

"TELL THE TRUTH AND LIE NOT."

The thoughtful observer of human life cannot fail to see the propriety of Paul's making Charity the Chief of Christian graces and the greatest of virtues, for the many efforts made to prejudice the mind against Spiritualism, is convincing proof, were there of no other—that it is not easy to overcome the force of habit and the tendencies of old associations. We incline to Paul's opinion, notwithstanding, many of our opponents not only suppress much that is offered in explanation and vindication of Spiritualism, but color what they say or write on the subject, so as to convey a very different view of the case, if in deed the statements have any resemblance to the truth. This is illustrated by the reports of and the comments made on the late exposure of the Davenport mediums in this city. Thus a writer in the Medical Gazette, alluding to the subject and to the circle at which the exposure was made—says:—"A Skeptic who was present, concealing his unbelief, begged that the spirits would repeat the manifestation, which being done, he quickly leaped to the end of the table," and detected the imposition. This statement is true in every word, and yet conveys a false impression to the reader, for those unacquainted with the circumstances, suppose this "Skeptic" to be an anti-Spiritualist, perhaps the writer himself, who by far sightedness of some kind, saw through the deception. Thus one lie makes many, and to carry out the rhyme, makes the last lie the worst of any. To illustrate what we copy from the Christian Secretary, a paper not over scrupulous in its issues on Spiritualism. Referring to these boys mediums, its Editor says, they "held their exhibitions in a dark room, and under cover of the darkness made dupes of those who were silly enough to pay their entrance fee, until they were fully and fairly exposed by a police officer."—In the first extract a "Skeptic" has the credit, and in the second, a "police officer" gets the honor of "fully and fairly" exposing these deceptions. Now here is where our Charity is put to the test, for we dislike to think these men, would deliberately and knowingly tell a falsehood, and yet the one implies it and the other states it, in withholding the fact from the public, that a Spiritualist exposed the tricks of these mediums, and made known their impositions. The conviction of trick and imposture, was not confined to one Spiritualist, for many having investigated, were satisfied that some deception was practised by these boys, a week before the exposure was made. As individual conviction and public proof however, are not at all times the same, nor capable of a like demonstration, the subject was permitted to run as it did, until the time of its culmination. We do not offer these remarks because we are at all sensitive as to the consequences of this or of other exposures, for every intelligent and consistent Spiritualist knows why he believes in Spirit-intercourse, and cannot be deprived of its consolations by any inferential arguments deducible from such premises. Still we would be pleased to see an improvement in the habit of telling the truth, for until men get in the way of telling the exact truth, there will be little true progress or harmony of the race. Those therefore, who make issues on known facts, like the writers above quoted, may think they are wise and prudent disputants and counsellors; but every intelligent and unbiased mind will feel they are assassinating the character and integrity of human nature, and removing far hence the covenant of grace and the advent of universal tolerance. So far, however, as the immediate effects of the issue are concerned, it is a question of fact, who suffers most by such indiscriminate and palpable dishonesty, for many of the secular press have the good sense to see, and the common honesty to say, that such exhibitions of prejudice are neither profitable nor desirable. Thus, the Philadelphia Sunday Mercury alluding to "rueful Spiritualists" says:—"The recent exposure of the 'Davenport Circle,' at New York, has given occasion for many exulting and sarcastic remarks from those newspapers which seemed to consider it a part of their duty to upset all tangible evidence of a future life. These organs of Diabolical malignity, forgot however, to state the circumstance that the Davenport were detected in their impositions, and promptly exposed and denounced by Spiritualists themselves—men of conscience and principle, who preferred their cause should suffer in the eyes of vulgar observers, rather than permit an imposture to be successful. If the Davenport are quacks or charlatans, that circumstance does not prove that all Spiritualism is quackery. There are quacks in all trades and professions, and deceivers among the apostles of all creeds. But when a thing is counterfeited, we have the best assurance that there is something of the same kind which is genuine.—There would be no spurious gold dollars, if there were none of the genuine article."

When the "majority" are in the habit of recognizing the truth, and telling "nothing but the truth," "the world and the rest of mankind" may then hope for practical progress and virtual emancipation, from "the lust, the flesh and the devil."

THE LATE "MIRACLE" AT REV. J. B. FERGUSON'S.

We copied some time since, an article from one of our exchanges, in which Brother Ferguson gave an account of some manifestations occurring at his house—his daughter being medium; the character of which was so near a kin to the miraculons, that most persons who have read it, have expressed more or less skepticism as to its possibility. Indeed the manifestations were so startling, as to prevent Brother F. from giving a detailed report of the same. The following, which is going the rounds of the press, may serve to remind the reader of the article referred to:

"Rev. J. B. Ferguson, of Nashville, Tenn., reports that he has a daughter of fourteen, a medium, who, by stirring a spoon in an empty teacup, produces medicines that cure a variety of diseases.—The medicines are supposed to be eliminated from the elements of the atmosphere by an eminent deceased chemist."

We call attention to the subject at this time not to discuss the probabilities of the narrative nor attempt to account for the manifestation, but to introduce the evidence of one, who professing to know Brother F., bears voluntary testimony to his worth as a man, and his character and standing as a Christian Spiritualist. The writer is the Editor of the London (Tenn.) Orient, who in discussing the probabilities of the case, naturally enough is led to examine the character of the principle witness. We give most of his reflections, that the reader may know, what can be said in favor of Brother Ferguson as a competent witness and an honest man.—The writer says:

"We find the above paragraph going the rounds of the papers without any credit; and do not know where it originated; but we do know Mr. Ferguson, and his amiable lady and daughter, who are extraordinary spiritual mediums. Whether Mr. Ferguson reported the assertion quoted we are not able to say; but we know that the mediums in Nashville profess to perform cures by other remedies than those used by physicians. And if these medicines are produced in the manner above stated, it is something more than can be accounted for upon any known, natural or physical law, and has rather the appearance than otherwise of the miraculons. Admitting that Mr. F. did make the statement, did we not know him so well and so intimately, we should feel disposed to call it a farce and let it pass. We know that Mr. Ferguson has, for several years, as well as hundreds of others among whom are some of the most respectable citizens of that city, been a strong believer in spiritualism; and we also know that he has long been held in high estimation, not only by a large portion of the citizens of Nashville, but by men in high places all over the country—that he commands the attention and the most profound respect of large audiences on the Sabbath, composed, to a great extent, of the talent of the city and vicinity; that he receives a salary sufficiently ample to sustain his family above want, and afford them many of the luxuries of life, without being compelled to resort to any kind of humbuggery to sustain his position. Taking all these facts into consideration, if Mr. Ferguson is not a believer, and a sincere believer in spiritualism, what inducements are offered to lead him into this speculation? Did he desire more popularity? It certainly has not raised him any higher in an enviable scale before the world—rather say an unenviable one.—Does he do so for any pecuniary benefits, or emolument he may receive? Wherein do the profits consist? Or from what source does it proceed? We know not, unless it may be from the proceeds of what few pamphlets he has published occasionally. Where, then, is the inducement growing out of any personal or pecuniary consideration?"

The question then resolves itself into three propositions: 1. That Spiritualism a great truth, the principles of which are not yet fully developed, but unfortunately has many counterfeits. 2. That it is the work of devils, who transform themselves into angels of light, and that Mr. Ferguson, with thousands of others, have been deceived thereby. 3. That Mr. Ferguson knows it to be a deception and is a deceiver himself, and has taken advantage of the great confidence reposed in him by the people, and to gratify his curiosity, is trying to see how far he can succeed in imposing upon the duplicity of those who are honestly endeavoring to "prove all things and hold fast that which is good."

From the high regard we have ever maintained for Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, who are both highly esteemed by those who know them best, for their amiable and private virtues, we are slow to believe that the latter is the one he has adopted.—Yet time will sooner or later show us his true position.

MRS. DAVIS' LECTURE.

This lady lectured according to promise at the Stuyvesant Institute, on last Sunday morning to a large audience, considering the coldness of the weather, on the Uses and Abuses of Spiritualism. The subject matter suggested for discussion by this double relation of Spiritualism to the developments of life and society, is so vast and varied, that it could not be well analyzed and illustrated in a half dozen, much less one lecture, consequently we are not disappointed in finding that Mrs. Davis had made selection of some of the most prominent and important points for consideration.

Among other items discussed at some length in the early part of her lecture, was the need of, and the use and abuse of organizations. Her positions were clearly defined, and her conclusions logically drawn; the sum and substance of which is comprehended in the aphorism of Jesus, "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath."—During the discussion of the subject, however, the lecturer made some very plain reflections on the present order of society, its social usages and tyrannical laws, issues that led her to ignore the moralities of the age and the phariseism of the times. That there was much truth in her remarks, when looked at from the stand-point of moralism and christianaity, none could deny, but as abstractions and generalisms are of limited significance in "Political Economy," this method should be modified by the more sober and matter of fact philosophy of progress. This modification is necessary at least, until men grow into a recognition of, and have some sympathy for the obligations and duties of distributive justice, for in their present state, they are very apt to convert the radical statement of the moralist into declamation, and call them the ranting of the enthusiast.

Another item made prominent in that lecture, was the irreverence manifested by some Spiritualists at circles, to the Spirits purporting to be in rapport with them. This consisted mostly in a familiar, if not a vulgar freedom, which would not have been dreamed of, much less practiced by them during the Earth-life of these same Spirits.

There was much in this part of the lecture, that should have been heard by a much larger audience, and most of them Spiritualists, as the lecturer outlined the customs and commented on the manners now popular in most circles. Take the lecture in all, there was much in it to reward the attentive listener and quicken thought in the reflective. Still, the sphere of the lady was critical rather than Catholic, and we apprehend she sees the defects of society much clearer, than the means for their correction. Her voice is clear, her delivery distinct and calm, her bearing and movement self-possessed and graceful. And if the saying is true, that a person is known by the company he keeps, then are we to infer, Mrs. Davis is anti-Christian, as well as anti-Ecclesiastic in most of her associates and affiliates, for her selections of the reformatory Great from the history of the past, comprised a new "Calendar of Saints," which may be said to commence with Celsus and to extend to Thomas Paine and his admirers.

We say this, not to find fault with her or them for extreme and one sided issues, let them come from whom they may, will "not make one hair white or black. We hope, soon, however, to be able to report her appreciation of other Reformers and more Catholic measures, since the providence of God has used various agents and methods to aid progress and develop the race.

SPIRITUALISM IN ITALY.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Delta, writing from Florence, says that:—"Mr. Hume, a Spiritualist from New York, is in that city, and has created great excitement by exhibitions of his Spiritual influence. The government has forbidden him to exercise his power, and he has been stabbed at twice, it is supposed by the instigation of the Jesuits."

Considering the excitement that grew out of the facts developed through Mr. Hume's mediumship in London, nothing could be more natural than the excitement in Florence, since "like causes produce like effects."

Still we were not prepared for the Jesuitical phrase of this statement, notwithstanding it is generally supposed to be as hard for a Jesuit to alter his nature as it is for an "Ethiopian to change his skin."

How far the government will be effectual in stopping the manifestations and preventing further excitement may be inferred from the following, extracted from a private letter, written by a Boston literary gentleman to the Editor of the N. E. Spiritualist. He says:

"Spiritualism is creating a great excitement here. An English gentleman told me to-day of being present last evening in company where there were two mediums suddenly developed whilst they were sitting around the table making fun. The tables began to move in earnest, raps were heard, and astonishing communications were given. Yesterday I went on an excursion with a noble Roman, who himself introduced the subject, and asked me, with great anxiety, if I could, by any means, arrange an interview between him and the 'medium from America,' meaning Mr. Hume. The priesthood, more consistent than our clergy, admit the Spiritual origin of the manifestations, but denounce them as diabolical."

The same writer states: "Hiram Power, the sculptor, a truly spiritual-minded man, has become a rational believer in the phenomena of modern Spiritualism."

That there should be a variety of opinions as to the origin and character of these manifestations is most natural; and few acquainted with the history of modern Spiritualism in this country, will be surprised in knowing that the clergy and others of Florence ascribe "the honor and glory" of its advent to "the Devil and his angels!"

This conclusion, however obnoxious to good sense, is most natural where conventional education and theological prepossessions give coloring to the character of the manifestations.

This is evident from the concessions made in this country, and the reasoning in the following, which is an extract from a letter written in Florence for and published in the Newark Daily Advertiser of Jan. 21st.

FLORENCE, Dec. 27, 1855. In obedience to the injunction of the Apostle, "Prove all things," some of the Americans here have taken advantage of the late visit of a clever "medium," Mr. Hume, of Boston, to investigate what is termed modern "Spiritualism." The results have been various in various minds. Some few may be biased, by the wonderful manifestations witnessed, in favor of "the Spirits;" some attribute all to a new development of natural laws, and some to downright sorcery; but none, who have seen for themselves, to legerdemain. Indeed, the simplest of the marvels revealed through this medium, could not be produced by the most adroit juggler, at least without machinery and accomplices, which certainly has not had here to aid him. Is he not aided then by invisible agents? Are not these things such as have in all ages been attributed to witchcraft, even by our sensible Puritan fathers? What other name can be given to that power which can call up forms purporting to come from the realm of shades, as the Witch of Endor did the likeness of Samuel for Saul, after God had departed from him, and he could get no response save from "a familiar Spirit"—the power that brings shadowy hands to view, which perhaps writes judgment against itself as truly as the mysterious handwriting on the wall convinced Belshazzar; or, which can give illusive matter to these haunts, so that they seemed to the touch fleshy and warm!

A "STRIKING LIKENESS."

The Spiritual Universe of February 16, contains quite a full report of the discussion on Spiritualism, which came off at Jackson, (Mich.) between S. B. Brittan, Editor of the Spiritual Telegraph, and President Mahan, a resident minister of that place. As we are party to the Spiritual theory—modesty suggests the propriety of withholding what—under other circumstances we would be apt to say. We therefore suggest to all—who can get that issue of the Spiritual Universe—to read the discussion—as there are many things "new and old" in it worthy of remembrance. The conclusion of the whole matter, in the mind of the reporter—so far as President Mahan was concerned—is summed up in the following "Striking Likeness"—which may be taken as a key to the Pres. late "unfolding."

The reporter, after stating some facts, which seem to have brought President Mahan and the audience into rather painful and personal relations. Says:

I state these incidents for the purpose of showing the temper of the audience. The fact that the President had expander the feelings of many persons in the audience, who were not Spiritualists, by his want of candor, and his authoritative denunciations—his bold assertions, and then denying that he had said so—his want of gentlemanly conduct—his affected sneers—and above all, a total want of the characteristics of a christian man and minister seeking to elicit the truth. He disappointed, I venture to say, every body but himself. He was very dogmatic. His enunciation and manner indicated that it is I, President Mahan, thus speaks, let no man presume to contradict. He will learn, if he remains long in this country, that many of the people here think for themselves—that overbearing arrogance is at a low ebb.

SPIRITUALISM NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL.

The Christian Freeman, of Feb. 9, contains a letter from Brother Plumb, in which he alludes to a religious awakening in his vicinity, after which we have the following extract:

"I am reminded here of the fact, that Spiritualism (technically I mean), has done good to our cause in this region, in leading many to investigate the subject of religion anew, and resulting in their ultimate conversion to a higher and better form of faith.

It seems from this, notwithstanding the quotation points and qualification, that Spiritualism has done some good in "leading many to investigate the subject of religion. We have no doubt such will be its tendency whenever and wherever its genius is recognized and its teachings appreciated. As to the "higher and better form of faith," spoken of in the above we have no knowledge, but if any one else has, God help him and all others in obtaining it. We will not quarrel with him about which is best, if Brother Plumb's converts will give us a practical Christian life, without which all belief is but a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

ANOTHER DEATH REVEALED IN A DREAM.—Mr. Nicholas Treweek, of Mineral Point, Wis., was killed under peculiar circumstances, a few days since.—He had been in California for the past five years, and was on his way home; a short distance from Galena, he attempted to get into a stage coach while the horses were in motion, fell forward, got entangled in the reins, and was taken up with a fractured skull, and soon after died. The most singular circumstance, says the Plateville American, connected with this sad affair, is that the wife of Mr. Treweek, although not expecting her husband home until spring, had dreamed about three days before that her husband was killed, and had been bitterly lamenting it, so that she could not be comforted. When told that news had come from her husband, she burst out crying, exclaiming—"He is dead!"—Harford Times.

TEST FACTS FOR DR. BELL.

As the following facts address themselves to Dr. Bell and all who sympathize with the objections offered by him against the Spirit origin of the modern manifestations, it is hoped he or some of the "wise men of the East," will give the desired explanation, or else acknowledge their objections to be destitute of philosophic value.

In calling attention to the facts, we feel warranted in assuming their entire reliability, as we know the theme to come from a gentleman, whose mental and religious culture, alike qualify him to be a discriminate observer and an honest reporter of the phenomena.

We say this not to bias the judgment of the reader, but to impress the mind with the value of the facts as they are corrected of the assumptions of Dr. Bell. Pres. Mahan and all others, who make Clairvoyance and Psychology the active agents and controlling forces in the development of the Spiritual phenomena. The reader will bear in mind, therefore, the facts are addressed to his reason, and demand from him an explanation, if he reject the pretensions accompanying the manifestations. Without further remark we submit the following.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist:

Sir: Desiring to contribute to the rapidly increasing fund of facts confirming the actuality of our intercourse with Spirits, I briefly submit the following: Recently, at a private Circle, the medium, who writes without impression, her hand of course, being controlled mechanically, indicated by signs that I should sit in the Circle and place my hands upon the table, a thing rarely asked of me. This I did. The medium's finger was now used to trace certain geometrical figures with which I was familiar, but having taught many pupils in Geometry, I failed to recognize any particular Spirit. I had hardly spoken of my inability to call to mind any deceased pupil thus related to me, when the medium's hand seized the pencil and wrote, "J. Purvis." I at once called to mind a pupil by the name of "Purvis," who died about five years since. I heartily welcomed his presence, and thro' the medium received such a greeting as is not common in this earth-life. Truly, I had known this individual as my student, but not in the science of Geometry. He, however was my wife's peculiar favorite, being young, and to us, in the history and circumstances of his life, exceedingly interesting. Consequently he was often in my studio, and frequently saw me engaged in geometric and algebraic problems. But I failed to recognize him except by his name, and this had partially escaped my memory, and was not recalled for some minutes, either by myself or wife, who was present at the sitting. We readily recalled the given name of an older brother, Robert, a fellow-student, but "Joseph," the first name of our Spirit friend, was not in our mind. To this name, and of course to the Spirit purporting to communicate, the medium was an entire stranger. To assure ourselves further as to the identity of this Spirit, we asked for the name of a student who died at the Institution under very peculiar and distressing circumstances. Soon the medium's hand wrote "Spring." When this name was called for and before it was written, neither myself nor wife, who were the only persons present at the sitting acquainted with the student referred to, had been able to recollect it.

Again we asked if the Spirit present could produce the name of a young lady a fellow-student, who composed some excellent and touching stanzas apropos to the event of Spring's death, when "Tacy" was written. This name also was not in our mind when asked for. At our request the last name which had been recalled by the first, "Tacy," was seemingly with difficulty produced, for it was written slowly, letter by letter, "T-o-w-n-s-e-n-d."

The medium's hand now wrote quickly a word which we could not decipher, commencing with "Q." It was written again with the same result. The third time "Quakeress" was plainly written under "Townsend," and immediately it recalled the fact that "Tacy" was a member of the Society of Friends. Not yet quite satisfied, (could this be possible) my wife recollecting that Joseph, on bidding her good afternoon or evening, was accustomed to make use of a French phrase, of infrequent occurrence in ordinary parlance, in a manner quite peculiar to himself and endearing to her, and which she could not recall to mind, requested that it might be given us, when to our surprise the medium wrote "Bon apres-midi," (Good-afternoon.) And indeed, how often did he wave an adieu to my wife, adding an affectionate "bon apres-midi, Madame W.—"

I now asked Joseph, considering his more elevated position, to distract me, when he wrote briefly: "Respected Instructor."

My teachings are of a higher order than those which so much delighted me and which my mentality so greedily drank in while with you in the form. O how my soul now drinks in knowledge from these pure FOUNTAINS!

(Signed) JOSEPH.

We need not comment upon the incidents of this sitting. The unmistakable and reliable evidences of the identity of this Spirit and its presence was enough to overthrow the skeptical stubbornness of any unbeliever. There are at least five distinct points, where our recollections or perceptions did not serve us, in which the medium's hand conveyed to us, or revived in our memories established facts with which we had previously been familiar. Come, sacans, come, and render us a solution of these problems, involving the agency of Spirits in mundane affairs; produce an explanation of the (not to us) mysterious causes that philosophically and scientifically underlie these wonderful and startling phenomena. Come, "wise men of the East," for we no longer look to the West. Come with your "odd" forces," and deliver us from this abyss of hopeless incertitude. L. H. W. BROOKLYN, Dec. 3, 1855.

POLEMICS.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R. Outsiders, who have never been initiated into the mysteries of theological training, are at a loss to discover why preachers of the gospel, and editors of religious papers should wrangle and equivocate about the merest trifles,—who to avoid the consequences of their palpable inconsistencies fall back behind the imaginary sanctity of "creed," and cry infidel, blasphemer, humbug, as an offset and rebuttal of all argument. That they do these things is too well known to be disputed; and quite recently they have hit upon a new device, which is to express the most profound commiseration for the imbecility and delusion of every opponent with whom they find themselves unable to maintain a controversy.

The young men and women of the rising generation do a good share of their own thinking; they see and hear for themselves, and they have almost universally adopted the opinion that the large portion of the clergy are dishonest. This view of the case has grown out of the indisputable facts stated above. The charge of dishonesty against a class so large, and so respectable according to the popular definition of that term, is a weighty one, and one that should be examined with care before indiscriminate condemnation follows it. They who make the charge, as I said at the beginning, are outsiders, in blissful ignorance of the sublime mys-

teries of theological training. It is true it is generally known that each denomination has its theological college, but it is not known that inside of this institution a system of halter breaking is carried on, that either drives the student from its doors in disgust, or else completely destroys his individuality. He is not allowed the exercise of his reason in the comprehension of the interior significance of a passage of Scripture if his rendering conflicts in the least with the rendering of the standard theology of his sect. His education is completed when he has learned all his teacher knows, which requires but a short time. He then goes forth to display his educational powers to a congregation, precisely as a puppet is exhibited, before an audience.

The advent of Spiritualism emboldened men to erect a free platform for polemical discussion. For this the clergy were not prepared, and they endeavored to "humbug" it down, but failed. Their plaster of biologized sanctimoniousness would not stick, and they found themselves reduced to the necessity of fighting for their bread and cheese. They had families dependent upon their salaries, and it is not to be supposed that they would give up these for the sake even of truth, until they had time to look about them. Something must be done meanwhile, as the various dodges and prevarications they have used to keep up appearances, have placed them in a very ridiculous position. But after all the sweeping charge of clerical dishonesty is too hard. What right have we to expect the clergy as a class to be more honest than any other trade or profession. None at all, if we made the same allowance for them that we should for others under the same embarrassments we should find them full as honest as any other profession, not excepting lawyers and doctors. Before condemning a man, we should inquire into his antecedents, and more than likely we shall find his faults to be the certain results of his education and necessities.

A clergyman or editor has no better right to adopt a new idea into the theological system that he is employed to advocate, than an operative in a cotton factory has to introduce new machinery into the mills without the consent and knowledge of his employer. The loss of place would be the certain result in both cases. And so it is throughout the whole category of editorial and clerical sectarianism. They are not free agents, and are not accountable for what they say.

Spiritualism is false to them because they know nothing about it, for the same reason that railroads and steamboats are biological delusions, because Moses says nothing about them. And in their endeavor to do their duty to their employers, and meet the advent of Spiritualism without exposing the inconsistencies and contradictions of their own systems; they had no course but to pervert truths deny facts and make false statements. I repeat it, they should not be judged harshly for it; they are the slaves of custom. In the many dodges resorted to they have carefully avoided the discussion of principles occupying in the various stages of the Spiritual movement not less than five distinct platforms. The first was "humbug," the second "imposition and knavery," the third "delusion." Up to this time they had denied in positive terms the existence of all the phenomena.

Failing to arrest the movement by such means they stepped upon the platform No. 4. On this platform they admitted a part of the manifestations and explained them away by psychology and mesmerism, which they had denounced as humbuge up to that date. In order to make this dose palatable they admitted also that Spiritualists were not all knaves and fools. The New Church Herald and some others are still upon that platform, but the Christian Secretary and other involuntary progressionists have arrived at platform No. 5. On this platform the plan of operations is to admit all the phenomena, and then stigmatize them as diabolical and devilish. The occupants of platform No. 5 claim an intimate acquaintanceship with the devils that went into the swine in Gadara, and with all other Spirits of that class; but they know nothing about the Spirits that appeared to Jesus and three of his disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration, nor of the Spirit that revealed to John all that is written in the Apocalypse. Hence, in their endeavors to identify modern Spiritualism with the lower order of manifestations in the New Testament, they are admitting too much, and they will find in the end that they are in the most vulnerable position yet occupied. As a prop to their last platform they put a Spiritual backslider on the stand, (if they can find one) and accept his testimony as orthodox and infallible, although the same man when in the Spiritual ranks was entitled to no credit whatever. The Christian Secretary, in a leader, on the last phase of the opposition, delivers itself of some wild statements, spiced with a few grains of truth. Subjoined are a few short specimens of his veracity:

"The believers in modern Spiritualism are composed of a class of persons who were principally unbelievers before. Deists, Universalists (for theirs is a system of unbelief in future punishment) including a number of preachers of that denomination, and skeptics generally, comprise the great mass of believers. To these, perhaps, may be added the followers of Swedenborg and of Ann Lee. We know but little in regard to the effect of this delusion upon the two last-named sects, but so far as our observation has extended, in regard to the former, the effect has been to overthrow what little faith they had in the truths of divine revelation."

The above is very far from the mark. "The believers in modern Spiritualism" are to a great extent members of sectarian churches, and several of the denominations have a greater number in their ranks than the Universalists.

The statement that this belief has the effect to "overthrow what little faith they had in the truths of divine revelation," is utterly devoid of truth in every respect. The very reverse is the fact, and the Christian Secretary would know this if he had the most distant idea of the true nature of divine revelation, or of the subject that he professes to handle. I quote again from the same:

"It may be replied by Spiritualists, that orthodox clergymen have embraced the Spiritual theory; but such cases are about as rare an occurrence as the transit of Venus; and we suspect that when they do occur, it would be found by investigation prior to their embracing Spiritualism."

If the Christian Secretary can show that the transit of Venus is of frequent occurrence then the first part of the extract is correct. That there was and is "something rotten in Denmark" (priestcraft) no one will deny who knows anything about the history of the sectarian priesthood for the last twenty years. For further information on that point, I would refer the reader to the criminal records of the State of New York, and to the muster-rolls of Sing Sing, Auburn and Clinton State Prisons.

If clergymen become Spiritualists that is no business of ours—at least we have no authority to reject them. The ministration of truth is designed for those who are sick and need a physician; and

there is great want of healing remedies "where there is something rotten in Denmark." All invited to the feast, and even the Christian Secretary is included in this invitation, which doubtless he will accept when he is weary of feeding on husks. He is ready to receive him any time, not as a "having authority" but as a "prodigal" from his father's house. "He that humbly himself shall be exalted, but he that exalteth himself shall be abased."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE BOUQUET OF SPIRITUAL FLOWERS, prepared chiefly through Mrs. J. S. ANASIS. By J. C. CHILD, M. D. Boston: BELA MANS, Printer, 15 Franklin Street, 1856. pp. 168.

Those interested in the publication of the "Wreath" of last year, will be pleased to know that above work is a continuation of the same.

The book is uniform enough in size, style and general execution to pass for a re-publication of the first issue. Few however who read the book will fail of finding convincing proof of the progress of Spirit life, and new gatherings in the bowery grace; for the "Bouquet" is composed of flowers, whose language, sentiment and fragrance are fresh with immortal longings speaking as they do, to and in behalf of those deathless desires that well up within the Spirit, when in its better and holier moments, it yearns for a higher and a better life.

To the logician—the man of facts—and the naturalist, the work may "prove nothing," but the soul receptive of sentiment, affection and development will find it a reflective mirror of humanity's most delicate sensations. Its logic is intuitive, and appeals to the Spirit in favor of "Faith, hope and charity." Its Spirit is universal, and comprehends the shadows as well as the sunshine of experience, and throws the rich radiance of its immortal splendor over the limitations and defects of human life.

It not only bespeaks the need of a Spiritual development in every soul, but practically shows the beauty of all such developments.

Doubtless as a work of art there are many points from which its poetry and some of its reasoning may be criticized, but as there is no pretension made to artistic measure or scholastic logic, few will feel moved to make the issue.

The work, in few words, may be called a friendly monitor—one who's while coming, one who consoles while ministering to humanity's needs, and aiding the Spirit's culture. It should be read, when the soul is "hungry and thirsting" after righteousness; that the Spirit of contemplation and earnest resolve may grow to harmonic and friendly union, that the angel man and the angelic woman may "be all and in all."

We make the following extract from near the close of the volume, that the reader may judge whether a better acquaintance with the "Bouquet" is desirable.

The Spirit of Flora says:—"Let us utter our thoughts with wisdom, let wisdom guide us. Let us plant the seed with an inclosure so high and strong that no foe can come in and destroy it.

Let us open the eyes of the blind that they may see; let us uncover the beauties of earth; let us pluck the weeds that the flowers may be seen. Materialism asks what better teachings bring you to earth's children than the word of God. If you read the Bible, and appreciate its contents, we bring nothing more, and neglect none. We come not to give new truths, but we come to uncover, to unfold truths that have ever existed, but have not been perceived. New truths, great reforms are unfolded among the meek and lowly.

We bring flowers, and the world takes them; we bring laurels and the world wears them. Mortals cannot enter the garden, we will bring beautiful wreaths and give to them. When we have planted our own garden, materialism may step in and take the praise; let these world's children come and take it, far thus we may lead them to an appreciation of beauty. We seek for honor; we seek not for laurels, we ask no praise.

When materialism shall step in and tramp down our flowers there shall a purifying, softening fragrance ascend and fill the atmosphere around, and will pass to other opening fields of beauty that await us. And when we've that passed on they will follow to our new garden, and so onward still we go."

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY.—New York: Published by LEONARD SCOTT & CO. 75 Fulton Street.

This issue of Blackwood has been so long delayed that we had nearly concluded the old gentleman had strayed into the backwoods and got lost among the snow drifts, or froze up in George's Channel, as none of our acquaintances seemed to know of his whereabouts. Here it is, however, hale and hearty for the coming year. "The Gold Screw and its Consequences," reflects the economy to be learned by the expenditures of the present war.

The "New Peace Party," a dialogue for the times, discusses the diplomacy that brought about the present war, as well as diplomacy in general. "Military Adventures in the Pyrenees," by a Peninsular Adventurer, is part first of what promises to be a very interesting narrative as military life. "Lancashire Strikes" outlines the present condition of many of England's poor, and the policies that made them what they are, and contains many plain truths for home consumption. But cannot particularize. The other articles are "Court and the Bar of England," "Wet Days a Bryn," "Cefin," and "Drinking and Smoking."

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

The popularization of Spiritualism will correct the evils complained of in the following, when it is understood that the Spirit world is around us, and angel spirits are ministering to our needs, death will not only have lost its terrors, but all crudities and superstitions associated therewith will be lost sight of and forgotten. In the meantime, the advice should not be neglected, as the suggestions are good and their application needed.—Ed. Ch. Spl.

There is a tendency in most minds to superstitions that needs but slight indulgence to become a tyrant, enslaving the mind to the most dreadful fears. For mothers are able to guard their little ones with such care as entirely to prevent the introduction of frightful images to their minds, through the agency of companions, or perhaps a garrulous nurse, or worse still, some foolish book, professing to interpret dreams.

It is necessary to counteract with great care a tendency to place undue reliance upon omens, dreams, premonitions, and all those inscrutable phenomena in which nature speaks to us in a way we cannot comprehend; for any one acquainted with ignorant persons, must be aware that generally they are much influenced by a belief in these things, and anxiously interpret in the earth or air

For the Christian Spirituality
THE PASSING AWAY OF THE GENTLE
AND PURE.

Flowers, wild flowers, oh bring them me,
Gathered from cliffs by the sunny sea,
Kissed by the morning's earliest beam,
Bathed in the sunset's golden stream.

Watched by the stars their bright sisters above,
Clothed by the moonbeams with mantles of love,
Then by the zephyr more boldly caressed,
Stealing their fragrance, to gladden his breast.

Bring me wild flowers from shady nooks,
Flowers that nod, by the meadow brooks,
Flowers that laugh on the mountain's side,
Flowers that wave by the ocean's tide.

Bring me the white flower dripping with dew,
Bring me the blue flower modest and true,
Bring me the golden cup'd lily, and then
Pluck me the violet hid in the glen.

Lay them all gently upon my brow;
Hush!—there are Spirits about me now,
Spirits of flowers, ah! now I know;
Why I loved, and cherished them so.

Each little cup is a Spirit home,
Each velvet petal a Spirit throne,
Music I hear from each tiny cell,
Weaving around me a magic spell.

Now let me sleep, and perchance I may dream,
Gently there falls on my eyelids a beam
Of light, from the far-away Spirit-land,
Bearing white angels, a glorious band.

Hither they come on their pinions of love,
Sweeter the strains of their voices prove,
Louder, and nearer their anthems swell;
Earth, and ye loved ones—I go—farewell!

From the New Orleans Sunday Delta.
THE DIVINE LAWS OF UNITY, HARMONY
AND PROGRESSION.

Unity is the oneness of all things physical, and spiritual, that exist of God. Harmony is the perfect association of all things in their particular relation towards each other. Progression is the perpetual advancement of all things to higher states.

Here are three of the grandest Statutes of the Divine Mind, of the very existence of which the so-called religious world is utterly unconscious—statutes unspcakably benign, and which tell indeed that

"There is a Power, all others powers above,
Whose name is Goodness, and his nature Love."

In place of these beneficent, joy-inspiring laws, religion-mongers have deduced from "Revelation" a law of universal and total depravity, relieved,—so reads the fable—through sectarian redemption, by an assignment of our God-given faculties to utter blindness and disuse. Total depravity, indeed! All depravity is born of ignorance, and consists alone of perverting these inviolable institutes of the Father.

There is perhaps no depravity more gross to the spiritual sense, than that mental licentiousness which recklessly usurps the name of Deity to sanctify ignorance, and to propagate error—clothing to the perception of mean minds, in an assumption of divine infallibility, the pitiful, transparent and hoary devices, combined of centuries of savage despotisms and civilized craft.

The subtle fluids that permeate the human organism, flow perpetually outward to universal nature, returning disturbed in their inward flow by every discordant contact, and in the same degree disturbing the harmony of mind as they empty turbidly within its even surface. The sympathetic mind responds to every known discord in the universe—its susceptibility of such response being one of the measures of its capacity for good. Good unfolds in happiness. Happiness is essentially spiritual, proceeding from the intellectual or moral condition. Every mind's capacity for happiness depends upon its inability to desire the happiness of others—upon its ability to suffer for others' pain. The happiness it may attain, depends upon the extent of that which it has the ability to bestow—the measure of the good it can do. The performance of such good, exactly and infallibly, produces this happiness. The intensity or degree of consciousness which the Will can infuse in any exercise of our faculties for doing good, is the precise measure of the happiness which that exercise will afford. Nothing has been left by the Divine Goodness to uncertainty or chance, but its natural and appropriate fruit is unfolded from the growth of every substance, physical or spiritual, of matter or of mind.

The mind to be most envied is not the one most beloved, but that which most loves. The power of love sways the object loved. The better the condition of the mind loving, the greater this power—the better the condition of the object loved, the more irresistible its force. Spirits are drawn irresistibly towards you by the strength of your affection. However much they may sympathize with you, they cannot approach, unless you are yourself purified and made strong with love.

The loving soul sits throned in Mortality, perhaps unloved here for lack of comeliness, yet succulent with the sweet breaths of unseen angels, serene in the atmosphere of its own love that unconsciously teems with glowing but silent responses, musical with undying harmonies heard by the inner sense unknown whence, blind yet never craving sight, isolated yet never feeling loneliness, homely yet beautiful emotionally. Happy heart! the divine treasures that underlie the thin surface of mortality, are to you of more value than silver and gold—their inscriptions in the book of your destiny more enduring than fissures in the rock—for you can love unselfishly, love without asking to be loved.

Love is mind. It veins its way in the external life—its rivers pour through the sensuous universe of man, turbid and precipitous, receiving in its impulsive embraces impure and uncongential forms, flooding in its passionate overflows, almost to drowning, the spontaneous and luxuriant growths that overlay the vast soul-tracts stretching endlessly outward. Yet love is mind; of divine birth alone—immortal and incorruptible—of all stains and poisons purified and redeemed through its birthright; by its inherent strength that overcomes all weakness, its inherent purity, that casts off all impurities. The white ship of the Soul may be stranded on the rocks of these dangerous streams that outflow from Love—her virgin canvass stained with corruption, her hulk shattered in the raging foam—but Love, purified, shall redeem what Love had lost. For Love is mind; the spiritual and intellectual element that expands and ascends, without pause, upward and outward to incorruption, whitening and illumining while it warms, the sheeted skies that spread gloriously over struggling and yearning Humanity.

In the external life all things tend to self—in the spiritual life all things tend to self. The vast physical Unity, whose circumference surrounds the physical man, is governed by the law—but imperfectly, where all is imperfection. The circles breaking far outward from the spiritual centre, reach faintly to the remote external, yet the remotest is not unreachd—there may be seeming isolation, but no distance breaks utterly the thread of Unity. The most selfish mind is related indissolubly to the heel-trodden worm, or the inanimate stone, and feels the tie, however unappreciated. The oneness is there. Not entire consciousness that thence he sprang, but yet, not entire insensibility of being a child of the mute earth, unfolded from the gear.

The divine law of Harmony is the governing principle of all motion—its violation constitutes discord alike in physics and in mind. To all mind, harmony is religion, discord the only sin—harmony is truth, discord the only error—harmony is happiness, discord the only misery—harmony is heaven, discord the only hell. The rationalistic Christian principle comprehends harmony, and nothing more. To do any wrong destroys harmony, because right is the divine law which creates it. To learn this—to comprehend and feel that all justice, all truth, all beauty, all happiness are one, and that to arrive thereat, Mind must dwell in perfect harmony, not only with nature, but with all objects, animate and inanimate, external and internal, constitutes the highest mortal wisdom, and the largest inspiration, and dispenses with all need of churches and of priests; because the church required for the ceremonial of intellect thus redeemed, is a glorious edifice, compared with which all architectural, and all material splendor, are but rottenness and deformity—the immortal Mind; and the priest and confessor a minister, which is the sole one, now or ever, ordained of God—the sublime Reason.

But sectarianism—the theologues—the inculcated ignorance, so honored in the schools, are the bane of harmony and of progress. Men would learn by intuition, by influx, by the atmospheric inspiration, as it were, of truths, but that they are besotted with putrid mountains of offal that overpile the arguments of Nature, and the Divine effluence of God—huge discords that load down all harmonies to dissonance,

"—enough to shake one into tears."

What is comprehended by Progression? In inanimate substance, it comprehends the march towards intelligence—in intelligence, it comprehends the march towards mind—in mind, it comprehends the march towards immortality. In all, it comprehends the march towards God. There is no atom in all the boundless store-houses of creation, but has its place in this inexpressibly grand and ceaseless march towards the unimaginable goal—there is no globe, with its countless millions of self-conscious minds, that has more. And globes and atoms are alike innumerable and infinite. Human minds deduce laws from historical facts and occurrences, real and unreal, not from proofs and inspirations, natural and intuitive—and hence are belittled and belied. Earth with its generations, after generations; and endless ages succeeding ages, is a span. The grand law of God is rarely yet perceived by finite mind, in its onward advancement to the condition which awaits it, of universal harmony through divine and inobstructible progression. Whatever of retrogression exists, is but the lapsing of the effect of the spiritual principle which ever occurs under sensual influences and amid human wrongs. It relapses in animal appetites, in emotional religions, in sordid interests; it relapses daily amid the splendid moral ruins that lie open to the eyes of angels indispensably consequent upon prevailing superstitions, cowardice, selfishness, craft. Yet have not these the remotest bearing upon the law. Relapses are atoned in penalties, and the law is ever vindicated in every immortal mind. As the human father, for a time, consigns the infant to mother and pap, and the nursery and the maid, so God awaits that fruition which is consequent upon Progression, advancing through cycles after cycles beyond the rudimentary nursery or earth world, to be recognized and known by His eternal child. There is time enough in the Everlasting. Not ages, but eternities are before, awaiting endless intercourse and association with the Father, when the earth-mind shall become worthy—purified by love, exalted by wisdom, and adorned by works. It is natural to be wise—to be ignorant is educational. H.

IS CHRISTIANITY PRACTICAL?

To aid in the discussion of this question—we make the following extract from Mr. Ira Porter's lecture—in the North Western Orient for February.

He says:—Before man can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, he must adopt and practice the doctrines of Heaven. Have such doctrines ever been preached? I assume that they have been. The principles of action upon which heaven depends are as old as the laws of mind. They are as certain and invariable as the laws of gravitation, attraction or repulsion. They were implanted in the constitution of social order before the morning stars sang together, ere yet the spirit of God "moved upon the face of the waters." These laws are the climax of Infinite wisdom. In periods long gone by, there have been individuals upon our planet unfolded to a receptivity of divine truth, and through their mediumship the divine will has been partially unfolded to man. In the Celestial Empire, more than twenty-five hundred years ago, there arose one of heaven's illuminated sons, who peered through the shades of selfishness that then brooded like a dark pall over the childhood of humanity, and read from the scroll of the Eternal, as it hung over the battlements of Heaven, "Whosoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them. Whosoever ye would not that men should do unto you, do not ye unto them." This is the golden rule deciphered by Confucius—Heaven's own social law. It is to the spheres of bliss what gravitation is to the spheres of matter, the great attractive force which holds each in his orbit, where he may forever revolve, without conflict, in perfect harmony. Hundreds of years later, this law, with other harmonious enactments, was proclaimed in another portion of our earthly heritage by one who, practicing what he preached, was so far in advance of his age that he excited the prejudices of popular ignorance and error, and died their victim, leaving his precepts and example for our instruction and guide.

These come to us, not recommended merely by the purity and true and holy life of him who uttered them, but by their own intrinsic weight and importance. These principles are older than Christ—greater than he, independent of him. They made him, and not he them. All that is valuable in his acts, sayings, life and death, owes its value to the fact that he was the victimized discoverer and faithful exponent of these divine principles upon which the heavenly temple rests. The key-stone of which arch is the "practice of the law of love,"—"resist not evil,"—"if a man smite you on the one cheek, turn the other also,"—"he that would be greatest amongst you, let him be a servant of all."

This principle of action, made known and indubitable, is so powerful that it rests from the robber his rapacity. It disarms the wild, warlike savage of his tomahawk and his scalping-knife, and binds him in the silken cords of fraternal love and friendship to a strange people of uncongential habits and education. Shielded by this law, Wm. Penn and his

compeers were enabled to smoke the pipe of perpetual peace with the red men of the Delaware, the Schuylkill, and the Susquehanna, while the resistant Puritans of New England were constrained to conquer or perish.

In view of these premises, I am forced to conclude that it is not because the Christian maxims are defective that the Christian world is *disordered*. Far from it. Modern Christianity is skeptical, and believes not its own doctrines. To many of its votaries, even the immortality of the soul is a dreamy fiction. They have no faith in the law of love. Force and fear are the only engines of reform they appear to understand or appreciate. The realization of Christ's prayer for his enemies—"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do,"—they deem impossible, and would sooner pronounce it pernicious and impracticable goodness, than the harmonious development of divine wisdom and love.

Entertaining these opinions, they cannot fail to provide for their spiritual world a hell of either fire and brimstone in fact, or of mental unending torment appropriately represented by such a flame. It is natural that those who have a hell, should want a gallows; that they who make the devil a necessity of the divine government should want a hangman. The frame of mind that fills the spirit-world with God provided hobgoblins—the eternal, legitimate and divinity appointed tormentors of the damned, would, of course, invent for earth instruments of torture and punishment. The inquisition, the stock, the whipping-post, the guillotine, are the amiable machinery which a perverted Christianity supplied of old, and still deems necessary for the government of society. These are the terrestrial fruits of the force doctrines—the appropriate accompaniment to man's faith in an angry God, and a consequent endless hell; but they are as far from the peaceable and loving truths unfolded in the doctrines and exemplified in the life of Christ, as hell is from heaven. Be assured, your righteousness must transcend these, or you can in no wise enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Dear brethren, is not such a result worthy of one long continued, persevering struggle? Surely, our morning and evening prayer ought perpetually to be, Oh, Divine Spirit, aid us to live more pure, holy, generous and disinterested lives! Give us a hungering and thirsting for righteousness—an insatiable craving "to know and do" all thy will concerning us!

Brethren, the light is breaking upon our planet. The clouds of a corrupt and vain theology are dispersing. The great truths of Heaven, pronounced eighteen hundred years ago by Christ, are being presented to us in their naked simplicity and loveliness. Angel fingers are pointing out to our enraptured vision the heavenly lineaments of Christ doctrines, which attest their divine origin. Under this divine instruction are being developed a great host, which no man can number, who rising in their strength, have burst their sectarian chains with as much ease as Sampson his green withs. These are anxiously enquiring, What shall we do to enjoy our inheritance of eternal life?

The morning of theories is well nigh past. The hour for action has come. The sons of progress will organize. A higher and better state of society will be developed. Wiser practices must spring from more truthful opinions. All this must result from voluntary action excited by ordinary motion, the love of happiness.

Who is willing to be a pioneer in the Lord's work? Who the craven spirit that seeks inglorious ease and safety, leaving others to perform the work? Actions will tell. The spirit who readily responds to the calls of duty, rejoicing in its strength, shall dwell on the hill-tops of Zion, and drink living waters fresh from the throne of the Eternal. For such there is a glorious and endless career of joy and exultation. If we choose it, we may each be of that number?

"Shall we give to beggars, not knowing if they be worthy or unworthy, not searching them to see if they have money in their pockets, not knowing if they may not have dressed themselves in old clothes to impose upon us. We have often been deceived—what shall we do?"

We answer—Give every one enough to supply the more immediate wants of nature, a meal, a bed, or the means to pay for a supper and a night's lodging; and then if you can reconcile it with your conscience to do nothing more, either because you have but little to spare, or because you are almost sure the petitioner does not need it, let him go his way. He will leave you his blessing and not his curse; and the Friend of All will accept of your good intentions.

Turn no human being away who says, "I am hungry." Make it an invariable rule to set a comfortable meal before every applicant for food; for it is a world of want and woe, and why should hunger be added to its countless miseries?

Why should you be housed and fed, and wrapped in costly fabrics, while that poor, pitiful creature is asking for cold meat and bread and a night's shelter? What have you done to merit the luxuries which surround you? Do you hold God's note for "value received," and are you only receiving your pay in these comforts and elegancies of life? Say, do you know anything of labor as a necessity? Have you ever had a personal acquaintance with the gaunt friend, Want? Has hunger gnawed into your very vitals, like the sharp, keen tooth of Death, until your once proud spirit was humbled in the dust, and you would have bartered your own fair name—yes, given up your hope of Heaven for bread! Bread! Great God! the world is full of it, yet thousands starve!

"Feed the hungry!" Out upon that wretched cant—"We don't give to beggars!" "Go to the County House!" "You are as able-bodied as I am!" "Put out your children—nobody!" help you while you keep such a large family about you!" "Don't pity him at all—he's lazy!" Don't use this slang, friend, for although you may cheat the human bystander by this language, there is an invisible listener whom you cannot deceive. He knows you are too stingy to give, and use all those big words to cover your meanness.

"Feed the hungry." But don't go to your kitchen and order your servant to bring up that mouldy bread and tainted beef because his "only a beggar"—remember the "golden rule," and give your unfortunate brother just such good, palatable food as you would like to have set before you, if you hadn't eaten for the last fourteen hours. Remember, that the Great Disposer of events may see fit to send you a begging for bread before another year; and then, you would like to have the rich man or woman, say to you: "Walk in Sir and rest yourself," and to the cook: "Betty, broil a steak, and get a good meal for this gentleman as soon as you can." "Nonsense!" say you; I could not come to beggary." "Could not?" and pray sir who are you? Could not he who "overturns and overturns" the affairs of nations, dispose of a wee-bit of a body like you, with all your vast possessions, in less time than we have spent in talking with you? "When my sons work for your's"—said a poor day laborer to the owner of a whole village of mills and factories.

"Stop," said the wise proprietor, "my children will work for your's, more probably; for wealth is an uneasy bird, and don't build her nest in the same tree for three generations." And all those great mills and factories did pass into the hands of that day laborer's sons; and that rich man's sons became their hirelings. So goes the world, a nabob to-day, a beggar to-morrow.

But if you have no heart, your head is as hard as a brickbat, and there's no use of trying to make you understand what might be a benefit to you. You will have the truth made manifest to your blunted sensibilities when it will be too late. Go your way friend. Gather and hoard and enjoy; but if you don't come to poverty in this world it will not be because you do not deserve it. We would recommend a certain book to you, however, and ask you to read it for our sake and your own, (as we know you haven't up to this date.) It is called "The Holy Bible."

JOAN OF ARC.

The Portland Transcript, in reporting Mr. Whipple's lecture on this remarkable and world-renowned character, gives the following outline of her history. Her life should be better known by the Spiritual family, as many facts in her history prove her to have been a remarkable medium—directed she was not otherwise commissioned and gifted in her labors.

How Mr. Whipple dismissed of these facts we learn not from the report, but we hazard nothing in saying, that few subjects would command more notice at this time, than a full and catholic analysis of the preternatural phases of her history. Will some of our intellectual magnets draw them forth, and look at them from the light of the Nineteenth Century.—Ed. Ch. Spl.

Joan was born in 1411, the daughter of a poor peasant in the province of Lorraine. She was

taught to sew and spin, but not to read and write, and to the last of her career she could not sign her own immortal name. She was a gentle, beautiful, bashful child, deeply imbued with religious feelings. Her religion was the concrete Romanism of the time, and was learned at her mother's knee. This religious teaching instilled into her soul, became the life of her whole being. She lived in an internal world peopled with saints and angels, and this inward life became dearer and nearer than her outward existence. She was a poet as well as a devotee, and the greatest that France ever had. She was indifferent to the pastimes of youth, and spent much time in prayer to St. Catherine and St. Margaret. The disturbed state of her country kindled her devotion into a flame of self-devoted patriotism. Her internal world became endowed with external existence, and her visions pushed themselves into voices, and shapes, visible to her entranced eyes. The sense saw what the soul guarded, she heard the voice of the Archangel Michael calling upon her to go to the succor of the king. Then came voices naming her the deliverer of France. No historian doubts her faith in the reality of what she saw. The most modest and bashful of women she resisted long this inward impulse. The news of the siege of Orleans, at last decided her.

Then commenced that course of entreaty with the Governor, which at last forced his common sense to yield to the persistence of that sense which is not common. She was permitted to go to the Dauphin at Chalons, 150 leagues, through a country occupied by the enemy. She detected the disguised Dauphin, told him he was the true heir and assured him Heaven had sent her to see him crowned in the city of Rheims. After much hesitation her aid was accepted. Her work now was to relieve Orleans and to see the Dauphin crowned in the city of Rheims, then in the hands of the English. Her inspired earnestness spread enthusiasm around, and many believed in her powers. She was hailed as a saint. She reformed the army—converting the soldiers from marauders into crusaders, and changing the camp into a camp meeting. Her name went before her, and fought her battles in the armies of the English. It was a superstitious age, and they said if she is of God, it is impious to fight against her; if of the Devil, how can we prevail against him! France backed by Satic powers. With 200 men she entered the city, without opposition from the English. Great was the joy of the besieged. Religious ceremonies were performed, and then came the attack. Her military skill consisted only in resolution and audacity. She mounted the walls of the English forts, and though struck down by an arrow, she again ascended, and struck terror into the English, who thought her dead. They began to see visions in their turn, and declared that St. Michael appeared in the air cheering on the French. In seven days the English burned their forts, raised the siege and retreated. Two months after Rheims opened its gates, and the king was crowned. Joan's task was done—her vision accomplished. She asked to be allowed to return to her mother and the care of her flocks. Policy dictated a refusal, and she was still retained to sustain the cause she had saved. The only reward she asked was that her native village might not be taxed, which it was not for 300 years. But she no longer felt she was doing the work of God, and her heart was not in the work. The saint was sinking into the soldier, when she was saved by captivity. She was taken prisoner by a Burgundian soldier, and sold to the English for 10,000 livres. Their joy knew no bounds. The hated "witch" was at last in their hands, and they prepared to glut their vengeance. Charged with heresy and sorcery, she fell into the hands of theological wolves and foxes, who exerted all the malice and ingenuity of their mean natures to entrap her, without success. Her simplicity and truthfulness evaded all their snares. Having persecuted her from a heretic to a Catholic, these infamous creatures persecuted her back again from a Catholic to a heretic, that they might condemn her to the stake. She was burned in the city of Rouen on the 10th of May, 1431.

Thus was consummated one of the darkest crimes recorded on the pages of history, which, as it blazes on the eye, across the interval of four centuries, throws a lurid glare of infamy on the names of those who perpetrated it.

Such beautiful simplicity, such angelic devotion, was never before nor never hereafter, will be witnessed on earth. Victorious over persecution, peerless among patriots, noblest among women, the name of Joan of Arc will perish not so long as beauty, devotion and goodness shall be cherished among men.

WHY MEN RUN AFTER STRANGE GODS.

There is no denying that the religious opinions of mankind are becoming rapidly modified. Orthodoxy is breaking up, like ice in spring-time, and as a matter of course, more or less disasters must follow so sudden a change. As the breaking up of winter often swells brooks and rivers to overflowing, thus inundating plains, destroying property, and sometimes life; and as immense fields of ice are floated down the rivers, carrying away bridges, and doing other damage; so the breaking up of the long winter of theological darkness and superstitious frost must swell the streams of life and thought immoderately, sweeping away old institutions with sectarian icebergs, flooding the fields of knowledge with the waters of truth, doing damage in isolated cases, but generally loosening up and washing away the rubbish, and preparing the way for a new life and an immortal bloom. Let us not despair, then, at the present confusion in the religious world, but hope, as we do in spring-time, when the flood is upon us, for "truth is mighty and will prevail." The seed time and the harvest are sure to follow. The elements of life and thought will ultimately shrink back into their accustomed channels, or plough new ones more direct and expeditious, and the fair face of Nature will smile again as it did in the infancy and purity of man.

The reason why men at the present time are prone to run after strange gods—to form new sects and nunciate new philosophies—is because the old orthodox season has run its course and is passing away in the warmth and light of Nature and Reason. "Religions take their turns." The present theology has done its work, and become effete and inadequate to satisfy the growing needs of the time. Hence men are looking elsewhere for support. They demand "light, more light still"—and they will not rest contented till they obtain it. They will obtain it; for there is no limit to the aspiration and expansion of the human mind; it has reached no point beyond which it cannot go; and some daring genius will make long voyages of discovery on the ocean of the unknown, till Columbus-like he finds the new continent so much desired and needed as the birth-place and home of a new order of things which shall shed a benign and peaceful influence over the world.—N. Y. Dispatch.

She is dying. Hush! she is dying. The sun light streams through the plate glass windows—the room is fragrant with the sweet breath of the southern flowers—large milk-white African lilies, roses a nightingale would stoop to worship; Cape jessamines, and camellias, with their large glossy leaves.

Through the open casement steals the music of playing fountains; and the light, tempered pleasantly by rose curtains of embroidered satin, kindles up gorgeous old paintings with a halo bright as a rainbow. It is as if fresher sunshine were falling earthward on the bower of beauty. The canary sings in his gilded cage—her canary; and the lark raises his note higher and higher on the perfumed air. Why do you clench your hands on the nails dark red, the rosy blood through the thin, quivering skin? Why do you shut your teeth together, and hiss between one word—"hush!" It's a beautiful home, I'm sure; and that lady, with her head upon your bosom, is fair as a dream-vision of the painter. Surely nothing could be purer than that broad, high brow; nothing brighter than those golden curls.

And she loves you, too! Ah! yes, any one can read that in the deep violet eyes, raised so tenderly to your own. Ah! that is it; your young wife loves you.

She linked to yours the existence of an angel, when she knelt beside you at the marriage altar, and placed her hand in yours.

For twelve long, golden, sunny months an angel has walked or sat by your side, or slept in your bosom. You know it! No mortal woman ever made your heart bow before a purity so divine! No earthly embrace ever filled your soul with the glory from the stars; no earthly smile ever shone so unchangingly above all such noisome things as your earth-worms call care and trouble. She is an angel; and other angels have been singing to her in the long days of the pleasant June time.

"Hush," you say; but you cannot shut out the anthem notes of heaven from those unsealed ears! Louder, higher, swell the hymns of the seraphs; and brighter grows the smile on your wife's lips.

She whispers, "Dearest, I'm almost home, and you will come by-and-by, and I am going to ask God to bless you!" But you cannot bear it—you turn away, and the big tears gather in the eyes.

You had held her there on your bosom all day—all night; are you tired? But you cannot answer. Closer—closer you clasp the slight, fair figure; painfully you press your lips to the cold brow. She is dead!

What is it to you that the sunshine is bright? what that its cheerful rays fall on the broad land—your lands? What is it—now that she can walk on them no more? And what is death—her death? Few people knew her; no nation will raise a monument to her memory! But she was yours—yours all! No, yours and God's; and your year of joy is over, and she rests on His bosom now in heaven. They have dug a grave for her in Spring flowers brighten over it, and the green grass smiles with daisies and violets. You go there, and sigh, and pray, and ask God if you, too, may come home; and when no answer comes, your proud heart rises up in bitterness, and with the bold, wicked words upon your tongue, you pause; for your guardian angel looks down from heaven, and whispers—"Hush!"—Home Journal.

A LADY ON BEARDS.

A lady correspondent of the Home Journal sends the following sensible remarks in favor of wearing the beard:

"It is astonishing what a change a few years has wrought in regard to shaving. Once, everybody shaved, but now, I much mistake, if every gentleman has not found to shave or not to shave, a question suggested by his morning toilet. For the razor-strop man. His occupation is nearly gone. I hope he will succeed in finding another for the present generation will be a bearded race. I was quite interested last Winter in reading a 'Natural History of the Human Species,' by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Hamilton Smith, in which he states that the bearded races are the conquering races. For this reason the beardless races are adverse to the union with them. This aversion he states to be the result of experience, proving the superior activity of those who have sprung from such races. Genghis, Timur and Nadir Shah, were directly, or in their ancestry, descended from Caucasian mothers, and hence, also, the jealous exclusion of European women from China. The progressive nations, he tells us, are a bearded and hairy race. Samson's strength lay in his hair. Bereft of this, his mighty power was gone. The lion is king of the forest. How much of his proud beauty have we lost to his magnificent mane. Shave him and he is king no longer.

I cannot imagine why a beard is given to a man, unless it is to try his patience, if he is to spend his time in daily cutting it off, as it daily asserts its right to a manifest existence. The beard is an emblem of many power and dignity, and is certainly an element of manly beauty. The Father of the Faithful and all the old Patriarchs and Prophets wore a beard; so did our Saviour, when he dwelt as man among the hills of Judea. So, too, most of the venerable divines who have transmitted to us their schemes of theology. It is a modern innovation to shave off the whole beard. It was not common before the commencement of the last century. Moses forbade the Jews to mar the corners of the beard, and David, when his Embassadors were insulted by Hannan's shaving off one-half their beards, permitted them to tarry at Jericho till their beards had grown.

While the beard, properly worn, is an ornament, it is sometimes rendered hideous by the manner in which it is trimmed. A round mass of bristles which the chin is never becoming, yet sometimes checked, long-faced gentlemen elongate their countenances in this way. Often these tufts impart a low, animal expression; they never confer dignity nor beauty. Some few are greatly improved by full whiskers, others by a moustache. Some best with the beard trimmed rather close. It requires an artist's eye to decide on what is most becoming. Nature leaves a varying outline to the beard which is more perfect than any semi-trimmed cut by the razor."

WAR AND CHRISTIANITY.—A "curious correspondent of the New York Mirror reports that out of 587 wars—the present excepted—which have been waged in Christendom since the Christian era, 113 mainly resulted from the desire of territory, 113 from the desire of plunder, 24 from revenge, 113 settle questions of honor, 6 from disputed claims, 41 from disputed titles, 30 from pretence of assistance allies, 23 from jealousy or rival animosity, and 25 from religious bigotry. England and France, who are now so friendly, have had their "war" war." From 1110 to 1814, a period of 704 years, there were 270 years of war between England and France. There were 23 distinct wars.