

of light; and, with far-reaching thought and glowing fire of enthusiasm, who shall say where her power ended? Not, indeed, in the silent depths of the ocean, for have we not needed her in the great struggle for religious freedom that we have begun to wage, and in the struggle that our country is carrying on for liberty and equality?

The death-blow of the doctrine of total depravity gives birth to the higher truth of God's love; and with that doctrine in the ascendant, think you we should know of aristocratic and despotic classes, of serfs and mud-sills? England clings to this doctrine in her liturgy and church, and England nurses her aristocratic classes and treads on her humble ones.

When the learned men of Oxford wrote their treatises against this hideous doctrine of total depravity, they did not know that they hastened the downfall of aristocratic pride a whole century. And although the highest Church tribunal of England has arraigned their book of Essays before it, and judged, and condemned it, yet nevertheless that book was a tremendous blow struck at a false theology from the very front ranks of that theology.

And although Bishop Colenso must be anathematized as he sends out his rationalistic ideas in regard to the Pentateuch, and studies Paul with his critical pen in hand, to let the world know that a man is thinking even when archbishops say Nay, yet with that anathema came a shock to the whole structure of priestly power; and if the days of brute force are not over in England, we may perhaps trace a rebellion there, as hideous as the one she now deplores with us, to this effort to overthrow the false doctrines of her Church.

And although Renan must be condemned, because, with the fire of his imagination, he has made the life of Jesus human, and brought it glowing and natural into the hearts of the people, yet his book is one of the signs of French liberty, and we must hail him as a hero in the battle for human rights. And the Emperor of the French, should he live long enough, may perhaps drop the hot coal of Mexico to attend to the kindling fire at home.

The doctrine of election may be called an attempt to create an aristocracy in the spirit-world. The enforcement of this doctrine is a positive denial of the great principles of democracy which are manifest throughout the whole universe. The preaching of this doctrine has strengthened the aristocratic sentiment of the world. Everything that has tended to create classes, to build up pride of position or degrade any portion of the human family, has created the possibility of a monarchy.

Therefore, when Channing and Murray deny the doctrine of election, and their conceptions of God and his government were stirred, the

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superstitions of the past, and place thereof truer ideas of God and of heaven, have been as the marshaled armies that now go forth to fight against aristocracy in its manifested power on the bloody fields of combat.

Thus it is with all the errors of theologic belief; they tend surely and inevitably towards despotism; and the men who have contended against these ideas are as truly heroes and generals in the world's great battle for right principles as are the men who lead forth armies. Perhaps none of them thought what they were pushing forward; and but few of us have known in how great a cause we were laboring. It does not seem much to sit at home and proclaim the ideas of truth that come to the mind as light and life, compared to forsaking home and friends, and entering the warfare for liberty with sword and rifle. We call one a moral warrior and the other a physical one; but let us remember that both are for the same great cause, and if we nobly work in either direction, we are at work for God and for humanity.

It is easy to see how a liberal theology stirs the depths of society preparatory to the commencement of a more vital life in State and in the social world. Spiritualism, adopting the liberal views of the Methodists, Unitarians, and Universalists, reaches beyond all these to the source of life and the vital power of all religion. It adopts the idea of free grace as promulgated by Wesley; of infinite love, as proclaimed by Murray; and of unity in God, as distinguishing the teachings of Channing. But it goes further, and says the vital power of all these truths lies in the spirit of truth; and the spirit-world being the great reservoir of these truths, the streams from thence flow more readily than from any other source.

Hence the terms God and angels are not vague and indefinite terms with the true Spiritualist, but refer to positive existences connected with earth. Hence Spiritualism first truly believes the facts of the Old Testament, that relate to the direction of the national affairs of the Jews by Heaven itself, or by spirit influence. Spiritualism first truly believes the record of the life of Jesus, and the power of the spirit-world in directing the events of earth. The consistent Spiritualist believes that the events of to-day are under the guidance of powers above those of earth, and hence Spiritualism has a vital connection with the times.

For several years the condition of the earth has permitted as free an inflow of spiritual life as the world has ever known. Inspirations of wisdom have visited all classes of men. Among many who have not known of the truth or the power of such influences, they have nevertheless been scattered. The noiseless visitors from the beautiful homes of the hereafter have never waited for noble manifestations to open to them or for brilliant intellects to receive them; but quietly and peacefully have they roused up the activity of the human mind, until their thoughts of wisdom have come to the earth like the gently falling dew. In the Church limits has its power been felt, and some vital life has flowed therefrom. From the precepts of State, too, has this been felt, and the higher wisdom of the assemblies has told of inspiration. We have recognized this power are Spiritualists. Were we to call all that name who are the recipients of spiritual influence.

is a vital power, in God and heaven, a Spiritualist. The relation of the times is great. As men have themselves to trust in the inspiration, they have grown less selfish hopeful—they have waited more for events and have become less apt their energies to mere worldly gain. While liberal theologic ideas have led men to fight against despotism racism, faith in God and heaven has led them to believe in the better time while Liberalism—comprising Unitarianism, and Parkerism—has been ing the false, true harmonious has begun to build up the new of faith in the power of heaven to

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humiliation and put on her beautiful

robes and sit queen of the nations, as she is surely destined to do, we have got to have another proclamation, proclaiming liberty throughout the length and breadth of the land, to every inhabitant thereof—not as a military necessity, but as the vital principle of a republican form of government. Then will there be joy on earth as in heaven.

The true Spiritualist stands at this time with eye turned in hopeful wish to heaven, while with his hands he labors for the cause of right. It is thought that men can work as well in the shop and counting-rooms, and can fight as well in battle with one form of theologic belief as another; but it is not so. To labor for a purpose that can inspire one's faculties to the utmost—to their highest effort—is the only real means of producing any worthy work, and error can never do this; it can only inspire to one-sided efforts. Truth alone can inspire a man to his noblest efforts.

But Spiritualism does not stop with mere denial; it affirms, and an affirmation of truth is so much done for God and the world.

The distinctive utterance of the times is: *Let every man be alive. Let him think for himself; and, in theology, let him trust his own reason instead of mere assertion.*

I do believe that these are prophetic days—they are full of promise, they are the morning of the coming day. It can do us little good to reason upon causes unless we make the present time helpful to the cause of truth and right. If true ideas of divine government help to create better governments on earth, it is as much our duty to promulgate such ideas as it is to support the government we live under.

If the idea of God as a king tends to fit men for a love of monarchies on earth, we ought as carefully to contend against that idea as we would oppose the substitution of a monarchy for a democracy. If the doctrine of total depravity has a tendency to make men deny the sacredness of human nature in all its guises, we ought as strenuously to oppose that idea as we would oppose the spread of slavery over the free territory of the North. If the doctrine of election and castes in heaven has a tendency to make men proud and aristocratic, those who oppose such doctrines are as truly the friends of government as if they led forth armies to fight the power of aristocracy on the battle-field.

It has seemed strange often, that a Church claiming to have founded itself on the benign doctrines of Jesus could be ready to give all its influence to extend and perpetuate the power of slavery. But when we consider that that Church has made God a monarch, with servants under him to rule and subjugate, it is not so very strange. I do not know as we ought to expect the institution of slavery to cease while so many insist upon worshipping a king to whom they are subject subjects, instead of a loving Father whose children they are.

I can sometimes feel as if I caught a glimpse of the infinite order of all things, and then I perceive how harmoniously all things operate together; how liberal ideas in theology spring forth naturally, while better governments rise up in the same order. If we look over the world and see nation rising up against nation—Russia preparing her fleets—France bristling with armies and stretching her keen gaze far out over oceans and continents, that she be ready to checkmate any movement made by England—and England with surly jealousy, grand yet arrogant, pretending to need nothing in her greatness, yet sure to seize just what is necessary to enable her to say, “The sun shall never set on my kingdom, but I will girdle the earth and have a seaport in every clime;” if we listen to the silently beating heart of Poland, Hungary, and Bohemia; if we listen to the low sob of Italian patriots; if we reach further and find the kingdoms of the East awakening from the sleep of satisfied ignorance and moving forward and onward, even though it be with shuffling steps—do we not see how nations represent in their struggles the interior ideas that dwell in the hearts of the people, and that the progression of the world is certain, and an inevitable necessity of the times, which proceed with steady march and bring the hastening days, even as the earth brings the hours of the morning by its revolution?

The minds of men become enlightened just as soon as it is possible for them to be. Truth is received as fast as the times permit. All things are becoming truer and better and nobler, just as truly as this solar system revolves about the great central sun, the third revolution of which it is only now making since the life of man began on this planet. We ought to be very patient, seeing the inevitable result must be the same and in all cases the tendency is forward. Oh, how we despair sometimes! The few moments of our life which can hardly be measured in eternity seem to us filled with results that are capable of influencing the final result of all things; when the truth is, the grand ultimate cannot be altered. The earth is emerging into a higher and nobler life, and men are moved whether they will or not. As the beautiful season of autumn came to the earth, bringing its wealth of richness and splendor, and the sunny radiance of the days seemed like the glory of the celestial world, and in it men went forth to their labor, and enjoyed, not expecting that the days would change their light and beauty, because they had to toil on and perform just the same duties as if the season were less bountiful—even so it is with the brightness of the mental and spiritual atmosphere. Men receive of its life and beauty and gradually take into themselves its blessing, while they know not that they are living a life in any way different from their former life; while they know not that they do aught

but toil on and enjoy the outer world according to their capacity.

With what zeal ought we to strive to promote justice and right, when we know eternity is on our side, and Heaven, and God. With what joy we ought to promulgate truth when we know that the destiny of it is certain. With what hope should we learn of the rise and progress of ideas when we know that the coming time is to bring to perfection the imperfect. The time is right for just what is going on in the world. The day is glorious, filled as it is with discord and strife, for it is bringing the better time. The moments are rich as they fly past, laden as they are with the growing thought of the people. We should be inspired as we look about us, and hopeful as we witness the passing events in the great contest of our times.

The next great contest will not be with weapons of death, but with ideas. The present time is preparing the mighty unrolling of the future. We may not be able to take our part in that on earth; but we shall surely take our part in it as individualized minds, even if it come not till we have laid aside the earthly form; and then we shall bless every act of true courage and heroic virtue that we were able to perform while we lived on the earth. We shall be able to trace the effect of every right word spoken in the right time for the truth. True ideas are to reform the world.

With true ideas of equality and humanity we should have no necessity for wars to perpetuate slavery. With true ideas of God and his government we should have no attempts at monarchy. With true ideas of our duties we should have no poor and abject classes. But these ideas must become truly the life of the soul before they can be the means of salvation. We ought to rejoice in a physical contest that is to prepare the way for a grander moral contest. Let us keep that in view, and whether the world yet receives the truths of a liberal theology and the blessed life of a true Spiritualism or not, we can be sure of this—that the infinite order of the universe will bring the day of glad awakening, when the blind shall see, the deaf hear, and the earth know its Savior—viz., the Truth.

Resist Not Evil.

BY A. B. CHILD.

[The following discourse was copy from the *Banner of Light's* report of the late convention in Boston.]

Millions of sermons and lectures have been preached and printed for the suppression and abolition of evil. A vast amount of time, treasure, and effort, has been consumed to lessen and avert the dangers of evil by resisting it. An awful sum of punishment has been dealt out to poor human beings, by human hands, to crush and destroy this monster called evil.

In the school-house, in the meeting-house, in the court-house, in the state-house, in the senate chamber, and on the social hearth, the precepts to resist evil have been taught and enforced. And after all these efforts, after all the persistent and unceasing wars that man has fought with evil, to-day evil stalks up and down the earth in a sort of supreme majesty, triumphant over all its opposing armies.

What is called evil is hateful in its consequences to every one, and all men would like to have it lessened and abolished, if it were possible. Man may preach and write, legislate and talk against evil, till the hairs of his head shall all be numbered, and the amount of evil in the world shall in nowise be lessened thereby. Man may inflict punishment for evil, administer the penalties of his own laws, and in every act resist evil, and still evil is not lessened or abolished. But all preaching, writing, legislative and executive acts, all individual, and social, and political efforts for the banishment of evil, by force, inflame and intensify its real existence; all that combats and resists evil, strengthens and supports it.

Enough time, effort, and money have been spent in carrying on this war with evil, to warrant the affirmation that *evil never can be lessened by its resistance*. He who blows against the wind to stop its blowing, also blows himself; he only produces the thing he tries to stop. So he who wars with sin, makes more of what he tries to lessen. He who blows in eloquence against the evils of the world, only fans the fires of evil, and they burn brighter for it.

Every nation and individual is outwardly governed by force, and man everywhere swears opposition and vengeance upon what, to him, is hateful and evil. And man everywhere has been externally forced to the conviction, in his own mind, that what is evil to him could only be destroyed by its resistance, and this superficial, childish conviction is rife everywhere with almost everybody. And the hell of conflict and suffering that has been brought upon the world in consequence of this government of force, has been necessary to this earthly condition of the ages of its reign.

So the government of force, and the triumphant reign of sin, the Church, the State, and the whole world of sinners, have all been true to the inexorable but painful demands of the world's condition, which makes the resistance of evil, and also which creates and propagates evil.

This general effort in all ages to lessen the evils of the world by resistance, is of man's invention, and it has ever been, and ever shall be, rewarded by a signal failure. The Church stands foremost in the war against evil. The Church has left the foundation-stone of Christianity out, and built its superstructure, not on the foundation of Christ, but on man's devices, viz., on a deadly enmity to sin. It will totter and fall.

There is in the English language a sentence of three words that contains, in germ, a whole code of law for the perfect government of all men, and for the perfect abolition of all the inharmonies in the world. These three words were uttered by Christ in a mountain near Jerusalem, nineteen hundred years ago, and contain more originality than may be turned to practical use, than all the originality that man has since propounded, viz., *Resist not evil!*

So original is this utterance that nobody has ever yet accepted and adopted it as a rule of action. When the time comes, this precept shall dissolve the present governments of the world, all of them, and set up spontaneously a new government in the earth that needs no human legislature or executive, no state-houses, no prison-houses, no churches to keep sinners from being sinners, and to keep those who are miraculously without sin out of its dangers.

This precept the Church has cast aside as inexplicable, the State as unsafe, society as dangerous, and men have shrunk before its awful grandeur in the blindness of ignorance. Commentators have tried all ways to solve the enigma: Infidelity has sworn that it was a plain, but stupid lie.

All who feel superior to the culprit, have pushed aside these words of Christ as Eutopian, unsafe, enigmatical, unsound, wild, unmeaning, dangerous, and devilish for practical adoption. Go to the deepest degradation, which is the stanchest humility, and this precept unfolds its awful grandeur first; and on the summit of earthly glory it shall be last recognized.

This precept has within it a complete code of law for the new government of the whole world, which the present ad revolution may institute. But one on earth has yet tried and and practically lived under this government, and that was Christ. He meekly bowed to the administration of this government, and, in consequence, behold! look and see the power by which he moves the world.

All other men, great and little—all governments, great and little—have astutely defied evil, whereby they have defied it, and their power for future use and goodness has been thereby shortened, cut off, and forgotten. He who wars with sin, leaves nothing lovely in his earthly tracks.

Who dares to say that this new government shall govern their own lives? Hardly anybody yet. But this present revolution shall yet continue so long that it shall grind to dust the glories of our civilized physical world, so that man's vain glory and self-righteousness, that now wars with what seems evil in others, shall be lost—so man, in sorrow, suffering, blood, and tears, will willingly fall into the arms of this new government of love for rest.

No men shall venture this vast revolution in the government of the world, but the spiritual world shall produce it.

Who will venture to treat the sins of others as they would have their own sins treated—to do to those they hate as they would be done by? None. But the spiritual world will destroy all human glory, if needs be, and make all men do this sometime.

Who dares to be the disciple of a new and original government that shall supersede and sweep into oblivion all the childish traps and tackle that now pretend to govern men by force? Who dares do this? Some poor, devilish Spiritualist, cast out from self-righteousness and earthly glory, dare do this—somebody wandering, exposed on the cold highway of life, or locked into some stone-cemented hole for crime, reviled, spit upon, persecuted, dare do this.

In the institution of this new government, man shall at first suffer terrible physical destruction. But after this new government shall support the physical world—it shall blend and harmonize physical and spiritual glory; then shall they grow together. One man with forgiveness shall conquer more than a thousand men with force. Ten thousand men in the battle-field are now less powerful to influence and move the pulsations of the world than shall be the generous gift of forgiveness and sympathy of one man. A standing army of one hundred thousand men, in the panoply of war, for the protection of our country, shall be less powerful to guard its safety, than ten many men who would do as they would be done by, and use no weapons of death. And the latter shall cause no blood, no tears to flow, no sacrifice of treasure, no sacrifice of physical life, no agony, no crime, no sorrow; while it is the work of the former to produce all these.

It is non-forgiveness and hatred that makes a nation trust its safety in the uncertain power of murderous men and murderous arms. All war springs from and continues in the element of hatred; and hatred is only stupid, unconscious self-righteousness. Prisons are virtually instruments used for the reëncement of deeds for which men are punished therein.

Recrimination is of earth and hell, and adds nothing to fill the measure of goodness in the world. But treat the culprit with the liberality and kindness that we treat our nearest and dearest friends—treat him as we treat ourselves—and he will return such treatment with a heart overflowing with gratitude and thanksgiving.

It is a severe course of self-discipline that man has yet to pass, to learn to be kind and generous to an enemy; but the reward shall be magnificent. All enmity is vanquished by it, and our enemies have become our most faithful and valiant friends. Such is human nature everywhere. And it is more so in the world of crime than in the world of justice.

If the generous precepts of peace are substituted for the laws of force, resistance, and hatred, there will be no incentive for enmity, no need for cruel prisons, no call for human bloodshed; so the sorrow, and the bondage, and the suffering that now is, will be averted, and the wicked, as men call them, instead of being educated in the school of resistance, cruelty, and hatred, will be made proficient scholars in the school of manhood—will become worthy citizens in the empire of love where Christ is yet the emperor.

The inharmonies and ill-feeling that exist between all sects and societies, comes only for the want of generous charity, for the want of expansion and liberal magnanimity that perceives the lawful cause of all beliefs, of all rules, and of all acts.

All wars, at home and abroad, are caused and continued by the government of force—by the want of forgiveness in the rulers of nations and the desires of the nation's people.

All crimes and illegal acts are the inevitable consequence of the laws of force that men make—laws that resist evil with the superficial, childish expectation of abolishing it.

Plant the seeds of Charity in the gardens of Humanity—cultivate them, or let them grow spontaneously, and they will spring up and bear fruit that men love better than they love the bitter fruit of Human Law. Charity is void of the resistance of evil. The separation

of husbands and wives, family discords, and quarrels, come only from the want of kindness, forgiveness, and charity. They come from a government of force, instead of a government of generosity and kindness. Quarrels between individuals are of the head, not of the heart. They come of force, not of forgiveness; of condemnation, not of charity. There is *no room* enough in human life to avoid all the rocks of contention on which men split. Charity is liberality—it is the wide world above collision. All the resistance of evil is bound up in the bundle of self-righteousness. And take all the self-righteousness from the earth and send it to the flames of hell to be burnt up, and then look abroad in the world for the resistance of evil, and you will find none. Men resist what they call evil in others, not in themselves. Man holds himself superior to what he wars with as evil.

That life has thorns as well as flowers, and that the thorns are as useful as the flowers, man may not deny. The flowers are ready to be picked, the thorns are not. Then why not pick the flowers, and leave the thorns? The warning hand of man strikes at the thorns and leaves the flowers. The forgiving hand picks the flowers, and leaves the thorns. Strike the thorns, and man's blood runs out; pick the flowers, and the air is perfumed all around. Every thorn of earth, it may be, has the germ of a sweeter flower yet to bloom in heaven; and if 'tis so, why wear vengeance on the thorn? Let it grow and bloom for heaven.

To resist evil is to gather the flowers of life—to resist evil is to war with the thorns that grow on the same tree where the flowers grow.

In the laws of force there are no flowers to make life lovely—we are all wounded by the thorns. There is not a single flower of intuitive truth in the whole dominion of human resistance. From Christ we get the garden-seed of non-resistance, of passiveness, of amiableness and kindness, which, when planted, shall bear the beautiful flower of love. Nobody has planted it, or thinks it worthy to be planted in the garden of the soul.

The ideal Christ is to be a magnificent spiritual reality—a reality which all in the progress of the soul must come unto.

I care not whether the material being of Christ be a fiction or a reality, while the spirit of the precepts and the unselfish practices of his life stand before me, living, spiritual realities of eternal beauty. I am a disciple of this picture of Christ, in spirit. I kneel before it in worshipful admiration, and in the unclouded atmosphere of real affection I love it. His flesh and blood are material emblems that I care not for. His Godship may be the Godship of all who come to his development. I do not see why the claims not recorded of his spiritual conception may not be real.

The Christian Church earthly, and the whole world of sinners, are equally at war, and ever have been, with the fundamental precepts of the Christian religion. And all reformers hitherto have paddled, and are paddling in the same muddy waters of Materialism, viz., resistance of evil. But the Christian Church, and the whole world of Christ's sinners, all live in Christ, and they live asleep to the real use and grandeur of his spiritual teachings. All men in the Church, in the State, and in the prison, alike are actively alive to the gospel of force, which is not the gospel of Christ, but of evil; and this gospel of evil has been virtually promulgated in all the religions of civilizations and in all the legislations of men. Churches, legislations, and conventions have never yet *lured* evil, but each one has been a *benefit* and *support* to it.

The Church has ever thus far, unwittingly, acted in direct opposition to Christ, because it could not do otherwise. The whole Christian world has done the best it could in its time.

It has done the best that the condition of the world allowed it to do. The Church has been sincere and true to its place, time, and condition. It has filled and fulfilled its mission; it has done its fragmentary work in the grand purpose of divine ruling. The Church is of divine origin and divine ruling; so is the great body of reformers and thinkers that oppose and say ungenerous things against it, as an offset for the same spirit which the Church has ever manifested toward those who believe different from itself. The Church is spontaneous, natural, sincere, and innocent; so are the body of reformers and thinkers who oppose the Church. Both are right—but not best. But no thinker or reformer who wars with the Church is really above or beyond what it wars with. Neither is the Church above or beyond the great body of sinners, which it outwardly invites, but wars with and resists as evil doers. Two warring parties always stand upon the same level; and so long as the Church is at war with sinners, so long the Church is no nearer Christ or God than sinners are. Every sinner really loves the unreach ideal of the real Christ, and actually comes as near, if not nearer, recognizing the first great fundamental demand of Christianity: so Christians, reformers, thinkers, and sinners, all stand on the same plane of development, and abide together in the elements of inharmonious, which is war with evil.

Some may be much afraid to see and acknowledge the loveliness of the spiritual Christ, as others are afraid to see and acknowledge the loveliness of the spirit of Spiritualism. The opposers of Christ and Spiritualism are in the same condition of fear and uncertainty. Each have restrained limits; each are in the bondage of natural bigotry.

The spirit of Christ and the spirit of Spiritualism, both are ineffably, unutterably lovely; both are rivers that flow from heaven to quench the thirst of thirty souls. Both are spontaneous fountains of love, that flow from the spiritual world, without man's bidding. The spirit of Christ and the spirit of Spiritualism go over the boundaries of statute law, reckless of the bubbles of material consequences. They transcend the government of force, and look in the direction of a perfect revolution in the government of men; to a government of love—to a government that resists not evil. And Spiritualism shall rear its superstructure on the yet unmet foundation of true Christianity. Christ engineered the foundation of this new temple, which the world shall come to worship in. And the superstructure of the new religion shall stand the ordeal of time, by resting upon the foundation precept of Christ's religion—*resist not evil*.

Be whatever you will, but first of all be yourself.

Childhood.

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

God Bless Little Children.

God bless the little children,
We meet them everywhere;
We hear their voices round our hearth,
Their footsteps on our stair,
Their kindly hearts are swelling o'er
With mirthfulness and glee;
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

We meet them 'neath the gipsy tent,
With visage swarthy and keen,
And eyes that sparkle as they glance
With roguery and fun;
We find them fishing in the brook
For minnows with a pin.
Or creeping through the hazel-bush
The linnet's nest to win.

We meet them in the lordly hall,
Their stately father's pride,
We meet them in the poor man's cot—
He hath no wealth beside.
Along the city's crowded street
They hurl the hoop or ball;
We find them 'neath the pauper's roof—
The saddest sight of all.

For there they win no father's love,
No mother's tender care;
Their only friend the God above,
Who hears the orphan's prayer.
In childish grief or glee,
God bless the little children
Wherever they may be.

The Broken Flower.

In an elegantly furnished library, the shelves of which were filled with rare and costly books, the Count Ridolfo, with an open paper in his hand, stood beside the center-table. Many beautiful and valuable things were scattered over it—folios of fine engravings, richly carved paper-cutters, an antique ink-stand, pen-holders of pearl and gold; but at none of these was the Count looking. He was bending over a magnificent flower that grew in a common earthen pot.

Out of place as the pot seemed among the things around it, he was too deeply interested in his flower to notice it. The plant had been sent to him as a withered, scaly bulb, by a friend then traveling in America, with directions for planting and cultivating it, though with the warning that after all the labor he could bestow upon it, it might refuse to blossom in a strange land and under a northern sky. But he had nursed and watched it with anxious care, and here was his reward—this magnificent gem of the tropics. No wonder he forgot the coarseness of the pot, as he compared it leaf by leaf with his friend's description of what it ought to be, and found his success perfect.

His study of the plant, however, was arrested by the noise of little feet, and his two children burst joyfully into the room.

"Papa, it's all done!" exclaimed Adelina, holding up a large cambric pocket-handkerchief; "look at it, and see if I have not homed it nicely."

"But, papa," interrupted Nardino, "here is my German exercise. Please look at that first, because I have to copy it."

"God bless you, my darlings!" said the father, turning towards them, and laying a hand upon the head of each. "He has indeed blessed me in giving me two such dutiful children, and from my heart I thank him for it. I am very much obliged to you for the pocket-handkerchief, my daughter; see, I am going to put it into my pocket at once. As to the hemming, I cannot pass any opinion on that point, for I am no judge of such matters. We will leave that for mamma."

"Oh, mamma said it was not badly done, sir," replied the girl, delighted.

"Well, I am sure that is praise enough," and he stooped and kissed her, then turning to the boy as he held out his arms. "Now, then, my son, let us have the German lesson."

Taking the offered paper, he went to the window, and while looking carefully over it, the children stood whispering together beside the table.

"It's such a lovely, lovely day!" said the sister. "Oh, Nardino, perhaps he'll take us to that beautiful garden beside the river. Oh, don't you hope so? Oh, lovely!" and she clasped her hands in delight.

"I should not be at all surprised, that is, if my exercise turns out well," answered the brother, looking rather wise and important. "I've tried very hard for this time; but then, you see, Adelina, German is so horribly difficult! I think he looks pleased, don't you?" and he peeped round, as well as he could, into his father's face.

Adelina had no time to give her opinion, for their father, with a smile, came towards them.

"Excellent, my boy!" said he. "You have conquered even the 'queer verb.' I see. Do all your exercises as industriously and carefully as this for a little while, and you shall see what delightful studies you shall have to reward you. I don't know but I may even give you some lessons in natural history, such as those you enjoyed so much when you heard them given to cousin Tomaso."

Nardino's sparkling eyes and smiling lips betrayed the pleasure he seemed to have no power to express in words, for once, while at the house of his uncle, he had heard his cousin's tutor telling him some stories of the habits and instincts of insects, that had seemed to him greatly more surprising as well as more entertaining than any fairy tale he had ever heard in his life. But little Adelina, who had heard only this report, and was by no means familiar with so grand a name for so common a place a subject, demanded, "Natural history? Papa, what is that about?"

Papa had no time to answer, for Nardino, turning to her with a look of great importance, replied: "Why, are you so ignorant as that? It's about bugs and spiders and all such creatures, of course."

"I don't think I should like it," said the little girl decidedly.

"Yes, you won't," answered Nardino. "You have no idea what curious things they are. But, papa, now you are pleased with us, we want to ask a favor."

"Well, what is it?" asked papa with a smile. "When my children take so much pains to please me and perform their duties I like to make them happy; so let us hear what the favor is, and if reasonable I shall surely grant it."

There was some little altercation now between the children as to which should be spokesman. At length Adelina agreed to act in that capacity, and climbing upon her father's lap where he had seated himself in his great arm-chair, put her arms around his neck, and said: "Well, dear, good papa, we want to go to that lovely garden by the river. Will you take us?"

"Indeed I will!" said he, kissing the little warm cheek. "And that we may have the more time, we will go at once; so as soon as I come back, we will get ready." Rising from his chair he put the flower-pot in what he deemed a safer place than the center-table, where it might be thrown off, and left the room.

Left to themselves, the children began to lay their plans for enjoyment, and in their joy went capering and dancing about the room, when the skirt of Nardino's little tunic came in contact with the delicate little plant, and the beautiful flower fell to the ground. Pale with fear, both stood looking at the mischief done, when Adelina darted out and the next moment came back with a lump of wax. Lighting a candle, she was earnestly trying to stick the blossom again upon the stalk when the Count entered.

At sight of her with the flower in her hand, he stopped in surprise and displeasure. "What?" said he, "could you not wait for flowers until we get to the garden, but must pick mine. You know how much I valued it, and cautioned you not to go near it!"

"I did not pick it, papa," said the child, timidly.

"How, then, came it in your hand?" asked the Count.

"It fell, sir!—I—an accident!"—and in the fear of getting her brother into trouble the poor child hesitated so much that her father felt convinced that she was telling a falsehood.

"Stop, my child," said he, sternly but sadly. "Great as is my disappointment that after all my cautions you should have picked my flower, it is nothing compared to my grief that you should so far forget yourself as to tell a lie."

Here he was interrupted by the entrance of Nardino, who, at the first sound of his father's step, had run out of the room, trusting to his sister to obtain pardon for his carelessness. But the first sight that greeted him was Adelina, with the broken flower still in her hand, her head down, and the tears running down her pale cheeks, while her lips were tightly compressed as if determined not to speak.

Seeing that it was only the boy who had entered, the father resumed his address to his little girl. "The first fault I could have pardoned," said he, "though I should certainly have set you down as a most selfish child. But to tell me a lie!—that, Adelina, I cannot forgive. I must give you time to think over your conduct, my daughter. Under these circumstances neither of us could enjoy each other's society, therefore you must remain at home. Come, Nardino, get your cap. You and I will go and visit the garden."

"But—Adelina—papa—" stammered the boy, his better nature struggling with the fear of his father's displeasure. "Papa—I am sure—"

"Not a word, sir!" exclaimed the count. "Selfish, disobedient, and false, think you that I could feel justified in providing for her enjoyment? Leave her where she is, leave her to reflect upon the disappointment and bitter pain that she has caused me."

The boy's cheeks flushed; he could not see his little sister so punished for his faults. Vainly the noble girl motioned to him to go and say no more about it; vainly she tried to glide from the room, that he might not see her suffer. Planting himself resolutely before his father, he said: "It was not Adelina that broke off your flower, sir; it was I!"

"You?" and Count Ridolfo looked from one of his children to the other with an expression of trouble and perplexity. But Adelina did not see him, her face was covered with her hands.

"Yes, papa," continued the boy, humbly, "I was dancing around the room for joy about going with you and Adelina to the garden, and the skirt of my coat struck the plant and broke the stem. Adelina had it because she picked it up to grieve over it. I must be the one to say at home, sir; and he hung his head sadly."

"You?" again demanded the Count. "And Adelina had nothing to do with it?" and he looked from one to the other with the same puzzled expression.

"Yes, indeed, papa, it was I; and my sister had nothing to do with it except that she begged me very hard to be careful and I did not heed her; and running up to the sobbing girl, he put his arms round her neck and begged her not to cry."

"My children—my dear, noble children!" said the father, putting his arms around them both, while he, too, wept. "And you were going to bear the double burden of punishment and my unjust reproaches, my Adelina, rather than let them rest on your brother? God grant, my boy, that you may ever be frank and fearless in the cause of truth as you have this day shown yourself, and worthy of the sister he has given you!" and raising his eyes to heaven, he added softly:

"My Father in heaven, help me to train worthily for thy kingdom these pure natures thou hast given into my care!"

"Poor, dear little sister!" said Nardino, now affectionately caressing Adelina. "How good you were to take all the blame to save me?"

"Oh no, Nardino," persisted the little girl, as she laid her head on his shoulder, "I shouldn't have minded it at all—that is, not much, you know; not so much, only that papa thought I was telling a lie! But then I knew he would know all the truth some day or other."

"Well, my darlings!" said the Count, "I think you are both fairly entitled to a pleasant walk, so the sooner we start the better. I see, too, that the plant has several buds on it, so I suppose we shall have more flowers before a great while. I shall not be obliged to caution you to be careful."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed both at once, Nardino adding that when it bloomed again, he should take good care, whenever he felt particularly happy, to keep out of the way."

A pleasant walk and much pleasant talk brought them to the beautiful garden on the river's bank. The gardener very readily agreed to let them walk round it, and even accompanied them himself, pointing out many rare plants they could not otherwise have observed. The Count cast many anxious looks towards Nardino, but saw with satisfaction that he kept the skirts of his tunic under his arms; and a curious collection of insects shown them by the gardener, with some anecdotes he told of some of them, sent Adelina home as eager for the lessons in natural history as her brother was.

Voices from the People.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

An Invocation to Spring.

Come quickly, O thou Spring!
Write love's fair alphabet upon the soil
In many colored flowers—to preach of God,
Our everlasting King!

Come from the rosy South,
In chariot of incense and of light;
Dissolve the lingering snows that glisten white
Beneath thy fragrant mouth.

Walk softly o'er the earth,
Thou blessed spirit of the Eden-time;
Thy breath is like an incense-laden clime,
Clasping rich bowers of mirth.

The virgin herald's here—
The snow-drop bares her bosom to the gale,
While down her cheeks, so delicately pale,
Trickles a crystal tear.

The lark now soars above,
As if he felt thy freedom on his wings,
While from his heaven-attuned throat there rings
A charming peal of love.

The yet unbarred wheat
Now timidly puts forth its tender leaf
To drink sweet dews; for winter, ancient chief,
Crawls off with tottering feet.

Your sorrows now inter,
Ye dwellers in dark cities; Spring is nigh:
She bathes her garments in a sunset sky,
And treads the halls of Myrrh.

To God an anthem sing,
When forth ye hurry to the fields of bloom;
He lights the flowers, and lifts us from the tomb,
To everlasting Spring!

[Chambers' Journal.]

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from Mrs. A. A. Currier.

WONDERS AT THE CAPITAL.

FRIEND DAVIS: Verily, mine eyes have seen a prophet, a Chaldee, before whom the lesser magi must lower their wands—one to whose sight the future is unveiled, who reads from the book of life and death, and invokes the spirits of the loved and lost, who answer at his call.

Seriously, it has been my fate to spend several days in Washington, under the same roof with Charles H. Foster, the medium, and although my acquaintance with the seer and his peris of a wife, I must confess that heretofore I have had no adequate conception of his wonderful spiritual gifts. Just now he is creating a furor in the select circles of Washington, equal to that caused at the French court by the advent of the celebrated Count Cagliostro, during the last century. Unlike that personage, however, our American seer spurns with contempt the tricks and incantations where-with the old conjurers were wont to invest their mysteries. Certain it is, that his rooms are literally thronged with applicants for sittings, and many are forced to go away unable to procure interviews. Among the visitors I have observed generals, judges, and senators in fact, I think you would possibly be a little astonished, were I to give the names of some who honor the seer with their presence.

Besides physical manifestations, Mr. Foster's mediumship includes mental phenomena of the most rare and wonderful character, such as clairaudience, prevision, etc. For example, Hon. G. Orth, member of the house, lately had a sitting. After giving several most satisfactory tests of spirit-identity, by speaking names, the stigmata, etc., Mr. Foster exclaimed, "Sir, a spirit, near and dear to you, [name recognized,] says, 'Beware! a great calamity is about to befall you: something near your home.' I cannot tell what this means, but feel that I must give the spirit's words." The strange warning did not appear to impress the visitor very forcibly at the time; but a few days after, meeting Mr. Foster, he said to him, "I believe now in the reality of your wonderful powers; events have forced me to it. You told me of a calamity near at hand; your prediction is fulfilled. I have just learned that my house, worth from twenty to thirty thousand dollars, is in ashes—the work of an incendiary."

As a pleasing contrast to this incident, I will mention another. The other morning, Mr. Post, an entire stranger to Mr. Foster, called at his room. He had hardly entered, before the medium exclaimed, "Your father is here, and bids me say to you that *little Freddy is better*, and that you need not go home."

The gentleman arose and took his leave, evidently much affected, but in course of an hour or two returned, and handed Mr. Foster a dispatch from the telegraph-office, reading thus: "Freddy is much better. You need not come home." It seems that the day previous Mr. Post had actually received a telegram stating that his little son was dying, and he was about to set forth on his journey when the glad tidings received by the "spiritual telegraph" outstripped what came by the lightning wire.

I could relate a score of tests that I myself have witnessed at Mr. Foster's sittings, some of them being more striking than what I have already stated. They are of daily occurrence. I have often heard it asserted by outsiders that Mr. Foster could give no spirit-names, except such as were written by the sitters. This I know to be the sheerest nonsense. In fact, to my mind "the ballot test" and that of the "writing on the arm" are among the least important phases of Mr. Foster's mediumship. I have been present at a sitting when he failed to give names, that were neither written or in the sitters' mind at the time; and not unfrequently it has been that

communications concerning events transpiring, or secrets, supposed to be buried or forgotten, are given through him, which are of a nature to utterly confound the skeptic and carry conviction to every rational mind.

AGUSTA A. CURRIER.

BALTIMORE, March 14, 1864.

For the Herald of Progress.

Letter from the Writer of "Reflections on the State of the Country."

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, STAPLETON, S. I.,

February, 1864.

A. J. DAVIS, ESTEEMED FRIEND: In looking over a recent number of your Journal, I was not a little amused while reading your comments on my "Reflections," &c. It appears that the omission of three words, which should have been inserted, produced a misapprehension of my meaning. The clause should have read, "and for a season, retain their colored servants." I had in view the judicious act of the British Parliament, which emancipated the slaves in the British possessions, and not only made pecuniary compensation, but placed them, for a limited period, as apprentices, the result of which has clearly demonstrated the wisdom of the plan.

I notice you have misapprehended one of my remarks, and drawn an erroneous conclusion. You will find no expression in any of the articles to warrant your assertion, that "I have stigmatized the steadfast friends of those in bondage as a few fanatical men, whose hot-headed zeal has caused the present quarrel and disruption." On reference you will find that the words "few fanatical men," &c., have pointed allusion to those of the South who first rose in rebellion.

I regret this misapprehension the more, because, from early youth, instructed by a graduate of Yale College, my mind has been deeply imbued with the principles of liberty, and from ocular demonstration strongly impressed with the horrors of slavery.

Having resided many years, both before and after the British emancipation, in a community containing about nine thousand colored persons, I invariably acted as their steadfast friend; on all suitable occasions advocated their physical, social, and religious rights, and zealously aided their well-directed efforts to improve and elevate themselves. I had an evening class, (to which I also gave instruction on Sunday afternoons,) of from 25 to 30 black and colored young men, who studied several branches of an English education, and whose diligence and attainments were highly creditable and satisfactory. Four of these became competent teachers of public schools; three private teachers; one an editor; one a respectable and prosperous merchant in London; one, who studied the principles of Geometry and Mechanics, proved himself one of the best cabinet-makers in the community, and whose beautiful and ingenious specimen of workmanship was sent to the Crystal Palace in London, for which he received a medal, and one is now captain of one of the Northern regiments, and was once my apprentice. Many of the others proved blessings to the community in which they resided. I thus endeavored to convince the prejudiced against me, that these persons were susceptible of high moral and intellectual culture.

I feel assured you will do me the justice to believe from the foregoing, that I am loyal to liberty as well as to the "glorious Union;" that I do not stigmatize the friends of those in bondage, &c.

In conclusion allow me state that I have had the pleasure of having the "Reflections," &c., spoken of favorably, and they have been considered by many as sound, forcible, and conclusive. Yours in harmony and truth,

A. T. D.

For the Herald of Progress.

Causes of Crime.

FRIEND DAVIS: The article with the above caption, by J. Gilfil Buckley, published in No. 209 of the HERALD as a thought-provoker, has had the desired effect upon myself.

In the broadest sense it seems to me that crime flows from the universal fountain, that crime and goodness emanate from the same source. If not, then there are at least two distinct creative causes, and, consequently, no Infinite Power. No effect can result without a cause, and every cause must inevitably produce its legitimate effect.

Applying this to man, we see that the first voluntary human effort or action put forth on this or any other planet, must have been determined with mathematical accuracy by the inherent nature of the actor, and the external influences operating upon him at the time. To deny this, is tantamount to saying that effects may take place without a cause. The same reasoning applies to all subsequent emotion or action. The nature of every act will depend absolutely upon the inherent character, or selfhood, and outward forces.

And is it not self-evident that all growth or modification of the "centerance" must result either from its own inherent, spontaneous forces, or from surrounding influences, or from both combined? Thus, all human emotion, all human action, must take place according to Nature's unchangeable and inexorable laws. There is no chance for change.

"But," say the orthodox, "if all creative beings are governed by law they are mere machines; they are not free agents;—they are in bonds." Be it so. But yet, to human consciousness we are free. We are free to attempt whatever our impulses, intellect, and circumstances point out as desirable. But, thank heaven! we are not omnipotent. "There is a Divinity that shapes our ends." I conclude that crime and misery are incident only to an undeveloped humanity.

STRENGTH YOUNG.

POPULAR RIDGE, N. Y., Feb. 28th, 1861.

For the Herald of Progress.

Progressive Lyceums.

To me these are the most cheering tokens in our armaments—what has long been needed and wished for by those who saw the necessity of educating our children up to all the light that we can help them to gain. I have always been interested in this new movement, but had not met with any "Lyceum" until New Year's day, when I was in Providence, the place of loved associations to me, and found that Brother Finney had been organized.

ing one in Pratt's Hall, which was doing finely for the short time (only the third Sabbath) that it had been in operation, containing quite a number of scholars and manifesting a great degree of enthusiasm. The Conductor and Officers of the school merit thanks for their efforts, and are a capable, interested band of workers. I enjoyed the hour passed with them very much, and would be pleased with them both our children and myself might become scholars and learn of the great truths to be opened to the understandings of those favored by admittance. The members numbered, I think, about sixty, but a friend wrote me last week that this is increased to about one hundred and eighty, and the interest still keeps up. Many parents have been wishing to take their children away from the Sunday-schools of the churches, but thought they had better be there than not attend any, and are glad now to see more liberal ideas inviting their boys and girls to listen and learn whence they came, what they are, and whither traveling.

Sunday-schools have long been talked of among us, but the prevailing features of the existing ones were entirely repugnant to a reformer, in both matter and manner. Something ought to be done to give variety to the routine, and prevent the exercises from being so awfully solemn and holy, in the old sense of holiness. Blessed be the angel-world that it has sent pioneers, and blessed be the pioneers who are willing to be sent and work in the vineyard. And now we look for the time when these institutions shall spring up throughout the whole land and revolutionize society from the foundation. The Manual prepared by Mr. Davis for the plan of exercises is arranged to embrace every topic under the sun, and all the rest, also, and like the platform of Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy, which is broad enough to sustain the world, Jews and Gentiles, so is the Manual broad enough in its articles of faith and teaching to include every new idea which may be developed in the world. It must make converts as fast as Modern Spiritualism, which, within the memory of many of our children, numbered only two, but now millions. May the work prosper!

LIVIA BARNEY.
DAVIEVILLE, Feb., 1864.

Beneath the Stars.

In the holy hush of even,
When the day has gone to rest,
And her cares, and doubts, and trials
Sleep like babes upon her breast;
When no busy strife or bustle
The sweet dream-land like quiet mares;
Oh what fancies flit before us
As we sit beneath the stars.

Starry jewels flash and glitter
In the night's imperial crown,
Like the clear, pure eyes of angels
Looking coldly, calmly down;
And the flash of pearly portals,
And the gleam of golden bars,
Pass before us in our musings
As we gaze upon the stars.

Oh had we the mystic vision
Of Chaldean seers of old,
Who in all the stars above them
The fate of worlds behold,
What commotions and what changes,
What wild triumphs, toils, and wars,
Might we read in silver letters
On the tablet of the stars.

When the soft blue sky of even
Seems an inland lake of rest,
With the gleaming, snow-white lilies
Sleeping on its peaceful breast,
Then the airy hand of Fancy
Pushes back the golden bars,
Till we seem to see the glory
Of the world beyond the stars.

Then the fleecy cloudlets, flashing
In the moonbeams' pearly rays,
Seem like wandering wings of angels
Slowly floating through the haze;
Or like straying peris drifting
In their light, aerial cars,
From their paradise of beauty
In the land beyond the stars.

Starry lamps seem watchfires, lighted
By some loved, departed hand,
To allure our wandering footsteps
To the distant spirit-land.
So, that, looking through the dimness
That the earthly vision mares,
We may bow in admiration
Before Him who made the stars.

When at last life's toils are over,
And we fold our hands in rest,
As day folds her rosy pinions
In the chambers of the West;
When its mortal hand no longer
The freed spirit's light debars,
May we rise to dwell forever
In the world beyond the stars.

Liberalism near the English Throne.

Dr. Stanley, a man equally liberal with the Bishop of Natal, has been appointed to the Deanery of Westminster, much to the horror of the illiberal party. Dr. Stanley traveled in the East with the Prince of Wales, and he is, therefore, on terms of intimacy with him. He has also married the sister of the late Lord Elgin. He recently gave two lectures in Edinburgh on the Life of Solomon, and said that Solomon's Song was an Oriental love-song of no particular scriptural value; a popular preacher in England, however, said that "it was the choicest bit of the Word of God."

It seems strange that such an utterance from Dr. Stanley should be deemed heretical, and that a question should come up of his soundness; but so it is, for so narrow and circumscribed is the faith of the popular English Church, that the least innovation endangers the whole. It is like a pile of bricks laid singly to a great height—remove one, and the whole structure trembles and perhaps falls—even give a good blow at one, and the whole reels. Truth dreads no innovation; its structure is broad, and however one may beat its walls, they remain solid as adamant.

How those must suffer who have with them the beauty of the world and dwell with their friends.



ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APR. 2, 1864

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274 Canal Street, New York.

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Lectures next Sunday.

Mrs. Eliza W. Farnham is expected to address the friends of Progress next Sunday evening, at the usual hour. The seats are free to all who want to hear the gospel of human progress. The public are, therefore, fraternally invited. Mrs. Farnham is truly one of the world's bravest workers, and no one more deserves a full and candid hearing.

Moral Police Meetings.

The ninth monthly meeting of this now firmly established Association, will be held next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, at Dodworth's Hall, 806 Broadway. Important matter will be brought before the Fraternity. There are no secrets in this organization. Its meetings are all free to the public, and every one is cordially invited to take part in the deliberations and discussion.

Finney's Lectures in New York.

Last Sunday evening this brother gave the concluding lecture of his present course. The Spiritualists of Williamstown, Ct., have engaged his services during April. May he reserve for a visit to his home in Ohio. The citizens of Waukegan, Ill., want him to lecture six months. But we trust he will not allow himself to be confined more than six weeks in any locality. He is by nature and inspiration adapted to the widest field of labor. Exceedingly vast and beautiful, as well as logical and powerful, are all his discourses. The facts of science are conspicuous accessories to his expositions of the profoundest philosophical and intellectual truths. Our readers can judge for themselves, as we give full reports of his late discourses at Dodworth's Hall.

Brother Willis at Clinton Hall.

Brother Willis will continue, next Sunday morning and evening, his course of Lectures on the "Spiritualism of All Ages." Nos. 3 and 4, "Greece and Rome, and the Ancient Jews." Seats free, and the public cordially invited.

Children's Lyceums.

These movements are among the newest manifestations from the Summer-Land. The young are becoming susceptible to the light and love of higher spheres. Beautiful are the happy faces of the grouped children. They reflect the divine light of the infinite soul. Very little girls and boys, and young men and maidens, have caught the inspiration of progress, and now is the time for Spiritualists of every place to bestir themselves in the direction of a true physical and moral education. Let no selfish thought deter adults from entering at once upon the high privilege of directing the minds of children into the right channels of life and development. Therefore the Progressive Lyceums are needed and demanded. One of these movements has just appeared in Illinois:

DEAR HERALD: The following are the Officers and Leaders of the Cherry Valley (Winnebago County, Ill.) Children's Progressive Lyceum:
Conductor, W. H. Johnston.
Assistant Conductor, Ambrose Horton.
Guardian of Groups, Miss A. J. Riddell.
Librarian, G. S. Barrows, M.D.
Musical Director, Miss Helen Barrows.
Leader of Liberty Group, Samuel Clogston.
Leader of Excelsior Group, Thos. Clogston.
Leader of Star Group, Mr. T. Horton.
Leader of Banner Group, Mrs. G. S. Barrows.
Leader of Beacon Group, Miss Carrie Clogston.
Leader of Shore Group, Mr. S. Crosby.
Leader of Ocean Group, Miss Sarah Carman.
Leader of Sea Group, Mr. Geo. Carman.

Very respectfully we solicit the names of Officers and Leaders in the different Lyceums, for publication (unless otherwise requested) so that the true friends of humanity may know those who have embarked in the beautiful work. Let there be established between us the magnetic ties of wise and working love. An invisible Brotherhood will thus be unfolded to the life of each, and the angels of immortal beauty will come and dwell with their familiar friends.

"Air Line Dispatches."

The most important intelligence received recently is to the effect that, after six more battles, two of them to be hand-to-hand encounters, the war will be over and peace declared under the stars and stripes. Stonewall Jackson is positive that all this will come to pass before the next harvest is gathered to the granaries. Gold will take the downward track in May and July. Government credit will be firm for ten years after peace is declared, when another war with old England is probable.

France will be the first to receive punishment from America. A republican form of government will soon be guaranteed to five Southern States. "Butler and bombshells" is a better cry for abolitionism than "Fremont and Freedom." Force and pluck, not men and propositions, are in demand. Gen. Butler and Jeff. Davis are the best practical abolitionists. Others are talkers and hangers on.

Thomas Starr King.

The news of the death of this beloved clergyman came suddenly and unexpectedly. He bore with him so much of youth in appearance and feeling that one thought him sure to live, and to accomplish the work of manhood. The influence of his life has been wide and noble, and what he accomplished remains as a testimony of what he was.

As a child he showed remarkable gifts. And these he carefully trained and strengthened, so that in mature life, although prodigal in the use of his intellectual wealth, he always had a store on hand. The subjects he handled were various, for he was popular as a preacher and lecturer, and his words reached over the whole western continent. Wherever he went he drew listeners, for his imagination was glowing and creative, and his reasoning clear, and his description vivid. His eloquence was earnest and his rhetoric fine.

But his most brilliant work was done in California; politicians admit that it was his influence more than theirs which kept that State loyal. He gave all his powers to that object—to the saving of the Republic. He toiled to provide means for relieving the sick and wounded, and hundreds of thousands of dollars was his offering through the hands of a generous public. The liberal faith that he went to expound on the shores of the Pacific was languishing; he built up a rich and popular church, freed the debt, and made a mark for the ages in favor of the liberal theology.

In his private life he was genial, gentle, and frank. His affections were tender and childlike, and his public life marred not the sweet life of his home. The world desires not to lose such men—it can ill spare them; but we must believe that the earnest worker will be the worker still. With a clearer view of the spiritual life of the universe that he would allow himself to obtain a glimpse of here, he may yet be an energizing influence in the world. It is not easy for a popular man to yield to influences, however divine, that may destroy that popularity, and we should be ready to look charitably upon the earnest spirit, who, recognizing a truth that is not yet accepted, lets it gain a more general influence and power before openly declaring it. Intellectual greatness glorifies what comes with its own shining garments, but it fails to perceive, sometimes, that light and life shed their purest rays through channels that the merely intellectual man ignores. Let us hope that the light of the new spiritual life may be shed through another radiant spirit upon the earth, and that by it the material may more surely reach forward to the spiritual, and the earth be more closely drawn to heaven.

What is a Home?

There are some people who never fail us; what we expect of them that they perform. Mrs. Stowe is one of those writers upon whom we can always rely; she does not merely excite the imagination, she reaches the heart, and better than all she arouses the good sense of her readers. Another admirable paper in the March number of the Atlantic, on Houses and Homes, is so full of practical ideas, that we wish it might be read by every young person who expects to become the center of that little world, a home.

How the warm golden light glows about those pleasant pictures she draws of a home furnished with an idea to use, and not show! and what a cold chill creeps over one at the presentation of the formal, elegant parlors. How little life that is life we find in the world about us. Our best impulses are checked by the artificial lives we are called to live; we are slaves to the expectations of others. There can be no true home without liberty, says Mrs. Stowe. A true home is a kingdom, and cannot be ruled by other than its lawful head, and that head is love. Therefore neighbor So-and-So, who expects this or that rule or order or arrangement to be carried out, is a usurper.

We have often asked ourselves the question why all the windows in a row of houses had curtains so similar. Very elegant they were, but it seemed so strange that tastes should so correspond. It was not taste at all, but simply the fulfilling by each of the requirements of another.

This prospective May-day, which has cast its melancholy shadow for weeks before it, has brought strange revelations already. All sorts of people are wandering up and down the streets, looking at bills to let, with curious eyes. Such a bill opens the precincts of homes, and they are no longer sacred, but every one in search of a habitation may enter and scrutinize and criticise. Dickens, in his last Christmas story, calls these seekers for lodgings "Wandering Christians;" it seems

to us the term, wandering Arabs, would be more appropriate.

Doors have opened to us as if we had a right to enter, and the look around the room revealed somewhat of this picture: Velvet or Brussels carpets, embroidered curtains, brocade furniture, and all the accompaniments; but added to this was a mother dressed in shabby attire, hair uncombed, without collar, and with ragged boots or slippers; the children with faces unwashed, with untidy garments, and a homesick look. There was no air of home about anything. And yet who doubts but velvets and ermines were waiting to be exhibited to the passers-by on the street, or to the church-goers on Sunday. Everything must be sacrificed to this ambitious desire for parade.

The worst feature of this system is its influence on the young. Girls cannot be expected to prefer home to every other place when it is not made attractive. Young men cannot be expected to stay at home from the opera or theater when there are no gleaming lights of social life within the four walls called home, neither silver chains of love to bind them and enchain them there. If we begin to estimate how many of our surroundings are necessary to ourselves, and how many are imposed by the expectations of our acquaintances, we shall find that the grand requirement that constitutes home—liberty—is wanting. Let us live according to the truest instincts of our natures. The bird knows how to build its nest, and shall we not know how to make a home, not according to a pattern arranged by another, but by the pure, artistic sense that would outwork itself if it had opportunity?

Notices of New Books.

"Talent alone cannot make a writer; there must be a whole mind behind the book."

THACKERAY, THE HUMORIST AND MAN OF LETTERS. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

This is a tribute to the memory of the distinguished novelist, which is published in advance of a more extended biography. It contains many pleasant anecdotes and reminiscences of a man beloved by his friends for his genial, cordial, impulsive nature. That part of the book which relates to his connection with America as a lecturer and novelist is interesting, as, also, the cause of the coldness which sprang up between him and Mr. Dickens. It is pleasant to know that it arose from no petty jealousy or envy, and that there was a cordial reconciliation before Thackeray died.

We give one anecdote from the volume. When Louis Blanc lectured in London, Thackeray attended, and Mr. Robert Bell. The latter was so unfortunate as to lose his watch by the hands of a pick-pocket. A few days after Thackeray invited Mr. Bell to dine with him. At the dinner-table Mr. Bell was rallied concerning an article that had appeared in the Cornhill Magazine then conducted by Thackeray, giving an account of a scene he had attended, given by Mr. Home. The next day a mysterious messenger arrived at Mr. Bell's and handed to him, without saying who had sent it, a box containing this note: "The spirits present their compliments to Mr. Robert Bell, and as a mark of their gratitude to him, they have the honor to return him the watch that was stolen from him." It proved to be a watch finer and richer than the one lost. Mr. Bell fixed on Mr. Thackeray as the generous donor, and wrote to him, "I don't know if it is you, but it is very like you." Thackeray, in reply, sent a caricature portrait of himself, drawn by his own hand, representing a winged spirit in a flowing robe, and spectacles on its nose. It was accompanied by the following note: "The spirit of Gabriel presents his compliments to Mr. Robert Bell, and takes the liberty to communicate to him the portrait of the person who stole the watch." The book gives a pleasant glimpse of a life full of interest as connected with the most distinguished literary persons of our age.

THE NEW NATION. This is the title of a new "political, military, and literary journal," which has already reached its fourth weekly issue. It is a large sixteen-page sheet, well printed, and ably edited.

Without the critical censoriousness of the Round Table, it possesses equal vigor, breadth, and acuteness. In its political bearings it is evidently favorable to Fremont, though awaiting the action of the People's Convention. One thing we observe, it opposes the holding of the Republican Nominating Convention at Baltimore, a step which has ever seemed to us as not less unwise than absurd.

Our readers will find an exceedingly liberal and tolerant spirit pervading the New Nation, and it fills a place in American literature heretofore unoccupied. It is published at 271 Broadway, for \$3 per annum; two copies, \$5.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for April has, as usual, choice and interesting articles, among which are "Fighting Facts for Fogies," by C. C. Hazewell; "The Wreck of Rivermouth," by J. G. Whittier; "Pictorial Ignorance," by Gail Hamilton, and "The Schoolmaster's Story," by A. M. Diaz; "The First Visit to Washington," by an anonymous contributor, is a graphic account of Secretary Chase's debut in that city. Mrs. Stowe continues her suggestive "House and Home Papers;" J. H. Lowell gives "The Black Preacher;" F. Sheldon, "Foquet the Magnificent;" and Fitz Hugh Ludlow gives his amusing experiences "Among the Mormons;" and "On Picket Duty," a stirring lyric, is followed by "Our Progressive Independence," by O. W. Holmes, and the usual reviews and literary notices.

The Emancipation Petition.

The petition to Congress for Universal Emancipation has already been presented with one hundred thousand signatures—sixty-six thousand women and thirty-four thousand men!

On the 15th of April it is proposed to send to Congress another installment of names, and the Women's National League are urging all friends of freedom—clergymen, and others—to circulate the petition. Our readers will, we trust, remember this work, and aid the movement by prompt and vigorous effort.

Persons and Events.

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

PERSONAL ITEMS.

—THE KING OF BAVARIA died on March 11. He is succeeded by his son, under the title of Ludwig II.

—REV. DR. BELLows has accepted an invitation to fill the pulpit of the late Rev. T. Starr King, of San Francisco, temporarily.

—COL. DAWSON's body was stripped and robbed of everything valuable. The fingers were cut off to get the diamond-rings upon them! This is the boast of the Richmond Examiner.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER has ceased to be the nominal, as he really never was the real, editor of the Independent, but continues to write for Bonner's Ledger. Theodore Tilton is now the Independent editor.—Home Journal.

—MR. EREN MERIAM, the well-known meteorologist, died at his residence on Brooklyn Heights on Saturday afternoon last.

—GENERAL ROSECRANS is a hard worker, and spends fifteen hours out of twenty-four in his office, regulating the affairs of the Department of Missouri.

—MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON has been compelled to relinquish several engagements to lecture in Western New York, in consequence of failing health.

—CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY celebrated his eighty-seventh birthday on the seventeenth instant.

—SELDEN J. FINNEY has left New York for Williamstown, Conn.

—M. ERNEST RENAN is about to bring out a popular edition of his celebrated "Life of Jesus," which will be sold at one franc, so as to render it within the reach of all classes. It is already in its eleventh edition.

—MRS. STUART, the wife of the famous rebel General J. E. B. Stuart, is living quietly at Georgetown, D. C., where she has enjoyed the society of her friends, unmolested, nearly a year.

—IT WAS denied some time since that Mrs. DOUGLAS was officiating as a clerk in the Treasury Department. The Washington correspondent of the Milwaukee Wisconsin says, however, that, "passing through the Treasury Department the other day, I met Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, who is filling the duties of a twelve-hundred-dollar clerkship in that department."

—PRINCE FREDERICK, of Schleswig-Holstein, is announced as a contributor to a London periodical.

—OUR friend, F. L. WADSWORTH, is in Geneva, O., at present.

—F. L. H. WILLIS continues his lectures at Clinton Hall, in this city.

—HENRY WARD BEECHER preached a sermon, last Sunday evening, on the necessity of civil enactments to put an end to slavery. He earnestly recommended the circulation of the emancipation petition in his congregation, and at the close a collection of about \$200 was taken up, to forward the work of the Woman's National League.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—THE handsome volume containing the autographs of all the Presidents, from Washington down to Lincoln, presented to the Albany Bazaar by Rev. Dr. Sprague, was sold a few since to Erasmus Corning, Jr., for \$150.

—THE New York Fair is to have its daily newspaper, with Mrs. Kemble, Mrs. Howe, and Mrs. Akers, and Messrs. Bryant, Halleck, Lowell, Bancroft, and Gen. Dix, among its contributors.

—THE temperature was so low at Suez in January that ice was formed—a phenomenon never seen before, and which greatly astonished the natives.

—AN extensive deposit of Asphaltum has been discovered near Buena Vista Lake. As it boils up to the surface its temperature is warm, and it is of the consistency of molasses, but hardens on exposure. Birds and small quadrupeds become entangled in the bitumen while it is in a semi-fluid state, and perish, being unable to extricate themselves.

—THE dry goods merchants of this city have given \$100,500 for our Sanitary Fair.

—A fine quality of salt is now made at St. Clair, Michigan, from rich brine found at a depth of six hundred and eighty-two feet.

—Recent experiments have proved that the center of the sun's disc not only radiates more light, but also nearly doubles the amount of heat that it does at its borders, and that the equatorial regions are hotter than those at the poles.

—THERE were five thousand two hundred and twenty-seven births, and two thousand three hundred and twenty-two marriages, in Boston last year.

—OVER 24,000 muskets were found on the battle-field of Gettysburg.

—THE lock of the cell in which John Brown was confined at Harper's Ferry has been sent to the Albany Fair.

—IN the grand exhibitions of electrical light from the State House in the city of Boston, Mass., it was estimated that the illuminating force of the carbon light could be rivaled only by that of several millions of candles shining unitedly along the same line.

—A London surgeon put a dog to sleep with chloroform, and taking out a piece of his skull, has inserted a watch crystal, through which he can see the changes in the brain produced by sleep.

Facts and Fancies.

"When'er a noble deed is wrought,
When'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, with glad surprise,
To higher levels rise."

There are some souls who are bound by the eternal laws which govern temperament and development to stand as leaders of mankind—as revelators of their inherent powers, as prophets of the yet To-Be, when mind shall become all-triumphant. These stand forth transfigured by their own interior light. Such are the Poets, Artists, and Philosophers of all time. Their utterances awaken echoes in those yet unsounded depths we knew not of, that answer back to those master-tones as "deep calleth unto deep." They help us to arise from the region of the selfish, the temporary and personal, into that of the impersonal and eternal.

We realize this when looking upon some poem on canvas, like Church's "Heart of the Andes," or upon Crawford's and Palmer's marbles, which overpower us with "thunders of white silence," or in listening to some rendering of Beethoven by sympathetic fingers, and have felt the soul rising into the region of pure beauty and harmony, until the electric flame divine, which ever burns and purifies in the burning, has quivered through our being till we were conscious of standing awed, reverent, breathless, in the very vestibule of Infinity. We waken to the consciousness that the Infinite is within us, and envelope and permeates all things, and that which so lifts us to the sublime heights of being is but a manifestation of the God which lives, moves, and breathes in each one of us.

This is the last, highest mission of Art. A poem, a picture, a statue, a fine discourse, moves us all to try and get in harmony with the Divine, so that its vital life may flow through that outward form we call ourselves, that each may add one tone, like a separate instrument of the orchestra, to the grand, eternal chorus, which is pealing through the universe.

Nor is the effect to be simply a vague yearning for beauty and harmony, for sentimental and poetic expression. The voluptuary may feel thus, and yet perceive only the image—not the soul—of Art or Philosophy. No, it is to be the revelator of the possible within us—within you and I, my Brother and my Sister—when our lives shall have become more beautiful than any statue or picture. It is to teach us that a germ lies enfolded in every human form, yearning, struggling for light and air; wakening to consciousness and grasping eagerly at anything its untold powers can catch: as a child, waking from slumber, reaches forth its little hands for—it knows not what.

Ah! we know toward what we must reach. We must first take hold of the fallen, ignorant, and suffering. And the more we feel the Divine within us uprising into harmony with the throbbings of the great heart of the universe, the more we must and shall feel that all injustice, sorrow, and wrong, under which any soul labors, affects the whole, and we cannot pause nor rest until all mankind are rendered conscious of their birthright.

Aye! that which makes you suffer, my more than friend—part of my being—be you black or white, bond or free, makes me suffer; that which elevates you, elevates all mankind in you. Therefore when we are moved to a broader conception of life and our relations to it; when the great soul brooding over us, flows into and overfills our being, we are made strong To-be and To-do.

This train of thought was first suggested by the lectures Mr. Finney has just been giving us. While so philosophical as to fuse in one glowing creable the thoughts of generations, each was a poem, which came in white heat from his fertile brain. Those who read them will have enough suggested as food for thought during the next century or so. But though Mr. Moore has faithfully rendered all that the most rapid pencil could transfix, it was impossible to follow his rapid utterances, save by thoughts as rapid.

THE POETRY OF MOTION.

We never realized the force of this expression so perfectly as on Saturday evening, the 19th of March, while witnessing the performance of Mrs. Plumb's classes in Light Gymnastics at the Cooper Institute, for the benefit of the Sanitary Fair. It was really the most beautiful scene of the kind we ever attended.

These classes numbered more than eighty, and were of all ages, from the tiny child of six or seven summers to the mature "fathers and mothers of families." The graceful, jaunty costumes, were modest and sensible, and, in some cases, elegant; but their greatest beauty lay in their perfect fitness for the use designed—viz., the free, unrestrained use of every muscle. Their evolutions were in marvelous harmony and time; and anything more inspiring than their rapid changes, accompanied by fine piano music, is not to be found elsewhere.

Some excellent remarks were made by a clergyman present, who declared that the time had passed by when Religion was dependent upon Dyspepsia, and stated that he had written much better sermons after attending the Gymnasium. He ended by saying that for Mrs. Plumb's energy in establishing this institution, so needed by women, children, and men of sedentary habits, she would not perhaps see a statue erected to her honor in Madison Square, but would have a dearer position—a niche in the hearts of her countrymen and women.

In fact, the time has come when all are compelled to acknowledge that it is the duty of every individual to obtain or preserve "a sound mind in a sound body." For this end, there is nothing like the cheerful, invigorating exercise, called Light Gymnastics.

THE SPRING.

In coming down Broadway, there is one spot where our feet always halt: it is a deep shop-window, whose clear plate-glass seems crystallized air, and the bottom of which is filled with freshest, greenest moss.

It must have been transported from some far-off country nook, where the sun shines lovingly down between dancing forest boughs, and flickers, alternate with shadows, on a brook which tumbles in tiny cataracts a little way off. On it are thrown, here and there, the tiny violet, which reminds you of a face you dearly love, "with look so like a smile;" the pansy, its richer, riper sister, and the calla-lily, that queen of all flowers, stately and superb. Then there is the mignonette and the heliotrope, whose delicate fragrance steals over you like the unpretending goodness of some souls whom you and I know.

The ragged urchin stops to take a peep at such beauty as he may never have seen before, and his tone towards his rude comrade softens unconsciously as he looks and fingers. The shivering, half-clad girl, presses her cheek against the cold pane; the poor old Irish woman and the hood-carrier finger by the side of some bedecked exquisite or some dainty dweller on Fifth Avenue—all distinction forgotten in the holy atmosphere of these "voiceless teachers." Thanks to the man who thus ministers to our higher tastes, and gives freely of that which can neither be bought nor sold.

This reminds us that soon in this latitude gardening must commence. Every woman who reads the HERALD, who has a plot of ground as large as her hand, is planning how she shall lay out and cultivate her garden. Stir up the ground with your own strength—if you haven't any, that is the way to get a little—and take your brothers and sisters, or your children, if you have any, with you. Have them know the nature, growth, and mode of cultivation, of each plant and flower which is the easiest to raise, and at the same time useful or beautiful. Teach them early to understand their habits and nature, as far as possible, and they will have such sympathy and love for Nature's great heart, whose throbs supply both plant and animal, that it shall be a "joy forever." They shall

"Know that Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the scorn of selfish men,
Nor greivings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us or disturb
Our cheerful faith—that all which we behold
Is full of blessings."

HELEN MAR.

Russian Emancipation.

Every evil omen in regard to the emancipation of the serfs of Russia has been put to shame. It is attested now that drunkenness has diminished and industry increased; no bloodshed has occurred, or excess worth mentioning. A general rise of land has taken place throughout Russia, and millions of serfs have already bought small farms, and the Government lends them money. More houses are built in one year than used to be in twenty. Produce is increasing, and consumption. Education is making great advances. Eight thousand peasant-schools have sprung to life.

Something like a constitutional government has commenced, the Emperor having given the order for district representations in portions of his empire. Mayors have lately been elected in Moscow and St. Petersburg, and something like town meetings are being held. Peasants' courts are coming into vogue, and better Judges are taking their places. Thus much has the fiat of one man done for a nation.

Can we not, in the light of this experiment, behold the future of our own nation, which has to rise, because of its freer institutions, through a severer test, to the same position of universal emancipation? Let us be inspired by this prospect continually.

THE GYMNASIUM EXHIBITION, by members of Mrs. Plumb's classes, at the Cooper Institute on Saturday evening last, was not only a complete success, financially considered, but a source of rare enjoyment to a crowded and very intelligent audience. Sixty or seventy persons, of different ages, from eight to forty years, took part in the exhibition, the platform being enlarged for their accommodation. It was a novel and beautiful spectacle, and the arrangements were in excellent taste. Pertinent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Crosby and Dr. John H. Griscom. Mr. Crosby bore testimony to the good effects of the light gymnastics upon himself. The exercises had given new vigor to his brain, so that lately he had written better sermons than usual. His congregation had noticed the improvement, and given him credit for it; but he took this occasion to say that the credit was all due to Mrs. Plumb and to the system of which she was the teacher! The exhibition, besides contributing so much to the pleasure of a large audience, will put not less than \$700 into the treasury of the Sanitary Commission.

Mrs. Plumb's Gymnastics.

On Saturday evening last the Cooper Union was crowded to witness the performance of sixty of the pupils of Mrs. Plumb's Gymnasium, who volunteered their services in aid of the funds of the Sanitary Commission. The net proceeds of the evening exceeded seven hundred and fifty dollars. The audience were in the best possible humor, the performers were perfect in their parts, and those who were not present missed a most picturesque and agreeable treat. We understand that the children will give another exhibition in the new building on Union Square during the Fair, and we advise those who have not witnessed the graceful exercises of the little gymnasts to be present on the occasion.

[Evening Post.]

Relations.

A LECTURE BY S. J. FINNEY, AT DODD-WORTH'S HALL, SUNDAY, A. M., MARCH 13, 1864.

(PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.)

The ability to properly adjust ourselves to the current rivers of universal energy is the great art of life. And this is the labor of all history. But whether we consider an individual or a nation, we find that it is in a state of constant unrest, disquietude, until it properly adjusts itself to the laws and primordial forces from the universe without and the universe within. I never read or think of the penances of the ancient anchorites but with a shudder of reverence. When I see them standing on their stone pillars, lacerating the flesh, starving the animal appetites, attempting to freeze the devil of passion out of the blood, or burn it out of the veins and arteries, I bow with reverence, not at this personal immolation of the external man, but before this tremendous faith in the capacity of man to adjust himself to the everlasting laws which they exhibit in this sad way. And I ask if this is not the art of life, if this is not what it means anywhere, everywhere, all over the world, all through the history of men and of nations.

If we consider modern Spiritualism, we see the same law manifesting itself in a different phase. A medium—what is it to be a medium for intercourse between this world and the Summer-Land? I answer, the power to adjust oneself to the down-flowing magnetism of the arisen generations, to interblend and interfuse the spiritual consciousness of man on earth, with the spiritual consciousness of the resurrected in the Summer-Land. Of course the absence of the consciousness of the nearness and presence of the blessed and beautiful ones there, is the result of our own want of adjustment to that world and its higher laws, and powers, and conditions of emotion and of thought.

This is evident if we look at the common affairs of life, at commerce, at mechanics, at industry in any phase, at agriculture or manufactures. If a man adjusts himself to the current of a river, if he properly adjusts his wheels, pinions, and pulleys, why, it does the work for him. If he truly relates himself to the magnetic currents and laws of the globe, they become his power-loom, weaving for the earth a garment of light. If he unites himself to any other fact or law of Nature, then he has the whole power of that law under command. He is not playing at cross-purposes with the eternal laws. He is not sailing across a tremendous current which takes more power than he possesses to make a straight wake, but he is harmonized with the currents of cosmic forces; he is sailing on the bosom of the great gulf-stream of God. He has "hitched his chariot to the stars, and the gods are doing his chores." But until he does this, he himself is frictioned—is at cross-purposes with these currents, these energies—and consequently is wearing himself out to no great purpose.

But, says one, if there be any God, what is the use of man's torturing himself with efforts to adjust himself to the laws of the universe? Didn't God build it just as he intended and desired it to be? And did he not make both man and his relations? and, if so, will he not see to it, that man, in spite of himself, shall get properly adjusted to these divine requirements? Possibly he may; I am not sure but he will. I am not sure but the bumps which the child receives when he gets his weight over the center of gravity is the divine method of adjusting that child until he learns to keep his feet poised centerward in accordance with that law. If it is found that getting beyond the center of gravity invariably results in falling; it is quite time that he should learn the limits of his liberty and voluntarily put himself into harmony with these laws. What virtue is there in man if he be simply a machine turned by an outside energy, which people call God, just as the crank of a grindstone if you turn it, will sharpen an ax? You are turned, you do not turn yourself. You front this way or that, because you are fronted, not because you have voluntarily faced this way or that. The Divine Spirit adjusts you only through yourself.

And it seems to me that this principle of relations has been sometimes sadly ignored by some Spiritualists. Some of those engaged in the more external forms of Spiritualism have been so careless about it, that they have got into a doctrine of passivity to all unseen magnetic and spiritual forces, losing sight of the principle of individual responsibility for their utterances and performance. I think there is no greater mistake for us than to adopt the notion of indiscriminate passivity to all unseen influences. Man is greater than circumstances. Circumstances are fragmentary—all the circumstances on the earth are fragmentary; they are only a piece of the universe, not the whole. Man, if he be an immortal, if he be susceptible of philosophy, must be a unit, must be the wholeness of things, gone into consciousness, and, therefore, greater than his circumstances. He is, therefore, superior to them, and is pitted against them. The balance of power is with him, if he will avail himself of the eternal laws, but if he ignore that balance of power, what then? Why, fire will burn him, frost will freeze him, lightning will strike him, the waves drown him, the passions will eat great rust-holes into him. He gets what he pays for, and nothing else; and Nature foots up this bill at the close of every chapter, or if it runs on credit, it is at compound interest upon compound interest. I think, therefore, it is quite important in this new movement that we discuss this ques-

tion of attitude—whether we are responsible for a true and proper relation to the laws and forces of the world, or whether we are not so responsible. If we are not, of course we are nothing but mere channels—mere automatic machines which move as they are moved. I know there is a small percentage of the large class called Spiritual mediums who really do not consider that they are responsible in relation to their capacity for adjustments to and use of these spiritual forces which inspire them, whether come from this or from the other world. History is one grand illustration of man's effort to harmonize himself and his aims with the laws and forces of the universe. And so true is the soul, so correct in its facts, so ineffable in its instincts and its intuitions, that if we are not properly related, either as individuals or nations, we are in a state of constant unrest; there is no satisfaction; we do not feel streaming into us full-toned harmonious life; we are restless, sleepless, and we have nightmares in the Church and in the State, in the family-circle and in society. We are pulled, and turned, and agitated, and beclouded; we cry, and laugh, and swear, by turns. And what does this mean? It means that though some portion of us may be thus properly adjusted, and in its correct attitude with regard to the sum of powers, yet that some part of us is not so adjusted, and hence that our being is playing fragmentarily, and is at loggerheads with the great objects of life.

I did not speak of the efforts of the ancients in themselves as permanent, but only as temporary and provisional. All the efforts of the nations are provisional and temporary. The truths which most of them have discovered are provisional truths—that is, half-views, not sum-total views of truth. Even if you take the clearest-minded, the holiest-spirited person, unquestionably the glimpses that such an one has are still somewhat fragmentary at the best. And though there is the consciousness of this unity of purpose in Nature—this capacity in man to feel and to incarnate that unity of purpose in life—yet how fragmentary, how piecemeal we live.

Our own personal private lives and experiences are illustration. Put your finger, if you can, upon a single individual, who, from the moment he began his career of business in life, made that business subservient, in all its ramifications, to a great unity of purpose, which, like a solid zone of light, runs through all his efforts, illuminating them and holding them together. Very few of us live in this divine sort. And yet we are tortured till we do. Both men and nations totter and totter about until their moral consciousness gains this mount of transfiguration. From this solitary and sublime light, alone, can we calculate our latitude and longitude.

God built the world for a great purpose, and it is only when men build society as God builds worlds that they merit or can receive the Divine approbation. And the Cause which appropriates or condemns is found in reason—the only common sense of the centuries. Once get out of place, and though you cannot tell how or where the fact is, your instincts and intuitions at once declare it to you; nor is there any more rest or peace until you are righted again. All the disquietudes of society are only so many signs of positions at sharp angles with the unitive aim and purpose of being. What mean the terrible pains and abrupt explosions, the scandalous breaches of conjugal fidelity, the frequent divorces and bitter animosities of domestic life? I answer: It means either that there are no true laws of natural marriage, whose observance would make home heavenly, or that, there being such laws, man has not found and adjusted himself to them. The first notion is blasphemous—its logic would be social ruin.

And this dissatisfaction comes as the sign of the fact that we are out of place—that our highest social attitudes are not yet attained—perhaps not yet attainable, at least not instantaneously. It is to be attained by hard work, by "carrying bricks, and mortar, and stone," by doing the dirty as well as the sublime work of the world—no, excuse me, there is no dirty work in the world. All work is sacred, because it is the effort of man to realize his whole-hearted relation with the universe. There is no work that is not sacred. From the blow of the wood-chopper to the finest strain of poetry, from the toil of the mother over the cradle of her sick darling to the finest conceptions of civilization, from the momentary pulsations of the heart to the grandest triumphs of justice in individual or national life, work is sacred. It is said that God is God by virtue of being the most public and constant toiler.

Let us look over life and see how we get thus out of place. I do not speak of you, only but at myself as well. How many of us have not felt—there is here one here, is there one in the world, that has not actually felt, at times, how poorly he has succeeded in keeping step to the music of the world? Where we ought to go forward, we retreat; we hesitate where we ought to be decided, we tremble at the application of the principle of justice, because we think the world is not ready for it. We shrink from the common-sense application of truth because it may hurt somebody; and we shrink still worse from living the truth because it may subject us to temporary or local inconvenience. We have a kind of compromising, political, scheming manner, which ill comports with the dignity and unity of life or the roundness of the world. We live for the moment, for the hour, not for the centuries and for immortality. Our politics have been carried on in this fashion until our tempo rizing policy has brought us into great straits of revolution, out of which if we get with a whole republic we may shout poems and wars

to mend our manners before the providence of events.

We have bought and sold fathers, mothers, and children. Northern cities have grown rich in the unpaid labors of the poor. The republic has nursed and defended with sword and halberd the man-stealer and the woman-scourger, until outraged justice makes a scourge of fire and grim ruin, and thus lashes the republic back to its first love—liberty for all. If only the whole people shall be thus brought to see that implicit obedience to the laws of justice is the only basis for lasting peace and security, it will prove a blessed baptism of fire.

I never scan my own life but I feel this most terribly, and sometimes most agonizingly. And oh! what prayers go up from the soul when it first awakes to the idea that by perfect obedience it commands the everlasting energies of the world as the exhaustless sources of power for personal growth toward perfection and purity of character.

"But," says one, "you lay a heavy responsibility upon man. We are inclined to believe that this burning and freezing is a divine process." Undoubtedly. If fire didn't pain when it burned us, if it did not disquiet us when we got out of true relation with it, it might annihilate us without our knowing it. Pain is the guardian angel fitly symbolized in that fabled angel with flaming sword turning every way to keep the way of the tree of life. Life is a unity. In man it rises into unity of consciousness; its aim is the superior condition of the soul in which the world within us and the world without shall become interfused, and have a common center of union. We start on the lowest plane of existence, on the circumference and boundary of being, there where the divine rays are congealed into forms, and thus, to gain the original estate of our spiritual atoms, and still preserve these forms, in which they cohere, we must toil upward with industrious steps toward the pinnacle of perfect harmony of character, and sweet, sympathetic union with the soul of the universe. A small point of light at first, the conscious intelligence sets forth in the great business of navigating the universe, of sailing the eternal seas on a voyage of endless discovery. This point of light is fed by the simple elements of truth that flow from the spiritual source of things; but they reach us externally and immediately at first through the physical energies, through our feelings, our emotions, and the pulsations of the blood. It ties us first to temporary sympathies, to transitory experiences, to the images of ideas. But as we expand, this central point of light becomes stronger and larger. It grows by absorption. The body that surrounds it gradually grows translucent as experience eliminates its opacity, until, at last, every ray of light and heat from the wide horizon around, and each spiritual idea from within, come into perfect union, making the head clear, the heart warm, and the life clean and blessed. The inner ideal, then clothing itself in the royal garments of private and public beneficence, seats itself on the throne of personal and social justice, and in the name of God, Liberty, and Fraternity, administers the affairs of the world.

Now the relation is two-fold. We want not only to put our spiritual powers into possession of the world and make it master of these circumstances around us, until they minister to a unitive and common life, a common purpose; but we want, also, in order to do this, this outward world itself which we thus master, to become the inspired form of the divine excellence and beauty. It must not lay out there an unmined quarry of objective diamonds. It must be wrought up into the essence of thought; it must become the power of the blood; and these outlying continents of rock, those broad, deep-toned seas, and the holy stars, with all their precious contents, must become, by translation, by spiritual chemistry, the wealth of the soul. In the human spirit the world yearns to become transfigured; while the spirit longs to clothe itself with the whole cosmos.

We can so adjust ourselves in these circumstances that not one of them shall play at cross-purposes with the aims of infinite and universal life, so that every one of them shall pour what power it has into the channel of our own life and career. This is a very great work. Immortal ages can alone suffice for its accomplishment. But this is no reason for not attempting it here. It is precisely the reason why no time should be lost in useless labors. With such an immense and divine purpose alone can we rise to the exercise of our whole nature and power. Such an aim will lift us out of our littleness, expand and warm our bosoms with divine fire, and carry us safely through or over all obstructions.

Suppose a person very strong in some special qualities, as the artistic qualities, but very weak in a living perception of the laws of justice—what will be the consequence? Will he be a very fine artist? He may throw his ideal conceptions as himself, if you please, upon the canvas, or incarnate it in a statue; but if that principle of justice be weak and faint in his policy, if it play a second part in his relations with the world, that very artist-life of his will be full of jars and discords and frictions.

So with the musical composer. It is necessary, in order to his perfect and whole-souled success, that he shall be properly related to this law of justice, law of balance, of equilibrium, of giving and receiving with the world around him, with the world above him, with the world within him. In order that he may attain his sublimest harmonies, in order that he may voice the grandest waves of celestial music.

Well, we are certainly free, free in this re-

lation, viz., the voluntary power to so adjust ourselves to the laws and conditions of life as to get the most out of them. And unless this power be strongly and steadily exercised no great success can crown our efforts. The fire will keep burning us if we continue to run into it. And what is the consequence? Experience. And it is the application of these experiences that secures that harmony which makes fire a servant and not a master; which subdues the frost, which incarnates the harmony of the stars into the order of society and families.

What are we trying to do, for instance, in the domestic relation, the relation of the sexes? What is it necessary for us to do? What is the unuttered thought and purpose in the bosom of each maiden and each young man when they seek companionship in the sacred and the holiest of human relations? I ask if it is not simply the effort to so adjust themselves to the laws of Love as to secure not only happiness to themselves, but also such harmony and unity and social life as shall accumulate virtue and strength and sweetness and power for the life of the world. And the result of this non-adjustment, of this want of proper attitude and relations to eternal laws, is seen in the discords of homes, of societies, of the nations. Look at your national institutions to day; what is the great lack there? I answer, the presence and influence of the other half of the world—woman.

Now this nation is agitated, tortured, torn, and bleeding, because it has not yet learned what is the proper attitude in the state of man and woman; because it has sacrificed the interests, the powers, the saving forces of woman to the dominance of mere coercive force in the state. That is the trouble with the nation to-day. Do you suppose that, had woman's voice been as distinctly heard in national affairs as man's has, had she been left with her soul untrammelled to lay her affectionate hand on the national authority, to modify the national laws, to attend to the national housekeeping, that this national housekeeping would have been in such a dilapidated, heterogeneous and anomalous state as it is to-day? Nay, verily.

Nor will this nation, or any other on the globe, have permanent peace until it has learned the proper attitude of success in the national life itself. Now what is the Spiritual or Harmonial Philosophy trying to do in this world? It is working with all its energies on the question of attitudes. Our Harmonial Philosophy aims at universal health. And what is health? It is that state of real harmony of body and soul, of individuals and of society, with the laws which build body and soul and true society. Obedience to the organic laws of physical, spiritual, and social nature, is the only safe attitude for the physical, spiritual and social man. To attain this attitude the world struggles through creeds, science, and revolutions: "Our Father who art in Heaven, [in harmony] * * thy kingdom come," is the prayer, uttered and unuttered, of all races and all ages. To attain this whole-hearted relation to the universe, is the great work of the centuries. And when this kingdom comes then comes peace, plenty, and happiness.

How difficult it is to get the sexes into perfect relations to each other. For centuries the world has rushed headlong in its career, careless of the highest interests of marriage. On low and sensual planes have the sexes met; with no knowledge of the true laws of marriage, until our pains and sorrows have become too terrible to be ignored longer. Now a new revelation of the laws of temperament which guide to true marriage breaks into our domestic darkness. In the fourth volume of the Great Harmonia you can find an almost perfect remedy for the ills and wrongs of present marriage. The seven temperaments present to us a scientific basis and suggestion for the true method of getting rid of our domestic evils. Relate man, as husband and father, truly, to woman as wife and mother, and the kingdom of harmony will have come. Our conjugal ills argue our conjugal misadaptations, and conjure us all to study the great laws of temperaments, as the primary saving power for these ills.

Marriage ought to be as much an object of science as mechanics; and yet, how many of us are engaged in this great business. And here must the work of adjustment begin. We may pull down all the mere external forms of wrong, but unless we guide the social vitality into purer and fresher channels, it is nearly null. It is a modern thought that marriage has its true laws, and may have its true science, as much as mathematics or chemistry.

True marriage is chemistry of hearts, and when its laws are once known and obeyed, all the departments of social life are regenerated; the perfection of individuals ultimately itself in the grand Social Harmonies. It is ascertained, by scientific experiment, that the power generated by the union of one pound of hydrogen with eight pounds of oxygen, is equal to the task of lifting forty-seven million pounds weight one foot high. But I think the proper union of man and woman in all the affairs of life would generate a power which would speedily lift the whole social world into the fair morning of an eternal millennium. Shall we apply science to the development of mechanics and the arts, and shall we not also to the development of social and conjugal life? Will we be told that marriage is too sacred for science? Then is life too sacred to be left in the hands of ignoramus, and should at once be recalled to God. And we are to begin by the education of our children. Thank God for the Children's Progressive Lyceums. It is one great step toward the function of social and personal regeneration. Let us clear the way for the coming "sons and

daughters" of a blessed future. Let us clear the pathway of the coming generations to Divine love, rolling like music through every avenue of their natures, pouring its celestial currents through the home and thence into the world, washing out its darkness and its passionism, and making one great, bright glorious, and blessed family of men and women, of societies and of nations. We may go to work at the present generation; we may pull down their old Dragons of superstition, knock off the fetters of political despotism; we may form and reform empires, but until we begin here, until we come up to the fountains of life, until we direct those streams in those channels that harmonize with the corresponding celestial currents, our efforts are comparatively abortive. Certainly it does not become me to complain of Iconoclasts, men who have been smiting idols for years; but certainly it does become me as well as the rest of us, after we have so smitten, after we have taken off these fetters, and cleared the rubbish from the path of men, that we do point the world directly to this great initiative step, necessary to the accomplishment of the harmonization of man and woman, of societies and nations.

Take astronomy, for example: We are trying to discover the order and harmony of the skies. But wherefore? Shall we not also imitate that sublime geometry in the social order? And when astronomy shall have accomplished its purpose, what must be the result? The stars will pour themselves through space with no sublimer sweep than they do through our intelligence. We shall learn through astronomy not only to calculate the distances and densities, the latitudes and longitudes of these teeming circles of suns with their attending planets and satellites, but we shall have done a vastly sublimer thing. The laws that make this order and this harmony so visible in this flaming geometry of God will make themselves visible in the conscious harmony of the soul of the world—will announce themselves, repeat themselves, incarnate themselves in the attitude of the individuals and of the nations of the world. Of what use is it to know that stars swing orderly in their orbits? Of what practical utility is it to us to question them, to read them, to understand them, unless it be that we learn to apply, through our voluntary powers, those laws so discovered to the equal harmonization of the daily life of man—of the universal man?

Well, we study the laws of chemistry, and what do we want to do? We find the laws of chemical affinity, and what is the object of finding out these laws? It is that we may relate ourselves properly to the elementary forces and spheres of the world. And when we do this, health is the consequence, so far as chemistry affects the life of man.

It advances the arts, the mechanical and the special industries of the world. And the first step is the discovery of the truth of these laws of chemistry. We wish also to incarnate the laws of science generally. We want a hierarchy of the sciences, and we want that hierarchy incarnated in the world arisen into the consciousness, taking possession of the daily life until it shall make life itself as spontaneously beautiful and sweet as it is in the universe around us.

It is said by modern scientists that you may light a jet of gas, putting over it a small cylinder of glass, and raise your voice through the various notes of the musical scale, and that, when you strike the key-note of that flame, it will sing responsive to your voice. So when the united souls of man and woman, when society, shall strike the key-note of God, the morning stars shall sing responsive to the hymn of a regenerated, harmonized, and beautiful human world; the coming years shall catch the pitch of Divine heroisms and chant one *te Deum laudamus* forever.

"Then shall we cease from all that is base and frivolous in our action," and not till then. And in this high estate shall we be able to "cease from weaving a spotted life of shreds and patches, and live with a divine unity of purpose" that shall "calmly front the morrow in the negligency of that trust which carries God with it," and so have all the attitudes and beatitudes possible in the bottom of its heart, and on the throne of life.

"Holy and pure the thoughts that then will waken
Within our spirit depths—unmoved before,
High thoughts and strong, like those by which
were shaken
Strongholds of evil in the days of yore,
Which, trembling, tottering still, will fall to rise
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