

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

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

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

NUMBER 41.

**Christian Spiritualist,**  
PUBLISHED BY  
THE SPIRITUAL DEPARTMENT OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE,  
No. 133 Broadway, New-York.  
Published every Saturday.  
Two Dollars per annum.  
Single Copies, Five Cents.  
For the purpose of the Proprietors, the following should be addressed to the Proprietors of Spiritual Knowledge, No. 133 Broadway, New-York.

## NATURAL METHOD VS. THEOLOGICAL PRESUMPTION.

It is a common error to suppose that the Spiritualist is a man who has been visited by the spirits of the dead, and that he is a medium through which they speak. This is a theological presumption, and is based upon a false view of the nature of the human mind. The Spiritualist is a man who has been visited by the spirits of the dead, and that he is a medium through which they speak. This is a theological presumption, and is based upon a false view of the nature of the human mind. The Spiritualist is a man who has been visited by the spirits of the dead, and that he is a medium through which they speak. This is a theological presumption, and is based upon a false view of the nature of the human mind.

ly and Spiritual bodies are connected, generally by a sort of umbilical attachment; this, however, is soon severed and the new birth is complete. This is a new birth worth contemplating, and this is truly a resurrection of the dead.

On a free and careful review of the commonly received notions of the resurrection and reanimation of the bodies that have once been the tenements of human souls, there appear some practical impossibilities, and numerous improbabilities.

It is well known that at least four-fifths of an ordinary human body, in its decomposition, passes into gasses and fluids too volatile to remain localized; and the remainder is in dust so minute as to be capable of assimilation with any of the ordinary plants. Vegetable physiology shows likewise, that much, if not all the wondrous portions of decaying animal matter is absorbed as nutriment, and constitute a part of the substantial growth of vegetation, which in its turn, is devoured by many animals, and lay at the next transmutation, grace the tables of many an epicure in the form of fricasseed chickens, roast beef or broiled mutton; and thence figuring again in human form, is again subject to be cast into space by death or insensible perspiration, to dance the interminable changes of its destiny in the great laboratory of nature.

The matter at present composing my body has none of it been mine more than from seven to ten years, much of it not half that time, and some not a day. It may have died a thousand times in as many human forms. If this is so, it might, I think, be difficult to decide as to the claims the several temporary proprietors might present at the fancied resurrection. By this it will be seen how absurd and ridiculous the thing looks. It will not do to say "that all things are possible with God;" for that is not true. He cannot lie, He cannot annihilate Himself; and being everywhere present, He cannot create another like Himself.

Query—Can he do or create anything except by and in accordance with the laws of nature? I must confess I cannot conceive it possible, that He would repudiate His own laws, and that which He will not do He cannot do. Let the laws of nature, then, be our study for life here and hereafter; he who learns most of them knows most of God, and, if obedient thereto, is best qualified for the discharge of all the duties arising out of his relations to God and his fellow man.

Nature is divine revelation, and therefore teems with celestial instruction and divine philosophy; and knowledge derived therefrom is power; and of universal application. It exalts, ennobles, dignifies and develops the man; tends to soften down the asperities of life, promotes charity, peace and good will, and as exemplified in Spiritual communion, robs death of its terrors, and the grave of its gloom.

One might rationally expect that those who really believe in a future life, would most eagerly seek any opportunity, which might afford intelligence of what is to be their conditions, employments, enjoyments, associations and relations in that never-ending future; for it is a fact on which all agree that speculation and skepticism have left the world in darkness upon that all-important subject. And we ask why, in the name of Heaven, why are our Spiritual messengers rejected, contemned and set at naught, and that too mainly by religionists? whose faith, if they have any, is founded upon the history of like manifestations, which are scattered over a lapse of time, embracing more than four thousand years. Where shall we look for a parallel to such bigoted inattention such determined blindness? It surpasses that of the Jews in the advent of Christianity, though the observer can hardly fail to perceive a striking similarity in the character of its exhibition. It is true that those who lay special claims to all divine oracles and godly protection, do not commit physical violence by fire, stones or spears; but they still delight in the work of crucifying character, stoning reputation, and fagoting the business prospects of Spiritualists; which in charity we try to forgive, for in most cases, they, our opponents, are blind, and "know not what they do." In due time, however, their temple of theological absurdities, like that of the Jews, will tremble and shake, until one stone shall not be upon another.

Few, if any of the multiplied forms of religion but what are tinged, more or less with the shades of ancient mythology, the legitimate offspring of the race's infancy and mental darkness; and though claiming God as their author, yet clearly demonstrate by their nature to be of man. To conceive of a God of war, of hate, of wrath, and of vengeance, capable of being a personal, active instrument in the brutal strifes and horrid butcheries characterizing those ages, and which drenched the earth with human gore is simply monstrous. Still "the Rev. man of God,"—God forgive the saying—with sanctimonious visage and imperious tone, tells us, at one time, that we must believe the Scriptures which he denominates the "Word of God," or eternal damnation must be our inevitable doom.

Again he tells us we must believe ALL, ALL of that "divine book," and that to reject any part is in fact to reject the whole. These two false propositions he enforces with all the powers of sophistry and eloquence, and by shaking the terrors of hell and the doom of the damned in terror over our devoted heads, succeeds in nine cases out of ten, in silencing our refractory reason, and we pass on, perhaps through life, directed in part at least, of our intellect and freedom; in perfect bondage to the fear of death and a mythological devil.

Thus faith is doomed by many to blaze with delightful brilliancy from those altars upon which freedom of thought, reason and common sense are

made the sacrifices. Death, damnation and the devil being the principal levers by which this machinery is worked, and fear (not reason) the element on which it acts.

True faith, upon any subject, cannot be the product alone of the will; but of evidence addressed to the rational faculties, and by those faculties carefully and fearlessly elaborated. It is not enough that a book, or any part of it, claims to be a "thus saith the Lord," for the freeman must take it into the crucible of his reason, and try as by fire, before deciding how far its claims are worthy of his respect, and if wise in his investigation he will separate the pure metal from the dross, appropriate the one and cast out the other. In this process it would not be singular if some of the base alloy should be exchanged for that of more intrinsic value; but he cannot be morally condemned who discriminates according to his best-reasoning powers—to him God's richest gift.

How often are we told, by those professing the divine commission, to hold communion with Heaven, and keep our precious souls in pupillage, to "check our questionings about the secret things of God, and be not wise above what's written." It seems to me that the Nineteenth century is characterized by few blights more stinging and debilitating to the human mind, or less congenial with its needs and its eternally-expanding aspirations than the authoritative dictums of theologic rule. The sapling oak, though destined otherwise to rear its giant limbs above its fellows, and spread its green foliage to kiss the genial breeze, absorb the dews of heaven, and show its grateful thanks by its ascending exhalations to the morning sun, is not more surely dwarfed by the impenetrable rock which forbids the searching root, or when its tender shoots are oftentimes pruned by injudicious hands; than is the budding intellect when cased around by tyrant forms that check the boundless freedom of its soaring Spirit.

Those ancient institutions, whether religious, political or mixed, man-made as they were, doubtless had their origin in necessity arising out of the low plane of human development, and like the sandals and wooden shoes of their times, have done good service; but to the present enlightened generation, are but clogs to progressive locomotion. And while science has been making gigantic strides, the arts taking a more practical turn, and invention has been busy in drawing from the exhaustless stores of nature devices and discoveries adapted to human wants and unfolding new truths, new intellectual powers and physical resources, the religious element of our nature has, to a great extent, been confined and cramped into the swaddling bands of man's primeval state. Every movement for the amelioration of its condition has to contend with the uniform and combined anathemas of Church and State, although they claim to have been the great civilizers of the world.

If in presenting the foregoing dark shades and horrid discords in the warring elements of progress, I have criticized many of our social and ecclesiastical forms—the reader should not suppose that I regard them other than the natural and even necessary results consequent upon the characters and conditions of men and things, for in the sphere of mind as well as that of matter, causes and effects are correlative and invariably-like causes always producing like effects—became connected by the action of immutable laws.

You will ask then, with this view of the subject, how are we to reconcile the Wisdom, Power and Love of the infinite Cause of all causes, with the numberless and heterogeneous evils under which the sentient world has groaned from its very birth?—to which I answer, if the fundamental doctrines of Spiritual philosophy be true, we have a key to solve that hitherto incomprehensible enigma. Those doctrines are based upon the supposition that all things in nature, as matter, man, mind and Spirit begin to exist, so to speak, in a state of infancy, and are, without exception, subject to laws and conditions, the general tendency of which is to purify, elevate and unfold each in its particular sphere, and so far as the external or physical is concerned, destined to pass through death and dissolution into greater elevation and higher life; what we call death relates only to gross matter, and as nothing is lost in any of its mutations, should be regarded as a mere incident in its endless existence. Spiritual elements are considered, likewise, eternally subject to purifying and elevating influences, in which death is unknown.

Such are the main points in the Spiritual theory or doctrine of Progression. Now let me illustrate more particularly, by the use of an allegorical figure. Let us suppose ourselves standing upon an immense platform, winding in spiral folds up from the unknown depths below, and by each successive cycle ascending higher and still higher until lost to view in the distant heavens. On it and about us, we behold all the varieties of animate and inanimate nature known to earth, classified and arranged in the order of their developed excellence. On the right of each specimen we see written the quality and kind of its material substance—its physiological structure and organism, its internal and external conditions, the motive powers and influences acting upon it, which together are denominated the compound motor. On the left we read the entire history of its thoughts, acts and outer manifestations. These are denominated biography. Now as we pass along the spiral plane, we are struck with the universal parallelism everywhere observable in each individual instance between the delineations of the motors on the one hand, and those of the biography on the other, so much so as

to induce the belief that any good philosopher and practical observer would, if made acquainted with the former, readily and accurately guess out the latter, no matter to what species, genus or kingdom the specimen might belong. Thus far, in our allegorical plane, we have observed incessant agitation and turmoil mingling in all the social relations of the diverse gradations of life; but as in all other elements so in these; commotion and strife are the natural means of cleansing and clarifying them, and fitting them for greater elevation and better use.

But let us proceed upward and onward—here we perceive a better state of things—we breathe a more balmy and genial atmosphere. The illuminations are more soft and Spiritual—the social agitations of life, less rigorous and selfish—affinities and sympathies more truly affectionate—conditions more flourishing, and happiness more prevalent.

Still attracted by new and unfolding beauties we pass upward from one elevation to another, until we find ourselves completely overwhelmed with the intense and dazzling glories flowing from every object within the scope of our vision. Here indeed is love unselfish, sympathy unselfish, charity all embracing, harmony universal, aspirations Spiritual, progression exemplified, and the wisdom, power and love of God vindicated.

And now let us turn our attentions selfward until our own Spiritual unfoldings shall enable us to speculate among still more exalted beings whose ethereal purity and "more excellent glory" veil them from our present view.

Trav, Jan. 10th, 1856.

For the Christian Spiritualist.  
**SPIRITUALISM—ITS JOYS AND CONSOLATIONS.**  
BY CORA WILDER.

Of how many prejudices has every individual mind gradually, almost imperceptibly become divested in its progress through the world! Most of us, on looking back to past opinions and cherished prejudices, that now seem strange and revolting to our emancipated minds, can trace the progress of individual freedom, the gradual assertion of nature's holy truth, against the enslaving tyrannies of borrowed thought and limited faith. Some obtain their mental freedom and clearness of vision, only towards the close of a life's experience. Others, suddenly as it were, become the disciples of a new found truth, nor is this sudden relinquishment of the beaten track, this sudden change from the darkness of bigotry and soul-limiting sympathy, either miraculous or worthy the world's astonishment, much less meriting its reproach. That light should come, dazzling light from the supernal spheres, irradiating the gloom of earthly desolation, and rendering the hope, the certainty of immortality triumphant, is but a natural and loving proof of the Father's goodness, and the angels ministry to doubting and benighted man.

Yes, faith is a beautiful trait of a loving and trusting soul; but when earthly sorrows darken the given heavenly light, when living friends forsake and the true loved ones pass the unseen portals of a better life; when adversity overwhelms the stricken and sensitive soul, with its varied torturing trials, then, alas, too often, does the despairing heart admit the doubt of the life to come, dreading the perpetuation of earthly trial, skeptical of future joy, from the dearly bought experience of this world, that gives no complete fulfillment to its fairest promises. Then, when the trusting faith is shaken, and the trembling soul questions doubtfully of its future unknown destiny, who can answer truthfully, convincingly, a soul's anguished prayer for light and guidance? Earth is full of creeds, of conflicting doctrines; amid the wranglings of the various adherents, a life time may be spent in vainly endeavoring to find truth and peace.

But what so convincing as self-conviction, as the coming of a long sought for truth, home to our seeking bosoms, like unto a beautiful and snow-winged dove, laden with messages of love and happiness; a wanderer from the skies, unseen, unnoticed by many, but dearly welcomed, joyfully received, lovingly entertained by the yearning soul of aspiration, the sorrow bowed and doubting Spirit. A welcome messenger of joy and peace, is this coming home of a heaven sent truth, as it nestles close to our "heart of hearts," and spreads its Spirit pinions over the breast that sorrowed for earth, praying that heaven might be a reality.

To thousands of mourning hearts, thousands of doubting, struggling, truth seeking minds, has Spiritualism come, the dove messenger of angelic hosts. Oh, ye revilers of the True and the Beautiful, to cast the shadow of ridicule upon the glorious sunshine that bathes so many hearts with heavenly joy! To stigmatize as puerile and uninteresting those initiative demonstrations of Spirit power, that are but the outposts of knowledge unlimited; of unreserved communion with angel natures, if man but wills to be pure and true, and persevering in the path of right and duty.

How many orphaned hearts, and widowed mourners, have returned to the daily cares of life and toil, with inspired hopefulness and renewed powers of endurance, as their seeking Spirits found the long sought for certainty of future blissful reunion, with the so early lost, the bitterly lamented! Certain, happy reunion.

"On that blissful shore,  
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar."  
And what in many cases, has brought this overwhelming evidence of immortality, of recognition of kindred, of severed ties to be renewed throughout eternity? Perhaps a simple rap upon a table, an unaccountable movement of the hand or

arm; a written message given by a mortal's hand, but bearing the unmistakable impress of Spiritual power and angel love. Or perhaps more convincing still than any outward manifestation, the felt whisperings of Spirit voices upon the calm hour of twilight musing; or the solemn breathings of holy thought, awakening the soul's dormant energies, thrilling the human heart with joy and emotion too deep for utterance, with foreshadow wings of the far beyond of the soul's future happiness whispered from soul to soul, inaudible, but felt, responded to, and comprehended, though mortal language fail to portray those messages of celestial love and loving sympathy, given to the earnestly aspiring Spirit in its hours of calm and still communion with self, the world, with its busy cares, and haunting dreams forgotten, in higher, holier desires, in "immortal longings!"

This is what Spiritualism bestows upon the truth seeking soul and receptive spirit. No creed taught formula can invoke those holy visions, glimpses of the Land of Peace. The imaginings of an excited fancy, or of a superstitious awe, seldom give forms of beauty to the upturned vision, nor messages of wonderfully soothing power, to the listening ear. But the calm, unselfish concentration of thought and feeling, the blending of the soul's humility with the minds fearless daring, can bring congenial and kindred Spirits, even from the bowers of Paradise. The soft caressing breeze, that fans with a caressing motion the oft-times weary brow of many bereaved ones, may it not be a Spirit-mother's heaven sent token of remembrance, a renewed sign of an angel's sympathy for a mortal's tribulations? Why not? Who among us, but has felt the mysterious influence of solitude, the holy charm, the elevating tendency of an hour's communion with the things above.

Wherefore attribute all to imaginations power? And what may that same power often be, if not the boon of intuition, the appreciation of things unseen, but felt as existing? Because all feel not alike, must that of necessity be a falsehood, which many feel as truth, but others comprehend not, and therefore reject? There are those nature loving souls, that greet heaven's sunshine day by day, with ever renovated joy and thankfulness; finding beauty in the sky's calm depths, and in a streamlet's flow of music; while others see no loveliness upon the face of nature; gathering no flowers by the wayside, finding no beauty, hearing no music, save in the glitter and the sound of gold!

"But," say the opponents of Spiritualism, and the would-be shrieking investigator also, "there is so much that is contradictory, so many disappointments are encountered, there is so much deception even!" All this is true. Contradictory communications, conflicting opinions have been given, by means purporting to be Spiritual; but, dear human brother, have you sought the Spiritual intercourse in the true and becoming state of mind? did you leave behind you, determined that it should be for ever, all envy and uncharitableness? did you bid farewell to your money grasping propensities, your fear of another success; your pride, and your suspicion of other's motives? And you, dear truth-seeking sister, did you carry along with you, unto the circle's precincts, the vain fluttering thoughts of earthly pleasures, the ambition of wealth; the unchecked vanity; and yet desire correct Spiritual communications, from highly advanced, and love and wisdom dedicated Spirits? Did you venture, believing yourself in the presence, or within the influence of higher natures than your own, to question futurity concerning earthly riches, and earthly destiny? Unprepared for high and holy communications, filled with the every day trifles of an unreflective existence, could you expect the pure, the progressed, the unselfish immortals to hold intercourse with one so uncongenial as thyself? Then, if no communication follows, the Spirits are not existing; if those corresponding to thy own frivolous attributes, give their characteristic messages, Spiritualism with all its beauty of holiness and truth, is declared an imposture, or a mystification of the baffled intruder.

Then again, if perchance, the long looked for earnestly desired communication comes at length, fully and satisfactorily, all the vaunted courage, and determination fails, and the cheek flushes with superstitious terror, and your self-formed fears place the hindrance in the path. In place of the loved and progressed Spirit in its radiant beauty, and robes of celestial brightness, in place even of the darkened Spirit's repentant mien and sombre garb; mortal fear will conjure up from the realms of fable, and nursery tradition, tales of dread, and forms of horror, changing the celestial visitors to weird phantom shapes; and the beautiful intercourse of Heaven with earth is interdicted by silly fears, and unfounded apprehensions.

There are also some designing and mercenary men, who profane a holy cause for the furtherance of their paltry ambition and love of gain; but when in the world's annals has any creed ever existed without in its progression encountering abuses and adherents who were a disgrace to the cause. So with us. Many heaven-sent gifts have been abused on earth—so with the glorious cause of proof in the Hereafter.

Spirit! the very word breathes of celestial meaning, appealing to the beauty-loving eye, the idealizing mind, the worshipping heart (of the rotary of the beautiful. Spirit is in all things—in the leaflet's tracing, in the graceful waving of the music-bearing foliage, when the soft airs of Heaven make Spirit melody, and showers of sunshine illumine the forest depths. Spirit—within the starry heavens at night, within the moon's wondrous beauty and soulful charm of radiance, in the ocean's waving murmurs, in its thunder tones, in

the voices of the storm, and in the morning's balm, greetings, in every note uprising from the myriad warblers of hill and grove, in the blue sky's depths and in the rainbow's blended harmony. In all things in dwelling is the Spirit of life and truth and the voices of immortality responding to the human prayer. In nature's every manifestation; signal of the father's bounty, of the beauty and the usefulness of life and trial. And shall we, need we fear its highest and loveliest form, man assuming the angel's garb, woman appearing in seraph guise! Fear, the mother of our hearts, now a being of superior mould, a guardian angel to her earth left child, fear the Spirit touch of a father's hand, the renewal of the oft-invoked blessing and counsel—fear the friends so loved and loving—the long unseem, but ever unforgetting, fear their holy and benign influence, the surrendering of our hearts to angel guidance, to the "beloved, the true-hearted." Is not this groundless fear, that causes us to shun communion with our best-loved ones, a perversion of feeling and reason, the result of superstitious training, that bids us shun with dread the departed Spirits of friends and kindred, as we, alas, shun not wrong-doing, nor avoid anger, envy, and other dwellers of the darkness.

Pure and holy cause. Philosophy of truth and reason, Faith of love and intuition. Surely thy radiant mantle of peace will yet envelop these trembling and doubting Spirits, and give to the veriest skeptic the consciousness of a joy-giving future, as Thy benign influences have brought consolation, joy and hope to thousands of mourning bosoms and sorrowing souls.

PHILA, Feb. 4, 1856.

From the Religious Telegraph.  
**PASSING AWAY.**  
BY THE LONE WANDERER.

"Passing, fading, dying," is indelibly inscribed on all things here below. The gentle breeze sighs a soft farewell as it glides whisperingly by us—the little rivulet murmurs along and charms the heart with its sweet lullaby, and oh how passing sweet is its tiny song. It is a "still small voice," and to the soul it whispers of the decay of earthly things. We look upon the flowers in the merry spring-time,—they spring forth, they bloom and their sweet odors fill the air; but ere long they droop, they fade, they wither and die, and their beauty and glory again mingle with the dust. Alas! that the most beautiful and heavenly thing of earth should ever fade the soonest! There is a heavenward tendency in all things lovely, and oh! how we long to retain them, but ere we are aware of it, and while we have scarce begun to enjoy them, they pass noiselessly away and we see them no more!

I saw a little child,—it was beautiful as the first sweet spring flower blooming amid the ruins of fading winter; it was gentle as the modest lily, and its voice was sweet as the music of rippling waters. It knew no evil, and its little hands were not stained with harmful deeds. It was the pride of all who knew it, and a halo of love ever rested around that form divine. I looked upon it with strange delight, and its passing loveliness filled me with joy. Yet something whispered to my heart that the lovely one before me was a flower transplanted from Paradise and must not long remain exposed to the chilling coldness and darkness of earth. Alas! said I, must this lovely flower fade so soon? Must this matchless grace be torn from our enraptured gaze? And must so bright a star so soon bear to shine and leave us now, as after a midnight lightning-flash, in deeper gloom? So I gazed and thought, and as I gazed, the lovely being faded from my sight and left the world to mourn its loss!

I have seen a mother—ah yes, I had such a mother! She was all gentleness, mildness, and love! (O, where is the heart so hard that it does not love and then forget its wickedness, and become once more a child of innocence, when fond memory brings it back to the spring-time of life to feel the heavenly warmth of a mother's love!) O yes, I saw and had such a mother! Other friends I have had, and I have known the love of others; but their friendship was fleeting and their love was a breath that passed quickly away! That gentle mother passed away, and there is none I dare to love, and none I know to love me.

When the best and most heavenly things on earth are of so short duration, why should we wish to remain long! Rather should we desire to finish our allotted time and then cheerfully obey the divine summons and meanwhile strive to profit by the good things that God has permitted us to enjoy.

All things in nature are subjected to one beautiful round of creation, decay, death, resurrection and life, given to teach us that our earthly form must soon pass away, and "this mortal put on immortality!"

"Let the rich rejoice in that he is made low, for as the flower of the grass he shall pass away."  
DAYTON, O., Dec. 14th, 1855.

REASONS FOR WEARING A MUSTACHE.—Punch has questioned one thousand persons with the following results: To avoid shaving, 69; to avoid catching cold, 32; to hide their teeth, 5; to take away from a prominent nose, 3; to avoid being taken as an Englishman abroad, 7; because they are in the army, 7; because they have been in the army, 221; because Prince Albert does it, 2; because it is artistic, 29; because you are a singer, 3; because you travel a good deal, 17; because you have lived long on the Continent, 3; because the wife likes it, 8; because you have weak lungs, 5; because it acts as a respirator, 29; because it is healthy, 77; because the young ladies admire it, 471; because it is considered "the thing," 10.

—Hartford Times.

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

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1856.

OPPOSITIONAL PHASES IN LONDON.

As our European correspondent has been kind enough to send us specimens of the issues, intellectual and theological, now being made in London against Spiritualism and the manifestations, it may interest the reader to know something of the same, for now that a calm has come to the contending parties in this country, it may enable all truthfully disposed minds to rightfully appreciate all such exhibitions of thought and feeling at their exact value.

The writer, whose name is Kidd, must be related to that notorious individual celebrated in song and story for his piracy, for, he evinces an equal readiness to assassinate sense and "murder" reputations, as the work abounds in bitterness of spirit, insolence in logic and irony of description, all of which are concentrated and intensified in severity, when applied to the Spirits or the manifestations.

That his associations have been of a sectarian character is most obvious to us, from the contempt he so savagely expresses for "poor human nature" in general and the Spirit Rappers in particular. Indeed he says, "none but a mad man would contend that the Great God of Heaven and Earth ever did, or ever will give permission to mortals to rule over the Spirits of just men made perfect."

Mr. Kidd does not take this view of the subject, for he not only deprecates the advent of Spiritualism, but rails and raves about its tendency, as if it was evil, and evil only.

He not only speaks of Spiritualists as silly dunces, but contends, that "all who seriously believe in such things, must at once relinquish any claim to Christianity, and deny their belief in God."

Encouraged by the sanction of those who should know better, it can hardly be a matter for surprise that the nobility, gentry, and the people at large, should patronize the imposture of the day. Those who are well versed in the human brain, hardly need to be told that this folly, persevered in, has sent many victims to the madhouse.

The absurdity of the above, although nearly akin to the monstrous, does not cause Mr. Kidd any misgiving as to what he "raps," (if indeed he ever read any thing of the kind,) for he goes on to slander and vilify every medium that has ever visited England from this country.

As we have already made note of such of these as came through the mediation of the Davenport mediums, it will be unnecessary to say more at present, although the larger part of the article under consideration relates to them.

What is most important in this article is an extract from the Spiritual Universe, in which Mr. Jonathan Koon's daughter, is implicated as a participant—if not accused of being the "only active" agent in the development of the manifestations that occurred at the house of Mr. Everett, in Cleveland, Ohio.

This statement is of too serious a character to be disposed of in a moment, and we withhold comment until we get a full detail of the facts in the case and know both sides of the story. This reservation is due to Mr. Koons, as he and his family have been before the public for some years, having been tested and tried as mediums in almost every variety of form, by the many committees, who, from time to time, have met at his Spirit Rooms.

This caution, to us so natural, was never dreamed of by the editor of the New Church Herald, for having long since psychologized himself into phantology, he was prepared, by virtue of a foregone conclusion, to make mountains out of mole hills, and see trick and imposture, where good sense and thoughtful discrimination would ask for closer observation and renewed experiment.

Accordingly he breaks forth with the rapturous and prophetic declaration, that "all bubbles must burst, however large they may become. Their increased size does not prevent them from bursting, but rather indicates that the time for their explosion is near at hand."

the medium, in the following words, without affecting in the least Mr. Kidd's foregone conclusion.—She says: "I state very solemnly that, (as regards Mr. Hume,) whatever may be the origin, cause, and nature of the various phenomena, they are not produced by any fraud, machinery, jugglery, or trickery on his part." Indeed Mr. Kidd seems determined to have no sensible and honest testimony on the subject, for in a foot note of some length, he more than hints at the insanity of Dr. Ashburner. We extract the following:

"Within the last few days, chance has thrown me into the society of a gentleman intimate with Dr. Ashburner. His opinion coincides with mine (entirely,) as to the state of the Doctor's mind on one point. Indeed as he says, the Doctor's conduct proclaims it. Some time since, at a dinner party (I am informed,) the Doctor was observed to fill a glass of wine, and whilst gazing on vacuity, to bow, in token of recognition. He evidently saw 'somebody,' in his mind's eye. Later in the evening, he was questioned on the matter; when he openly avowed that he had been 'taking wine with his father,'—a common practice of his."

But we have quoted quite enough to illustrate the spirit and general character of the work, and if it in any sensible degree, is expressive of the opposition now going on in England, it would seem to illustrate the principle, that a disease is violent in proportion to the age of the afflicted.

It may be that ere long, other than worthy opposition will be used, in order to give point and cogency to the argument, for bigotry such as Mr. Kidd is capable of any thing, and the Church is still sensitive to innovation.

We hope, however, the day has gone by, for that kind of fanaticism, and for all such exhibitions of ecclesiastic folly. How far the American press is responsible for this fierce manifestation of theological denunciation, it were hard to say, but it is obvious that our secular press reports, as to the prevalence of, and the tendency to insanity among Spiritualists, has authorized and justified to Mr. Kidd, much of his extravagance. It becomes the members of the press to see that they tell the truth and nothing but the truth, lest when not expected, their own assertions are turned upon them, to their shame and disgrace.

England, however, can well afford to have a change in religious feeling and public worship, if the following picture of Mr. Kidd's is any way true. Probably it is characteristic of the man, which is anything but Kidd like, notwithstanding his name. He says:

"I often shudder, when I observe the estimate formed of the Great Creator by those even who profess to love, fear, and worship Him. A solemn mockery is nearly all our (so-called) Christian worship! It is mere tinsel; all outside show,—a perfect sham.—Sunday to wit, clears off all the score of the week! Long faces, demure looks, and two hours' tedious attendance at some fashionable church—this sets the conscience of the World and his wife all right. It keeps up appearances too! 'People pay as they go.' Oh, England—art thou a Christian country now?"

We now take our leave of Mr. Kidd, as we have neither room nor disposition for further extracts. The above, however, are instructive in spite of their bad spirit and worse logic, for they inform us of the progress of Spiritualism in London, "the present metropolis of the world." They admonish us to be "wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," in the issues we make on progress and civilization, lest we be found fighting against the advent of the "kingdom of Heaven" and the reign of peace on earth.

"THE PHANTASY DISAPPEARING!" Under this head, the New Church Herald, of Feb. 2, has an article of over two columns of "things new and old pertaining to medium come-shorts," in which the editor psychologizes himself into the ensouling belief that Spiritualism is passing away, because some unexpected development and "striking" manifestations occurred in some of the dark circles of this and other cities.

As we have already made note of such of these as came through the mediation of the Davenport mediums, it will be unnecessary to say more at present, although the larger part of the article under consideration relates to them.

What is most important in this article is an extract from the Spiritual Universe, in which Mr. Jonathan Koon's daughter, is implicated as a participant—if not accused of being the "only active" agent in the development of the manifestations that occurred at the house of Mr. Everett, in Cleveland, Ohio.

This statement is of too serious a character to be disposed of in a moment, and we withhold comment until we get a full detail of the facts in the case and know both sides of the story. This reservation is due to Mr. Koons, as he and his family have been before the public for some years, having been tested and tried as mediums in almost every variety of form, by the many committees, who, from time to time, have met at his Spirit Rooms.

This caution, to us so natural, was never dreamed of by the editor of the New Church Herald, for having long since psychologized himself into phantology, he was prepared, by virtue of a foregone conclusion, to make mountains out of mole hills, and see trick and imposture, where good sense and thoughtful discrimination would ask for closer observation and renewed experiment.

Accordingly he breaks forth with the rapturous and prophetic declaration, that "all bubbles must burst, however large they may become. Their increased size does not prevent them from bursting, but rather indicates that the time for their explosion is near at hand."

appointment," for the only exposures thus far the Spiritualists have been called on to make were those associated with and developed in dark circles, all of which can be dispensed with without any serious injury to the philosophy or progress of Spiritualism. At the same time, it is a question of fact, as to the extent of "deception," even in dark circles, for there are those who know they have received genuine manifestations from their Spirit friends in the dark alone, as well as in circles. It should be distinctly borne in mind, however, that Spiritualism does not assimilate with darkness, nor does the best minds of the age look at the manifestations from that standpoint. The proof of this is found in statements and facts like the following, which was sent to the Cambridge Chronicle by a correspondent. He says:

"One or two of the Harvard professors, as well as a large number of the most respectable citizens of Cambridge, have become deeply interested in this remarkable phenomenon, and have listened with amazement to scientific and theological discourses purporting to be inspired by Franklin, Watts, and other illustrious minds.

And the Portsmouth (N. H.) Gazette alluding to the above, thus particularizes:—"One of the professors here alluded to is Henry W. Longfellow. It is also stated that Rev. Mr. Mountford, Rev. Dr. Parker, Judge Phillips, Peter Harvey, Esq., Alvin Adams, Esq., and other well-known citizens are investigating the subject."

In sight of these and many other facts that might be stated, we see little cause for apprehension, but much, very much for consolation and encouragement. It may be the "phantasy" is disappearing from the minds of some Swedenborgians. Some of whom stand in need of mental emancipation as much as any other class of religionists with whom we are acquainted, in which progress we wish them God speed.

Nor shall we despair of the editor of the Herald, for although he is at present mentally befogged by theory, and surrounded by the phantoms of his past psychological experience, we remember the words the old hermit did say: "It is always the darkest hour—the hour before day."

EDITORIAL "CIVILITY."

We are not often called on to vindicate our infallibility, or what is nearly the same thing, justify every thought or proposition that appears in the columns of this paper; and therefore we hope the reader will be patient under this infliction.

It seems we have offended the editor of the New Church Herald, on the score of "civility and propriety" so much, that it does seem a little strange to him "that the editor of the Spiritualist, the general tone of whose paper has hitherto been respectful and gentlemanly towards every one, should admit into his columns an article, the language of which is so coarse and undignified as that of the one referred to."

The article complained of, seems to be obnoxious in "doctrine" as well as style, and therefore doubly defective to our editorial brother.

Those of our readers who would know more of the article in question, will get the necessary information by reading in our issue of January 26, under the head of "Editorial Gumption," some reflections by James K. Newton on T. S. Arthur and the editor of the New Church Herald.

To the editor of the Herald, we have but two remarks to offer at present:—

1st. We seldom reject an article because of its peculiarities of style or "doctrine," and as seldom are we called on to play the golf father to the articles that appear in our columns.

2d. The above is not the result of policy, nor does it spring from indifference to culture, but is the natural consequence of a conviction that progress and Christian ethics require free minds, and individualized souls, rather than tamed and educated echoes.

And we hope these will be good and sufficient reasons why Mr. Newton should say his say, so long as he does not violate the acknowledged usages or proprieties of civilized society. Still, Mr. Newton's style may not be classic in finish, nor Johnsonian in dignity, and yet be far from offensive to the majority of readers.

On the present occasion, the editor of the Herald must blame himself in part if Mr. Newton's remarks seem "coarse," for his psychological crusade on Spiritualism has long since invited ridicule rather than argument.

We say this not to offend, but as explanatory of the convictions of many who know the logic and philosophy by which the Rev. Sabin Hough, editor of the New Church Herald, proposes to get rid of the facts and consequences of Spirit intercourse. On some future occasion we shall return to the subject, as our tolerance seems to surprise the editor of the Herald.

CAN SPIRITS ACT ON MATTER?

To those interested in the discussion of this question, we submit the following facts, as they are pertinent to the issue, and demand an explanation. The editor of the Spiritual Universe says:

"E. H. Wood, residing in Warrington, Warren Co., Mo., under date of Jan. 26, writes us that there is a child in that place only three years old, who is a powerful medium for physical manifestations. By merely putting her hand upon a large dining table, it will move about the house like a living and intelligent thing. We commend that child and that table, to Rev. Dr. Mahan. He must put a stop to such doings, by bringing his will-power to bear upon the odious force, or neither the one, nor the other will save his theory from being utterly repudiated."

AGAIN, The editor of the New England Spiritualist in a late issue says: "An acquaintance of ours being at Mr. Redman's rooms, on Thursday, Jan. 17th, an intelligence claiming to be the Spirit of an old friend, named Peter Ferris, whom he had known 'on the Grampian Hills in good old Scotland,' made himself known, and performed a variety of curious feats. Among other things, the gentleman's silver snuff-box, which he had been requested to place on the floor beneath the table, suddenly disappeared. Search was made for it in all possible places, even to the pockets of the medium and another gentleman present, but without success—the invisibles all the while claiming, by means of raps or writing, that it was in their possession. They promised to return it at some future time. While searching for this box, Mr. Redman found concealed in a vase, a miniature likeness of a friend, which he alleged had been taken from his own pocket three weeks before while in a public meeting at a distant part of the city, and which had been missing all that while.

A week later, this gentleman was at the same place, and while he and Mr. R. were engaged at the table, no other persons being present, the missing snuff box fell with great force from aloft. Striking the table, it bounded to the floor, spring open, and a scrap of paper fell out, on which were these words, formed in capital letters, with a pencil: 'I HAVE DONE WITH THE BOX. PLEASE TAKE NO MORE OF THE FELTY WEED, AND OBLIGE THY SPIRIT FRIEND, PETER.' Our informant declares that the medium could not have thus produced the box, as he was watching him narrowly all the while, and both his hands were upon the table at the time.—He also saw the box as it descended, as soon as it came within the range of his vision, being about a

foot above the table. Wonderful Odyle! Strange that it should so wickedly persist in calling itself a departed human Spirit!

MR. A. J. DAVIS'S LECTURES.

Mr. Davis continues to lecture at the Stuyvesant Institute, Sunday and Friday evenings; and thus far his lectures have been attended by large and appreciative audiences.

In his last lecture on Character, Mr. D. gave a series of broadly drawn sketches, by way of illustrating the perpetuity and force of the educational and acquired character, in the Spirit world. The lecture had good and strong points in it; but taken as a whole, it was far below what we have a right to expect from Mr. Davis, considering his pretensions as a seer, and his reputation as a writer. And we would respectfully suggest to him the possibility of his occasionally mistaking sarcasm and irreverence, for wit and humor; the more as such exhibitions of character fail of convincing the thoughtful or converting the erring. No doubt the "Ministry" has many defects, as well as many unworthy members; but the brighter side of the picture should not be lost sight of by a "Seer," professing the "Harmonical" philosophy.

In making these reflections, we are not criticizing, but ministering to the "needs" of Mr. Davis, for he seems at times oblivious to his own teachings, as to the tendency of implied censure, "praise or blame."

Mr. Davis lectures on Friday evening, on the "Perpetuity of Character," and on Sunday evening on "The Effects of Spiritualism for the next fifty years."

On Sunday morning, Mrs. Davis will lecture on the "Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism," which lecture, we hope, will be numerously attended, as the abuses of Spiritualism should be known and avoided.

"THE RAPPING NOT NEW."

When the opposition succeed in gathering a few facts from history or biography, authorizing the above statement they think an effectual quietus, has been given to the claims of modern Spiritualism; since a few, professing a belief in the ministry of angels, affect a distinction between the ancient and modern manifestations. The issue, however, is destitute of significance to those who translate all time as God's time, and accept Spiritualism as the ultimate analysis of His universal and constantly unfolding Gospel. This truth, so poorly understood at present, was intuitive in Jesus, for he recognized the authority of "the Law and the Prophets," and labored for their fulfillment rather than their destruction, while ministering to the needs of an unbelieving and a materialistic age. The philosophy of history and the teachings of Providence admonish all to be equally constructive and catholic in faith, for the angels that sought out and labored for the redemption of the infidel and materialistic Jews, are equally necessary now to revive and quicken the Spiritual elements in man, and awaken the formalistic Christian to the duties and pleasures of a "pure and undefiled religion."

There will be no difficulty in recognizing this conclusion as both logical and philosophical, when men learn to look at the government of God from the moral and Spiritual stand-points; for the religious must have its Spiritual mediatorial agents as well as the body has its; if, indeed, life is rounded and harmoniously adapted to its many-phased and diversified issues.

When Spiritualism is studied from this standpoint, there will be neither old or new in the economy of God, but a constantly unfolding Gospel, every page of which will be significant of wisdom and radiant with love; and facts like the following, instead of being given in opposition, will illustrate the mediation of the angels, who have ever been ministering to those who were to be "heirs of salvation." The following is quoted by Mr. Baxter, in his "Historical Discourse on Apparitions," from DeFoe's Life of Duncan Campbell; 2d ed., p. 107.

"There is now in London, an understanding, sober, pious man, of one of my hearers, who has an elder brother, a gentleman of considerable rank, who having formerly seemed pious, of late years does often fall into the sin of drunkenness; he often lodges long together here in his brother's house, and whenever he is drunk and has spent himself sober, something knocks at his bed's head, as if one knocked on a wainscot. When they remove his bed it follows him. Besides other loud noises on other parts where he is, that all the house hears, they have often watched him, and kept his hands lest he should do it himself. His brother has often told it me, and brought his wife, a discreet woman, to attest it, who avers, moreover, that as she watched him, she has seen his shoes under the bed taken up, and nothing visible to touch them. They brought the man himself to me, and when we asked him how he dare sin again after such a warning, he had no excuse. But being persons of quality, for some special reason of worldly interest I must not name him."

MATERIALISTIC ISSUES.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R.

It is the peculiar province of yandeedom, to convert every thing to purposes of practical utility; and all outside of that sphere is rejected as bogus. A power that cannot be applied to machinery for the manufacture of clocks or nutmegs, is destined to a cold reception, with a genuine descendant of the pilgrims. An antiquated or canonical feature in accordance with preconceived views, is also highly meritorious in all the appliances and principles of life. In this view, we find an article on Spiritualism in the Olive Branch taken from the Rural Intelligencer. A few short extracts are given as the foundation of remark.

"To us it appears a little singular, to say the least, that our fathers and our mothers who have entered the Spirit-land, if permitted to hold intercourse with their sons and daughters in the flesh, should come, not as good Spirits came to the world in prophetic and apostolic tones, but in the ridiculous shapes of rapping upon tables, overturning furniture, &c."

It is evident to the Bible reader, that the above view of necessary dignity in Spiritual manifestations, comes from an individual badly posted up in the modus operandi of Spirit intercourse among the ancient Jews. The Jews had five modes of communicating with the Spirit world, each and every mode in every respect as simple and undignified as table tipping or even "modern fortune telling." The Urim and Thammim which the Israelites learned of the Egyptian magicians, was the instrument most prevalent among the Israelites, as a medium of communication. When a person wished to enquire of God as to the expediency of going to war, or for any other purpose, he went to the priest, who enquired of Jehovah as to the utility of the object in view, and professed to read the answer in the stone on his breast plate. When Ahab enquired if he should go up to Ramoth-Gilead, he was told to "go and prosper" by four hundred prophets or mediums. He went, and was slain by the Assyrians. Such prophets in our day would be considered very unreliable mediums. Some of the prophets were personating mediums, and their personifications, as recorded in the Bible, are too obscene to be read in respectable society. Read Isaiah, chap. 20. The apostolic revelations are

identical with those of to-day, in every particular, including vision, unknown tongues, hearing, writing and rapping; and the man who denies it betrays his ignorance of Spirit intercourse to all who have investigated this science.

In reference to the utilities of Spiritualism, the same article goes on to say:

"If they can turn a table around, and lift it up with heavy men upon it, surely they could turn a grindstone, or even a mill-wheel, and become benefactors of the friends by saving the expense of steam and water power. When the good Spirits of Archimedes or Fulton shall do this for the world, we shall believe in their revelations on other points."

There is but one step from divine revelation to axe grinding with the author of the sentiment quoted above. Puffing his wares and praising his Maker in the same breath is characteristic of the true Yankee; but I did not know before that any of my Bible-believing countrymen were desirous of converting angel-power to the turning of grindstones and mill-wheels. The inanimate elements of water, steam and electricity are every way adequate as motive powers to the purposes of machinery and navigation. But the Rural Intelligencer is ambitious of uniting extremes. How refined and celestial it would sound to say, "an engine of fifty angel power, instead of 'horse power.'"

It may be that we have degenerated from the old prophetic times, but I remember no instance in the Bible where angels were set to turning grindstones.

Again I quote: "We are a little suspicious that the Spirit of a Webster, a Franklin, a Napoleon, or an Alexander which have so many communications to make in these days, are not the Spirits of those men after all; and that a medium may as well call the Spirit of a pet dog or cat as that of Washington or Newton; and that the communications from them will read as profoundly wise as those from the latter."

In my experience, I find a willingness on the part of Spirits to personate any individual, that vain, popularity-seeking people are desirous of communicating with. Whether or not a medium can call the Spirit of a dog or cat is a question of philosophy, and every way worthy of investigation. We have no proof of the annihilation of animals at death in the Bible or anywhere else. We have proof, however, in natural philosophy, that elephants, dogs and other animals think, which is a good test of mentality, either in the animal or the man. So far as I understand mental science, communications from mind to mind must be on the same plane of development, or from the higher to the lower. The lower cannot affect the higher for want of force. In the first case the law of affinity governs; in the second the law of instruction. Necessarily, the teacher occupies a higher plane than the pupil, and without the law of instruction we could learn nothing, for all instruction comes from higher authority. Now by the law of affinity a man can communicate with the Spirit of a dog if he occupies the same plane of mental unfolding. This is a subject of investigation and not of discussion, and if the Rural Intelligencer has lost a pet dog he can test the matter to his entire satisfaction.

His last point is an improvement on the philosophy of the preceding ones: "Nor do we think it is always necessary that the person should be dead before he can appear to a medium and make marvellous revelations."

Every practical psychologist knows that it makes very little difference, whether the communicating mind is embodied or disembodied. Consequently, the last point in review is correct, and a good indication of progress. There is a prospect, that the Scribers of the opposition are preparing to lay aside their playthings, and enter upon a plane of manly argument. And I would suggest to this class of our friends that they make themselves practically acquainted with the modes of Spirit-intercourse both in ancient and modern times. I think after doing so, they will find that to ridicule one, is to cast reproach upon the other. All the objections that can be made to the Davenport Circle, or any other dark Circle, would hold good against the "Holy of Holies" in Solomon's Temple. After the erection of that magnificent edifice, all other modes of intercourse with Jehovah, the God of the Jews, were considered of minor importance when compared with the revelations given in the "Holy of Holies." That room was located in the central part of the Temple, where the light of the sun never came. There was but one small entrance, and none but priests were allowed to enter that. The devotee who wished to ask of Jehovah the expediency of going to war, or doing any material business, had no recourse but to send in his request by the priest, and receive his answer from the priest. So material did the Jews become, that at the advent of Christianity, one of the most popular of the Jewish sects, the Sadducees denied the resurrection and the existence of angels and Spirits. It seems to be very inconsistent for the material philosophers of our day, who know little and care less about the Bible, to be pointing forever to the sublimity of the Mosaic Dispensation, as condemnatory of the undignified modes of revelation, of our age and era. In looking over the history of the "man of Nazareth," and his immediate followers, I find nothing of that majestic grandeur and sublime awe, that formal Christianity teaches us to expect in the characters of the mediums of the Divine Revelation. The Jews were looking for a Messiah, whose external splendor should dazzle the world.

But when he came, so modest, so humble, so unlike what their materialism had expected, they despised him. Doubtless his countenance was benignant and of surpassing loveliness: it could not be otherwise, for the face is the certain index of the mind. But he wore no crown, coronet, or jeweled tiara; he wore no mitre, or priestly robe; he came not through the Jewish church, or to it, but against it. He coveted not the favors of priests, of potentates, and he was scorned, outlabeled, and murdered.

If the objectors to the present Dispensation will take the trouble to examine the records, they will find that they are walking in the footsteps, and repeating the objections, reproaches, and persecutions of the Jews in every particular. And if the professing christian will look about him, he will find that he occupies the same platform in this crusade against Spiritualism, with those denominated by himself, infidels, atheists, and materialists. And I am exceedingly sorry to say it, that our Swedenborgian brethren, (who are a very Spiritual people,) in some respects adopt the same mode of reprehension. Patience and perseverance must be our motto. If we are right, we shall stand, if wrong, we ought to fall.

THE MATERIAL WISDOM OF THE AGE.

There is in the present, as in every age which has preceded it, a class of philosophers who feel themselves competent to decide on nature's laws. They prescribe certain landmarks, beyond which should any hapless wight have the temerity to venture he must be prepared to suffer the derision and sneers of said philosophers, together with a large class of people who never take the trouble of think-

ing for themselves. He should, however, be happy in the conviction that the future will do him justice, and be willing to suffer martyrdom for truth's sake.

I would not here be understood as underrating the attainments in science, consequent upon the severe and unsparing labor of men who have, in all ages, conferred lasting benefits upon the race. I trust I have a just appreciation of their merit while I am very far from believing them to have arrived at the ultimate of human knowledge, and doubtless "There are many things in heaven and earth not dreamt of in their philosophy," and so far as a full understanding of the laws of mind and matter are concerned, the wisest have not yet graduated out of the Primary Department.

Fortunately, however, we are living in an age when the world when the vision has become better able to bear the light, and all that goes to make up the man as a conscious, individual existence, is becoming expanded under its genial influence, is becoming great Juggernaut of public opinion, rolls on with as good a will but much less power to crush its victims.

The wonderful phenomena called Spirit Manifestations were, for a long time thought, by these philosophers, par excellence, too contemptible for serious consideration, and (they) branded all who professed to believe them what they purposed to be, as knaves or madmen. They have finally, however, been forced into the investigation by the starting facts attested to by men of high standing, both morally and intellectually.

From the above considerations they were obliged to meet the issue; and they went into the investigation with the avowed design of exploding, what they conceived to be the great delusion of the Nineteenth Century.

The results of their labors are before the world from the knee-joint theory to that of the odyle force; none of which have been sufficient to form "a single sinner from the error of his ways," but have rather tended to increase the number of the "deluded." Indeed, they may with great propriety adopt the ever-memorable saying (with a slight variation) "We have met the enemy and we are theirs."

It would naturally be supposed, that when the best minds of the country had found themselves at fault in their attempts to explain away this great truth the controversy would have ended. Not so, the multitude who stand ever ready to receive any new truth, finding themselves forsaken by their oracles, (the philosophers,) have, all at once by a metamorphosis, scarcely equalled by anything we read of in the Arabian Nights, become defenders of the faith represented by the reigning creeds and dogmas of the day. They have entered upon a peculiar affection for that book, which the lids of which they have seldom taken the trouble to look, and for which their lips are shown but little reverence. Filly enough therefore are the echoes of that material delusion which has shown in all ages its disposition to multiply every newly-developed truth.

But as the dispensation of Christ overlaid and took the place of that which preceded it, so that which is now dawning upon the earth, become the errors and superstitions which marred the beautiful structure raised by Jesus Nazareth. It will usher in a day of rejoicing, the whole human race—that promised day, when "none shall say to his brother know the law when all will be peace and good will," and "each soul will become a fit temple for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XXV.

PITTSBURG, Feb. 14, 1856. BROTHER TOOLEY.—The necessity of journeying on the Monday of last week, prevented me from writing my usual weekly epistle in proper time to your issue. I therefore delayed to the present.

On Monday, Jan. 22, being in Providence spent a portion of the morning with Mr. and Mrs. Greenlaw. Mrs. G. is a very excellent table-dium, and examines and prescribes for the superior state. I had two or three letters with her, and was much interested in her ministrations. On one occasion I met an old gentleman, also a medium, who declared that I was inspired and guided by "James the Great," but I do not desire for great names, I am rather content to doubt the fact, though I do not rather doubt that he was Spiritually so impressed. "Names are nothing," and "Truth is all."

I believe Mr. and Mrs. G. are journeying in direction of New York, where I hope they will receive a welcome. On the following day, Tuesday, at 11 o'clock I took stage and proceeded to the scene of our labors—North Scituate—where I was received and entertained by Brother Charles and lady. The Second Advent Tabernacle has been secured for my use, and in that, after succeeding evenings I addressed many minds on the subjects connected with Spirit-intercourse. I trust the seed here sown, will yield its fruit in due season.

Brother Thayer is an impressive medium, as a thorn in the side of orthodoxy, as it is usually called. When under the influence he fearlessly what the Spirit prompts. The crown of the highway for his rostrum, he will, and proclaims the truth to all who will listen to hear. The ministers gnash upon their teeth—figuratively speaking—and are consulted with the other as to the possibility of putting him down, but they gave that up in hope. Here I was called upon to exercise my powers in two cases of slight indisposition.

On Friday morning, Brother Benjamin of Phenix, made his appearance, having traveled thus far to convey me to my residence in his village. Most cordially was he at his mansion, and great was the enjoyment in conversing with his amiable and excellent lecturer on the same and following evenings on Sunday morning, to a numerous and intellectual audience, who expressed their appreciation for a repetition of my visit, which I am enabled from previous engagements for the present to decline. The friends present from Washington were also obliged to decline visiting on the same reason. Here they intend to organize a meeting, which I have no doubt will be sustained. My fellow laborer Hon. Warren is kindly invited to visit Phenix, and to come home with Benj. C. Harris, of Fiskeville, on the adjoining village.

After the Sunday morning lecture Mr. Greenlaw to Providence in time for my appearance 3 o'clock—on which occasion, as also in the evening, I had the pleasure to address large audiences. After the lecture I spent a few hours with Brother Osborne and his family. One of the sisters being a medium, I received through her sage from one of my guardian Spirits, who gave her name in proof of her presence.



IN MEMORY OF SUSAN.

By J. H. ROBINSON.

By request we republish the following clear and finely drawn picture of the soul's departure for the better land, believing others will be interested in it, beside the immediate friends of "Susan."—Ed. Ch. Sp.

There came a crimson flush, A look and smile so true, We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying; We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying; We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying; We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

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We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying; We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying; We saw it on her cheek lying, And knew our darling girl was dying;

ming no rites that they may seem to the world to be religious; or those who thunder forth continually declarations of their devotedness to their God and love to their brethren, but who more in hourly conflict with some physical or spiritual relation of their being? How strangely has a priest-ridden world reversed the facts in answer to the above proposition! When will mankind learn that fidelity is a living, practical obedience to truth, and infidelity its opposite? But, casting the unrighteous judgments of man to the wind, of which they are the offspring, let us inquire—Why do mankind thus live a lie, rather than the truth? Why are they untrue to what is so clearly seen to be right and just? Because, first, of a hereditary predisposition and educational proclivity towards man-worship, which always leads to a copying of false example rather than to righteous precept—to an elevation of men above principles. Second, a general supersensuousness, which ever calls for a present indulgence and gratification, without regard to ultimate consequences. Third, because of an undue reverence for the sayings and doings of the ignorant past. And, finally, an ignorance of the soul-cheering truth, that happiness is alone to be gained by living in harmony and coincidence with law and relation. And here, too, is suggested the only reliable antidote for the evil. Let this one great truth be fully realized by rational and intelligent man, that duty and subjective utility are one, or, at least, are so correlated that to do the one is to answer the demands of the other: that love begets love, and well doing well-being; in short, that that central desire in man for happiness can only be gratified by an unerring fidelity to truth; and those constitutional and educational misdirections will as surely be outgrown, and the world be cleansed from the bane of infidelity, as that man will choose pleasure before pain, happiness before misery.—Libertator.

From the Banner of Liberty. HIRELING MINISTERS. When Christ sent forth his disciples to "preach the gospel to every creature," the directions he gave them should be earnestly considered with reference to our own times, and our own evangelists. "Carry," he said, "neither scrip nor purse." "Take no thought for the morrow," is the general instruction he gives all believers. Still he has distinctly given us to understand that those who go forth preaching the word freely to men, have a right to expect from the love and fullness of those they preach unto, a full supply of their temporal wants. The system of preaching for a stated salary has evils innumerable. Among these, the most prominent is the temptation it offers to many who are deficient in physical energy to meet the demands of active labor or business, to take upon themselves the office of minister of the gospel, while they are utterly unfitted spiritually for such an office, and spend a dull, inefficient life in vain endeavors to perform its functions. Thus has tameness and externalism crept into the church.—Where men should have found, where they looked to find the living oracles of God, they found dead forms; where they asked bread, for which their Spirits hungered, they received a stone.

Another evil, not quite so much felt in this country, where Church and State are intended to be divorced from their unholy marriage as in other lands where the Church has political supremacy, is the corruption and avarice it has introduced among those who should have exemplified in their lives those sweet christian doctrines of unselfishness and charity which they were exalted to teach. The extent of this evil, external history vainly essays to portray.

He who gives himself to mankind as minister of the holy things pertaining to eternal life, must needs sacrifice earthly possessions. Sacrifice, did I say? He must be so filled with the better things of Spiritual life, so fed with heavenly manna, so refreshed constantly with the new wine of the Father's kingdom, that he shall desire nothing that earth can give beyond the mere means of sustaining physical life and strength. So soon as he begins to covet more than this, to hanker after the "flesh-pots of Egypt," we may be sure that the divine afflatus has ceased to fill his soul.

No true minister of divine love and wisdom can ever sell his gift for money. By this, we do not mean that he cannot live of his gift, for we believe it is right that men should live of their labor whatever that may be; but no true bearer of the vessels of the Lord will ever take them in one hand and balance them against gross dust in the other, no matter how much that dust may glitter to dazzle the external eyes. Therefore, it pains us to see how, in every new development, there are men who will seize as a mere commercial idea the wisdom that comes from above, and begin at once to endeavor to buy and sell "the gift of God for money."

Do you need Spiritual consolation, my lonely brother, my suffering sister? Sad for thee, if the only passport to this is "money." Sad for thee, if thou must buy the air thou breathest, the water that quenches thy thirst, with money. Sadder yet, O lingering and thirsting one, if the Spiritual bread and wine be locked up in coffers, whose only key is gold. Ah brother, ah sister, it is not so!—Be thou sure, that he who offers it thee on these terms, gives thee "that which is not bread," and "that which satisfieth not." Know that for thee there is enough in the storehouse of the Great Provider.

Most inconsistent then would it be to encourage those who seek to enrich themselves out of it by preaching. The true preacher, he who devotes his life to the ministry of the word, will desire nothing more than the supply of his necessary wants. He will not wish to lay up for himself nor for his children treasure on earth, knowing by actual experience how much better and richer, and far more enduring treasure is laid up in heaven. And not only for the future is it laid up for him, but he has it now; his Spiritual life is daily sustained, adorned and increased by it—it is his from everlasting.—To such a man, external wants will be few and easily supplied. He will not despise the body and its needs, knowing that it is according to divine order that he should preserve it as the "earthen vessel" in which is held that inestimable treasure of immortal life that concerns his mission among men.

"The love of money is the root of all evil"—why? Because money is gross dust, on which if the heart be set, in whatever form, it will be assimilated to it. Therefore, too, "ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Because God is the innermost, and Mammon is the outermost, and these two cannot be worshipped together—"ye will hate the one and love the other." And if we believe in God—in the Eternal Love—and that to become one with that Love is the greatest destiny man can attain unto—how can we regard the "dull material accidents of this sensual body" otherwise than as the temporary means of that body's existence? And if in the Spiritual life we look forward to when the body shall be laid aside as no longer fitted to our use, we hope to enjoy the living goods of which

external riches are the correspondences, how can we inhumanly beg the shadow, while the substance courts our embrace? The true prophet—the heavenly minister—will not look for his reward in the external things of time, but value too highly the gifts of God to think they can be bought with or sold for money.

Religion has long been made merchandise of by men whose only idea of the worth of anything is the number of dollars it will bring them in. With such we have nothing to do. They cannot injure the true cause in which we are engaged, for God's truth will prevail in spite of all men can do to hinder it. The earnest souls who seek truth will not shrink because some of those who profess it pervert it to their own selfish uses.

A PARABLE. From the Anti-Slavery Standard.

BY THEODORE PARKER. [At the last Yearly Meeting of the Progressive Friends of Pennsylvania, there was a division of sentiment upon the propriety of receiving a proffered contribution to its funds from a man who, on a previous occasion, had avowed the intention to break up the meeting by disorderly interruptions of its proceedings, and who, entering it in a state of inebriety, had annoyed and shocked the assembly by his profanity and obscenity. A portion of the assembly thought that a proper sense of self-respect required that the contribution should be declined, while others maintained the opposite opinion. The discussion had become somewhat warm, when Theodore Parker, in whose clear-sighted judgment both parties felt the highest confidence, expressed his opinion in the guise of a Parable, which made a very deep impression upon the audience. A lady who was present afterwards wrote to Mr. Parker, soliciting a copy of the Parable, and the request being complied with, it was sent to us for publication in The Standard. We therefore give place to it and to a prefatory note from Mr. Parker.]

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I returned from Pennsylvania so weary that I could only do the deal of work that accumulated in my absence, and did not till now have I found a moment to comply with your suggestion. This is the little "Parable," which is good for nothing apart from the occasion when it was uttered. Like other little wild flowers, it is good for nothing when gathered, and only looks pretty by the woodland path where it grew.

In the days when the Tabernacle of David was fallen down, and the Holy Place was laid waste, there came together the Elders of Israel, the Wise Men and the Prophets, to hasten the time when the Lord should build up Zion. Now, divers young men assembled also, and of fair and goodly women not a few. And when they saw the waste places, the people were of one heart and one mind, and beat upon their breasts, and cried out, "Oh! that the Lord would build up Zion and pour out his Holy Spirit upon us!"

Then one of the Fathers of Israel spake, saying: "Yea! But the Lord worketh by the hands of men, and keepeth the city only, wherein the watchman slumbereth not. Let us give of our substance to repair the breaches of the Temple, every man according to his ability. Let none hide his gift in his bosom, ashamed of its smallness. The Lord is no respecter of persons, nor accepteth he the offering of the mighty, before the gift of the poor, but looketh only at the heart." And the saying pleased the people, who cried "Amen," with one consent. And so it came to pass, that many offered their gifts, and many that were rich gave of their abundance; some a talent, some more; some but a single shekel. Nay, women that were widows vouchsafed a few bunches of dates, or a handful of parched corn, as meat for the workmen; and maidens would bring water to the masons building up the wall. So the offerings went forward, and the Scribes wrote them down with the pen of ready writers.

Then there rose up in the meeting a man that said, "Lo! here are five pieces of silver; put them into the treasury of the Lord's House, for the service thereof." "Nay," said such as knew him, "not so. This man is a son of Belial, and not of the seed of Abraham. He speaketh against his Holy Place, he mocketh at our counsels, and watcheth for our halting, that he may betray us into the hands of our enemies. He uttereth curses against us; his mouth runneth over with bitterness. Moreover, in our solemn meetings he hath spoken words of lewdness and folly, which is not lawful for man to utter, making tears to run down upon the trembling hands of our old men, and the maiden's cheek to burn with shame that could not be hidden. God forbid that we should defile the sanctuary with the gift of the ungodly, whose prayer is an abomination unto the Lord."

But others spake against this counsel, saying, "Nay! Brethren you do greatly err. Let us not scorn the one rose in his garden, albeit thorns do choke its blossoms. Take the pieces of silver. To his own Master he standeth or falleth. Let us not judge the heart of our neighbor."

Now, the multitude was divided, some crying one thing and some another, and wise men on both sides did utter foolishness, for the heart of man forgetteth good counsel when anger lodgeth there but for an hour. Then the enemies of Israel rejoiced, and their foolish hearts were glad within them, and they said: "Now is their house divided against itself; surely their habitations shall be desolate, and their counsels, like the builders of Babel, shall come to nought, for their speech is confounded."

Then arose Nathaniel, an old man with a beard that came down to his girdle. The same was the son of Jehuchaner, from the hill country about Jordan, and he opened his mouth and spake: "Men and Brethren, Sons of Jacob and Daughters of Israel! Who knoweth the spirit of man, but Heaven who fashioneth the heart? Peradventure this man is not a son of Belial, though evil companions and much strong drink have made his footsteps to wander. Truly his speech is not with soberness, nor his walk like the son of consolation, and doubtless, also, he hath sinned with his lips, making our ears to tingle with his words. But peradventure his tongue only went astray, while he meant no evil in his heart, for an old man knoweth by his own follies that wickedness is sometimes wrought when evil is not with the worker, but the work only. Or if Satan hath tempted him, perhaps the man that was a sinner hath repented already in his heart, and will do so no more. Nay, who knoweth that our forbearance may not convert him from the evil of his ways, and save a soul from death? Let us err often by the abundance of our charity rather than once through excess of our haughtiness and haste to take vengeance. Did not Abraham our Father lie unto the King of Egypt, and David also sin a great sin unto the Lord, in the matter of Uriah the Hittite? Yet our God did not utterly forsake them. Peradventure he will open the eyes of this son of Adam, and bless us likewise with his love, if we also love those who trespass against us. Let us forgive him seven times—nay, seventy times seven."

And when he sat down, the multitude rose up, and wept, and the man who was a sinner fell upon his face weeping, and said, "Lo here are five shekels more; the Lord be merciful to me a sinner!"

And they put the money in the treasury of the Lord, and said, "Surely, brotherly love is better than much fine gold. It is this which shall repair the breaches of the temple, and build up the tabernacle of David which is fallen down. Is it not with our charity that the Lord will build up Zion?"

And the multitude was again of one heart and mind, and the Lord blessed them, and the love of them came upon all the people round about, who saw their good works, and they glorified God who gave such gifts unto men.

MR. PARKER SAYS: \* \* \* "I write it now a better Parable, but it grew up at the moment, and ought to have been forgotten with the little gust of rain that called it out of the ground."

PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

That there is something radically wrong in our modern system of education, unaccompanied, as it is, by proper physical training, must be apparent to all who have thought over the matter for a single moment. We have very few of those fine old scholars, the foundations of whose learning were laid broad, and massive, and deep, and whose knowledge was thorough and exact in the peculiar field of investigation to which they devoted their talents.—Instead of these, we have innumerable superficial smatterers, who have skimmed a little of the brilliant froth from the surface of every subject under the sun, but are wholly ignorant of the pearls that lie beneath. To be fashionably educated, and fashionably accomplished, is to know a little Latin, and less Greek; to speak bad French; to have studied the history of a country in a sixpenny manual, and airs and graces before a looking-glass; to talk flippantly, and to be only profoundly learned in the cut of a coat or the adornment of a corsage.

The time was when men were robust and women healthy; when solid acquirements were balanced by healthy exercises, and the "mens sana in corpore sano" formed the rule instead of the exception. Now men are dyspeptic and women nervous; useful knowledge, apart from mere matters of business, is voted a bore, and preference is given to Ellsler and Squallin over Newton and Leibnitz. There is abundance of intellect among us, but it is put to abnormal uses. Our sole object in life is to gather up gold with the one hand, and scatter it lavishly with the other; to save in the counting-room and to waste in the domicile; and while the daily routine of the men is from the store to the dwelling, and from the dwelling to the store, that of the women is to languish in the house and to dawdle in the street.

Is it any wonder, then, that we are fast becoming a nation of invalids!—We keep no holidays; we take no physical exercise; we make a lot of pleasure; eat fast, work fast, live fast, fail fast, turn to quacks for relief, and, with their admirable assistance—die fast.

The whole race of men and women on the Continent of America, both North and South, has physically degenerated. The descendants of the conquerors of Montezuma and Atahualpa are puny weaklings when compared with their brawny and resolute progenitors. The descendants of the Puritans and the Cavaliers possess neither their sturdy frames nor their hardy habits. A few fine types of the ancient race yet linger among the Granite hills of the Eastern States, and are scattered among the oak openings of the West; but for the remainder, and especially the inhabitants of populous cities, they are no more to be compared physically with the Bradfords and the Edgworths, the Smiths and the Dales, or even with the Putnams and the Morgans, the Knoxes and the Howards, of Revolutionary memory, than are the modern Italians with the men of ancient Rome.

Surrounded by comforts which to those of the older day were luxuries, and by luxuries of which they never dreamed, we are less happy than they, because less healthy, and if with us the average of life is longer, as the tables of statistics indicate, yet our enjoyment of life is marred by the presence of diseases which to them were almost unknown. The blood which coursed through their veins, and mantled ruddily in their cheeks, was the pure result of good digestion and active exercise. That which throbs feverishly or flows languidly in ours, is the product of food which has never been properly assimilated, and whose healthiest properties are vitiated by our constant violation of nature's laws. The permanence of a nation depends upon the aggregate of the national health, for the power of a people to sustain themselves under reverses is measured quite as much by the bodily vigor they possess as by their mental capacity.

We are, confessedly, rapidly approaching a chronic condition of invalidism, but it is yet in our power, if not to arrest the evil in our own persons, yet to avert it from those who shall come after us. The remedy is simple enough. We must cultivate the body as well as the mind—we must accustom our children to regard open air exercise as essential to a sound constitution and to subordinate learning to appropriate sports and pastimes. We cannot, of course, control the seasons, nor modify those sudden variations of temperature which are so common to our climate, but we can harden the frame to bear them, and when the physical health is strong, and the digestion excellent, the mental grasp will become far more perfect, expansive, and tenacious.—Baltimore Patriot.

RELIGIOUS TOLERANCE.

A writer in the Courier, of Tuesday, alluding to the growth of New Haven, and the difference between the year 1810, and the present time, says: "Baptists, Methodists, Universalists and Roman Catholics had not then gained a foothold upon the soil selected by Eaton and Davenport for the growth of a pure Christianity, blending Church and State in its pious Government."

The history of the last forty years should teach a lesson to the tolerant spirits of the present day. The Puritans fled from the persecutions of a party stronger than themselves, to evince the same spirit, as soon as they had the power. It was the error of the age in which they lived; but it was as futile in them as in their persecutors. We can remember when "Baptists, Methodists, Unitarians, Roman Catholics, and Episcopalians, were all classed in one category as equally dangerous heresies; and so far as the dominant public opinion could be expected, were equally reprobated and discouraged. What has been the result—not to say the natural consequence of such intolerance? Why, these sects have become more numerous than their opponents! and the "blending of Church and State" doctrine has too few followers to make its power respectable. Persecution does not thrive in "the long run." What cannot be conquered by kindly reason is invulnerable to "fire and faggot!" The world has seen the fruition of all that can be hoped from religious intolerance. It has shed more blood than mere personal ambition will ever have to answer for, and has accomplished nothing—yay, "worse than nothing." It has not been deputed to earthly man to wield the thunderbolts of the Deity

for religious errors; and it is a blessing too lightly prized when men live under a Government which gives to each the right of holding such religious sentiments as his conscience approves, so that he does not disturb his neighbors in theirs, nor induces the public peace. The world, it is hoped, is growing wiser in this particular, and learning that Toleration is a greater reformer than Persecution. Messrs. "Eaton and Davenport," good-meaning men as no doubt they were, but unconsciously bitten by their own sufferings, attributing to creeds what was chargeable only to the weakness and blindness of pure human nature, would unquestionably be surprised, could they see, upon the soil where they first reared Christian altars, and fondly calculated that they had put both time and distance at bay, flourishing societies of what they would have denominated "Anti-Christ;" but who shall say that there is not as much of sincerity, and of vital piety, in our midst, as if but one denomination held undisputed sway of the State.

Every sect naturally desires to proselyte, for the reason it thinks its own "the true faith;" but the multiplicity of "infallible dogmas" ought to incite to self-examination and moderation, rather than to dogmatism and violence. So long as the true spirit of our republican institutions is understood and practiced, no particular sect will be allowed exclusive protection beneath the arm of civil power; for then would "equal and exact justice to all men" become a lie, instead of a boast, as it now is; and all that a republican Government can properly do, in such matters, is to see that no man, however humble, suffers unjustly in his person property or opinions. How important then, that every well-wisher of his country should catch the spirit of a true tolerance, and strive to persuade his fellow-citizen from error, rather than annoy him for entertaining it!—New Haven Register.

TRUE SPIRIT OF REFORM.

A system of fundamental reform will scarcely be effected by massacres mechanized into revolution. We cannot, therefore, inculcate on the minds of each other too often or with too great earnestness, the necessity of cultivating benevolent affections. We should be cautious how we indulge the feelings even of virtuous indignation. Indignation is the handsome brother of anger and hatred. The temple of despotism, like that of Tescalipoa, the Mexican Deity, is built of human skulls and cemented with human blood; let us beware that we be not transported into revenge while we are leveling the loathsome pile, lest when we erect the edifice of freedom we but vary the style of architecture, nor change the materials.

Let us not wantonly offend even the prejudices of our weaker brethren, nor by ill-timed and vehement declarations of opinion excite in them malignant feelings towards us. The energies of mind are wasted in these intemperate effusions. Those materials of projectile force, which now carelessly scattered, explode with an offensive and useless noise; directed by wisdom and union, might heave rocks from their base, or perhaps (dismissing the metaphor) might produce the desired effect with the convulsion.

For this "subdued propriety" of temper, a practical faith in the doctrine of philosophical necessity seems the only preparative. That vice is the effect of error and the offspring of surrounding circumstances, the object therefore of condoleance, not of anger, is a proposition easily understood and as easily demonstrated. But to make it spread from the understanding to the affections—to call it into action, not only in the great exertions of patriotism but in the daily and hourly occurrences of social life, requires the most watchful attention of the most energetic mind. It is not enough that we have once swallowed these truths—we must feed on them as insects on a leaf, till the whole heart be colored by their qualities, and show its food in the minutest fibre.

Finally, in the words of an Apostle, "Watch ye! Stand fast in the principles of which ye have been convinced! Quit yourselves like men! Yet let all things be done in the spirit of love.—S. T. Coleridge.

THE CHURCHMAN AND QUEEN VICTORIA.

The Churchman of this city devotes two columns to the denunciation of Queen Victoria. The Queen has done something so monstrous, that the Churchman thinks she has forfeited her crown; nay, worse, she ought to be excommunicated from the Church of which she is the Head! Dreadful deed! and yet, the usual organs of public intelligence have not alluded to the subject, and the British empire goes on quite in the ordinary way.

What is Queen Victoria's crime? What is that deed of dreadful note which ought to deprive her both of the crown that encircles her mortal brows and of that Heavenly one for which she hopes and prays? Hear it all, ye Christian people. Queen Victoria has actually attended a Presbyterian Church, lived the sermon she heard there, and caused its publication! Does not the reader's blood run cold? Think of it; a woman and a queen sojourning in Scotland, goes on Sundays to one of its national churches; hears there a sermon which she thinks calculated to do good to all classes of her subjects and "commands" the clergyman to publish it! For this, says the Churchman, let her be excommunicated!

This terrible sermon, strange to relate, is amusingly popular in England. The London Times praises it; the Examiner extols the ground for liking it; the press almost universally commends it. We read it ourselves with unsuspecting admiration. It is entitled "The Religion of Common Life;" the text being "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." A few sentences from the sermon will give the reader an idea of its spirit:

We are to make good this conception of life—the hardest-wrought man of trade, or commerce, or handicraft, who spends his days "amidst dusky lanes or wrangling mart," may yet be the most holy and spiritually minded. We need not quit the world, and abandon its busy pursuits in order to live near to God.—"We need not bid, for cloister'd cell, Our neighbor and our work farewell; The fervid round, the common task—Room to deny ourselves, a road To bring us, daily, nearer God."

It is true, indeed, that if in no other way could we prepare for an eternal world than by retiring from the business and cares of this world, so momentous are the interests involved in religion, that no wise man should hesitate to submit to the sacrifice.

But religion, I repeat, is mainly and chiefly the glorifying God amid the duties and trials of the world—the guiding our course amid the adverse winds and currents of temptation, by the starlight of duty and the compass of divine truth—the bearing us manfully, wisely, courageously, for the honor of Christ, our great Leader, in the conflict of

life. Away, then, with the notion that religiousness and devotes may be religious, but that a religious and holy life is impracticable in the rough and tumble world! Nay, rather, believe me, that the proper scene, the peculiar and appropriate field for the preparation—the place in which to prove that piety is not a dream of Sundays and solitary hours; that it can bear the light of day; that it can wear the coarse contacts of common life—the place, in a word, to prove how possible it is for a man to be at once "not slothful in business," and "earnest in spirit, serving the Lord."

Another consideration, which I shall allude to in support of the assertion that it is not impracticable to blend religion with the business of common life, is this: that religion consists, not so much in doing spiritual or sacred acts, as in doing secular acts in a sacred or spiritual motive.

Such are the sentiments of a discourse, the approval of which is, according to the New York Churchman, a sufficient cause for excommunication and detraction. The conclusion of the Churchman's long article is ludicrously solemn. (Antislavery Register.)

The words addressed by the Prophet to all Israel apply as forcibly, and even more comprehensively, in such a case, to all of us: "If the Lord be God, follow him; but if Baal, then follow him"—that Baal (author of the service) who can transform himself into an angel of light for the perversion of human hearts, and the perdition of immortal souls, and that Lord who is the True God, against whom, we have all sinned and come short of his glory, and to be reconciled to whom we must repent and believe the Gospel, must have faith—above all things, must hold the Catholic Faith as it has been imparted to, and has been preserved, and has come down to us in the Church, which is "the faith which can make us wise unto salvation," and the profession of which we must ever hold fast, without wavering, without diminution, without compromise, without bigotry and exclusiveness it may make us appear, however un-fashionable and unpopular it may make us become, however it may isolate us from the world, however it may confine us to the mere ministration of mankind, remembering the solemn words of our blessed Lord himself, that while "wide is the gate and broad is the way that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat, straight is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

Considering the nature of the sermon to which the Churchman objects, we may justly style it above extract the most exquisite piece of satire burlesque that can be found—out of Penna. It is that there is any considerable number of persons in these United States who sympathize with the Churchman, or does its proprietor publish paper solely for his own amusement? We beg the latter: he is rich, and can afford expensiveness. But we pity his poor editor.

SCENE IN A LOG CABIN.

It was nearly midnight of a Saturday night, a passenger came to Col., requesting to go to the cabin of a settler, some three miles down the river, and see his daughter, a girl fourteen, who was supposed to be dying. He awoke me and asked me to accompany him, and I consented taking with me the package of medicines which I always carried in my trunk; but I learned soon there was no need of these, for her disease was past cure.

"She is a strange child," said the Colonel, "her father is as strange a man. They live together alone on the bank of the river. They came here three years ago, and no one knows whence they came. He has money, and is a keen shot. The child has been wasting away for a year past. I have seen her often, and she is gifted with a marvellous intellect. She speaks sometimes as if inspired, while she seems to be the only hope of her father."

We reached the hut of the settler in about half an hour, and entered it reverently. The scene was one that cannot easily be forgotten. There were books and evidences of learning and taste, lying on the rude table in the centre. A guitar lay on the table near the small window of the bed furniture, on which the dying girl lay, as soft as the covering of a dying queen.

She was a fair child, with masses of long dark hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly but smiled and looked upward. I spoke a few words to her father, and turning to her, said "Is she now her condition?"

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she, "a voice whose melody was like the sweetest of an Eolian. You may imagine that she startled me, and with a few words of like import, turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in the same deep, richly melodious voice: "Father, I am cold—lie down beside me!" the old man lay down by his dying child, and twined her emaciated arms around his neck, murmured in a dreamy voice, "Dear father, do father."

"My child," said the old man, "dost thou seem deep to thee?" "Nay, father, for my soul is strong." "Seest thou the thither shore?" "I see it, father, and its banks are green and immortal verdure." "Hearest thou the voices of its inhabitants?" "I hear them father, as the voices of angels singing from afar in the still and solemn night—and they call me. Her voice, too, father, I heard it then?"

"Dost she speak to thee?" "She speaketh in tones most heavenly!" "Dost she smile?" "An angel smile! But a cold, calm smile, I am cold—cold—cold! Father, there's a mist in the room. You'll be lonely, lonely. Is this thy father?" And so she passed away.—New York Churchman.

A GYM FROM CHARLES KINGLEY.—Says Kingley, "Did you ever remark, my friend, that the Bible says hardly anything about religion—that it does not praise religious people? This is very curious! Would to God we would all remember it. The Bible speaks of a religious man only once, and religion only twice, except where it speaks of the Jews' religion to condemn it, and shows what an empty, blind, useless thing it was. What does this Bible talk of then? It talks of God—not of religion, but of God. It tells us not to be religious, but to be Godly. If Jesus Christ come to you in the shape of a poor man whom nobody knows, should you know him?"

HUMPH.—A certain set of writers mean to be emphatic when they talk of "God's sky," and "God's earth," and "God's ocean," and "God's winds," as if there were sky, earth, ocean and winds belonging to the devil. There is more reverence than emphasis in this form of expression, and it should be left to sermons and tracts.—London Leader.

INFIDELITY—ITS NATURE, CAUSES AND CURE.

Contrasted with the boundless unknown, in the finite store of unexplored facts, laws and relations existing in and throughout the limitless expanse of infinity, man's present stock of knowledge may and does appear very small. From this standpoint, it may consistently be affirmed, that as yet, man has hardly entered the vestibule of knowledge; has hardly read the preface to the great volume of Nature; ay, has not even grasped the full extent of a single principle. But when considered as the rudimental attainment of infant minds, or contrasted with what may be conceived of as a state of total ignorance, man's knowledge-temple seems reared mountain-high, and it may be reasonably alleged, as the serpent in the garden predicted, (and as it is said God afterwards acknowledged), that "man has become as a God, knowing good and evil." So admirably adequate are the present facilities for education, that the delicate pages of newborn spirits are soon figured over with the preserved wisdom treasures of the past, while the present, with its multifarious productions, is easily daguerre-typed upon their impressive surface. What of man's physical nature and its relation to the physical universe, of his intellectual and moral natures, and their relations to one another, to the external world, and to the great Spirit centre, may not now be learned by a few years' diligent study? Possibly, very much; yet no truth is more apparent, than that a sufficient knowledge of these several relations may be attained to answer all earthly needs, and if heeded, to render the possessor quite happy; for be it known, happiness in this or any other sphere of existence can be secured only by the strictest adherence to and observance of Nature's unchangeable conditions or laws. Here, then, is presented the solution to the great problem, the answer to the all-important query—"Why, possessing such a vast deal of knowledge and apparent wisdom, is man yet so miserably sick and unhappy?" Because of his infidelity to known truth, to known right, and to known justice.

Yes, the world is full of infidelity. Mankind know the truth, but live it not; understand the law, but heed it not; realize the validity of certain relations, but walk in daily conflict with the same; discern the right and the just, but trample them under their feet. In private and in public, in Church and in State, self-evident rights and truths are concealed, and self-evident wrongs and errors practiced. Governments avow certain principles to be the only foundation for just and equitable legislation, but immediately abandon them, and rear a superstructure of rags and tatters, nurturing and sustaining the blackest kind of villainy and crime. Churches of all denominations sound their devout and holy professions and purposes abroad continually; their bloody hands and groaning coffers revealing the while the blasphemous mockery of their pretensions.

Thus it is that institutions and nations, as well as individuals, are infidel—untrue to their highest convictions of right; and thus has it been in all ages of the world which we have any credible history. There have been many tellers, but few, very few words of the law.

Solomon, in his day, developed and published many high-toned and significant truths, but did he live those truths? And which is the wiser, to proclaim a truth, or to live it? Then, can be but one answer, viz.—to live it! There, in all sincerity, would I submit the query, who are the true and faithful of our day? the loud-mouthed pretenders, or the noiseless, unpretending doers? Or who the untrue, the infidel—those who, as fast as they discover the path of duty, walk quietly therein, sounding no trumpet to attract the attention of the multitude; who no claims to be seen of men; perfor-