

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

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THINGS TO THINK OF. IDOLISM--INFIDELITY.

Of Infidelity there are many phases, and society as well as individuals are too apt to apply the epithet to all those who differ from them in their particular phase of religious belief. For freedom in religious belief is, however liberal in political things, a thing not to be thought of. For well the church knows that freedom in faith would liberate the world from the curse of conventional formality. All other dominant religions as well as the Christian, the Bramin, Mahomedan, &c., are pleased to bandy that pretty epithet infidel, and charge each other, because differing in particular views, for even in these creeds there are divisions and subdivisions, with Infidelity or heresy. History has shown us a black page when relating the course pursued by the Catholic church. What seas of blood have flowed upon the arbitrary dicta of the priestcraft, often because of an unimportant deviation. It is not sufficient for men to worship God after their own fashions, and although any professed theory is founded on the gospels, it is insufficient, unless the belief is that propounded by the church. Small deviations have been termed heresies; great movements Infidelity, until when time has softened the severance caused, then the gentler phrase of heresy is applied. The sects of the Christian church although they bandy the phrase heretic among themselves, yet unite in one distinctive notion as to what Infidelity is, and this distinctive is adhered to unless when some great movement arises and shakes the old pedestal to the foundation. The Lutheran movement was such an one, Spiritualism is another. It is then, the whole of the divisions and sects unite in an universal cry, not of heresy but of Infidelity, even although the new phase of thought has its foundation in the New Testament. The theory, be it what it may, differs from the generally received notions of the church. That word the church, "dearie me" what a power it has; men who a moment before would fight like two cats coiled in a bag, for tenets unimportant to salvation, forget their animosities, because of the cry of danger to the church is raised, and although divided in opinion perhaps as far as the North and South, yet they call themselves of the church, cloaking their pride under the modest denomination dissent. Distinctions on the cry being raised are for the time forgotten, and all unite against that which threatens to topple down the cracked and nodding edifice become rotten through error and age. The purity of the tenets professed is nothing to the church goes, no matter what the evidences may be which can be adduced in support of the belief. This is nothing, the whole is to be condemned, crushed, the reproach of Infidel is then given, for this is a phrase which deters many from avowing particular opinions, however true they may believe they are, and all arts but examination and reason are tried, but still the Infidelity flourishes when based on reason. The course pursued against the Protestant religion by the Romish church would, if the power was possessed, be pursued by the whole of the so-called Christian church, Catholic, Protestant, Universal, Unitarian, Wesleyans, Jumpers, Shakers, Quakers, Baptists, and if I were to write all the sectarian names, I fear the whole sheet would not contain them. However, they all become working bees, when the new truth threatens the old hive. They unite in abuse, "a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind," and Spiritualism is assailed; no pains are taken, no enquiries made. It spreads rapidly—truth usually does—that was enough—it is a delusion, and its votaries are by the charitably disposed of church men styled insane men, and yet Spiritualism is built upon the same foundation as every sect of the Christian church, not going to individual sects for particular things, but take the gospel as a broad foundation, and say, here upon this rock we found our faith, church if you will.

It must be admitted there are amongst us those who reject the Bible and its revelations, unless where in particular instances it can be shaped to suit particular views. But this accepting a part of the Bible and rejecting another part—without an attempt to reconcile the seeming impossibility—not applying the reasoning faculty to ascertain which is precept, which is fact, which is illustration, or which is allegory,—must strike every thinking mind as an anomaly. When Spiritualists reject the Bible, upon what evidence shall they rely? Upon the manifestations they are daily witnessing? It would appear that if these manifestations have any significance, surely those which must have resulted from the same power cannot be disregarded. It does not follow because they appear to be wrought with greater power that therefore they cannot be true, raising a ponderable body without visible means is as great an abruption of natural law as the falling of the walls of Jericho, or raising the dead, all equally unexplainable by any knowledge of natural law we possess. The sun and moon standing still, because not to be ex-

plained by any law human or divine, if we receive it as a figure of speech denoting the activity and energy of the Jewish soldiers upon the particular occasion, then reasonable. We may rely on reason and account for the natural impossibilities we encounter by calling on the aid of Spirits. We say they are the motive agent, and say so because many amongst us have had ocular demonstrations of their presence, and we receive their say so because supported by evidence. They give accurate descriptions of the forms they see, describing persons they have never consciously known, and telling the names they bore when inhabitants of the earth; and so we find the same things with the writing media, names of strangers to them are signed to communications. These are the simple things without going into extraordinary narratives, upon which we found our belief of the presence of the Spirits of departed friends; such evidence upon any other fact less pressing, and of a worldly nature, by the world would not for a moment be doubted, and yet, there are those amongst us who although they believe in the very phase of circumstance, yet reject the Bible revelations, because I feel bound to say, they do not reason on the premises. The minutest things occurring beyond that we conceive to be natural law, is quite as miraculous as the most stupendous narrative, quite as incomprehensible to our natural senses as any of the Bible miracles. If analogy is worth anything, then analogy is our guide in the elucidation of the mystery. We have facts continually occurring within our own perview, which can afford the link for the unravelment of the grand chain. But no, we get notions, choose to indulge in particular theories, build up from them systems, and then reject all, however important it may be, which does not exactly square with the view we have taken. And why is this so? because of that darling little idol self, through which all the angularities arise. That little self is the propounder and founder of all the errors and isms which have shaken the world, and that whether they have assumed a religious or political action, and so it must be so long as man permits his animal rather than his spiritual function to have sway. And to our disgrace professing the pure object we say we have, this man rule, this idol worshiping has place with us; and unblushing men stand on the conference platform and demand a reverence from their fellows because they happen to have seen more wonders than others, and assume because of this accidental circumstance, that they are on a higher plane of development, thus openly showing their preference for the darling little idol self, whose altar is their own hearts rather than for the pure truth, humility, the characteristic of every real seeker for truth. If self adulation is all the Spirits can teach, it would appear reasonable that the sooner such teachings, judging by the effects too often produced, cease, the better it would be for their scholars, the better for the world, for it is only another phase, or perhaps the same phase of that beautiful little idol self, which in past ages has lighted the torches of persecution. If a medium happens to have rendered active the organs of constructiveness and idealism, and when under influence is enabled to draw, then are these drawings shown with the smirk of conceit, and yet these drawings though curious as being made by a person unlearned, bear but few of the characteristics of the true artist.—Some it has been our lot to see, and have heard much lauded too, but these laudations reminded us very forcibly how necessary would be Hamlet's advice to the players, presented under a different phase. The drawings to which I particularly allude, are done after that style termed (if I remember rightly), Poonah painting, but then, how short they fall of those produced by the merest mechanism. Art is a sublime thing, and never yet was acquired in its perfection at a single leap any more than was any other department of knowledge.—There may be innate powers in the mind which particular circumstances have called into being; but perfectness was never attained in any particular without study and a knowledge of the particular rules—the result of experience; this the media appear to have lost sight of, and the injudicious praise of their friends awakes the little idol which is ever ready for adulation. The poet has a natural genius, yet he never attains to excellence without a knowledge of the construction of language and the rules of grammar, however high may be his inspiration. And when wonders have been spoken of, what is the too often remark we hear? "if I were to tell what I know, I could tell greater things." If then persons know these things, and have a reverence for the cause and desire to promote it, why do they not tell their experience?—Because that little self thinks it gains an importance by the assumption of a knowledge not shared with its fellows. In reason, it must be an axiom that any departure from that we conceive to be a natural law is quite as expressive as the greatest wonder; and it then follows, the manifestations of facts are all of one degree, and therefore, one man so far as the simple facts are concerned, is on no higher plane than another. The question then presents itself, what is development, what is the higher plane? Shall not the answer be the application of these facts by the powers of reason? He who can reason then on the facts he knows has the greater elevation, the greater development; for if we do not reason, however stupendous may be the things presented to us, we still continue where we were. What greater manifestation is there than the mystery of creation, the sequences of existence; we know these things are, because they are the every day events of experience, and believe if we do not reason, such things are only because they are, and this is as true of the manifestations—

A manifestation narrated and witnessed by a truthful man is received as a fact, then the seer and hearer are on the same plane, the evidence is the same to each of them, the one knows because he has seen, the other knows because he believes the truth has been spoken, and yet, both may be deceived! Many wonders have been witnessed, and when one of the seers has narrated the fact in the presence of another of the seers, the other has been unable to recognize it as the same, because of added embellishments. This is not always so, but when it occurs, those who believe the narrative may be considered one step advanced, because another element has been called into action, they realize all the seer has seen, and evince credulity or credulity, and this is one of the steps of faith. That pure reality by which only can we arrive at any thing. Credulity is the receiving and believing a narrative without exercising the reason.—Faith the receiving and believing when the reason has been exercised. So when faith has being, a higher development would seem to have being.—Why should Spiritualists arrive in this detestable emulation? Why should the one desire to be thought above his fellow? Why ape the world and follow after its dictates? Why let the external man have sway? Why call their little passions into action? Do they not know the very end and object of Spiritualism is to sweep away the petty distinctions man has raised. To make humanity through the Spiritual power inherent in each soul, stand on the same broad plane looking to God as the only origin and source of all material and spiritual being. If they do not know this, then have they the very commencing step, the primal element of their faith to learn, and when they know this, then will they practice it, and present the heart as a Spiritual altar, the soul being, the priest, pure and undefiled, and then acceptable to the infinite essence. But until they do this, they present a material altar for sacrifice, the officiating priest, self; self adulation the fruit and the prayer, to what God then do they offer their adorations? Is not this retrogression? Is it not sin? and are they not to reap its wages? If selfish feelings are the end of their faith, then self is their God.—Finite! Finite! only man.

This little episode will be pardoned, because the object of writing should be the elicitation of truth, and it can only be known by showing men that they truly are. The observations were not dictated in a censorious Spirit, but arose rather from the presence of feelings, seeing as the writer does, those angularities which he deems as subversive of Spiritual truth, and which tend to introduce an element of discord into that which should be harmony. The pen was taken to discuss some phase of infidelity, and to enquire into its nature, the subject of self was presented and pursued, because it is felt that self is the very element of infidelity, and so applicable to the subject. Besides, it is impossible to correct our errors unless we know them, and men because of self cannot see the surface of the mirror in its undimmed splendor, but when the lines and angularities of human nature are presented in a kindly Spirit, those who reflect will be able to discern the truthful image, to see themselves.

The infidel, and this is a definition upon which all creeds unite, is a one who denies the existence of God and the immortality of the human soul.—This state of mind, many possess it, has arisen not so much from the absence of intelligence as from a condensed effort of the reasoning faculty. For the purpose of argument, it will be conceded that in all minds there is an intuitive desire to rely upon something higher than themselves, and when it is stated that infidelity or atheism has in a degree its origin from this power, the proposition may perhaps be viewed with suspicion, yet it may not therefore be the less true, and Infidelity (when a man has reasoned at all on the nature of Spiritual things) is occasioned too often by the vibration of those intuitive chords of the mind which have become agitated because of the education which has been imparted in early days, unaccompanied by the necessary evidence of the truth of the proposition then given, or it may be as the mind has advanced along the path of life, certain conclusions have been adopted which the evidence the mind has afterwards been able to collect has not sanctioned. There are also cases of infidelity which have arisen from the absence of all education, or after enquiry upon these subjects. But in all phases, the same arguments are held; the same propositions adduced for solution. We, who believe we have substantial evidences of the soul's immortality, may perhaps wonder how any other person can be ignorant of them, because so easy of attainment, but this should excite pity rather than hostility, because of the fallibility of man.—A man avows he is an atheist, at first perhaps he has esteemed it the mark of an original thinker, or deems the world will give him credit for some depth of thought; will suppose he has examined the many theological views presented for the acceptance of the world; examined the evidences, and has philosophy at command to back the opinions he avows. In this case pride and self esteem are at the bottom.

Infidels with all are inconsistent, they readily admit the eternity of matter, and yet deny the immortality of the soul or mind, although the evidences for the one and the other are equal. They admit that mind has being, because it can be judged by its results and their own consciousness of its action. Thus then, they say, that only of which they have the evidence of the senses for, they believe in, and yet admit the eternal duration of matter. This is a thing they cannot have seen, so an admission of a something of which the senses of a life time cannot be cognisant; but then they say,

science has shown matter to be undestructible, for when destroyed in one form it exists in another, here then is an admission of the right to reason, analogically. Now for the sake of argument we say, mind is matter? the animal frame is matter, yet with different functions, the one is sentient, the other merely animate. The animal frame is passing away and is renewed each moment, but not so the mind, it receives additions but never loses that it had, and this we know, because long forgotten events are recalled upon the presentations of particular circumstances. We see that knowledge grows, and that which the mind rejects, it is still not the less conscious of; but that which passes from the body passes never to return. We gain flesh, but it is by the addition of particles, which particles themselves pass off. A computation has been made that the body changes its particles every seven or ten years, passing in elemental forms and enters into new combinations, this change we do not find in the mind; new opinions may be avowed, but the old ones not the less exist. If we follow the argument as it is sometimes presented, that mind and matter are the same, and so commingled, that; that which impairs the body, impairs the mind, thus showing as it is said, the connection, then it would follow that the mind would pass with the animal matter of the frame, for if mind and matter are one, then each atom is sentient, then has each man an infinity of existences all sentient, for then the rule, all things equal in themselves are equal to each other, has force, then all their feelings and sentiments are multiplied, and so their existence is in a myriad of forms rather than in one concentrated whole, an existence without of which they are not conscious, and yet consciousness passes with the material particles of the body. But this view is altogether a fallacy, and is rejected by the better informed of the infidel brethren, for with them there are grades of intelligence, and this makes the matter more surprising, and yet in fact, only shows that intelligence is one thing, and reflection is another. When a man is sick or bowed beneath the load of years, the mind is not impaired, but the currents by which it is conveyed are, for if the mind was impaired, then it could only gain its original powers by additions, then we see immediately the presence of sickness is removed, the mind regains its elasticity; in other words, when the wants of the machinery through which the mind imparts its will have regained their pristine use: so in old age, the functional powers of will are impaired but not the will, for there are moments even in the most advanced age, when the mind beams out in all the lustre it had when youth, and health and energy were the characteristic of the body. Yet if the above proposition were true, this could not be, for if its lucidity had departed, then it could not have power but by additions.

The general view is that although mind (not to speak of soul) is material, yet it is of a different constitution to that of the body and is separable, then if separable, it must have an independent existence, either particled in its mentality or existing as a whole. It is a natural question what becomes of it? for if the material composing the body has existence, surely the mind also exists!

This is viewing the question without speaking of Spirit or soul, we believe existence has form, because we cannot suppose an existence without form, for atomic conformations so far as scientific analysis has arrived at a conclusion finds the conformation identical in each element. We have arrived at a mental separate existence, it were then it would seem an easy step to a Spiritual or soul existence: perhaps on arriving at this conclusion, it were admitting but little to say mind is material, but not in the sense of matter, and by contact impresses the soul and then departs, the soul has its impress, and the thought which is the thing departs on its mission, and impresses other souls, hence the coincidents we observe, the identification of thoughts in different individuals.

Space will not permit me to pursue the theme at this time, but that which is written if it affords food for reflection, the object of the writing is gained. An opportunity of renewing the investigation will be taken.

S. B.

ALLEGORICAL DREAM.

The following very remarkable and somewhat romantic dream, was taken from the lips of the dreamer himself, a young man of unquestionable integrity, as well as fine intellect. He thinks that already a considerable portion of it has been exemplified in his own life, which it is easy to see that certain great principles of truth and right are distinctly shadowed forth.

In the year 1843, while in Preston, Ontario Co., New York, the following dream occurred:—A year or two previous, I had commenced freeing myself from the thralldom of the Baptist Church, by commencing within myself a process of reasoning, and carrying out my suggestions in practice. It was certain that all sects differing widely as they did in many important points, could not be right in the highest sense, how then, could I believe that the small group to which I belonged, enjoyed an exclusive monopoly of good? Then why not hear others, and at least find what they had to say for themselves? In short, I had begun to question more and more deeply, but as yet no answer came. I cut loose from the thrall of the church service, and went freely among other sects listening, as I had opportunity, to what might be said on every hand. I began to see much that was irrational, not to say immoral and dangerous to the true interest of the soul in most of the popular doctrines. The monstrous and deformed Selfishness, and the tyrannical, gross and brutal Spirit of Sectarianism that were so carefully veiled in the churches, began to be stripped of their

false trappings, and to reveal their hideous wickedness and deformity. Feeling that I could never attain the full stature of the Spiritual Man under such influences, I left the Church, and was seeking for good as an individual and self-responsible being. When the dream occurred I had been exercised in this way for nearly two years.

I was sleeping alone, but dreamed that there was a young man in bed with me. We were at a public house, as I dreamed, and in the night were awakened by screams and a great noise outside. I rose and looked out of the window, when I beheld in the distance a most terrible scene, like a prairie on fire. The rolling waves, red and glaring advanced, spreading far and wide, and lighting the country for miles around with the lurid blaze.

As soon as the young man in bed with me beheld the danger, he proposed that we should wrap ourselves up in wet blankets. I told him that would be of no use, and urged him, as the only means of safety, to go out at once, and meet the danger manfully. He shrunk from this, and the last I saw of him, he lay enveloped in the wet blankets with which he had clothed himself. I threw on my clothes quickly as possible, and hurried into the street. On the corner a large crowd of men, women and children were gathered together. Some were seeking to escape by running over the hill, but before they reached the summit, the rolling eyes of the Fire-Fiend stared them in the face. Others were kneeling with an attempt to pray; while others still were weeping and wringing their hands, with cries and shrieks, and the most piteous moans.

I told them to stop and try to help themselves in some other way, that prayers would not arrest the fire—it was coming, and we must try to stop it—or at the least meet it with resolution. But they were overwhelmed with the terrible anguish of their fears. I tried to encourage them, telling them to stand up and meet the foe, but in vain.

Higher and higher rose the flames, until the sky was reddened with their light, Nearer and nearer swept the flood, with a deep hollow roar, like that of an angry sea, but infinitely more terrible. As it came near enough for them to feel the heat, they grew frantic. And when at length it really came on to us, the struggles, screams, shrieks and groans increased to such a degree as baffles all description. It was one chaotic mass of unmitigated agony.

At length this horrible uproar became less and less violent. The red waves rolled and rolled on, at length passing far away. The fire was seen in the distance like a cloud. I was left alone amid silence and utter desolation. The people were all gone. Every thing was swept from the earth. Not a human being—not a tree—not a leaf or bare stick had escaped. Every thing was consumed.

Then came upon me the horrible fear of perishing even a worse death—the slow torture of starvation. With the most terrible forebodings I sought for some refreshment, for I had already begun to be hungry. Thus several hours passed, but I found nothing. And when apparently about yielding to despair, suddenly as if borne on a shaft of light, this thought went through my mind—had I been brought thro' the fire to die for want of bread? I repelled the idea. It was a slander against the divine strength that had delivered me. It was a libel on my own Will-power, which had thus seemed to work the greatest of miracles. I would be strong. Nay I was strong, and would deliver myself.

Pursuant to this resolution, I began my search, with every round making wider and wider circles. For three nights and two days I went on, still sustained by that almighty Resolution, though I found nothing to relieve the eye—nothing to encourage the heart—nothing—nothing!—but one wide waste of scorched and blackened earth.

Early on the morning of the third day, I spied at a considerable distance on the hill side, a sight that filled my whole soul with unexpressed joy. It was the blackened stump of an old tree, which yet remained, though the branches were burned off close to the body. It was a fragment of life that stood like a friend in the midst of my great loneliness. I hurried toward it as toward a human being. I threw my arms around the charred trunk, and wept aloud for very joy.

When the violence of these emotions had somewhat subsided, I looked off into a valley that appeared to be about a quarter of a mile beyond, and there I could see the tops of green trees.—Filled with divine joy, and doubting nothing of my complete deliverance, I hurried to the spot.—With every step as I approached, I grew happier; and when I arrived there and beheld the Eden that was softly unfolded to my gaze, my bosom was pervaded by a serene peace which was at home there, bathing in the clear light, and inhaling the pure air as its native element. Beautiful shrubbery, groves of stately forest trees, rich fields of grain, clear fountains, musical streams, and flowers woven in bright parterres through the whole landscape, opened a region of endless enchantment.—The grounds were not extensive, but every thing was in the most perfect order. Not a dead limb, a dry leaf, a stone, or stick, appeared. All was perfect.

I walked around the place several times, with ever increasing delight and wonder. And in the new view, every thing appeared still more complete, and withal I discovered some new thing at every step. I sat down under a tree, and regaled myself with the delicious fruits. I was penetrated with such an intense happiness as almost pained me. The sense of gratitude, the joy of deliverance, the present repose, the surrounding beauty, were all pressed and interpressed in my emotions.

Gradually this excitement passed into a train of deep and pleasant thought. I reflected on my situation; and the clear light of the sun that had risen high in heaven, seemed shining into my soul. I knew then that there was a deeper meaning in all this than I could yet comprehend; but in the future I felt assured it would be made known to me.

Again this state of mind passed off, and began once more to feel my own individuality, or the necessity of providing for my wants as a human being. And with this was unfolded the desire of companionship. The beauty which no other eyes than mine could see, began to lose its power of attraction; the light which reflected the luster of no loving eye, grew dim and cold; and I felt the want of something which would have made me happy far less, but for the want of which all these blessings could not recompense me. I was yearning after intelligent companionship, the sympathy in look, speech, action, which by dividing our pleasures, continually and repeatedly multiplied them. It was surprising how soon every thing grew stale, for there was no consciousness without or beyond my own, to catch any new attraction or reflect it back to mine, invested with a new life and beauty.

Oppressed with loneliness, I went out on the hill and called aloud, hoping to rouse some human being. But my voice met with no response. No living thing replied. Even Echo was silent. It would have rejoiced me to find even the humblest living creature in that profound solitude.

While walking about, I discovered a place dug in the ground. There was a swell or embankment somewhat like that of a tomb, and a stone lay in an inclined direction against what seemed to be the entrance. Taking hold of it, and finding that it was moved easily, I drew it away, when underneath I discovered a door. I stood looking at it for some time, questioning with myself whether I should thus venture on the unknown. I had very strange feelings; confidence and distrust, doubt and faith, appeared weighing themselves in my mind, while the balance was so near even, that I stood not knowing what to do. I thought perhaps the owner of the garden was there—that the whole scene might be some lure to entrap me. But the desire to know threw the weight on the positive side of the scale, and I determined to investigate, let the result be whatever it might. Thus determining, I threw open the door, when my wonder was still increased by the new scene which was there unfolded. It was a cellar under ground, filled with family stores, and as I had witnessed before, every thing was in the most beautiful and perfect order. Nice, clean barrels and other vessels were set away in the well paved alleys, and these were all filled with roots and vegetables of the finest appearance. Dairy rooms, milk, cheese and butter, in short, all that a healthy appetite could desire, appeared in the details. I beheld all these things with that calm sense of satisfaction and enjoyment which is the highest expression of ownership. They all seemed put there for me, and I was glad and thankful. But now the less did I feel the marvellousness of all that had occurred, which the last discovery fairly crowned. But still I wondered if no human being was near. It was too much to enjoy alone, and the sense of delight was strained and really ached with the unshared intensity of its emotions.

I went out under a tree, so full of thankfulness, I could not do otherwise than offer prayer and praise. The bended knee, the murmured thanks, the tearful supplication for still higher still purer good, were but natural acts; and in their free exercise I became once more intensely happy.

But again the loneliness came over me. I rose and wandered in pursuit of that other self, that could respond to mine, and thus complete its self-hood. I called aloud again and again, and though no one came—no one answered—I began to have faith that I should yet find what I sought.

Again I sat down and listened. All was calm. All was still. But in the midst of this a strain of music floated from a distance, so delicate, so aerial—that I held my own breath lest its harshness should dissolve the sweet and fragile sound. But even while I listened, it was gone—dissipated, as if melted in its own sentences, which still seemed to fill the air. I rose and hastened forward in the direction of the voice, for it was a human voice that I had heard. But I found nothing—saw and heard nothing. Again it was revived, it seemed to approach me. But though I shouted with all my strength, I could get no answer. Then the music ceased, and in the bitterness of my disappointment I could almost curse it, as a trick of the imagination. But once more it was renewed, clearer, nearer than before, but it seemed flitting about; and I went from one side to another to follow its changes. Finally, the words became intelligible—when, as the height and crown of all wonders, they seemed to repeat my own story.

I sat down powerless; for what could a mere human being do amid such a train of marvels? The voice continued to approach me. I rose and went forward, when I met a female form in a plain and simple dress, and though of a plain countenance, yet exceedingly attractive with the beauty of expression. The attraction was mutual. We were drawn to each other's arms. We embraced with a speechless joy. We read in each other's eyes the tenderest gratitude for deliverance from the misery of loneliness! We saw each other's integrity in the trusting looks that opened either soul. We felt each other's love in the throbbing hearts that spoke and answered each other, without want of words. It was an infinite union, that brought together the long severed elements, and of two im-

AN INVOCATION.

BY S. B.

Glory to thee Oh God, Eternal First,
By whom the impulse of the heart is nursed
Whose power made all—whose emanation flies
And maketh man with all his wisdom—wise.

Years long have rolled since first creation's dawn
Burst o'er the earth, when lights soft being born
Shed'd all the splendor of creative power,
It liv'd, and breath'd in brightness, 'till the hour
When man in daring thought aspired to be
Free in each act, and disregarded thee.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MINISTRATION OF HOPE AND FAITH.

Oh lady! why thy weeping eyes,
Why should'st despair so blind thy sight?
See yonder in the red'ning skies
Wrestles the all-controlling light;

tion of the screams, which were repeated perhaps
a dozen times, when the voices proceeded to inform
us that the conversation came from the spirit of two
brothers, calling themselves Henry and George

And when we experience anything, we know something
about that thing. Yet after all, intemperance from intoxicating
drinks is a very great, abominable evil, and we
should use all our energy that we can, in a proper
manner, against it.

DREAM LAND AND GHOST LAND;

VISITS AND WANDERINGS THERE
IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

GHOST, OR NO GHOST.

If Paul were to preach in England in our day,
he could scarcely bring against us the charge
preferred according to our version, against his auditors
in ancient Athens, of being too superstitious.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MINISTRATION OF HOPE AND FAITH.

Oh lady! why thy weeping eyes,
Why should'st despair so blind thy sight?
See yonder in the red'ning skies
Wrestles the all-controlling light;

Music is not so much in the tones striking on
the ear, as in the soul; and it is by Spiritual sight
that we become familiar with Spiritual things.

And because we have been unable, or indisposed,
to realize these things, we have also been
unable to apprehend how a Spirit could approach
us, how we could become cognizant of it, and
know it, and behold it; for we will (the most of
us) recognize no difference between what is done
through the senses and what is done by them: the
eye is as powerless as glass to see, and the fingers
as incapable as iron of feeling, what wonderful
individuality is that which informs them all,—the
senses are not separate powers, but various mani-
festations of one power—that power which collects
all its forces and discharges them through the
body.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

MINISTRATION OF HOPE AND FAITH.

Oh lady! why thy weeping eyes,
Why should'st despair so blind thy sight?
See yonder in the red'ning skies
Wrestles the all-controlling light;

And when we experience anything, we know something
about that thing. Yet after all, intemperance from intoxicating
drinks is a very great, abominable evil, and we
should use all our energy that we can, in a proper
manner, against it.

And because we have been unable, or indisposed,
to realize these things, we have also been
unable to apprehend how a Spirit could approach
us, how we could become cognizant of it, and
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All the powers of Nature hold
Subject to their kindly will;
From the wondering gourd above,
Travelling life's wild waters o'er,
Afloat on the strong wind still.

Still, to such, Life's elements
Will their former laws dispense,
And the chain of causality
Broken in their pathway lies;
Time and change, their way making,
Flowers from joy pillows waking,
Tresses of the sun's smiling
Over midnight skies.

[To be continued.]

[To be continued.]

The Eyes.—There is a popular notion, sanctioned
even by men who ought to know better, that the
eyes are preserved by opening them every
morning in a basin of cold water. Some of the
worst cases of pterygium or film on the surface
of the eye have been witnessed by those who have
boasted of this practice to the windpipe, the nostrils,
or the ear, irritation is produced; and when the
eyes are opened under water, the sensation is any-
thing but agreeable. The eye is lubricated by a
secretion admirably adapted to facilitate the motions
of the lid over its surface, and as this secretion
is partially soluble in water, it is inconsistent with
common sense to wash it away, as it is to remove
the oil from the wheels of machinery. It is
unquestionably important that the cleanliness of the
organ be maintained; yet this may be accom-
plished in the usual manner without opening the
lubricating surface. When the secretion is vitiated
by cold or other causes, quince seed tea or
milk and water are preferable for ablation to water
alone.

SP RITS TALKING ALOUD AND BAKING PANCAKES.

The following is the article read and commented on
in the Conference of Friday evening, by Mr. Benning;
the facts of which are remarkable, not only for their character,
but also for the method by which they got before the public.

A TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

We publish the following at the request of Friend Hinshaw,
as the suggestions it contains may stimulate thought.
There can be hardly a second opinion as to the fragrant
character of much that sails popularly under the flag of
temperance; but it must be equally obvious that a commence-
ment must be made somewhere, by somebody, and on some
subject.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

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[From the Spiritualist.]
HARTFORD, Trumbull Co., Ohio, Jan. 8, 1855.
S. W. SMITH, Esq., Dear Sir: The facts given in the
inclosed affidavit of John Richardson are of public notoriety
here, and can do no doubt be sustained by any amount
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The State of Ohio, Trumbull County, ss.—Before
me, Wm. J. Bright, a Justice of the Peace in and
for the county aforesaid, personally came John
Richardson, who, being duly sworn, deposes as follows:
I am a resident of Pamyntumy township,
Mercer county, Pa.; live four miles east
of the centre of Hartford, Ohio; have lived where I
now reside nine months. About five weeks
ago my attention was arrested by a sharp and loud
whistle, seeming to come from a small closet in one corner
of my house. This was followed by loud and distinct
raps, as loud as a person could conveniently
rap with the knuckles. The closet-door is secured
or fastened by a wood-button that turns over the
edge of the door. This button would frequently
turn, and the door open, without any visible agency.
This was followed by a loud and distinct (apparently)
human voice, which could be heard, per-
haps, fifty rods.

After repeating a very loud and shrill scream
several times, the voice fell to a lower key, and in
a tone about as loud as ordinary conversation,
commenced speaking in a plain and distinct man-
ner, assuring the family that we would not be
harmed, and requesting us to have no fear of any
injury, as we were in no danger. Those manifesta-
tions being altogether unaccountable to myself
and family, we searched the entire house, to find,
if possible, the cause of this new and startling pheno-
menon, but found no one in or about the premises
but the family. Again we were startled by a repe-

Why not? My dubitative sneering friend, why
not? All Nature is a kingdom of wonder and mys-
tery! this addition does not increase or make more
complicate the wonder; nay, does it not make it
less so? You would move through a real reduced
to the level of your own eyesight; you would in-
terpret the supernatural to be all that extends be-
yond the bounds of your own unrouned faculties.
Why may not Spirits be what bodies are to shad-
ows? Why should it be thought a thing incredi-
ble with you that a soul should have a shape?
Why should it be thought a thing incredible with
you, that in certain states the extraordinary should
be seen, when we know that in certain states the
extraordinary is felt. For our part, it does not ap-
pear more wonderful to see a ghost than to write
Hamlet or Festus, and the ghost phenomenon is
perhaps more easy of solution than the other.—
There appears to be a balance of reasoning against
the skeptic. We leave our friend in the possession
of the laugh, while we take possession of the pile
of documents, the testimonies beyond dispute and
disbelief—the facts of modern science—the im-
mense retinue of coincidences in universal experi-
ence. How can you believe all wrong? How
can you exert your own eyesight over so large an
experience? Under any view this simplifies the
present life; every form of beauty or of terror has
its own answering type and correspondence in the
next world. The shapes of terror, and of power,
of beauty, and of light, are there: the power to
realize their presence depends upon our emancipa-
tion from the dominion of the outer organs of the
senses. Their monarchy over the soul enfleebles it—
light may stream through a medium of horn or
of glass, and it becomes dim or bright in conse-
quence,—our power to perceive the relations of the
Spiritual world depends upon the fineness of our
organism.

Time was when the writer of this volume
thought, with most the friends whom he knew in
those days, that all the legends and reputed mo-
dern apparitions, and the spectral lights, the strange
coincidence of dreams, might all be easily and sat-
isfactorily explained, by such volumes as Sir David
Brewster's "Natural Magic," Sir Walter Scott's
"Demology and Witchcraft," Upham's "Disor-
dered Mental Action," Hibbert's work on "Apparitions,"
and innumerable others equally useful,
all of which, no doubt, have tended to correct a
diseased credulity, but which have left the actual
question, nearly, if not quite, where it was before.
How widely disseminated is this faith in the invis-
ible world—in the world of unseen influences and
persons? How widely does the belief extend, of
powers stronger than any we behold? How widely
diffused are the instinctive longings for communion
with the Spiritual world? Civilization does erase
the letters written upon the soul, in the more early
and simple day of its history; but what the savage
believes and bows before, the child of luxury and
of vanity cannot entirely escape from. How many
of the opinions, held by us as fixed opinions, which
looked with scorn upon many of those held by our

Nightly down the river going,
Brewster was the hunter's raving,
When he saw that lodge-fire glowing
Over the water, and the land below,
And the square's dark eye burn brighter,
And she drew her blanket tighter,
As with quicker eye than lightning,
From that door she fled.

SLEEP.—A German Physiologist has made some
instructive remarks on sleep, in connection with
the position of the sun. He says that "the pe-
riod of twenty-four hours, produced by the revo-
lutions of the earth on its axis, marks its influence
most definitely on the physical economy of man.
Diseases show this regular influence, in their daily
rise and fall. Settled regular fevers exhibit a
twenty-four hour's flux and reflux. In the healthful
state there is manifest the same regular influ-
ence, and the more habitual our meals, exercise,
employment, and hours of sleep, the more power
is there in the system to resist disease. In the
morning the pulse is slower, and the nerves more
calm, and the mind and the body better fitted for
every description of labor. As we advance to-
ward the evening of the day, the pulse quickens
and becomes feverish. But the regular midnight
rest and sleep, carried off this fever by healthy
respiration. He thinks this evening fever is not
entirely owing to the accession of new eyle to the
system, but also to the departure of the sun and
the light. The crisis of this fever ought to take
place about midnight, when the sun is in its nadir,
so that refreshing sleep might prepare the body for
morning labor. Those therefore, who push this
crisis into the morning by keeping late hours,
which will spring up sooner or later. By a disor-
der of the system, and principles, nervous people
wear themselves out in a comparatively short time.
The early part of the night is wasted in needless
excitement, the crisis is pushed forward toward
the morning—the body enters upon the business
of the following day unrefreshed—the nervous sys-
tem is enervated to the general waste of strength,
and a fretful mind is a true index of the injury in-
flicted upon the whole man.