

BANNER OF LIGHT.



VOL. XXIII.

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BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1868.

(SINGLE COPIES.)

NO. 1.

Literary Department.

LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF THE VICAR OF WILTSHIRE.

Translated from the German of Zschokke, for the Banner of Light, by C. W. Wilbur.

15th of December, 1764.—Received from Rev. Dr. Snart, my patron, my half year's salary, the sum of ten pounds sterling. I had to endure many humiliations, much that was disagreeable, in receiving my hard-earned wages.

I waited an hour and a half in the cold antechamber, before I was summoned to the presence of the Rector. That gentleman sat at his ease in a capacious arm chair; the money lay ready counted upon the table. He answered my bow with a majestic nod, as he slightly moved his fine black silk hose cap an inch or so upon his head. Indeed, he has much dignity. I cannot approach him without a feeling of awe. I could not look upon the King with a higher degree of reverence.

He did not ask me to sit, although he might have known that I had walked eleven miles, and that in bad weather, that morning; and that waiting an hour and a half in the ante-room was a poor rest for weary legs. He motioned with his hand toward the money.

My heart beat painfully as I endeavored to put into words my long-thought-of petition for an increase of salary. What a pity it is that I cannot overcome my timidity, even in the most innocent, the most just cause! With an anxiety, as if about to perpetrate a crime, I twice essayed to speak, and faltered; memory, words and voice all forsake me; the beaded perspiration stood on my forehead.

"What do you wish with me?" he asked condescendingly.

"I am—everything is so dear—I find it impossible to live—upon so small a salary in these hard times."

"Small salary, sir? what are you thinking about? I can get another Vicar any day for fifteen pounds a year."

"For fifteen pounds! Well, if he is without family he may be able to sustain himself."

"I hope your family has not increased, sir?"

"You have, I believe, only two daughters?"

"Yes, your reverence; but they are growing fast. My Jenny, the eldest, is eighteen; and my youngest, Polly, is almost twelve years old."

"So much the better; cannot the girls work?"

I would have replied, but he gave me no opportunity; he went to the window, and tapping with his fingers on the panes, told me he had "no time to spare to listen."

"Think it over," he said to me, "whether you wish to retain your place at fifteen pounds per annum. If you cannot, I wish you a better Vicarage for a New Year's present."

He made me a polite bow, and again touched his cap. I took the money, and gave him my parting salutation. I was thunderstruck! He never received me so coldly before. Some one must have prejudiced him against me. He did not even invite me to stay to dinner, as he had always done before. I had relied upon the noon-day meal, as I had left Creeklade without eating any breakfast. I went to a baker's shop and bought a loaf of bread, and departed on my journey homeward.

How wretchedly despondent I was upon the road; I wept like a child. My tears fell upon the bread I hastily devoured. For shame, Thomas! Shame upon thy doubting heart! Does not the old and true God live? And what if you had completely lost the place? Now it is only five pounds less. Of course it is one-fourth of the year's salary; scarcely ten pence per day for three persons to be fed and clothed. But what more? He who clothes the lilies in the field, he who nourishes the young ravens, will care for us! We must retrench and leave aside all luxuries.

December 16th.—Yes, I believe Jenny is an angel! Her soul is lovelier even than her person. I am almost ashamed to own myself her father; she is better, wiser, far more pious than I am.

Yesterday I lacked the courage to tell the girls of our misfortune. When I told them to-day, Jenny was serious for a moment, then she smiled and said:

"Are you troubled, father?"

"How can I help it?"

"You can help it; you must not feel so."

"Dear child, we cannot keep out of debt and care. I do not know how we can exist upon so little, and we are in need of so many things! The fifteen pounds scarcely suffice for our necessary provisions; who will give or lend us now?"

Jenny put one arm round my neck, and with her other hand pointed upwards: "The One above!" she replied.

Polly sat down on my knee, and caressing my face said:

"I will tell you something; I dreamed last night it was New Year's, and the King had come to Creeklade. There was pomp and splendor such as I had never seen. The King got off his horse at our door, and came right in. And then we were so busy cooking and baking! But the King had some of his own victuals, brought on dishes of gold and silver. Outside, the trumpets and the kettle drums made noise; and think of it! to the sound of the music was brought to you, on a cushion of satin, a Bishop's hat, made of gold! It looked funny, like the painted things the old Bishops used to wear in the picture books. But you looked very well in it. I had to laugh so I lost my breath, and then Jenny woke me. I was really angry at her. That dream must mean something. And it is only fourteen days to New Year's."

I said to Polly: "Dreams mean nothing; they are idle fancies."

She replied:

"Dreams come from God."

I do not believe in anything of the sort; but I have written down the dream, to see whether it was indeed given as a consoling sign from heaven. It is not impossible that I may receive a New Year's gift, and what a God-send it would be to us!

I have spent the whole day making calculations. I do not love to do it; money matters distract my head, and leave my heart empty and yet very heavy.

December 17th.—All my debts but one are paid; thanks be to Providence! In five different places I have paid out seven pounds eleven shillings; there remains two pounds and nine shillings. With that I am to keep house for six months. God help me!

The black pantaloons that I saw at tailor Cull-bay's I must no longer covet, though I do urgently need them. They have been worn some, but are in good order, and the price is cheap; but Jenny needs a gown. I pity the poor child in her thin stuff dress this cold weather. Polly must be content with the one her sister patched and fixed for her out of her old gown.

My interest in the newspaper that I took with weaver Westburn, must also be given up. That hurts me badly. Here in Creeklade we can only hear of the doings of the great world through the newspaper. At the last horse-race in Newmarket, the Duke of Cumberland won a wager against the Duke of Grafton of five thousand pounds. It is wonderful how the words of Holy Writ find literal fulfillment. "To him who hath, more shall be given;" and it may well be added: "he who has but little, from him shall be taken." I had to lose five pounds from my poor salary!

Fie, Thomas! grumbling again? and what for? Because you can no longer have a share in the newspaper? Feel ashamed of yourself! You can hear from others whether General Paoli maintains the freedom of Corsica. The French have promised the help of their troops to the Genoese; but Paoli has twenty thousand men, old soldiers.

December 18th.—We poor people are very happy after all! For a mere trifle Jenny has bought herself a brown gown from the peddler woman, Barde; and now she and Polly are busy ripping and re-arranging it, so as to make it as good as new. Jenny can bargain and haggle better than I can, and no one resists her when she pleads so fitfully angelic. Now there is great joy in the house. Jenny will wear her new gown for the first time on New Year's day. Polly makes all kinds of mischievous remarks and prophecies. I am sure the Boy of Algiers was not more delighted with the costly presents of the Venetians—the two diamond rings; the two watches encased with brilliants; the pistols inlaid with gold; the beautiful carpets and horse-coverings; and the twenty thousand zechins in ready money.

Jenny thinks we must save from our table the price of her gown. We can have no meat till New Year; that is quite right.

Weaver Westburn is a generous man. I announced to him yesterday that I could no longer afford to take my share in the paper. He shook my hand and said:

"I will take the paper myself, and you, sir, can read it with me, just as usual."

One must never despond. There are many good people in the world, and they are more numerous among the poor than amid the rich.

Evening of the same day.—The baker is an unkind man. Although we did not owe him anything, he picked a quarrel with good little Polly, because she spoke to him about the loaf being badly raised and burned. He declared he would give no more bread on credit—we should buy elsewhere; and he thundered so loud the people stopped in the street to listen. I felt grieved for Polly; we had enough to console upon. I cannot imagine how the Creekladers hear all the news. Every one in the village speaks about Rector Snart's appointing another Vicar in my place. That would be the death of me!

Even the butcher must have heard the rumor, or he would not have sent his wife to me with complaints of the hard times, and that in future they would sell their meat only for cash. The woman was polite and kind, and advised us to go to Calswood for our small supplies of meat—the butcher there was well-to-do, and could wait for his pay. I would not tell the good wife how he had demanded of us a penny per pound more than the usual price; and when I protested, and his cursing and swearing could not help him, he declared he could not afford to leave money outstanding for a year without demanding interest; and then he showed us the door.

The amount of money in my possession is forty-one shillings, three pence. How will this end, if no one will trust me? And if Rector Snart appoints another Vicar! Then I and my poor children will be thrown into the street. Well, God is in the street too.

December 19th, in the morning.—I awoke early, and reflected long what it was best for me to do under the circumstances. I thought of Mr. Little, my rich cousin at Cambridge—but the poor have no cousins. If New Year was to bring me the Bishop's hat, as seen in Polly's dream, one half of the inhabitants of England would claim relationship with me.

I have written the following letter to the Rev. Dr. Snart and sent by to-day's post. This is the copy:

"I write with an anxious heart, for every one is saying that you intend to install another Vicar in my place. I do not know, reverend sir, what ground there is for the rumor, or whether it is occasioned by my having told some persons the result of my last conversation with you."

The duties devolving upon me I have endeavored to fulfill with zeal and truthfulness; to preach God's word, pure and unadulterated; and I have heard no complaint against me, and my interior judge does not condemn me. I asked most kindly for an increase of my meagre salary,

You, reverend sir, spoke of lessening the sum that scarcely sufficed for the wants of myself and family. May your benevolent heart decide.

I have served sixteen years under your departed predecessor; under you one year and a half. I am fifty years old; my hair begins to turn grey. Without acquaintance or patronage, without the prospect of another situation, without sufficient learning to earn my bread in some other field of labor, my worldly hopes and happiness, and the welfare of my children, depend upon your favor. If you allow me to sink, I have no recourse but beggary.

My daughters, with all the economy at my command, cost me more than in their childhood. The eldest, Jenny, is a mother to the younger ones, and is my housekeeper. We keep no servant—my daughter is the servant, the cook, the washerwoman, the tailoress, even the shoemaker. And I am the carpenter, the plasterer, the chimney-sweeper, the wood-sawyer, the gardener and the water-carrier for my household. God's bountiful mercy has been with us always. None of us have been ill; we could not have paid for medicines. Creeklade is a very small place. My daughters have vainly offered their services to others, to wash, patch or sew. Very seldom could they obtain work. Here every household performs its own labor. No one is idle.

It would be a difficult matter for me to sustain my family on twenty pounds a year. To try to do so with fifteen, would be the hardest struggle. But I rely upon God and your compassion, and entreat you, reverend sir, to relieve my anxiety of heart."

After I had written the letter, I threw myself upon my knees, while Polly went to the postman, and I prayed most fervently for a fortunate result. I grew calm and happy. Oh, a word to God is ever a word from God. I walked out of my room with a lightened heart.

Jenny sat at the window with her work, looking calm and lovely as an angel. Her face shone as with some interior illumination. A feeble ray of sunlight falling through the window brightened the whole room. I felt as if I was in heaven. I went to my desk and wrote my sermon—"On the Pleasures of Poverty."

I preached as much to myself as for others; and if no other was benefited, I was; and if no one gathered consolation from my words, I did. It is with the minister as with the physician: he understands the power of his medicines, but not always their influence upon the nature of his patients.

The same day at noon.—This morning I received a note from a stranger, who had been stopping over night at the village inn. I was asked to go to him upon pressing business. I went to him, and met a fine-looking young man of about six-and-twenty. He had a handsome face and dignified manners. He wore an old, shabby overcoat, and the mud of yesterday had hardened upon his boots. His round hat, although originally finer than mine, was far more soiled and torn. But, despite of his poor appearance, the young man seemed to be of good family. His linen was fine and exquisitely clean, though it might have just been presented to him by some benevolent hand.

He led me into a room adjoining the public parlor, begged to be excused a thousand times for putting me to so much trouble, and then humbly and sorrowfully acknowledged that he was in great embarrassment; that he knew no one in the place, and that he confided in me as the clergyman of the town. He was a play-actor by profession, just then without an engagement, and desiring to go to Manchester. But his money was gone, and he had not sufficient to pay his lodging, even. In his desperation he turned to me. Twelve shillings would help him out of the difficulty. He would honestly return me the money, as soon as he made another engagement at the theatres. His name was John Fleetman.

It was not necessary for him so minutely to describe his troubles. In the expression of his face I read even more care and anxiety than in his words. But he must have seen something of the same sort in my face, for, looking at me, he cried in alarm:

"Will you leave me helpless?"

I frankly told him my condition; that he demanded of me the fourth part of all I possessed; that my continuation in my present office was uncertain. Suddenly grown cold and reserved, he answered:

"You tell the sum of your misfortunes to an unfortunate. Ask nothing from me. In there no one else in Creeklade, who, not having riches, at least has compassion."

I looked at the young gentleman with deep pity, and felt ashamed that I had screened myself behind my circumstances, so as to have an excuse for being heartless. I thought of all my acquaintances in the village, but I could not name one. Perhaps I knew too little of their hearts. I put my hand on his shoulder and said:

"Mr. Fleetman, I am sorry for you! Please have patience a little while longer. You know how poor I am; but I will help you if I can. In an hour I will give you an answer."

I went home, and thought to myself upon the way: "How strange he should come to me first; a play-actor to a clergyman! There must be something in my nature that magnetically attracts the unfortunate and the needy. Whoever is in trouble comes to me, who have the least to give. If I am at table with strangers, and one of them has a dog, the animal will look eagerly at the morsels I put in my mouth, and with the utmost confidence will put his head with the wet, cold muzzle on my knee."

At home I told the children about the stranger and his request. I wanted to have Jenny's counsel. She said pityingly:

"I know what you think, father, so I have nothing more to say."

"What am I thinking of?"

"You think, 'I will be toward the poor play-actor.'"

actor as I pray that God and Dr. Snart may be to me."

I had not thought so, but wished I had. I counted out the twelve shillings and gave them to Jenny to take to the traveler. I do not like to listen to thanks; they humiliate me. Ingratitude elevates me. And then I had my sermon to finish.

The same day—Evening.—The play-actor must indeed be a good man. When Jenny returned from the inn she had a great deal to tell about him. The inn-keeper's wife had blabbed much about the guest coming with an empty phrase, and Jenny could not deny that I sent him some money. Then the child had to listen to a long lecture on the thoughtlessness of the giver who gave having nothing for himself; on the danger of assisting adventurers when one could not clothe one's own children; the shirt was nearer than the coat; eating for one's self made fat, &c., &c.

I was again engaged on my sermon when Mr. Fleetman entered. He could not leave Creeklade, he said, without thanking his benefactor. Jenny was occupied in laying the table-cloth. We had turnips and eggs for dinner. I invited Fleetman to share our humble meal. He did not refuse; he had probably not eaten a very hearty breakfast at the inn. I sent Polly for some ale; we had not indulged so luxuriantly for a long time.

The traveler seemed to like it with us; the lines of care and anxiety vanished from his face, but he retained that peculiar shyness that is the mark of unfortunate persons. He thought us very happy, and we assured him we were; he deemed us richer than I assumed to be, and there he was mistaken. The good young man was dazzled by the cleanliness and order of our simple rooms, the clearness of the windows, the whiteness of the curtains and the floors, the polish of our chairs and tables, the symmetry of our common dishes. In the huts of the poor there is generally filth and disorder, because the inmates know not of economy or order. But cleanliness and order are the best economies; this I preached continually. Jenny is a model housekeeper. She almost surpasses her dear departed mother, and she is training Polly well; not a fly-speck can escape her searching eye.

Our guest felt quite at home with us; but he spoke less of himself than of us. He bears some trouble on his heart; I trust it is not upon his conscience, also. I observed that he would suddenly break off in conversation and become gloomy; then he would make an effort and be cheerful again. May God console him!

Before he left us I gave him some wholesome and fatherly advice, for I know that play-actors are a thoughtless set. He promised me solemnly, as soon as he had money, to return what he had borrowed. He looked honest, and asked me how long I could live upon the pittance left me. His last words were:

"It is impossible you should not be happy in this world; you have heaven within your breast, and two of God's angels by your side," and he pointed to Jenny and Polly.

December 20th.—The day passed quietly, but I cannot say agreeably, for the grocer Loster sent me the bill for the year. The amount was more than I had expected, for although I had written down every article purchased, he had raised the price of everything; so that caused the discrepancy in the accounts. The worst of it is the remainder of my debt of the preceding year. He demands the payment of the whole, as he is in need of the money. The collective sum is eighteen shillings. I went to see Mr. Loster; he is a very polite and pleasant-spoken man. I hoped to satisfy him with a payment on account, and promised to pay the rest at Easter. But he was not to be moved, and regretted that necessity would compel him to take the utmost means; that he had a bill to pay within three days; that a merchant's credit was above all considerations, and so forth. I could say nothing more; could I leave him to seek the law against me, as he threatened? I sent the money and paid the debt. Now all that I have in the world has dwindled down to eleven shillings. Heaven grant that the play-actor may soon return the loan; else I know not how to help myself. Well, then, of little faith! If you know not, God knows. Why is your heart so troubled? What have you done? Poverty is no crime!

December 21st.—Little joys often suffice for thankfulness. We are delighted with Jenny's new gown; she looks beautiful as a bride. But she will wear it publicly to church, for the first time, on New Year's day. She tells me every evening with what economy we have passed through the day. We are compelled to go to bed at seven o'clock, to save lamp-oil and coals; but that is not much. The girls are all the more industrious during the day, and they talk in bed till midnight. We have a good supply of turnips and other vegetables. Jenny thinks she can help us through for six or eight weeks without incurring debt. That would be something wonderful, without a parallel.

And then we hope Mr. Fleetman will prove honest. When I make a serious countenance to that expressed hope, Jenny becomes at once very zealous in her defence of the absent. She will not listen to the shadow of a doubt against the play-actor. We often speak of him; he gives us a subject for much conversation. It is amusing to see Jenny's anger when the teasing Polly says: "But he is only an actor!" Then Jenny tells of the celebrated actors in London, who even dine with the Royal Princess; and she tries to convince us that Fleetman would make one of the best actors in the world; he had graceful manners, and well chosen forms of speech. "Of course," said the laughing Polly, quite wittily, to-day; "well chosen forms of speech, for he called you an angel of God."

"He called you so, too," cried Jenny.

"Very well," answered Polly. "I was thrown into the bargain; but he looked at you when he said it."

The chatlings and childish nonsense of my children yet awaken anxious thought for their future. Polly is growing apoc; Jenny is eight-

een. What prospects have I for them? Jenny is a well-bred, pretty girl, but all Creeklade knows our poverty; therefore we are not esteemed, and the finding of a husband will be difficult. An angel without money is not worth half as much to-day in the eyes of the world, as a devil with a bag full of guineas. But every one looks kindly on Jenny for her delicately beautiful face. Even the grocer Loster made her a present of a pound of almonds and raisins, when she took him the money, and assured her he was very sorry to be compelled to urge me for it, but he would, if I continued to buy of him, give me credit till Easter. So much he never said to me.

If I was to die, who would take charge of my forsaken children? Who? why, the ever loving Father in Heaven. They could, if it came to the worst, go out into service. I will not be troubled about the future.

December 22nd.—Two weary days. The festival of Christmas never before drew so mightily upon my powers. I gave my two sermons five times in two days, in four different churches. The roads to the villages was in the most abominable condition; wind and weather, terrible. I begin to feel the approaches of age. I cannot move so quick and agile as heretofore. Of course, cabbage and turnips daily, with little seasoning of any sort, and a glass of cold water, is not very nourishing diet.

I dined both days with Farmer Hurst; the country people are far more hospitable than the people here; no one in Creeklade has thought of inviting me for the past six months. Oh, how I wished I could have had my daughters with me at table! What abundance! If they could only have had for their Christmas feast what was given as remnants to the dogs! But they did receive some of the cake, and are yet enjoying it while I write. It was well that I had the courage, when the good people urged me to eat more, to ask for a slice of cake for my loved children at home. They gave me a small bag full of cake, and sent me home in their carriage, as it was raining fast and furiously.

It suffices to have enough to eat and to drink, but it cannot be denied there is a comfortable feeling about the rightful care of the body; the thoughts are clearer, the heart feels warmer. I am very weary. My conversations with Farmer Hurst were remarkable. I must write them out to-morrow.

December 27th.—We have the house full of joy! but we must learn moderation in our joys. The girls must learn and practice that. Therefore I put down the package with the money unsealed that has come from Mr. Fleetman. I will not open it till after dinner. My children are real daughters of Eve, and are dying of curiosity to know what Mr. Fleetman writes. Indeed, I am more surprised than overjoyed; I only loaned him twelve shillings, and he returns me five pounds. God be thanked! He must have obtained a good situation. How joy and sorrow alternate! I went to see the alderman, Mr. Fieldston, this morning, as I was told the Carrier Brook of Wotten Bassett had killed himself, from inability to pay his debts. Some eleven or twelve years ago, I had gone security for him for one hundred pounds, on account of some distant relationship to my wife. I never received the security back; the man was very unfortunate of late years, and had given himself up to hard drinking. The alderman consoled me by saying he did not believe the news; he had not heard it confirmed; so I returned home with lightened spirits, and prayed on the way that God would continue to be merciful to me.

Polly ran toward me in the street, and said breathlessly,

"A letter from Mr. Fleetman, father, with five pounds sterling! but we had to pay seven pence postage."

Jenny's face was crimsoned with joy as she handed me the package. I put back the scissors and knife they handed me, and said:

"You see, children, how much easier it is to bear misfortune than to receive happiness with equanimity. I have often admired your fortitude when we did not know how to obtain the next meal; but now you are completely thrown off your balance at the first smile of good fortune. To punish you, I shall not open the letter till after dinner."

The same day—Evening.—Our joy has been transformed to sorrow. The letter with the money was not from Mr. Fleetman, but from the Rev. Dr. Snart. He announced to me, in answer to my appeal, that I could not remain in office longer than next Easter, and that in the meantime I could be looking for another situation, and be enclosed the remainder of my salary in advance, as I might need it for travelling purposes; and the new Vicar he had chosen was to arrive soon in the village and take from me the affairs of the church.

So the talk of the people was not all idle gossip. I heard, too, that my successor had obtained my place because he had married a near relative of the Rev. Dr. Snart, whose character was not of the best. I am, therefore, to lose my situation and my daily bread on account of the frailty of a woman, and because a man could be found to buy my place with a breach of honor. But God's will be done!

Jenny and Polly turned pale as death when I read to them the words of the rector in place of Mr. Fleetman's; and to find the money sent, not the evidence of friendship and gratitude, but the last bitterly earned and begrudged payment for my many years of labor. Polly threw herself sobbing into a chair, and Jenny left the room. My hand trembled as I held the paper containing my formal dismissal. I went into my chamber, locked the door, threw myself on my knees and prayed. I heard Polly crying bitterly.

I arose refreshed and strengthened, and took my Bible; and the first words that met my eye were these: "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine."

[To be concluded in our next.]

As in the acorn dwells the future tree
So in the germ of mind lies that which

while the pleasing snar of the water constantly proves that the lookers-on and co-workers are appreciative people.

Spiritualism in Ohio is prospering greatly. The effectiveness of the State Association is already becoming apparent, and its final success is beyond question—while a "watch" and "toll" is presiding officer. I lecture here the third month.

CLYDE, OHIO, March 4, 1893.

Volume Twenty-Three.

Annie Lord Chamberlain's Seances.
Mrs. Chamberlain's health is so far recovered that she proposes to resume her public seances Friday evening, March 20, at the house of Col. H. Wing, 87 Main street, Charlestown, and continue them every Thursday evening.

The members of the Association will be interested to learn that the committee of the Legislature before whom, in accordance with the vote of the Association, was laid the proposition for a act of incorporation, have decided unanimously to report the same to the Senate for approval, that may become a law. The action thus far upon the matter gives encouragement that the same treatment which is extended to all denominations the Commonwealth is to be the rule of action upon public matters where Spiritualism and Spiritism are concerned.

E. S. Wheeler, who has been speaking in the above hall during this month, closes his engagement next Sunday, and then goes to Cleveland, Ohio, to fill an engagement there. We shall give a synopsis of his lecture on "The Force of Education" and "The Secret of Power" in our next issue.

On Sunday, March 9th, A. E. Carpenter instituted a Children's Lyceum in Cambridgeport with bright prospects for the future. Forty-eight children joined the school, and were highly delighted with the exercises. The number is sure to increase each Sunday.

has just completed a fine full-size painting "Red Jacket," said by seer mediums to be good likeness of whilom the "good old chief of the Senecas." It may be seen at this office.

(The avowment that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, with limitation to the Scriptures of the Bible, not made by Paul. Nor is it true—since every writing is a Scripture, whether in the Bible or outside thereof—and since such declaration embraces all that has ever been written, sacred or profane, during the Ages. But all literature, in all world over, which is THEOPNEUSTIC—breathing Divine Effluence—is deemed by Paul useful for instruction, &c.)

That the man of God may be perfect, thorough-
ly furnished unto all good works. 2 Tim. iii. 17.

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WHILE for years has been consulted, both here and in Europe, by a great number of persons, can be consulted by letter in all matters of life. He can refer to persons of best standing who were benefited by his gift. Diseases, as despondency, rheumatism, old sores, etc., he cures radically. Consultation 83. Lock of hair and, if possible, photograph requested.

DR. GEO. B. EMERSON, Psychometric and Magnetic Physician, developed to cure diseases by drawing them upon himself, at any distance. Can examine persons, tell how they feel, where and what their disease is. One examination 81; fifteen exercises 85; manipulations 82. N. Y. Will give delineations of character; also accurate information.

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Well, I'm William Temple, just the same
 ever-not the temple of God, but the temple
 William Temple. Oh dear! dear! I wish I could
 come back in a state of grace such as my
 father was at his right hand, but I'm not
 Chairman. If no one else is going to
 programme for me. Talk about baptism and joint
 the Church! I always did see the ridiculous as
 —never want to meeting in my life that I did
 laugh inside awfully before I got out. A sort
 ridiculous spirit I wish in my life. I wish
 I could be a Christian and I could inspire a
 ridon of the ridiculous away. I'm not
 I'm not going to be a Christian. I have you
 sir. I'm not going to be a Christian. I have you
 I hope you think I'm not going to be a Christian.

Banner of Light.

WESTERN DEPARTMENT: J. M. FEEBLES, Editor.

When a man's selfish interest, centered in self, is impelled by the thought of the over-hills and reaches to God, he has two ways of emancipating his children for a higher life...

The dead-lock of the sectarian is dragging the whole church ritual into one common watery grave. In pumping too fast the ship of an Orthodox Zion has sprung a bigger leak.

VAIETY IN RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO GROWTH. The physical system needs variety and change of diet. Feed on swine's flesh, and we have the scrofula; feed exclusively on farinaceous food...

What if the mind's food is altogether negative, consisting of the fall of man for breakfast, the devil for dinner, and hell-fire for supper, speed each time with brimstone to make the theological chowder palatable; think you it will be nutritious and healthful? Is this the "bread of life"?

There is something good in every human heart. It demands that the children shall be pure in morals. Beautiful as is this love, it defeats itself under the guidance of sect. The moment we train a child to look with conscientious suspicion upon a person who chances honestly to differ from his neighbor in matters of faith...

THE PAST IN THE LIVING PRESENT.

Each age has a gospel running in a particular channel of thought. The Moslem for law; the Confucian for maxims; the Brahminian for priestly kingship; the Socratic for morality; the Ciceronian for conquest; the Nazarene for love; the Apostolic for religious revolution; the Crusadian for church supremacy; the Columbian for discovery; the Lutheran for private judgment in matters of faith; the Calvinistic for divine sovereignty; the Arminian for freedom of will; the Wesleyan for holiness of heart; the Baconian for philosophy; the Newtonian for astronomy; the Washingtonian for liberty; the Universalist for the Fatherhood of God; the Unitarian for the brotherhood of man; the Lincolnian for the emancipation of slaves; the living Present for what? Is the whole ground covered? Is there nothing left for us to do? no needs to break? no dogmas to dissolve? no intolerance to destroy? no monopolies of trade to revise? no laws to abrogate? no prejudices to uproot? no politics to purify? no elective franchise to confer upon woman? no Indians to rescue from extermination? no marriage laws to improve? no children to educate? no immortal yearnings to supply? no higher hopes to build? no angels to welcome? no governments to reconstruct? no sunshine to diffuse over the dark abodes of human sorrow? Are we to praise the greatness of the past, or live out the present in yet higher civilization? Enough of theory; let us have practice. It is of slight consequence how Jerusalem was built; how or where Jesus was born; how the prophets prayed; how Abraham offered Isaac; how Solomon dedicated the temple; how stout were Samson's ropes; how ruddy was the youthful David when he shot Goliath with a slung stone; how old was Methuselah; how capacious was the ark of Noah; how large was Eden; how fair was Eve; how sinful were the happy pair. Let parrot-like of these things; but practical men and women, gleaming the good of all Scriptures, both Jewish and heathen, feeling the power of the spirituality of the risen Christ, bringing all jewels of truth from the debris of ages to coronate the Present, must be thinkers, lovers, doers, emancipators.

Religion must be Americanized. Our science, our invention, our artistic genius, our literature, our commerce, our railroading, our telegraphing, our exploring, our mining, our industry, our politics, our education must henceforth constitute a body for religion. And its soul, too, must be Americanized. Our free thought must open its mental chambers; our love of liberty must fuse its monarchical chains; our cooperative systems must break up its clans; our marriages must domesticate its inspirations; our progressive tendencies

must carry it higher, high as the ascension of Jesus, to be as he was—one with God. "I will give a heart for the body," saith the angel. It comes both from the bosom of the Father—a double-lobed heart of love and wisdom, a pulsing heart of eternal mercies, radiating beauties and sweets to mortals. It comes—'tis the ministry of angels! What joy to earth! what hope to the bereft! what ambition to the humble! what truth to the ignorant! what compensation to the self-denying! what victory to the tempted! what a "healing of the nations!"

Western Correspondence.

Joseph E. Cook, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "The attendance at our Lyceum is large, and our officers and leaders are second to none. Answers to questions are visibly improving each Sunday, and marks of progress are especially noticeable upon Convention days. Many minds are inquiring after the truth connected with the religion of Spiritualism, and will not be satisfied with the hanks of old theology. Ours is a religion based upon present tangible facts. Father, spending some time in Bloomfield, Iowa, has been giving circles and awaking a deep interest in behalf of Spiritualism. The people flock to him for tests and proofs of immortality."

Mrs. Carrie B. King, Detroit, Mich.—Our Spiritualist Society is not prospering here as it should. We have had but three lectures since you left us. Several of our believers have gone to the Unitarian Church. People tell you somewhere. We hope for assistance from the State Missionary Society. And then there are inharmonies among Spiritualists that I never witnessed in the Catholic Church. Should not the better faith of Spiritualism produce more calm, divine and harmonious lives in its professors? "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Warren Samson, Hammon, N. J.—It is very gratifying to me to know that a new newspaper published in America—the "Banner of Light"—that openly espouses the cause of the down-trodden Aborigines of this continent. There is no class of people on earth who have suffered greater wrongs at the hands of professing Christians than the red men of America. During the past forty years I have had more or less intercourse in the way of trade and traffic with the following bands or tribes: Red Jacket and his band; the Genesee, Tonawanda, Miami, Potawatamies, Winnebagoes, Chippewas and Sioux. Never did I sell "firewater" to an Indian. Dry-goods and groceries I invariably sold them at the same price as the whites. Accordingly, I never had a word of difficulty with an Indian; never had a dime's worth stolen by them, nor an unkind word from them. Wish I could say as much for my pale-faced friends.

Let interested traders, land-pirates, miners and thieves prate about the barbarities of Indian depredations. Paint the picture in its darkest hues, and it will then pale and shrink away when compared with the starvation, fendulness and butcheries of our late war.

The few cases of outrage upon innocence reported are not chargeable upon the pure bloods. On the contrary, they are clearly traceable to the door of the "half-breeds." Of this, in several cases, I positively know. Now, who is to blame for their being half-breeds? Should the half-breeds be malignantly blamed for inheriting the vices and propensities of their Christian white fathers? Of whom did the red men receive the first lessons in cheating, drinking, lying and licentiousness? Ought they to be too severely censured for aping the manners and customs of civilized pale-faces?

In my opinion, Government should license no one to sell goods to the Indians. All necessary goods should be furnished by the General Government, and sold to the red man at the very lowest cash price. From 1838 to 1861 adulterated whiskey was sold to the Sioux and Chippewas at five dollars the pint. Maple sugar, costing seven cents a pound nearly, was sold at the Redwood agency to the Sioux for fifty cents per pound, and other goods in proportion. Ought such a state of things to be allowed? It is time the American nation ceased to do evil, or permitted it to be done to the almost defenceless. If a tenth of the money expended in carrying on the Indian war had been spent on the side of justice and humanity, we should long since have had peace with all the Indian tribes.

"Shall Liberal Christians Unite?"

Seeing the above question somewhat discussed of late through the columns of the Banner of Light, and believing it to be one in which a majority of the liberalists of this country are more or less interested, I have therefore taken the liberty of intruding upon the valuable space of your paper that I might give to your readers, especially those of the West, my views of this question.

That a union of the liberal element of this country would tend to advance the cause of humanity, and break down the barriers which bigotry and superstition have placed in the highway of progression, I do not doubt. But the question with me is: How shall this union be brought about? Shall we sacrifice truth in order to accomplish it, or shall we let the ebbing tide of retrogression carry us back to a standpoint which we occupied long years in the past?—thus ignoring the glorious truths of the present, for the sake of making more popular an already established truth or principle like that of the ultimate salvation of the human soul. I for one say never! Now I am a Universalist, and more, I have at least one grand and glorious truth in advance of that which I cannot consistently leave and go back to the old, worn-out theological garments of the past. But I am ready to join hands with them for the purpose of advancing the cause of humanity and the development of truth. But while I defend and support their truth, they must do the same by mine.

That it would be an object to the Universalists and Unitarians to unite with us, is a question beyond a doubt, for Spiritualism is making a most destructive advance upon them, taking slowly but surely from them their ablest speakers, and the support of their most substantial men. And I have no confidence that the remaining class of ministers who are pampering to the pride and popularity of the churches, will ever have sufficient moral courage to promulgate the heavenly truths of Spiritualism. For if they were true to the convictions of their souls they would speak them in public as well as private, notwithstanding the Church or world to the contrary. And there is nothing more strange to me than how Spiritualists (at least who are professedly such) can sit Sunday after Sunday and support with their presence and money a man simply because he professes liberality but dare not speak it! And I have as little confidence in such Spiritualists as I have in the speaker they listen to! When I was in New York in December last, I called upon one of our public mediums, who receives his support and encouragement from Spiritualists and investigators, and during the course of our conversation I inquired who spoke at Dodworth's Hall on the coming Sunday? Im-

agine my surprise when he very blantly replied, "Oh I don't know anything about it; I attend Mr. Beecher's church." Now, Mr. Editor, I know that every man or woman has a right to attend church where they please. But my charity ever leads me to look upon such Spiritualists as either living a lie to themselves or to the world. As to uniting with and supporting liberal churches, I should think that a few more trials as tests of the liberality of the so-called liberal sects, like those of Cedar Falls, Iowa, and Lansing, Mich., and many others that might be mentioned, would suffice to show every thinking Spiritualist where they as a body stand. That there may be exceptions to the above-named cases may be true.

For my part I am ready to unite with either Pagan, Catholic, Universalist or Unitarian, so far as their truth goes. But time once lost is lost for eternity, and I cannot wait nor go back, and as I have passed through all they have, they must come up where I am; for while they have many truths, there are yet others to be discovered and presented to the waiting world. Then let us unite for the purpose of discovering, teaching and speaking the truth, and the whole truth, while we take for our motto, onward, ever onward.

Yours for truth and humanity, E. O. DUNN.

Rockford, Ill., Feb. 23, 1868.

Anniversary Celebration in Chicago.

To the Spiritualists of Illinois and surrounding States:

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS—I rejoice to hear that the twentieth anniversary of modern Spiritualism is to be celebrated in the various cities in the Union, on a scale commensurate with its importance to the world at large. You and I of the West have an important duty to discharge as members of this heaven-born religion—the grandest, the purest, the holiest, ever given to man. We are called upon to mark an epoch in our history fraught with tremendous responsibilities to this and future generations. A Washington, Jefferson and Adams made a country; it is our glorious mission to form another line, and superintend it, to form another line, in that chain which is destined to fold in its embrace the whole human race. I ask you to come to Chicago on that memorable day—1st of March—that we may see each other face to face, and take a retrospect of the past and prepare plans for the future. Never was a more favorable opportunity for making advances on the enemy. Old systems and creeds are dying out; humanity is thirsting after higher truth—the angel world have entered the portals of our world. Then let us be true to our divine mission, baptized with that divine influx from the spirit-world which shall renovate our natures. Let us, by our numbers and intelligence, congregated together on that auspicious day, in the metropolis of the Northwest, show such a bold front to the world as shall compel it to acknowledge in us one of the most powerful organizations for good that this world has ever seen. Seize the moment, once from every corner of the globe, the cheering news is coming. Brothers, Spettigue, twenty thousand strong. A committee will be formed at once, and arrangements made with the railways for half fare. Yours for the gospel of truth, J. SPETTIGUE.

102 South Clark street, Room 1, Chicago, Ill., March 3, 1868.

Special Notice.

To the Spiritualists of Connecticut: BROTHERS AND SISTERS—It has been deemed advisable by the Executive Committee of the State Association of Spiritualists of Connecticut, that, inasmuch as the several societies thus far formed in this State are not able to maintain regular Sunday lectures, you organize one or more circuits, and select a speaker to lecture monthly or semi-monthly, and you are able to sustain them. We would suggest William Putnam, Stafford and Somers, as one circuit. Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, and some other society in that section of the State for another. We mention these names simply to indicate the general plan. Will some brother in each of the several societies in the State write me if the Association with which they are connected is willing to unite in forming a circuit as above indicated, or form one on any plan? President State Association.

Windham, Conn., March 9th, 1868.

Twentieth Anniversary in Cleveland.

The First Society and Progressive Lyceum of Spiritualists and Liberalists of Cleveland will celebrate the Twentieth Anniversary of "Spirit Rappings" or "Rochester Knockings," at Garrett's Hall, in this city, March 31st, 1868. The following is the order of exercises: Speaking and exercises from 9 o'clock to 11 o'clock, and from 11 o'clock to 12 o'clock. Exhibition of Progress, from 12 o'clock to 3 p.m., and a grand social and dancing party in the evening. All friends, and especially speakers and mediums, are invited to attend. SARAH M. THOMPSON, Cor. Sec. Cleveland, Ohio, March 10, 1868.

Call for a State Organization in Iowa.

Is it not time for the Spiritualists of Iowa to take some action toward a State Organization? Who among the Spiritualists in the different localities of our State, will correspond with each other, and endeavor to bring about a meeting of the many Spiritualists who are in each place, and what is the prospect for a Convention? I suggest one be called next summer or early in the fall. Friends let us hear from you. P. B. JONES: Davenport, Iowa, box 174. [Religio-Philosophical Journal please copy.]

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS.

Boston.—The First Spiritualist Association hold regular meetings at Mercantile Hall, Summer street, every Sunday evening, at 7 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. Samuel P. Towle, President; Sunday School, Treasurer. The Children's Progressive Lyceum meets at 10 1/2 A. M. John W. McArthur, Conductor; Miss Mary A. Barnum, Guardian. The Lyceum formerly held at Beacon-street Hall are now held at Washington Hall, corner of 8th and Spring Garden streets, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at 10 o'clock, by the Lyceum, commencing at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7 1/2 P. M. WASHINGTON, D. C.—Meetings are held and addressed delivered in Harmon Hall, Woodward's Block, 318 Pennsylvania street, every Sunday. The morning lecture is preceded by the Children's Progressive Lyceum, at 10 o'clock, by the Lyceum, commencing at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7 1/2 P. M. ST. 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