

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

VOLUME 1. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1855. NUMBER 40.

## Christian Spiritualist,

THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE.  
At No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

The CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST is published every Saturday morning.  
TERMS—Two Dollars per year, payable within three months. Ten copies for Eighteen Dollars; or, one person sending us ten subscribers will be entitled to a copy for one year.  
SINGLE COPIES—Five Cents.  
All business letters and communications should be addressed to THE SOCIETY FOR THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE, or, EDITOR CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST, No. 553 Broadway, New-York.

## EXPENSIVE DEVELOPMENT.

BY S. M. PETERS.

BROTHER TOOMEY: An answer to that Tribune letter over the signature of "A Medium" would require elaborate essays on science, theology and political economy. And perhaps the writer of that short epistle is not competent to perceive the drift or bearing of any of these questions in their progressive tendencies. That writer may be an impostor who wends "sheep's clothing" to bring Spiritualism into disrepute. Or perhaps he or she (it is one of those rare cases of premature development that has passed beyond its proper sphere of action, and for want of proper mental and Spiritual unfoldings, is starving in the midst of plenty. Such cases are exceptions to general rules, and seem to be governed by inordinate vanity, love of notoriety, or at best a desire to travel faster than is profitable or safe. The mind that is anxious to have the whole "arcana of mystery opened, and the secrets of wisdom revealed," stoops rather low in its quest. It regrets the loss of \$200 in time and money, for the accomplishment of an end towards which the master-Spirits of poetry and philosophy have been struggling through the ages. But I will endeavor to answer one or two questions of "A Medium" in a Yankee way, by asking more. First, "How can they develop any new truth, if all truth comes from Spirits by Spirit-impulsion, as we Spiritualists, all say, and believe it has through impassible mediums in all ages of the world?" In reply, I would ask, has any thing new found its way into the laboratory of the human mind, since primitive man first discovered that he was naked, and was ashamed of the very un-fashionable figure he cut in general society? Is the steamboat any improvement upon the ancient mode of riding on a drift log? Is the railway car any more comfortable and expeditious than a bare-backed ox? Is the printing press any improvement upon oral messages conveyed by foot-runners? Are the revealed truths of the Bible and other Spiritual writings any more consoling to the aspirations of the soul than the horrid rites of Borneo and central Africa? Did the first man know any of the profound facts that now make man a God comparatively speaking? The question is, is any thing known to humanity that was not known six thousand years ago? If there is, will "A Medium" tell how it got into our world except through the agency of mind, or where it came from, except from an intelligent Spiritual source? Admitting these self-evident facts, is it wise to ask if anything more can be learned in the same way? Or has the summit of human hopes and aspirations been reached by the enormous sacrifice of \$200, only to crush the hopes of all future aspirants of immortality? Lest the expense may deter all timid money-loving persons from turning their thoughts upward, I will offset the complaints of "A Medium" with a brief sketch of my own development. About twenty-five years ago, I took the responsibility of being developed; the expense of which up to this time amounts to not less than \$5000 or about \$200 a year. The necessity of this expense will be seen in the fact that my Spiritual being, in the first place, required a physical organism in which to become individualized; and secondly, the preservation and growth of this organism as a habitation in which to unfold itself, and from which to look out upon the world of effects. The growth and health of the physical department depended in a great measure upon the liberal use of baked beans, pan-cakes, and other edibles, all of which have been promptly supplied by the labor of my hands. The unfolding of the Spiritual depended upon the cultivation of the intellectual department to a great extent. To effect this, I have been mainly indebted to several reverend, scientific, and literary gentlemen, who voluntarily proffered me the use of their libraries at different periods of my development. Many valuable and pleasing impressions have been received from Spirits in the form, both male and female, together with some very delusive and unpleasant ones. A great many jack-o'-lanterns, such as fame, wealth, novelty, &c., have led me into quagmires, but I always got out again looking a little sheepish no doubt, but also a little wiser. But amid all the pervasions, vanities, and delusions of life, there was something within me, ever pointing forward to "a light beyond the cloud." That something was the Spiritual germ trying to sprout. For a long time I was haunted with the idea that I was watched over, and impressed by an invisible friend. The impressions were vague and somewhat indistinct, exciting curiosity for awhile and leaving me in doubt as to the cause. Thus operated upon by antagonistic influences, I passed through the primary stages of development. At the age of thirty-six, I fell violently in love with Madam Solitude. I suppose I felt some as Solomon did, when he cried "vanity," but I was not sure of knowing everything, or that everything was yet known to the world, so I asked of God (if there was any God) to permit me to know something of heaven, (if there was any heaven.) I had reached that point

in progress from whence I could stand apart and analyze the religious condition of society. I saw that the halo of Spiritual glory culminating over the religious teachings of the age bore a striking resemblance to a gold dollar. The expansion of this halo required higher teachings, and so I followed the example of the prophet Elijah, and went away alone on the hills to be fed by ravens or whatsoever our Father should see fit to send. Solitude has many a charming retreat among the slopes, ravines, and cascades of Mount Ida and Oakwood. There I overhauled the account book of life and struck the balance of debt and credit. I called to remembrance the time when I was a homeless, motherless boy, in chase of an undefinable phantom, that promised home, happiness, heaven. It led me to the gate of the splendid mansion, embellished externally with the surroundings of art and floral beauty. The mingled sound of music and gleesome voices floated through the vine-clad casement, and I thought heaven was within in the mansion. I compared with the seeming happiness of the inmates to my own forlorn and destitute condition, and walked away sorrowful.— Ah! said I to myself, wealth is the one thing needful; if I had wealth, care would vanish. So I became the hired servant of a wealthy farmer, to learn the art of piling up gold. In addition to immense riches, he had "religion;" that is, he was a member of a popular church; he read a chapter in the Bible, and repeated a stereotyped prayer every morning, and got up from his knees, and chased the almighty dollar all day like a race horse. He was gray-haired and childless, and actually afraid of coming to poverty. I studied his character till I could read him like a book, and then prayed that I might never love money as that man did. He was not happy, because he wanted a "leete more." Wealth and happiness could not associate freely, so I concluded heaven was further on. From that time to the present hour, I have held riches in profound contempt, and pitied every man who worshipped gold. His gold is the God of this age. I began to get suspicious of all human motives. For awhile I scrutinized the acts of every individual with whom I came in contact, and then turned laughing philosopher, ridiculing every body and every thing. I was considered to be a fearless, happy fellow, but the world knew nothing of my heart. I wanted to love the world, but it repelled me, and at last I turned from society to seek among the glens, forests, and streams for something to sooth the cravings of an unsatisfied Spirit.

My first business, as I said before, was to balance the books, when I found the account exactly square. But I was not satisfied. Something seemed to whisper, "hope on; every pure desire of the soul will be more than gratified." The inspiration of Nature suddenly opened to my vision a world of beauty. Trees, flowers, and birds, as by magic, were invested with attractions before unseen. I was in harmony with the Spirit of Nature. My Spiritual being had grown above, and now predominated over the animal department. Oh, how I loved life, how grateful I felt to God for having placed me in this beautiful world. Heaven was found; it was within and around me. Three delightful years flew by, and each pleasant Sunday morning found me on the hills. The vague and indistinct idea of boyhood assumed a more tangible form, while paying my addresses to Madam Solitude in her wild domain. The gaining of another point in development started me. The unseen friend who had followed me so long was now able to make herself understood.

She had hovered around me, both sleeping and waking. And called as clear as the first bird of Spring. Permeating me oft, when my heart was aigh breaking. To soar above sorrow on hope's snowy wing.

I am "A Medium," a "Spirit-Medium," and I say to the correspondent of the Tribune and all others who have stopped at the "slough of despond," make a splurge. You put me in mind of the Dutchman, who ran a mile to jump over a mountain, and then fell two inches short of jumping clear of the ground.

Did you expect the \$200 paid for your development was going to revolutionize the entire system of the body politic? And do you not feel faint because it is not done in a moment? Spirits first convinced me of the existence of another world above the atmosphere of codfish and potatoes.— And then, they sent me back to the battle-field of this earth-life to fight for humanity. I see the monstrous wrongs that prevail everywhere. And do you ask, how Spiritualism can right these wrongs? Not by writing doleful letters to the Tribune, my friend, but by walking up to the scratch like a half-starved donkey up to a hay-stack. If you are convinced of a future life, convince others, and with every man thus convinced, the battle is half gained. Satisfy a mechanic or laborer through the evidence of his own senses, that he has a soul, and he will grin every priest and nabob in New York out of countenance at three cents a head, and make money at it. There is a proper level for every man in the social circle, and he who rises above it thrusts numbers below it. To have one millionaire, you must have five hundred paupers and hundreds of needy working men, because there is no distribution of the gain of labor. One man grabs the whole. We see the wrong, and still submit to it. We cringe to the man who carries the dollars that our labor coined. Who taught us this cringing servility? What first halter broke the masses? "Mystery Babylon, the mother of harlots." The uncertainty that priestcraft has ever thrown around the future of man, has made him dependent upon artful knavery for everything here. Individualism will burst the shackles. And a positive knowledge of destiny will develop individualism. When we know our rights and dare to as-

sert them, the princely salaries, the gorgeous temples, and soup houses of New York, will go to the shades together. Does any man believe that the real producers of wealth, three years hence, can be thrown out of employment, and kept on soup made of pigs' snouts, ears, and tails? That experiment will soon go out of fashion. The arcana of mystery and the secrets of wisdom in which we are most interested, are here at home in the field of practical effort. All things work together for good, to them that love the Lord.  
[To be continued.]

## SPIRIT-WARNING.

New York, Jan. 31st, 1855.

MR. EDITOR: Probably it will be interesting to some of your readers to peruse the following communication, coming as it does from the dim vista of by-gone days, and having reference to the severe tortures of the Romish Inquisition which were represented as having taken place in sunny Italy in 1720, thereby exposing in all its cruelty the damning practices of those who, in the garb of religion, have pursued their own diabolical purpose of making all believe as they do, under the pain of the rack. And in thunder tones does it appeal to the now free and happy people of this enlightened country to beware lest the same insidious foe, so dear to man and foe to that liberty, which was so dearly bought by those venerated and beloved revolutionary sires,—insinuate itself into our families and our institutions before we are aware of its poisonous influence. And that when we, like Samson of old, arise to shake off its deadly influence, we find ourselves shorn of our strength and at the mercy of a merciful power.

But to the communication as given by Dr. Mayhew who had been in a *trance state*, giving us philosophical information and other instruction for our benefit. The Spirit who had thus been answering questions stated that there was another Spirit present who wished to communicate, describing her as a tall, commanding figure, robed in black, and also veiled with a black veil. She had an attendant, and after taking possession of the medium, stated that the one in "black" was a young Italian lady who lived one hundred and thirty-five years ago, and brought her to interpret for her.— She further stated that she was of the Roman Catholic Religion, and that by the solicitations of her family, she entered a Carmelish convent, that the first part of her life she was happy, from the reflection that she was doing what her church was pleased to look upon as a christian duty, but yet at times she would long for freedom from those walls. Before taking the black veil, which was performed in her twenty-second year, she was to see her friends for the last time on earth, and a few days before the consummation of that act, which was to forever exclude her from the world, she was alone in her cell, and heard a voice call: "Alicia, your friends are in waiting." Hurrying from her silent chamber, she beheld with joy her parents and other relatives, and among the number, a cousin whom she had never before seen. The moment they exchanged glances, she felt springing up within her breast (notwithstanding her vows to the contrary) an affection for him which she plainly saw was duly reciprocated. Then it was that regret and sorrow came for having taken the step that was now leading her onward, and was so soon to shut her out from the world forever. After the departure of her friends, thoughts of a conflicting character occupied her mind, and after a severe struggle, she came to the conclusion that it was her duty to wed the church as her husband and to live a dutiful and affectionate life thereto. Three weeks after this last interview with her friends, she took the veil, and had to undergo a severe penance for once harboring the thoughts that had occupied her mind so short a time before. Scarcely a week had elapsed, when she was surprised by the sister porter presenting her with a sealed billet coming from her cousin, expressing for her the strongest and most ardent attachment. After reading it, she wrote an answer begging him to forgive her, and at the same time telling him the duty she owed to the church was paramount to all things else, and although painful to young hearts, that she must submit. But, oh, how she longed for an opportunity to prove a traitor to those vows she had lately made. The remainder we give as it fell from the lips of the medium:

As he afterwards told me, he read the letter, wept tears of sorrow and bitterness, that we should be thus forever separated. He then resolved also, to dedicate his life to religious duties, and became a member of the *Society of Jesus*, better known as *Jesuits*, and became steeped in the villanies of that *horrible order*, and although his heart was naturally good, yet he was compelled by his obligations, to press onward in his iniquitous career. Yet, by his purity compared with his associates, he became much beloved by them, gained their confidence, and was placed in high office in the order, and sent to visit all the convents and nunneries under the care of the order. In his course, he came to the convent in which I was incarcerated. Being high in authority, after inspecting our convent, he requested a private interview with me in the parlor of the abbess, which was readily granted. But we were not left alone, for one was stationed opposite, but out of hearing, and it was at that time that we fully made known the feelings of our hearts, and then proposed an elopement, he stating that he had the means and would provide the same on the most fitting occasion. Our plans succeeded, and we flew from that spot, but could not move for fear of watchful spies. We were afraid to seek protection in the families of any of the people, for in almost every house there were stationed in some position

or other, persons for conveying all that transpired to their masters. However, by good management, we succeeded in evading suspicion, until within a few hours before the time fixed for sailing. While contemplating our anticipated safety when on the deep blue wave of the sea, bound for some distant clime, horrible to relate! he was recognized by a passing friar, and by order of the church, arrested and conveyed to the halls of the Inquisition at Rome. How I escaped detection I cannot tell; but now, alone amongst strangers, and without means, I did not know how to get my own living. I could not seek any asylum for fear of detection, and having a good taste for music, and being tolerably proficient from constant practice upon the chapel music, I determined to apply at one of the places of public amusement. I put this resolution into effect by applying at the Gardens of the Tiber, where I was engaged at a small remuneration to sing at the evening entertainments. One evening, while singing a piece, and when about the middle of it, I saw my father. He recognized and publicly denounced me, and handed me over to the same place of torture to which my cousin, *Father Initus*, had so shortly before been so unceremoniously conveyed. And how shall I tell you that which followed? I was taken through long passages, descended flight after flight of steps, was conveyed through winding ways, until we came to a dark passage where we heard groans on either side from many cells. Here I was thrust into a dark gloomy cell, and heard the heavy grating shut and the key turn, and on feeling around, I found myself alone, without even one ray of light. Next day, they led me forth through a meandering passage, and I suddenly found myself in a spacious chamber alone, for my conductor had disappeared, and on looking around could see no door, and knew not how I entered. While trembling with anxious thought as to the result, I beheld a curtain slowly rise, and here is what I saw: Seven men, one sitting above the others, and three on each side, all dressed in black serge gowns, with caps on their heads and masks over their faces like crape, with two holes for their eyes. Scarcely had I beheld this, when the chief addressed me thus: "Alicia, late a nun of the Order of Carmelites, violator of all thy sacred vows, answer me now truly, the following questions:

"Didst thou know one *Father Initus*?" "I did."  
"Didst thou know he was a friar and a member of the Order of Jesus?" "I was thus informed."  
"Didst thou not, in violation of thy vows, give thyself to his embrace as a wife?" "I did."  
"Did he not seduce thee from thy faith?" To this I did not answer. "Speak," said the chief, "and speak, I charge thee truthfully."

I would not speak the word that would condemn him to torture, and again refused to answer; whereupon a signal was made, and a curtain behind them slowly rose, presenting to view demons in human shape, terrible to behold. My brain reeled, and I could not look again upon the sight. The question was again put, and again I refused to answer.

"Away to the torture!"  
And oh! those fiends bound my limbs with chains, and led me beyond those first spoken of to the place last mentioned, and placed my thumbs between two large iron screws or weights, and pressed until the bones were crushed. I fainted, and the torture was relaxed. Again the question was put, and again I refused to answer, preferring to die rather than expose him to the cruel mercies of those monsters in human form. Then came torture upon torture. They took me from the chair, placed my hands behind me, making them fast, then made fast heavy weights to my ankles, and then I was hoisted in the air, where they kept me until my hands and feet were nearly severed from the body. I was then taken down, and the same question asked, and in almost a dying condition, again I refused to answer.

"Away to the rack," was the command, when they took me from all my clothing, bound cords to my limbs, and extended me upon the rack.— They then made those cords fast at the head and foot, and then extended me. In that condition the question was again asked, but no answer.

"Press on the torture."  
Another turn, and it was all over, and with one awful shriek, my Spirit took its flight.

Now, why come I to tell you this? Americans, the Jesuits are in your midst, seeking by all their cunning to pry into your family affairs by their unwearied satellites, and to subvert the institutions of your glorious country, and enchain you in all the besotted ignorance of by-gone days. Americans, I warn you of their pernicious influence, and enjoin upon you to give your children education, whereby they may become men and women, and be enabled to think for themselves in all things; and impress upon their minds to beware of Jesuitical cunning, whether it is found in the family, the State, or general government, for they are working, and that mightily, to attain the accomplishment of their object.

P. S. A promise was given that at a subsequent circle, *Father Initus* would give us his experience, which, if complied with, I will endeavor to give you an account of.

Yours truly,  
S. B. H.

## PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MADAME GUYON.

THE LIFE AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE OF LADY GUYON: with Sketches of the Lives of FENELON, MOLINOS and ST. TERESA. Published by Hoyt & Bolmore, No. 70 Bowery, N. Y. 1850.

WHILST so much discussion is carried on among Spiritualists and not always conducted with the best taste and kindest feelings in regard to the various and prevailing theories, philosophies, and systems of their authors and advocates, we have thought we might, perhaps, for the present, best subserve the common cause of truth, humanity, and religion, by calling attention to a few works of acknowledged worth and excellence in the annals of the past. We feel impressed and assured that a presentation of such a portion of the autobiography of Madame Guyon as relates more especially to her religious experience and inner Spiritual life cannot but be of service to many earnest and inquiring minds of the present day. It shows that the same Providence watches over the sincere and obedient in all Nations and ages, conducting them by unknown paths to the true and living way, which is one of great inward peace, but usually also of outward afflictions and persecutions.

The work from which we extract has been long out of print, though Professor Upham, of Bowdoin College, Me., has embodied much of the autobiography in his excellent work entitled "*Madame Guyon and Fenelon*," published by the Harpers.— Still, the Professor's Madame Guyon is not exactly ours; we are obliged to read her life and opinions through a medium not always perfectly clear, and to listen to many rather tedious reflections from the excellent and learned author. We very much prefer to hear the noble lady Guyon relate her own experience in her own style, which we deem far more beautiful in its earnestness, simplicity, than all the attractions of rhetorical art, as her insight in its purity and strength so far surpasses all that modern culture can bestow.

We can but hope also, that among the works which the "Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge" proposes to send abroad, the autobiography of Madame Guyon may find a place. For it will be found that she confirms many, very many of the manifestations of modern days, and shows that the gifts of healing, of knowing the mind and feelings of the absent, and of the occurrence of distant events, were possessed by her in an eminent degree. And as it seems we are to have a new antagonist, another *Richmond* in the field, in the person of no less doughty a knight than Sir O. A. Brownson, (and he used to deal good blows ere he fell in with the enchantments of the Jesuits) it will be as well to have some Catholic authorities at hand.

It must be confessed that our opponents show lack of courage, while the world and the church back them with smiles and rewards, for, notwithstanding the disastrous fate of so many champions, a new one seems ever ready with fresh strength for the encounter. And an "exposé" will hardly last over three months; few of them, notwithstanding the most extensive puffery, ever reach a second edition. To stereotype such works would be the height of folly; the prudent publishers know better than that.

In conclusion, we would commend these extracts to the serious attention of our Spiritual friends. An inward and Spiritual life is, after all, the aim of all our developments. To be open to influences from the great and central source of all Spiritual illumination is surely the inward wish of every devout and aspiring mind.

S. B. H.

"Since you require me to write you the whole series of a life so extraordinary, so fruitful of pains and trials of patience, as mine has been, I am willing with all my heart to obey your order, though to me the task appears painful in my present condition, which admits not of much reflection. I could wish extremely, that it were in my power to convey into your soul an adequate idea of all the goodness of God to me, and the excess of my ingratitude; but it would be impossible for me to do it, as well because you desire me not to be too particular in enumerating my sins, as because I have forgot many things. I will try, however, to acquaint myself to the best of my ability, relying on your assurance of never exposing it, and that you will burn it, when God shall have given it the effect he intends for your Spiritual profit, for which I would gladly sacrifice every thing; persuaded as I am of his designs in regard to you, both for your own sanctification and that of others.

But at the same time I assure you that you will never attain thereto, except through much pain and labor, and in a path widely different from your expectation. Nor will you be surprised thereat, if once convinced that God does not establish his great works but upon NOTHING. It seems that he destroys in order to build, to the end that the temple, which he designs for himself, having been built up with great pomp and magnificence, yet only built by the hands of men, may be in such manner destroyed as that there may not remain one stone left upon another. Such destruction must serve for the Holy Ghost, to form a temple which shall be built by his own power only.

Oh, that you could comprehend the depth of this mystery, and conceive the secrets of the conduct of God, revealed to babes, but hid from the wise and great of the world, who imagine themselves to be the Lord's counsellors, capable of penetrating the depth of his ways; and to have attained that divine wisdom, which is hid from the eyes of all living, that is, of such as live to themselves and in their own works; and kept close from the face of the air, that is, from those who, by the vivacity of their intellects, and the force of their elevation, mount

up to heaven; and think to fathom the height, depth, breadth and extent of God.

This divine wisdom is unknown even to those who pass in the world for persons of extraordinary illumination and knowledge. To whom then is it known, and who can tell us any tidings thereof?— Destruction and death assure us that they have heard with their ears of its fame and renown.— 'Tis then in dying to everything, and to all regards thereto, in order to pass into God, and to live in him alone, that one has any comprehension of true wisdom. Oh, how little are her ways known and the conduct she holds over her choicest servants! Scarcely does one consider anything thereof, but, surprised at the difference betwixt the truth thus discovered and the ideas formerly entertained, such an one cries out with St. Paul, "Oh the depth of the knowledge and wisdom of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out."

He judges not of things as men do, who call good evil and evil good, and who regard as great righteousness things abhorred in his sight, and which (according to the prophet) are in his estimation but as filthy rags. These principles of self-righteousness, like those of the Pharisees, will meet nothing from him but wrath, far from being the objects of his love, and subjects of his recompenses; as he assures us himself, "Except your righteousness exceed that of the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Which of us has a righteousness that comes up any thing near to that of the Pharisees, and in doing less good has not more of ostentation? Which of us is not pleased to be righteous in our own eyes, and in those of others, and to think that sufficient to satisfy God? Yet we may see the indignation which our Lord, as well as his forerunner, manifested against such kind of persons. He who was the perfect model of tenderness and meekness, yet such as was deep, and came from the heart, not that affected meekness, which under form of a dove hides the heart of a hawk, constantly treated those self-righteous persons with austerity, and seemed to dishonor them before men.— The colors in which he represented them, appeared strange while he looked on sinners with mercy and love; protesting that for them only he was come, that it was the sick who needed a physician; and though the Savior of Israel, he came only to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

Oh love! it seems thou art so jealous of the salvation thyself gives, that thou preferest the sinner to the righteous, the poor sinner who, seeing in himself nothing but misery, is as it were constrained to hate himself. He casts himself, as otherwise lost, into the arms of his Savior, plunges with faith in the sacred bath of his blood, comes forth white as wool, and all full of love for him who, alone able to remedy his maladies, has had the charity to do it. The more enormous his crimes have been, the more he loves him; and his acknowledgments are so much the stronger as the debts remitted have been the greater; while the righteous, buoyed up with his good works as he presumes, seems to hold his salvation in his own hands, and regards heaven as a recompense due to his merits. He exclaims against all sinners, in the bitterness of his zeal, represents the gates of mercy as barred to them, and heaven as a place to which they have no right; while he thinks an admission into it the more secure for himself, as he appears in a higher degree to have merited it. His Savior is in a manner useless to him, he is so laden with his own merits. Oh how long will he bear the flattering load! While those sinners, divested of everything, fly on the wings of faith and love into the arms of their Savior, who freely gives them what he has infinitely merited for them.

I was born, as I have been told, on Easter Eve, the 18th of April, 1648, [at Montargis, a town in the province of Orleans, fifty miles south of Paris.] My parents made a high profession of piety, especially my father, who inherited it from his ancestors; for in his family they reckoned almost as many saints as persons who composed it. I had no sooner received life than I had like to have lost it, and to die without baptism. I was carried to a nurse. When there, my father received the news that I was dead; at which he was much afflicted; but soon after a messenger arrived, informing him that I had given some signs of life. He then took a Priest, and brought him to me myself; but on his arrival he was told that the sign of life I had given was only an expiring sigh, and that I was absolutely dead. The Priest returned, and my father also, in the utmost distress.

This held so long, that, should I tell it, it would appear incredible. Oh my God, it seems to me as if thou permitted a conduct so singular toward me, in order that I should become the more sensible of the greatness of thy providence over me, and of my being indebted to thee alone for my salvation, and not to efforts of any creature. Had I died then, I had perhaps never known or loved thee; and this heart created for thee alone, might have been separated from thee, without ever having been united to thee. Oh thou who art the sovereign felicity! That there no remains to me the consolation of having known thee, of having loved thee, sought, and followed thee, of having sacrificed myself in the strength of pure love to thee, with everything in any wise appertaining to me: that I have, with a heart full of gratitude, sought thy honor, glory, interests, and not my own; that I have loved all the chastisements which thy justice directed, and inflicted, or ever shall inflict on me, so as to join on the side of thy justice against myself; all this is owing to thy free grace and goodness.

These alternatives of death and life were signal omens of what was to befall me; one while dying by sin, another while living by grace. Death and life had a combat; but life proved victorious. I might I but hope that, in the conclusion, life will forever be victorious over death! Doubtless it will be so, if thou alone live in me, oh my God, who art at present my only life and my only love.

[To be continued.]











Poetry.

INVOCATION TO THE SPIRIT.

Come back, thou soul no stray no more, As when in days of being free, Thy bright indwelling essence wore The flower of immortality. Thy light shall show A purer glow, Exhaled with its charmed shreds, Like sacred flames the magi bore As offerings to the Life Divine...

SWEDENBORG'S THEORY OF HEAVEN.

The above is the title of four elegantly printed royal volumes, recently printed by the American Swedeborg Printing and Publishing Society, whose very existence is probably not known to one in a hundred of our readers, scarcely to one in a thousand, perhaps, of the American people. Yet we learn, from the volume before us, that this Society was "organized for the purpose of stereotyping, printing and publishing uniform editions of the theological writings of Emanuel Swedeborg, and incorporated by the State of New York in 1850. We are informed, also, by one of its officers, that the Society has already stereotyped and published eight royal octavo volumes, in a style uniform with the 'Arcana Coelestia,' and that it is vigorously prosecuting the work it has undertaken in issuing in a similar style, and at no distant period, all the theological works of the famous Swedish philosopher, amounting to more than twelve thousand octavo pages. The volumes before us number about 550 pages each, and are sold at the very low price of 75 cents per volume—barely enough to pay the cost of paper, press-work and binding, for they are admirably printed in every particular. So much respecting the externals of these volumes, as our Swedeborgian friends would say. We wish we were competent to speak of their interiors with a like degree of confidence. But to fathom these 'Heavenly Arcana,' or to give a complete analysis of the contents of these four volumes, would require more time, space and knowledge than we possess. But, without claiming to speak with authority—perhaps not always with strict accuracy, though we shall try to do this—we propose to state the fundamental principles of that system of hermeticism taught by the Swedish Seer, and so systematically applied in these volumes to a portion of the book of Genesis, and that portion, too, which has given rise to the most controversial.

naturally refer to change or place, denote, by correspondence, change of state, particularly the state of the heart or will. Therefore, an elevated place, such as a hill or mountain corresponds to an elevated state of the affections, or purity of heart; and a low place, of course corresponds to an opposite state of the affections, or impurity of heart.—Swedeborg says this is the reason why the Lord is called the Most High, and why Heaven, which is a state of comparative purity of heart, or a state of disinterested and neighborly love, is said to be on high, and also why hell, or the opposite state of life to heaven, is described by a word which, in the original Greek and Hebrew, naturally signifies a low place under ground—sometimes translated *grave*. So also the names of places, as of countries, cities and villages, mentioned in the Bible, are significant of the various states of regenerate and unregenerate minds; and the names of persons likewise are significant of certain mental or Spiritual qualities, and thus refer, in their highest sense, to classes of individuals, or to all those who are of the quality thereby denoted.

These examples will suffice to show that a book might be written under the dictation of Infinite Wisdom, which should contain both a natural and a Spiritual sense, corresponding to each other like body and soul, and Swedeborg alleges that the Sacred Scripture is composed in this manner; and that it is therefore entirely different from all unspirited productions, not only in the nature of its contents, but in the style of its composition; as, different, indeed, as a work of Nature is from a work of art—as a picture or statue is from a living man. He maintains that the divinity and sanctity of the Word reside in its Spiritual sense, and that it could not have been written otherwise than it is, and been a truly divine composition—really the Word of God. He claims to have been divinely illumined, and thus enabled to see the correspondence and Spiritual significance of all things in the Word, and to have been commissioned by the Lord to reveal them for the good of all Christians. And as this Spiritual sense of the Word is in his view its true and genuine sense—the sense which is specially needful to the Spiritual regeneration of man—therefore he maintains that the unfolding and revealing of this sense is the fulfilment of the promised second coming of the Lord. The Word, saith the Scripture, was in the beginning with God, and is God. Therefore, says Swedeborg, the true second coming of the Lord is a Spiritual coming—a coming of that which is Himself—a coming of the Word, or a true meaning of the Word, of its Spirit and life, the understanding and hearts of men—a coming upon the clouds of heaven with power and glory, because by the clouds is denoted the literal sense of the Word, which veils the Spiritual, but through or upon which the Spiritual sense breaks forth, as the sunlight through the clouds.

Swedeborg, therefore, presents us with an entirely novel view of the written Word of God—of the style of its composition, and of the nature and extent of its inspiration; and consistently with this, a new method of interpreting the Word, or of unfolding its Spiritual meaning. He does not set aside any of the admitted principles of philology, nor disparage the use of the grammar and lexicon as means of arriving at the correct *literal* import of the Bible. But he insists that the Spiritual sense of the Divine Word is not to be reached by these means alone, any more than the soul of man is to be found by the most minute and careful dissection of the body. As the soul's immortality is a matter of divine revelation and not of scientific investigation, so, he maintains, must the Spiritual sense of the Word be. Having announced a new principle of exegesis, which forces him to look beyond the bare context of the letter in his interpretation of Holy Scripture, it is not surprising that Swedeborg's entire system of doctrinal theology, which is professedly drawn from and based upon the written Word, should be quite different from the systems hitherto believed by the different sects in Christendom. And, accordingly, we find it to differ from all previous doctrinal systems, somewhat as Spirit differs from matter, the soul from the body, the Spiritual from the literal sense of the Bible. Thus, while he affirms the usual doctrines held by the Christian Church, he affirms them in quite a different sense, or explains them quite differently. He pretends to have opened up a higher and truer view of each doctrine, or rather a higher and truer view of the Word itself, from which all his doctrines are professedly drawn.

Crime and Spirit-Intercourse. Among the many benefits likely to result from the development and actualization of Spirit-intercourse, we know of few departments of life where its power will be more salutary and positive than among that class of unfortunate predisposed to suicide and murder. The fact that suicide will not better the condition of the criminal and sufferer will dispel the illusion that "anywhere out of the world," can bring no peace to the wicked or the unfortunate, and may be the means of awakening manly fortitude to meet the issues of life calmly. The murderer is generally *superstitious*, which fact can be well attested by the "lives of the felons," and when it is a known and acknowledged truth, that the Spirit never dies, but is *in rapport* with the earth and able to make known its presence from time to time, it is probable that murder would be deliberately effected with this conviction in mind? We think not. Let the following bear its proper testimony when you explain the fact. POWER OF A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.—A singular instance of the influence of a guilty conscience upon the imagination occurred at Gloucester a few weeks ago. Our readers may have noticed a paragraph in the papers last falling relating to the arrest of Gloucester, a fisherman, named McDonald, charged with the murder, at a hamlet on the shores of the Bay of St. Lawrence, of a man, named McDonald, and a cousin of the murderer. The accused was discharged for want of evidence to prove the murder, and was again arrested at the instance of the English Consul, upon a requisition of the Provincial authorities, charging him with manslaughter, and the British Government in relation to the surrender of persons accused of murder, returned against him, named McDonald, and is now at liberty. In the course of the examination it appeared that still another McDonald, master of the schooner James Seward in which the murderer escaped and several of the crew, were concerned in the affray which terminated so tragically, and had counselled him to the commission of the crime. This Capt. McDonald, having among his crew the same man, sailed from Gloucester a week or two since, and George Bank, and to the general surprise returned, after a short absence from port, without having visited the fishing ground. One of the crew relates the following strange story:—One evening as they were approaching the bank, running before the wind, under full sail, the vessel's headway instantly stopped, and while the skipper and the men above mentioned were wondering at the phenomena, they distinctly saw in the clear starlight the ghastly form of the murderer McDonald come on board over the bows, and the blood dripped from his side. It slowly lifted its finger towards the schooner's helm, pointed back to the distant port, and dis-

APOLLONIUS.

If there is a reality in the psychological facts and philosophies from time to time set forth in this department of the Journal, it is of course presumable that illustrative examples would be furnished, more or less, in the history of all ages and nations. Researches among the records of the past determine this to be the case; and among the many examples that might be mentioned, are those furnished in the history of Apollonius, a native of Tyana in Cappadocia, and who was born not far from the beginning of the Christian era. According to the traditionary intimations pointed to him as a remarkable personage, and from his childhood he was distinguished for extraordinary qualities of mind. In early life he attached himself to the austere tenets and discipline of the Pythagorean philosophy, abstaining entirely from animal food, living on fruits and herbs, going barefoot, and suffering his hair to grow its full length. He spent much of his time in the tent of Esculapius at Egge, and was by his priest initiated into the mysteries of the healing art; and he subsequently travelled extensively in various oriental countries, conversing everywhere with the priests and magi, and storing his mind with their occult wisdom. A modern adept in the knowledge of psychological laws will of course not wonder that, with a favorable constitution, this mode of discipline and culture should procure for him the development of remarkable intellectual powers; and these facts remove in a great measure, if not wholly, the incredulity of several wonderful things stated of him by his biographer, Plutarchus. It is stated by this writer that Apollonius in one or two instances restored to life persons who were apparently dead, by processes which in our day would be pronounced purely psychological. While in the island of Crete, he exclaimed, on one occasion, that the sea was bringing forth land. It was afterward ascertained that an island was at that moment rising out of the neighboring sea by the throes of an earthquake. While at the Isthmus of Corinth, he predicted the attempt of Nero to cut through it. In the latter part of his life, while at Ephesus, engaged in a public disputation, he suddenly changed his tone of voice and exclaimed,—"Well done, Stephen! take heart; kill the tyrant, kill him!" and after a short pause he added:—"The tyrant is dead; he is killed this very hour." It afterwards proved that the tyrannical Emperor Domitian was actually slain by a band of conspirators at that very hour in the city of Rome. Apollonius died at the advanced age of ninety-seven, and was regarded not only by his disciples, but by the Empress Severus, as a divinely inspired personage, and his memory received distinguished honors.

GENESEE HERALD.

TALENT WITHOUT OPPORTUNITY.—I just said there was not a single eminent man of science or letters in any Mohammedan country; not a great scholar, philosopher, or poet. You do not know this. I never heard of a great philosopher, naturalist, historian, orator or poet amongst them. The Jesuits have been in existence three hundred years; they have had their pick of the choicest intellect of all Europe—they never take a common man when they know it—they subject every pupil to a severe moral, intellectual and physical, as well as mental, order to ascertain whether he has the requisite stuff in him to make a strong Jesuit of. They have a scheme of education masterly in its way. But there has not been a single great original man produced in the company of them since the year 1545. They absorb talent enough, but they strangle it. Clipped orks never grow large. Prune the roots of a tree with a spade, prune the branches close to the bole, what becomes of the tree? The bole itself remains thin and scant, slender. Can a man be a conventional dwarf and a natural giant at the same time? Case your little boy's limbs in metal, would they grow? Plant a chestnut in a tea-cup, do you get a tree? Not a shrub, even. Put a priest or a priest's creed, as the only soil for a man to grow in, he grows not. The great God provided a natural mode of operation to you suppose He will turn aside and mend or mar the Universe to your or my request? I think God will do no such thing.—Theodore Parker.

LAW IN NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans lawyers are getting a reputation equal to Philadelphia lawyers at a legal quibble. According to the Piquette, a man was on trial for having entered a house and stolen some property. The testimony was clear that he had made an opening sufficiently large to admit the upper part of his body, and through which he protruded himself about half way, and stretching out his arm, committed the theft. The attorney for the defence addressed the jury:—"What an outrage!" (looking horrified, and with outstretched and trembling arms) "I repeat what an outrage upon your intelligence and your common sense it is for the State Attorney to ask at your hands the conviction of my client on such testimony!" "The law is against entering a house, and can a man be said to enter a house, when only one-half of his body is in and the other half out? Gentlemen, look to the Divine Law on this point. God commanded Adam to eat the apple, and the whole of the apple, and not to eat the apple." (The jury looked at each other.) "The law is against it, if they had only eaten one-half, they would not have been expelled from the blooming garden of Eden." The jury brought in a verdict of "guilty" as to one-half of his body from the waist up, and "not guilty" as to the other half. The Judge sentenced the guilty half to one year's imprisonment.