

# BANNER LIGHT.



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## Literary Department.

### LEAVES FROM THE DIARY OF THE VICAR OF WILTSHIRE.

Translated from the German of Zschokke, for  
the Banner of Light, by Corn Wiltshire.

[Conclusion.]

December 28th.—It is well to allow the storm to pass over, without investigating too closely the ravages it occasions. We all slept calmly through the night, and we now speak of the storm's letter and my loss of office as of things that happened long ago. We make all sorts of plans for the future. The worst of it is, we three shall have to part for a time. Polly and Jenny must go into service in some estimable families—nothing better can be done—and I must travel till I can find another situation and bread for my loved ones.

Polly has resumed all her former gaiety, and recalls her dream of the bishop's hat. She relies upon the promise of a New Year's gift with all too much credulity. I think of the dream sometimes, but have no faith in it.

As soon as my successor arrives in Creeklade, I will give into his charge the books and make over to him the affairs of the parsonage, and I will go on my way in the search for bread. To-day I will write to Salisbury and Westminster to some old acquaintances, that they may do me the kindness of finding employment for my girls as cooks or seamstresses or house maids, with good families. Jenny would make an excellent governess for little children. I will not leave my children in Creeklade. The place is poor; the people are unkind and proud, and assume a repellent air of city haughtiness. Nothing is so much spoken of as the new Vicar. Some regret that I must leave them. I do not know who is sincere at heart.

December 29th.—I have written to the Bishop of Salisbury, and have explained to him my sad and helpless condition, the forlorn state of my children, and how many years I have labored, humbly but zealously, in the vineyard of the Lord. It is said the bishop is a humane, truly pious man. May God incline his heart! Amid the three hundred and four churches in Wiltshire, there might surely be found a little corner for me. I do not ask for much.

December 30th.—The Bishop's hat in Polly's dream must make its appearance soon, or I shall be taken to prison. Yes, I see it clearly, the prison is unavoidable.

I am in a half-fainting condition, and exert myself in vain to regain my former composure and courage. I have not even strength for the fervent utterance of prayer. The terror was too sudden and is too great.

Yes, I must go to prison! I will repeat it again and again, that I may grow familiar with the thought. The All-Merciful have pity on my dear, dear children! I cannot, I dare not tell them! Perhaps a speedy death will save me from the shame. I feel myself powerless; my limbs are numb; there is a deathly chill in my veins. I cannot write—I tremble so.

A few hours later.—I am much calmer. I wanted to cast myself into the arms of God to pray. But I felt too ill. I laid down on the bed; I believe I slept, or I may have fallen into a swoon. Three hours have passed since then. My daughters have covered my feet with pillows. My body is weak, but my spirit feels refreshed. All that has occurred, all I have heard, seems like a dream.

It is too true. Brook has hung himself. Alderman Fieldson sent for me and gave me the tidings. And I am called upon to pay the hundred pounds I went security for. Mr. Fieldson had indeed reason to sympathize with me at this most unexpected misfortune. Great and good Father in heaven! how can I obtain a hundred pounds? If I all my children possess were taken from us it would not bring a hundred shillings. I never thought Brook would end so badly. Now I am a beggar. Oh, if I could only be a free beggar! I must go to prison if Mr. Withiel is not magnanimous. To pay the sum is an utter impossibility.

The same day—Evening.—I am ashamed of myself. To faint away to despair—to give up so completely! He upon thee! And yet to believe in a Providence; to be a preacher of God's truth! For shame, Thomas!

But now I have made all things right again; have sent the letter to Mr. Withiel at Trawbridge. I have told him my circumstances, and appealed to his heart. If he has human feeling he will have mercy upon me; if not, they may drag me where they will.

When I came back from the post-office I put the courage of my children to the proof. I prepared them for the worst. The girls astonished me. They were far better prepared than I was, in their fortitude and resignation; they were far more exalted in their Christian meekness than was I, the minister of God.

"To prison?" said Jenny, weeping softly, and folding me in her arms. "Oh, you poor, good father! You have committed no wrong and must suffer so much! I will go to Trawbridge; I will throw myself at Withiel's feet, and will not move from there till he promises your freedom."

"Don't do it," sobbed Polly. "Merchants have stony hearts; they won't take a farthing less for all your tears. I will go to the cloth-dealer's, and will hire myself to him as a slave for my lifetime, with bread and water at my meals, till I have paid father's debt with the work of my two hands."

Such loving plans restored their tranquillity, but they saw at last how hopeless all such projects were. Said Jenny:

merciful, let him; God is in the prison too. Perhaps you will have better times there, father, than here with us in our misery. You will go without a feeling of guilt. There is no disgrace in it for you. We two will become servants, and with our earnings buy for you every comfort we can obtain. I would not feel ashamed even to beg for you. To ask alms for one's father is to do something beautiful and holy. We will come and see you as often as we can. You shall be well taken care of, and we will have no fears."

"Jenny, you are right," cried Polly. "To be afraid is not to have faith in God. I have no fear; I will be as cheerful as I can, away from father and from you."

Such words strengthened my heart. Fleetman had told the truth when he said I had two angels of God by my side.

New Year's Eve.—The year is ended. I thank heaven it has been, with the exception of a few storms, a happy, glorious year! We have been pinched for food even, yet have we always had something. I have had bitter cares with my meagre salary, but those very cares were productive of lasting joys. I have barely enough to support life for myself and children for the next six months, yet how many have still less, and know not where to obtain the next mouthful of bread. I have lost my situation; in my declining years I am deprived of the means of earning my livelihood; I may have to spend the coming year in prison, separated from my dear and dutiful girls. But Jenny is right: God dwells in the prison too.

To a pure conscience hell is not a place of torment, and to wicked souls the glories of heaven would bring no sense of joy. I am content and happy. He who can deny himself is rich. The interior consciousness of right is above all the honors of the earth. Only when we can look with indifference on what the world names shame or honor, are we truly exalted. He who can resign the world's possessions heaven. I understand the teachings of Jesus better since I have lived in the school of adversity. The learned men of Oxford and Cambridge make commentaries on the letter, never on the spirit. Nature is the best interpreter of Scripture. With these reflections I close the eventful year.

I am glad that I have kept this diary for some years. Every one should write in a like book, for we can learn more from ourselves than from the most learned writings of others. To note down one's daily thoughts, feelings and experiences is to portray ourselves, and at the end of the year to see how many faces one has. We change from one hour to another. Whoever says he knows himself speaks only for the moment; very few remember what they were yesterday; fewer know what they will be to-morrow.

The keeping of a journal strengthens in the trust of God. The history of the world cannot teach it so well as the history of our own thoughts, feelings, struggles and judgments; as can the experiences of one human being within a twelve-month.

I have verified within the year the truth of the old adage: "Misfortunes never come single," and I wait for what follows: "when the night is darkest the brightness of the dawn is nigh." It is also true that the apprehension of an evil is greater than its realization. Thunder clouds are never so black as in the distance.

I have made the resolution, under all strokes of misfortune, to think and act at once with the rapidity of lightning. I prepare myself for the worst, and it seldom comes to pass. Sometimes I play with illusory hopes, but I do not permit them to make sport of me. To keep hope in check, I think how rarely fortune has favored me. Then the dreams creep away, as if ashamed before me. To become the votary of flattering hopes is to follow the dancing Will-o'-the-wisp lights into the swamps of disappointment.

New Year's Day, 1768.—In the morning.—A strange and sad occurrence opened the year. This morning early, about six o'clock, as I lay in bed thinking over my sermon for the day, I heard a knocking at the house door. Polly was already in the kitchen. She ran to see what was wanted, for such early visits are unusual with us. In the darkness of the hour, a man approached and handed a large box to her with the words: "Mr. —" (Polly could not understand the name), "sends the box to the Vicar, and hopes he will take good care of the contents."

Polly took the box with joyful surprise, and the bearer of it departed. The child knocked at my door to know if I was awake; and when she came in she wished me "a happy New Year" with her good morning, and said, laughing:

"See, father dear! Polly has prophetic dreams. The promised Bishop's hat has come!"

I felt vexed, when she told me of the mysterious box, that she had not ascertained the name of the sender.

While she went out to light the lamp and call Jenny, I hastily dressed myself, for I will deny I was filled with curiosity. For heretofore the New Year's gifts for the parson had been as few as they were insignificant. I thought it must be a box of cakes from the country friends, and I admired the delicate kindness that would send a present before daybreak.

When I came into the sitting-room Jenny and Polly were standing before the table regarding the box with eager and curious eyes. It was of uncommon size, well sealed, and directed to me. I lifted it and found it somewhat heavy. In the lid two rounded holes were cut.

I opened the box very carefully with Jenny's help; I took off a fine white handkerchief that covered it—and behold! no, I cannot describe our astonishment! We all cried aloud:

"Good Heavens!"

There lay a babe of some six or eight weeks old, sleeping sweetly, and wrapped in the finest linen, with rose-colored ribbons. Its head rested on a soft pillow of blue silk, and it was guarded from the cold by a comfortable counterpane, that,

as well as its cap, was adorned with the best of real lace.

We stood for some moments in speechless silence. At last, Polly burst into a fit of uncontrollable merriment.

"What shall we do with that?" that is no Bishop's hat," she cried.

Jenny touched the cheek of the sleeping infant, and said in her gentle, pitying accents:

"You poor little creature! have you no mother? Or does your mother not dare to own you? Oh! good Providence! how could she forsake such a lovely, helpless little being? And do look, father; look, Polly, see how confidently it sleeps; unconscious of its misfortune; as if it felt it lay in the hand of God! Sleep on, you poor, dear, forsaken little thing! Sleep on, we will not discard you. They have brought you to the right place; I will be your mother."

Large tears fell from her eyes as she spoke. I took the true and tender-hearted girl to my arms and said:

"Be a mother to this outcast little one! The step-children of destiny come to their kindred. God is proving our faith; no, not proving it, for he knows it. The little helpless creature has been sent to us. We know not how we shall live in the coming days; but he knows who has ordered us to become the parents of this orphaned babe."

We soon determined what to do. The child slept healthfully, while we exhausted our memories in conjectures with regard to its parents, who, we argued, must be known to us, as the box was directed to me. I looked over my sermon on the "Power of Eternal Providence," and the girls took counsel of each other about the care of the new inmate. Jenny was much affected; Polly was childishly delighted. It seemed to me as if I entered upon a time of fairy wonders with the New Year; and whether it be superstition or not, as if the child had been sent to us, a guardian spirit in time of need. I cannot describe the deep inner tranquility of my soul; how blissfully I breathed; how calmly cheerful were all my feelings.

The same day—Evening.—Very weary from the holy labors of the day I returned home. I had walked a long way on foot over very bad roads. But I was rewarded for all on beholding the happy, beaming face of my daughter; I found the table waiting for me, with a bottle of wine added to our humble fare; it was a gift from some generous, unknown hand.

I was delighted with the pretty cowering baby in Jenny's arms. Polly showed me the pretty robes, night-dresses and caps that had been found in baby's box, and a sealed package addressed to me that had been found at the feet of the child when it awoke and was taken from its bed. Very anxious to learn of the parentage of my little charge, I opened the package. In it were two guineas and a letter, the contents of which I copy here:

"Confiding in your well-known piety and benevolence, reverend sir, unhappy parents entrust to you their beloved child. Do not forsake it. When we can discover ourselves to you, we will be grateful. And what you do for our child we shall watch from afar. The dear boy's name is Alfred. He has been christened. We enclose the payment for the care of him for the first quarter. We shall remit a like sum to you, punctually, every three months. Take good care of our child; we commend it to the tenderness of your noble Jenny."

Polly gave a jump and cried:

"There is the Bishop's hat!"

Kind Heaven! how rich we had become at once! Good-by my poor place as Vicar of Creeklade! But I think the letter might have made mention of my noble Polly, too.

We read the letter about ten times; we could scarcely believe the evidence of our eyes at the sight of so much money. What a New Year's gift! All the burden of my great cares for the future taken away so suddenly!

The ways of Providence are truly wonderful. January 2d.—Fortune showers her favors upon me. This morning I received another package with money, twelve pounds, and a letter from Mr. Fleetman. It is too much. He returns a pound for every shilling. He must have been very fortunate. I cannot return my thanks to him, as he has forgotten to send his direction. Heaven forbid that I should grow arrogant over my present wealth; now I hope, from time to time, to be enabled to pay off Brook's indebtedness to Mr. Withiel.

When I told my daughters that Mr. Fleetman had written to me, there was fresh rejoicing. I cannot understand what they have to do with it so much. Jenny turned red, and Polly ran to her laughing, and held both hands before her sister's face. Then Jenny was, or pretended to be, very angry with the teasing child.

I read Fleetman's letter aloud. I hardly knew what to make of his expressions. The young man is an enthusiast, and pays me a homage that I do not deserve. So, too, with what he says of Jenny. The poor, modestly diffident girl! I could not look at her, and I pined her as I read. The words regarding her are remarkable, as follows:

"When I left your house, noblest of men! I felt as if again I were leaving my father's home, and entering upon the wastes of life without. I never shall forget my happiness with you. I see you constantly before me in your dignified poverty; your Christian humility; your patriarchal elevation of soul. And the loving, winning, sunny-tempered, coaxing Polly; and—but for your Jenny, what fitting word shall I find? What name do we give to the Saint beneath whose influence all earthly things are exalted? I shall forever remember the moment when you gave me the twelve shillings; forever remember and respect your fatherly advice. Do not be surprised that I yet keep the twelve shillings. I would not give them for a thousand guineas. I may soon explain to you verbally. Never have I been more

blessed, and yet so unhappy. Remember me to your lovely and estimable daughters, if they yet retain a recollection of me."

To judge from these lines, he contemplates a return to Creeklade. I would like to see him again, to return my thanks to him. I fear he may have deprived himself in his gratitude to me. I should be sorry if that were so. He seems a little thoughtless, but honest of heart and upright.

Little Alfred appears contented and happy. He smiled at Polly to-day, as Jenny held him on her arm like a young mother. The girls find no trouble in caring for this little citizen of the world. He is, indeed, a beautiful babe. We have bought a pretty cradle for him, and it stands by the side of Jenny's bed. She watches over her little charge like a guardian angel, by day and by night.

January 3d.—To-day the new Vicar, Mr. Blithing, and his young wife arrived at the village inn. I called on him at once; he is a very agreeable and polite man. He said, if convenient for me, he would like to enter upon the duties of his office soon; but that I could remain at the parsonage until Easter; he would occupy some rooms at Alderman Fieldson's in the meantime. I told him I preferred to give everything into his hands immediately, as that would afford me the opportunity of seeking employment elsewhere. But I desired to give a farewell sermon to the people before I left.

He promised to come to see us this afternoon, to look at the house. He came with his wife and Alderman Fieldson. The lady appears somewhat haughty and scornful, for nothing in the house seemed good enough for her, and she did not condescend even to look at my daughters. When she saw little Alfred in his cradle, she said to Jenny, without looking at her, "Are you already married?" Poor Jenny colored up to her brow and shook her head and stammered some unintelligible words. I had to help her out of her confusion. Mrs. Blithing heard my story with a great deal of curiosity; when I had ended she drew her mouth down and turned her back on me. I thought that was very ungracious, but I made no remark. I invited them to take a cup of tea, but she flatly positively declined. The Vicar seems obliged to obey every order of his wife, every sign she gives him. We were heartily relieved and glad to be rid of our visitors.

January 4th.—Mr. Withiel must be an excellent man, to judge from his letter. He says I need not worry about the payment of the debt; I could pay it in ten years, or never; he would not trouble me about it. He seems acquainted with my condition, for he very considerably hints at my affairs. He speaks of me as an honest man, and that pleases me best. I will go to Trawbridge as soon as I can, and will pay him Fleetman's twelve pounds on account of my large debt.

I am troubled about Jenny, though she declares she sleeps well, and that Alfred only wakes up once in the night, when she gives him milk to drink out of his china cup. She does not seem as lively as she used to be, though she appears well and happy. She will let her sewing fall from her hands, and will sit with open and dreaming eyes, her once industrious fingers idle; and if spoken to, she rouses herself and has to ask what has been said to her. Without doubt, all this is caused by broken rest, although she stoutly denies it. She will not take a nap in the day-time, and declares that nothing ails her. I did not think she could be so vain. Fleetman's praises did not displease her; for she asked me for his letter. She has not returned it to me, but keeps it in her work-basket. She may keep it—the vain little puss!

January 8th.—My farewell sermon was listened to with tears. I see now that I was beloved of my congregation. Many pleasant words have been said to me, and I have received many presents. Never before have I had so large a quantity of provisions, of luxuries, of wine, in the house. If I had had the smallest portion of all this in the days of direst necessity I would have been relieved and happy. Now we swim in abundance. But a portion has been taken to the poor families we know, and they enjoy with us.

My inmost soul was touched by my last sermon. I wrote it with tears, for it was parting from my world, my field of action. I am thrust out of the vineyard as a useless servant; and yet I have labored not as a hireling, and have planted many a noble vine, have cast out many a tare. I am thrust out of my vineyard, in which by night and day I have watched, labored, exhorted, administered, consoled and prayed. I never left the sick-bed undertended; I strengthened the dying soul, in its last struggle with mortality, with holy hopes, promises of the benign love of God. I strove to uplift the sinner, to help the needy; I called the erring and the lost ones back to the path of life. Alas! all these souls that were so closely linked to mine have been torn away from me; why should not my heart bleed? But God's will be done!

I would offer to retain my place without a salary if my successor had not come so soon. I am accustomed to poverty from my earliest childhood, and I have known care ever since I cast off my boy's shoes. We can live upon the sum given for the little Alfred's board. We can lay aside something for future years, and be content with our former humble fare. I would no longer sigh over the bad roads and the weather, if I could only continue to distribute the bread of life to my flock.

Be it so; I will not murmur. The tear that falls upon this page is no tear of discontent. I ask not for riches and days of ease; I have never supplicated for them. But, oh, Lord, do not cast me from thy service forever, even though my strength be weak. Let me again labor in thy vineyard, and bestow thy blessings upon souls!

January 13th.—My journey to Trawbridge has resulted beyond my most sanguine expectations. I arrived late at night, and very foot-sore in the old-fashioned, friendly little town, and had to, to fresh myself with a long sleep before calling on

Mr. Withiel in the morning. I clad myself nicely; I had not been so well dressed since my wedding day, daughter Jenny had arranged every article so neatly. I left the inn, and went to Mr. Withiel's house; it is a large, imposing dwelling. He received me somewhat coldly; but when I gave my name he took me into his small, beautifully-arranged library. I told him of the adverse fortunes I had buffeted with; how I came to give my security; and as a first installment of payment I laid Mr. Fleetman's twelve pounds upon the table.

Mr. Withiel looked at me a long time in silence, and with a smile and some sort of emotion. Then he reached out his hand, shook mine, and said: "I know you well. I have informed myself particularly concerning you. You are a just and upright man. Take your twelve pounds; I cannot have the heart to rob a person of your circumstances of his New Year's present. I would rather add another which you will have the goodness to accept in remembrance of me."

He left the room and returned with a document. "You remember this paper, and your signature? I give it to you and your children."

He tore the paper in two, and put it in my hand. I could find no words, I was so overwhelmed with joy and gratitude. My eyes filled; he saw that I wished to thank him, but could not. He said:

"No matter; not a syllable, I entreat you; that is all I require of you. I would have made a present of the debt to the unfortunate Brook if he had trusted to me openly."

I know of no more generous a man than Mr. Withiel. He was too kind! I had to tell him much of our past sorrows. He presented me to his wife and son; he sent for the little bundle containing my shabby traveling suit that I had left at the inn, and invited me to remain at his house. The hospitality was princely! The chamber in which I slept, the carpets, the bed—all was so splendid and costly I was almost afraid to tread upon or use these unaccustomed luxuries. The next day Mr. Withiel sent me home in his comfortable carriage. I parted from my benefactor with a deeply stirred heart. My children wept with me for joy when I showed them the security.

"See, this piece of paper was the heaviest burden of my life, and it is generously destroyed. Pray for the happiness of our noble deliverer!"

January 16th.—Yesterday was the most remarkable day of my life.

We were sitting in our cozy room together in the forenoon, and I was rocking little Alfred to sleep; Polly was reading aloud, and Jenny sat at the window with her sewing. Looking up suddenly, I saw all the color recede from Jenny's face; she sprang from her chair, then sank back into it again. Polly and I were alarmed, and asked what ailed her. She tried to smile, and said: "He is coming!"

"The door opened, and in elegant traveling clothes appeared Mr. Fleetman. We were all glad to see him, and under such favorable circumstances. He embraced me, kissed Polly, and bowed to Jenny, who had not recovered from her surprise. He noticed her pallor, and inquired sympathizingly after her health. Polly explained. He then kissed Jenny's hand, as if to ask her pardon for the alarm he had occasioned. There was no harm done, for she soon bloomed again like a new-blown rose.

I ordered wine and cake for our friend and benefactor's refreshment. But he declined taking any; he had company with him at the inn, and could not remain long. But Jenny's entreaties prevailed.

I thought he had some play-actor companions with him, and asked him if they intended to give any theatricals in Creeklade. In my opinion the place was too poor. He laughed loud, and said they were going to play a comedy, but not for pay. Polly was beside herself with delight, she had so long desired to see a play.

"Have you many actors with you, sir?" she inquired.

He answered:

"A lady and a gentleman, but excellent players."

Jenny was very thoughtful. She looked at Mr. Fleetman with a serious expression, and said, in her peculiarly low tone of sadness:

"Will you, too, make your appearance?" There was that in her voice that always dwelt in it when a decision for weal or woe was to be given.

Mr. Fleetman seemed deeply moved by her question, as if it were that of a judging angel. He looked at her with an earnest, inquiring glance, seemed to hesitate for the answer, approached her and said: "Alas, it is for you only to decide." Jenny cast down her eyes. He went on talking. I could not understand what they said. He spoke, and she answered; Polly and I listened attentively; but heard only words without meaning. But they seemed to understand each other, and Fleetman to be affected by Jenny's words, though I could find nothing in them but commonplaces.

Polly complained it no longer; with a mocking courtesy to each she cried, "I verily believe you have commenced the play already?"

He clasped Polly's hand and replied, "Oh, that it were true!"

I put an end to all the nonsense, and we drank to Mr. Fleetman's health. He said to Jenny:

"Miss, to my weal, in earnest?"

She cast down her eyes, put her hand to her heart, and drank his health.

He became all at once cheerful again. He walked to the cradle and looked at the child; and Polly told him of the strange manner in which it had been sent. He said with a smile: "You did not recognize me as I delivered the New Year's gift?"

"We all exclaimed in incredulous astonishment, 'You! You!'"

He related in substance as follows: "My name



is not Fleetman; I am Baronet Cecil Fayford. Through an unfortunate lawsuit, that dragged its length through many years, my father's brother kept from myself and sister the fortune that was rightfully ours, willed to us by our deceased father. We lived upon the straitened means left to us by our lapsed brother; and my sister suffered much persecution at the hands of our uncle, who was her guardian. He had despised her hand to the son of one of his most influential friends, but my sister had promised herself secretly to young Lord Sandom, whose father was also opposed to their marriage. Unknown to father and uncle, they were privately married. The fruit of this union is our little Alfred. I succeeded, under pretext that my sister's health required a residence on the sea-shore, for a while to remove her from uncle's house, and take her under my care and protection. After her child was born, I was to place it in the charge of good, conscientious people in a safe retreat. I heard by chance, in a very moving story, a trait of the character of the Vicar of Creeklade, whose poverty and benevolence weighed evenly. I came here to satisfy myself. The manner with which you received and aided me, decided. My sister did not return to our uncle's house. Four months ago I won the lawsuit, and entered in possession of my paternal estates. Uncle entered a new complaint against me for the delivery of my sister to his continued guardianship; but a few days ago the old Lord, stricken with paralysis, departed this life. My brother-in-law now openly announces his marriage, and the suit is at an end, and there is no further necessity for concealing the child. The parents are with me in the village, and have come for the boy; and I have come for you and your family, if you will not refuse my offer. During the process of the lawsuit, the paragonage of which my family have the control remained untenanted. It is for me to give the benefit, which brings about two hundred pounds per year to whoever I may appoint. You, sir, have lost your place as Vicar. I offer you the situation I have mentioned, and shall be too happy to have you live near me."

God only knows how I felt as he said those words. My eyes grew dim with tears of joy. I stretched out my hands toward the man who was to me a messenger from Heaven. To be thus reinstated in my Master's vineyard! I fell upon his breast. Polly clasped her arms around him with cries of joy. Jenny kissed the hand of the Baronet in her graceful and grateful humility. He tore himself away, deeply moved as the rest of us, and left the house.

My happy children still held me in their close embrace; we were yet mingling our tears and congratulations, when the Baronet returned; with him, Lord and Lady Sandom. The young lady, without looking at any one, walked straight to the cradle, and kneeling before it kissed the child, and wept in the complete abandonment of her maternal sorrow and bliss. The Lord, her husband, lifted her from the floor, and after many efforts succeeded in tranquillizing her.

When she had composed herself, and had asked pardon of us all for her behavior, she thanked me first, in the sweetest and most touching manner; then she thanked Polly. The child, pointing to Jenny, who had returned to the window, said:

"My sister over there is the mother; I deserve no thanks, my lady."

Lady Sandom walked to the window and regarded Jenny in silent surprise and admiration for a while, then turned to her brother with an arch smile, and folded Jenny in her arms. Poor little daughter! she scarcely ventured to look up in her deep humility.

"I am eternally your debtor," said my lady: "for I can never return to you the good you have done my mother heart. Let me be your sister, lovely girl; for sisters cannot feel under obligations to each other."

As Jenny returned shyly the lady's caresses, the Baronet approached.

"There stands my poor brother," said my lady. "If you are now really my sister, he may be near to your heart, too. Dear Jenny, may he not?"

Jenny crimsoned and said:

"He is my father's benefactor."

The lady replied:

"Will you not be my poor brother's benefactor? Look at him, I pray you. If you knew how much he loves you!"

The Baronet took Jenny's hand and kissed it, and said, as Jenny sought to withdraw it from his clasp:

"Miss, will you render me unhappy? I am so without this hand."

Jenny in her confusion left him the hand. The Baronet led my daughter to me, and begged I would bless him as my son.

"Jenny," said I, "it is with you as with me; are we dreaming? Can you love him? It is for you to decide."

She raised her eyes to the face of her lover, who stood before her pale and agitated, and cast one grandly inquiring look upon him; then she took his hand in both of hers, and glancing up to Heaven, said in a low tone,

"God has decided!"

I gave my blessing to my son and daughter. There ensued a solemn stillness; all eyes overflowed in tears.

Suddenly my merry Polly threw herself upon my neck, and cried, laughing through the moisture yet in her eyes:

"There you have it! All a New Year's gift, you see! Bishop's hats, and Bishop's hats in abundance!"

Just then Alfred awoke.

It is in vain—I cannot describe that day. My happy heart is too full. And I am interrupted so often.

## PRE-EXISTENCE.

BY CAROLUS.

I cannot conceive why we should make such desperate efforts to prove that we (as spirits) have always existed; if the soul is immortal it must have always been.

Pythagoras asserted that he had formerly lived as a herald named Ethalides; as Euphorbus, a Trojan; as Hermotimus, of Olzomene; and he pointed out in the temple of Juno, at Argos, the shield he used when he attacked Patroclus.

Milton, in "Comus," says:

"The soul grows clothed by contagion,  
Imbodies and embroils, till she quite loses  
The divine property of her first being.  
Such are those thick and gloomy shadows damp,  
On which the human vultures and serpents,  
Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,  
As loth to leave the body that it loved."

See, also, on this subject, Scott's "Christian Life," chapter 11; section 1; Dr. H. More's "Immortality of the Soul," Book II, chapter xvi; Sir Kenelm Digby's "Religio Medici," p. 91; and Sir T. Browne's "Works," Vol. 1080.

Dr. Wigan, in his very able work on the "Duality of the Mind" (London, 1844), gives a description of what he terms these habits of reminiscence, and offers the following solution:

"All seems to be remembered, and to be now

attracting attention for the second time; never is it supposed to be the first time. And this illusion occurs only when the mind has been exhausted by extraordinary exertion, or by any other cause, languid, or only slightly interested in the conversation. The persuasion of the scene being a repetition, comes on when the attention has been roused by some accidental circumstance. . . . I believe the explanation to be this: only one brain has been used in the immediately preceding part of the scene; the other brain has been asleep, or in an analogous state approaching it. When the attention of both brains is roused to the topic, there is the same vague consciousness that the scene has passed through the mind before, which takes place on re-perusing the page we had read while thinking on some other subject. The ideas have passed through the mind before; and as there was not a sufficient consciousness to fix them in the mind, without a renewal, we have no means of knowing the length of time that had elapsed between the faint impression received by the single brain, and the distinct impression by the double brain. It may seem to have been years."

"Often did I discuss this matter with my talented friend, the late Dr. Gooch, who always took great interest in subjects occupying the debatable region between physics and metaphysics, but we could never derive an explanation satisfactory to either of us. I cannot but think that the theory of two brains affords a sufficient solution of this otherwise inexplicable phenomenon."

Dr. Wigan falls into the same error that many others do, in confounding a momentary lucidity or clairvoyance, with a "flash of reminiscence," and, therefore, I think his "solution" absolutely fails when applied to either case. Granted there are two brains, the action of both must be absolutely necessary in order to present before the mind a perfect picture; and yet any one who has felt these impressions of a previous existence, knows that they are neither faint, nor are they accompanied by any prophetic intuition, as to what will follow; they are simply efforts of the soul to throw off those influences that narrow its existence to the present moment, and to prove by the past its immortality in the future.

Fort Warren, Jan. 31.

## Children's Department.

BY MRS. LOVE M. WILLIS.  
Address care of Dr. F. L. H. Willis, Post-office box 39,  
Station D, New York City.

"We think not that we really see  
About our hearts, angels that are to be,  
Or may be if they will, and we prepare  
Their souls and ours to meet in heaven."  
—LIONEL LINCOLN.

## UNCLE OLIVER'S RECOLLECTIONS. NUMBER TWO.

The clear sunset of a cold winter night is a sight to make one forget the cold air, the tingling cheeks and aching fingers, and to feel the warm glow of thankfulness that comes with all beautiful things to hearts that love beauty. And Uncle Oliver, as he stood on the large flat stone that served as a step to his door, knew no chill, and thought not of the ice or snow as his eyes looked beyond the valley to the clear, still light that the setting sun had left. He was aroused from his reverie by the merry voices of his friends.

"I say, Uncle Oliver, it's dreadfully cold. We were going to have a coat, but please let us come in and see you instead," said Frank.

"Cold is it? I was dreaming of a summer, and looked right into the eyes of a thousand flowers and heard the singing of the birds. Did it not you know that things are just what we make them?"

"But I can't make my fingers warm anyway," said Mary.

"Then we'll try the fire," said Uncle Oliver.

"But you have started me on a track that I can't get off until I have driven my wheels a space."

There was such a bustling and whirling of unwrapping; such a smothering of tumbled hair; such a pulling of jackets and brushing of aprons, that it was quite a wonder how all at last subsided into a few chairs and a settee and became only a little murmur of expectation. There was something about Uncle Oliver's calm manner that seemed to hold the children in a kind of spell—not of fear but of loving respect—so that the fun that usually bubbled up like the foam on the eddies of a babbling brook whenever there was a pause from exercise, was shut up in the fingers and toes, and kept within the tongue and eyes, from which it only broke out in thumps on the bounds of the chair, or in little twitches at a sleeve or an apron, or in sparkles and glances and occasional words.

Uncle Oliver's room, with its shelves covered with books, its tables with papers and maps, seemed like an enchanted place, where every one was expected to be very good and thoughtful but very happy. Therefore it was not five minutes from the time the good man stood looking at the western light, before the group of children were all warmed and quieted, and waiting for the thoughts to be spoken that had been gleaming in the eye and resting in the smile of the kindly old man.

"I said this world is what we make it, didn't I?"

"You said things were what we made them," said the precise Mary.

"Well, that is it. The mind makes things appear just as it will. I have been thinking what a glorious thing it is to have pleasant recollections of men and of things, because then there is a continued feast of beauty."

Now I will tell you what I was thinking of as I looked upon that clear sky. It was this: that all truth is sure to live; and my mind went back over three hundred years, to a beautiful May day. I could feel the fresh air, as I felt it coming over the hills in my native home when I was a boy. I could catch the scent of blooming flowers and hear the call of the mating birds.

Do you not remember just such May days? and cannot you see their glowing light in the freight, and trace their images in place of the smoke and blackened bricks? I know you do all of you, and would tell me of the bunches of Arbutus that you gathered, and the little sprigs of fragrant budding wood that you plucked. I know many of the fair spots that your feet have visited, and if you live to be as old as I you will never forget them, but bring up their sunny pictures wherever you may be."

"I wonder if they'd do instead of fur mittens in the Polar Sea," said Frank.

"They'll keep the heart warm, and that'll send the blood tingling into the fingers any where."

It was the twenty-fourth of May, in the year 1543—over three hundred years ago—when the great Copernicus looked out on such a sunset as that. You know how he had bent the faculties of his great mind to understand the solar system. The world was full of errors, and was not willing to believe the truth concerning the movement of the heavenly bodies and their revolution about the sun. Copernicus was a man of mild temper and timid in combating the opinions of others, and he had never published a work declaring his opinions to the world, or rather he should say his discoveries.

Before him Pythagoras had taught the idea that the earth revolved around the sun, but the

system of Ptolemy had been generally received and taught for a thousand years. But at last Copernicus, who, seventy-three years old, resolves to publish a book and boldly declare what is truth, let the consequences be what they may.

The day has come that is to bring the book before the world, but the excitement of his thoughts has been too great for the old man; he is prostrated suddenly on a bed of sickness. His almost sunset, and he feels that the light of his life is fading away, and soon will fade the light from the sky. About him are gathered his disciples, who have already accepted his truth; near his bedside are his astronomical instruments, and above his bed is his picture, painted by himself in his early years.

He feels his strength failing and sighs that his life's work seems not quite done, when suddenly the door of the apartment opens, and a friend brings to him the first printed copy of his great work. He knows what it will be in the world; that it will be called false, and that it will be said to contradict the religious truth of the day. But with his spirit he feels confident that one truth cannot contradict another, and that the world will yet say he has revealed the truth. What matter is it that he dies? he says to himself, the truth lives.

He bids the friend who brought the book place it in the rays of the sun that shine in at the gothic window, that they may illuminate the precious volume, and that his eyes may rest upon it. He gazes at it and his eye kindles; he seems to see the truth even as he sees the sunlight. Then he takes the volume in his hands and presses it to his breast. What hours of patient study are there; what weeks of close calculation; what years of anxious thought. All of them in that little book; all for those few pages. And yet he knows that the truths are eternal, and that his years of toil are but the beginning of his triumph. And so he closes his eyes and ceases to breathe, while he holds the volume closely pressed to his breast, and they say he is dead.

But no; his spirit had only caught a glimpse of the bright home to which he is going; a smile returns to his lips and light to his eyes; his lips move, and the friend who leans over him can just catch his words:

"Farewell, ye lights of day; farewell to sun and moon, and golden-lamps of eve. I close my eyes to these, but open them to see the glory of the eternal heavens. There shines the never-fading light of God; there glows the splendor of the eternal day."

His eyes close again, and he speaks no more.

Oh how beautiful has the thought of that death ever been to me, and I often dwell upon it as I look at the going down of the sun. It was glorious that the old man could hold his precious volume and feel sure of what it should reveal.

But I was thinking as I stood there, when you saw me, that we all, when we come to look on our last sunset, should thus hold in our hands the book of our lives, not in a real volume, but in the acts we had committed and the truth that we had revealed. It will seem to us then as if we held the written record of all the days and hours we had spent. Happy will it be for us if we can put them in the light, and desire to look at them; for if the volume be full of impure thought or unholy wishes, we shall not ask that it may be revealed, but rather seek to cover it.

The truths that Copernicus taught, established by the great Galileo, and made plain and certain by other discoverers, are now taught to every child. No one thinks of doubting them. If he, as he lay there in that May sunset light, could have seen how, in three hundred years, the glimpses of the truths that he gained would become as clear as the shining of the sun, with what triumph must he have put aside his tired earthly body, feeling sure that it had served him well, in helping him to serve the world."

"But, Uncle Oliver," said Reuben, "I think I should much rather have people believe me while I lived than after I died; it always makes me so angry if anybody tells me I lie."

"I dare say it is very disagreeable to any wise, good person, to have their ideas contradicted or laughed at. But when one is very sure he is right it makes but little difference, for it is very certain that by-and-by his right will be right to others. I remember a little incident that will interest you. When I was in college there was a young man there who was so quiet in his manner, and so very studious, that he attracted the attention of all his fellow students and teachers. It was because the teachers trusted him so much that the students became jealous of him, and determined to see him humiliated in some way."

He was a brave, courageous fellow, and underneath his pale, thin face, and his slight form glowed a spirit full of true nobility. We knew that he was telling almost unaided, and had to spend a part of his time in earning money for his meagre support. But so strong is the passion of jealousy when it is allowed to govern the mind, it overmastered all pity and love, and led the students into real unkindness.

We all made it a point of honor not to tell of the misdeeds of others, and we knew Allen, for that was the young man's name, would never reveal anything to our injury. So we planned what we called mischief—I say we, for though I did not have anything to do with it, I did not turn my face against it—and by our tricks and plans, Allen was made to bear the blame.

I shall never forget his noble countenance, he seemed to grow tall too, he looked so grand, as he told us his condemnation. It was to be disgraced by a suspension. His only reply was, "God never lets a lie seem to be the truth or the truth a lie forever." And thus he went away.

I believe we would any of us have taken his place, but we had done the thing and had not the courage to undo it, and he went away; but it was many a day before there was any hearty fun in our class.

But the words sounded in my ears, "God never lets a lie seem to be the truth and the truth a lie forever," and I wondered if they would prove true.

A terrible storm was raging one November night, when I was awakened by a rap at my door louder than the roar of the wind and the beating of the rain against the window panes. I was sent for by a fellow student by the name of Carlton, who had been ill for some days. I was struck by the look of terror and distress that was on his face. As soon as we were alone, he said:

"Tell me truly, for I can trust you: are there demons and hobgoblins that are raging, or is it my fancy, and am I wild?"

I assured him it was only the wind and the effects of his fever, but he made me bend over him, and whispered:

"I believe it will drive me mad—the thought of that trick I served on Allen! I haven't been myself since. I can't study, I shall never get well till the thing is made right."

He compelled me to go with him to the storm and his carriage and bring the President of the college to him. I argued a delay, but he said he should grow mad if I waited another hour, so I went; and the good-hearted man came, and Carlton took all the wrong on himself and freed Allen

from all blame. The President saw with a solemn face a few minutes; and then said:

"His words were true; God will not let us be misled by lies."

Allen was recalled and Carlton went home, though he was not expelled. And we all had learned a great lesson, and I felt as if those words were written on my brain with a pen of fire. I have never forgotten them, and I know they are true.

"But," said Mary, hesitating.

"You would say," said Uncle Oliver, "that truth is a long time, often, in shining through a lie. So it is; but the truth keeps shining all the time, whether it be the truth of the human spirit, or the great truths of the universe, and by-and-by the blackness of a lie or the darkness of error fade away. So don't be afraid, little ones, just as long as truth is on your side. And now to your fun for half an hour, and then to your homes."

## ANGEL-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. A. M. WELLS.

Once I took a picture fair  
To my heart, and kept it there,  
And I blessed the artist's thought,  
Who that lovely picture wrought.  
Even as I saw it then,  
Now it comes to me again.

Three small children on their knees,  
Under drooping willow-trees;  
Pleased and shy, they bend to look  
In the mirror of the brook.  
Not a flower upon the brink,  
Bending gracefully to drink,  
Not a bird that skims the lake,  
Softer shadowing could make,  
Nor behold reflected there,  
Form more innocent and fair.

What beside those faces three  
In that mirror do they see?  
All the blue depths of the sky  
In its waters they descry;  
And, not there alone, but near,  
Other faces three appear—  
Angel-faces, dimly seen,  
Serious, tender and serene;  
Bending meekly, bearing trace  
Of the Heavenly Father's face.  
This is why the children look  
Pleased, yet thoughtful, in the brook.

Unto little children here  
Seraph forms are always near.  
Messages of heavenly things  
Angel-child to earth-child brings;  
So I blessed the hand that wrought  
Into form the shadowy thought.  
[Our Young Folks for March.

## THE HEALTH—A WARNING TO STUDENTS.

First pardon a personal allusion. About twenty years ago, having purchased a scholarship, and being armed with energy, high hopes, and noble aspirations, I repaired to Delaware, Ohio, at which place was located one of the most flourishing institutions of learning in the country, determined to quit myself like a man, and qualify myself for some responsible, useful and perhaps lucrative business in life. But alas! how quickly were my high hopes doomed to disappointment. My little bark was wrecked upon the same rock that had proved the ruin of thousands before, and will prove the ruin of thousands more, in days to come. It makes me sad to think of those days, and to contrast the actual history of my life with what were then my hopes and expectations—expectations that might have been realized, and I think would have been, had I then known what I now know in regard to the laws that govern health.

The loss of health was the rock to which I have referred as having ruined, in a great degree, my prospects in life. Young people, listen to the story of my mistake—the great mistake of my life—and see to it that you commit not like folly.

In company with another young man, I shut myself up in a close little room, warmed by a close stove, took no exercise, or next to none, ate a great deal more food than my system required, studied very hard eight or ten hours every day. Our room was never properly ventilated. The result of all these violations of Nature's laws was, as might have been expected, the foundation of a chronic invalidism was laid, that has followed me all my life.

There are thousands and thousands of people of both sexes whose history in this regard is identical with my own.

It is often said that young people will have their own way; that they will never learn anything from the experience of others. I do not believe this. If I did, I should have no hope for the future of our race. No, I believe that the world is growing better and wiser—wiser even upon that subject, which of all others is least understood, viz., the laws that govern health. I am glad to know that more attention is being paid to this subject than ever before. It is, however, a fact, as the "croakers" say, that the people of this country have not as good health as they had fifty or one hundred years ago. But there is a reason for it; and it is not because our ancestors were either better or wiser than we, but simply because they were surrounded by different circumstances. Our ancestors breathed better air than we do. Their houses were open and well ventilated, not because they desired them to be so, or understood better than we the importance of their being so, but simply because they could not afford the comfortable and elegant mansions of our day. They ate plainer and better food than we do, not because they preferred it, or knew it was best for them, but because they did not have and did not know how to make the pies, cakes, confectionery and knick-knacks of our time. They took more exercise than we do, simply because they could not afford to live without work. They did not know how, as many people do now—days. Steam-cars and horse-cars had not been invented. Neighbors lived further apart. The fields were not fenced, and consequently the cows wandered far from home; the men were busy in the field, and the women and children had to go after them.

These and many other circumstances account for the superior health of our ancestors, and it was not because they were better or wiser than we. Tenfold more thought is given to the subject of physical culture and health now than ever before. The result in a few years will be, our houses will be as well ventilated as the log cabins of former days; our people will have learned from science and experience what our ancestors did from necessity, viz., that plain, substantial food is what our bodies need to give them health and strength, and that pies and cakes and knick-knacks are full of poisons and pains and misery.

We are beginning to learn that exercise is necessary to health, and that if we are not obliged to "drive up the cows," we take the horses to the pasture, or "go to the pump for water," some other kind of exercise must be devised; and this accounts for the rapid formation of base ball clubs, croquet clubs, "hooked" matches, etc.; also for the fact that gymnastics have been introduced into thousands of our schools and colleges. I regard this as one of the cheering signs of the times. Gymnastics are destined to become a national in-

stitution, and, well, deserves to be conspicuously named among the many things that are to usher in that good time coming, when health shall be the rule and sickness the exception.

An Indian was once asked what he considered original sin. He replied laziness. I believe that laziness was not far wrong. A great deal of sickness comes from this cause. A young lady called upon a physician, and said she was very much out of health, which was true. After conversing with her a while, he was satisfied that she was suffering for want of exercise. He told her so, "Why, lay doctor, that cannot be, for I take several hours exercise every day." The doctor, very much surprised, asked her what kind of exercise she referred to. "Why, doctor," said she, "I do this," and pointing the action to the world, she commenced revoluting one thumb around the other. "The doctor of course was highly edified by this exhibition of the young lady's idea of exercise, and inquired, 'What do you do when you get tired of such vigorous exertion? You don't do that all the time, do you?' 'Oh no, doctor; indeed, when I get tired of doing that, I do this,' which was merely a reversal of the revolving movement of the thumbs."

We do not think that the beneficial effects of this kind of exercise are very perceptible, and yet it is about as good as the exercise—and the only exercise—of hundreds of Boston people, viz., riding an hour or two every day in closed and curtained carriages or sleighs.

But this kind of exercise will not do for students, or for anybody who wants life and health and brains. You must walk, you must run, you must attend the gymnasium. Your blood must be sent tingling and shouting and leaping through every part of your body, from the crown of your head to the sole of your feet, for at least one hour in every twenty-four.

Washington Irving once said, "I am convinced that he who will spend two hours every day in active vigorous exercise, will eventually gain those two hours back, and a couple more into the bargain."

J. W. M.

Boston, Mass.

## PHYSIOLOGICAL INCEST—ILLUSTRATIVE FACTS.

NUMBER ONE.

BY J. P. COWLES, M. D.

In this article we shall refer to those known to history and the public.

Napoleon I. was sanguine-bilious-encephalopathic; his first wife was bilious-encephalopathic, rendering them physiologically the same; that is, each were one-half vital and one-half non-vital. This alliance was the highest grade of incompatibility, resulting in sterility. For these might be an heir to the throne of France, the beautiful, lovely Josephine, at great sacrifice of personal feelings in both parties, was divorced, and Maria Louise made the wife of the Emperor. She was of the sanguine-bilious-encephalopathic temperament. In this alliance there was sufficient dissimilarity to admit of offspring—one son was the result; but each having a vital and non-vital element, rendered the union physiologically incompatible, as the result proved, the son entering spirit-life at about the age of eighteen years.

We have publicly declared, since the early part of 1866, that if the portraits of the present Emperor and Empress of France are correct, their son will depart this life at about the same age.

Henry Clay was sanguine-bilious-encephalopathic, and his wife was bilious-encephalopathic. By reference to the law of physiological compatibility, it will be observed that this alliance is productive of evil to the children; these numbered eleven, some of whom died in infancy, two daughters were nipped in the bloom of youth by consumption, one son has been a wild fanatic for twenty-two years past, one son was killed in the Mexican war, but would have died ere this of consumption if he had not been thus killed, for he was of a marked consumptive diathesis, and only one son remains to perpetuate the name of our country's great statesman.

George Washington and wife were both sanguine, and they were childless. Gen. Andrew Jackson and wife were both sanguine-bilious, and they died without children. Prince Albert was sanguine-bilious, and Queen Victoria is sanguine-encephalopathic. These conditions are physiologically legal, and all are acquainted with the results.

We will close this article by quoting from our own observations.

In a lecture before the Cleveland Academy of Medicine, at the close of which we invited the most searching criticism, a professor in a leading Western Medical College gave us a description of his wife, and desired our opinion of his children. We replied: "If we get a correct idea of your wife's class-type, you have been unfortunate in them, in that you have lost most of your children in early life, of some form of brain disease, likely to be tubercular meningitis, or inflammation of the brain." He replied: "We have had five children; three are under the sod, one of tubercular meningitis, and two from inflammation of the brain; a fourth can survive but a short time, and we can only hope to save one."

Dr. O— is bilious-lymphatic, and his first wife was bilious-encephalopathic; they had five children, two of whom died young; two daughters fell victims to that monster disease, consumption, at about the age of sixteen, one son was living about one year ago, but in such feeble health that he could do no business, and entertained only feeble hopes of sustaining this life but a short time.

A Mr. S— was very highly lymphatic; his wife was a small, feeble, bilious woman, but these physiological conditions were all right. They had nine children, all healthy and strong.

Omaha, Nebraska.

As the numerous readers of the Banner are always pleased to hear of the progressive movements of the day, I write to inform you of our Western city. The first Sunday of March we held our first public meetings; and considering the inclemency of the weather, the lectures were well attended. On the following Sunday we organized a Children's Progressive Lyceum, and elected as officers, Dr. G. C. Case, Conductor; Mrs. D. E. Fuller, Guardian of the Grotto; Mr. E. Fuller, Musical Director; Dr. D. V. Bowd, Librarian and Secretary.

In the evening our hall was crowded, and from the hearty applause with which the sentiments of liberalized Christianity were received, one would have judged, even at a distance, that we were having "the feast of reason and the flow of fancy."

We regard ourselves fortunate in securing the services of Prof. Taylor. He has been a resident of this section of the country for some time; came from New York as a lecturer on physiology, but finally, being a medium both of the strange and inspirational character, and otherwise, subject to the influence of the angel world, he was obliged to take the field as a spiritual lecturer. Those who feel themselves competent to judge declare that he ranks among our first public lecturers. It is evident he has awakened a most intense interest in this city. He will remain in this part of the world, and can answer calls to lecture from any of our Western cities. Any communication directed to your correspondent will be forwarded to him.

I would also state that any lecturer who contemplates visiting our city, will find a good field for labor, not only in this city, but in the adjacent country, and I desire to correspond with those who think they could give us a good lecture.

Respectfully,  
D. D. Y. BOWEN,  
March 1



for good in time to come. *Secretary of the Association*



## GRAND JUBILEE!

## THE SPIRITUALISTS

Of Boston and vicinity will celebrate the

## TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

Of the advent of

## MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

IN

## MUSIC HALL,

Tuesday, March 31st, 1888.

AFTERNOON AND EVENING,

Commencing at two and seven o'clock.

## Children's Exhibition and Festival.

The afternoon will be devoted to an

## EXHIBITION BY THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUMS,

Numbering about five hundred children.

The Exercises will consist of

## RECITATIONS,

## SINGING,

## GYMNASTIC EXERCISES,

## MARCHING WITH BANNERS, &amp;c.,

Under the direction of

## Mr. and Mrs. ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS,

The Founders of this System of Sunday Schools.

Parents and all others who feel an interest in the Moral and Physical Development of children are earnestly invited to be present and witness these interesting Exercises.

## The Collation.

At the close of the Exhibition a

Collation will be served to the Children

## IN BUNSTEAD HALL.

## Order of Exercises.

The Order of Exercises for the Evening from seven until ten o'clock will consist of

## Music,

## Short Addresses,

## AND AN

## Original Inspirational Poem,

Appropriate to the occasion, by Miss LIZZIE DOTEN.

To be followed by

## Dancing and Social Enjoyment,

Until one o'clock.

## Hall's Full Band

Will furnish the music afternoon and evening.

## The Speakers.

## Mrs. CORA L. V. DANIELS,

## Prof. WILLIAM DENTON,

## SELDEN J. FINNEY,

## EMMA F. JAY BULLENE,

And other prominent speakers will be present and address the assembly.

Spiritualists and all friends of Progress are cordially and earnestly invited to be present and participate in the festivities of this interesting occasion. The net proceeds will be devoted to charitable and educational purposes.

## Tickets of Admission.

To the Lyceum only ..... 25 cents.  
Single Ticket for the Evening, including  
Dancing ..... \$1.00  
For a Gentleman and Lady ..... 1.50  
Package of 10 Tickets ..... 7.50

For sale at the BANNER OF LIGHT Office, No. 125 Washington street; by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street; at MUSIC HALL every Sunday afternoon; and by the Conductors of the several Lyceums of Boston, East Boston, Charlestown and Chelsea; also by the Committee of Arrangements.

Parties out of the city can secure their Tickets by addressing the Secretary, No. 11 Phoenix Building, care John Wetherbee.

## Committee of Arrangements.

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JOHN WETHERBEE,  
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The Banner of Light is issued on a sale every Monday Morning preceding date.

## Banner of Light.

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All letters and communications forwarded to this Office for publication must, in order to receive attention, be addressed to Luther Colby.

## Horace Greeley on Spiritualism.

In his "Recollections of a Busy Life," contributed to the New York Ledger, Mr. Greeley devotes a chapter to his so-called "spiritual" experiences. His testimony is on the whole quite favorable to the genuineness of the phenomena; but he does not, in his comments, give us a very lofty idea of his philosophical ability or of his intellectual earnestness and courage in the direction of psychological inquiry. For example, after mentioning some facts that awakened his interest and could not be explained on the theory of trick or collusion, he says: "Not long afterward I witnessed what I strongly suspected to be a juggler or trick on the part of a medium, which gave me a disrelish for the whole business, and I have seen very little of it since."

Now one would think that a sincere inquirer after the truth, after having got so far as to admit that "the jugglery hypothesis utterly fails to account for occurrences which I have personally witnessed," and after confessing that "certain developments strongly indicate that they do" proceed from departed spirits—would patiently proceed in his investigations, notwithstanding the fact that "to sit two dreary, mortal hours in a darkened room, in a mixed company," might be "dull music," as Mr. Greeley says, and notwithstanding the occasional "disgust" that might be inspired by much that might seem frivolous or dull.

There is a good deal that is "disgusting" as well as dangerous in the dissecting work of the student of anatomy; but if his heart be in his vocation, he keeps on in spite of the shrinking of his nerves and the rising of his gorge.

But, says Mr. Greeley (and we beg our readers will lend their particular attention to this passage from his confession), "All that we have learned of them (the spirits) has added little or nothing to our knowledge, UNLESS it be enabling us to answer with more confidence that old, momentous question, If a man die, shall he live again?"

Only that, and nothing more! That's all! Just that little trifling circumstance of the soul's immortality! As Mercutio says of his wound, "It is not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door, but it will do." All that we have learned of the spirits is the insignificant fact that in this infinite universe there really is such a thing as a spirit; that these amazing phenomena of Nature do not merely point (as Moleschott and other contemporary atheists contend) to an indefinite circulation of matter, passing on unceasingly from the world of life to the world of death, and vice versa, (so that the only all-mightiness they admit is that of the transmutations of matter)—but that from them emerges an immortal soul, in a spiritual body, "unhurt amid the war of elements, the wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds!"

That is all that those poor little "disgusting" rappings, which were heard at Hydesville in 1848, have resulted in! The enabling us to answer with more confidence the question, If a man die, shall he live again!

Now it seems to us that Mr. Greeley, in undervaluing such a result as this, shows himself a very heedless observer of human nature and a shallow thinker on a subject of supreme importance. The rappings, he complains, "did not help fish up the Atlantic Cable, nor find Sir John Franklin, nor dispel the mystery which still shrouds the fate of the crew and passengers of the doomed steamship President"—all that they have done, forsooth, is to "enable us to answer with more confidence" the question, *If a man die, shall he live again!* And this (Mr. Greeley would have us suppose) is an inconceivable result—a lame and impotent conclusion!

We do not agree with him in this. We think if modern Spiritualism had done nothing more than enable us to answer with increased confidence that question of questions, it would have done more for humanity than all philosophical and religious systems whatever, except so far as they themselves have been vitalized by facts or beliefs in harmony with those deduced from the phenomena and teachings offered and enforced by Spiritualism.

When a man asks, *What has Spiritualism done?* let the reply be, *It has affirmed ITSELF.* It has proved the fact of spiritual forces and spiritual intelligences. And if the questioner then inquires, like Mr. Greeley, why it has not fished up the Atlantic cable, we will judge of the character of his intellect and heart by his reply to the interrogatory, "Shall we shut our eyes to what it has done and does, simply because it may not do all that we, in our ignorance and folly, would have it do?"

We find the following among Mr. Greeley's remarks: "On the whole (though I say it with regret) it seems to me that the great body of the Spiritualists have not been rendered better men and women—better husbands, wives, parents, children—by their new faith."

When Copernicus proclaimed his meditations in opposition to the Ptolemaic system (dominant for fourteen centuries), and maintained that there was a diurnal rotation of the earth about its axis, and an annual motion about the sun, the learned world were slow to accept his conclusions; and the Greeleys of his day denounced his disciples as heretics, and no doubt said of them, that they "had not been rendered better men and women—better husbands, wives, parents, children—by their new faith."

Now if Mr. Greeley had reflected a moment before penning his insinuations against Spiritualism, he would have seen, that according to his own showing, Spiritualism, like the Copernican system, is a form of belief based on facts and inductions, and that its investigators claim that it is not merely a faith, but a science. To shrink from the pursuit of scientific truth, under an apprehension that it may lead to immortality, is pusillanimous and atheistic. The man who has not sufficient reliance on God's truths to believe that they can be productive only of good to the creatures to whom God has given the faculty and the will to investigate them, must have little genuine faith in God himself. To say that the more profoundly we study any fragment of the works of God, the further removed we become from God, and from obedience to his laws, is to

utter a sentiment to which all experience gives the lie. It is to throw contempt upon the highest faculty of our nature—that without which the universe itself would be a vain, unmeaning show—the faculty of thought. To say that ignorance is less liable than knowledge to lapse into immorality, is to put forth a warning which might have frightened simpletons in the dark ages, but will hardly have an effect on true men in the nineteenth century.

Here is the manner in which Mr. Greeley undertakes to belittle the investigations that have led to the evolution of the great body of momentous facts in Spiritualism—facts which are the most enduring and sufficient bulwark against the encroachments of that acute and remorseless materialism which is at this present time plunging so many minds into the darkness of unbelief. He says:

"Those who discharge promptly and faithfully all their duties to those who still live in the flesh, can have little time for poking and peering into the life beyond the grave. Better attend to each world in its proper order."

Divested of its vulgarity, and translated into the language of reason and good taste, all this simply means as follows: "You can do no good to yourself or to others by accumulating facts and arguments to prove that man's real life does not end with the grave. You should live in the present world as if there were no other. Your duties to your fellow-beings are strictly and exclusively of the earth earthy. You cannot discharge those duties as you ought if you trouble yourself about proving that we should shape our lives and characters here in view of their being projected into another and a spiritual world."

What does Mr. Greeley's coarsely phrased objection amount to, if not to an encouragement to the sensualist to ignore the future life, and to centre all his hopes and plans on the present?

"Now give the pulse full empire! Live the brute, Since as the brute we die!"

That is the logical corollary to Mr. Greeley's objection, and, if he knew what he was writing about, that is what he meant.

Mr. Greeley finds his comfort as well as lucrative occupation in attending to the political affairs of the State and city of New York and of the country. His life, as he himself informs us, has been and is a "busy" one; hardly an interiorly busy one, however. Plato and Swedenborg and Kant were busy men, but not in Mr. Greeley's sense. He can tell you how the elections have gone in certain counties in Michigan, Ohio, or Pennsylvania, any time during the last ten years. His forte is in political statistics. His political knowledge qualifies him to point a newspaper paragraph, or to call up unpleasant by-gones to confound the claims of some political opponent; and there are few men who can do these things better than Mr. Greeley. But when he undertakes to philosophize on matters pertaining to Spiritualism and the wants of human souls—at least of souls, all whose energies are not concentrated on the compilation of Tribune Almanacs—he is shallow, inconsistent, crude, and (though unintentionally and ignorantly) immoral.

Some one has wittily said of him, that "he is a self-made man, and worships his Maker." The complacency with which he puts forth his platitudes on so vast a subject as Spiritualism would seem to verify the *bon mot*. He is of opinion that "the aggregate of both Insanity and Suicide has been increased by Spiritualism." At the same time he admits that insanity is usually owing to purely physical causes. Thus, it will be seen, he plays fast and loose with both schools of thought: that of the Materialists and that of their opponents. So that we cannot very well see where he stands. He may say to the readers of the Ledger, in the language of the showman, "You pay your money, and you take your choice."

Mr. Greeley seems to be aware that the old notion of the causation of insanity by any simple moral agency is generally exploded. (Spiritualists have theories of their own on the subject.) "The germs of insanity," says Maudsley, "are sometimes latent in the foundations of the character, and the final outbreak is perhaps the explosion of a long train of antecedent preparations." In many cases where the cause has been pronounced moral, there has been something in the physical constitution by the cooperation of which the result has been brought about. The insane propensity seeks a subject about which to form, and finds it, if not in aversion or in love, then in religion or in science, in politics or in Spiritualism. Can these then be called causes? Mr. Greeley, while he charges Spiritualism with making lunatics, seems to be conscious (if we may judge from his language) that he is merely giving utterance to a vulgar prejudice, unfounded in reason, and which might, with equal force, charge the production of insanity upon the teachings of any one of the sects that profess Christianity.

All intelligent writers on mental pathology agree in the admission that one of the most frequent concomitants of insanity is deranged sexual function. What would be thought of the wisdom of the man who should denounce the sexual instinct as the cause of insanity, and propose that it should henceforth be abolished? But this would not be any more unreasonable than the conclusions of Mr. Greeley, who would throw discredit on spiritual investigations because persons of insane proclivities sometimes direct their attention to the subject. It would be about as wise and promising an undertaking to abolish Spiritualism as to abolish sexualism. The wise man, having admitted the facts (as Mr. Greeley has virtually done), would ask himself, "How shall we receive and stave and draw good from these God-given facts of our nature?"—not "How can we best get rid of them?"

We take leave of Mr. Greeley with the expression of regret, that man who has a wide reputation for honesty of purpose, should utter decided opinions of an adverse nature on subjects with which he manifests only the crudest and most superficial acquaintance. If he had meditated profoundly, or had seen, reasonably well versed in the past history of thought, he never would have given utterance to the fallacy, that the prosecution of any inquiry into facts, psychological or physical, could be their unprofitable or demoralizing. He would see that every new acquisition gained to the cause of truth is something gained for morality and human advancement. He would realize that the few phenomena which he himself declares that he has witnessed, and his belief in the genuineness of which he emphatically asserts, point to inquiries of tremendous moment to every thinking man. He would consider that however easy he may be in his own mind as to a future state, and however unconcerned he may be to know more than he does on the subject, there are other men, not having the editing of the Tribune on their hands, and possessed of leisure for reflection on the great questions of life and death, to whom any assurance of visible, tangible fact expressive of spirit agency, would be more accessible than cool water to the pilgrim perishing of thirst in the desert.

That there is much that is trivial, baffling and deceptive, alongside much that is grand, amazing and convincing, in spiritual investigations, no

philosophical inquirer will deny. With increased opportunities and patient reflection, we see, in the very littleness and inconsistencies that disaffect such shallow and preoccupied seekers as Mr. Greeley, the operation of harmonious law. We see that the gulf between this material world and the great invisible world of causes is not so wide as most people imagine. We see that the inner man, when he leaves his mortal body, preserves his identity; and that changes in his moral nature are not wrought by mere change of place, but must be gradually and slowly effected by steady organic changes in his very spiritual substance and structure, just as the diseased material of our natural bodies is slowly altered or replaced by new tissues. What facts more essentially moral, more calculated to make a man shrink with awe from defiling his own body or soul, than these? That some men admit the facts of Spiritualism and yet do not realize its full significance, and do not act up to its sublime suggestions, is surely no argument against the truth itself.

Said Dr. Johnson once to a disputant, who complained that he was unintelligible, "I can find you arguments, sir; I cannot find you brains." And so might Spiritualism say to men like Mr. Greeley, who, while admitting its wonderful phenomena, thoughtlessly decried the conclusions to which they lead as unprofitable or contrary to a pure morality, thus falling in with the slang of sects or the prejudices of the lazy and the bigoted—"I can find you arguments, gentlemen; I cannot find you brains."

Spiritualism addresses itself preeminently to men of thought; to men who will give it a primary and not a subordinate place in their meditations; who can afford to devote gifts as much time to its consideration as to any political question of the day; as to the New Hampshire and Connecticut elections; and who are not so grossly merged in matters of sense as to wish to suppress or ignore those intuitions of the practical reason, and those aspirations of the soul, and those psychological phenomena, which point to realities transcending our mortal experiences in space and time. That we can look for such a man in Mr. Horace Greeley, estimable as he is in many respects, we never for one moment supposed. His testimony to the substantial truth of Spiritualism is all that we could have expected from him; and it shall be rated at its worth.

## The Coming Anniversary.

The preparations are nearly completed for the proper observance of the twentieth anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, and the occasion promises to draw together in this city as glorious a company as ever participated in a spiritual feast. We have assurances of the presence of a large number of the best speakers in our ranks, from almost every section of our country. Music Hall will be filled, to its utmost capacity, with men, women and children—brothers and sisters all. Few who participate in the events of this welcome anniversary will ever forget the impressions which it will leave. The children's joyous exhibition, the speeches, the music, the dancing, the social communing, the prayers that well up from each soul—all will fully celebrate this epoch or landmark in our history as Spiritualists.

The following original hymn, composed in spirit-life by Miss A. W. Sprague and given inspirationally through Miss Lizzie Doten, is dedicated to the Spiritualists of America. It is to be sung by the audience, accompanied by the full band, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," on the above occasion:

## JUBILATE.

The world hath felt a quickening breath  
From Heaven's eternal shore,  
And souls triumphant over Death  
Return to earth once more.  
For this we hold our jubilee,  
For this with joy we sing—  
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory?  
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"  
Our cyresses wreaths are laid aside  
For amaranthine flowers,  
For Death's cold wave does not divide  
The souls we love from ours.  
From pain and death and sorrow free,  
They join with us to sing—  
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory?  
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"  
Immortal eyes look from above  
Upon our joys to-night;  
And souls immortal in their love  
In our glad songs unite.  
Across the waveless crystal sea  
The notes triumphant ring—  
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory?  
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"  
"Sweet spirits, welcome yet again!"  
With loving hearts we cry;  
And "peace on earth, good will to men,"  
The angel hosts reply.  
From doubt and fear, through truth made free,  
With faith triumphant sing—  
"Oh Grave, where is thy victory?  
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

We suggest to friends residing out of town—who intend to be present on this festive occasion—that they purchase their tickets at once, as the number must necessarily be limited. They are already in great demand, and all may be disposed of before the day of celebration.

For particulars of the Festival, see the Committee's programme in another column.

## Foundling Hospitals.

We do not exactly see our way clear to an approval of such institutions as these in any civilized country, although we of course readily admit the necessity of making just the provision they offer for helpless and innocent infants for whose unfortunate condition others are responsible. And in endorsing the movements of those practical philanthropists who are engaged in the founding of such institutions, we are prepared to admit that we are working at an effect, when we should only aim at a cause. But if anything at all is to be done, in a case of need, the practical rule is to take hold where urgency most requires; and we should begin with help for the poor foundling, to save it from a cruel and undeserved death, before stopping to consider the best method of curing society of those illicit desires of which this class of infantile mortals is begotten. The movement for such a hospital in New York is now progressing with commendable rapidity; but may the day be distant that shall raise the question of the need of similar movements elsewhere. These humane establishments testify to the right sentiment of the community; yet it would be perfect justice if those only who are the guilty persons could be compelled to support the offspring they abandon.

## Davis's New Book Now Ready.

A. J. Davis's last new book, entitled "Memories of Persons, Places and Events," was issued from the press last Wednesday. We are now prepared to fill all orders for the same. The price is \$1.50.

## Taxation of Government Bonds.

We have received from our esteemed friend, Horace H. Day, Esq., an article on the subject of taxation, now so universally interesting, and should give it a place in our columns but for want of space.

He assumes that the holders of government bonds are comparatively few in number, and that they are unduly favored by exemption from taxation, while their income, owing to the low cost of the bonds in gold, is much greater than can be realized by the producing classes, who are all taxed.

He claims that these last make ninety-five per cent. of our population, and that this large proportion will not consent quietly to labor under the disadvantages which our present funding system imposes upon them, and therefore that Congress should, to avoid the threatened danger, by adopting a more just and liberal policy.

He expresses the opinion that our legal tenders are a desirable currency, and would have more of these, and also issued a \$500 bond, as proposed by Mr. Sillas M. Stillwell, into which an occasional redundancy of the legal tenders could be readily converted.

Our friend asks pertinently why we should not inaugurate an American policy, adapted to our country and form of government, and thus encourage as we ought the development of our resources at a rate which will be impossible while we are bound by the traditions of the old world.

He closes by the assertion that "the question now to be settled is between capital and labor, and that we must meet this upon the platform of substantial justice, or it will require no far-seeing prophet to predict the consequences."

We agree with our correspondent, that the financial question has become one of the utmost importance, and that unless it is speedily and equitably settled the consequences will be disastrous not only to the party which has the management of our affairs, but to the whole country, which is kept, as it has been ever since the close of the war, in a state of suspense as to the result of any commercial or industrial enterprise which might be undertaken.

This condition of affairs, in a country so full of energetic people and boundless resources, cannot be justified, and we do not hesitate to call upon all our readers to ponder well upon what course shall be adopted to secure a permanent relief from our difficulties.

Without undertaking to decide upon all the questions which arise in connection with this subject, we may be permitted to suggest that our first step should be to return to the specie standard of measurement in our financial transactions, so that all parties may know, at least approximately, what a promise to pay money really means.

It has been proposed by George S. Coe, Esq., President of the American National Exchange Bank in New York, that Congress should legalize contracts payable in gold hereafter, with a view to a gradual return to the old standard, and there is some probability that this proposition may become a law.

If, instead of this, Congress should declare that all contracts hereafter must be made by the specie standard, and that all now existing made payable in currency since the rise in prices caused by our legalization of the suspension, should be valued by the same standard, we should be able, as some think, to resume at once, without danger of a crisis, or doing injustice to either debtor or creditor, who would each sustain the same relation to the other as before.

The creditor would receive a less number of dollars than had been agreed, though their value or purchasing power would remain unchanged, as would also the assets or property of the debtor. A provision of this character certainly might be applied to all private contracts, including the debts due to and from our banking institutions, and equally to the government legal tenders, compounds and 7.30s, and the creditor would sustain no loss, though, as has just been said, he would receive not so many dollars as had been stipulated.

Whether the 5.20s, on which the interest at least is payable in gold, should be subject to this condition, we do not for the present undertake to decide, as there is something to be said on both sides of the question.

We suppose our correspondent would be satisfied if funds were provided sufficient to purchase all these bonds at their present gold price, and this course has been already suggested in some well informed quarters, and a proposition made to raise the means by an issue of new bonds, payable abroad at specific dates, interest and principal in gold, or its equivalent.

But we must, whatever it may cost, preserve our faith with the holders of our bonds, and do by them as we would that others in a change of circumstances should do by us.

This is finally the only rule by which we can afford to be governed; and it is to this rule that we beg our representatives at Washington to pay attention.

## Annie Lord Chamberlain's Seances.

Mrs. Chamberlain resumed her public seances last Friday evening, at the residence of Col. C. H. Wing, 87 Main street, Charlestown, and will continue the same every Tuesday and Friday evening for the present, if her health permits. Mrs. C. has been very ill for nearly two years, during which time she has not been able to hold public seances. The medium powers of Mrs. C. appear to have increased rather than diminished, during the past two years, especially so as regards the peculiar phase of "spirit-voices." A running conversation is kept up for some time between the members of the circle and the invisible, in loud, distinct tones. A description of this phenomenon was given in our issue of March 1st, and further details would not satisfy the reader; one must be present to feel a conviction of the genuineness of the manifestation. Those who are acquainted with the medium, and are cognizant of the weak condition of her lungs, realize the utter impossibility of her giving forth such loud tones, and consequently can appreciate this remarkable test of spirit-power. We advise all who can obtain the privilege to be present at one of these circles, and hear for themselves. We fully believe in the truthfulness of the manifestations.

The lecture by Dr. J. F. Finney, on the 15th, before a large assembly in the above hall, was an effort of great merit, abounding in deep, philosophical reasoning, and, besides, analysis, delivered in a strain of eloquence peculiar to himself, and most agreeable to the audience. His theme was "The Possibilities of Spiritual Science," in which he endeavored to show that Spiritualism was the only demonstrable medium of religion yet vouchsafed to humanity. We shall have a report of this lecture in our issue of next week. Mrs. Emma J. Bulleene, of the Phoenix Building, will deliver her closing lecture in Boston, on Sunday afternoon, March 31st, at 7 o'clock, in one of the halls of the Phoenix Building, and will be assisted by Mr. J. F. Finney.















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