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## The Friend of Progress, for May,

Will contain the conclusion of C. T. BROOKS' translation from the Hindustani, entitled,

"DISPUTE BETWEEN MEN AND ANIMALS,"

a continuation of E. C. TOWNE'S Review of H. W. BEECHER'S

"NEW BELIEFS AND OLD OPINIONS,"

also, contributions from

T. W. Higginson,

O. B. Frothingham,

George S. Burleigh,

Phoebe Cary,

and Others.

Our usual contribution from COL. HIGGINSON reached us too late for this number.

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THE

# FRIEND OF PROGRESS.

VOL. I.]

New York, April, 1865.

[No. 6.

## Modern Anti-Christ.

BY O. B. FROTHINGHAM.

Hardly does the Christ appear, when there appears also the Anti-Christ; and the Anti-Christ follows the Christ like his shadow. Wherever the Christ is, there is the Anti-Christ; and as the Christ is, such is the Anti-Christ. As the shadow takes the shape of the man, distorting it more or less, but always preserving the general character and proportions, so does the Anti-Christ respond to the Christ. They interchange places and offices sometimes: the Christ of one period is the Anti-Christ of another—the Anti-Christ of one period is the Christ of another; but the correspondence of the one with the other is always exact and perfect. If the Christ be churchman, the Anti-Christ is dissenter; if the Christ be orthodox, the Anti-Christ is heterodox; if the Christ be conservative, the Anti-Christ is radical; if the Christ be formalist, the Anti-Christ is spiritualist; if the Christ be the representative of belief, the Anti-Christ represents practice; and vice versa all through history.

In modern Rome, the Anti-Christ is national unity and reform—Young Italy is Anti-Christ. In Paris, Anti-Christ is socialism. In England, it is liberalism and Colenso, as some think; in the opinion of others, it is ecclesiasticism and Newman. In America, as elsewhere, the character of the Anti-Christ is defined against the character of the Christ. Here it is reform, there it is conservatism; here it is Calvinism, there it is Arminianism; here it is sectarianism, there it is liberalism;

here it is the spirit of individual liberty, there it is the spirit of class domination.

Now, the peculiarity of the best religion of the time, as we deem it—the one characteristic feature of the Christian faith, as distinguished from other faiths—the central and cardinal doctrine—is, and ever has been, indeed, the immanence and permanence of God in human nature, in human society, in human history, in human progress and development, in all the natural relations of human life: man's fraternity with man, by virtue of a common origin, experience, discipline, and destiny: man's fraternity with man in the bonds of a common interest: man's fraternity with man, by force of a divine principle and under a divine law.

Now, remembering this, we of course pass by those powers and influences which, from time immemorial almost, have been assailed as Anti-Christ; more than this, we even take them into our household of faith. We do not speak of philosophy as Anti-Christ, or science, or literature, or scholarship, or criticism, or history, or political economy. We do not speak of the "world spirit" as Anti-Christ—meaning by the world spirit, the spirit of commerce, finance, business activity, enterprise, money-making—for these things, however questionable they may be in some of their effects; however perplexing, dangerous, and distressing, in some of their incidental bearings; however detrimental they may be here and there, by the way, to personal morals, social virtue, or the public welfare; however much of suffering, bodily, social, and mental, they may entail, still do, in a general way, and so far as they can, tend to bring

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men together; to equalize gifts, opportunities, privileges, and hopes; to distribute power; to balance impulses and motives; to bring the prizes of life within reach of all men; to adjust claims, harmonize interests, and quell disputes; they do tend, steadily and powerfully, to create the feeling of mutual accountability and mutual dependence—of mutual confidence and support; they do tend to abolish war and slavery, and the manifold oppressions of the aristocratic or caste spirit; they do tend to reduce the amount of crime, to diminish the sum of violence, to lessen the power of tyranny, to enfranchise thought and feeling, as well as activity; they do tend to bring the opposite extremes of society in contact, and make old foes to be fast friends; they create civilization: and that is an intimation, a suggestion, at least, of the kingdom of Love.

They do all this, and therefore we cannot denounce them. They do all this, and therefore we are bound to praise them. These great world-spirits—science, knowledge, industry, labor, accumulation—have no moral sensibility; but they all the time deepen the sense of moral obligation in man; they put in force a multitude of checks and balances; they warn men that they must be honest, truthful, and kind, and bid them plow a straight furrow through the crooked world. They have no human sympathies; but they multiply indefinitely the means of beneficence, and extend immeasurably the facilities of doing good. They have no charitable purposes, and seem utterly careless of individual want and misery; but they do very much towards lessening want and alleviating misery wherever they go. They profess no belief in God; and yet they make us aware of those living forces of governing and protecting and restraining law, which are to us as an acting and indwelling God in the moral universe. We welcome them, therefore, as unconscious co-workers. They are not against us, and so they are for us; they do not scatter abroad, and consequently they gather.

There are other powers, which, though directly and utterly opposed to these—undoing all that they try to do—we yet do not speak of as Anti-Christ: we mean slavery and war, and all the old brutal spirit of violence and of contempt which still holds such large and mighty dominion over the world of mankind. Anti-human they certainly are, if our notion of humanity is at all correct—anti-human

from beginning to end—without one single point of connection with the beautiful principle which we associate with the name of Jesus—thoroughly and bitterly repellent of that principle in every aspect. No person who holds that principle with the least clearness or firmness, can say a good word for either of them; no person, standing on this principle and looking out from it, can do otherwise than denounce them both with all his might, and abhor them with all his soul, as embodying the very quintessence of the spirit of evil. There is nothing human in them, and nothing human can come out of them. They are, in and of themselves, totally destructive of the human.

Of course there are compensations for them: there are compensations for everything. But this is only saying that the laws of Providence are strong enough to manage and over-rule them. It is saying nothing for them. They are simply and only destructive of everything like order, peace, harmony, fraternity. The idea of brotherhood is to them preposterous and ridiculous; the Golden Rule is sheerest nonsense; they stand squarely on the presumption that men are not of one blood, of one experience, of one destiny.

And yet we do not call them Anti-Christ: and why? Because they are merely the remains of ancient violence and brutality—the rude and hideous relics of bygone ages of heathenism and blood. They are brute powers, wild and savage. There is no conscious malice in their hearts; they have no set purposes to destroy society; they are not deliberate foes of human kind. They are ignorant, stupid animals; they are the beastly refuse of antiquity—the dumb, inarticulate monsters—the saurians and iguanodons and mammoths of an effete epoch: hideous and deadly and destructive as tigers are, and jackals—but with no purposed malignity towards mankind, and no intention to thwart or baffle the beneficent movements of society. There they are—passive, hard to move, hard to get rid of—living on the remains of old vengeance and rage and lust for power—rolling and wallowing about in the slime of black passion that is not yet redeemed to the uses of civilized life. The Christ is anti-them more than they are anti-him. He is the active principle that meets and baffles them at every turn; he is the Apollo for that Python: and their huge bulk, pierced by his darts, though seemingly insensible to the wounds inflicted by him, and



moving on, terrible and strong as ever, in defiance of him, is still losing force continually under his blows. Their strength is waning fast, and they have no future of dominion. So we do not call these Anti-Christ. The Anti-Christ is called into being by the Christ himself: these are of the primeval ages. The Anti-Christ is interchangeable with the Christ, and passes himself off for him: these do not. The Anti-Christ has a definite relation and purpose towards the Christ: these have not.

Where, then, is the Anti-Christ of our day? and what is he? If he is not the spirit of knowledge, of doubt, of skepticism, of change; if he is not the spirit of open, undisguised violence and war, who and what is he? We must look for him near at home—close by; we must see him clinging as our shadow, and apparently as inseparable from us as our shadow. It is what many take to be the very Christ himself.

The first Anti-Christ we name, is the *church spirit*; the *church spirit*—not necessarily the church. The church has not always been Anti-Christ in the past, nor is it Anti-Christ now. There have been centuries when it alone represented unity, harmony, friendliness, fraternity; when it alone stood for humanity, for the interest and welfare of all mankind; when it alone recognized the oneness of human nature—its identity with itself—and did all it could, and did a vast deal, to create human society on the common basis of human brotherhood. *But in these centuries, there was very little of the church spirit.* When the church spirit rose and prevailed, all these beautiful tendencies ceased; when the church spirit was supreme, these tendencies were harshly repudiated. At the Pope's recent bull, all of humanity that does not contemptuously laugh, shudders. Even despots like Louis Napoleon find it inhuman, inconsistent with the age, and outrageous, in view of the manifest destinies of human society; even *his* minimum of social spirit is insulted by it. To us, it is the supreme of senile insolence. The absurdity of it is such as we have no language to describe. It makes a mock of everything that we associate with the name of religion. It condemns as un-Christian all the tendencies that we regard as peculiarly Christian. It denounces in the name of the Christ all that makes that name to us significant of beauty and hope. As of old, the Pope is Anti-Christ: only, how-

ever, as the church spirit everywhere is Anti-Christ; only, as the church spirit essentially is Anti-Christ; only as the church spirit is radically an inhuman spirit.

But this it always is. It is inconsistent with brotherhood, and even makes war against brotherhood. It excludes the multitude from salvation. It says: "Within these walls is safety; here is truth, here is rest, here is Christ and God and the spirit. Outside these walls is no safety, no truth, no rest; outside these walls is danger, exposure, the evil spirit of temptation and fear. If the Christ is outside there, it is as much as we can allow; we only *know* of his being inside *here*. Out of charity, that we may not seem barbarous and unkind, we will grant that you are not wholly deserted by the Holy Ghost. We do not feel so sure of that, though; it is a possibility; we fling it out to you as a pure boon: at the same time we advise you not to put confidence in so precarious a promise, but to come inside as soon as you can. Don't be content with sitting under the eaves of the sanctuary, taking the droppings, but come inside, and drink freely of the flowing river. Inside there is more of every kind than outside; more of security and rest; more of knowledge and wisdom; more of hope and consolation; more of the Christ-like and the divine spirit. Inside is safety, outside is peril; inside is truth, outside is error; inside is tranquillity, outside is distraction; inside are heavenly powers, outside are powers of worldliness—to say nothing worse; inside are the forces and laws and operations that bring the soul to heaven—outside are the forces, laws, and operations, which have no efficacy that way, and probably have great efficacy the other way."

There is the inhuman spirit—the spirit that excludes and divides; the spirit that distinguishes some men from others by an artificial and arbitrary line; the spirit that limits the operations of the Holy Ghost to a few, and puts the many under a ban of gentle but firmly-implicated excommunication; a spirit that does not recognize as saving the natural agencies that work to unite and refresh and advance society; that is not in sympathy with the reformatory or regenerating movements—intellectual, moral, spiritual—which go forward in the bosom of society, and which leaves human nature out in the cold. The spirit may be exceedingly attenuated—it may be scarcely more than a shadowy sentimental-

ism—but wherever and whatever it is: in high church or low church; in narrow church or in broad church; in the broad church of England or in the broad church of America; in the broad church called Episcopal or the broad church called Unitarian, the animus of it, faint and feeble, is always the same. It interferes with the unity of humanity on simply human grounds.

Its word, to be sure, is UNITY; but it is the unity of the few separated from the many; it is the unity of the few in artificial or formal bonds; it is unity in *church* life, not unity in *human* life; it is unity in observance, not unity in faith and love; it is unity as of a company dwelling under the same roof—it is not unity as of men and women respecting each other's rights, honoring each other's personality, advocating each other's interests, furthering each other's aims.

Its word is, *God in humanity*, but not in humanity as *human*; God in a select portion of human kind, called out from the rest, not God in the whole; God coming into humanity from the outside, not God dwelling in humanity always, and working through its very organization; God interfering to check the action of natural powers—to curb them, cross them, give another turn to them—not God conspiring to fill out the natural powers, and make them ample, vigorous, complete.

Its word is, *the unity of tradition*, not the unity of MAN; the indestructible character of the apostolic succession, not the indestructible character of human identity; the certainty and the closeness of the bond which binds the Christian of to-day to the Christian of the first century, not the certainty or the closeness of the bond which binds human being to human being, whatever may be his creed, race, or condition.

The word is, *God in the sacraments and symbols* exerting a saving influence, not God in *human society and human life* exerting a saving influence, of which the sacraments and symbols are but poor and fanciful emblems.

And so we are constrained, from our point of view, to give to this spirit the hard name of Anti-Christ—not associating it with any particular church or communion, for any church may have it, and any church may be free from it. We know Catholics who are as free from it as it is possible for people to be, and we know Unitarians who have enough of it to furnish a very respectable Romanist very respectably. It is the *spirit* that we criticise;

and this, however delicate and gracious, however refined in sentiment and attenuated in form, is a spirit that turns away from the great, fundamental truth—the *divine in the human*—and languidly or vigorously discourages effort that would make that beautiful truth received: as recently, in Boston, it calls a daughter from her mother's bedside, to consult about the color, form, and embroidery of an altar-cloth. It exerts a singular spell on the mind and spirit, so that, wherever it is present, a kind of lethargy creeps over the natural conscience, social interests become unreal, and a sentimental sigh to be *out of the world* takes the place of a noble resolve to live bravely in it. And is not this, from our point of view, inhuman work? and inhuman work all the more dangerous because so subtle and insinuating and delicate?—wrought in a fashion so gentlemanly and ladylike, and with such exquisite dignity and grace?

We said, in the early stages of our war: If we could put all the Border State Unionists frankly among the secessionists—in the hands of each a rifle, instead of an olive-branch—we should see our way clear to victory. And in this long war of humanity with inhumanity, we are often tempted to say: If we could take all those who are not distinctly for this holy principle of fraternity, and place them squarely against it, the battle would be sooner won.

But we have to speak not of any single Anti-Christ, but of Anti-Christ in the plural. The church spirit is by no means the only Anti-Christ. A more formidable one than this—perhaps we may call it THE Anti-Christ in America—is the sectarian spirit. This has all the evils of the church spirit, and evils of its own, beside. Its very name is division, and its whole nature is discord. It has no function save to chop Christendom up in fine bits, unless it be also a function to deify each one of the bits. It has all the *pride* of ecclesiasticism, without the aristocratic dignity and grace; it has all the *exclusiveness*, without the princely and elegant hauteur by which we recognize the high-born gentleman and lady of the old school; it has all the *indifference to humanity*, without the fine courtesy and condescension which veil and disguise it; it has all the *frigidity* towards merely social interests and movements, without the excuse of a great communion organized on other principles, and constituting a membership of its own; it has all the feeling of coolness to-

wards the people outside, but the coolness becomes an icy coldness, that burns as much as hot iron. Not content to live in a walled city, and regard all the dwellers outside as wandering and lost sheep, it opens its sally-ports and rushes out upon them with deadly weapons.

The very essence of sectarianism is *inhumanity*. Its voices are groans from the body of him whom it has broken and pierced. Its word is "unity" still; but it is the unity of a clique, a section, a party, a denomination; the ground of it is barren as barrenness itself—being an assent, not of the heart to vital principles, but of the head to speculative tenets; the bond of it is exceedingly attenuated, for it is outward attachment to a coterie; the spirit of it is dry and technical—sometimes bitter—often bigoted. It uses God's fair, liberal world, as a field for partisan warfare, and raises the play of theological argument to the dignity of an absorbing interest in life. The object for which its unity is constituted, and the end for which it is used, is the building up of a dogma, or the extending of a denomination, or the aggrandizement of a party, or the supremacy of a school, or the filling up of a treasury from the hard earnings of the people, to be emptied again for services by which humanity, in its vital, social interests, is not likely to be benefited. It is a barren and desolating spirit. Nowhere does it touch a controlling principle of human existence; nowhere does it grasp a profound truth of human nature; nowhere does it fall in with a deep law of human life; nowhere does it reach any plane of thought or sentiment or conviction, which can substitute a unity *beneath* diversity for that poor fiction of *unity in diversity*. It sucks up the vitality of men, and wastes it on metaphysics; it drains the resources of thought, of feeling, of sentiment, of purpose, of soul- and spirit-wealth, and squanders them on figments and nonentities; it would make the industry of a country subservient to the whining of theologians; it would make commerce an instrument for transporting away its own wealth, to be poured out, in vain missionary enterprises, on the sands of Africa or the steppes of Asia; it would combine the forces of civilization to introduce in remote climes the same dissensions it keeps alive at home; and it does all this piously, in the name of the Christ, and with honest professions of devotion to him and his cause.

Sectarianism—denominationalism—seems to be the chief foe of the principle of Jesus, in America. It may be almost said to be the Christianity of America: for where can we find any Christianity that is not sectarian in spirit and in form! Nearly all the speculation and feeling there is on religious subjects, is monopolized by it; nearly all the money given for religious purposes, is given for sectarian purposes; nearly all the organizations are, under one form or another, sectarian organizations. It is extremely difficult, not to say practically impossible, to keep purely *humane* enterprises out of sectarian hands, and prevent their being turned to sectarian objects. The Christian Commission, which combines the duty of evangelizing the army with the duty of preserving its physical health, threatens to supplant the Sanitary Commission, which made it its simple and legitimate business, to apply sanitary laws and enforce sanitary regulations in camp and hospital; and it would not be at all surprising if the immense resources of money and supplies which the generous, compassionate, and loyal people, furnish without stint to the sick, wounded, suffering, exposed, and imperiled soldiers, were gradually devoted to the work, mainly, of spreading what is called "Evangelical Christianity"—that is to say, to the aggrandizement of two or three affiliated sects.

We know by personal experience how very hard it has been to keep the Freedmen's Relief Association clear of sectarian taint, and to secure the discharge of all its powers in the direction of the social well-being of the millions of people who are one day to be members of our civilized communities. The pressure upon us has been incessant, and is incessant all the time, so intense is the eagerness to come at the *souls* of those poor blacks, and get them insured at this or that sectarian office, that the simple, humane work of making them good members of industrious and well-conducted communities is hampered at every step.

The New England Association, which, within its limits, does better work, probably, than is done by any association except that of the Friends, is met on all hands by the cry of "Infidel." Even here, on this ground, where all would seem to be ready for the acknowledgment and the practice of the pure principle of Jesus; where that principle would seem to be enough, and where the

intrusion of any other principle would seem to be an arrant impertinence, this spirit of sectarianism steps in, and contests the room with the Christ. Even here, the sacredness of what we have called the peculiar principle of Jesus cannot be respected.

We do not forget the plea advanced by the sectarian spirit; we know and we remember well what it says; namely: that the matter of supreme, of infinite moment, is, that these souls should be saved from the pains of an eternal hell, in comparison with which, the most miserable estate in this world is privileged and rich; and this creed of theirs, this dogma, this special way of regarding Christian truth, is the agency, and the sole agency, by means of which they can be so saved; that, therefore, the duty that takes precedence of all other duties, is to state, advance, advocate, defend, push these opinions; and to make all other work subservient to this one. We remember this, and it is with full understanding of it that we reply: No partisan or sectarian opinions held by a minority of civilized men, can be the *only* appointed means of saving men. Ideas save, not opinions; truths, not dogmas; principles, not creeds; universal laws, not partisan ordinances. That which divides, cannot be saving; that which monopolizes, cannot be saving; that which limits and appropriates to narrow and specific ends, cannot be saving. CHARITY saves—not that which makes charity bleed, or which has no notion of charity but toleration or indifference. The spirit of sectarianism is itself a son of perdition.

Other Anti-Christis there are, but we will not speak of them now. Nor need we speak of them at all. They are but different forms of the spirit of exclusiveness which plots against the natural unity and cooperation of men.

An old writer felt sure, from the number of Anti-Christis in his time, that the world must be very near its end. "Little children, it is the last time. Ye have heard that the Anti-Christ should come; and now there are many Anti-Christis: by which we know that these are the final days." He reasoned on the principle that the darkest hour of the night is that which immediately precedes the dawn. It is a pretty saying, but a very senseless one, and useless for any practical purposes. For how is one to know that it is the darkest hour, while the dark hour lasts? Only the

actual dawn can prove it to have been so, when the darkness has passed.

The old writer was mistaken in thinking his the darkest hour. There are more Anti-Christis to-day, probably, than there were in his day. The noble principle has few advocates yet: it is still heresy. The Anti-Christ excommunicates it and holds it at bay. It is little understood in the churches: its friends are mostly outside of the church. Still, here it is; and it is alive, too. It makes head; it would turn the war to its purposes; it would make gain for itself from the upturning of the South-land; it throws itself into the arms of the great movement in society towards popular institutions; it strikes a league with knowledge, science, commerce, industry, art, education; it is slowly fastening its interpretation upon the New Testament; it is throbbing inside the church; it is working and organizing workers outside of the creeds; it is making a place for itself among the forms of religion. It has its preachers and ministers, its prophets and philosophers, its congregations and its worship; but still it stands outside, and knocks at the door of Church and State. It is outcast, despised, and rejected. No denomination lets him in: but all find or seek their strength in some form of the Anti-Christ—in some form of ecclesiastical or sectarian show. And yet the principle is sure in the end to conquer. The church which adopts this principle of the divine in the human—that accepts the issues flowing from it, draws from it its theology, builds on it its establishment, rears on it its worship, interprets by it symbol and sign—will bring in again the angels of power and light.

"To know a truth is to feel its force and eternal nature. When thou knowest a truth, thou hast taken one step toward perfection. Truth is God's word. Every truth he showeth unto the spirit of man is carried in light. He who receiveth a truth from the divine source of truth, beholds it illuminating his mind, much as the outer eye beholds the lightning flashing through the cloudy darkness.

"The mind of man, when thus illuminated, receives a truth, or some little part of divine wisdom. This may act as a center for a large class of truths congenial unto the mind thus illuminated, and around this center will revolve ideas which give happiness unto the mind."—LINTON.



## The Change in Eden.

BY AUGUSTA COOPER KIMBALL.

The sun had smitten with a lance of fire  
The bower where Adam lay, and pricked with  
gold

His dark hair on the pillow mound of leaves,  
And folded in an ardent, deepening glow,  
His form of perfect manhood. But he lay  
Unmindful of the hot kiss of the sun,  
And turned his longing eyes expectantly  
Upon a narrow opening in the vines,  
And gazing, listened for the step of Eve.  
For 'twas her wont, awaking when the morn  
Upon the shoulders of the distant hills  
Hung rosy mantles, to rise gently up,  
And drop upon the beauty of her lord  
A hundred stealthy kisses, yet with lip  
Of so light pressure, that a feather's fall  
As soon would roll the pure peace of his dreams.  
Then gliding out, would seek the river bank,  
Or garden lake, or some cool babbling fount,  
Wherein to bathe, and then return to wake  
Her Adam, noting how the fond smile came  
Into his large, deep eyes, and pushing back,  
With finger lily-white, his glossy beard,  
That hid the mirth trembling around his lip,  
Would put her own sweet mouth so very near,  
The other caught and held it; and her hand  
Crept 'round his side, and his dark lip-beard  
closed

Over her dimples, and in curling waves  
Obscured the crimson union underneath.

So Adam, folded in transparent gold,  
Lay watching for her coming, till at last—  
That vision might not dull the ear's quick  
sense—

He closed his eyelids, sooner to detect  
Her gentle footfall. But he heard no sound.  
Yet while he felt impatience burn his cheek,  
A consciousness of glory passing near,  
A flood of beauty on the inner sense,  
Love's inundation of unmixed delight,  
Unclosed his eyes, and Eve was standing there.  
A crown of little roses, pink and white,  
Was o'er her forehead, thickened here and  
there

With ruby-petaled blooms, their purple veins  
Running from heart to leaf; and in her hair  
The frail bells of the morning-glory swung,  
And 'round each slender ankle she had tied  
A narrow running vine of brightest green,  
Set full of opened buds of tender blue.  
Her girdle, scarcely whiter than the waist  
That it embraced, was braided of the stars—  
The lily stars that rocked upon the lake;  
And thus entwreathed, encircled, and en-  
crowned,  
Her own bloom fairer than all other blooms,  
Queen of the world, she stood before her king.

And Adam, in the impetus of love,  
At sight of loveliness that fairer grew  
And wore a deeper beauty every morn,  
Sprang to his feet and opened his strong arms,

Longing to fold her brightness in his strength  
And hold her, lip to lip and heart to heart.  
But quick his arms fell down, his glance of love  
Changing to wonder as he looked at Eve;  
For 'twas her wont to spring to his embrace—  
To that dear covert—joyous as a bird  
That through the leaves flies singing to its nest.  
But now she stood apart. In her clear eye  
A fire was blazing, melting in its flame  
The star of love that always sparkled there;  
And some deep settled purpose closed her lips  
So firmly, that it pressed the crimson out,  
And the thin curving of her nostrils swelled  
To a white circle, and the burning glance  
She gave to Adam was a lance struck out  
From her intrepid soul. Its graven words  
Were, "I resolve and dare."

Could this be Eve,  
The unresisting, the obedient?  
Was woman's being capable of aught  
But love and passive meekness? Did she crave  
In her deep, hidden nature, aught beside  
The love of man? Could her sweet voice aspire  
To move her lips in words of higher tone  
Than just "My Adam"? Thus within himself  
He reasoned—he who called himself her lord—  
And stood apart in an increasing awe  
Before such transformation. But she reached  
Her hand, that had been clenched as if she held  
Her will in it, and took his broader palm,  
And led him out in silence, till they paused  
Near to the garden's center, where the tree  
Of Knowledge raised its foliage and fruit,  
Its leaves respiring subtle aroma—  
The stimulant of soul. Eve pointed up  
With pearl-hued finger to the noble shade,  
While some triumphant moving force within  
Sublimed her beauty. Then her voice broke out  
And stirred the golden silence.

"Adam, look  
Upon this structure, tossing out its top  
To balm the breezes! Look upon its boughs  
Of shining green, laden with glossy fruit,  
And tell me if in all this Eden ground  
There grows another shade that can compare  
In beauty and sublimity with this.  
Yet I have not forgotten that first day,  
Marked with command and blessing, and with  
words  
Which made us one, nor that our God forbade  
That we should pluck the apple of this tree,  
And to the law affixed a penalty,  
Leaving us free to choose between the two.  
I scarcely noted this alluring shade,  
So lost was I in my great love for thee,  
Till one day, following in playful mood  
The cunning serpent, that rears even now  
His kingly head among the branches there,  
He led me here, and hiding in his haunt,  
He left me filled with transport at the sight  
Of this fair fruit. And last night as I lay  
Warmed by thy arms, and breathing 'gainst thy  
heart,  
I had a dream so strange and yet so dear,  
It woke me in a rapture. But in vain  
I've tried to trace the outline of the dream,

So I might tell it thee. I only know  
That always this same tree and shining fruit  
Were with me in the changes of my dream.  
And after waking I put by the dream,  
In-noting how the serpent's fiery eye  
Burned on me through the meshes of the  
bower,

Like a red blazing star. And when, this morn,  
I hastened back in all these wreaths to thee,  
To claim thy kiss, I turned aside and stopped  
To trifle only for a moment's time  
With that same serpent following my way.  
At which he fled back in a wayward freak,  
And I pursued him to this haunt again.  
Then all the rapture of my dream came back,  
And pondering on my freedom, and God's word,  
I take my choice, and choose the penalty."

Then Adam's voice closed in and checked her  
own:

"Nay, Eve! take back that strange and rash  
resolve!

Is not this garden, with its other fruits,  
Its emerald lawns, its sweetly-scented dells,  
Rivers and tiny lakes, the myriad flowers  
That seem to blossom purposely for thee,  
And all the forms of life among the groves,  
That follow at a sound from thy dear voice,  
And over all, my ever great'ning love,  
That towers, watches, and envelopes thee—  
Is not all this sufficient for thy joy?"

Then answered Eve, and took her grave lord's  
hand,

And held it on her heart in that same way  
That tells the woman's love and earnestness:  
"I must have more than calm and peaceful  
days—

More than a life of changeless joy with thee.  
I know not now the secret of this calm—  
I know not what I am, or what thou art,  
Nor comprehend the mystery of God.  
There is no merit in our innocence,  
Since we retain it by our ignorance.  
Not knowing Evil, can we know the Good?  
Or can we love the pure white of the Right,  
If we have never seen the black of Wrong?  
But knowing both as God knows, we can cleave  
Unto the pure, still loving it the more  
Because contrasted. So I take my choice,  
And choose the suffering that gives me light."

Then Adam spoke again: "But God has said,  
Who eats this tempting fruit must surely die."  
And Eve replied, while flitted 'round her lips  
A fearless smile, "What is it, then, to die?  
We know not till we prove it. It may be  
Some hideous passage-way, that only leads  
To higher glories than this Paradise.  
God's penalty, as surely as his law,  
Must be the work of wisdom and of love.  
I dare to trust it, since through that alone  
I can learn more of God. And if to die  
Is to be blotted out from conscious life,  
Just as that pure white cloud is fading out  
To nothing in the blue sea overhead,  
Yet will I eat this fruit, and for an hour  
Pierce the close husk of folded mystery

That binds my being down, and die resigned,  
Because my soul has caught some little glimpse  
Of what Heaven knows. Yet underneath thy  
hand,

Where my heart pulses, something says to me,  
That through all forms of suffering and change  
We are immortal, and shall still be one."  
With this, she grasped the lowest hanging  
bough,  
And with unshrinking hand pulled off the fruit,  
And handed it to Adam.

Then he turned  
To his own soul, and argued secretly:  
"The woman reasons well. Yet, as for me,  
I have no longing for a higher state,  
Or thirst for knowledge, nor a large desire  
Or aspiration for aught more than earth.  
I am content. At least I do not care  
So much for wisdom I would purchase it  
With suffering. But since it seems like truth,  
That through all changes we shall still be one—  
God having made us so—If Eve alone  
Eats of this fruit, and gathers knowledge up  
Unknown to me, she will no longer own  
Man as her master and her rightful lord.  
That must not be, and therefore I will eat."  
So Adam took the fruit and ate with Eve.

Before the sun had set, that strong-armed man,  
With massive chest, and firm, unwearied limb,  
Would start and tremble like a timid child,  
If he but heard the crackling of a branch.  
And yet, despite the burden of his fear,  
Whene'er he turned his wandering glance to  
Eve,  
And saw that modesty was on her cheek,  
There flamed into his sober eyes a look  
Of pride, that more than ever evidenced  
He thought himself her master and her lord.

And she—the intrepid woman—daring Eve—  
Sat in her garb of fig-leaves, and her soul,  
Filled with the birth of new emotions, traced  
Its changes in her face. The clear, gay light  
Of childlike innocence had faded out,  
And in her eye the beams of serious thought  
And truth began to dawn. And now she knew—  
Because of human weakness cognizant—  
The strength and pure almightiness of God.  
So all her trembling was companioned with  
A sweet and melancholy smile. And Eve  
Had known a sorrow and an ecstasy—  
Had learned to sigh, and found the place of  
tears.

—The Divinity is related to every spirit in the  
universe. There is a direct and unbroken line  
of being which extends from the feeblest  
soul-spark in the human form to the Vor-  
tex of infinite and all-pervading light. As to  
locality, the Deity is near to his most humble  
child; as to essence, He is related to every soul  
by an indestructible affinity; but as to degree  
of perfection, He stands alone amid the infinitude  
of beings that throng His temple, breath-  
ing down the influences of love and wisdom  
through the unnumbered spheres of celestial  
life.

## Dispute between Men and Animals.

From the Hindustani.

(Extracted from the *Iman us Sufi*.)

TRANSLATED BY C. T. BROOKS.

[MR. EDITOR: By way of beguiling the weary hours of a protracted voyage to India, undertaken a year since, I set myself to studying the Hindustani language, and found so much amusement and instruction in the following oddity, that I took pains to translate it very exactly, thinking that it would entertain many others, as a curious illustration of the philosophical and theological genius of the East. I happened to be reading Sale's Koran at the same time, and found that his learned preliminary dissertation explained numerous allusions in the piece I was translating. In the description of the Dragon there is a singular wild jumbling of imperfect natural history with grotesque fancy, which reminded me of the chapter about Behemoth and Leviathan in the book of Job. I doubt not the reader will find mixed up here, with much that is amusing of childish absurdity, a great deal of childlike simplicity and wisdom.

It will be perceived that in my translation I have retained as much as our grammar would allow, of the style of the original, even endeavoring to imitate, so far as possible, those alliterations in which the Orientals so much delight, and which make their prose so often a rhythmic al jingle. Indeed, the reader will recognize everywhere a people childlike in ear and fancy and reasoning.

The piece below purports, in the Hindustani book where I found it, to come from the "Iman us Sufi," which I take to mean the "Faith of the Sage," and I presume that originally it was composed in Arabic. The Hindustani language, which has been called the *Lingua Franca* of the Indian Peninsula, also called in the North the *Urdu*, (or Camp language,) was introduced by the Mahometan conquerors of the country, and is a compound speech, of Arabic, Persian, and Turkish, mixed with the old vernacular Hindi of the North Provinces. For one who has time only to glance at the philosophy of the Oriental tongues, the Hindustani offers the pleasantest gateway into the philological garden of the East, presenting, as it does, so many glimpses, bright, though broken, of the affinity and original identity of Eastern and Western tongues, and indicating about where we are to look for the primitive and common homestead of languages and peoples.

The translator trusts that neither these remarks nor the article they introduce will be quite behind the age, even in an American Monthly. C. T. B.

P. S.—This Preface was written in 1854. The translator is bound to add that, during the intervening years, the last page of his MS has

been lost, and consequently he has been compelled to make up the greater part of the "acute and eloquent man's" speech, and the closing one of the king, by a combined effort of memory and invention, in which he hopes not to have gone far astray from the drift of the original; or, if he has, his consolation must be that he has kept as near as he could to reason and truth.

NEWPORT, Jan. 16, 1865.]

A writer tells the facts of the beginning of the appearance of the children of Adam thus: that, so long as they were few, for fear of the animals they always fled and hid themselves in caves, and in dread and danger of wild beasts took refuge in hills and mountains. There was not even so much security that two or four men together could till the fields and eat; it were idle to say that they put on clothes and so covered the body. In short, fruits, herbs of the jungle, whatever they found, they ate, and protected their persons with leaves of trees. In winters they kept in warm places, and in summers chose out the borders of the cold to stay in. When in this condition some time had passed, and there was a plenty of offspring, then the apprehension of snares and wild beasts that had entered into every one's mind entirely passed away. So, having settled considerably many forts, cities, towns, and villages, once more they found rest. Having prepared implements of husbandry, they engaged each in his own business; and having captured the animals in snares, they began to make use of them for riding, and as beasts of burden in agriculture and husbandry: elephants, horses, camels, asses, and many creatures that were always roaming unbridled in the jungle and wilderness and wherever they chose to go, grazed on the best green herbage they could find. (There was no inquisitive fellow.) These had their shoulders day and night excoriated with toil, and in their backs deep furrows, however they might screech and scream. But when did this majestic creature, man, pay any attention to them? Most of the animals, for fear of capture, fled far off into the jungle. The birds, even, leaving their roosts—taking with them their fledgelings, flew away from these men's country. Every man got this notion: that all animals are our slaves. By this or that fraud and stratagem they contrived and contrived nets and nooses and went upon their tracks. In this state of oppression a long time passed. A sage geni whose title was Sha'h Mardan

was Badsha\* of the tribe of genil. So just was he that under his rule tiger and goat did drink water at one ghat; what chance that any thug, robber, thief, pickpocket, could be suffered to stay in his dominions? An island, Balahsaghun by name, which is found near the equatorial line, was the throne-place of this just King of Kings. By chance a ship of men, in consequence of adverse winds having gone to wreck, came upon the coast of this island. So many merchants and people of science as were in the ship having disembarked began to travel along its borders. They discovered there was a wonderful mountain, that fruits and flowers of all colors hung on every tree; streams were running on every side; creatures that had grazed and picked herbage and become very fat and fresh were gamboling among themselves. Inasmuch as the water and air in that place were very good and the land extremely pleasant, no one's heart desired that ever they should go away from here again. At last, having built dwellings of one and another kind on this island, they began to stay, and having caught the animals in traps, according to custom engaged in their own business. When the animals could not discover even here any security, they took the way of the desert.† Then that same notion took hold of men: that these are all our slaves. Therefore, having prepared snares of various kinds and sorts, they thought of nothing but to make prisoners of them in the manner of yore. When this evil design of theirs became manifest to the animals, having got together all their chiefs in the hall of justice, they presented themselves, and, in the presence of the Hakeem, the whole story, and all particulars of the oppression which they had borne at men's hands, were distinctly set forth.

What time the king had heard all the matters of the animals, that very moment he pronounced his firman: "Yes—sending messengers quickly to men, make them appear in the presence." Accordingly seventy men from among them, residents of as many cities, made their appearance. A pretty good house was looked up for their residence. After two or three days, when the fatigue of travel was relieved, he summoned them before him. When they saw the king on his throne, hav-

ing pronounced blessings and paid respects and salutations, each in his several order stood up. Now, this just and equitable monarch in manliness and magnanimity surpassed old times and proverbs. The poor and destitute of his day, going to his house, received nourishment. In all his empire, not any overbearing oppressor could exercise tyranny upon a lowly subject. What things are forbidden\* in the law, in his administration were utterly done away, always; without God's acquiescence and approbation, not any affair entered their imagination. With exceeding politeness, he inquired of them, "Why have you come into our country? for never at any time has any line or letter passed between us and you. What then was the sufficient reason that you arrived hereunto?" A person from among them, who had seen the world, and was ready of speech, having presented his salutations, began to say, that "we, having heard the justice and equity of the sovereign, having appeared in the presence, and to this day, from this threshold of munificence, not any petitioner for justice has turned away empty. This is our expectation, that the king will secure to us our rights. His majesty said: "What is your wish?" He petitioned: "O king, most just, that these animals are our slaves: some of them obstinately avoid us, and some, although they are held by force, deny our right of property." The king asked, "Of this claim is there any proof too? Because a claim without evidence is not heard in court." He said, "O king! there are many proofs of this claim, both intrinsic and extrinsic."

## II.

[*Man claims authority over the animals from the superiority of his form, wisdom, etc., to which they reply.*]

What time the king heard this word, by way of settling this dispute, having meditated in his heart, he gave command that Cazi and Mufti and all the eyes and pillars † of the genii should appear. Immediately in pursuance of the order, every one of them was present in the royal court. Then it was commanded to man that he should tell his story. Then a person from among them, having presented his salutation, began to make representation thus: that "O Refuge of the World! ‡ They are all our slaves, and we are their masters;

\* Hence "Pasha." Shah Mardan means, in Persian, "King of brave men."

† *Sahra* is the word for desert. Hence "Desert of Sahara" is pleonastic.

\* *Haram*—The "harem" means the forbidden place.

† The seeing and the solid men.

‡ One of the Arabic titles of Allah, of which there are said to be ninety-nine—here applied to the king.

we are worthy that we should hold lordly authority over them, and make what use of them we please. So many of them as have consented to our mastery are well-pleasing to God; and those that have turned away from our commands have as good as turned from God." The king decreed and said that, "A claim without proof, in the hall of judgment, is not heard. Bring some title and proof." Said he, "With many proofs, both intrinsic and extrinsic, our claim is backed." The throne inquired, "What are these proofs?" Then he began to say, that "God Most High, with what excellence has he fashioned our persons, and fitted every member to its place and purpose! A graceful body; an erect stature; wisdom and understanding, by means of which we discern between good and evil; and moreover know to explain all things in the heavens. These excellences, to whom but us do they belong? By this it is manifest that we are masters and these slaves." The king inquired of the animals, "Now, what do you say?" They respectfully represented that by these arguments the claim is not sustained. The throne said, "You know not that propriety in rising up and sitting down is the quality of kings; and ugliness and a creeping gait the mark of slaves!" By one from among them answer was given, "that God Most High would vouchsafe his grace to the king and keep him safe from the times of calamity! Our representation is this, that the Creator has not made men of such countenance and figure, for this reason, that they should be called our masters, nor for us has he ordained our form and gait that we should be their slaves. He is wise: not any act of his is devoid of wisdom; on each one he has bestowed whatever form he saw to be suitable."

### III.

[*Man defends his right to rule, from the power he has of selling animals, etc., to which they reply.*]

The king having inclined himself towards the side of the men, commanded: "You hear his answer; now whatever you have left to say, bring forward." They said: "Even now are many proofs remaining, by which our claim is being sustained. Some of them are such as these: that to buy and sell; to feed; to clothe; to guard from heat and cold; to wink at their faults; to guard them when they are sick, from wild beasts; to take pity, and give them medicine. These dealings of

ours with them look towards kindness and compassion. Of all masters this is the custom, that towards their slaves in every condition they kept slight of kindness and compassion."

The king having heard this, commanded the animal: "Give thou answer to him." Said he, "What this man says—that we buy and sell animals—such a practice holds, indeed, among men. For instance, the inhabitants of Persia, when they gain the victory over Rum, \* sell the Rumans into slavery; and the Rumans, what hour they conquer Persia, render to the Persians the very same treatment. Indians with Scindians and Scindians with Indians, Turks with Arabs and Arabs with Turks, make the same conditional compact. In short, when one is victorious over the other and gets the mastery of him, he sells away the tribe of his enemy, understanding them to be his slaves. How know who in strict justice is slave, and who master? These are matters of time and chance." After that each one of the animals singly, face to face with the majesty of the king, gave account of his grievances. Evening having now come, "the court may rise and retire—go each to his own place, and again make your appearance."

[*All parties retire and consult among themselves. The judge, the king of the Genii, and his Counsellors. The men among themselves; they appoint persons to plead their cause; the animals among each other; they send messengers to the principal tribes, and each tribe sends a deputy to the Court. The account of these proceedings occupies more than one hundred pages. All things being arranged, the trial proceeds, as here described.*]

### IV.

After that, the deputies of all the animals having come, each from his own country, were assembled. And the king of the Genii, for the sake of deciding the quarrel, came and sat down in the divan of audience. The mace-bearers, in pursuance of an order, cried and said that: "Let all complaint-making persons and justice-desiring people upon whom tyranny has been exercised, come and appear in the presence. The king is seated to make a settlement of the dispute, and cazi and mufti are present." On hearing this word, as many animals and men as having come together from every quarter were assembled, formed a line, and stood up before the king, and having presented compliments and salutations, began to pronounce bene-

\* The empire of Constantinople, the Eastern Rome.

diction. The king, having glanced on every side, saw that an exceeding great world of creatures of various sorts and kinds is crowded together. A moment, having been astonished, he remained lost in silence. After that, the king, inclining to the side of a sage genie, said: "Dost thou see this strange and singular crowd?" He bowed and said: "Oh king, with the eyes of my heart I do see and behold them. The king is astonished to see them. I am astonished at this—at the skill and power of that wise Artificer who created them and prepared forms of all kinds and varieties—always sustains them and gives them food, and keeps them safe from every harm. Nay, more, these are present to his absolute knowledge. Because when Allah Most High was hid from the sight of the wise by a veil of light, (there not even the conception of thought and imagination could reach,) he manifested these wonders that every reasonable being should give attention. And whatever was in his dark curtain, that he brought out into the field of revelation, that the wise, seeing it, might confess his art and incomparableness, and power and unity, nor stand in need of proofs and arguments. And these forms that come to view in the material world are types and shadows of those forms which are manifest in the world of spirits. Those forms that are in that world are bright and refined, and these are dark and opaque. In the same manner as to pictures, there is a correspondence in every member with those animals of which they are the pictures, in that same manner, to these very forms there is a correspondence with those forms which are manifested in the world of spirits, except that those forms are active, and these are passive; and those that are lower than these are motionless, and senseless, and speechless, and these are objects of perception; those forms that are in the eternal world are permanent; but these, being frail and fleeting, pass away.

## V.

[*The Jackall, representative of the Lion, the King of Beasts, examined.*]

What time all, animals and man, had stood up in a line face to face with the king, the king having inclined himself to the side of all, had seen them—the jackall appeared in his presence: he inquired, "Who art thou?" He respectfully submitted that, "I am counsel for the beasts." The king said, "By whom art thou sent?" He said, "By the

lion, king of beasts, Abu—l—harith, I am sent." His majesty asked, "In what country does he dwell, and who are his subjects?" Said he, "In the jungle and wilderness he dwells, and all wild and tame beasts are his subjects!" The question was put: "Who are his assistants?" Said he, "Leopards, hog-deers, stags, hares, foxes, toads, are all his friends and helpers." His majesty said, "Make known his appearance and habits."

The jackall said, "In form and figure he is grander than all animals; in strength surpassing; in terror and majesty high above all; breast broad; loins lithe; head large; wrists strong; teeth and claws hard and heavy; mien awful—not any man or beast can come into his presence for fear; right in every word—not needing in any business friend or ally; so generous, that when he goes hunting, having made a division, he gives to all the beasts, and himself eats what is suitable to his necessities. When at a distance he sees a light, having drawn near, he stands still—then cools down from his anger; never troubles any woman or child. For music he cherishes a great fondness and passion; fears no one except the black ants, which get the better of him and his children in the same way as gnats do of elephants and oxen, and flies of men."

## VI.

[*The Parrot, Deputy of the Chief of Birds, examined.*]

After that the king saw before him that a parrot, having been sitting on the branch of a tree, had heard every one's words: "Who art thou?" He said, "I am agent of the birds of prey. I have been sent by their king, the phoenix." The king said, "Where dwells he?" He humbly stated that, "On exceeding high mountains in the islands of the salt sea he dwells. There no passage is for any mortal; and not even any ship can go thereunto." Said his majesty, "Make known the condition of this island." He said, "The soil of that place is very good—air and water wholesome—fountains sweet—fruit-bearing trees of all sorts and shapes—animals of one and another kind without number." The king said, "Describe the form and aspect of the phoenix." Said he, "In shape and stature, he is more than all birds—in flying, vigorous—claws and beak strong—wings exceedingly extensive—what time he sets them in motion in the air, they look like the sails of a ship—tail long; in the time of flying, with

the might of his movements the mountain shakes. Elephants, rhinoceroses, and other such great animals he takes up from the ground and carries off." The king said, "Describe his nature." He said, "His nature is very good. In the family of man are Nimrods, Pharaohs, Kafirs, debauchees, idolators, hypocrites, infidels, traitors, tyrants, highwaymen, thieves, knaves, pick-pockets, light-fingered gentry, liars, cheats, impostors, sybarites, adulterers, fornicators, ignoramuses, fools, misers, and many other sorts too, besides these, whose words and works are not fit to be recounted; and we are superior to them—nay, better, partakers in praise, worthy qualities and approved virtues. For in our society are chiefs and princes, and friends and allies too. But our chiefs in their government and presidency are better than the kings of men. Because they, merely for the sake of their own interest and profit, take charge of their subjects and soldiers. When they have accomplished their intention, that time they take not any thought upon the state of their soldiers and subjects. This, however, is not the way for princes. It is necessary for government and authority that the king should always cherish tenderness and urbanity towards his soldiers and subjects. In the same manner as Allah Most High always exercises mercy upon his servants, so ought every king to keep in sight compassion toward his subjects. And the chiefs of the animals always maintain kindness and compassion for the state of their subjects and vassals. In this manner the Reises of ants and birds keep themselves busied with the ordering and guiding of their subjects; and whatever kindness and attention they show to their citizens and subjects, they do not desire any return or recompense for it. And even for the bringing up of their offspring they do not look to their goodness for a compensation, as men when they have trained up their children take service from them in return. Animals having produced their young, give them training, and do not expect anything from them again. Purely from kindness and compassion they nurse and feed them. They walk steadfast in God's way. Because He, having created his servants, gives them food, and does not count upon their thanks. Among men, if these actions are not bad, why does Allah Most High order then that 'you should give thanks to us and your parents.' Upon our offspring

this command was never enjoined, because they are not guilty of impiety and disobedience." By the time the parrot had arrived at this point in his discourse, the sages of the Genil also said, "This one says the truth." The men, blushing, hung their heads, and not one of them gave any answer.

## VII.

[*The Frog, Deputy of the King of Fishes and Reptiles, examined.*]

The king saw on one side that a frog, standing on a hillock, by the margin of the river, was engaged in praise and worship. He inquired, "Who art thou?" He said, "I am the deputy of the king of aquatic animals." Said his majesty, "Declare his name and title." Said he, "His name is Dragon." In the briny deep he dwells; all marine animals, tortoises, fishes, frogs, crocodiles, are his subjects." Said the king, "Make known his form and features." Said he, "In form and figure he is more than all marine animals—his look wonderful—his form awful—his stature long—all creatures of the sea stand in fear of him—his head large—eyes fiery—mouth broad—teeth many. So many sea-animals as he catches, he devours without number. When from much eating there is indigestion, at that time, having bent himself up in the manner of a bow, he raises himself with the strength of head and tail, and having cleared his body from within of water, flings it high in the air. The food in his stomach digests with the heat of the sun. And in that state he became stupefied. At that time the clouds which come up from the sea, taking him up, cast him upon dry land. So he dies and becomes the food of the wild beasts, and sometimes, having been caught up with the clouds, he falls over into the kingdom of Gog and Magog, and goes to be their eating for some days. In short, so many sea-animals as there be, fear and flee him, but this one fears not any except one little creature about the size of a gnat—of him he is exceedingly afraid. For what time he stings him the poison leaves its effect in his whole body. At last he dies and all the sea animals coming together for a time feed on his flesh. Even as he ate other small animals, so they, all uniting, eat him. This same is the lot of the predatory beasts and birds." After that he said, "I have heard that all men have got this notion, that we are masters and all animals are our slaves! I have related what is the state of the animals; by it, why do you not perceive that all ani-

mals are on an equality, and there is no distinction? Sometimes they eat, and sometimes become the food of others. It does not appear in what thing these have reason to boast over the animals. On the contrary, whatever is our condition is their condition. Because there is discernment after death between goodness and badness, all shall mingle in dust. At last it must return Godward."

After that he said to the king: "that men who set up this claim, that we are masters and all the animals are slaves, by this fraud and calumny make themselves very ridiculous. They are very barbarians to say such a foolish and absurd word. I wonder how they got this notion, that all beasts of prey and browsing cattle—dragon, crocodile, serpent, scorpion are their servants, but do not consider this, that if the wild beasts from the river coming out should attack them, then no man would be left; and, coming into their country, they would make it all desolate, and not one man would be saved alive. They do not understand this as a great thing, and do not give thanks for this, that God keeps all these creatures far from their country. But if any of those helpless animals are caught there, then they keep night and day in torment. On this ground they become so proud, that, without proof or reason, they bring so senseless a claim."

#### VIII.

[*The Bee, King of Insects, examined.*]

After that the king turned his attention in the direction of the animals. All at once a fine voice came to his ear. Then he saw the chief of the insects, the king bee, flying before him, and singing sweet canticles in praise and honor of God. He asked, "Who art thou?" He said, "I am king of the insect tribes." The king said, "Why art thou come thyself? As the other animals have sent their deputies and agents, why hast thou not sent some one of thy subjects and vassals?" He said, "I had consideration and compassion for their state, lest it might be a trouble to any one." Said the king, "This judgment is not in any other animal. How is it in thee?" He said, "Allah Most High, of his own grace and mercy, has bestowed this distinction. Beside this, many other noble and good traits have been imparted." Said the king, "Declare some of these excellences of yours, that we may know them."

He said, "Allah Most High has vouch-

sated to me and my ancestry many favors; to no other animal has he given a share therein. Thus has he bestowed on us country, and the prophetic office, and has transmitted the inheritance thereof through our ancestors, from generation to generation. These two favors are given to no animal beside. In addition to these, Allah Most High has taught us the science of geometry and many other arts, so that we build our houses with exceeding excellence. All the fruits and flowers of the world are lawful to us, that we may feed without molestation. With our spittle honey is made, from which comes health to all men. Of this merit of ours, the Quran (Koran) verses make mention, and our form and qualities are a proof to the indifferent of the wisdom and power of Allah Most High. Because our world is exceedingly neat—its structure very wonderful. For Allah Most High has furnished our body with three joints: the middle one he has made square—the lower part of the body long—the head he made round—four hands like feet—ribs in the form of a hexagon he has made with extreme beauty adapted to our size, by means of which we do our sitting down and rising up; and our houses are made with such neatness that no air can ever get into them, by reason of which no annoyance can enter either to us or our young. With the strength of hand and foot, fruit and leaves of trees, flowers, whatever we get, we collect and store in our houses. On our shoulders four wings are furnished, by means of which we fly; and in our sting is a certain poison placed, by which we are preserved from the designs of enemies; and he has made our neck slender, that we may turn the head gracefully to the right and left; and on its two sides, two bright eyes are provided, so that by their brightness we see everything; and a mouth, too, he has furnished us, by which we taste the pleasure of eating. Two lips he has given us, by means of which we bring things together for eating; and in our stomach he has furnished such a power of digestion, that it makes green herbs into honey, and this honey becomes food for us and our children. As he has put in the udders of quadrupeds, such power that by means of it, blood being altered, becomes milk. In short, these favors have been by Allah Most High bestowed upon us. How shall we sufficiently thank him? On this account, I, having regard to the estate of my subjects, have



thought fit to take the trouble upon myself, and have not sent any one of them."

What time the bee king had got through with his speech, the king said, "Bravo, bravissimo! Thou art exceedingly fluent and eloquent. It is true that except to thee, these graces are not vouchsafed by Allah Most High to any animal." After that he asked, "Where are thy subjects and soldiers?" He said, "On hills, mountains, and trees, where they find it convenient, they abide; and some, going into the country of men, make choice of a residence in their houses." The king asked, "How do you remain safe from their hands?" He said, "Generally by hiding from them we save ourselves; but sometimes, whenever they get an opportunity, they give us trouble. Nay, frequently they break up the combs and destroy our young, and having extracted the honey, take and eat it among themselves." The king asked, "Well, with this tyranny how do you keep patience?" Said he, "We think it, on the whole, best for us to tolerate this tyranny; and sometimes, when reduced to extremity, we flee from their country. At that time they, for the sake of reconciliation, put forward many stratagems. In one shape and another they send rarities, essence, perfumes, etc. They beat drums and tamborines. In short, by giving us curiosities and rarities of various sorts and sizes, they effect a reconciliation. In our disposition is no evil nor violence. We who make peace with them, we come back again to their place. For all which, however, they are not reconciled to us. Without proof and argument they make claim that 'we are masters—they slaves!'"

(To be continued.)

—The fruits of a good thought are the feelings which it produceth. This feeling, which is thy heavenly happiness, is God's love, which is earned by the act of thinking. There is something in thee, which will tell thee when thou thinkest rightly. Thinking is the action of the mind. Thy tongue makes the thought manifest unto others, just as thy hand makes manifest the action of the body. The tongue is the hand of the mind.

Guide thy tongue so that all men shall know purity dwelleth in thee. It should be used to proclaim truth. It should use and be used by God's word—eternal truth.—LINTON.

## The Gray Swan.

BY ALICE CARY.

"Oh tell me, sailor, tell me true,  
Is my little lad, my Ellhu,  
A-sailing with your ship?"  
The sailor's eyes were dim with dew—  
"Your little lad, your Ellhu?"  
He said, with trembling lip—  
"What little lad? what ship?"

"What little lad! as if there could be  
Another such an one as he!  
What little lad? do you say;  
Why, Ellhu, that took to the sea  
The moment I put him off my knee!  
It was just the other day  
The Gray Swan sailed away."

"The other day?" the sailor's eyes  
Stood open with a great surprise—  
"The other day? the Swan?"  
His heart began in his throat to rise.  
"Ay, ay, sir, here in the cupboard lies  
The jacket he had on,"  
"And so your lad is gone?"

"Gone with the Swan." "And did she stand  
With her anchor clobbering hold of the sand,  
For a month, and never stir?"  
"Why, to be sure! I've seen from the land,  
Like a lover kissing his lady's hand,  
The wild sea kissing her—  
A sight to remember, sir."

"But, my good mother, do you know  
All this was twenty years ago?  
I stood on the Gray Swan's deck,  
And to that lad I saw you throw,  
Taking it off, as it might be, so!  
The kerchief from your neck."  
"Ay, and he'll bring it back!"

"And did the little lawless lad  
That has made you sick and made you sad,  
Sail with the Gray Swan's crew?"  
"Lawless! the man is going mad!  
The best boy ever mother had—  
Be sure he sailed with the crew!  
What would you have him do?"

"And he has never written line,  
Nor sent you word nor made you sign  
To say he was alive?"  
"Hold! if 'twas wrong, the wrong is mine;  
Besides, he may be in the brine,  
And could he write from the grave?  
Tut, man! what would you have?"

"Gone twenty years—a long, long cruise—  
'Twas wicked thus your love to abuse;  
But if the lad still live,  
And come back home, think you, you can  
Forgive him?" "Miserable man,  
You're mad as the sea—you rave—  
What have I to forgive?"

The sailor twitched his shirt so blue,  
And from within his bosom drew  
The kerchief. She was wild.  
"My God! my Father! is it true?  
My little lad, my Ellhu!  
My blessed boy, my child!  
My dead, my living child!"

# The Friend of Progress.

C. M. Plumb & Co., Publishers.

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## Timid Friends.

The inquiry is made of us, by friendly readers, "What good end is subserved by the publication of Rev. Mr. Towne's Review of Henry Ward Beecher's 'New Beliefs and Old Opinions'?" In arraying Mr. Beecher against himself, how will the cause of truth be advanced?"

These questions are deserving considerate answer. Not less plausible and worthy of notice are suggestions to the following effect:

"Radicals ought to be the last people to seek to weaken Mr. Beecher's influence, or to convict him of inconsistency. His orthodox standing gives him great power, and his heterodox utterances are more serviceable than they could be were he compelled to renounce his creed, and stand squarely upon liberal ground. Will not criticisms tend to drive him back to orthodoxy? Will they not close his mouth against his freest inspirations? Will they not furnish his orthodox opponents powerful weapons against him?"

To all this, and much more of a similar purport, which has been felt, and spoken, and written, we have a few plain words of reply.

In the first place we assume that Truth and Justice are altogether excellent and altogether safe. Few words are necessary to vindicate the support of the one, or the recognition of the other. Hence we attempt no explanation of, and admit no necessity of apology for, any publication—in itself unobjectionable in spirit and substance—which promises to enlarge human apprehension, quicken aspiration, or foster greater spirituality and freedom.

It is no more a part of our work to seek to protect Mr. Beecher from any consequences that may spring from fair and truthful criticism, than it is to strive by any means to work his injury. It is not Mr. Beecher's feelings, reputation, or influence, which is primarily to be considered, but rather the good or harm that may accrue to the cause of truth.

Radical, as well as most other thinkers, are liable to become partisan in spirit, and to suf-

fer jealous fears respecting the reputation of able and popular champions. Like other sectarians, they are prone to attach themselves to a name, a person, or a school, and study the good of one or all these, and not the interests of truth and right.

If any fair presentation of Mr. Beecher's statements shall influence him to deny the truth of his most inspired words, so that they shall prove to mean nothing, why, in God's name let him be free to so speak, and take back every unsound word, and stifle every free conviction. Is the cause of truth in so desperate straits as to require that its defenders be splintered and whaleboned by popular supports?

If, on the other hand, Mr. Beecher's orthodoxy is not real and earnest, and he should be forced to renounce it, and be driven from the church, and even shut out of Plymouth pulpit, the consequence would be only to broaden his field of effort, and add strength to his vigorous arm!

It is a lamentable and pernicious mistake, though a common one, that any man can be profited by a false position, or that truth is helped by an advocate of doubtful loyalty or integrity. The strength of a chain is determined not by the strongest, but the weakest link. The value of Mr. Beecher's utterances in behalf of enlightened opinions, is to be estimated not from his strongest, but his weakest statement; not by his most inspired utterances of new opinions, but by his most humble concessions to old beliefs. The friends of progressive thought are fast losing their taste for the small kernels of liberal ideas thrown them by popular preachers, always close enveloped in thick orthodox husks.

When Theodore Tilton—with a manly independence that makes us blush for his acceptance of a popular creed in which his real faith must be so faint—denounces sin in high places, rebuking in plain words a drunken Vice President, as he did the year before a drunken Secretary of State, we are taught a lesson of confidence in the right, and boldness in its vindication. If the *Independence* dares to speak plainly of statesmen high in position, shall not the *Friend of Progress*, without stopping to ask whether it "can afford" so to do, treat those high in clerical position with equal sincerity and candor?

Sight is better than blindness, even though it reveal sad scenes, and hearing is a blessing, not a curse, though our hearts throb with the

cries of human woe which reach us thereby. If any interest at all attaches to Mr. Beecher personally, the most profound must be felt in *knowing the meaning of his words*—what he really believes and teaches. Radicals may be very faint-hearted at the *exposé* of Mr. Beecher's mixed and contradictory statements, but if they have reposed on Mr. Beecher's strength their weakness is a good symptom.

Let it be understood that we do not presume upon materially affecting Mr. Beecher, nor his influence. But whoever else reads what is written, will, we trust, be strengthened in his better convictions, made more earnest, consistent, and free. So far as we are concerned, our work and our interest are impersonal.

Mr. Towne's spirit is that of a warm and genial friendship for Mr. Beecher, which necessitates a thorough and indignant contempt, as well as deep sorrow, for his slavery to a dead creed. If at times he seems caustic, it is only because of his strong love of justice. Were he less friendly, less in sympathy with Mr. Beecher, and less loyal to truth, he might write with a less earnest and less pungent pen.

A private letter from an esteemed correspondent, just received, contains a few sentences bearing directly upon this subject, which we quote:

"We are passing through, in the liberal ranks, a crisis of undue courtesy. It has been the fashion to hurt nobody's feelings, provided those feelings were conservative. \* \* I trust the day of compromise with the dangerous errors of popular creeds will be soon over.

"I see no reason why men, if they profess superior views, should not press them in every just and useful way. I think a good, honest, and honorable fight of faith, both just and useful. I am glad to be searchingly questioned and sharply criticised, if any man's conscience impels him to do it. I want to see a fair contest and controversy between those who have sober and vigorous beliefs. In no other way can we have an adjustment of differences. In no other way can we rub down our individualisms, our sectarianisms, and other formal imperfections in our conception of truth. In no other way can we grow into that unity of the faith which must be the goal of our common endeavor. \* \* \*

"The losing parties have learned the advantage of being let alone, and they cultivate a one-sided compromise. They make a great point of *our* toleration, though they have no idea of sparing us. They assume their right to lay the ax to the root of our tree, and *our* duty of not meddling with edged tools. Or if

they go so far as to let us alone, it is only to secure themselves from peril. It is expediency, not genuine devotion to the truest course.

"No doubt very many in the old ranks do not want new controversy. But it is their weakness that they do not. The same weakness, immaturity of conviction and moral force, which made Davis and Lee think our knees would smite together with fear at the first rebel shot, keeps too many away from the lines of moral and spiritual battle. This cannot be. The providence of our time compels us to choose between the old and the new."

## *Paternity Sacred.*

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

Father and Mother—man fulfilled in one,  
By a new bond of three-fold union;  
To drink that holiest sacrament of love  
Worthily is most worthy, and above  
All common sanctities;  
For in that deed ye kiss

The golden rim of the great Marriage-bowl  
Of God the two-fold—God the three in one—  
Father, and Mother, and eternal Son,  
Which is the Creature Soul!

Who takes that awful cup unworthily,  
Drinks condemnation; for on lips profane  
The holy grail sheds poison like a rain  
Of quick fire in Gehenna; and the three,  
Father, and mother, and child, through  
clinging pain

Alone, shall climb to perfect victory,  
And the calm heaven of birthright purity.

It is a fearful and a blessed thing  
Rightly to earn, and worthily to wear,  
The crown of Mother, jeweled with the rare,

Immortal gems to fit its golden ring  
Thrice purified in fiery suffering.

The solemn joy, that runs too deep and still  
To ripple into smiles; the unspeakable hope  
That trembles off to fear, in the low trill  
Of its own breath; the tender dreams that fill  
Long days of silence, as the slow moons  
gropé

Lightward through all their blinded cycles, till  
They bring the Hour, with awful pangs that  
ope

Unfathomed founts of blessedness to thrill  
The heart forever; these, and more than these,  
That only breathe in sacred silences,  
Crown Motherhood among the chiefest sanctities.

Profane it not, by word, nor deed, nor thought;  
Woman or Man, profane it not!

It is an earnest and a holy thing  
 Rightly to take upon thee, with its care,  
 The old God-name of Father, from the lair  
 Of life's veiled Mystery anew to bring  
 That awful presence from her brooding wing—

A soul for a new clay-vest; born to bear  
 The hopes and terrors of incarnate being;  
 Fearful to call from his unfathomed where,  
 Far past the scope of archangelic seeing,  
 Another Doer, and high-fated heir  
 Of a shut doom whose key is in the hand  
 Of Time the inexorable. With a brand

Whose mark no future may wholly efface,

Stands at life's portal,  
 Unmoved and immortal,

The Genius of the Law with awful grace,  
 Silent and calmly grand!  
 And as ye call them, with high thought or  
 base,

Stamps the deep nature into soul and form,  
 By subtle art that cannot fall  
 For anger's shriek or sorrow's wall,  
 Or prayers that rise, too late, heaven's folded  
 gates to storm!

The good we do is greater than we mean,  
 And fills to-morrow fuller than to-day;  
 For years to come will wear a deeper green,  
 For this year's tilth, than even the present  
 may;

So evil planted in our blushing Spring  
 Is multiplied in Autumn; and we wrong  
 A helpless Future when we clip the wing  
 Of this hour's promise, budding full and  
 strong.

The unborn have rights more sacred than our  
 own,

For all the great Hereafter slumbers there,  
 Making its dumb defenselessness a prayer  
 For more than mercy to the years unknown,  
 Whose guerdon comes through us alone;

Or whose slow doom  
 We plant to bloom

In other centuries and another zone.

Pause and beware!

Unfaithful servants of the living God,  
 Sent to adorn his vineyard with all fair  
 And fruitful vines, pure hearts of men, to bear  
 The nuptial wine of perfect lives, the blood  
 Of an unmythic eucharist,

When the soul weds with Love the everlasting  
 Christ,

Tilling the virgin sod,  
 Heedless, beware,

With what wild hands ye sow abroad  
 Your dead-ripe degradations in the soil

Of an eternal future, nurturing there  
 Brambles for beauty, and the dragon's teeth  
 Of hate and passion, from the thorny coil  
 Of loves profaned, and poisoned virtue's  
 wreath,

At whose rank vintage, reeking in the press,  
 Earth groans, heaven sickens, and th' Al-  
 mighty waits

If yet ye may return to righteousness,  
 And walk in wisdom's narrow path,  
 Ere in dyed garments from Idumea's gates  
 He treads alone the wine-press of his wrath.

Pause while ye may, or pause ere long ye  
 must.

Great Nature's mother honor, trodden in  
 dust,

Cries out against you for the sin that dooms  
 Her child to shame, and her own mother frown  
 Severely just.

Remorse, the fire that burns, but not con-  
 sumes,

All loathly ills that hound unholy lust,  
 All pangs that tear the flesh and cast you  
 down,

The unclean demons feeding 'mid the tombs  
 Of your dead virtues—the accumulate lees  
 Of far transmitted folly and disease,  
 Poured down from immemorial years  
 To reek in these,

With triple usury for their long arrears,  
 All lift together, as one tongue of flame,  
 A warning voice, a cry of protestation  
 Against the profanation  
 Of the great Father's name.

Life is a train of moods, like a string of  
 beads, and, as we pass through them, they  
 prove to be many-colored lenses which paint  
 the world their own hue, and each shows only  
 what lies in its focus. From the mountain  
 you see the mountain. We animate what we  
 can, and we see only what we animate. It  
 depends on the mood of the man whether he  
 shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There  
 are always sunsets and there is always genius;  
 but only a few hours so serene that we can  
 relish nature and criticism.

The secret of the illusoriness, is in the ne-  
 cessity of a succession of moods and objects.  
 Our love of the real draws us to permanence;  
 but health of body consists in circulation, and  
 sanity of mind in variety or facility of associa-  
 tion.

We need change of association. Dedicat-  
 ion to one thought is quickly odious. How  
 strongly I have felt of pictures, that when you  
 have seen one well, you must take your leave  
 of it. You shall never see it again. The  
 child asks, "Mamma, why don't I like the  
 story as well as when you told it me yes-

terday?" Alas, child, it is even so with the oldest cherubims of knowledge. But will it answer thy question to say, "Because thou wert born to a whole, and this story is a particular"? The reason of the pain this discovery causes us, is the plaint of tragedy which murmurs from it in regard to persons, to friendship, and to love.

Of course it needs the whole society to give the symmetry we seek. Like a bird which alights nowhere, but hops perpetually from bough to bough, is the Power which abides in no man and in no woman, but for a moment speaks from this one, and for another moment from that one.—EMERSON.

### Texts of Human Scripture.

[The object of the brief chapters which we offer under this head, will be to collect sentences and passages which seem "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." We are firmly convinced that the truth in all writings is "scripture given by inspiration of God." It is human scripture, because received and set down by the human mind. But it is true scripture, no matter by whom written, Paul or Philo, David or Homer, John or Luther, or by men of humblest names in lowliest places.

Mrs. Jameson's Commonplace Book has furnished the texts which we shall first present to our readers. We do not intend to comment in general on these texts, but nevertheless will not withhold an occasional observation of our own.]

#### I.

1. Extreme vanity sometimes hides under the garb of ultra modesty.

2. Dante places in the lowest hell those who in life were melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine.

#### II.

3. "Motives imply weakness, and the reasoning powers imply the existence of evil and temptation. The angelic nature would act from impulse alone."—COLERIDGE.

4. One great fault in education is the pains taken to inculcate principles rather than to train feelings.

5. "Out of the unregulated will, springs passion; out of passion gratified, habit; out of habits unresisted, necessity."—AUGUSTINE.

6. The distinction between savage and civilized humanity lies not in the qualities, but in the habits.

#### III.

7. There are truths which, by perpetual repetition, have subsided into passive truisms, till in some moment of feeling or experience, they kindle into conviction, start to life and light, and the truism becomes again a vital truth."

8. "The wise only possess ideas—the greater part of mankind are possessed by them."—COLERIDGE.

9. There are no such self-deceivers as those who think they reason when they only feel.

10. "Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection, and trust more to your imagination than to your memory."—COLERIDGE.

11. Talent combines and uses; genius combines and creates.

#### IV.

12. "Thought and theory must precede all action that moves to salutary purposes. Yet action is nobler in itself than either thought or theory."—WORDSWORTH.

13. "The workman ought to be often thinking and the thinker often working."—RUSKIN, *Stones of Venice*.

14. I have the strongest admiration for the practical, but the strongest sympathy with the contemplative life.

15. We sometimes love what we do not understand; but it is impossible completely to understand what we do not love.

16. Through power, through passion, through feeling, we do much; but only through observation, reflection, and sympathy we learn much. Hence it is that minds highly gifted often remain immature.

17. Before we can influence or deal with mind, contemplation must be lost in sympathy, observation must be merged in love.

18. Everything that ever has been, from the beginning of the world till now, belongs to us, is ours, is even a part of us. We belong to the future, and shall be a part of it. Therefore the sympathies of all are in the past. Only the poet and the prophet sympathize with the future.

#### V.

19. A profound intellect is weakened and narrowed in general power and influence by a limited range of sympathies. C—, excellent, honest, gifted, as he is, does not do half the good he might do, because his sympathies are so confined. And then he wants gentleness; he does not seem to acknowledge that "the wisdom that is from above is gentle." He is a man who carries his bright intellect as a light in a dark lantern: he sees only the objects on which he chooses to throw that blaze of light; those he sees vividly; but, as it were, exclusively. All other things, though lying near, are dark, because perversely he will not throw the light of his mind upon them.

20. "When we would show any one that he is mistaken, our best course is to observe on what side he considers the subject—for his view of it is generally right on this side—and admit to him that he is right so far."—PARCAL.

21. All my experience of the world teaches me that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the safe side and the just side of a question is the generous side and the merciful side.

22. My love is for those who overcome the mental and moral suffering and temptation, through excess of tenderness rather than

through excess of strength; for those whose refinement and softness of nature mingling with high intellectual power and the capacity for strong passion, present to me a problem to solve, which, when solved, I take to my heart.

23. I have much more confidence in the charity which begins in the home and diverges into a large humanity, than in the world-wide philanthropy which begins at the outside of our horizon to converge into egotism, of which I could show you many and notable examples.

## VI.

24. In religion, where there is a strong, sincere, definite faith, there is generally more or less intolerance.

25. We forgive people more readily for what they *do*, which they *can* help, than for what they are, which they *cannot* help.

26. In the order of absolutism lurk the elements of change and destruction. In the unrest of freedom, the spirit of change and progress.

27. Can there be *progress* which is not *progression*—which does not leave a past from which to start—on which to rest our foot when we spring forward? . . . All reaction is destructive—all progress conservative.

28. In the early ages of faith, the spirit of Christianity glided into and gave a new significance to the forms of heathenism. It was not the forms of heathenism which incrustated and overlaid the spirit of Christianity.

## VII.

29. To trust religiously, to hope humbly, to desire nobly, to think rationally, to will resolutely, and to work earnestly, may this be mine!

30. Out of the attempt to harmonize our actual life with our aspirations, our experience with our faith, we make poetry—or, it may be, religion.

31. In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness. In religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or a motive, is the beginning of all evil.

32. If I fear God, it is because I love him, and believe in his love.

33. Our love of God would be idolatry if we did not believe in his love for us—his responsive love.

34. To preserve our faith in goodness with an extended knowledge of evil, to preserve the tenderness of our pity after a long contemplation of pain, and the warmth of our charity after a long experience of falsehood, is to be at once good and wise.

35. The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work; the sweetness of life, poetry; the water of life, faith.

## VIII.

36. Religion, in a general sense, is properly the comprehension and acknowledgment of an unseen spiritual power, and the soul's allegiance to it; and Christianity, in its particular sense, is the comprehension and appreciation of the personal character of Christ, and the heart's allegiance to that.

37. Only Nature, speaking through no interpreter, gently steals us out of our humanity, giving us a foretaste of that more diffused disembodied life which may hereafter be ours.

38. "The essence of all well-being and well-doing (according to Paul) is the spirit of a divine sympathy with the happiness and rights of others."—Тром. This is the true catholic spirit, in contradistinction to the Roman Catholic spirit, which stands upon forms, which has no respect for individuality except in so far as it can imprison this individuality within a creed, or use it to a purpose.

39. Virtue is the habitual sense of right, and the habitual courage to act up to that sense of right, combined with benevolent sympathies, the charity which thinketh no evil. This union of the highest conscience and the highest sympathy, fulfills my notion of virtue. Strength is essential to it; weakness incompatible with it. Where virtue is, the noblest faculties and the softest feelings are predominant; the whole being is in that state of harmony which I call happiness. . . . which is, in my sense of the word, the feeling which connects us with the infinite and with God.

And vice is necessarily misery; for that fluctuation of principle, that diseased craving for excitement, that weakness out of which springs falsehood, that suspicion of others, that discord with ourselves, with the absence of the benevolent propensities—these constitute misery as a state of being.

Happiness lies beyond either pain or pleasure—is as sublime a thing as virtue itself, indivisible from it; and under this point of view it seems a perilous mistake to separate them.

40. I remember impressions of vice and cruelty from some parts of the Old Testament which I shudder to recall. . . . Shakspeare—bless him!—never did me any moral mischief. . . . So-called pious tracts (by Hannah More) first introduced me to a knowledge of the vices of vulgar life, and the excitements of a vulgar religion. . . . I was taught religion through the medium of creeds and catechisms. . . . Meantime, happily, another religion was growing up in my heart, which, strangely enough, seemed to me quite apart from that which was taught. . . . Not only the taught religion and the sentiment of faith and adoration were never combined, but it never for years entered into my head to combine them; the first remained extraneous, the latter had gradually taken root in my life, even from the moment my mother joined my little hands in prayer.

41. Is there not cruelty and misuse of power in preaching the necessity, or at least the theory of moral pain to those whose hearts are aching from moral evil? Surely there is a great difference between the resignation or the endurance of a truthful, faithful, loving, hopeful spirit, and this dreadful theology of suffering as the necessary and appointed state of things! I, for one, will not accept it. Even while most miserable, I will believe in happiness; even while I do or suffer evil, I will believe in goodness; even while my eyes see not through tears, I will believe in the existence of what I do not see—that God is benign, that nature is fair, that the world is not made as a prison or a penance.

God so strengthen me that I may think of pain and sin only as apparent discords in his great harmonious scheme of good! Then I am ready—I will take up the cross, and bear it bravely, while I *must*; but I will lay it down when I can, and in any case I will never lay it on another.

42. Tertullian makes the endless measureless torture of the doomed a part of the joys of the redeemed. The spectacle is to give them the same sort of delight as the heathen took in their games. "How magnificent," exclaims this pious Doctor of the Church, "will be the scale of that game. With what admiration, what laughter, what glee, what triumph, shall I behold so many mighty monarchs, who had been given out as received into the skies, moaning in unfathomable gloom! Persecutors of the Christians liquefying amid shoots of flame!" And even more terrible are the imaginations of good Bishop Taylor, who distills the essence from all sins, all miseries, all sorrows, all terrors, all plagues, and mingles them in one chalice of wrath and vengeance to be held to the lips and forced down the unwilling throats of the doomed "with violence of devils and accursed spirits."

43. I incline to agree with those who think it a great mistake to consider the present condition or conception of Christianity as complete and final: like the human soul to which it was fitted by Divine love and wisdom, it has an immeasurable capacity of development.

### The Sound of the Gospel.

Says a religious paper: "Great efforts are now being made to bring the mass of the working classes under the sound of the gospel." Alas that this is all. A famished man is not less benefited by being brought under the sound of cooking utensils, when in want of a full meal, than will the working classes be when brought within the sound of a gospel whose spirit they fail to apprehend. The true gospel penetrates hearts, not ears.

— "The blooming buds of divine love, implanted upon earthly stalks, and quickened by the white-robed wisdom of God, aspire ever upward."

## Extremes Meet.

BY INNIS SONOWILL.

It hath been somehow decreed  
That we should meet and thou shouldst read  
These words: Well met indeed  
Are they who meet each other's need!

Thou art of another name,  
Different fortune, different fame;  
Very different face and frame;  
And art not, therefore, to blame.

Nay, 'twere even vain to hope  
To find two hairs upon a cope  
Of just the self-same length and scope,  
Beneath the feeblest microscope;

Or in each other's temperament,  
An inclination or intent,  
Or any trait or sentiment,  
But is in somewise different:

Thy very heart's pulse and head's poise,  
The hair-stroke which thy pen deploys,  
Thy weight, and bulk, and breadth, and toise,  
Thy gait, thy gestures, and thy voice;

The circumstances which combine,  
And cluster full of fruit and wine,  
Around thee as a very vine,  
Are somewhat different from mine;

Thy birth, thy breeding, and thy breath,  
Thy life, as is to be thy death,  
And all thy nature doth or saith—  
Yea, every atom differeth!

And but for this good difference  
Between the very elements,  
There could be no coincidence,  
Creation, creatures, nor events;

For Nature in her simplest mood,  
The meadow, rivulet, and wood,  
As in her grandest solitude,  
Is multiplex and many-hued;

It is the shade that shows the shine,  
Silence that makes low music fine;  
And great extremes must well combine  
To bring forth anything divine:

It is from the diversity  
That mingles in infinity,  
That cometh all the harmony  
And glory of eternity:

For it is God variegates,  
Diversifies and separates;  
And yet, withal, assimilates  
All shapes, and shades, and souls, and states—

Creating all varieties,  
Signs, spaces, poles, antipodes,  
He calmly over-canopies  
And orbs them into light and peace:

And weds untold disparity  
In universal unity;  
Transfusing all with sympathy  
Into exceeding symmetry:

However much we differ then,  
God help thee till we meet again;  
And give thee such a heart and ken  
As love to help all other men.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

**New Belief and Old Opinion :**

*A Critical Survey of the Beliefs and Opinions*  
of REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

BY EDWARD C. TOWNE.

## CHAPTER V.

## The Nature of Man.

## I.

"Our knowledge and philosophy of sin are so crude and so imperfect, that it is difficult to make all the facts clear."—(684.)

Mr. Beecher will be found on both sides of the question of human depravity, now an extreme and violent Calvinist, now a thorough and exulting liberal. Of course his testimony proves nothing in itself. But in relation to the course of the times, which is not toward the old notions, and to a sound judgment of ideas, which more and more prefers the new thought, his confused and contradictory utterances may be made to serve the progress of truth. Inasmuch as his Calvinism is traditional, his liberal ideas must be an original outbreak of his best intelligence. They are the voice of his inner spiritual nature, as the contradiction of them is the voice of the creed imposed upon him by an external connection. It is only out of a deep inspiration that a preacher thus bursts all the bonds of a rigid creed and a vigilant communion. We shall find in the two classes of passages, moreover, the clearest indications of the source from which they proceed. The orthodox lesson is briefly recited, with the infrequency and the haste of an unfamiliar and unwilling scholar, and often with the exaggeration of a conscience driven to a duty to which the heart does not consent. The liberal conviction is delivered as a revelation out of an inspired heart, a free and soaring flight of ardent faith, an unchecked burst of the consciousness of divine life and light. The entire absence of deliberate judgment, and the total neglect of logical consistency, on the one hand favor the spontaneous outbreak of the purer faith of the heart, and on the other deprive the advocacy of traditional notions of all authority.

We behold in Mr. Beecher a vigorous and lively apprehension of spiritual things, escaping from the limits of his traditional belief, and vindicating itself by internal consistency and life against his contradictory profession

of a dead creed. We find him offering from his heart an undoubted living gospel of God in and with man for eternal saving help, in place of the old story of even the best part of his inherited creed—a gospel of God with every soul in place of God in Jesus for some souls. These are his words :

"I bring you a gospel that will never wear out. There is one that becomes trite and old. We get used to the historic statement that Christ came; that he was born of woman; that he lived in the world; that he died; that he rose again; and that he went up on high, having made atonement for the sins of his people. But there is a gospel which is forever fresh, and that is *Immanuel*. And what is Immanuel? God with us—God with you, in you, around you, loving you, bearing with you, forgiving you, helping you, watching over you, taking you up and carrying you, as the parent takes up and carries the little child. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' The rod is for chastisement, and the staff is for guidance and reclamation. Both God's chastisements and mercies alike are benefits. Trust in him with soul-trust, with heart-trust, with faith in immortality, in all that shall lift you above time and its accidents, and blemishes and sins, and he will take care of you to the end; and, dying, you shall find no death; sleeping, you shall awake; ending, you shall begin; and finding yourself with him, you shall taste, first and forever, that which the earth has never known—satisfaction, fullness of joy."

Had Mr. Beecher merely drawn a distinction between the unqualified dogmas of orthodoxy and his own special modification of the popular tradition of Christian doctrine, even this would have been significant. He does far more than this. He characterizes as trite and old his own peculiar evangelicalism, and contrasts with this a natural gospel of the presence and work of God in the creature, the living and eternal truth of *God-with-us*. This is a striking proof of the fact which we have affirmed, that Mr. Beecher's most inspired utterances are thoroughly radical, while his orthodoxy, even in the form peculiar to him, is a trite repetition of old dogmas.

## II.

In the passage which we proceed to quote, we have a distinct assertion of the native divinity and divine destiny of every soul of man, and of the propriety of viewing man, not in his transient and fleshly life, but as a son of God to all eternity.

"In estimating the dignity of men, the volume and the vastness of their being, we



are not to measure them by the use to which they have put themselves, but by the nature of those faculties which God gave them. In sphere man in the infinite realm, project him by the mighty power of his infinite Father, and then, moving along the ways of eternity; then, when ages have nourished him, and the full measure of Divine beneficence hath showered its seasons numberless upon him; then, when stars have worn out, and weary worlds have ceased their circuits; then, when God hath wrought out in full literature of wondrous wisdom the whole of that of which faculty and earthly life was but alphabetic—then, measure him if you can! It is from this foreseen and imagined destiny that we bring back a light to glorify the cheerless way of rude and un replenished men.

"We do not seek to ignore the essential coarseness, the brutal rudeness, of men untouched by civility and unrefined by religion; but we do say that a sacred spark dwells beneath and within all this rudeness, and that the lowest and the least man on earth has within him a range of faculty and an inevitable immortality which should redeem him from contempt, and make him an object of solicitous care and of earnest culture.

"The lowest and least of men are regarded, in the Word of God, by reason of the equipment of faculties rare and exquisite, as infinitely important. That which God has put into man may never be educated and developed in this sphere; but once placed in him, it will never be taken out. And we may hope that if this lie denies opportunity and motive for the development of every faculty in men, there yet shall be a chance for each and every one to evolve all that is in him in the life to come. He who gave the faculty, will yet give development. He who endowed man with a capital according to the greatness of his own wealth, will not suffer it to lie forever locked up, bearing no interest."—(613.)

Mr. Beecher recognizes here the utter atheism and folly of a creed which takes no account of eternity, of infinite fatherhood, and of the perfect work of God in man. He declares that God has put a divine wealth of faculties into man, and that hereafter, if not here, he will give adequate development. It is the most complete denial of damnable depravity. If Mr. Beecher cares in the least for consistency in the profession of beliefs, he must disclaim all sympathy with orthodoxy of every kind. If he cares to teach to good purpose the word given to him, he must avow, for what it is, the real thought of his heart.

### III.

"The life of every individual is a long period of disgusting moral delinquency."—(568.)

"The opposition of the heart to God is of itself a thing meriting judgment-day condemnation. Nothing more than this is re-

quired to exclude a man from the glory of the eternal heavens."—(397.)

This is evidently spoken out of the spirit of the "old man," yielding obedience to the carnal law of tradition, to the open shame of the spirit of truth born in the heart of the preacher. He is connected with the old communion and the old notions by the accidents and ties of this life, and this connection causes a sad fall from the truth with which one must believe that his heart is full. Mr. Beecher has every divine reason to know that in the deep and true sense of words, each and every one is a sacred son of God. He knows that this inner divine life is so far manifested in very many, as to give to all candid minds great and pure delight. It is the plain truth of daily experience, that very many do not deserve to be called morally delinquent. To assert of these "disgusting moral delinquency," even at a single moment, is cruelly false. To assert that their lives are "a long period of disgusting moral delinquency," is to evince subservience to a dead and wicked creed almost incredible in one who has ever suspected that man is the genuine child of God. There is a certain decency in inferring the vileness of sweet and true human lives from infernal natures in men. There is none in affirming this vileness after having been taught that the inward man is the sacred work of God. The Calvinist of the creed, who thinks man became in Adam a devil, logically slanders the offspring of God. The preacher knows man did not and could not fail of his sonship, and his offense is dark and cruel.

Mr. Beecher repeats the stale conceit about the "opposition of the heart to God." Does he imagine that the root of our being in God's has decayed in the very bosom of creative energy? Have we originated a devilish energy in ourselves, and driven back the forces of the Creator's being? Has God no force of heart at all, that the heart of the creature is too much for him? Within the embrace of divine power there may be sinful exercises of human power; but these do not and cannot establish an opposition in the presence of which the divine will shall fail of perfect control of every heart. Has Mr. Beecher no clear conviction of the meaning, the inhuman and atheistic sense of the words he uses? He talks of "judgment-day condemnation," of "exclusion from the glory of the eternal heavens." Is he ignorant that God has no motive to exclude his own from blessed obe-

dience? Does he imagine that a pure believer can accept the notion of a judgment to "let the rebels go" to the devil? He cannot suppose belief so disloyal, so disobedient, so profane.

## IV.

"If from the two hundred million you exclude all that Christians themselves exclude in talking about each other, there are only about two dozen real Christians in the world, after all!...forming our judgment in the largest and most tolerant way there probably are not more than a hundred thousand of those that ordinarily call themselves Christians, who prove themselves to be such by a moral life, by sweetness of disposition, by any approach to obedience to the divine will. If you look at the human race from pole to pole, and around the belted earth, do you not find that, as a general rule, men, instead of loving God and submitting themselves to him, are at enmity with him, and disobedient to his will? Is not man almost universally wicked, corrupt, sinful?"—(597.)

The first of these statements is a manifest and extreme instance of the spirit which it most untruly affirms of the vast body of Christians. If it was made for instruction, it was grossly false. If it was made to entertain the crowd with a fling, it deserves the most severe rebuke. Mr. Beecher knew better than to seriously think it, he knew better than to lightly affirm it. Such a speech would be a lasting discredit to a feeble talker; it is a deep shame to a great preacher. To have made one such slip, is enough to convict Mr. Beecher of a grave error in departing from the method and spirit of dignified sacred eloquence. As to the few "who make any approach to obedience to the divine will," we hardly need say that it is a reckless guess tossed to the crowd. Mr. Beecher did not think it in any sound and sober way. He is evidently carried away by the impulse of a fancy running without control in the direction of the talk of the moment. He is in a light and formal mood; the deep heart within is silent; he is rattling through the commonplaces of an old dogma; his words are mere stuff; nonsense to us—a shame to him. He knows very well that the statement is thoroughly untrue—he is only talking. He appeals to an observation of universal man which he knows cannot exist, in support of an assertion which he knows cannot be true. His tongue is going; the old notions are running off. The great and solemn and precious truth is unregarded and undone; it is the "infelicity of unpremeditated speech;" the

triumph of a carnal tradition. Let these right words which follow, prove that Mr. Beecher knows what he yet strangely forgets and faithlessly denies.

"As mere creatures of time, the masses of men are stripped of all honor, and of most of their rights. It is their immortality, it is the future power of their faculties, it is *the divinity of their nature*, that give them worth. Even the greatest men in life but faintly foretold their full manhood, while all the lower grades and ranks give scarce a hint of what is in them."—(613.)

"There is nothing so much despised, *nothing that has furnished so many words of obloquy, as the masses of mankind*. It is taken for granted that men are to be measured, not by *the nature which joins them to God* and immortality, but by the faculties and attainments which are useful to civil society."—(613.)

## V.

"The general charge is this: that every man, with every particular faculty of his nature, has set at naught that supreme governing law which God's soul rejoices in, which all heaven obeys, and which the earth was meant to be obedient unto, but which every man has consented to break, and stands violating all his life long."—(597.)

Yes; that is the general charge. The false dogma is recited with sufficient correctness. The shameful slander is repeated without abatement. There could be no harder "words of obloquy" poured upon "the masses of mankind." "The divinity of their nature" is desperately denied. "Every particular faculty" is sufficiently reviled. For the blessed gospel of God-writ-us, we are taught the old fable of *us against God*. Of course Mr. Beecher knows perfectly well that every soul of man has *not* adopted as a rule hatred of good and love of evil. He knows that at the inmost heart of every one there is divine life and light. With all that goes wrong in the flesh, he has truly discovered that in the inner spirit there is divinity, and that this is God's master of the soul, to conduct it to the full development of a finished creature of God. How can he but know the blasphemy of the conceit that the deathless spirit which God made the inmost of the being of man, was made to go wrong at once and in every case, as much as if there were no God! How can he be so carnal as to take, not even a fair report of the facts of outward life, but a tradition of what man in the flesh seems to be, in denial of the witness of the spirit in man and of the Spirit which is all in all! Has he so mean an idea of *the law which the being of*

God is to the beings which live and move in it, that he imagines the creature of an hour defiant and rampant over the King of Eternity? Is not this infinite being infinite also in the fatherhood under which all souls exist? Has he not a moral and spiritual government which cannot be broken, under which every sinning soul will become broken and contrite? Let Mr. Beecher's wiser words set forth the state of our faculties as they are treated, not in the creed, but in the eternal realm of God. Thus his heart speaks :

"But in respect to the mind, it is clearly revealed that *the divine idea does not fully disclose itself in this life*, and never has, and, under ordinary conditions, never will; and that, if it does at all, it will be in that remote millennial state that is declared to be a state in which there shall be a new heaven and a new earth. In the general flow of the normal history of man, the human mind has never reached that ideal condition which God designed for it."—(734.)

"Now I declare that human life in this world is a seed whose development here stops far short of those possibilities which are foreshadowed in its experiences. Here men are not fully developed in any single faculty of their being, except those which are related to time and earth. We get ripeness in one side of human nature, but not in the other. For man is a compound creature, of two lives, tending different ways, one toward the earth, and the other toward an eternal realm beyond this sphere of existence. One is the life of desires and appetites and passions that the body lives, which is the socket of the soul, as the candlestick is the socket of the candle, and *the other is the life that the soul itself lives*. The latter is the life that we think more and more of the older we grow."—(645.)

The old story is that the divine idea is defeated; that the life which tends toward the earth, has extinguished the life which tends toward an eternal realm, and that the soul itself does not live this eternal life. We see that the old story is a fable—a sorry superstition.

#### VII.

"When I go out of the Bible, and look at human life as it is, its tendency is to weaken my faith, and carry me toward infidelity."—(597.)

So we have seen. The weakened faith has appeared in the sermons. Under the forms of orthodoxy, the infidelity has shockingly obtruded itself. It is sad; but it is well to find it acknowledged. "When I go out of the Bible," says the preacher. "When I go into the creeds," he might have said. When he goes into the deep thought of the Spirit

which God is, and of the divine germ of eternal life put into the spirit of man, the tendency to infidelity disappears, as we know. A minister of the things of the Spirit, ought to have no tendency to infidelity anywhere. He cannot have unless he lack a due sense of God in and over all. Mr. Beecher has no infidelity toward nature in the darkest hour of the dead of winter. He has less reason, if he will take heed, to have infidelity toward God in the presence of the worst phases of human life. He does not take heed, partly because he disdains, or at least neglects, the search of earnest and ordered study, and partly because he wants to hold on nominally to the old infidel notion of the creeds that God is *not* with us for better or for worse. No man is a true minister who has not found, or at least agonized to find, God adequate to complete his work in man, and make human life the express image of the divine life. We might point out an effectual cure for occasional infidelity, if there were any reason to hope that it would be of service to Mr. Beecher. We content ourselves with commending to the preacher his own words:

"It is a sad and terrible thing for a man to lose faith in men. No matter how bad you may be, and your associates may be, keep, for God's sake and your own, a fast hold of your faith in men. Believe that somewhere there are men better than those that you know, or than you yourself are."—(689.)

#### VIII.

"There are some men that seem to think that this is an aspersion upon human nature, and it is. It is all the worse because it is true. It is not a slander—it is an aspersion though. It is a terrible stain. It carries with it the most awful guilt of sin—sin that is immedicable except by the power of divine grace. There is not a more appalling statement than this; that men come into life in a state in which their whole nature resists and turns back from obedience to God—a state of hardness and selfishness in which they are inclined to follow ways of their own, instead of the ways appointed by God, and that this state waxes worse and worse as long as they remain in it."—(597.)

The use of words in the first part of this passage is a fair instance of Mr. Beecher's scholarship. "Aspersion" is defined by Worcester to mean "calumny; detraction; defamation; reproach; slander; censure." In what sense "censure," appears in the definition of the verb "aspersion": "To bespatter with censure; to cast reproach upon; to vilify; to slander; to calumniate; to detract; to tra-

duce; to defame; to revile." In this sense Mr. Beecher uses the word in the following passage—one which illustrates the meaning of the word, as it contains a veritable slander:

"There is not a single day in which you do not, in your silent thoughts if not in words, asperse the character and motives and conduct of your fellow-men. . . . It does you harm, if not the victim."

If, then, the charge is an "aspersion," it is a slander. It is a slander; worse than that, it is blasphemy. If men indeed come into life with an entire bent of their nature toward evil and the devil, they bring this substantially from God, who has the chief care of their coming and their course. The pretense that men come chiefly in a carnal way, and not chiefly as spirits created the offspring of God, is an atheistic conceit. Neither old Adam nor old Satan conducts the unfolding of the plans of God in the race of man. That they have intervened to make God's plans go wholly wrong, let him believe who believes in a man out of a Hebrew myth, and in a devil out of heathenism, more than in God. It were a decent exercise of judgment to presume that God has secured the development of his own idea in man, the first myth and the father of lies to the contrary notwithstanding. A Hebrew myth is one thing; the mind of God is another thing altogether. The preacher should seek unto the spirit and beware of superstition. If he can attain no more common sense than to fetch the acorn to prove that there can be no mighty oak, he might at least have more piety than to infer from the weakness of man in the flesh, that in the spirit, and under the spirit which God is, there can be no sound and saving growth. Over against Mr. Beecher's dogmatic aspersion of his fellows, we set the following statement of a purer faith:

"Christ was born in the midst of men, and he lived for thirty years among men that had absolutely nothing but just their own individual selves. He associated with men, not because they were wise, educated, large men; not because they were privileged or titled men, but simply because they were men. For he wished to teach us that the lowest man on earth is a child of God. And if this is true of the lowest, how much more eminently is it true of everything higher than the lowest! He began at the bottom of life, and stuck close to the bottom of life, where there was simply man, and nothing else. And he bore witness by every word that he spoke, and by every deed that he performed, that *man, low,*

*base, undeveloped, least and lowest, is yet God's child. He is a child of eternity. He came hither from thence, and he goes thither again. He was God-wrought, and he feels a yearning for his parentage, and seeks again the source from which he came. And he cannot be measured by anything in this world. No latitudes drawn from the earth's surface can girt a man, and no longitudes can belt him. Take the lines of infinity and measure him with them; take God's dwelling-place and measure him by its instruments; measure him by nothing else but these. Take the meanest, the most imbruted creature; take the blackest slave, that overworked and out-worked, is kicked out to die under the frosty hedge, and whose bones even the crows do not wait to pick, and there is not a star that nightly blazes in the heavens, and speaks of God, that shall not burn to the socket, and go out, before the spirit in that poor, low, miserable, brutish thing, shall cease to flame up bright as God's own crown. The poorest creature, the lowest creature, the meanest creature, is immortal, is an eternal heir of God, and bears a spark of divinity within him. This revelation of what a man is in and of his own nature, without any regard to his circumstances, is the key-note of civilization, and the key-note of the liberties of states and of communities that shall be permanent and normal and philosophical."*—(737.)

There is a difference between judgment-day going to the devil, and flaming up bright as God's own crown, an eternal heir of God. Mr. Beecher is explicit. He does not prophesy for the "humble saint" of the creed, but for the most imbruted creature. It is the "brutish thing" which is an eternal heir of God. How can it be otherwise, if man is made in the image of God in his spirit, as well as in the image of the animal in his flesh? Only the flesh may have begun to grow visibly, and that growth may be corrupt, but corruption cannot baffle the Creator of the spirit.

### VIII.

"A being organized, not on the element of obedience, but on the element of disobedience."—(597.)

Such is the being of man, says the preacher. He denies the supremacy of the being of God in our being. He judges with the eye of the flesh, at the instigation of his creed. Faith in the spirit is useful. Never more so than when it leads the creature to presume that the Creator has taken due care of his own. Behold the Eternal giving being to creatures for immortal existence! A notion arises, as man observes himself and his fellows, as they seem in the flesh, that the forces put into the being of the creature are organized by a law of

evil, which has overcome and expelled the law of God. One preaches this notion as the truth of God. If it were true, it would be the truth of evil. It is not true. It is a lie of the carnal reason. Witness the following more reasonable statement:

"The indignation experienced in view of evil, is, in a large proportion of cases, selfish, and sometimes hypocritical and detestable in the sight of God. I suppose that the feeling of condemnation is frequently more wicked than the thing condemned.

"All natures, good or bad, experience a genuine and proper abhorrence of evil. The question as to what is evil, divides men in judgment."—(586.)

If the careless and inadequate exercise of a judgment biased by undue regard to lower good leads to great sin and brings deep guilt, as it certainly does, a like hasty use of a judgment biased by undue regard to notions which are one's own according to the flesh, leading to serious denial of the most solemn and precious truths, no less involves great guilt. The preacher is as much responsible to the laws of the spirit of truth as the man is to the laws of morality. The failure of the former to so use his powers as not to fall into falsehood, is as serious a wrong as the failure of the latter to keep his judgment strong against iniquity. A good-natured and hopeful man, of a hazy conscience of right, who falls into imprudencies and sinks to evil courses, is no more truly culpable than a generous and jubilant preacher, of a confused conscience of the things of the spirit, who is tempted of the orthodox devil in his creed, and will not leave the old paths of inhuman and atheistic dogmatism. Mr. Beecher surrenders himself to orthodoxy to assert the essential depravity of human nature, when he has every reason to know that the dogma of orthodoxy is as untrue as theft is criminal. Witness, further, the following explicit words:

"In these two things lies the whole of sinfulness—namely, wrong direction or wrong application of our faculties, and inordinateness or excess in them. Sin, traced back from the technical definition to the physiological, comes to be one of two things—either using right feelings in wrong directions, or using right feelings in wrong degrees. It is misapplication, or it is excess—one or the other. There is not a sin or a vice that is not the misapplication of a normal feeling, or the excess of it."—(605.)

We do not pretend to indorse anywhere Mr. Beecher's philosophy. His way of stating a

conviction is frequently clumsy. "From the technical to the physiological," whatever that may be, is a plunge which Mr. Beecher must take alone. The sound point of the passage is, that sin is a transient fact of human action, which requires correction, and not a fact of the very being and nature of man. It at least rejects the false dogma, though it professes that the truth for which it rejects this is physiological. One can see that the word is a blunder, and that common sense dictated the thought. It recognizes the plain fact that sin consists, not in the absence of higher tendencies, nor in originally evil tendencies, but in giving to the lower and originally innocent impulses, which appear first, a supremacy which involves the sinful disregard of the nobler impulses which come later, and which cannot fail to fully assert themselves at last. In the passage which follows, Mr. Beecher brings forward the neglected idea which pure belief must embrace, explicitly denying the old dogma:

"There is nowhere, outside of the church, in any considerable sphere or to any considerable degree of potency, the divine conception that a man, in the fullness of his life, is self-balanced. It hardly enters into the hearts of men to conceive that God made man and put him up so that faculty tends to constrain faculty, and to produce equipoise; so that every faculty has another faculty to correct its action; so that all the faculties work against each other for the sake of working with each other; so that the centrifugal forces and the centripetal forces are equal in the mind. But so it is. You get self-government, according to the divine idea, in every man, so soon as you give equal power to his every faculty; and you make it easy to govern him from without in proportion as you make it possible for him to govern himself within."—(729.)

There is no help for faith unless it be true that God has indeed organized our natures under his law of being in such a way as to produce upon the whole and in the end wholeness and perfection of activity. To be more than the brute, man must have predominant higher tendencies provided for in his nature:

"Every true man has a tendency toward the truths of the soul, as well as toward the truths of the body. This faith is provided for in our very organization. Faith is a principle which belongs to the organization of men."—(679.)

## IX.

"If a man is only let alone, his destruction is inevitable."—(597.)

What infidel "if" have we here? Does the preacher mean that, as things are between God and man, the latter is let alone, and that if this is only continued, the destruction of man is sure? His words mean just this. The creed which he is reciting implies exactly this, that God has been wholly driven from his natural and lawful kingdom in the creature, and that in his just wrath he will put the devil on the vacant throne, or at least leave him in undisturbed possession. To this, loyal faith makes this sufficient answer, that God has not and cannot in a single instance relinquish to the devil, or to evil, his control of the creature. In the security of inward and final control, he suffers sin in the flesh, and is very patient to let sin be cured by growth from within, but he in no case gives up, much less leaves alone, his offspring. The aspersion is a crime against the truth, not less real, and far more dangerous, than the word which is in the fool's heart.

## X.

"The first manifestation of enmity to God lies in the entire indifference of men to God's existence, to his character, to his relations, and to his claims upon them."—(597.)

The unhappy dogmatic necessities of the preacher must have pressed heavily upon him when he uttered this foolish and faithless account of the way in which men do upon the whole think on the invisible things of God. Foolish, we say, because any one can see that there is a general disposition among men to worship the Deity after some fashion. Faithless, because faith cannot go amiss of the notions of God toward worship in the whole race of man. We cannot rightly but believe that man is bound to God, and we can easily know that this is so. Let Mr. Beecher's words prove our statement:

"The soul is the garden of the Lord. But it is said that this is a mere enthusiasm or fanaticism. I reply that it certainly may be an enthusiasm, but that it certainly is not a fanaticism, which is always narrow, intense, hard, disturbing. It is the very reverse of this. It may be an enthusiasm, because the term *enthusiasm* means, or originally meant, the state produced by the God in us. It comes from words signifying, 'The God in us.' And when the old priestesses and prophets, stirred by the Holy Ghost, prophesied, they were said to have the God in them. And when you say that this consciousness of the presence of God is enthusiasm, I say so, too. That is the very doctrine—the God in us—the Spirit in us.

It works in the very direction in which we might suppose. If there were such a fact conceded as that there is a God, and that he cares for his children in this world, then this is just the way that we would suppose he would train them—namely, toward higher, nobler, better feelings; toward himself; toward more and more conscious recognitions of his presence.

"But it is said, 'Although there may have been single cases of conscious recognition of the presence of God, it is not to be preached as a doctrine for the whole brotherhood. It is, like a gift of prophecy, or apostleship, peculiar to the few, and not to the many.' I reply, that this indwelling of God's Spirit is ordained, especially and expressly for the whole."—(691.)

"Is it a truth that has a foundation anywhere else except in the Bible? Yes. If there is any truth that has never died out more than any other, it is the truth that God comes to men in hours of emergency, in hours of devotion, and in hours of want. About this truth there has never been any division of opinion."—(691.)

"God has wrought a nature in men, which, from age to age, gives rise to a reaching after higher forms of spiritual existence. And his great spiritual kingdom is sure in that nature."—(732.)

The last statement bears ample witness to the real facts of our nature. This is divinely wrought, and has a tendency toward God, which makes it certain that the kingdom of God will fully come in every one of us. In that nature, not in any plan outside of the natural relation of man to God, is God's kingdom sure. Not in atonement, not in the help of a God-man, but in the presence of God in our very natures, is the kingdom of heaven to come. What more could we ask for the nature of man?

## XI.

"The only theory upon which business has been conducted, has been the theory that men are depraved. You cannot stir a step in business on any other theory. But if you begin on that theory, you will get along very well indeed."—(620.)

The preacher appeals to the notion of the market. Has he forgotten the whip of small cords, that he summons the den of thieves to confute the word of the Spirit? Not that business is conducted by the mass of honest and honorable men on the theory that their fellows are depraved. It is precisely the opposite theory on which mercantile fellowship is based. It is the sharpers chiefly who trust no one's *heart*, and to their den the preacher resorts to get his catechism indorsed.

## XII.

"What do you suppose the politician's opinion of men is? He has bored them, and knows what they are from the bark to the heart-wood."—(597.)

Is it, then, the politician that hath the mind of God? Oh horrible infidelity! That those who set out to use the selfish side of man should know the divine side of man! It is plain to be seen that the preacher is pushing an argument, and is at his wits' ends for words that will fall with the sound of truth. He only needs appeal to the rake's opinion of women, and he will have descended as low as human talk can on this subject.

## XIII.

"Scoundrels for whom hell waits."—(726.)

"When I see such things as these, I thank God that there is judgment, and that there is a hell."—(586.)

The temptation to unthinking men to curse the sons of iniquity is no doubt very strong. It overcomes the preacher, though he never can bring himself to a sober argumentation of the tenet which the curse assumes. A curse is a disorderly outbreak of carnal resentment, and is no more respectable that it assumes a fact. When it assumes the human facts only of a case, however real and fearful these may be, and forgets the divine fact more real and sure than any sin or shame of man, it is an unwholesome morsel of atheism, which cannot feed the preacher or the hearer, much less comfort the victim of sin, or save the soul of the sinner.

Mr. Beecher needs to ponder the words which we shall quote here from his own mouth:

"And the lower a man is, the more sacred is he to God. There are twenty angels with the lowest, where there is one with the highest. God's watchful care is most over the poorest and most wretched, as being those that need most. And any man that, by bargain, custom, law, or anything else, despises a human being, despises God."—(589.)

"Nor does patience with bad men, or with mankind, imply an indifference to the moral character which they bear. On the contrary, we must see things just as they are before God. We must judge of human character and human conduct in the light of instructed conscience. And even where we see character to be warped, and dispositions to be evil, and conduct to be wrong; and where we cannot be indifferent to them, we must be patient toward all men."—(629.)

"Patience, then, must spring from a deep religious spirit; from an active sympathy with men, in all their weaknesses and faults; from

a divine love, through which God alone forbears with us, and waits upon the courses of time, in endless patience."—(629.)

## XIV.

"A man who sells himself thus—cheats himself! No, he cheats the devil. The devil pays too much for him."—(683.)

"I pity the devil! I do not know what he does with such men! It is awful to be chief magistrate of a parcel of men like them! I cannot understand how these exiguous, —thrice-squeezed men, can be managed." (683.)

Low comedy in the pulpit, if a man can descend to it, may have a use. The preacher finds one. He thereby convinces his hearers that hell is a dogmatic joke. He makes fun of the hard time the devil has taking care of the souls God has ceased to care for, and sets in a broad light the magistracy which God has turned over to the devil. He more than hints with his pity for the actual magistrate of sinners that the dethroned Deity is beneath pity. Is it all a stage-farce, this theological tumbling? We need but add this better word from the preacher:

"And so when I have seen men lost to self-respect and sunk in degradation, I have measured them, not by their present condition, but by what I knew they ought to be. *Nor is there any danger of exaggeration in this direction.* Our dangers are that the pride of life, sympathy with custom and with the selfishness of society, will bear us to the other extreme. *We are not in danger of an excessive use of spiritual rules of judgment.*"—(613.)

## XV.

"I know men that have vices enough utterly to destroy them; but they [the vices] work under ground, and they [the men] will not notice them, and nobody will tell them of their danger, and they will perish. But though they do not know about these things, God knows about them, and the devil knows about them, and laughs."—(726.)

The doctrine of this passage strikingly indicates the perils of a man who has not soberly and thoroughly thought out his own mind, and expelled from his common notions whatever savors of false tradition. Mr. Beecher knows better, as his words usually prove, and yet he draws a picture of men slipping unconsciously into hell, nobody caring for them, God looking on in helpless silence, the devil looking on, master of the whole game, and *the devil laughing*—a picture not exceeded in all the fictions of blasphemy.

The following will expose Mr. Beecher's

pretense of knowledge in the words given above:

"The unexpressed life is vaster than the visible one. It is too subtle for much comprehension; yet God reads it and knows it. How much of that which is best, as well as worst, has had no expression, no outward visible manifestation, but has dwelt in the shadowy realm of thoughts and wishes! The least part of human activity has had exponents."—(666.)

"There are days in which men feel that the abundance of the things which they possess does not constitute their life; in which they have a sense of their manhood, and of that inward development—that soul-growth—which is to go on within them forever and forever in the eternal sphere. There are days in which men feel that they are indeed the uncrowned sons of God, walking yet in disguise. We are not what we seem."—(691.)

"We almost forget what we are, and whither we tend. But there are some days in which a sense of our nature and destiny comes back to us, and the soul glows and flames as it contemplates the wealth of a being that allies us to God, from whom we came, and to whom we go again, bearing his image from the cradle to the grave, and thence on, forever and forever."—(691.)

"Men's conduct may be wicked; it may be against moral character; it may be such that your whole moral sense revolts against it; but *you are to remember that behind the wickedness there is a human heart; a susceptible, throbbing nature; a spark of the Divine Being; an immortal spirit.* You cannot hate wickedness too much, but you are never to hate wickedness so much as to forget that the actor and the doer is a suffering creature before God, destined in his providence to judgment and eternity. And *you are to remember what of God and what of immortality is in every living man.*"—(629.)

#### XVI.

"As we grow older, we do not trust men in general, but are on our guard and cautious as to whom we trust. . . . How many men do you trust? How many do you know that you would trust? Could you not count them on your hand, and then have at least four fingers to use for something else?"—(683.)

In young men morbidly old, and in old men grown no wiser with age, there may be found this infidel cant about trusting nobody. It is also found in the talk of the preacher, slipping for the moment into his worst "infidelity." The gospel according to Byron is out of place in the ministry of grace and truth, though it is part and parcel of the dogma of total depravity. "At least four fingers to use for something else"! It is wicked and cruel slander, as thankless before God as it

is faithless toward men. On the lowest method of judging, taking men for what you can be sure of getting out of them at any moment, and wholly omitting what they will be in response to trust and love, and under the experience of divine help, it is not decently fair to insinuate that you will find something less than one that can be trusted. That is the creed of insatiate selfishness, proceeding upon the accursed notion that it is the duty of men and of women to give themselves contentedly to be used up and thrown away. A merely fair self-seeker, who does not desire to go lower than a sharp and passably decent trade in the goods of fellowship, finds a considerable proportion of his fellows whom it pays to trust. Even the cheat finds not a few who give that perfect proof that they can be trusted—a trust which is perfect without regard to desert.

As a fair judge of his fellows, the preacher should put on sackcloth for such slips of a cruel tongue. As one who owns the duty of love in which trust is, he ought to ever look upon men as they appear when trusted and loved. And as a minister of the love of God, he ought to consider how far, when you have loved and trusted, God can be relied on to give you the return of faithfulness which the unhelped soul might come short of. It is an awful stumble when the preacher forgets God, and forgets the natural answer of the human heart to faithful love, and even forgets ordinary human fairness in fellowship, and pretends that with something less than one finger any one of his hundred thousand readers, or his four thousand hearers, can count those whom they would trust. It is low comedy and low catechism expelling the gospel. Yet he knows that gospel, as the words we quote here will prove:

"Would it not be well for us to look upon our children, and companions, and friends, and partners, and neighbors, projecting them into the light of this thought: 'Oh, how this person will look when I see him in the glory of the Father's kingdom?' If we look upon them as belonging wholly to this world, we shall see nothing in them that is attractive or beautiful; but if we look upon them here as undergoing here a process of trituration, a process of hammering, a process of preparation by fire, a process of education, we shall make them appear glorious.

"You have to bear with me, and I have to bear with you. There are no two persons that can walk together in this world without having to bear much from each other, and to bear long with each other so full are we of imperfections. But. ▼ is com-



ing when you shall be so glorious in every part and element of your being, that no one shall come near you without feeling saluted by your excellence. And if you think of these things beforehand, it will help you to bear and forbear with those who are imperfect around about you."—(701.)

## XVII.

"Human sinfulness. Are men universally and utterly sinful? The law of God is the only thing by which we can measure human character."—(620.)

"There is no standpoint from which a man, when measured by the divine character, appears beautiful."—(618.)

"It is the guilt of a whole being in opposition to God; it is the guilt of a character which pivots upon self; it is the guilt of a horrible and unnatural exclusion of God from our hearts; it is the guilt of resistance and insubordination to all gracious efforts for our reclamation."—(597.)

The preacher judges man by a purely carnal notion of the law and character of God. God is not a formula of command or a specimen of conduct. His law is not in words chiefly, but in force of being and actual influence. His character is not in the catechism, but in efficient grace acting eternally on all creature being. A bad man, torn from his root in God, and no longer in his spirit the offspring of God, might be the horrid thing which the preacher has found in the creed. But we have some reason to suppose that the being of God embraces the good and the evil alike, and thus of necessity gives a divine root to the being of man. Ill-looking as the visible man is, therefore, we venture to suspect that the nature of man in the beneficent grasp of God, and from the side of the perfect Creator whose eye is not clouded by the darkness of these human hours which no faith stumbles in, may seem quite other than it is set forth by the preacher.

Under the light of high noon Mr. Beecher professes that there is not for man the light of a single star. It is true that the glory of God extinguishes the brightest lights of humanity. It is false that humanity has no lights. The stars shine on at noon-day. They are not seen only because of the excess of greater light. Is the man true who asserts that there is no light of the stars, because by day they do not seem to shine? He will seem true only if the ignorant have known no better than to think the error. Under an overwhelming sense of the glory of God, men have thought that there is no light in man. The

preacher knows the truth, yet does not avoid affirming the error. How the preacher himself has seen the truth which he denies, not only many words already quoted, but these which follow, abundantly show:

"Looking at man as a *depository of divine powers*, as a creature coming from the hand of God, united to him by ties which bind him to God as a child is bound to its earthly parent, dwelling here but for a few preparatory years, then to be transplanted that he may find his full life in the higher sphere—the Bible teaches us to regard him as the chief work of God."—(613.)

"The example of Christ ought to be deeply pondered. It stands in marked contrast with the habits of all classes of men in his time. He does not seem to have thought of men as they stand in societies, grouped in classes, separated or united by various customs, nor even as they were separated and classed by the result of their moral conduct. He seems simply and quietly, but always, to have beheld them in their *original and spiritual relations, to each other, to God, and to eternity*. He approached men from a different point of view from that from which others started. He looked at them from a law of sympathy not ordinarily employed. He looked at men in their higher and holier relations. They were the children of his Father. He was elder brother, and was not ashamed to call them brethren. *They were destined to the same eternity which waited for him*. They were all weak, vincible by temptation, in need of help, of instruction, of moral stimulus. *Their poverty, their rudeness, was the accident. Their divine nature was the characteristic element*. That, by disadvantage, neglect, abuse, or other limitation, they had not developed themselves in all their qualities, was the misfortune of his transient life. That each of them bore an *undying soul, coming from God, and returning thither an eternal and ever-expanding soul*—this was their glorious prerogative. Christ gave to men the benefit of *that dignity and power which was inherent in every one of them*, in spite of any external position or disability. Men needed laws and institutions, but from the example of Christ we are led to infer that *the divine nature of the soul is in value higher than laws, and above all institutions*."—(613.)

## XVIII.

"The banker examines his security, and says: 'It is not sufficient.' It is said to him: 'Men are good, you know, and this man is better than the average.' 'Yes,' he says, 'men are very good, but it does not do to trust them!'"—(620.)

Which proves that the banker really thinks men are not good, says the preacher, as if bankers were bound to let any good man have money! The banker is "a very tight liberal believer," who has presented to "a very tight orthodox Christian" an argument for human goodness. He is represented as illogically refusing to lend the money of the bank on moral security. The preacher's logic could not be worse, though it is such as he frequently indulges in. He doubtless knows

that a good man may need money which he cannot secure the payment of, and that a very good man may think he can secure a payment which any banker might judge that he could not secure. The question of goodness is not raised at all. It is with gross disregard of the plainest facts that the preacher talks down the "liberal believer" and talks up the "orthodox Christian." If he wishes to know whether liberal believers give money freely, and with large faith in human goodness, he can find out by inquiring of any one less uninformed than himself. The embezzlement of funds in the name of goodness is not one of their virtues. The liberal banker says: "I trust his goodness, and out of my private purse will aid his necessities, but I do not trust the legal security on which, and not on his goodness, he desires to borrow the funds which it is my duty to hold secure."

### XIX.

"This passage implies the entire insubordination of men to the Divine control. Not only are they separated from God by individualism of being, and by inspiration of will, but the purpose of their life—the direction of it—is one which brings them into continual insubordination to him. . . . This nature in the human soul, which is pronounced by the Word of God to be enmity against God, does not exist as an ever-burning fire; it is rather an inward nature, which lifts itself up and develops itself only under conditions that bring men to the test as to whether they will permit God to be their personal governor—as to whether they will yield obedience to his laws."—(597.)

This seems quite like the foolishness of philosophic preaching. Not only is the creature a being by himself, and self-existent as a cause of volitions, but his actions also are without regard to God. One would suppose the former implied the latter. The inward nature, which lifts itself up like a devil between man and his Maker, is an invention apparently of a new philosophy. We have been used to hear of a better nature deep within. When Paul found the law of sin in his members, he found the law of God in his inward man. But here we see that man in the inmost of his being is an individual and inspired devil, whatever that may be, keeping watch of the members, lest they consent to the service of God. Did this inward evil come of itself? We had supposed God concerned in the creation and inspiration of the spirit which is in man. It is in our faith that God does not ask either individual devils inside or men outside who shall be personal governor of his creatures. He has absolute care, and he only

has absolute control in and over all the creatures. The matter is put right in the following:

"That part of our mind which connects us with God, with the invisible spiritual world, and with the future and eternal, is the peculiarly human part; for all the rest we hold in common with the lower creation. That which makes manhood, is that which we call the moral or the religious sentiment in man."—(669.)

"Now man is to be measured by that which makes him MAN, in distinction from everything else; and that is not foot, nor hand, nor body, nor appetites, nor passions, nor economic or commercial power. These are not the things that make him man. It is that which has been stamped on him—God's image—that makes him man. That part of his nature which introduces the moral element, right and wrong; the spiritual element, invisible realities; and the benevolent element—the very divinity of love. Here man must be measured; for here, and only here, he becomes man, among the creatures of the world."—(564.)

"There is no deep love which has not in it an element of solemnity. It moves through the soul as if it were an inspiration of God, and carries with it something of the awe and shadow of eternity. Nor can we see a heart overshadowed by this divine element without a sense of its consecration. It is the heart that gives titles and dignities. It is the heart that crowns and ordains. It is love that makes us kings and priests one to another.

"When in the light of this experience we consider the greatness of that love which beats in the heart of the eternal Father, what in the mighty recesses of his nature those pulses must be which beat with such agitation in ours—what solemn depths and wide circuits those impulses must have in him which swirl in such eddies and agitations in us—and what that mighty love must be, poured abroad upon all the world—a love set to the magnitude and majesty of God, adequate to all the wants of all men of every age, through all time—a love *overmastering sin, invincible, inexhaustible, pervading human life, and building it up in every element of immortality—how sacred does man become!*"—(613.)

**The North-Western Fair for the Sanitary Commission.**—Accounts have reached us of the Fair to open at Chicago, May 30th, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission and Soldier's Home. It is designed to make this one of the most successful of the series of great efforts in behalf of our soldiers. Contributions are solicited from all parts of the country, and it is to be hoped every department will be liberally supplied.

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So we assembled with ominous silence to dinner—our last dinner on board the Tempest.

While we sat eating and talking—for, though the gale was straining hard at our sails, and the great seas were rushing past and sometimes over us with devouring haste, no one was at all alarmed—King Philip called out, "Mamma dear, I want to have some supper."

"Shall I bring him to you, Mrs. Bromfield?" asked Col. Anderson, rising.

"Thank you, no. He is hardly able, I think, to sit up. I will give him some toast and a little crust tea, Ching, if you please, in my room."

But Phil said he was well, and wanted the "Turnel" to take him to table. So, without further ado, Mrs. Bromfield sat down and received her flower again from his arms.

"Dear, dood Turnel," said the boy, passing his hands fondly over the bearded face. "I love you, I do." What a dewy light sprang in the melting eye of the elder, at those words, and spread all over his fine features.

The child will unite them, I said, if there were no other bond. And he looked, as he sat by his worshipping mother, sufficient for any such holy mission. His delicate face, a little paler save for the deep rose-leaf on each cheek—his profuse, wavy hair, moistened and tumbled by his sleep—his sweet, flexible mouth, playing with a tender, dreamy sort of a smile, as if the skirts of shadow-land yet fell about him—his great brown eyes, shaded by the long, heavy lashes, made a picture of childish loveliness which I believe none of us ever forgot, even amid the horrors of the awful night that followed.

Harry did not wake. His suffering was al-

ways more obstinate, his mother said, than Philip's, and so Ching brought a plate of toast and a bit of salt dried fish, which was always his first meal, and placed them for use whenever he should wake.

Mrs. Bromfield, Mrs. Farley, and myself, very soon left the table, for Harry had called out ominously for Ching, and his mother also hastened to him.

I never saw a child whose peculiarities impressed me as Harry's did; and I speak of them here, because of the strange manifestation of one of the most striking of them, which we witnessed that night. In his common moods he appeared to be simply an earnest, quiet, thoughtful boy, very much like other good and sensible children; but there were times when he seemed like another being—when he impressed those who saw him as looking out of his dreamy eyes into a distant world. He would sit by himself upon some coil of rope in an out-of-the-way corner of the deck, and look into the water and the clouds, with a long, unbroken gaze, which betokened both inquiry and rest in his mind; and when approached, would seem to come back as from a trance. His mother more than once told me of startling and wonderful speech he had held with her on these occasions, of what he sometimes saw—"the angels' gardens," he said, "filled with more beautiful flowers than we ever had; and men and women, and little children, so handsome and good and loving, that if mamma could only dream his dreams about them, it would make her very happy."

"Do the angels have gardens, mamma?" he asked after one of these dreams, in which he

said he had seen a great bank of purple heliotropes—his favorite flower, blooming beside a little lake so clear—“so clear, mamma, that if there had been the tiniest little fish in it I could have seen it away down to the bottom.”

Yet with this wonderfully spiritual life the boy combined a healthy, active nature: was full of playfulness, and physical as well as mental activity; had a keen love of practical jokes, and when he could cut some innocent little trick upon one of the passengers or crew, whereby they were or appeared to be surprised, his spontaneous, clear, silvery laugh, would gush out of his young heart so joyously that every face around him smiled in pure sympathy.

I was impressed, perhaps wrongly, that Mrs. Bromfield loved Phil best, but that she held Harry in a keen, almost painful sense of his being a rare and exalted treasure, which she might wake some morning to find flown away forever. Her tenderness toward both was intense and untiring, but in their daily life, Phil, with his rogueries and graces, was besieging and taking captive her heart, while Harry was roaming far away in the celestial gardens, and defining in his dreamy fancy lovely islands in the blue and purple airs that bent over him.

“He will be a poet or seer,” I think, said his mother one day, when we sat looking from a distance on his fixed eyes an rapt countenance. “God bless the dear child. It almost seems, at times, as if he belonged to some higher life than mine, and he makes me tremble lest I should have to let him go from me.”

When I went to them now his mother stood holding his beautiful head in her hand, and stroking the hair back from his pale brow. “My dear Harry,” she expostulated, “do not make yourself so unhappy. Nothing has happened or is likely to. You have been dreaming, darling.”

“But, mamma,” persisted the child, “how the wind blows. Do you feel very sure that we are a great way off the land?”

“So far, dear, as to be quite safe, I have no doubt.” Harry was already sailor enough, though he was but seven years old, to understand the value of sea-room in a gale.

“Mamma,” he said, after a moment, “come close to me, will you? I want to whisper to you. Excuse me, Miss Warren, I want to ask mamma a question.” And when she had bent over him a minute she stood up with a puzzled, troubled expression, and said, “Yes, my darling, if you wish it so very much; but can you not wait till morning?”

“No, please do ask him now, mamma, I feel so badly.”

She stepped into the cabin, and I heard her say, in those clear, frank tones, which I knew rung sweetly in the heart of the listener, “Col. Anderson, Harry has waked in an unaccountable fright, which all my assurance fails to dispel, and he begs to see you. Will you do us the favor? It is quite ridiculous, but the child’s fears seem so real that I cannot chide him.”

“Pray do not, on any account,” he said. “He thinks I am a famous sailor, and he will believe me when I tell him we are perfectly

safe. Will you not, Harry?” he asked, taking his hand.” “We are all as right as possible, my boy—going on grandly. In a few days more, with such a wind, we shall see San Francisco, and then huy for shore. How glad you and King Philip will be then, won’t you.”

But poor Harry could not be lifted out of his strange depression by the cheery words or voice of his friend. “His hands are very cold,” he said, taking them in his warm, sympathetic clasp. “He must have had an alarming dream, which does not leave him. Have you not, Harry?” he asked, tenderly touching his lips to the child’s pale, smooth cheek.

In answer to this question Harry again drew his mother’s head to his pillow, and we heard the word “father,” and some whispered question following it, to which she answered by a silent shaking of her head, and when she again stood up, her troubled face, as she regarded him, alarmed me.

Col. Anderson said, “Shall I take you up, Harry, and carry you out a few minutes? You can then see how the old ship is plowing the sea, just as she used to at Cape Horn, when you were not a bit frightened, although it was very cold there.”

“Oh, please do!” answered the child, his chin quivering with nervous excitement and fear. “Mamma,” lend me your warm shawl, will you?” But Mrs. Bromfield seemed to be paralyzed by Harry’s last communication, and stood still, while the Colonel and I wrapt him up, and he was borne away to the great dark world outside the cabin doors.

“I fear he is going to be ill,” she said to me, after they were gone. “I have never seen him so affected before. He must not remain out, for a sudden change of temperature might now be very dangerous.” But there was no need to concern ourselves about his remaining, for he had been unable, Col. Anderson said, coming in with him, to bear the darkness and the wild rush of winds and waters a moment. It quite overcame him. He objected, too, to being undressed, and begged his mother to let him sleep in his clothes that night, an unheard-of request, which was finally granted, with the greatest reluctance.

Col. Anderson now left him with us, and walked out, saying he would return after a little, and look in again. But as he was going little Phil roused himself from the sofa, and called out, “Dood night, Turnel, I aint afraid, ’lke Harry, I aint. I’m doin’ to bed in night-down’.”

His mother smiled. It was rare to hear the children boast, and as the little braggart came toward her, with his good night kiss from the Colonel fresh on his lips, she caught him up, and holding him to her heart, said, “Little boaster, to say you are not afraid; why, what would you do if mamma were gone? You’d be afraid then, I think.”

“No, I should not. I should do wiz Turnel.” There we had it again; and the Colonel, happy man, stood looking his satisfaction at the avowal.

Poor Harry grew physically quieter with his mother’s potent hand upon his forehead,

and an occasional kiss and word of encouragement murmured in his ear; but I was surprised, after an hour's absence in the cabin, to find him still awake.

Mrs. Bromfield sat by him, looking distressed and alarmed. The boy did not complain, or make any childish moan, but he seemed so powerfully impressed that nothing could restore or wholly calm his spirit. I sat by him while his mother made her preparations for lying down beside him, which she did with a dressing-gown on, remarking that she might have to rise in the night. She seemed, I remember, particularly grateful for my little attentions, and honored me with an unreserved kiss when we bade each other good night.

King Philip was sound asleep, and rosy and tempting as a beautiful bud one sees sometimes, and irresistibly plucks, though knowing well that it ought to remain and mature where the good Father placed it.

Blest above all women, thought I—with perhaps a little, a very little dash of bitterness, as I withdrew to my lonely room—with two such children—diamonds set in the crown of her womanhood—and so devoted and noble a lover to make smooth the earth before her feet, would she but permit him. And she will, I went on saying to myself; she will love him and return him measure for measure yet.

I laid down with pleasant thoughts, or rather waking dreams of these people, in a beautiful home where I saw them enjoying the heaven of each other's life—refinement a pervading presence everywhere in it—her clear spirituality and idealism brought to anchor sometimes by his earnest and more practical hold upon the world; and his nobleness chiseled and polished by her artist hand—love making light the task—till it stood a fit presence for the first and highest anywhere. I heard his step overhead, quicker and lighter than it had been the last few days, yet firm and decided, as of a man who says in his soul, "I see the Good and the Great, and all earth shall not turn me from the pursuit of them."

The wind seemed to increase and madden the sea more and more, yet the ship had a steadier motion than in the hours of light, and I knew we must be going a great many knots every hour. This was about my last waking thought.

#### CHAPTER VII.

When next I became conscious, it was in such a scene and moment as I pray God I may never again have to participate. A great crash and shock, which made the ship reel and shiver like a strong man suddenly struck down—an unearthly, awful cry of human voices—an instantaneous rush of men's feet—and over all distinctly rose the terrible words from the officer on deck, "Lay aft here and man the wheel, quick!"

"Ay ay, sir!" and as the men hurried to obey the order, the Tempest fetched a great lurch toward the larboard quarter, that threw me on my knees. The lamps and other light articles had been thrown from brackets and racks, and rolling about the floor or dashing into fragments around us, added to the sense of helplessness I felt for a single moment.

Mrs Farley was shrieking and calling on God and man for help, but I heard no sound from that room beyond, which contained so much.

I had but recovered my feet and laid my hand on my dressing-gown, when Col. Anderson's voice reached me in these fearful words:

"The ship has been run into. Be on your feet as soon as possible, every one. I will be here again in a moment."

How calmly he spoke. Mrs. Farley heard, and then redoubled her shrieks and cries, but there was yet no sound from Mrs. Bromfield. I took my dressing-gown, and putting it on as I went, (the saloon was dark as well as my own room,) found her, just lighting a wax taper. I spoke her name and opened the door in the same breath.

"Oh Miss Warren," she said, "how are my darlings to be saved? The horror is worse than the worst result of it can be. Look there," she added, speaking low, and with the slightest motion indicating Harry, who lay broad awake, with a face that, but for the light and intelligence of the eyes, would have been the fac-simile of death.

Not an instant was lost during the utterance of these few whispered words. I was paralyzed myself; but she had put on additional clothing and taken a dark merino dress, in which she now stood, from one of her trunks, ready to address herself to the care of her children. Harry, you will remember, was dressed, and so, as she bent over him to take Philip up, she only kissed his eyelids, which closed a moment under her blanched lips, and said, "Trust mamma, dear Harry."

"But I saw father again just now, mamma dear," said the boy.

A cold dew broke over his mother's face at these words, but she stopped not a moment. "My flower, my jewel, my king," she said, lifting Philip from his sound sleep and bringing him forward to the sofa, where his garments lay, ready to be put on. "Would God you, my darlings, were past the terrors that are before us."

Philip rubbed his eyes and tossed his hair back, and, looking at me, and the strange light, and hearkening a moment to the noise without, asked, "Are we doein' ashore, mamma?"

"Yes, love, in a small boat. Does Philip hear the men letting it down into the water?" as the lusty "Yo, heave ho!" and the creaking of the blocks sounded in our ears.

This brought me out of my stupor; for, though I had been conscious of everything she had done and said, I did not, till these warnings came, remember that I had anything to do but wait and go down with the ship to her deep and silent home. There had scarcely yet been to me a perceptible period of time since the first awful moment; but now I started to my room with a full sense of what I ought to try to do. Mrs. Farley had got a light and was packing a trunk.

"Oh Miss Warren," she groaned, "to think of all my trunks and clothes away down in the hold!"

"You had better think now of your soul and body," I replied, with some asperity, and

passed on. I dressed myself; put a small box, containing some jewels and treasured mementoes, and that lock of Herbert's hair, which had been sent me in place of him, on what was to have been our wedding-day, into my bosom; and over all I threw a light gray wrapper, which had hung on my wall since our last cold day, and then I was ready.

I now returned to Mrs. Bromfield's room, stopping a moment by the way, to silence, if possible, Mrs. Farley's weak and irritating lamentations, and set her at work in some reasonable way; for she was sailing about in an elaborately wrought night-dress, packing her finery as carefully as if the Tempest lay beside the wharves of San Francisco. My words, however, had the contrary effect to silencing her.

"Oh dear!" she exclaimed. "Oh Lord! and all my new dresses and shawls to be lost! Two thousand dollars' worth, Miss Warren, and every one as good as new. Oh my God, my poor soul! Have mercy on me!"

It was idle staying there. I could neither comfort nor help that spirit. When I entered Mrs. Bromfield's room Phil sat on his mother's knee, folded close to her bosom, his head resting quietly there, while with the other arm over Harry's form she was gently stroking his cold forehead. They were all silent—a group such as Life seldom exhibits and the sublimest Art could never reproduce. Waiting thus, as it were, the trump of doom, we stood and sat. I was now entirely collected for any event. Perhaps my fears were somewhat excited, for I imagined the ship was settling astern, though we did not then know where she had been struck.

The "Yo heave ho!" was yet sounding upon deck, and, at times, I thought I still heard another awful human call coming from farther off; and then I remembered the order of Mr. Watkins, the first officer, for fresh hands to man the wheel. I now began to understand that the helmsmen (there were four when I had been on deck the last time in the evening) must have been disabled by the collision in some way, or—oh, inexpressible horror!—carried clear away in that wild sea. And theirs, then, were the terrible cries we had heard, and which I was sure the wind still bore to us at intervals.

I could not speak to Mrs. Bromfield on account of the children; for I saw that Phil was very quietly awaiting a comfortable landing, and that now the worst had come, she was getting the better of Harry's nervous excitement. The child was less rigid and deathly as she bent over and breathed upon him, and indeed I know not who could have resisted the inflow of that calm will, and clear, purposeful life, and in such a moment.

There were steps hurrying down the companion way, and by a glance of her eye she implored me to go out and meet the intelligence. It was Colonel Anderson.

"Is she ready?" were his first words.

"Quite ready," I replied, "for anything."

"God be praised. Captain Landon is of opinion that it will not be necessary to leave the ship till daylight. I do not know. The

boats are all lowered, and we are getting water and provisions into them, but as we have no means of judging of the extent of the injury, except by the pumps, and the rush of water may increase instantly should a heavy sea make the breach larger, we must be ready to go at a moment's warning." And then he explained that the ship lost her course, or went about, or something of that sort, before fresh hands could be got to the wheels when the others were carried away.

"Oh, God's mercy!" I said; "then they were the cries of those poor creatures that I have heard."

"Yes, they were all carried away but one, who caught by the stern boat, and came in—from a quick grave, perhaps, to a slow one," he added. "God only knows."

"Can I see *her*?" he asked, after a moment, "and can that unfortunate little woman" (meaning Mrs. Farley) "be quieted in any way?"

"I will let you know," I replied to his first question, and I soon returned from Mrs. Bromfield's room, telling him that she was very anxious to see him.

I stopped a moment at Mrs. Farley's door, and, heaven forgive me, I did deceive her a little—a very little; for it was true that I felt much relieved by what I had heard, and the horror was greatly mitigated, certainly, if we should not have to take to the boats in the darkness of night on that wild sea. When I told her this, in a half-dozen almost impatient words, the little soul dropped down upon her largest trunk, with revived hopes, I am sure, of being able to save all its precious contents yet.

"Oh, if it is daylight," she said, "that will be different."

"Quite," I replied, hurrying off, in my impatience, as well to be rid of her as to be in the presence of others.

When I entered the room whose occupant it seemed no longer necessary that Col. Anderson or I should designate by her name, her cold, pallid hand, was holding his convulsively, and her eyes, distended beyond even their ordinary size, were fixed upon his face.

"Tell me, dear sir, what we have to expect. Where are we, and what has really happened to us? Is there any hope for—" and her eyes fell upon her treasures without a further word.

"We have reason to suppose ourselves not very far from Rescue Island," he replied.

"We were in its latitude to-day, and perhaps it is fortunate that we made westing enough in that idle calm to carry us near its longitude, though we have since run a good way to the eastward."

"And our injury?"

"We have been struck, apparently by a vessel of near our own size, and it is impossible to ascertain the extent of damage. You hear the pumps, and the water is gaining fearfully, as you perceive by the ship's settling astern, as she does. Still, Captain Landon thinks we can stay by her till daylight at least—perhaps longer."

"But if not?"

"Then, the boats being lowered and stowed, we shall have to take our chances, my dear friend; and all that strong arms and willing hearts can do, the helpless may rely on. We have noble officers, a brave crew, I believe, generally, and I think you know the passengers well enough to need no assurance from me, that they will behave at least with the *courage* of men, if not always with their *prudence*."

"God bless you, Col. Anderson. I need not say how much my life at this moment lies without my own proper self. But among the painful thoughts of this hour, not the least is that a life not belonging to me is exposed to this awful hazard through—my—"

"Through that divine power clothing you, which makes this a happy moment to me. To have a life to offer you—to have health and strength, which I never valued so highly as at this instant—to have endurance, which I have never yet found wanting, when the motive was only the preservation of my own life, or of some other scarcely as worthy—ought I not, with all this, to be a calm, if not a happy man, now? God forgive me if my state of mind borders almost too much on the latter condition; but I feel so strong, so capable to take all you precious ones, as it were, in the car of my will, and bear you to some safe spot of rest in these seas, that I cannot but be thankful to Him that I am here with you. Miss Warren, you are to be one of us," he said, turning to me. "Antonio has already been to me, to engage for the special care of Harry; and as he is a brave fellow, and could outswim a whale, I believe, I have promised, with your approval, Mrs. Bromfield, to ask Captain Landon to attach him to our boat's crew."

"Would you like that, dearest?" said the mother, turning to her boy, who had heard all without uttering a word.

"Yes, mamma, but I am not to go from you, and Philip, and the Colonel, and Miss Warren, am I?"

"No, my precious, you shall sit with my arm around you, as now, only—only if—if anything should happen again to us, good Antonio would help you better than I can. You see, dear, do you?"

"Yes, mamma. Can I get up and go out with you, Col. Anderson?"

"Yes, my boy, for a minute," he replied. "Have no fear," he said, looking at the mother's startled face; "I will not leave him."

"What a blessing that Phil has fallen asleep," I said, when they were gone.

"Yes, the darling, he knows nothing of the terror, and went to sleep, waiting for the boats to get ready to take us ashore."

Mrs. Farley met Col. Anderson and Harry at the door. She came in, and Mrs. Bromfield, laying Phil out of her arms, rose, and asking her to sit, said: "You will excuse me a moment, I hope. I am benumbed with my constrained position and the chilling fear I have endured. I must go out for a little, as well for the motion as to see with my own eyes what I hope I may never have to look upon again."

I followed her. Without, lights were burning on all the decks, from stem to stern, of the noble ship, which drooped back in the water, as an eagle with suddenly fractured pinion would falter and sink from his empyrean flight. All was bustle and movement around us. Water-casks were being lowered away into the boats, with sacks of bread, hams, and cheese, and cases of stores; all the pumps were manned, and being worked with such a purpose as men show when struggling for life. Mr. Garth, without coat or hat, was at the one nearest us, with Mr. Pedes beside him; and poor pale Mr. Wilkes stood by one of the tackles, to make fast to the articles that were to be sent down to the boats.

Col. Anderson and Harry had just returned from the stern of the vessel as Mrs. Bromfield and I were reëntering the cabin.

"Now," said the Colonel, "the boy is a hero; he knows all, and will not tremble any more. Take him in, madam, for I must go to my post yonder."

In a few minutes Captain Landon entered, looking very pale, his gray hair disheveled and drenched with spray of the salt sea, and the perspiration which exhaled copiously from his face, and stood in beads upon his forehead. He took Mrs. Bromfield's hand, and bowed to me and Mrs. Farley.

"I should have come to you sooner, ladies," he said, "but I knew Col. Anderson would say all that I could. We might be much worse off than we are, though God knows it is bad enough. You are all ready, I see, and that is right; for, though I hope for some hours yet, we cannot tell how it may be; but while we wait, the wind is abating and the sea falling, which is much to be grateful for."

"Have you a hope of ultimate escape?" asked Mrs. Bromfield.

"A hope I certainly have, ma'am. Sailors are the last men to abandon that; and our case is not so desperate as it might be. We have good boats, and enough of them, with our small complement of passengers, not to have to crowd any; and if no rough weather comes across us for some days, which is less likely since this long blow, we shall make land safely, I think—though what will await us there, Heaven only knows. There have been terrible imprisonments on some of the uninhabited islands hereway. But we will hope and work for the best. You, ma'am, had better prepare a trunk of clothing for yourself and the children, and you two ladies can, I think, take one between you."

"And am I to lose all my clothes, Captain?" asked Mrs. Farley, piteously.

"Better than your self, I think, madam," was his reply. "And make yourselves ready to go at a moment's warning, for I perceive she is taking in water very fast these last few minutes."

He was gone, and Mrs. Bromfield, who had Harry's hand in hers, seated him on the sofa, and, opening her trunks, began to fill one with selected garments from the others, while Mrs. Farley and I went about the same task for ourselves. And oh the lamentations of

the little woman! and the difficulty of choosing, and the sorrow of leaving!

The twilight was well advanced when I closed the joint-stock trunk, and put the key in my pocket. Just as I was taking the last look about my room, with a heart saddened by many inexpressible thoughts and regrets for things I must leave to the hungry waters, I heard little Phil's voice in the saloon.

"Oh, mamma, how 'is ship do stand all 'e time up hill. What makes it?" and then receiving no answer, "Mamma, I want to doe to Turnel Annerson."

"No, not now, Phillip," said I, meeting him; Colonel Anderson is getting ready to take us all ashore, and so we must wait." He was very docile in the expectation of this welcome event, and sat down in the saloon with me. Ching came and made preparations to lay some breakfast, which we assembled to at the last sound of the gong, for it was hardly over, Captain Landon and Col. Anderson being absent, when word went fore and aft, "To the boats! to the boats!" At the same moment the Colonel entered the cabin.

"Are you weddy, Turnel," asked Phil, "to doe ashore?"

"Yes, Phillip, come with me now," he said, taking his cue from the child's words; and away he went, as gleeful as an escaped bird to the woodlands.

"Don't undeceive him, as you hope for heaven," said his mother; "Harry's silent suffering is all I can bear."

"I will not, dear madam; and I strongly hope that our experience will not either. The weather is becoming better every hour."

One by one, slowly, as it seemed to those who were waiting, we went over the ship's side. There were three large boats, and a small one. In ours, which was the largest, there were, beside ourselves, no other passengers but Colonel Anderson, the Captain and fourth mate, Antonio, Ching, and eight of the

ablest seamen. Mr. Watkins, the mate, had charge of another, in which was Mr. Garth; and Messrs. Pedes and Wilkes went with Mr. Hepburn, the third mate. Each boat was furnished with its own supplies and implements, and all were directed to hold by each other as long as possible; and in any case to head west-south-west, and search, if they were separated from the others, for Rescue Island, whose latitude and longitude were given them.

Poor little Phil was sadly puzzled and vexed not to see the land; but we were too much weighed down by the fearful lot before us, and the exhausting emotions of the last four or five hours, to heed his many questions, as he was accustomed to have us.

The ship was deep in the water when we left her—so deep that I foolishly shuddered, going over her side, lest she should suddenly in a moment, drop from under my feet. For I had but little idea of the awful spectacle of a great ship going into its grave of waters, as we saw it, after leaving her, while we yet lay upon the waves that were ready to rush over and bury her.

Oh, it was a fearful sight! The tall masts rocking so low in the surging seas, the black bulwarks alternately sinking into and vainly heaving up against them, the steady march of the deadly waters, up, and up, and up, every receding wave rioting in its fullest triumph over the conquered king—and then the fierce tongues, that, as it sinks, lap eagerly over the noble decks, where you have walked, chatted, read, rested, enjoyed and suffered—perhaps filled the circle of experiences—the agonized shiver of the masts, as their mad foes rush fiercely in, to seize and uproot them—and finally, the great swirl and audible groan with which the battle is given over, and the surrender made, are sickening to behold. I shudder now at the remembrance of what I describe so feebly.

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