

THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Emancipation and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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Poetry.

Signs.

BY ALICE CARLEY.

I think God giveth us the seal
Of love—the sweetest he can give.
When truly in our hearts we feel
How good a thing it is to live.

How worship else himself so far,
And we so powerless to climb—
Our world itself a shapeless star
Just in the twilight-time of time.

How know him else, than by the light
And warmth transmitting into gold,
And rising up in flowers as bright
And many as the fields can hold!

To me, our spirits seem as signs
That reach to a serene ray,
Only by fastening to the signs
Of care God giveth day by day.

No need to search the ages dim
Gone on before, or yet to be.
His presence interprets him,
And since I am, he loveth me.

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fears subdues,
And bravely braves the danger nature
shrinks from.

Lecture by the Spirit of John N. Maffitt.

THROUGH REV. C. HAMMOND, MEDIUM.

THE SPIRITUALISM OF ALL AGES.

From the earliest records of human history, down through all the mythological periods of poetical and dramatic ages, which succeeded each other, to the advent of Jesus, the guardianship of gods and angels has been acknowledged. Spirits from the immortal world—angels from the trackless regions of life everlasting, have appeared, to mingle their sympathies with the disconsolate and mourning of earth. Where the light of the sun falls upon the plant, or the genial rain revives the flower, in all ages and climes, the voices of the spirit land have been heard, and, like the music of ever-changing harmonies, have softened the turbulence of contending passions. By the rivers where mighty temples and beautiful cities rose and fell, where the sea madly dashed against the coral strand, or the wild anthem of the ocean repeated its solemn dirge; on the plains where roamed the herds and where grew the supplies of vast empires, and beside the lofty mountain whose summit, with its pale eyes, overlooked the verdant valleys, have the angels descended to inspire the souls of their beloved with the sublime and beautiful, the ideal and truthful of earth and heaven.

The voices of angels have been heard in the palaces of kings and the wigwags of barbarians; in the soft air of evening and the desolating tornado; in the silent chambers of the poet and the gory field of battle; in the halls of gaiety and fashion, and the dungeons of crime and discipline. Prophets, poets, musicians, historians, shepherds, priests and fishermen, have been inspired with great and holy thoughts—thoughts transcending the limit of their comprehension, and which progressively developed their interiors and revived their hopes.

In the cold of the day, the great progenitor of the Hebrews heard a voice in the ambrosial garden of his home. The rude and uninformed patriarch became afraid; he hid himself; but the angel stood near, and made known to him the knowledge of good and evil. In his simplicity, he comprehended not the mission of the spirit. In his own language was he addressed, and the words fell upon his spirit like the hail upon the frozen earth.

The classic Homer, whose verse melts like wax in the crucible of poetry, wrote in a cave by the sea, and saw symbols of power, images of chariots floating athwart the heavens, and gods ascending and descending to succor those who braved the horrid fight.

Abraham is said to have talked with God—the highest intelligence of whom he had any knowledge. He saw and knew that the spirit was an inhabitant of the spheres. His son, also, was delivered from death by the interposition of an angel. "Stay thy hand, for thy sacrifice is acceptable unto me," fell in love, upon his soul.

Moses talked with God, or an angel, at the burning bush. He saw the branch consumed and dissolved before his face. He saw these angels, as do the seers of the present age. They were to him as a God, for he had no knowledge of a higher—no inspiration that unfolded to his mind the Infinite, who lives and acts in all the unlimited empire of his being.

Lot conversed with angels. Jacob is said to have wrestled with one; and kings and princes were governed by the messages which came down from the spirit world.

Isaiah and Daniel had visions. They unveiled, in prophetic metaphor, the dawn of a beautiful morning. They spoke and wrote as the words of love came melting from the skies. In original imagery, they clothed their visions in pictures, descriptive of the harmony of heaven. They saw the golden era which was to

cover the earth with its glory. They predicted the coming of Shiloh—the advent of peace on earth and good will among men. They felt the inspiration of holy angels, and saw the new heaven and the new earth, blooming and smiling with love and peace. They invoked the wisdom of the new world to shed its effulgent rays upon the darkness of humanity, and pour its divine truth upon the crazy elements of despair. They sought for the riches of a new earth, and the priceless gems of a beautiful land; and they found the pearls of infinite mercy and joy.

The bearded sages who adorned the infantile literature of the Hebrews, who contributed to form a nation's history, and who were surrounded by the voluptuousness of passion, gave a charm to their pages by the infusion of those sweet melodies which heaven alone can reveal. Scorning nothing which fell from the pure spheres of love, their glorious inspiration became a theme of reverence, and gave origin to the worship of Jehovah, as God of all flesh.

Contemporaneous with the light which shone upon the Hebrews, the dawning of eternal truth faintly fell upon the east, and gave maxims radiated from the mouth of Confucius. Neither were the south and west overlooked by the returning angels of mercy. The east and west, the north and south revived from their torpid condition. All tribes and nations were blessed with light from heaven; but that light beamed dimly through the channels of human ignorance, weakness and folly. It was a light shining through clouds of superstition and violence, which only the pure in heart could see and feel, as the love of angels flowing down from heaven.

Beautifully sublime as were the unfoldings of spirit wisdom, to the materialistic minds of Hebrew sages and poets, the grossness of their humanity greatly obstructed the full glory of eternal truth from descending upon them in its purity. In the infancy of the world's progress, when civilization had scarcely emerged from barbarism; when the lower faculties of the soul were rulers over the spiritual; when might controlled the masses, and superstition flooded the avenues of thought; and when war and domestic tribulation spurred the incentives to righteousness, the beautiful land and inspiration of spirits could not be so clearly revealed as in subsequent ages of human progress. But the seed was sown; the progressive development of humanity was begun; and, by an immutable law of nature, will continue, until the glory of the divine Father shall fill the whole earth as the waters cover the bed of the sea. The springs of eternal love are never exhausted, nor will the labors of heavenly messengers be frustrated, that humanity should weep for relief, and weep in vain, without help from heaven.

Succeeding the ages of Hebrew and classic literature, came the sunlight of truth, smiling upon shepherds who were tending their flocks, as they grazed the rocky hills of Palestine. Not a cloud obscured the fair sky, not a dream disturbed their pensive meditations, not a whisper echoed o'er the plains, not a fear stole away their consciences, when the great congregation from heaven harmoniously chanted the song of hope in the jubilee of their rejoicing; "for unto us is born this day a Savior"—a medium—through whom grace and truth shall flow down to humanity. The babe was born—the promised period came—the long and weary night of darkness had passed—and the news of peace spread over the land like an electric blast of fire.

But the people had their governors, their laws, their religion, their customs, their priests, their forms, their altars, their sanctuaries, and their ignorance—each sacred in its place and use, and all uniting to resist the introduction of any new doctrine—any new philosophy—any new principle among them. They wished for happiness, but desired it to flow without disturbing their faith, their sins, or their means of subsistence. They wanted light, but it must burn in their own lamps. They wanted peace, but denied the principle upon which it is forever based.

Without the advantages of polemics, without the discipline of controversialists, without the study of the schools, he of whom angels sang, overwhelmed the doctors and lawyers with the power of his arguments, and confuted the Scribes and Pharisees upon the ground of their own professed faith. He strove not with flesh and blood, but with the ignorance and hypocrisy of the Jews. He gave them a new commandment, saying, "love your enemies," and they despised him for it. He prayed for them, and they cursed him for his prayers. He loved them, and they spit in his face. He reproved them, and they crucified him. Such was the reception of Jesus, and such the opposition he experienced.

Among the early fathers in the church, subsequent to the age of the apostles, spirit revelations were common. Irenæus the theologian, and Justinian, the legislator, were spiritually assisted. But no one, of the early centuries, more than Origen, the indefatigable and vol-

unious writer, whose octagon of the scriptures is preserved from the general destruction occasioned by the burning of the Alexandrian library. I do not not to wade through the angry contentions and polemic controversies of the church, in those dark periods, when papal superstition and kingly usurpation exerted their crushing power over the consciences of men, and revoked the liberties of the law of life. I am persuaded that the union of Christianity with paganism, and the retrogression of spiritualism, in virtue of such fellowship, gave rise to all the partisan feuds and quarrels, all the wars and bloodshed, which have not sullied the ties of friendship among men, but made it impossible for spirits to communicate with earth's inhabitants.

Nevertheless, occasional avenues of heavenly intercommunication, have been found, for the past thousand years, in Italy, India, Germany, France and Holland; but they have been regarded as possessed of demoniacal influences, rather than those of divine origin. Even the Swedish seer, whose learning, piety and theological acumen, stood above the reproach of the most fastidious and jealous of his countrymen, was regarded as a visionary speculator in matters thought to be trespassing closely upon the divine prerogatives of the Almighty. He was inspired by angels, and pictorial scenery of the spirit land was very clearly presented to his understanding. But the great error into which he fell, consisted in the application of his pictures to spiritual conditions. His ardent love of literature and his strong desire to apply his discoveries to a practical use, on earth, caused him to stumble and fall upon the rocks of a sectarian policy. He confirmed his instructions to present conditions, when he should have reformed theologies and abuses.

In England and Scotland, the spirits of heaven have demonstrated their presence at various intervals; but the pressure of religious bigotry and adverse conditions of mediums, forbade all practical results, calculated to benefit humanity; and the undertaking was relinquished. John Wesley might have been an instrument of reform, had he listened to the voice which bade him arise from the slough of his ambition, and go forth as the champion of a new dispensation; but he, too, was a conformist, and lacked the moral courage necessary to the undertaking. He bowed to Episcopacy, and shaped his garments to gain strength. His education and his ambition repelled the angels from his house, and he cautiously—not wisely—admitted invisible presence, but alleged that, demons infested his home, although no evil was done his household. Yet his songs were inspired, at least many of them, and such influences were thrown over his energetic mind as caused him to think that the Holy Ghost was his comforter and shield—his safeguard and help.

Among the early pilgrims who fled from their mother land, the guardian angels endeavored to manifest themselves; but the intolerance of the clergy and laity, became so exasperated, their fear of demons so much excited, and the trials and vengeance against mediums so severe and cruel, that a longer continuance of manifestations of spirits with them, would have been but to torture them, without commensurate benefit to the general good of society. If it had been possible to have satisfied the mediums or the people, that those who inhabited the immortal world and who made these manifestations, were none other than their dear friends who had passed into another sphere of life, it would practically have consummated the designs of those spirits who were interested in this enterprise. But the conditions were unfavorable, and those manifestations, now, only serve as a link in the great chain of spirit developments. They form conclusive evidence of an invisible agency, and in a degree modify the severity of such attacks upon the private reputation of other mediums as would necessarily be made, were there no incidents of the past to restrain the violence of men.

In the progress of humanity, society has been developed, until the love of freedom burns brightly upon the heartstrings of the American continent. The watchfires of the people are kindled, to go no more out forever. In the cottage as in the mansion, in the factories as in the halls of Congress, in the common schools as in the colleges, the love of liberty inspires the hearts of the whole nation. Protection to all and submission to none, are the bulwarks of American independence. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Greenland's icy shores to Florida's delightful plains, the welcome song of liberty melodiously vibrates through every nerve of the nation's soul. It echoes o'er vale and mountain, o'er rivers and lakes, o'er cultivated lands and unbroken forests, sweeping the dark usurper of other rights into an unretained oblivion from which there will be no resurrection. Civilization and freedom mark the destiny of human progress. The altar is enshrined in the bosoms of a nation. Its incense is vigilance, and its worshippers the hosts who bow not their necks to the tyrant's behest, or the pandurer's intrigue.

The Declaration of Rights, sealed by the blood of the Revolution, emphatically protests against the exactions of potentates and kings, and guarantees to the people of its jurisdiction eternal freedom. It vouchsafes to all the right to think and to do—to worship and to refrain—as the harmony of an empire and the good of all require. No ecclesiastical authority is recognized—no sect or creed is preferred—no caste or pursuit denied the sovereign citizen or the dependent ruler. Whatever may contribute to the happiness of an individual, or the glory of human welfare, is tolerated. No matter how many platforms, both political and religious, may be chosen, or how many craven sycophants may kneel to extort the luxuries they have no merit to command, still the right to self government is as inalienable as the light of the sun, and as irrevocable as the mandates of Jehovah. On these rights and in pursuance of the freedom secured by an acknowledged instrument, the present is an age unknown in the annals of human history.

And the multiplied varieties of opinion, consequent upon the establishment of universal toleration, in all matters of belief, the popular platforms in religion exercise but little comparative power over the consciences of individuals. Nevertheless, there is a prevailing anxiety to control men; and appliances are often used to cover persons into the support of instructions which their hearts reject. But such is the popular feeling of independence, that manacles will not bear clenching, nor their subjects long submit to the incumbrance. Under such circumstances, the present, as in no other age, offers an opportunity for the diffusion of light and knowledge. And surveying, as we do, the rancor and strife, the darkness and sin, the skepticism and degeneracy, of all the races, and knowing, as we do, the necessity of reform in all the departments of social life, as well as the conditions upon which all true happiness in heaven and earth are based, we come as agents of God to dispel the ignorance of humanity, and to prepare the souls of men for a higher and holier sphere in the worlds above.

The dawning of a day in which the angels of heaven have come to earth, is come.—The second advent of peace to the world is being proclaimed. A million of souls on the favored soil of America, have risen from their graves of darkness, to rejoice in the hope of immortality. No formal array of banners, no outward display of forces, no booming of cannon, no bristling of bayonets, no whirlwind of passion, no equipment of royalty, no dazzling professions to perfectibility, accompany our advance. But we come, in the stillness of our inspiration, to the meek and the lowly, to the poor and the comfortless, to the bereaved and the mourning, with news of consolation on our tongues, and assurance of love in our messages. We come as citizens of the immortal world, to relieve the fears of the desponding, to correct the follies of ignorance, to expose the frauds of hypocrites, to reform the vicious, to advance the kingdom of truth on earth, and reveal the social condition of the spirit land, and the conditions upon which all bliss is attainable, and all misery avoidable.

We come soliciting no recompense of men, no reward from earth, no honor at the hands of human disposal. But we come, knowing that our labor is not in vain, that eternal ages will bless our endeavor, and all the spheres smile at our success. We come as spirits who have emerged from the rudimentary form of dust, and who still sympathize with our kindred affinities in the flesh. We come where the weeping mother bends over the inanimate form of her loved child, and whose gushing tears find no relief in the bitter thoughts of death and uncertainty, which unwillingly lacerate her heart; where she bewails the destruction of humanity's form, and consigns to the grave the beautiful, blossoming flower, with a sorrow that maternal sympathy alone can feel, where the consolation of creeds and opinions have no efficacy to dispel the midnight gloom of her soul, and where the lone watcher dreads the separation as eternal, or, if not eternal, as the judgment of heaven. To her we come with tidings of immortal rejoicing, and speak the language of hope into her desponding spirit.

The father stands paled by her side. The hope of future years, the promise of future joy responds not to the parental sigh—weeps not with those that weep; for the clammy sweat tides of death—the heart is motionless, and the coming morrow conveys the cherished form to the land of graves. Alas! what shall the day bring forth, and who shall open the book of life? Can he who denies the appearing of angels; who stumbles at the revelations which have flowed down from the spirit land; who condemns the ministrations of peace and scorns the possibility of intercommunication with the spirits of the just? Is he the man to console the bereaved? Is he the teacher sent of God to proclaim deliverance from the fear of death? Is he the chosen servant of heaven who contains the emanations of that blissful land? How will he comfort the mourner? In what way will he prove immortal life, and unfold the

realities of the future? The dirge is not more solemn than the dilemma of any man who professes consolation, and at the same time denies the facts of spirit intercourse.

But the loved friends, who have gone into the nightless sphere, approach the lone watchers of the lifeless form. They announce that the child is not dead—that the spirit still lives in all its freshness and beauty—that its transition was its gain—and that the seraphim's song now salutes its ear with the harmony of indescribable joy. The separation is not everlasting—the grave is not the mansion of the departed—the bright spirits of the celestial world are its adopted guardians, who will conduct it to the city of the living God, where the river of life flows along in an endless current of beauty and grandeur. There is its home, amid the fruitful gardens and blooming groves, the immortal mansions and golden streets, the loved affinities and chosen companions, the mellow sympathy of harmony, and the inexpressible profusion of the spirit land. There, amid the temples of the free, where the great assembly of the just, meet to receive the wisdom of higher worlds, and arch angels pour down their floods of living light, is the sanctuary of the parent's departed child. It blooms in the sunny sky, away from the din and confusion of earth's monotonous battle, where the spirit is unfolded by the instructions of Heaven's immaculate volume, and cultivated, refined, and elevated, to understand and appreciate the exhaustless treasures of the spirit land.

We come to you, ye sons and daughters who mourn for the exit of parents, dear and loved. We see the ties of kindred shocked by the dissolution of perishing forms. Recollection of faded joys—memory's enduring chain, binds the soul to fragments of mortality. Other days are gone; but the tenderness of parental solicitude opens the sympathy of confiding hearts, when atoms to atoms return, and the father's farewell blessing, or the mother's dying prayer falls upon the sorrowing sons and daughters like the knell of an eternal sunset. Ye who languish and mourn; ye who lament and grieve; ye who murmur and despond over fears and doubts; to you we come; and would unfold the life which has no death, the peace which has no blight, and the progress which has no end.

How many mothers, how many fathers, pass away from their families and friends, leaving desolation and sadness around groups of relatives and neighbors, and no voice comes to the bereaved from the joyous home of light? How many groan beneath the mildew of despair, when the loved ones pass from their sight? How many contemplate the ravages of disease, with no solace to bind up their broken hearts? How few meditate upon the beautiful land to which their dear kindred have gone, without distrusting the reality which breaks upon their vision? Alas! the human heart shudders at the certainty of dissolving nature. It flees from the contemplation, like the frightened antelope from the chase of its pursuer. It would give the whole world, if it could, to live forever. All things appear as dross compared to life. Oh, let me live! is the prayer of dying and weeping millions. It is the first and last petition of the soul. But ignorance, like a thief in the night, denies the boon. It steals the blessing which nature demands. It employs emissaries to shake human confidence in the immortality of the spirit, and leaves the curse of its work as the patrimony of her deluded victims.

To these we have come, and to many have we carried the thrilling conviction that the spirit is immortal and cannot die. To many have we revealed the glorious future, and made them conscious of our presence, and they have been made to rejoice with unexpressed joy. They have published the great salvation far and wide. They have stood by the cross, when timid hearts have fled. They have heard the words of angels, when superstition's slaves have spit upon the banner. They have kept the faith of Christ, when bigots have mocked, and deluded souls have scorned. They have stood upon the foundation of the apostles, when Christian professors have derided the cause of God. They have been comforted in seasons of mourning, when Pharisees and hypocrites have menaced and ridiculed the consolations of the afflicted. They have progressed in the knowledge of God, when the arm of burlesque has mocked out envy and spite.

We have come; but the arm of law no longer upholds the violence of other days. We do what we can to reform the vicious and arrest the evils of human society. But opposition, from its thousand centers, is arrayed against us. The masses who seek happiness know not where to find it. The sluggish streams of human pollution are used to satiate the thirsty soul. Debauchery and crime exert their power to stay reform. Sensuality and pride know not the wisdom of God. Millions desire to conceal their sins, and prefer darkness rather than light.

We boast of nothing but the magnanimity of our endeavor. Still a grateful people will

applaud our efforts. Still the work goes gloriously on. No human mind can comprehend the embarrassments attendant on our mission; but the victory is sure. The strong must triumph. Peace must cover the wide earth. Harmony must supersede discord. And, so far as the manifestations have prevailed, a new era in humanity's progress has been realized.

Believing pilgrims, harken to our speech! We shall not forsake you. The gates of the holy city are open by day and by night for your entertainment. You have found some pearls in your progressive search for wisdom. You have tasted the waters which have come to your souls. You have taken that "good part" which shall not be withdrawn from you. The perils of your journey, thus far, have not ruined you. The predictions of men that you would soon discover the philosophy of heaven to be a cheat, have not been fulfilled. Expounders of materialistic laws, who have imprudently ignored the possibility of intercommunication with angels, have signally failed to invalidate our affirmations. You have duties and obligations to discharge to your brethren in the form. You have duties to yourselves. Neither can be performed, unless you live the truth you have been taught by the spirits who watch over you.

Pilgrims, you should cultivate that charity that thinketh no evil toward your brethren and sisters. There should be no envy, no jealousy, among you. Every believer should be a pattern of good works. No discord, arising from differences of opinion, should be indulged in your minds. You should live for yourselves, believe or disbelieve upon your own responsibility. You should act upon your highest convictions of truth and justice.

The unfoldings of to-day are for to-day. The lower conditions of humanity can only be addressed by such manifestations as are tangible to their capacities. Instruction must be suited to the degrees of development. Hence, when things are done, obnoxious to your refinement, you should recollect that persons are present who demand the rude. You should know that they have guardian spirits who are like them, and sympathize in any measure that will serve to give them confidence in their presence.

We perceive that some among you distrust the practical utility of the new philosophy—some cling to the popular errors of religionists—some fear to be recognized as the disciples of a new dispensation. Be not afraid of the truth. Do not crucify your own souls by acknowledging what you do not believe. Think of your responsibility to God and man. Know that the eyes of the spirit world are open to watch your fidelity, your sincerity, and your integrity. Feel that your reward cannot be enhanced by truckling to erroneous opinions, nor your qualifications for eternal happiness promoted by any misgivings of conscience or any neglect of duty.

You have received evidence of our immortal home; of our presence with you; and if you will honestly and constantly practise the morality we teach, and live the life we recommend, you will not question the practical influence of our teachings, to make all men and women better and happier. No, dearly beloved, we have not come to destroy the social fabric of domestic tranquility, nor to undermine the great pillars of genuine Christianity; but we have come to restore the confidence of a world in the unlimited progression of the races, in the beautiful land of heaven. We have come to reform the world, and give harmony and hope to famishing humanity. We have come to banish ignorance, discord and crime from the earth; and we ask you to co-operate with us in this great enterprise. We ask you to be truthful, honest and faithful; to discharge all your social and moral obligations with cheerfulness, firmness and resolution. We ask you to take up your cross—to work in light as in the dark—to overcome evil with good—to speak the truth in the love of it—to do right, though scorn and envy assail you at every step; for surely you must know that your crown of glory will be such as your works shall merit—such as your conduct shall win in the race set before you.

This is our message to you. This is the wisdom of the great congregation, whose instrument I am, to write these encouraging thoughts for your mental and spiritual advancement. We trust you will give due heed to our voice. Permit me, therefore, in the name of angels and in behalf of the happy group of spirits who have, from time to time, inspired this medium with the beautiful unfoldings of our blessed home, to offer you my unaffected congratulations, and my sincere regards for your temporal and eternal prosperity. Many thanks are due this medium for the time occupied in the preparation of this imperfect lesson, which I desire to be read on Sunday afternoon before the Harmonical Association, in Buffalo, and subsequently published in the *Age of Progress*.

JOHN N. MAFFITT.

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

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What is Spiritualism?

Does spiritualism consist in merely believing what we cannot doubt without discrediting the testimony of those senses which God has given us for our individual guidance in this state of existence? We see a table come out from the wall, against which it stands, and beat every note of music which is sung by a circle, by rising from the floor and striking it with its legs, when a lighted lamp stands on it, and no human being touches it with hand, foot or any part of his body, or with any instrument or thing. This intelligent movement of the table we see with our own eyes and hear with our own ears; and experience and reason teach us that there must be, not only force applied to the table to make it move, but intelligence to govern that force, so as to make it beat all the notes of the music exactly. We see that it is not done, by human contact or agency; and the intelligence which governs the movement, tells us, by means of signs agreed upon, that it is done by the enlarged spirit of a beloved relative or friend. There being no other alternative, the looker on is compelled to believe the report of the operating intelligence. He believes this because he cannot help himself. His mind has received convincing evidence, and faith is irresistible. What then? Does this unavoidable faith make him a spiritualist?

Is he a Christian who has been taught from his infancy that Jesus Christ suffered death for the sins of mankind, and who believes it because he was so taught, but who obeys not the teachings of Christ, and lives not the life of the righteous? Is he an honest man who believes it to be the duty of every one to deal honestly and live uprightly, but who practices fraud continually? Is he a temperate man who knows and acknowledges that intemperance is sinful and shameful, but who never goes to bed sober? If the first be not a Christian—if the second be not an honest man—if the third be not a temperate man—then he who believes that spirits communicate with mortals, but who practices not, morally and spiritually, the precepts which spirits teach, is not a spiritualist.

Spiritualism has a much broader significance than the mere faith which cannot be resisted. Bring us a few specimens of those who say: "I am a spiritualist, for I have witnessed spiritual manifestations of such a convincing character that it was impossible to doubt," and let us see what kind of a spiritualist they are. We find that, although this one is convinced that the spirits of departed men and women do revisit and hold communication with their friends in the flesh, he is unwilling to receive their report that every one will take position in the spirit world according to his own merits and demerits, while in the flesh, and not according to the merits of any scapegoat, upon whose back the sins of the whole human family are supposed to have been piled. He clings to the teachings of that theology which holds out the idea that all a man has to do is to believe, and that faith, though it come not till the last hour of his natural life, and though he have passed his three score and ten years in all manner of sinful indulgences, will not only save him from perdition, but elevate him to an equality with those who spent their whole lives in the service of God and their fellow men, and who have been, for centuries, ministering angels to the afflicted ones of earth. Such a believer is not a spiritualist.

Again we find a believer who is a worshipper of Mammon. He directs all the energies of his mind to the accumulation of wealth. Avarice is an absorbing passion with him. It impels him to acts of injustice and tyranny. It closes all the avenues to his heart, extinguishes every spark of sympathy, and petrifies all his feelings. He is a practical oppressor of the poor; a devourer of widows' houses; a scourge to the community of which he is a member, and a reproach to the human character. Instead of being a spiritualist, such a believer is an idolater of the worst stamp; a materialist whose mind never soars above terrestrial objects—whose soul would gladly embrace the doctrine of annihilation, when it can no longer gloat upon the treasures of earth.

Here is another believer who embraces spiritualism for the sake of the associations into which it brings him. He has seen the evidences and believes his senses; but it has never reached his soul. He delights in attending spiritual circles, because it frequently affords him an opportunity to bring his storming batteries to bear upon female virtue. Sitting in circles, in the dark, he finds it convenient to use "the language of the hand," which, if repeated, he attributes to magnetic influence, and apologizes hypocritically for his deliberate impudence. When he finds his sign-language understood and answered without resentment, he rightly judges that he has found one upon his own moral plane; and mutual sympathies, thus excited, frequently result in criminal intercourse which brings popular reproach upon a cause, in itself pure and holy. And whilst we are canvassing the character of this kind of spiritualists, it may not be improper to allude to the practice of magnetizing by manipulation, which has prevailed to a greater extent than it now does. There are many professed magnetisers, who seem ever anxious to find female subjects, upon whose persons to exercise their magnetic powers by manipulation. Many of these, when sitting in a circle in which females are under magnetic influence, are "controlled," by some spirit, to render them assistance by

clawing, or manipulation. Generally, this controlling spirit is supposed to be the legitimate inhabitant of the body to which the manipulating hands belong; and it is too frequently impelled by a less hallowed incentive than a disposition to aid the developing spirit.

We feel warranted in making these remarks, by circumstances which have fallen under our personal observation, in which these familiarities have resulted in the wreck of morals, the destruction of female reputation, and unmerited reproach to the cause of spiritualism. These believers are not spiritualists, but mere animals, whose impure minds have been convinced by irresistible evidence presented to their senses.

Spiritualists should be extremely cautious how they associate themselves, in circles, with believers of this character. Females, particularly, should bear in mind the important fact, that male magnetisers, in whose souls there are no sub-strata of moral purity, can exercise irresistible power, in many instances, over magnetised females, and are more to be feared than the poisonous reptile whose virus can only affect the physical system. In view of these circumstances, it gives us great pleasure to perceive that spirits out of the physical form, and free from animal passions and propensities, are taking upon themselves the duty of throwing mediums into the magnetic or abnormal state, when they deem it necessary, and saving incarnate, if not carnal, magnetisers much manipulating labor. This we conceive to be a step in progression; and we hope our angelic friends will soon be enabled to perform their physical manifestations in light, that the truth may be evident as well visually as orally and tangibly.

By the false teachings of some pseudo-spiritualists, the impression seems to have gone abroad among faithless, incontinent and licentious husbands and wives, that the spiritual fraternity regard the marriage contract as dissoluble at the will of either of the parties, when they choose to consider themselves uncongenially mated. This false representation of spiritualism has, in all probability, facilitated the conversion of many to the spiritual faith, possibly, as a covering for contemplated repudiation of their marriage covenants. Men and women who are brought together by what they take to be conjugal affection, and which, properly nurtured, would prove to be such, become alienated by suffering their passions to get the mastery of them on the occurrence of any difference of sentiment, however trivial, and exchange sour looks, contemptuous gestures, and, frequently, snarling words and opprobrious epithets. Every one of these looks, actions and epithets, bears away a portion of the reciprocal esteem which they originally entertained, and weakens the force and cools the ardor of conjugal love. Hence it is plain that a long course of this kind of bickering, must exhaust the whole stock, and leave them without any bond of union, save that which the statute of marriage throws around them. In this condition they are unhappy; but who is to blame for their unhappiness?

Who is to blame for the poverty of a husband and wife, who have, by sumptuous living and all manner of extravagance, wasted their inherited legacies and patrimonies? Clearly, they have their own folly to blame for their poverty; and, as clearly, they have their own folly to blame for their want of conjugal felicity. Let such a pair seek happiness in separation and the formation of other matrimonial alliances, and what prospect have they of more congeniality or more happiness? Do they not take the same querulous dispositions with them, and are they not as likely to indulge them the second time as the first? If they had not wisdom enough, if they had not goodness enough, to cultivate their dispositions and school their irascible tempers into mildness and forbearance, in the union formed by virtue of their first love, how can they hope to succeed any better in a second union? There is no hope of remedy in this alternative; and he or she who resorts to separation and re-mating, instead of repentance, reformation and self-cultivation, as a remedy for the evil of conjugal infelicity, may have been convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse with mortals, but cannot possibly be a spiritualist.

Spiritualism teaches the great necessity of interior self-cultivation. It teaches that every one must first look within himself or herself, to find the cause of any disagreement or inharmoniousness between him or her and any other member of the human family; and it teaches that, if the fault be not found there, it shall be looked for in circumstances which environ the opposite party, which demand the exercise of charity, forbearance and forgiveness. It teaches that, if a man possessed of a morose and abusive disposition, speak and act offensively to another, he speaks and acts the truth of his character, and stands in need of the labor of kindness and love, to mellow his disposition and redeem him from the turbulent spirit that reigns within him. It teaches that the faults of a brother or a sister should be reproved with mildness and kindness, in secret, and not blazoned to the world, lest scorn harden the transgressor's heart and prevent repentance and reform. It teaches that love and kindness are sovereign remedies for all social evils, and that criminal courts, prisons, penitentiaries and strait-jackets, are heathenish and ungodly, and inimical to moral and spiritual progression. It teaches that every transgression of the laws of nature, which are the laws of God, whether it be in deed, word or thought, instantly affects the condition of the soul, as the temperature of the atmosphere affects the mercury in the thermometer, sinking it lower in the scale of spiritual existence; and that every good act, word and thought, has the opposite effect, elevating the spirit in the same ratio, thus continually keeping the account, and rendering a final day of

judgment unnecessary. It teaches that the condition of each spirit, when it enters the second state of existence, is regulated entirely by its course of life here; thus verifying the doctrine that every one receives a reward according to the deeds done in the body. It teaches that mediums for spiritual manifestations and communications, are not necessarily any more righteous or pure than other specimens of humanity; that, like all others, it is their bounden duty to cultivate their minds and purge themselves from all moral and spiritual impurities; that spirits prefer moral mediums, when they can obtain them with equal magnetic qualifications, the same as the housewife would prefer a clean trumpet with which to call field laborers to dinner; that the only merit to be accredited to mediums, is in the willingness and fidelity with which they devote themselves to the duties required by ministering angels, and the assiduity with which they apply their energies to the cultivation of their own interior selves; and that morally impure media have no more reason to pride themselves on the effect produced through their mediumship, than the above named dinner trumpet, or the horn of the dead sheep, at the sounding of which the walls of Jericho tumbled down, or the donkey, through whose organs the angel spoke to Balaam. It teaches that it is as unjust to reject spiritual communications on account of the immorality of the media through which they come, as it would be for field laborers to refuse the dinner to which they are called, because the trumpet used by the housewife or cook-maid, was not clean; for, be it understood, receivers of spiritual communications are under no more obligation to fellowship the immoral medium, than the field laborer is to eat the dirty trumpet. Finally, it teaches that there are many irrational ideas, fallacies and follies inculcated by the teachers of various Christian sects; among which there is scarcely a greater absurdity, or a more gross libel upon the wisdom and goodness of the Infinite Father of all spirits, than that which teaches that every human soul which leaves the physical form, is immediately paralyzed, thrown into a state of torpidity or temporary annihilation, and stowed away in some general receptacle of unmuffled spirits, there to lie till some far future period in eternal ages, when mother Earth shall have passed the age of fecundity and ceased human propagation; then to be awakened by the *tan-tara-ra* of an imaginary Gabriel, and brought forth to renewed existence and to a general judgment.

We have to confess that, in the foregoing strictures, we have given utterance to some things implying a distrust of the moral purity of a class of professing believers in the spiritual philosophy. For this we apologise to no person; for those who are not hit will not be hurt; and those who are hit deserve the blow.

Extraordinary Spiritual Manifestations.

At a circle held at the house of Mr. F. M. GAY, on Friday evening of last week, the following very satisfactory tests of spirit presence took place: On Tuesday evening previously, the circle held a meeting at Mr. LEVY SMITH'S, on Niagara street. At this time, two full sheets of foolscap writing paper were taken from the room without the agency of human hands. On interrogating the spirits, they promised, by the raps, to return the same at another meeting of the circle, to be held at Mr. GAY'S, on the following Friday evening, and all present were invited to attend the circle. Accordingly, we assembled, with some additional members, so that the room was densely crowded. Having seated ourselves, the rappings assured us of the presence of a spirit, who gave his name as JOSEPH EVANS. He was asked if he would return those missing sheets, to which he responded in the affirmative, and directed the room to be darkened. In less than one minute, one of the missing sheets was returned, upon which was written the following communication:

My friends, circumstances were such that I could not present this communication on Tuesday evening. It is with pleasure that I find you in a favorable condition to receive this missing sheet to-night. You will perceive that a portion of the sheet is gone. Our musical friend (Alluding to a spirit who had performed on some instrument, on previous occasions), appropriated a part of it to his own use. He has a very ugly trick of *Snatching*.

In the summer of eighteen hundred and thirty, I was elected Senator of Louisiana. I was shot by ROBERT STERLING, a lawyer, in Onachita, Louisiana. The difficulty arose in consequence of STERLING'S brother-in-law—Col. MOREHOUSE—being a rival candidate. Probably you have, some of you, read the history of the whole affair. I was entirely innocent of giving any offence or provocation, other than my election. STERLING committed a cold-blooded, inhuman murder, and was acquitted. So much for the laws of Louisiana. Party zeal has often led to fatal results; but none in the United States, where the winding up was so unjust and disgraceful. STERLING is now receiving his just reward. May God have mercy on his spirit.

General FERDINAND MORGAN.

Following this, the spirits directed that the company should be divided—those sitting around the table to remain as they were, and the others to go into the parlor adjoining, and form another circle. The door being closed and the room being again darkened, a communication was written by the spirits without human hands, and placed upon our table, and when the light was brought in, read, examined, and marked by a member of the circle. The spirit then notified us that he would take it into the other room, on extinguishing the lights; which he did while the door leading to the other parlor was closed.

Subsequently, he informed us that he desired

all the doors of our room to be closed, and two men to be placed as a guard to each door, the light to be put out, and he would carry a string of beads into the parlor. In less than one minute after these directions were complied with, a gentleman in that parlor came into our room, which had been lighted, with the beads, saying that they were thrown into his lap as he was sitting at his table. These beads were forcibly drawn from under the hands of the medium as they rested on the table, and the hands of two other skeptical gentlemen, pressing upon hers with all the power they could exert.

There was another remarkable occurrence during the evening. A young lady who lived in the family, had to go away early in the evening to sit up with a sick friend. After she had gone, and whilst the circle were sitting around the table, a spirit came and said he wished to give a communication to her, calling her by name. Mrs. GAY, the medium, replied to him: She is absent. The spirit said: She must come back. The medium replied: We do not know where the person lives whom she has gone to see, and we cannot send for her. If you must have her back, you must go and bring her yourself. Can you do it? This the spirit answered in the affirmative; and no more was said or thought on the subject, till the door was opened and the young lady put her head into the room. Mrs. GAY exclaimed: Why, what have you come back for? I thought you were going to stay all night. To this the young lady made no reply, but, seeming half bewildered, she enquired, what do you want of me? Is the child worse? (The mediums child was quite unwell.) Then she was informed of the circumstance that the spirit had said he must have her back, and that he went in pursuit of her. She then told the circle that she had been at the house where her sick friend was, not more than twenty to thirty minutes, when she felt an impression that she must return immediately home; and the impulse was so powerful that she involuntarily sprang up and got her hat and shawl. Reflecting a moment, she thought how odd it would seem to the people where she was, and how foolish she would look to go back for nothing; and she forced herself to return her things to the place she took them from. She then took her seat; but it proved to be as uneasy as if she had been sitting on nettles; and some thing seemed to be pulling at her on every side. This was continued till the influence became irresistible, and she again put on her shawl and hat and hurried home. After she had told her story and taken her seat, the spirit threw upon the table the communication which he wished to give her. Its contents were as follows:

"On the 28th day of September, you will receive a letter announcing the death of your cousin OSCAR."

Signed, C. CLARK.

Towards the close of the evening, the light was ordered out, by the spirits, and the hand of Mrs. GAY was moved to write; and in about one minute and a half, in the dark, the following stanzas were written in a legible hand, every line of the production following the ruled line of the paper with the utmost precision. The signature—"JANE MONROE"—is that of a deceased friend of a member of the circle.

O! a spirit hand are gathering
Close to this material veil;
Lo! I hear their gentle whispers,
Softer than the evening gale.
Airy forms are pressing near me;
Thrilling tones from glory come;
How their low celestial breathings
Draw me towards my spirit's home.
Hush my soul bend near—interpret
Every mystic murmur right:
List! they breathe of love undying,
In the changeless home of light.
They are whispering that they hover
Round me on the wings of air,
Marking, in probation's conflict,
How I will and work and bear.
And whene'er my soul is calling,
As it calls for them to night,
How their earthly love, returning,
Answers from the worlds of light.
And they come with light celestial,
Life reviving, as the dew;
Fearing lest I faint or falter,
Ere my earthly work be through.
Go back, my spirit friends, to glory;
Sound the victor's song once more:
Ye have served a soul to conquer
Till life's trialtime be o'er.

There are many responsible persons who will bear witness to the truth of all the facts above stated.

C. HAMMOND.

The following is furnished the *Spiritual Telegraph*, by a Philadelphia correspondent.

Christianity vs. History.

Scutellus, in his life of Nero, A. D. 118, says, "The Christians were punished, a class of men possessing a new and pernicious superstition."
Tacitus, who wrote about the same time, says: "A people who, in abhorrence of their crimes, were commonly called Christians.—This pernicious superstition, though choked for a while, broke out again, and spread not only from Judea, the seat of this evil, but reached the city, whither flew, from all sides, all things vile and shameful."
Skeptical writers have, from time to time, laid great stress upon the fact that ancient historical writers have made little or no mention of the wonders related in the New Testament, and that, in their careless allusions to the followers of Christ, they give them so low and base a character. This should not be taken advantage of as conclusive argument.

Christianity, then, like Spiritualism now, was unpopular. The Jews particularly (as do the sectarians now) despised this new professed revelation; to them it was an intruder. These ancient historians were generally Jewish, either in their faith or prejudice, and, consequently, had been taught from childhood to despise Christians and their faith, and could not otherwise treat it.

A case in point. From evidence the most unquestionable, and our own senses, it is clear that the so-called miracles are being duplicated, with still greater power and intelligence than formerly. So complete is the confirmation, so far as the phenomena are concerned, that every priest and clergyman in the land can find reliable testimony among the members of their own flocks. Yet, without an expressed desire to fairly investigate these momentous wonders, they warn their children and congregations against it all, as infidel and devilish. Think you a history written to-day would contain any respectful allusion to those startling spiritual wonders transpiring throughout the land?—Think you that Mr. Koons' name would figure therein—that the startling fact that Spirits from the realms of the Invisible and immortal, daily make their appearance there, allowing their hands to be seen and pressed, and speaking verbally words of comfort to the skeptical, and loving eloquence to all? We speak not of occurrences from one to three centuries old, but facts of to-day, which thousands have seen, and which all can see if they wish!

Blinded by the prevailing prejudices, and servile to public opinion, however false, the popular historian would not stoop to notice, much less respect, so contemptible a delusion as Spiritualism. So with Christianity in her days of trial and numerical weakness. She was seldom noticed by popular writers; and when referred to at all, only as a weak, wandering harlot or outcast that had dared to supersede the old rotten theology of Moses and others by a more beautiful and practical system.

If it was wrong for the Jews, because of prejudice, to crucify the truth, is it not more so in the favored sons of persecuted sires, with the trying examples of the early Christians ever before them, and a liberal public sentiment surrounding them, to do likewise?

And what we shall say of you, O boasting throng of dissenters, who, with your undaunted leader, have long exclaimed, "Though every tile on every house-top were a devil, I go to worms," there to face fear, and avow the truth; who, with Paul, have caused to be emblazoned upon your victorious banner, "Prove all things," and who, with your deified Master, profess to believe that "the truth shall make you free?" We have thought you sincere.—How else can we be than disappointed?—What fears this skulking? Why this manifestation of fear at truth-development? Why shrink ye within the sacred enclosures of your sectarian sanctuaries, calling upon God to save his house from devastation? Is its foundation so unstable, its walls so rotten, its architecture so imperfect, that new truth, though but as the cooling zephyr, may endanger it? What means this? Is your beautiful Christianity but Judaism re-dressed? Is your boasted Protestantism but the scarlet lady in disguised costume? Is not this the language of your heart, "Not that I love Christianity, Protestantism, or truth less, but my sect more?" Has heaven a new revelation at hand? Has God in his love chosen to open new truth to man regarding the great future, so long dark and unknown? All must be measured by my creed—all must accord with what Athanasius has commanded me to believe. Welcome heaven; but more welcome the Nicene Fathers. Welcome truth; but if it agree not with what has come through the prejudice, darkness, history and fraud of the dark ages, let it be accursed!

You may deny it; yet as God liveth, the charge will hold good. Your creed, your cardinal theology, the offspring of a perverted and prejudiced priesthood, has, at this moment, a greater hold upon your affections than the saving principle of human brotherhood, which Christ ever preached. Rather than see Paul's Christ-opposing theory of election exposed as either the offspring of a fallible mind or a forgery, you would, at this moment, give the cold shoulder to heaven's messengers, sent, it may be, to lead you from the confusion of sectarianism into the harmonious light of an opening millennium of love and wisdom. Strive to conquer prejudice, and thou art a greater chieftain than either Alexander or Napoleon.

Special Providences.

Under this head we find a communication in the *New England Spiritualist*, which strikes us as worthy of republication. The positions and reasonings of the writer accord with our own sentiments on that subject, if not in detail, in their general bearing. We consider enlarged spirits as independent individuals, governed in their motives and actions only by the universal laws of reason, truth and love, and ever seeking to do good to the family of man in the flesh and out:—"Has spiritualism given any new light that helps to reveal the nature of 'Special Providences'?" The world's history, and individual experience, have been and are full of instances where extraordinary help has come from heaven. An unseen hand has often snatched life from the jaws of death. We have all been strangely shielded from countless shafts of harm. We, or those dear to us, have come back from death's door, without the doctor's help. All along life's pathway there have been mental promptings and outward helps, that came from invisible helpers. So we have felt; and so have most others at times. Such aid has been furnished that the pious heart has owned God as its direct giver; the Healer of prayer has heard us, and has answered.

Yet the reasoning mind finds it difficult—nearly impossible—to see how the Infinite God can vary his course of action so as to meet the special wants of individuals in particular cases. God works by general laws; and that man's logical powers must be greater than mine, who can understand how those laws can let him be the direct and immediate worker of special providences. We all regard him as controller of earth's original elements, as giving to such properties and motions, that fertile soils should gather on earth's surface, and that wheat should come up out of that soil, and become food for man. But we have never seen him bring that wheat to our tables in the shape of bread. Human hands, God's mediums, intervene. God feeds the helpless infant child, because he enforces the general laws by which earth gives forth sustenance for her inhabitants; but he does this through the instincts and acts of the mother. She is the agent executing the special providence.

Special providences, regarded as the direct acts of God, have given great trouble and perplexity to thinking heads, while they have soothed and comforted pious hearts. Logic, binding them in her strong chains, has dragged them, as she thought, into non-existence; and yet they would not stay annihilated; the voice of the heart could always reanimate and call them back.

Has it become our privilege now to see that logic has all along mistaken the immediate actor? Are not special providences the work of finite guardian spirits? The mother snatches her child from before the runaway horse; she carries it from the burning house; she protects it from the winter's cold, and from the pelting storm, by special acts; she supplies its real earnest wants, even though unasked; and when the child, in proper spirit, prays for more than she has been wont to give, her attention is drawn to some new want; the prayer incites her to new thought, and prompts her to furnish what would not have been given unasked.

May not guardian spirits attend upon and help each one of us in some analogous way? Our constant outward wants, like the child, are usually met and supplied with a regularity that conceals the source of help, but in emergencies—when extraordinary help is needed—the help comes; and it proves the attention of some unseen helper. The God of the Universe may hold on his course, unswayed by the events in our individual lives; and yet the general laws by which he governs may permit and commission watchful and kind spirits to guide and guard and influence each and every man. Help, special help, may come to us from the unseen world in answer to our faith, our needs, our prayers; and yet that help, though heavenily, may be but the help which our guardian spirits, our risen friends, are permitted to furnish. Their friendly acts are special providences.

Prayer, the upward longing, the soul's desire, has its efficacy not alone on the praying heart, but being heard by the heavenly hosts, some one or more of them will be moved by it to act in our behalf. The fervent prayer of the righteous, heard as it will be by the bright-robed ministers of God, will draw out upon praying man their sympathy and aid, and will avail him much.

Feeling, knowing, that listening angels hover near, prayer gains an earnestness, a naturalness which was not felt before the mind had learned to see the children of God lining the pathway of sound up to the Father's ear, and each of them eager to bring back peace to the praying soul.

ATOMS MAKE THE WORLD.—The smallest animal deposit in a coral island, is a component and necessary part to rear up from the depths of the ocean. Finally, it appears, centuries pass, and it is covered with vegetation and inhabitants. It laughs at the dash of the ocean, and braves the earthquake.—*Selected.*

A Turkish proverb says, "The devil tempts other men, but idle men tempt the devil."

It is a very true remark, that praise of the dead is often intended as censure of the living.

Baby's Dead.

BY RICHARD COE.

One day, I chanced to meet,
In the street,
A pretty little child
Crying bitterly and wild;
"What ails thee, little one?" said I.
Sobbingly he made reply,
As he raised his curly head,
"Baby's dead!"
"Nay, my darling, do not weep,
Baby's only gone to sleep;
He will soon wake up again!"
But my words were all in vain;
"He has never slept so long;
He is gone, forever gone;
For, kind sir, my mother said
"Baby's dead!"
Then I took him by the hand,
Striven to make him understand,
How far happier than we
Baby was with Deity!
But 'twas throwing words away,
For, ever and anon, he'd say,
As he weeping raised his head,
"Baby's dead!"
So within these hearts of ours,
In life's later, autumn hours,
Stricken hopes like withered flowers
Rustle as we tread;
When some favor which is crossed,
Or some cherished hope is lost,
To our souls all tempest-tossed,
"Baby's dead!"
Kindly words and gentle deeds,
To the heart that only needs,
Bring but little consolation,
To the spirit's desolation;
If for aye, sweet Hope hath fled,
"Baby's dead!"
For ever dead!

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Lectures on Sunday next.

Dr. FELLOWS, who is a healing, seeing and speaking medium, will speak; "as the spirit shall give him utterance," in our hall, next Sabbath, afternoon and evening.

Extra copies of this edition may be had at the publication office, and at HAWKS' depot; a large edition having been published on account of the publication of JOHN N. MAPPER's lecture, and the republication of the one received from the spirit of AARON BURN.

Notice to Stock Holders.

On Monday evening next, there will be a meeting of the association who will take upon themselves the publication of this paper. The stock has all been subscribed, and it is absolutely necessary that every member should attend. Their signatures to the articles of organization, are now next in order; and no trivial excuse should keep any one back.

Articles on the First Side.

On the first and fourth pages of this edition, will be found, a lecture by the spirit of JOHN NEWLAND MAPPER, written in the office of this paper, by the hand of Rev. C. HAMMOND, medium, and by him read to the Buffalo Harmonical Association, on Sabbath afternoon last. Also the lecture given by the spirit of AARON BURN, through MISS BROOKS, medium, by raps, and published in No. 42, of this paper, July 28th. We republish it for the reason that the 42nd edition, in which it originally appeared, is exhausted, and there are still many calls for it.

The March of Reform.

Onward and upward is the animating motto of all true reformers. The history of nations, and of man in general, presents, here and there, all along through the past ages, a great and good mind, which devoted all its energies in behalf of the race, and left its mark upon the age in which it was active. But never, that history tells of, up to the present time, has there been an united effort of numbers sufficient to breast the shock of those gigantic vices which have so long reigned in the hearts of rulers and wielded the destinies of humanity. Kings and Queens and Emperors and nobles have exercised the "divine right" of popular oppression, during all the ages that history tells us of; and they have been enabled to exercise it by the general ignorance which they have taken care to promote. The despotic monarch rules the nobility by means of high prerogatives and liberal shares of popular plunder. These rule a more numerous class, the next grade below them, by allowing them more limited, but still covetous and aggrandizing privileges of picking the pockets of the producing masses. And all these, with the aid of a pampered and profligate priesthood, a great standing army with bristling bayonets, and a truckling, subsidized press, are enabled to hold the toiling millions in terror, ignorance, servitude and degradation. This is, and has been for many centuries, the condition of the producing classes, under all the monarchical and despotic governments of the old world.

Even here, in free America, where there are no kings, queens, nobles or established church, the crafty classes have labored ever since the organization of the government, to bring about a state of things, approximating, as nearly as possible, to the condition of crushed humanity in Europe and Asia. We have, in a moiety of these, so called, free States, an established system of human slavery, which recognizes one class of men, women and children as the chattel property of another class; and the latter buy and sell the former, as if they were beasts without minds or souls, and compel them to labor without reward and without the comforts or decencies of life. And the same craft, the same avarice, the same injustice and the same inhumanity which keep up this system of human slavery, is continually endeavoring to bring all the producing classes of this country into nothing more than a nominally better condition. And what is still worse than all, the minds of the oppressed classes, of all nations, have been enslaved, kept in darkness and stultified by a system of false theology which represents the loving and merciful Father of the human family to be an Almighty despot, cruel, vengeful and eternally relentless, whose wrath is an ever burning fire, who predetermined that nine-tenths of his human children should go to perdition and suffer endless torments. Thus made to believe that their Father in heaven is a monster despot, full of vengeance and cruelty, they look upon their earthly oppressors with less abhorrence than they would if they were permitted to contemplate the Author of all good, through the medium of truth. This species of slavery has been established, even in this land of liberty and learning, to an extent which cries aloud for the interposition and aid of reformers; and, heaven be praised, they are on the alert.

This is truly a new era in the affairs of the human family. Since the souls of men were turned from the spiritualism which is recorded in the books of the old and new testaments, by the corruptions and abominations of the christian church, there have been many attempts, by the angelic hosts of heaven, to reopen the intercourse which was thus cut off,

and establish an intercommunion which should be perpetual, and redeem poor human nature from the thralldom of ignorance and vice. In all after ages, and in all countries, there have been instances of spiritual manifestation. But, on all such occasions, skepticism, priestcraft, scorn, and bigotry howled at the idea that messengers from heaven should be sent to any but those who claimed to be God's representatives on earth. The greatest effort made by spirits to reopen the long closed intercourse between men and angels, was in New England, in the days which COTTON MATHER tells us of. Salem was the principal scene of their efforts. They succeeded in finding mediums, through whom they presented many wonderful phenomena; but they were not omniscient, and did not properly appreciate the potency of the then prevailing superstition and religious bigotry. The cry of *witchcraft!* was raised by the clergy and their ignorant followers; and many innocent media were tried, condemned, sentenced to death and executed as witches and wizards. Finding that the people were yet too deeply involved in intellectual darkness, to receive the truth at the hands of ministering angels, and that religious bigots grew more and more furious and blood thirsty every day, they found it necessary to abandon the hallowed enterprise, for the time being, and till the general mind should become more enlightened and liberalized.

They waited till the nineteenth century, and till the people of this country had lived more than sixty years under the influence of free and liberal institutions. Then they came and found the popular mind too free, too much enlarged and enlightened to listen to the cry of *witchcraft*, and, happily, in many worthy instances, too self-possessed, independent and discerning to be deterred from investigating the phenomena by the cry of *humbing*, *deception*, *hallucination* and *devil*. This time they have succeeded in reopening the channels of communication between the mundane and celestial spheres, and in laying a foundation, broad and deep, for the redemption of the human race from the bondage of ignorance, superstition, bigotry and tyranny. They came hither because mind, in this country, was more free and independent, more open to the reception of truth, less subservient to the control of political and religious tyranny, less bound to antiquated formulas and chronic errors, less dependent on the decisions of dictating thinkers, less fearful to look into newly developed philosophies, and more generally enlightened and progressive, than in any other country. And even here, the hosts of bigotry, intolerance and ignorance have fought so desperately that it has taken five years for all the ministering hosts from the celestial spheres to gain a permanent foothold, and to so establish themselves as to defy all the powers arrayed against them to defeat their purposes.

Thank heaven, the angelic enterprise is now beyond mortal power to crush it, or to long or essentially retard its accelerating progress. It goes on from conquering to conquer. Intolerance, qualis, bigotry trembles, falsehood blushes, error hides its head, and even moral depravity lowers its boisterous voice and modifies its daring men, wherever it approaches. Its mission is human redemption from the thralldom of moral and religious error; and it will never stop till the work is completed and man is made free, wise and happy. The empire of avarice must be overturned; the iron heel of oppression must be amputated; the sword of the man-slayer must be broken; the chains must fall from the limbs of enslaved men; and truth and ingenuousness must occupy their places; religious truth and moral duty will be taught by ministering spirits, and popes, bishops and priests must lose their occupations. All these great objects of reform in the condition of man, will be accomplished by those angelic hosts which are now manifesting their presence to us in various ways, as fast as they can overcome the obstructions which ignorance, folly and vice, in all their forms, are throwing in their way; and those who oppose the propagation of the spiritual philosophy, are fixing upon their souls the guilt of fighting against God and his angels, and laboring to prevent the march of reform, which is to redeem humanity from its present state of moral and spiritual degradation and wretchedness.

CHEER UP, BROTHER.—Do not despond, however gloomy your prospects may be; remember that good old proverb, "It is always darkest just before day." Have faith that light will yet break upon you. Do not look earthward for support in your trial, but learn to trust in God. Then a glorious morning will dawn on your night of care and sorrow, and when the "silver cord" shall have been severed, you will dwell forever in a heavenly home.—*Selected.*

INVENTIONS.—Among the lunatics in the New York State Asylum at Utica, is one who has been at work for the last two years in getting up a steamboat whose engine shall be worked with Epsom Salts. Another gentleman in an adjoining room proposes to put elastic springs under Niagara, to "ease the water when it jumps," while a third is busily engaged in getting out the timber for a six-legged horse and a leather flying-pan.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.—The young lady who is unable to sport in a riding habit should get into a walking habit.

Address to the Editor, by a Spirit claiming to be that of Benjamin Franklin.

THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.

THE CLOTHING OF SPIRITS IN MATERIAL GARMENTS.

EDEN VALLEY, August 10th, 1855.

MR. ALBRO:

The analysis of the laws of mind and nature may be perfectly understood by inhabitants of the celestial spheres; but, to me, they are not yet perfectly comprehensible.

I have noticed in your papers, and learned from other sources of intelligence, that, in Buffalo, you have had wonderful spiritual manifestations; among which I particularly observed one which is remarkable, if true; and that is the clothing of the entire spiritual structure with atmospherical properties, or with the more gross and vital substances of the air, so that, to the sense of feeling, they will appear to be clothed in tangible apparel, not differing from the apparel of men of this age.

This is a subject of some moment; and, if true, will, of course, bear the rigid criticism of the expanded intellect; and it seems to me that, to make clothing of the grosser or more refined elements of the atmosphere, is a violation of the laws of nature; for all men of understanding will readily perceive and acknowledge that the elements of light and of the atmosphere are far more refined than the elements of the human body. Indeed, they are so much so that, though they may be tangible to the sense of feeling, they are too soft and ethereal for the human hand to grasp them. The properties of light and the atmosphere have various, electrical combinations, and have their attractions in every object vitalized by life. A spirit may possess the power to present hands or bodies, clothed with the properties of light; and they will only be the properties of light, presenting a light appearance; but it seems to me impracticable to make tangible clothing from intangible substances. They cannot so condense the properties of light or the air, as to produce a form clothed as men are clothed. If the individual medium is unfolded inwardly, in harmony with the world above, it may grow into more immediate connection with the principles of the spirit world; but to produce a spirit-form, clothed in tangible apparel, is a subject which the intellect of BENJAMIN FRANKLIN cannot grasp. The elements of air are naturally associated and conjoined, and hence, light and air are made to occupy specific positions and to perform particular and innumerable functions in the wide empire of infinite development. Nor can they be separated by any intruding principle; for they ever, as now, roll around the great central orb that gave them birth, perfect in order and arrangement.

To produce even a hand in the light of the atmosphere, without the assistance of phosphorescent light, to the sense of sight, must be from other tangible chemical processes—a long and skillful, as well as philosophical process. To clothe a spirit hand, in the electrical elements of the atmosphere, these elements must first be as gross as the atmosphere you inhale, and cannot, therefore, find a harmonious attraction with the elements constituting the hand; and from natural cause, cannot be brought into distinct connection. But these properties of light and the atmosphere, may be alike and be concentrated over the object to be seen; and they may converge and be brought to a refined state or condition of atmosphere, where a spirit hand may be seen in a darkened room; but, in the light, it cannot be effected. There is an illimitable and inimitable arrangement of all visible and invisible principles, which amazes and confounds the contemplative mind; but when I for once suppose that carbon oxygen and hydrogen can, by electricity and magnetism, make clothing actually tangible to the sense of feeling, it is a subject to me exceeding all others in mystery. I assert that it cannot be done, for it is in opposition to every visible law of nature. Material things produce their like, and spiritual things cannot, from refinement and development, distinctly harmonize with material things. The properties of the atmosphere are more refined than the elements of the human body; and from the atmosphere, by the underlying laws of nature, do we inhale carbon or electricity, or other elements of nature necessary for the development and sustenance of the vital economies of the human body. The executive elements of God govern the myriads of worlds which cluster around the realms of infinitude, and determine the modes of being and moving, and constitute a divine revelation of what the supreme Ruler is, and how he lives in his vast and unlimited universe. But the laws of chemistry, geology and electricity are fixed and unchangeable laws of nature. They perform specific functions in the atmosphere. It is by the vital processes of chemical and electrical actions that the atmosphere is made rare or dense. These laws equalize the elements of the human form, and have a definite use in nature. But can carbon, electricity, magnetism, or any other principle of itself, or all combined, make clothing tangible to the human sense? Can these refined elements be so grossly condensed? No, not if the law of progression remains true; for nothing in existence can retrograde. There are magnets of light and of the atmosphere, forming a center which draws the elements of nature together, and diffuses them throughout the empire of human being, imparting a natural strength and vitality to all things within its reach.

Another topic of the day confounds me. It is the circumstance—fact or not fact—of spirit voices, which I have perceived in your and other papers. If there is a spiritual body for each and every spirit, though each may be dependent upon forces and functions similar to

the muscular actions and functions of the human body, for the intonations of voice and utterances of sound, will not the voice harmonize with the functions of spiritual articulation, and be softer and sweeter than the harsh voice made by the human functions? Are they capable, from these principles, of producing as loud and harsh utterances of sound as man can make? If they are dependent upon muscular forces for articulation of voice, they necessarily possess the power of modulating the voice to any tone desirable. To hold forth that spirits, even if the philosophy of spheres be true, are still as gross as mortals, is an argument, which even a mind ignorant of these laws, might overthrow, if they at all understood the rudimentary principles of spirituality. When a spirit departs from this state of existence, and enters the other state of life, it must be changed. It must be more refined, more spiritual and less material, and if spirits inhabit spiritual structures, they must be more refined than the human body, else it is still material and not spiritual. If a spirit enters immortality in an ignorant condition of mind, it cannot, from the laws of God, remain so long; for the power of God flows in upon the faculties of mind, unfolding them to the inspiration of higher minds. As time moves on, the soul becomes gradually enlightened, whether it be on earth or in heaven. And if an object is spiritual, must it not manifest the qualities of spirituality? Is it necessary for a spirit to modulate or time its voice to sound like the voice of the medium? Can they do this without using the organs of the medium? A voice independent in itself, must alone sound like that voice; and if it sound like the voice of the medium, then the functions of the medium mind must be in operation, or this could not be effected. If this can be effected, will not some believer of these singular and mysterious demonstrations, inform me, through your columns, how this all can be effected? I am ready to receive philosophy; and if any one can show that such things may be effected, and accord with the laws of nature, I am prepared to receive all. But, to me, as I have said, they do not harmonize with the laws of nature; and I pray for an explanation and more light upon the subject.

Wisdom is the great flower of all conceivable intelligence, and is the glorious development of all that is pure, everlasting and infinite. The outer universe is a manifestation of divinity; and while every thing is impregnated with life and sensation, with springs of incessant and eternal emotion, it has inclinations and disinclinations, consoling the mind with the knowledge of divine wisdom which guides all things in their proper destination. And the world wants intelligence, knowledge and wisdom, which will affect the general mind morally and spiritually. We want those divine influxes and inspirations which will show forth the perfection of man to his own gaze, that he may become nearer to the world on high. Far, far away beyond the countless constellations, planets and stars, and deep, deep in the fathomless bosom of the immeasurable world above, throbs the heart of all life and emotion; and there is not an atom in the whole regions of creation but what every hour of its existence receives fresh life and vigor from this inexhaustible fount of celestial essence. God displays his elements and essences of life by degrees, and from these degrees he unfolds an order which is mathematically harmonious. God is a fixed fact of all conceivable and inconceivable perfection. The realms of immensity have channels through which flows a boundless ocean of unformed material, and the infinite principle is manifested only as a principle of motion and supreme intelligence.

Whether there is a separate personality or consciousness in God, it is not for me to argue. Whether, in the formative principle, he has a separate individuality, mortal cannot say; but I believe God to be universal and not condensed into a limited creative organization. And while nature makes her revolutions and the falling hours record the pulsations of the unbounded heart of life, friends appear upon the stage of life, perform their brief missions and pass away into a world unknown before to the soul of man. There is need of angels coming to arrest the progress of crime and iniquity, by the pleasant and cheerful influence of gentleness and wisdom combined. Humanity is emerging into manhood, and is man prepared to receive the stupendous and world reforming principles? The great process of nature cannot cease. The laws of motion are not to be suspended, because these processes and laws form the physiological, mechanical and magnetical constitution of objects yet to be unfolded from the bosom of life eternal. And if there is an established commerce between angels and men, men require the substantial and genuine evidence of the life hereafter; and they want the intellectual and scientific, as well as philosophical knowledge from the minds of men above. There is a requirement of our own inward nature, which demands that we should compare these demonstrations with the laws of nature, and learn by what cause and how they may be produced; and then man will be benefited; otherwise he will not. He must be permitted to investigate all subjects and exercise his faculties to their utmost extent, in discovering the cause of certain effects. But if he will receive manifestations and not strive to know how they come, by what process they are effected, and receive all as true and correct without the knowledge of the source, he cannot receive benefit from spiritualism; and as a fervent friend of truth, I would ask all men to make this their object; and by this will man be differently developed.

B. F.

In all our calamities and afflictions it may serve as a comfort to know that he who loses anything and gets wisdom by it gains by a loss.

PROF. WOMEN AND POLITENESS.—A talented lady, who "writes for the papers," speaks thus of city railroad cars:—"The seats were all occupied, crowded, yet the conductor stopped for me. Not wishing to disturb them, who were seated, I was intending to stand, but a gentleman up at the far end arose and insisted upon my taking his seat. Being very tired, I thanked him and obeyed. Presently a lady much younger, much prettier, and much better dressed than myself, entered the car. No less than four gentlemen arose instantly, offering her a seat. She smiled sweetly and unhesitatingly, and thanking the gentleman who urged the nearest seat to her, she seated herself with a peculiar grace of manner. She had one of those faces Raphael was always painting—touchingly sweet and expressive. A little after this young beauty had taken her seat, a poor woman looking very thin and pale, with that care-worn, haggard look that poverty, and sorrow, and hard labor always gives, came in. She might have been one of those poor seamstresses who look like slaves and—starve for their labor. She was thin and meanly clad and seemed weak and exhausted. She had evidently no sixpence to throw away, and came in to the car not to stand, but to rest while she helped on her journey. While she was meekly standing for the moment, none of the gentlemen (I offering to rise. Raphael's angel, with sweet reproving eyes looked on those who had so officiously offered her a seat, and seeing none was rising to give the poor old lady a seat, she arose and insisted upon the woman taking her seat. It was all the work of a moment; and the look of grateful surprise the old woman gave her, and the glance of sweet pity the beautiful girl bestowed on the woman as she yielded her seat, and the evident consternation of the broadcloth individuals, who were manifestly put to shame, all were irresistibly interesting and instructive. One of these same broadcloth wearers, apparently overpowered with confusion, got up and left the car, and Raphael's angel took his vacant seat."

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell Characters

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THROUGH MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM.
MY ENTRANCE INTO THE SPIRIT
WORLD AND MY UPWARD PRO-
GRESS TO MY PRESENT CONDI-
TION.

Deep peace rests upon my soul—that peace which rolls far away into the dreary wastes of infinitude and is breathed into the mental constitution by high born spirits of eternity. My spirit follows the shining path which angels tread. In the last scene of my earth life, I felt the anguish of physical pain racking and torturing my human form. I sometimes experienced the sensations of natural sleep; but while I sank into this deep slumber, I never lost my memory or individuality. I sometimes realized no identity, but the processes through which I passed, seemed to melt into an ethereal shadow, which was still a substance. My spirit seemed to emerge from the old world of matter; and as atom by atom escaped from the old form, a new one seemed to be then in an original state of formation. My spirit existed between the new and old form, still drawing nearer and nearer to the new one. I perceived that my old form became paralyzed—that the muscles and fibres assumed a state of disorganization—that the system to relax and give way to the power operating upon both bodies. I did not realize my position during all these processes of creation and disorganization. I was intensely interested in the scene before me. I knew not where I was. I saw nothing tangible. All seemed in an atmospheric condition, except the two bodies and my spirit; these were palpable to the sense of feeling. I noticed a peculiarity, which was that, as my old form seemed to leave the spirit, the features and expression of the head and face were those of mine when in the glory of manhood. I saw each feature impressed upon the newly formed countenance, and that every trace of care, every wrinkled or furrowed feature, was giving place to new and highly beautiful ones.

I noticed also various magnetic-electrical and anatomical processes, through which the old body had to pass, before my spirit could escape. I noticed that all the elements of life were concentrated in the brain, and that the last connection was to be severed in the brain. After all the functions of the heart and of the vital portions of the body had ceased to act, the functions of the brain, yet worked on; and, as they became more and more exhausted, I sunk into a deeper unconsciousness, when all the crimes and follies of my life rushed with a demon madness before my active memory. Ah! I was wretched! I thought that I was going to share the agonies of an eternity. Such a thought! Then a wild delicious sensation came over me, and for a short time I saw my physical hands again move, and they were drawn to the upper portion of the head, where the temple of a once powerful yet sinful mind existed, broken in ten thousand fragments. I noticed, during all this, that the new form was yet incomplete, but, as each atom escaped from the body through the brain, that the new form became more complete. I still sunk deeper into an utterly unconscious state; and when I perceived the last feeble ray of life about to be broken, I lost my individuality, in an unbounded expanse of spiritual life.

I remained in this unconscious condition some hours, and when I experienced a returning consciousness—when I awoke and found myself young again, I felt singularly. I saw friends and strangers around me. I saw the same beauties of nature here, varying but slightly from those of earth. When I saw my position, a sickly sensation came over me, and I prayed to God, if there way one, to let me die. I saw that the strange beings around me laughed and called me ignorant. I heard also the most bitter lamentations around me; also fearful curses, and some longed, they said, to go back to the old home of their childhood. Still I knew not where I was; but alas! alas! if a spirit ever suffered, mine did. I was groping my way along among the scenes before me, when I realized that my form was fairly like in motion and graceful in its proportions. I looked far ahead into strange and grand regions of some world, and thought I would go there and see what I could discover. But alas! I found that I must become wiser and purer before I could reach those delightful regions; for a passage there is not instantaneous. I wept at the tomb of buried folly. I wept over the grave of bleached morality. I sighed over the by-gone days of my youth, and I laid me down to die. But no contentment was mine. My spirit could not sleep. I was bound by the living faculties of my spirit to know where I was. I was borne along upon the wings of thought, to higher regions. A new intelligence came to my aid, and I wondered if this could be heaven. I asked those around me, but they turned scornfully away. I thought, if it is, I wonder where the one whom I shot in a duel can be; when but a moment expired and Hamilton stood by my side! No rigid expression of hate—no fearful features were upon the countenance; but the whole region of the head was illuminated with a superior brilliancy, and intelligence flowed from his soul as the waters gush forth from the fountain. He told me that I was in the spirit world. He informed me kindly that I must, and calmly urged me to, receive what he said as the truth. He said: You can no more violate your moral nature, but must cultivate your spiritual attributes; and if you desire to leave these ignorant and wretched beings, strive to receive the lessons taught you by the messengers of truth and charity. What, I in eternity! said I to him, and must I labor to be happy? Can I no more gratify the passions of my being, than I can here on earth or hell. I prefer

the latter to this wretched torturing of my mind. My friend said he, the way is open. If you will be guided and be yourself, your life will glow with joy unspeakable; and if not, you may remain here for ages and ages. He informed me that I must, like all other immortal beings, remain in my present wild and sensitive state of mind, if I did not willingly submit to the spiritual discipline, which all submit to in time. I struggled long and fearfully before I could believe the realities of my own existence. There is, every mind will acknowledge a species of freedom and liberty in the mind, which leads it to investigate the causes and effects before it, and explore the hidden sciences of all worlds. Therefore it is possible for mind to trace, analogically, the substances of grosser matter, to the formation of man; but when we arrive at mind—at intelligence, though this same principle has enabled us to explore and comprehend all below it, yet mind seems vague and indefinite, when we contemplate its immortality. I, having no definite means whereby I could arrive at the evidence or knowledge of the principles and elements of spirit, to satisfy the natural yearnings for a dignified understanding of my nature, ventured to strive to know and understand the philosophy of the soul's annals or constitutional immortality. In the first place, I found the whole superstructure to be the absolute indestructibility of matter—of that universal substance which gives us a tangible individuality—a palpable form. Upon the universality and indestructibility of matter, rests the realities of eternity. The essences or substances of refined matter, extracted from the world above, are concentrated in the various portions of the spiritual form, and, to give this essence its germinal, immortal organization, it is dependent upon the manifestations of life, motion and sensation—upon the vital economies of a substantial and palpable form; but the life of the spirits refinement is not dependent upon the form for all of its cultivations. Nor does the spiritual man labor, as in the material body, for the support of his outer being. What is material cannot be spiritual; and when man leaves the outer world, he leaves all that belongs to it, and enters into the spiritual state, an altered being, in form and spirit; because he then cannot act in disobedience to the laws eternally instituted in his being, but is compelled to obey the compunctions of conscience.

The mind is first incarnated into a physical temple, whose dome is measured by the simple gaze; yet the thoughts and affections within, expand forth into apartments of far greater dimensions, and, dissatisfied with the wide spread earth, its glories and powers, it mounts on angelic wings, to the home of eternity, where there is no imprisonment of thought, and goes on, on forever, to the greatness and grandeur of immortality. No, man in heaven does not labor for his daily support. I have noticed, however, that we have trees which bear fruits of all kinds, which have become spiritualized and are adapted to the constitution of the spirit form. Of these we partake when inclination leads us so to do. But there is no artificial preparation to be made before we can partake of these, but we take them in their crude and spiritual state; and instead of masticating a substance, as you do, the magnetic eliminations from the fruit are diffused into and throughout the entire superstructure of the spiritual form. And the spiritual body is also supported by magnetic elimination from the universe it inhabits, and is not confined exclusively to the inspirations of magnetism concentrated in the fruits of the vegetable kingdom.—Thus it is with every thing in the spiritual world. All things are sustained by the motion and sensation of magnetism. If the celestial man was required to labor incessantly for his support, outwardly, he must suffer pain, and he must become weary; and if this was the case, all things attending human life would be found above, making heaven no more attractive or beautiful than earth. There would be no more palpable evidence of a superior life, where the soul might rest, but all would seem to man materialistic, and no better than the life he had upon earth. Man does not labor here physically, but his labor is spiritual. He must acquire the wealth of knowledge within the storehouse of his being, and the genius of wisdom will direct him to new regions of intuition where he may learn new lessons of his invisible and superior life; and thus it is by progression that mind becomes so highly qualified to bring tidings of the departed from the regions of immortality. Beauty of nature invites the aspiring thought, and the spirit seems overwhelmed by a mighty tide of spiritual intelligence. The anatomical principle incarnates itself within the spirit, breathes forth its power in the countless millions of nature; and, like eternal companions, anatomy and physiology furnish the elaborations of the spiritual form with motions and forces adequate to the just discharge of duty devolving upon the outer and inner self. Thought germinates and expands into being, is vitalized by the magnetic elements, and, representing the parent germ, in form and life, multiplies itself an hundred fold when brought in direct communion with the realities of eternity. The evolutions of structures are accompanied by functions which those structures are adapted to. By the unceasing action of the ocean of unformed and uncreated materials, the original law of affinity flows through the great functional law, through the immeasurable labyrinth of infinitude, up to the Divine Source from which all things originally emanated. External nature mirrors forth these great eternal principles; and they flow progressively forth into the spiritual life, as the azure celestial begets itself in the violet, or as the acorn expands into the oak. Mind treads the flowering fields of higher spheres, and it seems as nothing when contemplating and gazing upon the transcendent glories of eternity, where the greater consumes

the lesser, and where the finite is lost in the infinite.

As spirit is the concentrated ultimatum of all divine principles, let us follow its progress in the higher spheres. In rising from circle to circle, there is no special change. Neither form nor spirit realizes any particular change or newness of life. The mind, however, becomes farther refined; yet there is no special change in the discipline, until it arrives at its transition into a higher sphere. Then there seems to be a reaction in the body; a change similar to the change from the original physical form, to the spiritual form. There is a struggle, and one would suppose that life was again departing; but it is an elimination of the elements and matter which belong to the sphere it is about leaving, through the cerebral developments, into new spiritual forms or structures. During the spirit's entrance into those higher spheres, the whole form is illuminated with a new and vivid expression of delight, and the soul teems with fresh and noble thoughts; and this creates new feeling and aspirations; and it still yearns to go higher. Thus it moves on, ever penetrating deeper into the constitution of divine principle breathed into the forms and orders of existence, by the God yet unknown to them.

We find electricity to be the most superior and eternal, as well as internal principle of nature. It originally came from other elements. Having gravitated to the highest point of primeval perfection, it interpreted the vast universe of matter, and is, to-day, being constantly eliminated from numberless founts of matter. As it becomes refined into various modifications, it also becomes the agent of communication from every atom of every creature and thing, and fully and beautifully expresses the unceasing pulsations of the soul, through all the ramifications of nature. Electricity is not the cause of motion, but the agent; and all things receive life and protection, according to their respective capacities, from the principles of electricity.

During my transition state, I noticed no particular change, either in form or spirit, until my birth into a new sphere. Then I experienced voluntary and involuntary motions of the body. I noticed that the functions of the form seemed suspended; but this was attended with no realization of pain; but my spirit seemed a new one, for every thought flowed easier and with greater power. I was not as weak and unhappy as in my lower home. I just began to experience the spiritual life, for my past condition was not much better than my life was on earth, except that I could not disobey any law of my being. I labored only internally. I often visited beautiful countries, but never convinced myself of my progression, until my birth into another sphere. I always thought I was in a hell designed by God to punish me for my earthly sins; but time told my destiny, and I thank God that I am where I am. I do not desire now to return to the old form; but I want to rush on faithfully in my spiritual life to higher joys.

And I would say to those to whom time moves on slow and heavy wings, be patient and catch the inspiration that now flings a gleam of courage over the long faded features of infidelity. Faith has sketched with a divine hand the God-like virtues of mind upon the living temple of human nature; and though the feeble soil of toil may be mocked by the scoffs and sneers of earth, the Holy One alofts him a high mission in a world above. Though man may suffer moral crucifixion, and his suffering may be portrayed upon the cross of oppression, there is a power which will light his cheerless way. The strong oak may fall and the tendrils of affection be broken; but from heaven a noble element springs, around which the bleeding heart may twine every broken fibre. As the purring brook has a gentle flow, and on the dewy air its tones are borne, man must not feel alone in the cold world, for the radiant sky beams with joy, and a whispered hymn from the mantled earth calls slumbering sympathy forth from the bosom of immortal spirits. On, man, with steady pace, to the true temple of your God, where everything is tangible and illumined by the light of heaven; where the soul is rocked in the cradle of eternity, and where the music of the angels is as soft as the tones of theolian lyre, when touched upon by the gentle breeze of summer, or by the winged zephyrs of divine love, which silently float from heaven to earth.

Who hath hushed the immortal voice? Who hath buried the genius of the soil in the bosom of eternity? May not the high and noble HOGARTH OF REMBRANDT wield the pencil and sketch to man the brilliant country of immortality, in all its varied shades—in its soft and tranquil lights—in its glowing and magnificent colors? May they not paint upon the canvas the pictures of eternity, and express the high and holy continuation of their geniuses through the regions of infinitude? May not MOZART or DANTE speak in thunder tones, and may not the music of their spirits swell forth in an ocean of celestial melody, awakening the millions of lethargic souls who slumber on the mystical shores of the external world, to that ponder music which vibrates through the spheres of heaven? May they not yet bring their cherished tones to vibrate still through each lone chamber of the ruined heart, distant and low and solemn as the waters mournful voice, until the eye shall unfold, the pallid lip assume its wonted hue, and the heart grow light with the presence of God, which an angel's pen alone can picture? Yes, HOGARTH can yet show forth his mighty genius, by penning upon the soul the beauties of an eternity; and MOZART can sing his requiems of heaven, in the wondrous tones of an eternal voice.

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