

# THE HERALD OF PROGRESS.

LOVE. WISDOM. LIBERTY.

Devoted to the Discovery and Application of Truth.

Vol. 5, No. 6.]

{AL. J. DAVIS & CO.,}  
274 Canal St.

[NEW YORK, WEEK ENDING MARCH 26, 1864.

{\$2 50 PER YEAR,  
In Advance.

[WHOLE No. 214

## TO WRITERS AND READERS.

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## Whisperings to Correspondents

"TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN."

A. T. D.—Your recent letter will appear in our next.

B. F. C., NEW YORK.—We had already marked "in" Dr. Child's discourse at the convention in Boston.

J. S. F., BROOKLYN.—No doubt a Children's Lyceum would flourish, notwithstanding your churches.

L. G. S., HARTFORD, CONN.—There is much inquiry for him. Yet no one is certain concerning the "points" about which the controversy was started.

M. P., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—The sectarian world is combining to keep children out of the "Lyceums." Of course the little ones will leave the "Sunday-Schools" just as fast as their parents will let them.

"FRANK."—Badges, Flags, &c., will be ready to fill any order from you. Ohio is full of young people, and we think parents, who are friends of Progress, will aid you in establishing "Children's Progressive Lyceums."

For the Herald of Progress.

## Sing to Me.

BY MRS. C. N. KENYON.

Sing to me; my heart is lone and weary;  
Sing me sweet songs of human love and trust;  
Life seems a desert, desolate and dreary,  
Ending with "dust to dust."  
Press the white keys with touches light and tender,  
Those mellow tones their wondrous power will lend,  
The inspiring pathos of the theme to render,  
As with thy voice they blend.

Sing to me; thy voice is sweet and thrilling;  
Soothe me to rest with softest lullabies,  
From thy soul's harmony each tone distilling,  
My soul in Paradise.  
Music the life with royal gifts enriches,  
As Spring's impassioned breathing on the earth  
Into bright beauty barrenness bewitches,  
And gives the flowers birth.

Sing to me some rich, romantic story,  
Some rare old legend that has floated down  
Full of great deeds of chivalry and glory,  
Of passion and renown.  
Wed it to music of the great immortal,  
Priests in song-temples in the olden time,  
Interpreters to those without the portals  
Of mysteries sublime.

Sing to me the grand anthem chorus,  
Led by the glorious sons of Liberty,  
Who through the wilderness have gone before us,  
Dauntless to victory.  
And let me hear the rich soul-music ringing  
In the glad voices of the grateful free,  
Who, from the lowest depths of bondage springing,  
Hold Freedom's jubilee.

Sing to me, when, in the midst of anguish,  
My spirit faints and for thy music longs—  
No mournful plaint aspiring hope to vanquish,  
But grand and stirring songs.  
They come like a celestial benediction,  
Like glowing sunshine to the stricken vine;  
They lift the soul above her sore affliction,  
To love and joy divine.

Sing to me when the strong ties that bound me  
To earth are riven, and my glad spirit free;  
Let Music's softest whispers breathe around me  
Sweet strains of harmony.  
Sing, then, with voice free from all earthly passion—  
Breathe Love's pure tenderness in every tone—  
Weep not a long farewell in solemn fashion—  
Sing me away, my own.

NECESSITY OF AN AIM IN LIFE.—That I want nothing, or that I know not what I want, is the cause of my complaint; if I had any known want, I should have a certain wish; that wish would excite endeavor, and I should not then repine to see the sun move so slowly towards the western mountains, or lament when the day breaks, and sleep will no longer hide me from myself.—Dr. Johnson.

## Childhood.

"Then later revelation! silver stream,  
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine  
Whence all things flow."

[From the Student and Schoolmate.]

## The Group at Maplewood.

BY MAY MANNERING.

We were all on a visit to grandma's fine old mansion in the country—away in the midst of a forest of pines, beeches, maples, oaks, and elms.

It was now September, but our city schools would not commence until October, and so we jealously lingered among the gems of Nature, trying to console ourselves for our coming city-life, breathing in heavy draughts of country air, as if we were harvesting it for all the winter months. Truly, we feel that "country-life is the honey wherein we take the pill of city-life."

Every summer this hospitable mansion welcomed home grandma's sons and daughters, children and children's children; and so, as years went on, our numbers increased until at last the old mansion was fairly running over.

In-doors and out we played, roaming at will through the orchards, forests, and lawns; swimming and rowing in the silver waters of the little lake, trouting in the brook, and doing everything that could possibly be done by wild, happy children.

Uncles, aunts, and cousins, and such sedate persons wandered slowly through the cathedral-forest aisles, reclining sometimes upon the soft carpet of pine-droppings, and sometimes quietly reading, seated upon a convenient granite under some grand old tree. And still others, the flower-lovers, would stroll away into sequestered nooks, bringing from their retirement the dear "children of the woods." Home returning with well-filled hands, the mansion would become adorned with these treasures. Even now, in September, wild bouquets filled all possible places—bouquets of blushing maples, crimsoned oaks, fragrant spruce and hemlock, purple and white-frost flowers, golden rod, graceful coral colored barberry sprays, the brilliant scarlet seeds of the wild rose, white everlasting, the long drooping vines of the pigeon berry, with many, many other beautiful plants.

But all our days could not be spent in this way, for we had storm as well as sunshine; stormy skies, I mean, not stormy tempers, though we did have a little bit of that sometimes, or at least a threatening; but it was like the shortest April shower, and the sun came out more brightly than ever after it had passed.

One day in particular, it was cold and cloudy, and we knew it would rain, and so prepared for a quiet day in-doors. Yes—

"We knew it would rain, for all the morn,  
A spirit on slender ropes of mist  
Was lowering its golden buckets down  
Into the vapory amethyst

"Of marshes, and swamps, and dismal fens—  
Sweeping the dew that lay in the flowers,  
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,  
To sprinkle them over the land in showers."

And we were not disappointed, for the rain soon came sobbing against the windows, and pouring out its plentiful tears.

The day passed pleasantly with us, engaged in cheerful work and play, and when, at last, we were tired, and were all seated around the bright wood fire, we had a nice little talk among ourselves, which we are quite willing the young people should hear.

"Jennie," said cousin Kate, "what month of all the year do you like best?"

"I like January best," said Jennie. "January, the first month of the bright, new year. That is the best month for me, for I make plenty of good resolutions then—new plans; and I generally keep them about as long as that month lasts—though I mean to keep them all the others. I was going to say that I did more good deeds in January than in all the other months. I don't see why it is so hard to keep good resolutions! Besides this, I think the sharp, cold weather of January makes me feel more manly—a boy can study better then. January is a good month to make people look about the poor! Here is something I learned about it the other day:

"Within, all's warm and cheerful—  
Outside the cottage door  
Stands, faint and thinly clad,  
The anxious poor.

"O, let not winter's chains,  
That fasten stream and river,  
Enfreeze the human heart—  
Be thou a cheerful giver."

"Oh! February is the month that I like best," said Guy—a little boy of eleven. "My birth-day comes in that month, on the 12th, and then I'm always sure of a sleigh-ride. This year, father will let me have the horse alone, and I'll take in some of the fellows and we'll have fun. This year, on my birth-day, mother is going to give me a writing-desk, and I shall put into it all the valentines that I get on the fourteenth, St. Valentine's day."

"I'll tell you which month I like best," said Carrie Frost, a gay little girl of ten—marking time with her foot, as she had seen soldiers do

previous to marching—"January, February, March"—and away she went, marching away with nurse, who had come to put her to bed.

"April," said lame Willie, "is a bright month to me, and I look forward to it all through winter with a great deal of pleasure." Poor Willie could not go out on the snow, for he was lame and moved on crutches, and suffered so much from rheumatism, that only in warm weather could he go out. "Yes," said Willie, "I think April is the best month in the year. I think it ought to be the first month, for it seems to be the beginning of everything—the grass, and the clover, violets, dandelions, bursting tree-buds, bursting lilac-buds, the coming of robins. Why, I feel in April as if God had touched everything and told it to be beautiful."

"Oh, dearest May," sang Harry Grey, at which the other children laughed heartily, and looked at little May Browning, who covered her face with her apron. "May is decidedly the best month of all," persisted Harry.

"Oh! but June, June," exclaimed several voices, "June is full of the prettiest flowers." "Yes, yes," said our dear grandmother, who sat listening to the children. "June is full of flushing apple-blossoms, rainbow-colored tulips, emerald leaves and grasses, violets delicate as the fading twilight, and deep as the sunset's purplest clouds. Lilies, pure as the new-fallen snow, and gay, wild columbines, as brilliant as rubies and northern light."

"Oh! and grandmother," said little Nora, "you forget the little blue-eyed grass, the pigeon berries, the strawberries and cream, the lilies of the valley, which Jimmie calls 'fairy-bells, the forget-me-nots, and—and—oh, ever so many more. Haven't we got a pretty world, grandmother?"

The children were laughing and whispering together about Nora's strawberries and cream; but Nora did not notice them.

"Hurrah for July," said Ned Baker. "July is the most glorious month, for it witnessed our Declaration of Independence. Who is for July?" Plenty of voices responded to this, and lively cheers rang out. "Success to the Army of the North," cried Ned. (Loud cheers.)

"Give some flowers to our brave soldiers," said little Susie Hill, to one of the boys. Hearty cheers filled the air, and Susie threw up her little Burnside hat, which she had just been trimming with mountain-ash berries, and cheered as loud as she could.

"Thank God, for your loyal little hearts," said dear grandmother, as she wiped the tears from her face and choked back her grief, for she had given a noble son for the cause of Union and Liberty, and he now lay asleep in a soldier's honored grave.

"August is the month for boating," said Frank; "and it is my favorite month. Give me a trim little craft, like the 'Florence,' and I'd sing 'A-veet sheet and a flowing sail,' and 'Life on the ocean wave' all day."

"I guess your lungs would be exhausted before night," said Annie Hazelton.

"Well, well, Annie, perhaps they might; but I do like the 'ocean blue,' and I'm going to be a sailor, so in a few years you will hear me sing:

'Good-bye, my love, good-bye,  
I'm bound away to leave you.'"

"My favorite month," said Jennie, "is September. It is full of such pretty colors, that it looks like a kaleidoscope. Oh, such pretty shades of crimson and scarlet, russet and azule, rose sublime and ver."

"Take care, Jennie," said George; you'll be a fashionable belle, I'm afraid!" "No, indeed, I shall not," answered Jennie; "but why were these lovely shades made, if not for us to admire them? We see them everywhere, in the heavens above and the earth beneath, and I think we ought to admire them, and wear them too. If the skies, trees, fields, and flowers were all drab, brown, or black, we might dress in those colors to match. But I'm glad the world is full of bright colors."

Aunt Ruth, one of our favorite aunts, was a quakeress; and she heard what we said, but she only smiled quietly.

"October is the month of plenty," said Jimmie; "and I like it very much. Think girls of the purple, juicy grapes, and the delicious white ones; peaches, plums, pears, apples; great, jolly looking pumpkins, and squashes; potatoes, which will bring joy to many a heart beside the Irishman's; walnuts like those which Billie and I got when we climbed grandmother's tree for the last October."

"Full measure, pressed down, and running over," murmured grandmother, as if thinking aloud.

"November and Thanksgiving," said Allie Jackson, a little boy, who was rather too fond of good dinners.

"Let us be moderate in all things," said grandmother; "given neither to too much eating or drinking. A glutton is quite as bad as a drunkard. Our provided food we will thankfully eat, always using and not abusing our Father's gifts."

"Now comes the last month," said little Susie; "and I love it best, for Christmas comes then."

"You know," said Jimmie, "that the Saxons call it the 'Heligh-monat'—holy month. I think it is one of our most gloomy months; though, to be sure, there are plenty of interesting things to do. Skating for one. But I was thinking how it looked out of doors. You know that:

'No mark of vegetable life is seen,  
No bird to bird repeats his tuneful call,  
Save the dark leaves of some rude evergreen,  
Save the lone red-breast on the moss-grown wall.'

"Besides," said Jimmie, "December makes me feel sad to know that I haven't carried out my resolutions any better—that a whole year has passed away, and I have lost many hours of it."

"And now," said grandmother, "that we have numbered all the months, just think what a—"

'Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,  
Deep felt in these appear.'

Let us all take the lessons home to our hearts; the lessons that each month brings, and when a year has passed away, may all this group meet again in Maplewood."

For the Herald of Progress.

## A Lyceum Member Gone to the Summer-Land.

PHILADELPHIA, March 13, 1864.

A. J. DAVIS, DEAR FRIEND: Presuming that incidents pertaining to our newly-established Children's Progressive Lyceum would be of interest to you and your readers, I take the liberty of sending an account of the first funeral obsequies held at our Lyceum, Sunday afternoon, March 13, 1864.

Clotilda Mench, one of its members, in the ninth year of her age, passed to the Higher Life on Thursday last. Her remains were taken to our Lyceum Hall and placed in front of the rostrum. A wreath of white flowers and evergreen leaves, and the badge indicating the Group to which she belonged, were placed upon the body, and a flag put in her hand. The Lyceum being assembled, and as many of the parents and visitors as could be accommodated, the special purposes of the meeting were announced by the Conductor as follows:

Fellow Officers, Leaders, and Members of the First Children's Progressive Lyceum of Philadelphia: We have assembled to-day under circumstances differing from those which have called us together on any previous occasion.

Under the influences of our earlier teachings, we should have regarded it a solemn and mournful occasion. But in the light we now view it, it is one, rather, of congratulation. The beautiful angel of Death hath stepped into our Lyceum and invited one of its members, Clotilda Mench, to leave the Ocean Group of this earthly Lyceum, and graduate into a higher Group in the Summer-Land. She has accepted the invitation, and we propose now to celebrate her new birth into spirit-life in an appropriate manner.

We shall commence our ceremonies by singing that beautiful hymn which represents the spirit leaving its mortal vesture, and its triumph over death and the grave. It will be sung by our friend, Mr. Westcott, accompanied by music by our musical director.

"Vital spark of heavenly flame,  
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!  
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
And let me languish into life."

"Hark, they whisper—angels say,  
Sister spirit, come away!  
What is this absorbs me quite—  
Steals my senses, shuts my sight—  
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath—  
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?"

"The world recedes, it disappears—  
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears  
With sounds seraphic ring;  
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly.  
O Grave, where is thy victory!  
O Death, where is thy sting!"

Mrs. H. F. M. Brown then delivered a beautiful address, suited to the occasion, which I must omit, having no report of it. The Lyceum then marched, took their flags, and passed round the coffin of their little associate, going in serpentine rotation through the avenues which divide the various Groups, accompanied with music.

On reaching the rostrum, the flags were delivered in regular order, and the Groups being massed in front of the rostrum, the children and Leaders sang from the Lyceum Book, "The Beautiful Land," and then read, as a Silver-Chain Recitation, also from the Lyceum Book, the poem commencing:

"Life is real, life is earnest."

The Conductor then said: Having commenced our exercises with an appropriate hymn, which, in beautiful, touching, and exulting strains of music, describes the birth of the spirit into higher and holier conditions of being, we were prepared for the excellent address, to which we have just listened, which

clearly set forth the beauty, sublimity, and benevolence of the change that marks the ever-varying but upward progress of the human spirit, from its earthly individualization to its arch-angelhood in the eternal future. In the exercises which followed we have endeavored to make this an occasion of instruction and of practical utility to ourselves and the friends who have met with us. Nor have we less in view, in conducting these funeral rites, the enjoyment of our little companion and fellow-member, who is now invisible to the mortal eye, yet who, we doubt not, is present in our midst at this moment, and visible to the spiritual perceptions and clairvoyant eyes of those whose organizations admit of the exercise of that faculty.

She loved to meet with us in our Lyceum exercises, and we feel assured that it rejoices her little heart to know that the change of condition, that to her has brought such beautiful surroundings, is not the occasion of grief and sorrow to her beloved parents, brothers, sisters, and associates, who have found consolation in the teachings of our beautiful philosophical religion.

To us the Angel of Death comes not as the "king of terrors," but as the white-winged messenger of Love, bidding us "come up higher."

"Another step this spirit hath  
Advanced along Progression's path."

We have caught the exultant inspirations of the beautiful hymn preceding the discourse to which we have listened, and marched with our waving banners, in joyous celebration of the event, and we have followed our little sister to those "realms of light and beauty where no sorrow ever comes," in the singing by the children of our Lyceum the hymn descriptive of the Beautiful Land to which she has been invited.

We have read as a Silver-Chain Recitation the poem having reference to the reality of life, which embodies, in beautiful measure, the idea that there is no death, but that life is real and continuous, and we now propose to read a poem entitled, "The Cherub's Mission." It was improvised by a friend of mine upon the departure of his daughter to a higher life. She was about the age of little Clotilda. It contains the elements of consolation to a bereaved parent, and indicates the ever-watchful care, employment, and presence of our angel loved ones:

## THE CHERUB'S MISSION.

I leave the land of spirit's pure,  
And come to earth again,  
With healing on my viewless wings,  
With balm for every pain.  
I seek the home where late they smiled  
So tenderly on me,  
And find them weeping o'er the clay  
Where I have ceased to be.

They call me by the tender names  
Familiar to my ear,  
Then turn with sickening hearts away,  
Unthinking I am near.  
From Heaven's cloudless realms I've come,  
A mission to fulfill—  
To shed the peace which God can give  
O'er those who mourn me still.

Oh, could ye see the infant throng  
That round the altar stands,  
With golden harps to tune His praise,  
And palms within their hands—  
Could ye but see our white array,  
So free from spot or stain,  
Ye would not wish your loved one back,  
To live with earth again.

Could ye recline within the shades  
Of our sweet Eden-bowers,  
And see my darling playmates wreath  
Their little brows with flowers—  
Could ye but know how free we are  
From sickness, sin, or pain,  
Ye would not, could not wish me back  
To inherit earth again.

Joy! joy! the precious tear-drops flow;  
I've touched their willing springs—  
For God hath sent the healing balm  
Of mercy on my wings.  
Peace, for their souls are reconciled  
To his unerring will;  
Peace to the hearts that bend, not break,  
That weep, yet trust Him still.

Oh! 'mid the flight of weary years,  
I oft to earth will come,  
To shed a ray of heavenly light  
Around my former home.  
I'll watch my parent's couch beside,  
I'll be with him in prayer,  
Then bear those pleadings up to Him,  
And advocate them there.

And when the cord of life is rent  
That separates us now,  
When death his signet-seal hath set  
Upon each parent's brow,  
My harp shall be the first to hymn  
Their welcome to the skies,  
My form shall be the first to hail  
Their rapture-beaming eyes.

Our exercises were then concluded by an address from our friend, Dr. H. T. Child. Yours, in fraternal brotherhood,  
M. B. Dwyer, Conductor.



## Literary Department.

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

For the Herald of Progress.

## A Little Wild in his Youth.

BY MRS. ELIZA W. FARNHAM.

(Concluded.)

## II.

"Sir," I said, trembling from head to foot, when I succeeded, on pretense of having to go back a little way, in getting rid of Mrs. Elwell and Annette, "Sir, you have followed my sister and me long enough, I think. I am her only protector, and I demand that you will cease from this unmanly persecution. Will you do it?"

"Persecution! young lady," he echoed, "do I persecute you? I really was not aware of it. Forgive me."

"I will not forgive you unless you desist. It is base and mean in any man so to follow two unprotected girls. If I were her brother instead of her sister, you should answer me something else than words, sir."

"Really, Miss," he said, "you are a brave girl. I admire your courage, but I could wish it more wisely directed. It is a most unusual thing, I assure you, that you are doing, and I do not see how it can possibly do good to anybody. Let me advise you, now, to keep calm, and go quietly along your way."

"Mr. Ward," I said, speaking his name very slowly, yet utterly disarmed by his polished calmness, "My sister and I are two orphan girls, who have nobody in the world to care for us but ourselves and a poor little invalid brother, to whom we are both mothers, according to our ability. We have borne a great weight of sorrow and poverty since the loss of our parents, and now that we have found the means of support for ourselves and our little one, will you destroy our hard-earned peace by persisting in your present conduct?"

"My dear Miss," he said, very gently, "how does my conduct disturb you?"

"Do you not follow us every night to our home? Have you not come twice to Madame Juron's, and by your bad, bold looks, made her the talk of the work-room?"

"Have I? Indeed, I could not know that any pretty girl whom I looked at would suffer for it. I love to look at so beautiful a creature as this sister of yours, and I don't know that you have any good right to hinder me, if you could. I walk this way every evening, as it happens, just about the time you are coming. Now how can we arrange so as not to disturb each other? I am anxious not to give you offense, but I cannot give up my common rights in your behalf. It is hardly reasonable, I think, to ask so much. Does it disturb your sister, also, as much as yourself?"

"Yes," I replied; "she is no more willing to be followed than I am, and you make yourself very hateful to both of us."

"That is the strongest argument you have given me," he said, "for yielding to your request. I should not like the little beauty to hate me, and so be assured, Miss, that, when I can, I shall go another way. Good evening," and he raised his hat with mock respect and turned away.

"I knew I had wholly failed, long before the last words were spoken, and I could have fallen to the pavement in the weakness that came over me when he was gone. I felt my sister's doom sealed from that hour unless I could get her out of town."

"It was the evening of the day following that in which, as I told you, I sat by her side at work. I was unable to account for her agitation and varying emotions, for I did not know, till long after, that, in spite of all my vigilance, he had succeeded in speaking to her, and had filled her heart with assurances of the purest and most enduring love."

"When I proposed her going to the country, she assented, after some faint show of reluctance, to leave me alone with Robert, and went from us the next evening. It was in the leafy month of June, and I remember expatiating to her on the beauty she would enjoy, without ever once thinking of myself and Robby. It seemed as if we had no business in life but to consider her. When she was gone, I felt relieved of a heavy burden. I could go to my work cheerfully, and there was nobody to follow me at night with footsteps that made my blood curdle. I did not think of this at the time, except in an occasional moment of thankfulness that she was safe and I free again. I little dreamed that he was at my sister's side every day and hour, urging his damnable suit—that I had taken the very step which he would have chosen above all others to have me take with her, and placed her, as it were, in his hand; that in those lovely days they were riding or walking alone in the fields and woodlands about our uncle's house, or boating on the lake which lay between it and the dark wooded mountains nearby. I had no correspondence with any member of my aunt's family, and his court was so openly paid to Annette that they regarded him as an accepted suitor. They were plain country people, and he seemed to them, with his blazing diamonds, and fine clothes, and careless, polished manners, another sort of being, whom no one was ever to presume to call to account—least of all, to question—respecting any attention he might please to bestow on a poor beauty like Annette."

"She did not allude to him in her letters to me, till she wrote that she was engaged to be married, and I would know, she said, who was

to be my brother when she told me that the same diamond we had so often seen on the finger of a gentleman who so often walked in Bleeker Street, was now on hers, and that she was as happy as it was possible for anybody to be, out of heaven. She only wished Robby and I could share her happiness; but we should some day. He had asked her to be privately married, because of the old story—which she was childish and trusting enough to believe—of a rich uncle, who would be displeased and cut him off in his will if he knew it."

"Whether there ever was a mock ceremony performed, or not, I do not know; but in less than three months from the time of her departure, Annette returned to the city. She wrote me this note the day after her arrival:

"DEAR ANNETTE: I am back again, and so glad and happy to be here, near to you and Robby. Herbert and I came last evening. We are housekeeping in the sweetest little cottage you ever saw, with such lovely rooms and furniture. Come this afternoon and see me."

"I've a deal to do this morning, and Herbert is waiting to take this down-town for me. He has been away so long, he says he must go early. Don't fail me, Addie, but you must ask for Mrs. Siefert. I am to hear my own name till the time comes. I'm afraid you will be angry at that; but you don't know how good he is, nor how much I love him, nor how dearly he loves me."

"It is near four years since that note was put into my hand by Mrs. Elwell's chambermaid. I was staying that day with Robert, who was not well. I had been out with him, and had just returned to the house when she gave it me. My spirits were fearfully depressed before—so much so that the dear child had used all his little innocent arts to rally me, several times during our ride to the Battery, and our stroll under its great trees; but when I read those lines, after reaching our little chamber—ah, my dear friend, thank God that life never brought you such pain and madness as I then suffered!—Robert was frightened at my looks, and hid himself from me in a dark corner, crying bitterly. I believe I was insane for a few minutes; yet I kept myself to that room, feeling that I must not let any one know of my trouble. I have but a confused recollection of anything, but such chaos within as I have once or twice experienced since, at the very moment of recovering consciousness after a swoon. When this passed away, I found myself standing by the foot of my bed, holding to the post with a grasp which it actually pained me to loosen. My little mirror hung straight before me, and, as the countenance in it became distinct to my eyes, I turned to the space behind me, with a creeping dread that some terrible person was standing there witnessing all. And it was not till I had assured myself there was no one else in the apartment, that I could clearly realize that those stricken and changed lineaments were mine."

"I called Robert to me; but the child was afraid to come till I had many times repeated the invitation, in the tenderest tones and words I could command. And even then he came reluctantly, casting frightened, searching looks in advance of himself, till he saw my extended arms, and the smile of love, that could be changed for only one single, mad moment, to him."

"Are you sick, sister?" he asked, when he was seated on my lap, with my arms folding him very close to my aching heart."

"Yes, darling, I was very sick, for a minute, but it is gone now, and I am well again."

"I devoted myself to his amusement till I had beguiled him of that horrible recollection, as I thought, and then, leaving him with little Biddy, I set off for my sister's house, the street and number of which were given at the foot of her note."

"I went thus promptly, because I could not and dared not wait. I should find her alone, too, at this time, which was of the last importance to me, for I could never see her again. I never recalled that rash interview with him, without warming over my whole body with a sense of its madness and utter failure. From the first word to the last, I seemed only to have spoken to expose our weakness and my own absurdity. What could a poor, friendless young girl do, to defeat a man—more, a man of fortune—much more, a man of the world—in such a contest? I thought now, with bitter self-censure, how foolishly I had told him we had no one to protect us. It was throwing the very gates of the citadel open to the enemy."

"As I walked hurriedly up-town, I revolved all these thoughts confusedly in my mind, or rather they chased each other about my disordered brain, for I had little choice myself what should or should not be there. I was quite breathless on arriving at the house. It stood in a large square of carefully cultivated ground, and was nearly embowered in the shade of willows, abies, maples, and sycamores. The turf sparkled with bright flowerbeds, and the clean gravel walks were being freshly dressed and smoothed, as I entered, by two men, who seemed to look curiously at me as I flitted past them to the door. I rang the bell, and stood looking into the hall, or rather through it into the vista beyond, where a little fairy fountain played into a pure marble basin, overhung with gorgeous dahlias and rare roses. While I looked, Annette passed into the shade of some trees beyond the fountain, and I entered the hall to go to her. My heart stood still at the sound of my footsteps there. Before I reached the door, a middle-aged servant-woman met me, from a back room or passage, and asked me, rather unceremoniously, whom I wished to see."

"The lady of the house," I replied. "I see she is in the shrubbery yonder."

"Take a seat, and I will call her in."

"No, thank you; I prefer going to her

there," and I passed rapidly on, not to give time for more words."

"When I came in sight of Annette, she was training a clematis against a rustic summer-house. She stood upon a rude seat, about knee-high from the ground, with one arm stretched above her head, from which the flowing sleeve had fallen back, leaving its ivory whiteness heightened by contrast with the dark green leaves. The folds of her thin dress were displaced by the summer wind, so as fully to reveal one exquisite foot and ankle, and show that the whole weight of her body was sustained, for the moment, upon the toe of the other foot. It was an attitude the sculptor might have chosen for the marble Phryne which stood near, but did not rival her grace or beauty. Her uplifted, happy eyes, her parted lips, her heightened color, and the fullness of tranquil love that shone over her features, made her the most purely beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. I staid my step till she descended to the ground, and then moved forward into her sight. With a little scream of joy, she threw herself on my bosom. I could not speak; but, after a single moment's silence, she poured forth her childish gladness at seeing me, her thanks that I came so early, her affectionate concern for Robby; and then, her ardor sinking a little as she approached the awful ground on which she stood, her wish that we were both at home with her. I did not reply—could not, as yet."

"Is it not lovely, Addie? He says I am always to live here, if I wish to, and I am sure I shall. Nothing can be more beautiful. And I have chosen a room for you, dear, when all is ready for you to come, and Robby is to have the one next to it; they are the nicest you ever saw. I think we shall be perfectly happy, then. Shall we not?"

"I was like a foul spirit to breathe a cloud across this brightness. It seemed an evil thing to do; and, as I opened my lips to answer, I almost felt that a malicious demon was going to speak through me. I was impelled to forbid it."

"Are you entirely happy, Annette?" I asked, very seriously.

"How can you ask me that?" she said, looking brightly into my face.

"You love Mr. Ward very much?"

"Not more than he loves me, Addie."

"Are you really married?"

"He says we are, in the sight of Heaven, Addie, and we shall be publicly married in a few months."

"Does he now introduce you as his wife?"

"I am not going to see anybody, Addie, till after our wedding, but you."

"How long have you been married, as he says you are—in the sight of Heaven?"

"Almost two months."

"Ever since you first went to the country, then?"

"Yes," she faltered, "since then."

"Did you love him before you went there?"

"Yes," she answered now, with the volubility of a young school-girl, whose tongue is loosed upon her first impression. "It was more than a fortnight before I went, that he sent Biddy away one evening when she came for me, and walked nearly all the way home with me himself. And, oh Addie! he said such beautiful things to me then, that I dreamed of him all night, and could not forget him any more, night or day."

"Did he see you after that in the city?"

"Yes, three nights before I went away."

"That was the night, you remember, dear friend, I told you I had made her sleep next to me and had heard her speak his name." "I left Madame Juron's early, and we walked away up here, and then we rode quickly back in a carriage, so that you should not be alarmed. I told you I had called at Mrs. Worth's; and I did, but I only staid two or three minutes."

"Good God! how my flesh burned at these recitals! My veins and nerves seemed to become channels of liquid fire, to consume me. I said but little more. What could I say, dear friend? I did not return to the house, though I did not refuse her urgent invitations in any spirit of unkindness. I carried one comfort away with me from that interview, which was of infinite value in the time that came after—a conviction that, as yet, she had not degraded herself in her own esteem. She loved recklessly, blindly, as a warm and perfect sensuous life, like hers, would; and, with her childlike simplicity, she trusted her lover as fully as he might, under a reversal of their positions, have trusted her. In so far, weak as she was, how much truer, nobler, and more satisfactory, was the woman than the man. The bare suggestion that his was a temporary relation to her, would have been blasphemy to her uncorrupted mind, while he deliberately purposed it, from the first. Thus, as well as in other ways, do men and women differ. I ought to be pardoned, I think, for placing my sex far above the other in the scale of moral purpose."

"I told Annette I could seldom come to see her—perhaps never, but when she wrote for me, and I was anxious to have her keep herself out of sight of those who knew her. I wished it to be supposed she still remained in the country."

"I knew it was only putting the evil day off; but that was all that could be done, and in the meantime I must try to get custom before her position should become known, so as to leave Madame Juron's, and live, after that, in the strictest privacy possible. I must leave Mrs. Elwell's; (how could I face that household when they should know all!) and I took a large room in a tenement in Sixth Avenue, telling Mrs. Elwell that I hoped to live at less expense by the change, and asking her aid in getting me work, and there Robby and I passed the fall and winter. He was by that time large enough to be left alone, sometimes,

when I was compelled to go out; or when at home, sitting all day with him near me, I taught him to read, and acquired the habit of telling him stories, as I worked, so that the dear child was really the gainer by our change."

"I went twice in the course of the winter to see Annette. Not but I longed to go often to her, but it cost me too much—too much self-control—too much nervous power, which I began then to find the most valuable of my poor gifts—and too much tranquillity. Robert often asked for her, and wished she would not stay so long in the country. Poor child! the country was to his imagination, I suppose, like what heaven is to the simple faith of some souls. But if anybody beside her own household knew any more of her whereabouts than he did, I was spared the knowledge. On my last visit, I saw that she would very soon complete the circle of womanly experiences. And what, I asked my trembling, sinking heart, is to become of her child? We did not talk of the future at all. There was a tacit avoidance of it, and of everything that plainly led our thoughts that way, so you will readily see how narrow must have been the circle of our speech, and why these visits, which I craved above everything, and thought of continually, were so terribly painful."

"In May, after weeks of terrible anxiety, I paid her a third visit, and found her sitting in her chamber, watching the budding vines and plants before her window—pale, thin, and solitary—beautiful as ever, I thought, but how different from the blooming girl I had found at the fountain, less than a year ago. My heart yearned, as I embraced her, to take her right up in my arms and carry her off to my house. I did not dare to ask a question, but my eyes wandered about the room."

"He is gone," she whispered. "They buried him three weeks ago yesterday," and her soft eyes rained a shower of mother-tears."

"How old was he?" I asked, after I had dried my own.

"Almost five weeks."

"Another long silence. At length she broke it with an irrepressible sob and a great burst of feeling."

"Oh, Addie! I am afraid Herbert will have to leave me awhile. He says his uncle has found out about our living here, and is very angry, and he has asked me if I am willing to go into rooms down-town for a few months—he thinks he can't live longer than that—till he dares to come and marry me in public."

"And you have consented?"

"Oh yes, certainly, Addie. I could not refuse him."

"It will be less pleasant for you than living here in this beautiful place," said I.

"Oh, it is not that I care for, dear child. It is being parted from him. I sometimes think I shall die when I do not see him every day; nor hear his voice! And her tears flowed afresh."

"He has been always kind to you?" I asked.

"Kind, Addie! he is as tender to me as you are to our dear Robby."

"Just so, I thought, bitterly. He is one of the smooth sort. He could not hear and answer a few energetic words from me, but must falsely and lyingly parry them, with that devilish tongue which has wiled you to destruction, poor girl. I pondered in silence this proposition, which, of course, I saw through as plainly then as I ever did afterward. At last I said,

"Annette, will you come home to me and our brother? He has grown a dear, noble, beautiful child, and he very often asks for you. We could live very nicely for poor girls. I have saved a little money, and I will furnish you a room for yourself, and you shall teach Robby and take him in place of your own lost one. I think none of our friends know but you have been in the country ever since you left me, and they must never know it. Will you come, my dear sister?"

"With what a wild, imploring, agonized look, she heard me."

"Oh, dear Addie, I am sorry you said it. I ought to go, perhaps—I think I ought—and help you, and be very good now; but how can I leave him?"

"He can come sometimes and see you," I said, suddenly inspired by a hope I had not felt for a whole year—a hope that I might yet save her."

"Can he? Will you let him? You know you don't like him, Addie."

"But I will like him," I said. "I will invite him to come and see you, dear, and you can be so much happier with Robby and me than alone. Say yes, Annette; say yes, dear sister, and I will go and take rooms to-day."

"She rested her pale, delicate face on my shoulder, and I felt the tears trickle through my muslin dress. Oh how strongly in that moment I wished that she should surrender to me. I felt I was near—talking her to myself, and I prayed and wrestled in my silent heart for power to complete the victory. I stroked her golden tresses, bright and soft as ever, and breathed upon her the breath of pure, yearning, agonizing love. At last she raised her head, and, looking at me through her flowing tears, said:

"I will tell Herbert, and write you tomorrow, darling, what he says. You know I am the same as his wife, and I must not say that I will go anywhere without asking him."

"I was a little chilled at first by this, but, after a moment's reflection, I thought it could but further my plans. I had no doubt he was now ready to cast her off, and that the proposed removal was a first step toward consummating his purpose. In that case, he would certainly advise her to return to me. I comforted myself with this thought all the way home, and went along looking at and noting

bills on desirable houses. I would have rooms, I thought, in the neatest and most respectable house and neighborhood, where there should be nothing positively to offend the eye that had been so pampered with beauty in that lovely spot. I calculated what my money would buy for her; and when I reached home, had wrought myself up to such an enthusiasm of hope that I came very near rejoicing little Robby's heart by telling him that Annette was coming back. But I did not, for I suddenly bethought me how great the pain would be if we were disappointed."

"I waited next day for the postman in a fever of impatience. I did not go out all the morning, though I wanted to very much; but at last I heard his rap and flew down-stairs. There was no one in the passage, and I stood and opened her note there, determined to save Robert any shock that its contents might cause him, through my uncontrollable countenance. It was well I did so, for when, after several minutes had passed, I entered the room, he instantly asked me if I was ill. I took him in my arms, and, in spite of myself, my tears flowed and bathed his wondering face."

"I told him some story, which I am afraid he did not fully believe, about a naughty woman who had beaten a little girl cruelly, and there it ended between him and me. But my suffering all that day convinced me how unreasonably I had hoped. It is often so, I think. The reaction of our feelings is the clearest proof of their strength. But she was gone now, past all salvation at my hands. And thus—just because that fiend had chosen, without (I knew it must now be without) the poor excuse of passion to keep his hold on her—she was to be led, step by step, all the rest of the way down to infamy."

"I cried that night for the vengeance of God—if there were a God—to fall on him. Oh how fearfully I suffered. Throughout my body there was the sore, racked feeling I always experience after a severe shock and strain of my nervous system; my head seemed to be distended enormously, and glowing with heat, yet all my harrowing thoughts and burning consciousness remained as clear to torture and enrage me as in my calmest moment. I was guilty of murder in my heart that night, and only lack of power, I fear, would have restrained my hand from the deed, could I have found him. He had led her, in her childlike candor and simplicity, to heap insult upon the injury already inflicted upon me, by saying that though he could not be much with her, he expected to see her sometimes, and of course she must be in a place which a gentleman could go to. Oh, did I not long then for the stalwart form and arm of a man! Nerved by the spirit that was in me could I not have laid low whole ranks of such base destroyers?"

"I heard no more of my sister for many weeks. You wonder, perhaps, how I could hold myself from her, or from inquiry; and I can only answer, that I seemed like the shorn lamb to which it is said the wind is tempered. Looking at such a position at any point outside itself, it seems impossible that a loving, vivid, earnest soul, could remain so quiet in it; but, then, when it was really mine, I sat from day to day and week to week, and waited; working and thinking, alternately raging and quiet, but always, for Robby's sake, preserving a calm exterior, till he was asleep. And then, in the long summer twilight, and often deep into the night, my feelings had such mastery of me that sleep was impossible. People said I grew old—that I worked too hard, and ought to have my sister come home and help me with the child."

"My uncle's folks—how I thanked heaven for their quiet, ordinary, Dutch hebetude—thought Annette was married, and had gone to Philadelphia to live. What Mrs. Elwell thought, I do not know. I rarely saw her, because I could not lie smoothly or comfortably, and she was too dear and kind a friend to be deceived with coolness and deliberation. At Madame Juron's I heard there was a report of our calamity, but I carefully avoided the sight of anybody I knew to be connected with that establishment."

"I removed to a better neighborhood, and delighted dear Robert's heart by taking two rooms and a bed-room, and furnishing one for a parlor, which was chiefly devoted to him, and his playthings, and his books. Indeed, I had small need of a parlor for my few and humble visitors; but it was a great benefit to Robby, body and mind, to be enlarged in these separate apartments. How little very poor children in cities are sympathized with, in the narrow, disgusting imprisonment they have to suffer. Felons in their cells excite our sympathy—rightly enough, I admit—but my tenderness flows to the young children who are born in cells and dens of filth and loathing, and kept there till they are big and hardy enough to take to the pavements and gutters. God help the lame and the feeble, who, like my Robby, are never able to take the rough and tumble of those places."

"At last, when a note came from Annette, after several weeks, it brought a request that I would come and see her, if I could forgive her, for she was very unhappy. I went to the address she gave me, and there had to ask for Mrs. Siefert—a name I had never been obliged to speak at the cottage. It was an elegant house, very richly furnished, as I judged from glancing in at the open doors as I went along the passages. Annette's rooms were on the second floor. She occupied the whole of it, and sat in the front apartment, surrounded with elegant and luxurious furniture, books, pictures, and articles of taste. There was a noble looking piano in the room, open, with a piece of music lying on the rack, and the stool was placed as if the performer had just risen."



"I was surprised to find her looking happy and tranquil, when I had come, expecting the reverse. I said something of this at once, and she replied:

"Oh, Addie, don't scold me, dear; but when I wrote that note, I was very, very unhappy. I had not seen Herbert for a whole fortnight; but he has just gone. He spent all the morning with me, and said he would come again to-morrow. He loves me as well as he ever did, and that makes me so happy that I don't mind all I have suffered. But I am sorry I troubled you, dear Addie."

"I felt myself thrown on the old ground again, by this mood in her. To attack her when she was happy in her trust and confidence in him, would be mere madness; to say anything else, impossible; and therefore I sat mostly silent, as I had in my former visits before the last one, and heard her talk about Herbert, and her lost baby, and her expected marriage—for she had been strengthened anew in this delusion by the visit she had just received—and about a very agreeable and gentlemanly visitor who came to see her sometimes—a friend of Herbert's."

"I could not endure too much of this, and did not stay over-long. When I took leave, she begged hard that I would sometimes come and bring Robby to see her."

"Don't ask it, Annette," I said. "The child believes you are in the country yet. If you never come back to us, I hope he will think you died there, as I almost wish you had."

"Oh, Addie!"

"I do not mean to be cruel or harsh to you, sister, but I am sure there is only one fate before you if you stay away from me. You remember those girls we used to meet, and shrink away from as if they had a plague?"

"Oh, Addie!" she cried, stopping her ears with her little fair hands. "Addie! don't! don't! You know I am not a bit like them. Am I not Herbert's promised wife? Are you shamed by the house I live in? Do I have bad or low men about me? For shame, Addie!"

"I had never heard such spirited words from her, since the days when my father's remonstrances had used to exasperate her. Then she smiled, and came to kiss me, and to say how glad she would be to come and see me and Robby, but she was forbidden on both sides. I had prohibited her, and Herbert had said he wished her not to come, and so it was impossible."

"I got away from her and hurried home, to fresh conflict and rage, and to mad haste in my work—the only escape-valve I had for the pent-up fire within. I cannot relate the particulars of that terrible time to you. There were six awful months yet between her and open shame. I saw her thrice during that time, and heard always of champagne suppers, and card parties, with wine, and visits of gentlemen, more especially the one she had designated first, as agreeable and gentlemanly, and a friend of Herbert's; and at last Mrs. Elwell came to me one day, looking pale and excited, and, after a few common-place words, asked me when I had heard from Annette."

"I hesitated in answering, for I felt sure she had some idea of the truth, and could not, therefore, speak with any freedom to her. I, however, named, with a good deal of stammering, the real time since I had seen her."

"Ah, Adelaide, I see by your confusion and changing color that you know something of what I have to tell you."

"I know Annette is in the city, Mrs. Elwell," said I.

"Mr. Elwell and I met her last evening walking with a gentleman in Broadway. She was beautifully dressed, in very quiet style, and he seemed very devoted; but we were a little shocked at first, because we had heard nothing of her return; and to-day Mr. Elwell has heard something of her?"

"What?"

"That she has been—forgive me, Adelaide; you know I say anything ill of her almost as reluctantly as if I were her mother—has been, dear, living with a Mr. Ward, in the upper part of the city, for a year or more. You see how any such rumor becomes exaggerated, because, as I told him, that could not be, for we knew she had been in the country most of that time."

"No, my good friend," I said, "rumor has not exaggerated in this case. She has been living in the city, in the way you mentioned, since a week before I left your house last summer."

"God bless you, child, for being so firm. I see it all now. I thought there was something strange in your manner at that time, but I concluded it was only your trouble about Annette and Robby, and how you were to get along, and so on. I never dreamed of such a dreadful thing as this."

"And you think I have done well and right?"

"I will not repeat Mrs. Elwell's praises in answer to this question. They certainly comforted me in my weariness of spirit. It was something to feel that a good, tender-hearted woman, who was old enough to be my mother, gave her warm approval of all I had done, for I told her all before I put the question."

"I went to see Annette soon after this visit. I sent up word that if she had company, I would like to see her alone for a few minutes, in her bed-chamber or any convenient place. I did not like to give my name, and I was led to take this precaution, which I had not used before, from hearing loud talking and laughing, as I thought, in her rooms."

"When the servant returned, she said, almost rudely, that Mrs. Siefert did not see visitors without they sent up their names."

"Give her this," I said, warmly, taking a garnet ring, that had been my mother's, from

my hand. "She will know who I am when she sees it."

"She came back very quickly, with a request for me to walk up. I was shown into the back parlor, on her floor. The folding-doors were closed. There was a quieter sound of voices than when I had been waiting below, and Annette stood by the foot of her massive French bedstead, looking singularly pale, yet with a peculiarly deep and bright red spot on each cheek. It was as if the whole of her face had been deeply flushed with excitement, and the suddenly repelled color had not yet had time to retreat from those tell-tale places."

"As she kissed me, I was sickened with an odor of wine from her lips, which had always before been pure and sweet, and then I understood the secret of her color."

"You have company, Annette," I said, coldly; "I will not keep you; I only called to see how you were."

"I am very well, Adelaide," she replied, with a little tinge of formality that sat strangely upon her, and seemed to place her at an immense distance from me. She asked questions about myself and Robby, but seemed constrained; and I was no less so, and very soon rose to take my leave. I wished to know who her visitors were."

"They were the same 'pleasant, gentlemanly man,' and a friend of his. When I stood outside the door, I breathed deep and long, for I felt, for the first time in my life, that I had been in a house, of which the atmosphere was tainted. I had never felt impurity in Annette's presence before; but now I seemed to have caught contamination on my garments, and my lips. Oh! it was horrible—and she my beloved and beautiful sister!"

### III.

"I held the door for a moment in my hand and it seemed as if the spirit of my dear mother came to me while I stood so, and said: 'Go back, and try to save her.' I turned the knob, and found that I had not closed the door; then I stood still on the threshold long enough to resolve, and, slowly ascending the stairs, tapped on the door of her chamber. Presently it opened, and we stood face to face again. I could not speak instantly, and glancing about the room, she asked, in a tone that I remember wounded me with its politeness, if I had left anything."

"I have," I replied, "but I did not come back for that. I did not think of it, but your question reminds me of my ring."

"She moved toward the other room."

"Never mind, Annette, dear, now. I will get it when I come again. But don't lose it. It is all that I have left of our mother. I came back, darling, to ask you when you will be alone. I want to see you in a different way from this call, when other people are not waiting for you all the time. I cannot talk with you under such circumstances. When can I find you without visitors?"

"Whenever I know that you will come," she said, an anxious flush stealing over her features. "I will have other people sent away, dear Addie, if you will come and spend a morning or a whole day with me."

"Then let it be to-morrow morning. I will come at ten."

"Had I not better come to you? I could, now, I think, and I do so want to see poor Robby." The tears filled her soft eyes as she spoke.

"My darling, Robby's happiness is the great care of my life—since you have left me—and he positively never must suspect anything more painful than your absence; nor see you till you are ready to return to us for good. I cannot do anything to increase his sufferings, dear—not even for your sake—and God knows I am ready to suffer anything myself for you. Expect me, then, at ten, to-morrow."

"I wrung her hand, kissed her forehead, and hurried away with a breaking heart. All my indignation had burned out, all my mixed feelings had resolved themselves into the old, simple affection and care for her, and a hope, which grew stronger with every breath I drew as I walked homeward, that I should yet be able to take her to myself, and save her from the degradation which I saw had come very near, if it had not actually contaminated her."

"This time my mind did not go to planning a future for her, as it had in the first trial to win her back. Perhaps it was because I was less elastic and natural in my feelings now than I had been then. The day was a very tearing one to me. Hope and fear alternately warmed and froze me. I felt that it must be decided triumph or failure the next day. If I did not win the victory, I should have to submit to permanent defeat. I could not take food under such intense excitement, and so sat over my meals, constraining myself to some cheerful and even funny talk, with which I had the satisfaction of raising two or three hearty child-like laughs from Robby while he ate."

"I wish you didn't have headache so often, my Addie," he said, soberly, when his supper-plate had been pushed back. "If I were only a strong boy like Tom Whitney, I'd work for you by-and-by, Addie, and then you should rest. Do you think I can ever get so well as that?" And with the question which pierced me to the soul, he fixed on me his great, soft, spiritual, earnest eyes, so full of agonized entreaty for an encouraging answer, that, with my previous burthen, I utterly broke down."

"Don't, darling—don't break my heart with such questions!" and I crushed him up to my bosom with a pain that choked and shook me in spite of my tears."

"I won't, I won't, my Addie, again," he said, escaping, with a look and gesture almost

of fear, from my arms. "I did not mean to hurt you"—with a bewildered glance at my face."

"No, no, my precious: and you haven't. You are so good, Robby, you could not hurt me. It is only that my head feels so tired and aching. Don't fret about it. We will do the supper things away, and by that time I shall feel a great deal better, and we will read one of the new stories."

"And so I comforted and reassured him till it was time he should sleep. I know you do not want to know how I spent that terrible night. It would be impossible to tell you. I do not know that I slept at all. A part of the time I seemed to be talking with my mother; the old life of affection and peaceful ease came back to me, as when she was still with us. Every thought and feeling of her impelled me toward Annette, and strengthened my resolve for the coming interview. I rose weary, but with no languor of body or spirit—dressed myself carefully, and having arranged everything for Robby's comfort, set off. I was a little early, as I saw by a street clock on arriving at the house, and therefore took a turn around the two adjacent blocks."

"When I entered my sister's parlor and sat down beside her on the sofa, still holding her hand, a horrible feeling came over me, from her eyes, her countenance, and the touch of that hand, that I could no more move her than the house we sat in. A sense of immense, impassable distance between us, was conveyed in the look and the touch, and my heart almost failed me, and my tongue for a minute refused to speak."

"Annette, dear, Robby and I want you to come home to us. We are lonely, and we want to hear your pleasant voice and see your dear face in our nice, homelike rooms."

"No answer from the whitening countenance beside me, but a tightening of the small hand upon mine."

"I will shape all my life for your comfort, dear—go where you wish, and work for you as gladly as for Robby."

"I would not eat bread of your earning, Addie. You cannot think so meanly of me as that."

"No, darling; but if you were ill, or in any way disabled, I mean that I could do it, and would so gladly, and be so happy. But you shall work with me, and together we will educate our brother, and make a man of him. He has a finer mind, dear, than either of us, and we will be father and mother to him. And when he is grown a scholar and a teacher of other men—perhaps more than these in their technical sense—how proud we shall be of him and of our work! I need you to help me in it, dear Annette; it is more, I fear, than I can do alone—and you here. You see I lose a great deal of my time, and power, and health, thinking and fretting about you."

"I stopped, feeling it was better she should speak now. There was a long silence."

"Adelaide, I should always feel myself an object of pity to you. You never could think of me as you did when we were girls together."

"Her eyes glistened, but were tearless, and the cold hand I held began to flush with the superficial warmth of a nervous reaction. She had stated, you see, my dear friend, an absolute truth, which it took some thought to deal with. I could not possibly say that it would be between us as it had been—that would be untrue—and she would not believe it if I said it. I endeavored for a moment to see exactly my own state of mind, putting my arm about her as I did so, with a dim feeling that she would drift away from me, perhaps, in the waiting."

"Annette," I said, "you are quite right in saying that we could never be exactly as we were before you left home. That is made impossible by your experience. Neither, dear, could we have returned to that state if you were coming back to us a widow. You see we have both had experiences, and they have changed us; but, darling, they have not diminished my love for you by a single grain, but, rather, increased it. You will come back to me much more a woman than you left me. I have never thought of you as dishonored by your relations with Mr. Ward, for I know you could not have loved him more had you been ten times legally married to him, nor have had a more perfect faith in him had he been the truest man woman ever loved. All that experience, and the memory of your lost baby would be as sacred and pure to me as if you were legally, what you are in moral fact, now—Mr. Ward's deserted wife. So don't think for an instant that I shall insult you with a pity that could hurt any woman."

"But—since—since he has left me," she whispered (and her hand suddenly became icy and her lips whitened), "I have—done—wrong, Adelaide. I know it. I was heart-broken. I wanted to die—to get away from you and Robby. You could not feel so about that."

"I was sorry she had confessed—not for my sake, but her own. It raised a barrier between us, which I instantly saw it would be difficult, perhaps impossible to remove. I drew her small, beautiful head, with its shining curls, to my shoulder; kissed her forehead and cheek; smoothed her hair, and at last said: 'Darling, as I hope for God's love and goodness, this that you have said only makes me desire more to have you with us. Not as you dreaded, from pity alone, but from love and pity. I see how you must have suffered; how bitter must have been the experience which could compel you to bury or try to forget the true wife-love. And I want you to think for a moment now, whether it is likely that you can, staying here, ever feel yourself more worthy of the love you desire than you are to-day?'"

"Oh! no, no, no," she broke out, passionately; every day, every hour, Addie, makes me worse. In six months—in one month—in a week, maybe, you would not sit so with me for the world." And with the words she sat erect and withdrew her hand from mine."

"I was dumb—speaking only through my tears. She remarked, with a certain hardness, that she did not deserve tears from me. Then I felt I had lost the battle for her again—the last one, it seemed to me, that I could ever make in her behalf; and so it proved. Before I could speak, she had replaced the ring on my finger, with some incoherent words about not daring to sleep with it on her own hand. I staid an hour or more after the conversation I have related ended. I reasoned, entreated, prayed, and warned, but, thank God, in not one harsh or bitter word—only in the tenderest and most loving tones and speech."

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face homeward with the expectation of leaving the city, that I began to debate with myself, before reaching Lispenard Street, where she lived, whether I should pay her a last visit before going. It was already dusk. I was walking rapidly up Broadway, and found myself alone near the corner of Canal Street (I had resolutely struggled past the other) when I heard a laugh, that made my nerves tingle and contract, as if a stream of electricity had been suddenly sent along them. It was louder, certainly, than I had ever heard it, but the same—it could be no other. Her laugh was as much her own as her beauty and sweet and musical though it was, it had a correspondent quality of weakness. I raised my eyes, cowering, as if a devil, full-formed, had risen there to smite them, and there came my sister, side by side with a painted, flaunting creature, and both talking aloud in affected gayerly. It seemed to me, for the moment I saw them, that the one next me—the stranger—attempted to knock me down. I felt the sensation of a heavy stunning blow near my heart, as they swept past me, and I recollected nothing more till I found myself on a sofa, or couch, in a strange room, with two men bending over me, one of whom had a small bright blade in his hand, and was feeling my right arm as my eyes opened on the scene."

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"It seemed a long time, to my vanishing consciousness, that I could count its pulsations—slower and slower, as the roar of wheels and the rush of people died away, but at last I lost all; and when they came back to me, I was again on the couch, and the lancet was again in hand, and my arm was cut, and bleeding very slowly."

"I was very angry, for I had a horror of losing my blood, but I had sense enough not to quarrel with them, since it could not now be prevented. It was soon stopped, however, and at last I was safely helped into the stage and reached home. Robby had been long asleep, the neighbor said, and I lay down beside him, removing only my bonnet and shawl, and almost instantly fell asleep, too. Oh, what a blessed balm to me was that temporary death!"

"The next day Robby and I entered another world—I was glad of what they called a slow boat up the river. I could have wished the time of passage had been days, instead of hours, for Nature came into my wounded heart with a touch of infallible healing. It was a still, clear August day; windless and cloudless. The river was smooth as a mirror, and gave back the pale blue sky, and the mountains, and rocks, and trees, and shrubs, as faithfully as the most labored pre-Raphaelite picture which they talk of now. The crests of the Highlands shone blue and misty through the shimmering air, and the still leaves glistened in the sunshine; and the yellow grain-fields stretched away up the slopes of the hills, till they seemed to me, as to Robby, almost to reach to heaven itself. How large, and grand, and rich, the world was! I marveled, as Tennyson says, how my mind had been brought."

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"When all this had passed, fruitlessly, I felt that we should part finally there. Dim plans of separating myself, by removal, from this incurable anguish, rose vaguely in my mind, as it reverted to my angel Robby. I felt so thankful, then, for him, and for the necessity laid upon me to work and care for him! It was a heaven to turn to him, away from this cold, dreary blankness, that paralyzed my faculties."

"Will you give me one of your curls, Annette?"

"She did not speak, but fetching scissors, she stepped before the great mirror, and, before I could stop her, cut, close to her forehead, the first one that hung on her left cheek."

"It is all I can give you—nothing else that is here fit for your acceptance."

"She said this bitterly, in a passion of tears."

"Do not blame me, dear child, that you feel as you do. I would—"

"Yes, I know you would do anything to have me different—but I can't be. I never was proud, but I can't be pitted by my friends, as long as I live. I had rather die as I am."

"God care for you and help you, my darling. I know he will, and that is my only comfort in this hour of parting. I shall go away, Annette. I cannot live and walk the streets you walk, feeling myself separated from you while you suffer and need me. If you were rich or happy here, I could bear it, but not the kind of separation you have pronounced this morning. I shall take Robby and go somewhere, out of the shadow your unhappiness will cast upon us, but I shall not love you less for that, dear. And I shall not carry a spark of bitterness in my heart when I go. I will send my address, when I get settled, to Mrs. Elwell. And God bless you, darling, till we meet again!"

"That will be never, never, Addie!"—sobbing in the most violent manner."

"We shall meet again where our mother is, Annette, if nowhere else."

"How shall I ever get there?"

"God's love and goodness will bring you, darling. I am not afraid, but it is a long time to wait for what we might have to-day, if you could choose with me. Think once again, and come now."

"I was standing, having risen to go. Her hand rested upon a marble table near. Suddenly she extended it, and I was conscious of a wild thrill running like lightning along my nerves. Was she going?"

"Good-bye, Addie! leave me, but don't go in anger. And give my dearest, dearest love to Robby. Tell him I died loving him as well as ever. I am dead to you both!"

"I feared she would faint, and but for that should have fainted myself, I think, such a storm of emotions contended within me. She sat down on the sofa, covered my hand with kisses, murmuring some painful ejaculations the while; then, suddenly holding up her face, she touched my lips lightly, offered me her forehead for a final kiss, and then said, commandingly:

"Go, now, sister, and happiness go with you. I shall not keep it."

"She buried her face in her hands, and so I left her."

"You must imagine, for I can never tell you, how I spent that dreadful night and the next few days. I was unable to bear the sight of any one. Even my poor little darling was sometimes a trial to my over-strained nerves. I was not so strong, you perceive, as I ought to have been for the burthen I had to bear. For some time my plan of removal did not return to my mind. I seemed to have lost all purpose in the paralysis that stroke had brought upon heart and brain, and grew weaker daily. At last I was aroused by observing that Robby also was beginning to pine, and I suddenly determined to leave the city at once, and if nothing better offered, to seek board in some farmer's family up the river, where I could, in part at least, pay our way by my work. I could not go to our uncle's. The distance and expense were too great—besides, how could I account to them for my sister? I sold my parlor things to a decent English laundress, well to do, who took the rooms on the floor above me, and with the little money I got for them, and a few additional dollars which I had since saved, I made ready to take the morning boat to Hudson. My brother was almost wild with delight at the idea of seeing the great river which I had told him was so grand and beautiful, and the paradise of his imagination—the country. I had some misgivings when I thought of my slender purse, but then I remembered and blessed God for my two skillful hands. They were mine and Robby's fortune."

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the harvesters in the distant fields; where we could hear the low of the cows, and see the foaming pails of milk come in at night. I did not crave anything more conventional or elegant. I cared less about persons, too, than I had ever before thought it possible one could; it seemed to me we could find all we sought in the outside world. That was the new world to us—the human one we had already proved.

"I found, through the aid of our kind land-lady, who seemed to know every body within a day's travel of Hudson, such a house as we desired—rural and simple enough, certainly, since there was but one carpeted floor in the house, and that rarely trodden on before our advent; and the old red paint on the outside walls had not been renewed in fifteen years. There was a world of fruit, an ample flower-garden, somewhat run to waste of weeds and lawless vines, where Robby and I used to work an hour or so every cool morning and evening; and, above all, in a stone-fenced field, about an eighth of a mile from the house, a lovely little pond of clear, pure water, backed by a wall of wood-crowned rock on one side, and shut in on the other with masses of chestnut, maple, elm, and birch foliage. Oh, the joy the dear child had in the mystery and the beauty of those woods, and rocks, and waters!

"He quickly became a favorite with every one of the household of Farmer Talbot's place. Men and boys were alike at his service out of doors, and the old farmer never drove away to smith's-shop, or village, or mill, but a comfortable seat was made in his wagon for Robby if he wanted to go. I nearly paid my way here by working for the family and others in the neighborhood. It was with great difficulty I could get Mr. Talbot to accept, from week to week, the small price he had first charged me.

"I'm thinking," he said, more than once, when I urged it upon him, "you'll want it all by-and-by, when the little boy gets worse."

"They were not strange words to me, with his eyes moistening as he did so, for I had already become accustomed to the thought of losing Robby. I could see that, from the spring, there had been a falling off in his strength and energy. He wanted to be carried oftener, and he would lie still longer, whenever he could fix his eyes upon the sky, or a tree-top, or a mountain in the distance.

"When the sweet gayeties of autumn came,—it seemed gayer to me than any season ever had, with its riotous breezes, and flaunting forests, and glancing birds, and frolicsome animals of field and wood, all well fed and rejoicing in abundance—Robby was unable to walk abroad. He never stood upon the earth after it had been touched by the frost. We carried him often out into the sunny, transparent air of the sunny October days, and sometimes the men would take him, on a little litter I had made for him, to the pond, and place him in his favorite spot, at the south end, where the sun shone and the little rivulet that drained it went leaping brightly over the roots of a great elm, and down into a deep stony bed below. He chose his burial-place in the angle of the rocky wall, and meekly begged me never to take him back to the city again.

"And so good Mrs. Talbot, and her daughters, and I, watched his slow death; and they buried him there, in the wintry earth, between Christmas and New Year's. I staid till the hoarse coughing running in the spring, and it was like leaving my mother and father's house when I came away. I always think of going back, as of going home, to them and Robert.

"You know I went up to 'the Island' last Saturday. I could not tell you then, but I went to keep her poor, tainted, wasted body out of Potter's Field. It was a foolish weakness, you may say, but I think and feel otherwise. I would like my dead to return to earth, where it is pure and beautiful; where every thought of them should be one also of Nature, as she seems to me—worshipful, lovely, and solemn. I buried her in the cemetery where my mother's grave was made, and placed a small brown stone at her head, with 'Annette' only upon it.

"I seem to be less alone now than when I knew she was in these streets, or in that sickening refuge up there."

"And where," I asked, "is Mr. Ward—Herbert?"

"He was married several months ago," said Adelaide, "and is making the tour of Europe with his bride."

"Who was she?"

"One of the Misses Van B—s, of Fourteenth Street."

"Had she any means of knowing his real character?"

"I do not know. Her brother knew it, and shared much of its iniquity, in the times I have spoken of. But it is not probable that his sister would have rejected her wealthy and polished suitor had she known his history."

"No," said I; "but the wind, blowing from Annette to her, would have offended her nobility, even when she was as pure to him as his wife is now."

"Yes," said Adelaide, "and I hope, my dear friend, you will never again look reproachfully at me, when, in the bitterness of my heart, I express those saddest truths of our civilization, that woman's scorn for woman is the surest means of working her degradation, and man's wrong to woman the bitterest that is known to our humanity."

"It is ten years since Adelaide Siefert told me this painful history of her young days. She followed Robby long ago, and was buried beside him on Farmer Talbot's farm, between the rocks and the water—a sweet and solitary spot, worthy the child's purity and the woman's lonely heroism.

"I never forgot Mr. Herbert Ward, and finally I came to know him by sight, as he moved, with the stately pace of middle age, up and down our street, or rolled along in his elegant carriage with his gay and fashionable wife. He died last year, a millionaire, and the papers lavished praises and eulogy upon him. St. —'s Church was filled at his funeral, and the Rev. Dr. B— comforted the widow and orphans with the history of his munificence, and charities, and good deeds—among which, however, was not reckoned the ruin of Annette Siefert. I said so, privately, to an acquaintance of ours—a man of the world also.

"Ah!" said he, "I think I have heard that Ward was a little wild in his younger days!"



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAR. 26, 1864.

#### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

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All letters to be addressed to:

A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal Street, New York.

Office hours, 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. Publication office located a few doors east of No. 416 Broadway.

A FULL REPORT of a Lecture by Brother Willis will appear in our next issue.

CIRCLES, CONFERENCES, AND SUNDAY MEETINGS among Spiritualists of New York, are multiplying and improving from week to week.

THE SALE OF CERTIFICATES, entitling the holder to a seat in the Lecture-Room of the Friends of Progress in this city, is far more rapid than last year. The congregation at Dodworth's, having reflected the Editor of this paper to the office of Treasurer, will hear him "speak" every Sunday morning and evening upon "finances," until all the money wanted is obtained.

#### Woman and Her Era.

This new book, by Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham, is now nearly ready, and will be fully announced next week. It will be one of the most important works recently issued, and has already awakened much interest in literary circles. Early orders are solicited. The price will be three dollars for the two volumes.

#### Brother Willis at Clinton Hall.

Brother Willis, next Sunday, March 27th, will commence a series of Lectures on the "Spiritualism of All the Ages," and continue them morning and evening. Nos. 1 and 2, "India and Egypt." Meetings free, and the public fraternally invited.

#### Selden J. Finney's Lectures Next Sunday.

This truly inspired Brother is doing a much-needed work for the people in this city. His Lectures are remarkable for originality, richness of language, and comprehensiveness of thought. Subject for next Sunday morning: "How does man become conscious of God—the Divine Spirit?" also the question: "What is the Philosophy of Intuition?" His subject for the evening: "Earth and the Summer-Land."

#### Moral Police.

This practical organization for "overcoming evil with good" is accomplishing a great deal of work among the poor and unfortunate of this city. We are glad to hear that similar Fraternities are being duly organized in New England and in the West. Our friends may confer with Brother Frank L. Wadsworth, who is now on his way to Ohio, upon anything connected with the establishing of Children's Lyceums or the organization of Moral Police Fraternities. Letters of instruction and the Constitution can now be furnished, at a very little cost, from this office. It is desirable to have Brotherhood Centers established in each city and town. The New York Fraternity is receiving applications for membership almost every day. Its growth is steady and healthy, and the signs are that the movement will in time spread throughout civilization.

#### Bishop Colenso's Trials.

In the recent trial against Bishop Colenso, a spirit was evinced that was anything but Christian. Dr. Gray, a judge, furnished material for the prosecutors to support their charge, out of private letters written by Bishop C. to himself. Two archdeacons rudely asked Dr. Bleek, an advocate who appeared in court for the Bishop, whether he did not belong to the advanced school of Socialism himself. The result of the trial, as might be expected, was that the Bishop of Natal should be deposed from his see, but that he should be allowed until the 4th of March to file his retraction in London, or until the 10th of April in Cape Town, and that in case he did either the sentence should be null and void.

Dr. Colenso protests against this sentence, and holds the whole proceedings null and void, and now the matter has to be brought before the civil courts, where it will probably be long unsettled. In the meantime "Truth will go marching on." The only one of the Bishop's Episcopal brethren that will speak to him, is the Bishop of London; but he carries with him the sympathy of a large and influential body of the laity, and an increasing number of the clergy, who are anxious to see the question—whether freedom of inquiry is to be allowed within the bounds of the National Church—brought to an issue.

#### The Philadelphia Lyceum.

The young people of Philadelphia have taken the first steps toward the true celebration of the birth of spirit from earth into the Summer-Land. A report of their impressive proceedings we publish this week on our first page. The Children's Progressive Lyceum is an association most perfectly adapted to unfold the reason and affections of youth. It enkindles a deep earnestness in every young heart. A fine enthusiasm is the result, which opens the child's mind to inspirations from higher spheres. Under such divine friendship for each other and truth, the Leaders and Members of a Children's Lyceum will readily respond to any wise and practical suggestions from the principal officers; and thus the young people, as an associative body, can be made to take part in the appropriate exercises of many public occasions. It is, unquestionably, most appropriate that a whole Lyceum should celebrate, with music and suitable recitations and marchings, the birth of a member out of an earthly into a heavenly Group, which is presided over by angel Leaders full of tender love and gentle wisdom.

#### Vote of Thanks to Brother Finney.

PHILADELPHIA, March, 1864. Whereas, By the influence, energy, and untiring labors of Bro. Selden J. Finney, this Progressive Lyceum was introduced, organized, and inaugurated in our midst; and, whereas, we deem it an institution calculated to produce much good both physically and mentally to the young and mature of this and future generations, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the Officers, Leaders, and Members of this, the first Children's Progressive Lyceum, of Philadelphia, do tender to our esteemed friend and brother the thanks and congratulations of each and every member of the same; hoping that his future success in his labors for the advancement of Truth and the elevation of mankind may never be less successful than they were during his recent visit among us.

The above resolution was unanimously adopted by vote of the Lyceum at its third meeting, January, 31st, 1864.

M. B. DYOTT, Conductor.

J. SMITH HARRIS, Librarian.

C. E. SARGENT, Musical Conductor.

CORNELIA W. HALE, Guardian of Groups.

#### Air-Line Dispatch.

Abraham Lincoln's administration is like the blank leaves between the Old Testament and the New—a good place for the record of Births, Marriages, and Deaths—the births of new freedoms, the marriages of new powers, and the death of old slaveries.

#### A Fresh Muddle for Theologians.

It seems to be the destiny of some persons to stir up the stagnant pools of thought, and by the agitation thereof to create more healthy conditions, although the action seems at first to show greater impurity. These persons are called agitators, and if they do not lead human thought forward, they keep it from tending backward. Charles Beecher's new book is one of the long wands that agitate the theological pool. Its title is "Redeemer and Redeemed," and its chief interest lies in the presentation of a new scheme of redemption as ingenious and wonderful as the old; but having the advantage of freshness, and therefore the proofs of its perfect workings and unfoldings have an originality that old theology does not give. The scheme is after the following order:

In the royal kingdom of the King of kings there was once a prime minister by the name of Lucifer. He was God's first-born, and was styled the "morning star," the "anointed cherub." He ruled over the heavenly hierarchy, but God discovered that his son Lucifer did not adopt fully his plan of moral government, for it required too great self-denial, and he was unwilling to make sacrifices; therefore God decided to supplant him and make Christ his chief officer, but Christ was not the first-born, therefore he constituted him the "first-born by adoption." Christ was begotten on a specified day, and "by substitution he was exalted to the head of the universe as king, and invested with all the rights of primogeniture, as if he had been the natural first-born of the Father."

Although it was seen to be necessary by God to remove Lucifer, yet it was not deemed expedient to do it immediately, for it was necessary that an "intelligent universe" should behold his unfitness. Christ was placed in command of a new race of beings which is the pre-existent human race; and now a contest begins between Lucifer and Christ. Lucifer determines to seduce them from their allegiance to God, and he succeeded with all except with Christ, their leader, who remained steadfast.

It now became necessary to remove this apostate band from heaven, therefore God created the world, and constituted it a fitting place for their reception. Adam and Eve had been once tempted in heaven and fell, but it is supposed that their banishment to Eden was not a sufficiently vindictive punishment, for they did not resist the approaches of Lucifer. Eve spoke to him in the garden as if she had known him well, and his arts and wiles proved a second time successful. He at length got—through Adam and his own deceptions—complete mastery over the human race; although he still lived in heaven, not being banished from thence. To do this, and condemn him to his proper place, required strategy. God decided to take Christ into the Trinity and unite him with the Holy Ghost. This being done he appeared as Melchisedec, and was revered by Abraham, and finally he was incarnated as Jesus. Lucifer was not to be daunted, and determined to put him to

death. This he did, but Christ arose again and ascended to the throne of God and demanded the ransom of the race for whom he had died.

Lucifer and Christ have a hearing before God, and both present their arguments. Christ argues "that the forgiveness of the truly penitent is intrinsically right and proper." Lucifer denies this, but Christ compels him to leave this part of the question, and he takes the ground that it is inconsistent to forgive, though it may be right. Christ then shows that forgiveness to this race is only their reinstatement into their native home, and that there can be no longer any doubt of their loyalty if they are permitted to return. The result of this discussion, as we were prepared to expect, is Lucifer's final banishment from heaven, and the heavenly kingdom is free from this cause of all evil.

One of the prominent ideas in this redemptive scheme is this: Christ does not suffer punishment for sin, but Lucifer is the object of divine justice, and the atonement is an "argument" presented to an intelligent universe; it is not, therefore, Christ the innocent, who is made to bear an unmerited suffering, but Lucifer, who deserved "impeachment and removal." Thus the justice of God is made plain. Another point made is that God can suffer sorrow: another that punishment is eternal.

If this had been published, as was Milton's Paradise Lost, as a poem, or as an allegory like Bunyan's Holy War, we should read it with a pleased wonder at the fertility of invention that was evinced; but to suppose that a man could, in this day and generation, soberly, in unbroken prose and with earnest conviction, put forth such ideas, seems incredible. But so it is, let those wonder who may. A thoughtful, earnest, sincere, talented man has done his best to reconcile, through his intellect, his ideas of infinite justice with his ideas of a vindictive God, and this is the result. Ponder well; for if theology has come to this pass it nears its day of doom, and like Lucifer it will soon be quite expedient to thrust it from its high seat and substitute in its place Reason and Intuition.

#### A Modern Miriam.

The aggregate of intelligent public opinion is pertinaciously, and perhaps wisely, adverse to the assumption by women of any of those superior prerogatives which custom, and a general sense of propriety, have assigned to man's especial province. A prerogative thus popularly sustained, defined and assigned, is that of public speaking; and it is also one which can seldom be practically infringed by the gentler sex, without such an apparent violation of "the eternal fitness of things," as almost invariably neutralizes the finest exceptional talent displayed in the venture, with an accompanying vague repugnance which all must feel and few can accurately define. Occasionally, however, we find anomalous exceptions to this general rule, as in the case of Miss Emma Hardinge, whose brilliant elocutionary abilities and wonderful mastery in disputed topics are a source of wide admiration and comment, at present, in this city. Without entering into a discussion of the peculiar polemical views of the celebrated lady in question, or canvassing the merits of her individual theories, we cannot refrain from noting the electrical eloquence of her public discourses and her keen analytical powers as a debater. That she is able to attract intelligent audiences of from twelve to fifteen hundred persons each, to her successive seances, and hold them enthralled with her marvelous oratory throughout lengthy discourses in the most abstruse subjects, is, in itself, sufficient proof of her remarkable genius for public speaking; but when we consider that all her lectures are delivered extempore, and that they yet have a rhetorical finish, a perfection of logic, and an analytical perspicuity worthy the most elaborate effort of a veteran orator, the wonder increases to a positive marvel. Her lecture on the Arctic Regions, whether regarded as an inspired revelation, or a poet's rhapsody, is one of the most magnificent specimens of vivid word-painting we ever heard, and charms the senses, if it does not actually convince the mind, with such a vision of Arcadian splendors as few intellects could originate. In fact, Miss Hardinge serves to prove, by her example, that all inspiration for the rostra is not exclusively possessed by the lords of creation.—Golden Era.

#### The New Collector at Port Angeles.

Philip D. Moore, Esq., formerly Deputy Collector at Port Angeles, and recently appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for this District to succeed Maj. Goldsborough, resigned, has already entered upon the duties of his office.

The performance of his duties as a Custom House officer showed such fidelity to the government, coupled with a desire to extend the utmost accommodation to masters of vessels, (entering and clearing without regard to office hours or his own comfort) to mill and to ship owners, and others doing business with the office, that he has achieved an enviable popularity, and we but express the sentiment of the people of the Territory in extending to him a hearty welcome, and congratulating him in his new field of service. We do this all the more gladly in view of the fact, that he brought with him his family (and seven others, including four ladies) intending to make this Territory his future home. We admired the sentiment he uttered in our hearing a few days since, in about this language:

"I am independent of all political cliques, wire-pulling or personal squabbles, but shall devote myself to the faithful discharge of the duties of my office, loyalty to the government and Administration, and to the best interests of the people of the Territory." Mr. Moore was inducted by the government with a million of dollars, for disbursement in this coast, and fifty thousand dollars of Revenue Stamps, which he delivered to the Asst. Treasurer at San Francisco; a confidence of which he may well be proud.—From the Overland Mail.

—THACKERAY has left his daughters \$1,500 a year each, besides which he was worth about \$50,000, and owned a house at Kensington.

#### Persons and Events.

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

#### PERSONAL ITEMS.

—REV. THOMAS STARR KING is buried under his own pulpit at his church in San Francisco.

—ALFRED TENNYSON has a new poem, soon to be published by Messrs. Moxon, of London.

—COL. STRAIGHT has published a touching account of his captivity in Richmond, dwelling upon the outrages committed upon federal prisoners.

—AN Odessa lady, called TAMBO, has just had a nap of sixteen days, to the astonishment of her doctors. She received no sustenance during the time.

—MR. SUMNER has presented to the Senate the petition of a thousand colored citizens of Louisiana, who pay taxes on property to the amount of \$15,000,000, that their rights may be recognized by the Government, and that they may be allowed to vote. These are the men who, when New Orleans was threatened last year, organized a regiment in forty-eight hours, and offered it for the defense of the city.

—His Royal Highness, the PRINCE OF WALES, will hold levees, on behalf of the Queen, at St. James Palace, in future.

—GARIBOLDI has had a fall and again hurt his leg.

—ADMIRAL PAULding's fine residence on Long Island was recently destroyed by fire. The event is more to be deplored from the fact that the admiral's fine library, private papers, and many valuable mementoes of his gallantry and public services perished with the building.

—CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN, since her return to Rome, her adopted home, has been continuing her efforts, so liberally and efficiently commenced in her native land, in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission.

—PROF. B. SULLIMAN, Jr., leaves New York on the steamer Ocean Queen, for San Francisco, to examine, for capitalists in New York and Boston, the valuable gold and silver mines in Nevada.

—The wife of GEN. G. T. BRAUER died in New Orleans on the evening of the 23d inst., and was buried on the 4th of March. It was the largest funeral ever seen in New Orleans; over 6,000 persons attended.

—LIEUT.-GEN. U. S. GRANT has been appointed to the command of the armies of the United States. His "headquarters" will be in Washington, or with Gen. Grant, in the field. Gen. Halleck is retained as chief of staff.

#### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—"A Soldier of the Union—Mustered Out," is the laconic epitaph on a nameless grave in Virginia.

—Mr. Lincoln, when asked recently if the Emancipation Proclamation was a finality, replied: "I am a slow walker, but I never walk back."

—The first of the buildings which has been erected by the committee to whom the disposal of Mr. Peabody's munificent gift to the city of London was referred, cost twenty-two thousand pounds sterling, and is situated in Bethnal Green.

—It is estimated by the Secretary of the Treasury, upon data furnished by chiefs of departments and bureaus, who instinctively understate their wants, that the national debt will amount on the 1st day of July, 1865, to \$2,331,955,190.

—The Richmond Dispatch contains an advertisement of the Danville Female College, announcing that the price of board for twenty weeks is five hundred dollars, or five barrels of flour.

—A Confederate dollar is worth, at the present time, just exactly five cents, which makes the pay of a private in the rebel armies fifty-five cents a month.

—A very deaf old lady got into a state of great excitement during a sermon of Mr. Whitefield. "You cannot hear the preacher," said a friend, "and what, then, is it that moves you so?" "Oh, sir," replied the venerable devotee, "it is the bobbing of his blessed wig."

—The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

—The claims for pensions already filed by widows and mothers of deceased soldiers exceed one hundred and fifty thousand.

—There were ninety-one southern daily newspapers before the war; now there are, according to rebel confession, but thirty-five. The dailies in the Free States four years ago numbered two hundred and eighty-one, and there is now a still greater number.

—Deeds are fruits; words are but leaves; words and deeds are noble companions.

—There is quite an emigration to Idaho this spring.

—Southern Illinois cotton is coming into market. One hundred and twenty bales were recently sold at 50 cents a pound.

—Hon. S. S. Randall, Superintendent of Public Schools in New York City, has made his annual report for the year ending the 1st of October. The total expenses were \$1,433,314 US. The ward schools and departments number one hundred and ninety-four, including twelve for colored children.

Each mother, says the *Phrenological Journal*, is a historian. She writes out the history of empires or nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child.

—Laughter and tears are meant to turn the wheels of the same machinery of sensibility; one is wind-power and the other water-power.

—What kind of essence does a man like when he pops the question? Acquiescence.

—The man who is the most successful in the pursuit of happiness is not he who proposes it to himself as the great object of his pursuit.

—The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow men is shut.

—Little Daisy's mamma was trying to explain to her the meaning of a smile. "Oh yes! I know," said the child, "it's a whisper of a laugh."



## The Flood at Port Angeles.

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

It has often been remarked that in moments of great danger, delicate women, and men with womanly natures, often manifest extraordinary presence of mind, courage, and unselfish devotion to the welfare of others. This latent spiritual strength was strikingly exhibited in the heroic conduct of Mrs. Caroline R. Smith, during the flood which swept like a tornado over the valley section of Port Angeles, Washington Territory, in December last. Mrs. Smith is a daughter of the late Nathaniel P. Rogers, the silver-voiced and high-souled Anti-Slavery Reformer, who is remembered by so many with a heart-throb of undying affection; and the world-wide benevolence which crowned the father's life enriches the daughter's loving heart. In a letter written but a few days before the disaster, she says, with characteristic generosity, "I would like right well to keep a school for the children who might care to come, and give the proceeds to the Sanitary Fund or the HERALD OF PROGRESS, just which I should feel like adding a mite to. I would so love to be doing something besides sewing and attending to the children's bare hourly wants."

The following touching letter, which was addressed to her beloved companion, then six thousand miles away, giving a graphic description of the swift and terrible visitation to her, and the four little ones, and Mrs. Randolph, the colored woman in her employ, and adjacent dwellers in the doomed valley, will be read with deep interest by all who love little children and revere heroism in the true woman and mother-heart:

PORT ANGELES, JAN. 13, 1864.

MY DEAREST VICTOR: I sent you but a word by the last steamer, just to give you actual assurance that we are saved, every one of us, and by almost, it would seem, an accident. It had been raining steadily all day upon several inches of snow, when, just after we had eaten supper, the rain ceased, though the brooks remained high as they were last winter. About six o'clock I went into the kitchen, and heard a terrible crashing of trees, as though a whirlwind were bending the forest. I looked for the wind, but saw no signs of it on the tree-tops, and it never occurred to me that water was the roar I heard, along with the falling of trees. It was dusk; and at last, in watching, I saw the dull gray of water creeping over the whole ground. I watched it to be sure that it was water, when our fence behind the house bowed itself to the earth as if the posts had melted in their sockets. I felt assured, and ran to the stair and rapped on Dr. G.'s partition and told him the water was coming. Just as I flew back to the dining-room, the water burst in behind me, at the stair-door, to the very top of the door. Tommy had been sick for a week, and sat in his night-gown in the dining-room. Norman and Nelly were there. Peggy was asleep in the bed-room. I thought at once that we must, if possible, get into the second story of the house and be saved from there. I saw that Peggy must be left, and, catching the other three, I started for the sitting-room. Before we reached that door, the water burst open our door by the table, and threw us all down upon the floor, but did not come over our heads, excepting Nelly's, although we were all four drenched to the skin. During this time, the Custom-House had been carried, with every brick of the chimney standing, down on the upper side of old Mr. King's hut, and there fell. While we lay on the floor, in the water, the next building, comprising our chamber, and sitting-room, and bed-room, with the store-room, was separated from the room in which we lay and carried a distance of ten feet from us, with Peggy and Mrs. Randolph in it, and then fell. It had over five thousand feet of lumber in it, and it fell so quickly and heavily that it was not carried any farther. The room in which we were was lifted at the south side six inches fully, the tank turned into the room, and the boards beneath us all wrenched asunder. We were not in the water probably more than three or four minutes, and when I got up I found that the large table was standing with the coal-oil lamp burning upon it; the sideboard was thrown backward.

I got a comforter from Tommy's chair, placed the poor, half-drowned children on it, and then started off for Peggy. It was some time before I could find the room, for 'twas quite dark, and everything was lying flat under the heavy rain, excepting my bureau and bed, although the partition of the dining-room was flat on my bed, as far as I could see. I got under the lumber and called to Peggy. She did not answer, at first, but the second time she plaintively cried out to me, "What, mamma?" I barely had room to put my hand under the lumber and pull her out by one leg. I carried her and placed her on the sideboard blankets that I obtained by breaking in the windows of Dr. Gunn's chamber—the room on the back of the house, which was not disturbed. I got the children safely packed in the blankets, and then heard a woman calling, as I thought, from the beach. I supposed everybody was being washed into the sea, or crushed beneath the logs in front of us; but I went upon the top of the ruins to see if any soul was living who had once been there, and lo! Mrs. Randolph was lying under a pile of lumber sufficient to crush the soul out of anybody. She was at the point of dying. The water had so completely overwhelmed her, and filled her mouth and eyes with mud, that she was almost gone; and possibly in the wide earth there could be no lonelier sight than that, as I bent to the task of throwing off the boards, one by one, under the starlight, while the waters roared down over the whole valley, so that no sound could be heard from the hamlet below, the little ones telling me from time to time that they thought the house was coming down—and, indeed, it hung as by a thread, so that the least wind would have thrown it over. Very soon, however, two men came to the rescue and got Mrs. Randolph out. They were soon joined by others, who took the children, one by one, and carried them to Dalgerd's, and seven or eight men carried Mrs. Randolph there also. Oh how wonderfully we escaped, with nothing of injury excepting a few small bruises on myself! But I have the pain of telling you that poor

Anderson and Goodell were killed in the ruins of the Custom-House. Mr. Goodell's family are in the deepest grief. God keep you. Affectionately, CAROLINE.

## Death and Life.\*

Through the courtesy of the Messrs. Appleton we have before us the book bearing the above title. It inculcates the Swedenborgian Philosophy concerning Death and Life, and its tone is cheerful and comforting. It shows the folly of excessive mourning for the dead, and that the draping of the body in black evinces want of faith in the future. The progress of the spirit in the future is declared, and the certain recognition of friends.

The chapter on Spiritualism claims our special attention. Its facts are admitted, and the Philosophy of Swedenborg is made to account for its inconsistencies. According to his doctrines, there are in the spiritual world three regions—the world of angels, or heaven; the world of spirits; and the world of devils, or hell. All spirits, as soon as they leave their natural bodies, go to the world of spirits, and there remain until they thoroughly understand themselves, when they decide for themselves whether they will choose heaven or hell for their final abode. The affections decide for them; if they are heavenly, they desire the society of angels; if their affections are infernal, they desire not angelic communion, but choose the companionship of hell. The time of remaining in this middle country depends upon the character; a decided tendency in either direction soonest reveals the future final abode.

It is from the inhabitants in this middle region that all communications must come. The spirits possess as varied characters as on earth, and they have very little knowledge of the future final abode of spirits; the instructions they may give are, therefore, very uncertain; evil spirits delight to assume to be some great persons, therefore communications are usually false and unphilosophical. All mediums receive their communications from this middle class of spirits, but Swedenborg was elevated by the Lord into the spiritual world. Mediums are represented by persons who would gain a knowledge of a country by talking with pilots, fishermen, and those who came off the shore, while Swedenborg is represented by a traveler who has spent years in a country learning of its laws and customs.

This is the comparison between Swedenborgianism and Spiritualism, but if the arguments against Spiritualism hold good, they apply to Swedenborgianism as well. The author says that Judge Edmonds received communications purporting to come from Bacon and Swedenborg, which were from some spirits assuming the names; surely the communications that Swedenborg received are liable to the same criticism. Not even the personal Lord will be excluded from the class of spirits. If it be contended that Swedenborg went literally to the spiritual world, so do some mediums now, and behold things unutterable.

But we do not desire to criticize this book; we like its tone, and think it an admirable work to circulate among those who still cling to the Church and the Bible as the only authority concerning the future.

\* DEATH AND LIFE. Published by William Carter & Brother: Boston.

For the Herald of Progress.

## The Spiritual Rostrum.

FRIEND DAVIS: Permit me to ask your opinion, in brief, upon a subject in which all Reformers are more or less interested: Do you think it conducive to the welfare of our cause to invite persons not qualified for public speakers, and in some instances, grossly ignorant—not only on subjects pertaining to the Spiritual Philosophy, but of the ordinary rules of grammar, and the proper use of the English language—to occupy our platforms as lecturers, entertainers, or instructors of the public? When such privileges are denied, then the objector is met upon all sides by the indignant outcry, "Ours is a FREE PLATFORM, and if you refuse it to a man or woman of any denomination or order of merit, you are worse than the orthodox." Now, Brother Davis, does Freedom mean license, and an absence of bigotry, disregard for common sense?

Certainly there are many individuals in the incipient stages of speakership, who are burning to try the wings of their eloquence; but surely conference meetings and private circles afford an ample field for these experiments, and it is scarcely necessary, I imagine, for us to bring the cause of Spiritualism into dispute, intellectually, by introducing, as its public advocates, speakers ignorant, perhaps, of the first principles of its philosophy.

Yours, my Brother, humbly in search of truth and the right, JUSTICE.

I surely would require but a few grains of common sense to answer the above questions in the negative. Speakers and hearers should unitedly strive to make the Spiritual Rostrum the holy of holies, representing the highest culture and grandest truths of the age.—Ed.]

—Bartlett mentions one hundred and sixty-three children endowed with extraordinary talents, among whom few arrived at an advanced age. The two sons of Quintilian, so vaunted by their father, did not reach their tenth year. Heronophanes, who, at the age of fifteen, taught rhetoric to Marcus Aurelius, who triumphed over the most celebrated rhetoricians of Greece, did not die, but at twenty-four lost his faculties, and forgot all he had previously acquired. Pica di Mirandola died at thirty-two; Johannes Secundus at twenty-five, having at the age of fifteen composed admirable Greek and Latin verses, and become profoundly versed in jurisprudence and letters. Pascal, whose genius developed itself at ten years old, did not attain the third of a century.

## Pulpit and Rostrum.

"Every one's progress is through a succession of teachers, each of whom seems, at the time, to have superlative influence, but it at last gives place to a new."

## The Spiritual Philosophy as a Universal Religion.

A LECTURE BY SELDEN J. FINNEY, AT DODWORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY EVENING, MARCH 6, 1864.

PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

I ask your attention to the consideration of the Spiritual Philosophy as a universal religion. When I say a religion, I do not mean relying man to God, for men have never yet succeeded in getting away from the Divine nature. I use it, therefore, in a philosophical, a spiritual sense, meaning by the word a life of perfect obedience to the Divine laws, to the Divine life—in other words, to the Divine Idea—not to books, creeds, theories, speculations, but to those everlasting principles that hold the nations of history as well as stars and suns in their orbits. "What!" says one, "a universal religion?" I answer, Yes, a universal religion.

All the six great historic forms of religion, as such, are failures. Where, to-day, is Brahminism? Worn out, effete, its altars are covered beneath the ruins of its temples; the storms of time have not dealt more kindly with its monuments than with its theology.

And Buddhism, is that any better? No! That, too, has fallen into decay. The changing seasons of the mental world, with their attendant revolutions, have unsettled its foundations; its temples are cracked and moss-grown, while its theology is struck with paralysis. Nor is Judaism any better off. Its capital, Jerusalem, is the irreclaimable home of the owl and the bat; its old solemn ritual is driven from the synagogue, and from the throne of David; and the Jews themselves are no longer a people; they wander homeless through the nations, as does their theology through the ages—both are "scattered and peeled"—no power can recall them or their theocracy to their ancient power or prestige. Nor is it mournful that it should be so. The world is better without than with the domination of Moslem theocracy.

Where are the old classical forms of religion? or, putting them all together, where is the old classical religion? It is among the things that were. Like the broken columns of Roman and Egyptian architecture, it has fallen in the dust.

And where is Mohammedanism? Is that any better? That, although younger than the others, exhibits the wrinkles and tetterings of age and decay.

Where is Christianity, so-called? Are any of you startled when I ask this question? Do any of you suppose that technical, nominal Christianity exhibits a power adequate to the accomplishment of its future success as a universal form of religion? No; that, too, is weak. Its statistics prove that it does not keep pace with the increase of population. If that be true of nominal Christianity, what shall I say of that very much smaller element, which some of the most spiritual in the church call real Christianity? What do you say of Christianity? Here is the Roman branch of the Catholic Church and the Greek branch of the Catholic Church. Does either one of these stand any chance of discovering the laws that will lead to universal inspiration from God, or of calling out the universal energies of this cosmos of mind until it shall reflect the beautiful forms of eternal truth? No!

Take any of the modern Protestant sects: Does any one of these stand any chance of becoming the great and universal form of religion in the future? Not one of them. If one of them should, alas for mankind! Suppose Presbyterianism should succeed, and become the universal religion, would you be any better off? Take Methodism, or any other special form of religious faith, and tell us, if you can, how much better off you would be if it should triumph.

These six historic forms of religion are adjudged by the spirit of history to have reached their maximum of power and to be on the decline. I do not conceal it from myself that in your modern Christian literature there are claims made for modern Christianity as having stimulated and inspired the leading civilizations of the world; of being the fountain of vitality for art, and commerce, and history, and the general social and national improvements of the world. And I know just as well, at the same moment, that not one particle of the power that is attributed to it, as a form of religion, can stand any sort of chance of becoming universal in its acceptance.

What, then, are we to do? Has the world waded through all these dark ages of struggle, of persecution, of trial, and seas of blood, only to find on the pinnacle of the nineteenth century that God is an abstraction, religion a blunder, and blank atheism our drier resort? And are we to rest content in a universal negation? Can mere physical science, with steam and lightning, telescope and microscope, fill up the void left by these decaying forms of ancient spiritual life? Must the little spiritual life still left in the one hundred sects continue to exhaust itself in the wretched wrangle of creeds? Either this or a seventh form of spiritual life and effort.

"The coal of the world is a great swimmer—waves and storms cannot drown it." It often breaks the old instruments of its work, but it never abandons the seat of empire. Like the geologic life, it forges the old forms to transfigure itself into newer and more per-

fect ones. Is the life of religion less progressive than the life of the fauna and flora of the globe? If so, it must perish from human history. And how strange that theologians do not correlate the epochs of the globe-life with those of soul-life. Why go to antiquity for spiritual forms, while each age is self-sufficient? Are saurians of more consequence to God than souls? Earth-life ascends in ever-expanding spirals—higher and higher. Beginning with the most crude and simple forms, the life-scale gradually ascends to man. Can soul-life do less in its career toward God?

Hear what the heroic Theodore Parker says about the modern Spiritual Philosophy. In notes which he made for a sermon, he says:

"In 1856 it seems more likely that Spiritualism would become the religion of America than in 156 that Christianity would become the religion of the Roman empire, or in 756 that Mohammedanism would be that of the Arabian populations."

"1. It has more evidence for its wonders than any historic form of religion hitherto."

"2. It is thoroughly democratic, with no hierarchy; but inspiration is open to all."

"3. It is no fixed fact—has no punctum stans, but is a punctum fluens."

"4. It admits all the truths of religion and morality in all the world-sects."

And he might have added it has discovered and brought to light some spiritual truths which none of them have ever known.

What, then, is the first great central necessity for a universal religion? I am not speaking, now, organically. I do not refer to the religious powers in man, the divine powers in man—I am speaking of religion as a form of historical effort, and I answer:

First: A consciousness on the part of man of the existence of a revelation of their divine laws (which it is religion to obey) as universal and universally accessible. Of what use is it for God to reveal the elementary truths of universal religion in a partial way to small portions of the race? Of what use would it have been to our North American Indians to reveal truth to the Jews and Christians thousands of leagues away in Mesopotamia, thousands of years ago, and in language they could not understand?

Now, I ask you, if the first great necessity for a universal religion is not a universal revelation of the Divine will. Men cannot be spiritual, they cannot be religious in the sense in which I speak of religion—in the highest sense—unless there is a revelation to and in them of those Divine laws which it is religion to obey. It is not only necessary that those laws should be there, it is also necessary that the world should come to a consciousness of those laws in order that it may live the highest possible religious life; it is absolutely essential in order that religion may be a universal possibility and have any sort of power or facility to become the light of the world and the central, harmonizing principle thereof, that the revelation should be as universally known. Has any one of these six great forms of religion—the Brahminic, the Buddhist, the Classical, the Jewish, the Mohammedan, or the Christian—ever received a universal statement, in a common, universal language, accessible to all mankind everywhere? Not one; not all together.

Has any one of these historic forms of religion answered the world's necessity of a universal religion? Not one. Take your Christian religion: If, as your theologians assume, the Bible is the revelation of God's divine will, and indispensable, why, in the name of common sense, didn't God make that revelation as universal as its necessity? Have you ever heard any of your theologians grapple with that question and answer it to the satisfaction of an honest judgment? We ask them to prove the Bible, and that it has answered the universal religious necessities of man. And in order to prove it, what do they do? Quote the Bible itself—the very thing in question. They attempt to prove the necessity for a universal revelation, on the ground of human depravity, and then quote the book, whose universal necessity they have not yet proved, as a proof of that necessity. That is reasoning in a vicious circle; yet they are constantly doing it.

Now I ask you to put your finger on any one of these plans of religion, and show if it has the essential characteristics of a universal form of religious life? Not one can stand the test. God must have made a very great mistake if he exhausted his divine will in the Shaster, the Koran, or the Pentateuch. What, then, has the world to look for from these sects? The very first necessity of a religious life is lacking. Can they therefore hope to triumph? Nay! Facts show that they cannot triumph, and reason shows why. They have not pointed to that revelation which is as universal as man's religious intuitions, nature, and necessity.

But, again, the next element, the next necessity in a universal religion, is that its universal revelation shall be universally accessible. Now I remember, when I was once a very silly boyish candidate for the Methodist ministry, that I turned over the question of the evidences of Christianity, because, forsooth, I had it among my duties to preach those evidences. And the first thing I discovered was that this "sacred volume" before me, as the last rite of religious faith and practice, was originally written—you may guess in what languages. I turned to the gospel of Matthew, and I put the question to my Greek Testament—who wrote this Gospel of Matthew, and in what language? I found, by a careful study of Biblical criticism, that the only evidence going to show that Matthew ever wrote this gospel is proof that he wrote it in Hebrew, and not in Greek; and yet our version of this gospel is as if original in the Greek. I must go back to the original "sacred tongues,"

when scholars are puzzled to tell what the originals were.

But am I to study Greek and Hebrew to hear what God says to me? Hebrew was vernacular to Moses and to most of the early disciples, but must other far off peoples learn a foreign tongue in order to get his meed of spiritual life? Why should not the language of religion be universal as the tones of affections and the axioms of mathematics? The Indian mother's love finds a ready revelation in her primitive forest speeches to her child; and shall we not believe that the divine love finds its vernacular there also? All music is one; it is the voice of universal harmony, though it speak in English or Italian. Why not have a religious revelation as universal as the sunlight, and the air that aerates the blood, and the solid rocks that hold us up, and the sunbeam and the starbeam that roll themselves up into this moral, intellectual, and spiritual structure of consciousness?

Well, this question troubled me, and I very soon saw that we must have a more general and universal form of religion itself, or religion must perish as the supreme effort of mankind. But I say, not only must this religious revelation be universal and universally accessible; in order that it may be universally successful, it must be written in a language which every person with a religious nature can distinctly read and decipher according to its necessities. What use is it for God to write in Hebrew when I cannot study Hebrew? How do I know that the translators have translated correctly? Of what use was it to write in Greek two thousand years ago? What do the mass of men know of Greek, who have not time to get a knowledge of their own language, to say nothing about a foreign one—what do they, do we, the toilers of the world, who have enriched mankind by our labor and study, to find out what *baptizo* means? What time have we to spend over such littlenesses as the question whether we are to be sprinkled or dipped? Is this the foolery through which we are to pass in order to become conscious of God's universal life? I protest in the name of reason, of inspiration, of religion herself—

which ought to be the guardian angel of man's spiritual necessities, of human culture and human intuition. But not one of these historic forms of religion answers these necessities, not one of them can fulfill these demands. Here are your missionary efforts—what are they? What have they amounted to? Take the Christian missionary efforts of the most Protestant sections of the modern world, with steamboats, railroads, and machinery, with the telegraph deepening through space and time and girding the world with a belt of electric light—what are they doing, and at what cost, to carry these narrow, sectarian, and partial forms of religion to the heathen? They cannot succeed.

Well, what are we to do in this state of things? Is there any other form of religion that shall satisfy the necessities of all mankind? or must we continue to stand shivering in the shadows of sectarianism?

Religious life is one. The forms which it puts on in one age or another are determined by locality, climate, and temperament. In different nations the historic forms may differ, but the one great triad of truths—God, Liberty, and Immortality—lie deep at the foundation of all these fragmentary efforts. At some great moment in the universal life of humanity this divine unity will announce itself to the world in a cosmopolitan dress. The tendency of the local efforts of nations and tribes of men is interfusion. All the various streams of religious life, like those of political and social, are toward a common unity—a common center. The scattered races seek a close and vital union with each other. Not more surely do the various rivers on the various continents seek the common level and unity of the ocean, than the spiritual intuitions of races seek unity of expression. Drawn from the Infinite ocean of spirit above us, these divine waters seek their common level; falling from the infinite mountains of God, they water for a season the thirsty continents of souls, then lift them up into a common celestial air far above the clouds and storms of sect. Spiritual unity pervades the very air of the world, else why this inevitable trust of man? One boundless zenith of light embraces these ignorant children of God—shall it not get into their united heart then, sometime? Shall it not voice itself in some great fraternal and unitive movement? and, I believe, the Harmonical Philosophy is such an announcement.

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(Continued on page 8.)



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Messrs. S. W. FOWLE & CO., Dear Sirs: I can in the above certificate of my wife as being strictly true. Her throat and lungs had become so much affected that I thought she could survive but a short time. I must also say that I received great benefit from your Balsam in my own case. Last February I took a severe cold, which caused an inflammation on my lungs. I got a little better, then had a run of fever, which left me with a great sore throat and about my left lung. I was greatly troubled for breath, so that I could scarcely walk. I saw several of the best physicians in Delaware County, who called my case a crisis. I procured a bottle of Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry, which my physician advised if I thought it would do me any good. I think it has helped me more than any other medicine I had. I have taken it now almost well. We have used it since it was used in many cases with the greatest success. I feel that it is due to the suffering portion of the public, and to you, to present Wistar's Balsam as the best medicine extant for all diseases of the lungs.

Yours, with deep gratitude, ALANSON STRONG.

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(Continued from page 5)

bers of this immortal mind of ours, the laws of this Eternal Reason which announces itself in us, the constituents of these undying visions which refuse to be limited by the darkness of the grave, or by the boundaries of the materialistic horizon—you cannot doubt that these are the revelations of a universal life. Hence it is that the first great statement of a universal religion is made by the Harmonial Philosophy. It does not ask you to take any book as master; it does not ask you to take this teacher as master. It gathers with tender care, into its vast temple, all the religious and moral truth that the world's sects have evolved and polished in the friction of the centuries. It looks over the whole past religious history of man, connects the present therewith, and sees but one God—the Universal Love; recognizes but one Church—the whole human brotherhood; and tolerates but one religion—Universal Justice. The Harmonial Philosophy accepts no book, no man as master. It is the only religion in Christendom that fulfilled the injunction of Jesus, who, rebuking his disciples for their man-worship of himself, said, "Call no man master." It accepts all helps it can command. Nothing human or divine is foreign to its spirit or beneath its attention. It uses all the Bibles of the Jewish, Indian, Christian, and Pagan worlds. Its great teachers are the real Seers and Prophets of all time, amid whose ashes the prolific germs of progress lie and bloom.

This spiritual party takes all things for help, nothing but God for master. While the other sects are bowing on dust-covered and blood-stained altars, while they are lashing humanity with a sectarian gospel of fire and damnation into the church, with the vain hope to lash them into their heaven, the Spiritual Philosophy points us to that universal revelation of the Infinite Father which is stretched all around us in the objective world, and which is struggling tenderly to announce itself in the inner spiritual life of the soul.

What, then, is the first religious duty of this new universal religion? I answer, the study of that universal revelation. Revelation is the consciousness of truth. The facts and laws of the world are not truth to man until they have arisen into thought and into reflection. Revelation is, therefore, repeating the order of the world in the intellectual order of Ideas. Revelation is reading the divine records in the same light in which they were written. The man who stands on the sea-shore and sees a pebble lying at his feet will find no revelation in that pebble until it has unfolded itself to his consciousness, until the records of its history are traced by his unfolding intelligence. One man is ignorant, never studied geology, knows nothing about rocks or stars or plants; another has studied these things, and with patient purpose has steadily rapped at earth's granite doors and asked for the privilege of beholding the footprints of the great Formator—has trod the epochs of the world's history—has traced that pebble inductively backward into an enormous glacier on the rocky crest of some far-off mountain side—has seen it wrenched by the frost from its barren summit and plying its way through the ocean, grinding up the surface of its fellow rocks, until in more summery climes, it falls on the shore scarred with a written record of its path.

Now, what is the difference between these two men? To one this pebble is a clear revelation; to the other it has no significance. No one can dispute the divinity and authority of this record. There is no discussion as to its original "Sacred Language." Interpolation is simply impossible. Add to this that it is vital, living, progressive, and within the reach of all men, everywhere. *There is no other universal Bible but the Creation and its informing Spirit.* The human spirit, or reason, is the universal Bible, rising into the language of love, justice, science, and philosophy. There is not a single pebble on the sea-shore, not a rock on the mountain-top, not a world, nor a fountain, nor a flower, but invites us to read a divine revelation. Is it not universal? Is it not universally accessible? If you study a corn-cob you get swept into the cycles of universal life. You commence with that silken tassel there, and you study the laws of vegetative growth, and, before you are aware of it, you are contemplating the everlasting genius of suns. Here is a universal revelation, and the Spiritual Philosophy points to this as the only one through which the Divine Intelligence addresses the senses, and through the senses the soul. We know that this other revelation, viz., the revelation of the consciousness which built the universe, must have made it one with the revelation which is the universe built, and so mankind is in a state of at-onement with the divine consciousness and the divine proceeding.

Says one, I don't see but your religion is simply science. Certainly, science, philosophy, and spirituality. And let me say that this is one of the special claims of the Spiritual Philosophy. Everything is a help to it. It points to every scientific exploration, every scientific discovery, everything in the world as a revelation of the Divine Will, a revelation of the Divine Law. But your Christians ask us to go to Moses and Peter for revelation. Here is a pine tree, and there is an oak. Now let me ask you, if you wanted to know the laws by which God makes the pine tree would you study the oak? If you wanted to know the laws by which an oak is produced would you go to the pine? Must I go to Moses to find out what are the laws of digestion? Haven't I a digestive apparatus? Must I go to Moses to find out how many bones I have in my body? Must I ask these dead records to know how many muscles I have, and what are their func-

tions, how they are used? I am a man, and I know that Moses had a digestive apparatus, and I know that he had bones and muscles, and I know that he had a mind, and I know that he had a soul, and I know that he had a spirit, and I know that he had a God. But I do not know that he had a digestive apparatus, and I do not know that he had bones and muscles, and I do not know that he had a mind, and I do not know that he had a soul, and I do not know that he had a spirit, and I do not know that he had a God. But I do not know that he had a digestive apparatus, and I do not know that he had bones and muscles, and I do not know that he had a mind, and I do not know that he had a soul, and I do not know that he had a spirit, and I do not know that he had a God.

The Church has made this terrible blunder of mistaking men's opinions about religion, or their interpretations of it, as the thing itself. It is vital life, and our effort to comprehend it—that is simply our effort. And behind this effort lies the interpretative power; it is the power of the soul to solve the mysterious relationships with the outward and inward world. We find that we do not make ourselves—that we are related to universal laws, that the surges of life come pouring into us, we hardly know from whence. I do not think that simple, instinctive, thoughtless life is the highest manifestation of religious life. That man or woman is most sublimely spiritual or religious who wills to know the nature of the Divine Laws, and then wills to obey them. It is then man most resembles the Divine nature when his virtue is the result of his own volition—when he, so to speak, copies the divine proceeding—when he has so directed and eliminated his energies, so harmonized them, that the powers of the world can make naught but music through them; when he stands with reverent hand clasping the golden lever that opens and shuts the gateway to his soul, and with equal reverence determines what visitors shall come to his bosom, or be refused.

I said this religious revelation must be universal, and universally accessible. How can it be universally accessible, unless man himself is the universal interpreter? It is not possible. God himself might write a revelation, if you will suppose it; he may write it in a certain divine light; but how am I going to read that revelation, unless the same light shines through my eyes in which the Divine Nature penned its everlasting truths? I say, therefore, this second point is taught by the Spiritual Philosophy, viz.: To read a revelation, you must read it in the light in which it was written, or you never can read it at all; and in order to read it in the light in which it was written, your private lamp must be kindled at the central sun of the world which illuminates that revelation. It is the spiritual eye that must be touched with the vital energies of that everlasting love, of which this world, this universe, is only a single and divine ensemble. We cannot read any divine revelation by any other light, by any other power. This view is very hopeful—makes humanity divine.

Ah! I know that your moral and religious atmosphere is darkened by the despairing theology of the age, the depravity of man, a distrust of the human faculties, a blasphemy of the reason, a crushing of the spiritual intuitions as the voice of the devil. Oh! what atheism! what blank, stark atheism, pervades the pulpits of Christendom as well as the materialistic minds of the age—atheism about these human faculties. Not a single revelation of the Divine Will comes to man until it comes in the light of that primal hour which made it a revelation, addressing the man, the God within. We must abide Nature's time. The Divine Nature must have its issue and its incarnation in the man in order that he may welcome the beautiful, the divine, the glorious records of this revelation. From Nature's central fire, through these cooling, precipitated worlds, downward into form, the everlasting energy descends, grade after grade, and then in the soul of man is kindled anew the sacred flame, and he rounds up through endless spheres to God again.

I said the spiritual philosopher believed in a universal revelation of the Divine Will and in perfect obedience thereto. Now we cannot perfectly obey the Divine Will unless we know the Divine Will; and we must study the Divine Will there where it is worked up into action, there where it is embodied in structure and function. If I want to learn the Divine Will with regard to my body, where am I to find it? In Moses and the Pentateuch? No! In my bones, muscles, nerves—in myself; there is the Divine Will. I want to know what are the laws of digestion, respiration, absorption, etc.; I want to understand what the Divine Laws require of me here; and how am I to do it but by a reverent and critical study of that constitution which is an embodiment of these laws? I say this: It is a spiritual duty, a spiritual responsibility, to remain ignorant no longer than we can possibly help, of this temple of the soul, this magnificent incarnation of the architecture of the sky. Hence it is that the Spiritual Philosophy exhorts the world—and gives its reasons therefor—to the study of the structure and function of physical and spiritual humanity, while your orthodox churches are engaged in the business of teaching Genesis and Exodus and Paul's Epistles, not even touching the heavy burdens of society with so much as the tips of their fingers. While they are discussing vicarious atonement, and baptism, and criticism of dead things—mummies of dead thought—they are not teaching the laws of physical and spiritual health and life. They do not believe in or see to-day the importance of a knowledge of the laws that should regulate the most sacred institution of the world, viz., Marriage. No, they have no time for this work. This is the business of "fanatics," of reformers who are tired of repeating the catechism. The Spiritual Philosophy is no mere theoretical or abstract process, but connects itself directly with the universal necessities and powers of the world; it is doing the highest work of the world. Why, then, not see the practical utility of this philosophy

enable its advocates to shake the every man and woman, as a Brother, across the narrow walls of theology. There is not a single doctrine of any sect in the world who possesses a moral hardihood to stand the magnetic force of that philosophy which has the stars for its symbols and the earth for its altar; that has the soul for its expounder and all the affections of mankind for its guardian. The Christian seeks to convert the world to sectarianism,—to Genesis, to Exodus, and all their contents, absurd and contradictory as they are. But who does not know that it is a fact that many of the doctrines which Christians seek to carry to the heathen are absolutely more heathenish than many of the doctrines they attempt to subvert. Where can you find in all Paganism a doctrine more blasphemous, more opposed to the highest and best ideas of men, to the most sweet and beautiful intuitions of the soul, than that of "vicarious atonement"—God suffering and dying for man—the innocent suffering for the guilty? Do we not, rather, want a religious philosophy as large as the necessities of the world? We want one that embraces all the sacred truths and records of the world, and we have it. And why have we got it? I answer, because we have a national life that is comical; because here in America we have concentrated, focalized, so to speak, all the elements of universal humanity. Here is a nation in which various types of races throughout the world have commingled, and as a product of this, we have all the intellectual, social, and spiritual types of human experience. This Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy, is the child of the centuries, the unfolding flower of the combined spiritual influences of all history. And America is to pilot the world into the Harmonial Era, over this bridge of spiritual manifestations. It is the culmination of the philosophy of the whole world. It has gathered up all its truths; it gives them new interpretation; it sees them in higher relationships. It strikes off the shackles of sectarianism and leaves the soul free in its upward path to God.

I have spoken of the necessity for a universal religious philosophy, and have shown that there is no hope for the ultimate unity of the race except in a statement of spiritual laws and facts so large and fraternal as to take in all the real permanent elements of the world's sects. Now, what is the literal historic fact with regard to this great spiritual movement? It is this, viz.: that its inspiration is not closed. It is objective, also. It opens a vast vista for the soul. For it is a spiritual democracy in which there is no hierarchy, no ordained priesthood, except the Divine Intelligence in the heart and soul of each man and woman. Helps are we to each other; helps are the centuries to us. We are, therefore, in this position of universal sympathy with all the truths and real experience of the whole world. And, while we are so, we have this destructive work also to do: the demolition of sectarianism. And it is not that we love our brothers and sisters in the churches less, but because we love their spiritual freedom more, that we would pull down all spiritual prisons and boundaries, and welcome them into the largest liberty of the sons of God.

I know there is a contest involved in this work. It is a contest in which I glory—a contest between the permanent and the temporary in religion, between the fleeting, imperfect, ancient definitions of religious life, and the real divine life itself. The Harmonial Philosophy seeks the triumph of nothing but what can prove itself to be true. It cannot, therefore, degenerate into sectarianism. Some Spiritualists may become sectarian, but the great Spiritual Philosophy can never be confined to a church. The only security against the recurrence of the old blunder of sect, is a full and free inspiration of the spirit of philosophy. This spirit is never chained; its throne is the mount of God's wisdom, and when sects arise in its name, it quietly, silently transfers its divine baptisms and inspiration to individuals and communities more worthy of its sublime genius and of its future triumphs.

And how blessed will be that hour when it shall be seen by the world sects that the spirit of religion is the genius of philosophy. Philosophy is love of wisdom, and wisdom is divine. Why, then, is the source of the philosophical spirit but God himself? Philosophy is the worship of Ideas—the spontaneous reverence of pure reason for eternal justice and love. Can your poor creed-bound soul, who mistakes books for religion, get anything higher than the theory of that Divine Intelligence, which is wisdom in itself? And if he would have that wisdom, must he not become a philosopher? And is not divine wisdom spiritual? and how then can any be truly, highly religious, without becoming a spiritual philosopher?

#### An Iron Egg.

In Dresden there is an iron egg, the history of which is something like this: A young prince sent this iron egg to a lady to whom he was betrothed. She received it in her hand, and looked at it with disdain. In her indignation that he should send her such a gift, she cast it to the earth. When it touched the ground, a spring, cunningly hidden in the egg, opened, and a silver yolk rolled out. She touched a secret spring in the yolk, and a golden chicken was revealed; she touched a spring in the chicken, and a crown was found within; she touched a spring in the crown, and within it was found a diamond wedding-ring. There is a moral to the story.

[Home Journal.]

#### [ADVERTISEMENT.]

(From the Syracuse Journal of Feb. 29th, 1864.)  
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The Doctor commenced his labors at Rochester, October 22d, 1863, and to-day terminates his engagement there. Having

operated upon nearly 4,000 people within that time, he is much exhausted from his arduous labors, and returns to his residence, Clinton Avenue, to recuperate his flagging strength.

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