

THE

# S H E K I N A H ;

## Monthly.

DEVOTED TO

**The Emancipation of Mind; the Elucidation of Vital, Mental,  
and Spiritual Phenomena, and the Progress of Man.**

CONDUCTED BY BRITTAN & PARTRIDGE.

'I HEARD A GREAT VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, COME UP HITHER.'

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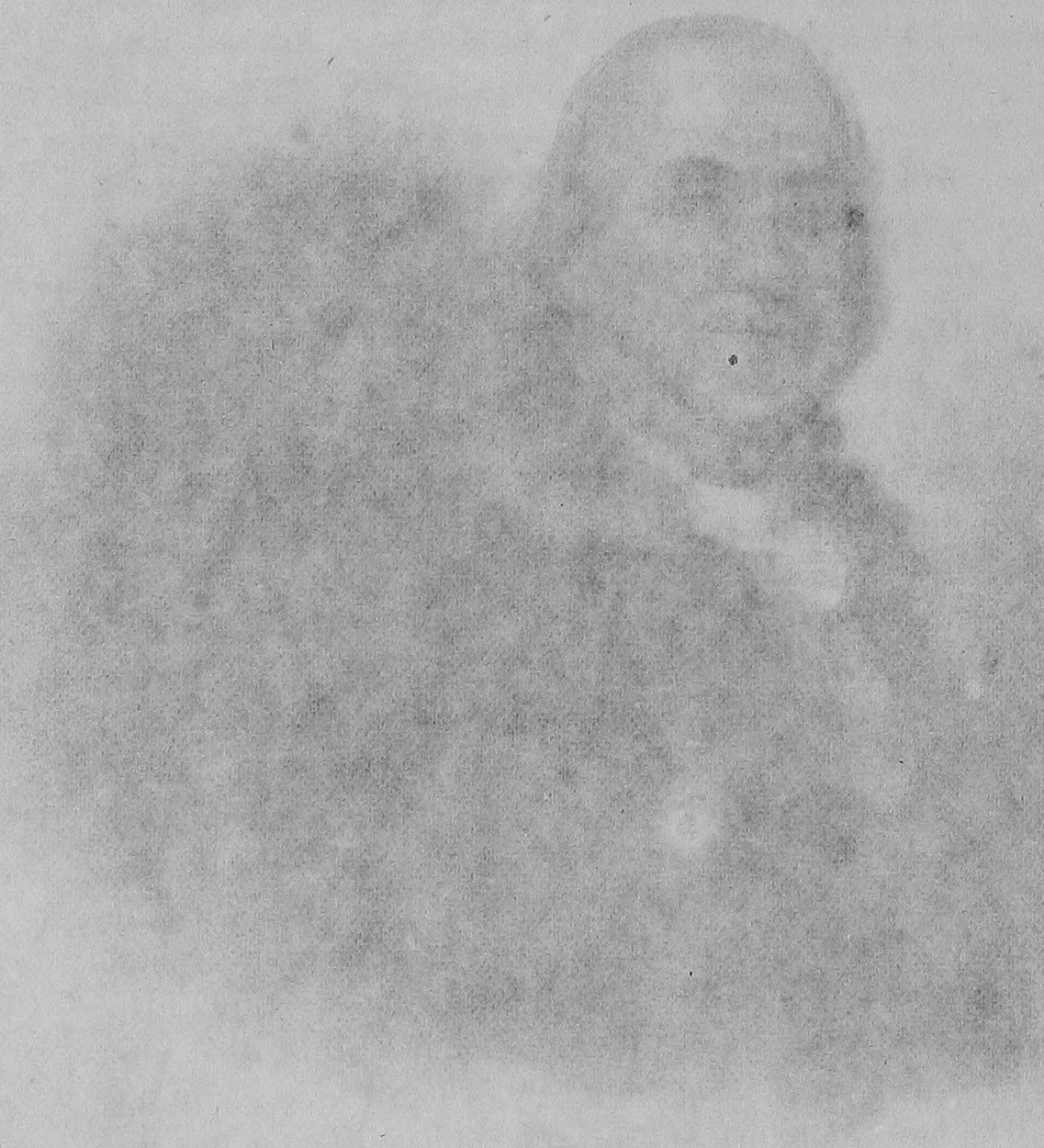
*Ben<sup>d</sup>. Franklin*





*Handwritten signature or name, possibly 'John C. Smith', enclosed in an oval.*

to be fond of books, at twelve he was bound an apprentice to



*Benjamin Franklin*



## BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

BY L. V. NEWTON, M.D.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, the subject of the following sketch, was born in the town of Boston, on the 17th of January, 1706. His father was a native of England, and emigrated to this country, with a wife and three children, in 1682. Twice he was married, and had seventeen children born to him in all, Benjamin being the last but two, who were daughters. The other sons having been disposed of to different trades, it at length became necessary to decide upon the future business of Benjamin. It was the wish of the father (who was a sound Presbyterian) to place him in the church; and, accordingly, he was sent, at the age of eight years, to a grammar school, in order to make a scholar of him. Franklin says he must have learned to read when he was very young, for he has no remembrance of the time when he was not able to do so. In writing to a friend, the late Daniel Webster has stated a fact of himself of the same kind. He knew not the time when he could not read his Bible, and supposed that he must have been taught very early to read by his mother. The boy remained at this school less than a twelve-month, for his father, fancying himself unable to accomplish the plan of education that he had proposed, removed him to a school of writing and arithmetic, where he might pick up as much useful knowledge of accounts as would serve to qualify him for the business of a tradesman.

At the age of ten he had finished his studies at the public school, and was taken by his father to help him in making candles and soap, and in running errands. With this kind of employment he was greatly disgusted; and, as he showed himself to be fond of books, at twelve he was bound an apprentice to

his brother James, who was a printer, and the proprietor of one of the two newspapers at that time published in New England. His new business he learned rapidly; read whenever he could find spare time; ventured to write poetry, in which he had some success in producing bad verses; and he endeavored to acquire a style of composition, by studying Addison, in an odd volume of the Spectator that he had become possessed of. The writings of Franklin have been universally admired, as well for their purity and simplicity of language as for the thoughts that they contain. It is probable that, next to his own natural good taste, he is indebted to that stray volume for the felicitous phraseology that distinguishes whatever he has written. His reading at this time also embraced Locke on the Human Understanding; Xenophon's Memorable Things of Socrates, from which he learned the Socratic method of arguing; and Shaftesbury and Collins, who completed the business of making a religious doubter of him. Another writer led him to renounce all kinds of animal food; and this he often found an extremely convenient habit when his funds would have denied him the luxury of beef-steaks and mutton-chops. But after his fortune had somewhat improved, and perhaps, also, his wisdom, he found as little difficulty in persuading himself to resume a flesh diet as he had before in being converted to a vegetable fare.

From the beginning, when he became conscious of the sweets of human applause, he disciplined himself in composition; and it is no wonder that his ambition should have prompted him to attempt an appearance before the public in his brother's paper. His communications were sent without a name, and he had the happiness to find them well spoken of by the literary characters that were accustomed to assemble in the editor's room for writing and criticising. However, he could not always keep his secret, and, at last, out it came. His brother soon after fell into the meshes of the law, in consequence of a libelous article that had been written by young Benjamin, and among the penalties that were imposed on him by the court, he was prohibited from publishing the "Courant." After canvassing various schemes by which he hoped to get around, if he could not get over the law, it was at last agreed that the indenture between



him and his apprentice should be cancelled, and that the boy of fifteen should be raised, *de jure*, to the rank of proprietor. As might have been expected, such an arrangement could not last long, for his brother and master still continued to exercise the right to punish; and Franklin, indignant at the rough treatment, and feeling that legal impediments had chiefly vanished by the new arrangement of affairs, resolved to escape from Boston clandestinely, and seek his fortune in another place. Through the aid of a friend, he got himself on board of a sloop bound for New York, leaving every body behind him in ignorance of his plans and purposes, and of the direction he had taken. Three days after, he found himself in a strange city, but unable to procure employment. Onward he pursued his way, amid great difficulties and discouragements, to Philadelphia, where he landed from a row-boat, in which he had taken a hand regularly at the oar, on a Sunday morning, wet, weary, dirty, and hungry, his pockets filled with soiled stockings and shirts, and his purse containing but a single silver dollar and a few pence.

Follow him up Market Street, and you see him presently enter the shop of a baker, where, making a compromise between the demands of his stomach and the narrowness of his means, he purchased three-penny worth of bread, which he describes as three great puffy rolls. He resumed his walk, carrying one roll under each arm, while he eat the other. It was in this trim that he was first seen by Miss Read, who afterward became his wife. She thought then, as any one else would have thought, that he cut a very ridiculous figure. Drifting about without any special object in view, he at length joined himself to a well-dressed people working into a Quaker meeting-house. He sat down, and soon fell asleep from very exhaustion. This was the first house that he entered in which he slept, in Philadelphia.

The next morning he made his toilet as well as he could, and presented himself at Andrew Bradford's, the printer. Bradford had nothing for him to do, but he told him that if he could get no employment from another printer, to whom he directed him, he might return and lodge with him until business should offer. In a few days he began to have work, though none of the best, and went to lodge with the father of Miss Read. Attention to



business and frugality very soon began to put money in his pocket, and accident made him acquainted with Governor Keith, who affected a great liking for him, and often invited him to his house. The governor proposed that he should set up printing on his own account, and, finally, offered to be at the expense of the outfit.

The scene now changes. We find Franklin, though still a boy, on board a vessel bound to London. He went, under the promises of Keith to furnish him with letters of credit, with the intention of purchasing the necessary materials for his office; but on reaching the place of his destination, he found that the governor was prodigal in promises, but poor in performances. The whole affair was a gross delusion; and the printer-boy was once more among strangers, in a strange city. But Franklin had not a spirit to break down under such a disappointment. He looked about, readily got employment, threw off his jacket, and went to work without murmuring. Having the ill luck to own a friend who endeavored to live by literary labor, he spent most of his leisure time and surplus money with him at plays and public amusements. Thus he just rubbed along from hand to mouth, and found himself all the while without the means of paying his passage back again to America.

At this period he published a pamphlet, which was a kind of reply to Woollaston's "Religion of Nature," that he entitled, "A Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain." The production gave him some consideration with his employer for the talent that it displayed, but he detested its principles. Nothing could be simpler now than his habits of living. He again undertook to get beforehand with the world. He drank in the printing-house only cold water, while all the other workmen drank, each, several times a day, a pint of ale. His example began soon to have its effect. Many of the men left off guzzling beer, and, like him, had hot water gruel sprinkled with pepper, with bread crumbled in it, and enriched with a morsel of butter. A porringer of this cost three-halfpence, and served as a breakfast for one person.

While he was working in London, among the other things



that he did was to teach, in a few hours, two persons whom he was acquainted with the art of swimming. This was considered a great feat then, though now it would be thought common enough. It brought him to the notice of some of the aristocracy, and Sir William Wyndham sent for him, and proposed that he should undertake to teach his two sons.

At the end of a year and a half he returned to Philadelphia, in company with a gentleman of that city, who had engaged him as a clerk. After a few months his patron fell sick and died, and thus that kind of business was suddenly ended with him forever. He had just attained his lawful age.

Franklin went back again to the printing-house; had very good work with one of his old employers, and continued with him for some time, in the chief management of the establishment. Bank-note making was not then so artistic as it has become since, and it was a practice for the several States to issue their own bills, which were printed by the common type printers. A job of this kind fell to him to execute for the State of New Jersey, and he contrived a copperplate press for it—the first that had been seen in this country. He also cut several ornaments and checks for the bills, and executed the work to the satisfaction of all parties interested. Here ends his labors as a subordinate.

In connection with Hugh Meredith, a fellow-journeyman, he had purchased types, a press, etc., and now began to work for himself. His toils were incessant, without any of the unhappy pride that prevents some men from laying their hands to every thing that they may have to do. His industry was not unnoticed, and his character and credit grew rapidly, as the fruit of his assiduity. But his partnership was not fortunate. Meredith was intemperate, and, of course, he was frequently idle. Besides this, his father had undertaken to furnish the necessary funds, and in this there was a disappointment. Franklin's friends assisted him, and, dissolving the connection with Meredith, he became the sole owner of every thing himself.

Being now about twenty-three years of age, and the editor of a newspaper, he began to appear often before his readers as a writer on public questions. People of character looked on him



as a rising man. He grew in favor with the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, and received public printing to execute, which, for him, at that time, was esteemed a great thing. To his other business he then added that of a stationer, and kept blanks of all kinds, parchments, papers, school books, and other such small matters. Gradually he began to pay off his debts for the printing-house. In order to secure his credit and character as a tradesman, "he took care not only to be in *reality* industrious and frugal, but to avoid all appearances to the contrary. He dressed plain, and was seen at no places of idle diversion; never went out a fishing or shooting; a book sometimes, indeed, debauched him from his work, but that was seldom and private, and gave no scandal." While, however, he was so intent on improving his material condition, he was by no means forgetful or indifferent about the improvement of his mind. A year or so before the time when he became a master, he had formed most of his ingenious acquaintances into a club for mutual improvement, which they styled a JUNTO. Franklin drew up the rules. They required that every member, in his turn, should produce one or more queries, on any point of morals, politics, or natural philosophy, to be discussed by the company; and once in three months produce and read an essay of his own writing on any subject he pleased. This body continued to exist for many years, during all of which time Franklin remained a member; and he leads us to infer that subjects of the highest political import to the province were often introduced there and discussed, until he was completely master of them: they were then transferred to a field where measures were vitalized by legislative action. The Philadelphia public library took root from this Junto. At the instigation of Franklin the members all stocked their books together, and he set out to raise subscriptions, with the view of making new purchases. The library was then opened for the use of members, and a small affair it was at first. Its usefulness, however, soon becoming apparent, it was augmented by donations; and now that same little nucleus is a library of at least sixty thousand volumes, and is one of the chief book-wonders of the nation.

While he was busy with the cultivation of his intellect, it



must not be supposed that he forgot the improvement of his moral qualities. He conceived the project of arriving at *moral perfection*. To this end he drew up a schedule of the virtues, and gave to each one a precept that should serve him for a definition. Thus, the fourth one was *Resolution*, the precept of which was, "Resolve to perform what you ought: perform without fail what you resolve." All these virtues he tried to practice, with the aid of a systematic plan, for many years of his life; and he says, that though "on the whole I never arrived at the perfection I had been so ambitious of obtaining, but fell far short of it, yet I was by the endeavor a better and a happier man than I otherwise should have been if I had not attempted it." But this plan of promoting virtue he proposed to extend to others as well as to himself; and, to accomplish by united means what he could not by individual effort, he projected an *United Party for Virtue*, by forming the virtuous and good men of all nations into a regular body. We present a sketch of a creed that he prepared, to show what his religious opinions were at that time, he being then about twenty-five years of age: "That there is one God, who made all things. That He governs the world by his providence. That He ought to be worshiped by adoration, prayer, and thanksgiving. But that the most acceptable service to God is doing good to man. That the soul is immortal. And that God will certainly reward virtue and punish vice, either here or hereafter."

We have been somewhat circumstantial in presenting his character, that it may be seen *what* he was at the time he had grown up and was ready to spread his sails on the broad sea of the world, and, as far as possible, *why* he was so. We have wished to exhibit both his habits and his sentiments—his chances for a prosperous voyage, and the risks he ran of foundering.

At the age of twenty-seven he began to study languages, and soon obtained a tolerable knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish, and finally of Latin. At thirty he was chosen clerk of the General Assembly. At thirty-one he was appointed deputy postmaster-general, which, though a post that did not directly contribute much to his profit, yet afforded him facilities for improving the condition of his newspaper. He now proposed re-

forms in the city administration. He obtained an improvement in the night watch; he organized a system of mutual assistance in the extinguishment of fires, which exists to this day. There being no provision for the complete education of youth in Pennsylvania, in 1743 he drew up proposals for establishing an *academy*, which, meeting with so much encouragement, was at length raised to the rank of an *university*, and is now the University of Pennsylvania. He recommended a voluntary system of *military defense*, managed to get a militia law passed, and took a very active part in having it carried into effect. Somewhat later in life he was appointed to the rank of a colonel, and actually did duty as such in the interior of the State, where the people had been harassed and murdered by the Indians. His importance had now become such, that the governor and council took him into their confidence, and consulted him often on public measures. At that period he invented an open *stove* for the better warming of rooms, and at the same time saving of fuel, and this stove is still very much in use in many parts of the country where wood is chiefly burned. Feeling himself growing easy in his worldly circumstances, and public trusts and honors being so freely showered on him, he took a partner in the printing-office, and thus secured time for such other employments and pursuits as were most agreeable to his tastes. And here, before taking leave of the printing establishment, we ought to record, what we have omitted in its proper place, that he commenced, soon after setting up for himself, the publication of an almanac, which then and since enjoyed a great reputation for its easy and pleasing manner of teaching worldly wisdom. The proverbs of Poor Richard have a celebrity that is as widespread as the language in which they are written.

Franklin, at the age of about forty, was elected an alderman, a member of the Assembly, and was made by the governor a justice of the peace. He was the chief agent in founding the Philadelphia Hospital: he first obtained subscriptions from private individuals, and then managed to get a bill of incorporation, that conditionally conferred an additional sum of money, passed through the Assembly. Philadelphia was neither swept, paved, nor lighted, until Franklin effected all these improvements. His



busy mind never rested. His labors were constant to improve the condition and conveniences of men around him. He never felt that he had done enough as long as any thing remained still to do. He looked to small matters as well as to great. In 1753 he was appointed, with another gentleman, joint postmaster-general of the colonies; and from his superior management of the affairs of the office, what had before yielded no revenue to the crown, was made to produce three times as much as the post-office of Ireland. Some years after, he was removed by the political animosity of the ministers in England, because he was too much of an American, and the income from this source immediately fell off to nothing again.

In addition to his civil labors, he rendered essential service to General Braddock, who had lately arrived in the colonies with an army from England. Braddock wished to reach Fort du Quesne (what is now Pittsburg), but was unable to procure the necessary means of transportation. Franklin undertook the business for him, and in a few days he had induced the country people of Pennsylvania to come forward with wagons and horses quite sufficient for every purpose of the army. He had, however, made himself personally responsible for the value of such of the property as might be lost during the campaign, and as the expedition had a disastrous termination, and all the wagons and horses were left behind, Franklin was peremptorily called upon for the indemnity. The government at length investigated the claims, and relieved him from the embarrassment in which he had generously become involved. This war made him a military man, and he found himself, a fresh-water soldier, at the head of a command, marching in mid-winter into the country to relieve the people from great terror and distress, occasioned by the savages who were burning houses and murdering the inhabitants.

Pennsylvania was at that time a proprietary government, and the proprietors, who chiefly resided in England, refused to submit to the general taxation proposed by the Assembly. Long disputes ensued, and after all hope of coming to an understanding had been extinguished in the province, it was determined to send an agent to London, who should lay the whole subject be-



fore the ministers of the crown. Franklin was selected for this business, and he sailed for the mother country in 1757. To aid his position, he published a considerable volume, written, it is said, with great ability, entitled a Historical Review, which ultimately secured a triumphant issue to his efforts. The general satisfaction that he gave in conducting the negotiation, and in managing the case, caused him to be appointed the agent also of the provinces of Massachusetts, Maryland, and Georgia.

Harvard University and Yale College, some time before he went abroad, had conferred on him the degree of Master of Arts. In England, the Scotch Universities and Oxford made him a Doctor of Laws, and the Royal Society elected him a fellow, without the customary charges.

In 1762 he returned to America, but new troubles springing up between the province and the proprietaries, the Assembly resolved on petitioning for the establishment of a regal government, to supersede the proprietary one, and in 1764 Franklin was again appointed foreign agent for the Assembly.

This may be reckoned a new era in the life of Dr. Franklin. His public employments were now about assuming a great increase of dignity and gravity. The troubles between the proprietary interests and the General Assembly of a province, were ready to be lost sight of in the quarrel rapidly rising between the mother country and her North American colonies. The project of the celebrated *Stamp Act* the British minister had communicated to the American agents in London. America took the alarm, and refused to be taxed, unless it was done in a constitutional manner. Franklin was constant in his opposition to the measure, and the act, which was passed in 1765, was repealed in 1766, before it had been carried into effect. It was at this juncture that he was examined before the House of Commons. The firmness, readiness, precision, and epigrammatic simplicity of manner with which he replied to the questions, mostly put by his friends, were so striking, the information he communicated was so varied, comprehensive, and luminous, on all points of commerce, finance, policy, and government, that the effect was irresistible. Up to the year 1775 he was in almost daily communication with the leading personages of the king-



dom, and from time to time warned them of the danger of the course they were pursuing toward the colonies. His fidelity to his constituents was never shaken, by either the seductive hopes of reward that were held out if he changed his policy, nor by any dread of punishment with which he was menaced. His patriotism was always equal to any emergency. One of his last public acts, before leaving England, was to present the petition of the first American Congress; and he attended behind the bar of the House of Lords when Lord Chatham proposed his plan of reconciliation. In the course of the debate, that distinguished man described him as "one whom all Europe held in high estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; who was an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature." Being in danger of arrest, for fomenting rebellion in the colonies, he embarked for home, and was directly after elected by the legislature of Pennsylvania a delegate to Congress.

The whole of his time was devoted to the public business of the new nation that was just coming into existence. In October, 1775, he was appointed, conjointly with two others, a committee to visit the American camp at Cambridge; the object of which was to persuade the troops to continue in the field, and persevere in the cause of their country. He was afterward sent on a mission to Canada, with the hope of uniting that country to the common cause. This attempt was unsuccessful. At length the grand question of independence was introduced into Congress, and Franklin used all his great influence to put down opposition, and bring about that momentous event. In the latter part of 1776, Dr. Franklin, now in his 71st year, was dispatched to France, as one of three commissioners, to obtain from the European powers arms and ammunition for the use of the army. He was privately received with the warmest demonstration of regard and respect by the French minister for foreign affairs. The capture of Burgoyne decided the French government, which had at first shown a disinclination to take an open part in the conflict, and a treaty of alliance was forthwith entered into, between his most Christian Majesty and the thirteen United States of North America. A French historian, describing the first appearance of Franklin at the court of Versailles, says, that



he was presented to the king "by the Count de Vergennes, minister for foreign affairs. On this occasion he was accompanied and followed by a great number of Americans and individuals of foreign states, who were collected together by curiosity. His age, his venerable appearance, the simplicity of his dress on such an occasion, every thing that was either singular or respectable in the life of this American, contributed to augment the public attention. Clapping of hands, and a variety of other demonstrations of joy, announced that warmth of affection, of which the French are more susceptible than any other people, and of which their politeness and civility augments the charm to him who is the object of it."

Dr. Franklin remained in France as minister plenipotentiary until the close of the war; when, at his strong solicitation, he was allowed once more to return to his own country, that was now free and independent. On the 14th of September, 1785, he landed again in Philadelphia at the foot of Market Street, where he had landed about sixty years before, under circumstances how wonderfully different! Then, tired, hungry, dirty, poor, and friendless—now he was received with the acclamations of an immense number of the inhabitants, who flocked from all parts to see him, and conduct him in triumph to his own house. The writer of his memoirs, in describing his arrival, says: "The cannon and the bells of the city announced the glad tidings to the neighboring country; and he was waited on by Congress, the University, and all the principal citizens, who were eager to testify their esteem and veneration for his character. His entry into Philadelphia resembled a triumph; and he traversed the streets of that capital amid the benedictions of a free and grateful people, who had not forgotten his services."

Soon after Dr. Franklin's arrival in Philadelphia, he was chosen a member of the Supreme Executive Council of that city, and shortly thereafter was elected president of the State of Pennsylvania, which office he filled for three years. One of the last services he did in a public capacity for his country, was done as a delegate from Pennsylvania to a General Convention of States, which formed the Federal Constitution.

There is one feature in the life of Dr. Franklin that we have



not, in our hasty sketch, attempted to present. We have endeavored to show him as a philosopher in morals and in politics—to complete the picture that we proposed to draw when we began, we have only now to exhibit him in the character of a philosopher in the great domain of nature.

About the year 1747, for the first time, his attention was attracted to the subject of electricity, by witnessing, while on a visit to Boston, some experiments that were made by a Dr. Spence. It happened, also, that Mr. Peter Collinson, a friend residing in London, sent to the Philadelphia Library an electric tube; being simply a tube of glass, that, on rubbing, manifests signs of electric excitation. Franklin immediately commenced a series of experiments, and in a very short time the world was astonished at the results. To that time, all that was known of this wonderful agent, in the operations of nature, consisted merely in a few isolated facts that had no practical value. Certain remarkable phenomena, in the earliest times, had been observed on rubbing amber and some other particular substances, but the facts had not been accounted for, and philosophy had not yet been invoked to furnish a solution of the mystery. What Franklin found a poor collection of amusing and curious natural manifestations, he erected into the dignity of a science. His experiments were numerous and ingenious, and from time to time he forwarded an account of them to Mr. Collinson, who, being a member of the Royal Society, gave them considerable publicity among the philosophers of England. The first impression that he made in the company of the learned, was that of ridicule and pity. The record of his experiments seemed to be only idle extravagance; and especially did it appear to be so when the experiments were made by an unknown man, among the far-off wilds of America.

He first discovered the power of points in drawing or in giving off electricity. He made the discovery, that has been generally accepted by electricians, of *positive* and *negative*, or plus and minus electricity. The doctrine of Du Faye had supposed two kinds, the one *vitreous* and the other *resinous*. The English have claimed the discovery for Dr. Watson, but all the learned world is nearly agreed that the honor belongs to Franklin. This



doctrine of plus and minus enabled him to explain, in a simple manner, the phenomena that had been noticed respecting the Leyden phial. He demonstrated that the jar, when charged, contains no more electricity than it did before, but that what one side has gained the other side has lost; and that to discharge it, it is only necessary to bring the two sides in communication with each other, when the equilibrium is instantaneously restored, and no further signs of electricity remain. He furthermore showed that the electricity in a charged phial resided in the glass and not in the coating, as was at first supposed.

In 1749, Dr. Franklin first proposed to show the identity of lightning and electricity, and he suggested that it might be done by raising toward the clouds a pointed iron rod from some high elevation. This method he was not able at that time to put to the test of a trial, but in 1752 a Frenchman made the discovery that Franklin was in pursuit of, by the means which he had originally described. Franklin, however, had found another mode of exploring the skies, wonderfully simple in itself, yet showing the very highest order of mind in the conception of such an apparatus for his investigation. About a month later than the experiment was made in France, the celebrated *electrical kite* was first sent into the air. He had the happiness to find that his theory was verified. He drew down the lightning from the clouds, and performed the various experiments that were commonly performed with frictional electricity. The trial was complete—the Philadelphia philosopher had well won a place among the most learned societies of Europe. Everywhere his experiments were repeated with amazement and delight, and his name was soon familiar to all ranks and conditions of men, from the king to the peasant. Envy, always base, raised her head and endeavored to wrest from him the honor to which he was entitled, by claiming the credit for others. But it was not difficult to establish rights so substantially founded as his. History did him justice. The high distinction was awarded to him of being the first of living philosophers; and when, some years afterward, he went to Europe, he was everywhere received with the most flattering marks of respect and esteem, for his worth and his modesty.



Franklin's labors in science did not end with his kite. Whenever he made a discovery, he endeavored to apply the newly-acquired knowledge to some useful purpose. He had discovered the power of points to draw or discharge electricity, and having found that the thunderbolt of the skies was only the electricity of the laboratory, he was led to the inference that rods raised in the air over buildings would preserve them from the destructive stroke. Thus, now lightning-rods are at present an almost necessary fixture of houses standing alone in the country, and of the tallest houses in cities. His letters are full of hints, and facts, and experiments, that showed the fertility of his mind in ideas of a philosophical nature, and in adopting means to the end in view, while prosecuting his investigations.

Two different kinds of electricity had been observed, years before, by Mr. Du Faye. It appears to have been discovered a second time by Franklin's friend, Mr. Kinnersley. These results were obtained by rubbing glass and sulphur. The one kind Du Faye called *vitreous* and the other *resinous* electricity. Philosophers had undertaken to account for the difference, by assuming that it was dependent on an inequality in the quantity of electricity collected. Franklin took up the examination of this subject, and very soon ascertained that the two electricities of Du Faye were the *positive* and *negative* states which he had already noticed; that glass charged the prime conductor *positively*, or increased the quantity of electricity, while sulphur charged it *negatively*, or diminished the quantity.

In the month of September, 1752, Franklin undertook to ascertain whether the clouds were in a positive or in a negative state. It was accomplished by a process that was simple in the extreme. He erected an iron rod, with which he drew the lightning down into his house. When a thunder-cloud passed over, a Leyden bottle was attached to the rod, and it was charged with electricity. Another bottle was charged also, by means of a glass machine, and which, therefore, from former experiments, he knew was charged positively. The two bottles being placed side by side, and the pith ball suspended between them, he had a demonstration that they contained the opposite electricities, by the rapid motion of the ball between the two, showing at-



traction and repulsion. The conclusion from all his experiments was, that generally clouds contain negative electricity, but that occasionally they are in a positive state. He deduced from this discovery, that usually, when there is a flash of lightning, the fluid passes into the cloud from the earth—the electricity of earth being nearly always plus; and he furnished a very ingenious hypothesis to explain how the clouds acquired the negative condition, but we have no room in this sketch to do more than merely thus refer to it.

He afterward commenced a series of experiments with electricity in the treatment of human diseases. Another experiment, in which he made water a conductor, was thought to be very curious at the time, and it is possible may some time not remote be practically illustrated by an electric telegraph between the American and European continents. He passed a current of electricity across the river Schuylkill, employing the water as means of transmission, and ignited spirits that had been placed in the circuit to test the electric energy.

Dr. Franklin's thoughts were by no means confined to electricity. While he advanced in this science far beyond his contemporaries, and had poured on it a flood of beautiful light, he was engaged at the same time in investigating the enigmas of nature in all her other realms. He interrogated the air and the ocean. Whirlwinds and water-spouts, atmospheric changes, the temperature of the sea, tides, improvements in navigation, in the mode of propelling vessels and building them, light, heat, magnetism, and, certainly not least of them all, the art of building chimnies to prevent smoking, and the mode of constructing stoves for saving fuel and giving heat, were among the innumerable subjects that occupied his thoughts, and on which he reasoned and theorized like a great and profound philosopher.

Franklin's letters on electricity have been translated into most of the languages of Europe, and into Latin. The opposition which at first was raised to his theories long since died out, and the Franklinian system is now universally adopted wherever science is cultivated. For twenty years he resided in Europe, and during all that time he was the idol of the philosophers. On the 17th of April, 1790, his spirit passed from this

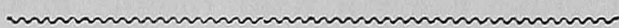


life to the next, remaining to the last hungering and thirsting after the knowledge which makes men here but little lower than angels.

If we have succeeded in accomplishing what we proposed when we began this rough picture, we have drawn the outlines of a man who was both great and good. In the early part of his life he was inclined to doubt in revelation, but there is every reason for thinking that afterward he became an earnest believer. For sects in religion he had never any respect, but he thought that there was good in all of them, and he desired to see a universal brotherhood of Christians. He would have had on earth the good-will and the unity of heaven. His heart was filled with benevolence for men of every kindred and tongue, and his whole life was a labor for promoting the welfare of all the children of Adam. In his living he was abstinent and systematic; in business he was industrious. Being free from pride, he saw a dignity in human toil. In disposition he was mild, amiable, and modest, without affectation. But being conscientious, he was as firm as a rock when he was contending for great principles that involved his own character, or the honor and happiness of others. Having an end to accomplish, he shrank from no effort to perform it. While maintaining the political rights of the colonies, he never grew weary or faint at the opposition he encountered; while sustaining the cause of the Revolution, neither the personal danger that he incurred, nor the seductive promises of reward with which he was tempted, could shake his patriotism. In that great crisis his country relied on his integrity, and it found him always true to the trust. In debate he said but little, but he always spoke to the point; he wasted no words, but he furnished a profusion of facts and reasons. In society he was always cheerful, familiar, condescending, and instructive. Take him as a whole, it is rare to find such a combination of excellent qualities in one person. He was, in the highest meaning of the word, a philosopher. Seeking forever and everywhere for knowledge, he sought it only for the uses to which he could apply it in the affairs of men. He united to knowledge those practical applications of it, which alone can make it wisdom. He never buried his tal-

ents, but increased them for the benefit of others. He strove to add to his own acquisitions, not for vain displays, but to enlarge the moral and material enjoyments of his race.

Such was the character of Dr. Franklin while on earth. Has his character changed by a translation to the skies? Is he not still that great and benevolent spirit that he was while here? With a genius that saw far into the secrets of nature, though he was still fettered by the grossness of this life, now that he has been more fully developed in the land of spirits, would he not still ponder on the mysteries of creation, and long to serve the world that he had left behind him? In the so-called spiritual revelations, that are at present exciting with some, ridicule and contempt, and with others, astonishment and the highest human happiness, we are assured that *he* first worked out the problem by which the beings of heaven can communicate with the beings of earth through the potential agency of magnetic forces. What spirit that has gone heavenward would be more likely to have accomplished it? He labored long and well for the world while in it, and now that he is beyond it, may we not hope and trust that his labors have not ended, and that all mankind will yet have stronger reason to rejoice that God has formed such a MAN?



LOVE.—The etymology of this word renders it expressive. It is said to be derived from the Teutonic *leben*, to *live*; thus it properly represents the vital principle—the spirit that has power to quicken our spirits, and by its own energy to impart the life that is all divine. If we have no Love, Faith and Hope are as nothing. These, and all else combined, form but the skeleton of godliness without the indwelling Divinity. LOVE must breathe upon it, that the dry bones may live and be clothed with immortal ligaments. That which is most excellent in itself, most beautiful in the true ideal of the perfect Man; that which is most *Godlike*, is LOVE perfected in WISDOM.

S. B. B.



## LINES TO MRS. MARSH.\*

BY HENRY CLAY PREUSS.

It was, if I mistake not, one of the "wise saws" of the old-school critics, that blank verse was exclusively adapted to the Iambic measure, containing five feet in each line. The following poem, being written in *anapastic* blank verse, may be deemed as somewhat of an innovation upon established precedents.

It is a generally admitted fact, that blank verse has developed, in a peculiar manner, the inherent beauties and massive grandeur of our Anglo-Saxon tongue; why, then, may I ask, is it allowed less latitude of measure or versification than that "monotonous jingle" called rhyme? The success of the experiment, for such these lines may be termed, is referred to the better judgment of the reader.

The leading idea developed in this poem is, that the *Present's Ideal*, is nothing more than the *Real of the Future*; for example: in the year 1752, some individual announced the discovery that mind could communicate with mind, thousands of miles apart, and in the space of a few minutes; this, of course, was classed with the vagaries of poets, romancers, or more probably, of lunatics. In the year 1852 the above discovery has become a plain, ocular, practical fact. Was not the Ideal of 1752, the Real of 1852? and will not this example apply as well to the Moral as the Material World? Nay, is not the Material but a type, or foreshadowing, of the Moral, or, if you please, the Spiritual World? And is not the sublime Law of Progress the golden key which is to unlock the great Temple of the Universe, and reveal its "many mansions" to our entranced vision?

A few words more, in reference to *Mrs. Marsh*, to whom this poem is addressed: There is a peculiar charm about this lady's

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\* Fair Authoress of "Angela."

productions—a soft, cheering sunshine of the heart, originating from an enlightened system of religious principles, and appearing still more beautiful by contrast with the Gothic gloom of the old theologies, and the deadening Upas breath of modern Materialism. May we not hope that it is writings such as these which are preparing the public mind for the ushering in of the glories of the *New Era*?

TO MRS. MARSH,

A VOICE, FROM THE LAND OF THE SETTING SUN, SENDS GREETING:

'Neath the primeval shade of the solemn old woods,  
Where the dead leaves, like ghosts, chatter shrill on the wind;  
On the wide ocean prairie, Eternity's image,  
All flooded in flow'rs, where the red dying Sun  
Sinks down in his grave of billowy grass—  
A Dreamer was dreaming his idle dreams,  
Fantastical forms of the Ideal born,  
And unfitted all, for the uses of life—  
'Till thou, weird sister, didst breathe o'er his soul,  
And touched into being, as sun on the buds,  
Unnumbered creations that slumbered within.  
In thine "Angela," lady, the poet-youth found  
Consummate Ideal of his heart's early dreams,  
Combination of all that is perfect on earth.

The lily so pale, in the merciless blast  
Surviving the wreck of the proud monarch oak:  
*Love*—lighting its torch in the midnight of death—  
Shining on through the ashes of mortal decay,  
'Till it opens its luminous path to the skies!  
A nature so pure in its own virgin worth,  
That it seemed like a mirror, but formed to reflect  
The stars, and the flow'rs, and the pure things of earth:  
A woman's weak frame, but a soul set within,  
Whose stern sense of justice would yield up the last  
Red drops of her heart, to do that which was right!  
And holier, heavenlier far than all these,



A faith to move mountains! a firm trust in *Him*—  
 Rock of Ages—last hope for the shipwrecked of earth!  
 Such, such was the picture all radiant and warm,  
 From thy creative mind, sister spirit, which burst,  
 Like a sunbeam of joy, on the Dreamer's sad dreams!  
 And while his rapt soul drank in the deep truths,  
 Gleaming up from this spiritual well of the mind,  
 Oh, then woke the thought—most redemptionable thought!—  
 That Love, Truth, and Virtue was not a mere dream:  
 That the warm sense of Beauty which kindles our souls,  
 And the yearning for Love that oppresses our hearts,  
 And shapes of things perfect we see in our dreams,  
 Were not given all as mere playthings for babes,  
 Or jugglery tricks, making life but a farce.  
 No, no! 'twere impeaching the wisdom of God—  
 'Twere a mockery far too cruel for man:  
 Ah, no! there's a deep *under-current* in things,  
 A purpose unrav'ling its threads every hour;  
 The visions we deem now too perfect to dream,  
 Shall become as our household companions ere long;  
 And this the great truth to be taught in our times:  
 These yearnings within are not things for a dream,  
 But should become part of our every-day life;  
 And the Present's *Ideal*, though fanciful deemed,  
 Is surely the *Real* of what is to be;  
 And it is with ourselves—by the power of *Faith*,  
 And the power of *Will*, and the power of *God*—  
 To marry th' *Ideal* to its Bridegroom the *Real*!

So let this, our blazoned insignia be,

“*God, and our own Will!*”

O glorious motto!

Motto most worthy to grace the escutcheon

Of hero, of saint, or philosopher:

“*God, and our own Will!*”

An “army with banners!”

More terrible far than the legions of Hell!

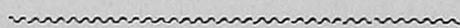
“*God, and our own Will!*”

A watchword of might,  
 And heraldry sublime of Eternity's heirs,  
 Lifting up the low plebeian—poor flesh-chained of earth,  
 To the title of *Lords* in the peerage of Heaven!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oracular soul! let thy teachings go forth  
 On the wings of the wind to illumine the earth;  
 Oh, deeper, still deeper, dig down in that mine,  
 Whose depths are so fraught with the jewels of truth.  
 Why, the seeds of thy thoughts would grow out upon rocks,  
 And cause e'en "the desert to bloom as a rose:"  
 Apostles of Virtue, of Beauty, and Truth,  
 They will preach their high mission to millions unborn—  
 They will serve in the cause of the poor fainting soul,  
 As a saber of fire in the battle of life!  
 And, oh, in this midnight of doubt in the mind,  
 When the God-given Faith of our Fathers grows dim,  
 May the teachings like thine find a home in each heart,  
 And bring back the "*Light*"\* to the souls that are blind!

WASHINGTON, D. C., *August 25, 1852.*



TRUTH.—We know of nothing higher than Truth; we receive truth on no authority but truth itself: with us its acceptance does not depend upon the vote of the majority, nor its validity on the seal of the Church. We are willing to entertain truth on its own merits.

CHARITY.—When you hear the bigot boast of his partial faith, the sectarian of his selfish hope, and the enthusiast of his blind zeal, remember that greater than all these, is that Charity which "doth not behave itself unseemly."

S. B. B.

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\* The Light that shone out on the patriarchs, prophets, and philosophers of old—the Light that illumined, with hues of Heaven, the divine moral teachings of Jesus Christ—the Light of *true Faith*, ere it became darkened by the corruptions of after ages.



DUTY OF PROGRESS,  
AND DEVOTION TO LIVING TRUTH.

BY REV. JAMES RICHARDSON, JUN.

THE noblest, grandest men in the world's history have lived for Truth, and the records of Science, Art, Philosophy, and Religion, are radiant and illustrious with the names of those who have consecrated themselves body, mind, and soul, all that they were, and all that they had, and all that they hoped, with a wholeness and a singleness of devotion to this sublime service, without one passing thought or care for earthly gains and riches, for earthly honors and endowments. Preëminently is this true of the man who stands at the very highest summit of religious thought and life, Jesus of Nazareth; and at the close of his career, when on trial for his life, he most emphatically declares: "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." Oh, how few are there that feel, with him, that this is man's divinest and most glorious mission! To bear testimony, aye! to be a martyr, if need be, to the truth. For the Greek word, here used, "μαρτυρίζω," means both to be a martyr and a witness, and is the root whence our word "martyr" is derived. And Jesus taught and labored, he lived and died for Truth, unpopular, hated, despised Truth! Truth, the great reality of the universe! Truth, the living word of God! Glorious, divine, eternal Truth, whose application to human life is able to save mankind from error, from sin, and from suffering; to give harmony, peace, and blessedness, to exalt him nearer to Heaven, and nearer to God. And what mission more grand and ennobling than this? Beside this lofty devotion, this earnest and fearless advocacy of truth, how mean and



insignificant do all the vulgar objects of human pursuit, aye! even the most exalted schemes of earthly ambition, appear. Compared with the faithful friend and apostle of Truth, the devotee of mere earthly riches seems like some poor disgusting worm, grubbing in his native mud; the follower of fame, like some fluttering ephemeral insect beside the mighty and soaring bird of heaven. Better to live but one day in earnest and glorious devotion to the divine and exalted cause of immortal Truth, than to plod on years, and centuries even, in pursuit of more sensual, selfish, and degrading objects.

Behold the man who is delving and toiling, with his senses and thoughts fixed on the earth, to add dollar to dollar, and acre to acre—to accumulate, by “hook or by crook,” “*per fas aut nefas*,” property which he can call his own for a few days only, and which full soon he shall be compelled to leave forever, without being able to take one little pinch of earth from his broad lands, or one small farthing of all his riches with him! What a poor blind mole, burrowing in the earth, does he appear, beside the glorious spirit that, elevated on the wings of earnest thought, soars above all sensual and selfish pursuits, and speaks, acts, and lives for the advancement of divine, eternal truth; the great truth of God, which shall still live to bless his soul—to bless the world and its unborn generations, centuries and ages after he has quitted these earthly scenes for still nobler duties in higher and more radiant spheres. It was thus that Jesus spoke, and lived, and labored, aye! still lives and speaks in his priceless words of truth and love, the heritage of nations. A man who has no love of eternal truth, and no interest in its advancement in the world, is but a poor and sorry specimen of manhood. He is a body without the soul. He has little or no connection with God and the blessed angels, but holds relation only to the beasts that perish. “What shall I eat, and what shall I drink, and wherewithal shall I be clothed?” is the great question, the highest idea of his life. His immortal soul seems to have died out of him, or, rather, never to have been awakened into life and action; and, as we observe his course, we are almost led to believe in that fearful doctrine of retribution, that supposes the punishment of the selfish, the



worldly, and the sensual, to consist in complete and utter annihilation at death: for all that is elevated, noble, and immortal in them, all the glorious aspirations after eternal truth and wisdom, seem already to have died out of them. We had as lief herd with the very brutes, as to be placed in constant companionship with human beings who have no care, no thought, for any thing above their earthly wants, their worldly pursuits, their sensual pleasures. Aye! their presence and fellowship is more degrading, more sickening, and afflictive than that of the brutes; for we are filled with continual disgust and horror at the thought, that beings created for such a lofty and celestial happiness, for such a noble and divine destiny, could ever fall so low. And yet, how many are there, who have little care, little love for these immortal and elevating interests—who are of the earth, earthy—to whom a dollar has more charms than a great thought; a good dinner, some low, sensual enjoyment, or vulgar, earthly pleasure, more attraction than the grandest, noblest truth that seer ever beheld, or prophet ever uttered.

There is, however, not only this besotted *indifference* to the great interests of truth, but in some quarters there is a determined and bitter *hostility* to it. Old notions, old customs, old habits of thought or *thoughtlessness*, ancient dogmas and antiquated creeds, the dicta of tyrannic parties, and the shibboleth of dominant sects have taken the place of fresh, living, progressive Truth in the minds of the many. They have never thought or asked themselves "What is truth?" Only, "What says the church, the creed, the book?" "What are the views of the party, the priest, or the leader?" And as they hear his voice, they echo that, and with a hue and a cry they rush on to hunt down all opposition.

The grand distinction to be observed always between the devoted lover of truth and the mere stickler for opinion is, that while the latter are obstinately opposed to any new view and fresh, original expression of truth, the former always keep their minds alive and open to the reception of any and every new thought that presents itself. A real, earnest, hearty lover of Truth never can sit down and rest contented with the degree of truth to which he has already attained, but he continually



presses forward, striving to obtain still fuller, truer, and nobler views. For truth unfolds itself by progressive developments, and more and more of truth is continually revealed to mankind, as they are able to receive and use it. The farther we advance up the celestial pathway, the more its full and shining orb reveals its whole and perfect form, and its effulgent glory. Every year, indeed, brings a fuller revelation of scientific, philosophical, moral, and religious truths, and we come to know continually something more of the nature and character of God; something more of his power, wisdom, and love, as manifested in the great universe and in ourselves; and thus we are enabled to make continual advances in science and in art, in ethics, civil government, and theology. And a man who will listen to no opinion of truth that differs from his own, who stands forth in determined and bitter opposition to all new views, goes upon the supposition that there can be no further or fuller manifestation of truth made to his mind; and that he contains all that there is of truth and wisdom in the universe. In one word, *he has the conceited folly, the blasphemous arrogance, to claim for himself very omniscience.* Hence, the man who shuts his mind to the reception of new truth, and is obstinately opposed to new ideas and new movements, is always to be regarded as a foe to all Progress. The friend of Truth, on the contrary, is always a seeker. Searching ever to find more of the perfect and eternal truth, that is continually revealing itself more and more to the earnest, faithful soul; to fathom new depths, ascend to new heights, to gain continually some fuller knowledge of that Divine wisdom, that great Reality of the Universe, which is God, *he* never has the arrogance to imagine, for a moment even, that he has arrived at all of truth, that he has fathomed the whole counsel of God. He feels, rather, that centuries on centuries may come and go, and that ages upon ages may pass away, and he still be a learner in the school of Truth, a humble student at the footstool of Divine wisdom. That he may draw into his thirsty soul, continually, new refreshment from the heavenly fountain, that he may drink forever of its celestial waters, that he can exhaust it, never. That no day shall ever dawn in the far-off eternity of his future existence, when he shall be able to



say, "I have drank the well of Truth dry, I have reached even to omniscience." The lover of Truth, the true wise man, is thus always modest and unassuming; while he who is conceited and arrogant, and thinks "he knows it all," may be set down as an enemy to truth, a bigot, and an ignoramus. He shuts his eyes to every new view, he closes his ears to every new thought, while the friend of Truth, always eager and anxious to learn something more of the wonderful wisdom and power of his Heavenly Father, and to fathom the mysteries of his grand and beautiful creation, observes every new phenomenon, opens his soul to the entertainment of every new idea, listens to every fresh thought, watches with interest every new movement, desirous always of receiving new light and new aid in his divine and glorious pursuit. He never is contented with his imperfect knowledge, his partial wisdom, his poor and meagre attainments, with the scanty portion of Truth already gained; but with all great, and wise, and noble men, he continually looks upward, and presses forward. The great and nobly wise man is never found among the opponents of new ideas and fresh original views; for he has learned enough of the eternal wisdom, of its infinite heights, its unfathomable depths, its boundless expanse, to feel that his little wisdom is but poor folly. Said the learned and illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, one of earth's greatest and wisest, at the close of his long and noble career, when allusion was made to his vast acquisitions: "I have but gathered a few pebbles on the sea-shore, while the great ocean of Truth lay all unexplored before me." And the *truly* pious and religious soul looks up to the infinite Being with too pure and perfect a reverence, to dare, for a moment, to imagine that he himself is the receptacle of all Truth and wisdom. Whenever, therefore, we meet a man whose arrogant conceit leads him to think that he has all wisdom in his grasp, and to denounce as false all views of Truth different from those he holds, we are compelled to question the *genuineness of his piety*, as well as to doubt the soundness of his wisdom. Indeed, we have observed that the most bigoted opponents of new views, original thoughts, and new movements, were generally to be found in the ranks of the most irreverent, as well as of the most



narrow-minded and ignorant, and that those who cry out "Humbug!" the loudest at every new thing, are the greatest possible humbugs themselves; men who, by a show of learning, or a pretense of wisdom, or by some prop of outward position, name, or title, have imposed themselves upon the faith of those about them, who are as weak and foolish as themselves. It is the men of the greatest learning and truest science who are always the most earnest and thorough in their examination of new theories, and observance of new phenomena, while the silly ignoramus, the pity of every wise man, ridicules and anathematizes what is equally beyond his comprehension and his appreciation. Such language may seem harsh and severe, but it is only severe with the strict justice of Truth.

The ridicule of such is as vain and powerless in its influence, as it is foolish and wicked. We may shut our eyes and close our ears if we will against new opinions and new facts, but there they are and will remain. We may reject, deny, and denounce the truth, but we can not destroy one particle of its essence or check its onward progress for a moment; but, like the aromatic flower, which the more it is trampled on, the more it grows, sending up its fragrance to charm the senses of its very enemies, so Truth, the more it is opposed and vilified, the more it flourishes, till at length it charms to silence and assent its bitterest foes. All our falseness, our opposition, our malice, will not be able to hide or annihilate the smallest fact, or kill the humblest and most insignificant Truth. And should our unholy efforts seem to succeed for a time, we shall come to know at length that

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But error, wounded, shrieks in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

Despite all our efforts the sun will shine, and the world will move on; Truth will shed down its serene and glorious light, and new, and higher, and fairer views of truth will extend over the whole earth. Struggle against the current as you may, still the stream will flow on; and beware, oh, bigot, lest while others



are sailing blissfully onward to fairer regions of life, and light, and beauty, you shall be cast, deserted and alone, on the bare and barren rocks. The mote in the sunshine, the fabled insect on the ox's horn, are apt emblems of the vanity of your efforts, and the insignificance of all your boasted prowess, when put forth in opposition to the divine greatness and almighty power of Truth.

The indifferent, and the bitterly hostile and malignant classes, however, are not the only ones that stand in the way of a willing and hearty reception of the truth. There are those, who are afraid to receive and acknowledge even the truths they must needs believe. They timidly ask themselves, "Will it do? What will my friends think? What will people say? Will not my minister look hardly on me? Will not my church condemn my views, and shall I not be censured by the world about me?" So they hide and shirk their opinions, keep their views to themselves, fear to express their honest convictions, dare not call their souls their own, and live mean, pitiful, slavish lives. We would sooner be a galley-slave, chained to the oar, or a southern bondman, driven at the sound of the lash, than a professed freeman, whose mind is in fetters to other men's opinions, and who is carried about by the leading-strings of priest or elder, party or sect, his spirit galled by baser and harder chains than those of iron. Such timid, cringing, sycophantic creatures are unworthy to stand upright and bear the name of man.

Better to stand alone, with the glorious Truth and the great God on our side, than to lead a life of falsehood, hypocrisy, and cowardly subserviency, though surrounded by a fawning multitude, and greeted everywhere with shouts of admiring applause. Better to starve in the cause of Truth and Right, than to grow sleek and fat from the gains of faithlessness and treachery. What, though we may lose the love of earthly friends by our single and earnest devotion to Truth, *we shall gain new friends in heaven*; and when men shall refuse to hear us, and pass us by in contempt, radiant angels shall bend down from their serene and lofty spheres to listen to our words, and scatter blessings in our pathway. Jesus, set at naught by chief priest



and elder, and hated by men, was the beloved of God, and passed from the bloody cross of vilest shame and infamy to the celestial Paradise, to the very right hand of the throne on high.

Those are mistaken, who imagine that Truth requires no sacrifices, and demands no martyrdom at the present day. There are some who believe that all truth is contained in the so-called Christian church, and because men have no sacrifice of selfish interests, respectability, or pleasure to make in becoming members of *popular churches*, they vainly imagine that a devotion to the *cause of Truth* imposes no self-denial, no loss of suffering or sacrifice; least of all, a martyrdom. But, though to profess the popular Christianity, to enter the popular church, to uphold ancient opinions, once deemed so essential, and to sustain the respectable stagnation of time-honored conservatism, not only requires no surrender of selfish ease or comfort, but is rather gainful and advantageous in a worldly point of view, yet *living Truth*, the Truth of to-day, calls for her faithful martyrs, willing to do and to suffer, to labor and agonize, and to die, if need be, in her holy cause, as much now as ever before in the world's history; *and he who has never suffered and sacrificed for Truth, who has never felt the martyr's spirit and the martyr's pains, knows little of what devotion to truth means.* No cross or gibbet may now raise its frightful form across his pathway; no bloody stake or fiery fagot greet his undaunted vision; no damp gloom of the noisome dungeon open its poisonous darkness to receive its victim; but though the enemies of Truth dare not attack the body, yet there is a moral and spiritual martyrdom, that every soul, faithful to her sublime and holy cause, must still pass through. Mayhap, like Jesus of old, "he will be rejected of all men." The fires of hate and persecution are still kindled by the scorching breath of malice—the heavy cross must be borne now as ever before, and we can point to many and many a victim, shut out, by the pale of sect, from intercourse with his fellows, in a spiritual dungeon, built by the conservative and bigot, by the enemies of all new views and new movements. Still men are denounced, persecuted, and "all manner of evil is spoken against them falsely," for Truth's sake. Still they are treated



with coldness and indifference. Hatred still utters her lying tale, and venomous spite still injures them in property and means of living, as well as in reputation, feelings, and happiness. Oh! it is a fearful martyrdom to endure this life-long coldness, neglect, hatred, and persecution for Truth's sake. To have every hope of outward success, every bud of earthly promise blighted, every avenue to distinction and high influence among their fellows closed upon them. But, great as is the sorrow and the martyrdom on earth, how much greater is the reward in heaven—in the spiritual and inward world, “for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.”

Yonder humble youth is one of Truth's noble and blessed martyrs. For his faithfulness to his own convictions of Truth, his friends look coldly on him; his parents and brothers chide and reproach him; his minister and church anathematize and excommunicate him; and now he sits alone, with no friend on whom to rest, with no brother to whom he may turn for sympathy or aid; and yet, though deserted of earth, he has gained the nearer friendship of heaven; and still, with joyful heart, he can say with Jesus: “I am not alone, for the Father is with me.” Full many a martyr for human freedom and human rights, for unpopular, despised, and hated Truth, houseless and homeless, deserted and forsaken, and, perhaps, outlawed and hunted, roams the cold, hard world, like him of old, “not having where to lay his head.” And yet an inward satisfaction and peace of mind, flowing from a consciousness of fidelity to duty, light up his soul as with a smile from heaven, filling it with divine rapture, with blissful ecstasy, that transforms the flames of martyrdom into a glowing chariot of fire, that lifts his soul upward to God. Oh! there is an inward delight—a spiritual joy and blessedness—found in earnest devotion to great Truth, that amply atones for all the pains and agonies of martyrdom; and which has power to lift us above the world, to open to us the heavenly gates, and bring us into lofty communion with the blessed angels, and with the Father. Let us not fear, then, to bear the martyr's earthly cross in hearty devotion to Truth, for our brows shall at length grow radiant with the martyr's heavenly crown. Do not let us hesitate, for a



moment even, to give our life to the Christian mission—to feel, with Jesus, that to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I might be a martyr to the truth. Glorious mission! Blessed privilege!

Unpopular and hated as new and reformatory truths may be, when they first dawn in their startling light upon the world, and opposed, vilified, and execrated as are its apostles and advocates, I think that there is a certain reverential respect and awe felt in the inmost hearts of their opponents, despite their bitter hostility and malice, especially toward the faithful, consistent, and independent friends of Truth, those whom no favors can bribe, no powers or threats can terrify. It is only its feeble, timid, and wavering advocates, that have little faith themselves in the truths they profess to hold dear, that meet the unqualified and merited contempt of its enemies. Your weak, half-way, vacillating supporters of Truth! Earnest faithfulness, and fearless independence in the advocacy of new and unpopular principles, will command, in the end, the respect of the basest and falsest.

There are those who, for the sake of excusing their faithlessness to its interests, will put the specious inquiry, “What is Truth?” or declare “There is some truth in every proposition, in every theory, belief, and movement?” Selfishness, sensuality, and worldliness, with earthly ambition, and an engrossing pursuit of riches, must, I know, darken the moral perceptions, and deaden the love of Truth in the human soul; and yet there are few, if any, who can not, if they will but give their earnest attention to this great and sublime object, distinguish between truth and error, and perceive always the glorious form of divine and holy Truth. *For Truth, indeed, is always in harmony with Nature and Reason*, always consistent with all the other revelations of himself, the Heavenly Father has made in the universe around us and within us. This, indeed, is the only test of truth, whether scientific or moral, philosophical, theological, or religious truth. Whatever is contrary to reason and to nature, incongruous and out of harmony with all other teachings of God in the creation around us, is manifestly erroneous and absurd. And though there may be something of truth, that



is to say, some manifestation of God, in all human theories and statements, *the truth that we see and feel, that strikes most strongly our convictions, and moves our hearts, is the truth given us to cherish, sustain, and advocate*; and if we are false and faithless to that, we are false to ourselves, false to Truth, and false to God.

Strange as it may appear to some of our readers, it has always seemed to us, that the new truth was the most interesting, the most vitally and practically important. The new truth that has just developed itself in the world, that is now for the first time revealed to man, is the truth most needed by the world. The old truths, revealed in former times—in past ages—have mostly been employed and used up. They have been applied to human life, and have done their work in the advancement of the race. And now, if men would still go on, progress, improve, they must have some new ideas, some fresh thoughts, some new inventions, some new movements, some *new truths* developed; at least, the old must be stated with new force and significancy. History, indeed, teaches us that new ideas, new inventions, new movements, are the source of all progress. It was the new thought, the new idea, the new truth of the sphericity of the globe, that, inspiring the soul of the great Columbus, unfolded to his longing vision a new and fairer world. It was the new idea, the new truth of the expansive power of steam, moving the inventive mind of Fulton, that gave to the ship its new heart of fire, its new wings of vapor, and has thus changed the commerce, the condition, and the civilization of the world. The brave Luther, animated by a new and higher truth, stood up in defiance of a popular church, a proud hierarchy, and a powerful Pope; and thus became, under God, the great Reformer of the religious world of his day. Its old truths had become effete, barren, dead: overwhelmed with a mass of errors and corruptions; and it needed new ideas, fresh original thoughts, new, and higher, and grander truths, to awaken the church from its besotted dreams, and, with their startling trumpet tones, to arouse benighted Christendom from its slumbers. So in all ages, even at the present. And it was loftier and sublimer truths, truths unknown to Scribe or Pharisee, truths that Moses

and the ancients had never felt, which Jesus came to utter—the great, new reformatory truths of man's divine origin and destiny; of the equality of all men in the sight of God; of human freedom and brotherhood. Let no professed follower of Christ, therefore, be ever afraid to receive and cherish continually, new, and higher, and more glorious views of Truth.

And yet, I would by no means reject the old, but reverence them for the use they have been, the good they have done: and while new and more radiant constellations lift their sparkling eyes above the horizon, and brighten, with a new and fairer glory, all the heavens, I would still bless the milder, feebler rays of the ancient and more distant stars, the guiding lights of earlier days.

Neither let us despise the new truth, because it is little and insignificant in its beginnings, or because it is derived from an humble source, and has a lowly origin. The fall of an insignificant apple was the key that unlocked to the great Newton some of the sublimest mysteries of the universe. A puny insect, or an humble flower, has awakened many a human soul to a living faith in God and immortality; and Christianity, that now fills the whole civilized world with its power and influence, was first cradled in a manger, and proclaimed by an humble carpenter's son, and his poor unlettered fishermen followers. Despise not, then, the little humble truth, for it shall grow with the growing years, till at length it shall fill the world with its power and splendor, and earth's greatest and noblest shall bow before it in willing and joyful allegiance. Every truth was once despised and anathematized, every truth had a humble origin, a little beginning. Then let us open our hearts to the joyful reception of the new and humble Truth as it is revealed to the world. For, by the development of new ideas, new thoughts, new truths alone, can the world be advanced and reformed, and it is only through the agency of new and higher Truth that the human soul can be quickened in its progress in wisdom, virtue, and goodness in its upward road to God. Let the mission of Christ—earnest devotion to truth—be our mission. Do not let us say we have no time, no leisure for the study and pursuit of immortal truth. Neither poverty, nor



want, nor severe task-work can excuse us. And oh ! what lofty and celestial pleasures, what serene and elevated delight, shall this love and communion with lofty truths bestow upon the soul, softening the woes and sufferings of penury, and crowning the hardest and most rugged labors with a radiant, joyful light from heaven ! Many a peasant scholar and peasant saint, devoting himself in penury and hardship to the glorious cause of divine Truth, has brightened the pages of human history, making his name a light and a blessing to future ages ! Many such an one have we known scattered here and there over our own land ! In yonder humble tenement, in a miserable garret, under the old blackened roof, sits a hard-toiling laborer, bending his heavy and aching head over a glorious volume, filled with new and wonderful revelations of divine Truth—the truths of science, of philosophy, and of God. The severe task and burden of the day is over, and worn and weary though he be, yet an inward and spiritual light, as if from higher spheres, kindles his beaming eye, that seems to illumine the dim twilight of that humble apartment, and, as grand and lofty thoughts come flashing in upon his soul, thrilling him with their celestial beauty, and refreshing him with their heavenly manna, the fatigue, and pain, and sorrow, of his lowly lot are gone like an evil dream ; an inspiration from on high is awakened within him, and no king on his throne, no earthly monarch in all his wealth and grandeur, may taste of such pure and exalted ecstasy as he. He converses through their living teachings with the mighty intellects of past ages ; heaven and earth unlock their treasures, and as his clear and radiant eyes turn upward in involuntary thanksgiving, angels from heaven bend down over him with faces of ineffable tenderness, and acknowledge the poor hard laborer—the lover of Truth—there in his penury and lowliness—as their beloved brother.

## TIME AND LIFE.

BY C. D. STUART.

THERE is a dark and mighty sea  
Which restless rolls its tide,  
And countless rivers silently  
Into its bosom glide ;  
That sea is Time ! upon its shore,  
All gloomy with the past,  
What wrecks of ages, evermore,  
Life's river-streams shall cast.

There, shivered in the sand, are strown,  
The proudest works of Art ;  
There, pyramid and sphynx, o'erthrown,  
Of dust and mold are part ;  
There, beggars sleep embraced by kings,  
And there, all silently,  
Beneath oblivion's awful wings,  
Nations and races lie.

O dark and mighty is that sea—  
The restless sea of Time—  
Its waves, unto Life's river-streams  
With solemn music chime ;  
And phantom men and nations tread  
Its grim and gloomy shore,  
The living to the land of death  
To welcome evermore !



## THE CELESTIAL LIFE ON EARTH.

NUMBER TWO.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

THE fact of Man's divine genesis insures him a divine destiny. To say that the latter is not commensurate with the former is to scandalize the Divinity. So, to allege an inadequacy of *means* to the effectuation of that destiny is just as silly and defamatory. The means are as ample and perfect as the end, and can not ultimately fail in doing their work. Though many periods of darkness, doubt, and discord cloud the history of man, yet, in God's own good time, all things come round. Blind, indeed, must be the man who can not discern that all the events, institutions, and doings and thinkings of these times are unequivocally tending to some great issue—some great day of freedom and equality, of final enlargement, peace, and harmony for the human soul. The unitary affections, powers, and uses plenary in the heart of man, are rising in their mighty tide and their expansive nature, bursting the iron bands of old creeds and statutes, and emancipating and universalizing themselves. In view of the law of progress, written over every archway and on every finger-board along the history of man, it is presumption for any man or set of men to say to this tide, by erecting "platforms" and decreeing "finalities," "thither shalt thou rise and no higher, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed." In the history of earth and the institutions of men there is no such a thing as a "finality." God is the only finality.

As all men have one and the same origin, and one and the same destiny, so they are fundamentally or internally *united* and *equal*. Unity and equality are therefore prime laws of our being, as we are all united and equal in God. This is the true democracy and fellowship. There is not a good destiny for one man and an evil destiny for another; not abundant means pro-

vided for one and insufficient for another. In the Divine government one is not cursed and another blessed; one man's happiness insured and another periled; nor, truly, in the end is one man's happiness favored more than another's, but all being inseparably united and intrinsically equal, are *one*. Our sectional, conventional, and personal differences are merely external. So might I say also that our national and geographical differences are only external, while the whole race is internally united and equal, being one in origin and one in destiny. Externally we are discriminated from each other by a vast variety of personal peculiarities and relations, by different capacities, different forms of character, different social relations and positions; by different physical constitutions, different temperaments and countenances, etc. These external differences serve to distinctly individualize each man, to give him personal identity and character, and to finite his faculties to the performance of a *specific use*, not for himself alone, but for all the rest, and that use too concordant with the uses performed by all the others, just as the wheel in the machinery has its function to discharge in unison with all the rest. Those differences, thus necessary to individualize the character and uses of each man, and to adapt each to the performance of a specific function, do not *disunite* them any more than the different shapes of their noses and colors of their eyes disunite and separate them. They serve to bring them into still greater unity and harmony when fully developed and rightly adjusted. But the legislator has hitherto lost sight of the great law of human unity and equality, or assigned it a subordinate consideration, and made those external differences the objects and basis of his legislation. So, preëminently, with the priest and the bishop. Hence sectarianism, intolerance, exclusiveness, disintegration, and all the terrors and injustice of "class legislation," with which this land is now so blackly cursed. Human unity and equality is the great law of God vital in man, and all the external differences of personal peculiarities, relations, capacities, positions, etc., are but the servants and means of that law's fulfillment, and subordinate to it. Whatever creed or system—whatever institution or law that tends to *universalize* the heart of man—that tends to human



*unity*, peace, and harmony, is born of God in man, and heralds the day of humanity's final enfranchisement, when the whole earth shall be free—when the spirit will be more cared for than the letter.

We see that the social and religious institutions of each past age were not final, but for that age only, and served it until they were outgrown and useless. They were but provisional and temporary, and when the heart of man had expanded beyond their limits, they were annulled or became obsolete, and were supplanted by others more genial, liberal, and universal. They are but marks along the way to show how high the tide of progress had yet arisen. The more narrow, exclusive, and sectarian they are the sooner their day is over; the more liberal, universal, and intrinsically human they are, the longer lived are they, and the greater the use they serve. The degree in which each age and nation has approximated the great humanitarian principles of unity and equality stand out indexed in their institutions, civil, political, and religious, which are but revelations, more or less perfect, from the interior of those principles which are essentially and fundamentally *human*. And they all point onward to a better state of things—all symbolizing a sunnier era in the history of man—hoary prophecies of the celestial future! Let us, therefore, determine the worth and validity of each dispensation, creed, or institute, as they pass, by their humanitarian import, by their spirit of unity, universality, and equality; and, let us affirm no “platform,” and recognize no compact as a “finality,” that does not include the entire family of man.

We all have an *instinct* of a better life for man on earth than what we now enjoy and are denounced to pass through. None of us are satisfied. We expect a Messiah, whose kingdom will be of this world, and who will reign on earth. We all expect a millennium, in which the discordant and antagonist relations of man with man, and man with nature, shall be reconciled into harmony and peace. The man of wealth does not find this better life in the bulk of his substance and the gratification of all his natural appetites, passions, and propensities. The philosopher does not find it in the amount of his ideas and the compass

of his knowledge. Neither does the man of morals find it in his moral preëminence over and at the expense of thieves and harlots, publicans and sinners. In each there is an aching void, an unsatisfied aspiration, which testifies a lack somewhere. You will, perhaps, say, that at the altar in the church, peace, contentment, and harmony are to be found. But I say that *there* is the stronghold of disquietude, mental anguish, and despair; there my soul is periled, my life declared forfeited and intrinsically hostile to God, and can not be reconciled except by an inconceivable sacrifice and unspeakable suffering; then I am daily and nightly afflicted with a conscience of sin, which makes me miserable and goads me on to despair; there nine-tenths of the human family are eternally lost. Peace and harmony there? The whole pretension is ridiculously absurd! But if this celestial life does not lie in our physical well-being, and the gratification of all our natural wants, passions, and appetites; if it does not lie in the pursuit of science and the acquisition of knowledge; if it does not lie in the conscious exemption from moral taint and turpitude; if it is neither found in the sentiment of selfishness, the sentiment of duty, nor the sentiment of religion, so called, where *is* it to be found?

Before answering this question understandingly, we will have to look to the nature of man, and his purpose and object in the creation. It requires no very profound analysis to discover that the entire creation, and every part of it, are vitally implicated in man's nature and destiny. We see that every thing relates to him, and in some way represents his being. He finds in all outer nature the correspondents of the faculties of his soul. His affectional and esthetic natures are represented in the uses and ends each and all things embody, and his intelligent nature is represented in the form, law, and order which all things are under. Each thing in the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdom is born or created to and for a certain use, which corresponds to man's love principle, and each has its own law or order of existence which corresponds to man's intelligent principle. In each thing of nature is *something* of man. The *fragments*, as it were, of a grand human organism lie all around us. All things point to, typify, or symbolize man, in whom all



their laws, properties, and essences are epitomized. He is the focalized natural and spiritual creation; and what is objective or external to his being, is but the evanescent shadows or representatives of what is *really* subjective or internal to it. Moreover, as all things of the spiritual or ideal world are truly substantial and real, so *they* more really and preëminently testify man—more directly and unequivocally relate to him. He is the great end and purpose of God in the creation, and of course all things are but *means* to that end; hence we see all things tending *toward* Man, in whom all uses and order center. The universe must, therefore, be *essentially and grandly* HUMAN.

Now, the outer or natural world is by no means as real as the inner or spiritual world. The former is not being in itself, but only the manifestation of being—the phenomenal universe—the theater for the outer display of inner being. Man's true and only life and being is God *in* him, who ever displays Himself in ultimate nature, through man's, spirit's, and angel's thoughts, and affections put forth into actions. Man is not man by virtue of his corpse, but by virtue of his spirit—his ideal and passional being. His corpse is but the mere instrument for the display of his ideal and passional being on this outer arena, and all that he does or makes here is but the putting forth, in outer form, of his ideal—the incarnation or outer embodiment of his thoughts and affections. By means of his body he is enabled to pursue and actualize his ideal in the natural world. Clearly, then, these incarnations are but the manifestations of his ideal and emotional being; and it is just as plain that those manifestations are perishable and transitory, while their ideal, which is their life and soul in man, is real and permanent. When, for instance, an architect designs a palace, he has it perfect and complete in his mind; its dimensions, doors, halls, chambers, windows, etc., are all adjusted and finished ideally long before he incarnates or puts it forth in brick and mortar—eliminated from the inner world. The ideal palace is the *real* one, and in the ideal or spiritual world, appears outwardly to the mind's eye, or spiritual vision of the angel or spirit, like the ideal of the somnambule, appears to him real and objective, while the natural one, seen only by the natural eye, is comparatively



unreal and notoriously fleeting and perishable. The latter soon topples down and crumbles to decay, while the former is as immortal as the mind that conceived it! Had not the Greek Slave an actual and real, because ideal being, in the mind of Powers, long before he wrought it *out* in marble? and will it not live in the minds of millions when the marble manifestation of it shall have perished forever? Those ideal beauties and harmonies come into our minds from the spiritual world, and it is our birthright and delight to incessantly body them forth in nature. One man being endowed with a special faculty for conceiving one species of ideal beauty and use and incarnating it, and another man another; just as the architect has his special faculty or use, the sculptor his, the painter his, the hatter his, the shoemaker his, etc. All the uses and offices necessary to beautify and glorify man have their heaven-appointed executors. But I anticipate.

Now, the spiritual world is the ideal world, and the ideal world is the real world—the natural world is but its type or shadow. All things of the natural world exist *from* the spiritual world, and are but the manifestations of the spiritual—the phenomenality of the ideal. So, likewise, is it with man. His natural life is but the phenomenality of his spiritual life—the shadow of his real life. *And in the degree that this real life is put forth in the natural world, unperverted and unobstructed by social, moral, and religious institutions, will its glory and beauty be displayed, and just in proportion as its glory and beauty are thus nominally displayed, will be the use and delight of the subject of it.*

The only Man who is, and has being in Himself—being uncreated and underived—is God. And it is because he is truly and essentially Man—the only self-existent and creative Man, that the universe is so gloriously human. The human significance, tendency, and correspondence of all things demonstrating their human origin. In His ideal being are found the prototypes of all that was, is, or ever shall be, in the celestial, spiritual, or natural worlds. In Him all exists in idea, and all the outer worlds are but the manifestations of His ideal. All the thoughts and affections of man, spirit, and angel are derived



from Him—not in an outward, obvious, and palpable way, but in an inward, secret, and occult way. They flow into the soul of man from God through the inner world, and disclose themselves in his mind. They are the continual revelations which God makes of Himself to man. The more ideas, the more intelligence and wisdom, and the more affections and emotions a man has, is he not more truly a *man*? and does he not more fully *image* or manifest God? and is not this manifestation of God more perfect as it is put forth unobstructed in *action* in the outer world? The normal outflow and incarnation of those heaven-derived thoughts and affections are God's direct revelations to man—the Divine love and wisdom displayed on earth. In truth, the only way we shall ever know God is in and through our spiritual being—is by the free play of the Divinity within us coming out in esthetic action and use in the world. He is *in* us a “well of water springing up to eternal life.” And when the legitimate outflow of the Divinity within us is impeded and perverted by social, moral, and religious restraints, it necessarily and infallibly produces *vice, sin, and crime*, and thus *caricatures* the indwelling Divinity—shows God in inverted images and false manifestations. The heavens, the heaven of heavens, and God himself are plenary in the soul of man, with all their harmonies and beauties, and but wait for the day when *right relations* of man with man, and man with God and nature, will enable them to gloriously reveal themselves on earth! But the race is so crooked and warped—so deformed and dwarfed externally by mundane disorder and rule, that man *can not* show forth his integrity—that integrity he had in God. But like the foot of the Chinese lady, dwarfed by an iron shoe, he can not grow to his divine symmetry and proportions. No man had an innate and original love of vice and crime; they date from these false relations—this disorder and misrule. No man is intrinsically evil—bad institutions make and reflect him externally bad. No man does murder from the mere delight of murder as an end; but he seeks *thereby* to compass an end which society and the church have denied him, and which is his birthright. They make thieves and harlots, and then denounce and punish them for being so! The legitimate outflow of heaven and God

in man are thus perverted and turned into Hell. Every gibbet, jail, and penitentiary—every vagrant, burglar, and thief are thus *made* false witnesses—suborned to belie God! This is the philosophy of sin and crime. But the priest, mistaking the true source of the trouble, is led to libel both the creature and Creator, by affirming an *intrinsic contrariety* between them, and attempts to cure the evil by one still greater. Give man right relations with his fellow-man, with God and nature—suffer him to make use of all the varied means which God has so abundantly spread around him to actualize his ideal and pas-sional existence, which wells up from God and heaven within him, and he will no longer do crime and sin, but his heaven on earth will consist in the esthetic performance of his special use—in the daily discharge of his special function, which none can so well fulfill as he. Then his soul will be hourly filled with the ideal beauties and uses of heaven and of God, and he will incessantly labor to bring them forth and embody them in the world around him. Monopolize none of the means of man's salvation and God's glorification in him—let him have free course and be justified, and he will soon become a law unto himself. The only life of man is useful activity or industry, and as he puts it forth unperverted and unterrified in esthetic use, he is God's true creature. His being is doing, his action life, and its antagonist is indolence or inactivity, which is spiritual death. Moreover, his life is his delight, or in other words, his esthetic industry is his heaven, and whatever social relation, creed, or system that denies him this heaven, gives him over to reprobation and crime. In the true life on earth, man has no outward end—no higher aim than the felicitous discharge of his special use. He needs no penal sanctions or restraints—needs no sense of duty to flatter him on, and no terrific conscience of sin to drive him to the fulfillment of his humanitarian function, any more than it requires pains and penalties, sense of duty, or a conscience of sin, to make the lover love his sweetheart. The celestial life on earth, which is the esthetic life—the life of untrammelled attractions, tastes, sympathies, and affinities—constitutes each mechanic, machinist, tradesman, husbandman, horticulturalist, gardener, florist, fruiterer, etc., *artists by a right*



*divine*, and infallibly leads them, in their several ways, to incessantly labor to embody their ideal outwardly, as Powers labored to incarnate his ideal conception of the Greek Slave, making each no longer a servile and menial task, but a delight and joy—each catching his specific inspiration from on high and rapturously embodying in nature—each soul freighted with the rich merchandize of *invention*, beauty, and use of his department, and importing them from heaven on to earth.

In the selfish life, the acquisition of property and the gratification of all the animal cupidities, is the source and end of action. Hence, all the institutions of this era are essentially exclusive, selfish, and disintegrative, putting men's interests and well-being in antagonism, and making every sign-board a declaration of war against all the rest of mankind. In the moral life the institutions are predicated upon the distinctions of good, better, and best—bad, worse, and worst. They are founded upon the disunity and differences of men with regard to their moral worth, and when pursued as an end of life, tend ever to disunite and separate me from the great mass of mankind. They identify themselves, too, with the selfish civil institutions which manufacture thieves and harlots, by thwarting their destiny and throwing them out of their spheres, and thus put me in antagonism with them, and call upon me to pursue them with vindictiveness and reproach. The current religious life dissociates me from God, *or* disunites me from nine-tenths of my species, and when pursued as an end it singles me out as a saint, while it leaves my next-door neighbor, from whom I receive all the civilities and kindnesses of a brother, under the wrath and curse of God! Away with such a life! But the celestial life—the life of attractive use, is its own end and reward, and is its own law, creed, and conscience. It affirms the entire freedom of the subject of it to pursue outwardly his ideal inspiration, and makes that pursuit his very heaven. It is not dominated, impeded, or perverted by any external law, but is the spontaneous outpouring of an inner life—the putting forth of the “Divinity that stirs within us.” The earth is but the amply provided theater for the exhibition of the esthetic life in man—the means to that great end; and universal man is designed by his esthetic



industry to disclose and perpetually display, in outer nature, that harmony, beauty, and love which is in God, who is thus ceaselessly manifesting himself in the humanity, and ever uniting it with himself, or rather, ever showing forth that unity. When in our esthetic use—when untiringly giving outward form to our inward life which comes from God into our souls, we are his true and anointed prophets, inspired of him, and revealing daily, each in his own way, his divine love and wisdom—we stand forth priests in his name, and reveal his *holy spirit* by *doing* his will. But this normal and legitimate outflow of the inwardly-inspired soul of man is now thwarted and obstructed by wrong relations, and by false civil and religious institutions, turning our lives into disorder and crime, and making us *false prophets*—inspired of the Devil and Satan.

In the economy of human life on earth there is a vast variety of different offices to discharge, just as there is a great variety of functional uses in man's physical organism. Each and every office or use necessary to maintain, adorn, and glorify man—necessary to his physical, social, and truly righteous well-being, have their appointed agents, with faculties and capacities especially adapted to their discharge. Infinite Wisdom has left humanity at fault nowhere—for all its requirements he has provided ample means, and in his true order on earth, no department of human use will be left without its esthetic incumbent. Each will, by virtue of his innate capacity and adaptation, tend to and find his place in the series or group to which he belongs and for which he was born, just as Swedenborg has described the angels and spirits being led, or gravitating, by their intrinsic worth, to that society in the Grand Man to which they belong, and with which they were associated and conjoined. Each man is heaven-endowed with an art or trade, and it burns in his soul to find vent, and when fostered and cherished by right relations and true social order, carries, or attracts the subject of it to his place, and finds expression in its own genial way and atmosphere. "Attractions are proportioned to destinies,"\* and the attraction of each leads him

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\* Fourier.



inevitably to his destiny. Now, all those attractions and destinies included in the entire field of humanity, are mutually dependent, reciprocal, and harmonious—are fundamentally conjoined, concordant, and humanitarian, disclosing the most immaculate and symmetrical order and arrangement into series, groups, etc., and teaching the *profoundest human unity and universality*. Each gives and takes, exchanges and circulates blessings and comforts to, with, and for all the others. The husbandman and fruiterer, joyous in their vocations, and ever intent upon them, fill the earth with the rarest, and sweetest, and choicest nutriment. The architect, whose soul is aglow with the ideal beauties of heaven, designs and builds the most magnificent, airy, and comfortable domicils. The tailor, the hatter, and shoemaker ever delight to please their fancy or incarnate their ideal by the graces, beauties, and comforts, ever new, with which they adorn and clothe their race; and the manufacturer and machinist, ever inventing, and perfecting, and producing articles of human use and well-being. Each working out his own ideal according to his degree of inspiration, undiverted from its legitimate channel by any false relation or external restraint. This is the reign of peace, plenty, and harmony on earth, heralded by so many prophecies. But this descent of the Divinity on to earth, through its appointed channels, to glorify the humanity and usher in the millennial day, is retarded and held in abeyance by the false relations, and crude, imperfect, and erroneous civil and religious institutions of these times, which turn this inspiration from its normal channels into vice, sin, and crime. Instead of the earth coming into the most consummate order and harmony through God's inspiration of esthetic use into the soul of man, and each man by virtue of his divine genesis, rising up into a prophet, priest, and king after God's own heart, it is the theater of confusion and dismay, and every man thrown out of his true orbit, and, so far as his unitary and esthetic use is concerned, he is a "fugitive and vagabond on the earth." Each man has got some other man's trade or profession, and in the "Comedy of Errors," the one is taken for the other, even without knowing any better himself! Instead of every workshop glowing with genius, and every field



and garden blooming with divine beauties and uses—instead of every department of human use being filled with its divinely appointed and inspired agents, every man is out of his sphere—aimless, bewildered, and confused, and like the builders at the Tower of Babel, stricken with anathema and the confusion of tongues! Each and every thing on earth are, in true order, the divinely appointed means by which God glorifies himself in the humanity. But when the outflow of the Divinity in the humanity, through the ideal and passional natures of his children, is outwardly obstructed, and those means perverted, that glorification is turned into dishonor and shame.

The true life and happiness, therefore, of man consists in the inspiration of a special use into his soul or ideal being, and his free and unperverted actualization of it in the outer world, and inasmuch as God is man, none but a *human* use can inspire his soul; and this human use—its own delight, and freely pursued—brings him into the most entire harmony and unity with his species, with nature, and with God.

The esthetic industry and use of man—the inspiration of a special use from God into man's soul, and the most untrammelled actualization of it in outer life, is the *true religion*—the only true tie which binds God to the humanity. God is truly praised by the attractive industry of man, which is a *living* and deeply meaning prayer of a *sincere* heart. Does God answer *any* prayer but through the human instrumentalities he appoints? Does he recognize *any* prayer but action? and does he send relief through any other channel than the inspired or impressed *action* of the petitioner? The only effectual way to pray your cart out of the mud hole is to put your shoulder to the wheel, and the only way to keep it prayed out is to fill up the hole. Does not God answer prayers in this way? A sincere and burning desire to accomplish a certain end or be delivered from an impending woe attracts influences around the subject of it in the spiritual world, which inspire him with the ways and means of deliverance or accomplishment, and with strength and skill to carry it out. In no other way does God answer prayers. The agriculturist, when he plows a furrow or trims an apple tree in esthetic delight, is *doing* the sincerest and



most acceptable prayer to God, and the esthetic blacksmith makes his anvil ring a prayer to God for the entire race's salvation. There is no true religion but the esthetic action or industry of man, and whatever prayer, or praise, or devotion that falls short of this, is so much *false pretense*, as all devotion and desire must lead to action, else it is nugatory and fruitless. In the celestial life the Divinity is praised and adored throughout all the earth—not by immolated victims—not by the blood of innocence, in sacrificial offerings and “atonements”—not by wordy and conceited prayers at the altar, with a conscience laden and sick with manifold sin—not by the vengeful pursuit and capital penalty of the homicide, nor the incarceration of thieves and harlots, but by the *living* worship of the living God!

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## OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

A CHILD'S VISION.

BY MRS. S. S. SMITH.

“A strong man will carry me over the mountains.”\*

It was a summer night!

The silvery dew lay on the folded flowers,  
Which tremulous swayed unto the passing breeze,  
Shedding rare odors from their fragrant urns,  
Upon the midnight air. The solemn stillness  
Fell heavily upon the hearts of those  
Who watched the fading of life's dying taper,  
Beside the bed of death. With pensive gaze,  
The pale moon glanced beneath the silken folds  
Of crimson drapery, lifted from the couch,

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\* These were the words of a sweet little dying boy, who departed this life a few days ago.

Where panting lay, engirt with mortal pangs,  
 A child of glorious promise! The blue-vein'd lids,  
 Fring'd with the silken lash, droop'd heavily  
 Over the beaming eyes, whose heavenly azure  
 Enchained his parents' sight, and held their thoughts  
 Suspended 'twixt a sense of hope and fear,  
 Until they marked a fearful change pass o'er  
 The little sufferer's brow; and then they knew  
 Their fair and beauteous boy would soon depart  
 Unto his home in *Aiden*. Was it the moon,  
 Glancing unseen upon his snowy couch,  
 Or that soft, spiritual halo oft-times seen  
 To linger round the dying, which illumed  
 The pale, rapt forehead, white as driven snow?  
 Where piles of silken curls, of amber hue,  
 In sweet profusion clustered o'er his brow,  
 Imparting to his radiant mien the look  
 Of an ascending Seraph.

Softly he murmured,

(Amid the pauses of the dying strife),  
 In tones mellifluous—of his birds and flowers—  
 While with crushed hearts his parents bowed in prayer;  
 When, lo! they heard upon the midnight air  
 Angelic harpings, nearer and more near,  
 Yet soft and low, like the *Æolian* strains  
 Upon the breeze. Unseen by human eye,  
 A wingéd watcher, bending o'er his couch,  
 Removed the film that dimm'd his mortal sight;  
 And straight before his spiritual vision, rose  
 The Eternal City, with its gates of pearl,  
 Its glittering palaces and golden domes,  
 Its shady walks, where grows the tree of Life  
 Beside the living waters—far away  
 Beyond the hills, beyond the rolling sea,  
 Beyond the towering mountains, which uprear  
 Their crests against the sky! Amid the groves  
 Where crystal fountains chime upon the ear,  
 Whose silvery spray-wreaths sparkle in the light,



And flowers perennial spring beneath the tread,  
Myriads of infant cherubs, robed in white,  
Bearing within their hands bright harps of gold,  
Beckoned the dying one with songs of joy!  
Lifting his little arms, he softly murmured,  
"Good-night, dear Mother, I am going home!"  
Then, quick as thought, a shade of sadness crossed  
His beaming forehead, and with failing voice,  
Stifled with inward fear, he whispered, "Mother,  
How can I climb the mountains?" Straight his guide  
Revealed his presence, with his snowy wings  
Glittering like sunbeams, plumed for distant flight.  
His fears were gone—with a sweet smile he said,  
"A strong man, mother, stands beside my bed:  
Safe in his arms he'll bear me o'er the mountains!"  
And then with joy the little pilgrim started  
Upon his Heavenward journey. His fleeting breath  
Exhaled like dew-drops, borne aloft by sunbeams,  
Ascending upward to the throne of God,  
The smiling cherub passed beyond the view,  
To dwell among the Angels.

EARLVILLE, N. Y., *September*, 1852.

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THOSE who have been the first to submit to the authority of tradition, and the last to relinquish their confidence in the absurd and improbable speculations of visionary minds, have been most alarmed for the safety of the bold, free spirit that dared to scan the Creator's works, and the record of his word. Some men impose a most effectual restraint on their reason, while they leave the imagination to wander uncontrolled in the regions of conjecture. The religion of such persons is a species of fanaticism, that serves to obscure the interior vision and to prevent an accurate perception of things. Under this influence they readily believe the wildest chimeras of heathen poets, while they reject the sublime results of reason and analogy.

S. B. B.

## REMARKABLE PROVIDENCE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

IN the days of the Revolution lived a venerable and godly minister, of the Congregational Church, who was known as Father Moody. He had a wonderful gift of prayer, and was, in many ways, a remarkable person. From youth upward he had been the subject of very true spiritual impressions and directions, which he always obeyed with the most devout earnestness and alacrity. He was never known to make the least question of any thing which he was commanded to do; nor was he ever deceived or misled in the least. So far as we can judge from his own account of the matter, it would seem that the spiritual phenomena, of which he was a subject, were expressed in that form which is now known as the interior Voice.

Be this as it may, he was addressed in intelligible terms, as the following narrative will show. This account was obtained of one who had often heard it from the lips of the venerable hero himself; for, when he was an old man, he loved to dwell on these incidents of his spiritual life, thus giving himself compensation for the change in external forms, as the shadows of age settled on them, and they grew dim to the outward eye.

His residence was about fifty miles northeast of Boston, and at the time about to be noticed, the country was quite new and rough.

One very cold morning he rose suddenly from the breakfast-table, saying, "I must go to Boston to-day!"

"Not to-day, my dear!" suggested his wife. "Do you know how cold it is? The ground, broken by the late thaw, has frozen again, solid as a rock, and 'twill be very rough traveling."

"Besides, it is a bitter day, father," interposed one of the daughters. "I am really afraid you will freeze to death."



"I think there is no danger of that," he answered. "I do not believe the Lord will ever call me to be a martyr for nothing. He has told me to go; and he will carry me through in safety."

"But what are you going for?" asked his wife.

"I can not tell, I am sure. I know no more about it at present than you do," he replied.

"But, certainly," she ventured to suggest, "you could not be expected to take such a step without some positive assurance that you ought to do so. Is there not a point where madness seems to tread very closely on the heels of devotion? It is well to be zealous, but not blindly enthusiastic, or fool-hardy."

She certainly spoke like a reasonable woman, and much after the fashion of the Spirits of these days; but, nevertheless, her speech availed nothing.

"The Lord has TOLD ME TO GO," was the answer, in those deep and solemn tones which awoke in the listeners a sentiment corresponding with that which they expressed.

The wife said no more, for she knew it was in vain to combat any impression of the kind; but the daughters entreated him not to go.

"I have lived almost seventy years," he replied, "and I have never once hesitated, when the Lord has commanded me to arise, and obey his voice. Let my children be assured it is too late to begin now."

Finding it of no use to contend, they sought only to make him comfortable as the circumstances would admit of. His outer garments were well warmed, and his venerable form sheltered, by every possible means, from the inclemency of the season, of which that day was one of the roughest specimens. Under these circumstances the aged Seer, for we can call him nothing else, set off on horseback to take a ride of fifty miles, on a short, wintry day, for a purpose and a work as yet unrevealed. A feat like this would make one of our modern heroes shrink into nothing by comparison; and, to say the least, it was a true and brave one. Father Moody lived not in the days of railroads and steamboats, nor of the effeminacy which has in some way crept into the train, and pertinaciously follows in the march of

Improvement. His, were a true mind, a strong heart, and a genuine faith.

He had a distinct impression that he must reach Boston before one o'clock at night, in order to accomplish the mysterious purpose for which he had been sent. By a seeming ill luck the day was one of the shortest of the year; and as it wore on, he could not repress a feeling of nervous anxiety in regard to his arrival at the proper time. So strong was this impression, that he never left the saddle, except twice for a few minutes, in order to bait his horse; and during the last stop, he took a small bit which he had carried with him, as a luncheon. Thus imperfectly rested, warmed, and fed, he went on his cold and dreary way, gradually yielding to a feeling of despondency, to which he was unaccustomed. As the sun dropped behind the cold, gray hills, the day fading into night almost as suddenly as if put out by an extinguisher, this feeling increased to such a degree as to be almost intolerable.

In this state the Devil, as he himself expressed it, began to insinuate into his mind doubts and misgivings, addressing him in a tone of familiarity which seems like a reminiscence of the Book of Job, showing that, inasmuch as "the leopard changeth not his spots, nor the Ethiopian his skin," so truly Satan may always be known by his cloven foot.

"Well, Father Moody," said he, for a first salutation, "what are you out for, this cold day? It must be something very important, to take a man of your time of life so far from home, on such a day as this."

"Why, as to that," replied Father Moody, so far dropping into an unconsciousness of the personality before him, as to indulge in a parley, "why, as to that, I can not say that I know myself, as yet, very distinctly."

"You must be doing a fair business, to say the least," responded the intruder, with a sly shrug. "There's no accounting for taste. Some folks like to starve, and freeze, and do fifty other foolish things, for conscience' sake, or some other kind of sham. You've had a pretty hard time, to say nothing of your poor horse! Take my advice; turn right about face, and go back to the tavern. Get into comfortable quarters for the night. And



the next time you will do well to think twice, before you engage in any such Quixotic expedition as the present."

There was a degree of plausibility in this speech that seemed to silence, for a time, the good angel of the worthy Seer; and for a little while he became quite uncomfortable, with a feeling nearly akin to self-reproach. He had certainly trifled with his own health and comfort. He had left his family against their will and wishes; and until his return they would be kept in a state of the greatest anxiety. And what if any thing untoward should happen to himself? Was he not morally responsible for all the evil which might spring from his rash adventure?

The cunning Adversary, perceiving his advantage—which he is always ready to do, if we may accept the report of those who best know him—said, rather more boldly, "Come, now, you had better bear a hand, and get back; for if you expect to do any good, you will find yourself greatly mistaken."

For a moment the thought of warm quarters, supper, and a bed, were *almost* a temptation. Father Moody, though a hale and strong old man, was not quite a Hercules. He felt very cold and hungry. His teeth chattered at the contrast between his momentary thought and his present condition.

"Ah, yes!" said the other, "it *is* chilly, to be sure. As for me, I can't stand it; if you can, it's well enough. I must get somewhere where there is a good fire, at least."

His allusion, and the peculiar tone in which it was spoken, effectually opened Father Moody's eyes. He was "himself again." Rising in the stirrups, as if by a proper dignity and advantage of position he might overawe the Arch One, he spoke, in a loud and determined voice: "Get thee behind me, Satan."

"But what are you going to do?" whispered the Enemy, well feigning an expression of anxiety and friendly concern.

"Get thee behind me, Satan," responded the Seer, in a still more energetic tone, checking his horse at the instant, and standing quite erect; and then, as the modern psychologists say, he became "positive."

"Yes," he said, his voice dropping into a serene and quiet tone; "the Lord has never deceived me. He will not mislead



me now. I will go forward. He will lead the way, and in his own good time I shall behold his salvation."

Just as he entered Boston, the town clock struck twelve. The streets were still and dark. There were no gas-lights then; and what few rogues they had, got along quite as well without them. As to honest people, they were in bed, and fast asleep by ten o'clock; so they did not need any artificial illuminations. Nevertheless, it was a dark, cold, and comfortless mission on which good Father Moody had entered so trustingly; but after he heard the clock strike twelve, a fever of anxiety took possession of him, and he grew warmer. Undismayed by the discouraging prospect before him, he toiled on, riding up street and down street, amid intricate squares, and through snarls of narrow passages; but all was dark and still. Even the watchmen seemed to be fast asleep, which was quite a wonder in those honest days, when people sought to earn their money before they took it. Now the case is quite different; for, to judge by appearances, the watchmen are the only sleepy characters in the whole city.

"But one hour—less than an hour," thought Father Moody; "shall I be too late? Will the Lord deceive his servant?"

In spite of his faith, a momentary feeling of doubt crept over him. The necessity of rest and refreshment once more came up to be considered; and in his figurative belief and language, the Devil beset him at every corner, crossing his path, and continually troubling him with pertinent questions; but he was so resolutely repulsed, that at length he drew off his forces, and thus fairly gave up the contest.

Suddenly a light glimmered in the distance. It was from a chamber in the fourth story of a house in a neighboring street. As soon as Father Moody laid eyes on it, he knew his mission was to that house; and quickening his speed, he turned the corner, and directly came up to it. Seeking a sheltered position for his poor jaded horse, he dismounted, and, having carefully fastened him to a post, he advanced to the door, where, after some little time finding the knocker, he gave a rap that had will and meaning in it, to which responded the waking echoes of the silent streets. Very soon he saw the light, which was



still in view, descend from story to story, until it appeared in the hall. Presently the door opened, and a man appeared, whose pale and haggard countenance exhibited, at a single glance, the most terrible war of passions.

"What have you come for?" he demanded, in an angry tone of voice. "Why are you here?"

"I know not," replied Father Moody, "but the Lord has sent me."

There was something truly sublime in the majestic appearance, as well as the prophet-like character and mysterious position of the Seer, which at once arrested attention, and commanded respect.

For a moment the stranger seemed struggling to resist the influence; and then he quaked from head to foot, as if a universal ague had seized him. In a voice so tremulous with emotion it seemed well-nigh sobbing, he said, at length, "Follow me, and behold what you were sent for."

Thus saying, he led the way to the room he had just left, and, pointing to a rope which was suspended from the ceiling, he added, "There it is," and then stopped suddenly, as if he had felt the cord tightening round his throat. After a few moments he continued, "Had you been ten minutes—yes, five minutes later, I should have been in eternity at this moment!"

"Look there!" he resumed, turning to a table where lay a parcel of folded papers, neatly filed. "The tying of that knot was the last preparation. It was tied, and my hand was already on the fatal noose."

He then seated his guest, and gave some account of the circumstances which led nearly to the consummation of so rash and wicked an act. He had been what is commonly called a wild, or rattle-headed young man, though not precisely what is known by the term, dissipated. His habits, however, were such as to mar his business relations. He struggled on for some time, but being naturally of a gloomy temper, his continued disappointments yielded at length to a heart sickness which he imagined was at once without parallel, and without remedy. In short, he had conceived an utter disgust of life, and had determined to die.

"My son," said Father Moody, rising, and laying a hand on

his head in that impressive manner for which he was so distinguished, "by the good providence of God you have been snatched from perdition, this very hour. Are you willing to be saved?"

A deep groan, that seemed to rend the heart it came from, was the only answer. Father Moody was tall and commanding in appearance, and he spoke with an air of authority corresponding well with a fine consciousness of his prophetic character and mission. Laying a hand on each shoulder of the youth, he said, "Let us pray."

The young man's knees bent like osiers in a strong wind, and kneeling by his side, Father Moody opened that wonderful power of utterance, which was without a peer. Glowing sentences, burning thoughts, eloquence beyond all conception to those of cold heart and formal speech and garment, were poured out in a perfect torrent, overwhelming in its energy, yet so deeply truthful, every thought went, as it were by itself, a single messenger, down into the very depths of the soul. The young man bowed himself to the ground. He wept, he sobbed, he shook as if smitten by convulsions. The conflict was terrible, but he arose in a calm and passive state.

Father Moody then sat down by his side, and, taking him by the hand, fixed on him those deep, serene eyes, and spoke nothing of harshness or rebuke, but only precious words of consolation, assurance, and better hope. Nor was the exterior life only saved. Filled with astonishment, awe, and gratitude at the mysterious appearance, action, and interference of the stranger, the young man resolved to be, and to do, something that should justify so miraculous a care.

He forsook his old companions, and engaged in useful business, in which he learned to bear occasional disappointments as a necessary discipline. Not long after he joined the Old South Church, of which he was for more than forty years a most active and useful member, seeking every opportunity to do good, and never forgetting the wise counsels of the venerable Seer, who had been so truly led to achieve his redemption.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., *September*, 1852.



## HEAVEN IS NOT AFAR.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

THE grave hath covered one I loved ;  
I saw the sods heaped o'er his breast,  
And often since, where'er I roved,  
Or wheresoe'er my head might rest,  
A dim sense of his presence came,  
And oft I've called, in broken strain :  
" Oh, if for us thou feel'st the same,  
Dear brother, come to us again !  
Oh, come, belovéd one, and tell  
How bright the land where thou dost dwell."

Then I had dreamed that he might spare  
Time, from his harp's melodious strings,  
And hither through our darken'd air  
Come gliding on his radiant wings,  
And whispering words of peace and hope,  
Which but the listening spirit hears,  
Ascend again the starry slope,  
That leadeth from our vale of tears,  
Up to that heaven, that in the sea,  
Where float the stars, lay hid from me.

Then oft the listening ear of even  
Hath heard my low and mournful hymn,  
As upward to the loved in heaven  
It floated through the shadows dim.  
I knew not then that by my side  
Thou, dear one, listened to my moan,  
While all around me, far and wide,  
The glory of thy presence shone ;  
Yet now my hand is clasped in thine,  
Thy spirit-fingers thrill in mine.

## THE WORLD.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

THE morning twilight is past, and the great Sun is rising over the sea, which is to shine on the ruins of all the old despotisms. The lovers of darkness can be accommodated only for a little season, except they go down to their own place. In vain they evoke the shadows of the ancient night to cover them, and to brood awhile over the chaos of old governments, creeds, systems, and hypotheses. There is no reply, save the deep, startling echo of that mighty voice, whose earnest prayer for light and liberty expresses at once the idea and demand of the age.

Much remains to be done before the world will receive, in a grateful spirit, the light it so much needs. Infatuated men and nations may still be blinded and false to themselves, and, like France, bow to oppression, and kiss the very hand that forges their chains! but Liberty is the birthright of Humanity, and in God's own time they will awake. It is for those who are now conscious of the right and sensible of the wrong, to be active in the divine work of human emancipation. In this labor of love and patience, the true man will bear his part. The measure of personal influence may be small, and the sphere of individual effort circumscribed, but feeble means and efforts are sometimes serviceable in a great cause. The heavens are made luminous by many stars, and some are so small as to escape the notice of the careless observer; yet they shine, and their mission is glorious. We would regard the demand of the times, and we desire to aid, if we may be so fortunate, in hastening the realization of the sublime prayer, that now stirs the profoundest depths of every true soul.

Man's course is onward. Every year records his progress in the science of life—in knowledge, virtue, and usefulness. Every



day serves to widen his sphere of thought and action, and each passing hour offers a new problem for solution. The present is no time to dream and be idle. Free thought and speech, and earnest effort, are imperiously required. Nor is this demand likely to remain unanswered. Men are beginning to think freely and rationally, and this is the next step to consistent action. A bold assaying spirit is abroad, and all things must be resolved into their elemental principles for examination. The causes that operate in the world of mind, no less than the laws of matter, with their results—whether immediate and sure, or remote and uncertain—must pass the ordeal of a searching analysis. At this stage of his progress, man begins to reason from principles, and is qualified to judge with some degree of precision concerning their specific tendencies and effects. The light of reason discovers the true philosophic standard by which all things are to be judged, and all our ideas, theories, and institutions are seen to be valuable, only so far as they may be instrumental in working out the higher destiny of man.

The hero of to-day has a nobler struggle—one in which the intellect and heart are engaged. The change is everywhere perceptible. It is seen in every moral movement, in the institutions of all countries, and in the literature of the age. The general policy of all nations is gradually assuming a more pacific character. The voice that counsels peace, is heard in the palaces of kings, in the halls of legislation, from the judgment-seat, the pulpit, and the press. All over the civilized world man is beginning to feel for his brother, and the aspirations of every true loving soul go up after a blessing for the spirits that sorrow and the hearts that bleed.

Man has well-nigh gained an altitude from which he may overlook the defenses which time, custom, and prejudice have reared around the institutions of the Past. Those monuments, durable as the sculptured marble, tremble at his thought. The soul, like the sea, flowing back into its own depths, becomes mighty, and with each advance the fabrics reared by the Ages are shaken and borne away. The progress of the world, like the billows of the deep, is characterized by certain periods of recession. The great wave that not long since swept all Europe,



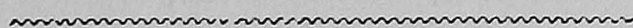
is setting back only to be succeeded by another that shall bear down and submerge the last barrier to the freedom of the world.

It is encouraging to the philanthropist, that with this progress of mind, there is a growing spirit of harmony among the nations. There is more of mercy and peace in the world now, and less of cruelty and war, than in the ages past. We are not to form our opinion here, from an occasional outbreak of passion and riot in the midst of a dense population, not from the fact that man still struggles for Liberty and the exercise of his natural rights. No. These, under certain circumstances, may be the concomitants of his progress. But we are to remember, as essential to an enlightened judgment, that the love of war, and the mere passion for martial glory, has ceased to be the common impulse of man. True, the great, fearful, and *final* struggle is yet to come. The green earth may receive another baptism of blood and tears, but humanity, in its last and mightiest conflict, shall gloriously triumph. The human elements are still restless and unsettled, because the *divinity* will not repose until it shall overcome the *wrongs* of the world. The great thought that is born in the midst of tribulation and anguish, is an inspiration from the Heavens. Every battle for the Right, is at once a prayer and a prophecy. And, oh! how earnestly do the enslaved millions thus pray! Have we not heard their deep and solemn petition? But yesterday, the mystic voices came up to us from the regions of silence, and echoed through the hallowed shades, where Genius and Liberty once found a birth-place, a home, and a sepulcher together. The rotten thrones of Europe shook, and even Rome trembled on all her hills, as the voices came from beneath—from the great tomb that incloses the ashes and enshrines the memory of dead Empires. Despotism may stifle, for a brief hour, the myriad voices that prophecy its ruin, but God is mighty and Humanity shall speak again! Far over mountain and plain—beneath the gloom that shrouds the crushed and bleeding forms of Hungary and Poland—the utterance shall come in words of FIRE—words that shall thrill the hearts, and flash from the tongues of awakened millions, in the approaching hour of their deliverance.

In this period of transition—with the old dynasties of error



and oppression falling into ruins on every hand—we need light in proportion to the dangers of the passing hour. The midnight tempest, when thunder answers to the voice of thunder, and the winds howl fearfully among the mountains, may awe the traveler; but not till the light flashes out from the heavens to show him the way, is he prepared to go forward. So, it is not the mere commingling of moral elements—not the thunder of the shock, when old systems find their equilibrium—not the echo, nor the shadow of a great thought, will realize the wants of the age. But the spirit-fires which the armies of progress kindle in their rapid march; the beacon-lights that shine in darkness, from the valley and mountain, or gleam from the face of the troubled sky—these reveal the ascending pathway, through which Angels invite us to our destiny.



## THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY MRS. L. A. MILLINGTON.

THERE was a shadow, with edge of light,  
And shape of fear in its fold,  
Like the dim outline of a human corse,  
'Neath a pall that was fring'd with gold.

And I saw it still wherever I looked,  
On the earth, on the pleasant sky;  
In the broad sunshine, in the starless night,  
That shadow was ever nigh.

It bound my heart with a mystic spell,  
And I gazed with a growing fear  
On the earth I loved, on the quiet sky,  
On the sunshine broad and clear.

I strove to smile on its boding shade,  
Or gild it over with light,  
But the shape fled not, and the haunting shadow  
Was round me by day and night.

I looked on the face of the young and fair,  
As the shadow over them fell;  
But they gave no sign to my earnest prayer,  
“Is it well with thee, is it well?”

The old man wept as he felt the sweep  
Of its darkness over his soul,  
For he knew that no angel ever, in time,  
Should the stone from his sepulcher roll.

The brave and good, and the infant pure,  
Laid down in its silence drear,  
And came not back, of their weal to tell,  
To those who had loved them here.

But, blessed be God! the gleam of light  
Over its gloom was unrolled,  
And the shadow of death has passed away  
From my soul, with its visions cold.

Oh, happier time, when loving bands  
Are with us by night and day,  
And we feel the touch of invisible hands  
Still leading us on our way.



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