishes and brings their realization before they are expressed; to lie with my head upon your faithful breast, and feel your gentle hand as it wipes the death-damp from my brow, and to know that you will close my eyes and follow me to my earthly resting-place.

But we shall not be separated. Already I feel the sweet earnest of the joy that is in store for me, when my enfranchised spirit, no longer clay-confined shall, from the abodes of light, float down on wings of air to commune with you and soothe your lonely hours. But I am weary, and must rest. Let me lay my head nearer yours, my sister," and thus with her head clasped in mine, and her feeble, struggling, breath touching my cheek as with soft caresses, she lay until the stars of the solemn midnight looked



down upon us, and the moonlight rays lighted the room with a soft, quiet radiance, which enabled me distinctly to behold her features.

I heard not the tread of angels beside the couch, I saw not the shining of their snowy robes, but I felt their presence as they drew near to bear my sister upward to become one of their blessed number. One whispered word of love, one scarce perceptible pressure of the hand, and I laid upon the pillow that precious head, precious still, though the fringes had closed forever over the dark eyes which had looked so lovingly whenever they met mine own, precious, though that which had given its dearest value had gone from the shore of this mortal life to commence a new and higher existence.

Beside the graves of my parents we made yet another, and there, where spring violets bloom and summer roses dispense their rarest fragrance, they sleep together. Earth holds for me two sacred spots; one in a far distant clime, beneath a sunnier sky, and blessed by balmy breezes; and the other, the churchyard of the little village, where I hope to spend my few remaining days below.

There are none to call me by the endearing names of wife, mother, or sister; for me the love of kindred is not, and strangers will perform the offices which my hand has just had the blessed privilege of performing for those near and dear by the holy ties of nature and affection; but they have gone before to the better land, and "it is well." I am not alone, for the dear promise of those beloved ones has been verified, and often in the hours of the silent evening I see their white robes, and listen to the music of their angelic voices, as they tread with noiseless steps the path from earth to heaven, and then our spirits blend as they were wont to do before they won their angel names, or learned of celestial teachers the higher notes of life's immortal song. Oh, then my soul is filled with joy too great, almost, for this weak tabernacle of flesh to contain, as through its chambers glide the blessed truth that I've with angels talked.

For me a few more days remain, of pain, of care, perhaps, and then the hand of eternal peace will press upon my brow, and I, too, shall wear the white robes of the redeemed, and the new name which shall be given me in that day, when from the lips of angels I shall learn the new song whose echoing notes even now float with sweet, undying cadence through the chambers of my inner life, and purified from sin. I shall be met to join that blessed assembly, "whose names no man can number," and whose joys imagination hath never painted, "nor the heart of man conceived."

## HELL.

BY WARREN CHASE.

The hells of pride and hate and scorn and lust are glowing brightly or burning briskly in the hearts and homes where they are kindled and encouraged. Political, social and religious hells are hot and scorching in these days of our nation's calamity. To those who are in it it may seem to be "all right," and to some who are not it may be called "all right;" but to me it is all wrong, and I regret the necessity, if necessity there be for it. I had hoped ere this that the maddened foes of a nation's freedom, and its growth and progress in securing wealth, labor, education, and comforts to the masses, would have laid down their weapons and yielded to the spirit of progress, loosened the chains of the victims of oppression who were guilty of no crime, and acknowledged the poor as brethren; but the fires of hell are not yet cooled, and the hearts of thousands of our brethren are yet burning with hate and scorn and pride and a reckless determination to rule or ruin, to rob the laborer of his earnings, to control and make a government that shall keep the poor poor, and the rich rich, educate the few and keep the many ignorant; and still the crushed, oppressed, robbed, poor are rushing into the maddened fight to sustain the power that robs and crushes them. Oh, that the eyes of the rebel soldiers could be opened to the true issue of this rebellion, how many of them think you, reader, would call it right? How quickly right would change to wrong. When a man or a thousand men are mad and reckless, be or they must be held and restrained till sober, and force enough must be gathered to do it.

In this last call of the nation for help to catch and secure the rebels, let half a million rise in response at once and the work will be done with little loss of life or time. There are men enough and means enough. New York alone could send one hundred thousand more men, fully armed in sixty days, if she were aroused to action, as the rebels are. Why not stamp out these fires with a force equal to the work, and with leaders competent to lead, not hold and retard the work? If this is the way to extinguish this hell, why not do it at once, since there is power enough?

The nation could have sent one million of volunteer men to the rescue, and those who did not go could have paid them, and all would have been done long ago with less than half the loss of life already sustained. Let enough go to do it, and do it quickly if it is to be done by fire meeting fire, and hate hate, so that we can again cultivate the heavenly plant of peace and love.

Free the blacks and let them rise if they can, and as they can, so we can soon engage in freeing white men, to give her a chance to rise from the social hells of lust and pride and servitude in which she is so generally engulfed, and the Church-bound victims of superstition and fear who are also slaves, and of both sexes and all colors, in various degrees; of hell and heaven, hate and love, pride and meekness, hope and fear, good and evil, strangely mixed.

If to you, my brother or sister, it is all right, do not try to change it; to me it is wrong, and I would change it; but wrong as it is, I have no blame for any one, or any party—not even for the rebels or the slaveholders. I forgive all I can, but they must be stopped in their mad career, and so must the equally honest Christian leaders, and domestic tyrants, and all who rob others of natural human rights. I have seen wives and husbands in slavery, and I have seen religious bigots and religious dupes in slavery, as well as rebels. Free all slaves, should be the motto of every true man.

Waterloo, N. Y., July, 1862.

A man's first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart. His next to escape the censure of the world. If the first interfered with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to a honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applause of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted, and confirmed, by the opinion of all that know him.—Addison.

## FOR THE DEAD.

BY WILLIAM WYLLIS.

Let hymns be sung and a prayer be said  
For those on the red earth lying.  
All crushed and torn by the war-stead's tread—  
Pray, pray for the dying!  
Our Father ply—oh the rain  
That sweeps us from the battle plain,  
Where the storms of death are flying!  
Hark! that shriek as the horsemen pass  
Their life blood stains the young spring grass,  
They're trampled down by the struggling mass—  
Pray, oh pray for the dying.

Pray, pray for the wounded dying,  
On the field of death, mid the carnage lying!  
Pray, oh pray for the gallant band,  
Who fight where the death-storms rattle—  
The brave of heart, the stout of hand,  
Hard pressed in the bloody battle!  
The sulphurous clouds shut out the sun;  
The sullen roar of the foe's main gun  
But drowns their cheer for the "old flag" flying  
Above the field where the brave are dying!

And pray! oh, pray for the mourning hearts,  
Whose loved are among the slain!  
Who will watch and wait for their coming long—  
Alas! they must wait in vain!  
For they will not come, though the flag be flying,  
Which they gazed at last in their hour of dying.  
Give prayers, kind heart, in their hour of pain,  
To the stricken ones who must wait in vain.

Luray, Va., 1862.

## Biographical.

Written for the Banner of Light.

### THE ANCIENT SAGES.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

#### CONFUCIUS.

Kung-tse, or, as he is better known by the Jesuit Latin, Confucius, was born B. C. 549, the same year that Cyrus the Great became King of Persia, in what is now the province of Shantung, on the borders of the Yellow Sea. His father, who was district magistrate, dying when he was only three years old, left him to the care of his mother, who instilled into his mind a love of knowledge and morality.

He was of a grave and sage demeanor, and so enjoyed the love of his acquaintances by his proficiency in ancient learning and wisdom, that he was, at the age of seventeen, appointed successively to several subordinate offices. At the age of twenty-four, he suffered the loss of his exemplary mother, and so deeply was he touched, that he resolved, in accordance with an ancient custom, which had become obsolete, to forsake all business for three years, and devote that period of retirement to study and contemplation.

When he had become thoroughly acquainted with the wisdom of antiquity, he felt the great loss his countrymen experienced by allowing their maxims and manners to go out of use, and resolved to revive them. At the age of thirty, he had so far perfected himself in the study of ancient days, that he set himself up as a teacher.

His scholars rapidly increased, and his fame spread on the wings of the wind, and when the Prince of Tai sent for him, he thought his dream of attaining a position where he could propagate his doctrines by the power of the government, had arrived. Bitterly he was disappointed when he found that this Prince, far from embracing his tenets, only sent for him out of curiosity, as he would for a wonderful beast, and he immediately left his court in disgust. From this time, until he was forty-five, he traveled from court to court, as much, it appears, to observe men and manners, as to propagate his doctrines. After this, his own Prince gave him a judgeship, that he might carry his ideas of government into practice. So ably did he administer his office, that he was raised to the head of affairs, and here manifested so much political tact, that he soon united all the neighboring Princes against him, for they feared his ascendancy. A rebel Prince, against whom he advised his own king to proceed, to condole the latter, sent him thirty steeds, and a score of the most beautiful courtesans he could obtain. This had the desired effect on the young monarch, who, giving himself up to dissipation, offended the cynical statesman, who retired to the domains of the King of Wei, where, accompanied with a few of his disciples, he traveled into adjoining states, extending his doctrine.

Often applauded, he as often suffered contumely and persecution, and many times his life was eagerly sought. In a moment of despondency he compared himself to a dog driven from the protection of home: "I have the fidelity of that animal, and I am treated like it. But what matters the ingratitude of man? They cannot hinder me from doing all the good that has been appointed me. If my precepts have been disregarded, I have the consolation of knowing that I have faithfully performed my duty."

Like all other great minds, especially of those morally great, he was impressed that his was no ordinary mission, but that he was ordained by higher powers, to execute a vast design. When in a situation of great peril, he exclaimed: "If heaven means not to obliterate this doctrine from the earth, the men of Kwang can do nothing to me." And at another time: "As heaven has produced a degree of virtue in me, what can I wantful do to me?"

Like the early sages of all nations, he illustrated by the passing scene the doctrine he was expounding. As, while gazing into a stream, he compared its ceaseless flow to the transmission of good doctrines from generation to generation, and the wariness of old birds of the snare, and the incaution of the young, to the conceits of youth, and the wisdom of age.

At the age of sixty-eight he returned to his own country and completed his edition of the Classics, or a Compend of all wisdom written before his day. Then he led his disciples out to a hill where it was customary to offer sacrifices. Placing the books on an altar, he knelt down with his face to the North; he thanked Heaven for allowing him to complete his task, and invoked its aid in propagating their truths among his countrymen, and benefit them thereby.

He had prepared himself for this offering by fasting, seclusion, and prayer. Chinese pictures represent the Sage in an attitude of supplication, and a beam of light, or a rainbow, descending from the sky upon the books, while his scholars stand around in admiring wonder.

He attained the stature of seventy-three, conscious of his long mission to the race. A few days before his death, with a feeble step he tottered around his house, saying:

"The great mountain is broken!  
The strong beam is thrown down!  
The wise man is decayed!"

During his life great events occurred in the world's drama. The Jews returned from Babylonian captivity; Xerxes invaded Greece; and Egypt was conquered by the Persians.

After his death, he received divine honors. His title is the most Holy Ancient Javelin and Holy Duke. A grandson only survived him, but unlike the fate of most families thus nearly extinguished, this son has perpetuated his family to the present day. Two thousand one hundred and fifty years after Confucius's death, there were eleven thousand males alive, bearing his name. Most of whom were of the seventy-fourth generation; being undoubtedly the oldest family in the world.

Maxims of government, and proverbs for self-control represent the philosophy of Confucius. His mind was Chinese, and deved in the same childish channel at times, high as it soared at others. The secret of his success was, that he embodied in a permanent form all the noble thoughts of his predecessors, and standing with such an effulgence of light revealed against the dark background of the obscure past, he seemed a demi-god descended to instruct mankind.

In his research he goes back 1150 years before Christ, and spent years in studying the imaginary system of Philosophy of Wauwung. This system may be compared to the Pythagorean. It is founded on the fanciful qualities of eight diagrams, and the sixty-four changes which can be rung on these. The names and applications of these are thus given:

1. *Kien*, is the yang, or expanse, celestial matter, that principle of things which generates; the fluid ether.
2. *Tui*, is vapor; the ascending influence from water; lakes, fountains, issuing from mountains.
3. *Si*, fire, the beautiful element of light, heat; actuating power.
4. *Chin*, thunder; igneous exhalations, or the mover of sound and heat.
5. *Sin*, wind; the moving action of wind.
6. *Kan*, the liquid element, water.
7. *Kau*, mountains, solidity, quiet, what sustains motion.
8. *Xuan*, the earth; terrestrial matter; the principle of change in things by generation and corruption.

From these elements sixty-four combinations equally arbitrary, are wrought. The primary idea appears to be that two principles, male and female created and sustain the world. They were made in harmony in man and woman. Mankind would be happy if nothing interfered. The revolutions of good and evil are illustrated by the combinations and evolutions of the diagrams.

He wandered, not alone in mysteries whose data, supplied by the imagination and seized by reason, were held as realities. Such vagaries cannot otherwise than stifle real progress, for they not only divert the mind of the student, but when they are canonized, stand directly in his path.

The permeating principle of his philosophy was respect to superiority. In the family, he taught the child to regard his father as infallible; to place utmost reliance in him, and until his death, to regard his wishes as law, even extending his dictatorship after death. The same principle of servility is carried into national government. Obedience to the powers that be, is inculcated in every manner. Though it may be said with justice, that the morality of his teachings is superior to that of Western Sages, yet their aim was to develop individual rights; to make free men; while his was to make a nation of degraded slaves. The idea of accountability to a supernatural power, is absorbed in this abjectness to temporal authority. His system is entirely destitute of a God. He holds man to no future accountability. The subject is accountable to the Emperor, who is but partially accountable to Deity. He teaches children to obey their parents; and from this inculcates the duties of wives to husbands, subject to Princes.

I will not fatigue the reader with even an outline of his sacred or classical works, through which his maxims and commentaries are scattered. They are filled with direct descriptions, or barren commonplaces, and childish conceits so delightful to the Chinese. But it must be recollected that they are mostly compilations. These books which he composed are of more noble expression. Twenty-four books are devoted to a record of his life and sayings, by his disciples. This is the most instructive portion; as it is rich in proverbs and his own sound sense. It is here we find his most celebrated maxim. A disciple asked him what one word best expressed the fitting conduct of one's whole life; he replied: "Will not *shu* serve?" which he said meant "Do not unto others what you would not have them do to you."

A few of his maxims are here presented:

"Grieve not that men know you not, but be grieved that you are ignorant of men."

"Governing with equality resembles the North Star, which is fixed, and all the stars surround it."

"Have no friends unlike yourself."

"Learning without reflection will profit nothing. Reflection without learning will leave the mind uneasy and miserable."

"Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water."

"Without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud."

"The sage's conduct is affection and benevolence in operation."

"I have found no man who esteems virtue as men esteem pleasure."

"He that is satisfied with himself, is not perfect. The perfect man is never satisfied with himself."

A proverbial philosophy is the delight of a rude people. They can feel its direct point, and apply it themselves as occasion requires.

No great man ever fixed the standard of taste for people. He may express their taste, and they may admire his work as a copy of themselves, holding a mirror to their faces, but he can never make them receive what is foreign to their mental nature. The worshiped personages of all races, have conformed unknowingly to this fact. Pythagoras and Plato represent the temperance of Greek thought, as well as Confucius, that of the Chinese. He never could have bound his countrymen with such adamantine shackles, had he not given expression to their nature, and built a system adapted to stagnation of thought. Aristotle heard the words of the West for a time, but indignantly his works were

cast aside for broader and more truthful views of nature. Chinese have great veneration for the old sayings of Confucius these ancient books were the standards of government and knowledge of the people. He gathered them together, gave them shape, and expounded their meaning, and added volumes of more worth than those he edited, and superadded the records of a noble life.

All nations have their sacred books, and the Chinese have adopted their classical literature. The system of Confucius was directly opposed to free thought. Eulogies and preferment entirely depend on education; which means a knowledge of the classics or sacred books. These teach a system of government and morality, and as the written language of China is the most clumsy and stubborn of any on the globe, this system of education compels every student to pass through the same channel. To invent new word-signs, to represent new ideas, is more difficult than the origination of the ideas.

A certain formula is used to convey certain ideas, and hence their moral writings are little more than paraphrases of the classics. They cannot introduce ideas from foreign languages, and this impossibility heightens their conceit, and they flatter themselves that in what they cannot acquire there is nothing worthy of acquiring.

The few facts in science they have accidentally acquired, leads them to no generalizations; they cannot depart from the routine of the schools. Their educated men, in all except the knowledge of the classics, are absolutely ignorant. They learn them because they cannot hold office without doing so, and as the obstacle to overcome in learning these is the acquisition of a language consisting of from fifty to two hundred and fifty thousand arbitrary characters, memory is the chief faculty cultivated.

The graduated student leaves college with the rubbish gathered two thousand years ago clogging the free exercise of his mind. He has learned servility; a fetid system of morality; he can write the language, and count; of higher mathematics, of the elements of science, of geography, and a knowledge of mankind, he has not learned a syllable. But what is worse, he has been bound hand and foot in this narrow circle. He can never leave it. Should he think differently he dare not, if he could, express his opinions. The iron heel of despotism is on him, and I hesitate to write—Confucius, the only god of China, inaugurated this despotism. From his sacred word none dare swerve, and the book he has canonized none dare impeach. There does not appear to be any inclination to re-model. Such a being as a reformer is unknown between the Indian Ocean and the Great Wall. Though society is corrupt to its centre, and intolerable abuses exist in every department, the machinery of government moves on and the Empire holds together.

As the sword worship of Mahomet was Nature's voice to the Arab, so stagnation is to the Chinese. They desire not the living presence of an overruling Being to mar the fatal repose. That this is a true position, is answered by the hundreds of millions who receive the doctrines of Confucius. He, compared with his age and with his nation, was a great man. His countrymen have not changed since his time. They speak the same language, they write in the same characters, they appear not to have moved a step since he left them. Hence we can judge by them of his comparative eminence.

From a portrait of him, whether correct or not I cannot positively assert, I judge him to have been of mixed Tartar origin. His head is represented higher and his features more massive than the Chinese. His nose is boldly aquiline, his eyes oblique, and shaded with jagged, many brows, cheeks high, and mouth large and firm. If this drawing be correct, other blood than Chinese was infused in his veins. He grasped moral truths with considerable acumen, and his system is the very best that his countrymen could or can adopt. It is the real exponent of themselves, and he, one of those absorptive minds who, drawing in the aspirations and truths of their nation and age, again yield them concrete.

Judged by our own standard, in comparison with our Western sages and philosophers, he becomes a childish dwarf. His philosophy possesses scarcely a single generalization, nor a great world-embracing thought. Volume after volume he plods through the details of servility, and never tires in giving the commonest examples of duty, or befogging himself in rigging the million changes the eight diagrams are susceptible of, and interpreting their ethical meaning.

There are flashes of strength when he speaks of some moral relation, for morals, the duty of man to man, first engage the attention and divert the study of mankind. Very early they leave these relations, and hence we make little advancement in this department of knowledge. But with these are conjoined the most childish prattle and conceits. These are what the Chinese love, and the changes he rings on his eight diagrams to them have all the charms the revolving kaleidoscope has to the curious urobia. Such was the character and work of a man who for more than two thousand years has held in mental slavery three hundred millions of men.

Written for the Banner of Light.

BY AND BY.

BY SYLVIA L. WOODARD.

Though at times the world looks dreary,  
And thy soul, grown faint and weary,  
For rest thou sigh,  
Yet, look up! 't will soon be morning!  
Thou wilt see the bright day dawning,  
By and by!

Let thy soul rise up in gladness,  
Banish all thy gloom and sadness,  
Firm friends are nigh!  
All is for thy good intended,  
And the dark veil will be rendered,  
By and by!

Mourn not then, oh my brother!  
Though some shadows round thee gather,  
To cloud thy sky:  
Sorrow heralds but the dawning  
Of a truer, brighter morning,  
By and by!

Soon thou'lt pass the darksome river,  
And the bright land of forever  
Will cheer the eye!  
Paeing on in life eternal,  
Thou'lt share the joys of heaven,  
By and by!

The following, holies might have been seen, some weeks ago, stuck up in a corner of a shop window in Glasgow: "All sorts of ladies stays here."

## THE DISCIPLINE OF SORROW.

BY FRED L. E. WILLIS.

Through the range of literature, no subject is more dwelt upon than that of trial discipline. In sacred poetry and in secular, the chink arises the same. Out of the furnace have I come purified. Yes, like gold tried and refined has my soul been tested by affliction. David remembered his duty after he had been tried and was found not all pure gold. "Out of the depths have I cried unto thee, O Lord. I have quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother," said he, after his soul was bowed with trial.

Solomon, after a wide experience of humanity, said, "It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting." That is, trials do more for humanity than rejoicings. Job is made by the poet to attest to the virtue of trial.

Through all the history of Israel; when the bondage sat heavy on their necks in Babylon; when Egypt heard the sighs and saw the tears of the daughters that lamented for their afflictions; when the beauty and strength of the nation departed—through all these experiences, history tells us the nation became more religious, and a better and nobler people.

Jesus afterward gave a similar testimony to the blessing of trial. His way was paved with suffering, because he was born into the world with a nature so sympathetic, so full of tender sensibility that it was like the lyre, ready to respond to every breath of joy or of sorrow; and because he stood many centuries in advance of his day, promulgating truths that the time could not accept; contending against popular feeling, and striking severe blows at a proud and arrogant church. Thus, he often stood alone; often knew the bitterness of being misunderstood; often bowed his head in silent grief over the ignorance and folly of the world. But his own testimony was, the trials have done me good; and those beautiful words of his that stand as diamond truths set in a frame of gold—those Beatitudes—declare blessing shall spring from trial. Angels came after affliction, and peace was born of sorrow in that beautiful land of Palestine. Just so has it been in all lands ever since.

Following up the times, we find poet and preacher uttering like sentiments. Like experiences with those of the great Reformer of Judea, had Savonarola the Catholic, Luther the Protestant, Servetus the Unitarian. But not alone among great men has the testimony been given. Humble hearts have borne witness of "the same results following the same causes. Take up any of the old records of times gone by, and you will hear the soft utterances of the same voice: Out of the depths have I arisen higher; from suffering have I been purified; trial has proved redemption.

The master mind of English literature says, in one of those wonderful dramas of his that have so moved the world: "Sweet are the uses of adversity, which, like the toad, ugly and venomous, wears yet a precious jewel in his head." Never has a saint arisen from obscurity to the region of blessedness and light by the consecrating power of human adoration, but has arisen through the discipline, and trials of human suffering. The Catholic Church in recognizing this fact, has made martyrdom the great pride of the Church. Arising from the soil receives the benediction of heaven, says every saint's history. Thus, too, breathed out in hymn and prayer the voice of many a gentle, tried soul—of many a strong, but yet purified one—of many a religious hero—and the hymns and prayers of the Church are full of these testimonies to the power of trial.

Later, in the Protestant Church, the voice has been uttered again and again. The gentle singer, Montgomery, bids inspiration work with Sorrow, and sings the song that has tuned the heart of many a weary missionary to the melody of heaven, and made a hero of many a suffering woman.

"Jesus, my cross have taken,  
All to leave and follow thee;  
I am poor, despised, forsaken,  
Thou hast healed my soul and me.  
I have called thee, Abba, Father,  
I have set my heart on thee;  
Storms may howl and clouds may gather,  
All will work for good to me."

The sweet song of another poet, chiming to the melody of affliction, comes to us as we write:

"Within this leaf to every eye,  
So little worth, doth hidden lie  
Most rare and subtle fragrance.

Wouldst thou its secret strength unbind,  
Crush it and thou shalt perfume find  
Sweet as Arabia's spicy wind.

In this dull stone, so poor and bare  
Of shape and lustre, patient care  
Will find for thee a jewel rare.

But first must skillful hands essay  
With file and flint to clear away  
The film which hides its fire from day.

This leaf? this stone? Is it thy heart,  
Must be crushed by pain and smart;  
It must be cleansed by Sorrow's art.

Ere it will yield a fragrance sweet,  
Ere it will shine a jewel meet,  
To lay before the dear Lord's feet."

You can hardly open a book—a romance, or a poem, but you find the same utterance. And is all this testimony false? Is it not true? Is there not something in our hearts that tells us Humanity has placed signal lights on the track of our ascent, and those lights burn through the suffering and toll of those gone before on the road to a higher individual and social life? If it is true, that to bear the cross is a part of the destiny of every perfected soul—if it is true, that we stand by the road of suffering to the "mountains of rest"—then, why is this world so full of joys, beauties, and excellences? Why do we behold all nature so radiant? so full of brightness and beauty? "Are we not taught thus, that the world is designed for happiness?" Yes! Nature's language is that "everything is made for gladness, and finds that gladness in the fulfillment of its highest life." But when we look at Humanity, we find that it does not always fulfill its best work. No man, looking into his own heart, fails to find there a something not yet capable of happiness. There is a divine part in his soul which is not yet made perfect into happiness. Perhaps some one hastily lists facts, unheeded, unknown: "What shall arouse the joy? may have failed 'pleasure' may have failed it by; and then comes 'Sorrow,' trial of some sort, and the power of this is studied within the silent depths. The soul is aroused from its slumber—yes, it is aroused—there you see it when aroused by Sorrow, but your heart is with sympathy. Have you not felt more pity, more



love, more of humanity, and was not that better than any continuation of mere enjoyment? How many times have we felt known comfort, when that comfort has departed? Do we know of ease and health until some telegraphic pain tells us they have left us? Do we know how much we love, until something comes between us and our love to measure it? Even Death, the great Life Angel, steps between us and our hopes, and then we first realize what those hopes and expectations were. I know it is not always safe for a man to wait for afflictions and trials before he finds his true condition. But many of us do it continually. We walk with unreflecting hearts, and, therefore, we do not know the highest joy of existence—the joy of an appreciative spirit.

In following back the pathway of my own life, I feel ready to affirm that every trial I have encountered has aided and strengthened me. I have often been ready to say enough! give me no more! But when I have remembered where I should doubtless have been, if I had not been tried and tested, I feel glad even with the short vision I possess. Yet I am not always in a mood when gladness seems possible. Were it so, then I doubt if there could be any trial. Since I first became acquainted with the gifts of spirit possessed by every human being, and have been able, through them, to listen to voices from a higher life, I have heard the same testimony repeated from the spirit-world, again and again. "Every trial of earth has sanctified and made more beautiful my life here," is the voice from the immortal realm.

It is often asserted by these voices from the land of life, that afflictions are not merely incidental, but they are sent; that trials come to us from the direct power and influence of heaven; that circumstances are created, events governed, so that we are led to the ordeal. And I believe these voices. Who of that class, denoted mediums, has not had evidence of this testing of the spirit within by the power of heaven? Oh, beautiful truth! Glorious fact! We walk not alone, but ever sustained and led by the power of the great and holy. After trial, Jesus walked with angels. After trial, every soul feels the sweet assurance of hope, if the trial has done its work.

How true it is, that we know not where we stand, until we have been tried and tested. As the surveyor ascends the mountain, or the high land, and takes his altitude, adjusts his compass, ascertains his position—so does the soul first know where it is, when it has taken the measure and the line, the compass and the rod to its position. The mariner out at sea, sends down his plummet and line. How deep is it? Drop that lead into the water; hear the plunge, and feel it pull at the cord; down, down, down still! How deep is it? Is it safe to be riding here? So does man in the midst of every danger send his lead down to measure his heart. What is there there? Is the place safe, true? How much of the element of love, of hope, of faith, supports me? Shall I touch bottom and be wrecked?

What a glorious law of compensation governs the universe! Placed opposite to every good is its danger. Do you possess wealth? Lurking beside it is the danger of selfishness and avarice. Do you possess distinction and honor? Close at hand sits pride ready to enter the heart. Have you home and friends? Then is there danger of narrowing the sympathies. Do you count ease and comfort among your possessions? With them there is the danger of inaction and sloth.

Thus, also, opposite every trial is placed its good. Does poverty chain you? Beside it sits the strong angel of courage and faith. Are you humble, claiming no distinction? Then the merciful and true spirit of individual freedom blesses you. Do you toll to live? Then behold, how vigor and strength come to you. Do you meet misunderstanding and reproach? Beside these stands the angel of self-examination. Thus it is ever. Every good has its danger. Every trial its blessing. We can take the good and escape the danger. We can also pass through trials and be no better or wiser. But the infinite order and arrangement of the universe is such, that a perfect balance keeps in place the moral world as well as the physical.

I know that there is a grand and soul-inspiring truth looked up in every event; and the key is ever placed within our own hearts, whereby we can unlock and know of the hidden good. If peace and rest and blessing come to us, within them lies their secret. Far below all the ease and the comfort is the inspiration of life they give, and with them come the trooping angels of love to bear us the brightness and beauty of existence. If trial and care, toll and sorrow, pain and weariness come, behold, within them lies the gift of strength, and of courage, and the innumerable cloud of witnesses who bear the gifts of love and of hope, and plant them within the soul to glow and bloom for the salvation of the world.

Nothing is so distasteful to an earnest person, as to hear reprimands, or listen to a recital of troubles. Nothing is so contrary to the spirit of the universe as lamentations. Nature seldom utters a sigh. She has clouds and storms, but no long continued, repining. When the chill of winter comes, the earth wraps herself in her sacred vestments, and waits calmly and hopefully. And by and by, the time of waiting is over, and the time of spring has come. Thus are we taught forever the lesson of resignation. But we are also taught the lesson of effort. No bud that starts in spring, but has done its best to grow in winter. It only waited a sunny day. Behold, how the grass is cheated by hope in a warm winter's day, and puts on its verdure in the midst of chill! So the sunny day is ever coming in our sky. Our hearts can rest, and walk; if we do the best we know.

Before us all, dear reader, lie the seraph heights of spiritual attainment. Not one of us can roll up for another. My road I must find by the leadings of the voice above, and within me, and so must you yours. But if, as we travel on, we get glimpses of each other—if we find each other seeking to gain the heights by living a true, a noble, active and earnest life, then shall we be cheered and encouraged. But no one can map out the way for another. We may take steps that to others seem not up, but down; yet, if within our hearts we heard the approving voice of the highest, then all that is holy bids us walk there, though it be at the peril of going alone, or where others see no light and life.

Again, let me say heaven smiles on the earnest and true. Angels bless the faithful and steadfast. Peace and happiness await the obedient and unselfish. To all such, present trials though they may seem grievous to be borne, shall work out a far more precious and eternal weight of glory.

Editorial, Mich., 1862.

Written for the Banner of Light.

MORN.

BY MARY E. S.

Morn with her roseate pinions  
Spreads o'er the ether sea  
Radiant beams of airy light  
To slip the dewy lea.

The floral gems look up and smile  
To see the morning queen  
Arising from her sable couch  
To wake the world a-dream.

The birds of song are on the wing,  
Warbling their fairy strains;  
The woodland rings with birding notes,  
Filling the leafy plains.

With harmonies that angels love:  
Come let us join the throng  
That labors for the bleeding heart  
And strives to make it strong.

O, might our proud America  
This morning be set free,  
And fling her banner to the breeze,  
Stainless of slavery!

Parent of souls, remove the cloud  
That drapes our nation's dome!  
Oh, let the bow of peace appear,  
To guide our soldiers home.

For loving ones are waiting there  
To welcome home the brave,  
With laurels streaming from their folds,  
Plucked from Oppression's grave!

Laureate Station, Ill., 1862.

## Correspondence.

### Itinerant Etchings of U. Clark.

*Hops of the Hour—Harvest—Footfalls in Michigan—Henry Slade—A. B. Whiting—W. F. Jamieson—J. M. Peckles—E. G. Dunn—Mrs. M. J. Kutz—Emily Brigham—W. F. Von Vleck—Rev. Moses Hull—Good Signs—Spiritualism the Great Need—Voices from the other world.*

While mourning and suspense fill the land, with what joy do multitudes still hear celestial voices as once heard over Bethlehem; prophetic of the era when angel anthems of "peace and good will" shall sound beyond the clash of arms, the moan of the dying, and the wail of the bereaved. Yet it is sad to contemplate the condition in which millions of our nation are now found; they talk and act as though little or no hope could animate us as a people; as though the issues of this great conflict depended entirely on certain political policies, or on arms of human power; they look scornfully beyond the present hour, and see no divine agents above scenes of external conflict. Let the veil be torn aside; let us see the millions of the celestial empire bending over this mighty struggle for right, for liberty, for humanity, and waving banners of triumph in prophesy of the coming of the kingdom of heaven, and no alarm will longer agitate the public mind, and no cracklings of overwhelming disaster weaken the faith of the nation.

Since my last writing I have continued my labors in Michigan. During the extreme heat of harvest time, my labors were principally confined to Sundays. Hot weather comes in earnest out here in Michigan. Golden harvests have been reaped, and the autumn crops are unusually promising. The great West will prove inexhaustible in its products during the present season, so there is no danger of a famine in the land.

I have visited and found encouraging signs in Paw Paw, Kalamazoo, Battle Creek, Grand Rapids, Oisla, Ionia, Lyons, St. Johns, Maple Rapids, Greenbush, Owosso, Lansing, Mason, Eaton Rapids, and Jackson, one of the finest cities in the West, from which place I now write, at the home of Henry Slade, the healing medium. Mr. Slade is a young man of remarkable gifts, and as a clairvoyant and healing medium, his success is beyond any physician I have met in the West. He is constantly thronged with visitors, and aided by his agreeable wife, Miss Dutton, and Mr. Bascom, his business partner, he is accomplishing a great work.

At the house of Bro. Slade I enjoyed an agreeable interchange with A. B. Whiting, the spiritual lecturer and poet medium, of Albion, Mich. Mr. Whiting, though quite a young man, has been one of the most extensive of our pioneer laborers, having traveled through the entire North, and in all the Southern States, attracting large audiences by his superior inspirations and his remarkable poetic improvisations. He is one of our reliable men, carrying with him a superior moral and social influence, and never in danger of falling into reckless and radical extremes.

W. F. Jamieson, of Paw Paw, is another of our reliable young men in Michigan. His motives are exalted, his life is pure, and his inspirations are of the stirring stamp. Several months ago, he purchased the spirit-scenes painted by the spirit artist, the late B. Rodgers, and I had the pleasure of witnessing a private exhibition of these scenes. The paintings are exceedingly interesting to those who understand the manner in which they were produced, but Bro. Jamieson has no taste for the labor imposed on an exhibition, and he now offers to sell the pictures.

At Battle Creek I found the large band of believers still strong and united in an sustaining regular Sunday meetings, our Rev. Bro. J. M. Peckles, speaking one-half of the time, maintaining his well-earned reputation as one of the most efficient workers in the Wolverine State. E. G. Dunn, the clairvoyant and healing medium, is yet located in Battle Creek, and meets with increasing encouragement and success.

Mrs. M. J. Kutz, of Laphamville, is accomplishing a good mission, as an inspirational speaker, and widely an excellent influence in the social circle.

Emily Brigham, of Flushing, is a young woman just commencing public labors. She has great versatility in mediumship, and while she has already won her way to the hearts of many friends, she gives promise of a still broader mission. W. F. Von Vleck has been traveling in this State, and as a physician as well as a medium for startling physical phenomena, he has given great satisfaction, notwithstanding his former eccentricities in seeking to expose bogus mediums.

At Ionia, I had an "excellent public discussion on Spiritualism," with Rev. Moses Hull, the "Adventist." The debate was held three nights in the Avenue tent, with which Mr. Hull and Co. travel. Our audiences numbered from ten to fifteen hundred. The people will judge as to the result.

Now that the nights are longer, I have resumed my usual course of itinerant labors, leaving this night a week, and twice on Sunday, and notwithstanding the hard times and the excitement created by the war, wherever I announce my coming, friends respond most heartily in their invitations, and I

making all due arrangements; they manifest a noble and self-sacrificing zeal in providing material aid, and the audiences are large and seemingly interested and enthusiastic. In almost every place I have visited, I have been urged to stay longer or repeat my visit for a course of meetings. I have invitations in Michigan alone, which would detain me through the entire Autumn, and Winter, but I design to return East in October, and spend the Winter in Boston and vicinity, fulfilling engagements in several prominent New England towns.

Never was Spiritualism so much needed as in the present crisis. While the equinox of the nation are confused, and millions of the people are left sad and despondent, where is our hope, unless it is in a living God and in the angel host? Our statesmen need to realize that the statesmen of olden times and of all the ages gone, are bending from the opening heavens, and ready to impart that wisdom of theirs which has been ripening from the experiences of past centuries; and warriors on our battle-fields need to know that warriors of old are marshaling on the plains of immortal life, and descending on unguessed pinions to breathe the inspirations of undying heroism. If the soldier falls for his country, let him fall, conscious that he takes his place on the planes of a higher life, crowned with the glory of heaven's martyrs.

The saddest scenes are found in homes of desolation and suspense; sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, friends and lovers part from all held nearest and dearest. They leave sad faces and aching hearts behind, and before them are all the uncertainties and exposures of the camp and the battle-field. But they are moved by duty, and their faces are calm, and their footsteps firm, for the grand march to death or victory. They who are left behind often suffer most. Days, weeks and months drag away like ages of suspense; and to many, alas, the suspense is broken only by the dreadful intelligence which leaves no hope of reunion this side of the grave. With what joy such desolate souls welcome the Gospel of Spiritualism, which enables them to realize the fallen dead have ascended to spheres of celestial life, and can come back with messages of immortal peace and love! Who would go to such lacerated hearts and seek to instill doubts of eternal life, or fears of eternal doom?

In the light of Spiritualism, there is joy for the bereaved, and hope for our nation. Voices from the invisible world exclaim, Hear, O Earth, while the Heavens bend and the Messengers of the Divine proclaim anew the tidings of the descending kingdom. The prophecies of all ages point with sublime significance to the revolutions now rocking the entire globe. Old foundations are crumbling, the earth is tumbling, the elements of the past are melting with fervent heat, the heavens are being rolled together as a scroll, civil governments are rent like the veil of the olden temple, mythological religions are fading like shadows before the glory of noon-day; social institutions are sinking amid the cry of multitudes for more light and liberty, and the hearts of the nations are throbbing in wild dismay.

O, America! first-born child of the father and mother of older republics gone down in the night of ages! Why stand ye agape, O sons and daughters of the Western World? Behold the Isles and continents of the Orient, with their millions long gazing with steadfast hopes on the millennial star rising and culminating over the land of the setting sun. Why start ye in alarm at the war-cries still ringing over your continent, as though demons had broken the bounds of hell, hurled brands of destruction dashed to wrap the universe in conflagration, and roll back the tide of eternal progress? The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth! The council-chambers of the eternal world stand open, and celestial congresses are seeking to guide the destinies of nations. The ascended saints, sages, and patriots of America, the heroes and victors of battle-fields once red with blood, and glorious with the trophies of freedom, and all the gathered armies bearing palms on the planes of immortal life, now bend over the conflicts, reading your continent, bidding you remember the principles of eternal right, and above the roar and clamor of war, listen once more to the angel peans of peace and promise. And, behold, not far in the distance, beyond the smoke and thunder of passing battles, a new-born earth shall bloom and the opening heavens shall beam with millennial blessings on millions now groaning in the travail of a new-born age of light and liberty.

Jackson, Mich., Aug. 25, 1862.

### How "Outsiders" obtain their Knowledge of Spiritualism.

Mr. Burron—Permit me, through the columns of your paper, to introduce to your readers a specimen of the manner in which the secular and religious press keep their readers posted in regard to the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. The following, which recently made its appearance in the editorial columns of the Cincinnati Daily Times, professes to give a correct account of a Spiritual gathering, denominated a "Basket Meeting," which recently came off in a grove near this city:

#### A DAY WITH THE SPIRITS—INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS WITH THE DEPARTED.

One gets wearied with matters purely worldly. Gathering up items around town, corresponding from the seat of war, and reporting Democratic Conventions—bodies devoted to the world, the flesh and the devil, especially the latter individual—are rather monotonous, wearisome and worldly; and one longs for a change, and is disposed to grasp at almost anything, which presents itself.

Under such circumstances, it will be readily understood with what interest we read the following announcement, in a morning contemporary of Saturday:

**SPIRITUALISTS, TAKE NOTICE.**—A Basket Meeting will be held on Sunday, July 13th, in the Grove on Gen. Price's Hill, between the hills of the city and the river. The following persons (which start from the corner of Fifth and Bismarck streets) will take persons to Butler's, where a person in attendance will direct them to the Grove.

1. Delighted at the opportunity presented, to shuffle off the world and all its weariness for a day, we left for the place in the first omnibus, and were not long in reaching Butler's, where we found the man in waiting, who directed us up a hill, the ascent of which was hardly calculated to refine the feelings and prepare the subject for a pure feast of reason and flow of soul. 2. Rather, possessed a tendency to make a profane man use harsh and unbecoming expressions—expressions never indulged in by our reporter.

3. As we were first on the ground, we were compelled to await the arrival of the chief movers, and mediums, who were not tardy, we are happy to say, in making their appearance.

4. An hour or two passed off pleasantly, in miscellaneous conversation, chiefly on the subject of the new Spiritualist's theology; but as we were unacquainted with either its dogmas or the people present, and being anxious to obtain all the information in our power, both for the benefit of ourselves, and the community, we remained a listener only.

At length one of two individuals—the most im-

pressible of the mediums—gave indications that they were in communication with the spirit-land, and immediately one of them commenced speaking!

"The spirit of Andrew Jackson," she said, "moved her. The old hero was terribly wounded over the method in which the war was conducted, and the leniency with which traitors were treated. He wanted the Rebels cleaned out, and their abettors in the North hung. Nothing short of this would satisfy him."

At this point, the old man, now, as the medium declared, a youth again, stopped short; his wrath overcame him, and we are somewhat afraid that we unwittingly drove him away in the midst of his oration, as we chanced to pull a Cincinnati Enquirer from our pocket. At the instant the paper became visible, the spirit left in a huff. We humbly beg Andrew's pardon for the profanation.

Another medium, whose communication was with less warlike spirits, said that the soul of a departed man wished to address some one, and finally pointed to us, as the favored individual.

"What is your pleasure," we asked.

"I wish to see you," was the response.

"Speak English, if you please," we said; "not having been over the Rhine since yesterday, we have not a sufficient amount of bearded inspiration to speak German."

"Ioh ferstehen Ihnen nicht," was the response. By this time we had become intensely interested in the spirit, and desirous to ask him several questions. Among other things, we desired to know if each nationality preserves its habits and language, in the next world; whether each had separate places of abode; whether the Germans had a full supply of lager; and if so, whether any Americans would be admitted into their society, but,

"Ioh ferstehen Ihnen nicht," was our only response.

Another man, an individual apparently thirty years of age, with his hat enveloped in orange, desired to communicate with his deceased wife.

A moment and her spirit was present.

"Are you happy?"

"I am."

"Where are you?"

"In the fourth sphere."

"Are any of our old friends there?"

"Many of them."

"I am satisfied," said the man; "there is but one trouble about it."

"What is that?" inquired the medium.

"I never was married."

The medium was at first greatly abashed, but soon collected herself, and said:

"You may not have been married to her here; but she is yours in the next world."

The man replied that the theory was all very fine, but he preferred marriages in the flesh.

Another questioner, who had really lost a wife, asked of the spirit of the departed if she were happy.

"Yes, exceedingly so."

"What constitutes your principal source of bliss?"

"The reflection that you are not near me."

The man left in a great rage, avowing a disbelief in Spiritualism.

A number of addresses, by spirits, of course, were delivered, but their profundity was such that no photographer could do them justice. The system of Pittman fails to give hooks and circles for the words employed.

After perusing said report, pretending to give a full and detailed account of all the preceding of the day, even as to minutiae, I presume your readers will hardly be prepared to believe that it is a complete fabrication from beginning to end, and not a word of truth in it. Yet such is the case, as I am credibly informed by several persons who were there; that no person was under spirit-influence, or pretended to be during the day; and moreover that the reporter who contributed said report to his paper, was not even upon the ground. After considerable hesitation and delay, the proprietor of the Times consented to publish a recantation, or denial of the whole thing, which was reluctantly done without comment; considering it, I suppose, too good a joke at the expense of Spiritualism, to be spoiled in such a manner.

Coming from Artemus Ward, or any other similar writer, where it would be generally understood as a burlesque, it might be tolerated and considered at least witty, if having no other merit; but when gentlemen of the press upon whom the public rely for the correctness of what they find in their editorial columns, concerning matters of fact, stoop so low as to vilify and slander a large portion of the most respectable part of all communities, because of the unpopularity of their peculiar religious faith, by the publication of the most barefaced and impudent falsehoods, having no foundation in truth, it shows a moral state equalled in depravity, only by the infamous maligners of one of the greatest philanthropists and purest statesmen that ever lived—the author of "Common Sense" and "Age of Reason," to whom more than to any other individual of his age, Geo. Washington not excepted, the American Republic is indebted for her national existence, and the uninterrupted prosperity which she has enjoyed for more than three quarters of a century.

In connection, herewith, I also send you a small pamphlet which fell into my possession the other day, containing an address on the character of Thomas Paine, delivered in the first Congregational Church in this city, Jan. 29, 1860, by the Rev. M. D. Conway, a Unitarian clergyman of progressive tendencies, far in advance of his profession.

As it is the first attempt on the part of the clergy to stone for the manifold wrongs and injustice done a worthy individual, in persecuting him with religious zeal, for opinion's sake, I presume it would justify the publication of the entire address, whenever you can spare the space in your columns without crowding out more important matter. Coming from the source which it does, it certainly looks ominous for the future.

L. M. S.

Cincinnati, Ohio, Aug. 24, 1862.

### Mrs. A. P. Thompson.

Allow me to state through the BANNER, for the information of those who are in want of trance-speakers, that in consequence of the indisposition of Miss Dooten, one of our favorite speakers, we have been addressed, on the last three Sundays by Mrs. A. P. Thompson, of Vermont.

This is Mrs. Thompson's first visit to Maine, and I am happy to say that when she closed her engagement and took leave of her hearers, last evening, there was evidently a very general, if not universal desire on the part of the audience, for another engagement with her whenever an opportunity shall occur.

E. T.

Portland, Sept. 1, 1862.

**COAL MINES.**—The unequalled wealth and rapid development of the coal fields of the United States as a dynamo, element in our industrial progress, affords one of the most striking evidences of our recent advancement. The product of all the coal mines of the United States in 1860, was valued at \$1,175,750. The annual value of the anthracite and bituminous coal, according to the eighth census, was over \$19,000,000. The increase was over \$12,000,000, and was at the rate of 108.9 per cent. on the product of 1850. It was chiefly produced in Pennsylvania, Ohio and Virginia.

## COMPENSATIONS.

BY ALICE KAY.

Once when we were making bay,  
Weakly little Simon Gray  
Came to work on shares.  
Far away I saw him pass  
While I lay along the grass,  
Idly setting snares!

Pale his face was, and his leg  
Was no bigger than the peg  
Where I hung my hat.  
All with blurs his feet were scratched;  
Old his trousers were, and patched,  
And too short at that!

"Halloo, Simon! throw away  
Your rake," I cried; "don't mind the hay—  
Come and see my snares!"  
"Oh," he said, "the hay is dry,  
And right well you know that I  
Came to work on shares!"

"Stuff and nonsense! you are young—  
Come and play!" but Simon hung  
On a stamp close by  
His old jacket, and began  
Baking like a little man,  
Without more reply.

"Si," I said, his zeal to slack.  
"Say, Si, what do you ask a stack  
For your share of hay?"  
"Sixpence," he replied with glee,  
"And I'm thinking that will be  
More than you can pay!"

Being half ashamed, half sad,  
I began to coax the lad.  
"Come now, Si," I cried,  
"Here are flowers of double red,  
Grown higher than my head."  
Beady he replied:

"It is very well to do  
As you will, 'tis one to you  
If you work or play;  
I, a tremor shook his voice,  
I am poor and have no choice—  
I must make my hay!"

Compensations justly fall  
I believe to one and all,  
Or in joy or care,  
Even as that summer day  
Simon had his stacks of hay,  
I my empty snares.

And whenever I see free will  
Turning good to direful ill,  
Glory, to disgrace,  
Something seems to say to me  
May not life's necessity  
Be its special grace?

### "A TEST."

Reply of Dr. A. Curtis, of Cincinnati, Ohio, to the question often asked, whether the statements in the "Spirit Message," published in the BANNER of July 5th, so far as they relate to him, are true.

Mr. Burron—That message contains two statements in reference to me:

First, "I have a dear brother who is an eminent physician in the eyes of the world, (1) but not controllable by me; (2) with him I have labored much to no purpose;" (3)

Second, "I have also manifested myself to my beloved brother, A. Curtis, M. D., of Cincinnati, Ohio, so palpably through this medium (4) as to defy contradiction;" (5)

#### ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS.

Note First.—I had a brother Samuel Curtis, an excellent physician and surgeon, who departed this life in January, 1851, in Columbus, Ohio.

Second.—If, by not being "controllable by him," he means that he cannot use me as he pleases, at all times, and for whatever purposes he pleases, this is correct. But truth and justice require me to say that he has often so controlled my hand as to cause me to write what had not entered into nor proceeded from my head, but which was afterwards demonstrated to be true. I am also fully conscious that some extraneous power has often attempted to move my hand to write, without so far succeeding as to record anything definite and sensible.

Third.—That some extraneous influence has labored with me much, I fully believe; not to the purpose that it probably had in view (to make me a writing, a speaking, or a healing medium,) to the exclusion of all other means of mediation, is also true. But it must be admitted that these "spirit labors" have done much to convince me of the reality of spirit manifestations in general, and of the special manifestations of my brother to me in particular.

Fourth.—"Through this medium," (Dr. Howard). On the 18th of last September I called on Dr. Howard as a stranger. He asked me if I was not the brother of Dr. Samuel Curtis. When asked why he thought so, he said that my brother stood by us, visibly to him, and introduced me to him. He also saw some resemblance between us, and that I answered the description that my brother had often given him of me. Then followed manifestations through raps on a desk. I asked "the rapper," mentally, if he knew where I was going? "Yes." For what purpose? "Yes." Shall I succeed? "Yes." Do you know the difficulty and danger of the case? "Yes." Need I fear to undertake it? "No." That evening I went to La Porte, Indiana, and the next day I performed the terrible surgical operation recorded in the March number of the Water Cure Journal. After the operation I sat down and wrote nine questions in relation to the case, enclosed them in a thick brown paper, so firmly by paste that it could not be opened without detection. This I enclosed in a letter to Dr. Howard, with the request that he would ask my brother to answer them according to number, and return the answers, inclosing also the sealed questions, that I might see that the paper inclosing them had not been opened. In due course of mail I received the answers, in the handwriting of Dr. Howard, numbered and answered exactly corresponding with my own, every answer being as appropriate in substance as if the writer (Mr. H.) had been a good surgeon and stood beside me pending the operation, the writing and the spelling being those of a very illiterate person. Several of the answers I knew to be correct, and the rest, which related to the future, all proved so in due course of time. The case continued and terminated just as my brothersaid it would.

Fifth.—I leave it to the reader to determine for himself whether correct answers to nine concealed questions, in their precise number and order, and respecting very rare subjects, divided between the past, the present and the future, can be regarded "as evidence not to be contradicted" of the action of an intelligent power possessing facilities for observation not possessed by any man while in the present state.

Some persons pronounced the success of that operation "almost a miracle." Others said I was assisted in it by my spirit brother. And yet others declared that I am generally aided by spirits, both in operations and medical treatment. Of this I am not conscious, and have no evidence, unless it be the fact that I have never lost a patient from an operation, nor failed to cure cases of disease in which I had any good reason to hope for success at the commencement.

A. CURTIS, M. D.



## A New Story:

But we feel you should work as little as possible yourself within the cave. Your lungs are now healing, and we would not have you inhale anything to irritate them, or add fresh cold to that which has troubled you so much. Brighter days are dawning upon you. Mind what I say! **Tom Vane** is







## Message Department.

Each message in this department of the BANNER was claimed by the spirit who spoke it, and the name of the person through whom it was given, is given in the margin. The messages are not published in the order in which they were given, but in the order in which they were received. The messages are given to show that spirits carry the characteristics of their earthly life to that beyond—whether good or evil. We ask the reader to receive no doctrine put forth by spirits in these columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expression so much of truth as he perceives—no more.

Our Circles.—The circles at which these communications are given, are held at the BANNER OF LIGHT OFFICE, No. 108 W. ABINGDON STREET, Room No. 3 (up stairs), every Monday, Tuesday and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Monday, Sept. 1.—Invocation: James Williams, servant to General Williams, of the rebel army; Rebecca Price, of Bellows Falls, Vermont, to her son Robert Price, a resident of the South; Mary Olivia Coleman, to her mother in Chicago, Ill.; Tom Russell, drummer in the 10th Massachusetts Regiment; Daniel S. Beaman, of the 9th Mass. Reg.; C. O. Tomlinson, of Cumberland, Tenn., to his mother; Joseph Aldrich, to his wife in New York City; Christopher Trank, of Canton, Mo.; Lydia Bland, to her mother in New York.

Tuesday, Sept. 2.—Invocation: Questions and Answers; Philip of Narragansett; Mary Adelaide Herold, to her son in London, England; Her. Benjamin Colt, of Charleston, S. C.; Alvira Clark, of Quincy, Minnesota.

### Invocation.

Oh, thou wondrous Spirit of the Universe, thou by whose power we are cast upon the ocean of time, and exist in eternity; thou Infinite Spirit, we approach thee again through mortality. Spirit, Most Holy One, we look upon the future as it stretches out before us in the distance, dim and shadowy; but that future is garlanded and decked with flowers, and thy children may enter upon its untrodden paths with safety, for thou wilt be then as ever the dear companion of their journey. And unto thy keeping we would again render all the bright gems of truth and wisdom, which have been lavished upon us in the past, and are still ours in the present; knowing that they will be returned to us in the eternal future, bearing fruit some sixty fold, and some an hundred fold.

Oh, our Father, we beseech thee at this time to draw near unto such of thy children as do feel the weight of sorrow and affliction. Oh, loving mother, we know thou wilt care for them. Thus in their behalf, and in behalf of all humanity, we send thee our ever an anthem of thanksgiving. July 24.

### Apostrophe to America.

Oh, America! thou child of Columbus's bosom, we would stand behind thee a glorious nation, rising in the scale of humanity and linked hand in hand with Divinity. Oh, America, you have deeply sinned, and therefore you must suffer! July 23.

### The Constitution and the Union.

Quæ.—The Constitution and the Union—are they the children of God?

It may be well to remark here that the physical inability of our medium to day renders it necessary for us to speak briefly upon the question before us. "The Constitution and the Union—are they the children of God?"

Ans.—This question holds within its body much of importance, and the answer troubles upon the lips of all eternity. From the picture which the present unfolds to us, we are to suppose that there is something wrong in the foundation upon which you stand. There is something wrong with you.

We know that in coming here to-day we shall destroy what has long been regarded as an idol by many persons. But human worship is not immortal, therefore you must expect its demise at some time, and the sooner its death-knell is rung the better it will be for you as a people. In unity, which is harmony, there is strength, immortality; in division, there is the opposite. The Union of the States, of the mind, of individual hopes, of all that tends to make you beloved and respected as a people—of the one we speak, and not of the external. Of the former we would speak, and not of that which floats upon your banners, and is inscribed upon your walls.

That you must preserve the Union as you would live in peace and harmony, we well know; but when we speak of the Constitution, as you speak of it, as something which cannot always exist; it is a mere child of the passing hour, a thing of the present, and not of the eternal future. You must remember that all such instruments as your Constitution are not immortal. The Great Eternal had not placed his signet upon it, and therefore it cannot be imperishable and everlasting.

The war of the nineteenth century might, as well occur at this time as years hence. Had the Constitution of the United States been born of God, civil war would not now have been your guest. But that child of time, like your bodies, must go to dust. You may mourn for it if you will, but what is it, when you consider it in connection with spirit? Not so much as the grains of sand upon the sea-shore; yet it is your idol—you bow down to it—you worship it as if it were immortal.

As children of a common Father, we love you. You are dear to us, infinitely more so than language hath power to express, and as you are, we would withhold the sword which threatens to slay your idol, if we could. It must die. Hark! the echo sounds throughout creation—the Constitution must die! Again we say, it must die. It hath fostered and upheld evil in your midst, and therefore is not worthy of preservation. I know that the majority of the American people look upon the Constitution of the United States as a thing by far too sacred in its nature ever to be broken by human hands; but when you gaze upon the evil which it hath engendered among you as a nation, you will agree with us that it has been but a mere child of the hour, and though much good has resulted from it, yet there is an evil canker at its heart's core. Mourn its demise if you will, but behold in the east a new King comes riding on the century cloud, and his name is Freedom.

Have you been a free people at any one time in your nation's history? The angel-world can answer no. You are a people fettered to the heart's core, and that which you madly called liberty was but a mere phantom, and not the thing itself. Oh, lift your hearts in thanksgiving to the Father of all mercies, that the hour is fast approaching when slavery will not only disappear from the American Continent, but from the whole face of the earth. 'Tis not for African slavery alone that the angel-world would plead at this time, but in behalf of all who are enslaved, of rich and poor, bond and free, of all classes and of all countries. We come to plead for you, and to set you free from idolatry and evil.

"The Constitution and the Union—are they the children of God?"

Whatever is at variance with the laws of the Almighty cannot live. The Constitution under which the American people have lived so many years has never been in harmony with God's laws, and you may rest assured that sooner or later it must die, and give place to something higher, holier, and more divine. True even many of our sphere still clasp the Constitution to their hearts in love and reverence; nevertheless, idol as it is, it is deformed and therefore should not be worshipped, by either spirits or mortals.

Look you into the land of the hereafter, and behold thousands who have come upon the wings of the morning without remission into the presence of their God, by the Constitution. It hath yielded you many tares. True it hath given you many the fruits, but the tares have been more numerous than the fruits, the evil greater than the blessings, which have resulted from the existence of your present Constitution.

The Union! Oh, glorious thought, and still more glorious fabric, wherever it hath been reared! Union! Do you comprehend what it means? You do

not, else you would renounce the Constitution and strive to build up the Union on a nobler and firmer basis than it has stood on for the past half-century. The unity of soul, of thought and action, what will it not bring you in the future? Peace, prosperity and happiness, and for that we come to prepare you, to bring it forth to an ultimate hereafter. Oh, children of the earth, look to yourselves and see if you are united in thought, that you may first establish peace and harmony at home, and then extend your thoughts to others not like you. Then shall America put on new robes of purity and righteousness; then there will be no more warring, no more slays, no more wars, but all will be peace and harmony within your borders, thus establishing a Union on earth such as the soul of man hath never conceived of. Union! Oh, let it take root in your souls, and while your idol sinks before your eyes, oh turn your thoughts heavenward, and bow down no longer to the God of wood and stone, for he cannot hear you, even though you call upon him each hour of your lives.

Your idol—the Constitution of the United States—hath long held a high place in the heart of the nation; it hath too long worn garments not becoming to it. We come to strip them off—to assist you up the hill of Life. We propose to unroll to you the glorious future. Oh, ye children of the present, now exert yourselves to behalf of unity, and while you do this, remember that you are children of one Father, that you are bound to one heaven. As you do this the Constitution will fade before your eyes. July 24.

### Questions and Answers.

We propose to occupy the next few moments in answering whatever question or questions the friends may propound to us.

Quæ.—Is not the Jewish religion the legitimate offspring of the Egyptian religion?

Ans.—Most certainly it is.

Q.—Was not the Hindoo religion prior to the Egyptian?

A.—We think it was, and older than the Persian.

Q.—Was Abraham a wanderer from Persia?

A.—He was. There's much connected with the history of Abraham of biblical memory, that might, if properly presented, be made exceedingly interesting to humanity generally, and we propose at some future time to look at the history of this individual and present it to you.

Q.—Do you propose to take up the histories of celebrated Bible characters, and treat them separately?

A.—We do; we are only waiting for a time when humanity shall be in a proper state to receive it. At the present time, she is too much engrossed with other subjects. It would be folly to throw any new subject upon the surface of humanity. July 24.

### Mary Elizabeth Sawyer.

Thirty odd years since I left two orphan children on the earth and went away in answer to the call of God. Since then, one of these children has been gathered to me. One remains; to him I come with all a mother's love and anxiety. I cannot hold out to him the hope of health and long life here on the earth, but I can hold out a far greater hope, that of a home in the spirit-world; such as his spirit has longed for, but never found.

He has toiled for peace; he has spent the feeble forces of his nature in striving to crush the rebellion, and to restore peace and prosperity to his beloved country once more. He has done well in this, and many of his fellow-citizens have looked upon him with hope and joy, and with deep thanks for his efforts in behalf of his country.

It may be that I failed to do my duty while here, and if I did, I must receive a just recompense for all duties done or undone while in the flesh, for God is just and deals impartially with all his children, whether good or bad. I would have my son think more of the spirit-land, and less of the material world and its fading fancies. I would have him know that that father who is almost unknown to him, whose days were not passed in righteousness and peace while on earth, is here in the spirit-land with me, and is now a different soul, a different spirit; one whom sorrow hath made mellow for the seeds of truth and wisdom. I would tell him that that father sends his blessing and asks forgiveness of his child for all the wrongs done him while on the earth, for all parental duties unperformed.

Oh, my son, let not despair shadow your soul. Oh, lift your spirit in thanksgiving to God, for you are not left alone. The door of heaven is open to you, and soon you will enter its hallowed precincts. Fear not to enter the heavenly court-yard, for we will light it for you and stand ready to welcome you to our spirit-home. Fear not to die, for we will light even the dark pathway of the tomb, that your uncertain feet may not falter or stumble on your journey heavenward. My name only I shall give you. Mary Elizabeth Sawyer. July 24.

### John S. Choate.

Ha, ha! [How do you?] Oh, I do but poorly. [What's the trouble?] Not much. Be kind enough to say that John Choate, of Lynn, Massachusetts is alive. That's a lie, they'll say. [You mean alive in spirit.] Yes, but some folks can't see it so; they can't see anything but what comes under their own eyes; but anyhow I'm alive and ready for another fight. [Please give me your name in full.] John S. Choate. That'll do, General, just as good as anything more. [I supposed there might be others by the name of Choate in Lynn.] I'm the only one who went out in the 22nd Regiment, Company A, and I know who I am. [What part of Lynn did you reside in?] About the middle. Look here, General, if you'll let us tell what we've mind to, and do n't go to questioning us, you'll get the truth; but if you don't you'll confound us so, we can't tell anything straight! Now, you'll please hold your tongue! There, now! But confound the pain.

I made a little sort of a promise before death that if there was any sort of truth in what I called humbug then, I'd come back and own up to all that was true. I'm one of the sort who can't see an inch before their nose, just now. General, I solicit an interview near home; is it consistent with your rules? [We can say in our paper that you desire to speak with friends at home, and they'll probably call you there.]

Well, I've got a few minutes longer to stay. What's the news? Who's whipped and who ain't? [None just now.] Well, I'm glad of it, but I got whipped out of my body, and pretty soundly too, but no matter, I'd give up a dozen if I had them. Now I've got to give up this one. July 24.

### Walter L. Chesswell.

I've a father in Baltimore, Maryland. My mother is here. [In the spirit-land?] Yes. I used to live in Charleston, South Carolina. We all lived there and I died there. For a year, and a little more than a year, my father has lived in Baltimore. I wish if I can to help my mother to speak to him. He has lost nearly all his property, and he sometimes thinks of committing suicide. My mother is in great grief sometimes about him. He says oftentimes to himself, "what is it that hinders me from going? What strange power surrounds me?" My mother says it is the influence of those who have gone before him to the spirit-land, and who still feel the same affection and interest in his welfare as when on earth.

I was thirteen years old. I fell about four months before I died and broke two of my ribs on the left side, and injured something inside, and that caused my death. My mother came here before I died, about a year and a half, or little more. My father's name is Thomas P. Chesswell. My name was Walter L. Chesswell. [What was your mother's name?] Lucinda, and she came from the North, and her name was Preston. My mother says I shall tell my father that if he wishes for many years of misery in the spirit-land, he can come here by suicide; but if he wishes pleasant hours hereafter, he must wait God's appointed time. My mother begs him to think no more of dying in that way; you'll please write him this? [Yes.]

I had one sister who died in infancy; that's all I had. Shall I go? [If you like.] I would like to talk more. [Do you remember when you passed away?] Yes. I've been here in the spirit-world most of my years. [Shall I send you a message to any particular place in Baltimore?] My mother says my father will get it. July 24.

### Caleb McAllister.

Be kind enough to say that Caleb McAllister, of Montgomery, Alabama, reports himself here at your circle to-day, and that he is alive, well, happy and content. My age was thirty-four years; my occupation that of a physician.

The blessing I have for my family I extend to them as a spirit. That I live and watch over them and have power to commune with them under certain conditions, is certain; that I have communed with them feebly since death, they may be assured when this brief communication reaches them. Farewell, sir.

It may be well to say that I died within your lines, away from home and friends. [Were you cared for upon our side?] I was not; there was no need of it. [How long did you live, after being wounded?] As high as I am able to judge about twenty minutes. I am no stranger to your philosophy. July 24.

## SPIRITUALISM.

### A MESSAGE FROM JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[We copy the following exceedingly interesting message from a work entitled "Twelve Messages from John Quincy Adams," written several years since through the mediumship of Joseph D. Stiles. These messages, which are dedicated to Josiah Brigham, Esq., of Quincy, have been put in book form, and may be had at this office.]—Ed.

The beautiful scenes which greeted my entrance into the world of spirits were entirely different from my expectations and my preconceived ideas and sentiments. I believed that the immortal life was fraught with the purest joys, and that the ties severed on earth would be united in heaven, never more to be sundered by the "eternal death;" that the weary pilgrim of truth, plodding along through the keenest trials and martyrdoms to maintain his most righteous cause, would there find a haven of rest and peace for his tried soul. But I did not entertain the idea that I should be permitted to roam at pleasure the vast and illimitable "pastures of the Lord," and pluck from them the ever-blooming, fragrant flowers, which would prove as tangible to the spirit's contact as are those of earth to the mortal touch; or that I should hear the sweet warblers of the air carol forth their paradisaical symphonies, the beauty and harmony of which have so often gladdened my soul on many a sunny morning of corporeal life.

Mankind, from the very commencement of existence, have yearned for a more satisfactory knowledge of the life beyond the grave than that which they have gleaned from the mystic creeds and dogmas of the past. The various theories of the churches, their wrangling and their inconsistent faiths, instead of satisfying the deep yearnings and aspirations of men's spirits, have served to plunge them into cold and skeptical skepticism. They have long desired, yes, and prayed, for some friendly citizen of the unknown country to come back, and give them a knowledge of the immortal life; to remove all doubts and fears from their minds, respecting an individualized existence hereafter, and a glorious reunion with the loved ascended.

History chronicles no subject which has more deeply engaged the minds of earth's children than the great and momentous one of immortality. It has attracted the attention of the gifted and wise; the loftiest intellects of the theological world have taxed their ingenious powers to unravel, to the satisfaction of all, the mightiest interrogatory of the age—the eternity of the soul!

But their arguments have failed to satisfy the demands of humanity, or to answer the earnest questionings of the human spirit. The antagonistic faiths of the churches—their continual warring against one another—have served to augment, in the minds of many, the gloomy belief of the soul's total extinction. They (the churches) have not met the spiritual exigencies of the people. Their chief aim has been, and is still, (though I am happy to write no so much so as in the past,) to build up sectarian platforms. They have discarded the two great features of Christianity, and without which it is utterly worthless, the Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of Man! An organization which disavows, either by precept or practice, these two cardinal principles or strengthening pillars of the Christian religion, is powerless for good!

Many, dissatisfied with the teachings of the modern church, have come out from its sectarian borders, and embraced a Christianity more in consonance with their humanity and truth-loving natures. Their spiritual wants not being fully met, they have actually been forced to take this step, and to surrender themselves from ties and relations dear to their souls. Not gloating any satisfactory knowledge of the future state beyond that of their own immediate acquiring, they have left their sectarian-bound limits, and gone forth in search of the exhaustless well-spring of truth.

If the teachings of the present age fully meet the wants of the masses, (as the clergy tell us constantly they do,) why are so many dissatisfied with them, and forced to reject them as not suited to the cravings of their natures? Why—if the Church answers their "longings after immortality," and furnishes a satisfactory solution as to their future destiny—do so many come out from it, and rush, with intense avidity, after every stray which will give them the faintest insight into the life awaiting them? Why do they not still tenaciously cleave to the "ancient doctrines" of the Church, and seek no farther for knowledge of the immortal life?

Al! I (the Church) has not answered the ardent aspirations and thirstings of the soul, either in the past or the present. It has been, and is still, too narrow-contracted and conservative in its doctrines and principles, and has disseminated teachings entirely repugnant to a God and man-loving nature. The hungry spirit is not appeased by the food offered to it, but is still in quest of the true bread of life! While many, however, have come outside the Church, and adopted a platform unbounded by creed or sect, there is yet a larger portion who still adhere to its conservative doctrines.

So strongly are they chained to another's opinions, that they dare not break away from their slavish condition, and come out and acknowledge their God-imposed individuality. They are fearful of losing caste, or that the tide of popular opinion will set against them if they adopt ideas or principles varying from those of the church authorities.

Again, the clergy have lacked the great and important requisite necessary in their responsible positions—an independence of character. They have knuckled to the will of their laity, without consulting their own actual spiritual needs and requirements. They have not answered the individual necessities of their people; they have given them what they asked for, and no more; the material has been satisfied, but not the spiritual. The slaveholder, liquor dealer, and liquor drinker have each erected a platform, and inscribed upon it, "Thus far shall thou go, and no further." Go beyond it, and we will crucify you on the cross of expulsion; denounce our cherished institutions, and we will ostracize you; you may, without molestation, think as you please, but you must preach to suit our thinking.

The "man of letters" hears the imperative injunction, and, fearing his threatened ejection, willingly bows assent, and thereby enslaves himself, and yields up to others his identity. Popular evils and sins are lost sight of; slavery and intemperance are idly passed by as though their existence was a falsehood; and, from week to week, are heard the same treacherous, worn-out doctrines of the past, suited only to the heathenism of the departed dark ages,

and not to the enlightened condition of the glorious nineteenth century! It is not my purpose to decide the Church, or to condemn the "mistaken" those who still cling to the "script of her dogmas." I accord to every individual the right to think and act for himself, when he does so conscientiously and without hypocrisy, and I claim for myself the same immunity. Freedom of thought, speech, and action is the glorious heritage bequeathed to angels by the Giver of all Good, and none can take it away. It is a power conferred on all alike, and he commits a sin against the Most High God who acknowledges and uses it not. There is some good, and some truth in every institution or sect. The Church wraps many noble men in her embrace—men in whose bosoms beat large hearts—hearts throbbing with thoughts and deeds, spontaneous, native, and outgushing. Their natures are too expanded to be enshrouded by the fetters of the Church, its many mystic dogmas and doctrines. They love all humanity, for humanity's sake, and are desirous to build up a church mighty and universal as Deity.

Where all in holy brotherhood, May worship as God's children should.

There are, also, a few among the many clergy-men, who are noble and conscientious enough to avow what they feel to be the truth, and to denounce evils and iniquities, existing in both State, Nation and Individuals. Knowing the right, they are not afraid to proclaim it, even in the face of a violent and intolerant opposition. Fearless of naught but the wrong, they go forth to defend the cause of truth, and defeat the ignoble purposes of error. Having the good of all mankind at heart, they rise above all sectarian influence and bias, and advocate principles in harmony with those Jesus so gloriously taught. Discarding theological antagonism, they labor to unite the whole, and bring them on to the same platform of brotherly love. But it is the Church as a mass with which I have to do. It has not disseminated the broadest Christianity, nor the loftiest Spiritualism. It has not even kept pace with the advancing civilization of the age. It has most signally failed to meet the spiritual expectations, or, at least, the needs of the people. Something more in keeping with the progress of the age is demanded, and mankind will have it, notwithstanding the strong efforts of the Church to bind them still to the darkness of its illiberal creeds.

Yet, intelligent reader of these pages, do we despair of a complete reformation even in this stronghold of sectarian bias and prejudice? Not such a dark world stains not the vocabulary of the spirit-world. Already has the Church begun to awake from its lethargic state, and to feel the necessity of a more decisive and thorough action on the momentous questions of the advancing age. She realizes the present revolution of religious sentiment, and her own position as a religious body, and that to live she must cleanse herself of all her old and effete dogmas, and launch forth on the sea of unbiased and liberal sentiment.

Spiritualism, as an angel of peace, of mercy, and of good will, comes to earth laden with many joyous blessings to assist in the glorious revolution now going on. It is entering Church, State, and Nation, silently permeating each dark nook and corner, and leaving there a regenerating influence. It is not a new philosophy, or religion, if I may term it such, but it is as ancient as the universe, and as eternal as its Divine Architect.

Slowly, noiselessly, but surely, has it been infusing itself into the eternal nature of man, softening, refining, and unfolding each element, and causing him to realize his true condition as a child of that Infinite Parent "who stands to us all in the double relation of our Father and our Friend." It has excited no little surprise in the minds of both believers and non-believers on this subject, why (if it is true,) the Church has been so backward in taking it up, and giving it that faithful and dispassionate investigation which it challenges. If there is aught of truth in it, they ask, why is it (the Church) so loth to embrace it—so slow to give it even the poor tribute of a notice?

If angels (they colloquize) can revisit earth, as it is avowed they can by a large portion of the community, why do not the clergy turn their attention to this fact, and proclaim it from the pulpit? Surely, a subject so momentous, so affecting the welfare of God's children, should not be slighted or coldly passed by as undeserving of notice.

The reason of this lethargy on their part is explained in a few words. They are so strongly wedded to their conservative creeds and doctrines, that they are unwilling to embrace any new, and especially unpopular idea, which will leave the slightest tendency to divorce the tie which binds them to the old standard theology. Deeply absorbed in the ancient dogmas of the Church, they think it a sin to depart or vary in the least from the old landmarks which those gone before have laid down. Lacking independence of character, moved by the current of public opinion, and oftentimes by the material more than the spiritual profit of their ministerial profession, they still tenaciously and fondly cling to their old, sectarianism, and fall down and worship it as their God. Hence, their unwillingness to give attention or investigation to aught out of the narrow limits of the Church.

There is still another class who refuse to give it their attention, because, as they say, it is pernicious to Christian morality, and subversive of the Divine aims of Christianity. They have investigated it sufficiently in all its phases and bearings to know that it is a striking phenomena, and, as such, displays a power and force independent of human agency, or volition. But they discard the idea, that spirits departed from the body have aught to do with its various manifestations, or are in any way connected with them.

They, therefore, tell mankind that they must have nothing to do with it, as it is conducive of evil, and trifling!—In everything pernicious to virtue and integrity.

Now, every one will coincide with me in the opinion that all phenomena work or are wrought by natural laws; that there is, literally speaking, no such thing as a preternatural law; that there can be nothing beyond a natural law. God, Angel, Science, Philosophy—all rebuke such an idea. Then, having satisfied ourselves on this point—that all phenomena are governed by natural laws—the next question for our consideration is, What is the principle which guides or controls these laws? The response is Deity.

Having come to the conclusion that Deity is the controlling agent of all law, and that all phenomena work by the direction of such law or laws, I would ask those who are continually railing against this Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, if aught can come from that Divine Source pernicious to morality, or the Christian graces? Can anything impure originate from that Infinite Controlling Power who guides all laws and their workings?

Can aught but that which is noble, good and immaculate—that which should engage the careful and undivided attention of his children—come from the Divine Originator and Giver of every good and perfect gift? Every individual in the sober expanse of an unbiased reason and judgment, will emphatically exclaim, No!

Then, if Spiritualism be true, as I can safely aver it is, it is wrong, or sinful to give it an investigation? Can anything unclean spring from it—anything antagonistic to integrity, to virtue and purity? Rather, is it not a sin against the Most High God to refuse attention to any phenomena, or denounce them as evil, simply because our finite capacities cannot grasp at once the law through which they operate? Is it not a libel upon the Divine Government and its immutable laws of wisdom, to call them impious or immoral which have their origin in God?

If the philosophy of Spiritualism has been despised by those who could not understand its "miraculous" law, neither God, Angel, or Spirituality, is accountable for it. The abuse of a phenomenon, or subject, arises solely from want of knowledge of the principles which control it. It is not the fault of the law, or of the philosophy, but of the individual who abuses it. If aught that is detrimental to Objection, exorcism, or morality, have gone forth to the world under the title of Spiritualism, it is simply owing to the

ignorance of those who espouse it, or to their very undeveloped condition.

An individual who comprehends the glorious principles of the Philosophy of Intercourse, will find in it everything exalting, elevating, and purifying. He will ascertain in his continued investigations, the why and therefore of all the discrepancies in modern Spiritualism, and that they proceed from the inharmonious, undeveloped state of humanity. When mankind become more unfolded in the religious and affectional nature, then all the errors and crudities, the chaff and dross of Spiritualism will be swept away, and the pure and banished gold of truth will shine forth in all its heavenly lustre. The eagerness with which Earth's children have grasped at this unfolding light, plainly shows a desire to know more of the future, than what the Church can give. They have long bled the troubled sea of uncertainty, and of misapprehension, and been tossed about here and there on its stormy waters, not knowing to what haven they were drifting, or where they would finally land.

No faith or philosophy, I would say, has ever dawned upon created man, which has been more cordially welcomed and embraced, or found truer vitality to worship at its shrine, in the short space of time with which the world has been acquainted with it, than this philosophy of celestial communion. It has answered his highest aspirations, inasmuch as it has opened heaven to his view, and convinced him that his immortal citizens are constant witnesses of the deeds done in the body, and ever exercise a holy and purifying influence over his life.

It has now attained to such an order of development, and numbers so large a portion of the intelligent community among its votaries, that all outside pressure will not affect it, in the least, or retard its onward advancement. It has gained a deep and lasting hold upon the affections of the people, and no power but the Almighty can stay its progress.

The Church, as heretofore, may wield its strong influence to nip this bud of promise in its beautiful infancy—may seek to blast it with the frosts of calumny and misrepresentation; but it is destined, in contravention to all such efforts, to blossom everywhere, and make the wilderness of man's life fragrant with the aroma of spirit-love.

The philosophy of angelic intercourse is bound to overturn all creeds and dogmas, and build up the Church of the everlasting God. It will annihilate all principles and theologies not in harmony with the laws of God and Nature, or cause them to succumb to the wide-spread influences of Harmonious Love and Brotherhood. Its broad and liberal banner floats to the breeze, upon which is emblazoned Truth and Progress. The enemy may attack it, and strike it down, but it will be raised again by its friends and champions, to wave over the heads of error, wreathed with the brilliant laurels of victory.

Friends of the Harmonious Philosophy must be fearless in the advocacy of their benign principles, must maintain an independent position, and exert themselves to promote the rapid growth of fraternal love and unity. Organizations, which proclaim not the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, are becoming effete and powerless, and must soon sink into oblivion. Like Samson shorn of his locks, their glory and strength are departing from them. Man begins to realize that he has too long been fettered by the chains of Church Slavery, and that it behooves himself at once to loosen the hold they have gained upon his soul's individuality, ere they drag him still lower into the dark chasm of superstition and bigotry.

Hitherto, he has not dared to override the popular creeds and prejudices of the age, or to think and act for himself, for fear of the verdict of a cramped public sentiment. The fear of incurring censure, if he pursued a course of dissent or antagonism to that the Church pursued, prevented him from taking an independent stand, and avowing principles consonant to those his conscience told him were right.

Once we thought that kings were holy. Doing wrong by right divines. That the Church was lord of conscience. Arbitrator of mine and thine; That whatever priests commanded, No one could reject and live, And that all who differed from them It was error to forgive.

But thanks be to God, a better and brighter day is dawning! His immortal truth is onward! Exorcism is its motto! Its broad flag is unfurled to the breeze! A mighty army have enlisted under it, and gone forth to battle for the Right. Already have their floating banners been crowned with the laurels of a noble triumph! Bravely have they stormed the strong citadel of sectarianism! Many times were they repulsed by the fire of the enemy; but the heavy guns from the spiritual battery answered their charge, and over the heads of a vanquished foe waved the glorious ensign of truth! Their ranks are daily, and I might say hourly, increasing in numbers. Man has ardently aspired to grasp this "pearl of infinite price," this precious blessing of the Almighty Hand! Angels have borne up the fervent prayers of hearts aspiring to know of the eternal life beyond, and a great and good Father has answered them. He pleased the children He created, and granted their prayerful requests. A channel has been opened, and the stream of time has found an inlet to the ocean of eternity.

God gives the creatures of his love A knowledge of his boundless spheres Which roll with such effulgent power Beyond the mortal vale of tears; Heaven, with its legions numberless, Is opened to their inner sight; And loved departed ones appear, Accounted in their robes of white.

The dread of death is gone. No more Do they its coming presence fear; For now they know it is the door Which opens to a brighter sphere, Where joys unnumbered ever roll, And severed friendships once more blend; Where every earth-fetted, burdened soul A life of endless Peace will spend.

In the course of human events the philosophy of celestial intercourse is destined to be the universal faith of all the nations of the world. A subject so affecting the destiny of mankind, so closely interwoven with every thread of their existence, cannot remain long at a stand still, but must steadily increase until all humanity are folded in its celestial embrace. The last eight or ten years of earthly time prove conclusively this fact. In the earlier stages of its infancy there stood many to embrace it, and hug it to their hearts as the brightest hope of their lives. Since that time, thousands, hundreds of thousands, yes, even millions, have embraced its heavenly precepts; and, not only endorsed them as far as belief is concerned, but carried them out in their daily lives, exemplifying their many beauties in every noble thought and virtuous action. It has gone into the hamlets of the lowly, the palaces of the lordly, and has left there a hallowing influence.

The Judge, the Senator, the King and the Statesman have alike felt its kindred power, and bowed their heads in acknowledgment of its divine origin and worth. Noiselessly, also, has it crept into the stronghold of sectarianism and bigotry, winding its tender folds around the dark and hideous form of error, cooling lighter and lighter until now lies in the last agonies of a death struggle. Now and then a clergyman is heard avowing its principles as divinely inspired, and some have been induced by a careful study and investigation, to say: "I am a convert to the conclusion that the laws of God are immutable, and that angels can operate through them with the same facility as in the time of Moses and the prophets of Christ and his apostles."

Their arm of theology will be raised to level it, if possible, the strong fabric of this glorious edifice to the ground. It has already endeavored to crush and annihilate it. But has it succeeded? In its same attempts? Where one stone started from its foundation, twenty more were added to strengthen it, and perfect it. No longer are the worshippers of a meagre minority. The few who advocate its divine legislation in the highway and byways of the world, are now, by its means, the only or most popular sect of the increasing population



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