



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

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THE INCOMING AGE—ITS SIGNS AND CHARACTERISTICS.

In our last article, we spoke of several of the distinguished minds of the present and the coming century as signs of the new Era, which writings subverted to introduce. We believe to be correct, and that he who has faith in the spiritual world, and is prepared to ascend the steps of a still higher progress, who has drunk deeply at these wayside fountains, should be already far advanced in Spiritualism. He who will boldly follow whither they unconsciously point, will find himself entering within a more brilliant sphere of knowledge. He who has kept to his old-fashioned thoughts, making the old of Coleridge and Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, the expression of his own voiceless emotions, and the deep rhythmic utterances of Carlyle, the spiritual world of Emerson, the key-notes of the new era waiting to burst from his own bosom, the threshold of the New Age, and the audience chamber of a more august and perfected manhood of the skies. An old-fashioned truth has already been reared in the new, and there needs but the mediatorial presence of some devout soul in the Spirit and power of the old, and the fire of heaven will descend upon it, and it will not allow, nor is it necessary, to make the many indications of change and reformation, it is sufficient to point to the quarter of heaven in which they may be seen. The dawn of a new era, and the decay of those mighty powers with which it was associated, prelude the introduction of Christianity, as Milton's beautiful *Hyperion* to the *Notitia*:

"The ancients were dumb,
No voice nor light on him,
Rustling the ungodly roof in words deceiving;
Apathy on his shrine,
Conscious no more divine
What he had lost the shrine of Delphos leaving."
So the decline of the outward forms in which the same Christian Faith was once embodied and perfectly represented,—for the full and complete of a true Christ-life upon earth has never been expressed or lived by any church or nation—because a new unfolding from the sources of life,—as in the sway of the Roman arms binding together in one compact civilization the East and the West, uniting under the same broad banner, and with her miracles of art and Palestine, and of prophecy and divine mediation, was a new preparation for the advent of the new era of peace; so the discoveries of modern science, the new conquest of the world by arts and sciences, and the establishment of society in this new sphere, upon a more genuine basis of equality and equality, are introductory to the new era of inspiring wisdom from above,—the new Social Advent or divine-Spiritual reign of God on earth. It is not necessary to enlarge upon the subject, though illustrations crowd upon us from every side. We feel the new life stirring within us as the Spring feels the swelling of the falling buds in her teeming bosom. The dawn of the dawning Era hovers like a brooding spirit over the New World, and the expanded intellect and throbbing heart and quickened organization thrill together with unwonted emotion.

Let us now consider a few of the characteristics of the Incoming Age. In the childhood of the new era, Revelation was necessarily objective; as the infant mind even now must be taught by outward and sensible demonstrations. In the Eden of the new world, the newborn child Humanity, clothed forth by the Father's hand, and instructed in words and symbols, suited to his state of innocence and bliss. As he wandered downward from the peaceful Paradise of Eden, the Divine Parent was with him, though veiled from his outward sight. To go, in the infancy of the Christian Church, the Divine Teacher again appears to re-affirm and establish in the external plane of life the inward truths of the ancient Word. By precept and example, by heavenly instructions veiled in parables and symbols, he recalled the bewildered child from his wanderings, and set him again in the true path with his eye fixed upon the heavenly luminaries. And now when that light has become well obscured, shut out by corrupt organizations and buried up beneath the rubbish of human traditions, we behold a new opening of the heavens. An outward voice of the Lord walking in the garden in the cool of the evening; no angel-youth in external form is sent to lead man from the Sodom of his corruptions; no Second Advent of the Divine Man into the natural world is beheld coming from the clouds of heaven. There is similitude and analogy, but nothing of routine in the Divine manifestation. God multiplies, but does not repeat his works. He unfolds to perfection that which has once created, blessing with perpetual increase the children of his care. What then is this new coming which he himself foretold and angel

hosts from above affirmed? What is the hope of man thro' all the darkened annals of the past? The day of the restitution of all things spoken of by all God's holy prophets since the world began? What the unuttered desire and dim longing of all human hearts till this very hour? 'Tis the quickening of man's interior, 'tis the era of universal inspiration, 'tis the opening of the inner and higher degrees of the mind to communications with spheres of angelic and celestial wisdom. 'Tis a divine and holy communion with the Infinite Father ever present to the soul, for the heart yearns for God, as the child stretches forth its hands in the night to feel the parent near. The great characteristic then of the Incoming Age is Spiritual unfolding, both subjective and objective. The inner senses are opened, the higher degrees of the mind quickened and rendered receptive, and to correspond with this subjective development, objective disclosures unfold in order and power from the heavens. But in this Era, the subjective rules the objective. Thus the plane and character of the internal development determines the degree and quality of influx from the Spirit-world. Mediums opened only in the lowest planes of their minds, through common clairvoyance or mesmeric operations, see only by the uncertain light of magnetic spheres the fleeting shadows of those dim and deceptive orbs.

Spiritualism may be considered in some sense, as the culmination of Protestantism. It is the right of private judgment made universal and absolute. Let us illustrate this view. The old church rests upon authority, as the final basis of its teachings. Ask a Presbyterian why he believes thus and so, and he will tell you, if he answers from his Presbyterianism, because it is so laid down in his creed or catechism, which is supposed to be founded upon the true sense and meaning of the Word itself. Ask an Episcopalian or Roman Catholic, what reason he has to hold certain opinions, and he will tell you, if he speak as a Churchman or Romanist, that his church so teaches, and she is supposed to be clothed with the authority of the apostolical succession, or to inherit the keys of St. Peter, with power to bind reason and conscience. Inquire of one of the more modern sects—a Baptist or a Methodist—why he adheres with such tenacity to certain forms of belief or modes of practice, and he will point you to chapter and verse, for all he believes and all he does. But if you go one step farther back with each of these, and ask him how he knows—provided you concede the historical integrity of the writings to which he refers,—that these ancient records, and more especially his interpretations of them are according to the mind of the Spirit, and he has no satisfactory answer to give. As respects the latter enquiry, he will probably refer you to the ponderous tomes of divinity, written by the learned of his sect; in respect to the more general subject, the divine inspiration of the Sacred Writings, he will probably adduce many ingenious arguments and plausible hypotheses; for that which is essentially true, can generally be made to appear probable, though the only method by which absolute demonstration can be afforded, is not admissible upon his plane. Thus the problems of Euclid generally appear to be true expressions of mathematical relations, ere we follow his infallible chain of reasoning. The child may believe the answer to his sum to be correct, though he knows not how to get it. But the time comes when the state of minority ceases, and the man can no longer blindly rely upon external authority for support. There are, in this age, men and women, earnest and truthful natures on whom the burden and the mystery of life press with a leaden and crushing weight, who have said No, but would say Yes; for such a living and absolute demonstration is the one thing needful.—Quickened by the breath of the coming dawn, they have awakened while it is yet dark and cold around them. The cry of these sad and lonely ones has gone up on high, and reached the ear of the eternal Father. Let us ask these, the few among them who have caught the returning answer—how they know and can distinguish divine truth from human error and the traditions of men. And they will answer—it is only by a quickening of the human spirit—the unfolding of the inner and higher nature of the man. To judge of inspiration, man must himself be inspired. Ask one of these how he knows that the words of Homer and Plato are earnest and truthful words, and he will tell you that they find an answering echo in his own breast. Ask him how he knows that Shakespeare and Milton, and the author of the *Lyric of the Morning Land* picture forth essential realities, and he will tell you that man, being a microcosm, and in rapport with all natural and spiritual universes, he finds these, their works, like opened avenues leading forth the emancipated spirit to survey its grand inheritance. Inquire of him by what test he can distinguish the inspired words of John and Isaiah, from pseudo-revelations, and he may answer, if his interiors be sufficiently expanded, that it is far more easy for him to separate the apocryphal from the genuine Scriptures, than for the connoisseur to select a beautiful antique from modern imitation, or the thorough critic to discern between the winged words of Homer and those inferior compositions which sometimes bear his name. For the comparison is in reality like that between a wax-figure and a living organization. The assumption, therefore, that the only authority we have for preferring the present canon of the New Testament to the apocryphal writings of the same period is the decision of the Council of Nice is slanderously false; as I think the assertion that it was only by a very small majority that the various books were sanctioned, will yet be shown to be an historic lie.

But though we assert that the highest authority to each individual must be that which approves itself to his own consciousness, we are far from maintaining that his present imperfect state is a test of the truth or falsity of all views that can be presented to his mind, or that, as of himself, he can discern divine illumination, amid the glitter and glare of false and phosphorescent lights; but still, "there is a Spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." It is only as man relies not upon his own wisdom, but upon divine aid and guidance that he knows anything aright of interior and heavenly things. Nevertheless, God operates through the unfolded faculties of the human spirit, and every man has his speciality, his 'gift,' or endowment by which he receives illuminations.

Seeing, then, that this is the age of the development of the spirituality of man's nature, what more suitable method for this universal unfolding than through these Spiritual Manifestations? They meet man upon every plane. They come not to one but to all. Every variety of the human race is represented in the Spiritual world. Since, at the dissolution of the body, man comes in the very essential of his life—the inmost of his love and aspiration, it is manifest that spirits operating directly and consciously upon men in the external, must stimulate as never before the benumbed faculties of the human mind—quickening the latent germs of thought and emotion, as the spring rains and summer sun swell and draw forth each plant and flower, long covered beneath the winter's snow. And as God is the inmost source and vital cause of every great movement that affects the race, rolling on new world's in their orbits, and humanity to the goal of its perfection—unfolding universes from his thought, and each infant and struggling spirit, according to the order and harmony of His own divine nature, it follows, that though discordant spirits in the interior or uncultured and misdirected minds in the external, may, for a while, pervert or impede the full and beneficial effects of this great awakening; yet in its progress, the manifestation must partake more and more of the character of its great and efficient Source. The channels may be impure or imperfect; but if the fountain be clear and exhaustless, the current will cleanse the courses through which it flows, and whatever withstands, must, in the end, be worn away.

Man corrupts and destroys; God sanctifies and perfects, the instruments he uses—regenerating and renewing all from his own essential life. Men and misguided spirits may teach the false progression of a developed selfhood, but Wisdom discloses the true path of a Divine Unfolding. Material science and pretended knowledge may puff with a vain conceit; but charity buildeth in the depths of the human spirit a temple that shall never be destroyed. Human teachers often vainly strive to impress their own ideas and loftiest conceptions upon other minds; but the Divine spirit, operating from within, renews and recreates man after that archetypal image in whose similitude each was fashioned according to the perfect conceptions of the Infinite Consciousness. For we believe, with the author of the *Lyric of the Golden Age*—

"Whatever is, in God hath its subsistence;
Whatever shall be, flows from Him alone.
Angels are mediums of the one existence,
Alone, yet in all souls, He builds his throne,
Solemn and vast, His inspirations pealing—
Through the Cathedral arches of the breast;
Heaven upon heavens, of infinite purgation,
Create in man's interiors, God-possessed.
Man is that 'shrine, most Catholic and holy';
Man is that awful palace-hall of God,
Whose inmost forms are consecrated wholly
In those bright worlds where evil hath not tread."
—HESPERUS.

THE ODIC FORCE.
BY C. T. HOPKINS.

In our first article in review of Von Reichenbach, we gave a brief account of the discovery of the Odic force, and related a few of the experiments, instituted for the purpose of determining its various characteristics. Want of space prevented our noticing several important chapters of the book before us, involving the subjects of Terrestrial Odism, of Dualism in the phenomena, of the effects of sunlight and food in charging the human body with Odic force, and of the medical application of Odism. We propose to follow up the discoveries of the Baron in several of these minor matters, which, though not the first to have attracted his attention, are certainly not the last to interest and instruct the reader. We shall first examine the effect of the odism of the earth upon the nervous system.

"Mr. Schuh, in his present dwelling, had the strange custom of regularly turning round in bed when he woke early in the morning—that is, he placed his head where his feet had been during the night—after which, he always went to sleep again. This sleep was always more refreshing than all the preceding night's sleep, contrary to the general rule, according to which, the earlier sleep, especially that before midnight, is the most strengthening. When he had not this after-sleep, he felt weaker all day; and thus his strange custom had for a long time been a necessity to him. I inquired about the position of the bed, and learned that the head was turned toward the south, and the feet toward the north. By my advice, he assumed the opposite position, when he went to bed at night—that is, with the head to the north, and the feet to the south. From this day forward, he never found the morning after-sleep necessary; the sleep was good and strengthening; and he thenceforward gave up that custom."—(p. 94.)

A surgeon by name Schmidt, had received a chill in the right arm on a railway journey, and

for some time had suffered from acute rheumatism. His physician had treated him with a magnet, which rapidly quieted the cramps; but they always returned. His bed was so placed, that his head lay toward the south. At the Baron's suggestion, his position was reversed, so that he lay in the direction of the magnetic meridian, with his head towards the north. He immediately felt relief from this change, declaring himself refreshed and strengthened. A pleasant, uniform warmth diffused itself through the chilled member. He felt the passes of the magnet incomparably more cooling and agreeable than before, and his pains shortly left him.

Miss Nowotny, a cataleptic patient, had always found herself more comfortable, without knowing why, when lying in a north-south position. One morning, for the sake of experiment, she assumed the contrary attitude. She soon began to complain. She was uncomfortable and restless; her face flushed; her pulse rose and became fuller; flow of blood to the head increased the headache, and discomfort of the stomach soon ensued. She was now placed across the meridian, with her head to the west. This direction was completely insupportable to her, even more so than the previous one. She was then brought back to her original north-south position, and her symptoms shortly disappeared.—While lying in the reversed position, the usually agreeable passes of the magnet became unpleasant—stronger ones intolerable; substances at other times disagreeable, like sulphur, were then almost indifferent; others, such as lead, even agreeable; in short, all diseased conditions assumed an altered form.

Miss Sturman had been suffering for three years from tubercle of the lungs. She was lying in a bed in the west-east position. "I tried a magnet that would support fifty pounds upon her, passing it over her, upon her head, and under her feet. It produced some weak reactions, but of little importance. Her position was then changed with the line of the meridian, with the head towards the north. In a moment everything was changed.—The patient immediately evinced pleasure; her disquiet left her; a painful burning in the eyes, which she had suffered unceasingly, disappeared, and a general relief was visible. I now again took up the magnet. But what a difference! She, who could scarce feel it before, could not bear it now, when I removed the armature at some distance from her. I placed myself with the magnet four paces from her head; the patient gave me no answer, and when I examined her, she was in a state of tonic spasms, wholly unconscious. After her recovery from these, I took my place seven paces from the foot of her bed and removed the armature; and here also she had scarcely spoken a word, when she became senseless, and fell into the same condition. The distance was now prolonged to thirty feet from the foot of her bed. After I had remained about a minute in this position, she stopped speaking in the middle of a word that was upon her tongue. She had been suddenly attacked, and I found her lying rigid with spasms, with clenched hands, her eyes open and cast upward, so unconscious that I could touch her eyeballs with my finger, without the lids moving."—(p. 98.)

The law induced by the Baron, from these and many similar experiments, is thus expressed:—"The terrestrial magnetism exercises in sensitive persons, healthy and sick, a peculiar, exciting action, strong enough to interfere with their rest; in the healthy, to modify their sleep; in the sick, to disturb the circulation of the blood, the functions of the nerves, and the equilibrium of the vital force."—(p. 100.)

We have before remarked, that the gentler sensations produced by the magnet, the crystal and other sources of odism upon the nervous system, exhibit an analogy to those of heat and cold.—Thus, one end of the crystal produces an apparently warm feeling, the other, a sensation resembling cold: though in both cases the test of the thermometer proves that no actual difference of temperature exists. This dualism is found to be co-extensive with all the phenomena of the Odic force, and corresponds throughout with the distinctions of positive and negative in electricity and electro-magnetism. This relation of positive and negative is found to obtain in a powerful degree in the human system; the right hand being negative, and the left, positive. Males and females exhibit the same polarity at these points, so that an Odic current is produced by a strong man taking a sensitive woman by both hands, his right in her left, and vice versa. But let the rights and lefts be respectively conjoined, and a contest is produced in the weaker system, owing to the reversion of the natural direction of the force, which is sometimes unaccountably painful to the sensitive. This feature of the Odic force is one of great importance, when we contemplate the composition of "circles" who now-a-days undertake to odise tables. There are many, who cannot produce the slightest Odic effect when seated in the wrong order around the table; while a change of position will often produce the desired result in a few moments. A "medium" is nothing more than a person, whose nervous system is sufficiently sensitive to feel the Odic current produced in this manner. This current is formed by placing the hands of the operators in a fixed position, rights opposite to lefts, and lefts to rights, when the same Odic consequence results, which is observed by the analogous arrangement of the poles in the galvanic battery. The same phenomena are also noticed here, which are described by the Baron as the results of the power of the magnet, the crystal, and chemical action upon the nervous system. "Mediums" (or the "sensitives" of Von Reichenbach,) are seized with spasms; they fall into a state of unconsciousness to passing events—while the effect upon the brain (though yet not at all understood) seems to be identical with that produced by the clairvoyant condition. Men and women in this state see visions, which are generally more connected than a dream in a natural slumber. Their hands and arms become rigid, or contracted by spasms. They write in strange characters, after the manner of somnambulists. They speak, they know not what; while their narrations often differ from the prating of natural sleep-talkers, in being consistent and straightforward. And here we can not but find fault with Von Reichenbach, for hav-

ing omitted wholly in the work before us, the immensely interesting question of the connection between the abnormal condition of the nerves and brain, produced by charging the system with foreign Odism, and the ideas developed from the mind, while under the influence. The fundamental idea of the intervention of disembodied mind, which is claimed as the basis of the American school of Spiritualists, is of course scouted at by physicists in general, and by those of the German school in particular; but in the present researches, while we have a tedious and almost unreadable reiteration of experiments upon the purely physical and comparatively trivial phenomena of Odic lights and forces, we have not a word of the metaphysical. The Psychology of the subject is wholly ignored. Satisfactory as are the Baron's discoveries, so far as they go, they do not go far enough. He has accounted for ghost-seeing on natural principles, but he has not explained table-moving and rapping on any principles. Nevertheless, his work is suggestive. He has shown us the force, which, on further investigation, will doubtless be found either to account for the facts asserted by the Spiritualists, as well as for many other so-called miracles, claimed by all revelators, on fixed physical principles, or else to open to our admiring gaze an avenue to the worlds beyond the grave, where all may travel, and where science and theology, so long irreconcilable, may pursue hand in hand the investigation of those truths, which both have claimed from time immemorial as their own, solely and exclusively.

This subject is one of such vast consequence to the world, that we hardly dare approach it. On the one hand, the researches of science have never yet been able, throughout all the vast domains of natural knowledge, nor in the hands of all the splendid intellects which have been devoted to their advancement, to discover the slightest trace of life in nature, separate from some form of organism. To the physiologist, the anatomist, the chemist, the astronomer, the geologist, the phrenologist, there is no such thing as the *soul*. With them are no Spirits, no miracles, no revelations. They find the laws of creation eternal, immovable, unchanging. On the other hand, theology is older than the oldest science. Without a single scientific fact to compel its admission, or verify its existence, the great majority of mankind, from the earliest periods, have always believed in the immortality of the human spirit. A thousand religions, based on this universal faith in one common doctrine, have, each in its own sphere, commanded the obedience, and governed the daily acts of the majority of our race, everywhere and at all times. Constantly engaged in mutual persecutions, in successive revolutions, and unnumbered reformations, theologies have long striven to extinguish the growing flame, which seemed from the first to threaten a conflagration among their own combustible materials; but the strife has been in vain. Even the moral purity of Christianity, the purest of all religions, has been improved by the lights of physical illuminations; for however studiously the credit due to this source may be denied by interested parties, no candid mind, familiar with history, can fail to see, that our only infallible source of knowledge, is that of Nature, as learned through our senses, from the works of creation around us. What we learn from tradition and history, *may* be true. The day for investigating the facts as related, has long since gone by. But what we learn from nature, *must* be true. Is a new theory proposed—a thousand enlightened minds are on the alert to test its truth. Is a new fact announced—as many investigators are instantly on the spot to verify or deny it. Science asks no faith, in announcements or theories utterly beyond the pale of universal and present research. To those, who seek for knowledge, she gives but one direction.—"The telescope is in your own hands, the stars are visible to you as well as to me. The laws of light change not, nor differ with different eyes. Look for yourself. You can see all that I have seen!"

The question, "Have science and theology united?" is now fairly before the world. We cannot but look upon its decision as fraught with greater consequence to our race, than any other that has ever been placed before the human reason. Yet let us not be awe-struck by the momentous results which will follow our judgment in the premises. Science knows no reverence; for reverence is a prejudice. Doubtless there are men learned in the book of nature—men of large reason, and active understanding; men who know their liability to err from the interference of their feelings with their judgments, who are now, unbeknown to the world, deeply engaged in the analysis of this question.—Let us await their decision with patience. Till some German student shall come forth from his laboratory with a lifelong labor condensed into some little volume of concentrated truth, let us abide, content to know that "there are more things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

But we return to our subject. As before observed, the polarity of the Odic force, that is to say its division into positive and negative qualities, is found to prevail universally. The distinction is grounded on the apparent warmth or cold produced by various bodies upon the nerves of the sensitives. Thus sunlight causes a cold sensation; hence it is Od positive. Moonlight, and other reflected lights, gave a warm feeling, and are therefore Od negative. Fire acts Od negatively. The right hand and side of the human body are negative; the left are positive. Positive electricity is Od positive.—Negative electricity is Od negative. Different plants give different sensations in this respect, as also the different parts of the same plant. Experiments on vegetation proved that—

Where nature is least busy—where the growing activity is slackened, negativity prevails: where propulsion shows itself—positivity. Thus the mid ribs, the under face, and the lower part of the leaves, towards the stem, were always found more positive; while the upper face of the leaves, and the part towards the tip, were constantly more negative. Botany teaches us that the leaf does not grow principally at the point, but toward the stem; that the apex is perfect, very soon after it leaves the bud; while at the stem end, it continues to grow for a long time. The vegetative propulsion, therefore, soon ceases in front, but remains active behind. Here then it appears, that it is in league with the positivity of the imponderables—light, heat, and Od, that creative nature erects her structure; and when she gives up the field to negativity she carries away life with her in her retreat."—(p. 199.)

The Odism of the earth is positive at the north pole, and negative at the south. Remembering that the patient, Miss Nowotny, as quoted on our second page, found the position across the magnetic meridian, with her head to the west, the most insupportable of all, and that the crossing of the hands produces painful sensations in weak subjects, by reversing the natural current of the force, we can now explain why Miss Nowotny experienced pain from the west-east position. It was because her right or negative side was towards the negative pole of the earth, and her positive or left side towards the positive, or north pole of the earth.—The terrestrial Odism thus counteracted the natural polarity of the patient's system, producing the painful effects above described.

All animals produce a powerful Odic emanation, proportioned to their size, and the perfection of their nervous organization. And the different parts of the system manifest differences, not only in the quality, but also in the quantity of Odic power.—Thus in man, the finger ends are the most actively Odic parts of the frame. The head ranks next in the scale. From the shoulder to the tips of the fingers, the points of greatest irritability always lie on the inside, at the distal end of each joint.—There are consequently six places from the shoulder to the ends of the fingers, increasing in sensibility downwards, viz: the lower ends of the upper arm, of the fore arm, of the hand, and of each finger bone, always lying on the inside. On the outside there is no especially sensitive point. This may account for the thrill which runs through the system from the embrace of an object of affection. An Odic current is at once set in motion from the arms to the oppositely Odic parts of the person embraced, occasioning in both a pleasurable sensation.

The lips and tongue are points of peculiar strength. They are Od negative. The sensitive feel all that they touch with the mouth with especial distinctness, in reference to its Odic value; and from the mouths of the healthy, objects can be charged Odically more strongly than with the hands. This may account for the natural aversion shown by many persons to drinking from the glass or cup that has just been used by another. Already negatively odised, it becomes repulsive to other negative mouths. We may now also understand another interesting matter—"the import of the kiss." The lips form one of the foci of the *bios*, and the flames which the poets describe do actually blaze there."

We come now to one of the most important branches of this most interesting subject, viz: the influence of sunlight and food upon the amount of Odic force developed in the human system. We have before explained, that the sun is an ever abundant source of Od, and that manifestations of this force always accompany chemism. It has also been remarked, that respiration and digestion are pre-eminently chemical operations, and apparently the fountain of Od in the vital organism. We shall now be able to verify both of these discoveries in a thorough and unmistakable manner.

Taking zero as the representative of the amount of Od perceived by a sensitive in the hand of the Baron at six o'clock in the morning,—the amount of daybreak, the force increased steadily with the rising sun, at a rate of about seven degrees per hour, until ten o'clock A. M., when he partook of a light breakfast. After this meal it declined at about the same rate, until three P. M., at which time he dined; this being his principal meal.—From the moment he commenced eating, the force being then at about eighteen degrees above zero, it at once increased at the rate of eight degrees per hour, until sunset, when it had reached its height, about forty-three degrees above zero. From this point, it rapidly diminished, and by eleven or twelve o'clock, had fallen to five degrees below the starting point. During the hours of sleep, from two to four o'clock, A. M., the force decreased to twenty degrees below zero. With the first glimmer of daylight it again began to rise, and at six o'clock

*Many of our readers may remember, that some years ago, it was announced by Liebig and other writers on the subject of vegetable chemistry, that an electrical apparatus could be applied in such a manner as to increase the powers of garden vegetables and fruits. The rows of plants having been placed in the line of the magnetic meridian, a sheet of zinc was to be inserted into the ground at one end of the row, and a sheet of copper at the other end. These were to be connected by a metallic wire carried over the tops of the plants, and thus, a weak voltaic current was to be produced, which, it was asserted, would soon show its beneficial influence in promoting the growth of the crops. This experiment was attempted in many places, but probably from inattention in regard to the south position of the rows, and the proper arrangements of the poles of the battery in reference to the coincidence of the current produced, with that of the earth's magnetism, it seldom succeeded, and has been long cast aside, as of no practical benefit. In view of what we have already related, success in an arrangement of this kind ought to be easily attainable. If the direction of the current be made to correspond with that of terrestrial magnetism, a new source of Odic force must add its quota to that, furnished by this natural current, and by the sun's rays; while a proportionate effect should be observed in the vigorous appearance of the vegetation. We can easily understand why the arrangement across the meridian, or in opposition to the flow of the earth's Odism, would neutralize the effects intended to be produced.

(Continued on fourth page.)

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S EXPLANATION.

It is hardly necessary to call attention to the statements of this gentleman (to be found in another column), as few in reading them will not experience a feeling of surprise and disappointment, since the reputation and standing of Sir David in the world of Science and Literature, naturally tended to prepossess the mind in favor of a very different and superior explanation.

Few, however, would have expected anything better, had not Sir David seen the manifestations, and made his own report of these wonders, so general is the skepticism that characterizes the philosophy of the age. But when a mind competent to understand the analogies of Nature makes issue against its own judgment, by insisting on the most obvious interpretation which suspicion and skepticism could suggest, it is pretty evident education has enriched the head at the expense of the heart, and fitted the owner to preside over a Police Court, rather than officiate at the altar of Nature.

We write this with full knowledge of its import and meaning, for it is near time the age had got rid of this educated nonsense, as it would not be tolerated much less be considered profound and scientific in any other department of investigation.

The imputation of trick, imposition, and "machinery," has been so long abandoned in this country by every intelligent and candid person, that its revival in England by Sir David, can only bring discredit to his judgment, and suggest doubts of his honesty.

This statement may seem severe, but it should be borne in mind, that besides the facts developed in the presence of, and testified to, by Sir David himself, that the phenomena has been before the age for near seven years—has been made the subject of debate, and the mediums subjected to committee examinations—and after all this, it has contained the so-called wise, while educating the simple.

It should be borne in mind also, that the testimony of men in this country as competent every way as Sir David, has been given in favor of the facts, they having passed to an investigation of causes, and are at this date busy in comparing phenomena. The imputation of imposture, therefore, is not only an attack on the moral character of the medium, but a tacit intimation, that all who may have favored the hypothesis of Spiritualism, were hasty and unscientific in their judgments. And therefore this intellectual dogmatism and moral skepticism? Simply, because it is the will and pleasure of Sir David Brewster. In reference to the raising of the table "from the ground," he says:

"This result I do not pretend to explain; but rather than believe that Spirits made the noise, I will conjecture that the raps were produced either by Mr. Home's toes, which, as will be seen, were active on another occasion; or, as Dr. Schiff has shown, 'by the repeated displacement of the tendon of the peroneus longus muscle in the sheath in which it slides behind the external malleolus,' and rather than believe that Spirits raised the table, I will conjecture that it was done by the agency of Mr. Home's feet, which were always below it."

As both these theories have been popular in this country, and are now dead, because there was no virtue in them, it is not worth while to offer any remarks on them, nor attach any very serious importance to any thing Sir David may say on the subject, until he rises above such "flat, stale and unprofitable" speculations.

TESTIMONY TO BE DISPOSED OF.

Although there are few, if any new facts in the following, the testimony cannot fail of interest to the reader, be he for or against Spiritualism. Its author is a gentleman well known in the City of Boston, and respected alike for his ability as a lawyer, and his attainments as a historian, both proving him the worthy representative of a worthy sire—be the son of the world-renowned Dr. Bowditch. The following is one of a series of articles, written by him, for the Boston Evening Transcript.

ROBERT G. SHAW, Mr. Editor:—My last article closed with a brief allusion to the late R. G. Shaw, Esq. It is well known that before his death he became a convert to Spiritualism. While he showed his accustomed shrewdness in all business transactions, he yet implicitly believed that he had daily communications with deceased relatives, and derived from this belief the greatest satisfaction and consolation. That such a man should have arrived at such a result, would of itself imply that he must have witnessed phenomena that tended to justify it. These phenomena may, perhaps, be satisfactorily explained by another hypothesis. President Mahan has recently published a very able volume, having this object, in which he considers as incontestable the facts testified to by so many credible persons, and many of which he had himself witnessed.

Within the past year, circumstances led me to take much interest in this subject. Designedly omitting to read anything in relation to it, I determined to observe for myself. The use of a pencil to point at the letters of the alphabet having been suggested in some quarters as a source of unconscious error, (inasmuch as persons may involuntarily pause longer upon the right letter than upon others—a circumstance of which an intelligent medium might take advantage,) I latterly dispensed with it entirely, in the following manner: A printed card contained the letters of the alphabet in three lines of 8 letters each. I asked that the raps should be made 1, 2 or 3, for the line at which I was to look, and then, after a slight pause, that further raps should be made from 1 to 8, for the particular letter meant in that line. The effect was as if the particular letter had been called out *à la* voice without any instrumentality of my own.

I have in this way often obtained a series of pertinent and coherent answers to mental questions, without a single mistake, through a session of two hours. This demonstrated to my satisfaction that a power of thought-reading existed somewhere, residing in or proved by the agency which caused the raps, whatever that agency might be. Whether this is a mesmeric or a Spiritual manifestation, is the question discussed in Mr. Mahan's volume.—He adopts the former theory. Whatever may be the true explanation, the investigation is one of intense and absorbing interest.

As far as my own experience goes, the raps have always purported to come from the Spirits of deceased persons, in natural terms of relationship or endearment, and in their accustomed modes of expression; sometimes from persons long since dead, who had not been in my thoughts for years. I have never been able to get any as from living persons.—Mr. Mahan, however, has a mass of testimony to the contrary. These raps (as from particular

Spirits) I have always found marked by individual peculiarities signally appropriate, and identifying them from all others, by loudness or gentleness, rapidity or slowness, by their prolonged or abrupt character. One Spirit always announced himself by a creaking corkscrew rap on the leg of the table—thus distinguishing himself from all others by as marked a characteristic as those which had made him pre-eminent among his fellow-men while living. I have sometimes said mentally—"Will all who have been present rap together?" and immediately there has ensued such a *tattoo* of all these various raps as was truly astonishing, the corkscrew being clearly noticeable above them all.

The mesmeric theory supposes that you get, as it were, a mere reflection of your own thoughts, belief, or wish—and in a vast majority of cases such is undoubtedly the fact; but the answers which I have obtained have been sometimes wholly unexpected. Thus, one day last winter, I was passing through Washington street, and inadvertently went along the sidewalk of a building from which persons were breaking off masses of ice and frozen snow. One of these masses fell, and hearing cries of warning, I shrank up close to the wall, and it just grazed my shoulder and elbow, and then shivered to pieces on the sidewalk. I felt that I had had a narrow escape from certain death. I was then on my way to Mr. Hayden's, where I went immediately. No one else was present. I said mentally, "What happened to me as I was coming here?" The alphabet spelled out—"You came near being killed!" "How?" "By a fall of ice from the roof of a house." "How did it happen that it did not fall upon me and kill me?" The Spirit purporting to respond was that of my father. The answer began, "I protest." I had supposed that it would state the act of mine which saved me; but when it began with these letters, I supposed it would be "I protest I don't know." The answer actually given was, "I protected you." "How?" "By slanting off the ice." This led to a series of questions and answers as to the power of Spirits over matter, &c., &c.

So, also, at a session, in company with a distinguished clergyman of this city, I asked of a certain "Spirit," purporting to be present, whether a certain other was there also. 1 rap, or no. "Can you get him?" 3 raps, or yes. "Do so, and as soon as he comes, both of you rap." In a few minutes their raps were heard accordingly. In the meantime another Spirit was communicating, and had just finished a sentence with the word "conceal." I remarked aloud to my friend, "You see it is all right except one letter." I then turned to communicate with the Spirit sent for. Immediately many raps were heard of the same faint and rapid character as those of my late correspondent. The medium said, "The one you have been communicating with wishes to say something more." Whereupon, resuming that communication, the alphabet spelled out "u," and then left off. I said, "Proceed." 1 rap, or no. I said, "Is that all?" 3 raps, or yes. I reflected for a moment, and exclaimed, "O, you mean that u is the right letter where I said one letter was wrong?" Immediately affirmative raps came several times repeated. I said, "Then rap backwards from the end of your communication, once for each letter, till you get to the wrong letter, and I will strike it out and substitute u." 5 raps then came, and I changed the o to u. I then said, "Is it now right?" and got the same cordial affirmative. When "u" came, I had not the slightest idea that it was to be a correction of "u."

This exceptional class of cases is also discussed in Mr. Mahan's volume; but, on the whole, I became satisfied that, although Mr. Shaw may have arrived at an erroneous conclusion, the premises upon which he acted were by no means a mere absurd delusion; but that he, like myself, had witnessed a mystery of nature worthy of the most careful and exact scientific investigation.

All my articles have been about *and*, and perhaps this brief visit to the Spirit-land may be allowable as one of the series. You will, I trust, at any rate, excuse me for what you may, perhaps, regard as mere idle speculations unworthy even of a GLEANER.

SPIRITUALISM IN TROY.

The hostile and antagonistic opposition which at one time characterized the feelings of many of the Trojans towards Spiritualism, seems to have given way, if the following from the Troy *Whig*, is a fair statement of fact. Its editor says: "We do not believe the greater portion of our citizens have any idea of the number of votaries the Spiritualist theory has in our midst. A gentleman whose word we regard as sufficient authority, for the assertion, estimates the number of sincere believers at 1,200.—These embrace many of our leading citizens—men of worth and intellect, who deduct their belief from philosophical and liberal reasoning, and are by no means ready to be identified with the fanatics who are always ready to embrace any new theory."

The editor of the *Saratoga Daily Republican*, in his issue of November 9th, makes the following comments on the above, which, while they bear testimony to the truth and value of Spirit-intercourse and manifestation, are not over-complimentary to the Saratogians. He says: "No one need be surprised in regard to the facts stated above. 'Men of worth and intellect,' have but to investigate the 'Spiritualist theory,' to become convinced of the Spirit intercourse. The 'almighty dollar' is so worshipped in this village, and so many of our citizens are intent upon acquiring the gold which perishes, that no steps are taken here towards investigating the Spiritual phenomena, and hence, with us, Spiritualism is not a living, tangible faith. But in New-York, Albany, Troy, Syracuse, Buffalo, and almost in every portion of this State as well as throughout the Union, Spiritualism is becoming the faith of the masses, and, as a consequence, mankind are becoming better and happier."

JUDGE EDMONDS' LECTURE.

The *Daily News* of Nov. 12th, in noticing the Judge's lecture, says:

"The Stuyvesant Institute was crowded with a brilliant audience to hear the address from Judge Edmonds on Spiritualism. The Judge commenced by saying that 'It is with deep emotions he felt himself again able to speak on a subject to which he had devoted so much of his time of late in investigating, and that he welcomed them to-night for the first time since his severe sickness.' He then explained what Spiritualism was and how rapidly it had spread within the last year. He had received letters from every part of the globe relating to the subject. He also said that Spiritualism did not consist in wearing long beards or quaint dresses, but it consisted in this world in being pure as the snow flake, and he urged all to become so."

As we were absent from the city on Sunday, we are unable to report progress further, but so many as we have seen, who heard the Judge's lecture, speak of it in the highest terms of praise.

LECTURE ON MENTAL FREEDOM.—T. D. Curtis, Esq., of Brooklyn, will lecture at the Spiritual Assembly Rooms, corner of Fourth and South Third Streets, Williamsburgh, (Brooklyn, E. D.) on Sunday evening, November 18, at 7-12 o'clock. Subject—*Mental Freedom*.

BROTHER J. R. GAY'S EXPLANATION.

MONTVILLE, Nov. 6th, 1855.

BROTHER TOOMEY:—Your explanation in the twenty-sixth number of the "*Christian Spiritualist*," in regard to the doctrine of a "Universalism," and its relation to "Spiritualism" is not only satisfactory, but very interesting and liberal. It truly affords me inconceivable pleasure to gather a glimpse of fraternal liberality, when the world seems lost in the mazes of party bickerings and the fogs of bigoted theologians. Indeed, I feel the warm glow of gushing friendship, where I can repeat the simple word "BROTHER," and not have my heart indignant, and strive to escape from beneath its hypocritical bondage. I feel, in your own language to repeat, that we wish our own simple "MAXIMS" an *Eternal Union*—yes, and I feel to say, "Let their practical application bring to our hearts the fraternal sympathy and love of a 'David,' and a 'Jonathan.'" Brother, the field of Spiritualism demands in her laborers great wisdom, undaunted firmness, broad liberality of thought, and an abundance of patience and charity. There are many thoughts upon Spiritualism which we feel impressed to notice, but time at present forbids. "*Future Punishment*" we will notice some time. Brother, lest some of the readers of your paper may attribute to me sentiments and opinions, discordant both to my belief and the system of philosophy I advocate, permit me to offer a few words in explanation, &c. I would not trouble you did I not think some reply was demanded of me, in relation to an editorial notice in your paper of the 27th October, under the caption of "*New Theory of Spiritualism, or Spiritualism Analyzed*." You say there that "*This theory is not new, as we remember to have heard nearly the same urged some years ago by the 'Advent Annihilationists.'*" It did not commend itself to us then, and cannot now, since the testimony of the Spirits is for Progress. It will be perceived here, that we are not only advocating an old theory, but an old exploded one, and that we are *Advent Annihilationists*. We are also represented as *non-progressionists*, &c. Now, Brother, do not think I entertain one unkind or unfriendly feeling towards you or your paper; and, with this assurance, you will bear with me when I tell you that you are mistaken in your opinions of me and the true Spiritual Philosophy I advocate. My impressions enable me to say to the world, without the fear of opposite showing, that the *foundation, premises and conclusions* of our "*NEW THEORY OF SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY*," was never urged in *Philosophical Harmony* before. With regard to the doctrine of the *Advent Annihilationists* we know nothing, never having seen them. Our impressions are, however, that they believe in the *annihilation of the Spirits of the wicked*. This is the opposite of our views and philosophy. Brother, where is the analogy of this with ours? "One Eternal Spirit, uncreated, without beginning of days or end of years, indestructible, imperishable. Immutability—unsuccessive eternity, &c."

The *non-progressive feature*.—We are at some loss to know how Brother Toomey can charge us or our new Spiritual Philosophy with this feature, when it will be remembered that but a few months ago Brother T. published in his paper, under my signature, our views on this point, as follows: "*First—Our authority is DEITY and NATURE. Secondly—Their reflection manifested by the law of ANTAGONISM, or opposites, positive and negative force, &c., &c. Third—THEIR ENDING PROGRESS.*" We do not charge Brother T. with any intention of misrepresenting us; perhaps its own want of powers to convey our sentiments. In conclusion, we would say to one and all: We ask neither victory or honor for our labors in the great Spiritual vineyard. Our theory, philosophy and doctrines, are the possessions of eternity; the unfoldings of *Wisdom, Truth and Love*, will discover their needfulness, and reveal their power. In love to all, good-bye for the present.

JEDEDIAH R. GAY.

REMARKS: Brevity, although a desirable virtue in editorial notices, is sometimes the cause of obscurity; which may convert what was intended for an explanation into a criticism. Such was the fact in the case referred to by Brother Gay, for, if we had added to the comment under consideration, the simple statement of difference between Brother Gay and the wording, and the estimates made by the Adventists, of the conditions or states, that make the parallels of antagonism—our comment would have been historical, not critical. For instance, Brother G., in speaking of the *positive and negative conditions* that enter into the "*Law of Antagonism*," commences with the following order:—

"Positive Condition, Negative Condition, Spiritual, Material, Life or Action, Death or Stillness."

Now substitute for the word "*stillness*" "*annihilation*," and the last parallel reads—

Life or Action, Death or Annihilation;

Which is according to the theory of the Adventist, and not very different to Brother G.'s philosophy, as it is somewhat difficult to conceive of a state of *stillness* in the Spirit world. Having made this explanation, it is unnecessary to say more, as we conceive it to be both *probable and possible* for Brother G. to elaborate the theory under consideration, without stealing another person's thunder. If Brother G. will explain how *stillness* can harmonize with *progress*, after having convinced himself it is not synonymous with *annihilation*, we should be pleased to give the same to our readers, as it may then be suggestive of a progressive philosophy.

For the Christian Spiritualist.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XVIII.

NORWICH, Conn., Nov. 12, 1855.

BRO. TOOMEY: Having concluded my labors in Willimantic, where I met with no remarkable cases of mediumship, I proceeded on Tuesday last to Lebanon, where I was most kindly received and entertained. I cannot say that I had any fixed abode while I stayed in this place, for many friends vied with each other in expressions of kindness and in hospitality. Amongst the number, I would mention Bro. Fuller, of Liberty Hill, and Bros. Doubleday and Styles, of Columbia, the adjoining town, at whose respective dwellings my three nights were spent. To mention either of these friends in particular, would be injurious, they all showed their feeling of brotherhood, in the most affectionate manner. Mrs. Doubleday is an examining and prescribing medium, she has wrought some remarkable cures in the neighborhood, but at present she is diffident and retiring. She has been in the habit of doing what she has done gratuitously, which I hope, those who may visit her in future, will not allow; let them remember that time is valuable, and that medicines cannot be compounded without expense, and after they have received of her that which they seek, let them reciprocate freely, for the laborer is worthy to receive the value of his labors. Her daughter is also a medium, but does not exercise her gift, because of the ridicule of her young companions.

I went on Thursday in company with Mrs. Styles, to see a lady, who has ever been a remarkable me-

dium for impressions, and has often seen the forms of the departed. She would be a very remarkable medium, were she to afford the requisite conditions, but she is fearful of doing that which is wrong, not being entirely free from educational trammels. I had a long talk with her, and I hope, succeeded in showing her the importance of cultivating her mediumship for the good of others. It is not marvelous that, the best and greatest gift of the All Father should be so widely rejected, and mankind should be content to dwell in darkness, when they are surrounded by so much light? How truly it has been said, "If the light that is in them be darkness, how great is that darkness." Let us continue to pray for fuller outpouring and manifestations of the Spirit, that those who sit in darkness, may be brought into the light, and let us not only pray, but labor, that this good may speedily come upon the children of men.

I lectured on Liberty Hill, (*I like the name*), in the Christian Church, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings to quite full and very attentive audiences, and on account of the wish of several, I prolonged my stay, and lectured again on the Friday evening, and with the blessings and good wishes of many, I took my departure at noon on Saturday, in company with Bro. Fuller and his lady, for Willimantic, from whence in the afternoon, I came with a straight course, to Norwich, where I was met by Bro. Ely Platt, with whom, by arrangement of the friends, I am now staying. On Saturday evening, we had a Circle, and on that occasion, I was pleased to meet with Mrs. Stewart, an excellent writing medium, &c., and Dr. Gay, of Mountville, Editor of the Star of the East. We had some rather interesting manifestations during the evening, amongst others, a young lady came under control of a Spirit calling itself *Unca*, chief of the Mohegan Indians, and speaking in that which was supposed to be Indian language. On Sunday, I lectured three times in Uncas Hall, to quite large, and highly intellectual, and attentive audiences. It is said that a Spiritualist is remarkable for his beard, but if you had looked upon those audiences, I think you would have been struck by their lofty and expanded brows, where intellect appeared to set enthroned.

Again, after the close of the evening lecture, we held another Circle at Mrs. Platt's, at which the same persons or nearly so were present, with the addition, however, of Dr. Bulkley, and one or two others. A Spirit spoke through one of the Circle, giving a description of a condition of Spirit-life, which very much gratified those who were present. I find that Bro. Calvin Hall has left this neighborhood, and gone to Pawtucket, R. I., but his visit here will long be remembered amongst those whom he has blessed with restored health of body, not only his works of healing, but his alms and deeds, draw forth from many minds fervent blessings on his head.

I intend to-day to visit a few objects of interest in this neighborhood, and then shall proceed by afternoon train to New London, where I expect to lecture this evening. Farewell then, till another week.

Yours for Truth and Humanity,

JOHN MATTHEW.

SPIRITUAL MANIFESTATIONS IN LONDON.

We doubt not the following narrative of facts will interest all who have either a sympathetic or a speculative interest in Spiritualism, since many of the prudent in this country are waiting for the educated and profound minds of England to explain the mystery. To the *Spiritualist*, there is nothing new in the following manifestations, the same and more wonderful facts having been developed through the same medium, while in this country. This testimony, however, as it comes from the "other side of the water," may be instructive in more ways than one to that class who are ever talking about *psychology*, and explaining away evidence because certain minds can be impressed *biologically*. Doubtless there are those among us, as there was in the days of Jesus, "who, having eyes, see not," and ears, hear not; but these defects of character are organic, and relate to the mental and Spiritual, rather than to the biological department of Anthropology.

Few however will think of placing Lord Brougham or Sir David Brewster among the *biologized* or *deluded*, since their ability to discriminate between fact and fiction is too well known.

As the phenomena, therefore, is recognized to be real by competent judges, the question now may be considered as before the world—What is the cause of these manifestations? The opinion of Sir David Brewster, which follows this narrative, will be considered in another place.

We clip the following from "*The News of the World*," for October the 21st, which is a large weekly octavo, having a circulation of 2,885,000, according to its own statement.

The Editor says:—

A spirited discussion is going on in one of the daily papers with regard to some mysterious manifestations produced by a "medium" from America. The most remarkable thing in connection with these manifestations is, that Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster appear to have been puzzled by them, and a report went abroad that these two eminent philosophers believed in them. The report has been contradicted by both these persons, and the extracts of a letter from Sir David Brewster, which we have appended to the astounding statements we are about to quote, places upon record what Sir David really thinks of them:

THE DANCING TABLE AND MERRY BELL IN JERMYN STREET.

I went to a house in Jermyrn street, and introduced myself on the appointed evening to Mr. Home, who I found, was a modest intelligent youth, of about twenty, in ill health. My wife accompanied me, and I met in Mr. H.'s rooms three friends, all of them men of talent and integrity.—We were in a large upper room, rather bare of furniture; a sofa, a large round table, and a little buffet, together with a few chairs, were the fittings up. One of the party had brought with him a hand-bell and an accordion. We sat around the table, with the hands resting upon it. In a few minutes the table vibrated or shuddered, as though actuated from within; it then became still, and instantly every one of us shook in his chair, not violently, but intimately, and like a jelly, so that objects "doctored" before us. This effect ceased; and now the heavy table, with all our hands upon it, raised itself high up on its side, and rocked up and down; the raising proceeding from all different quarters, the medium and all the rest of us (excepting our hands and arms, which were necessarily moved), sitting death still. The lamp on the table seemed as if it must tumble off; but the medium assured us there was no danger of that—that it was held safely in its place. The hand-bell had been placed upon the wooden rim round the pedestal of the table, and it now began to ring, apparently under different parts of the circle. Mr. Home said that the Spirits were carrying it to one of the party, and suggested myself. I was sitting nearly opposite to him, at about three feet distance. I

put my hand down under the margin of the table, and in perhaps a minute's time, I felt the tip of the bell poked up gently against the tips of my fingers, as if to say—"I am here, take me!" This palpitation of the bell continued until I moved my fingers up its side to grasp it. When I came to the handle, I slid my fingers on rapidly; and now every hand but my own being on the table, I distinctly felt the fingers, up to the palm of a hand, holding the bell. It was a soft, warm, fleshy, radiant, substantial hand, such as I should be glad to feel at the extremity of the friendship of my best friends! But I had no sooner grasped it momentarily, than it melted away, leaving me void, with the bell in my hand!!! I now held the bell lightly, with the clapper downwards, and while it remained perfectly still, I could plainly feel fingers ringing it by the clapper. The bell was carried under the table to each, and rung in the hand of each! The accordion was now placed beneath the table, and presently we heard it moving along.—Mr. Home put down his hand to the margin, and the instrument was given to him. With one hand upon the table, and with the other grasping the white wood at the bottom of the accordion, he held it bottom upwards, the keys hanging down over, and the instrument resting for support on his right knee. The accordion then played "Home, sweet home," and "God save the Queen," with a delicacy of tone which struck every one present. I never heard silence threaded with such silver lines. Afterwards in the same way, we were favored with "The Last Rose of Summer." The accordion was then taken to each member of the party in succession; we could hear it rattling on its way between our knees and the pedestal of the table; and in the hand of each person, a few notes, but no whole tunes were played!!! When in my own hand, I particularly noticed the great amount of force which was exerted by the player. It was difficult to hold the instrument from the strong downward pull, and had I not been somewhat prepared for this, the accordion would have fallen upon the floor. In the course of the evening we all felt either a finger, fingers, or a whole hand, placed upon our knees, always with a pleasant impression at the time. A white cambric handkerchief was drawn slowly under the table, and in the course of a few minutes handed to another person, tied in two knots, and put as a bouquet into the bell!!! And this experiment also was repeated for nearly all present. While these things were going on, rappings were heard in all parts of the room, in the table, in the floor, and the ceiling; and sometimes they were so loud, that the medium requested the Spirits to remember that he was only a *body*, and that these noises might disturb the people in the rooms above and below.—The medium fell into an apparently mesmeric trance, from which he addressed some good words of exhortation to each of us. The medium spoke, not as from himself, but as from the Spirit assembly which was present; and he ended with a courteous "Good night," from them.

THE REASON WHY THE SPIRITS LIKE TO PLAY UNDER THE TABLE.

We asked the medium why the effects generally took place under the table, and not upon it. He said that in habituated circles the results were easily obtained above board, visibly to all, but that at a first sitting, it was not so. That skepticism was almost universal in men's intellects, and marred the forces at work; that the upper part of us, or the brain and senses, were more opposed to Spiritual truth than the vital, visceral, or instinctive part, which in this case is conveniently separated from the other by the table. I give his explanation, in my own words, for what it is worth.

THE SPIRITS ASK THE LIVING PEOPLE NOT TO GRASP THEIR HANDS.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this that Mr. Home came by invitation, to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. Arrived in the drawing room, the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the "circle" consisted of Mr. Home, four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large and heavy lute table, which occupied the centre of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first *seance*; and the chairs also, as before, thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from hers, exclaiming,— "Oh! Papa, there's a heart in my chair," which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements, and after cracking, and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily some eight inches into the air, and floated hovering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted 29. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would have scarcely broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor of the room, and poise itself in mid air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals, the medium was in a state of the complete muscular repose. The traveling of the hand-bell under the table was also repeated for every one present, and this time they all felt the hand, or hands, either upon their knees, or other portion of their limbs. I put my hand down as previously, and was regularly stroked on the back of it by a soft palpable hand as before. Nay, I distinctly felt the whole arm against mine, and once grasped the hand, but it melted as on the first occasion; and immediately a call was made for the alphabet, there being something to communicate. The "Spirits" now spelt out through Mr. Home, who had known nothing of what I had done under the table, "Do not grasp our hands." I asked why, and Mr. Home said that they had great difficulty in presenting, and thus rapidly incarnating these hands out of the vital atmospheres of those present, and that their work was spoilt, and had to be recommenced, when they were interfered with. During the *seance* I had the border of a white cambric handkerchief just appearing out of the side pocket of my paletot, which was open; and though I could see no agency, I felt something twitching at the handkerchief, and very gradually drawing it from my pocket! Simultaneously with this, my eldest daughter, who sat opposite to me, exclaimed, "Oh! I see phreosic fingers at papa's pocket!" and now visibly to all the handkerchief was slowly pulled out, and drawn under the table; whilst, at the same time, I felt an arm that was doing it, but which was invisible to me!!! At this time, I was at least three feet from Mr. Home, with a person between us, and he was absolutely passive. The feeling I had was of nudges, as distinct as ever I felt from a mortal limb, and that on my breast and arm, which were above the table; and yet, though the operation of abstracting my handkerchief was going on visibly to all, the rest of the circle, as well as myself (all except

my eldest daughter,) could see nothing. I can swear that there was no machinery, unless the skin, bone, muscle, and tendons of an unseen hand, forearm and elbow deserve the name.

THE SPIRITS SHAKE HANDS WITH PEOPLE ROUND THE TABLE.

The next *seance* took place about the third week in July, at the house of a valued friend in Exeter. The party sat down to the table with Mr. Home in the dark of a fine evening, and were nine or ten in number. The first thing I remarked, was a gentle tremulous flash of light through the room, but what was the cause of it I am unable to determine. When we had sat a few minutes, I decided that gentle grasp of a large man, I felt a man's right knee, and I said to Mr. H., "There is a man's hand upon my knee." "Who is it?" he said. "How should I know?" was my reply. "Ask," said he. "But how shall I ask?" "Think of somebody," was his answer. I thought instantly of an intimate friend, once a Member of Parliament, and as much before the public as any man in his generation, and who died on the 30th of June last. And I said aloud, "Is it —?" Hearty affirmation slaps on the knee from the same hand, which had remained fixed till then, were the reply to my question. "I am glad to be again in the same room with you," said I. Again the same hearty greeting was repeated. "Are you better?" I inquired. A still more joyous succession of slaps I said, if it is really you, will you shake hands with me? and I put my hand under the table, and now the same soft and capacious hand was placed in mine, and GAVE IT A CORDIAL SHAKING!!! In two or three minutes more, another hand, evidently also a man's, but small, thin, firm, and lively, was placed in the same position which the former had occupied; and after some preliminary questioning with Mr. Home, I said, "Is it Mr. —?" naming another valued friend, who, after 20 years of suffering, had departed this life. With *lightest finger tips*, the affirming hand came, ed up and down my leg and upon my knee. I said, "I am glad to find you are so much better." The playful hand beat "yes" again. And this, in reply to renewed questions, for two or three minutes. Then I said, "Have you any communication for your wife, when I see her?" There was no response, and that agent there ceased to manifest himself. After another short pause, a totally different hand, a lady's, came to me, rested in my hand under the table, rubbed my hand, and allowed me leisure to examine its delicate, beautiful, and warmth-raying fingers. It was signified that it was Mrs. —, whom I had known in life, and who wished to greet me. Between and during what happened to myself, many of the rest of the circle were touched, and described their impressions much as I have described mine. Some merely had a single finger put upon the knees. Mr. Home said that the presenting Spirits could often make one finger where they could not make two, and two, where they could not form an entire hand; just as they could form a hand where they could not realize a whole human finger; and he also said that this was one reason why they did not show themselves aboveboard, because they did not like imperfect members to be seen!!!

THE GHOSTLY HANDS AND ARMS.

The circle was broken up, and reconstituted nine persons, to the best of my recollection, being arranged at the table. The table was placed opposite a window, and the bright moonbeams streamed down upon its side. There was no candle in the apartment. The space of table which fronted the window was not occupied by sitters. In a few minutes time, there emerged into sight above the rim of the table, in the vacant space, a delicate beautiful hand and part of the forearm, apparently of ghostly tenacity. As I was sitting exactly opposite the vacant space, I had a fair opportunity of watching this hand as it projected against the moonlight; it was a filmy looking woman's hand, with the fingers drooping forwards from left to right as I sat. The hand curved up over the table margin, deliberately grasped a hand-bell placed carrying it partly down, and let it drop upon the floor. It then rose to sight again, and took away a cambric handkerchief also placed near, which was tied in two knots under the table, and presented one of the company, who had been strongly moved from the time that the hand was first seen. I bear to give the further details of this hand, because they seemed to be of a private nature, sufficient to say, that it caused no little emotion to a gentleman who seemed concerned. On its disappearance, another hand, large, strong, and with fingers extended, and pushed bolt up in the moonlight, rose above the table near to Mr. Home. He cried out, "Oh! keep me from that hand! It is so cold. Do not let it touch me!" Shortly it also vanished, and a third hand was seen at the other side of the vacant table edge; this hand was in a glove. The presently a fourth hand ascended on the extreme left—a lady's hand, of beautiful proportions—traversed the entire vacant space from left to right, rising, and displaying the forearm; and then, as near Mr. Home, the entire arm. When it reached him, the hand was level with his forehead, upon which it laid its palm, and with its fingers passed hair back, and played upon his brow for half a minute. I was sitting next but one to it, and leant forward past my intermediate neighbor, at the same time requesting that if the hand belonged to my friend Mrs. —, it might also be laid on my forehead. This was deliberately done; I felt a thrilling impression as the palm was laid flat upon my brow, where it remained for several seconds. It was warm as human, and made of material but softest flesh. During the interval, which I felt it, I had abundant opportunity of examining most closely the arm and forearm. The forearm sleeve appeared to be of white cambric, plain and neat, and it shone like biscuit-porcelain in the moonlight. The sleeve of the dress upon the arm was darker, but I do not remember the color. And bending over, as I did, to the vacant rim of the table, I saw how the arm terminated—presently in a graceful cascade of drapery; and as though an arm were put out through the peak of a snowy tent, the apex of which thus fell around the shoulder on every side. And now the Spirits spelt out "Good Night."

SIR DAVID BREWSTER'S ACCOUNT OF IT.

Both Lord Brougham and myself freely acknowledged that we were puzzled with Mr. Home's performances, and could not account for them. Neither of us pretend to be expounders of conundrums, whether verbal or mechanical; but, if we had been permitted to take a peep beneath the drapery of Mr. Cox's table, we should have been spared the mortification of this confession. At Mr. Cox's house, Mr. Home, Mr. Cox, Lord Brougham, and myself, sat down to a small table. Mr. Home having previously requested us to examine if there was any machinery about his person, an examination, however, which we declined to make. When our hands were upon the table noises were heard—rappings in abundance; and, finally, when we rose up the table actually rose, as appeared to me, from the ground. This result I do not pretend to

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When from Eden's blissful garden sinful Adam sorrowing turned,
While his heart, with grief o'erladen, for the forfeit Eden yearned,
Then, while everything around him aspect strange and dreary wore,
Sounded in his ear the edict, "Man on earth shall rise no more!"

Since that hour, like some pale exile wandering on a foreign strand,
Vainly longing, sadly pining for his own dear native land,
Man is chained in vengeful bondage to this world of doubt and fear,
While his spirit, ever restless, seeks to find a nobler sphere.

Thus the ardent painter dreameth of some bright, angelic face,
Which his brain forever haunteth, but his pencil ne'er can trace;
Forms of heavenly grace and beauty by his side unbidden stand,
Mocking all his gayest colors, while they scorn his feeble hand.

Thus the poet's glowing fancy, soaring far to realms unknown,
Revels in a world of brightly-beaming beauty all its own;
All its own, for what it seeth, in these dreams of dazzling light,
Poet's tongue can never utter, poet's pen can never write.

And the conqueror in his triumph, while before him monarchs bow,
While Fame's laurel chaplet presses on his flushed and throbbing brow,
Weeps, unsatisfied with glory, casting hope and joy behind,
When his bloody sword no longer hapless worlds to quell can find.

Poet, painter, mighty warrior, howe'er great his fame may be,
Man, with never-ceasing ardor, longs for immortality;
All his pleasures, all his honors, mingled join with grief and pain,
While his soul with weary longing pants a heaven to regain.

"THE PRESENTMENT."

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Over her face, so tender and meek,
The light of a prophecy lies,
That hath silvered the red rose on her cheek,
And chastened the thought in her eyes.

Beautiful eyes with an inward glance
To the Spirit's mystical deep;
Lost in the languid gleam of a trance,
More solemn and saintly than sleep.

It hints of a world which is alien and dim,
Of a nature that hovers between
The discord of earth, and the seraphim's hymn,
On the verge of the pallid—unseen.

And forever and ever she seems to hear
The voice of a chamber imple,
"Come! enter the life that is noble, and clear:
Come! grow to my heart once more."

And forever and ever she mutely turns,
From a mortal lover's sighs;
And fainter the red of the rose-flush burns,
And deeper the thought in her eyes.

The seeds are warm of the churchyard flowers,
That shall blossom about her rest,
And the light that shall sing by the old church towers
Is already fledged in its nest.

And so, when a blander summer shall smile,
On some eve of soft July,
We will tend to the dust her beauty awhile,
'Neath the hush of a moonless sky.

And later still, shall the churchyard flowers
Gleam hither with a white increase;
And a hind outpour, by the old church towers,
A plaintive poem of peace.

(Continued from first page.)

had reached the starting point, although the subject of experiment was shut up in a darkened room. These experiments were tried repeatedly, and with various persons, but always with the same general result; the only differences discovered being in the relative increase and decrease of the right and left hands, or the positive and negative poles of the system. The rule arrived at is—that hunger and fatigue reduce the quantity of *Od* in the vital frame, while sunlight and food increase it. An unusually hearty meal will produce a corresponding *Od* increase; fasting, an extraordinary depression. An exact correspondence was thus observed between the amount of *Od* force and the well-known feelings of physical exaltation, produced by the elastic influences of the morning air, and by good nourishing food.

From the experiments, made by examination of the hands only by sensitive persons, the Baron was led to extend his investigations to the variations exhibited by the head at different hours of the day and night. And here was observed a striking difference between these different parts of the body. And here was observed a striking difference between these different parts of the body. The head was ascertained to rise in the morning, in about the same ratio as the hands and sides; but it was far less affected by hunger. "The organs of the understanding appear to take less notice of the crude nutrient operations, than the matter-ruling hands." Nor was the difference thus discovered confined to the hands and head. The division of the brain into two grand sections viz: the *cerbrum*, or seat of the intellectual and moral faculties, and the *cerellum*, or *sensorium*, the center of the nervous or merely animal feelings, is well established and universally recognized by physiologists and phrenologists. The distinction between these divisions of the brain has been rendered by Von Reichenbach more plain than ever before. He tells us that "the fore and hinder parts of the head are more different, Odically, than the right and left sides of the brain. The forehead, in general, manifested cold; the back of the head, considerable heat. The forehead of human beings became greatly excited in the morning with the dawning of the day, took but small share in the effects of hunger, and reached its culmination after sunset. During the whole of this time, the back of the head remained almost unchanged, so that at six o'clock in the evening it was exactly at the same place as at six o'clock in the morning. But then it suddenly rose, almost at the same time that the forehead commenced its retrograde course. Thus while the back of the head continually rises until three A. M., the forehead falls incessantly about the same hour,—the one to reach its upper, the other, its lower culmination, almost at the same moment. From this point again the opposite course commenced, and while after three o'clock the exalted back of the head fell rapidly, toward four o'clock the deeply depressed forehead began in like manner to rise quickly.

This motion is a representative of our waking and sleeping. The forehead represents the functions of waking life; the back of the head, of sleep. The forehead advances with increasing *Od* activity from break of dawn until sunset; then it loses the *Od*-spring of the luminary of the day, and sinks incessantly from its high until the new day begins to break, when the sun force comes anew to rejoin it. The back of the head, on the contrary, passes quietly through the whole day, almost without motion; but so soon as the sun has sunk below the horizon, the hour of its nightly labor has struck. Now arises Morpheus, and with rapid steps advances, until the first traces of the morning light remind him that the forehead is on its way to free him from his work. The back of the head sinks from its greatest to its lowest elevation at the close of night, just as rapidly as the forehead sunk from its, at the close of day. Thus the two are not only opposed in polarity, but they are as diametrically opposed to each other in their operations as are day and night, waking and sleeping."

—(p. 211.)

We see in this a striking analogy to the theory deduced by Mueller, from Physiological observa-

tions, viz: that digestion is the more active by day, and assimilation by night; and that whether sleeping or waking the vigor of our vital forces is undiminished, however changed their course of action. Sleep is not a suspension of the vital functions; it is a mere alternation of physical action. The business of sleep is governed by the unconscious cerebrum; while the conscious forehead resumes its waking labors only when the radiations of the sun have aroused and qualified it for renewed exertion.

And here we should like to ask somebody several big questions. Does this difference in the *Od* polarity of the brain arise from, or account for the conscious antagonism, which is felt by all well regulated minds, between the intellectual and sensuous faculties? Has it anything to do with the tendency to self-indulgence and excess, generally experienced most strongly after night fall, when the reason or cerebrum experiences its decline, and the power of the cerebellum or passion is on the increase? Has it anything to do with the repentance, which the morning after a carouse brings with it? Is the alternate ascendancy of the opposing *Od* forces sufficient to account for dreams, and for the difference in character of those occurring in our first and last sleep? Are not the phenomena of somnambulism, sleep walking, mesmerism, mediumship, drunkenness and insanity, connected more or less with a corresponding abnormal condition of the *Od* currents of the brain, occasioned by an abatement or change in the natural polarity, or by foreign or diseased accession of *Od*ism? Cannot the magnet, the hand, and the crystal, be here introduced as remedial agents? Is *Od*ism identical with mind, or with life? Is it the actual informing principle of all organized nature, commencing with the crystal, more highly developed in the plant, more intense yet in animals, and manifesting its highest power in the most perfect organic structure—the brain of the human being? Or is it only an emanation from a still higher, and as yet unknown essence, from which, as from the electric and magnetic forces it is inseparable? Or is it, as the Spiritists assert, the element in which Spirits live, and move and have their being—the medium wherein mortals may mingle with them, and in their society ramble through the universe, mounting from knowledge to knowledge, and from principle to principle, until they reach the presence of the tremendous Creator himself! The mind can hardly grasp so immense an idea. Its sublimity appals us. Its grandeur intoxicates us. It seems impossible that science hitherto purely material in all its researches, should have at last transcended its narrow limits, and acquired possession of a field so boundless, yet so fruitful. But let us not glory in anticipation. This triumph is yet to be achieved. Many heads must ache, many hearts must yearn, many years of patient toil must yet be endured, ere this last and crowning victory can perch upon our standard. Little did the ancient Greek know of the overwhelming import of these two little words, when he launched adown the stream of time, that famous precept, "Know thyself." Did he know himself? Did our fathers know themselves? Shall our children, to the end of time, be masters of their own secret organization?

We proceed, in conclusion, to enumerate briefly the characteristics of the new force, in retrospect of what we have already stated, in order that those of our readers, who have not access to the volume of Von Reichenbach, and are employed in "Spirit" investigations, may be able to apply the principles of *Od*ism to their own experiments. The summary is condensed from that of the book before us, as given on pp. 220 to 227.

1. Upon the majority of men and women the magnet produces no effect; but to nervous patients, nervous temperaments, and to all who are subject to mesmeric influences, its power is perceptible in some degree. About a quarter to a third of the race are affected by it.

2. The perceptions of that influence present themselves to the two senses of feeling and sight. To the feeling, by a sensation of apparent coolness or tepid warmth to the sight, by appearances of light when the patients remain for a long time in deep obscurity.

3. This influence is exerted, first, by the magnet; second, by terrestrial magnetism; third, by crystals; fourth, by heat; fifth, by electricity in all its forms; sixth, by light; seventh, by the rays of the sun, moon and stars; eighth, by chemistry; ninth, by vital organic force, both vegetable and animal; and tenth, by the total material world.

4. This force, which is called *Od*, differs from magnetism in several respects: first it does not attract iron; second, bodies charged with it are not determined in particular directions by the terrestrial magnetic force; third, they do not affect the suspended magnetic needle; fourth, they are not disturbed when suspended by the vicinity of an electric current; fifth, they do not induce any galvanic current in metallic wires.

5. *Od* is universally polar. Positive *Od* produces coolness; negative warmth.

6. In man, the whole right side of the body is negative; the whole left side is positive; the back of the head negative. There is no difference in the polarity of the sexes.

7. The *Od* force can be conducted in all bodies, to distances as yet unmeasured, with a facility proportionate to their density. Its conduction is effected more slowly than that of electricity, but much more rapidly than that of heat.

8. It can be transferred or charged upon one body by another. This is effected by contact. But mere approximation, without contact, is sufficient for this purpose, though the effect produced thereby is weaker.

9. This transfer requires several minutes for its completion.

10. The duration of the *Od* charge is brief, disappearing in a few moments after the removal of the charging body.

11. Human beings are luminous, almost all over the surface of their bodies, but especially on the hands, the points of the fingers, the eyes, different parts of the head, the pit of the stomach and toes. Flame-like streams of light, of relatively greatest intensity, flow from the points of all the fingers, in a straight direction from where they are stretched out.

12. Electricity produces and strengthens the *Od* phenomena in a high degree.

13. The rays of the sun and moon charge with *Od* all bodies on which they fall.

14. In the animal organism, night, sleep and hunger, diminish the *Od* emissions; food, daylight and activity, increase them. In sleep, the focus of *Od* activity is removed to different parts of the nervous system. Within the twenty-four hours of day and night, a periodical fluctuation of *Od* occurs in the human body.

15. The Aurora Borealis is nothing more than the emanation of *Od* light from the poles of the earth, occasioned by terrestrial magnetism.

THE AGE AND ITS CHARACTERISTICS—ITS SPIRITUAL NEEDS AND NECESSITIES.

We continue the extracts* from E. P. Hood's biography of Swedenborg, as they significantly point out the skeptical and materialistic state of philosophy and science in Europe, and show the necessity for a Spiritual religion and a rational theology. And what makes the following of special interest to the Spiritualist, is the fact, that Mr. Hood was induced to write this biography of the Swedish Seer, and call attention to his writings, in hopes the reading and thinking public might look in that direction for aid, and find rest to their souls. And in doing this, Mr. Hood has simply

*We are indebted for these extracts to the November issue of the *New Jerusalem Magazine*.

*Tennyson.

obeyed the dictates of good sense, since the reaction of Skepticism has commenced, and the voice of awakened consciousness and Spiritual life, bespeaks for Swedenborg a mission of use and beauty, in translating the old, and introducing the New dispensation.

The following from *Life Illustrated*, will warrant this assumption, were there no other proof.

"THE WRITINGS OF SWEDENBORG.—Rev. Augustus Chisholm, M.A., a minister of the Church of England, has just given £3,000 to the Swedenborg Printing Society, London, a society for printing and publishing the writings of Swedenborg. The same gentleman's sister has also endowed the same society with £25 a year for ever. General Count La Casas, the friend and associate of Napoleon at St. Helena, has recently left a considerable sum of money for the purpose of defraying the expenses of translating and publishing the works of Swedenborg into French. A few admirers of Swedenborg in England have just sent subscriptions, to the amount of £1,500, to Dr. Tafel, of the Tubingen University, Wurzburg, to assist him in translating and publishing the writings in German."

This is a great concession in favor of Spiritualism, for few will persist in denying to Swedenborg, who knew the facts in the case, large and generous honor for his revelations and philosophy of the Spiritual world, whatever they may think of either as authority.

When we speak of Spiritualism, we do not mean the partial development of our times; but the full and expanded Gospel, of which our manifestations are but the sign and the promise. Still the advent of Spiritualism, be it ever so elementary in philosophy must be considered of vast moment to the world's progress, since its facts stand out in bold relief from all theory, and demands of the physicist and the materialist an answer. In the meantime there are many who may need to learn of the diseased condition of Christendom, before they will see the need of, or feel like giving a full and friendly welcome to Spiritualism. For all such, Mr. Hood's work would be a desirable instructor. We hope, therefore, some of our Swedenborgian friends will republish it in this country, for it may act as a mediator, and harmonize contending factions of the Spiritual family, by its moderate and discriminate philosophy.

Mr. Hood, in speaking of the Bible, says: "It is the utterance of every possible experience of the church; it is the shrine to which the true pilgrims of every age have directed their steps; the focal fountain of light and heat, illuminating and regulating every moral latitude of humanity."

"The utterance of every possible experience of the church, did we say? the shrine of the true pilgrim of every age? Or has humanity at last reached a stage of its history, a phase of its progress, where the Bible can avail it no more? . . . Certainly never before were man's questions in reference to his faith so universal, so long, so deep, so loud. Outside of what would be called the visible church, there are thousands of earnest, faithful young hearts, exclaiming in agony and in bitterness, 'Who will show us any good?' They cannot, they will not, give body and soul to cold and dead formalities; and the truth is, very few ministers or books understand their case, or have any sympathy with them. The poet has truly said—

"There is more faith in honest doubts
Believe me, than in half the creeds."

"It is an age of intense and vivid mental action; it is an age of knowledge, and thought, and induction; an age in which men have surrendered their habits of primitive faith, and yet demand reasons that shall meet upon the proper region of faith—the world of the emotional and intuitional. Never before did man so long for 'the evidence of things not seen,' and never before did the road to the unseen seem so impassable and steep. It is an age profoundly metaphysical and self-conscious; yet it is an age in which man is too impatient to examine his consciousness. The men of thought in this age have cast behind them traditional faith and traditional worship. Historical faith, it is seen more clearly than ever, is no saving faith. The base of belief must be, not in our fathers' consciousness, but in our own; this is the infidelity of this age. It is not a sneering infidelity; it is mournful and hopeful. Christian man! Christian minister! can you do anything for it, and with it? If you cannot, you had better leave it alone. Every time you attempt to reply to the infidelity to which you cannot reply, you pour new blood, fresh life, into your adversary. Your power to meet your skeptical friend depends on your occupancy of a reserved ground of argument and experience—a field he has never entered—a region over which he has never traveled, and of which he did not even know the existence. As long as he only sees you beckoning him to a continent round which he has coasted, he may say, 'I have been there; I found no rest for the sole of my foot there; I know that land better than you; I lost myself in the labyrinths and swamps. No! Yonder is not the promised land, and you, I see, cannot guide me to it.'"

"A philosophical verification of religious truth, then, is what the age loudly calls for; or, if the word philosophy displeases you, then say, men want to see the religious life perfected by the presentation to them of an object that shall supply a motive to their will, and an ideal that shall charm and captivate their understanding; and Christianity ever has done this. . . . The age of dogmatic theology—which, in fact, must be a dark age of dogmatic nonsense, since theology can never be taught to me by man, but must be revealed in me by the teachings of the Divine Spirit—that age is gone by. . . . It is an age of earnest Protestantism, far more so than the age of Luther or of Milton; and although much of our Protestantism is of a very questionable character, and perhaps means, in many instances, selfish, it must have its way; the faithful man must aim to give it a faith against which it cannot protest."

"An eminent writer has characterized our age under 'The everlasting No;'" and who, that has looked abroad, does not perceive that we are surrounded by negations? Truly, as it has been said, our faith is now not made up of the one or two things in which we do believe, but of the twenty or thirty things in which we do not believe. Oh! is it not awful that so many thousands now every day, to every question of import in infinite matters, are compelled to return an answer far too audible for doubt? No! God, man, Providence, immortality, Christianity—alas! to many of them the soul's rays a hollow No! . . . Yet man wants to believe. The sad fact is, that most of our teachers have not travelled so far as some of us, and therefore they cannot aid us; and others who come to help us, reveal to us the hollow eye, the hollow heart. We see that we are commanded to say Yes by those who are compelled to say No for themselves; and why is this? It is because there is in this age more of that vague, idle self-contemplation than ever perhaps existed before."

"But to another aspect of the religious life of our times. There spreads over men's minds, to a larger extent than many persons have any conception of in this age, a misty exhalation, huge and

vast, rainbow-tinted, but unsubstantial as a rainbow—PANTHEISM. In the long run, man cannot escape from the consciousness of a Power above him; he cannot ignore the idea of Divinity; and he cannot create a polytheistic Pantheon; for, strangely around him as he looks, more and more intensely and deeply there appears the oneness of all things—everywhere all nature appears to be striving to one model. Nature is one, awful as the sphinx of old, but lovely as the sphinx; and thus everywhere she looks out upon man as a beautiful Pantheon; and many musing minds walk on, and never recognize anything higher than this,—in all things, they greet the sympathetic kindred to self. Thus we hear of communion with the spirit of nature, the poetry of nature, the religion of nature. Man, it is said, must be a part of this unitary whole and round of things; else why is he touched by them? To nothing is he indifferent; all creations affect him by sympathy or antipathy; he has something in common with all days and seasons; he is a Memnon, in whose breast the glories of sunbeam and starbeam, of clouds and storms, of winds and waters, of waving woods and grasses, the luxuriance of fruits and the radiance of flowers, awaken responses and echoes. He who is so touched by all must be a part of all, and all must be a part of him. God is not a personality. Paul knew this. Did he not quote with approbation the testimony of the pantheistic poet of old—'In Him we live and move and have our being?—'We are his offspring; we were produced from the bosom of the Great All; and to the same Great All, as the ancients believed, we shall at last return. The writings of this day are deeply imbued with the spirit of this great fallacy—a fallacy, because truth is incomplete. The essays of Emerson, the writings of Carlyle, the poems of Bailey, the 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,' many of the abstractions of the philosophical schoolmen, the dim and gleaming perceptions of the theosophists—all have tended to confirm the mind of the age in this great fallacy. So also the attempt to build religion upon natural theology, and the evidence of design in the material creation; thus shutting up the understanding to the eye, and making it to be the gauge and test of spiritual things."

"Wordsworth has been the poet of our maturest years, our consolation, our guide and instructor, and we feel for him a reverence too deep to admit of the utterance of any light or hasty reflection on his genius and teaching. We speak with hesitation, but yet with boldness, Who shall say how much this pantheistic feeling has been nurtured and flattered by his writings, especially by the earlier and more miscellaneous poems? . . . The 'Excursion' does not, indeed, at all lie open to the charge; but the earlier writings are bathed in the cold glory, and exalted with the grandeur, of the old Grecian mind. True in themselves, they were not cold, because they had passed as experiences through the poet's own mind, and sprang warm and living from his magnificent utterance; and they had the additional preservative, too, that they were not merely descriptive, but interfused with the life of English home-born joys and scenes, in a day when that life was simpler than it is at present. But the poetry of Wordsworth is a great hymn to Nature; it is a symphony of the soul between the surging of the sea, the chanting of the winds, the voice of birds, and the bleat of lambs:—

"He hears the echoes through the mountain throng:
The winds come to him from the fields of sleep."

But there is no personality of God in all. We do not, for a second, imply that he did not hold most distinctly the divine personality and presence; but it was a conviction rather than an instinctive feeling. He turned to Nature gladly—readily: she was to him the mighty mother; and her mists and beams, her mountain-torrents, and her sheltered inland lakes, were the great consolation and joy of his life. You perceive this in his 'Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,' and 'On the Power of Sounds,' both of them, perhaps, worthy of being placed at the head of English odes; but you meet the feeling still more in the universally known and loved poem of 'Tintern Abbey.' With reverence and regret, we feel that in it Nature is all in all. . . . It is a magnificent compliment to Pantheism."

"The great initial letter in Swedenborg's theology, which has here a relation to the age, is the unity and personality of the Deity; it is a distinct personality, like that felt and figured by the great Hebrew prophets and seers. Sublime, indeed, are his teachings respecting the evidence of a Being, great and adorable above and beyond Nature, and from whom all Nature is, and has her existence. The speculations of Oken, in which madness and magnificence so strangely blend and mingle; the self-producing generations of Lamarck; and the modern school of law-evolving hypothesis—had all been anticipated and passed in review before the Swedish theosophist. He did not believe that electricity and magnetism constituted life; that Nature was a wild Walpurgis dance of globe and oblate spheroid—operating alike, from a clever disposition of the electric battery, in tears or dew-drops, in the blood of man, or in the life of worms. Nature, said he, is dead. She derives her life from the fiery flakes of the sun; and the sun is dead. How can Nature dispense life to anything? Is she not altogether herself inert? It is madness, therefore, to believe in the life of Nature, or the intelligence of Nature. What! can Nature regard uses as the end of her operations, or dispose such uses into their orders and forms? The old philosopher does not often sneer; but something very like one we can see above his lips as he puts the interrogation, Can Nature, through all her successive linkages, have a regard from the beginning to the end? . . . To him, to deny the Divine Godhead, and to believe in the Godhead of Nature, proves that the affections are open to the sensual, but not to the Spiritual world."

"I will listen to you in proportion as you can satisfy my questions. I think Swedenborg replies to a greater number of important questions than any other teacher whatever; nothing appears to have escaped him. Of all the systems in this world, modern infidelity is the most audacious, as we have always noted it. Infidelity! How shall we translate that word No? Ah! how little trouble it takes to say 'No: I do not believe: I will not believe'—the everlasting No! And it is equally the word of the most painful consciousness, and the most careless indifference, and the most affected nonchalance. For some forms of infidelity, we must have the most tender pity; for some, the most incurable contempt. For the infidelity yearning for satisfaction, we believe the answer in the affirmative will come, and the void will be satisfied and filled."

"But there is another phase of the philosophy and of philosophical scepticism in our day to which Swedenborg may be applied—namely, the positivism of science. This asserts that man begins with the theological or mythological, advances to the

metaphysical or casuistical, and terminates at last in the scientific or the known. This, it will be perceived, is a state beyond the pantheistic; it rejects all faith, and concerns itself only with the observed order of things. In this idea, all things are in the order of development; but beyond the present in this, man cannot pass. Science is the ultimate and final condition of knowledge. The soul is a form of matter; and immortality becomes impossible. . . . Now it surely is a circumstance of great note, that Swedenborg was himself acquainted with, and well and deeply grounded in, all the positive science of his day. He accepts all the conditions and demands of science, and builds on them as the ultimate principles out of which other degrees of knowledge and wisdom must flow. In many ways it may be illustrated that his system furnishes us with the true positivism. He heralds the mechanical ages; he deprecates the intangible and indefinite; he appeals to facts, but to all facts—to the facts of consciousness and conviction, as much as to the ministration of the compasses or the telescope."

"Swedenborg is a positive philosopher, and he has made theology positive. He is truly at the head of the positive or scientific school; but with him consciousness is a fact. He lays his finger not only on the seen and temporal, and calls that a fact, but he shows how it must be the drapery of the unseen and eternal, the spiritual and the celestial; and he advances to these, and shows that they are facts too. Hence Swedenborg is able to answer, as we have already said, many of the most interesting and momentous questions for which the heart of humanity is waiting the reply; while the positive philosophers not only tell us that they have no reply, but intimate further to us that a reply we shall never get. Yes, audacious we have said; for they build on their denials, and call them discoveries. Positivists! your classification is good, your arrangement natural; but you are false to it. Man does advance to positive knowledge; but what positive knowledge have you? If man cuts his cable from the anchor of the Infinite and Immortal, what does he, what can he know? . . . To every inquiry of faith, they give the answer of the glassy or horny eye—they 'dinna ken.'"

HEAVEN A SUMMER-LAND.

CONCEPTIONS OF CHRISTIAN POETS.

To the mind of a contemplative and imaginative Christian, there are times of the day, and seasons of the year, which tend to fashion his conception of heaven into one of a smiling land, where beauty and fragrance forever delight and regale the sense. In many passages of his experience, he would speak of it as an extended and diversified country, rather than as a city, however gorgeous with towers of gold, or gates of pearl. Should he happen while in devotional mood, to up-turn his eye at mid-day to the sun; and should its glory, flashing upon his vision, inspire his imagination to conceive the unspeakable splendor of heaven, he would not fail then to picture it before his mind, as a city whose shining is brighter than the sun, whose streets are paved with gold, and gleam like transparent glass. The radiance of an unclouded noon, when it breaks upon the imagination, seldom fails to give it a spirited and even martial inspiration; and the mind will then be content with no other Heaven, than a resplendent capital.

So, too, on a wintry day, when the green which the eye loves has faded from the fields, and the trees are bare of leaves, the Christian will think of Heaven as the city of a King. Nothing but a desolation is in the barren landscape, and the mind will seek to relieve itself from the scene, by drawing pictures of brilliant streets, and happy golden dwellings.

But at the close of some sweet fair day, when the clouds that gather round the sun, to bid him their last farewell, wear a thousand beautiful tints, and change their shapes and hues at every glance of the eye—should the Christian, in devotional repose of mind, look upon the scene, he would see Heaven, not as a city, but as an enchanting landscape beyond and above the western horizon, adorned with beauty, perfect and unblemished, of which earth has seen but a single fading tint.

So, also, in the opening of Spring and Summer, when the face of nature, long gloomy and sad, is rosy with smiles, when birds sing in groves of freshest green, and flowers unfold their colors and shed their fragrance in the air,—the Christian, in contemplating Heaven, will desire to see no gilded battlements or castles, no throne or watch-towers, no temples or glittering highways; but as far beyond the azure arch as he can project his sight, he will view Heaven as a boundless plain of matchless charms, impressing him with reverence and humility to behold.

Christian poets, in their sacred lyrics, have not failed to picture Heaven as a sunny land.

"Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene
That rushes to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight!"

Dr. Watts—the second "sweet singer of Israel"—embodies the idea of a country in his familiar hymn beginning with the beautiful and mellow line—

"There is a land of pure delight,"

Perpetual spring crowns the hills, and flowers bloom which never fade. No Christian, sensitive to the delicate beauty of a flower, will believe there are no gardens, in Heaven. The Creator is a lover of flowers; and if he has decked the earth with such mementos of his skill and taste, would he not have fringed the scenery of Heaven with others fairer still?

"There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers."

Old Spencer, the author of the "Fairy Queen," says of the ministering angels which are sent to visit us,

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us, who succour want?"

Another poet, whose hymns are sung on Sabbath days by multitudes of Christian worshippers, has said, in well remembered words,

"There, sweeter bowers than Eden's bloom."
But Heaven is not only an illimitable garden of flowers; it is also

"A land where fruits immortal grow."

Whatever luxuriance there may be in the tropics of the earth, the lavish profusion there displayed is only barrenness, compared with the richer stores that are gathered in Heaven. Moreover, eternity alone measures the season of the harvest. Everlasting is the ripeness of every fruit, and fragrance of every flower. There the olive will always grow, the fig-tree put forth her leaves, the vine flourish. The luscious fruits will be plucked and eaten; and there will be no surfeit of appetite.

How often the Christian, weary of this world, yearns for such a country! Indeed but few, even among those who have no inheritance there, would not, if they were told that by wishing they could possess it, picture such a region for their final, happiest home. Even a child, who had been told of Heaven, inquired with beautiful simplicity,—

"Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glaze through the myrtle boughs?"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the fig grows ripe under sunny skies?"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?"

Trees, too, whose foliage is green with the verdure of eternal spring—

"Rear their heads and clap their hands."

Groves of palm trees are there, in whose shade the saints repose, to recount their toils and triumphs, while they hold in their hands fresh branches broken from the boughs above them. We believe that the Saviour, while on earth, loved the palms of Palestine, and often gathered his disciples in their cool shelter; we would not be persuaded that he has left the upper Holy Land un beautified by palm-trees, royal in stature, and faultless in gracefulness. Who that has read of Lebanon, would not wish to see its cedars transplanted to that purer clime, and growing there in majesty unknown on earth. But more precious than all others—

"The cedar, pine, and everlasting oak,"—

is the Tree of Life, standing upon the brink of the River, that flows eternally from the throne of the Omnipotent. As the excellence of all celestial spirits centres in the perfect and infinite God, so the beauty of all celestial vegetation is crowned in this Eternal Tree, which the Father has planted with his own hand.

"Fair, distant land! could now our eyes
But hazy charms explore—
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!"

This is the Paradise to which the Christian is invited. Toward its borders, he is sojourning. Sometimes he is permitted, while on his way, to see it faintly—outspreading beyond him in the distance of the future—though, mayhap, a cloud will often overhaze his vision. Yet, he presses onward—needing no compass, as the mariner and prairie-traveller require, knowing that a Friend—the Friend of all humanity, for He was once a man—is walking beside him, and though unseen, is ever present. The only comfort of earth that will never fail him, is the friendship of this companion. His pleasures perish, while he would yet enjoy them. But things decaying on every side, excite him to seek a crown of happiness that will never fade. "Heaven and earth," whispers the heavenly voice, "shall pass away; but my word shall not pass away." He will at last reach the goodly land, and go in to possess it. At every sitting of the sun, he is nearer than the last; his song may be—

"I mightily pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home."

Patient Reader! you are "a pilgrim, seeking a country;" stop, and turn your footsteps toward this Summer-land. You will find no other realm so lovely; none where you will receive so warm a welcome. The road that leads to it is narrow, but at your humble prayer, you will be guided in it. Disappointment, like a precipice and deep abyss, abruptly terminate every road that wends another way; but this crosses the borders, and leads into the heart of Heaven. There you will lay down your staff, and be at rest; there you may recline your head forever on the bosom of Him who was your guide—even Christ!—N. J. Oke.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]

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