

THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

DEVOTED TO THE DISCOVERY AND APPLICATION OF TRUTH.

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TO WRITERS AND READERS.

The Editor will be accessible to his friends and the public only on each Wednesday, at the publication office, a few doors east of Broadway.

A portion of our Editorial Staff will occasionally use the photographic characters for signatures, in order to interest our readers in the brevity, utility, and economy of the system.

Let no contributor conclude, because we postpone or respectfully decline the publication of an article, that we are, therefore, prejudiced against the writer of it, nor that we necessarily entertain sentiments hostile to his. We shall make every reasonable effort to satisfy both reader and correspondent.

Non-official letters and unpublished correspondence (which the writers design for only the editor's personal use) should be superscribed "private" or "confidential."

The real name of each contributor must be imparted to the Editor; though, of course, it will be held from the public, if desired.

We have one important request to make of all correspondents, namely: that they will crystallize their thoughts, reducing them to as brief a compass as possible.

We are earnestly laboring to pulverize all sectarian creeds and to fraternize the spiritual affections of mankind. Will you work with us?

Questions and Answers.

The power to put a question presupposes and guarantees the power to answer it."

BRIEF ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

How to realize the Deity.

E. J. W., GALLSBERG, Ill.—We cannot better respond to the aspirations of your spirit than by quoting the following words of Schiller. In them you may find a "landmark" pointing out the path which the culture's eye hath not seen—the path to the Divine. "There are moments in life, when we are disposed to press to our bosom every flower, and every distant star, every lofty spirit of our divinities, an embracing of all nature as of our beloved. The Divinity is already very near to that man who has succeeded in collecting all beauty and greatness, all excellence, both in the small and great of nature, and in evolving from this manifoldness the great unity. The whole creation surfs into the personality. If each man loved all men, then every individual would possess the world."

Positive and Negative.

L. C. HOWE, CINCINNATI, N. Y.—BROTHER DAVIS: The words "Positive" and "Negative" are often used in our Philosophy as distinct and absolute. Will you give your views of the distinctive significance of these terms?

Answer: We have used these terms with two meanings. First, which is an inferior use, to designate the difference between *power* and *weakness*, or between that which is passive (negative) and the opposite term for whatsoever is active and energetic. But we have a second and higher definition, which is most common in the New Philosophy, namely: "Positive" is applied to any power which works from the surface toward the center; while, of course, "Negative" would signify any equal power or fellow-principle which commences at the remotest and works outwardly to circumference. With the latter sense the terms are applied to Love and Wisdom—to woman and man.

Does Man's Spirit Leave his Body?

H. D. HUNTER, BOSTON.—DEAR SIR: How do you account for those spiritual manifestations that purport to be made through mediums by spirits that yet inhabit the physical body, which body is many miles away from the medium?

Answer: For twelve years we have been a constant student of the facts and philosophy of the human mind. We have followed it through almost innumerable perignations and protestations. We have seen man's spirit in a vast variety of conditions, and have chronicled its self-sensations, its subjectivities, its objectivities, its revolutions, declarations, inspirations, freaks, follies, fancies, &c., &c., and we have yet to meet with an instance of a mind departing from its brain and vacating its possessor in order to admit the *person* or mind of any other individuality. But we have received any amount of testimony from quarters entitled to some respect. We think the theory is false.

The post mortem body of Jesus.

A. G. G., ACTON, Ind.—SIR: I have several questions to ask you, but for the present I wish an answer to this one: Was the body that Jesus seemed to have after his resurrection the same one he had when crucified?

Answer: Modern spiritual manifestations have done much to explain past mysteries and miracles. It is known that a wise and strong-minded person in the spirit world has the power to make visible to the eyes of mortals the exact appearance or semblance of the body it wore before death. This representation is elaborated sometimes to the minutest particular, even to the reproduction of the appearance of the habiliments, &c., by which the person was characterized and identified while a resident of the earth. Thus General Washington has been seen by mediums, and also by witnesses not clairvoyant, to descend upon the shining slopes of the upper sphere, dressed in the military garb, as though he was yet a Commander-in-Chief of all American forces in war.

We do not teach, remember, that spirits retain all their terrestrial expressions, and the likeness of their physical clothing, but this: that the psychological power of spirits is adapted to such representations for wise and beneficent ends. In like manner we teach that although Jesus appeared to possess the old earthly form, in the moment of his resur-

rection, yet, in fact, that his body was the spiritual organism, with the psychological semblances superinduced.

Ascending Steps in Matter.

J. P. WESTFIELD, N. Y.—MR. DAVIS: As you are answering questions through the HERALD, I trust you will permit me to ask the following: "1st. Does not the primitive rock contain (in embryo) all the elements of the future man?"

Ans. Yes, all, except spirit.

"2d. On the dissolution of any form, does not the spirit which animates it invariably pass to, and animate higher forms?"

Ans. Yes, except the spirit of Man. Its form is the ultimate of the formative law.

"3d. Is it possible to assimilate the mineral with the animal, except through the vegetable?"

Answer: No. If you should consign the finest mineral preparation to your physical organization, there is no chemistry known, or possible, that can convert that mineral into your animal and corporeal substance. Hence the mischief of all systems of medicine which includes mineral preparations in its catalogue of remedies for disease. The vegetable world is midway between the mineral and the animal structure, and Mother Nature will not suffer her lower and least of substances to take the kingdom of higher life by violence.

Mediumship.

F. T. L., LAWRENCE, MASS.—BROTHER DAVIS: Do not physical manifestations usually precede those of a mental character, when both are given through the same individual?

Answer: We have knowledge of several cases of mediumship, where, owing to the extreme attenuation of the nervous life (*aura*), the manifestations began in the form of direct inspiration and speaking. In a few months subsequently, however, the same mediums would lose much of the higher phases and begin at the A. B. C., or with vibratory operations, gesticulations, rapping, table-tilting, &c. Disappointed and mortified at the supposed debasement of their powers, many such mediums have resigned all interest in the phenomena. But, in our opinion, the cessation of the higher manifestations, and the appearance of the basic forms of the development, was a sign of terminal and healthy growth from the foundation upwards. The good sense of the soul at this point is abundant. It is a sign of a true mediumship, a firm foothold in the rightness of the good, the true, and the beautiful.

How to Govern Children.

H. C. H., GAITHERSBURG, N. Y.—BROTHER DAVIS: What do you think of the following method of governing children? I will state the instance. As I was passing by the modest residence of an industrious mechanic, a few words accidentally fell upon my ear, addressed to a boy of perhaps ten years: "No, Wendell, my son, I had rather you wouldn't. I am afraid if you go over there you will make too much noise. You can play at home. You know the Christians wish to keep their quiet. (It was Sunday) and we must respect their belief so much as not to disturb them by making a noise."

"Thought, who shall foretell the amount of good that may result to this youth, and indirectly to the world, in the nearing future, from this simple lesson of toleration?"

Answer: It is a mark not only of "good breeding" and refinement, but of large and generous intelligence as well, to thus delicately teach a child or a people, to be respectful to opponents. May the day soon dawn upon our planet when "man shall stamp their demon deities to dust and know the truth in their very hearts, regardless of the form!" Then universal toleration will pave the way to universal Brotherhood.

Woman's Needs in False Marriage.

Mrs. R. B., WASHINGTON.—BROTHER DAVIS: Can a woman, subjected by the laws of men to the daily influence of one man, in whom her loves find no response, so discipline herself as to be able (with a partial knowledge of Nature's laws) to draw from spiritual influences, or surrounding elements, that soul-sustaining and spirit-elevating essence (or a substitute) that a true conjugal mate would yield her, and thereby make the same spiritual advancement that would accrue to her under more natural conditions?

Answer: In this life it will ever remain impossible for either man or woman to rise wholly superior to the influence of congenial circumstances. Yet it is possible and positively necessary that both hemispheres of humanity (male and female) should attain to more independence, and thus rise superior to each other's influence and arbitrary control. This is not now attempted, nor believed to be righteous to attempt. As society is now constructed, however, it is not possible for a woman to make much spiritual progress while "under the daily influence of a man in whom her loves find no response." As well might we expect trees to bear good fruit in the midst of fire, or tropical flowers to bloom in the Arctic circle, or purity to prosper in the deep wells of vice and crime, or noble intellect to unfold and brighten in the brain of an idiot. Nay, day—woman's spiritual progress, and man's not less, depends to a fearful extent upon the propitiousness and abundance of the fountains of affection by which it is surrounded in this rudimentary habitation. The spirit world is oftentimes closed up and sealed, like the beauties of earth to the physically blind, when external influences drag down and weary the heart. Any disobliteration of the conjugal law in the soul, is followed by disastrous effects; and the suffering is always in proportion to the extent of the transgression; if not in this world, then, just as surely, in that which is to come. Beware, therefore, of contracting false marriage relations. Legislative enactments can neither make nor unmake the true conjugal union.

Beneath the Ocean's Wave.

C. W. M., NEW CASTLE, Pa.—This correspondent has written to get further "impressions" concerning mineral and vegetable formations at the bottom of the ocean.

Answer: At present we have nothing further to communicate regarding the beautiful world of life within the ocean. Physical eyes, however, have seen much that confirms the visions of clairvoyants. For example: Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks near Haiti: "The banks of coral on which my divers, narrated in the previous chapter, were made, are about forty miles in length and from ten to twenty in breadth.

"On these banks of coral presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and so clear that the diver can see from two or three hundred feet, when subjected with little obstruction to the light.

"The bottom of the ocean, in many places on these banks, is as smooth as a marble floor, in others it is studded with a coral column, from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of these most lofty spires are a myriad of pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad of pearls; giving the reality to the fairy story abode of some water nymph. In other places, the pendants form arch after arch, such as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through these into the deep winding avenue, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had long been buried beneath 'old ocean's waves.'" Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins.

"There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade and entirely different from the plants on the surface with that vegetable vegetation. One particular attracted my attention, it was a small, sea fan of a delicate shade of pearly color, and of the most brilliant hue.

"The sea fan, similar to those Silver Banks, were abundant in England, the scene of our former journey. They were of various colors, and sizes—from the size of a pin only to the Godlike smith; from those of the dullest hue to the changeable dolphin; from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sunbeam, from the hairless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like cats and dogs: one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move."

Whisperings to Correspondents.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

M. J. W., STRATFORD, Ct.—Your welcome answer to "Philadelphia" was duly received.

J. W. T., BELLVILLE, Ill.—Your "Defense" will be published.

P. W. W.—At Auburn, N. Y.; also, in Mendota, Ill. The legal profession.

"LEONA"—We solicit a statement of facts. Let no one-sided prejudices mar the fair beauty of your delineations.

"MARQUET"—Wait till "election" is over, and the country is safe. Our friends of the *Tribune* will then have a few thoughts for yourself.

"SROXY WRITER"—The *Sunday Dispatch* would be more likely to require your services. We decline them.

"EMEND"—GLEN'S FALLS.—Send all the Moral Police facts you can. "The world will be the better for it."

E. O. W., BROOKLYN.—Your doubts are the symptoms of an unequally enlightened reason. Sister! send us an account of the phenomena by which you and yours were converted.

MARY L., PHILADELPHIA.—Your inspired verses to the "Prince of Wales" are adapted to the columns of some popular daily. Let us hear from you again.

T. J. L., BOSTON.—Will appropriate the first spare half hour to the subject-matter of your epistle. "There is a place for every one," notwithstanding the present inharmonious state of society.

R. H. A., SALEM, Mich.—The question of "suicide" was answered in number thirty-four. If it is not satisfactory, state your objections, and ask further questions if necessary.

Mrs. P. F., DELTA, N. Y.—This friend is indignant because she has found "medical thugs among Spiritualists!" Reply: Use your Will-power, eat and labor rationally, sleep sweetly, and "throw physic to the dogs."

J. H. RANDALL, NORTHFIELD.—Your free-gift enclosure was received. May your feet ever walk in wisdom's pleasant way! Man's soul does not realize its deathless individuality until Reason opens the golden gates of Truth.

J. K. B., HIGHLAND, Ill.—Your papers and the precious "pearls" have come into our possession. Few native American scholars write with more literary accuracy than yourself. We shall perform a Brother's duty among the "Unenlightenings" of our loved contributors.

M. M. M., WEST KILLINGLY, Ct.—Your lectures "in the woods" may help many a soul to get "out of the woods" of superstition and discord. We have known instances where "words fifty spoken" beneath the woodland's magic shade, have turned the life-current of many souls from ignorant ways to those of health, reason, and happiness.

M. H. AVERY, OSCEOLA, Pa.—The condition indicates a disturbance of the cerebellum. Some spirit has failed to make his person a medium, but the influence cannot be easily withdrawn without thoroughly magnetizing the spine.

Some electrical circumstances of your vicinity will account for the unfinished tests. Better make progress through some other means.

E. A. M., MILLPORT, Pa.—Never mind the jerking consequent upon Breathing and Willing. It is a good sign, viz: that the voluntary effort is seconded by the involuntary nerves.

The willow charcoal will benefit you very little. Sleep thirty minutes before dinner is better.

The Prisoner's Library is being well supplied with useful works. Such benevolence is sweet and lasting.

L. E. Y., CHARLESTON, S. C.—Thanks for your kindly interest. Perhaps your "dream" pointed toward our journal, which is an object enlivening our initial care. We trust some one will be inspired to discourse, as you desire, ere long, on "the proper management of children." The physical state of your little son shall receive attention as early as possible.

EDWARD F. S., LANCASTER, Ohio.—Move on, ward, Brother! Tarry not on the bleak hills of Doubt. Obtain warm visions of happier climes beyond the sweep of sorrow—beyond the troubled deep of earth's questionings. How obtain them? Employ thy God-inspired Reason. Read the truths of immortality written on the constitution of mind and matter.

"FASORA," BUFFALO.—"A warning comes, unheard by other ears. The Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud, like Sinai's thunder, peals from the cloud," and this imperative message is given, as if by the very good Fenelon: "The time has come when you are not only to retire within yourself, but to retire FROM yourself!"

F. CHASE, SUTTON, N. H.—This friend writes that, over one year ago, Mr. H. P. Fairfield was lecturing in that place, when, inspired by his spirit guides, he stated that "there will be four candidates for the Presidency in 1860." Many persons present heard the prophetic utterance. The fulfillment is complete, unless some critic notes a gain counting the Abolition candidate as a "fifth wheel to the coach."

J. F. McC., CHEMUNGO CO., Pa.—We are not prepared to accept the offer to publish your "Twenties." If you should have it printed as a private work, no doubt you can, while traveling and lecturing, find purchasers as long as you choose to keep it in print. It is hard to drink the bitter cup of calumny and misrepresentation, but this, sometimes, the good Father and Mother roll up the curtain of clouds between the soul and eternal truths.

E. V., FARMINGTON, Ill.—The Publisher of *Akron O.*, has suspended. We think every reasonable mind will write his own "Bible of Nature." A neighbor of ours has written his Testament thus: "Whatever is, is Right." Another has added this brief sentence: "I don't believe it." A third asked why the second didn't believe it, and the answer came—"Because Barnard did not fulfill his public promises." But no one hereabouts judges the Brother, and thus endeth the vexed controversy.

"A LADY," resident of Middlebury, wants to know "whether the angel Gabriel, of Scripture notoriety, was ever an inhabitant of the earth?"

Answer: We understand that Gabriel is the spiritual name once given to one who, with a very different title, lived in a previous system of creation. "Michael and Gabriel, servants long approved in high commission," were once in low condition. Mythology and truth, however, are strangely mixed together in Milton's and Colcock's conceptions of the celestial personages.

"ALCON," Vt.—The way of happiness does not open. The life which you now live is but a poor part of that which is in store for you. Confidence is the only bond of friendship. Between true friends there can be no "secret." The existence of this secret must admonish your heart and your wisdom. See within the bewildering clouds and melancholy storms of that "secret" the beautiful form of your guardian angel. What is now called "affliction" will be the harbinger of a protecting love. We fear that he is not worthy. What more would you have us communicate?

G. RICHARD B., PORTSMOUTH, Va.—The reason why we counseled you to suspend your "sittings" was this: Your dependence upon the *method* and the *means* of development was beginning to detract from your constitutional powers of growth. All true and permanent unfolding, you know, is from the center of being; thence outwardly. If the flower should put all its confidence in the hand and light of the sun, and cease to value its own inherent vital energies of growth, the consequence would be a seeming blossoming but an actual withering of its best petals and parts. Brother, you can easily comprehend the wisdom of withdrawing from your communications, for a time only, in order to feel where you really are, to ascertain how much moral strength you have acquired, what amount of genuine growth accomplished, and then, after a few weeks, resume the effort, unless you have, in the meantime, acquired a new and more positive evidence of the development you so faithfully seek.

DR. DANIEL T. M., CHARLESTON.—We have at length a case for you. Dr. TRALL, Editor of the *Water Cure Journal*, has written a mainly vitiation or challenge to Dr. REESE, Editor of the *New York Medical Gazette*, &c., to discuss the merits of Hydropathy and reform Hygiene in general. We hope the distinguished Professor of Allopathic Theory and Practice, in the New York Medical College, will promptly accept Dr. T.'s most reasonable terms of debate. "Should Dr. Reese decline the proposed discussion," adds Dr. T., "the same offer is open to any professor in an Allopathic Medical College in the civilized world."

L. O. C., WEST HARTWICK, N. Y.—With your family all in the Spirit Land, and your present situation embarrassing, you cannot but feel like one "left upon a lonely shore"—far from the cheerful habitation of the living and the dead. No, Sister! Look out through the beautiful laws of right-reasoning. See, everywhere, the immutable evidences of the eternal Father and Mother, whose wisdom and changeless love, interlocking, directs and inspires the stupendous whole. The sublime Shelley said:

"The awful shadow of some unseen Power
Plots, though unseen, among us; visiting
This various world with his inconstant wing
As summer winds that creep from flower to flower."

"SENTELL," NEW YORK.—History informs us that Publius Syrus was a slave under the Roman government. He lived and wrote about 700 years before the Christian era. Syrus was reduced to a province of Rome about 690 years B. C. It was the custom in those days for a slave to receive the name of his native province. Thus, because this young man was by birth a Syrian, he was named Syrus. His intellectual and spiritual endowments were fine and poetic. Many of the "Moral Sayings" and inspired "Proverbs" of the Syrian slave are not excelled by anything either in or out of the New Testament. Now the question arises—How happened it that a slave—a supposed weak and foolish pendant of a proud and powerful master—could be so wisely and so sublimely inspired?

Mrs. L. D., ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Sister! 'Tis not given us to point out the way of wisdom for thee. An influential fire is kindled on the altar of your reason. Do not extinguish it by too much impulse or impatience. Spirits aid earth's children wisely or not, as the recipients shall for themselves determine. If you look at the beautiful sun too steadily, its sword-like light will presently blind your eyes forever; but wisely and cautiously receive its sunless blessings, and lo! the light thereof will revivify the earth, and its magical warmth, will speak joy into your whole life. Do not understand "Proverbs" thy lesson well, then "with unassuming words and high, go forth and scatter the seeds of truth among thy neighbors. Such a mission is holy and angel-like."

CHARLES F. O'B., TEXAS.—"Hassheesh" is one of the dream-generating plants of the Orient. It attenuates nothing but the *essence* of the faculties, giving the mind, for the time being, a clearer or rarer atmospheric medium of sight and sensation. But this delightful effect very soon becomes exceedingly fictitious and temporary. The permanent effect of Hassheesh is, therefore, antagonistic to the normal function of the faculties. We would be ashamed of any Anglo-Saxon member of the human race, whose intellectual faculties and spiritual exercises were stimulated and guided by the sickly gas of Hassheesh. Let every friend of reason and health seek to unfold his being, as the summer sun unrolls the flower, in accordance with the laws by which Nature and the Father govern the universe, "without shadow of turning."

EMELINE N., . . . BROAD BROOK, Ct.—As your letter gave up its sphere, as psychometrically indicative of your bodily and mental condition, we belted a willow tree, growing in a solitary spot, visited only by the lone sea-bird and a few bees. This mute and mournful symbol saddened us; it presently the picture of an angel's face shone out above the tree; the cherub lips opened, and the eye was tender as an infant's, while the tongue warbled a ballad of history. We read the meaning; which was, that your physical state is unsuitable for spiritual happiness, and that, without any delay, it is required of you to do everything, and leave nothing undone which will put your body in a sweet and harmonious condition. Until you do this, Emeline, do not expect much delight in communing with Nature, or with the world above you. Be brave, Sister, and become a healthy, happy, progressive soul!

"THE GREEKS," NEW YORK.—Ever and anon some self-commissioned, earnest soul, turns "propbet of evil," and writes us a doleful account of things to happen in our individual sphere—or, sees evil to the country. Such prophets and prophetesses think they behold our country's assaults, "virgins dragged from their altars," our children in chains, and massacred patriots stretched on bloody lawns, etc. They might sing the song of the Greeks:

"Again to the battle, Achians,
Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
Our land, the first garden of Liberty's Tree,
It has been, and shall yet be the land of the Free."

We have a sad heart whenever thinking of those who are enough discordant in themselves to fancy they behold "evil" in the vitals of a person or a people. Every genuine political philosopher knows that our country is *truly sound* and *progressive*, and that the agitations of government and the commotions of parties correspond to "itch," "salt rheum," "rash," "measles," "mumps," and "worm fits"—all perfectly natural to the primary stages and conditions of progress in "Young America." We believe that higher "physicians" than Congressional wranglers are watching over the vital interests of our youthful country. "Ever the right comes uppermost."

The Teachings of Nature.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole."

For the Herald of Progress.

Books and Flowers.

BY MRS. C. B. H.

"Encourage the beautiful—the useful will encourage itself."—GORDON.

To live nobly, purely, wisely—to develop every faculty of our nature to the highest extent...

Father God has rounded from chaos a budding, blooming world, lavished upon it the riches of his universe, beautified it as though it were a home for angels...

Flowers—considered by those who tune not their souls with Nature's finer strains as useless expenditures—are heaven's rarest gems...

Mind partakes of the character of surrounding objects; the purity of flowers stimulates and builds up the higher faculties of one's nature...

"Faded flowers shall freshen, Freshen never more to fade."

As objects on earth are but counterparts of objects in a lovelier sphere, are we not rejecting an element of heaven when we allow these "voices of nature" to waste their sweetness on the desert air?

"Each tiny flower that opens below From the smile of our God receives its glow" why not fill our homes with his "smiles," thus making joyous the place where children dwell...

Good books are home ornaments and incentives to a higher life—absolute necessities to the growth of harmonial life. What a priceless privilege to retire from temporal affairs whenever we find our spirit discordant...

A good book is truly "the best of friends, the same to-day and forever." G. S. Hillard says: "Books are the friends of the friendless; a library, a home for the homeless." Channing says: "God be praised for books! They are a solace, an ornament, instructors, and reprovers; a taste for their perusal will introduce you into the best society—be a passport to refinement, wit, and wisdom..."

brighten eternity's "white radiance" with the rays of ever-blooming hope and exhaustless love.

I would encourage all who desire of home a miniature heaven, to surround it and fill it with books and flowers; they rival all other furniture, all other ornaments; while the instruction they afford gives one a higher appreciation of life, refines the feelings and expands the intellect...

For the Herald of Progress.

Harmony.

BY H. B. VINCENT.

From time immemorial bards have prophesied of the dawn of the millennial morn. As long as praying has been a custom, and prophecy common, a reign of universal harmony has been the subject of prayer and prophecy. And every sect and party believes that "the good time coming" will become a fact when it shall step into universal accord.

The Hindus believe that when Brahm shall rule the nation, discord and sin shall speedily vanish away. The Mahomedan prays with his face toward Mecca, and holds up Mahomet and the Koran for the "healing of the nations."

The Chinaman, the Hindoo, and the Persian, have each their peculiar religious remedy, to cure a "sin-sick world."

The pious Christian considers these people all heathen, and as ignorant of the true God, or of His revelation to man; so he proposes the Bible as the only remedy for discord, and imagines its authority, when acknowledged, shall make harmony universal. Robert Owen avers that the millennial morn will not shed its bright effulgence for man's relief till there shall be one currency for the world, one language for all nations, and one government for the race.

In short, we have as many religions, spiritual, and political remedies for the removal of discord and inharmony, as of quack medicines in a modern drug-shop. All have proceeded upon the hypothesis that there is positive and absolute evil in the world to be removed. In their systems, they have incarnated devils in the very constitution of human nature, and then concocted schemes for their removal.

Nature everywhere presents one grand and universal scene of growth and development. Perfection does not exist; everything changes, which perfection cannot do, unless it becomes imperfection.

Hence, good and evil are relative terms, representing different stages of growth, of plants, animals, and men. Conditions regulate everything. The earth whirles through space, the fish swims, and the honey-suckle grows, by virtue of conditions; and to change the conditions is to change the effect.

Nature is always true to herself; cause and effect always correspond. It was natural for Bonaparte to murder, for Nero to be a tyrant, and for Calvin to be a religious inquisitor. It was also natural for Socrates to be forgiving, and for Jesus to be loving and kind. Was one expression of human character absolutely wrong, and the other absolutely right?

By no means; for both were natural; and the different expressions only showed different degrees of mental and spiritual growth.

The balloon filled with hydrogen gas ascends, and the bag of sand descends, but neither movement is positive or absolute; for both effects are produced by the same law acting under different conditions, though the results are in direct contrast.

One individual is addicted to intoxication, and wallows in the gutter, another is always temperate and cleanly; both act naturally, but occupy different stages in the gradations of human progress.

Thomas Paine loved Liberty; Webster and Clay seemed to labor to bind the fetters more closely upon the darker sons of toil; Paine had simply grown to a more human dignity than these respectable conservative statesmen. St. Paul was a woman-hater; Henry C. Wright (who will appear as well as Paul after the lapse of a thousand years), labors for the elevation and emancipation of the sex; the Apostle belonged to the Silurian formation of the human strata, while the other emerges on a higher plane.

Nature works with imperfect tools, and hence presents imperfectly manufactured articles. When these products of her toil, called men and women, put forth actions and expressions that are low and vile, their fellows of a higher grade call them evil, while others who are lower down call them good.

These actions and expressions of human character may seem to be absolutely good or purely evil, and hence have been termed so by the world; but a closer discrimination shows them to be the outward form of imperfect inward conditions. "The cartion in the sun will convert itself into grass and flowers, and man, though in brothels, or jails, or on gibbets, is on his way to all that is good and true."

But the conservative fancies that this philosophy sanctions the commission of crime, and therefore condemns it. Does Intemperance seem more fascinating in the light of this philosophy, than it did when a righteous Noah became intoxicated with the fruits of his vineyard?

Does war seem more conducive to the elevation of man than it did when Joshua led the murdering hosts of Israel? Is slavery less sinful than it was when God commanded the Israelites to buy of the heathen round about them?

Is polygamy any better in Belsham Young, than it was in Solomon or David? Not in the least. This philosophy has no approving

smiles for wrong-doing; on the contrary, it indicates a rational and consistent remedy for "man's inhumanity to man."

The philosophy of evil, as exhibited in the accepted Christianity, attributes to man an origin "a little lower than the angels;" and then by a "fall," drops him to the regions of the damned, as "totally depraved." In order to extricate himself from this desperate condition, man must lay his sins upon a crucified Jesus, and creep into heaven on the merits of murdered innocence. Is this really a glorious plan of salvation? We are told the millennial day will solace man's weary existence when this system shall be universally adopted. Well may we rejoice, that the advance of intelligence is fast annihilating such heathenish myths.

The truly rational system is, that man has not yet outgrown all that is low and degrading. The monkey steals, and some men, still allied to the simia, continue addicted to the practice.

The tiger fights, and men quarrel, because all men have not yet outgrown the tiger in their natures. Phrenologists in their examinations of human character, compare different men to different animals, from their moral resemblance to them, but delineators of character in the "nearing future" will compare men with angels because they will be kind and just. Man's nature is composed of pre-existent forces and elements. For, as has been well said, man is a universe in miniature—an epitome of all Nature.

In him are combined elements both of mind and matter, that manifest themselves in lower forms and organizations. In man's nature they are combined in different ratios, exist in different degrees of refinement, and in connection with mental qualities transcendently superior to all below him in the scale of being. This is the cause of that great diversity of human character everywhere seen.

If this reasoning is true, (and Nature everywhere confirms it,) the philosophy of reform is as beautiful as it is simple.

Reform is a normal condition of man's nature, and not an evanescent antidote for a temporary inability or moral disease.

Formation, segregation, and reformation, are modes of action by which Nature carries forward her great schemes of growth and development.

The reform of individual character, the elevation of the masses, and the purifying of nations and the world, depends upon influencing human thought and action. It is a beautiful system of growth and education, with no tyrant Deity to be appeased with bullocks and rams, or monstrous devil to be routed by prayer and fasting.

Ignorant and undeveloped men and women who exhibit degrading traits of character, must be brought to a higher condition by a refining, polishing, and educating process, which gradually removes every unseemly characteristic.

Does war scourge the world with its bloody tragedies, and heart-rending horrors? The only efficient means to remove war, with its endless catalogue of miseries, is to develop the fraternal and human tendencies in man's nature, that peace may reign in the soul, and ultimate itself in the rule of nations.

Does intemperance, with its blighting mildew, corrupt and destroy the noblest of the land? Then a process of mental and spiritual culture, that shall provide the soul with amusements and delights superior to the attractions of the wine-cup and card table, are the effectual remedy for this world-wide curse. Does slavery stifle the aspirations of those in bonds, and prevent the free "pursuit of happiness"? Then cultivate in the master a sense of brotherhood and of the beauty of universal liberty. Education of all the faculties of mind, is the Archimedean lever that shall overturn that weight of ignorance, which keeps humanity subject to misery and discord. Laws, institutions, and governments, do good by holding on to the progress already made, and making it a stepping-stone to something higher and better.

With this view of reform, we may take courage, and work and wait. As the elevation of mankind is for the most part within the reach of our own powers, and since the Deity has completed His "miracles," and left the world to itself, it has become highly necessary for man to do something for his own advancement.

As before stated, men have looked for the upbuilding of the temple of peace and harmony in the universal acceptance of some creed or institution; but philosophic views of reform show the utter falsity of such notions.

It is a simple fact in the common experience of every person, that at times he beholds discord and unutterable confusion everywhere around him, while again, when external surroundings are in no wise more favorable, seeming harmony cheers him on every side, because it first reigns in his own nature.

Some persons are continually fretting at discord with themselves; they behold everything discordant around them. Such persons do nothing to make others more harmonious, because they do nothing to make themselves so.

He upon whose soul has gleamed some rays of Truth, beholds every effect corresponding to organic condition. Does the hog wallow in the mire? Such is the nature of the animal! So the man of coarse body, whose brain runs to rebellion, frequents the grog-shop and the brothel; while he of finer temperament, whose brain expands in the frontal and coronal regions, worships in Nature's temple, and delights in pure and simple pleasures. Sol-

mon kept a harem of a thousand concubines, but Jesus and the Shakers eschew the flesh.

Whoever views the world from the standpoint of inward harmony, beholds these different traits of character as so many milestones on the highway of progress. Does it follow, therefore, that slavery, war, intemperance, and concubinage are just? Not at all. The harmonious soul beholds these vices as dark spots upon Nature's vesture; but with correct views of the philosophy of reform, he is not so eager to tear institutions down, as to reform the people, and lift them above the miseries and agonies which originate in ignorance. While men exist, we may always expect diversity of opinion and practice; but when the race shall have outgrown these enormous defects, human rights will be held inviolate, and better conditions will create better institutions, wherein peace, purity, and justice, shall find a permanent habitation.

With the individual, harmony is a condition of mind. It enables him to behold everything in Nature, and all traits of human character, as the manifestation of inward conditions, which, if bad, must be improved before the outward form will be graceful and fair. Remembering, then, "under all circumstances to keep an even mind," we may move hopefully forward to the better life; first subduing and reducing our own natures to harmony, that we may help successfully to improve the condition of those around us.

CHAGRIN FALLS, Ohio, August, 1890.

For the Herald of Progress.

Death: What is It?

BY I. COVERT.

When the close of life is contemplated, the termination of man's designs and hopes, who can avoid being touched with sensations at once awful and tender? What heart but conceives the event the most terrible calamity that can befall humanity? It must be dreadful, say some, because it separates soul and body, and it must be attended with the most excruciating agonies.

But these ideas of it are chiefly owing to the reception of an incorrect philosophy, which philosophy, conceived in prejudice and clothed by fancy, augments the miseries of our natures by reasoning on the supposed extent of the sufferings endured.

Between life and death the shade is so undistinguishable, that all the powers of art and science can scarcely determine where the one ends and the other begins. There are many instances of persons who have had all the tests applied, and afterwards recovered without any assistance, to the surprise and astonishment of the spectators. How careful, then, should we be, before we commit the structure to the grave, to be well-assured of the spirit's actual departure.

If the event, then, be so difficult of determination, why should its approach be so much dreaded, and the ideas of the imaginary pains fright the mind needlessly?

Nature has kindly covered up the event with a state of insensibility. Neither the spirit nor the body can suffer, for the first, at the period of its withdrawal, exists in a semi-unconscious state without ideas, by which sensation is destroyed to the latter.

The process of death sometimes commences at a period in which our apprehensions of it are not augmented, because our attention is not drawn towards it. When man has attained his full maturity of life, and fully exercised his faculties and powers, the process then begins. As the apostle declares, he "dies daily." As day steals on day, and month glides after month, it is seen that one by one the powers depart, until at last the structure seeks its last repose in the bosom of its mother.

All the followers of Jesus the Christ believe in a life after death, although its nature is indistinct and undefined. This belief is established by the revelations of the Bible, and is well sustained by the passions and sentiments of the soul.

If the authorities be correct, death is not a finality of life, but a change of existence. This change of existence is apparent in all the forms of the universe; combination and recombination appear to be the established order of space; this law is illustrated in the changes from the period in which space was chaotic, to the present, in which the universe is studied with brilliant orbs of life.

If this change is impressed on matter and began its operations when matter was formed, on what basis is it contended that death (change) occurred in consequence of the transgression of man, when matter and worlds existed periods of ages prior to man's appearance on earth?

Revealed religion declares that God is not only omnipotent and omnipresent, but that "In Him do we live, move, and have our being." If this be true, it not only establishes a substantial and unsubstantial material existence of the Deity, but that his presence invests all things and all space simultaneously. If He be, as all allow, the author and supporter of life, this life that characterizes substances we behold on every side, is His life, and death cannot be existent unless the Deity be himself subjected to it.

As the arguments introduced to sustain the idea that death is but a change, man now has additional testimony in the developments of Spiritualism, or the Harmonical Philosophy, to support and confirm it. This testimony is of that nature, and addresses the outward senses and interior conceptions to that extent of certainty, that any who investigate its phenomena fairly, cannot, if they would, reject the conviction it invariably brings. It is now too late to attempt to ac-

count for the phenomena on any other basis than that claimed for it by Spiritualists.

This theory establishes that man may hold communion and fellowship with those of earth that have passed on before. This being allowed, shows there is no death, but change, and the nature of that life beyond is made known to the inhabitants of earth. Take courage, then, ye fearful saints, for the burning region in the world beyond is the only undiscovered locality.

For the Herald of Progress.

The Laws of Nature.

BY DAVID TROWBRIDGE.

We hear much about the Laws of Nature, their variety, their control, &c., but how many ever attempted to answer the question, What are the Laws of Nature? I invite some little talk on this subject, as it may tend to enlighten our minds on this subject, and at the same time give us more rational views respecting the course of Nature in all parts of the universe; and also correct some of our notions of reform.

We were formerly taught that all things are possible with God; but it is not difficult for us to show now that certain things are not possible with God. For instance, it is impossible for us to be in two or more places at the same time, for a thing to be round and square at the same time, move and stand still at the same time, &c. But to what extent can we trace these impossibilities? If it can be proved that all laws of Nature are fixed laws—laws that cannot be changed—we at the same time prove that man is a Being of Necessity, which appears to me to be almost a self-evident proposition.

The Laws of Nature heretofore have been spoken of as if they had a separate existence from the things which they control, as if they acted as an external force that urged everything to take the course that it does. For instance, that the law of gravitation exists independent of the suns and planets. But it appears to me that this view will not stand the test of exact inquiry. If this theory be true, it follows, as a matter of course, that the laws of the mind are superior to the mind itself; that the laws by which the Deity is regulated are superior to the Deity himself. But these are conclusions that we cannot adhere to.

But what, then, is a Law of Nature? It is simply the way in which a thing acts. It is a part and parcel of the nature of a thing to act in a certain manner, and that is its law, or one of its laws. And the moment we annihilate that thing (supposing it possible), that moment we destroy all of its laws. From this consideration it follows that each elementary atom of all forms of matter is endowed with a certain "rule of action," and every atom of the same kind is endowed with the same law, and hence it would be impossible for just such a particle of matter to exist without being subject to the same laws. By combining different atoms with different "rules of action," new laws will arise.

That science which exhibits to our observation, in the clearest light, the truth of these propositions, is chemistry. It is well known that chemists have found that matter combines in definite proportions, and that these proportions never vary.

It is also known that every mathematical law is invariable. Thus, in every plane triangle, the sum of the three angles is equal to two right angles, or a semi-circumference, or 180°. It matters not how many plane triangles we may suppose destroyed, and others constructed, they are all subject to the same law. And the same is true of every mathematical figure. But so far as these mathematical laws have been applied, to investigate the phenomena of Nature, they correctly represent them (the phenomena of Nature), even to the minutest degree. Such being the fact, we conclude, inductively, that mathematical laws will represent all laws of Nature; and as mathematical laws are fixed, the laws of Nature must be.

Let me hear from the Editor and his correspondents on this subject. At some future time I will illustrate this subject further.

[From the Spiritual Magazine.]

A Sea-Side Rhapsody.

The strife and din of the city lie far behind; the note of the plover and the cry of the sea-gull have ceased; not a sound is heard save

"The low caroling of the crisped sea," like a mother singing a lullaby to her sleeping babe. The air is still, the fleecy clouds have passed from the face of the sky, and the round harvest-moon is mirrored in the glassy sea. The outward aspect of nature is imaged on the soul; the voice of the passions is hushed; the siren songs that lure to folly are no longer heard. Memory, Hope, and Aspiration—the three graces of the soul—rise before me in their fringed and blended loveliness; Memory, with her passive eye; Hope, with her beaming smile; Aspiration, with her calm and upward gaze. Their influences stream in upon me as "the light of stars" streams in upon the wave. I listen to "The songs of happy childhood that we sung;" I feel the play of baby hands in mine; and, oh! I know that loving angel eyes look down upon me, as the watching stars look down upon the wayward earth.

Youth's dreams—the visions of fancy—the ambitions that fired the blood and throbed the brain—these have vanished; even in embracing them we but clasped the air; but still the skies endure—the most ancient heavens are fresh and strong. The corn and the fruit we would have plucked, we shall yet gather in their ripened excellence, more luscious and golden, under other skies.

In the far distance sea and sky seem to meet and clasp each other; and thus does

our man's life on earth seem the point where the two worlds—the past and the future—come—meet and blend together. Glory to thee, great Galileo! thou, with thy far-seeing eye, didst pierce the dark realm of night, and lay bare the rolling worlds of space to man's wondering gaze. Thy name shall shine through the ages among the brightest stars that stud the intellectual firmament! And thou, brave, illustrious mariner! who—undaunted by courier's scoff and bigot's frown—undeterred by contumely, and cold neglect, and worldly poverty—darest to trust the heaven-sent inspirations of thy heroic soul, and, plowing thy way through unknown waters and unknown perils, gavest to man a new world—while oceans roll, and commerce spreads her sail, and men's winged words pass with electric speed from continent to continent, shall thy name be honored! But there yet remains a world—a cosmos that no ship has reached, no telescope discovered; not separated from us by intervening ocean or distant space, and yet more unknown, more vast than any Columbus or Galileo revealed; for who has measured the heights or sounded the depths of the soul? Who has explored and mapped out for us its continents and islands, its oceans and its promontories? The Athenians inscribed on their altar—“TO THE UNKNOWN GOD.” With almost equal truth might we write—THE UNKNOWN HUMAN SOUL, the image of God.

Well said Augustine that “The true Shekinah is man.” But ah! how is the brightness dimmed and the glory faded! Weep not, sad traveler, over the ruins of the mighty past! What though an antique civilization, with all its splendors, lies buried in the desert; what though the marble of its stately palaces is trodden into common dust; what though the serpent coils around the broken pillar and hisses at the passing traveler, and the weeds grow around its base, and the hyena couches within the shadow of the triumphal arch through which passed the conqueror of the world! What are moldering lanes, and desecrated temples, and mourning ruins, to that desecrated temple of God—the human soul! to the decay, and desolation, and moral ruin which passion, and selfishness, and sin, in all their protean forms, have wrought therein!

But there are harmonies as well as discords in nature. Nay, who shall say that even the discords may not have their place in bringing out a fuller harmony? Nor is the music of nature a sad continuous monotone. In her orchestra there is the flute note of the bird, as well as the solemn organ swell of the ocean. “Earth, with its myriad voices, praises God.” The morning stars sing together; yea, spirit, and angel, and seraph, fill God's boundless universe with harmony, and make the very heavens reverberate with their “sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.”

It then, we mourn a Paradise Lost, we look forward to a Paradise regained. Soon shall the darkness roll away, and the light shimmer on the distant wave and gild the mountain top. Yet a little longer, and “Man shall break, and man awake in the light of a fairer day.”

Even now, though storms may “rattle up the sky,” though “little bark may be tossed upon the restless sea of time, and it may seem that we are about to be engulfed beneath its waves, yet we know that One is with us, who can say to that unruly sea, “Peace, be still!”—not only *with* us, but, if we open the door of our souls to receive him, *within* us; for, in nature is the temple of the Infinite, in a more interior sense may we affirm that man's soul is the chosen sanctuary of God—that the true Shekinah is man.

The Spirit's Mysteries.

“Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.”

Letters of Lavater

To Maria Fedorovna, Grand-Duchess, and afterwards Empress of Russia.

GENERAL THOUGHTS ON THE STATE OF THE SOUL AFTER DEATH.

Lavater, the famous pastor of Zurich, is known to English readers chiefly as the author of a system of Physiognomy, which attained some currency in Europe previous to the publication of the craniological doctrines of Gall and Spurzheim. It is not generally known that he practiced magnetism, almost contemporaneously with Mesmer, and seemed to view it as opening the way to a knowledge of the mysteries of the connection of this life with the next; and that he even penetrated to the threshold of Spiritualism. That this was the case we think will be plain from the following letter, which we translate from the *Revue Spirituelle*, prefacing it with a few explanatory remarks from the Editor of that journal, M. Pierart.

“Among the distinguished persons with whom Lavater was on terms of intimacy, was the princess Donathea of Wurtemberg, wife of the grand duke subsequently so celebrated under the name of Paul I. At the time when her husband, not yet raised to the throne, was traveling under the name of Count of the North, the grand-duchess, traveling in Switzerland, was enabled to become acquainted with Lavater, and to appreciate his worth. There afterwards sprung up a correspondence between them, which continued after the grand-duchess had become Empress of Russia. The important discussions of moral, religious, and psychological questions, which were favorite themes with the pastor of Zurich, resumed their course by correspondence. The grand-duchess desired a detailed and connected view of the opinions of Lavater upon the soul—its faculties, its immortality, and its transcendent destiny. The response to this desire, was a series of remarkable letters which Baron de Korf, director of the Imperial Library of St. Petersburg, has discovered among the papers of the grand-duchess Constantine. He published them last year in their original German; and it was this collection of letters, which a Russian writer, Prince Augustine Gallitzine analyzed in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for March, 1859. A person to whom

our cause already owes a great deal, has lately been pleased to translate the most important of these letters hitherto unknown in France, and place the result of his labors at our disposal. We cannot do better than let our readers have the profit of them.”

LETTER I. THE STATE OF SOULS AFTER DEATH.

MADAM, Allow me to write to you freely, and to omit the title which is yours by birth, but which has no relation to the subject I desire to treat. You have desired to know my thoughts in regard to the state of souls after death.

The most intelligent and the most learned can tell us little upon this subject, for no one of these classes who have passed into that unknown world has ever returned to us. But an intelligent disciple of Him who descended from that invisible world might tell us as much about it as it would be useful for you to know for your consolation, tranquillity, and edification.

For the present, I desire only to submit to your judgment a few general ideas.

I.

In the first place, I imagine there ought to exist an enormous difference between the state, the perception, and the sensations of a soul separated from its material envelope, and those of one that still inhabits the body. This difference should be at least as great as that which exists between the newborn infant, and the infant before birth. We are bound upon matter, and our senses and organs determine the manner in which the soul knows and feels here below.

According as the eye sees through different instruments, glasses, telescopes or microscopes, the object appears to us of various forms and dimensions. Our senses are for us likewise simple optical instruments adapted to this material and sensible world.

It seems to me that the visible world should disappear from the soul freed from the body, as it disappears from the soul in dreams and sleep.

II.

It is probable that the world appears to the soul separated from the body entirely different from what it appeared to it during its life in the body—so much so that the soul does not recognize it.

And if it were to remain for some time incorporeal, the physical world would be in that case for it non-existent; or rather (which seems to me more probable, if it receives immediately after death a spiritual body, which is detached along with it from its more gross material envelope, even then its organs of perception should be entirely changed. The spiritual body also, might for some time, particularly in the case of an impure soul, remain in a confused and undeveloped state. If this is so, our world ought to appear to it, as if seen through a dark glass.

III.

The more this ethereal body—this vehicle of the new perceptions of the soul—is developed and quickened, the more beautiful and harmonious should the world appear to the soul, and the more in rapport with the essence and the nature of its new organs and the degree of its harmonious perceptions.

IV.

In proportion as the soul here below shall fashion, purify, develop, and simplify itself—shall have but one aim, and act only in reference to that aim—its organs will be simple, harmonious, and adapted to its nature, essence, wants, and faculties. The state of the soul pure here below will determine the state of the ethereal body, of that vehicle or organ, by means of which, immediately after the death of the material body, it takes form, perceives, and labors. The new body, in affinity with its more interior, pure, and beautiful nature, will render that nature capable of innumerable, ravishing perceptions, enjoyments, and pursuits.

V.

Whatever may be conjectured or inferred in regard to the state of the soul after death, may evidently be stated and embraced in the following thesis or axiom:

VI.

There exists a general, natural law, which is closely akin to this thesis, in regard to the state of the soul after death, expressing a similar truth—a law which governs every world, and every department of the physical, moral, intelligent, visible, and invisible worlds. It is this:

“Whatever is susceptible of affinity, attracts; the same species are mutually drawn to each other, unless thwarted by obstacles fortuitously interposed.”

Upon this simple principle rests the entire doctrine of the state of the soul after death; in it is involved all that can be said of what we call Judgment, Retribution, Bliss, or Damnation. In other words, “If you shall sow within or without, the good, your lot will fall with those who have done the same; you will have the friendship of those who have sown in the same way.”

VII.

Every soul freed from matter “*not only loses itself*; not only do the errors, distractions, and blindness which opposed it in the contemplation of itself, and in the knowledge of its powers, weakness, and shortcomings, cease,” but it feels itself attracted toward everything which has affinity for it, by an interior and irresistible force—while it feels repulsion for whatever is alien to it. It will be drawn down at least it will so seem to the soul by its own moral weight, into immeasurable abysses, or be borne aloft, like sparks, by its intrinsic lightness, to the elevated regions of ethereal purity.

The soul gives to itself its own weight according to our essence; its intrinsic worth bears it on high, sinks it down ward, or impels it to one side; its moral or religious character assigns it a determinate direction. Whoso is good, goes toward the good. Its needs, its attractions for the good, give it this direction. The impure soul is repelled among the impure. Just as a heavy weight, tossed into open space, would fall swiftly into the abyss; so impure, immoral, and irreligious souls will inevitably go to join their like.

Never carry a sword in your tongue to wound the reputation of another.

Philosophical Department.

Perfection and truthfulness of mind are the secret intentions of nature.”

Something about the Deity.

WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD?

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

God is the beginning and the end of all religious philosophy, and therefore there can be no question so important and useful as the question, *What and where is God?* Much has been written on this subject, and after all that has been said, it yet remains “*in arduum*”—an incomprehensible mystery. It seems to me that the error of most writers and thinkers is, that they misapprehend the true boundaries of human knowledge, and while they vainly attempt to sound the infinite, they foolishly neglect those few simple and unpretending truths concerning God, which nature, reason, and intuition clearly reveal to us. In attempting to know all, they fail to know anything, and, floating in the fogs of speculation, embrace all sorts of hallucinations. Having made these few introductory remarks, we will now proceed to state as clearly as we can those few simple ideas about God which nature teaches, and, in so doing, will also point out what we believe to be the true bounds of human knowledge upon the subject. What we have to say will be divided into two parts. First: Is there a God? Secondly: What and where is God?

IS THERE A GOD?

The word God is here used in its most simple sense, and implies only a supreme power. The ideas which men entertain of God are as diverse as their own features, and as various as their educations, characters, and the degree of their moral, mental, and spiritual development. We do not wish those who read this part of this article, to attach their own individual idea of God to that word when here used, but to attach to it but one simple idea, the idea of a supreme power, “only this and nothing more.” We do not wish our readers to think that by the word God we are describing the Jupiter of the Romans, the Jehovah of the Jews, or the national Deity of any people on the face of this globe. Neither do we wish you to think we are speaking of the God of any sect, as the “Presbyterian God,” the “Methodist God,” the “Episcopal God,” or the “Baptist God,” for each of these, and all other sects, present a different idea of God, a different definition of what and where God is.

Let those who read this part of this article throw away, for the time, at least, all their preconceived ideas, or they will not understand us, and so had better lay the paper down at once.

By the word God, understand us to mean a supreme power only. We do not wish to imply the idea of a Creator even, for that idea tends towards a definition of what that supreme power is, and we do not wish to give at present any definition, even in the slightest degree, of what that power called God is.

The subject upon which we write is one of the most profound which can engage the attention of man, and it is only by presenting one simple idea at a time that we can hope to avoid obscurity, or to be understood. It is by a want of attention to this, that most of the articles written upon God are as incomprehensible to the reader as God is himself, no matter how clear those articles may be to their authors.

In this part of the inquiry, we will, therefore, confine ourselves to the simple question, Is there a God? or a supreme power? We will not pause here to ask what that supreme power is; whether it created all things, or whether it was itself developed out of all things or their grand ultimate, or in any other way at present attempt to define its character or attributes.

That there is a supreme power, nature cries aloud in all her works, and all mankind have heard her voice and had faith therein. *No man ever denied the fact, whether he were savage, barbarous, or civilized.*

It is true that the Atheists (so called, and for that reason only) deny the God of the creeds, but they admit the existence of a supreme power in nature. The creeds attempt to define what that supreme power is, and it is but against the definition of the creeds that the Atheist revolts.

The creeds affirm that God is an intelligent being, having form, and possessed of all the attributes of the human mind. That he is a person who existed before the universe was, and who, by the word of his infinite power, called the universe into being. The Atheist denies the whole of this. He ignores the existence of any personal God possessed of mind, or any other human attributes. Yet, notwithstanding this, the Atheist does believe in a supreme power, which he names (it may be) Fate. The most philosophical among the Atheists name the power *Necessity*, the least philosophical among them term it *Chance*.

It is this supreme power, be it a person or not, be it Fate, Necessity, or Chance, which we will for the present call God, leaving it for further study and reflection to determine, if possible, what and where the supreme power is. And here we may remark that we are not attempting to prove the tenets of any creed, either atheistical or theological, under the sun. Our sole object is to find out what nature teaches of God, be it much or little.

*For a good definition of these several Gods, see “Present Age and Inner Life,” by A. J. Davis.

We do not fear to follow out the deductions of right reason, no matter where they lead, or how much the conclusions to which we arrive may conflict with the fashionable and educational opinions of the masses. The end we have in view is Truth, and for her sake we are willing to endure the censure and reproach of all mankind.

Who is so blind as not to be conscious of the grand fact, that there resides in, and permeates all nature, a power superior to man, and which seems to act as the Supreme Governor of all things? This power, says one, is an invisible spirit, an infinite mind. Says another, it is the laws of nature, which began with nature in “the beginning.” Another affirms that God and nature are one and the same. Another, that they are separate, God being the actor, and nature that which is acted upon. But all admit the existence of a supreme power. That fact is self-evident—no one denies it. The only dispute among men springs up when an attempt is made to define what that supreme power is. Is it a being or a principle? Is it a personal being? Is it an intelligent being? Does it exist outside of, and independent of nature? or did nature create it? Who is it? What is it? Where is it? These are the only questions about which men differ. This is the only battle-ground between the so-called Atheist and the Theologian.

The question, Is there a God? must, therefore, be answered in the affirmative, since every one admits, no one denies it, reason asserts, and nature proclaims it to be true.

WHAT AND WHERE IS GOD?

As we approach this solemn and profound theme, we feel penetrated with a deep sense of the weakness of human reason, yet we are sustained by a knowledge that when man was created, nature endowed him with the power to discover all that it was necessary or useful for him to know.

For many years it has been the fashion to abuse human reason, and to lay out against its weakness and insufficiency. Mankind have been warned against the free and unrestricted use of that noblest of faculties, and taught that to reason was but to err. We have been told that the pathway of reason led out to the highway of error. The reader will excuse us, then, if we pause a moment in the inquiry, for the purpose of showing that human reason is perfectly adapted for the purpose for which it was intended, *i. e.*, for the use of man. No doubt, human reason, if compared with angelic reason, is a weak and insignificant affair. No doubt, if human reason be applied to uses for which it never was intended, it will only generate folly to dim its own light. But, on the contrary, human reason, when employed in its proper channel, and in a proper manner, is not only the crowning glory of man, but also the infallible arbiter of Truth. The following considerations will show the truth of this assertion, and also point out the true sphere of human thought, and the true boundary of human knowledge.

Nature, in the most perfect and beautiful manner, has adapted every order of being to the element in which she intended it to live, and to the conditions by which it was to be surrounded. The bird is adapted to the air, the fish to the waters, and peculiar tribes to the dry land.

So true is this, that the naturalist who picks up from the surface of the earth the smallest fragment of an organic form, can tell at a glance whether the animal to which it once belonged, lived upon the land or in the waters, or whether it had its home in the air. It is by the help of the great law of adaptation that the geologist, also, is able to complete the skeleton of an extinct animal, and draw the portrait of a creature that roamed the earth in primordial times, and whose kind ceased to be, ages before the creation of man.

The great law of adaptation embraces within its scope the human family also. Like all the orders of creation below him, man is perfectly adapted to the sphere in which nature has placed him; not only the body of man, but his whole being, mental as well as physical, every attribute and faculty of his soul, as well as every organ of his body, is perfectly adapted by nature to the conditions which surround him, and the sphere of action in which he lives.

Now to say that man's reason is not able to teach him all that it is necessary and useful for him to know, is to assert that nature has not adapted man to the sphere in which she has placed him. This we will believe when we also see birds created without wings, fish without fins, and horses without legs. We make, therefore, no idle and unsupported assertion, when we say that nature has given man the power to discover all that it is necessary or useful for him to know.

Therefore, O Reason! do we turn to thee with cheerful confidence. We listen to the sound of thy voice with respect and reverence. Thou art our teacher and we have faith in thee alone. We do not ask thee to fathom the cycles of eternity, or to sound the depths of the infinite; for that is far beyond thy power, and is neither useful or necessary for us; but with earnest, honest hearts, penetrated with a sincere love of truth, we sit at thy feet, full of confidence, well knowing thou art able to teach us all that it is necessary or useful for us to know.

Reader, do you not clearly see that necessity and utility are the true boundaries of human knowledge? It also follows that there is no truth which has been discovered which is not necessary and useful; otherwise, it could not have been discovered.

But before going farther, let us here define what we mean by the word reason. By reason we mean the *united action of all the faculties of the human mind directed to the discovery or apprehension of truth*. The term reason is not confined to the action of causality and comparison alone.

Let us now proceed to inquire, What and where is God? not with the vain and foolish idea of comprehending the infinite, but with the more wise and philosophical intention of discovering those few simple truths concerning God which are necessary and useful for us to know, which as we have seen, is all we can know of Him, or of anything, and which, as these are necessary and useful, have therefore been placed within the range of our apprehension. The most simple and philosophical idea of God which can be obtained is that he is the *Great Principle of Progression*.

For God is a cause, and we can best describe him and most truly, as that principle which lies back of the very highest attribute of nature and of mind.

The cause of causes is the great principle of progression. The highest attribute of nature and of mind is the capacity to progress. God is therefore best described as the *Great Principle of Progression*.

If we clearly observe the operation of nature, we cannot fail to see, permeating all things, an omnipresent principle of progress. Progression is the fundamental law of the universe, and all the varied laws of nature are but so many forms of its manifestation.

A law is a rule of action in nature, or, more properly, a constant and uniform mode of action under the same given condition.

All nature's laws are rules of progressive action, and are all employed in bringing about the progressive development of matter.

They seize upon matter in its rudimentary forms, refine it, organize it, and endow it with life and motion.

Even the laws of decomposition, so-called, assist in the work of progress. It is their duty to resolve worn-out, imperfect, or useless forms, into their constituent elements, thus reducing them to a state wherein they can be “worked over” by the action of other laws, and thus ultimate in higher and more perfect forms.

But we will not pause to prove farther that progression is the fundamental law of the universe, lying back of all other laws, which other laws are but its servants and ministers; for the mass of thinkers are already convinced of the fact, and as for those who yet doubt it, science is fast demonstrating the same. Could it be otherwise and God a good being—the universe not a failure?

It was the Principle of Progression which “in the beginning” moved in the dark and gloomy depths of the vast ocean of rudimentary matter. It first produced therein motion. It next evolved light, heat, and magnetism. Thus began the great work of creation, which has ever since moved majestically forward, under the control of the same Principle.

This principle is God. By the principle of progression we do not mean the law of progression, for the law is but a constant mode of action. The law is only the external manifestation of an interior living principle. The principle is that which lies behind the law, and to which the law owes its force and life. The law of progression is, therefore, not God, but is the sure index of the presence of God. It is the mirror in which his character and attributes are seen reflected.

For the law of progression is omnipresent. It is in all things, guides, and governs, and creates all things. Thus God is in all things, and everywhere present, and in Him all things live, and move, and have their being.

The law of progression perpetually seeks to make all things more perfect, harmonious, and beautiful. God is eternally engaged in rendering all his creatures happy, by increasing these perfections, and completing the harmony and beauty of their organization. The Principle of Progression is our Creator, and to Him we owe our obedience, and Him only should we adore. *The highest and most acceptable worship we can render him is to advance.*

We will now bring our remarks upon this subject to a close. We are conscious that we have very imperfectly answered the question, What and where is God? but we are content, for Nature teaches no more. It is not the part of a wise thinker, or a truly philosophical writer, to indulge in wild speculations upon the divine essence; such unprofitable labor should be left to the theologians, who delight in that kind of employment, since it affords them an opportunity to display the sharpness and dexterity of a subtle wit.

Do you ask—Who created God? Do you inquire, Has God always been, from everlasting to everlasting? Do you seek to know what is the form of God, or whether he is without form? Whether he has an individualized personal existence, or whether he is an impersonal principle? Will you ask for a phenomenal chart of the divine mind? or inquire whether God has mind, or if, on the contrary, he is not something far superior and inconceivably transcending mind? To all these questions there is but one answer—and that is, “*No man knoweth.*” Writers and thinkers, clairvoyants and mediums, mortals and spirits, may attempt to answer them, but in vain; for that being who can truly answer them must be one who can comprehend God, and he who can comprehend God must be equal with God.

How ridiculous, then, appear those self-styled priests of God, who, elevated upon the sacred desk, assume to declare to us the whole counsel and foreknowledge of the Deity. Not only to inform us how he looks and acts, but what he thinks, nay more, what he thought

before the creation of this world, and what his intentions are respecting the mending years of futurity. Let us then abandon all idle speculations, let us leave forever the mists and fogs which have so long hung about us, and instead of longer seeking to comprehend the incomprehensible, or to sound the depths of infinity, be content with the few simple truths respecting God which nature has revealed to us; being well assured that she has taught us all that it is necessary or useful for us to know. She points us to Him, as our Creator, our Father. She bids us adore and reverence Him. She says no more. Let those who seek to learn more, plunge boldly into the shoreless ocean of conjecture. They will return empty-handed, bearing no pearls from the deep, and weary with their fruitless efforts, gladly seek again the firm continent of positive knowledge, and made wiser by experience, learn to prize those humbler truths they once despised.

Dernorr, 1890.

Poetry.

"The finest poetry was first experience."

For the Herald of Progress.
MUSIC.

BY MARY B. WILLBORG.

I have no dialect to breathe of thee,
No courtly phrase adorned, like gems, with gold;
But this I know, that thy rich harmony
Leaves on the tired breast a charis untold.

It were an angel's task to speak thy praise,
An angel's pride to paint thee as thou art,
An angel's gift to catch thy rhythmic rays,
And pour them, burning, on the naked heart.

I feel thy fire with every nerve inwrought;
Thy thrilling pulses throbbing within my soul,
Beating responsive to each noble thought,
Loyal to thee, and thy supreme control.

With thee I visit Memory's shadowy stream,
Sad with the aching sweetness of the Past,
Ere had dissolved the morning's radiant dream,
Or'er my soul a single cloud was cast.

With gentle hand upon my heart-strings play,
And waken up my latent tenderness;
Oh! I could weep my very life away—
Each shade of weal lost in sweet ecstasies!

Ever from childhood I have loved thy tones,
Have caught thine echo trembling o'er the hills,
Have roamed with thee through dew-kissed leafy groves,
Heard thy low murmur in the flowing rills;

Have sat with thee on Ocean's heaving surge,
Heard thy joy sweeping through the restless wave,
Felt the soft whisper and the mournful dirge,
Hovering with hope around the lowly grave.

When sorrow flapped his wing around the hearth
Where wert thou crouching, shivering with cold,
Oh! thou hast set upon the darkness earth
Rainbows of faith more beautiful than gold.

Oh! have I heard thy seraph whispers breathing
Praises of God upon the balmy air,
Trustful and happy thoughts around me wreathing,
Till my whole being melted into prayer.

Thou wast in my soul a passionate yearning
To throw off all this load of senseless clay;
And joy's deep fountains with weird touch unsealed,
Behold my faint spirit to the breath of day.

With vision clear the future now I see;
Time's transient discords melt and pass away,
And shadowed thoughts, and struggles to be free,
Open, harmonious, into perfect day.

Apotheosis.

"Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-enclosed door, to show us those we love."
For the Herald of Progress.

Believe the mase, the wintry blast of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they spread,
Beneath the heavenly beams of brighter suns,
Their endless ages, into higher powers.

"Generous as brave,
Affection, kindness, the sweet offices
Of love and duty, were to him as needful
As his daily bread."

Departed: From Boonton, N. J., on the morning of Oct. 6th, 1890, CHARLES T. WOOTERS, aged twenty-one years, six months, and seven days. He was the very embodiment of affection, and his whole life was an exemplification of generosity, kindness, and integrity. Virtue, Truth, and Love, were his guiding stars, and his large heart, united with great purity and harmony of character, made him the center of a large circle of admiring friends, who were always charmed by his genial and loving nature. Although he was untrammelled by the chains of sect or party, and in the exercise of his God-given freedom sought Truth and accepted it wherever found, on Christian or on heathen ground, yet it may be truly said of him, that "none knew him but to love him." The very large attendance of sympathizing friends at his funeral, testified to their appreciation of his worth.

His affectionate parents, and brothers and sisters, to all of whom he was greatly attached, deeply lament his departure from the external realm, but do not "mourn as those without hope," as they are conscious of his continued existence in brighter spheres, and that they can hold sweet intercourse with his loving and harmonious spirit, his essential and immortal being; and, although grief may for a time cloud their vision, yet they have the great consolation of realizing that their dear Charles will be ever near them to impress and inspire them in the performance of life's duties, and that they shall behold him standing on the flowery banks of the beautiful spirit-land, inviting them to come up and partake with him the pure joys of his celestial home. May we live worthy his love and welcome.

P. D. M.

Departed: To the spirit world, CATHERINE MICKLE, wife of Henry Mickle, of Queensberry, Warren Co., N. Y. On the night of Oct. 11th, our good sister quietly left the mortal body and put on immortality.

E. W. K.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

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MORE Medical Intelligence next week; also, several Answers to Correspondents.

"DEATH," by Mr. I. Covert, of this city, is suggestive of life and immortality.

"THE LAWS OF NATURE" are well defined by David Trowbridge in this number.

READ the "Sea-Side Rhapsody," by a writer in the *Spiritual Magazine*.

"BOOKS AND FLOWERS" on our second page cannot but attract every worshiper of Mother Nature.

"HARMONY," by our esteemed Ohio contributor, will be valued for its abundant suggestiveness.

LAVATER's Letter to a noble lady, on the probabilities of a future life, will be perused with peculiar interest.

"THE LANCASTER CIRCLE" has forwarded us a reply to the astronomical elucidations of Mr. Trowbridge. It will appear next week.

WHAT DO YOU think of the article in this number, by Mr. R. H. Brown, of Detroit, entitled, "SOMETHING ABOUT THE DEITY?"

"DID SPIRITS LIGHT THE WAY?" This question will be further considered in our next issue. "E. W.'s" objections are frantically answered by a lady resident of the "Polaris State."

"PHILADELPHIA" will hear from "M. J. W." in our next. His questions regarding the contradictory testimony of spirits, are eliciting much interest. We think he is fortunate in awakening the responding inspirations of our valued correspondent.

Individuality.

Each man's spirit is an eternal Fact—and to it, every other fact in the universe must eventually come. The exact point of time when each person "will be better," and do "greater works" than earthly ideal now prognosticates, will remain with the Law of progressive development to determine. But through the alembic of Reason—through the receptive vessels of man's consciousness—must flow every Truth, and every Fact, also, which a principle can possibly embrace. Each, therefore, should have his own Life—his own Liberty—his own Experience—his own Truth. To man's mind everything is subservient. The heavens above, the earth beneath, and profoundest principles, are all his own. To the Turk and Christian, to the Jew and Gentile, to the Serf and Emperor, to the Slave and Master—to each of these, all rights and all liberties will come at last. We know this in the depth of spiritual wisdom. Most grateful do we feel for the power to realize the fact, that influences are now being exerted, on all sides, for the amelioration of our universal race and the establishment of individual Rights and Liberties.

The Gospel of Use.

The first manifestation of the principle of wisdom, is Use. Through this principle, it is coming to be seen, that physical improvement, that organizational reform, lies at the very foundation of all spiritual progression. Men must be physically well situated, physically developed, physically prepared, before they can have an influx of the high, the beautiful, and the good. Use hath its every eye fixed upon that which is external, fundamental, elemental. Spiritualism has come, as a kind of side inspiration, to augment mechanical constructions; to improve man's physical circumstances; to give men leisure for spiritual growth. The gospel of Use is the doctrine of weighing, measuring, gauging. It is a development which will come, eventually, to every man; telling him whether he is a disciple

of the past, of the present, or of the future; telling him that he has been weighed in the balance; telling him that his ideas have been gauged; telling him that his place in the universe has already been described. Scientific suggestions will be made, showing man how to dispose of his ideas and occupations. Utilitarianism will see what are the useful, the beautiful, the beneficial. The doctrine of Use will work directly into the vitals of the church; into the vitals of all other departments of human life; into the State; into the family; into those relations which constitute "Home." No department can shut itself against the onward march of this principle of investigation.

Educational Reverence.

THE Christian's sensitive reverence for Palestine, the native land of his Saviour, is both natural and beautiful. The elements and aspirations of patriotism, of poetry, of paths, of prayer, of perfection—yes, all the tender sentiments of filial love, all the sacred prejudices and imaginations concerning religion, all the painful struggles of time and the awful mysteries of eternity—come forth at the magic touch of this strange, eventful history. The lone star of Bethlehem, to the poetic believer, hath the effulgence of a thousand suns. The flowings of the sacred waters, over the bright sands and along the purple shores of the Holy Land, seem like the golden sounds which fed the silent air of Eden. Gently descend the dews of Hermon. The widow's overlaid heart findeth rest beneath the welcoming shade of the Cedars of Lebanon. The winds of the sea of Galilee steal with dreamlike stillness over the fertile plains of Judea. To the banks of the baptismal river the Christian goes for contemplation. It sings a song to him whose "raiment was of camel's hair." And it breathes blessings upon him who "came from Galilee to be baptized." Its music leaves her soul upon his heart. "He casts a wishful eye to Canaan's fair and happy land"—and yearningly, looks forward with faith and hope to the place "where the wicked cease from troubling." No! We do not wonder that Palestine is a "Holy Land" to him who entirely believes, that one of its rural bays the palace which shut from vulgar eyes the birth of a heaven-descended Prince—that one of its unmeasured and unconditioned meadows cradled the Eternal Saviour of the World—whose feet had pressed the soil; whose sympathetic tears had watered it; whose breath, breathed with words of comfort for the trembling sons of men, had mingled with the air, and whose hand had written in the sand, "Let the sinless man cast the first stone."

God's Plan of Your Life.

"Never complain of your birth, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if only you had a different lot and sphere assigned you. God understands his own plan, and he knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things that you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poison."—Dr. REYNOLDS.

A very comforting philosophy Dr. Bushnell has given, truly! How extremely useful it will be to the world when properly understood. Well indeed is it for us to know, under every circumstance in life, that it is part of "God's plan!" How it enlarges our conceptions of his goodness!

If brought into existence surrounded by poverty and want, with an organization predisposed to weakness and disease, a vital system with hardly tenacity enough for continued existence, a disposition easily disturbed or inevitably desponding, our souls must expand with gratitude to know that all these things belong to "God's plan;" and that what we had supposed were the errors, ignorant faults or sins of our parents, were but "God's opportunities," and exactly what we need.

Our ignorance soon appears. We might vainly imagine, until illuminated by Dr. Bushnell, that a railroad disaster, or a midnight conflagration, are things to be avoided, and not especially useful when occurring.

We are now taught that the careless switchman or engineer is working for God, and not the railroad company, that by a grand smash-up, God's plan of breaking our hard hearts may be accomplished! And that the incendiary who lights our dwelling, is God's instrument, since the destruction of our little all, the burning of our precious babies, is his "opportunity" to cleanse us by fire our foul natures.

The wife, made a victim of a brutal husband's passion, must no more deplore his depraved nature, but bless God for choosing such instruments to carry out his plan, and no longer dislike his "medicines," but consider herself favored beyond measure by those opportunities. With the true spirit of an humble recipient she will be thankful for a few more beatings, more crosses and brutalities, since God knows best what she most needs.

Since it is so very "probable" that all our "hindrances, obstacles, and discouragements are God's opportunities," it is folly for us to seek to overcome them. We have each but

to settle down into a state of passive receptivity, not presuming to desire, or caring to labor for a change. In fact we are to cultivate a taste for our "medicines."

Under this reasoning, "Whatever is, is right," with an unctious; and we have only to know what does occur, to understand what should occur, and to be happy in its occurrence, as one of God's chosen opportunities.

Is not our conclusion legitimate? Who can say we have over-stated it? And reader, how do you like Dr. Bushnell's notion of God's plan of your life?

C. Empe.

The Prince as an Exemplar.

The visit of the Prince of Wales to this country will have terminated by the time this paper reaches its readers. The all-absorbing topic of newspaper discussion has passed away. Enough has been said by every daily and weekly in the land, of the benefits to accrue from this visit, and the propriety of the cordial welcome extended our youthful visitor. Very much of this we heartily endorse, but do not deem it necessary to repeat.

There is another view of the case, which we have nowhere seen taken. It is this: The moral effect upon our youth, of the visit and its public details. By means of the letter press and illustrations of the various publications, each minute incident and insignificant act has become known to every school-boy or girl in the land. And with what impressions must these young and susceptible minds regard the attentions showered upon the royal visitor during his travels. They observe old gray-haired men, high officials, and respectable gentlemen, beautiful ladies, and matronly women, vying with each other to gain a position near the youthful traveler, and to extend to him not only common civilities, but most extravagant and assiduous attentions.

Whether in private or public, at hotels, in railroad cars, or in churches, they witness labored attempts to mark, by every significant attribute of loyalty, the difference between Albert Edward and a common boy.

To the young the impression is irresistible, that to be of royal blood is the happiest possible possession. All previous impressions from our boasted republican love of talent, and worth, and excellence, our worship of sterling attributes of the heart, and mind, and character, fade away, and the boys, in their familiar talks, wish they were princes, and had so much money (never earned or acquired, even by ancestors, but freely given by royal subjects,) with which to make such princely gifts. And the girls, imitating the indolent and unwomanly curiosity of older ones, wish they could see and kiss the prince, as though his cheek were more than human.

Nor is this all. Our parents have labored to impress upon our minds either the folly of dancing at all, or the unwise and corrupting tendency of balls and promiscuous assemblies for indiscriminate dancing.

Yet here we see, with committed men of grave dignity and boasted piety, in every city, a ball imposed upon the young lad, and his chief universally conceded merit, that of being a good dancer, made more and more conspicuous to the world. As if brilliant balls, where ladies appear in magnificent dresses, which they can wear on no other occasion, were the only kind of festive entertainment with which to welcome Victoria's son.

Without a spark of sympathy for the American Tract Society's publications against the sin of dancing, we confess to regrets for this successful effort to foist upon the people public balls as the most rational and sensible entertainment. Better, far, had the Prince been taken at least half the time to public school rehearsals, academic or mechanical exhibitions, in which, we believe, he would have entered with a more hearty zest than in either a Waltz or the Lancers.

Yet, more. The illustrated papers repeatedly represent the Prince with a cigar in his mouth, and reporters describe him as "enjoying a smoke." This has this boy—and here we blame him and his attendants, as well as American entertainers—been made to lend respectability to that most absurd and unrespectable practice of tobacco smoking.

And not content with this, the artists, in representing the public guest at the game of ten pins, also give the likeness of the "inevitable darkey," with waiter and glasses of liquor; thus implying that the boy "drinks," as well as smokes. The published Bills of Fare would indicate the same thing.

We would not appear cynical, captious, or unnecessarily critical; but it is just when generous impulses of hearty hospitality govern the people, that false and pernicious lessons are likely to be imbibed, which, under a less extravagant state of popular good feeling, might be more critically observed and carefully corrected. There is need of constant attention to resist the progress of false ideas; and it is in view of the inevitable conformation in modes of thought, and daily practices of so many young men and boys to the prince's model, that we feel so bitter a regret at certain features of the visit of the Prince of Wales, to a few only of which we have alluded. We wish they had been quite different.

While allowing the Heir apparent greater freedom during his sojourn here, we would have studiously avoided any possible evil influence by popularizing, in reportorial sketch or pictorial illustration, our follies, or his bad habits.

It is now, however, too late to remedy the evil, and we can simply enter our protest against this character given to the public reception of the Prince.

Paraphrased.

"Life is but an endless flight of winged facts or events a series of surprises."

"The editor of the Boston Investigator requests us to publish a proposition for Brother Wilson to predict the result of the coming election. We presume the prophecies in this direction published last week, will satisfy our Boston cotemporary, and also the ambition of the modern prophets.

Robert Dale Owen's "Foot-falls."

We have already alluded to the fact, that Mr. Owen's work, which has obtained so large a circulation in this country, has been reprinted in London. To the English edition, issued by Tribner, of Paternoster Row, Mr. Owen has appended a brief preface, which, as it may be supposed to contain the substance of the writer's experience on spiritual subjects, up to the present time, we here copy, for the benefit of our readers:

AUTHOR'S ADVERTISEMENT TO THE ENGLISH EDITION.

Six months, elapsed since the date of publication, permit an author to reconsider his work under the light of varied criticism, and to judge, in a measure, its effect on the public mind.

Seeking to profit by such opportunity, and by the numerous private communications which have reached me, and are daily reaching me, in connection with the subject treated of in this volume, I find, so far, nothing but confirmation and encouragement. The reception of the work, both as regards the number of copies sold, and the extent and character of the notices it has called forth, has greatly exceeded even an author's anticipations.

I ascribe this gratifying result chiefly to the fact, that the classes of phenomena grouped together in the present volume are therein presented, not as beyond nature, but as in harmony with it; not as exceptions breaking in upon the uniformity of a great system, but as an integral and necessary portion of that system; not, in fact, as violating or transcending the general laws which we see regulating the universe, but as occurring in strictest conformity with those laws; albeit with a portion of them—the ultra-mundane—which we have not been in the habit of studying, how eminently soever they may be deserving of careful study.

Put forth as miracles, ultra-mundane phenomena are justly rejected as incredible; as inconsistent with the progress of our present knowledge, and at variance with the teachings of modern science. But when presented as classes of natural occurrences—unexplained, indeed, governed by laws yet unknown, or obscurely discerned, but as surely embraced in the ordered economy of the world as the storm or the sunshine—the aspect of the question changes. The inquiry is no longer whether God, to meet a special emergency, suspends, from time to time, one or other of His laws, but only whether we have hitherto overlooked a portion of these laws; that portion which serves to connect the next phase of our existence with the present.

To this mode of presenting the question, I believe my work to have been chiefly indebted for the prompt sale and the favorable reception with which it has met.

But these are the lesser rewards. Tokens of sympathy and of gratitude contain the greater. A mother, deprived by death of her favorite child, and refusing to be comforted because he was not, confesses that she has been indebted to these pages for healthy and hopeful views of death, renovated spirits, courage to labor and to wait. A skeptic, into whose hands the volume fell a few weeks before his decease, requests that, after he is gone, I may be informed that to this volume, and especially to its chapter on "The Change at Death," he owed the revolution of a life's opinions, and the first consolatory conviction which had ever reached him, that there was a fairer and a better world towards which he was fast hastening.

These, and of other similar testimonials, the true guardian of authorship, cause me to rejoice that an English publisher is about to re-issue my work. This edition has been revised by myself, and contains some emendations and additions.

R. D. O.
LONDON, July, 1890.

"ADVERTISEMENT."

We never open a country newspaper, and in the reading columns, over a communication, discover the word "Advertisement," without coming to certain conclusions at once. First, that the town or village where the paper is published, has one or two free thinkers, independent minds. Second, that the Editor has a private respect for such individuals, and more or less for their opinions. And third, that the conservative element in his place is considered too powerful to be disregarded, and all "heterodox" or "reasonable" communications must be classed with "advertisements," and paid for, by one cent or more.

Gerrit Smith was compelled to pay the Tribune a hundred dollars or more, for publishing his valuable sermon on The Religion of Reason, while the N. Y. Independent pays Henry Ward Beecher over \$50 each for one sermon a week, and the *Banner of Light* was, we believe, politely requested to pay an equal sum for his afternoon, or second rate sermons, which they sensibly declined to do.

These thoughts were suggested by seeing in the St. Joseph, (Mich.) *Traveler*, a four column communication signed E. Morton, and headed, "A Great Question Discussed." Over the article (which otherwise might have escaped our notice) was the word "Advertisement," and on examination it proved to be an able and candid plea for freedom of opinion, theological as well as political.

Mr. Morton advocates the establishment of "associations for the candid and courteous discussion and investigation of all subjects relating to human well-being and happiness."

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By means of these unsectarian associations, he believes might be worked out a peaceful, bloodless, and glorious revolution in our country.

We have not space for extracts, but cannot withhold an expression of pleasure at seeing so many a statement of a great social need. Its publication cannot fail of good results in Berrien County, Michigan.

A VISITATION OF VANITIES.

Under this caption the New York Times treats with a good degree of severity the egotism that marked the operations of the chief personages connected with the entertainment of the Prince of Wales in this city. Its concluding paragraph is worthy of record, as showing the character of the worship and worshippers at Trinity Church, to which place on the occasion of the visit of Albert Edward, the public were admitted by tickets, the same as to any other and less sacred "show."

"The Prince of Wales goes to say his prayers in Trinity Church, and he is met with the information furnished him on a printed programme that 'the boy (James Little) who takes the solos in the Anthem, has a voice of extraordinary power and splendor.' This is one word for the boy who 'takes the solos'; two words for the church which hires the boy—and what for the Almighty in whose name the 'solos' are taken, and the Church built up?"

"Alas! are we not forced to feel that here, too, the ridiculous and the disgusting spring up, as naturally as mushrooms, from the mad desire of all 'to be first,' not only in the republics of earth, but in the Kingdom of Heaven? To this all must be sacrificed. The people's procession to the prancing little Generals; the ball of the upper ten to the patriarchal Beau Nuss; the Hudson River to gormandizing politicians and garrulous old lawyers; the altar itself to opulent vestrymen and to servants of Christ who describe themselves, on the fly-leaf of presentation prayer-books, as 'The Clergyman in charge of Trinity Church, New York.'"

OUR OWN HEATHEN.

We are not opposed to missionary enterprises, but we are decidedly opposed to such a fuss being made about the poor, ignorant heathen in other countries, while there are so many children untaught, and un cared for, and unprovided for in our own country, who are in tatters and in rags and can't read a word in the Bible, nor write their own names."—Ed. Christian Banner.

We infer that our Reverend Virginia Brother is actively engaged in instructing those untaught heathen at home. If so, perhaps he could engage as an assistant Miss Della Webster, who had some experience several years since in teaching the colored children, we believe of the same State. Her labors were quite appreciated at that time, and the State, in return, provided her with a home for some years at public expense.

Possibly they might similarly reward Brother Hinnant. As his paper does not pay very well, will he not consider the advantages of this missionary labor among the blacks at home so deplorably ignorant of the Bible?

Persons and Events.

"He most lives, who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best."

NOTES OF PROGRESS.

The following meetings have been advertised heretofore: Friends of Progress—Richmond, Indiana, Oct. 25. Reform Conventions—Livonia, Mich., Oct. 16 and 17. Ann Arbor, Oct. 21st. Laurens' Convictions, Quincy, Mass., Oct. 30th, 31st, and Nov. 1st.

J. J. H. Wheeling, Va., writes, "I think a good lecturer would get a respectful hearing in this place. I have never known such a phenomenon as a public advocate of Spiritualism here."

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Robert Chambers, of Edinburgh, Scotland, well known as Editor of Chambers' Miscellany, (from which we frequently quote), and the friend of popular learning, is now in this country. It may interest our readers to know that he is improving this opportunity to investigate the spiritual phenomena, now attracting so much attention abroad. At present he is in Canada.

Robert Dale Owen, since his return from Europe, has been spending a few days in this city and Philadelphia. He is now at his home in New Harmony, Indiana, where he will doubtless remain while engaged upon his forthcoming volume, designed as a sequel to "Footfalls." He was accompanied from England by Mr. Chambers.

BRIEF ITEMS.

—Dissensions still continue in Dr. Cheever's Church. The city dailies report proceedings of the church meetings, which they should not be allowed to do, as thereby a bad example of disorder, recrimination and partisan feeling, is given to the outside world.

—After Nov. 1st, all letters which the writers fail to prepay, will be sent to the dead letter office. The general use of post-office envelopes would tend to prevent the sending of unpaid letters.

—When a person is drowning, if he is grasped from behind, by the arm, between the elbow and shoulder, he cannot touch the person attempting to save him, and his struggles will rather tend to aid in his support than to embarrass the rescuer. Let every one remember this, and it may result in saving of life.

—Lady Byron made in her will several very liberal bequests to charitable objects, and among them one of \$300 (about \$1,500) to Charles Follen, of Boston, "to assist him in the difficulties he will have to contend with in his disinterested advocacy of the rights of the colored race."

—The Boston Investigator says "Tom Paine" has got into the Hymn Books. The following verse is to be found in "The True Methodist":

"The World, the Devil, and Tom Paine, Have tried their best, but all in vain; They can't prevail; the reason's this: The Lord defends the Methodists."

—The daily paper from which we are expected to learn honesty, Christian propriety, and good sense, publishes the following paragraph in its report of Lord Renfrew's reception. It is either untrue, or savors strongly of toadyism:

"As Lord Renfrew passed the head of Beckman street, his honor pointed out the office of the West to him, and the white-plumed hat was at once lifted with that great, careless manner, which comes of the frequent performance of gracious actions."

—The Rochester Express says two lively "boys" worth about \$1500 a piece, passed through Warsaw, N. Y., a few days ago, bound for "North Star-dom."

—The Japanese Tommy, whose high place in the thoughts of the American people the English Albert Edward has so speedily taken, has written a letter to Mr. Leland, of the Metropolitan Hotel, from which we extract the following:

"In some noon about five o'clock I went on board to survey ocean all round Ship. I found one vessel wrecked three top mast from the water about thirty yards distant, then I was very fee sorry in my brain."

"You do not know how happy we were to come to visit in United States everywhere we went especially in New York the Washington Philadelphia Baltimore, there were great many astonish thing & beautiful ladies. all Japanese Embassy says it was exceedingly much pleased time in there and got great deal talk all about it from America. I am much obliged to you for the kindness you took charge of myself all over in New York also one suit yankee cloth you presented to me, and I shall keep it in Japan, but occasionally I shall come to New York then I wear it from Japan."

"I remember took Supper with you in dining room every about eleven o'clock in night and leave from the theatre."

"You cannot remember how cried when I left New York at the thoughts of leaving you metropolitan."

"A slave in Richmond, Va., a short time since, asked some favor of his owner, which was refused, whereupon he became so enraged at having his wishes thwarted, that he determined to make his master suffer for it, so he took a hatchet and deliberately chopped off three of his own fingers."

—The editor of the Christian Banner declares that ecclesiastical associations are tumbling to pieces. As units they have all passed through their palmist days, and now the glory, peace, unity, harmony, happiness, love, and prosperity, are departing from them.

—Of the population of the world, 45 per cent. believe the Asiatic religions, 25 per cent. the Christian, 15 per cent. are Pagans, and 12 per cent. Mohammedans. Of the Christians, about 25 per cent. are Protestants, or one-sixteenth of the whole earth's population.

—Miss Catharine E. Beecher, sister of Henry Ward Beecher, is said to have become an Episcopalian.

—The Methodist is anxious to know whether "the snare of delusion," as it calls Spiritualism, "will roll over England as it rolled over the United States, and leave such melancholy wrecks behind it there as here." The most "melancholy wreck" it is leaving is the abandoned hulk of exploded superstitions.

—Died by the visitation of God" was the verdict of a Catskill (N. Y.) coroner's jury, after an inquest on the body of a woman, who, with the help of her husband, drank a gallon and a half of whisky in one day.

—Florence Nightingale says: "The effect of music upon the sick has been scarcely at all noticed. In fact, its effectiveness, as it is now, makes any general application of it out of the question. I will only remark here, that wind instruments, including the human voice, and stringed instruments capable of continuous sound, have generally a beneficial effect; while the piano-forte, with such instruments as have no continuity of sound, have just the reverse. The finest piano-forte playing will damage the sick, while an air like 'Home, Sweet Home,' on the most ordinary grunting organ, will soothe them, and this quite independent of association."

—When we see men clothed with the drapery of heaven, pandering at every thing save that of their God, and, by their clerical arrogance, proclaiming themselves, if not infallible, at least superior to all others, we instinctively turn from them in disgust. They who would make merchandise of the gospel of Jesus Christ, would owe the God of the universe himself, if they could, and carry him on exhibition through the world for filthy lucre and worldly honor.—God save the church and the world from all such whitewashed demons.—Exchange.

—The following is Garibaldi's opinion of Popery: "In the midst of Italy, at its very heart, there is a cancer called Popery, an imposture called Popery. We have still a formidable enemy, the more formidable because it exists among the ignorant classes, where it rules by falsehood, because it is sacrilegiously covered with the cloak of religion. Its smile is the smile of Satan. This enemy, young men, is the priest—the priest, without few exceptions."

—The late Rev. Dr. Newton was once speaking of a young lady who had recently died. A younger lady immediately asked: "Oh! sir, how did she die?" The venerable man replied: "There is a more important question than that, my dear, which you should have asked first." "Sir," said she, "what question can be more important than 'How did she die?'" "How did she live?" he replied.

—Dr. Clark, who had a strong aversion to pork, was called upon to say grace at dinner, where the principal dish was roast pig. He is reported to have said: "Oh Lord! if thou canst bless under the gospel what thou didst curse under the law, bless this pig."

—Five deaths from yellow fever have occurred at Mobile within a few days. No cases are reported in other southern cities.

—A newspaper before us states that at the breaking of the ground for the commencement of the Lynchburg and Tennessee Railroad at Lynchburg, a clergyman slowly and solemnly read a manuscript prayer, at the conclusion of which, an old negro man, who had been resting with one foot on his spade and his arms on the handle, looking intently in the chaplain's face, straightened himself up, and remarked very audibly: "Well, I reckon dat's the first time de Lord's kelter been wrote on the subtle old railroads."

—A colored man, Mr. J. Dennis Harris, appears as the author of a very creditable book—A Summer on the Borders of the Caribbean Sea. An introduction, from the pen of Mr. Geo. W. Curtis, presents the claim of this new author to the sympathy of the public.

—A preacher once selected the following words for his text: "The world, the flesh, and the Devil." Observing that he would arrange each under its proper head—he would commence upon the flesh, pass lightly over the world, and hasten as fast as he could to the Devil.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

—The latest arrivals from Europe bring the intelligence of a great victory by Garibaldi at Caserta. Two thousand prisoners taken. No other particulars.

—The differences between Garibaldi and the civil authorities of Sardinia seem likely to be adjusted satisfactorily.

—Garibaldi has written Victor Emmanuel to come and take command in person, and allow him to retire to his island home.

—Bertani, styled Garibaldi's evil genius, has been dismissed.

—The forts of Pescomand Agosta, in Sicily, have surrendered. Messina still holds out.

—The provinces of Umbria, Viterbo, and the Marches, are lost to the Papal Government. Lunigo and Arcoli are insurgent, and the only provinces left are Civita Vecchia, Frosinone, and Valettri.

—The vanguard of the Sardinian army is at Tivoli, six kilometres from Rome.

—The Pope, in his allocution delivered to the College of Cardinals on the 28th ult., is extremely bitter against King Victor Emmanuel, and stigmatizes his conduct as guilty, detestable, and sacrilegious.

—There is, in the document, an indirect complaint that the Emperor Napoleon failed to fulfill his promise when he permitted "the authors and abettors of the invasion to advance as far as the walls of Rome, as though they had the assurance that no one would oppose them."

—There is little doubt that France is determined to protect the Pope in Rome, for the French garrison of the Eternal City has been increased to 25,000 men.

—From Syria we learn that the frightened Druses are hurrying to and fro to escape Christian vengeance. The French army is not yet in motion, but the Druses are in a state of anxious expectancy.

—The Queen of England and the Prince Consort are visiting Germany. On an extra train between Coblenz and Coblenz there was a narrow escape from collision. "The two trains were passing the royal travelers were hurrying to get out at frightful speed, and it was only after repeated efforts that the engineers were able to reverse the engines, by which the crash was barely escaped."

Had the accident proved fatal to Victoria, the very singular fact would have occurred, of the King of England being a guest in the United States, since on the death of the Queen, the Prince of Wales is King.

—Late Prince Albert had a narrow escape while traveling by carriage. The horses, driven four-in-hand, became unmanageable, and ran. Just before coming in collision with a closed railroad gate and wagon before it, the Prince Consort jumped, escaping with slight bruises.

—The wife of the Austrian General Enaytven, who committed suicide upon the discovery of his gigantic frauds during the late Italian war, was lately sentenced to three years' hard labor, her extravagant habits having encouraged her husband in his acts of predation. In consideration of her children her imprisonment was commuted to three months' imprisonment, and the giddy baroness is now serving out the punishment meted out to her for her reckless conduct.

—The Italian journals state that a wealthy person of Florence, just deceased, has left a legacy of 200,000 francs, that the greater part of his fortune shall go to the man with the largest hump on his back in all Tuscany, and that the person entrusted with the duty of selecting him shall be themselves twelve humpbacks. To recompense the latter for their trouble he directs that, in addition to traveling expenses, each shall be presented with a gold medal bearing the effigy of Jesus, their prototype.

—An English lady, writing from Naples, thus speaks of Garibaldi's person: "I have seen to-day the face of Garibaldi, and now all the devotion of his friends is made as clear as day to me. You have only to look into his face, and you feel that there is, perhaps, the one man in the world in whose service you would take your heart in your hand and follow him folded to death."

"It is the individual man and his personal influence that are so strong; but then it is the man exalted and sanctified, as it were, by his own single-minded devotion to and faith in a holy cause; and it is that which you see in his face, as though written in letters of light, and which carries on your thoughts from him as the man, to him as the type and representative of his cause. One could love the cause without seeing him, but in seeing him one seems to be suddenly gifted with the power of seeing it as he sees it, and you love it better for his sake, and you wholly honor and admire him for its sake."

"His wonderful simplicity and forgetfulness of self win the love of all; it is not a grand, iron-willed hero who determines of his own strength to carry his undertaking through. I do not wonder at the conviction which prevails of his having been raised up by Providence; he seems to feel that this is the work given him to do, and that he could not leave it undone, but that it is no more credit to him than it is to a joiner to make a stool, whose mission it is to make stools. His is a face in which the whole character is written—simple, grand, and loving."

Doings of the Moral Police.

"There is a golden chord of sympathy, 'Tis in the grasp of every human soul! Which by the length of kindness when 'tis wept, Wakes angel melodies in savage hearts."

"And while 'Lord, Lord!' the pious tyrants cried, 'What, in the poor, their Master crucified, His daily prayer, for better success, In such a world, was simply Doing Good."

"The secret pleasure of a generous act Is the great mind's great delight."

The Peppin Co. Press, (Minn.) in a very friendly notice of the Herald of Progress, has the following word as to this department: "Doings of the Moral Police," we opine, will have a very salutary influence over hundreds of readers. We like the idea of collecting and publishing an account of the good things done in this world, instead of the evil, because it makes mankind happier and better.

THE VALUE OF AN EFFICIENT POLICE.

MR. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I don't often trouble editors with notes, but I cannot resist the impulse to tell you my appreciation of your page devoted to the "Doings of the Moral Police." I never read "Criminal Calendars, Police Reports, &c., but I do love your Police Reports and your Police. I think while the dark reports serve to harden the heart and debase the mind, your brighter page cannot fail to soften and make better. The public have a strange tendency to seize with avidity the annals of crime. Give them your annals of kind and self-sacrificing actions, and see if they will not appreciate them as well. It is possible I may elect myself one of the Police, and send in a report, now and then, of the "rogues" I have caught doing a Christ-like action. Although they may do it in "secret," we will let them find themselves arraigned before the Supreme Court of "The Father who seeth in secret," and tried by the Jury of the World and Angels. They will be sure to receive this sentence: "Inasmuch as ye have done it one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." A. W. S.

A VOICE FROM PRISON.

We clip the following from the Prison City Item, published at Waupun, Wis., and desire to record the fact that another true-hearted Wisconsin woman has ordered the Herald of Progress sent to an inmate of the same prison.

"The following lines are respectfully inscribed to Mrs. JULIA A. HATCHER, from whom the author received a beautiful and elegant present, on Sunday last, at his 'home' in the prison, as an humble tribute of respect to her amiable and truly accomplished lady, for her kind and charitable attention. With the present, Mrs. H. sent the cheering words which these lines set for which, a prisoner alone can feel my gratitude."

BY A. J. CLARKE.

Bring flowers, bright flowers, to the prison 'home,' For thoughts, sweet thoughts, with the offering come: And memory, on radiant sunny wings, To the troubled soul, its message bring: Of other days and other hours, When hopes, like fragrant, blushing flowers, Wound the mind to happy, blissful scenes, And o'er life's pathway scattered gleams Of sunshine, friendship, joy and mirth, Like radiant flowers of Heavenly birth.

But gone are now the cherished gleams, The buoyant hopes of youthful dreams, The fond, ethereal pictures rare The youthful manhood seemed so fair. Gone, the flowers of early youth, The scenes of virtue and of truth, And in their place, those prison walls Around the cherished vision fall. Yet still a friendly hand and kindly heart May sometimes to the serried soul impart. Rich treasures from the beauteous world of love To woo us upward to the angel home above.

God bless these messengers of his love— The flower of peace—the welcome dove— That speak of beauties still in store, And hopes on hopes forevermore, To cheer the soul with music ever, And bid it 'hope, and hope forever.'"

For the Herald of Progress.

"GOD BLESS YOU, MY BROTHER."

BROTHER DAVIS:—Permit me to offer as a contribution to the Moral Police department of the Herald the following incident:

One cold, cheerless morning last winter, I was wending my way along Fourth street, in Cincinnati, when my attention was suddenly arrested by observing a little blue-eyed shivering beggar boy, standing in the middle of one of the crossing streets. On a closer inspection, I found him vainly essaying to use an old soiled cloth, containing broken bread and other fragments of food which he had gathered from hospitable mansions during the early morning. The child's fingers were cold and stiff, and as he contemplated his little store of edibles scattered over the frozen ground, the tears trickled silently down his delicate, purple face.

Many persons passed along and gave a curious look at the beggar-boy and the novel display of food about him, but tendered no assistance to that little, shivering brother. As one at last came along, and without asking any questions, spread the cloth, gathered the bread and potatoes, and carefully tied them up. He then slipped a silver coin into the boy's hand, and after patting him gently on the head, departed. This little act of kindness to one of our little ones, touched a responsive chord in every heart present, and a lady who stood beside me, looking after the receding form of the stranger, exclaimed, as

she wiped a tear from her eye, "God bless you, my Brother!"

Is not this little act, performed for simple love of doing good, worth recording? Boston. N. B. W.

RESISTING EVIL.

A lady friend at the South communicates the following example of youthful fidelity to principle.

"A little boy, aged eleven years, was dining in company with his father, at an old gentleman's, a former friend of his grandfather's. When dinner was over, the wine and dessert were placed on the table, and the old gentleman requested the little boy to take some wine, as it would be a pleasure to him on account of his friendship for his grandfather. The little boy looked up and said, 'You must excuse me, sir; I cannot drink wine.' The gentleman replied, 'Only taste it.' The child, who could endure it no longer, said, 'Sir, I am a member of the temperance society, and if you were to offer me a thousand dollars, I would not touch a drop.'"

SOBLES CONDUCT OF A SOLDIER.

During the assault of Commodore Thrott, on the town of Carrickfergus, in 1760, an incident took place, reflecting at once the highest luster on the soldier concerned, and evincing the union of consummate courage with noble humanity. Whilst the combatants were opposed to each other in the streets, and every inch was pertinaciously disputed by the British forces, a child, by some accident, escaped from a house in the midst of the scene of action, and ran, unawed by the danger, into the narrow interval between the hostile fronts. One of the French grenadiers, seeing the imminent danger of the child, grasped his piece, left the ranks in the hottest fire, took the child in his arms, and placed it in safety in the house from which it had come, and then, with all possible haste, returned to resume his part in the fight.

A BENEVOLENT BOY.

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown writes the Banner of Light of a recent meeting in Cleveland, in aid of Miss Harding's proposed Institution. The letter contains the following fine picture of a benevolent boy: "Miss Harding and myself stood upon the rostrum, to receive the donations, and the names of the donors, while the congregation was passing out. I observed a little bare-footed boy, in patched pants, coming toward me. He gazed wonderingly for a moment at the bills I held in my hand, then looked upon the ladies and gentlemen who gathered about to deposit their donation. He turned aside as if to join his little party of boys; but gathering courage, he doffed his dilapidated cap, and coming a little nearer, he called, in a low, sweet voice, 'Mrs. Brown, here are two cents—tis all I have.' Before I could ask the little donor's name he was gone."

A TRUE HERO.

John Maynard was well known in the Lake district as an honest, intelligent man. He was a pilot on a steamer from Detroit to Buffalo one summer afternoon. At that time, these steamers seldom carried boats. Smoke was seen ascending from below, and the captain called out: "Simpson, go down and see what that smoke is." Simpson came up with his face pale as ashes, and said, "Captain, the ship is on fire!" Then, "Fire! fire! fire! fire on shipboard!" All hands were called up. Buckets of water were dashed upon the fire, but in vain. There were large quantities of resin and tar on board, and it was useless to attempt to save the ship. The passengers rushed forward and implored of the pilot, "How far are we from Buffalo?" "Seven miles." "How long before we reach it?" "Three quarters of an hour, at our present rate of speed." "Is there any danger?" "Danger here—see the smoke bursting out! go forward, if you would save your lives!" Passengers and crew, men, women, and children, crowded the forward part of the ship. John Maynard stood at the helm. The flames burst forth in a sheet of fire; clouds of smoke arose. The captain cried out, through his trumpet, "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you at the helm?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "How does she head?" "Southeast-by-east, sir!" "Head her southeast, and run her on shore." Nearer, nearer, and yet nearer, she approached the shore. Again the captain cried out: "John Maynard!" The response came feebly, "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on five minutes longer, John?" "By God's help, I will!" The old man's hair was scorched from the scalp, one hand disabled, his knee upon the station, and his teeth set, with his other hand upon the wheel, he stood firm as a rock. He leached the ship; every man, woman, and child was saved, as John Maynard dropped, and his spirit took its flight to his God.

THE UNSELFISH BOY.

Early one morning, said Dr. —, while it was yet dark, a poor man came to my door and informed me that he had an infant child very sick, which he was afraid would die. He desired me to go to his home, and, if possible, prescribe some medicine to relieve it. "For," said he, "we want to save its life if possible!" As he spoke this, the tears ran down his face. He then added, "I am a poor man, doctor, but I will pay you in work as much as you ask if you will go." "I said: 'Yes, I will go with you as soon as I take a little refreshment.'" "Oh, sir," said he, "I was going to try to get a bushel of corn and get it ground to carry home, and I am afraid it will die before I get there; I wish you would not wait for me;" and then added, "We want to save the child's life if we can."

It being some miles to his house, I did not arrive there until the sun was two hours high in the morning, where I found the mother holding her sick babe, and six or seven little ragged boys and girls around her, with clean hands and faces, looking as their mother did—neat, but poor. On examining the child, I discovered it was *starving to death*. I said to the mother, "You don't give milk

enough for your babe." She said, "I suppose I don't." "Well, you must feed it with milk." She said, "I would, sir, but I can't get any to feed it with." I then said, "It would be well for you to make a little water gruel, and feed it." She said, "I was thinking I would if my husband brings home some Indian meal; he has gone to get some, and I am in hopes he will make it out." She said this in so sad a tone, that I asked with surprise, "Why, madam, have you nothing to eat?" She strove to suppress her tears, and answered sorrowfully, "No, sir, we have but little these days." I said, "What are your neighbors, that they let you suffer among them?" She said, "I suppose they are good people, but we are strangers in the place, and don't wish to trouble them if we can get along without it." I thought I would give the child a little cordial, and asked for a spoon. The little girl went to the table drawer to get one, and her mother said to her, "Get the longest handled spoon."

As she opened the drawer I saw only two spoons, and both with the handles broken off, but one was a little longer than the other. I thought this a poor family, but I will do the best I can for them. While I was preparing the medicine, I heard the oldest boy (who was about fourteen) say, "You shall have the biggest piece now, I had the biggest piece before." I turned round to see who it was that manifested such a principle of justice, and saw four or five children sitting in the corner, where the oldest was dividing a roasted potato among them. When he spoke, the other said, "Why, brother, you are the oldest, you ought to have the biggest piece."

"No, no," said the first, "I had it before, you ought to have it now." I turned to the mother, and said, "You have potatoes to eat I suppose?" She replied, "We have had, but this is the last one we have left, and the children have roasted it for their breakfast." On hearing this, I hastened home and told my wife that I had taken the wrong medicine with me to the poor family. I then prescribed a gallon of milk, and two loaves of bread, butter, meat and potatoes, and sent my boy with them, and had the pleasure to hear in a few days that they were well. But the unselfishness manifested by those children astonished and delighted my soul, and served as a rich reward for all my trouble. Oh, those noble, generous words, "You shall have the largest piece this time, for I had it before," and he was starving at the same time!—*From my Scrap Book.*

MORAL DEFECTS.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES thus philosophically treats, in a late *Atlantic*, of human moral weaknesses:

"It is very singular that we recognize all the bodily defects that unfit a man for military service, and all the intellectual ones that limit his range of thought, but always talk at him as if all his moral powers were perfect. I suppose we must punish evil deeds as we extirpate vermin; but I don't know that we have any more right to judge them than we have to judge rats and mice, which are just as good as cats and weasels, though we treat them as criminals. I will tell you my rule of life, and I think you will find it a good one. *Treat bad men exactly as if they were none.* They are none, out of health, morally. Reason, which is food to sound minds, is not tolerated, still less assimilated, unless administered with the greatest caution; perhaps not at all. Avoid collision with them, as far as you honorably can; keep your temper if you can, for one angry man is as good as another; restrain them from injury, promptly, completely, and with the least possible injury, just as in the case of manias, and when you have got rid of them, or got them tied hand and foot, so that they can do no mischief, sit down and contemplate them charitably, remembering that nine-tenths of their perversity comes from outside influences, drunken ancestors, abuse in childhood, bad company, from which you have happily been preserved, and for some of which you, as a member of society, may be fractionally responsible."

A BOY HERO.

A correspondent narrates the following, which occurred recently on Sullivan's Island, near Charleston, S. C.:

"A young lad between twelve and thirteen years of age was walking on the beach, when, looking over the water, he perceived an object apparently struggling with the waves. He immediately plunged into the water, and with great difficulty succeeded in bringing a drowning boy to the shore. Being told there was another, he plunged in a second time, and after diving repeatedly, he rescued the little boy, unfortunately devoid of life. These two little boys, between nine and eleven years old, had gone in bathing, and going beyond their depth, would both have been drowned, but for the timely interposition of this noble youth."

[From the Rochester Evening Express.]
LITTLE JOHNNY MITCHELL.

It may be still in the memory of many of our citizens, that this little boy had his leg crushed on the railroad a few weeks ago; and so bad was the injury that immediate amputation was had recourse to, the limb being removed just below the hip.

When, just after the accident, an old man picked the child up from the track, he, seeing his leg dangling loosely, and feeling severe pain, kept crying out, "Oh! grandpa, grandpa, please cut off my leg—cut it off quick, then it won't pain me so." They carried little Johnny home to his poor widowed mother, the surgeons came, the shattered limb was removed, and the stump all bandaged up. He asked to see the discolored member, and when it was shown to him, he shuddered, and then inquired how long it would be before the new leg would grow out. Some days after, when the doctor was dressing the stump, he called to his mother to come and look at

it, to see if there was not some sign of the new leg coming—could she not see the point of the toe growing down?

In addition to this affliction, poor Johnny is the victim of another bodily injury, for, when a very little fellow, he stuck a sharp knife into one of his eyes, so that its contents ran out, and it became totally blind. It looked shockingly for a long while, but it now appears much like the other, which is a sparkling beautiful eye. Johnny is a lovely looking child, and, as the writer has seen him since the recent accident, he appears so cheerful and smiling, and his countenance is so animated and intelligent, that it is delightful to see and hear him.

A day or two ago, when his mother seemed despondent because she feared Johnny would never be able to earn anything, he spoke up bright and cheerily. "Never mind, mother, don't cry. I'll make some money, anyhow, when I get my new leg and my crutch, I'll run around with the papers, and cry out:

"Here's the Evening Express only two cents!" and he gave just the peculiar intonation used by the newspaper runners.

Think of it, my readers, this little fellow is only five years old, and he lies flat upon his back in bed, with one of his legs amputated and one eye forever dark, and yet his little active mind is busy devising schemes of usefulness by which he may be able to aid his widowed mother—is he not a hero? *E. M. A.*

Attractive Miscellany.

"All things are engaged in writing their history—the air is full of sounds, the sky, of tokens, the ground is all memories and suggestions; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent."

For the Herald of Progress.
FLOWERS ARE DYING.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

Flowers are dying,
Drooping, dying,
On the hillside and the plain;
Birds are flying,
Homeward flying,
To the southern groves again;
And the day retires in glory,
Westward, with his purple shield,
Like some hero, famed in story,
Marching from the battle field.

Hopes are dying,
Darkly dying,
All the world looks back with pain,
Vainly sighing,
Vainly trying
To recall the lost again.
Every vine to something cleaveth,
Life grows leafless while it clings;
Every beam a shadow leaveth,
Every hope a merry brings.

Oh! forever,
Down the River,
Storms will rend the quivering sail,
Ties will sever,
Hearts will shiver,
In the break and bitter gale,
Bards may sing the bright ideal,
Prophets point to future skies,
All must feel the shadowy real,
And the present never dies.

[From Harper's Weekly.]
DRIFTING AWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"My good Bertha joins me in the invitation," wrote an old friend, who lived the easy life of a self-indulgent country gentleman some fifty miles away from the noisy city, amidst the work and din, and cares of which I often grew weary. "Come, and come now, when the trees are greenest, the earth in richest attire, and the air like stainless crystal," he added. "We will ride, and sail—I have the fairest of pleasure-boats—and spend the days as merrily as if the world had never a care or sorrow. Come! I will take no refusal. You are wearing yourself out too fast in that toiling city."

The invitation came at the right moment. I was drooping over my work with slow hands and falling ardor.

"I will be at Fern Dale," I wrote, "in a week. Many thanks for your kind invitation."

And in a week I stood face to face with my old friend. It was twice twelve months since I had seen him. He had gained liberally in flesh during the time; and his face, though rounder and larger, was fresher and younger in appearance than when I last saw him. The years had not dealt so kindly with Bertha, his sweet wife. I was grieved to see. Her face had grown thinner, though not less beautiful. It was not the beauty of old that caused your eyes to linger on her countenance, for the delicately rounded outline and warm tinting were gone. But there was more thought and feeling there, and a depth and mystery in her eyes which I had never seen before. How singularly in contrast was the broad, radiant smile that lit up his whole face with the glow of subsunao, and the flickering light that played now and then so feebly, yet so full of angel sweetness, just around her mouth. She was sitting with a baby on her lap when I entered. Instead of laying it down, or calling an attendant, she received me with the nursing in her arms; and her eyes passed, every now and then, from mine to the cherub face that lay against her bosom.

"Another baby," said I, as I touched the peachy cheek with my finger.

"And the dearest darling of them all," she answered, looking down upon it tenderly.

"She's perfectly bewitched by that baby," said my friend, as he laid his hand in a fond way upon her shoulder. You would think, in her life before, that she'd never seen a baby in her life before. But come into the library; I've got a hundred things to talk with you about."

And he drew me away ere I had been five minutes in the company of his wife. I saw that her eyes followed us, and I fancied that a look of disappointment was in them.

"I'm sorry to see that Bertha is not looking so well as when I was at Fern Dale last time," said I, as we sat down in the handsome library.

"Not looking so well!" My friend seemed a little surprised at the remark. "You have forgotten. In my eyes she never looked better. She was always slight and delicate, you know, and rarely had much color."

"Perhaps my memory is at fault; but I have a vision of Bertha with ruder, redder cheeks than I see to-day."

"That great baby in her arms will suggest a reason for the change. It does not come from falling health."

My friend seemed so entirely at ease on the subject that I said no more; but I did not feel satisfied. We talked for an hour in the library, when dinner was announced, and we joined his wife at the table. She had on a white lawn dress, dotted over with small blue forget-me-nots, and a plain lace cap. A slight warmth was visible in her cheeks, and her eyes, as she lifted them to mine, were full of smiling welcome. She looked pure and beautiful as a consecrated vestal. I saw my friend's eyes rest proudly and lovingly upon her for a few moments ere he gave himself up to the agreeable work that lay before him.

I noticed that while my friend's wife did, with a pensive alacrity, the honors of the table, urging one dish after another upon his guest and husband, she ate very little herself. The fact must have escaped the observation of my friend, or he certainly would have remonstrated. I could not help saying, as I saw her playing with, instead of eating, her dessert:

"Don't you eat anything, Bertha?" I had known her many years—even before her marriage—and always addressed her with the old familiarity.

"Oh, she lives on air!" spoke up my friend, smiling. "So don't imitate her example while at Fern Dale. I am made of grosser stuff, and can't get on without the substantial things that make up what are called creature comforts."

Bertha smiled in return, and looked beautiful, but too ethereal in my eyes.

After dinner we drove out, leaving Bertha at home with her children and domestic duties. Not a word was said about her going with us. Our drive was over breezy hills, and amidst scenery of the most charming character. I felt new life in all my pulses as we went rushing through the exhilarating air. It was sundown when we returned, both of us as keen for supper as though a hearty meal had not been taken only a few hours before.

The warmer glow that mantled Bertha's cheeks at dinner-time had faded, and as I looked at her across the tea-table, I noticed an expression of weariness about her eyes, and a languid falling of the lips, that made me feel uncomfortable. She asked if I had enjoyed the ride, and listened with much apparent interest to my descriptions of many points in the fine scenery through which we had driven. I was a little surprised, however, to learn, from a remark she made, that she had never looked upon it herself.

After supper my friend and I retired to the library, where we spent the evening alone, talking of old times; discussing the merits of new books; or lingering over the current topics of the day. Bertha did not join us.

Once I asked for her. "I like pleasant recollections of hours spent in your company."

"Oh, she's buried with the children, or closeted with the cook," answered my friend, smiling in his easy, good-natured way.

"Bertha has become a famous housewife," said I. "She has too good a mind for burial after this fashion," said I. "Bertha was born for something more than a simple housewife."

"I know it—I know it," replied my friend, with a slight closing of his brows. "But women will take their way. Her children and her household have completely absorbed her."

"Do you think this absorption of her life a good one—a healthy one—for either mind or body?" I asked.

"Perhaps not. But there is a wonderful power of adaptation in nature, as you are aware. I guess it will all work out right. I often wish it were different; yet, as wishing does no good, I never permit myself to get worried over what can't be helped. I am something of a philosopher you know, and manage, under all circumstances, to keep a quiet mind. If Bertha likes her way best, why so be it; she's a good, loving, over-indulgent wife to me, and I won't force her out of the world she seems most pleased to dwell in—though our tastes do run parallel in so many things; and we might enjoy so much together."

My friend's feelings lay close to the surface, and I saw his eyes glisten as he turned them away from me. He loved his wife as lovingly as any man who loved his own ease and pleasure as well as he did could love anything out of himself. She was, in his eyes, the paragon among women. He was proud of her—very proud of her.

On the next morning, when I met Bertha at breakfast, and looked narrowly into her face, I saw more of the work of exhaustion than I had noticed on the day before. The pearly skin lay in flat surfaces on her cheeks, forehead, and shrunken nostrils, instead of showing rounded undulations. Her lips were very thin and white. Her eyes—large, dark, and lustrous—shone out upon you from a farther distance in their shadowy orbits. She had no appetite, and only made a faint effort of eating, as I could see; while her husband piled away the steak, muffins, and omelet in a most liberal fashion, and kept himself so busy at this pleasant work as to permit his wife's abstinence to escape observation.

"You don't look very well this morning," said I, feeling really concerned.

Bertha smiled faintly, as her husband turned a look of inquiry upon her face, and answered:

"My head aches a little," and then added, "I hope my fretting baby didn't keep you awake. I don't know what ailed him. He didn't sleep for an hour at a time all night. Husband had to go into another room. He can't bear loss of rest."

"No," said he. "I must have my regular sleep. How these women manage to worry night after night with their babies, up and down at all hours, is more than I can understand. It would kill me."

Bertha coughed slightly, cleared her throat, and coughed again two or three times. There was a sound in the cough that was unpleasant to my ears. I glanced toward my friend, to see how it affected him, but he had not appeared to notice it.

"And kills the mothers sometimes," I ventured to remark.

My friend looked at me for a moment or two, as if I had disturbed him slightly, and then went on with his breakfast. I noticed the cough again, once or twice, during the meal.

After breakfast my friend and I retired alone to the library, leaving Bertha to her maternal and household cares. A sail on the river, which ran along one side of my friend's estate, and in that "fairest of pleasure-boats" about which he had written me, was to be our forenoon's occupation. After spending an hour or two in the library, talking and reading, we went down to the river, my friend carrying a lunch-basket, which Bertha had placed in his hand.

"Why can't you go with us?" I asked, as I looked into her fading face.

She shook her head, and half turned it toward the door, from which she had stopped into the portico to give her husband the basket, thus indicating that duty must go before pleasure.

"It's no use to invite her," said my friend, in what struck me as a light and careless manner. "She never goes anywhere. Leave her with her babies and her servants; she is happiest among them."

I stood nearest to Bertha when this was said, and could not have been mistaken in the sound that reached me—it was a faint sigh.

"There's something wrong here," said I to myself as we walked toward the river. "A life is wasting rapidly away, and no suspicion of the fact seems to have been awakened. My friend is either very selfish or very blind. How can he look into his own ruddy face, as it stands each day reflected to him in his mirror, and then look upon that pale, shadowy, floating countenance, and not feel the truth?"

A week at Fern Dale confirmed all my first impressions as to the rapidly falling condition of Bertha. And yet my friend showed no anxiety, no dim consciousness, even, of the peril in which his wife stood. "How can he gaze into that pale, thin face," I would ask myself over and over again, "and not take the warning that nature gives?" Was his own enjoyment of mere sensuous life so great that he could not understand a condition like Bertha's? He loved her, nay, almost idolized her; and when I would hint, occasionally, in a concerned way, my fears touching her health, he would regard me with a vague, bewildered countenance, as if I were troubling him with the shadow of some far-off evil, that was at his door.

One morning Bertha did not make her appearance, as usual, at the breakfast-table. On asking for her, my friend answered, that she had been up for most of the night with her baby, and was too much indisposed to rise.

"Nothing serious!" I remarked.

"Oh no!" he answered. "She often has such spells. We shall see her at dinner-time, as usual, only looking a little paler, perhaps."

Only a little paler! That must be a deathlike pallor, I said to myself.

This morning we were to have a sail on the river. Soon after breakfast we went to the boat-house, and unmoored the fairy bark in which we had already spent so many pleasant hours together. As she glided gently out like a bird floating on the buoyant water, through some mishap the light cord by which my friend held her slipped from his hand, and she passed from his reach in a moment, out into the current, and commenced drifting away. My friend became instantly excited, and showed great anxiety about the boat. His face flushed, his eyes dilated, all his movements were hurried and disturbed. He ran here and there in an incoherent manner, and appeared for some moments to lose all self-possession. At last, catching at a small coil of rope, he tied a stone to one end of it, and gave me the other end to hold; then throwing the stone with all his strength, it fell into the boat. Eagerly taking the rope from my hand, he drew on it until the slack was in. Now came the moment of suspense. The boat was moving steadily with the current; should the stone not obtain a firm anchorage inside, but release itself and be drawn over the gunwale, the little vessel would float beyond our present means of rescue. But the expedient proved successful. The stone held with sufficient tenacity to overcome the pressure of the current, and soon the pleasure-boat came floating to our outstretched hands.

"Safe!" exclaimed my friend, as he grasped the side of his pet with eager fondness.

"How careless I was!" he added, as he stepped over the side, and commenced adjusting the sail.

"You could easily have recovered her again," said I, even if she had drifted away a mile or so before a rowboat could be procured in which to go after her."

"Oh yes!" he replied; "but I didn't think of that. I was only conscious that my beauty was drifting away beyond my reach. Don't laugh at me; but I have a real affection for this boat."

Soon we were moving away over the rippling water under the pressure of a gentle breeze, my friend every now and then recurring to the little incident I have mentioned.

"You don't know," he said, as we floated into a sheltered cove where the wind no longer laid its soft cheek against our snowy mast, "how that little peril of my boat disturbed me," again alluding to the circumstance.

I looked at him without answering.

"You are sober," he remarked. "What thoughts are shadowing your mind?"

"Thoughts that concern you. Shall I let them come into speech?" I said, after a moment of silence.

"By all means, my friend. Don't hesitate."

He leaned forward and looked at me anxiously.

"I was thinking," said I, "of a far more precious thing than is drifting from you—steadily drifting, and getting more distant every day, and yet you heed it not."

"I don't understand you," he looked bewildered.

"Bertha," I merely uttered the name.

He grew pale instantly.

"Bertha is drifting from you," said I, "and unless you stretch forth a hand to save her, right speedily, she will pass out of your reach."

ing, slip from his grasp, and leaned, with a frightened look, toward me.

"Why do you say this?" he asked, in a breathless manner.

"Because it so happens to my eyes. Bertha has faded sadly since I saw her last. All her color has departed, and all the fine roundness of face and limb has wasted away. She eats nothing comparatively, yet is taxed with duties that would wear out a strong man. You, with your vigorous health, could not endure them."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend, with pale alarm in his face. My few sentences had startled him from a pleasant life-dream. "She will bury herself, as you see. What can I do?" he repeated.

"You can stretch out your hand and save her before the current, that is now floating her away, tears her beyond your reach," said I, confidently; "and I take the privilege of a friend to warn you in time. Not once since I have been here has she shared our recreating drives or refreshing hours on the river. She does not sit with us in the library, flowing in with our pleasant talks, and making thought more beautiful, as in other days; and when we meet her at meal-times, looking so pale and spirituelle, it is plain to be seen that mind and body are feeble from excessive weariness. Can this go on long, and her delicate organism not give way? Be assured not, for the strain is too great."

"But what can I do?" asked my friend again, looking still more alarmed. "She is wedded to these household cares, and enslaved to her children."

"I have not seen," said I, "any attempt on your part to win her away from them. There has been no renoyance against her self-sacrificing course; no manifested concern; no urgent invitations to join us in our rides and rambles—I speak plainly, for there is a life at stake—but a dull kind of acquiescence. Now, if you wish to keep her long, all this must be changed. You must, at any cost of effort, see that she no longer violates the plainest laws of health."

"You have awakened me from a dream," said my friend, as he grasped the rudder again, and headed the boat homeward. "Drifting away! Drifting away!" he added, a few moments afterward. "Yes, it is even so. But I will catch at her receding garments and hold her back."

At dinner-time we met Bertha, looking worse than I had seen her since my arrival. I noticed that my friend's eyes wandered every little while to her face, and that he did not eat with his usual appetite. After the dessert, and before we left the table, he leaned toward her and said, with a tenderness in his voice that no wife's heart could resist, "I am sorry to see you looking so worn out, Bertha. Last night was a severe tax on you. Have you been lying down this morning?"

"Part of the time," she answered, looking at her husband gratefully. It was plain to be seen that she was not used to such tender inquiries.

"This way of life won't do, Bertha," he went on. "It is destroying you. I see you drifting away from me. His voice failed a little. "And I must put forth a hand to draw you back. Nature will bear the burdens you are laying upon her."

"I saw light coming into her pale face, and love beaming out from her eyes, upon her husband. His interest and concern were genuine, and she felt it.

"We are going to take an easy ride this afternoon," he added, "and want you to go with us. Now don't say no!"

I saw objection in her face; and her lips moved as if she were about putting her objection in words. But her husband's "Now don't say no!" coming as it did on his warmly expressed interest and concern, changed her purpose, and she said,

"If it will give you pleasure."

"Nothing in the world would give me more pleasure," replied my friend, with almost lover-like warmth.

There was visible, already, a new life in the countenance of Bertha. A soft glow was faintly dyeing her cheeks, and a mellow light tempering the unnatural brilliance of her eyes.

"When do you wish me to be ready?" she asked.

"At four o'clock. We will ride until six. That will be long enough for you."

It was the Bertha of other days who talked so pleasantly and looked so bright and cheerful during that ride. At tea-time she was another being from what she appeared on the evening before, or, indeed, on any evening since my arrival at Fern Dale. The ride had quickened in her mind a new and healthier impulse. She was a lover of all things beautiful in nature, and this had given her a pure enjoyment, which could not soon die out. During the evening my friend, by a little management, drew her away from her nursery into the library, where we enjoyed her company for over an hour. How solicitous my friend was to keep her mind interested, to give her thoughts a new direction, to call back old themes in art and literature that once gratified her taste or charmed her imagination! She felt the change in him, and was, I could see, half surprised, yet touched thereby.

On the next day she accompanied us in our morning drive, and in the afternoon was induced, after a little persuasion, to take a sail on the river. There was an unmistakable glow on her cheeks as she came back from this excursion in fine spirits; and I noticed that she took a relish of tongue, and ate two biscuits at supper-time—an appropriation of food quite beyond anything I had seen, in her case, since my visit to Fern Dale.

"You have caught her garments ere she drifted quite away," said I to my friend as we sat together that evening in the library, where we had enjoyed her company for over an hour.

"Yes," he answered, with feeling; "and I will cling to them as a man clings to his life! She shall not get free upon the waters again through any fault of mine. Was ever a man so thoughtless and stupid as I have been?"

"Many, very many, are just as thoughtless, just as blind as you were," said I; "and hundreds of overtaken wives—self-tasked it may be, as in Bertha's case—are drifting steadily away from mortal shores upon the sea of eternity; and in a few weeks, or months, or years, they will be out of the reach of hands that will clutch after them in agony when it is too late!"

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gazed, nor conscience dangled, nor science be impeached of godlessness."

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.) ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTIETH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall. Question: The Divine Individuality. Mrs. SYMES read a paper illustrating her views of God. She maintains that God cannot be an organic personality existing outside of the universe and acting therein or thereupon, after the manner of a watchmaker in constructing a watch, but rather that he is the inside force and the outside form of all that is—the universe itself. That the universe is God, she considers an unanswerable proposition, because nothing less than all can contain or express the all, and in this sense only is God all in all—all in all because he is the whole—the universe.

She prefers the word substance as better expressing the reality, than either the Greek, Latin, or English words, which are associated with so many fallacies, that the ingenious mind in search of God is often misled by the bare name in common use. Substance not only combines self-existence, eternal duration, perfection of excellence—the highest conceptions of the past with respect to God; it goes a step farther; it includes all principles, essences, and materials. God, then, is the Divine unit, essence or primal substance, the grand subdivisions of which are spirit and matter, and to these belong the attributes which the theology of all ages has ascribed to a personal God.

Dr. Young read the following: Do the phenomena of nature indicate the exercise of intelligence, or design, will, and sensibility, in its manifestations as a whole and thence demonstrate a divine individuality either within or outside of its organism? This I understand to be the question. Were I to answer it as a question of morals, I should answer no, because its constantly occurring operations seem to crush out as much enjoyment on the one hand as they develop on the other, with no certainty that in the aggregate the final result will be on the side of virtue, happiness, or equity; and as no moralist, scientist, or intellectualist, will admit the right or defend the privilege of a parent, whose powers and means are abundant, and whose space is ample, to crush out any one or more of his offspring to advance the happiness of the next; so no man could concede that an omnipotent power could, ad infinitum, with either moral or scientific propriety, do the like. Neither can any other, barren of sympathy as he might be, excuse a needless exercise of power in the extinguishment or prolonged suffering of any species of joyous life, whether monad, insect or human, while the power to preserve them and progress them, was, as is assumed of God, limitless. Now we all know, that in nature, no respect is paid to weakness, mental or bodily, and that what we call its laws have to be broken and their penalties felt in every instance, before man can know of their existence, or the duty or profit of obedience, while their inflictions ever fall upon those least able to bear them. Hence I infer it can never be shown that a divine individuality exists, and not simply because there appears no moral beneficence equal to the necessities of the case, but because, also, individuality requires affection and parentage as its antecedent, and if not parentage, at least implies sympathy for its offspring, and a protection of them equal to its power—and no one denies a sufficiency of power to God. But who has discovered the infinite harmony and blessings that should result from the premises?

Notwithstanding the negation thus reasoned out, I admit the power, intelligent or not, apparent in nature and ourselves, and call it God, and give all obedience and honor to its requisitions upon me that impress me or live with me, within my capacity to perform, but have no perception of a divine individuality as the cause of creation. There is, however, a divine individuality, or divine influence, that individualizes itself in man, and that becomes the supervising spirit of humanity; the measure of whose absence or presence, where man is organized into communities, becomes the measure of their moral sense, special and general, and of human advancement. It was this spirit that typified itself in the allegory of the Garden of Eden—that rebuked Adam, and reproached and branded Cain while glorifying Abel, that left its inspiration in the ten commandments, and that has inspired every teacher of moral justice and equity, and every martyr for love of man, the Christs of all ages since the world began, and that still lives and moves within and upon the heart of every reformer—a spirit, or divinity, that will never desert mankind while avarice and covetousness, or inequality and injustice, or poverty or neglect of the feeble, incite the world. But, alas! will it conquer? What a divine individuality is, no man can postulate, for none can postulate aught greater or diviner than themselves, or even this much.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: Individuality, as he understands it, signifies complete oneness, or that which may not be divided; self-completeness. Divine, as an adjective, signifies superlative excellence, or goodness, in short, the entire group of beatitudes. Individuality does not necessarily imply intelligence. Now, it is assumed (for, to his mind, it has never yet been satisfactorily proved,) that the universe is moved by a divine intelligent in-

dividuality; but is it any more consistent to say that it is operated or governed by love and wisdom resident in a divine individual, than it is to affirm its action to be from forces or principles inherent to itself? May we not as rationally refer the motion of the earth to attraction and repulsion, as to divine intelligence? He thinks earthquakes, tornadoes, floods, frosts, and other comical revolutions carrying suffering and death in their train, together with the misery which is caused by man, wholly inconsistent with the existence of an intelligent individuality governing the universe. Neither human wickedness nor natural disaster should exist in a universe controlled by divine goodness, wisdom, and power, individualized.

Mr. B. DAVIS: Could he be persuaded to believe in a divine individuality, he should be less happy than without his present conviction. The paper read by Mrs. Symes is in accord with his own views, and he hoped it would be published in full. He thinks that observation, instead of leading to the conclusion of a pre-existing intelligence, establishes precisely the contrary. Man, who is its highest expression, is undeniably this earth's latest production; that is to say, matter and motion have culminated in intelligence as a result. Thus, observation, or at least his observation, leads him to conclude that the universe evolved God rather than God the universe.

Dr. GRAY: It is agreed by all in this Conference that there is an all-prevailing Good, or a fundamental Use, in all changes; that is to say, that there is universal progression from less to greater adaptation to uses or goods in everything and in all phenomena. The question before us, to be discussed without fear or favor, and also without any love of triumph, or other passion whatsoever, is as to whether this all-prevalent Goodness, or fundamental Use, be a living Subject, a conscious Individuality. Many minds have, in all the history of philosophy, thought that the goodness, the use, the fitness to ends of happiness, does not proceed from a living spiritual entity, and are not substantive. They conceive of it as an eternal accident, and, therefore, as not substantive, but adjective; not as prior to, or causal of, material essences and material changes, but as a fortuitous result of material entities or as a dead necessity in the relations of matter.

Most minds on the other hand have derived from their contact with the Universal Good, that it is alive—is in fact Eternal Life itself; the fountain in every particular life observable to man is thought to emanate as a stream-let or jet of spirit substance. Do the facts of Spiritualism throw any light on this subject? do they make more weight for one view than the other? I think they do. To me they seem to proclaim that the Goodness of the universe is alive; that it is in a body of Power, all power; that it is the God, the Former, the Father of the universe. I. To me spiritual phenomena show first of all in connection, as well as primarily in emphasis, that mind is not a phenomenal result of matter, but is in itself an eternal substance, possessing the power of creating matter. I have seen lights and many other chemical phenomena produced by the mental power of human spirits. I have several times seen a material hand replete with life and obedient to human will, created in the void air by spiritual action, without tools or agencies of any kind other than mental. Was not the real form interior to the material form in these cases? Is not the matter used transient, fleeting, adjective, to the underlying substantive hand of the spirit? Is not spirit able to control material forms and command chemical changes in matter? Do we not perform all muscular movements by this very supremacy?

2. We know individuals on each and every plane of being only by their manifestations. We cognize their phenomena, not their essence; their essence, substance, or what I term their Individuality, is postulated by our reason, never seen by our senses; nevertheless, this demand of reason is as real and imperishable a part of our history as is the consciousness of our own Individuality. Indeed, this consciousness itself is nothing else than a postulate of reason, arising from the cognizance of our own sensations, utterings, or phenomena. 3. Just as we know any Individuality on any plane, do we know of the One Divine Individuality, i. e., by cognizing the phenomena of total nature, which are seen to operate in orderly series or laws, which are so intertwined into one grand nexus of order and harmony so as to be properly termed one law, one force, one good, in process of one eternal utterance.

4. Type, purpose, plan, underlies and sustains all growths, all phenomena. Type is before growth, historically; interior to growth, statically; but there is, strictly speaking, neither time nor space, in the relation between soul and body, love and its operative history, wisdom. As Individuality permeates every cell, germ, or finest hair, it builds to utter its life in; as every love is in every wave of its modality, every idea is of its creation; so in the grand totality do we see God, or an Ineffable Living Good, and its, or his, absolutely perfect wisdom or law permeating every phenomenon, all growths, all things for the uttering, disclosure, or revelation of itself; and a conjoining of our wills and wisdoms with that Love and Law is our only happiness.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK. PLANTS exist in themselves; insects by, or by means of themselves; men for themselves. There is growth only in plants; but there is irritability, or, a better word, insensitivity, in insects.

For the Herald of Progress. MAGNETIC HEALING BY DR. FISH. BROOKER DAVIS: For more than twenty years I have been a sufferer from indigestion, constipation, diseased liver and kidneys, cold feet, and a rush of blood to my head. I have been treated by Allopathic, Homoeopathic, Botanic, and Hydropathic Physicians. For four years I was under the Hydropathic treatment, and derived much benefit from it. During the last five years I have trusted nature to do what it could, under the circumstances, occasionally trying to assist, by the use of medicines prescribed by Clairvoyants, and in several instances I have also been treated by magnetism and electricity. Five weeks ago to-day I was obliged to leave my business, and call myself sick; eighteen months of active and mental labor had so prostrated me. All I had to do was done by force. When in this condition I went to our friend, Dr. E. B. Fish, No. 47 Bond street. He treated me magnetically twice a day for several days, and subsequently but once a day. I am now better than I have been for eighteen months, and I feel a pleasure in laboring. A change has been effected throughout my whole system. I am daily improving, although, during the past three weeks, the effect of his treatment has been diminished, on account of my circumstances requiring me to perform double the mental and physical labor I ought to have done. The treatment by Mr. Fish is different from that of any other Magnetic Physician with whom I am acquainted. It was particularly adapted to my condition. I would ask the readers of your valuable paper to give him their influence, and, if need be, their patronage. B. E. PARKER, 114 Third Avenue, New York.

THERE are people who think that everything may be done, if the deo, be he educator or physician, be only called "in season." No doubt; but in season would often be one or two hundred years before the child was born; and people never send so early as that.—O. W. HOLMES.

Of Writers and Speakers.

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MRS. ALMIRA F. PEASE will respond to calls to lecture, addressed Delphi, Ind. DR. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, O., answers calls to lecture in the trance state. JOHN PIERPONT will speak at Chicago, Mass., Sunday, 21st inst., and at North Easton, Mass., on the first Sunday of Nov.

A. B. FRENCH, Clyde, Sandusky Co., O., will answer calls to lecture. J. M. PIERCE speaks every alternate Sunday at Battle Creek, Mich. J. H. RANDALL, Inspirational Speaker, may be addressed at Carbondale, Penn. MRS. S. E. COLLINS, Impresional Medium, will answer calls to lecture. Address, No. 1030 South Fifth St., Philadelphia.

MRS. TAMAR DAVIS, Bridgeton, N. J., will answer calls to lecture on God, Christ, the Bible, Christianity, Man, etc. E. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed care of C. E. Sargent, 907 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. R. P. AMBLER will receive calls to lecture at the West during the fall or winter, addressed Lyons, Mich., care D. M. Fox.

MRS. E. A. KINGSBURY will answer calls to lecture addressed 1905 Pine Street, Philadelphia. H. B. STORER, New Haven, Ct., has again entered the lecturing field. For engagements, address as above. MRS. S. L. CHAPPELL, Inspirational speaker, will receive invitations to lecture addressed, Phenix, N. Y.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK will lecture during the month of October, in Portland, Me. MRS. FRANCES LORD BOND will answer calls to lecture, addressed care of Mrs. Thomas C. Love, box 2218, Buffalo, N. Y. E. CASE, Florida, Hillsdale Co., Mich., will visit Central and Western New York for lecturing purposes. Address as above. MISS SUSAN M. JOHNSON, Trance Medium, will answer calls to lecture in New York and vicinity, and will attend funerals. G. B. STEBBINS will speak at Ann Arbor, Mich., every other Sunday during the year, and in places in that vicinity when called upon. S. P. LELAND, Middlebury, Summit Co., Ohio, will answer calls to lecture on week evenings, and attend funerals at places in that vicinity. JOHN MAXHEW, M.D., will answer calls to speak on the route from Minnesota to New York during the coming winter. Address, Wyoming, Chicago Co., Minn. LAMARTINE HALL, NEW YORK.— Meetings for free spiritual discussion are held every Sunday at 3 P. M., at the Hall corner Twenty-ninth Street and Eighth Avenue. Lectures by Trance Speakers every Sunday Evening.

MISS L. E. A. De-FORCE will speak at Milwaukee, Wis., October 28; Racine, 23, 24, and 25; Lowell, Nov. 3 and 4; La Crosse, 10, 17, and 24. She will receive calls to lecture South during the winter. Address La Crosse, Wis.

F. L. WADSWORTH will speak at Providence, during October; Willimantic, Conn., Nov. 4th and 11th; Putnam, Conn., Nov. 18 and 25. Address accordingly.

SELDEN J. FINNEY will speak at Oswego, N. Y., during November, and will spend the season at the East. Address till November, Plato, O., during November, care J. L. Pool, Oswego.

GEO. M. JACKSON will speak at Wolcott, N. Y., the second Sunday in November; at Northville, the third Sunday. Friends in Central New York wishing his services will please address as above.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Foxboro, Mass., Nov. 4; and Portland, Me., the three first Sundays of December. Address Greenwich Village, Mass.

MRS. H. M. MILLER will lecture during October at Penn Line, Linesville, and Lockport, Penn.; Nov. 4, Connecticut, Ohio. She will receive calls to lecture inspirationally in Ohio, Pennsylvania, and New York. Address, Ashland, Ohio.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture at Cleveland, Milwaukee, Chicago, and other cities West and South, during the fall and winter. Address, 8 Fourth Avenue, N. Y.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER lectures during October, at Oswego, N. Y.; November, Cincinnati, Ohio; December, Milwaukee, Wis.; January, Lyons, Mich.; February, Elkhart, Ind.; March, St. Louis, Mo. Applications for week evenings should be sent in advance, addressed Lowell, Mass., box 816, or at the above places.

MISS MARTHA F. HULETT (Post office address, Rockford, Ill.) will speak during October, at Hannibal and Quincy, Illinois; November, Beardstown and Springfield, Ill.; December, in Macon, Georgia; January, 1861, Cincinnati, Ohio; February, Toledo, Ohio; March, April, and May in the East.

MRS. S. E. WARNER'S post-office address for the month of October will be "Xenia, Clay County, Illinois." She will lecture in Toledo, Ohio, the four Sundays of November, and in Elkhart, Ind., the Sundays of December next. Those who wish to secure her labors for the winter and spring of 1861, will address her as above, or at Milan, Ohio.

WM. DENTON will answer calls to lecture on Geology, Theology, and Spiritualism. His geological lectures are illustrated by paintings occupying several hundred square feet of canvass, and numerous specimens of minerals and fossils. Address, Painesville, Ohio.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture at Toledo, Ohio, Oct. 21st and 28th. Lyons, Mich., through November. Chicago, Ill., Dec. 2d and 9th. Beloit, Wis., 10th. Jamesville, Wis., 23d and 30th. Milwaukee, Wis., through January. Applications for week evenings made in advance will be punctually attended to.

MRS. C. M. STOWE will lecture during October in Toledo, Ohio. The balance of the fall and winter Mrs. S. intends visiting Ohio, New York, and the New England States. Those desiring her services on week evenings, in places near her Sunday appointments, also during the fall and winter, may address her, care of A. C. Stowe, Vandalia, Cass Co., Michigan.

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