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## Original Essays.

### TEN TABLETS ON THE NEW DISPENSATION.

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Intimately related to a previous paper published in another journal, and entitled "The Harmonical Dispensation and the Approaching Crisis," is the title and subject matter of the following article. Special reference to the New Dispensation must still be the staple; but a boundless realm of general, even that of all truth, widens out on the sky of mind as we tread up the starry way.

Now, any Dispensation at all must, as we all know, issue and ensue from the sphere of spirit. But it is associated spirit—that is, some Congress of Spiritual and Angelic Intelligence must be the dispensative fount. For, practically considered, the angel-world, guardian over this, is the only God we may now know. But we may ever feel a deeper; and, in the inter-conscious depths of being, sense a soul-life divine, richer and grander than any to be philosophically conceived. Ever is feeling deeper and finer than thought.

Yet the New Dispensation—which has several significant denominations, to wit: The Harmonical, the Truth, Love and Force, and the Truth, Love and Wisdom—is universally Eclectic; not by generosity, but by an instinct of that justice Universal Truth demands. Hence it is, that it gathers up the true meaning, or grasps the central significance, of the three great human views of God. These are the Anthropomorphic, the Pantheistic, the Theistic. We know very well what antedated them—conceptions corresponding to the developments of mind of those antedating such, and nominated in History as the Fetic and the Polytheistic. Well, these had subserved their best. Like everything, they had a use; and uses, like everything not based on instantial and universal principles, have limitation and expire when fulfilled. Then arose their successors. These three yield a certain something, indispensable to the full unitary view, that the diversity of an Harmonical Dispensation of necessity implies. But in what respect? This, then, is here the inquiry—in what respect?

What, therefore, is the measure of truth, the Truth Dispensation discerns, and receives from each. Spiritualism the feminine, and Harmonicalism the masculine, factor of this opening Unity-Era, are, predominantly—the first, Pantheistic, the second, Theistic. And it is, Spiritualism interpreting the Divine as a breathing Essence universal, lying back of, yet pervading and shaping. Matter, is, in the least sense Pantheistic. But perceiving that this breathing Essence must have methods of manifestation, which imply arrangement and law, it is, also, Theistic. For the Greek Theos, or God, was an Arranger. On the other hand, Harmonicalism, devoted as it is to the perception, exposition and application of Natural, Spiritual and Celestial truth, while it must and does recognize the immanence of life divine in all expression by form, is eminently Theistic. And it is so by its doctrine of the Impersonal Intelligence and methodizing power of all Principles. But one thing then remains—Anthropomorphism, God in the form of man.

Well, are we called upon to absolutely reject the central and essential truth of that? I affirm, that whoever amongst us does so, does not philosophically know what he does. Why? Because the fact of this truth is spoken by the mouth of the law of all Organization and order, in spheres both of Spirit and Matter. What is the argument? That there is in and over all things, without exception, a deathless law of Centrality. This makes possible Unity in Diversity, on every plane of life. Solar schemes and material atoms, nations in Government, and men in business, alike attest to its inescapable presence, and its most divine, because orderizing, power. Order is not only Heaven's first, but progressive Nature's instinctive law.

Now, apply the principle to that religious method of the Divine Government issuing out of the angel-world to nations and men. The higher and superior control; that is, direct the lower and inferior, by virtue of the authority of a divine law in all life. Hence it is, that the antedated and unfolded angel-world, guardian over this, is practically, the God to it. But it is so only in the general sense. The special sense demands its sphere and office, and in this, as in every other great affair, gets it. Things are general by Diversity, special by Unity.

What then is the special truth herein? Every inhabited planet has its spiritual center and head. That Intelligence, that Individual, that Archangel, is the central representative of Divine Love, Truth and Power; so the Christ, or anointed, to the planet over which, by the ordination of a most beautiful law of Centralities, he is its relative personal God. Herein, too, see the real meaning and rational interpretation of the Godship of Jesus. That man, the first of this Earth's sons to be born, by the moulding grace, and magnetic power and divine manipulation of Archangels, into a practical individuality from the quickened *innateness* of his beautiful being, became the medium for the great Christ-Angel over this planet, and so himself the Christ, and, representatively, the God of Love to men.

But the world needs, and will receive, when it ripens up somewhat to fairly profit by it, a revelation of the *trine* Christ, that is, the most Divine, that is, the Celestial, of Love, of Wisdom and of Truth. Why may not the angelic-man Jesus, shining, radiant and grand, by the cultures of nearly twenty centuries be, in the majestic heaven of Spirit, rising regnant over the planet Earth, an embodiment of this very *trine*? Once more am I compelled by the voices to the within, to affirm just that thing. Jesus is the central pivot of this Dispensation—which is, as yet, only forerun. Said he prophetically, "I have many things to

say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit, when he, the Spirit of Truth, is come he will guide you into all Truth." This is the opening of that Era. This universal reach of mind and sweeping grasp of thought, this inspiration to meditation by otherwise dumb lips of the entranced, show what is in the mind of spirit, what is the intent of God.

Therefore, standing on the threshold of the illumined to-day, we may with anointed eye far-reaching, if so the Divine gifts us with His grace and power, view the come-forth of the matchless army of All Truth, as it defiles on the plains of mind. Behold! though we but see the vanguard, the significance of the bannered signs it bears.

What, then, are those signs? As I see them, in number they are ten—and, by name, as I shall try to show. This Universal Truth must be elementally characterized—that is, it must be made up of principles. For principles are Elements of Mind. To get at these one must not only view the form of the new-come, but psychometrize the characteristics of its parents. For Truth is the child of Love and Wisdom; and must bear in its spirit, and carry in its figure, the stamp of its parentage. Therefore, if we can but analyze Love and Wisdom, we shall, in the general sense, at least, gather up the primal traits of Truth.

Now to the illustrious seer of "The Great Harmonia" belongs the honor of having first stated the Attributes of Wisdom. He is Wisdom, as Jesus was Love. But he is not Love and Wisdom in all Truth. Yet standing as one of the three great Forerunners of this dawning *trine* Era, his words are weighty with Wisdom, and carry in their womb a pregnant something, clothed upon with form and nature yet to be made known. But this statement of his must meet with inevitable modification as it is conjoined with that of Love. It may be said, and in one sense be truly said, that as Wisdom expresses the life of Love in form and by method, it takes up into itself Love itself, as simply a development or extension of it. But the matter assumes a different aspect when we consider that Love and Wisdom constitute, philosophically considered, the sex of God; and, hence, neither can absolutely absorb the other. There is never any Love without some Wisdom, nor any Wisdom without some Love. But when these are conjoined, whether on the Natural, Spiritual or Celestial plane, the result of the perfect combination is Truth. Truth, then, the child of this mother (Love) and father (Wisdom) partakes of the nature of both. In fact, it is the ultimate of them. Hence, as Love is the mother of Religion, and Wisdom the father of Science and Philosophy, Truth is the parent of both, and of practical power. Do not Religion, Philosophy and Art rule the world? These embody the great threefold tendencies of the New Dispensation: the religious, the philosophic and the practical. Each of them has a living representative Forerunner.

What, now, are the essential elements and the attributes of Truth, out of which are born all others? Primarily, they are seven; secondarily, ten. Do I err in making the primary statement thus? 1st, Use; 2d, Justice; 3d, Power; 4th, Beauty; 5th, Charity; 6th, Aspiration; 7th, Harmony or Unity. Sex is here. For instance, the formula is—

LOVE (feminine).	WISDOM (masculine).
(1st.) Use.	(1st.) Use.
(2d.) Charity.	(2d.) Justice.
(3d.) Aspiration.	(3d.) Power.

all in  
Harmony, or Unity.

Thus it will be seen that there are three feminine, and three masculine attributes, uniting in one ultimate of Harmony.

Behold, then, a beautiful consistency and a progressive development of the providences of God. These great providences, called Dispensations, special because adaptive to the condition of the race, are ever in the order of a methodic growth. We are now entering the vestibule leading to the sacred Shekinah of the *trine*, which the Moslem and Christian, as first and second, antedated. Not but that, however, there were other Dispensations, either antedated to these, or to other peoples than the Hebrew. But this peculiar Semite people—made so by soil, by climate, by association, and by the religious selection of the angel-world—were set apart, in that vast scheme of providential economy over this planet for the representation of the Religious side of the Divine, even as the Greeks were of the Philosophic, and the Romans that of Power. In other words, as Religion is central to all else—dealing as it does with the special soul-relation of man to God and God to man—a System of Dispensations was commenced, in Religion, amongst the Jews, which should, in the end, reveal the *trine* nature not only of God but man. Hence, the New Era of Truth, Love and Force, being an ultimate of the others, does not destroy, but only does away with, by taking up and embodying, the other twain. In the general sense, Truth, Love and Force correspond to the Wisdom, the Love, and the Will of God.

Now if this be so—that is, if this Dispensation embodies the Moslem, of Force, and the Christian of Love—these two indicating the dual methods in Wisdom of Providential Government, first by force, next by *suasion*—we must see most evident sign of the same in the elements and characteristics of this Third Era. And we shall find that, in correspondence with the great circular law of progress, we are simply coming round to the original starting points, and representing on a higher plane what was at first made known. Hence we have the essential truths of Judaism and Christianity, over again with vast superaddition. Nay, not only the indestructible use of the Hebrew past, but the Grecian, Egyptian and every other are ours. Said Galen to the "Harmonist," referring to the New Dispensation when ripened up and completed, it "will reveal a unitary combination of Truths brighter than the noon-day sun."

What then, is the indication of Judaism and Christianity in the present Revelation? Wherein does Universal Truth of to-day show its beautiful, connected and indissoluble relation to the

truths of the two great Dispensations of the past? Critically scan the elemental analysis of Truth; and see. The Elements of Truth are, beginning with the masculine side and ending with the feminine—Use, Justice, Power; Beauty, Charity, Aspiration; Harmony or Unity. Now the masculine, in the outward order, is first. The feminine is inner to, and finer than, the masculine, always. Wisdom, in a certain sense, is external to Love—just as thought is to feeling. Hence it is, that the first three Elements of Truth, to wit—Use, Justice and Power—essentially embody and present the foundational formula of the Moslem Era. The outer must precede the inner, in manifestation of method and form, even while the former has wrapped up in itself, elementally, the latter.

Do I mis-state in this statement? Is it not the fact, which the Judaic History and the spirit of Dispensational Judaism verifies, that Use, Justice, Power, represent the Moslem Era? It does not matter how low or how crude this manifestation was—there it is. And its central principle, Justice, was incarnated and actualized in that tremendous moral maxim, the very essence of Judaism, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." On the other hand, Christianity, finer, diviner, and feminine to the other, gives us as its central gospel, sweet-hearted Charity. While Beauty, on one side, and Aspiration, on the other, complete its trinity. Justice, Charity and Unity are the essential life of the Truth-Era.

But when we come to note the depth and breadth of meaning of Unity, we shall not only see where in this Dispensation transcends in majesty and power all others, but find ourselves pushed back to the significance of the very beginnings that go to make it. Hence, the seven tablets of the ten, I am trying to indicate, demand, severally, specific treatment. For Unity, concretely stated, comes from Diversity and Agreement. But how shall the real meaning of Diversity, its essential, differential life in form, be determined, unless we critically consider Use, which go to make it? Use is the ultimate expression of all life and all form.

First, then, as to that interpretation of Use, which Universal and Unitary Truth infers. And I affirm that this Dispensation, which shall best represent the Divine, is in one great, central sense especially like him—*irrespective*. That is, though it is selective, in the special sense, it is *irrespective*, in the general one. Gifted with a profound religious instinct and an insight rising out of that, it not only feels but perceives the immanent presence of God in all things. Hence to this eye, is no absence in the past of divine Truth. All forms of error are to it simply misconceptions of the Truth. Every institutional life, in every age, contains somewhat of this divine substance. Not a theory, not a formula, nor a social, religious or political form, but what has had its use, and yields it up, to be, in its transpositional and transfigurational state incarnated in the New of to-day. Savagism and Civilism; Judaism and Christianity; Catholicism and Protestantism; Aristocracy and Democracy; Individualism and Socialism—every form of belief, and life, and institutional power, must yield its offering of indestructible use. For truths—that is, in the ultimate, uses—are never elementally old, but ever fresh and new; and the race, essentially, is the same to-day as many thousand years ago. As the harmonial man, who has taken up with him in growth the child, retains in character something of the child and manifests it, so does and must the race in its march to the summit of harmony. We are simply to drop the errors and abuses of the past—but even *false* must have their due. In this new combination, so beautiful, so divine, we shall have a different and a higher expression of so called old things. It is reconciliation that is needed. Partial, distorted, opposite, and antagonistic expressions of truth, whose active body is use, must and will find a judicial inspection and a just relation. This is one mission of the Harmonial and Unitizing Era.

I know what is said so frequently in our midst: "Spiritualism must be kept free from side issues." Certainly, if you can. But how can you when, as broadly understood, it comprehends all issues? Is Spiritualism simply spirit-communication, the doctrine of universal and perpetual inspiration, and the Gospel of Progression? These are only its basic formula. But grant, for the sake of argument, that they are the all of it; then I appeal from Spiritualism so defined, to a Dispensation of all Truth, and so of all clarified use. Now, then, when Celestialism, which is higher and broader than distinctive Spiritualism—when Celestialism, which is Universalism, and which with Naturalism and Spiritualism, forms a tri-unitary statement of the threefold nature of the Kingdom of Existence, as outer, inner and innermost, to which we are related; when that gets clear and full expression, we shall perceive a finer and more searching, a deeper and broader and clearer definition of uses than was ever hitherto conceived in our philosophy. For Justice must be done to truth, to use, to God, to Nature, as well as to man. And Celestialism will do it. So am I brought to,

Second, Justice, than which, save Charity, none other under the Heavens of all Truth is so needed amongst men. Indeed, without it, neither Uses, nor unity, nor anything else will get its due. So we reproduce Judaism; but it is Judaism carried up and out, by grander aims, to all spheres of thought and life. Confucius yields his doctrine to be enforced; and one wing of Christ's great, living statement calls from out the graves of all martyrs for adjudication, though it be by the bloody sword. We have come to that pass in the race's career, when the doctrine of submission finds modification. Wisdom justifies herself by final results; and these results demand the defence, if not the offence, of war, to secure them when nothing else will answer. Hence it is, that of the trinity representing Judaism, Christianity and Harmonism—to wit: Justice, Charity, Unity—Justice is outwardly the first. But let me not be misunderstood. This New Age carries the heart of Love in one hand, and the sword of Justice in

the other, and it says: "Accept Jesus, or take Moses."

How does the matter at large present itself? Is it not clear as a crystal that nearly all Governments of to-day are based on, and three-fourths of earth's people are living under, because they are in the sphere of, the Moslem Gospel? Jesus, hitherto, has simply been the great Ameliorator. Hence, when an attempt is made to lift the expression of Justice to the level of Christ, who felt all men to have certain "inalienable rights," the right hand of force is used to crush out the attempt. But Wisdom—which is the masculine factor of Truth, whose feminine is Love—declares that when the *suasion* of divine truth avails not to have Justice down, the force of its Power must enter in. Justice must be done now, though all religious, political and social heavens fall. Is it not evident in the inevitable tendencies of the times? The emancipation of Russian serfs; the deliverance of the American chattel-slave, and determination either to citizenize or separately nationalize him; the intensification of the English political contest for an extension of the franchise; right; the inspiration settling down upon this land, and settling in the hearts and brains of its wisest women and men, for the rights made clear by the wrongs of woman; and a subtle spirit of freedom ranging or burning in the mental atmosphere of the world all attest to the resolute and righteous animus of the opening New Age.

Of course, precisely what is Justice, is to be determined by the illuminations of Truth. In the light of the friction of increasing contests is it, also, to be made clear. For many minds hard and shut to the truth in peaceful garb, have it let in upon them when it comes in warlike mien. Contests of any kind are openers. And often when a war of thought fails to grasp in victory the just end, a war of arms yields the prize to them to whom it justly belongs. This Dispensation is eminently *suasive*; it remembers the great Nazarene as he was; but it has in reserve, first, for defence, and last, for offence, a divine force. Hence it is that it is said, that that great leader for whom we look, in the not far future, will be a combination of Mahomet and Christ. Power must give Justice the Kingdom—the power of feeling, of thought, and of physical act.

Third, then, as to Power: It speaks in part for itself to most men, and when its triple spirit gets in upon us, to all men. We all know how it divides itself. It is chiefly physical, intellectual, and spiritual, or divine. The first is the lowest, and the last is the first. Moses guided by adaptive wisdom, and Mahomet, also, grasped and wielded the physical sort; but Jesus, standing on the spiritual, intellectual plane, rose royally above the atmosphere of the cruder part and let fall on a sleek world the emanations of a most divine power. That look, that touch, that silvery speech has gone into all History since him. All civilization of the later sort is simply scientific embodiment of that, in spheres of use, of his most divine love. Men have wrought everywhere not only wiser, but more loving than they knew. Love was in the secret heart of the skill of their wisdom.

But this Era is to be distinguished beyond all others for power of thought. Accepting the Moslem use of this Element, as it finds its fit modification by conjunction with the Christly kind, or as it is to be nakedly enforced in Celestial Wisdom for ends of truth, it goes vastly beyond; and transcends all past expression of it. Because Universal Truth is the parent, in the brains of men, of universal thought. It is this view that shall discern all Uses and help make clear the path of Justice. Sweeping round the world's mental experiences, it shall speak by the mouths of the arisen ones who have cut the roads the peoples have trod in all ages. Solomon, Pythagoras and Plato; Newton, Faust and Fulton; Lycurgus, Bacon and Fourier—are these and the poets of these, an uncounted host of *genii*, alive or dead? Men call them, the dead; but they have been the active powers, unseen, behind the thrones of earthly life. With vision clarified by the pure airs of spirit-heaven, they see no more as through a glass, darkly; but with vast expansions of mind resolve the problems of God. Such men, and women like them, two in one, under this era in. In truth, they have been for centuries, or for years, silently ripening up the world's experiences, that, so out of this vast womb of prepared receptiveness, the greatest child the world ever saw might, at last, get born. That new Christ is the power of universal thought.

Yet there is to be this endowment, as grace: a divine and holy spirit, unctational, penetrative, subduing. The Nazarene steps in, nay stands central; and, as of old, sheds that sweet and sacred life his celestial genius brought him. Unless the truth be given with *divine* power, it cannot reach the deep God in man. Something more than vast intellectual or intuitive comprehension is needed: a spirit baptized as with holy magnetic fire. Our depths of soul must receive it; and, rising up thence crystallized into the moral will, and shining luminous from the intellectual realm, not with lurid light of ambitious and selfish life, but pure and piercing as the sun, it shall gift us with the grace and the power of God. How many eagerly long for this baptism, whose day of Pentecost has not yet come. Thus am I brought to the Jesusonian Elements of Truth.

Fourth, Beauty; Fifth, Charity; Sixth, Aspiration—but the greatest of all is Charity. True, Beauty is the bride of use, and gives birth to poetry and the finer Arts, and all grace twining round the multitudinous forms of Use. True, this Era ranks Beauty as one of its other great trinity, of which Conscience and Economy are the complements of the same. But, while accepting the all of this Element, transfigured and shining white with celestial light, and weaving many a spell of speech and act to charm the mind of man—Charity remains the central and magic gem. Because it speaks from soul to soul, as *spiritual*, nay *divine*, beauty. It breathes the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man.

But then what is Charity, in the strictest, which is the philosophic sense, to be considered. Is it merely an overlooking of faults, a ready forgiveness of sins, or an unselfish benevolence? It is all that and more. For this Element, like everything else, is doubly sexed. That is, it has its feminine side and its masculine, as well. Jesus, himself so interior and feminine, mainly showed the first. Yet even he, commissioned to display the everlasting love of God, now and then interpreted it with masculine vigor. In truth, the opposite qualities of that great prophet, so apparent in his speech and act, are to be reconciled by the interior fact that he took up the past and indicated the future. He had his *central* thought, of unbounded love; but it was winged, on either side, by a masculine interpretation of Charity, and by a perception of the demands of Justice. But what is the masculine of Charity? Let us leap to Swedenborg who gave it. This seer and religious spiritual genius—he, the embodiment of forerunner and prophet of this Era of Love and Wisdom—who was divinely maneuvered in his mission, for ends of use his Age demanded, to plant himself on the Bible and Christ as God, declared, with philosophic precision, that Charity did not consist simply in forgiveness or benevolence, as ordinarily understood, but in earnest and wise efforts to rectify the moral state of the offender, to help a man to help himself, and to cut at the very root of his offence. Accepting this masculine definition, we see how Charity, which is the bride of Justice, interlocks with it. On the other hand, a masculine Justice, cold and hard and remorseless, needs to be feminized by the love and grace of its companion. And it will be, in part, the mission of this Dispensation to have them go hand in hand. Beauty suggests Charity; but the glowing heart of the latter is upward in its movement as well as all abroad. Charity seeks to lift up because itself lifted up—lifted up above the swamps of selfishness. More benevolence is dispensational; but taking to itself a spiritual aim it strives to elevate.

Aspiration, then, as the sixth Element, claims us. And here we launch forward and upward into the outwardly Unseen. It is the basis of all piety. We ask in spirit that we may receive. Lo! angels answer; and give sweets of heavenly life. Opening the soul shut by passion, by earthly affection, or by intellectual preponderance and pride, inspiration enters in. Nay, *Intuition*, which is internal Understanding, as Intellect is external Understanding, is lifted up with it even as it lifts us up. The glow of its life invigorates the intuitive eye. Inspiration is feminine *reception*; Intuition masculine outgiving of spiritual mind. And precisely in correspondence with that plane of life and thought of the within, to which we can be brought or go, is the quality of the descent. Hence, if we can but be quickened in the *innateness* of being, and rise from that Celestial source of the Divine life in us, we may transcend the mere spiritual, hold intimate communion with holy ones, and experience that silent, ineffable Unity with God, which Jesus knew. This last is response, flow and reflow, of divine, magnetic substance within, to divine, magnetic substance without. The subjective and the objective elementally intermingle.

From this, it will be manifest, that the New Dispensation is to be eminently devotional. We know, we see, that it is, and is to be, with great power, *philosophic and practical*; but we must, also, feel that it is to be profoundly *religious*. Not lost in, or wilted by, a sickly, sentimental sort of piety, lacking naturalness and vigor fit for practical life, it shall yet show at last, all of that depth and height of devotional life made evident by the Christ of Love. It is Religio-Spirituality that woos to win us. So, I affirm that the new Catholic or Universal Church is an inevitable offspring of the Third Era. Planting herself upon the basis of Love and Wisdom in all Truth, she shall be the spouse of the Theocratic-Democratic State—giving forth life, and light, and unction to all who shall receive her. But—

Seventh, Unity, the sum of all, remains—characterizing the specific quality, in Universality, of the Truth-Era. What is its general two-fold nature? What does it, dually, imply? The answer must be, *Diversity; Agreement*. The first is masculine, separative, expansive, repulsive; the second, feminine; unitional, concentrational, attractive. Diversity is individuality; but Agreement, is relational adjustment of individualities. In Colors, in Music, in the Kingdom of the mental faculties you will see, Diversity, Agreement, Unity. The primary basis is sex; and out of the two comes the three.

Apply, then, this great argument to all great affairs with which the New Dispensation shall deal. And you will behold the reconciliations which Unity affords. For it is unreconciled difference which splits the world. If, as has been observed, Truth is opposite, not to say antagonistic to itself, it is because of the lack of, first, a Unitary statement, and, next, a Unitary realization of it. This Diversity can only find Agreement, and hence Unity, upon a depth of basis broad enough not only to find some common tie, but free play for the difference. Only Universality can yield that. Everything must have its due; Uses must be everywhere recognized; Justice to all sides must be done.

For instance, practically, in Religion, the conflict of the Ages has been, and still is, between the individuality of man and the supremacy of God; in Theology, between the prerogatives of a Church as expressive of God, and the rights of man, as divine; in Government, between the central authority and the individuals or states concentrated to it; in Society, between Capital and Labor. Catholicism and Spiritualism; Monarchy and Aristocracy, on the one hand, and Democracy, on the other; Individuality and Sociality—these, and the like of these, exhibit a radical diversity, whose just agreement in Unity can only ensue, as a common tie, yielding to each what truly belongs to it, is found. Hence the need of a great new and



searching analysis; and that analysis can only be reached, as we reach a Universal unfolding of Truth, defining all uses—in short a scheme of things, whose finer archetypes and counterparts obtain in the heavens of spirit and shine out from the starry ways. Man himself contains it wrapped up in him. If he did not, how could he ever grasp it? For the magnetic combination of negative germs of the Microcosm in man with positive archetypes and elemental lives of the Macrocosm outside of him, gives to Consciousness, first, the sense, or intuitive sight, and then, to Intellect, the knowledge of Nature and God.

Now it is by this very combination, or marriage, that we have all result. Results are births; and births come from sexual conjunctions. Hence, Unity irresistibly implies Combination—as does Agreement of Diversity. Marriage is the divine mystery of the Nineteenth Century's apocalypse. There is primal sex at the root; and sex on sex, amidst all after diversified variety. Therefore, am I led by this consideration to make here the final statement of the ten tablets, whose primary precepting seven have already claimed specific attention, *Combination* (or Association) is the eighth; *Development* the ninth; and *Progression* the tenth.

Eighth, then, as to Combination. In Nature, in Man, in Government, in Religion, in Sociology, behold how it is made manifest. A certain tie of Affinity knits things first in pairs, then in families, in groups, in societies, in series and in degrees. But the affinity of pairs, of primal sex, is somewhat different from that attraction which causes "birds of a feather to flock together." For the common tie of Association lies deeper than any separate sexualism. Sex is at the root, it is true; but the deepest root is a certain unitary God-germ. Every kingdom has its specific own. Behold it in all men and women—in the white, the black and the brown; primary races—as that same soul-life, wherein all men are equal, and all men brethren. So that, while sex is the basis of combinations in *Diversity* of Life—it is a secondary consideration to that primary Agreement, that consociation of radical Affinity with which all specific and separate kingdoms in most divine Nature are endowed. Yet this Unity at the deepest root is indissoluble, elemental consociation of opposite poles of Being, which, as in God of Love and Wisdom, is sex.

But neither is man—though divine—in his individuality, God, nor anything, whether it be the Church, the State, or Society in its millioned aspects of activity, which he originates and with which he deals. It is in the sphere of the *diversity* of Individuality that this Agreement, this Combination by sex ensues. Hence, two beautiful points here present themselves—first, that common divine, magnetic tie of likeness, running like a sacred river under each separate kingdom and all; and second, that tie of specific sex in Diversity, by correspondence.

What is the practical argument? That development of the race must reach to the depths of being ere the great divine bond of Attraction shall do away with all combinations in any sense, by Force. True, this day, and for many an age the divine depths of being in man, together with selfish interest, has permitted, nay, compelled association, even while the common Consciousness of God in all men has not elementally gone into them, as Societies and States. And through every phase sex struggled to, and did, express itself.

But now we need that religious expression of soul-life, wherein is the deepest union, and that scientific analysis of sex of Agreement of Diversity, wherein is Individualized union. Hence the Religion, the Absolute Religion of Humanity, which Christ revealed, will wed itself with a Universal system of Science. Then opposites, which are only kept from being antagonists by force, or by interest, in the civil life of man, will find their harmonious adjustment. The true unions of sex will vastly help the union of soul.

Now the noble author of "The Great Harmonia," who has been such a luminous and voluminous teacher to us all, has made a statement of this trinity I am dealing with, in a way that seems to me to admit of, if it does not really demand, modification. Does Development precede or succeed Progression? Mr. Davis makes the order thus: Association; Progression; Development. I am moved to a somewhat different statement—to wit: Combination (or Association); Development; Progression. Because you must first develop forms of life before you can progress them. The child is a development—of the combination of the negative female and positive male germs. Then it further develops or progresses, into the youth, the man, the spirit, the angel, the seraph. Progress is simply a larger and finer expression of development. You develop life into individualized form; then you progress, or refine and elevate that form.

But a new development implies a new combination. Hence the so-called "development theory" is only half true. For while it is a fact of truth that man as to his spirit and body came up from the lower Kingdoms, it is not so as to his *innate soul*. That soul—a divine magnetic monad—came out or down from the sphere of the most Divine. Nor is it true that one Kingdom pushed absolutely into the other. Because in the latter case, the law is, that to get a higher result you must have a combination of the higher with the lower. In what sense, then, is, in this particular, the development theory true? In this sense: that each Kingdom, maturing, formed the matrix for the attraction and deposition of the archetypal germ of the next higher one. Each Kingdom is, in spirit, distinct, and yet related—distinct as an archetypal whole, but related as positive and negative. In other words, the lower Kingdom contains the negative germ of the next higher. But the new result is only born as that negative germ is impregnated by and conjoined with its positive counterpart. Each is a unity; but still—as negative and positive—must sexually conjoin, ere you can have the higher Kingdom. Now there is a primary and a secondary world of causes, of magnetic germs. The Celestial is the first; the Spiritual the second. Man's soul, or *innate*, came from the Celestial; but his body, as to its spirit-germ and form, from the spiritual. How precisely the germs of every Kingdom gets into and impregnates the matrix of the one below it, may be understood from the simple law of Atmosphere. The Celestial penetrates and permeates the Spiritual, and the Spiritual, the Natural. Within, above and around us, are the invisible types and archetypes of the Kingdoms of God.

It is Development, then, which expresses so pregnant and powerfully the central doctrine of that trinity which underlies all manifestations of Mind and Matter, and therefore, of Use, of Justice, of Power, of Beauty, of Charity, of Aspiration, and of Harmony or Unity. And when we apply its significance in its fullness to the mental births of this Truth-Era, how vast is the view opened up. To-day, the spirit, the angel-world, as a positive power, is sowing the nations with the seeds of everlasting love and light. Within the peoples are the possibilities of Justice and Charity, of Use and Beauty unbounded—nay, of a divine Unity; but there must be impregnations by God. The Divine works by instrumentalities,

The loftier Intelligences of the invisible world, nay, the lower, also—since all uses avail—as such seek to quicken, and do quicken, these possibilities in man, whose richer development in every sphere of life and use shall eclipse the births of the Ages. Inspiration is not only a perpetual fact but a living and working reality. A new Theology, a grander system of Science, a fresher, and more beautiful and original Art, a new Heavens and a new Earth, open up, and out before us. Progress by Developments and by new Combinations is not only shining, as if writ by the hand of God, on the sky of mind, but walks radiant in the midst of men. Its voice shall call the peoples from the prisons of the past and its spirit shall endow them with power to burst their bonds.

Tenth, then, specifically as to Progression, whose antecedent—Development—made the Ninth tablet, in this treatment, and I close the article embracing the ten. What, therefore, is to be understood, at this point, with respect to Progress? Its methods. For though it is at last a forward-moving life, it has its forms of expression. For instance—this day, many men doubt if the world be really progressed, since the majestic civilization of Egypt gloried in its prime. Why? Because there have been such desolating deaths of nations and long periods of moral and intellectual night. But such minds do not grasp the law of Progress. It is circular first, then spiral—for all things, from atoms to suns move in circles. Hence the progress of the race is to be determined not by the character of a particular Age, in its incompleteness, as contrasted with that of another antecedent to it, but by a sweeping view that takes in the vast Ellipse of that race's career. Moving round in an orbit, embracing the fullness and entirety of man's nature, and which sweeps in, in its circuit from pole to pole of Spirit and Intellect, ago on age of birth, and life, and death, how many growths and decays, how many rises and falls, how many days of glory to be succeeded by nights of gloom, must be absorbed! Besides, which, as respects individual life, the Unseen must be embraced, included, overspread. In the absolute sense, there can be no retrogressions. And it will be found that all experience avails, in the long run of a life that is immortal. The God of Progress in man does not balance accounts after the fashion of business men.

But there is another point implied in the foregoing, needing distinct statement: Progress is not in straight lines. It is from negative to positive, from positive to negative states, from rest to activity, and activity to rest, from gleam of day to the glooms of night, up and down. And here I am at once launched into the consideration of the sphere and use of Evil. Because, if all things avail to the scheme and ends of Progress, Evil, which in the relative sense is undeniably a positive power, must subserve. I affirm, that it is not only a positive, but in its sphere, which is overspread by that of Absolute Good, an eternal power. Eternally it is of Matter—but then Matter is Eternal as pure Mind.

What is the Argument? Whatsoever is, is inside of the Kingdom of God; whatever is inside of the Kingdom of God, is of God. For there cannot be, in the absolute sense, antagonism of God to Himself. Hence, Evil is a part of the Divine Economy—that is, it is the left hand of God, whose right is Good.

For instance, in Reform, Conservation has its share as well as Radicality. The movement of the mass must be circular. So, in mechanics, you have one set of belts running one way, another set another way: propulsive power is the result. So there must be, in Reform, the back-slip movement as well as the forward-go. But the radicalist who is not philosophic enough to see the use of his conservative antagonist, considers conservatism a detestable, not to say a damnable, Evil.

But the late bitter and bloody events enacted in this country still more vividly teach the Polarity of relative Evil to Good, in progress toward the Absolute of the latter. Here, Evil though unquestionably, as it always is, in theory and fact, a negative power as respects the Absolute of Good, was, in itself considered, a very positive force. In other words, the Rebellion co-acted with Northern radicalism in giving birth to the fact of slave-freedom. A quiet progress would not, without the great evil of that fiery back-slip movement, have terminated, for many a year, the greater evil of chattel-slavery. Progress, then, often develops from the combinations of terrible struggle, the junctions of conflict, as well as from the simply peaceful impregnations of Divine Good. And it is this law of Progress, which, deathless as ourselves, brings in the Golden Age, and leads us on from star to star.

## CAUSE AND EFFECT.

BY DR. J. H. BILL.

Much has been written lately, through your columns, upon the subject of Woman's Rights; in all of which, effects seem to be regarded as more potent than the causes which produce them. Effects must ever follow causes, as naturally as fire burns or water runs. There can be no woman's rights, as such, but inasmuch as woman is human, and an equal natural half of the human race, she is entitled to all the rights pertaining to it. Then let her stand side by side with man in the exercise of all her powers of body and mind, in whatever to her seems most conducive to her well-being, in conformity with her own individuality, as well as in her true sexual relation to man. The first and most important inquiry in regard to woman's condition is, what has begotten it? The religious organizations, as based upon the so-called sacred record of the old Jewish Bible, have had more to do with woman's enslavement than all things else. Old Paul even, who is the chief most worshipped by the so-called Christian sects, as also an apostle of God, has signed and sealed her enslavement, as done by divine right as well as might, which principle has controlled all religions to the present, save what is taught as the spiritual or Harmonical Philosophy, which demands right as a true practical religion; teaches that the strong should aid the weak and helpless, instead of using them to gratify selfish interests, both in wealth and power; teaches that if a true religion prevailed, human degradation and suffering for the needs of life would cease. Woman's enslaved condition, both in body and mind, is a product of barbarism engrained into civilization, resulting because of the lack of physical power which would enable her to defend herself against the physical force and cowardly selfishness which her brother was enabled to wield. Hence her condition, which almost denies man's humanity. She has thus become a mere appendage to man's authority and sensualism, being a silly pet or a drudge, as circumstances are more or less favorable; all resulting from the want of her right to choose and act for herself upon the true principles of human freedom. Has he who thus has enslaved his mother, wife, sister, escaped the effects of his tyranny? Her weakness, both of body and mind, has been righteously visited upon him, through inherited predispositions, both physically and mentally, to disease and weakness. For, let it be inscribed in

golden letters all round the world, that man is the product, either noble or ignoble, of the ante-natal influences which his mother psychologically imparts, through the life forces of her being, upon the plastic existence of her unborn offspring. Add to which, educational influences are apt to correspond to those inherited; hence there is an abundant harvest of curses, richly merited, and for which we have contracted in full, our honest due.

Truly, then, it is through man's ignorance that woman has been denied her individualized, as well as sexual freedom. He has been intellectually and acquisitively developed, but not morally and justly, wise and good. Selfishness has ruled through authority, based upon ignorance of the obligation due, upon the principle of love and justice, from a stronger to a weaker sex. Man's animal propensities predominating over his spiritual, make him a slave to his passions; hence woman's individuality or identity must be absorbed or lost in his, by authority in all things which would gratify love of self—the dependent condition causing woman to enter into the marriage relation often for a home merely, to save her from a worse fate; being, as it were, compelled to disregard the true merits of that relation. Her dependence makes it dangerous to risk the future. The next class of false marriages is made up of both sexes, who marry for wealth, caste, position, &c. Then there are those who live purely upon the animal plane. The exception to all is a very small fraction, who unite upon a truly conjugal basis. It may be truly said, these false conjugal unions are all legitimate fruits of woman's dependence upon man, who denies to her those rights which he claims for himself, the withholding of which he is ready to make any sacrifice, even life itself. Until woman is made free, progress must be very slow, inasmuch as these causes and false influences are constantly repeating themselves, with but slight modification. There must be an adaptation of means to ends. Agitation, the friction of ideas, is the medium of growth. Woman's enslavement brings, comparatively, the same effects to man as that of chattel or negro slavery to their masters. Action and reaction follow each other; we must be affected by the atmosphere we live in.

The first duty is to pay woman for an equal amount of labor, the same as a man, which will enable her to exert an influence in behalf of all those requirements, the tendency of which will be to break the bonds of ignorance and tyranny with which man has so long confined her. There has been, and is now, almost a universal monopoly of all those spheres of profit and use in which there is but little labor, of either body or mind, and which is properly adapted to female capacity in both, by man—who is much more within his proper sphere in the performance of such duties as demand physical power—selling goods, making and selling clothing for both sexes, all departments of education, all departments of manufacturing, in fancy articles, where but little hard labor is needed, physician and nurse to all her sex, &c. Unlike negro slavery, woman's freedom must be effected through a growth, showing that she has an equal right, pertaining to all human interests, with man; that she, herself, is the proper judge of the sphere of life in which she shall move; that she shall be as free from man's dictation as he is of hers; that her individuality shall be as complete as his; that her dependence shall no more force her into false marriage; that she shall be as free to reject as to accept marriage, standing erect, individualized, in her true womanhood. What next? A race of men and women, born of such mothers, would need no legal restraints except the laws of God, which have been stamped upon the tablet of their ante-natal existence, by the predominating influences of paternal and maternal life.

Causes and their effects, good or bad, are ever inseparable. All successful reform must come through the purification of this vast cesspool of ante-natal predispositions, begotten through the ignorance of false conjugal unions. The philosophy of spirit-life in the next sphere is very beautiful; but the true philosophy of spirit-life in this, is of more immediate use than in the next, inasmuch as the experiences in this must come first, as a capital to begin in the next, for we are as much in the spirit-world here in principle, as we will ever be, only in degree; consequently it is first in importance that we should be spiritually wise in the earth-life. We must be radical and practical, striking deep down into the subsoil of cause, as the most successful field to labor in. The surface must be stirred; but mainly to let the sunlight of radical truth pulverize the subsoil of ignorance into vitality, which will in due time develop full grown man and womanhood, which will be co-equal and co-extensive with all reform consistent with true human destiny. *Enlightenment, Ind., 1865.*

## HEART LEAVES.

NO. FIVE.

BY LOIS WAISBROOKER.

Children never pay for their Bringing Up.

Ah! and whose fault is it, if they do not? Did they thrust themselves upon you, thus forcing you to provide for them against your will? Has their coming been a dreaded, instead of a looked and longed for event? Be this last as it may, it is certain that they have only come at your call; and if you have called from the lower instead of the higher plane of your natures, then God pity you, and them also, for the suffering that is thus brought upon you both.

"Children do not pay for their bringing up." And what recompense are you seeking, poor, earth-bound mortal? Must you be paid in dollars and cents, for bearing the burden of God's greatest blessing? Have your hearts become so stultified that the trusting confidence of their loving natures is of no value to you?

Why, children are our guardian angels! To how much of good have they stimulated us, and from how much of evil have they kept us back! Some of us are so selfish in our very natures, that I sometimes think we should dry up and blow away, were it not for the demands that children make upon us.

But here comes another, who says, "When our children are small, they lie heavy on our arms; but when they are large, they lie heavy on our hearts."

Alas! that this should ever be true. But is there not a cause? Had they held a larger place in your hearts ere they came to your arms, would not the result have been different? Had you been as careful in laying the foundation of being as you are in laying the foundation of your dwellings, would the rearing of the superstructure be so difficult a task?

That we do not gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles, is as true in one department of God's kingdom as in another; and those who sow to the wind must not complain if they reap the whirlwind in return. The fountain must be cleansed, ere the streams can be pure. Study the laws of your own being, and live in accordance therewith, and you will no more have occasion to say, that children never pay for their bringing up; will no more find that their mother years bring to your yearning hearts a burden too intolerable to be borne; for Nature's laws are just and equal—they are God's laws, and their fulfillment can never result in positive evil.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.

"We think not that we daily see About our hearths, angels that are to be, Or may be if they will, and we prepare Their souls and ours to meet in happy air." (Lion Heart.)

(Original.)

## GREAT SUCCESS.

CHAPTER X.

When Abraham was leading his last load of wood from the forest, he looked toward the forsaken log hut. The morning sun had just risen so high that its rays touched the wooden chimney and lighted up the snow that had fallen during the night, so that it looked like a beautiful wreath hung about it, and Abraham thought of the sad death, and of those cold frost-flowers that adorned the place where it occurred. "It is like a great grave to my hopes," said he; "in that little home I have learned to love another friend and to look toward another future, and now I have nothing. All are gone, and this world has nothing for me."

No wonder that in that chill, lonesome air, life looked dreary to him. He thought of his return home, and of what all the people would say. He remembered, too, that Sophia no longer would be anxious what he did, and for that reason, perhaps, he fancied he would not care himself. But the loving care that gives us our hopes and our fears, does not allow us long to forget the blessings of this life. As Abraham turned away from his forest home, and the honest toll he had found there, the sun shone over the white fields with a glow so bright that he felt sure that all hope did not rest in that little woodman's hut, and again a noble resolve came into his breast.

"If I have failed again, I have tried to succeed, and I will succeed again by trying," said he, as he trod with a noble pride beside his load.

When he had disposed of it for the best price, and left the team where Mr. Hardy had given him directions to leave it, he said to himself, "Who will help me now? Where shall I go? What shall I do?" He walked up and down the streets for some time without any particular object, until the sun, almost touching the Western hills, made him think that he must bestir himself. He went to the business part of the town and saw men hurrying here and there, some with happy faces, and some with anxious, careworn looks. One man particularly attracted him. He had the same benevolent look of Mr. Hardy, and the same good-natured smile of Squire Niles. Abraham heard him say to a gentleman "I want a man to saw wood; do you know one?" Abraham stepped up unhesitatingly and said, "I will do your work for you."

The man looked at him with surprise, for Abraham had on his best clothes, having tied his working dress up in a little bundle, and there was in his face so intelligent a look, and his manner was so gentlemanly, that he seemed to the man to be quite unfit for what he considered so menial labor. But they quickly agreed for the price to be paid, and Abraham was to appear the next morning. When he was left alone he felt sorry for what he had done. Was all he had done to end in sawing wood? He remembered old Mr. Serling, who used to saw Miss Jones's wood, and whose tattered clothes told of poverty and shiftlessness. He remembered also that Miss Jones had relations in the town, and wondered if she would not associate him with the same miserable old man, and then what would Sophia say if she heard of it? But as he stood up with the manly flash already on his cheeks, he felt resolved to make any honest labor respectable.

The next morning he went to work at his task with cheerfulness. He cheered his labor with thoughts of what he had read and seen. No one came to speak to him from the fine house where his employer resided. He was only a wood-sawyer. He looked toward the windows occasionally, and thought how kindly Mary used to nod to him at his work. He was sure that she would be glad that he had not gone back to his home to hear the reproachful words of the busy-tongued people. And he was sure, also, that she would never despise him because he sawed wood for a living.

Several days passed, and he worked industriously at his task, taking his meals and sleeping at the residence of a poor woman where Mr. Hardy used often to carry wood. He had nearly completed the large pile, when his employer came out and thanked him for the faithful manner in which he had done it. Just then another gentleman came up, and they began to talk about the school, and the trouble with the teachers. "I've engaged three," said his employer, "and not one has been able to remain a week. I don't know what to do. I've called on several, and no one is willing to risk his reputation."

Abraham's eye kindled; a quick thought struck him. "I'll offer myself to teach."

"Please sir," said he to his employer, Dr. Dean, "if you'll permit, I'll try to teach your school."

"You, you," exclaimed both gentlemen.

Abraham asserted his belief that he was fitted, and that he would like to try.

"I'll finish your wood to-day, sir, and to-morrow I will be ready."

"Agreed," said Dr. Dean. "I see no reason why one that can work as well as you have done should not be able to govern unruly boys; but you must be examined. Come," said he to the gentleman, "you and I are the Committee; let us examine him here." They sat down on the remaining pile of wood, and Abraham rested his foot on the saw-horse. He answered promptly every question asked him. How glad he was that he had been so thorough, and had tried so carefully to understand all that he had studied. When he was pronounced fully fitted for the position of teacher, Dr. Dean said:

"Let me ask one question more before we engage you. How happened you to be willing to be a wood-sawyer, when you are so good a scholar?"

"Because I would not be idle, and bear the reproach of Miss Jones's tongue."

"If you mean Betsey Aurelin," said Dr. Dean, laughing, "I can well understand your motive; I know her well, and as I expect her here to-morrow to consult us about her lame hand, she'll be just in time to hear all about our new teacher."

When Abraham took his place in the school-room, and saw the eyes of all the boys intently fixed on him as if to measure his strength, and the girls all examining his hair, his eyes, his clothes, as if to be sure of his capability, he felt a quick beating at his heart and a glow on his cheeks; but nothing did him more good than what the Dr. told him of Miss Jones. The thought that she would be able to report his success or failure made him determine to succeed, and that determination spoke in his eyes and on his lip. Abraham had grown so rapidly, and his hand toll had made him so rugged, that he seemed much older than he was, and the scholars looked at him as if to measure his strength and see if they could put him out of the school-room as they had the

other teachers. Abraham had not held the plow or chopped wood in vain. The labor had made him strong and given him good command of his muscles. He went quietly about his work of arranging his classes, according to the plan that Sophia had given him of the order at the Adams Academy. The morning passed quietly, for all were interested in his new method of teaching.

At noon he saw fastened to the Doctor's door Capt. Spooner's old horse and sleigh, and he felt quite sure that the figure of John Smith was just entering the Doctor's house, and he supposed that Miss Jones had got him to bring her over. As he went back to the school-house after his dinner, he saw John talking with some of the older boys, and thought he heard them say, "We'll do it; don't you be afraid; we know how." Abraham felt sure that John had been hiring them with some maple sugar which he saw them eating, to make trouble for him in the afternoon.

He entered the school-house, and immediately called the school to order, and said:

"I perceive that some of you are bent on mischief. You can try your hand with me, but it will be far pleasanter for us to have a social, friendly time. I should like, in the first place, to form a new class in history, and to let you know whether you would like to join it or not I will relate you some portion of the history of Alexander the Great."

Abraham gave, in so interesting a manner, some of the events that he and Peter Hink had read of together, that every scholar forgot all else, and all the older boys joined the class in history and forgot their mischief. He had no further trouble during the whole winter, for he made it his study to interest the older boys and girls, and he soon found that they were his strong friends. Some of the older people complained that he went coasting on an evening with his pupils, and that of a Saturday afternoon they went on the crust into the woods, and gathered moss and evergreen boughs. But these complaints only made the scholars more anxious to prove that it did them no harm, and that Abraham was the very best teacher they ever had.

At the close of the term most of the parents visited the school, and as Abraham carried his classes through their exercises he felt a noble pride, and a thankfulness that at last he had been successful.

"I will be a teacher," said he; "what better business could I have?"

Before another term commenced, however, Dr. Dean said to him:

"Mr. Foster, you have served us well, and we all respect you; but there are a great many here who are trying to find fault with you. They say you are too young, too boyish, and if you try again they will make it too unpleasant for you. Give up school-keeping, and come into my office."

Abraham was greatly disappointed. He had felt so secure in his success as a teacher, and so pleased at the thought of continuing his labors, that he was unwilling to give up the idea. But he had so often seen that what seemed a failure in one direction was success in another, that he immediately accepted the benevolent physician's offer, and took his place as his office boy. During the winter Abraham received the following letters:

*My Dear Friend*—I am glad to hear you are having such good fortune. How nice it must be to teach those great boys and girls that are older than you. Miss Jones says you are "set the world by," and if I have my guess, she'll not tell any more stories about you. I am sorry her arm is no better, for she has no money, and like enough I'll have to go to the poorhouse one of these days, for nobody likes her. But I was going to tell you that Papa has given his consent to my marrying Charlie this summer. Isn't that good? Charlie's father is dead, and he has no one to care for him now, so he needs me very much. I shall expect you to come to the wedding. Peter Hink grows more and more blind. They say he has cataracts on his eyes. Cerinda Potham and Jacob Tinkerton are going to be married. Susan Sloan has learned to paint, and she is going to teach in Adams Academy. I wish you would come home; I want you to tell me what kind of a dress I shall be married in, for you know everything. Charlie wants me to look nice, because we are going to live in New York. I am ever so glad, and feel as if I could not wait to see all the fine shops. I can't write more.

Your true friend, SOPHIA.

*My Dear Boy*—I have missed you very much this winter. I believe my ill luck began when you left me. I have to announce to you that I entered largely into the manufacturing interests, hoping to increase my capital stock; the company has failed, and I am a poor man. Mary has determined to assist in her own support by school-keeping. My old farm will be sold next spring. It grieves me to the heart. I hope you prosper, as you deserve. Mary sends her kind regards, as you deserve. Mary sends her kind regards.

I remain your friend, REUBEN NILES.

These letters had given Abraham much to think of. The ill fortune of his good friend, Squire Niles, made him sorrowful. He knew how the old man loved every rock and tree on his farm, and had hoped to live and die under the familiar roof. Abraham wished he was rich and could buy the place for his old friend. He read and re-read Sophia's letter, before he could really bring himself to believe that she was to be married to Charlie. He answered her letter by sending her a portfolio, which he purchased with a part of his earnings. The remainder he sent to his mother; after having purchased Miss Jones a pound of best Hyson tea, and Peter Hink a new kind of spectacles that he hoped would help his eyesight.

"Bless the boy!" said Peter, when he received them, "he was always a sort of light on my journey. Though I did treat him mean, there was a Providence in it, after all. He'd a just died for nothing if he'd stayed here; and now I'll bet all my shoe leather he'll come out something better than common. Sophy would a done a heap better if she'd took him rather than that snipper. I never forgot how she smirked on Abraham when he worked on my bench, and I kinder sot my heart on his courting her; but old men like me can't arrange the ways of Providence. I'll tell you, Abraham, that if it had n't been for Providence, Alexander the Great could n't have got on as he did. There's just a something a leading folks, though they don't know it, and I'm sure Abraham's going to be led right through to something good somehow."

Peter never failed to repeat something of this sort to every one that came into his shop. The result was that the opinion of people began to change in regard to him. Even Mr. Potham could not help talking in Mr. Stamp's store about the school; and he had heard it reported by Miss Jones. Squire Niles listened, and gave a few lively winks to his wife, who happened to be in the store at the same time. Those winks said, quite plainly, "Did n't I always tell you so? No boy ever tried to live down people's ill words, as Abraham did, without showing pluck enough to party him through all sorts of hard places. You were glad



enough to tell Mary that he had gone to chopping wood, as if it was a disgrace. I think I'll just tell her about the school."

What Mary heard about Abraham's teaching, made her resolve to try herself and do something to aid her father, who failed daily under his misfortunes. They left their home, and Squire Niles took Mrs. Foster's little cottage while she went to take care of Miss Jones, now suffering from her painful arm.

With all these changes we leave our acquaintances, and in our next chapter find them a few years later, to learn whether Abraham could say that his failures had proved his greatest success.

[To be continued.]

MY NEIGHBORS IN THE COUNTRY.

NUMBER SEVEN.

One of the warm summer nights, when the soft air came so mildly and gently from the south that it seemed as if it could never be harsh and cold again and all the doors were open, inviting it in, there came what seemed to be a living flower dancing about the lamp. This proved to be one of the most beautiful of the nocturnal moths, with wings as gay as a butterfly's, and a body of great beauty. It seemed a sprightly, joyous creature, fluttering its scarlet and brown wings in a most satisfied manner; but it had very little wisdom with all its beauty, for it fluttered so near the hot lamp chimney that it was continually in danger of being burned to death. To keep it from so sad a fate, and for the purpose of more distinctly beholding its beauties, it was placed under a glass tumbler. It surely had reason to be very proud, if ever insect had, for its wings were like scarlet velvet covered with black embroidered lace, and its delicate antennae looked like sceptres of power in the realm of Mothdom. Under a magnifying glass, the down on its wings was like the most beautiful feathers; and if fairies need feathers to ornament their hair, I am sure they might beg a few from this beautiful insect.

The pretty creature, after being sufficiently admired, was left under its safe covering until morning, when some friends desired him for a specimen. It was reasoned that it was a very short-lived creature, and that its life had been saved in a most kindly manner, and that it would probably rush to a dreadful death the next evening, if let out, flying on to some one's lamp and burning its delicate wings. If the little fellow was to die, it was desired to give him a tranquil and easy death; and one somewhat experienced in collecting curious insects, proposed either as the pleasantest mode of extinguishing moth-life. Therefore a small cloth wet with ether was thrust suddenly under the glass, close by the moth's head. Its fore legs grasped one corner, it fluttered its wings as if slipping nectar, laid its head closer and closer to the cloth, opened its wings at last, and was pronounced dead. But, lo! his beautiful garments should be injured and he should prove a less valuable specimen for a cabinet, he was left under the glass. Many times during the day he was looked at but not uncovered. Some tender words he received and many gentle thoughts. It was also considered by some as a most fortunate circumstance in the moth's life that he should be permitted to die so peacefully and not be eaten up by a bat, or scorched to death by his own folly. After six hours of quiet sleep and apparent death, a little fresh air being admitted under the glass, the little fellow raised his wings, fluttered about the tumbler, and seemed to promise to return to active enjoyment. But it was presumed by all who were consulted, that he must be much the worse for his dose of ether, and that it would be quite cruel not to permit him to die wholly. Therefore a much stronger potion was given him, and in the delight of slumber again he seemed to die.

"Pretty creature," said gentle voices, "it was too bad to take your life, delicate as it was. How beautiful you are! and what a history you have! Why! only a little while ago you were an ugly worm crawling on the earth. What are you now? who knows? Did you come to tell us the beautiful story of the resurrection, as did the butterfly? Would you have us know that the dear Father has ever some higher use for all that lives, and shows us always some beautiful truth in all things? What a pity we could not always understand just what he is telling us; then we should perhaps be able to see the angel hidden under every man, woman and child, although they have no garments of beauty and their life seemed very far away from heaven."

Evening came, and the moth laid in its quiet resting place and all pronounced it dead. It was lifted gently to be placed in a box to be conveyed to a far-off home, when, behold! again it lifted its beautiful wings, fluttered them for a moment, and away it flew to gather some sweeter nectar than that found in a cloth wet with ether. We could not help wondering what the little thing had been dreaming about, and whether it felt the worse for its artificial sleep.

Perhaps you think that this was very unkind treatment to give so beautiful a visitor, and I am not sure that it was after the Golden Rule. I am very sure of one thing: I do not wish to help give pretty moths ether again, but prefer to give them a good chance to live, in spite of their folly in flying into every bright light.

I think the name of this moth is, The Beautiful Delopela. But, as I am not quite sure, I will not ask you to remember its name, but only its lesson, which I thought was, that a loving Father shows us, as the beautiful butterflies and moths emerge from the worm, that all the children that he has made, however humble and however far from goodness and purity, may yet have the angel within them, and that we should try to help them to reveal their goodness and beauty, by leading them from lives of wrong to purity and love.

Written for the Banner of Light.

FOSSIL WRITING.

BY G. L. DUNNIE.

There shall be sundry writings on the sand,  
That will describe the beauty of the sea,  
And what its whispers said confidingly.  
To the lone pilgrim on its desert strand,  
To-morrow's wave will come with stealthy hand,  
And cover up the record—not efface.  
The careless fisherman will view the place,  
And ask: "Where is the scroll upon the land  
That flier wrote here but yesterday?"  
Ages will turn the sand to stone; and when  
The latest angel standing on the sea  
And shore shall swear time ended, it will stay  
Firm as if graven with an iron pen  
And lead\* in rock to all eternity.  
June, 1865.

\*Oh, that my words were graven with an iron pen and lead in the rock forever.—Job, xli, 24.

Do all in your power to teach your children self-government. If a child is passionate, teach him by patient and gentle means to curb his temper. If he is greedy, cultivate liberality in him. If he is selfish, promote generosity.

TOO LATE!

Well may you gaze upon her careworn face,  
And smooth the tresses from her pale young brow;  
Doomed but to mingle with an exiled race,  
The victim of a basely perjured vow!  
But yesterday—a kindly look or word,  
Had changed the current of her wretched life,  
And e'en the tears of true repentance stirred  
The heart long used to misery and strife!

An outcast, wandering o'er a barren waste,  
What thoughts had she of other days agone?  
No home to which her weary feet might turn,  
No promise of a brighter, purer dawn.  
What if she erred? Was she alone to blame?  
Why add more poison to her cup of woe?  
Alas! she knew that for her sin and shame,  
There was no mercy for her here below.

And this is called a truly Christian world,  
Where millions daily bend the knee in prayer,  
And yet see victims daily, hourly hurled  
Into that gulf which sinks them in despair!  
Oh, Father Just, from thy bright throne above,  
List to the prayers that now ascend to thee;  
Take Thou this wandering spirit to Thy arms,  
And grant her rest throughout eternity.

"FET."

Written for the Banner of Light.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

BY D. S. FRACKER.

Chauncey D. Griswold, the subject of this sketch, was born in the village of Benson, Rutland County, Vermont, March 20, 1819, and was the youngest of fourteen children.

His father, Rufus Griswold, was a farmer, and a man of steady, industrious habits, possessing but ordinary intellectual capacity and attainment, and of too limited pecuniary means to furnish his numerous progeny with anything more than daily food, clothing, and a rudimentary education.

His mother, Deborah Griswold, was a person of remarkable cultivation and refinement of mind. Her younger children were largely endowed with her mental character and disposition. Until within a few years preceding her departure from earth, she made it her habit to devote the first half of the night to reading, and just before retiring reviewing some chapter of the Bible. She was well acquainted with theological literature, and read with the greatest interest the most obscure works. She was a person of small form, dark hair and eyes, of the simplest habits, and lived mostly within herself, devoted to her Christian faith and her large family of children.

She departed the form at the advanced age of eighty-seven years, having been a wife and mother for nearly seventy years of her life. Several of her children had preceded her to her spirit home. Rufus W., the most distinguished member of the family in literary circles, and having a reputation as author of the "Republican Court," "Poets and Poetry of America," and other superior works, passed on from the city of New York in 1857.

Chauncey D. was a child of weak physical frame, but of large head and brain. In quite early boyhood he evinced that remarkable restlessness and enterprising spirit which was so distinguishing a trait in his character through life, and which was in consequence of the peculiar mental organism inherited from his mother. Keeping in view the fact of his large and active brain, and the fragile physical form to support such a structure, it will be easy to account for the restlessness and apparent waywardness of his nature.

While yet quite young, it was made his duty, with his brothers, to share the lighter labors of the house and farm during the day, and at evening come under the discipline and instruction of his mother. The amount of labor he had to perform, though light and easily accomplished, tended in a great measure to develop and strengthen his physical system, and the better to prepare him for the rugged ways and buffalings of the material world he was soon to come in closer contact with.

At the age of fourteen, tired of duties on the farm, and moved with an anxiety peculiar to boyhood to see and experience more of the world than is within the limits of their immediate neighborhood, he threw down his hoe, gathered a few articles of wearing apparel into a bundle, and with this in his hand set out afoot for Whitehall, Vt., a distance of thirty miles from his father's house. At Whitehall his frank and unassuming manner readily procured him a situation as junior clerk in the store of Mr. Goodrich. Remaining but a few months with his employer, he returned to his native village of Benson, and found a situation in the store of Mr. Bliss, to whom he became much attached. During the winter of this year he attended school, storing his mind with all the knowledge attainable in a common country school.

His next move was from Benson to Castleton, at which place he entered a printing-office as an apprentice. Tiring soon, however, of the position, and ambitious to rapidly acquire such knowledge from books as his heart and mind craved, he returned to his home, and enlisted the sympathy and good will of a Mr. Kent, who, taking a deep interest in his welfare, placed him as a pupil in the academy of the town. An earnest and close student, he won the first position in all his classes, and was happy in the expressions of approval bestowed upon him by his teacher and friends.

The following spring he again turned his back upon home, and journeyed to Troy, N. Y., and found a ready friend in Mr. Bayard, who installed him as apprentice and gave him employment in his watch-making establishment.

While at Troy, he was a regular attendant at the Presbyterian church, then under charge of Rev. Dr. Beman, of the old school faith. During a season of "revival" and excitement, he "experienced religion," and many others, under like circumstances, almost entirely ignorant of the principle of doctrine to which they subscribed.

Discontented with his surroundings at Troy, restless and ambitious, with the tendrils of his mind stretching out like feelers into the broad, unexplored future of his wayward life, he bade adieu to friends, and proceeded to Boston, engaging as a clerk in the jewelry store of Mr. Brackett, in which capacity he served his employer faithfully and satisfactorily for a short term, and then, with a stock of jewelry, went to Brandon, Vt., at which place he opened a store, selling goods and repairing watches.

He remained in Brandon about a year, and from thence removed with his stock to Castleton, reopening his store. Here, also, he commenced the study of medicine, employing all leisure time from the duties of his store, in a close application to medical works, under the instruction and guidance of Dr. Perkins, laying the foundation of that profession which, in later years, he so gracefully adorned. This was in 1843, and from this date his purposes and line of life became more fixed and steady. Through great industry and discipline of mind, he had acquired a good and sound education, which, in connection with his natural talent and ability, fitted him to enter the ranks of

men, and claim a share of merit for every victory won in the battle of life. Endowed with great refinement of mind, high-toned and intense in emotion, full of human nature, susceptible to all good impressions, lofty in aspiration, and possessing a wonderful intuition as to truth, justice and right, he without difficulty marked out his course of action in life, and pursued it to an enviable degree.

In February, 1844, he was united by marriage to Miss Octavia J. Clapp, of Shaftsbury, Vt., a woman every way worthy the regard and affection bestowed upon her, and the compeer of her husband in refined education and brilliancy of intellect.

With an ever constant desire at heart to accumulate knowledge and wealth of mind, he disposed of his stock of jewelry in the October following, and removed with his wife to the city of New York, for the purpose of attending medical college and lectures, at the "New York College of Physicians and Surgeons." After a lengthy term of diligent study and attention, he graduated with honors, receiving a diploma.

Enfeebled, and physically prostrate from close application, he left the crowded and busy city, and sought restoration and strength from the invigorating air of his native State, and at Shaftsbury spent a time of thought and recuperation.

It will not be out of place to mention that his next eldest brother, Edwin, rendered him valuable pecuniary assistance throughout his medical course, and that the Doctor ever held in grateful remembrance the friend who aided him in those days of anxious struggle.

In the autumn he returned to New York, and opened a drug store and office for consultation, at No. 657 Broadway, where he continued until the spring of 1846, giving his undivided attention to the interests involved. His health so failed him, in consequence of labor and exertions beyond his endurance, as to render him unfit to continue in personal supervision of his business, and make it necessary for him to seek a change of scene and climate.

He accordingly left New York for New Orleans, making the voyage in one of the steam vessels of the regular line, and returning to the East via the Mississippi River and the North-West through Wisconsin, Illinois and Ohio. During this absence, he wrote for the New York Tribune a number of interesting articles, titled, "Sketches from the South and West," giving views of various cities and the country through which he journeyed. He was enchanted with the beauty, enterprise and growth of the prolific and boundless West, and immediately upon his return to New York closed up his business and removed Westward, to the beautiful and thriving town of Racine, Wis., at which place he opened an office, and commenced in fact, the practice of his profession; for in New York he was not dependent upon any medical practice for support, but relied upon the profits of traffic in drugs and medicines. Therefore, at Racine he first encountered the difficulties to be met by a young physician in efforts to obtain position and practice. Under a pressure which he was struggling to overcome, he gave expression to some thoughts, called out by the occasion, in an article written for the New York Tribune, from which article I make the following extracts:

"It is impossible for the student to step immediately from the halls of the medical college into private practice; and in all large towns where there is a greater or less number of old physicians who have gained a celebrity, in nine cases out of ten they will receive the first calls; and only when they have more than they can do, does the young man have a reasonable hope of obtaining a patient. Again, it is the common opinion that experience only makes a good doctor. Now this is in a great measure wrong. True, experience, rightly directed, may perfect, but the personal experience of no one man in medical practice made him much wiser in the treatment of disease than when he first graduated, if he had then learned, as he should have done, the combined knowledge of the profession before him."

Disappointed in expectation, unsuccessful in effort, and dissatisfied with conditions, he concluded to remove from Racine, which he did in the autumn of 1848, settling in Batavia, Genesee Co., N. Y., and opening an office in the American Hotel building. He owned a large and well selected library, together with many valuable diagrams and charts of human anatomy, besides a rare collection of mineral and ornithological specimens, all of which were destroyed by a fire that consumed the building the following winter. He, however, established a new office, obtained remunerative practice, and remained in Batavia until March, 1850, when restlessness of spirit prompted him to again remove to New York City. Once more in the midst of bustling activity, and in an atmosphere most in accord with his stirring and enterprising nature, he engaged in the labor and responsibilities of commerce, taking charge of the drug store of Mr. Clapp, during that gentleman's absence in South America for the benefit of his health. While in charge of Mr. Clapp's business, his mind failed to find in that alone, sufficient channel for all his thought and enterprise, and the idea being suggested, he at once set about the publication of a medical journal, and soon issued the first number of the "New York Register of Medicine and Pharmacy," continuing its publication until the following autumn, when Mr. Clapp returned, and relieved him of the charge entrusted to him.

It was in the summer of 1850 that the celebrated Fox girls visited New York. During their sojourn, a sitting, or séance, was arranged, and held with them, at the rooms of Rufus W. Griswold, on Broadway. The company present on that occasion was composed of persons well and widely known at home and abroad, among whom were J. Fenimore, George Bancroft, Rev. Dr. Hawks, Dr. J. W. Francis, N. P. Willis, and William C. Bryant.

It was at this meeting, so interesting and satisfactory in result, that Dr. Griswold experienced that renewed awakening of interest in the phenomena of Spiritualism, which led him into the public arena as an open and fearless advocate of those truths whose seed had been, many seasons before, sown in the receptive and productive soil of his mind.

How rapidly grew the germ, warmed by the sunlight of a living God within. How strong and fruitful the vine; how far-reaching the tendrils, seemingly continually to cry, "more! more!" thus ever grasping out into invisible realms, with a thirsting, feverish desire for the dew and manna of spiritual and eternal life.

His enthusiastic and ardent mind was ever receptive of new truths and ideas, which he clothed in language comprehensible to all minds, and sent forth as missionaries to an idolatrous and worshiping people.

In the spring of 1851, during the progress of construction of the Panama Railroad across the Isthmus, Dr. Griswold was selected, and tendered the appointment, by the above named Railroad Company, of Physician and Surgeon to the Company, to be located on the Isthmus in that capacity. He accepted the appointment, and removed to Panama, entering at once upon the laborious and wearing duties pertaining to his office.

As none but natives were able to withstand the

influences of a climate so full of miasms, sickness and death, for any great length of time, the employees of the Company were relieved and exchanged for fresh hands at short intervals.

The Doctor possessed, in his best condition, but an average degree of physical health and stamina, and was unable to endure but for a few months the enervating influence of that tropical climate. Therefore, after a hard service in administering medical aid to the victims of fever and other prostrating diseases, consequent on a change of climate, among the employees of the Railroad Company, he returned to New York, himself almost broken down from the effects of excessive service, and exposure day and night to the miasmatic atmosphere of the Isthmus. He, however, always regarded the time spent in the employment of the Company at Panama as of the greatest value to him, in a medical point of view, as he there gained much knowledge and experience, not otherwise readily obtained, respecting miasmatic fevers and diseases of like character.

After his return to New York, and during the leisure attending a restoration of his impaired health, he gave attention to writing and publishing a volume entitled, "The Isthmus of Panama, and what I saw there." The work was issued from the house of Dewitt & Davenport, and was well received by the press and public.

The first chapters give a succinct account of the settlement of the Isthmus by the Spaniards; in which chapters it is related that the Isthmus was first discovered over three hundred and fifty years ago, by one Vasquez Nunez de Balboa, a penniless adventurer, who was flying for his life, being under a sentence of death by the Spanish Government. After having encountered many dangers, and overcome many obstacles, he was the first white man, who, crossing over that narrow strip that divides the two great oceans of the world, feasted his delighted eyes on the sun-dyed waters of the Pacific.

How strange! Vasquez Nunez de Balboa, a weak child of fortune—once high in the scale of prosperity, now deep in the mire of adversity—the discoverer of that boundless watery highway, destined to become the road over which the wealth of Osmus and Ind shall be carried to feast the pampered appetites and extravagant luxuries of the whole civilized world; destined even to become the great agent of civilization to the Tartar hordes of the East, and the rude inhabitants of the numberless Isles which, like gems, stud the diadem of the Orient sea.

The latter chapters of the work are mostly taken up by the narrative of the author, written in a pleasant, easy style. The book is useful and attractive; more useful to the knowledge seeker, than attractive to the general reader of romance and fiction. It may be here remarked with great truth, that the Doctor never wrote anything having for its single object entertainment and mere pastime. In all his writings his paramount object was to impart knowledge, truth, and whatever amount of light he possessed upon the subject in hand.

In the winter of 1851-2, having recovered his usual health, and being desirous of gratifying his restless spirit, and that natural disposition to spread knowledge among receptive minds, he assumed the character of lecturer, and delivered a number of pleasing and instructive lectures upon "Human Anatomy," "Physical Structure of Man," &c., before Library Associations, illustrating his lectures with a beautiful papier mache model of the digestive, respiratory and muscular organs—the first specimen of such model ever made in this country—beside numerous charts and diagrams to exhibit the various functions of the animal organism. These lectures were lessons of instruction, and of great value. The speaker would urge upon his auditory the necessity of a better knowledge of the laws of health, stating that while the human soul had ever been a theme of profound investigation, the tenement which it inhabited was but little understood. To an absence of a proper knowledge of the laws of life, he attributed, with truth, the great mortality of children, and the presence of disease among the mothers of our land.

At the conclusion of each lecture, the speaker would be most heartily applauded; and many, no doubt, went away deeply impressed with the need of a greater regard for the laws of our nature, and a more strict attention to laws governing the organs he had so ably alluded to.

In the spring of 1852, he removed with his family to Fort Hamilton, L. I., and established a fine practice, being now widely known, and regarded as a physician and surgeon of remarkable skill and success. In cases of intermittent, typhoid, or fevers of whatever name, he brought to bear a knowledge and skill of superior character. He was the author of several articles upon various forms of fever, published in the journals of New York, which reflect great credit upon him as a profound student and writer, as well as upon the profession he represented. He was also author and publisher of a monthly medical journal called the "Esculapian," devoted to popular reading, though principally to the discussion of medical science, in an easy and interesting manner; imparting precisely such information as should be generally disseminated among the people. It evinced extensive possessions of medical, as well as general knowledge, as do all the writings that have issued from his pen.

Within the period, also, of his residence at Fort Hamilton, he established a laboratory in which he prepared and put up those valuable remedies, well known throughout the Middle States, as "Griswold's Diarrhoea Cordial," "Griswold's Cough Mixture," "Griswold's Fever and Ague Remedy," "Griswold's Quinine Pills," and "Griswold's Triplex Pills." These were not "Patent" Medicines, but truly valuable and legitimate remedies, prepared by a regular physician of large experience and extensive knowledge. Neither were they "spirit medicines," or remedies prescribed through any medium sitting for that purpose.

The Doctor was educated in the old Orthodox school of practice; he was unable to overcome entirely the force of that education; although in the later years of his life, he swayed, in a degree, from old teachings, and yielded, measurably, to a system of practice more in accord with higher and progressive schools.

In the summer of 1856, that scourge and terror of Southern climes—the yellow fever—made its appearance at Fort Hamilton, bringing dread and death to the very doors of high and low, and creating a panic fearful and contagious. Death followed close in the footsteps of the pestilence, and claimed victims from nearly every household of those unable by any circumstance to fly the town and get beyond the influence of the terrible contagion. Amid all the alarm and confusion attending the fearful and deadly reign of the plague, one physician, of ill others, remained at his post, nobly and generously giving all aid in his power to the prostrate and helpless sufferers of the place. It was in these trying times that the heart and judgment of Dr. Griswold were tested and proved, as by a fiery ordeal. Though repeatedly urged by solicitous friends to follow the example of many others, and flee the line of danger, he did what he esteemed his duty, and remained in his field of labor, working night and day, as good physicians

work, for the benefit of those brought under his charge. He thus stood at his post until symptoms of a personal attack of fever compelled his removal to a New York city. Owing to the long unsettled condition of affairs at Fort Hamilton, he removed again to the beautiful village of Batavia, N. Y., continuing his laboratory and practice, and engaging, also, in editing the "Genesee County Herald," a weekly paper, published by A. J. McQuinn, and devoted to politics and general intelligence. In this connection, and through his suggestion and instrumentality, a small daily paper was issued, which was quite a novelty in that community, being the first daily ever published in the village. It was of itself a success; but the enterprise seeming profitable, other parties commenced an opposition sheet, which so divided the patronage that, after a brief existence, both dailies suspended issue and never resumed.

In 1858, through the urging and inducements of numerous friends, he removed to Buffalo, N. Y., and took charge of the editorial department of a political paper called "The Signal," devoted to the interests of the then so-called "Liberal" party, and advocating the election of Gerrit Smith to the gubernatorial Chair of the State. In the editing of the Signal he had a wide range for the expression of those sentiments and opinions of a liberal, reformatory and spiritual character, which had for years been germinating, growing and maturing in his mind; and he wrote many articles worthy a higher literature and stamped with the imprint of his large and profound mind. After the election for Governor and State Officers, which occurred on the second Tuesday of November, the Signal was discontinued.

Dr. Griswold immediately thereafter commenced the publication, at Buffalo, of a weekly paper, devoted exclusively to the promulgation and discussion of the principles and doctrines of the Spiritual Philosophy. The "Sunbeam" was the name chosen for the newspaper, and had for its motto: "The light shineth in darkness, but the darkness comprehendeth it not." The Doctor's soul was full of zeal and enthusiasm. The "Sunbeam" was his cherished vehicle of thought. He continually endeavored to make it a truly spiritual ray from the great Sun of Truth and holy Light, and, therefore, poured into its combination the beautiful and attractive elements of his own Christian and righteous spirit, with a heartiness and fervor that kindled and flamed like the intensity of inspiration.

The "Sunbeam" started upon its mission with a goodly list of subscribers, and grew in public favor and the esteem of those Spiritualists possessing the higher order of intellectual capacity and discernment. Owing, however, to great outlays necessary in establishing a paper, and a limited income to meet expenses, pecuniary embarrassment occurred in July, 1859, and compelled, for a time, its discontinuance.

With characteristic activity and enterprising energy, however, he succeeded by the following October in securing means for the resumption of business, and accordingly removed the office of the "Sunbeam" to Batavia, from which point its cheering and instructive rays again went forth to bless and improve the hearts and minds of men.

Every undertaking in his hands had a practical and final completion, so far as human endeavor was related to the task. He was a man of industry and great labor. But he never labored for money; he cared nothing for it but as a means of advancing himself and the world in the scale of human progress. He valued property only for itself and its uses. He would seemingly lose sight of those dependent upon him, working out what he deemed a principle for general good rather than for individual comfort. He struggled for this to the end of his earth-life, and the good he has wrought out for humanity will live, while words of praise or censure will perish.

At Batavia no clouds intervened to obscure the invigorating light of the "Sunbeam" for some months. The Doctor was in hopes he had at last reached the open highway leading to the goal of his ambition; but, alas! how often in an unexpected manner are our anticipations overtaken by the night of adversity! The following spring brought a financial pressure, which the limited receipts from the "Sunbeam" could not relieve, and it again suspended.

Not discouraged, but ever active in using every resource for the accumulation of means, and using those means for the furtherance of the cause in which his heart and soul took so deep and combined an interest, he soon made arrangements whereby he was enabled to again take the position of publisher, which he did in the issue of a semi-monthly periodical, bearing the title of "The Shekinah," having for its purpose the recording of communications from the spirit-world, and the advocacy of the affirmative in the argument touching the phenomena of spirit-intercourse.

He had issued but a few numbers of the "Shekinah," when a way seemed opened before him which he could resume the publication of the "Sunbeam." His wishes in this matter, so near his heart, were fulfilled, and in September, 1860, he removed his type and office to Cleveland, Ohio; where, with every encouragement and a flattering promise of success, in the cheering words of friends, he once more reared his spiritual standard and grided on the armor of battle, rallying around him many noble and zealous supporters.

Among comparative strangers and in a new field, alone, and with but little means, it required qualities of an unusual and elevated kind to initiate and carry forward an undertaking of this character; but he unfolded the deep and full resources of his being, and with unshrinking courage moved forward. He was of a positive nature, impetuous, and of large executive ability. Affable in manner, and prompt in every transaction. He was a man of genius, abounding in inventive thought; gifted, evidently, with the vision and faculty divine, one who gives to the world more than they gain from it. He was a vigorous writer, with perceptions keenly intelligent and full of vitality and vividness. He was an acute, searching and correct critic.

In a human sense, he was greatly misunderstood. With a frail body and a most sensitive spirit, which came to him as an inheritance from his mother, of whom he was the counterpart in mental and physical structure, he was often impatient toward humanity that they could not see principles as he understood them, and this impatience would, at times, manifest itself in language not mild, but in a degree harsh and impetuous, and often toward those who loved him best and whom he most loved. But a childlike spirit of forgetfulness of wrong and suffering, committed or received, was his, also; and heretic nature was beautiful in her companionship.

From Cleveland, the "Sunbeam" once more sent forth its vitalizing light and life, feeding souls with the bread and wine of eternal and unchanging Truth. The Doctor devoted his whole time and attention to the regular issuing of the paper, working early and late as editor, jour. printer, pressman, "devil" and janitor, assisted only by a young relative in setting and distributing type and reading proof.

It will be unnecessary here to recount or detail



the many vexations and difficulties encountered in the effort to establish the "Sunbeam," as a permanent periodical. There are difficulties and obstacles to be met and overcome in the publication of a newspaper, which none but a publisher can understand or comprehend, and which none but those possessing indomitable courage, perseverance and unlimited means or resources, are able to successfully remove.

Amidst alternations of sunshine and prosperity, and shadows of adversity—amidst threatenings of financial storm and disaster, the "Sunbeam" maintained a healthful existence, and met its subscribers regularly, until July 1861, when, for want of sufficient support, consequent upon the breaking out of an intestine war in our country, its rays became obscured and it to view, never more to be restored. The type, furniture and press were disposed of, and all business relating to the paper settled up and closed.

In September following, the Doctor received from Dr. J. S. Newberry, Secretary of Western Department of United States Sanitary Commission, an appointment as Medical Inspector of Camps and Hospitals of West Virginia.

He entered upon the discharge of his duties as such officer, the first of October, 1861, and opened an office and depot of hospital supplies at Wheeling; the writer of this sketch being connected with him in the work of gathering donations of supplies, and issuing the same to the sick and disabled in camps and hospitals.

While in the employment of the Commission and discharging his work with accustomed faithfulness and zeal, in visiting the various military posts scattered through the wild and mountainous country of Virginia, he received from the hands of General Rosecrans, then in chief command of the United States military forces in West Virginia, a commission as Military Surgeon, with rank as Major; this commission being accompanied with an order to establish and take charge of a military hospital, to be located at Wheeling. In fulfillment of this order, he at once leased a large hotel building—the "Sprigg House"—situated in a quiet and pleasant neighborhood, fronting the Ohio river; and in a short time, through the assistant labor of various workmen and mechanics, converted it into a complete and comfortable home for the sick, receiving from camps of the Kanawha valley a large consignment of soldiers, disabled and ill, by reason of hard service and exposure.

In the administration of government, while in charge of this hospital, he exercised that care, watchfulness and kindness toward his patients which ever characterized him as a physician and nurse; and which finds a counterpart in the parental government and influence of a kind father over his beloved household.

In the spring of 1862, he closed his connection with the United States Sanitary Commission, and at the same time was detailed to take charge of a military hospital at Corinth, Mississippi; to which place he immediately removed, and assumed the charge designated. At Corinth, as elsewhere, he won the regard and esteem of officers, soldiers and civilians, and endeared himself, by uniform kindness and attention, to many a noble volunteer, who does not fail to remember and regard Dr. Griswold as his best friend and counselor.

He remained at Corinth and Pittsburg Landing until July, 1862, when illness, induced by the climate and necessarily restricted diet, compelled his return North.

He located at Cleveland, Ohio, and there established an office, under an appointment from the War Department, as Surgeon of Pensions; his duties requiring him to make a personal medical examination of all discharged, disabled and wounded soldiers, applying for Bounty or Pension, within his district. This office he filled with great satisfaction to the Department, and with merit and honor to himself and profession, and continued therein until that destroyer of physical form—pulmonary consumption—which had for months been undermining his health, so shattered his frame, that he was compelled to relinquish the business of the office and be removed to his comfortable home—the "greenest spot he had seen for a long time"—in Batavia, New York, from which place, on the 5th day of July, 1863, his noble, childlike and exalted spirit escaped its bonds and joined the hosts of the angel-world.

During his long illness and consequent confinement to his office and rooms in Cleveland, he continued to exhibit that mental activity and constant industry which had never dried through all his life. He filled up the hours from his regular business by writing many interesting and instructive articles, which have appeared in the "Banner of Light" under his name; and in reading and reviewing the various works of eminent authors. He, also, in those hours of freedom from interruption by any exterior influence, gave himself up to the spirit of inspiration or exaltation, and was made happy, even to a state of joyous enthusiasm, in successfully and beautifully portraying upon canvas, as with a master hand, the suggestions of the spirit governing him.

Until confined to his rooms by illness, he had never painted. The world possesses the results of these quiet, ecstatic hours. The last, largest and most spiritually impressive painting from under his hand, called the "Descent of the Angels," and symbolizing the approaching New Era, when the Christ Principle shall be the law of mankind on earth, will ever remain an illuminated record of that ripening genius and exalted spirit which once animated a form on earth, but now finds food, life and growth in a realm where genius lives immortal and inspiration holds to a life eternal. Photographic copies of this magnificent oil painting can be obtained by addressing Mrs. Octavia J. Griswold, Batavia, N. Y., enclosing fifty cents, two dollars, or three dollars and fifty cents, according to size desired.

In physical stature Dr. Griswold was about five feet four inches in height, of light frame, small bone and muscle, and weighed about one hundred and fifteen pounds. He had fine, glossy, straight hair, worn long, and eyes dark, bright and piercing, which, in moments of animation or enthusiasm, gleamed and sparkled with great warmth and lustre. He had a careless, unaffected walk, and on meeting a friend would grasp his hand with firmness and shake it heartily. He had large social feelings; loved to entertain and associate with friends, and reciprocate friendly attentions. He had remarkable powers of conversation, and at a dinner-table few could equal him in the original, rapid, brilliant flow of his remarks. Was of the nervous-bilious temperament, possessing a large brain, superior talents, refinement and scholarship. He was a true man; a warm and devoted friend; a Spiritualist in heart and soul, and a physician of eminent knowledge and qualification. He left a wife and three children residing at Batavia, N. Y.; the wife a worthy and well-qualified representative and advocate of the philosophy and religion of Spiritualism, and the children, though young, meritorious scholars in rudiments of their father's faith.

May we ever strive to imitate his examples of labor, goodness and charity; endeavoring always to walk in the path of right and moral rectitude; and continually letting the light of our spirit-entrance and growth so shine before men, that they, seeing our good works, may be led to glorify our Father in Heaven, by being loving and lovable, charitable and kind, and true brothers to our brother man.

### Colchester and Spiritualism.

In one sense the Colchester trial is the most ridiculous farce that was ever brought under the jurisdiction of the United States Court, in that it was no transgression of law, but merely a petty disagreement in regard to the terms of a twenty-dollar license; but in the light in which it is regarded by the public in general, as shown by articles in leading papers, it is not a trivial affair, by any means.

A writer for the New York Herald says, "This question involves all the phenomena of Spiritualism," and is finally answered by the verdict of the "intelligent jury," after considering the distorted evidence; the eloquent argument of Mr. Hibbard, which held the respectful attention of a crowded court-room for nearly three hours; the almost ridiculous harangue of District Attorney Dart, which the press, that he so upbraids for "swelling this case into undue proportions," was kind enough to pass over in silence, (a favor I hope he is grateful for); the very unusual charge of Judge Hall, in which he so far forgot the dignity and responsibility of a United States official, and the respect due the high office he holds, as to sneeringly impeach the truth of Spiritualism, because spirits had not thwarted, changed, or explained the solemn purposes of God, which have led our nation painfully and sorrowfully through its baptism of blood and tears.

Yes, since that "intelligent jury," after a solemn deliberation of five minutes upon the matter of that partial, prejudiced trial, in which half the important witnesses for the defence were rejected, the hearing, saw fit to find Charles J. Colchester guilty of juggling—the solution of the great question as to the truth of Spiritualism and the evidence of immortality, for which "millions of intelligent Spiritualists of all professions have been waiting with intense anxiety," is decisively given, and "at one stroke Spiritualism is cut off from the list of religions."

Did ever before such absurd nonsense find expression through public print? Can any sensible person suppose that the belief of one of the millions of advocates of the spiritual religion is founded upon so shallow a foundation as to be in the least degree affected by such a burlesque of justice?

If Colchester were proved to be a juggler, which has not been done, it should have no effect upon any other medium. It would be just as sensible to pronounce the whole issue of the United States Mint worthless, because one dollar had been counterfeited.

Another thing which is dwelt upon with much exultation, is the article written by Judge Edmonds, exculpating himself from all connection with the Colchester affair. This, of course, he had a perfect right to do; but as highly as I respect Judge Edmonds's character, it does seem a little inconsistent with his knowledge of law quibbles, and the often unreliable nature of evidence, for him to pronounce Anderson's uncorroborated testimony sufficient to convict Colchester of juggling, when all that he, and his associate Rodgers, could do, was to demonstrate, unmistakably, that they could only clumsily imitate what hundreds are willing to testify that Colchester does, he juggler or medium. And this same Anderson, with Rodgers, were the principal witnesses for the prosecution of a case which has cost the United States thousands of dollars, and had the case been fairly tried, it would have been clearly shown that both appeared upon the witness stand with avowed malice to the defendant.

Again, Judge Edmonds considers Colchester, "at best, but a medium for unimportant manifestations."

Can Judge Edmonds, with all his study, experience and deep research upon the subject of Spiritualism, for fifteen years, pronounce any manifestation unimportant which brings the faintest scintillation of light from the eternal world? If he can, so cannot I. While I agree with Judge Edmonds that these physical manifestations are of an inferior order, and the lowest phase of spiritual communion, being of little or no account to those whose natures are so harmoniously developed that they may quench their thirst for knowledge at higher fountains, still I think they serve a purpose not insignificant, if they convince any of the materialistic and sensual, whose consciousness could be affected in no other way, of the fact of a future life, and teach them something of its laws.

Another idea upon which much stress is put, is this: that "such persons" would not be selected as the media of spiritual intelligence, that such communications would be given, if they are given at all, only through those whose moral natures are stainless. Oh, inconsistent bigot! we think, were that the case, long would ye walk in darkness.

But return to your Bibles, which you profess to endorse and believe. To whom did he, the high prototype of morality, first appear in his spiritual form?

Was it to some august potentate? was it to judge or jury? was it to one of stainless reputation? Ah, no! 'twas to Mary Magdalen. You, with all your boasted incredulity, believe that manifestation, because the account of it has come to you wrapped in the traditional robes of centuries; but remember, she was not believed when she told who she had seen. So now, when manifestations, equally positive and satisfactory to the parties concerned, are given, they are sneered at as impostures. British consuls learnedly expounded them as "school-boy tricks." Judges and "intelligent juries" pronounce them jugglery, but strangely enough, a kind of legend remain that pretdlighteures cannot perform, though the United States Courts subpoena them by quartettes.

Bigots are very apt to pull out the foundation-stone of their own belief to batter down their neighbors' with.

Communications are complained of because not always truthful; but do persons suppose that when they go to a medium in the frivolous manner that many do, they will attract highly developed, intelligent, truthful spirits to answer their imbecile, ridiculous questions, that they would blush to acknowledge outside the medium's room? They forget that spirits are human beings in another sphere, governed by the same law of attraction that controls us on earth; and when they have thus drawn a class of mischievous influences around a medium, who, in that condition, is necessarily passive to all impressions, they are too ready to censure acts for which they are more responsible than the medium.

That ye ask for, ye shall receive. That ye seek for, ye shall find. And when that class of persons who now find so much to censure and complain of in mediums, have so far progressed as to consider a knowledge of a future life, its conditions and the laws that govern those conditions, of more importance than the result of a business speculation or silly love affair, they will find media of a correspondingly high order.

The trees of spiritual knowledge hang heavy with rich fruit, and bright, pure and loving spirits are ready and eager to feed the hungry; but that food will not be forced upon those who prefer the husks of earthliness and sensuality. L. M. A. Buffalo, N. Y., Sept. 2d, 1865.

### Dr. A. B. Child's Answer.

MR. EDITOR—In the last Banner, Mr. Mahlon Garrettson, of Prairie Grove, Iowa, asks for an explanation of the following sentences:

He who has an enemy is always an enemy to his enemy, so he who has an enemy always stands on a level with the enemy. Enemies make the world dangerous, and justice makes enemies. What the world wants is security—success. Neither can be had under the rule of justice. The rule of clarity is the people's security; justice of a people is the people's destruction.

These sentences are different in their moral and religious tendencies from the teachings of the old schools of morals and religions. Both the saints and the sinners of the world have been so long used to the dogmas of the old schools—the current of popular opinion have been forced to their acceptance, and tacitly, if not professedly, been made to swear under these stereotypes of the past, that any new view, new idea, fresh in the progress of life, may well call for explanation. But mark it well, this century shall make a revolution in the accepted morals and religions of the world that is little dreamed of. That which the world has heretofore held as good, morals and good in religion, will be proven to the clear consciousness and acceptance of the people to be no better, if so good, as that which is called bad morals and bad religion.

Men will more clearly and deeply discern the causes of human actions and then wait for judgment to do—will see that what man calls justice, though it may have a cleaner outside, is as bad, if not worse inside than what man calls injustice—will see that virtue is only a cloak that vice puts on—will see that religion is just as good out of the Church as it is inside—will see that the merit and demerit of the saint and the sinner is chiefly in practice, one puts on airs of holiness and charity to the world, the other puts on airs and is honest before the world. Thus it is to be seen that the tenets, the dogmas, stereotypes in the old schools have done their work, are not for to-day and the future—it will be seen that progress is change, new truths, new thoughts, new expressions, new sentences must be put out before the world—new roads must be made for the moral highway of human life, and new religions must be acknowledged.

There is a vast area of untrodden ground to which the accepted morals and religions of the world is a stranger—over which the conventional rules of deeper thought and deeper feeling will lead, sooner or later, every pilgrim of progression. So be not surprised at any bold and unpopular utterance, for they will speedily come forth bolder and more unpopular, thick, fast and heavy—and they will be justified by the self-righteousness of men, and be questioned and criticized by the dying members of old institutions, while the ready, willing soul like Garrettson's will ask explanations.

The sinner will assert his helplessness to his lawful inheritance as a child of God, and he will be successful in the hereafter and in the accepted rules of this world, too; but this will not be done before there is a terrific contest between self-righteousness and liberalism; selfishness will try to claim all the inheritance of God for itself and turn the sinner out—while liberalism will claim a heaven for all—equal rights—a common human—common sense—and set up the institution of real Christianity.

A young gentleman of excellent standing before the world, very just, very honest, very moral, a worthy member of the New Church, unblemished in every characteristic of social, moral and religious life, as exemplar as you may see, was unmoved in his life that it would seem to be ingratitude if he did not thank God, silently and audibly, too, for being better than other young men who were not as good as he was. He said that he would go to war and kill every rebel that he could—that he would run a bayonet through the chest of every man who was doing his duty. This young man was perfectly just—justice was his rule of action. He was also perfectly sincere and conscientious in believing it to be his duty to kill another man that he thought had done wrong, who was not so good as himself.

It is the sound of Christianity to love an enemy. But to love that which appears wrong or evil—to love that for which there is blame, which is thought to be deserving of penalty—to love that which we willingly break, injure or destroy, to any mind of thought, and soul of love, is absolutely impossible. For whatever is loved is for ever protected, comforted, protected, protected with every effort of the lover. The lover never curses, but ever blesses the object of his love. So to love an enemy is not to bayonet him under the command of justice, but under the influence of charity, it is first to see and feel his acts as true to the hidden cross that is in him, as the stars are true, whereby justice becomes useless and blame and vengeance cease.

If a man is an enemy to me, there is surely in me some want of manliness and generosity to ward him that made him and keeps him my enemy—there is something that feeds the lower elements of his life and makes his hatred toward me more something given out of my life that may be unseen, voluntary or involuntary, that afflicts him and supports his enmity, something that is agreeable food for his lower nature, that keeps the fires of his wrath alive, and this something in me that keeps up his wrath and enmity toward me, is in me no wise less than in him, prior to or above the condition of his hatred for me. So the hated stands on a level with the hater if he feeds his hatred.

If a man has come to love his enemy, he has risen superior to all provocation, all cause for hatred from an enemy, and an enemy is no longer an enemy. Hatred feeds on hatred. Love feeds on love.

Love—I mean love that is love, not the pretence—kills hatred as quickly and as surely as the sunlight kills darkness, while hatred can no more destroy love than darkness can destroy the sunshine. It is the love of justice, not the love of man, that runs a bayonet through an enemy's breast, and injures, to injure, to kill him. The whole civilized world calls the murder of an enemy justice; but he who knows what love is cannot kill murder love. Justice is human judgment, and human judgment, in Christianity, is forbidden fruit, which if a man eats he shall die, so justice makes insanity, and has succeeded, for the compensation of nature will follow and pay a man for every devilish deed he does to add sorrow and suffering to the life of the already suffering sinner. The whole work of justice in the moral rulings of men is inhumanity to man, punishment and suffering. Man thinks that justice and security and safety and success on the earth, while it "raises the devil" everywhere it goes, and its tracks are dangers and failures.

Love touches not a finger to justice, and is entirely above the need of judgment. Love fosters, cherishes and supports life, justice breaks, injures and destroys it. Love lifts up the wounds of the wounded, justice cuts them deeper. Love comforts and counsels an offender, justice gives him pain and sorrow by revenge. Love gives to an enemy what he asks, and more; justice wounds and kills him.

Friends of the world secure and the efforts of men successful. Enemies make the world insecure and the efforts of men unsuccessful. Love makes friends, justice makes enemies.

Before a man can have charity he must become a thinker, or, in other words, a seer, to discern the unavoidable causes that make the world just what it is—then comes all blame and condemnation for the sinful acts of others and a man will have enemies, will stand on the same plane with and support them by justice and its antagonism until his thoughts become active, his vision clear and his heart rounded up with love. Charity is the death of justice, and the life of the institution of Christ. Justice is the institution of man's childhood; it is the devil's chiefest weapon, and makes a real hell for human life to go through on earth; it is the fountain of revenge, for it perpetuates every crime it punishes; it steals from the thief his liberty, his success, his friends and his home; it murders the murderer; it puts navies on the sea and armies on the land, and sends millions out to nations; it makes the waves of anguish flow over the bosom of the human world, and wets ten thousand hearthstones with tears of sorrow; it locks up bread and shelter from the suffering poor and holds in the landed estates and the bonded warehouses of the rich ten thousand comforts and joys of the world, and sends the armies of men hangs impotent over the present. Justice will be rejected as a thing that has fulfilled its mission, and the government of Christ will be adopted.

A. B. CHILD.

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LUTHER COLBY, EDITOR.

Spiritualism is based on the cardinal fact of spirit communion and influx; it is the effort to discover all truth relating to man's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny, and its application to a regenerate life. It recognizes a continuous Divine inspiration in man; it aims, through a careful, reverent study of facts, at a knowledge of the laws and principles which govern the occult forces of the universe; of the relations of spirit to matter, and of man to God and the spiritual world. It is thus catholic and progressive, leading to true religion as at one with the highest philosophy.—London Spiritual Magazine.

### The Great Central Truth.

"If man can hold fast by a single truth which is fixed and central, he will find that every other one will discover itself to him in due time and in its right relations. The great truth that mortals and the immortals can and do communicate one with the other, will warm the heart, and inspire the brain after forms and theories and superstitions have ceased to have a hold or an influence upon man. No truth brings so much comfort as this; none is so personal and direct in its appeal; none seems so entirely divine to us; none searches the chambers of the heart so closely, or brings to it greater store of hope, or kindles faith so brightly.

It is needless for people of this and that sect to deny, with a vain show of indignation and scorn, that there is such a thing as inter-communication between mortals and the immortals. If they persist in denying it, they ignorantly turn their backs on the very first conditions of the faith which they profess for themselves. Upon what do they rest their creeds and doctrines, but upon revelations made, as they express it, by miracle, and made by unseen and disembodied spirits? The Bible relies upon the record of these angelic communications to establish the sacredness of its teachings and precepts; and it is to these that believers ever appeal, both in secret and openly, when they would draw unfailing arguments for their own satisfaction or for others' discomfiture. Take away the Orthodox idea of a miraculous communication of angels with men, and those who delight to style themselves Orthodox would walk, as it were, with their feet in the air.

Not a Christian sect, or Church, but may be confronted with direct and unequivocal testimony, from some of its leading and gifted men, in favor of the great central truth that spirits communicate with mortals. It is no exclusive truth, to be swallowed in the hands which a rigid ecclesiasticism may choose to cut and make for it, but one which they cannot give up, if they will, and without which they could not hold on by their creeds and tenets. The Calvinistic Church does but copy the belief of its founder in this matter. Martin Luther and Melancthon were not at variance on the subject, but held views very much alike; and those of Luther are well known to all who are at all familiar with his life and character. The Catholic Church abounds with instances of a personal faith in the intervention of spirits, both good and evil, and it is notorious that she has never openly denied or disputed the doctrine of spirit communion to this day. The English Church never presumed to make a denial of this truth, but accepted it as a legacy from the Church out of whose loins it sprang. Its earliest writers employed their pens in arguing the soul's immortality because of what they positively knew and believed in relation to the communication had by the immortals with those still in the flesh.

And we are willing to quote verbally the testimony of a man so distinguished in the Unitarian Church as the late revered Dr. Channing, who wrote in these words of pathetic simplicity: "Did I think of those who are gone as dying to those they left, I should honor and love them less. The man who forgets his home when he quits it, seems to want the best sensibilities of our nature; and if the good were to forget their brethren on earth in their new abode, were to cease to intercede for them in their nearer approach to their common Father, could we think of them as improved by the change? Could we hear them, I believe they would tell us they never truly loved the race before—never before knew what it is to sympathize with human sorrow, to mourn for human guilt. A new fountain of love to man is opened within them. . . . They love human nature as never before, and human friends are prized above all price. . . . A new soul, or a new eye, might show the spiritual world encompassing us on every side." And Albert Barnes, the well known Presbyterian of Philadelphia, and the author of those popular books known by the title of "Barnes's Notes," says of spirit communion as follows:—"In this doctrine there is nothing absurd. It is no more impossible that angels should be employed to aid man, than that one man should aid another." And he adds that the ministry of angels "constitutes the beauty of the moral arrangements on earth. In no other propriety in supposing that they do now what the Bible says they ever have done?"

The subject is of boundless interest, and can be followed out endlessly in any direction. The ministry of angels is the great truth which shall yet save and exalt man while yet an inhabitant of earth.

### Highly Gratifying.

Since the fall of Richmond upwards of six hundred thousand men, with all their regimental officers, have been mustered out, disbanded, paid off, and every man conveyed to his own doorstep at the expense of the Government, over the whole vast expanse of our wide country, from Eastport, at the extreme Northeast, to the Falls of St. Anthony, at the Northwest, and St. Louis, at the Southwest, and embracing all the Middle and Border States. This is certainly highly creditable, particularly to the Quartermaster's and Paymaster's Department, and it is equally creditable and honorable to this large body of men.

The Biography of the late Dr. O. D. Griswold, in this number of the Banner, will be read with interest. He was a man of genius, and attained an enviable position in the fields of science and literature. His great love for the advancement of the human race opened his mind to free investigation, and he had the independence to give the Spiritual phenomena his early attention, and soon became a firm believer in the truth of the philosophy.

### The Cholera on its Way.

We have reports now from Europe that this scourge has fairly crossed the Mediterranean at several points, and is working its way westward with all rapidity. Not only is it raging in Constantinople, where the deaths are said to number fifteen hundred per day, but it has skirted that great internal ocean, touching at independent points along on its journey, and finally breaking out at Marseilles and upon the West coast of Spain. It therefore presents every appearance of being about to visit the populous sections of Western Europe with its fatal influences.

The London journals are not disposed to close their eyes to the approach of the pestilence, but show no hesitation in discussing it on every side, in connection with all its probabilities. And the latter are such as to excite to very serious reflection. The Times is very candid, laboring to shed all the light possible on the case, both in respect to the danger, and the protection against it most likely to avail. It makes the open admission to all England that there are places—towns, cities, and particular localities—where, as soon as the cholera struck English shores, it would be sure to break out with malignant vigor, and ravage among a predisposed and overcrowded population until its force had been spent. An account which we have recently perused of the mode in which people exist, rather than live, in the single city of Belfast, opens one's eyes wonderfully in regard to the attractions offered to the plague, even in a comparatively small town like that, no drainage, no ventilation, narrow burrows of streets, crowded dwellings, stench and filth, swine and the sun taking care of the business of sewerage. And the same is the case in the larger cities, and in London itself.

In 1832, this mysterious pestilence broke out simultaneously in distant parts of England, baffling every attempt to discover the laws of its progress, and every effort made to anticipate its appearance. The healthy and unhealthy seemed to be suddenly stricken down together. The popular misgiving was directed with the greatest force to the use of vegetables and fruits; probably for no really accurate reason, the ruling fear magnifying the fact that some persons who had partaken of certain fruits had suddenly died from cholera, and connecting the indulgence with the fatality. In point of fact, however, it is quite as likely that one had nothing whatever to do with the other.

It has come to be pretty generally conceded by those who have given the whole subject the close attention it merits, that this plague travels on the wind, with the touch, in garments and parcels by the mail, and in every other way known to the scrutiny of science. Nothing seems suitable or sensible to oppose to it but strict sanitary regulations, and especially those of a personal character. The public authorities ought, in all places, to make a vigorous and sleepless use of their power, to search out all infractions and neglect of proper sanitary rules; and in this work they should be seconded by individuals to the last limit of care and thoroughness. Where men keep themselves clean and pure, both within and without, control passion, of every name and sort, keep down gluttony, intemperance, and the temptations to grossness of living, purify their local and personal atmosphere, and remain positive to all the influences of disease, by being full of a pure and heavenly magnetism—scarcely any plague can molest them, whether it be the pestilence that steals among us by night or walketh in the noonday.

### The Suez Canal.

This highly important scheme for mingling the waters of the Red and Mediterranean Seas has at length been accomplished, under the auspices of a French company who have been actively engaged in the operation for the term of seven years. The original money capital wielded by them was forty millions of dollars. They likewise enjoyed the secret influence of their Government with that of Egypt, which of course secured many substantial favors they might not have got in any other way, and paved the road to certain success. The English Government has never regarded this enterprise with satisfaction, and must naturally feel less inclined to it than ever, coming to a triumphant termination exactly when the British cable enterprise proved a failure for the second time. The event distinguishes the present era, which is one preeminently of progress, material enterprises, and the enfranchisement of the human mind. Every new bond of connection, like this one, between the different nations and the far apart quarters of the globe, is a powerful agent in dissolving larger and more neighborly feelings, in driving further back the darkness of mutual distrust which is born of ignorance, and in suggesting the grand possibilities that are the inheritance of the human race.

This new route from Europe to the East will cut off the great circuit by the Cape of Good Hope, and many hundred miles of travel, and largely increase the trade with that quarter of the globe. The silks, and teas, and spices, and stores of rich goods which form the staple of their products, will be carried with much greater celerity to the markets of Europe, and establish a frequency of communication between the populations which will prove of the first advantage to both, as well as to the world. It only remains now for the United States to cut its commercial way through the Isthmus of Darien, and open still another highway between the West and the East.

### How the Matter Stands.

We see by a late "Detroit Tribune," and learn from other Western sources, that at a "Liberal Christian Conference," recently held in Battle Creek, Mich., of which Rev. J. P. Averill, a clergyman in fellowship with the denomination of Universalists, was secretary, that the Rev. J. O. Barrett, a minister holding a pastoral charge in Rittou, was appointed a delegate to represent the above-named body in the Convention of Spiritualists to be held in Philadelphia in October.

That delegates may be sent from other religious organizations, with the privilege of voting in the Convention, is quite probable. To what extent they will throw their influence for or against Spiritualism, remains to be seen. That there are Universalist and Unitarian clergymen, who are firm believers in Spiritualism, is to us a matter of positive knowledge, and yet the majority of those, from motives clearly seen by seers and intuitionists, make their Spiritualism secondary to denominational interests. Spiritualism is unsectarian. Its very soul is mental, moral and spiritual freedom, and it gladly extends a heart-fellowship to all true, brave souls who dare to defend the holy principles of spirit-communion under the truly significant name of SPIRITUALISM.

### Our Meetings.

We hope to be able to announce next week the re-commencement of our regular Sunday meetings, in connection with the Lyceum, the first of October.







## Message Department.

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

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

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

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

### The Circle Room.

Our Free Circles are held at No. 158 WASHINGTON STREET, Room No. 4, (up stairs), on MONDAY, TUESDAY and THURSDAY AFTERNOONS. The circle room will be open for visitors at two o'clock; services commence at precisely three o'clock; after which time no one will be admitted. Donations solicited.

### Invocation.

Oh thou who paintest the roseleaf and giveth whiteness to the lily, whose voice is the myriad voices of Nature, hear thou our prayer. We are weak, thou art strong. We are poor, thou art rich. We are ignorant, thou art wise. Oh give us of thy wisdom, give us of thy richness, give us of all that thou hast, that we may know the better how to worship thee, that we may come consciously into thy presence at all times; that we may drink thee in and become refreshed, baptize us with the conscious sunlight of thy life, so we may see thee in everything in life. May we be able to say unto thy sorrowing children, "Fear not, for the Kingdom of Heaven is with thee." Father, Spirit, bless these thy children with a knowledge of the presence of their loved ones. If they cannot hear spirit voices, or see spirit forms, may they feel they are with them. May they understand that the atmosphere is full of thy love, that they are breathing out blessings perpetually upon them. For all that thou hast given us, we praise thee. We would worship thee, Father, Spirit, in truth, in love, in all the holy attributes that belong to the soul. We would bring to thy shrine all perfect and holy gifts and lay them thereon, asking thee to bless them. We would go out into the great world by which we are surrounded and gather knowledge, then return, enter the sanctuary of our inner being and there worship thee. May all our utterances be truthful, and find a place in the hearts of thy children. May each one go forth from here to-day, feeling that they have been made the better for coming. Amen.

### Questions and Answers.

CONTROLLING SPIRIT.—We will hear what the audience may offer.

Ques.—Does God appoint the way and time of separation of the mortal from the immortal?

Ans.—Certainly he does. He appointeth all things.

Q.—Does the spirit retain the form it had here, after death?

A.—It does, until it has outlived its earthly tendencies. As it passes beyond those earthly tendencies, it loses its earthly form.

Q.—Then we shall recognize our friends by their physical forms, as we do here?

A.—Yes, that is one method of recognition, but not the only one.

Q.—Can spirits take on the appearance of different individuals to deceive?

A.—Yes, that can be done, just as you can disguise yourselves here. The spirit body is but the clothing of spirit. Now inasmuch as you can disguise yourselves by the garb you wear here, so the spirit is able to do the same thing.

Q.—Is there any way they can be detected?

A.—Oh yes, the disguise is very apparent to the critical spirit. Those who are disposed to criticize the external of those they meet with in spirit-life, find little difficulty in detecting deception.

Q.—Would not one that was deceiving, if questioned in regard to their identity, be likely to be angry?

A.—No, we do not think they would be likely to.

Q.—If tempor is shown, would it not be correct judgment for us to suppose they were deceiving?

A.—Well, it would certainly be a very fair inference, yet it would not be wholly correct. Now spirits might become irritated because of their non-ability to identify themselves. Now this irritability may not be shown to the world, and yet inwardly exist with the spirit. These conditions depend very much upon the make-up of the individual. If you were of an irritable temperament here, the characteristics of that irritable temperament would be very likely to show themselves upon the disembodied spirit's return to earth again, because they must carry themselves every-where.

Q.—We are not to understand that the spirit body is artificial, are we?

A.—No, you are not to understand that; but the spirits have the power to disguise their spirit-bodies by the forces they are able to extract from the media they come in contact with, and the atmosphere. Your spirit friends oftentimes present symbols to your mediums in earth-life. Now close examination will show you that these various symbols that are from time to time presented, have been formed out of the atmospheric life and magnetic life of the media such spirits have come in contact with.

Q.—Do not the characteristics of the individual soften after death?

A.—No, by no means; they are precisely the same.

Q.—How long will the earthly tendencies remain with a body after death?

A.—That depends very much upon the surroundings of the individual. If you have strong attractions to earth and earthly things while here, then after death you will be attracted here, will live in every sense on the earth.

Q.—Why do some spirits say they feel differently after death than they did here?

A.—To be sure they do, because they have not the physical difficulties that belong to the body to contend with.

Q.—Are they more inclined to forgiveness?

A.—Certainly.

Q.—Is not that, then, a softening of their characters?

A.—You may term it that, if you choose.

A.—Are they able to present their invisible form on earth?

A.—They are.

Q.—Are they able to assume the same form they existed in here?

A.—They are.

Q.—Is this done for any apparent benefit to mankind?

A.—Certainly, everything is done for the benefit of mankind. Nature never takes any backward steps, but always goes onward.

Q.—I know an individual here who always used crutches, and since death has always been seen the same way. Was this the work of the spirit, or a panoramic view?

A.—The spirit is able to produce that effect, or surround, for himself. The atmosphere contains all the elements that are necessary for the production of these symbols.

Q.—His object being to identify himself?

A.—Solely to identify himself. Without those symbols the medium would fail to identify your friend.

Q.—Is it not the case when the physical body is very much diseased, that the spiritual body may have the same appearance for a time, if the spiritual is but an outgrowth of the material?

A.—The spiritual body does not of necessity take on the deformities of the physical body. And yet those deformities are often taken on; but, mark us, not from necessity.

Q.—Those deformities are physical, not spiritual.

A.—They are.

Q.—So that an individual who is deformed here, would not be so in the spirit-world, would he?

A.—Yes. You sometimes, in going through a forest of trees, chance to meet one that is badly proportioned, to your vision, that from some cause or other has been deformed. That is its external appearance. But if you could see the spiritual appearance of that tree, you would perceive no deformity. You would see that it was perfect, that its proportions were beautiful. So it is with regard to the spirit body. Even while the spirit dwells in a deformed body, could you see the spirit-body, you would see there was no deformity.

Q.—Why do spirits tell us that our friends are not true to us, when to all appearances those friends are so?

A.—Perhaps they are not true to you. Perhaps the disembodied spirit is better able to discern who are true to you than you are. And again, it is very possible that the disembodied may be mistaken. They are quite as liable to be, as you are.

Q.—Would not the individual misrepresented be likely to know if they were true?

A.—Certainly he would. You are not called upon to place implicit confidence in spirit because it has passed beyond the boundaries of death. No; you must weigh and measure all things by your own reason.

Q.—Whence is the spirit of prophecy? Is it part and parcel of our real being? or is it something given us by spirit influence?

A.—The old adage, that "coming events always cast their shadows before them," is a true one. All those events that are ripe in the future, project their shadows in the present. And those persons who are gifted with the spirit of prophecy, or what is termed second or far sight, they, by discerning these shadows, know positively what is to come.

### Ellen Murphy.

I am Ellen Murphy. I stopped here, in all, ten years, and I've been away most eighteen months. I was a Catholic, and my father and mother are Catholics. I have two brothers and a sister. I took the fever and died.

I wanted to come to tell my mother what it is that makes the sounds around her. It's me and my cousin, what has been in the spirit-land about seven years. And my mother is a medium. Her name is Catherine. We lived in Judson court, just a little ways from the Bowery.

I'm not happy in the spirit-land, sir. [Not happy?] Why not? No, sir. Well, my mother steals. She's got in the way of it. She's—she's been sent to the Tombs once. She's been sent to the Tombs once, and she'll go there again, I'm afraid, if she steals any more.

I wanted to come here to tell her not to steal any more, because it makes her afraid all the time that somebody's coming after her. [Has she ever been detected?] Yes, once, sir. [Can't you prevent her stealing?] That's what we make the sounds around my mother for. She don't know what it is, so don't get any good from it. Oh dear, if I could only go and speak there. I'm troubled so much about it I can't feel happy.

I like the priest to take the paper to my mother, because my cousin says he reads the paper. Yes, sir; and I like him to give the paper to my mother, and say that Ellen come, and wants her not to steal any more; give it to her at confession. He told her the last time that she went to confession, that if she stole again, he'd never absolve her any more. He tells her that every time she goes to him, and then he does again; when she goes he absolves her. [Do you think the priest tells the truth?] No, sir; he tells a lie. Oh dear me, I do not know what to do with 'em. If the priest will lie, and my mother will steal, oh dear, I do not know which is the worst, at all. I don't know, sir. Well, sir, maybe he don't think he is lying when he says to her that he'll not absolve her any more if she steals again. And then he pities her, and that's how he happens to tell a lie, sir. The last time, she said to the priest she'd never do so again, never, so sure as he lived, if he'd only absolve her that once. So he did. [Do you think he could absolve her?] I do not know, sir, no, sir. I suppose he could not. Well, he thinks he can; my mother thinks he can, so it's just as well. Anyway, I want him to read my letter to my mother, and then, I think, she won't do it any more. [Can you give the priest's name?] Yes, sir, I can. His name is Kearney, not Kearney, sir, I ain't Kearney. He is not dead, sir; he's alive—just like I am. I'm going now. Good-bye.

### Elbridge Joy Harris.

My friends, I know, would be glad to hear from me. I have availed myself of every means they have offered, so far as I could, to manifest to them since my death.

They're very anxious to know if I'm happy and satisfied with my new condition. Yes, I am. At first I was not happy; I was homesick and dissatisfied, and anxious to be all the time near those I've left. But I am happy now; I am reconciled, and am getting along well.

I would like that my parents should bestow all that they would have bestowed on me if I'd lived, on some good deserving person or persons who are needy. And I would not like to have them wait until they get to be old, or get too near the spirit-world, because then they won't see the fruits of their labors. The only true way to be happy, the only proper method of gaining happiness, is to make others happy; and I am very sure if my parents will just turn their attention to making others happy, if they'll give them just what they would have bestowed upon me, I shall feel happier for it, and I know they will.

I go home every day, and am never more happy than when I see those I love happy. When they mourn for me I feel sad, and somehow or other sadness covers me all over. The atmosphere is thick, and everything is cloudy. I do not know but what I shall some time outgrow my love of earth—they say we shall—but I for one don't wish to. I should be very unhappy if I could not love those I've left, and know that they loved me. I'm Elbridge Joy Harris, sir. Good-day.

My name was Hodgkins—Harry Hodgkins. I was good enough fellow in my way, but my way was not other folks' way. If a man thrashed me, I'd be pretty sure to thrash him back again, if I could. I was none of your easy kind. I would do a man a favor as quick as any other person; or, if I'd see anybody suffering, I'd never withhold from them my last dollar. But if a man stepped on my toes intentionally, I'd be pretty likely to lay him on the floor. I don't say my way was the best way. I know very well that there are many better ways of getting along than mine. Well, I've got a little sister, who said she'd give all the world to hear from Harry. Now what a lie that was. She ain't got all the world to give, anyway. She's apt to offer large rewards. I'm going to correct her a little, you see, sir. In one of her letters to me she says, "Harry, if you'll only write, I'll do everything for you when you get home." I knew very well she did not mean what she said when she wrote those words. She says she'd give all the world to hear from brother Harry. Now, little Jip (that's what I used to call her), if you want to hear from me, just come right up to one of these folks what act as mediators between folks living on your side and mine, and if you happen to get one that will let me talk with you, all right. Make yourself known, and I'll think I can satisfy you that I'm brother Harry. I'll take some of the timidity out of you, too, if you'll come and talk with me. Now if you can overcome it, little Jip, just enough to go to some medium, that's all I'll ask. You've said you'd give all the world to hear from Harry. Well, here I am. I'm ready to talk with you alone any time if you'll just come right straight up to the scratch. Show me that you mean what you say, and I'll come to you; and then if you want to tell the folks about it, you can. If they do laugh at you, why, you need not say any more about it. Some good friend, I don't know who, has told little Jip something about spirits coming back, so she's hoping I'll come, and afraid I will all the time.

You see I was devilishly disappointed in not getting home to the old home. [It was too bad.] Yes, it was too bad, too bad. I tell you what, it is pretty likely to stir one up, I can tell you. My first thought was, when I found myself on the other side, that if I could I'd snake 'em on the same side mighty quick; I'd take away their bodies, as they'd taken mine away. Oh, I tell you what it is, these fellows want to be severely punished for their carelessness. [There seems to be more accidents on that road than upon any other.] Yes, that's a fact. There's been more accidents on that road the last fifteen years than on any other road in the country. I don't know whether it's because they put men on the road that haven't any brains, or whether they don't use their brains right. There's a screw loose somewhere, and if there's anybody round can tighten it, not for my benefit, but for others, I'd like to have 'em. Good-day.

### MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 22.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Wm. Smith, of Keokuk, Mo., to his aunt and other friends; Matthew Perkins, of Boston, Mass.; George Donelson, of New York, to his mother.

Monday, July 3.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Judge Abbott, of Walpole, N. H., to his friends; Hon. Rufus Choate, of Boston; John Aldrich, of Troy, N. Y.; Susan Wickliffe, of Philadelphia, Pa., to her father, John Wickliffe.

Monday, Sept. 4.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: Alice Tremblin, to Wm. Tremblin, of Newburgh, N. Y.; Dave Carney, of the 21st Michigan Reg., to his mother; Frances Miller, of Tarrytown, N. Y., to Elizabeth Miller; Col. Wm. Farley, of the 7th Georgia Cavalry, to his wife Rebecca; Dennis Casey, of Fall River, Mass., to John Casey.

Tuesday, Sept. 5.—Invocations: Questions and Answers: David Kenney, of friends in Cleveland, O.; Edith Rockwood, who died in Baltimore, Md., to her parents; Wm. Wilde, of Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, to Solomon Wilde; Coolidge Johnson, a New York drummer, to Tim Carney.

### BEYOND.

BY S. B. KEACH.

Beyond those hills the setting sun  
Flies the green hilltops one by one,  
With rays that fade in softened light,  
Till blended with the coming night  
That silent stalks with viewless feet  
As fast as flies the day,  
Out the green hills they seem to meet,  
Not far, not far away.

Beyond those hills the sunlight shines,  
On the bright green of waving pines—  
'Tis very beautiful to me,  
And, gazing there, I seem to see  
Some who once met among the trees,  
Long years ago to-day;  
Among the pine trees such as these,  
Not far, not far away.

Beyond those pines and glowing green  
Of wooded hills that rise between;  
Beyond a gleaming river's flow,  
They made a grave long years ago,  
And laid poor Nelly peacefully  
To slumber, night and day;  
The only sacred spot to me,  
Not far, not far away.

Beyond the grave I cannot see;  
The daylight dies—the mystery  
Of Night and Silence hideth all;  
Yet stars break through the cloudy pall,  
How smiles beyond the wastes of Time,  
As oft I hear her say  
She waits me in a better clime,  
Not far, not far away.

Providence, R. I., 1865.

"Fa, they tell us about the angry ocean; what makes the ocean angry?" "Oh, it has been crossed so often."

## Correspondence.

### Interesting Notes from Mrs. Wilcoxson.

On the 16th of July, after a long and painful illness, covering weeks of the vernal season, and a slow convalescence, reaching to midsummer, I left the heated soil of Jersey, and the home of my ever faithful daughter and kind son-in-law, for the mountains of Pennsylvania. My first stopping place was in Marietta, at the hospitable home of my good friends, Dr. Wm. B. Farnestock and his amiable wife. Here I remained two weeks, giving one discourse in the Town Hall, and meeting a good congregation in the Bethel Church, composed of both whites and blacks. On applying to the Burgess of the town, for the hall, he declined loaning me the room for a Sunday meeting, owing to the prejudice of the people against any such privilege to our order, but cheerfully offered it to me for any week-day evening. But the prejudice of the people did not prevent their going to the church of the despoiled blacks of a Sunday, to hear the angel gospel, and I must attribute the opposition to a very small and weak minority. Marietta is indeed a promising field.

Since my visit there one year ago, over twenty mediums for rapping, tipping and writing, have been developed, mainly through the indefatigable labors of our friend and co-worker, Dr. Farnestock. This gentleman takes the sacrament of Spiritualism to all his patients who will partake thereof. He lends books, pamphlets and Banners, wherever he finds an open door of inquiry; and by conversations and circles explains the philosophy, and encourages investigation. The circles were so crowded as at last to destroy all conditions, and they were discontinued in the spring, but not until many convincing tests had been given.

In the meantime the Methodist shepherd poured out the vials of condemnation upon the heads of recent members who were heroic enough to throw off the sectarian yoke, and doubtless hoped to annihilate the "delusion" of Spiritualism. But like the rebels, he only burnt his powder to find the foe the stronger.

Passing on to Spruce Creek, I next rested beneath the spacious roof of another veteran in the army of spiritual freedom, our brother J. S. Isett, a firm, staunch and consistent pioneer of the cause in that neighborhood, whose public duties and influence have enlarged the field of his operations; and like Brother F., he has circulated his library of spiritual literature, on every hand. Here I gave two discourses in the church, a primitive building, and was voted in for future service. Though quite rainy, our last congregation was large and encouraging. I learned that Dr. Cooley had labored once in this place, but no female speaker had ever before addressed them in behalf of the New Gospel.

From this place I journeyed on to Unionville, where I gave a course of lectures last summer. Found the friends still strong in the faith, and hungering for the manna of spirit-communion. The Spiritualists here are nearly all converted "Friends," who find the fires of inspiration among their own people too much smothered by the cramping influence of the creed, and consequently they hail with a true welcome the old pioneers, George Fox, Elias Hicks, Penn. Hoag, Hopper, &c., and all truly humane and progressive spirits.

A severe cold prevented any public labor at this place; and the heavy fog, and damp, cold air of the Bald Eagle Valley admonished me, in conjunction with my higher monitions, to press on to higher ground. Yes, higher ground—how, in a greater than a physical sense, have I ardently prayed and labored to reach it! With the fetters of selfish policy drawn tightly round my earthly condition, its iron bands too often riveted by those who claim the name of "friends," but who understand us not; how, with double weights pressing upon the weary frame, we urge our way, in answer to the angel call, to higher ground!

And at last, after long hours of sickness, conflict and trial, in various forms, we reach an altitude where the eye looks down upon the cloud-wrapt valley, and rejoices in a new freedom. As now my wandering footsteps press the summits of the Alleghenies, and my vision stretches away over the glorious landscape spread out before me, I can but realize the guardian power which has brought me hither—opened the hearts and homes of God's children, once strangers, and prompted them with such loving care to minister to my physical necessities, and assist in restoring me to a condition of magnetic and spiritual harmony, that from the mountain tops of a new life I may again "go preach" the gospel of Righteousness.

Yesterday I attended the Friends' meeting-house, and discovered that, as in Unionville, a goodly part of the society are outgrowing the old form, and embracing the Spiritualistic faith. It is expected that ere long the progressive members will receive a ticket-of-leave, or be required to recant. In that case, they will be the majority, and carry with them a large proportion of the wealth and influence of the society. This, probably, is the reason they have not already been expelled.

Fraternally thine, M. J. WILCOXSON.

Granbury Hills, Penn., Aug. 21st, 1865.

### Pay Your Speakers.

Allow me, through the columns of the Banner, to say a few words to the Spiritualists at large, in relation to the payment of their speakers. From almost every quarter of the country comes the universal cry from itinerant lecturers: "We are not paid for our services; and unless we are sustained, we shall be obliged to quit the field and seek some other employment, in order to obtain the necessities of life."

It has been the prevailing practice of many of the friends to engage first class speakers, and then allow them to depart from their midst with a most miserable pittance, hardly sufficient to defray their traveling expenses, to say nothing of other expenses that naturally occur to speakers traveling from place to place.

The greater portion of the last fourteen years of my life has been spent in the lecturing field. And many a day, under a hot, burning sun, have I traveled with my valise on my back, to fulfill my next appointment, for the very reason that I did not have the means to pay my fare, either by railroad or by stage. A great many of the Spiritualists (or those that class themselves so), tell us that they will not pay one dime to support a speaker they do not like, but, nevertheless, attend all the lectures. When the time arrives to recompense the speaker, and these persons are called upon to contribute, they will shrug up their shoulders and say: "We don't like his style; we have no funds to give."

I think, Mr. Editor, that I make a humane and generous remark when I say that Spiritualists are in duty bound, by the ties of justice and right, to see that speakers whom they engage for the ostensible purpose of lecturing, shall receive a fair and satisfactory compensation for their labors. There are no speakers in the field to-day but what can satisfy the wants of some poor and lonely heart. It throws a pall of discouragement and heavy-heartedness over the finer feelings of

our speakers, to turn them away with an empty pocket.

Pay your speakers; see that they do not leave you with a heavy heart and dissatisfaction written on the countenances. We know of a first class speaker, who has lately returned from a lecturing tour, who relates the following facts in regard to himself: He had made an engagement to speak before the friends in a certain city, where no speaker of superior ability as to style and subject-matter treated upon, had ever preceded him. He gave a satisfactory course of seven lectures, and was then allowed to go on his way with the prodigious sum of nineteen dollars. Out of that amount he had to pay three dollars and fifty cents at his next stopping-place, leaving him fifteen dollars and fifty cents!

My friends, can you expect to have the food that feeds the soul, when you allow good speakers to be treated thus? Pay your speakers, friends, and never engage one until you know whether you have the means of amply recompensing them for their time—for time is money; if not, it ought to be. Then the hearts of speakers, as well as hearers, will rejoice in knowing that their labors were appreciated and amply rewarded.

I repeat: Spiritualists, everywhere, pay your speakers! support the Banner of Light, and assist in lightening the sorrows of those who are to-day spending their time for the benefit of those who are struggling in the vortex of a darkened, unforgiving theology. Then, and not until then, will the divine order upon earth be responded to by the divine order in heaven, and grief and sorrow be driven from the chambers of the human heart.

A PUBLIC LECTURER.

### Organization at Berlin, Wis.

The Spiritualists of Berlin organized on the 13th inst., and adopted the following Constitution. Will you please find a place for it in your columns? We believe it is a model document, in its way, and that its publication may assist other friends of the cause of Spiritualism who may wish to organize.

Yours respectfully, E. WARNER.

Berlin, Wis., Aug. 30, 1865.

### FIRST SPIRITUAL SOCIETY OF BERLIN, WIS.

Organized August 13th, 1865.

### CONSTITUTION.

PREAMBLE.

Believing that some sort of religious organization is necessary in every civilized community, as an efficient means of satisfying certain natural desires of the human heart;

THEREFORE, We, whose names are hereunto appended, do mutually unite ourselves to form the First Spiritual Society of Berlin, Wisconsin; and in pursuance of this agreement we do enact and establish these following

### ARTICLES OF ASSOCIATION.

ART. I. Object.—The object of this Society shall be to promote the highest and truest physiological, intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of its members individually, and of every person who may ever in any manner come within the sphere of its influence.

ART. II. Of Membership.—An expressed desire to enjoy the benefits and promote the objects of this Society shall be the only prescribed qualifications for membership.

[To the end that a goodly faith in the integrity of human nature may be fostered and built up, and each member put upon his or her own sense of moral honesty for the righteousness of their motives in becoming or remaining members.]

ART. III. Of Government.—This Society shall be forever sovereign within its own membership, for all that pertains to its existence and welfare as a religious organization.

[To the end that the usurpations and abuses of ecclesiasticalism may be forever done away.]

ART. IV. Of Doctrine.—No creed, articles of belief, or prescribed formula of doctrines whatever, shall ever be established FOR AUTHORITY in this Society.

[To the end that free thought, free speech, and a broad, generous, reasoning and healthy individualism may be promoted among its members.]

ART. V. Of Ordinances.—No ordinance or ceremonies shall ever be prescribed AS A REQUIRED OBSERVANCE in this Society.

[To the end that all the priestly rites and superstitions of sectarian ecclesiasticalism may be done away.]

ART. VI. Of Finances.—The financial and property interests of this Society shall be under the control of a Board of Trustees, as provided by Statute—Title XIII, Chap. 66, Revised Statutes of Wisconsin. Said Board of Trustees shall consist of six members of the Society, to be first elected on the 13th day of August, 1865, and annually thereafter on the first Sunday in August, in the manner prescribed by the statute.

ADOPTED AUGUST 13, 1865.

Board of Trustees—J. F. Hamilton, three years; C. E. Phelps, three years; H. P. Fairfield, two years; E. Smith, two years; N. Whitman, one year; I. Webster, (Secretary and Treasurer), one year.

### Another Case of Healing in Providence.

Dr. J. A. Neal, of New York, who has been in Providence several weeks, still continues his benevolent ministrations, and has performed several remarkable cures. The following notice of a case we clip from the Providence Evening Press of August 22, furnished that paper by its reporter, Mr. W. Foster Jr., whose communications are frequently published in the Banner. The following is the article:

A REMARKABLE CASE OF HEALING.—Mr. William Talbot, 207 High Street, has been very much out of health for several years, and several times has been obliged to give up business after he was well and on his way. He was unable to attend to it. He has sought relief from various sources, and resorted to several schools of practice, but with no permanent results. At times he would be partially relieved, but it would be only for a few days, when he would relapse, and become worse than before. He has had scores of consultations with the reporter of the Press, who has a perfect knowledge of all the symptoms and his condition for at least five years. His disease was doubtless at the outset an affection of the liver; but as time wore on, dyspepsia in an aggravated form supervened, there was a derangement of the renal organs, swollen bowels, and other difficulties, indicating a general derangement of the whole system. A prostrating pain was in the right side—a dull, heavy pain, continuous, and extremely annoying. This has prevented his sleeping or resting at all upon that side for four years. His limbs were affected, and it was necessary he should sustain himself with a cane. Labor or exercise, beyond a very moderate degree, overcame him.

He is now fully restored. His cane is dispensed with, and he takes as much exercise without any difficulty as men ordinarily can. His appetite is fully restored, and he can eat without fear of dyspepsia. The pain in his side is removed, and he can rest and sleep in any position as well as another.

This wonderful change has been induced by the treatment of Dr. J. A. Neal, at the Earl House, and has been accomplished without any medicines whatever. The means were manipulations by the hands alone. One treatment entirely removed the difficulty







