



OUR WORK IS NOT THEOLOGICAL.

Doubtless it has occurred to the readers of the Christian Spiritualist... that its Editor had some notions, hinted that such was the fact.

They are of the opinion that if we would teach, explain, and vindicate the "Sonship of Christ," or "the Atonement," the circulation of the paper would be enlarged...

Now this may be or may not be so, but with all due respects to these friends and their many opinions, none of these subjects can be made of special importance in the columns of this paper...

But even if they were, there is no good reason why the Christian Spiritualist should be made the medium of theological speculations and controversial issues...

Our work, however, does not admit of making even this desirable reform a speciality, because the paper is devoted to explaining the facts, and elaborating the philosophy of Spirit intercourse...

Spiritualism, therefore, is but another name for the actual and practical in the Bible and Nature, as it recognizes and seeks to harmonize every plane of human development...

The method by which this desired and acknowledged good is to be obtained, is not in dogmatically asserting this truth or in enforcing that belief, but on points where there is an honest difference of opinion...

The proof of this may not appear objectively in a few years, nor may it visibly affect society in many, but it may and does come hour by hour, and day by day to man, woman, and child...

In illustration of these reflections, we extract the following from a long letter sent by a lady, the more, as it is a good sample of the many suggestions made to us for the improvement of Spiritualism and the education of the race.

"I would like to call your attention to St. Paul's message to the Galatians, 1st, 5th. 'For though we, or an angel from heaven preach any other Gospel unto you, than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed.'"

Had we the room, there is much in this extract worthy of remark, as it brings to mind the nature, and invites comment on the practical value of those theological issues, which have been so many wars in the conflict of the ages.

It should be borne in mind, however, that Spiritualism is not to be identified with the theology of Prof. Hare or Dr. Bellows, nor with the teachings of any other person, for Spiritualism in its full and comprehensive meaning is the absolute and infallible gospel of the All-Father...

So far, however, as either of these gentlemen can direct the inquiring mind, or interpret for it the mode and manifestation of God's government, so far is their mediation commendable and are their labors desirable, for they stimulate thought in suggesting method, and encourage and energize the Spirit by pointing out the sought for information.

Whether, therefore, it were more profitable to form "Bible classes" than Circles, when there is no need of the one ignoring, much less antagonizing the other, judge you; you, who know how much you are indebted to the Bible for the light it sheds on the marvels of Spirit manifestations...

SPIRITISM AND PROGRESS AMONG THE GERMANS.

The characteristics of the mind, as well as its culture, for the past half century, has fitly qualified the speculative, mystic-loving spirit of the German for the advent of Spiritualism.

Had we the time or room, much might be said on this subject to interest, if not instruct the reader; but we wish to present to call his attention to, and if possible interest his sympathies in behalf of an effort which is now being made, to spread the gospel of Spiritualism among the Germans.

It will be unnecessary, however, to formally introduce our friend, Mr. Shlarbaum, as the appeal he published in the Spiritualist, not many weeks since, in which he asked for aid, and supplicated the means, by which the glad tidings of Spirit intercourse might be distributed among his countrymen, must be fresh in the memory of the reader.

His efforts thus far, however, have little more than aroused the attention of a few thinking minds among his countrymen, for the German papers published in this country have so thoroughly and repeatedly copied the caricatures and misrepresentations of our secular press, that the German mind is strongly prepossessed by prejudice at the present time.

The following is part of a letter, written by an intelligent and thoughtful man to Mr. Shlarbaum. The writer resides in Cincinnati, and was for a time the editor of a German paper in that city.

It is unnecessary to elaborate his views, however, as the following translation of his letter will explain them. After expressing a desire to know and co-operate with Mr. Shlarbaum in disseminating the "glorious truths of Spiritualism," he says:

"Although there are here, among our German people, many very able and brave men, who openly stand to the cause, yet many of them are deficient for the time being, in the proper appreciation of it, lacking the enthusiasm necessary to act upon and succeed with the masses. So much have we gained here, that an ardent desire is manifest everywhere to become acquainted with the new doctrine. In proof of this, I may mention that I have been requested by the directors of the German Institute, (late Freemason's Hall,) to lecture on Sunday next, on Spiritualism, and a very large assembly is expected. I hope to give such interest to my hearers as to interest them in a second and third lecture.

"The German Spiritualists of this city are headed by Mr. Soth and lady. Both are gifted with very warm hearts, possessing the most amiable qualities. They have a circle with Dr. Hardenstein and lady, Mr. Hassanverk (Editor of the Hostwachter) and lady, Mr. Quin (lawyer) and lady, and Mr. Goodwin. Mr. Hassanverk being absent just now on business, left his editorial duties for the time being to Mr. By-soblar, formerly of the Indiana Free Press.

"I had several interviews with him. I hope to make him a good Spiritualist. Dr. Rapp, a very quiet and exceedingly able man, who enjoys the greatest esteem here, on investigation turned out a rapping medium himself, and he is reported to be very powerful. However, we must not expect too much from the number of our German medical men here; their business is to make money, and absorb all their time and interest. A young German, of the name of Schaffelt, proprietor of a grocery, is known as a very powerful medium—rapping, writing, speaking and seeing. From several reliable witnesses I learn that he made to dance about in the room, about a dozen chairs, some tables, &c., &c. All those outward manifestations have partly lost their interest, at least for me, for I have seen enough to be thoroughly convinced; but for the masses, they are indispensable, for the sake of acting on their undeveloped senses. Did you learn that the Spiritualists of this city have fitted up a Spirit-room, like that in Athens Co., Ohio? A friend, who called during the writing of this letter, informs me that they have had several manifestations already, and more have been promised. Dr. Mead has started a new paper on Spiritualism here. Many German Spiritualists share the opinion that a book containing the history and real principles of Spiritualism, together with instructions how to form circles, and how to account for contradictions; to be written in German, and in a very popular style, and sold for a very low price, nearly free of charge, is highly needed, and would do the greatest good. Such a book is necessary to raise the attention of the Germans, as the enthusiasm awakened would be likely to sustain a regular German Spiritualistic paper afterward. Lectures can only answer in the large cities of the Union, and would hardly do as much good as their expenses would amount to. The cry of the masses will always be for books and papers. As soon as such exist, the whole subject is nearly a 'terrible success' there. I expect solely from Spiritualism the healing of the many evils in humanity. It will overthrow all obstacles, and must result in purifying and elevating the race. In my lecture I will take occasion to censure the press on its withholding of the most important mental movement that ever existed. Instead of investigating and stating the facts, most Editors fill their papers with all kinds of robbery stories, and with vulgar personalities. The present low condition of morals must chiefly be attributed to this behavior of the press. Mr. Hassanverk is the only exception in this respect; and I have not the least doubt that he will soon openly declare his views about Spiritualism.

"Yours sincerely, H. VON MARTELS."

THE DAVENPORT CIRCLE AT BUFFALO. REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATIONS.

So frequently have we recorded the phenomenal wonders developed at these rooms, that any additional notice of them may seem superfluous, and read like twice told tales. Still, while facts are called for, and positive testimony is demanded by the ultra skeptic, we shall continue to give such evidence as may meet the necessities of the case.

In selecting these facts, we prefer to take them from the secular press, as that kind of testimony will go farther with the moral and Spiritual skeptic, because supposed to be disconnected from any fanatical manifestation of Spirit, calculated to bias the mind, or mislead the judgment. Were it not for this conviction, it were an easy thing to give a weekly record of facts, as the test communications given through Miss Kate Fox and other mediums at the Rooms of the Society, are generally surprising and satisfactory.

When, however, the parties receiving communications are willing to let their names go before the public, this argument will no longer hold good, for then the skeptic can examine the narrator as the responsible party. Until, however, we can give the name or names of the party, we will not give the facts of the test, or the communication, without said party are known to ourself, in which case we become responsible for the statement. To do more than this, is not only magnifying trifles, but ministering to the love for the marvelous, which, in itself, is as blind and extreme as the skepticism it is intended to counteract and correct.

We hope, however, the day is not far distant when the love of God will constrain men, everywhere, to bear testimony for "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." To aid progress in this direction, we copy the following from the Weekly Plain Dealer, Dec. 5, that others may go and do likewise—& examine for themselves if skeptical, and give their observations and conclusions over and under their own names to the public.—Ed. Christian Spiritualist.

MANSION HOUSE, BUFFALO, NOV. 27, 1855.

"He played on a harp of a thousand strings, Spirits of just men made perfect."

DEAR GRAY:—Since the profoundest philosopher of the age—Professor Hare—has avowed his belief in Spiritual manifestations on earth, through the agency of mediums, your humble servant felt at liberty to go boldly to investigate the phenomena of "Spirits of just men made perfect," at the somewhat celebrated circle of the Davenport family, instead of sneaking in with his coat collar over his face, as he would have done had not the said philosopher opened the way. I went, and this is truthfully what I saw and heard:—

THE PLACE.

Having wound our devious way up four pair of stairs, we entered a rather rough looking room, about twenty feet square. At a large, heavy, round table in the centre, sat two harmless looking boys, one, I should judge, about fifteen and the other seventeen years old. On the table were two violins, a guitar, a small tea bell, and a large tin speaking trumpet. Around the walls were seated, on benches and chairs, twenty-six ladies and gentlemen, waiting for the time—half-past seven, P. M.—for the "performance" to begin.

Having carefully examined the walls, the floor and the ceiling, to make sure that no wire pulling, galvanizing, or other outside demonstrations, were to be tucked upon us, the single lamp that had dimly lighted the room was covered up, making the room perfectly dark.

THE DEMONSTRATIONS.

In less than two minutes, after the room was darkened, a loud thumping and twanging of the guitar and the two violins were heard, at the same time the little bell was rung violently. Then the large guitar was passed around the entire room, about even with the heads of the sitting auditory, so swiftly that the wind created by its motion was distinctly and alarmingly felt. The twanging on the strings was continued while the instrument was in motion, and indicated its locality as well as its rapid motion. Unbeliever as I was, and am yet in the Spirituality of these phenomena, I could not help but admit that no human hands could possibly move with the instrument so rapidly without detection, if it could be done at all!

The room was lighted, and all the instruments were found upon the table, and the boys sitting with their heads down upon their hands, and their hands resting on the table, as when the room was darkened. But this, strange and unaccountable as it was, did not satisfy me. It was perfect darkness, and the boys, or some busy accomplice, might do all that.

[This is about as consistent as most skeptics are, for having just said—"No human hand could possibly move with the instrument so rapidly without detection, if it could be done at all!" he now asserts "the boys or some busy accomplice might do that."—Ed. Christian Spiritualist.]

Second test.—I sat down to the table with all the instruments close before me; I held both the hands of the two boys in mine, and put my feet on theirs. Mr. Davenport was held by a "skeptical" perfectly trustworthy at the door; all the people were seated close to the wall, and all joined hands. The light was covered, and in a moment after the trumpet was sat upon my head, the guitar on one shoulder, a violin on the other, and the bell rung violently under my nose. Then all were loudly twanged (no tune is played or attempted) at once; the remaining violin passed rapidly around the room, and a windy voice said through the trumpet on my head, "If you do not believe I will hit you hard." You better believe I believed, and called for the light.

Third test.—A "strong-minded" woman desired to set between the boys and hold their hands. The aforesaid working tools were all placed on the table, the audience seated, and the lights put out. In a moment one of the most unearthly blasts or bellows was heard through the trumpet, that ever greeted my ears! The "strong-minded" woman was brave, but was probably unprepared, as well as myself, for such a demonstration. She quaked a little, and a voice through the trumpet immediately said, "I meant to scare her, and I succeeded perfectly." The instruments were then played upon, or rather twanged, in every part of the room; the bell was rung constantly; the violin hit me several times in passing round on the knees, and was finally put into my hands, and taken violently away. The bell was put into the lap of a lady in the corner of the room, then thrown upon the floor; then the guitar was thrust against me. I caught a firm hold of it, and after a strong pull, succeeded in holding it, but it evidently displeased the "operator," for a blow with a violin, which may have been aimed at my head, nearly demolished both instruments. This "demonstration" was too striking, so the lights were called.

Fourth test.—The boys were held by disinterested persons, the lights put out, and it was announced through the trumpet that we should have "Spirit lights, an earthquake, and Spirit walking." Soon the stove began to shake violently, then the table and instruments, and finally the whole floor. Then a bright spark darted in every direction across the

room, and a voice through the trumpet said, "All clap your hands," we complied and set up an applause that would have added three years to the life of an actor. The light increased in brilliancy and activity in proportion to the noise we made. Then there was a terrible tramping over the floor, sounding to my ears like the war dance of twenty Indians!

The "operator" was then called upon to shake hands with several persons; they said he did so, but though asked, he would not venture his hand in mine. I had made up my mind to hold on to it, and feel around for the body. But how did he know what I meant to do? He tried to be witty, talked a good deal, and showed himself very illiterate and something of a blackguard.

Finally, it was announced through the trumpet that he would give us "a snow storm and then retire." Mr. Davenport explained: a snow storm meant a tremendous rattling, thumping, flying about of all the instruments, &c. Sure enough, such a "hilarillo" I never heard before. All that had been done before was repeated at once. The "horn" was talking, the bell ringing, violins and guitars twanging and whistling about in every part of the room. Then he called out "light" close to my ear. The cover was raised from the light instantly, when every instrument dropped to the floor just in that part of the room where it happened to be, and the table was thrown half across the room, falling upside down; the trumpet fell at my feet.

This closed these most remarkable mysteries. I have not exaggerated in the least; on the contrary, many side tests were tried, equally wonderful and successful, that I have not mentioned.

D. W. CROSS.

THE CAUSE IN WESTERN NEW YORK.

PRATTSBURGH, DEC. 7, 1855.

DEAR FRIEND:—Our congregation is small in this place, but we are firm in believing in the faith and teachings of Spirit intercourse. We are hard and active workers. Our circles are held regular, twice a week, when we are frequently favored with the communicated teachings of some of the master Spirits.

The Rev. Thomas Scott and Bishop Wainwright are among the number, and give us special direction in regard to our Spiritual growth, the forming of circles in this vicinity, and when and where to give public lectures. We are favored, also, with two good speaking and writing mediums, who have spoken several times at Dundee, once at Penn Yan, Italy Hill and Naples—and generally to large and respectable audiences. I shall accompany one of the mediums to Naples next Sabbath. It is located some ten miles from this place, and the prospect is we shall have a large audience of skeptics, to listen to the teachings of the Rev. Thos. Scott, through George Jackson. I trust, in the providence of God, we will not be disappointed; for I long for the progress of the cause. There are many candid and intelligent minds in Western New York, investigating the phenomena, and studying the truths of Spirit intercourse. They will soon be led to embrace the truth for truth's sake. I am doing what I can to aid progress in an open and determined way. I want to see your paper more generally taken here, and will do what I can to form clubs at different points. We take some half a dozen at this place at present, but many more should be taken. Mail a copy to the Rev. W. P. of ——. He is a skeptical brother of mine, and capable of adding many to our numbers if we can rid him of his sectarian errors and dogmas.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XX.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., DEC. 10, 1855.

BROTHER TOOMEY.—From the city of Roger Williams I now resume the thread of my "travel history." You left me last in the village of Westerly; the residence of the amiable E. W. Debeock. Having finished my labors there I proceeded to Wickford, where I lectured on the Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, and was treated in the most handsome manner by Mr. George J. Nichols, and other gentlemen, belonging to the jewelry manufactory in that village. The Town Hall was procured for my use, and was well filled with a respectable and intelligent audience. From thence I proceeded on Thursday—Thanksgiving morning—to Providence, and called on Brother D. B. Harris, who, with his lady, received me most hospitably, and invited me to stay and partake of the day. Here I met with a pleasurable surprise, in meeting my friend, A. J. Davis, and his amiable lady. Having spent a few very pleasant hours in their company, I proceeded in the evening to Pawtucket, where I was most cordially received by Brothers S. J. Sherman and Robert Rhodes, Esq., being entertained by Brother S. I lectured the same evening and the following in a free chapel, to a fair audience. Here I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey, both mediums, who are likely to be of no small importance—he is a speaking, and she as a healing medium. They are in humble life and uneducated, yet do the Spirits give through them much of a high character. And here, again, I must notice the lack of principle evinced in those who being afflicted, will receive benefit from or through a healing medium, but forget to reciprocate in the smallest degree. And it is to be feared that Sister Godfrey will have to relinquish her deeds of mercy, because being poor she cannot afford to give her time to her mediumship for nothing. When will men learn justice?

Proceeding from thence I went to the village of Apponaug, lectured on Saturday evening in the Council Room, and twice on Sunday in the Army Hall—being entertained during my stay by Brothers Hines and Westgate. I met a circle while in this place, in which were manifestations of what is called unknown tongues. There was only one, however, of three who appeared to give any thing that could be received as an approximation thereto. I do not mean to say that the media dissembled far from that, but I think it highly probable that the sounds produced—like that which I am myself made to utter—were nothing more than an unsuccessful effort on the part of Spirits to control the organs of speech. There has been a lady through these parts, giving exhibitions of these "unknown tongues" before the public, and she has done much injury to the cause, among those who are not able to appreciate them. I understand she says that she cannot help giving that which comes, but she can and should help placing herself in such positions as to do harm instead of good, and if the Spirits who control her, destroy her own personal control of her organs of speech, and say that which is unwise and injurious to the cause, she should most assuredly keep out of public meetings, and confine herself as a medium to private circles. I mention no name, as I do not wish to wound any persons feelings.—"That which I say is in the Spirit of Love, for the good of the cause."—See 1 Cor. 14 chap.

East Greenwich was my next place of visitation, where I was domiciled in the family of Dr. Wheelan, who kindly opened a Hall for the lectures. I had purposed to give but three lectures in this place, but being requested by the audience, I consented to give a fourth. I am informed that the largest audiences ever meeting in the Hall were present, and much eager interest was manifested throughout.

On Friday I visited Bristol, and completed my arrangements for the future. On Saturday, 8th, I returned to this city, Providence, where I have been kindly received and entertained by Brothers S. W. Shaw and Chaffer. Yesterday was the most unpropitious day I have had during all my travels, yet notwithstanding, was there a good audience, and much interest was shown, and I was requested to consent to repeat those already given, and complete the course, which I have agreed to do as you will perceive below.

Dec. 10th and 11th in Pawtucket; 12th, 13th, and 14th in Bristol, 15th and three times on Sunday, 16th, in Fall River. I expect to be in Newport on 17th, 18th, and 19th, and on the 20th to be in New York, to lecture in Stuyvesant Institute, on 23d and 30th of December, morning and evening, of which I should thank you to give a prominent notice in your paper. After my visit to your city, I shall return again to this city for the second and third Sundays in January.

Friends desiring to secure my services, and being convenient of access from Providence, will please inform me by letter, addressed to 553 Broadway, New York, before the commencement of the new year. Farewell,

Yours, for Truth and Humanity,

JNO. MAYHEW.

FACTS FOR THE THEOLOGICALLY WISE.

PILLAR POINT, N. Y. Dec. 2, '55.

Editor of Christian Spiritualist: I take the liberty of sending you an extract from the life of Col. James Gardner, as published by the American Tract Society, No. 135. Perhaps it may enlighten the understanding of some of the sectarian preachers, who are in the habit of declaiming against Spiritual manifestations. It commences on page 9, and is as follows:

"We now come to the account of his conversion. This memorable event happened towards the middle of July, 1719. He had spent the evening, which was the Sabbath, in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married lady, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve. The company broke up about eleven, and he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour. It happened that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau, called 'The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm,' written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title that he should find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in a manner which might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it, but took no serious notice of anything he read, and yet, while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind, perhaps God only knows how, which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences.

Suddenly, he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall on the book while he was reading, which he at first imagined might have happened by some accident in the candle. But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord JESUS CHRIST upon the cross, surrounded with a glory; and impressed as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect: 'O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' But whether this was an audible voice, or only a strong impression on his mind, equally striking, he did not seem confident, though he judged it to be the former. Struck with so amazing a phenomenon, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not exactly how long, insensible, and when he opened his eyes, saw nothing more than usual.

I would say, the foregoing narrative is purported to be written by Rev. Phillip Doddridge, D. D.

AGAIN:—Truth is strange, stranger than Fiction.

The following account is taken from the History of Jefferson County, published 1854, commencing on page 471. A person, who was known by the name of Tom Garnet, a son of an English farmer, near Liverpool, was married, and a short time after, went for the purpose of purchasing some necessary for keeping house, when he was seized by a press gang, and taken on board a frigate, and for a number of years he had not been able to get any tidings of his family. At length, he found himself on board of the brig Oneida, on Lake Ontario, in 1812, at Sacketts Harbor.

"On the morning before the fleet of Chaucey sailed to meet the enemy near Kingston, Tom related to his comrades a dream he had the night before, in which he thought his wife appeared to him as a disembodied Spirit in heaven, with a son, whom he had never seen, and told him that he would be the first man killed on board the fleet, and would soon join them. His story was treated with levity. He proceeded to divide his wardrobe among his companions, and gave instructions to the little property he possessed, as would one to whom death was a certain doom; yet his cheerfulness and alacrity was unabated, and although he evidently believed in the presentment he expressed, he seemed to be exhilarated with the welcome prospect of meeting the long lost and dear partner of early hopes blasted, the object on which his memories had centered, and the only one for whom he had desired to live. Chaucey's fleet sailed, and engaged the enemy's batteries in the harbor of Kingston, the first shot from which was a nine pound ball that crossed the deck of the Oneida, and passed through the body of Tom Garnet at his post. He fell instantly dead with the same smile upon his countenance that habit had impressed. This singular coincidence and verification of presentment is so well attested by authentic witnesses, that it merits the attention of the curious."

ALFRED OTIS.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY'S IDEA OF THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

Those acquainted with the position, past labors and writings of this distinguished ecclesiastic, will no doubt be pleased to learn his latest convictions on the "Resurrection of the dead." As the reasons given for his conclusions may suggest thoughts to others, while they in a measure answer the questions, "How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come?"—Cor. xv., 35. Though much has been said and written on this subject, much remains still to be presented, before the full order and beauty of nature's method in the economy of what is called death, is made manifest to all minds; for the dogma of a physical and bodily re-

urrection has been so long accredited, (because accepted as the teaching of the scriptures,) that, as a matter of course, its influence cannot be other than antagonistic to any theory attempting to give a more Spiritual and philosophic interpretation to such portions and facts of the New Testament as relate to this subject. In this, however, as in other things relating to Spirit-life, we hope much from the advent of Spiritualism; and the revelations we may expect will be made from higher orders of Spirits, as progress and intercourse unfolds the beauties and mysteries of the other world.

In the meantime, the thoughts and convictions of all honest thinkers and philosophic enquirers, can hardly fail of interest with the earnest student of nature and lover of truth; for wise and clear conclusions on the nature of Spirit and the resurrected life, is not to be arrived at without laborious, patient and prayerful thought.

The Editor of the Knickerbocker introduces the Archbishop's conclusions, with the following reflections:

"Who has not, at some solemn moment of his life, looked at his hand when writing, or at his face in the glass, and not called to mind the awful inquiry of the poet—

"And must this body die— And must these active limbs of mine Lie mouldering in the clay?"

Yes: death is the law and lot of nature; yet what we call death is but a passport to life. Archbishop Whately, in his new work on the future state, has some beautiful thoughts upon the resurrection from the dead.

"A word received in childhood bears the scars all through every atom of its flesh has long since resolved itself into other matter. Now, how is this to be accounted for? Why is there the same scar upon the tiny arm of the infant and the brawny arm of the man? The substance of the infant and the substance of the man is the same; is it not, then, that the case of an infant, three days old: does it rise an infant of three days? Shall a man who is born here, be here also in the resurrection? or is there difference of color in the resurrection? Then must that body which is raised be the substantial, and not the accidental body. It shall be a Spiritual and not a natural body—an incorruptible and glorified body, made like unto the glorious body of OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. We shall arise in His likeness."

LETTER NO. 1.

TO THE REV. MR. TUCKER, OF THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY CROSS, OF TROY.

BROTHER TUCKER,—I have often deplored the Spiritualist blindness and unchristian intolerance of the sectarian church of Troy. My attention is again called to the subject, by reading the various Thanksgiving sermons, as reported in the Troy Daily Times. Those discourses, in general, instead of being tributes of thankfulness to our common Father, for the manifold blessings of the past year, are made up of denunciations and invectives hurled against those who occupy different stand points in matters of faith, from the stand points of the authors of these discourses. Among others, the Rev. Mr. Tucker makes use of the occasion to denounce a portion of his fellow citizens for their religious belief. The particular phase of Christian faith against which his anathemas are launched, is known to the world as Spiritualism. Spiritualists are represented in his discourse as pretenders—free lovers, who wish to abrogate the institution of marriage, overthrow law and order, and give the world up to unbridled licentiousness and crime.

Now, Brother Tucker, I have yet to learn whether that sermon was dictated by ignorance or reckless misrepresentation. It certainly was by one of the two. Are you aware, my friend, that Spiritualism has some two thousand believers in the city of Troy? Do you know that Spiritualists are found in every rank and degree of intellect, and even among the communicants of nearly every church in Troy? Do you know, also, that we have no voice in the public press, and that we are denied the right to defend ourselves against the base slanders, so frequently given publicity to, in the columns of the Trojan press? Do you know that some of us are husbands and fathers, having wives and daughters, whose reputations are more sacred to us than all else that God can give us in this world? If you do not know all this, you do not know who we are, and what we are. Such being the case, how can you justify yourself as a preacher or a man, in the promulgation of the sentiments embodied in the discourse under consideration? The time is nearly at an end when such productions as Trojan Thanksgiving sermons can excite any feeling, but give rise to their authors, in the breasts of thinking men. And the particular discourse referred to, does not exert any influence for good, beyond the altar of the pulpit from whence it emanated. To be left in the quiet enjoyment of intercourse with our friends who have passed from the earthly form, is all we ask from any formal church, or sectarian preacher. But when the sanctity of the domestic circle is invaded by the thunders of the sectarian rostrum, self-respect, human dignity, manhood, call upon us to defend the right. Not because slander can injure us, but because the slanderer needs correction. Justice, Brother Tucker, is one of God's immutable laws. It will work out its mission in every case, despite all human opposition.

I do not blame you, sir, for being very sensitive on the subject of "Free Love." Report says, that a very lamentable case of free love occurred in your own church in the past year. But do not blame us for it my friend. We had nothing to do with it. We deplore it as much as you do. Now, sir, if I have done you any injustice, I am willing to act up to the Christian principle of doing as I would be done by. The Spiritualists of Troy occupy Harmony Hall, as a public lecture room. The platform is free, and each individual speaker is compensated for his or her services, by a voluntary contribution of the audience. I am authorized by the executive committee of the Troy Spiritualist Society, to occupy the stand in Harmony Hall, at your earliest convenience, and substitute, by fact or argument, any of the charges set forth against Spiritualism, in your Thanksgiving sermon. Couch your remarks in your own way—assail Spiritualism from any stand point you choose, and you may be sure of the most respectful attention, while you are on the stand. Of course you will be willing to hear the other side, after you have retired from the stand.

We will publicly discuss the question of Spiritualism with you, Brother Tucker, and any number of friends you may bring on the platform of science or Revelation. Or, if you choose to meet the question in a less public way, I will discuss the matter with you in the columns of any paper of respectability, where my remarks will be printed as I write them, and not mutilated. And, in order to avoid misunderstanding at the outset, I will premise my position. I deny that Spiritualists, as such, are in favor of "Free Love," and I call upon you to prove it by any reliable testimony. Secondly: I hold that the Spiritual manifestations of this time, are identical with those of primitive Christianity; I claim to be somewhat of a Bible-scholar, and I have investigated the Spiritual phenomena of the day, for over three years. By comparison, I find the ancient manifestations of Judea, and the modern manifestations of Troy to be identical. If you, sir, have not investigated the extraordinary revelations of our time, then, of course, I have the advantage—but that advantage is more than counterbalanced when I allow you to bring the testimony of witnesses, who have been dead over eighteen centuries, to compare with the testimony of witnesses who are now alive in Troy, and other parts of our country. Remember, sir, that I stand upon the platform of Jesus of Nazareth, and how much so ever I may differ with you in the literal construction of Scripture meaning, I am no further from you than you are from any creed other than your own. Fraternally thine,

TROY, DEC. 10, 1855. S. M. PETERS.

THE SPIRITUAL MUSE.

The popular outcry against Spiritualism as a deception and mockery will speedily pass away when the genuine fruits are fairly presented to the candid...

THE DEATH OF KEATS.

In a slumber deep and holy, Like a cradled infant, wholly Free from sin and sorrow keep...

LIFE OR ACTION vs. DEATH OR STILLNESS.

DEAR BROTHER TOOLEY:—In your accompanying remarks to my explanation, in the "Christian Spiritualist" of the 17th Nov., in regard to my new "Theory of Spiritualism," you substitute for the word "stillness," "Annihilation; making my parallel of "Antagonisms" read "Life or Action vs. Death or Annihilation." This you say "is according to the theory of the Adventist, and is very different to Brother Gay's Philosophy, as it is somewhat difficult to conceive of a state of stillness in the Spirit-world." You say further, that "Having made this explanation, it is unnecessary to say more, as we conceive it to be both probable and possible for Brother Gay to elaborate the theory under consideration, without stealing another person's thunder." You also kindly say, "If Brother Gay 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."

1st. The term "Annihilation," we conceive neither has, or ever can have an existence, either in "Nature, Philosophy," or in "Revelation"; therefore we feel excluded in giving an explanation.

2d. "STILLNESS" we recognize, both in Nature, Philosophy and Revelation; therefore we will give our perceptions of what we understand by Stillness or Death, as used in our "New Theory of Spiritual Philosophy." "Stillness or Death," we understand to be, that state or condition where two opposite conditions meet, recognized in Philosophy as an "EQUILIBRIUM" state or condition; as where two opposing forces, or the positive and negative, ceases to either attract or repel each other, at this point that change or condition takes place, which we call "Stillness or Death." For instance, take a cold cannon ball and place it in a furnace of red heat temperature, and what phenomena takes place? Why, we immediately see the cold ball losing its coldness or negative condition, and the furnace losing a corresponding portion of its heat or positive condition; this action continues until the ball and the furnace become of an equal temperature or condition, when immediately all action ceases and an "equilibrium" ensues; this is "stillness," (not annihilation, but a cessation of "action only;") the ball and the furnace still remaining—what the one has lost the other has gained—both having changed their "conditions" only. The only loss is each's predominance. Now, take the red hot ball and place it in a vessel of cold water, and we see two entire different conditions arise, and instantly action commences again, and goes on, each in an opposite line of progression, until the two opposite predominances meet in equilibrium again. The duration of this equilibrium state must ever depend upon the conventional forces surrounding it, as the next preponderating conventional force calls forth from "stillness" new conditions. Therefore, the duration of this state of stillness may be in a twinkling, and it may be numerous eternities.

Again: Take a fact in the vegetable kingdom. The predominance of life in the "ACORN" forces the germ to emerge from the earth, (the earth being the general focus of crossing conditions,) and by its preponderance over all opposite forces causes the germ to drag (even in opposition to the law of gravitation) its huge trunk, and press its majestic branches to a lofty eminence in space. The towering form continues to throw forth its material boughs for a century or more—her glory is sung at each vernal impulse—life in her predominating chariot rides forth in youthful and sportive buoyancy, mocking every inferior condition. She off unfolds her beautiful panorama of variegated canvas upon her own sturdy flag-staff, and bids a sportive defiance to all conventional forces around; a few more preponderating throes, and the point of her zenith is met—her uprising sun has cast her last triumphant gleam, and her uplifting chariot stops (still) instant—silence (stillness) reigns in the aerial heavens—where clashing forces die in the still embrace of equilibrium.

The mighty retinue of life, which had stood the blast of an hundred winters, and listened undismayed, to no voice save that of their triumphant conqueror,—knowing no law but upward progression; for the first time in a century, are saluted with another voice from an opponent, whose stern demeanor tells his mighty power, and whose withering breath, scatters the progress of his long conquering opponent to the downward car of progression. Life summons her faithful host, and still contests the struggle—man to man, particle to particle, the crisis of equal power is met. Life casts forth her green foliage upon her elastic stems, but, alas, alas, the mark of her opponent's ruthless hand and corroding breath, are seen upon every fold of her receding beauty. The predominant car of decay, which succeeds the crossing point of opposing conditions or state of equilibrium, are on their march,—the green leaf withers, the elastic bough breaks, and the expanding trunk recedes—life declines and mingles with the falling dust of her own works,—each particle reclining upon the bosom of its fellow below, until all is dissolved by the strong solvent of "negative preponderancy," and meets in the silent bed of equilibrium,—out of which arises all the varied conditions in Nature—each condition deriving its own peculiar identity from the predominating conventional forces around.

They haunting eyes through all my soul Flash jewels rich and rare, And they are thoughts that bid me wake— But where am I, O where? I cast my outer form aside As 'twere a serpent-skin. My soul as through a perfumed sea They isled spheres doth win. But where am I, and what am I? Sure, sure, I know not now, Save an unfolding bud of life On heaven's rich fruit-tree bough.

LAW OF ANTAGONISMS.

DEAR BROTHER TOOLEY:—I once more take the pen to post you up on my movements. I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to Mrs. F. H. Green, yourself, Gov. N. P. Talmadge, and Mr. Jas. Statz of Carbondale, Pa., and also to Mr. Taylor of Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Telegraph Office, for their saving kindness in my most desperate hour of need. When the grim monster disease and poverty laid his heavy hand upon me, these noble persons, may God forever bless them, put their offerings in my hand, and have materially assisted me on the road to health. My soul cleaveth unto them all, and let them rest assured that live or die, I shall ever bless the hand that gave, and should I once more tread the flowery paths of health, I will faithfully seek those depressed as I have been and measurably still am, and do as hath been done to me. Brethren, children of the true God, I, from the depths of my Spirit, thank you, Mr. Temple, your friend, has indeed proved himself a friend to me in more ways than one, as has his relatives Miss C. Temple and Mr. John Bancroft of Reading, for they have at considerable expense and trouble provided for me, and placed me in conditions under which I am rapidly refining in mind and feeling, and also regaining steadily my health. I have spent ten or twelve days here in Boston, but return to Reading to-day. Should any letters come to you for me, or should any person desire to write me, letters may be sent to Boston, care of "Fountain House." Spiritualism is in a peculiarly unfortunate condition in many respects in this locality. There seems to be a want of unity among its advocates and adherents. And yet, I doubt not its progress on the general plane, is good, healthy, and sound, albeit I think, there is a great deal too much superficiality. The people do not investigate deeply, but they do investigate broadly, and hence, I conclude that as soon as they have made the tour of the universe superficially, they may find time and inclination to go a little deeper into the real merits of this august movement. It is to me a matter of astonishment, that so much inconsistency should be manifested on the part of the public, especially that portion who pretend to doubt the facts of Spiritualism, and ignore the claims of the New Dispensation, for scarce a day passes that I do not detect these cavillers in piracy, for not one of them but considers himself entitled to steal the Spiritualists' thunder. Our sentiments, opinions, and primal tenets are daily protracted and commended for their beauty, Spiritual doctrines of a life of active progress beyond the grave. Ideas of love and labor hereafter, they are constantly presenting to their readers, and yet they pretend to deny our well established facts. O tempora! O mores! Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel! They forget that "a rose by any name is just as sweet." Well, I rather feel disposed to let them have their way, for in the end, Truth and Spiritualism are the gainers.

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grand division comes by virtue of the great "Law of Antagonism" which uncloses all things, either positive or negative—good or evil. The infinite degrees recognized within the first grand division, are by virtue of the preponderating conventional forces present, fitting each for its own place, both in earth-life and Spirit-life. With these remarks we close for the present, hoping for Truth, Love and Wisdom, to give preponderancy to our progress. Yours with love to all, good-by, JEDEDIAH R. GAY. MOSTVILLE, Conn. Dec. 4th, '55.

PASSING GLANCES NO. XI.

DEAR BRO. TOOLEY: I once more take the pen to post you up on my movements. I desire to return my heartfelt thanks to Mrs. F. H. Green, yourself, Gov. N. P. Talmadge, and Mr. Jas. Statz of Carbondale, Pa., and also to Mr. Taylor of Partridge & Brittan's Spiritual Telegraph Office, for their saving kindness in my most desperate hour of need. When the grim monster disease and poverty laid his heavy hand upon me, these noble persons, may God forever bless them, put their offerings in my hand, and have materially assisted me on the road to health. My soul cleaveth unto them all, and let them rest assured that live or die, I shall ever bless the hand that gave, and should I once more tread the flowery paths of health, I will faithfully seek those depressed as I have been and measurably still am, and do as hath been done to me. Brethren, children of the true God, I, from the depths of my Spirit, thank you, Mr. Temple, your friend, has indeed proved himself a friend to me in more ways than one, as has his relatives Miss C. Temple and Mr. John Bancroft of Reading, for they have at considerable expense and trouble provided for me, and placed me in conditions under which I am rapidly refining in mind and feeling, and also regaining steadily my health. I have spent ten or twelve days here in Boston, but return to Reading to-day. Should any letters come to you for me, or should any person desire to write me, letters may be sent to Boston, care of "Fountain House." Spiritualism is in a peculiarly unfortunate condition in many respects in this locality. There seems to be a want of unity among its advocates and adherents. And yet, I doubt not its progress on the general plane, is good, healthy, and sound, albeit I think, there is a great deal too much superficiality. The people do not investigate deeply, but they do investigate broadly, and hence, I conclude that as soon as they have made the tour of the universe superficially, they may find time and inclination to go a little deeper into the real merits of this august movement. It is to me a matter of astonishment, that so much inconsistency should be manifested on the part of the public, especially that portion who pretend to doubt the facts of Spiritualism, and ignore the claims of the New Dispensation, for scarce a day passes that I do not detect these cavillers in piracy, for not one of them but considers himself entitled to steal the Spiritualists' thunder. Our sentiments, opinions, and primal tenets are daily protracted and commended for their beauty, Spiritual doctrines of a life of active progress beyond the grave. Ideas of love and labor hereafter, they are constantly presenting to their readers, and yet they pretend to deny our well established facts. O tempora! O mores! Verily, consistency, thou art a jewel! They forget that "a rose by any name is just as sweet." Well, I rather feel disposed to let them have their way, for in the end, Truth and Spiritualism are the gainers.

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GOD AND MAMMON.

God made Christianity, and Mammon destroyed it. It will be so with every good work, until mankind are elevated to a more Spiritual plane, beyond the crushing powers of selfishness. Speaking of Christianity—we mean the thing itself, not some unworthy representative; not the confused and pitiful jargon of to-day, that bears so unworthily the exalted name only; we mean the genuine Christianity, that came to redeem man, by inculcating a simple but broad principle—that said "Love one another."

Christ taught a principle, Mammon destroyed it, and instituted in its stead a form. Go into our modern cathedral—gaze around at the costly confusion of gilded trappings, and superfluous adornments. Listen to its mimicking priests, prating their lifeless Latin, to covering ignorance. Are you not forcibly reminded of a comic pantomime, or children's play-house? How humiliating, that even one sensible man could be found to seriously confound this senseless ceremonial with the simple, pure Christianity of the son of Joseph! Selfishness, like all other faculties of man's nature, is good in its place. Its abuse makes it an evil. "Go into all the world and preach the gospel." This simple, comprehensible gospel—so simple that "he who runs may read and understand it." But priestcraft said no. Why? It is inexpedient to be understood. Should we preach this thing, the people will need no interpreters—no priests. The people will become their own priests. Horrid thought! No priesthood! So at it they went. See the imposing organization! Deacons, priests, bishops, popes, saints; a triple, incomprehensible God, and a more omnipotent devil; costly edifices, expensive undertakings, unexampled outlays, mysterious creeds, and, as a consequence, grinding taxation upon the deluded masses to support it—as a final consequence Christianity's downfall. A confused Babel of Creeds in its sacred place. Again the Spiritual host draw near to earth! Heavens suffer to hope to die out! Defeated, but not discouraged! Patient, but still strong in resolution. For eighteen long centuries she has awaited another opportunity to redeem man, and now that Freedom has burst her political bonds, and Liberty been wed with her genial partner Education, she comes again with inspiring strength to cheer and save!

Shall Mammon again conquer? God forbid! The true Spiritualist must answer this question. The demon of Spiritual death is already strongly positioned upon our revered territory! Our Temple is even now daily decreasered by his unholy example! The truth of heaven is hourly bartered as the meanest of merchandise; and imposition, as a consequence, is so interwoven with the true, that her linements are scarcely legible. Is it not so? Shall we withhold the truth? Such a policy would be perilous. As well might the mariner refuse to cast anchor when danger stares him in the face, or fail to hurl at the storming bidding. No! Speak out, now. Defer it, and soon the glory of our beautiful press will be departed: its liberty will be crushed out by the patronage of the evil doer, and the truth will be powerless against error. Mammon will reign, and Heaven again withdrawn. To whom does this thing belong, that it should be made a merchandise of? Is it mine, that I should label and barter it away by the package or bottle, and at an exorbitant price? By so doing I perli the purity of my gift. If we permit our vigilance to flag, the enemy will be upon us. If we fail to daily work and weed our heritage, soon the precious crop will be choked out, and Spiritual stagnation and death will be the consequence. Let us up, then, and sound the alarm! Let the cry be heard to king Mammon! Long live Spiritual Liberty! Let not the ground be covered by a single weed as long as our untiring vigilance can prevent it. We must work while the day lasts, if we would do this. And "now is the accepted time" for effectual work. A. C. McC.

For the Christian Spiritualist. THOUGHTS FOR MEDIUMS. 1. When you sit for manifestations, do not expect to be caught up into "the third heaven." 2. When you are thus caught up and behold that which is not lawful to utter, remember not to utter it. 3. When you wish to speak, do not attempt to speak, but let the voice which cometh from above speak within you, do you, and to others. 4. When you ask for a manifestation, remember you know not what you do, but frequently do desire the one to sit on the right hand, and the other on the left in the Father's kingdom. 5. When you are moved, be moved, when you are not moved, be not moved. 6. When you take your seat upon the pinnacle of the Temple, remember you have a great distance to fall, but remember also if the Spirit places you there, it will not suffer you to fall. 7. When you direct your prayer to the Spirit of Truth and Love, remember that the Spirit of Truth and Love will dictate the petition and answer the same also. 8. When you get upon the surface thought, remember that you may not be acquainted with the internal, and that the fire which is within, may burst through and burn you, ere you are aware of its presence. 9. When you digest the operations of the Spirit, be sure that you use no foreign adulterations. 10. When the Spirit gives you an answer, do not question it with doubt. 11. When you are convinced internally and entirely of a truth, do not hesitate to speak it forth. 12. When you seek to become wiser than the Spirit, then seek a higher Spirit, and do not tamper with your guardian Spirit. E. G.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE SPIRIT MESSNER; Published in Cincinnati, No. 39 Sixth Street. Terms, two dollars per annum, in advance. We have received Nos. 1 and 2 of this new and handsomely got up expositor of Spiritualism; and like the spirit of its teachings as well as we do the style of its dress. It is as large as the Christian Spiritualist, printed on good paper, with a size larger type. Dr. Mead, its editor and proprietor, comes to his work with a large experience in that kind of life which is well calculated to teach the need of Spiritual Reform—while in itself it proves a good school for the Reformer. The Doctor, however, will continue to minister to the necessities of the sick, as he can now offer them the consolations of Spirit-life, and measurably rely on the ministrations of the angels for aid and co-operation. The paper is "devoted to the dissemination of the facts and philosophy of Spirit communion;" and the Doctor is an earnest and clear writer; so there can be "no such word as fall" for the success of the enterprise. We congratulate the West in general, and Cincinnati in particular, on the prospects of having a liberal paper, and a catholic editor to proclaim the glad tidings of Immortal Life and Spiritual Reform.

MISS KATE FOX.

It is with pleasure that the Society for "THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE," informs the public of the return of Miss Fox from her summer tour in Canada and the West, as she resumes her labors at the Rooms of the Society, subject to the direction and pay of the same. She will in this, as in her former engagements, sit, without charge to the public, for the benefit of SKEPTICS or such ENQUIRERS as are not yet convinced of the reality of Spirit-intercourse, and know not the consolations of Spirit Mediation. Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted. THE SOCIETY wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of converting the skeptical, rather than to contribute to the pleasure of the Spiritualistic believer, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are CONVERTED will not occupy the time of the Medium. This change is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

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A New Work on Spiritualism. Charles Linton, Medium. The work is beautifully electrotyped, contains 550 pages, octavo, and two splendid steel engravings—Mr. Linton and Gov. Talmadge; the latter has written an elaborate introduction and appendix to the work. The book is now ready for delivery, price \$1 50, postage 50 cents. Orders from the trade and others will be attended to, by addressing the Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge, 533 Broadway, N. Y.

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For the Christian Spiritualist.  
**TO AN ANGEL VISITANT.**  
O, rosy Spirit, love warm, pure and mild,  
Thou comest to visit me, an earth-born child,  
Knowing that o'er my soul hangs heavily  
The cloudy veil of human destiny.  
Thou comest a ministrant from that holy sphere  
Whose living airs are known not, breathed not here,  
Save by the weary, whom earth-airs oppress,  
And those who yearn in Spirit loneliness:  
Yearn for that higher and that truer life  
Above this sphere of discord and of strife,  
Yearn for dear sympathy, for love and rest  
To lean like John on the Beloved's breast!  
Such sympathy, such love on earth is rare,  
But angels offer us of this a share;  
And freely, tenderly, our souls thrill  
With thoughts of love which all our being thrill.  
When'er we now I feel the presence sweet  
Of angel forms, blessing my soul's retreat;  
From opened heaven such airs upon me pour  
That I can love external airs no more.  
No eyes but those of pure interior sight  
Has poured a flood of pure supernal light,  
Can comprehend how dark the outward seems,  
How like a troubled sleep of weary dreams.  
Gladly I wake from these at thy command,  
O Spirit! gladly seek with thee the land  
Where wedded love and wisdom are enthroned,  
Gladly drink in the harmonies, my toned.  
That from the inner soul of Being ring;  
That bird-like Spirits in their rapture sing,  
That Spirit waves, keep time to as they beat  
Forever, round the Eternal Father's feet!"

UNDINE.  
From the Practical Christian.  
**THE BEAUTIFUL HEREAFTER.**  
In the beautiful Hereafter  
Once again the Eden trees  
Life's melody harmonies  
Shall from mortal dust out bloom,  
Sunshine triumph o'er gloom.  
Man now treads the burning raft  
Through a sea of burning saffron—  
Hark! the angel sings to me:  
"In the beautiful Hereafter,  
Once again the Eden trees  
Out from God's own harmonies  
Shall upon the earth unfold,  
Blooming through the age of Gold,  
Vain is thy desire to languish,  
Grief, can a single anger  
Blot out summer from the year?"  
In the beautiful Hereafter,  
Hark! I hear that Angel strain,  
God in man's own heart shall reign,  
Man become a Spirit pure,  
Earth in heaven's own form endure;  
Scorching hosts shall re-appear,  
Then shall bloom Love's endless year.

CRANTOLOGICAL FACTS.  
With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Currier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally counted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a workman who died in University College Hospital, London, whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkable good memory.  
The brain of Dr. Abercromby, of Edinburgh, weighed sixty-three ounces. Dr. Chalmers had a very large head indeed, (Joseph Hume and he were said to have the largest heads in the kingdom,) and yet his brain weighed but fifty-three ounces—almost under the average. On the other hand, Byron had a small head, at least Mr. Leigh Hunt informs us that his hat, which is not a very large one, used to go quite over Byron's head, but his brain is said to have weighed nearly four pounds. Ruffaello had a small head; Sir Walter Scott had a small head; so had Neander, the Church-historian; so also, if we recollect what Bernal Diaz says, had Cortez, the conqueror of Mexico. Wellington's head is said to have been under the average size. The brain of Mrs. Manning, the murderess, was a pound heavier than her husband's. Keats and Shelley had very small heads. The skull of Rush was very large, measuring, we think, upwards of twenty-four inches round. Perciles, as we know, had a very large head; so had Mohammed; so had Mirabeau; so had O'Connell. Lamartine describes Napoleon's as a small head which had bulged out. The skull of the poet Burns was carefully measured when it was disinterred on the burial of his wife; it measured twenty-two and a quarter inches round, which, allowing half an inch for the integuments, would make the circumference of the living head twenty-two and three-quarter inches—a large head, but not extraordinary. Goethe's head, we believe, was not remarkable for size.  
About Shakespeare's head our only information must be from Stratford bust, which Chantrey pronounced, from certain signs, to be almost certainly modeled from an original cast after death. It is a curious example of a foregone conclusion, that Mr. Hugh Miller, speaking of this bust, in his admirable work entitled "First Impressions of England and its People," describes the head, from personal inspection, a very large one. The skull, he says, must have been of a capacity to contain all Dr. Chalmers' brains. This, as Dr. Chalmers was then alive, was tantamount to saying it was of the largest known dimensions. Now, with this very description in our memory, we have ourselves examined the Stratford bust with the utmost closeness and care, and we unhesitatingly declare that the head in that bust is, if not a smallish one, at least such as any average English head could easily fit. We believe it is a smallish head.  
In short, from all the statistics we have at command respecting large and small heads, including our own private observation among our acquaintances, we have never been able to obtain any pre-entable conclusion on the point. The opinion of David Scott, the painter, was, that large heads were generally found in successful men of the world, such as statesmen, bankers and the like, and that the fitness of nervous tissue requisite for the purely intellectual lives of artists, thinkers, and literary men generally, connected a small or average size of head. Even this opinion, however, will break down if applied in practice. We know very energetic, prudent, and weighty men, with smallish heads, and we know men with very large heads who seem at home only in the most exquisite and ornamental kinds of mental capacity.  
More sure than any conclusion that can be come to on this point of size, seems to be a notion we have heard advanced with respect to the form of heads. Length of head from front to back, we have heard an eminent and very observing man declare to be, according to his experience, the most constant physiognomic sign of ability. Only in one eminent head, that of Sir Walter Scott, had he found this sign wanting; and, in this case, if properly considered, the want was significant. Next to length or depth, his idea was, that height over the ears, as in Scott's head, was the best sign, although he had not found this nearly so essential. To us, it appears, that if to the two dimensions of length or depth or height, as thus expounded, we add the third dimension of breadth, and if we attach to the three terms their corresponding popular meanings, when used in speaking of mental cha-

acter—regarding a deep head, or a head long from front to back, or from the forehead to the ears, has significant of depth or astuteness; a high head, or a head rising high over the ears, as significant of moral elevation; and a broad head, as measured across and behind the temples, as significant of what is called width or generality of vision—we shall give as tolerable a system of practical craniology as the facts will warrant; not very different either from that propounded by the extraordinary phrenologists, though they would carry us still further. Here also, however, let us not be too certain in our judgment. We have seen "foreheads villainously low" on very noble fellows, and grand domes of heads on mere blocks and ignoramus.—*The British Quarterly Review.*

From the Daily Tribune.  
**NATIONALITIES vs. SPIRITUALITIES.**  
VICE IN LONDON.  
LONDON, Thursday, Nov. 13, 1853.  
The paramount question for Europe at present is the question of nationalities. How far is it desirable to cherish declining nationalities? Such is the question which is knocking at the door of every thoughtful bosom. An almost universal indisposition exists toward the claims of actually lapsed nationalities—such as Italy, Hungary and Poland—and Mazzini and Kossuth appear to exert almost no influence beyond the handful of enthusiasts who are associated with them. The part of patriot has never been better played than by these men, as the frequent clappings of hands which they have elicited on all sides testify; but it is idle for men to talk of being patriots when their country is actually dead and buried. They are excellent disturbers of the existing political stagnation—these men, both of them—but as for their prospect of restoring Italy and Hungary to renewed national life, it is too childish to invite attention. Thoughtful men everywhere, in fact, are beginning to feel a deep distrust of all nationalities, as obstructing the march of human fellowship. It is becoming widely understood that it is the national spirit in politics, like the sectarian spirit in religion, which permits ambitious kings to exploit the people to their own bad profit; and that we shall never get rid of political and spiritual despotism until we shall have first got rid of our own paltry narrowness, or our lusts of selfish aggrandizement. When we all feel our brotherhood to be one of race, not of nation, wicked kings will no longer have power to stir up wars and hatreds among us. What antipathy, for example, is possible between the French and the English, but a national one? What necessity, so far as the actually human needs of any living Russian or Frenchman or Englishman are concerned, was there for these three to become embroiled in an odious and loathsome war? Absolutely none. Observe, for example, how for distinctively human needs, both the Englishman and Russian claim this Paris as their dearest cook-shop and larder—as the place where they have first found the common-place satisfaction of the senses exalted into a science and an art, and consequently where they themselves have in many cases realized their only lift out of mere animal routine. Why do the Russian and the Englishman enjoy Paris and Naples so much more than St. Petersburg and London? For the same reason precisely that the youth enjoys the company of neighboring youths and maidens more than that of his own brothers and sisters: that is to say, because he thus realizes an enlargement of life, or an accession of freedom. The law of the paternal house is kindness, or the sentiment of kindred, a purely natural sentiment which antedates my reason and binds me to its allegiance by the instinct of self-preservation as it were. My kin, or my brothers and sisters are, so to speak, a part of me—they are a portion of my natural individuality—so that to offer friendship to one's brother, or love to one's sister, is felt to be an outrage to the simplicity of nature; and is, indeed, tantamount to offering love and friendship to one's self. But the law of the neighbor's house is courtesy, which is spiritual kindness. Courtesy is the sentiment we entertain for those to whom we are spiritually rather than naturally akin—those to whom we stand related by our own personal action, rather than by natural appointment; and its advent according to an enlargement of our social experience, and an expansion of our spiritual freedom. My neighbor's sons and daughters are not my natural kindred; my intercourse with them dates, therefore, more from my own private taste or sympathy, and less from the accident of birth, and so far reflects the law of spiritual life, which is freedom, rather than that of the natural life, which is necessity. Thus I easily find myself in spiritual relation with my neighbor's boys and girls, proffering friendship without stint to the former, and love without limit to the latter.

So fares it with the larger world. The Englishman hates the Frenchman nationally, or to the extent of his political tether; but he loves him humanly, or to all the extent of the social tether, because in intercourse with the Frenchman, or other foreigner, he realizes his own best development—his own truest spiritual enlargement. Man is created in the widest unity with his kind, of which unity these specific national diversities are only so many signs and illustrations. When once these diversities have become clearly evoked, therefore, and human unity stands ready to avouch itself eternally, the political and other machinery which has served for their evocation necessarily falls into disuse, or else becomes an actual nuisance, by hindering the fellowship it was destined to promote. All the European governments are now more or less in this predicament; they have all served their truly human purposes, and have no further legitimate business to transact on earth but to get themselves decently interred out of human sight. Yet they are themselves wholly ignorant of this obligation, and are moving heaven and earth for means to protract what too plainly appears a mere mendicant existence. When one considers the impediments which these governments place in the way of human fellowship, directly and indirectly, and furthermore the annual cost of their maintenance, the result seems incredible. The cost of civil government, including army and navy, but excluding the charges for the church and the national debt—of the five leading European States, exceeds every year \$650,000,000. The civil list of England alone, her army and navy, and the interest of her debt annually eat up sixty millions of pounds sterling. Now, to the American understanding, all this amount of money very clearly belongs to the people, and it seems to me high time that they change their agents, or advertise to get their needful work done cheaper. When a private individual finds the agent whom he employs to collect and manage his revenues, growing fat and plethoric, while he, the principal, is running lean and unclad and unshod, he will of course, unless he be a born fool, dismiss his agent and resume the care of his proper business himself. One cannot believe that the various European peoples will not soon do themselves similar justice at the expense of their rulers, civil and ecclesiastical. So far as I can discover, these rulers appear to fulfill no longer any imaginable

human use. They burrow in the fat, or material plenty, which ought to cover the bones of the entire people; they absorb as much as their fearful porosity allows of the popular substance and power; and whenever the people in their penury menace them with a squeeze, they set up such a cry of sacrilege and robbery that you would really think the eternal sanctities of Heaven had been imperiled. It is a stale trick, and few are deceived by it. So far as my acquaintance goes with scholars and men of thought on this side of the water, there is actually no belief either in Church or State, but only in the grand and lustrous life of man which these things foretell. Every one believes in an advancing life of man—a life which shall intimately relate him to God—but absolutely no one that I know regards the existing organization of Church and State as otherwise than directly unfriendly to its development. Not that any man of thought looks upon this divine life as likely to be brought about by any improved civil and ecclesiastical organization merely. On the contrary, it appears to me that there is a deep-seated disbelief in all organizations which dominate the life, or which do not recognize an ever-living and therefore progressive spirit in man, and a consequent looking forward to a time when Church and State shall entirely disappear, as the mere fossil institutions which they now are, and become sublimated into the essential and indestructible life of man, being in fact identical with the spiritual and material interests of humanity. Church and State have had no divine functions than popularly to symbolize, and thus gradually to separate and evolve two distinct states of being for man, the first his state in relation to inward or spiritual and invisible things, the other his state in relation to outward or material and visible things. And as these two distinct states of being for man promise to become perfectly harmonized ere long in the advent of a complete scientific society or fellowship among men, so their respective symbols are of necessity growing pale and decrepid in human regard, and the best men in either interest are learning to prize only the great and substantial reality which they have both alike unwittingly promoted. The name of Socialist is not openly professed by any but Mr. Maurice, Mr. Kingsley, and others who call themselves "Christian Socialists"; but all good men are at heart burning Socialists, inasmuch as they all aspire with different degrees of light to the realization of a perfect human fellowship. The reason is obvious; because nothing short of such fellowship justifies those instincts of freedom wherewith God has charged and surcharged the human heart.

The drunkenness of London, I suspect, far transcends that of every other city. The ginshops exceed, I am told, the aggregate of all other shops of every sort. And the hideous population which they nourish can only be imagined by those who have actually seen it. Women, it seems to me, are the chief victims. One sees more drunken women, especially at night, in London, than you see elsewhere in all the earth. It is very much the fashion here to denounce the Maine Law as an interference with private rights; but I, for my part, believe in the supremacy of society—that is, in its unquestionable right to interfere in the most summary manner with every form of private indulgence which impairs the public prosperity. Another deep stain upon the London streets is the enormous number of frail and furtive women who are seeking to earn the unwomanly wages of shame. The number may not be actually so great here as it is in continental cities, where a legalized provision for them exists, but it is nevertheless deplorably great. The police, no doubt, are very efficient in restraining some of the outward inconveniences of the evil; but I cannot help feeling that there ought to be Christian chivalry enough in this huge city to take these poor, fluttering moths, whom night's candle calls forth into the streets, to its bosom and reinstate them in womanly honor—as many as desire to be reinstated—by convincing them that their misfortune far outweighs their fault—unquestionably grave as this latter may be.—The really faulty and irredeemable ones will be sure to mock at such charity; the simply unfortunate cannot be hurt by it. It is not to be forgotten that a woman of this sort once bathed Christ's feet with her tears, and dried them with the hair of her head—so profoundly penetrated had she been by that Divine Love and discernment in Him, which went past the frivolous differences of outward seeming in men, and looked only to the deep heart of need, in which they were all one. I seldom walk the streets of these large capitals at night, unmindful of that sweet contrition, or without wondering whether the gorgeous churches one encounters are apt to send up from their showy altars any worship half so fragrant and melodious.

M. J.  
From an English Paper.  
**PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.**  
BY A FELLOW OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.  
Shelley is not yet properly understood. His religious opinions excited a prejudice against him, and his poetry is not of a nature to acquire general or immediate popularity—and yet he was a true poet. There can be no question that he is entitled to rank with Byron and Wordsworth, as the third great poet of an age distinguished for its fertility in poetical genius. In many of the most essential qualities of a poet he was not only the first of his age, but inferior to none of any age or any country. No one was ever endowed with a more exquisite susceptibility to everything grand and beautiful in nature and in art; no one ever rendered back these impressions in verse with more magnetic force and truth. The voice of the mighty ocean was familiar to him; he understood the language of the eternal heavens—the stern sublimity of the mountain solitudes, the soft and gentle influence of evening, the gladness of earth, with all its varied sights and sounds of beauty. These and the magic influences of music and love, the brightest creations of human genius, and the most beautiful aspirations of the human heart, were the elements in which he lived and had his being. He has been called the poet of poets, and with justice—for whilst others rise rarely, and at intervals, into the regions of poetical thought and feeling, he seems to know no other, and to speak the language of poetry as if it were his native tongue. Hence it is that we find in his poetry such a boundless and exhaustless wealth of beautiful imagery. \* \* \* Nor is it in the poetry of nature alone, that Shelley lives habitually in the region of the beautiful, he is no less at home in the poetry of the human heart. He knows little of its common everyday workings, of the secret springs of vanity, ambition, avarice, self-love, which prompt the ordinary actions of ordinary men. It is only by a painful effort, by a "compulsion and laborious flight," that he can occasionally, as in some scenes of the Cenci, sink into the sphere of the dramatic, and paint men as they really are, with their vulgar hopes, and fears, and passions. Admirably as those scenes are executed, it is easy to see that he is not in his native element, and that his genius does not move with the same freedom and facility as in the rarer and loftier region of the purely poetical. His com-

mon thoughts are aspirations after the infinite, passionate longings for ideal beauty, questionings of the deep mysteries of nature, overflowings of love and sympathy, and all those deepest and most beautiful workings of our nature, which, although not less real than the common prosaic realities of life, slumber with most men under a surface of coldness and worldliness and are but rarely and at intervals called forth.  
In another requisite of a great poet, Shelley is also unrivalled. No one ever possessed a more thorough mastery over language, or a finer ear for the music and modulation of verse. Nothing can surpass the ease and elegance, the exquisite harmonious flow of his versifications. His Spenserian stanzas are like strains of sweetest music. Spencer himself never surpassed the ethereal lightness, the charming unstudied ease and full rich murmuring melody of many stanzas of the "Revolt of Islam." Compare them with the rugged stanzas of "Childe Harold," which show what an effort it cost Byron to drag his deep thoughts up into the light, and clothe them in verse, and you will see at once what I mean by Shelley's musical ear and command of language. Nor is he less happy in blank verse. The address to Nature, with which his "Alastor" opens, approaches more nearly to the majestic march and sonorous harmony, as well as to the lofty and sustained strain of poetic feeling of the divine Milton, than anything with which I am acquainted in modern poetry. The greatest triumph of his heart however still remains. Even Ulysses's bow, the intractable hexameter, yields in his hands, loses its stiffness and formality, and becomes light, musical, and flexible. In the "Epipsycheion," the conclusion of which is the most beautiful passage of his poetry—the most beautiful single passage, perhaps, in the whole range of poetry—the metre quite changes its nature. So exquisitely are the pauses and modulations of the verse managed, that all traces of the monotonous sing-song, which makes all other hexameters absolutely unreadable, are quite lost, and the ear is charmed by the smooth, easy, natural flow of the melody. This unrivalled command of language furnishes him with a store of magic epithets which condense whole worlds of thought and feeling into a single word, and make the scenes of nature flash before us with the force and vividness of reality. No one images back the impressions of nature with such force and distinctness as Shelley. I constantly find in his poetry my own feelings and recollections expressed with a power and clearness with which I should have sought in vain to express them to myself.

With all these glorious faculties, Shelley is far from being a perfect poet, and his poetry has faults which will in all probability prevent it from ever becoming generally popular. I do not here allude to his religious opinions; for I cannot but hope and trust that the age of religious prudery is passing away, and that a time is coming when men will have the candor and manliness not to turn up their eyes with affected horror at the sight of honest, conscientious unbelief, while they fawn on writers who under the mask of hollow hypocritical conformity, say the very foundations of morality.—Surely we are getting too enlightened to allow Oxford doctors of divinity to expel a young man, and fix a stigma on his name for life, because at his first entrance into the university, he is so startled by the hollowness and insincerity he sees around him—the oaths which everybody swears and no one understands—the crowd of idle, dissipated men rushing into the church from worldly motives—the compulsory chapel-going—and all other so-called solemnities which are perpetrated in such places under the name and sanction of religion—as to doubt whether religion itself be not like all the rest, an empty mockery. True, Shelley was no Christian, and he made no secret of his unbelief. Fearless in everything, authority and persecution only made him speak out with a chivalrous and almost quixotic boldness in the cause of what he believed to be truth. But however rash and ill-judged we may deem his speculative opinions, no one can read a page of his writing with common candor, without seeing that there never lived a more ardent worshiper of everything that is good and beautiful. Nay more, I venture to say that, infidel as he is, those who can look below the outward form and surface, will find more of the real and genuine spirit of Christianity in his poems than in the poetry of half those who are admired as moral and religious writers. What was ever conceived more truly in the spirit of Christ's doctrine than the passage in which he makes Prometheus, in order to render himself worthy of the happiness destined for him, rise superior to revenge, and recall the curse which in the first moments of his agony he had uttered against his enemy, Jupiter, because "taught by suffering," he wishes "no living thing to suffer pain?" What more thoroughly Christian than the lines in the exquisite dedication of the "Revolt of Islam" to Mrs. Shelley, in which he says, in allusion to himself, that  
"Suffering brought the knowledge and the power,  
Which said, Let scorn be not repaid with scorn."  
I mention these as a few out of many instances to enable you to judge of the candor and fairness of an age which worshipped Byron and proscribed Shelley. But truth and genius will remain long after the narrow prejudice of an age of cant and moral cowardice have passed away.

\* \* \* For my own part, I love Shelley as a man even more than as a poet. His character is like his poetry—the very essence of all that is beautiful, refined, generous, honorable, and disinterested; and is perhaps only more attractive for the qualities which make it less perfect, his total want of caution and worldly wisdom, and chivalrous eagerness to defy the opinion of society in the cause of oppressed truth. Byron, who was not very much given to speaking good of any one, least of all of his friends, says of Shelley, "He was the most gentle, most amiable, and least worldly minded person I ever met; full of delicacy, disinterested beyond all other men, and possessing a degree of genius joined to a simplicity as rare as it is admirable. He had formed to himself a beautiful ideal of all that is fine, high-minded, and noble, and he acted up to this ideal to the very letter."—All accounts confirm it. No one ever knew him without loving him. Many love him who never knew him—many who knew him only as I do, from his works, feel for him as for a familiar friend, and grieve over the sad story of his untimely end. Peace be with him—may his ashes rest lightly under the green sod beside the old grey wall!

A REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.  
When Queen Ulrick, of Sweden, was on her deathbed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, Countess Steenbock, between whom and the Queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by a most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock, at the same moment, lay dangerously ill at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying Queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrick had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was

placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace brilliantly illuminated with wax candles.  
A detachment of Royal Life Guards were stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch.—During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines and presented arms as a mark of respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributed her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the corpse and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion.

The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the Countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her. The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officer present then hastened into the room, and they all beheld the Queen standing upright in her coffin, and tenderly embracing the Countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. Presently the apparition seemed to wave and resolve itself into dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the Queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state; but the Countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was despatched to Stockholm, with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the Queen. An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.—*German Paper.*

JOHN WESLEY ON SPIRITS.  
"May they not also minister to us with respect to our bodies in a thousand ways which we do not understand? They may prevent our falling into many dangers which we are not sensible of, and may deliver us out of many others, though we know not whence our deliverance comes. How many times have we been strangely and unaccountably preserved in sudden and dangerous falls? And it is well if we did not impute that preservation to chance, or to our own wisdom or strength. Not so God, perhaps, gave his angels charge over us, and in their hands they bore us up. Indeed, men of the world will always impute such deliverances to accidents or second causes. To these possibly some of them might have imputed Daniel's preservation in the lion's den. But himself ascribes to the true cause: "My God hath sent his angel, and shut the mouths of the lions."—*Jam. vi. 22.*

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And, perhaps, it is owing to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested, either to the sick person or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.  
It seems, what are usually called divine dreams, may be frequently ascribed to angels. We have a remarkable instance of this kind related by one who will hardly be called an enthusiast, for he was a heathen, a philosopher, and an emperor: I mean Marcus Antoninus. "In his meditations, he solemnly thanks God for revealing to him when he was at Cæjæta, in a dream, what totally cured the bloody flux, which none of his physicians could heal." And why may we not suppose that God gave him this notice by the ministry of an angel?

And how often does God deliver us from evil men by the ministry of his angels? overturning whatever their rage or malice, or subtlety had plotted against us? These are about their bed, and about their path, and privy to all their dark designs; and many of them undoubtedly they brought to naught by means of that we think not of. Sometimes they are just ripe for execution; and this they can do by a thousand means that we are not aware of. They can check them in their mad career by bereaving them of their courage or strength; by striking faint through their loins, or turning their wisdom into foolishness. Sometimes they bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and show us the traps that are laid for our feet. In these and various other ways they hew the snares of the ungodly in pieces."

QUEST: Do the Methodists of our day believe with Father John? If so, will they let us know, that we may publish it to the world? Also, send us in some facts and phenomena of these latter days, on which their faith is grounded, after the example of the supposed founder of Methodism.—*Truth Seeker.*

WITHOUT RELIGION.  
A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is within him. But a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat; a flower without perfume.  
A man may, in some sort, tie his frail hopes and honors with weak shifting ground tackle to his business of the world; but a woman without that anchor which they call faith, is a drift and a wreck. A man may clumsily continue a kind of responsibility or motive, but can find no basis on any other system of right action than that of spiritual faith. A man may erase his thoughts and his brain to thoughtlessness in such poor harborage as Fame and Reputation may stretch before him, but a woman—where can she put her hope, while passing through storms, trials and tribulations, if not in heaven?  
And that sweet truthfulness—that abiding love—that endearing hope, mellowing every scene of life, lightening them with the pleasant radiance—when the world's cold storms break like an army with cannon, who can bestow it all but a holy soulie to what is stronger than an army with cannon? Who, that has enjoyed the love of a God-loving mother, but will echo the thought with energy, and hallow it with a tear?  
The worldly being has no points where divine grace can reach him! Take away the object of his ambition, and he is soured; add to it and he becomes intoxicated. Send him sickness, and he only writhes like the wounded snake. But the unsealing of the human heart, by cutting off its earthly objects of love, turns the foundation of that love, direct to heaven. The bereaved soul looks its Heavenly Parent in the face all the more clearly because of its chastisement. Sacred indeed, then, is that heart-fire whose presence gives happiness on earth, and even whose extinguishment serves to open the vision to the eternal glory and reward of heaven!—*J. K. Marvel.*

"WHO AND WHAT IS THE NEW MAN?"  
Regeneration implies three things: first, a cleansing away of all hereditary corruption; secondly, a restoration of the natural powers and affections to their appropriate service, or changing their inclination from self and making them incline to God; thirdly, receiving the divine life through those capacities that open towards God, and towards his angels. It is obvious, however, that the divine work is accomplished in an order exactly the reverse of the one now stated. For the first ground of our regeneration is the spiritual nature, the immanence of the Divine Spirit in the human soul.—Its commencing dawn is the coming on of that light that visits our infant being, until God shines within like another sun, diffusing warmth and radiance through our whole nature, and drawing us towards himself in the bonds of an all attractive love. Then God becomes the prevailing force within us, and he bends our natural powers towards himself, and draws them all into his service. Appetite, affection, intellect, active powers, all yield to him and serve him. The end of animal appetite is not animal pleasure, but manly development; the end of parental instinct is not its own indulgence, but the highest good of offspring; intellect serves God and not self, and genius no longer sings war-songs and bacchanals, and is the prophet of God's hidden truth, and lifts its hymn to his praise. The possessory instinct is guided to new ends, and property is acquired and held, not to self-aggrandizement, but for beneficent activity and useful living. All the instrumentalities of earth are converted into a means for the highest culture, and the highest culture is a solemn preparation to serve God and humanity. So the whole object of life is changed; and the natural powers, whose balance incline towards the selfish nature, have that balance reversed and all the faculties bent towards God. Lastly, all hereditary evil is expelled,—that gang of lusts and passions, and the brood of lies since they cannot be converted; to be scourged out of the temple, since they cannot be made fit for its service. "They are the native savages that must not be spared, but exterminated, when God's chosen ones come in to take possession, when God's what Paul calls the "old man with his lusts," which is to be "put off" or which is to be "crucified" and "buried." These are opposed to the Divine nature; and as God comes within us with growing fulgence and power, they are driven out before him,—not without man's effort and cooperation. It is the denial of these evil tempers and instincts, that causes the struggle in his nature, and costs him painful vigils and conflicts, as if his soul were the battle-ground between the hosts of heaven and the hosts of hell. But victory succeeds to victory, and when the last foe is slain, he walks in the strength and peace of God, free and joyous as the angels.—*Sears on Regeneration.*

GOOD EVERYWHERE.  
The following, from Dickens, contains much truth. "Believe me, Eusebius, (to be classical and grand,) that many more good things exist in this world than are dreamt of in any philosophy—from that of the most rose-colored optimist to that of the saddest cynic. Don't put any faith in yonder ragged, morose, shameful old man, who, because he lives in a tub instead of decent lodgings, and neglects, through sly laziness, to trim his hair and beard, and wear clean body linen, calls himself Diogenes and a philosopher, forsooth. If the old cynic would only take the trouble to clean the horn sides of his lantern, and trim the wick of the candle within it, he would find it not quite so difficult to find an honest man. That all is vanity here below I am perfectly ready to admit; but have no confidence in the philosophy which, with its parrot-prattle of the Prince of wisdom's apothegm—vanity—turns up its nose at or pretends to ignore, the existence of the hidden good. Believe me, good is everywhere. Poor, naked, hungry, sick, wringed, and may be through long years, snug incomes, well-cut coats, good dinners, sound health, justice and fame will come, must come at last, if we will only wait, and hope, and work. All have not an equal share, and some men, by a continuous infelicity, which the most submissive are tempted to regard as an adverse and remorseless fate, fall down weary, and die upon the very threshold of mundane reward; but let any average man—the medium between Meserimus and Felicitissimus—look retrospectively into himself, and consider how many good things have happened to him unexpectedly, unasked-for, undeserved; how many happinesses of love, friendship, sight, feeling, have come upon him unawares; have "turned up," so to say, familiarly. A great Italian poet has said that there is no greater sorrow than the remembrance in misfortune of the happy time. It can be scarcely so; it is but rather than anguish for a man when fortune has thrown the shade of a cypress over him, to recall the dear friends, the joyous meetings, the good books, the leafy days of old; for with the remembrance comes hope that these good things (present circumstances looking ever so black) will return again. It is only when we know we have spurned, misused, wasted the jewelled days in the year's rosary, that remembrance becomes sorrow; for Remembrance that is associated with Monsieur Bitterly! and we wish—ah, how vainly! ah, how bitterly!—that those days had never been, or that they might be again, and we use them better."

FACTS AND FANCIES IN THE GREEK CHURCH.  
Says an English traveler: "Though the Greek Church is not quite so prolific in miracles as the Popish, yet the priests sometimes profess to perform them. They believe they have in their possession part of the Virgin's girdle, which they keep as a protection against the plague; and also that the head of John the Baptist is in the monastery of St. Dionysius, yet I had reason enough, the Romanists say that they have his head in the cathedral of Genoa. The Russians, as I have said, being of the Greek religion, partake of the same superstitions. On the very day on which I write this paragraph, I saw in a newspaper that a priest had called his congregation together, and after showing them the comet which has this summer (1853) been visible all over Europe, said that 'this was the same star that had appeared to the wise men at the birth of our Saviour, and that it was only visible now in the Russian empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to intimate to the Russian eagle that the time was now come for it to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox, soul-sanctifying church. He showed them that the star was now standing immediately over Constantinople, and explained that the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delays of the Russian army, in proceeding to its destination.' This, of course, was a priest in Russia once wanted money for a new church. They reported that the Virgin Mary had several times appeared to them, and told them they must search for a picture of herself, which was deposited in a particular spot. After some time this was done, and a picture found, which, of course, been previously put there by the priest. Instructions were then given that a church should be built in which the picture might be placed. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds; money flowed in, and the church was built. Even pirates, before going to sea to plunder ships, promised to devote a 'portion of their expected spoil to the object.' In the cathedral of Novogorod, there is a painting of the Virgin, with three hands. The following is its legendary history: An artist was painting it, and had nearly completed it, when, while painting, as usual, when he found on the morning some one had put his hand on his forehead. Thinking some one had put his hand on his forehead, he rubbed it out, and then finished the picture. Making the door secure, he went home. The next morning, however, the third hand was again. Again he rubbed it out, and then doubly fastened the door and barricaded the window. Still, on his return the following day, the hand was again, though he found the door and window in the same state as he left them. He was now seriously alarmed, and began to cross himself, when the Virgin herself appeared and told him it was her will that the hand should be there. This picture is highly adored."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

When'er we now I feel the presence sweet  
Of angel forms, blessing my soul's retreat;  
From opened heaven such airs upon me pour  
That I can love external airs no more.

Once again the Eden trees  
Life's melody harmonies  
Shall from mortal dust out bloom,  
Sunshine triumph o'er gloom.

With regard to the large head and small head controversy, we must say we have never been able to come to any tangible conclusion. Currier's head must have been large, for his brain weighed sixty-five ounces. This is generally counted the heaviest known healthy brain; but we were recently told of a workman who died in University College Hospital, London, whose head was so large that the students had the brain weighed out of curiosity, when they found it to weigh sixty-seven ounces, though perfectly healthy. On inquiry, all that they could learn about the man was that he was said by his neighbors to have had a remarkable good memory.

Shelley is not yet properly understood. His religious opinions excited a prejudice against him, and his poetry is not of a nature to acquire general or immediate popularity—and yet he was a true poet. There can be no question that he is entitled to rank with Byron and Wordsworth, as the third great poet of an age distinguished for its fertility in poetical genius. In many of the most essential qualities of a poet he was not only the first of his age, but inferior to none of any age or any country.

When a violent disease, supposed incurable, is totally and suddenly removed, it is by no means improbable that this is effected by the ministry of an angel. And, perhaps, it is owing to the same cause that a remedy is unaccountably suggested, either to the sick person or some one attending upon him, by which he is entirely cured.

QUEST: Do the Methodists of our day believe with Father John? If so, will they let us know, that we may publish it to the world? Also, send us in some facts and phenomena of these latter days, on which their faith is grounded, after the example of the supposed founder of Methodism.—*Truth Seeker.*

A man without some sort of religion is, at best, a poor reprobate—the foot ball of destiny, with no tie linking him to infinity, and the wondrous eternity that is within him. But a woman without it is even worse—a flame without heat; a flower without perfume.

FACTS AND FANCIES IN THE GREEK CHURCH.  
Says an English traveler: "Though the Greek Church is not quite so prolific in miracles as the Popish, yet the priests sometimes profess to perform them. They believe they have in their possession part of the Virgin's girdle, which they keep as a protection against the plague; and also that the head of John the Baptist is in the monastery of St. Dionysius, yet I had reason enough, the Romanists say that they have his head in the cathedral of Genoa. The Russians, as I have said, being of the Greek religion, partake of the same superstitions. On the very day on which I write this paragraph, I saw in a newspaper that a priest had called his congregation together, and after showing them the comet which has this summer (1853) been visible all over Europe, said that 'this was the same star that had appeared to the wise men at the birth of our Saviour, and that it was only visible now in the Russian empire. Its appearance on this occasion was to intimate to the Russian eagle that the time was now come for it to spread out its wings and embrace all mankind in one orthodox, soul-sanctifying church. He showed them that the star was now standing immediately over Constantinople, and explained that the dull light of the nucleus indicated its sorrow at the delays of the Russian army, in proceeding to its destination.' This, of course, was a priest in Russia once wanted money for a new church. They reported that the Virgin Mary had several times appeared to them, and told them they must search for a picture of herself, which was deposited in a particular spot. After some time this was done, and a picture found, which, of course, been previously put there by the priest. Instructions were then given that a church should be built in which the picture might be placed. The enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds; money flowed in, and the church was built. Even pirates, before going to sea to plunder ships, promised to devote a 'portion of their expected spoil to the object.' In the cathedral of Novogorod, there is a painting of the Virgin, with three hands. The following is its legendary history: An artist was painting it, and had nearly completed it, when, while painting, as usual, when he found on the morning some one had put his hand on his forehead. Thinking some one had put his hand on his forehead, he rubbed it out, and then finished the picture. Making the door secure, he went home. The next morning, however, the third hand was again. Again he rubbed it out, and then doubly fastened the door and barricaded the window. Still, on his return the following day, the hand was again, though he found the door and window in the same state as he left them. He was now seriously alarmed, and began to cross himself, when the Virgin herself appeared and told him it was her will that the hand should be there. This picture is highly adored."—*Sunday Dispatch.*

When'er we now I feel the presence sweet  
Of angel forms, blessing my soul's retreat;  
From opened heaven such airs upon me pour  
That I can love external airs no more.

Once again the Eden trees  
Life's melody harmonies  
Shall from mortal dust out bloom,  
Sunshine triumph o'er gloom.