

AGE OF PROGRESS

The development of Spiritual Truth is the achievement of human freedom.

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WHOLE No. 82.

"Please Exchange."

This request, with the last word abbreviated to "X," comes to us from many good brethren of the quill and scissors, who have the management of country hebdomadals, devoted to the interests of the respective political parties, of which they are the organs. And if we were one of their number, we should, in all probability, accede to the proposition; because, then we might expect to find something in their columns which would interest ourself and the class of readers who would be looking to us for the food which their appetites would crave. As it is, we find it necessary to decline, and the usual method of declining is to receive the papers which are sent, sending none in return. This, to our mind, has an odor of cool indifference about it, which is nearly allied to discourtesy. And, as it is impracticable for us to respond, civilly and formally, to each one who thus petitions us, we take this method to respond to them all at once, giving our reasons for declining.

We have, heretofore, taken a considerable number of those party political journals, as exchanges, not expecting to derive any benefit from them, to our business enterprise; but hoping to benefit the cause in which we are engaged, by having the truths which we send forth to the world, more widely circulated by such exchanges. In this calculation we have found ourself totally disappointed; for no one of those political exchanges—with some two or three honorable exceptions, has dared to copy, from us, an article on the spiritual philosophy, or one detailing the astounding phenomena which we have witnessed in our spiritual circles. Our paper has been literally filled with the truths of God, from the mouths of *angels*; and those exchanges have not had the moral courage to give one of them to their readers. They have not even dared to tell their readers that there is such a paper as ours in existence. They have ~~used~~ the paper and done with it what they pleased; but neither ourself nor the cause in which we are engaged, has been benefitted by it in the least. If they had dared to give our philosophy to their readers, even accompanied by their severest animadversions, we should have been pleased to continue the exchange; because, in that case, the minds of their readers would have been privileged to judge between them and us, and decide which, in their opinion, presented the best claims to respectful consideration; but they have not dared to present to their readers even what they deemed the absurdities of our pretensions, or the deformities of our faith.

Now the pertinent question arises: What causes this moral cowardice? In the first place, the vocation of a party political editor, makes him a seeker after popularity; and, in most cases, there is very little of scrupulosity in use among them, with regard to the means employed to ingratiate themselves with the popular majority. Conscience has long been scouted as an ingredient in the composition of a politician. One spirit of sycophancy or duplicity or hypocritical pretension to patriotism, has been found to be worth twenty consciences in the field where party political battles are won. Hence, professed politicians are among the last ones that may be looked to for aid to propagate the Spiritual or Harmonial philosophy, till it shall become the religion of a majority of the people; and when that time arrives, the craft of the party politician will have passed away, and he will have gone with it to the shore of oblivion.

In the second place, in every country village or "four corners," where there is a weekly newspaper published, there is a gentleman with long

white fingers, mostly covered with fine kid gloves, clasping a prettily ornamented cane. His nose is generally decorated with gold spectacles, though he may not have seen more than twenty-five summers, and his vision requires no artificial aid. He walks with nicely poised body and measured step, not allowing his head to turn without the accompaniment of his neck, shoulders and chest, lest the launderer's starch should be overpowered by the sweep of his chin, and his shirt-collar should be made to decline from its perpendicularity. His countenance habitually resists and repudiates the rising smile, unless it be addressed to his worshippers, or accompanied with a manifestation of contempt for those who refuse him homage; and then it immediately relaxes into an expression of cold sanctimoniousness. This gentleman deems himself entitled—and so do all his adherents—to a controlling influence over the columns of the paper; and he freely exercises the privilege of walking into the editor's sanctum, looking over his exchanges, reading his prepared editorials and selected articles, and placing his mark of interdiction upon any which may not square with his sentiments. This man of black broad cloth, starch and superciliousness, is the village vender of orthodox divinity. He has the consciences of a large majority of the ladies of the village and vicinity committed to his charge; and, through them and his own influence, he wields the religious sentiments of the other sex; and thus he acquires authority to control the course of the popularity-seeking editor. Such editors, as a matter of course, dare not mention the fact that they exchange with a paper devoted to the propagation of the Harmonial philosophy. Their minds are enslaved, so that they dare not even think like free men, much less speak and write any other religious sentiments than those prescribed to them by the ruling clergy.

These are our reasons for declining, as generally as we now do, to exchange with those who make the request, and for cutting off all such exchanges, when we learn that they are moral cowards.

The Tables are Turned, if not Tipped.

The clergy, throughout Christendom, not only profess to believe in the truth of all that is contained in the Bible, but also profess—one or two sects excepted—to believe that all who disbelieve it, or any part of it, are heirs of damnation, and must be eternally miserable if they depart this life without embracing that faith. Hence, all who deny the existence of spirits and of their communications with mortals, as recorded in that volume, by its various authors, are enemies to God and His truth, and are sent away into everlasting punishment at the decease of their bodies. Those whom the Christian church denominate as infidels and persecutors of God's people, are those who cannot find evidence to convince their minds of the truth of spirit intercourse with mortals, in those ancient records, and who affirm that if spirits held intercourse with mortals at that day, there can be nothing to hinder them from doing the same thing at this or any other day. They say they cannot find any thing in any of the books of the Old or New Testament which goes to show that the intercourse between earth and heaven was suspended or required to be suspended at any age of the world; and they believe that the necessity of such intercourse is as great since the days of John the Revelator, as it was then or ever before then. And for this it is that the clergy and their adherents denounce them, and have constantly denounced them for centuries, as objects of God's wrath and detestation, and heirs of infinite and eternal misery.

The spiritual intercourse of which the Bible bears testimony, and

which religious skeptics have refused to acknowledge as true, without more direct and reliable testimony than a record of very ancient date, which comes up from an age of gross superstition among all classes of people, are very numerous, and many of them of so marvellous a character as to be supposed to involve the working of miracles, which no rational mind can receive as true without arriving at the absurd conclusion that God violates His own laws.

The record informs us that, when Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego stood high in the favor of King Nebuchadnezzar, they incurred his displeasure and the penalty of death, by refusing to fall down and worship an image which he had set up as a God. Their sentence was, to be bound and cast into a fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than usual. After they were cast in, the King beheld four persons in the furnace, instead of three, the fourth one being a spirit, and like unto the Son of God, as the King expressed it. This ministering spirit, by virtue of the power which he possessed, prevented the intense heat from doing any harm to those convicts, and they walked amidst the flames without having their clothes scorched or their hair singed. Hence the King was convinced of their holiness, and called them forth, and did them great honor. Now, although these circumstances come to us in Jewish history of very ancient date, we are forbidden, on pain of damnation, to doubt their truth; and we are not even allowed to account for the preservation of the convicts on philosophical principles. We must not dare to say that the ministering spirit prevented the effect of the fire by the interposition of some influence deduced from the laws of nature. We must first believe the fact, and then believe that the result was brought about by a violation of God's own law of cause and effect, or be damned for our infidelity. And whilst those who cannot believe this account are branded as infidels worthy to be punished eternally for their want of faith, those who thus brand and denounce them, treat with contumely and scorn the best living witnesses, who affirm that the spirits of their departed friends now minister to them and hold intercourse with them in various ways, and that by means in accordance with natural laws, involving no miracle.

Daniel, the prophet, for a similar offence against the edict of King Darius, was bound and cast into a den of lions, to be instantly devoured by them, as was their wont when convicts were thrown to them. Daniel, however, according to the account, was saved harmless, at which the King was not only astonished but rejoiced, because it was by a conspiracy of jealous ones that he was sentenced to death, and because the King loved him for his wisdom and goodness. When the King went to the den and saw Daniel remaining unhurt, he called to him and asked him if his God had been able to preserve him from the death intended him; and Daniel answered saying: "O, king, live forever. My God hath sent his *angel* and hath shut the lions' mouths, that they have not hurt me." An angel is a messenger; and God's messengers to earth are the spirits of men and women who have passed from this state of existence. This account of spiritual interposition to save the life of a righteous man, has not been believed by subsequent generations, for several reasons. They say it comes from a far distant age, when men were ignorant and superstitious and liable to be imposed on by writers of fiction. They have been required to believe that the effect produced on the furious beasts was miraculous and not in accordance with the laws of nature; and the intelligent human mind, in all ages, has revolted at the idea that God ever violates his own laws. For this want of faith in the truth of a record which has come from far distant antiquity, and from uncorroborated authority, through numerous generations into whose minds the light of science and philosophy never penetrated, men and women are denounced as infidels and inheritors of infinite misery, by those who now scout the idea that the spirits of the departed hold intercourse with their friends in the flesh, and who persecute with demoniac malignity all who bear testimony that they, themselves, with their own natural senses, witness the unmistakable evidences of spiritual intercourse.

The same ancient record affirms that a spirit came and sat under an

oak, where Gideon was threshing wheat, and told him that he was required to go forth against the Midianites. This, too, the clergy of the present day, and all their adherents, profess to believe without a doubt, although it comes, like the other accounts, from uncorroborated authority, and from an age of ignorance and superstition; whilst these same believers would, if they had the power, proscribe and persecute, even to the death, their own well-known and highly intelligent and reputable neighbors, for asserting that they have witnessed, and continually do witness, phenomena which cannot possibly be accounted for on any other principle than that it is produced by the spirits of those who have passed into the second state of existence.

All the prophets have left records of their intercourse with spirits; and all the clergy insist that every word of those records is true to the letter, although they have no other evidence to substantiate them than the paper and ink of which the record is made. But they deny the testimony of living witnesses of the brightest intellects, the most profound minds and the highest characters for moral integrity, who affirm that the spirits of the departed manifest their presence to them in various ways, and counsel them to pursue the paths of righteousness and truth, that their lives may be rendered pure and happy whilst here, and that they may take elevated positions when they go hence to their final dwelling place.

To pass over the spiritual visitations to Zacharias, the husband of Elizabeth; to Mary, the mother of Jesus; to the Shepherds who were tending their flocks by night, announcing the good news and glad tidings of the birth of a Saviour; and hundreds of others, we may mention the appearance, to Jesus, when he was transfigured on the mount of the spirits of Moses and Elias, in presence of Peter, James and John, who, according to the record, bear witness of the fact. They saw, or thought they saw, the spirits of Moses and Elias, and heard, or thought they heard them conversing with him. Now, the record of this fact comes to us through the lapse of eighteen centuries. We cannot know how those men were affected. Whether they were psychologised, biologised, hallucinated or smitten with temporary insanity, or whether they fabricated the story, or whether they faithfully represented a truth we cannot know, for there is nothing remaining but the record of paper and ink, enclosed in a piece of tanned sheepskin, to testify to the fact. But, notwithstanding this entire want of corroborating testimony, the clergy and their adherents insist that all who doubt the truth of the account deserve to be damned and will be damned; but they do not seem to think that they deserve even ordinary condemnation for not only doubting, but denouncing as false and execrable, the positive testimony of thousands of living witnesses of unimpeached veracity and the highest respectability, that they have frequently held converse with the spirits of relatives and friends who have visited them to tell them of the immortality of the human soul, and to point out to them the proper way of life to ensure the greatest degree of happiness both here and hereafter.

Behold the effect which these modern manifestations of spiritual life and intercourse with mortals, has produced upon the two classes.—Those who have hitherto been skeptics in relation to the spiritual phenomena recorded in the Bible, and who have been denounced therefor as infidels and heirs of perdition, have been converted into believers of that ancient record of facts. They can now believe it possible that the three convicts of Nebuchadnezzar, were protected from the action of the flames of the fiery furnace, not by a miracle, but by the knowledge and power which the ministering spirit possessed and wielded, in the use of the elements and forces of nature, by which he was enabled to fortify those physical forms and to render harmless the corrosive element in which they were whelmed. They can now believe that the ministering spirit which visited Daniel in the lion's den, could as well paralyze those beasts, by the use of nature's sublimated forces, as spirits at the present day do the physical forms of men and women, which is an every-day occurrence. They have no difficulty in believing the truth of Gideon's account of the spirit under the oak, who came with a

message to him; for the like happens continually. They doubt no more that Zacharias, Mary and the Shepherds of Jewry may have been visited by heavenly messengers. They willingly concede the truth of spiritual intercourse with the prophets and seers of ancient times; and they give full credence to the report of Peter, James and John, of what they saw at the time of the transfiguration, without supposing them to have been psychologised, hallucinated or insane. These are the effects produced upon those who have hitherto been denounced as infidels and heirs of damnation.

What has been the effect upon the denouncing clergy and their adherents? It has converted them to infidelity. They now deny that there is or can be such a thing as spiritual intercourse with mortals. Consequently they condemn all scriptural accounts of such intercourse as false; because, if there can now be no such intercourse, there never could have been any, as God and his laws are unchangeable, and as the necessity for wisdom from on high is greater now than it ever was.—Here we have the whole body of the clergy and their lay forces, embracing the same infidelity which they have so long invoked the wrath of God upon, and virtually acknowledging themselves deserving of the damnation which they have been dealing out so long and so wrathfully to all those who did not believe what they pretended to believe, without the positive and palpable testimony which all are now receiving. This is truly a wonderful change. But let us not denounce the denouncers; let us rather endeavor to profit by their error, and win them to the embrace of truth by manifestations of sympathy, kindness and love.

Lecture No. 19.—By Edgar C. Dayton.

MISS BROOKS, MEDIUM—REPUBLISHED.

MR. ALBRO:

This Lecture was elicited by the remarks of a lady, who, with strong and tender sympathies, inquired, as her friends of immortality clustered around her sphere of material existence: "Do they love me?" And as her soul was filled with a sad, yet sweet meditation, she uttered this inspired interrogation. To her do I humbly dedicate this lecture.

E. C. DAYTON.

"DO THEY LOVE ME?"

Why those silent tones—
Why that sadness on thy brow?

There is a heavenly sadness in the hour of celestial communion, when the heart lingers calmly around the sacred meditations of life and hopes, in the deep and holy minds of departed friends. The loved ones twine unfading flowerets there, and cull from the eden of heaven the sweetest flowers to decorate the high and holy attribute of memory, that the bright chain of affection may never be broken when all the peace and deep contentment of earth may fade away. There are hours of calm and contemplation, when the heart realizes that some sweet intelligence is near, to impart to the weary and tearful soul the ecstatic thoughts of heaven which convey in their influence, a softness and quietness of spirit not unlike the influence of heaven upon the immortal soul. On the fair celestial brow, what soft emotions play—what lights and shades blend o'er the heart's inmost thoughts when the glad messengers of peace and joy breathe one prayer, one hope for the union of human hearts, the deep and true religion of God. Every tear that human life may force to stream, by kind and gentle hands shall be, wiped away, and some friendly spirit from above shall chase the glooms of the human spirit away and make the heart light as the bright and heavenly choirs. In joy or in grief, the image of the loved and adored who have flown from this world of pain, is still reflected in the mirror of the soul, from heaven's high dome, and the smiles of angels shed their sweetness over earth's dreary way and make the glad vision realize the truth of the peace of the future. They come to love, not to veil the pallid brow nor blanch the cheek with paleness. They come to prove that other hearts are bound to thine; with thine to laugh or bleed, and with thee to share the

cares and shadows, the beams of hope and the divine inspiration, coming from above.

Do they love thee? The sweet and mournful echo comes from the distant realms of infinitude, where, in seraphic brightness, the choirs of eternity breathe forth their thrilling notes of love, to lure the raptured spirit higher. Far sweeter than the eolian lyre, gently falls the music of heaven, and answers quick in response to thee—in response to every wish of thine. Like notes on the waves of the angels' songs doth the clear fount of affection send forth its silvery spray to moisten the cares and griefs of human life—to welcome thee upward to sweeter employ, where far, far away from the works conflicting with nature on errors dark shore, thou may'st sing the songs of love with the blest and pure on high. On the swift wings of love do they fly back to their own natal land, where still beams around the family hearth the rays of pure affection—where the loved ones cluster around the scenes of home, with their souls filled with a sacred love for the friends in eternity, and where the mighty magnet of earth's home draws the friends of earth to its sweet repose, and draws the high and pure of immortality to join in the songs and glories of the home of their nativity. The mysterious light of the soul, unseen itself, sheds upon the countenance the divine expression, and infinite inspiration lingers in the silent and sacred recesses of the soul. Every warm thought is expressively delineated on the bright face, and they who wear a smile in the darkest hour of bitter anguish, or in the pleasure of a momentary joy, are worthy of an angelic place in the realms of the infinitely beautiful world unto which all are silently yet visibly drawing near.

Do they love thee? The pilgrims of love whose bright pathway is time, whose home is eternity, and whose hope is the truth of the spirit life, breathing music that might steal from the human sympathies the spiritual part, come to love thee, and the bright angels of eternity's home weave every fibre of spiritual friendship together and bind them together by the seals of heaven—Wisdom, Love and Charity. Then why those falling tears? Dost doubt whether they love thee or not?—Go thou whose spirit is inwardly fraught with sorrow, and gaze upon the midnight scenes of heaven, where the stars disclose a wondrous wisdom, and where the bright and holy moonlight reflects its rays in the crystal stream where it mirrors its own intelligent glory in the creation of nature, and ask whether they love you; and intuitive wisdom will respond from your own spiritual being, in tones of rich melody, whose notes are fraught with the living poetic genius of heaven and earth, and the deep philosophic strains of a yet loftier and purer genius. Go where the sunlight of day delineates its wondrous power upon every living thing, whose bright beams of light speak of a thousand principles and elements, yet buried in mystery from the penetration of the human perceptibility, and ask if the angels love you; and soft whisperings will fall upon your spirit, whose effect is far more powerful than the tones of the mighty thunder or the lightnings electrical flash. They will fill your soul with an awful sublimity, which will cause you to fear and shun the dark spots of human life where your spirit may be bound in cells of human ignorance. The dews of darkness and the mists of ignorance yet encircle man; but yet, in his thoughts of earth, he grasps some of the beauties of heaven, and he yields to the inspired feelings of his nature and to the soft and living influence that comes from the silent breathings of beings far above. Why sigh o'er the shadowy past? Tho' you lay the casket under the fragrant sod, the jewel has gone to heaven, where, in the world of light and love, it adds another diadem to the crown of immortality. Why those falling tears, when inspiration attracts your spirit to the white robed friends of eternity, where, in calm tranquility, they exist, where every movement is a thought, and every thought is a heaven of itself? They catch the tears while yet they fall; and by the workings of charity and tenderness, they make diamonds of them to place upon thy brow. And every thought that sparkles within reflects its radiance in the smiling diamonds of tenderness and wisdom, and brilliant forms of seraphic beauty come and go before the human vision like meteors in the sky. They treasure up the human smile and

take it to heaven, where it is made still brighter by the holy influence of God, and whereby the soul becomes unfolded, the smile increases and earth wears a richer hue. There is a magic in each tear, a volume of tenderness in each crystal drop; and shall kindly spirits weep for man? Though the stem dies and the leaf perishes too, yet the life of each shall still exist, not to grace the fields of earth, but to dwell in celestial beauty, in the paradise of God. Let one thought alone shed joy around the departing soul, where the cool airs from fountains sweetly fall, perfumed by the fragrant flowers of the spirit land, and where the tender farewell on the shore of the rude world, dies away into the invisible realms of immortality, like the fading echo from the colian lyre. Let that thought be the hope of heaven, where, in sweet communion, the soul is awakened to the first pure influence of wisdom. Cheered by this hope, search for the boon of happiness, for 'tis found on earth or in heaven, and will direct the erring spirit to immortal skies. To speak the last word when all other sounds of love decay, is hard to bear; but as the lonely moon-light sleeps upon the bosom of earth, so does the spirit that uttered the parting word repose in the twilight scenes of heaven, moving on to the brighter light which awaits it in the higher conditions of spiritual life. The rosy gifts of health may be snatched, by the hand of disease, from the cheek; but as human health fades away, the spirit is nearer its heaven, and by change is being transported to the celestial home it has longed to find. And when thou hast at last fled from the mystical shores of the visible world, the cherubim of the celestial realms will clasp you to their bosom, in all the love that characterizes the immortals.

The angels do not carelessly strike the melancholy chords of the heart; but there is a fount of tears in the soul which will flow through the channels of sympathy, to their visible home, as a manifestation of inward feelings, and we fain would oftener stir this spring of tears, that they may easier come forth at the call of mercy and misery. Across the calm and beautiful firmament, the quick and wondrous power of God is exquisitely displayed, beaming with the lights and shades of nature; and man seeks out its loveliest influence as in a deep and trance-like state he views the sublime and beautiful scenes given him by the hand of the divine Artist. And why doth thought love to linger round such scenes as this? Because it feels that this life is not all, but that there is, from mortal eye concealed, a triumphant life yet to be revealed by the same divine and infinite power. The caverns of ignorance echo every tone of misery and grief; but let man throw off his soul's disguise and find immortality within himself, and the dread hours of sorrow will be lightened by the intellectual beams which burst from the wisdom stars of heaven, and he finds some friend within the long hidden world of eternal progression, who stands ready to give solace and consolation to every heart-felt bereavement. The inspiring summons must come to call every spirit to the refined and exalted scenes of infinitude. Some pure redeeming angels are sent to free your fettered world from every wrong and bring back the primal glories of the human soul. And while peace and love dissolve the chain of inward bondage, wisdom shall flow in upon the spirit like the water's flowing current, washing away every opinion of long cherished infidelity. And man shall feel his spirit rise kindling within him, where the living truths of nature, the foot-prints of duty, and the God-like breathing of angels shall be perceptibly seen and felt. The glittering wrecks of selfishness shall be buried in oblivion, and the hopes of heaven shall be lighted by the serene influence: and as the plant, once blooming in beauty and freshness, falls withering when the simoon is passed, so shall the flowers above out-bloom them all. Every breath upwafted from the innocent flower, is a boon of truth which heaven holds dear; and as liberty becomes unfolded in human hearts, it shall be their's to be refreshed by this pure influence.

The drops of human life, what are they in the boundless deep of eternity; what are they in the unbounded realms of infinitude; and what are they among the moving orbs of immensity? Nothing! They are like the waves of the little stream as they are moving on and expanding into the larger bodies of water. They move on and expand

into some larger object of immensity, never losing their identity, even in heaven. As the ocean spreads o'er coral rocks and amber fields, pregnant with the silent power of God, so shall the spirits, hidden from the earth, spread their works over the soul, calling each one to his duty to himself and to Him who has framed the universe.

Do they love thee? As death seems to hang over the spirit, there is a beam of rapture in the eye—a beam of intense glory on the soul, which inspires the human heart with a spiritual thought of the attendance of angels in the home of change. By the lone and mystic grave, many prayers have been offered to the divine Father for hope and consolation, while, in the next tomb, lies the wreck of a loved form who died unwept and uncared for, and whose native beauty was buried beneath a life of misery and sorrow. For which should the tears flow—the friend who was true and good, or the stranger who was lonely and miserable? Which spirit asks most for pity and tears? Let human nature itself respond, and it will bring the sweetness of tears to fall upon the memory of the stranger spirit. You may say farewell to fond spirits; but not in vain do they go from you, for in the grave the soul does not repose; for oft when the shadows of day are closing, the same sweet voice is heard to speak from the home above. And there breathes a language, known and felt, from the home of angels, where the soft and tender spirit pours its midnight streams upon the reposing heart of earth. The tides of human passion rise and fall; but music from the seraphs of eternity, in celestial choir, is resistless; and when a note of love breathed by angel lips, falls upon the mortal soul, it awakens the slumbers of inward slavery to the sounds of rightful liberty. Then what songs of sadness shall be yours when away from the earth? None—for your perceptions shall be improved and expanded.

As my spirit was gliding away to the spirit land, anon I heard sweet toned and musical voices which aroused me to my consciousness, and I seemed to stand before the stupendous heights of the universe, and, surrounding me, were worlds unnumberable. Their sublime beauty exceeded all language; their unmeasurableness all known mathematical computation. Infinitude seemed wreathed with worlds, and the velocity of the electrical element was inconceivable, and moved through the realms of infinite space sublimely and beautifully. I saw worlds and systems of worlds rolling in the sea of immensity, and they moved harmoniously and silently around the unseen and divine Parental centre. I saw that the thoughts and understandings of the soul were sustained by the imponderable elements of the next world, where all attractions and repulsions operate throughout the vast empire of human destiny. I perceived that friends who had, by the fixed laws of God, passed on before, loved me still. And ask not if they still love you; for, hour upon hour finds the friends of eternity shedding the influence of their instructions around you. The mother comes and bends tenderly over her child, while she never forgets her love or attraction throughout an eternal life. I found that we were not punished in infinitude for finite transgression; but if one violate the laws of gravitation, locomotion and other elements of our being, we must suffer the natural consequences of the transgression. The mechanism of the soul is constructed upon universal laws of harmony or order, upon the musical principle, whose constitutional tendency is to progress towards harmony and order.

These are innate affinities which draw soul to soul; one attraction prays for another; and this proportional attraction expands to a universal love, and the soul is moved and made perfect by the great Magnet of supreme goodness. There is a chain of attraction extending from the minutest atom to Deity; and the yearnings and feelings of the human heart, will be responded to by a spirit drawn inwardly towards that heart. God is sufficiently minute and immediate in his presence to impart life and beauty to everything throughout the innumerable ramifications of infinite creation. God is the concentrated magnet, and man's pathway is onward and upward to the supreme Attraction. Thus, as man lives and passes away, he lives again where the demands of the soul are satisfied by the understandings and comprehensions, living and

moving in the deep recesses of the soul. There the soul lives; and, if it loves, it loves where it is attracted to love. Love or attraction is a spontaneous attribute of the divine constitution, and is formed in links of friendship, extending from mind to matter, from matter to creation, and from creation to the regions of immensity.

Yes, they love thee still. The bright seraphim who wore their bright robes in the zephyrs of eternity, come to love and instruct, that every pang of sorrow might forever flee from the rudimental world. Then love expands into universal affection; and the present developments of externality will change to spiritual wisdom, where infinite manifestations of the philosophical connection between the spheres of the soul, will be tangibly produced. Then cease those falling tears. Look to heaven for true and perfect love; for, as time wears away, truth is unfolded, and thou shalt, on earth or in eternity, ever find the principles of sympathy gushing forth from the living springs of celestial life, and revealing the magnificence of the soul's mechanism and its retained capacities of attraction.

E. C. DAYTON.

Spiritual Autobiography—Republished.

The following sketch of the earth-life of a communicating spirit, as made by himself, was kindly furnished us by an esteemed lady friend, who was a member of the circle to whom it was communicated. We are not permitted to give names; but we venture to give an extract from our friends private note, which will be a sufficient preface to the communication.

"Mr. ALBRO :—At meetings of our circle, we have received several articles from a Spirit giving, for signatures, "PRENTISS" and "LONDON," both said to be fictitious. As our interest deepened, on reading his articles, we asked him for his history; which request he has very kindly complied with. It is, to us, both interesting and instructive. If you should deem it sufficiently so to warrant its publication, you are welcome to use it."

MY LIFE.

Submitted to you for perusal; read carefully, that you may draw a lesson. As ye see I was not adjudged perfect, learn why I was not. I committed no crime; yet I sinned against God and man. Ye can learn but little while. I have a brother in your sphere.

My father was a proud, austere man, formed to command; and one who thought, unless he ruled his household with an iron rod, he were but half a man; and any swerving on his part, from a command gone forth, was derogatory to his manliness. My mother, a timid, confiding, gentle creature, learned by lessons hard, each weighing on her tender heart, with its crushing influence, that his word was law, and that no remonstrance could mould him to her hearts aspirations.

We were brothers, James and I, and often my chafed spirit rose in tumult within, at his taunting epithets, or proud rejoinders. For know; we were born and bred in England, where their accursed laws give to the eldest brother an inheritance which raises him to superiority, and degrades his near of kin; giving him power to break and wound the feelings of the younger; and oh, how often destroying all affection that would bind heart with heart, and strengthen that heavenly tie that could enable them to live and die for each other.

Oh, my gentle lovely mother! how often have I wept over thy wrongs, knowing no hand of mine could stay that tide of grief, nor no power of my heart enable thee to look up and feel cheered by my words of love. No, when the one on which thou shouldst have leaned, proved cold, couldst thou, with thy hearts constancy, turn and pour into thy child's ear, thy wrongs? No, mother, in thy heart buried, lay all thy secret woe, treasured there, for love of him, that, to the idle world, it might tell no tale that would bring him to its censure. Yet, angel mother, there was one, judging hearts by that standard which God has given—judging with intellect and reason. He knew where lay the tigers heart, and where its prey. Yes, from that moment, light burst upon me. I must be thy defender. I saw thee weep in secret. I saw thee come

forth pale, with a smile upon thy lips. I knew grief and smiles had no affinity; so I watched and guessed thy secret. Oh! how my heart went out in prayer to thee, my God, thou Father of widowed hopes and griefs so buried—went out in prayer to thee, that thou wouldst look down and give a broken heart relief; or if it must bear on, learn it now that it might not dam her life's stream. Ah! little did I know how fearful was its ebb and flow already. Little did I know that love thrown back upon the heart, had such a crushing power. I only knew that love thrown out, has strength, adds life, and bids us, amid all other woes, live on rejoicing.

I watched thee with a tender care. I saw thee pale and feeble, less inclined for life's duties, such as thy station required. I saw thee calm, oh, how calm; it startled me; the change did; yet my father saw it not; thy failing strength; thy crushed heart; thy calm submission; and on that fatal day, when he said, "Go forth, be gay with the happy ones, who are always gathered at our home;" when he reproached thee for thy moping; called thee stupid, dull, deceiving; and thy only answer was a look to heaven, and a tear. Think thou that there was power in heaven or earth, to stay my tumultuous feelings—to calm the rising thought, that, what e'er might happen, I would stretch my hand for thee—would give one love token in thy defence. That love token was a reproof to my father; the austere, the proud, the iron hearted; a reproof to him; it was not gentle; it could not be. I saw thyself, dear mother, only thee; I spoke for thee, dear mother, only thee; it was enough; my father branded me with shame; called me ungrateful, disobedient, and cast me on the world with this my fortune; and hugged my brother with all his wordliness; hugged, nurtured, cared for him; and when he dies, makes him a courted Lord and me a beggar.

The tiger roused within me; it could not sleep; it walked forth roaring for its prey, and would not be appeased. My mother's hand, stretched forth in timely warning, saved me from crime; crime, the thought of which had been planted there by you: father of all my woe and sin; and on you must it rest; and should this ever reach your eye, know that, in my spirit home, I hold you the author of all that has encumbered my spirit, in its upward flight. I can tell you this without the semblance of a curse; but still it is one; not from me, your child; from your God. Pause; reader.

In secret, mother I dwelt near thee, sharing thy love and providence, saved from sin, and happy; yes, happy; for I was near thee, and could add joy to thy declining life. Oh! how those years passed on in loving thee; two years, freighted with love, borne back and forth, from thee to me—from me to thee. Two years, so short—yet, in retrospection, they seemed all I ever knew of joy or love. I felt thy life declining, and was parted from thee. I knew thy heart was hushed, or else, where was that freight of love, borne with its beat to me? Two years—their close I do not task me for the recital.

I stood for entrance at my father's door, and knocked. It was denied me; yet, within that house, lay all I loved, calm, beautiful, spiritualized by death. Denied the sight of my mother! all, all I loved, all I had to love me—denied by my father! Oh, God! it was too bitter; I did not curse him—no, thank God, I did not—I fell to the earth, humbled, forlorn, wretched; little heeding and little caring if I ever rose. I was an outcast, then and forever.

I became calm; I prayed; yes, prayed to thee, my mother; that in this hour of darkest trial thou wouldst look down from thy home in Heaven, and bless thy son; would teach him his duty to God and man, and through all vicissitudes, show him the faith that would lead to God and thee, my mother. I felt strengthened; I arose, and from thy life I drew this knowledge; that my love for thee could draw thee nearer and nearer me, until thy presence seemed a balm, a joy. And they within that lordly hall, who had spurned thy love, and made an outcast of thy son, they were separated from thee forever; for eternity. So was I the gainer; and thus my revenge, revenge such as thou wouldst have approved, (dear mother) was obtained by loving thee.

Mother in Heaven, thy spirit is ever with me, guiding guarding,

staying my footsteps; to thee I looked for aid; it came, for in life's battle I fought manfully, nor fell.

With the little I had left, I was to struggle, for I knew the world had a hearty welcome for the rich, but a "bear's hug for the poor," I crossed the ocean, there to carve a name white and pure as the stone above my mother's grave; white and pure as were the garments she now wore; white and pure as was her sainted spirit. Such was my resolve: how far I fell short, God was my judge. I became an author, sought for, treated with respect by men, honored, courted; wrote until ill health prevented this my only support. I travelled with a gentleman; I tired of him, so worldly, so gross he seemed, compared with the spirit ever walking at my side, and with which I ever held such sweet commune.

Under an assumed name, my mother, I felt unfitted for this walk with grosser beings, and yearned for a heart, whereon to lay my store of love. I found one, young, buoyant and happy in my love; but ere I could make her mine, death took the prize, and I wept alone. Yet I was cheered, for by me stood my Mary and my mother.

Two years passed. I lay upon my death-bed calm and resigned.—My thoughts often wandered to a Lordly home, wherein walked my father and my brother; rich, noble, beloved: how strangely it contrasted with my home, so bare of comfort and of friends. Yet I was happy; and would not have changed, for all earth has, my heart of love for theirs of stone. They had wealth and honor; I had Mary and my mother.

Who will soothe their death beds, or calm their troubled spirits?—Who in that hour of trial can give them aid and comfort? Can my mother? the oppressed, the broken-hearted—can she? Will she?—Hark, I feel her presence, nearer, nearer, nearer, it comes and I hear a gentle whisper. It says "yes, my son, I will be near, that I may aid them by coming to comfort their spirits and lead them to my God; for in this land are all wrongs forgotten and wiped away! Yes, then their iron hearts shall be softened by the presence of Mary and my mother.

I am in the spirit home of those I love; God has judged me, and "found me wanting;" but by that *light* my mother sheds, and by the spirit of my Mary, I shall walk aright, blotting out, *each hour*, some unkind thought, perhaps unuttered, yet leaving its *impress* on my soul, detected by my God. Remember, oh! remember my dear ones of earth, that each thought is treasured by the angels, that draw you heavenward, and remember, though unseen, you are guarded by spirits, as loving and as gentle as are my Mary and my mother.

My spirit home is beautiful; beloved spirits walk with me; grossness cannot approach; and often now I wander on errands of mercy, giving comfort, cheering and bliss to those who will receive. Ye "have taken me in," and calmed a troubled spirit, by receiving this simple, constrained recital; for which I will do ye service. If fate decrees you sorrow, I will try and cheer you; if sickness, I will there be with you to sustain. If you are passing away from earth, I will lead you to a happy entrance, to the spheres of love, where you shall be adjudged. Live live, that you may meet your God without *delay*. The less imperfect will you be as ye listen to his teachings. Yes, I will be with you.

Would you could aid my father and my brother, far from me has passed all thought of wrong, to one who has wronged my mother; and I wish him joy, to aid his coming. Old and infirm, he lingers on your earth, so helpless, so gross, uncared for, uncheered; he spurned me from my mother's death-bed, but she came to mine and will be at his.—Adieu.

If prayers for you avail, or aid you in your coming, be assured they shall be offered at the shrine of Grace; by PRENTISS, MARY and my MOTHER.

General Wool furnishes the Oregon Indian estimates of well informed persons, to show that the war thus far cost two, three, or four millions of dollars, for which the Governors of the two territories have issued, or will issue, scrip which the General Government will be called upon to redeem.

Private Correspondence.

We sometimes take liberties with private correspondence, making public, without authority to do so, such portions of them as we think would be acceptable to our readers—if not in general, in localities where they are of interest. We do so with a private letter from Mrs MARTHA, relict of the late Rev. THOMAS J. SMITH, of Ridgeway, New York.

Our city readers will recollect Brother SMITH, who lectured in our Hall, sometime in the latter part of last Summer, and who but recently finished his labors here, and commenced the work of eternity, in that infinite realm where the spirit has no decaying body to drag about with it.

After concluding the business part of her letter, Mrs. S. says:

"We removed to Ridgeway last fall. Mr. SMITH delivered several courses of lectures on the nature and destiny of the human soul, in this vicinity. On the first of January, he went east, and was to have spent the rest of the winter lecturing in that section, as he had previously engaged to do; but in just five weeks from the time we started from home, he was born to life immortal. Mr. SMITH was a firm Spiritualist to the last. The day before he departed this life, I conversed with him on the subject: he said he had not one doubt; he did not need another fact to establish its truth in his mind. He was doing a great work for Spiritualism in that vicinity. The ranks were being filled by persons from all denominations, who, tired of the dry husks of old conservatism, were drinking in the truths and beauties of the new philosophy, with great avidity, and eagerly seeking for tangible proofs of the soul's immortality.

"But he has left the duties of this lower sphere, to perform a still higher mission in the realms of eternal life; and though we can not see him, we feel that he is near to watch over and guide us still.

"A piece of poetry found in his memorandum book, after his death, so well expresses his feelings in regard to his final change, that I enclose it for your perusal; and, if in accordance with your wishes, would like to have it published."

The following is the poetry referred to.

The glass of time is turned again;
Its sands are running fast;
A few brief moments yet remain,
And then will come the last.

The last that reaches to the goal
Of mortal year, for thee—
Of earth-ties and their long control,
To set thy spirit free.

And then and there, the triumph won,
How calm the victor's brow!
All strife and care and struggling done,
In peace he's resting now!

The spreading beams of heavenly light,
Are breaking on the soul;
Immortal years begin their flight,
And joys eternal roll!

Then fall ye sands, and turn thou glass,
To bring this glorious change,
When I the darkened sphere shall pass,
The worlds of light to range.

I have no trembling tear to shed;
My tear-drops all are dry;
I mourn not that my years have fled,
And this bright world is nigh.

Unto the past I bid adieu,
And hail the breaking beams,
When night shall pass and toil be through,
With all its fitful dreams.

T. J. SMITH.

To the Patrons of this Paper.

With this number, the proprietorship of the *Age of Progress* passes to Messrs. MURRAY & BAKER, who have printed it from the commencement of the present volume, up to this time. To them will be payable all arrearage for subscriptions and advertisements, from the commencement above named; but they are responsible for no debts hitherto contracted, on account of the paper. These will be paid by the Executive Committee of the Harmonial Printing Association, as fast as they can collect the means from the Stockholders. Mr. ALBRO will continue in the chair editorial.

Messrs. M. & B. will address the patrons of the paper, in the next number.

The Locality and materiality of the Spirit-world.

A friend in Vermont, who writes us to renew his subscription, adds the following to the business matter of his letter:

"Before I close, there is one point I would wish to have you, or your spirit friends, or both, give us 'light, more light' upon. I allude to the locality and materiality of the spirit world.

Now according to Prof. HARE's test questions to the spirits of WASHINGTON, CHANNING, and others, the spirit world begins only about 60 miles from earth, and so on, receding from earth, as the spheres are refined. The spirits communicate, through what are considered reliable mediums, that "the spirit world is composed of real objective matter, as much as our earth, such as lakes, forests, &c. Now, if such is the fact, why have not our astronomers ever discovered it through their large telescopes, which bring distant planets so near as they do? In other words, which is right, science or the spirits?—As you have reliable mediums, almost at your door, wont you lay the case before them, and request an explanation of the apparent (to me) contradictions of the spirits and science? By so doing you will much oblige a friend and seeker after truth."

REMARKS EDITORIAL.

As respects the locality of the spirit world, the teaching which we receive is, that it is everywhere. Having no limit of extent, it has no center—no circumference—no fractional parts—no particular localities, excepting the any-time present locality of any spirit or world. Our idea is that the earth and every other world which floats in space, may be said to be in the spirit world, and any one of them as much in the center thereof as any other one. Hence there is no distance to be travelled to reach the spirit world. But there is a space outside of the earth's solid matter, which highly elevated spirits can not occupy without suffering inconvenience. This is the space occupied by the earth's atmosphere, which, in its most rarified state, is said to be about sixty miles in extent. And not only the earth, but all other planets or worlds, which have similar atmospheres, must be similarly repulsive to highly progressed spirits. And all localities out of reach of these influences, may be the residences of spirits of every degree of elevation; the beatitude of each spirit depending on its progress in wisdom, goodness and refinement, and not on its whereabouts in the spirit world.

Notwithstanding the truthfulness of the foregoing philosophy, there is an apparent naturalness and probability in the teachings of spirits, that the disembodied spirits of each inhabited universe, have their respective spirit homes, or heavens, in a space surrounding, and contiguous to, its atmosphere. And, although, by the action of will, the spirit may go whither it pleases, it naturally gravitates to that region, when it lays its will-power at rest. And here it would also seem to be natural and probable, that spirits with grosser bodies, would gravitate nearer to the atmosphere of their native sphere, than those would whose spirit bodies are more sublimated by progression. And we presume that it is on account of the known fact that the enlarged spirit can not comfortably endure the earth's atmosphere, that this imaginary bound has been set to the spirit world.

As respects the materiality of the mountains, plains, rivers, forests,

foliage and flowers, in the spirit world, let it be understood that whatever can be seen or felt, by spirits, either incarnate or ex-carnate, is *something*, and not *nothing*. Spirits tell us that they have, in the spirit world, a type of every thing that there is the earth. These types of every thing pertaining to earth, are the spirit essence of those objects, and as much real, substantive entities as spirits are themselves; and they are, probably, as tangible, to the spirits, as their prototypes of earth are to mortal touch. And if the earth have a spirit earth, outside of its atmosphere, it is evident that all other worlds have corresponding types surrounding their atmospheres, furnishing natural homes for the respective enlarged spirits to gravitate to, when not on duty abroad.

Our friend will please to understand, that, although spirit lands, spirit mountains, spirit forests and spirit rivers, are subjective realities, such as may be seen and felt by disembodied spirits, or by incarnate spirits, in the clairvoyant state, the substance of which they are composed is not such gross matter as the earth, or other planetary worlds are made of. They are composed of matter so highly sublimated that they are imperceptible to mortal vision. He knows that the atmosphere of this earth, though so gross that these spirit lands and scenery float upon it, can not be seen by mortal vision. Hence the use of telescopes, which are made to bring objects of gross materiality closer to the physical eye, can not affect spiritual matter so as to render it physically visible. Nothing short of the development of the spiritual vision, can render spirits or spiritual matter, visible to mortals. If we could invent telescopes that would so strengthen the physical vision as to enable us to see spirit land and scenery, we could see spirits with them; and a few more improvements might enable us to peer into the inner sanctuary of God himself.

No, no, friend, there is no conflict, no discrepancy, between science and the teachings of elevated spirits. Nothing can harmonize more beautifully than do science, in all its departments, and Spiritualism, as it comes to us from ministering spirits, through well-developed and spiritualized media. Whilst Geology and Astronomy raise their voices in condemnation of the dogmas of the orthodox church, they hail, with united acclaim the spiritual gospel, as their co-ordinate exponent of God and his eternal truth.

The Obituary.

Our readers will find, in this paper, an obituary notice of EPHRAIM GREGORY, of Niagara county, near Lockport, N. Y.

This memento was written, at our request, by the spirit of STEPHEN R. SMITH, using the hand of T. G. FORSTER. The circumstances attending this case, were of an extraordinary character. Mr. GREGORY had a mind which could not accept the orthodox christian doctrine.—The God which that doctrine presented to him, was so wanting in the great attributes of Deity, that his soul refused the homage which was demanded. He could not look up to such a universal Father, with love and adoration; and as no other or better was presented to him, he repudiated the idea of any God, and embraced atheistic materialism. His conversion to the faith of immortality, through the Harmonial Philosophy, is beautifully described by Mr. SMITH.

The circumstance of this case which seems the most striking and extraordinary, is the fact that the converted atheist, with the end of his earthly career in view, and with an ardent desire to make an impression of the truth which his soul had received, upon those friends whom he found he could not otherwise reach, he conceived the noble idea of making the circumstance of his demise serve a cause which his life had failed to serve as he wished. Reader, look at this circumstance, and you will see an evidence of the fearlessness with which Spiritualists meet the messenger sent to bring them to the fold of the Great Shepherd of souls.

A STRIKING THOUGHT.—Is there anything in the world can beat a good wife? Yes: a bad husband.

AGE OF PROGRESS.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR.

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Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

On Sabbath last, Bro. FORSTER being unexpectedly absent, we had numerous speakers to entertain the audience in attendance. There was a very general disappointment, in the afternoon and evening, on account of the absence of Mr. F.; but a change of fare, even from finer to coarser, is said to be promotive of health; and it may be that the same philosophy governs the effect of food, both physical and intellectual.

In the evening, we had a brief, but beautiful as brief, lecture from the spirit of A. A. BALLOU, through Miss SCOTT. It was not anticipated that he would be enabled to address the audience at all, on account of the very weak condition of his medium, who had been confined to her room, with sickness, for some two weeks; but whilst her strength lasted, her organs were used with thrilling effect.

Lectures for Next Sabbath.

Professor DAYTON has given us the following Scripture texts, as the subjects which he and Mr. SMITH will lecture upon, on Sunday afternoon and evening:

In the afternoon, Mr. DAYTON will lecture on the text, Matthew X, 34. "Think not that I came to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword."

In the evening, Mr. SMITH will speak from the text, Matthew IV 8, 9. "Again, the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, 'All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'"

For the Age of Progress.

Spiritual Communication.

MRS. GAY, MEDIUM.

SUBJECT—THE DIVINE LAW.

From ages past, it has been customary among theologians, in speaking of God as a law-giver, to represent him as having a higher regard for his glory and honor, than for the good of his people. The idea has been almost universal that his glory and honor are separate and distinct from the good of man, so that what promotes his honor and glory may be ruinous to man. It is surprising that such an idea could ever have found a single advocate; for I see not how any one can read the teachings of Christ without being constrained to acknowledge that the benefit of man is the supreme object for which all the divine laws are framed, all ordinances established, and all messengers are appointed. Man is the centre of every circumference—the point at which terminates every line in the great circle of Providence. But opinions are in a great measure modified by the times in which you live. They receive their hue from the aspect of the moral and intellectual world about you. When this fact is considered, it does not appear so strange that theologians, in speaking of God, should have dwelt chiefly upon his power; for they lived under kings whose thrones rested mainly on power—whose glory was blood-stained, and who employed their authority and greatness chiefly for their own good, regardless of the good of their people. The great idea was that the king was supreme, and that every thing should be done for his aggrandizement and renown—that

his will was law and must be universally obeyed—that the people's interests must not be consulted. Entertaining such views, how natural it was that they should attribute to God a similar character, and represent his throne as based wholly on power, and his law as the expression of arbitrary will. Accordingly the Eternal King was declared to be like a king of the earth, who had no concern for his subjects, any farther than their good tended to enhance his glory.

He did no wrong, though in the execution of his will he might violate all that bears the name of justice among men, and destroy the temporal and eternal welfare of his subjects. It was all right, and should receive the entire approval of all the millions of his subjects. But men are beginning to hesitate in regard to the propriety of such views.—The divine right of kings to do wrong, is now very generally denied, and the denial of that has led to a still more important denial—namely, that the Infinite King has a right to do wrong, or that anything can contribute to His glory which is not beneficial to his subjects. God is no longer viewed as stern, arbitrary, unjust and cruel, but a God of infinite love and wisdom, who frames his laws in such a manner that they require only what is right and good, and are just such laws as an Infinite Father would establish for the guidance of his children.

Notwithstanding all that has been said of the supreme excellency of God, how many there are who yet believe that His law will be the instrument of the endless misery of millions of human beings. It is not enough then to say God is not like the tyrants who reign for their own glory; we must go farther and say that he has given no laws that will prove injurious. The obedience which God requires is in accordance with our nature and wants. If we can demonstrate this fact, we prove the supreme wisdom and goodness of the Law-giver.

We ask, then, what are the nature and wants of man? All will agree that men are social beings—that they were formed for society, and that they are designed to obtain their subsistence by labor, and to be perfected by culture. Such being their nature and the means by which they are to subsist, they need such laws to regulate their social feelings and guide them in the pursuit of life. Instinct is the guide of every animal to which a divine law is not given. God leaves none without a directory; thus showing that over all he exercises a faithful guardian care. To man he has given laws which require of him temperance, purity, industry and a right use of all his faculties. He is directed to be industrious; to abstain from every thing which will injure his person, his mind or his heart; to cultivate his intellect; to love that which is good and pure; to go forward without faltering in the path of duty; to be true to himself as a rational being—as a creature endowed with the highest intellectual and moral powers. But the law does not stop with teaching man's duty to himself and his relations to his fellow beings; it teaches all the duties growing out of those relations. Hence it bids him be true to all his obligations; true to his country; true to every great and good interest of life. The law defines with perfect precision, all man's duties. The law of God is perfect in all respects; perfect in its universality; perfect in its adaptation to every variety of condition and every relation man sustains, so that if every human being were governed by it, every one would be holy; and in every family, every state, every nation, throughout the world, entire harmony would prevail.

Our Friend, P. B. Randolph.

We learn from this worthy brother, that he is about to retire from the field as a spirit lecturer; but that, before he withdraws himself, he proposes to take a tour through New York and the Western States, to afford his controlling spirits an opportunity to give a course of lectures through him, on the Harmonial philosophy.

As a speaking medium, Mr. RANDOLPH, we are confident, can have few superiors, or even equals; and we are positive that there is no other one in this country, through whom spirits can represent such a variety of characters, and so life-like, as they can through him. We regard him as truly a noble-spirited young man, as well as a valuable instru-

ment in the hands of ministering spirits; and we sincerely hope he will not be allowed to carry into effect his determination to withdraw from a field of labor, to which he is so admirably adapted.

We would say to all spiritualists in the localities through which he contemplates passing, that they will be richly repaid for all acts of courtesy and friendship extended to him. He has a soul which requires spontaneous, warm-hearted out-gushing friendship. With this, he is ever rich and happy—without it, poor and miserable. This we find to be, in greater or less degree, the prominent characteristic of mediums used by elevated spirits. They are repulsed, withered and crushed by suspicion of their integrity, or by cold indifference, from those who stand in the relation of brothers and sisters.

From Child's Boquet.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The inquiring heart goes out and speaks: "Where shall I find my God?" The pure in heart will meet him in the gentle stream and within the tiny flower. Deity wears no mystic veil to the soul, to the heart of purity; for on creation's face they read the lineaments of his parental love. The pure in heart flow unto him, each stream of thought is a crystal brook that sparkles its spirit home to Deity. The pure in heart find no shadows floating between them and God. Through love and faith they look, and with eyes of peace behold the universe, a circling glory of enchantive life, twining to the great central Spirit, God. Through flowery paths the pure in spirit walk, not by the wayside hedge; they bound along the wide and beautiful avenues of love, linking their life and thoughts with myriad souls. The pure in heart see bright divinities of beaming love shining through humanity; they gaze on brightness through the love of the spirit within the mortal. They do not sit on the bank of despair, where the deep and angry waters of sin and error are flowing on, but they sit them down by the cooling, flowing stream of happiness, and on its wavelets send their sparkling trust to the bosom of their Father, God. Blessed are the pure, for they shall see him. Each moment of their life bears unto them the impress of their Father's face; and on the mighty works his hand hath made, they see the image of their God. How blest are they that ride on those plume-like, bounding, crystal thoughts, that send their spirits out in dewy sparkles to be attracted to some sapphire sea of bliss, where bright and sparkling jewels dash 'round the shores, and diamonds point the way to bliss, and emerald islands dance in ether light, and jewelled wings spread out from soft angelic forms, and mystic music floats along the breeze. This is the port to which the hearts of purity sail to see their God. Then launch thy spirit nobly forth, and on the quivering aspirations of thy immortal soul, send its beauty dancing on flowers of bliss immortal. Warbling melody shall greet the soul. The sweet enchantress shall entrance the vision, and the soul of pure desire shall gaze through countless vistas of eternal space, on the image of its God.

Each pure desire is a wing on which the spirit mounts. Every holy aspiration is a chariot inviting the soul to fly onward. Each loving thought is a wave of progression, and every longing, throbbing emotion a golden arrow darting the spirit on and on through space infinite, eternal, and sublime. So blessed are the pure for they shall see God; no atom of creation shall be a thing too small for them to gaze upon, and behold him. In each shall be seen a kingdom of his glory; a bright enchanting power that leads home through wisdom's ways to their Father, God. Each day of life, and each care shall bare the shadow of his spirit.

While o'er the silvery sea of purity we sail, the lilies of life shall adorn our way. As we pass along, the waving branches above shall duplicate their dewy leaves by being mirrored on the waters below, as the future the golden future, paints its form upon the stream of the past. So to purity let us wed our souls, that we may through eternity gaze upon our God.

O, how I love this spirit life, God's life, thy life, my glorious life; this flowery-bursting, rosy morn of life; this rolling, moving, angel tide of life! O, gushing fountain that didst fill me with animaaion, call back thy waves of motion unto thyself. Let animated nature roll back to thee all eloquent with thanksgiving. Bright morning stars, sing for joy. Glorious noon-day, chant thy anthem. Deepening twilight with moon-beams in thy arms, come, sing a melody to Deity. O, creation, thou art a mighty

orchestra, in which each little ripple is a sweetly sounding note to the Creator of all.

"Bless, O, my soul, the living God." O, transcendent, heavenly life, flowing from and unto God. Let dulcet notes peal from my spirit now, while I with quivering breath tune my lyre to sing thy praise. According as my spirit knows, will I sing, and my song shall not be brief. O, thou from whom all finite love does flow, let brighter angels wing around my soul, and star my spirit to Elysian lands, where glory beams resplendent.

O, who would ask to live not? What soul should sigh to pass from earth, for the pealing anthem goes on, and the voices of creation sing, "We live!" "we live!"

Mortals chant the strain; angels respond; arch-angels reverberate, and seraphs echo the loud . amen

No utterance of the soul can picture, no language of the heart can paint; no pathos of the spirit can delineate the ecstasy of life forever.

Thanks added unto thanks, gratitude and praise entwined with high thanksgiving, is the offering chorus of the soul to God.

To live, to labor, and to love, are the spiritual circles of the soul. When we have mounted unto love, pure, holy love, then our souls shall be traversing the path of seraphs, and we will make the circle of life again, and live, and live, and live; watch-words for the soul of man; bright landmarks for creation—Life and Love.

Lend me thy egotism, spirit of sadness; gaze out upon the glorious heavens, and mirror the love in the bright sky. Plume, plume thy spirit, take an advance joy, and sweeten thy weary life.

When Deity and life die out, then hope will leave the soul, and joy follow in the sorrowing train. But while God and life exist, hope will forever be the guest of man, for it is but the glorious result of heavenly life, and life the bright result of God.

O, that I could herald the world's salvation, joined by seraphs without number. I would work, and would not know a slumber till in joy, eternal joy, mankind had been gathered home.

With fresh garlands of zeal, and new found blossoms of hope, let us with angels labor till we can meet every known want. The longings of the spirit are only wildly beating waves within, that mount the spirit heavenward. Dark waves of life, dark waves of the ocean, can mount us to the skies. Struggles and conflicts, hasten the spirit home to kiss the stars of light.

Electricity is the Breath of God.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY JOHN F. COLES.

Electric essence permeates the air,
Lighting the heavens with its brilliant glare;
Encircling planets in its strong embrace,
Controlling all the elements of space.
'Tis this that sways the immortal mind,
Refines and elevates all human kind;
In this the angels find their greatest light,
Celestial source of God the Infinite.
In vain doth man its secrets strive to know;
Time nor eternity can all its wonders show.
Ye minds progressive, whose great spirits yearn,
In Nature's face her attributes to learn;
Shut off the gross and dark external view,
The false and selfish, and behold the true.
Heaven is a flower to full perfection grown;
Earth is a bud that's not yet fully blown.
Both are the off-shoots of one parent stem,
Resting like jewels in God's diadem.
Earth seems fairest when by Heaven embraced,
As pearls show purest when near rubies placed.
The height of pleasure is when pain is not;
Heaven is nearest when earth is most forgot.
Of this be sure;—that when the electric fires,
From spheres celestial, fan thy soul's desires,
God speaks to thee! As when the gentle dove
On Jesus' head descended from above,
Divinely laden with Jehovah's love.

Obituary---Spiritual Funeral.

On the 20th of April last, in the 64th year of his earthly existence, EPHRAIM GREGORY of Niagara County, through the operations of organic law, was freed from the surroundings of earth, and has gone to his congenial sphere amid the realms of equity.

Brother GREGORY was long and favorably known throughout the region of country where he resided. He was a man of great decision of character—a firm, consistent and independent thinker. For many years he was universally known, as a disbeliever in any system of ethics involving the immortality of the soul; and was recognized by all who knew him, as infidel to all those beautiful anticipations founded upon such a faith. His mind was of that stamp that demands the demonstration of facts as a basis for belief. The orthodox schools of the day were unable to give these as the ground work of their various hypotheses. He, therefore, like many others, found himself drifting in a sea of materialism, without chart or compass—without either surety or hope, as regarded a future haven of repose.

But, within the past year or two, circumstances brought him into association with the investigators of Harmonial Philosophy, and through the media-mistic power of the day, he became convinced, beyond the possibility of doubt, of the identity of disembodied spirits, and of the immortality of his soul. At once the great want of a lifetime found a channel of supply; and forthwith through the agency of angelic association, he became an advocate and investigator of the moral and philosophical superstructure founded upon the spiritualistic facts of the age. A month or two since, he found his physical health was failing, and became satisfied that he must shortly leave the earthly tenement for the scenes of another state of existence. He was at length prostrated upon his bed; but as he found his hold upon earth decreasing in its tenacity, under the spiritual teachings of the day, his mind became more and more clear and confident, as regarded the beneficence and love of the Universal Father; and he finally left, with a smile of recognition upon his countenance, for the attendant angel minds, who were hovering near—ready to bear his freed spirit to his congenial home.

Before he left however, his soul was animated with that increasing love for his fellow man, which is so eminently the fundamental inculcation of Spiritualism; and he conceived the beautiful thought of converting, if possible, the occasion of his funeral into a means of conveying to his friends and neighbors, some better knowledge of the beautiful faith that was gilding for him so gloriously, even the portals of the grave. With calmness and confidence therefore, he deliberated upon the subject with his family, and a week before his demise, commissioned a son to visit Buffalo, for the purpose of engaging Brother T. G. FORSTER, to allow Professor DAYTON to use his organism upon the occasion of his funeral, whenever his death should create the necessity. Brother FORSTER was consulted, and readily consented.

On the 21st Brother FORSTER was telegraphed, and on the night of the 21st, while lying on his bed, he had an interview with the spirit of the departed, though not lost brother, who requested that he would be punctual in his attendance at the funeral on the morrow, and promising himself to be there. Brother F. afterwards learned that the spirit had sought this interview at the request of the family, who were a little apprehensive that he might not be in attendance. On the 22d, a very large concourse of Brother GREGORY's friends and neighbors were present, when the highly gifted DAYTON took possession of Brother FORSTER's organism, and gave an eloquent and affecting discourse—replete with his characteristic powers of logic, and with a pathos that reached every heart. He reviewed closely the faith of the infidel, so called—the materialist and the atheist; and demonstrated its inconsistency with a true conception of Deity, and its incompatibility with the native aspirations of the human soul. But whilst he condemned the cold sophistry of Pantheism, he found a palliation for such a condition of mind, in the fact, that the materialistic tendency of the formula of Orthodoxy was rapidly and naturally drawing the general mind into such conditions. He demonstrated the ill effects of arbitrary organizations

upon the human mind, more especially as respects its conclusions and its actions with regard to its moral destiny—and with much clearness and precision, pointed out the entire want of adaptedness to the present advanced condition of mind, of the barbaric imagery and pagan folly comprehended in the sectarian teachings of the day. He delineated the processes of thought through which the mind of Brother GREGORY had passed, in eschewing the the skepticism of his past life, and in the adoption of those beautiful sentiments that so emphatically smoothed his dying pillow. And with a feeling and power that none who heard, will readily forget, he described the condition of the Brother, whose mind had learned in earth, the facts and philosophy of Progress in the skies. He repudiated the thought that aught in nature can ever die—much less the human spirit, which stands upon the apex of creation, the individual representative of its God—organically tending upward toward the ever-loving and eternal Father-Soul. And animated with the love of the skies, he concluded with a personal address to the family of the brother—assuring them, that though their father and friend had left them for a short time, still there was no cause for tears. But that if tears must fall, an appreciation of the philosophy of Progress would gild each separate tear with a rainbow of glorious hope; whilst it demonstrated the consoling fact, that the parental arm-chair was not altogether vacant, nor the hearth-stone desolate; but that their father and friend, borne on the pinions of undying love, would still return, through the agency of organic law, and whisper amid the desolation of earth, of the increasing felicities of Heaven.

I listened myself to the address of the Brother, and watched the effect had upon the general mind, by the presentation of this, to them, new mode of thought respecting the soul of man, together with its relations both in time and eternity; and I am satisfied that the spirit of Brother GREGORY, who was present, was fully gratified with the result upon the minds of his friends. Thus, are we ever striving, by all means within the compass of natural law, to inoculate the human soul with a higher appreciation of itself, and of its God; and we do not despair, in the progress of time, under the benign influence of heavenly tuition, of witnessing the countenance of Humanity perpetually decked with the radiant smile of its own conscious divinity.

STEPHEN R. SMITH.

Transplanted into the Spirit World.

CLARA, infant daughter of BENONI S. and FANNY C. BROWN, was removed from her earthly form, on Monday the 28th ult., aged 10 months and 21 days.

Father and Mother, weep not that your tender flower has thus early withered and passed away. It has been removed to that Eden where it will bloom in eternal freshness and unfading beauty, and where you will soon inhale the fragrance of its ever augmenting love. So shape your lives as to reach that garden in the best possible condition to receive, enjoy and reciprocate that love.

Truly has it been said, beautiful is an infant, whatever we picture it to ourselves. Beautiful in the cradle. Beautiful upon a parent's knee. Beautiful awake, asleep. Beautiful at play, in the corner of the room, or under the shade tree before the door. Beautiful beneath the coffin lid. Yes beautiful even there, in the loveliness of death—with hands folded peacefully—with brow like moulded wax—with eyes closed in sleep—"perchance to dream!"—with lips so gracefully composed, as if to say,—"I murmur not,"—and with its whole face radiant with a smile, which is the imprint of its dying vision.

All real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man, have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare and spade, to read, to think, to pray—these are the things to make man happy; they have always had the power of doing these—they never will have power to do more.

The Inquiry.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it answered—"No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Where billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
And friendship never dies?
The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and answered—"No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place,
From sorrow, sin and death;
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yea! in Heaven!"

The Steamer Pacific—Remarkable Presentiment—Strange Apparition, &c.

We have always been averse to feeding the popular appetite for marvelous things, especially those which may be said to have their origin in supernatural latitude, and only calculated so create a thirst for farther revelations which can never be satisfied this side the grave. But the circumstances we are about to relate are so remarkable, and are so authenticated, that we cannot avoid the temptation to give them publicity; and hoping that our readers will not think that because we have gone to another world for information in regard to the missing steamer, we have yet given up hopes of hearing from her in this, we proceed to relate the story substantially as related to us:

Among the passengers in the Pacific is, or was, Mr. K——w, of this city, a gentleman who has crossed the Atlantic several times, and always left in happy spirits, and always returned in excellent health. But just before leaving on his last voyage, his spirits became suddenly and excessively depressed. He could not account for the feeling; he struggled hard to overcome it, and his friends endeavored to rally him. But it was of no use—the strange presentiment of some dreaded fatality hung over him, and weighed down his energies. Yet important business requiring his presence in Europe at a certain time, he determined to disregard the admonitions of this inward monitor, and to hazard the voyage. Before starting, however, he made his will, and placed it in the hands of a friend.

Mr. K. was engaged to be married to an estimable young lady, a daughter of one of our most respectable and highly esteemed merchants, whose

residence is a short distance from the city; the wedding was to take place on Mr. K.'s return from his European voyage. The approach of this interesting event, it was naturally thought, tended to aggravate the aversion he had to again attempt the dangers of the treacherous ocean; but the cordial good wishes he had to carry with him, and the prospect of a happy return at some time or other, somewhat relieved his mind of the burthen which weighed upon it, and he departed.

He arrived out safely, transacted his business and wrote home, breathing the kindest feeling of attachment for his dear friends, and designated the time at which he might be expected to return. Of course his arrival was looked for with much interest, especially by the lady to whom he was engaged. But how futile are human calculations! Days and weeks have elapsed since that period, and yet a cheering word from the vessel which was to bear him homeward has not been heard, to relieve the now painful anxiety respecting her!

About the time Mr. K. appointed to be at home, Miss ——, his betrothed, was one night startled from her sleep by the figure of Mr. K. appearing before her. The form seemed so palpable that she was for a moment bewildered. She felt conscious that it could not be her intended; yet so real seemed the apparition, that she raised herself in bed and spoke to it. That moment it vanished; and Miss ——, relieved from her agitation, awoke her sister, who was sleeping beside her, and related the occurrence.

But little was thought of this matter till recently, when circumstances induced a reference to the date of its happening. It proved to be February 7—the very day on which the steamer *Edinburg* saw portions of cabin furniture, &c., which some suppose to have belonged to the *Pacific*.

This, to say the least, is a remarkable coincidence—but we sincerely hope and trust that it will prove simply a means of adding, if possible, to the intense joy and gladness which await the re-union of dearly loved and cherished friends, whenever that so much longed for moment of re-union shall arrive.—*Boston Times*.

The Scriptural Heaven.

But according to Warburton—an English bishop—and Whately, arch-bishop of Dublin, then Pentateuch does not give any account of another world; and in the Gospel we find that, according to Christ, the other world is in the same cavity with hell, where all who "seek the good things of this life," are, like Dives, to be broiled to eternity in the fire "prepared for the Devil and his angels, from the foundation of the world." The blessed, meanwhile, like Abraham and Lazarus, are sufficiently near to converse with and witness their misery. We find that the only Heaven promised by Christ to his disciples was that of being judges in Israel. Now, I should be quite as willing to sleep forever as to have for my immortal soul either of the rewards held out in Scripture; and hence I consider it of immense importance to be informed that there is such a Spirit-world as that described by my Spirit-father and confirmed under test conditions, by the higher Spirits. In no other case have I found any one to derogate from the importance of this information, admitting it to be true. ROBERT HARE.

MESSING WITH ARABS.

The mode in which we ate, (I say *we*, for we followed the Arabs in this respect,) was as primitive as the banquet itself. Each sunk his fingers into the pile of rice, made up a portion of it into a ball, dipped it into the butter, and then swallowed it. A venerable sheik who sat beside me, seizing one of the choicest pieces of the sheep, tore off a handful of the flesh, and presented it to me with the usual word of invitation and compliment, "*tefuddel*." Fully sensible of the honor done me, I thanked him, and ate the savory morsel. Each one round now seemed desirous of emulating him in politeness, and we were deluged with these tit-bites till nature could hold out no longer, and we were reluctantly compelled to withdraw. Under other circumstances it might have been quite as agreeable to have used our own hands in the process of carving, especially as it was impossible to ascertain how many weeks had passed since those of our entertainers had enjoyed the luxury of a wash; but those who are in the desert, if they would not be laughed at and despised, must follow desert customs.—*Porter's Five Years in Damascus*.

From the Healing of the Nations.

Astronomy.

The Philosophic Astronomer hath a field so wide in extent and so glorious, that it would seem sufficient for a separate and distinct name; still it is connected with all the sciences relating to earth and earthly substances so intimately as to come at last into the general name, almost boundless—Philosopher.

How grandly sublime this mission! What can bound thy gaze, oh! astronomer, save the One who in creating set bounds thereunto?

Thou canst view with thy outward eye the multitude of bodies in space, and see the loveliest order in their arrangement, whilst the ignorant see them as but a confused, unharmonious mass.

Oh, what pictures of God's immense power thou canst draw! What proofs of his love through the harmony of these sublime effects thou canst produce! What glorious light thou canst prove to be centered around his holy presence by the brilliancy of those bodies which show but the effect thereof!

Yet how very often does it happen that the astronomer descends from his observations of heaven, as it were, to deck himself with earthly laurels, and at the feet of ignorant man solicit worship!

Oh, what a falling for Man! To leave the gorgeous fields of the starry Heavens, and upon a dusty lump of clay erect a monument!

Thou dost peer through space with thy naked eye, and upon thy vision falls the evidence of most remote existence.

Thou dost use thy Glass, and behold that which before seemed the end, now seemeth but a beginning, and thousands of times greater seemeth the dimensions of space and of the numerous inhabitants therein.

Who can view the bright orb of earthly day, or in the clear midnight hour view the bright hosts of heavens without feeling how very small is earth, and the part of man of, it composed?

Who can but feel in the presence of these witnesses that goodness alone is enduring?

Who so hardened as to gaze heedlessly upon the pale Moon, as unto earth she giveth freely as she receives the softened Light?

The first question upon the gazer's lips is Whence come these bodies? Of what are they constructed? Of what are they the result? Why is Light alone visible? Why are they not seen darkling, instead of ever the same brilliant, reflective gems?

Wherein is that glorious center, whence cometh all?

How easy to ask, how hard to answer!

Thou canst peer through space unto an almost inconceivable distance. Into the darkened void thy eye seeketh in vain for rest, and, returning, is glad to rest upon the bright and shining gem surrounding thy own inherited home.

Astronomer, thou canst with thy outer eye and outer glass see the host of outer bodies in space, but in viewing them, what dost thou look through?

Is that all hollow void which in thy upward gaze meets thy vision, save the few bright specks of shining matter set as brilliant gems therein?

What is the creation? Is it a purely material existence? Is there nothing in space save outside buildings? If so, whence came this nothing which hath and requireth so much more room than the things named creation?

Imagination runs wild, and the unaided brain wearies under such mighty thoughts as these few simple questions call up before the mind of man!

There is one Truth revealed by the hosts of Heaven, by the bright stars above thee, that is as simple unto the child as unto the greatest Philosopher, and by the one as easily demonstrated as by the other, unless he be aided by a power above Man. This truth, self-evident unto all gifted with sight is, that the stars, either fixed or unfixed—whether solid or fluid, of whatever shape or size—do give forth Light.

A man lights his taper, and it giveth forth rays unto the beholder for a season, yet dwindles and becomes extinct;

Thus proving that an unlimited being can not be imitated by him.—The knowledge of the past and present corresponds in asserting that the surfaces of the heavenly bodies, so termed, have ever shone brightly—indeed, but little variation hath ever been discovered in the intensity of their brightness; thus proving them to have been lighted and to be lighted by a Being beyond the comprehension of man.

They are lighted. What lights them? God.

Again behold thyself, O man! Thou art the highest, save One. In thee that which causeth thy elevation above all save this One, is thy light within. This giveth thee powers noble and pure; this elevates and sustains thy powers. This is the governing essence of thy existence in affinity with the fountain whence it came, and whence it doth receive all nourishment.

Oh, what valuable truths men throw aside as useless, and out of their own dust build errors wherein truths should dwell!

As thy light within governs thee and thy motions, so does the light without, which is but an emanation from the same pure Fountain, govern, regulate, and create the motions of the stars in space.

Are they not all visible? and why visible? What canst thou see in total darkness?

God's pure witness from every surface speaks in tones of harmony! "Light is our cause and our only control."

How beautiful the simplicity of God's truth!

Every child can see with outer sight that Light everywhere existeth, and could therefrom infer God's power and immensity of his intelligence more easily than from any mystifying explanations man can deduce from any other premises.

How vast the difference between God's simplicity and man's complexity!

The shining stars reveal their greatest truth, and the truth unto which all other truths connected with them are secondary, unto every gazer.

They give light freely unto all, and unto the most ignorant of God's children say distinctly, "The power which produced us is forever beyond thee."

Unto the spirit of the poor, unlettered child of God, they whisper in simple strains of soothing truth, and unto him say, "Thy benighted path is lighted by an ever kind Being who loveth thee."

In the still watches of the night the witnesses are ever testifying that there is a bright land above, ever smiling upon the beholder; ever gentle guardians over the earthly flocks.

They testify unto the goodness of God by the manifestation of his outer light unto those gifted with his holy light within.

They act upon the spirit of man by outer channels, thus as the earth giving outside proofs of a Father's love.

Who can gaze upon the gorgeous canopy above without feeling that the Creator thereof is indeed above, not only the gazer, but also the host gazed upon?

Thou dost look up and behold the light. Surely herein is found truth sufficient for a life's reflection. And if they, the lighters, be set in a dark, unfathomable back-ground, so much the brighter the light revealed.

Oh, what volumes of true knowledge open before the astronomer's gazer as his enlarged mind drinks in the simple grandeur of his Father's works!

He understands why man is so ignorant of God's goodness. He sees them wandering about among the entangling, complex webs woven in ignorance and by error idolized, instead of grasping the self-evident, simple truths, and therefrom and thereby render clear all the mysteries of the heavens.

All things conspire to please and gratify the spirit of man. All that God hath done, viewed by man's spirit, is indeed good. And how vividly contrasts this perfect good with man's error!

Astronomer, a glorious mission is thine. Oh! be true to thy trust. Reveal thy heavenly visions unto man with truthful simplicity. Teach him of an exalted Love above the animal desire which oftentimes assumes its pure, white garb of innocence.

If thou dost forget thy duty unto God and man, thy discoveries had better never been made.

It is a fearful thing to scale Heaven's high walls, pluck therefrom the lovely gems to scatter under thy own feet, thus trampling in dust that which should be a witness ever unto the purity of truth.

If thou dost view the order of Heaven's starry arrangement but as a means of self-exaltation, thou art a poor, deluded wanderer among beauties thou canst never appreciate.

Search the Heavens, and therefrom draw that which must elevate man thereunto. Show him that within his own being is that which a loving Father delighteth to gratify. Teach him that indeed the numberless bodies in space are but inanimate witnesses unto the love of the pure One whose eternal hand did create and regulate them.

Oh, encourage the benighted to hope on, until hope at last bloometh in new-born beauty beyond the end of time.

Encourage the storm-bound to trust in God. Teach them that though dark clouds may intervene between them and the Fountain of light, still forever brightly shineth the Sun of Righteousness, enlivening the pure regions of Eternal Day.

Thy region of reflection is boundless. Unto thy mind cometh mystery after mystery, but the pure Intelligence, the true and perfect knowledge, maketh all plain.

Thou art not content to view only outside evidences, and draw the fallible conclusions of outside astronomers.

Thou dost humbly and trustingly seek the Fountain whence all knowledge cometh, and solicit therefrom that which alone can quench the spirit's thirst.

Before thy spiritual vision opens the door of space.

Glasses and all measuring instruments are forgotten.

Thou dost behold the vast machinery of creation silently working out that which was, and ever must be, pronounced "Good."

All material bodies become as but so many weights to regulate the eternal motion of their own producing essences, which essences all branch off from the Fountain of Divine Purity, whence the opening draught was given unto thee.

Space giveth up her mysteries, and that which unto the outer gaze must ever be mysterious becometh visible and understood by the light of spiritual vision.

The Glass of greatest scope and power ever builded by man, can not reveal the truths hidden in the depths of invisible space.

Herein is the field for astronomical investigation.

Be not content to draw imaginary lines across the boundless depth, and show the length thereof. Do not rest satisfied with proving that matter attracteth matter.

Dive fearlessly into the hidden mysteries, and from the unknown shores of eternity bring back the proof of the causes of these truths which are plain without explanation.

Some bodies have a common center in another body.

Some are apparently firmly fixed. On what are bodies resting?—Apparently nothing firmly fixed. Surely the inferences drawn from outside astronomical observations make nothing—perfect void—a God! and reduce our Heavenly Father—as an opposite thereunto—as nothing!

Wherein is the seat or focal point of the Supreme Intelligence manifested in the arrangement of the universe?

Matter is seen by material eyes to be ever changing and passing away from life to death, from light to darkness. The home of Perfection can not exist in matter, or aught else changeable.

The reflected light rendering the starry host visible must have a cause separate from its object. The earth does not generate or produce its own light, neither its own attraction, nor any thing termed principle connected with its existence.

The Harmony and Order which is known to exist among the heavenly bodies must have a cause separate from the bodies whose state of being the terms merely express.

And wherein can these sublime causes exist, save in the vast and boundless home of principles and essences termed space?

Man, thou dost live and move in space. Go not beyond thy depth, and run thy imagination wild with inconceivable distances, but come down to the simple truth that no thing thou seest produceth itself or its governing principles.

Dost thou say that the earth and elements surrounding it produced all upon its surface? And what produced the earth and its elements, hanging it in space, making it ever move in its own true line of existence, in harmony with all existence?

Great God, where'er we turn, thou alone art visible! We may think when we discover some new truth unto us, that the mystery of existence is solved, but, alas! the question first and last is, "What causeth all?"

Unto the naked eye come the brilliant specks or points glistening in a vast and boundless void; bright and sparkling drops illuminating man's night.

And the void unto the outer eye becometh the bright source of all this glory unto the refined spirit's gaze.

Surely imperfect vision can not see perfection.

That which eye can not see does not therefore not exist.

Life on earth confined in the vegetable, the animal, or in its highest plane, man, leaveth its dwelling to return therein no more forever.—Whence did it come, whither doth it go?

Individuality is eternal. The fruit of eternal essences which centering in from their densest outside earthly or material home, at last find their pure cause to be in the Fountain of Divine Perfection.

Thy eye can not see life in its simplest form, does it therefore not exist? And why conclude that the ethereal void is indeed void of all existence? Why conclude that simply because thy imperfect vision can not see aught save bodies in space, that these are all therein?

Oh, how short-sighted and narrow-minded is man! He presumes to measure God's creation with powers which are but an outside result of the same creative power whence the outer all came.

The startling immensity of space studded here and there with brilliant gems is forgotten, and the gems alone are sought, and being found are placed in the frontlet of the finder, as though he were the one unto whom all credit was due!

Unto the invisible spiritual eye, the inner Intelligent principle of man, all things unseen of the outer eye are visible.

Unto this principle or intelligent essence the mysteries of creation are plain and simple. Yet the mystery of creating is alone God's.

Purity dwelleth above and around thee. Love—gentle essence, sweet breath of Jehovah—ever leads thy step, and light from the Fountain sheddeth around thee soft and genial rays of true knowledge.

Inward thou dost search, and still inward until the fount is reached, and behold in the majestic beauty of Divinity all thy knowledge is obtained.

The Celestial Key and Chart are given thee. Thou dost see, as it were, essensic bands and principles emanating from the perfect center of all power. Far out they go unto the end, which in imagination alone existeth, and as they retreat and return again, behold celestial motion and celestial music are produced.

Here flieth the swift-winged Comet with his abundant light, but can not get beyond the light whence he came. Onward, over, through, and around all, he traverses with speed which sight can not reveal unto the understanding of man. God's swift messenger goeth unto all the most remote of his creation.

And when will the messenger return? When will the circling band be completed? The messenger hath returned in every one who acknowledges the power of the ever-living God. The circling band is completed in the boundless circumference of eternity.

Intelligence, love, combines into truth. The one eternal center whence the circumference is obtained is God. The first, the binding and blending of all things, the result, the last, the end of all things, is this sublime Cause, our God and Father!

God doth not work with effects, he produceth all. What is he, whence he came, or whence came his unlimited power is his own knowledge, useless unto man, for man is but an effect of his producing, less intelligent than the Cause.

An unlimited explanation can not or could not be understood by a limited comprehension.

Astronomer, if thou hast not the spiritual vision, the most valuable discoveries in thy mission will remain entombed in space, and thy fellow-man remain ignorant of that which thou shouldst teach.

It is very easy to say that attraction or repulsion produces and regulates the motions of the systems and bodies in space; it is a very easy matter to substitute one effect for another, but there must ever remain some point uncovered by this half-way system of explanation.

How is it that bodies produce attraction, and at the same time are governed in their being by this attraction, an inherent power or product from within themselves derived?

They are an effect; then how at the same time can they be equally cause? Surely a deduction leaveth that deducted from less than it was before the deduction. And if from a body attraction is deducted, can it still therein remain?

At the center of a perfect circle attraction becometh extinct.

At the circumference, all parts being equally distant, must all be equally attracted to the center.

At the earth's surface, bodies are equally attracted toward its center. Above and around it the densest atmosphere is always found nearest its surface, and as we rise it becometh lighter and lighter, until it ceases entirely to exist.

It would seem from this that attraction is a quality belonging to the matter attracted, and inseparable therefrom.

If it leaves not matter, how can it pass through the perfect void, so far as matter is concerned, termed space?

If it do leave matter, how can it govern the motion or force thereof?

Principles which were created to dwell within the earth, or any other planet or body in space, can never leave it in which they were placed.

Outside Philosophy can not pass beyond the atmospheric boundaries of earth, and with earthly principles and material bases fathom the depths of Truth.

As we have oftentimes seen, there is one essence, so pure and so perfect, which cometh unto man's vision, defying his analysis and his control even pure Light of spirit-knowledge; this will instantly solve the mystery of all things created.

The only visible power, the greatest and highest seen in the heavens, and upon the earth so kind unto man, one of the Three Holy Fountains; Light, thou art all our knowledge; all our existence came forth good as thou didst leave the center on thy never-ending, creating mission!

A Body can not govern itself. The bodies in space can not govern or have within themselves perfect self-control. They do not create themselves, having no power of accumulation or destruction, and being in effect but dead results compared with that Supreme Intelligence whence they came.

Attraction, or, to use a broader and more expressive term, Affinity, is an emanation of Light, of whose nature it partakes.

The emanation dwelleth in matter termed inanimate, as attraction or gravitation, and in the matter termed animate, as affinity.

The light of the most distant visible star is seen instantly by our eye, yet who would attempt to demonstrate that either attraction or affinity brought the shining speck to our view?

Is there not a higher plane, a higher range for thy vision, oh, astronomer, than hath ever been discovered?

It is attraction which we feel toward that which is above, that maketh the light of the star to be in affinity with the light of our own eye. But this attraction and this life-like affinity are not of matter. They are an emanation from our light within, which, in turn, emanates from our Father in Heaven, the cause and combination of all.

The separate bodies in space can not govern their own existence, create or control their own motion. Then if no part can govern itself, how can the whole of the material creation govern itself?

Can an imperfect combination produce a perfect result?

Can a combination of effects produce the cause whence they came?

Surely God hath never builded himself and his power entirely out of his control in matter. And how else could perfect governing powers be bestowed upon matter? Who, save One, is perfect?

The plain truth that something save matter exists, proveth that it is not all in existence; and how else could it be the One perfect, needing and heeding no control?

Intelligence Supreme, through essences and principles of intelligence governeth all things.

Light, as hath again and again been said, is the outside evidence and demonstration of this governing intelligence.

It is separate and distinct from Matter—an ethereal essence beyond the control of man, the most intelligent of God's creatures.

Grand help-meet unto Life, which it produceth and sustaineth.

It is the messenger from Planet to planet, from System to system, and from Star to star, ever carrying its binding message of Love, and revealing the simplest, sublimest truths God hath e'er created.

Independent of matter, yet giving it color, and life, and enjoyment.—Remove it from creation, and death, decay, and dissolution must ensue.

Oh! Astronomer, how grand, how exalted thy mission! Thou dost walk the earth, viewing the mysteries of Heaven!

Do not lose sight of those bright lands above thee, and upon that beneath thy feet waste thy precious time.

Beseech thy Father in Heaven to bestow upon thee that pure knowledge wherein error hath never dwelt. Seek first the Fountain of Purity, and all with thee will be well.

Without the aid of God, his works can not be comprehended; and though unaided thou mayest astonish man, remember that, unaided, thou canst never know true knowledge, and can not teach it.

Reveal the heavens in their own light unto man. Simplicity is the

test of knowledge. Truth is ever good unto all. Love all, and with thy powers do them good.

A Friend approaches, who is necessary unto not only thee and the seekers after thy knowledge, but one necessary as a combining link, holding the Philosophic Tree, roots, trunks, and branches, all in one great sum of knowledge.

To Ellore.

For the Age of Progress.

A POEM—P. B. R. MEDIUM.

Here I stand, alone and lonely,
Gazing out with wistful eye,
Where I dream the eastern hilltops,
Lean their foreheads on the sky.

Here I stand, alone and lonely,
While the stars in armies sweep,
With their fire-enamelled banners,
Up the sky so still and steep.

Golden flash their burning lances,
Calm and proud the step they keep;
Marching on, to wondrous music,
Guarding earth while mortals sleep.

Yon far cloud with violet mantle,
Trembling in its purple rest,
While it holds the eastern hill-tops
Softly in its shadowy breast.

Ah! thou knowest, O! my sister,
Why I turn with yearning eyes,
Where the distant mounts are lifting
Their cold lips to kiss the skies.

Folded in their kind embraces,
Where the western vallies rest—
Shine the faces of my kindred,
Throb the hearts I love the best!

No dear joy, no haunting sorrow,
No great hope, no sad regret,
E'er can make my soul grow callous,
E'er can make my heart forget.

Thou know'st, Ellore, my blessed sister,
That no joy a joy can be,
Unless it poureth some new blessing
On thy heart so dear to me.

Well thou knowest O my sister,
Be my lot or bliss or woe,
I shall bear thee in my bosom;
Where I wander, thou wilt go.

Ellore how my heart yearns o'er thee;
Hot and fast the tear-drops start;
While I think of thee, young toiler,
Pure and noble as thou art.

Thou hast left life's lowly vallies,
To ascend, with purpose high,
Golden mounts of thought, whose summits
Lume the vast eternity.

Ellore I'd smooth the way before thee,
But my goal is not yet won,
We must journey on forever:
Bravely let us struggle on.

HYLAS.

Thomas Gales Forster.

This extraordinary speaking medium, having settled himself permanently, as a citizen of Buffalo, holds himself ready, under the guidance of his controlling spirits, to respond to the calls of those who require his services in other localities. Letters for him may be addressed to the care of S. ALERO, *Age of Progress* Office.