

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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A SCENE IN SPIRIT-LAND.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET, PURPORTING TO BE BY MRS. HEMANS.

As the unclouded splendor of day is passing into the mellowed light of its sunset beauty, a band of happy Spirits were reposing beside a sparkling fountain, whose clear and pellucid waters reflect ten thousand colors of changing beauty as they sparkle in the ambient light. Flowers of immortal fragrance give forth sweet perfumes to the celestial air, and majestic trees whose foliage is of living green, spread out their arms inviting to repose and meditation. Birds of rare beauty whose notes give forth sweet music, such as is never heard by mortal ears, add a charm to the pure and happy scene. A low and gentle melody breathes upon the air. I look up, and behold a company of Spirits are approaching to join the ones already present. Their robes are bright and shining, and their countenances are radiant with the light which cometh from God. The wisdom of the holy presence sets upon each countenance, making it fair and peaceful to look upon, and yet they look gentle and loving. No shadow of earthly passions remains graven upon their seraph-faces. There is a glow of light, a gladdening, blissful feeling pervading the atmosphere in which they move. They are approaching the Spirits who are waiting to receive them. And now, they greet each other with a glad smile of welcome. A deep and unutterable joy seems to be welling up within each heart as it greets and welcomes the other. And those who have last come sit beside the fountain also, clasping each others' hands. They now bid each other recount to their companions the result of their labors, for they have been upon earth laboring earnestly and unceasingly, each in a different direction, and they now assemble to speak of that which they have accomplished as faithful workers, whose labor is that of love and undying hope in the redemption of their fellow-man. One says, beloved teacher the task which I had to fulfil was hard. I spoke the words of wisdom which were given me. I gave the lessons which were given me. Some would listen, and some would turn away unheeding, forgetting that truth could come through other than those who were clad with authority which the law giveth. But some hungry souls who were thirsty for a draught of eternal truth received the words gladly and freely, and they became joyous in the knowledge of eternal and progressing wisdom. And when the jewels are gathered together, the beauty of their Spirits will be drops in the cup of my gladness. And another said, I went to earth full of mighty resolutions to do the will of my Father, to turn the hearts of men from mammon, to the purifying and ennobling influence of the knowledge of the love of God to them through the years of their past forgetfulness, their slumbering unconsciousness. And I thought I would speak with the voice of an entreating angel, that I would stir up the depths of their Spirits to see the darkness of their ways, the downward tendency of their paths. I approached the young; they would not hear me; their future was opening before them in rose-tinted colors, their passions and strengthening energies were gaining daily force from the reckless impulses which hurried them along; few would listen to my pleading voice, but said as in answer to my entreaties: "time enough, we are young, we are happy, we are striving to become leaders of the people, to rule the multitude, to sway the great mass, to step in the places of those who are daily going out from amongst us; curb not our ambition, clip not our soaring wings in their upward flight, but let us speed onward, ever onward, until we have reached the highest pinnacle of worldly ambition, and when all our wishes are satisfied, when our hearts no longer yearn and struggle for worldly aggrandizement, when we gain that for which we are laboring, then we will listen to your pleading voice, then we will put the world beneath our feet and turn our thoughts to Heaven." I passed from the young to the old. Some would hear me doubtfully, mistrusting the sound to be that of earth, so long had its delusive power enchain'd their souls and kept them from all that was bright, that was fair or heavenly in their nature, that they could not raise their faith nor extend their grasp beyond the sphere where all their affinities were enshrined. Prayers they could utter with their lips, but they were not the fresh outgushing of the heart, but they were those which had been given by rote to be repeated as a form through other lips. It was sad to leave them so unbelieving and yet so needy, so ignorant of the life which they were soon to enter, and yet, O, kind and loving guide, I had to pass on; my precious time could not be thus wasted in talking to hearts of stone! The idols of gold and silver ever inticed the Spirit-forms, the Spirit-voice from their hearts, and verily, I said within my soul, "it is not well that men should grow old in forgetfulness of their higher and eternal life, for, as man's time becomes shorter upon the sphere where his heart hath its only abiding place, he would fain

linger forever within the precincts which only seem to him as the brightest heaven which his soul can aspire to, and when the unwillingly leaves it, his soul finds no sympathy, no pleasure in the opening future before him." And I again spoke to the youth and said: O! young man or young maiden, pause and think; thy heart is warm and bounding, the flowers of thy youth are blooming brightly, and making thee glad in the sunlit beauty of their gorgeous coloring; but the flowers of thy youth will perish, many of the hopes which thou wouldst realize will prove delusive, the vain shadows of thy own longing, and mock thee at last with bitter disappointment. Give ear now, to the appeal of love, hearken to the soft and pleading voice of angel-lips. Beings ethereal and pure, loving and anxious, surround thy youthful steps; turn, turn not away, shut not thy heart against their gentle influences, but lift up thine eyes and ask thy Father to be the guide of thy youth, and He will surround thee with such guides as will uphold thee in the hour of trial, and save thee from the great pitfall of temptation. And when thou art old, thou canst look upward with a brightening eye and a living knowledge that there is within thee a hope of eternal life strong and undying. And death shall not dim thy happiness, but it will open to thee the unrevealed book, whose pages are all unfolding one after another to thy astonished soul, the infinite wisdom, the boundless and unchanging love of thy heavenly Father. And I tell thee, O beloved guide, that some did stop and hearken to my voice, and I placed upon their brows a talisman of hope, a wreath of undying flowers, which only Spirits might see, and when they approached those hearts, they would draw near and call them blessed; for lo, the still small voice of love had found an echo within their hearts. I blessed them, and their pathways shall be angel-lighted, and they shall give to others consolation and comfort through their short journey of life on earth. Another Spirit now speaks. It is a female.—Her eyes are meek and dove-like; tears have often bedewed her cheeks, and her Spirit hath been chastened and purified through suffering and great sorrow. She said: "O loving guide, I come back from my earth journey, thankful that God hath permitted so feeble and unworthy a Spirit to join hands with those who love the cause of their Father so well. My first mission was to seek out the sorrowing, the broken-hearted ones of earth. O! how many, how numberless they are, and how I wished that every tear which came forth from the fountains of my heart, could be turned into a blessing for them. I lingered about them long. I whispered to their hearts of peace and hope. I spoke to them of the place where all tears are wiped from the mourners' eyes, and when a sorrowing mother grieved for her child, I brought the idol of her heart, and set it before her, that it might point her upwards, and then, I told her that a link had been established between her and heaven, a sympathetic chord which would ever draw her there, but she must keep it untainted. She must not snap it asunder by the cares and engrossing loves of earth. Her heart grew more hoping, and now she is not without the strength of hope. I then spoke to a sad and erring daughter, whose crushed and weary Spirit desired the rest of oblivion. Her hopes had once been lighted by the trusting faith of love, and her poor Spirit had learned to curse the name, to wish that it might be blotted forever out of the records of Heaven. A blight had fallen upon her young life. O, weary and sad were the upbraids of her Spirit, when conscious at times of its true but degraded position. She would have courted death with her own hand, but the future was fearful, and when she had thrown herself prostrate upon the earth, I drew near and whispered to her poor lacerated, despairing soul words of hope beyond the grave. She could not at first hear me, but gradually a great quiet and peace fell upon her Spirit, and she thought she was in a dream, a dream of childhood and happiness, of innocence, and love. I bent over her shattered form, and spoke in whispers which her heart might hear. I told her of repentance upon earth, yea, and of hope beyond the earth.—With words of entreaty and soothing sympathy I gently led her Spirit into the paths of duty, of rectitude and virtue, where strength would be given her to live a repentant life. O, how she wept and wished she might die while the happy dream lasted. But she arose and went her way, resolving to profit by the warning which had been breathed to her Spirit. Her life now seemed of some worth, and as I left her, "friends" whose Spirits had long been unable to approach her, nestled close beside her. The work of healing had commenced in her heart, and with the assistance of Spirits, and of friends in the form who will receive her, she will yet rise up purified and blessed, and enter upon her Spirit-life with a hoping, throbbing joy, thanking God for His mercy, and meeting face to face with those bright beings, whose dewey breath, whose warm and striving hearts were exerted to raise her up. And next, I visited the poor orphan, crying for bread, shivering with cold, uncared for and suffering. How cold and cheerless the life before that orphan! I looked, and near him were his parents sad and unhappy, because of the misery of their child. O, sad sight! there were none to give it bread, but the cold unwilling hand called charity, and on all sides were snares and pitfalls, everything to mislead the little wanderer, and nothing to cherish, to warm the little hungry heart with the fullness of affection, and no arm to protect from surrounding dangers. When night had come upon the earth, and no covering or scarce a shelter could be found by the little waif floating on its tempest-

to act in accordance with the dictates of Nature; but the circumstances of custom and of law had riveted its chains so firmly about their hearts as to darken their better judgment and render them deaf to the appeals which their own hearts often unconsciously made to them. I blessed those who were gentle and kind to the flesh and blood which their money had purchased, and I prayed to my Father to open their hearts to the soft tones of His loving mercy, and make them the instruments of giving life eternal to those who were their bondsmen, for I saw that it was the sin of custom more than of necessity, and I said within my soul, when the heart hath been opened by the Spiritual unfolding of true light and loving practical works, they will see their error and the gentle persuasion of the still small voice from within will guide them aright, and the oppressed shall be cared for and lifted up, and their Spirits shall be made as fair and as pure, as trusting and loving in the simplicity of their faith as those who have raised them. Verily, the light of each good deed becomes a star of rejoicing in the home of the Spirit to greet it at its entrance. Therefore, beloved teacher, I come back from my mission hoping, for a power hath been breathed upon the people, a voice hath thrilled their hearts, a feeling unknown and undefined by mortals is pervading, is expanding the great beating, pulsing heart of humanity. It only shows a ripple here and there, but the ripples will grow into waves, and the winds will take up the story, and bear the glad tidings over the face of the earth. And so I returned rejoicing with exceeding great joy, happy to return and work out my part in the great struggle of right over all. Another now speaks. Her floating robes sparkle in the soft and mellow light even as gems of beauty and rare brilliancy. Her brow is bound with a chaplet of lilies. Her voice is soft and musical as the tones of an angelic harp; its vibrations thrill through every listener as the touch of a fine-tuned instrument. Yea, said she, I come from earth glad and rejoicing, my friends, they welcomed me with open hearts and outstretched hands; they clasped my Spirit-form to their hearts, for they knew me, they remembered my voice as in time of yore, and when I spoke of my home beyond the blue firmament and the twinkling stars, when I told them of the loving Father who permitted us to return to cheer and to comfort, to love, to guide and direct, they hailed my approach with joy unspeakable; their hearts became one great temple of rejoicing in their newly found life, for, they exclaimed! Heaven hath come to earth, and made earth seem bright and glad. It is within us, it is beyond us, it is all around us. And the mourners were comforted, and the sick were healed, and the doubting, faltering ones were gently led along by a hand which was strong and able to guide. And the glad tidings ran faster and swifter; it was taken up and conveyed from heart to heart, and all who responded to its call, were made partakers of a living joy forever within their reach. The veil was rent asunder which had kept the loving caress of friends so long unmet, so long unknown, whose labors are now being rewarded by being recognized and loved. And I told them also to beware of those who had left the earth sad and unhappy, whose influence had often unconsciously led them to commit errors at which their souls would shudder if they knew their source. I directed them to look up with the eye of trust, with the heart of entreaty, and love to their Father, to surround them with holy teachers, whose love and wisdom would lighten their pathway and make them a light unto others. I told them that truth born of God was a pure and beautiful gem, and wherever it found a resting place, wherever its bright flowers could blossom, it would beautify and strengthen, it would make the inner light of all hidden mysteries reveal themselves clear and undimmed to the inquiring soul, for what now seemed dark, enveloped in mist, and not perceived by the awakened soul, would in its unfolding progress become a source of infinite delight and awakening wisdom through the growth of that precious flower; and to them who received me, I gave the words which thou gavest me, and many Spirits joined with me, and blessed and hallowed the scene. It was divine and heavenly to behold Spirits and mortals mingling heart with heart, for I saw the earthly Spirit grow better and purer. I saw it become more expansive and loving, more like the little child before its heaven-born nature has been corrupted and corroded by the soul of selfishness. But it did not take from the brightness of the Spirit to give to the mortal, but greater power and stronger light overshadowed and surrounded the Spirit, that more might be given the mortal. The result of my mission to earth, kind teacher, is ended for the present, and if thou wilt but give us thy approving smile, if thou wilt place thy hand upon our heads and bless us with the Father's blessing, if thou wilt guide and direct our footsteps again among earth's children, we will return cheerful and glad, and as thou dost recede from our view, floating in the light of thy purity, we shall hear the soft and gentle murmur of thy voice still approving and upholding us with thy advice in the tasks which have been given us. Thou art great in wisdom, thou art benignant and kind, thy heart doth throb with every heavenly emotion which cometh from God, and we know that thou dost send these influences to earth, and thy sympathies through us, who can mingle with earth's atmosphere when thou couldst not. Therefore, bless us holy ones forever. And furthermore, we shall labor unceasingly for the love of the Father, which cometh down through the channels of his mercy. Dost thou see now, that the Spirits are parting each to go their respective ways, and dost thou hear the words which are spoken by the unfolded wisdom

of those Spirits who have come from their bright but distant home to counsel and strengthen those whose task it hath been to develop and make useful in the sphere which they left, the labors which they are fitted to perform? One speaks in a gentle yet commanding voice, and says: Thou hast done well, my children; thou hast been faithful and unwearied; each hath performed a part, and each hath given to earth some light, some awakening hope. In the name of the Father we bless thee; return upon thine angelic mission, and perform it well, the harvest is truly great, but the laborers are few; we will pray that the Lord of the harvest would send forth more laborers to gather up the jewels, to brush away the rough and unsightly covering which envelops many, that none may be lost or overlooked. Thy sympathies are still with earth; thy labors must be on earth until others are prepared to fill thy place, whose sympathies with it are closer than thine; meanwhile those chords which draw thee thither have drawn thy friends up to thee. And now labor for the reward which thou knowest is beyond, and when this earthly mission is accomplished, the future shall be one bright vista of unfolding glories, and thou shalt be partaker of eternal light and wisdom, and bask forever in the sunlight of the smile of thy heavenly Father.

SLEEP.

"No man who slinks to sleep at night Knows what his dreams shall be; No man can tell what wonder-sight His inner eye shall see."

[Epic of the Starry Heavens.]

"The Spiritual ministry of Night Is all unknown. Day rules the conscious mind, But Night the fettered Spirit doth unbind, And through the silver palace-gates of light, In dream and trance she bears the soul away To the wide landscape of the inner day. Her cities are the stars, and she delights To lead mankind in vision through the deep, Where angels amid mysteries closely keep From outer sense; she kindles up the lights That guide her guests in journeyings through the heaven; The electric waves of ether beat them on; Sheathed with fire their arrowy path is given, Till they are bosomed in the horizon, Whose orb of quiescence is the Spirit-Sun. The souls of men are wanderers while they sleep; And life's continuous current ever flows, Whether to onward bliss the pulses leap, Or languid glide in slumber and repose. And could one mortal tell of all he sees, Recalling Night's close-entwined mysteries, The breeze that bears to heaven man's common thought Would bear such mighty gladness, and be fraught With such entrancement, that the skies would thrill In sympathy divine. One little pill From the full ocean of interior bliss, Floating through earth, would change earth's wilderness Into a new Elysium; Heaven would smile Familiar as the roses all the while."

[Lyric of the Morning Land.]

There are two great movements which in alternate succession rule and pervade all created Nature, the systolic and the diastolic. The contraction of the living heart, by which it forces outward the vital current, and its succeeding expansion, by which it draws backward within itself the returning streams, is the correspondence in the human form of this universal law. The ebb and flow of the great tides of the ocean, now flooding the shores and bays, and now withdrawing its waters into its own bosom, is a sublimer illustration of the same. And as all outward Nature is but the correspondence of Spiritual realities, a manifestation to the outward senses of the laws of Spiritual life, when once we have learned this language, Nature will be to us no longer mute and meaningless, but even the rudest and least perfect forms of matter find a tongue and speech in which to address mankind. Then truly there will be no speech nor language where the voice of Wisdom and the melody of Love will not be heard breaking their long silence and breathing forth their everlasting hymn to the quickened ear of each living Spirit. Day wakens man to outward life. Morning with its breezy call summons to activity in the external sphere. And as each bird withdraws its bill from beneath its sheltering wing and pours forth its matin note, as the flowers unfold their glad leaves to the flushing beams, so man feels his Spirit drawn to his accustomed toil and finds trust content when performing his allotted labor. And thus onward through the hours of toil, growing ever more positive, more bent upon the accomplishment of his task, till the sun reaches his meridian height; but as that luminary declines in the calm West, and, one by one, the evening stars dot with their diamond points the azure cope of Night, a change, manifest even in the external organization, comes over the resolute and eager toiler of the morning. A milder divinity now seems to rule his destiny. A soft hand is laid upon his form.—Gently he is led to his couch of repose. An influence soothing and sweet comes like the falling dew, Each muscle is relaxed; his eye closes upon the outer world. His ear no longer drinks in each floating sound. The fragrance of a thousand flowers in vain unlock their perfumes. As outward consciousness and memory fade and become dim, the inner senses open. With noiseless step, serene and calm as Night's radiant queen or fairest stars, his Spirit-forms draw near. Now is their hour of gentlest sway. By day his outer will controlled and they poured forth in streaming influxes essential life and strength into each fibre of his form and organ of his mind; now the Spiritual efflux ebbs again towards its unbounded deep. By day our Spirit-forms come forth to us, by night we return to them. Societies vast and multitudinous as the congregated hosts of many armies receive us with open arms, enroll our names as one of theirs.—Then the germs of mighty deeds, hereafter to blossom into action and thoughts profound and keen, are insinuated into the chambers of the receptive

mind. Then deathless affections are kindled upon the heart's altars, and many a bereaved Spirit, lonely on earth, then clasps the object of its immortal love. Hand in hand they wander through Elysian fields of blessedness and peace. Then, too, the mother, ever yearning towards her heart's darlings, left in a cold and friendless world, is often permitted to draw forth their Spirits and enfold once more in her longing arms the tender objects of her truest love. She leads them forth through meads of stary flowers and reposes with them on the green banks of slowly flowing streams; infusing many a sweet thought and pure sentiment into their minds and hearts, hereafter to flow forth in noblest acts, or be shrouded within a source of serene and sweetest joy. Thus parent and child, husband and wife, lover and beloved, meet in the realms of sleep; and those silent shades are forever vocal to the Spirit-ear with soft greetings, gentle responses and whispered consolation. By day we wander forth like hired laborers to our toilsome duties, and like them, spent and weary, we return home at evening, to mingle in dearer associations, and be refreshed by the gentle ministries of the cherished and beloved. O Night, in thy close-curtained realms hearts meet Whom Death hath severed. With thy ebon wings Thou hoverest o'er a sorrow-stricken world; And to the downy plumage of thy breast Thou welcomest the sons of sorrow-torn. Thou bathest in thy gentle dew no flowers Alone. Healer of wounded hearts! 'tis thine To pour the soothing balm. Thy reign is peace. Could the mysteries of that world be fully revealed to us, could the treasures of the internal memory be poured into the external, the poorest would be rich in inward experiences. And yet as the Spiritual degree of man's mind becomes more and more opened, the external mind becomes more conscious of the interior life. And as man goes onward and upward in the pathway of a true and divine unfolding, (not in the spurious progression of a developed selfhood, which reigns in discordant spheres, and dazzles by its false glitter many unwary minds in the external,) he comes more and more into the possession of that eternal inheritance which the Father hath provided. And thus, as he is prepared for it, and can bear it, new wonders will be ever dawning upon his consciousness, till the earth-life becomes swallowed up in the divine. "When the perfect man is come, Earth and heaven shall be his home; In alternate periods he In them both shall seem and be. Hence by night and earth by day Shall he hold his wonder-way." HESPERUS. THE WINTER OF THE HEART.—Let it not come upon you. Live so that good angels may protect you from this terrible evil—the winter of the heart. Let no chilling influence freeze up the foundations of sympathy and happiness in its depths; no cold burthen settle over its withered hopes, like snow on the faded flowers; no rude blasts of discontent moan and shriek through the desolate chambers. Your life paths may lead you amid trials, which for a time seem utterly to impede your progress, and shut out the very light of heaven from your anxious gaze. Penury takes the place of ease and plenty; your luxurious home may be exchanged for a single lowly room—the soft couch for the straw pallet—the rich viands for the coarse food of the poor.—Summer friends may forsake you, and the unifying pass you with scarce a look or word of compassion. You may be found to toil wearily, steadily on, to earn a livelihood; you may encounter fraud and the base avarice which would extort the last farthing till you well nigh turn in disgust from your fellow beings. Death may sever the dear ties that bind you to earth, and leave you in fearful darkness. That noble manly boy, the sole hope of your declining years, may be taken from you, while your Spirit clings to him with a wild tenacity, which even the shadow of the tomb cannot wholly subdue. But amid all these sorrows, do not come to the conclusion that nobody was ever so deeply afflicted as you are, and abandon every sweet anticipation of "better days," in the unknown future. Do not lose your faith in human excellence, because your confidence has sometimes been betrayed, nor believe that friendship is only a delusion, and love a bright phantom which glides from your grasp. Do not think that you are fated to be miserable because you are disappointed in your expectations, and baffled in your pursuits. Do not declare that God had forsaken you, when your way is hedged about with thorns, or sepine sinfully, when he calls your dear ones to the land beyond the grave. Keep a holy trust in heaven through every trial; bear adversity with fortitude, and look upward in hours of temptation and suffering. When your locks are white, your eyes dim, and your limbs weary; when your steps falter on the verge of Death's gloomy vale, still retain the freshness and buoyancy of Spirit which will shield you from the winter of the heart. THE ANGLO-SAXON.—Rev. Theodore Parker lately delivered a lecture in Cincinnati, from which the following is an extract: The Anglo-Saxon statesman is a keen observer of facts, but knows and cares little for abstract truth, for genuine principles. The Anglo-Saxon has immense practical power, but little idealty.—The Anglo-Saxon is more moral than pious. He observes forms, but is not devout. He formerly would not believe in the soul's immortality unless he could see a ghost, and now scarce will believe unless he can hear one.

So long as Men are Honest, so long will Success follow in the Footsteps of their Labors.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

"PROBATION."

When in the course of human events it shall have come to pass that honesty and humility will be characteristic of all reasoning and theorizing, and men become willing to follow truth, be it ever so much opposed to their previous habits, then and not till then, will consistency be something less rare, though always precious as "jewels."

CAUTION TO STUDENTS.—We learn from a gentleman who is intimate in Spiritual circles, that there has recently been a communication received from a late poet who committed suicide, who expresses great regret for his rash act, as he has not changed for the better, and does not find himself any better acquainted among the Spirits than he was here.

Reader, in a celestial and heavenly sense, as well as in a personal and selfish one, it is true, that "he that is wise, is wise for himself." "Judge thou."

PAPERS OLD AND NEW.

Whatever may be the fate of many of the newspapers now in existence, no one can doubt but as humanity unfolds, the culture and philosophy that come with its development will need proper organs for their dissemination and popularization.

It is not, however, complimentary to the efficacy of the newspaper press of this city, to call to mind all that has been said in them on the need and necessity of reform in the various departments of city polity, and knew how little has been effected, judging from the following.

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We are happy in knowing Mayor Wood has already stopped one filthy sheet, and we hope the rest will share a like fate; for the present violation of law and decency in most of these flash papers, is not only calculated to make the "angels weep," but tends in the most direct manner to corrupt the young and mislead the unsuspecting.

Among the new candidates for patronage and usefulness, we have received No. 3 of a neat and handsomely printed paper, called "THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE."

The particular item in this extract, is the position assigned to the "Spiritual rappers," and the company in which they find themselves.

So far as Mayor Wood may be instrumental in reforming the evils and errors of city life, we bid him God speed, and we hope the moral sense of society will sustain him in his efforts; but when he attempts to make the law the agent by which to put down Spiritualism, we apprehend he will find it a very difficult thing to accomplish.

THE USA. This well-known organ of Woman's Rights we had missed from among our exchanges for some time, and had almost come to the conclusion that some one had made love to "our paper," when we learned that it had stopped to make a more practical and permanent arrangement, as the editors and publishers are determined to fight the good fight of practical right and Spiritual culture.

business letters should be addressed (postpaid) to B. C. Hewitt, No. 113 Frank street, New York.

All communications designed for the paper should be addressed to Paulina W. Davis, Washington, D. C.

THE NEW ERA. This well-known sheet has been doing manly battle for progress and right so long that few words will be needed from us in calling attention to the fact that the third volume is in progress of development.

The following from his prospectus will give all needful explanation to those who wish light.

The new volume begins with entire new type and a new head, and will contain from week to week about one-third more matter than the last.

SPRITUAL UNIVERSE. This is a neat weekly issue, a little short of medium size, printed with good type on clear paper at one dollar per annum, mostly devoted to reform and Spiritualism.

It would seem from some accounts we have read of the doings of Mayor Wood, that we are like to have some reforms in our city government effected, which have been crying "trumpet-tongued" to heaven and earth for reformation, during many years past.

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city has only commenced. We expected that the new city government would give us clean streets—that we should be relieved from the load of filth lying upon our great avenue; but now there is still more work for our new rulers to perform.

Surely, amid such a state of things, the Spirit of man needs to have faith in good, and hope in its popularization, that charity may suffer long and be kind.

WHOM SHALL WE BELIEVE?

Under the head of "Spiritualism in California," we published in Nos. 28 and 30, two very extraordinary communications purporting to come from the Spirit of a Mr. Lane, which we copied from the Pioneer of San Francisco.

Now, we do not wish to get a reputation for wisdom at the expense of the good faith we delight to cherish for the moral integrity of our neighbors, and are therefore free to say that we had the best presumptive evidence in the world for its truth, for aside of the positive testimony of the writer, we have the additional evidence of Mr. James A. Austin, who made it a matter of personal examination.

There is a joke out, which will probably attract great attention on your side of the water. The Editor of the Pioneer, some months ago inserted in his market article which tended to contain communications from the Spirit of a Mr. Lane, in the other world.

The reader will also remember this was written for the Tribune, where editors had not been either complimentary or decent in their reflections on Spiritualism and its phenomena.

BR. JONATHAN KOONS'S ROOMS.

The reader will find on page fourth of this issue an account of a visit made to the Spirit-Rooms of Jonathan Koons by Br. Haskell, Editor of the Spirit-Advocate, published in Rockford, Ill.

We press this question home, and insist that our opponents give us an answer, for if it can be proved that in this historic and measurably enlightened age men will club together for imposition and imposture, what is to save the world from universal skepticism? We did not write the above heading, however, for the purpose of philosophizing on testimony, but to call the attention of the reader to the letters of Br. Koons and his friends, which give a detail of his past losses, sufferings and present wants.

BROTHER J. M. SPEAR.

Among the phases of mediumship as yet developed, we know of none so important to the world, or efficacious of direct and positive good, as the Healing Medium.

The subscriber having been quite thoroughly educated by the Association of Beneficents, will either visit the sick, disharmonized, inconvenienced at their dwelling, or will receive them at his place of abode, (Melrose, Mass.) While charges will not be made for services, offerings of gratitude will be thankfully received.

EXHIBITION AT HOPE CHAPEL SALOON, No. 720 BROADWAY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE RAGGED SCHOOL.—Those wishing to give a helping hand to the humanitarian efforts of the Ragged School enterprise can do so in a way that will repay them in pleasure, artistic as well as Spiritual, as Mr. J. B.

Nixon proposes to give the proceeds of his Saturday afternoon exhibition for the benefit of the above School. The exhibition consists of a "Pictorial Tableau of the Life of Christ," with appropriate music by well known and "eminent artists." Rev. U. Clark will deliver an explanatory lecture during the unfolding of the panorama.

THE SPIRITS IN VIRGINIA.

NORFOLK, Va., Jan. 22, 1855.

Mr. Editor: One of those wonderful circumstances that seems so inexplicable to the masses, but which a few of us in this place, in spite of the frowns of orthodoxy, have dared to believe proceeds from the manifestations of Spirits, occurred in this city an evening or two since.

None of the persons present knew that Mr. Green had an uncle by that name; in fact he himself had nearly forgotten it, as his uncle Thomas died when he was a child not six years old, and he is now a man of fifty years and upwards.

This exhortation struck all present as particularly appropriate to Mr. Green; for being wealthy, amassing a fortune by the closest economy, it was well known that he neglected (this he himself confessed) many opportunities of doing good to his fellow-man by charitable deeds.

Mr. W.—What Spirit desires to communicate with me? Spirit.—Your old friend, Joseph De Pine.

Mr. W.—I am glad to hear from you; what have you to say? "There is a letter in the Post-Office for you from Washington. The writer wishes to purchase your French Spoliation claim. Do not sell it—the bill will pass Congress. The President will not veto it. All the claims will be paid. I am happy. Your brother I have not seen; he is not in my sphere."

Mr. W.—Who is the person? Spirit.—Richard Love. Richard Love.—The Spirit of Henry Clay will indeed greatly relieve my uneasiness, by enlightening my mind on that question.

Henry A. Wise will certainly be defeated; the candidate of the American party will be elected. He will be General Bayley or A. H. Stuart, probably the latter. The great American party have my Spirit-sympathies and respect. They will elect the next President. Your Congressman, General Millson will, after his term expires, never again take his seat in Congress. This you may depend on.

Many other manifestations were made, but at present I have not time to enumerate them. I will give you more anon.

Mr. Editor: Mr. A. J. Davis has delivered four lectures at Auburn, to an audience filling one of the most splendid Halls in the United States, with a thrilling interest of no ordinary capacity. The series are to be completed this, Friday evening, and as his vessel is like the widow's cruise of oil, we expect a crowded house, with the best of the wine at the last of the feast.

ever opportunity offers, but remember his induction "worship not man." But the principles of truth, for this is the abiding of his indwelling worship. God is truth. It is by yielding this that he conquers mighty foes; then look not for a substratum within the precincts of a Davis, Edmonds, Partridge, Brittan, or any other; but through the lineage of such mediumship to the great millennium of truth, for if the vilest of the vile are but mediums filling the capacity of their being, may not the virtue of the virtuous fill theirs?

But what shall we say of Mr. Davis? His words are, "worship not the man." Retiring and modest in all his department, he explores his subjects only as wisdom can explore them. He is the rich boon of the philosopher, the consolator of the widow and the solace of the orphan. His words burn like fire upon the altars of the hearts of hungry starving souls.

LETTER FROM JONATHAN KOONS. MILLFIELD, Athens County, Ohio, } Jan. 28d, 1855. KIND EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST: I desire to say a word in relation to the proposition which appeared in the 35th No. of your edition in our behalf, in consideration of our loss of property by fire.

Place not thy heart on the riches and treasures of mundane life; they are perishing, and take wings unto themselves and fly away; rather set your thoughts on the imperishable riches of that eternal sphere which is to last and endure forever.

This exhortation struck all present as particularly appropriate to Mr. Green; for being wealthy, amassing a fortune by the closest economy, it was well known that he neglected (this he himself confessed) many opportunities of doing good to his fellow-man by charitable deeds.

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Poetry.

And Poetry too shall lead her.
Pernicious as the slugs...

GLIMPSE OF THE FUTURE.

I see them coming in their might
With trophies from the battle-field...

And I see a joyous sound
Like that which caused creation's birth...

KINDRED SPIRITS.

Gentle as the weeping willow
Sighs reminiscent to the breeze...

WHAT I WISH.

If I knew what I desire,
I wish that men were freer...

LETTER TO DR. DODS.

This salvation can come only through the name
of Jesus, as the crucified Son of the Father...

LETTER TO DR. DODS.

This God is a kind and compassionate father
and loves all who fear him and obey him...

wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein,
though all the knowledge of the wisest men...

Now it is said that this God has a right to hate
his enemies and punish them for mere revenge...

This God is Allwise, and yet so ignorant that he
knew not what to do with his children when he...

ANOTHER ORTHODOX CONCESSION.

FRIEND TOOLEY: On Sunday morning last,
25th, Rev. Alexander S. Leonard, Rector of Emanuel...

SPIRITS HEALING THE SICK.

Mr. ELLIOTT: Among the vast amount of writings
and teachings relative to Spiritualism, I notice that...

He recovered his strength in a very short
time and became healthy and robust. He was dis-

I then learned for the first time in my life any
thing of the power of Spirit-healing. I learned...

Mr. Taylor related a fact which occurred at her house
last Sunday evening. She took a slate, and in a circle, and...

Mr. Odell also stated he had been in a circle where he
had a foot and hand, which were evidently produced by...

What have hitherto been regarded as presentiments
are nothing less than Spirit-interpretations. The Spirit...

SKELETON ESSAYS.

What have hitherto been regarded as presentiments
are nothing less than Spirit-interpretations. The Spirit...

There is much deduction of this sort lost from
neglect, indifference, and from a struggle with...

Correspondence.

EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST: Dear Sir: In No. 85
of your paper we noticed an article from "An Inquirer,"...

This family and accommodate the numerous visitors that are
constantly coming and going to this place.

Abstract of the Proceedings at the Conference at No. 653

Brooklyn, Friday Evening, Jan. 26.
[PHOTOGRAPHICALLY REPRODUCED.]

Mr. Tooley read a paragraph taken from the New York Sun
of to-day, which will be found in another column, in reference...

Mr. Taylor related a fact which occurred at her house
last Sunday evening. She took a slate, and in a circle, and...

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OUR BOOK LIST.

Now received and for sale at the Office of THE CHRISTIAN
SPIRITUALIST, the following works:
THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS...

unfaded, like a sweet flower, and will shed its fragrance over all
the world. There will be no sinners in the future...

Mr. Levy questioned the idea of there being no such thing as
Justice. He said that the word is generally understood; I believe...

Mr. Tooley remarked: I thought I tried to make myself un-
derstood, but it appears I did not. I will try now to fill up that...

Dr. Hatch followed: I hope you will bear with me for a
moment. There are too many ideas and words to give even a passing...

Mr. Tooley remarked: I wish to make one word of explana-
tion. Mr. Randolph spoke of a principle above both charity and...

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THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS...

age in advance, fifty per cent. is saved to the purchaser. All
true containing the following:
RELIGION, NATURAL AND REVEALED; or, the Natural...

PHYSIOLOGY OF DIGESTION: The Principles of Diet-
etics and the Art of Living. By Dr. J. C. Moore. 12mo. 25 cts.

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THE HISTORY OF THE ORIGIN OF ALL THINGS...

TO HIM WHO HOLDS HIS LIFE IN FEE.

Each act is even as of night
Since every act by day or night
Is but a struggle to be free—
A struggle whereon I understand
But error, and the sword that wield
Are subtle thoughts, the battle-bred
The sword of ignorance, the blade
The soul's impotence to his King—
To whom, oh, God! I implore such might,
Such vigor, that I may be free
That I may know no future—
But strike a four-fold crushing blow,
That I may know no future—
To blind, to numb, to crush, to kill,
Oh, God! the cause of fight is this!
The souls of men belong to thee,
We know that we shall yet be free!
Oh, God! vouchsafe us strength divine.

A PRAYER FOR US ALL.

God of the mountains, God of the storm,
God of the doer, God of the worm:
Hear us and bless us,
Forgive us, redress us!
Breathe on our Spirit, and by thy healing—
Teach us another, with thy fatherly dealing—
Teach us to love ourselves,
To love one another, brother his brother,
And make us all free—
Free from the shackles of old tradition,
Free from the chains of man's neighbor;
Help us each one to fulfil his true mission,
And show us 'tis mainly, 'tis God-like to labor!

REFORM.

It is with little pride that our Judge and our
People should recur to the fact that, at the late session
of the district court in this and our sister
Parish, there was not a single charge for the grand
jury to investigate. Perhaps this thing has never
before occurred. Does this not argue an improve-
ment in public morals and a disposition to observe
the law? and yet to assign any particular cause
would be out of the question. But that there is a
mighty revolution going on in our country, more
powerful than war and bloodshed could make it,
is very evident. Every thing social, moral and po-
litical is stamped with the impress of reform. We
do not altogether agree with those who with "fore-
doings dire" predict a great civil war. The time
has now arrived in the history of our country,
when mind in its most powerful and peaceful work-
ings must carry on all great schemes without the
aid of physical force. Though human nature in
the abstract is just what it has always been, it is
operated upon by different influences, its desires
are more elevated, its passions more subdued and
its workings more peaceable. Men are getting to
view things in a different light. They are forming
quite different estimates of each others' merits and
placing the standard of individual greatness upon
higher grounds. That is not the great man now,
who in the language of David "was famous according
as he lifted up axes upon the thick trees," nor him
with giant strength can hurl destruction and death
among his enemies. Nor yet he who lifting
himself far above his fellows by the ambition of
his soul and the success of his toil, only seeks his
individual glory and preferment. But he is the
great man who loves his neighbor as himself, who
in whatever sphere of life he may be thrown, will
always remember that he should know where his
brother is, should always display a sensibility to
the sorrows and a satisfaction at the happiness of
others; whose soul should ever go out in warm
pulses to the help of those about him. Joanna
Baillie says:

Who will not give,
Some portion of his care, his blood,
For others good is a poor frozen clout.

But in proportion as men's views of greatness
and usefulness change, so do they change in the
selection of those whom they place in power; and
all these give character to the nation, and if
competent, zest to public authority and laws; all
reforms must, in a great measure, depend upon
those who serve the country. Though not special-
ly called upon to do so, there is none who may
not in some way contribute to the public weal; and
it should be the care of every patriot to strike
every blow for his country that circumstances will
allow.

"If each would seize the occasion where his virtue
Might aid his country, to the public good,
His share conferring, states to loss of ill
Exposed, would therefore stand secure and flourish."

This truism of Euripides should find a hearty
response in every patriot, and now while the work
of reform is going on, in everything human, cause
them to lay hold of the golden opportunity of serv-
ing their day and generation. Whether placed in
the chair of state or occupying the humble control
of the family circle, whether in the pulpit or on
the bench, one may do something for the common
cause.

JESUS AND THE DEAD DOG.—THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
of ALLEGORIES.—A very old Persian story
says: Jesus arrived one evening at the gates of a
certain city, and he sent his disciples forward to
prepare supper, while he himself, intent on doing
good, walked through the streets into the market-
place.

And he saw at the corner of the market some
people gathered together, looking at an object on
the ground; and he drew near, to see what it was.

It was a dead dog, with a halter round his neck,
by which he appeared to have been dragged
through the dirt; and a viler, a more abject,
a more unclean thing, never met the eye of man.

And those who stood by looked on with abhor-
rence.

"Faugh!" said one, stopping his nose, "it pol-
lutes the air." "How long," said another, "shall
this foul beast offend our sight?" "Look at his
torn hide," said a third, "one could not even cut
a shoe out of it." "And his ears," said a fourth,
"all draggled and bleeding." "No doubt," said a
fifth, "he hath been hanged for thieving."

And Jesus heard them; and looking down com-
passionately on the dead creature, he said, "Pearls
are not equal to the whiteness of his teeth."
Then the people turned toward him with amaze-
ment, and said among themselves, "Who is this?
This must be Jesus of Nazareth, for only he could
find something to pity and approve even in a dead
dog;" and being amazed, they bowed their heads
before him, and went each on his way.

Macauley stated to Mrs. Stowe that all the
cathedrals in Europe were undoubtedly the result
of one or two minds; that they rose into existence
very nearly contemporaneously, and that were
traveling companies of men, under the direction
of some systematic organization.

THE BIRDING PHANOM.

A Startling Narrative of Psychological Phenomena.

The wife was amazed at what she beheld. She
could now no longer doubt the perfect sanity of
her husband, while he *unbeliever* in omens or su-
pernatural agencies, of whatever kind, was comple-
tely shaken—nay, entirely removed. She could not
question the palpable evidences of her unclouded
senses. Everything that her husband had describ-
ed as the teachings of his trance or vision, was
presented in tangible reality to her perceptions.—
She had, however, little time for reflection upon
their mysterious, solemn and portentous import-
ance, before her husband again addressed her:

"This, Lizzy, is the monument I beheld in my
death-dream. Promise me that you will cause one
to be procured as nearly alike to it as may be, and
erect it at the head of my grave, with only such
inscription engraved thereon as may tell the sim-
ple story of my birth and death. One thing more
I have yet to ask of you, my dear and loving wife.
It is this: Let there be no unnecessary parade or
ceremony at my funeral; let my grave habiliments,
instead of the usual shroud or winding-sheet, be
the clothing of my ordinary wear, and have me
placed in the grave with my head toward the set-
ting, and my feet to the rising sun. Promise me
this, sweet sharer of my sorrows and joys hereto-
fore, and all my thoughts and wishes will be ful-
filled in this life."

"Certainly, my dear husband, your every desire
shall be faithfully performed," was all that the
grief-stricken wife could utter, as she threw her-
self about his neck, and yielded to his last linger-
ing fervent kiss, and a prolonged embrace of thrill-
ing warmth and tenderness. There was no eye to
witness that holy interchange of bliss and fidelity
between husband and wife, save the "All-seeing-
one" of the great God of love and Nature.

They returned to their homes with the same
silence that had been observed between them on
the going forth therefrom to the habitations of the
dead. The husband soon after retired to a small
room, and occupied himself during the rest of the
day in drawing up a copy of his will, and other
incidental legal papers, while his wife resumed her
usual domestic avocations, with more than her
usual cheerfulness and assiduity of purpose.

The day following was the anniversary of the
death of their second child, the little "Willy,"
whose soul's departure to the world of Spirits had
wrought the mental aberration of the father, and
brought such deep grief, and comparative desola-
tion in the late small but blissful family circle.

The father rose at an early hour, in the seeming
enjoyment of his original health and spirits, and set
about some ordinary duties that had been neg-
lected by him entirely, for many months, with that
thoughtful care and consideration for the wants of
his family, as had been his wont in the first years
of his married life. He was gay and conversable
to a degree that augured a hope in the bosom of
his fond wife, that the strange hallucination that
had for the entire year past fettered his being, was
at length about to be dispelled—that he would be
"clothed again in his right mind," and speedily re-
sume his wonted habits and pursuits of life. His wife
did not forget that that day was the anniversary of
the death of their lost and only child; nor had the
startling revelations of the previous day passed
from her mind as mere chimeras of an excited
brain. Her husband made not the slightest allu-
sion to any of the various mysterious matters that
had so long absorbed and shut out his soul from all
sense of worldly things; and she so guarded her
own expressions and conduct to present no cause
for the return or the aggravation of the mental
malady from which he was now apparently so
hopefully recovering.

After the morning meal was over, he casually
remarked to his wife, that from his long neglig-
ence of his business pursuits, his affairs had fallen
into some confusion, and that, by consequence, it would
be necessary for him to have some consultation
with his attorney, with a view to their proper
adjustment or regulation. His wife noddingly ac-
quiesced in the necessity of his plans, and saw him
depart from his home on such an errand, with a
degree of joy she had not experienced for many
months, for she ardently longed for the dreaded
"anniversary" to pass over without a realization
of the events foreboded in his vision, though some
vague and indefinite fears possessed her breast as
to the sequences of all that was yet in store, as
of their wedded union. If her husband should
only survive through the few short hours of that
single day, the "spell" upon his destiny would be
banished, and joy and happiness would once more
be their portion, undisturbed by terrible apprehen-
sions of calamity, or unquieted by superstitious fears
and forebodings. Oh, how fervently she prayed
that the "bitter cup" might be removed—that
her husband might not die, at least on that dread-
ful day of prediction! She, however, soon brought
herself to say—"God's will be done," when she
set about the usual cares and duties of her house-
hold, which now consisted of herself and husband,
an aged mother and a young sister.

How her heart bounded within her bosom for
joy, when she saw her husband return to their
habitation at the dinner hour, in the full glow of
health and spirits, accompanied by his friend, the
attorney, whom he had invited home with him to
dine. The day was now rapidly drawing to its
close, and there was nothing that indicated im-
mediate danger or death in the circle of their home.
Yes, she now felt the "anniversary" would pass
without the dread approach of the angel—"he would
live!" and all again would be peace and joy.

At the dinner table her husband conversed with
his guest with his accustomed freedom and intelli-
gence upon the ordinary topics of the times, and
seemed to have forgotten entirely the circumstances
of his vision, and its fearful foreboding in connec-
tion with that very day, which he had so strenu-
ously insisted therefore, would be his last in life
on earth. His wife had entertained some fears up-
on this very hour, that it was the intention of her
husband to take his own life in some secret and
suicidal manner, on the return of the anniversary
of the death of his so fondly beloved child—but
now his assiduous attention to the wants of his
guest at dinner, his animated deportment and ra-
tional and cheerful conversation, left no room in
her breast for any such apprehensions or suspicions
in regard to his exit from the scenes and trials of a
terrestrial existence.

But the fatal hour approached—it came! The
various courses of the table had been duly served
and removed, and the wine and walnuts only
remained to be discussed, as a portion of the social
family feast. He pushed the decanter toward his
legal friend, and gaily invited him to fill his glass,
remarking jocularly that he hoped his guest would
excuse any breach of politeness or etiquette on his
part, by his declining wine, and drinking his health

in a goblet of cool fountain water. The attorney
noddod approbation of this, and the usual senti-
ment of long life, prosperity and happiness, was
exchanged between the parties. In raising the
goblet of water to his lips, the host cast his eyes
upon the dial of the mantel-clock—instantly put
down the cup and exclaimed:

"Wife, friends!—I am going! The Spirit of
Willy is here! There! there!—I—I—"

His speech remained unfinished. He fell from
his chair to the floor, there was a slight groan, and
a sort of choking, rattling in his throat—and he
was dead! Precisely at the same moment, a small
"pale yellow" canary bird appeared in the room,
fluttered a few times around the body, uttering a
sort of anxious or frightful chirrup, then darted
through an open casement, and was seen no more!

Thus was the presentiment or prediction fulfilled!
The distress of the poor wife may be better imag-
ined than described; but, as before remarked,
she was a woman with a well balanced brain, and
bore with a philosophy of resignation, somewhat
unusual with her sex in view of the heavy chast-
enings of Providence, her present affliction and
bereavement. She desired that a speedy consulta-
tion of physicians should be held, with a view to a
post mortem examination of the dead body of her
husband, to ascertain if his death had been the re-
sult of poison, or of some lurking disease, unknown
to her, incident to his organization. The inquest
and medical investigation took place—but nothing
was discovered indicating poison or decaying mat-
ter and physical powers. He had died in the full
flush and vigor of his manhood—without disease
apparently of any kind whatever. The usual ver-
dict in such cases, "Died by the visitation of God,"
accordingly was duly rendered. The body was
buried in the secluded grave, by the brook and
the willows, where the wild roses bloomed and the
melody of birds resounded in the depth of the
forest shrubbery and trees, while the white marble
memorial was not omitted from the requirements
the departed had enjoined in fulfillment of the sev-
eral specialties of his mysterious vision. The
young widow realized that her husband had liter-
ally "set his house in order," previous to his de-
mise. The writings at which he had engaged himself
the day previous to his death, proved to be a draft
of his will; while his collection with the attorney
was with a view to the collection of funds due him,
and the closing up of his temporal affairs, as one
quitting business entirely, or about to journey
to another land. His property was found amply
sufficient for all the wants and luxuries which his
relict would be likely to require during a life of
many years, after he had himself departed to that
"bourne from whence no traveller returns." But
glittering gold, and the pomp and pageantry of life,
have no charms for the stricken heart, or the be-
reaved soul. The widow could find no consolation
in her loveliness—there was now no joy left to fill
up the aching void of her heart. Though she
prayed "God's will be done," it was many weeks
before she could bring herself submissively to say
with the poet—

"And when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave."

And when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave."

And when He takes away,
He takes but what He gave."

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SPIRITUALISM—ITS ANTIQUITY.

By J. B. FERGUSON.

To the honest objector, we would offer a sugges-
tion. Spiritual Communication is a divine insti-
tution or appointment, or the foundation of every
Religion in this land is baseless. The Bible is a
collection of Spiritual Communications made
through human agents, extending over a history of
thousands of years. If its claims, in this respect,
be true, Spiritual Communications must be the re-
sult of Eternal Law: the Law of God, respecting
the unfolding and perfection of mind. We are not
surprised to find, therefore, Spiritual communions
marking the tablet of every age, reaching over the
unsearchable past, and antedating all reliable his-
tory. Its stars stand, or moulder, in silent elo-
quence, upon the hill-tops of every land. Not a
single year since death removed human beings from
the earth, Spirits have returned to influence
and help those left behind. Hence, we find impres-
sible persons, through whom Spirit-messages of
Wisdom and Love have been received among all
nations, and in all ages. All along the line of the
Centuries, we see Spiritual light, striving to enter
the institutions of the world. Avarice and selfish
assumption first denounce its mediums, then flatter,
and alas! too often bribe them, into the shameless
purposes that characterize the superstition and tyran-
ny of every clime. Now the door of life opens to a
new realm. Now Joseph is a dreamer in prison,
and then, Viceroy of mighty Egypt. Now, Paul
and Barnabas are mobbed by a rabble, and then,
worshipped as gods. Now, Anaxagoras is followed
by the most powerful Athenians as a Philosopher,
and then, persecuted and driven into exile, for im-
piety to the reigning divinity. Now, Socrates is
honored as a Moral Philosopher, the wisest of men;
then, ridiculed, in a comedy, for magical arts, and
then doomed to drink the hemlock. Now, Pilgrim
Fathers press inspiration to assure that children as
religious men, and then, persecuted by witches for simi-
larity. "Beware," justified of her children, and the
eternal laws of mind and matter make
themselves known to all who desire to obey them.
Except, sir, in periods of great and general corrup-
tion, such as have usually preceded some tremen-
dous revolution in society, and the downfall of
some world-encumbering State, whose vice has
long exerted an unrestrained power, and where
hypocrisy walks unblushingly upon the high pla-
ces of the earth, the mass of mankind never are
Sadducees; never doubt of the angel or Spirit—the
reasoning head, and the dwelling heart, everywhere
admit that our claims to the sensual world are but
temporary. "Be ye holy," and we are spiritualists,
and the eternal laws of mind and matter make
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THE SENSELESS MAN IN NEW ENGLAND.

That which was symbolic, it has given faith; to
that which was symbolic, it has imparted Spirit; to
human enterprise, which was before isolated, antag-
onistic and selfish, it has given unity, harmony
and vital life. On its sublime precept—the simplest
and sublimest ever uttered—"Do unto others as ye
would that others should do unto you," all that is
noble, reciprocal and harmonizing in civilization,
rests. Inspired by this precept, which the yearning
and necessity of every heart prompts to ac-
ceptance, individuals and nations have become
more than civilized—they have become Christian-
ized. Wide and wider, every day, this influence
extends. From the heart of great central nations
it expands to the remotest bounds of the earth, and
as anthems are caught up by the islands of the
sea. Christianity alone, teaches the brotherhood
of man, and his common paternity in God; Saint
and Savage awaken to its beautiful truths, bless,
comprehend, and accept them alike. Go on, bless-
ed Spirit: do thy work in every human heart, and
God's kingdom will come, and this will be done
on earth as it is in heaven, and the earth will be, as
erast, a Paradise.—N. Y. Mirror.

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