



A MARVELOUS STUPID "OBSERVER."

If wisdom authorized the prohibition of "much study," because it became "wearisome to the flesh," the world's experience has long since demonstrated that protracted observation is injurious to a full and harmonious development of the mind. Indeed the proof is accumulative, since it is generally conceded that partial and exclusive mentality, sooner or later tends towards, and culminates in mental obliquity, causing men "having eyes to see not." The calamity, however, is none the less, because its development is natural and the perversion common, for it in some sort, predicated the necessity for wrong seeing, if indeed it otherwise does not distort the natural relations and fair proportions of the objects reflected. All this is true, and much more might be said to illustrate the evil tendency and pernicious consequences, that so often overtake the most gifted, when prejudice interferes with good sense, and otherwise disturbs the harmony of the Spirit. But it is hardly necessary, since the memory of nearly every reader, will supply him or her, with examples of the conflicting and contradictory opinions, which in most ages and nations, have been offered by the contending parties, for and against this, that and the other improvement in government, invention in mechanics, or reform in social usages, as the world's history is full of them. Still, as Spiritualism is most perseveringly antagonized by the churchman, and meets with its most determined foes among the theologically educated, it may be well to remind the reader, that of such is the kingdom of dogmatism. We have proved this so often in these columns, that we could well afford to leave the statement with the reader without further proof, did not the constantly unfolding relations of life, present us with new cases of mental perversity, that call for correction, and if possible cure. For instance, the N. Y. Observer, a theological organ for Presbyterianism, having spent the larger part of "thirty-four years" in taking notes and making comments on man and things after the fashion of that school, has become so warped in Spirit and one sided in judgment, that healthy action and truthful observation is no longer possible, if we are to judge of its general character by the late issue made on Spiritualists and Spiritual literature in its columns. We quote from its issue of Feb. 18th. The writer says:

"We have seen a poem said to have been written by a man in Brooklyn, while in a state of Spiritual intercourse with other minds, and the believers in this delusion speak of the poem as one of the most brilliant and profound productions in the English language, worthy to take rank with the writings of Milton and Coleridge. We have essayed to read it, but in vain. It is simply downright nonsense; it has no claim to consideration even as a respectable composition, by a youth of ordinary powers; and the comparison of it with the works of master minds, shows that its admirers are under a most extraordinary mental cloud, if they are sincere in their eulogies."

This is a specimen of theological criticism on Spiritual publications; \* the one in question being a poem which for purity of style, beauty of diction, aptness of illustration, and diversity of measure, to make no mention of its thoughts, truths, and sentiments, will bear a close comparison with any other poem in the English or other languages. We say this advisedly, and after we have made large and liberal allowance for theological bias, and a possible dislike to poetry on the part of the reviewer, as a department of literature, for take the above extract all in all it is the worst specimen of theological bigotry, mental insensibility and Spiritual intolerance, it has been our luck to meet with in a long time.—Still, we have no right to be amazed or surprised, since the sphere and past education of the Observer has been anything but Spiritual, if it is true, that "the kingdom of heaven comes not by observation."

Nevertheless, we regret that whatever good sense the writer had, did not restrain him from making so vulgar an estimate of a poem, the most superficial reading of which should have destroyed his confessed insensibility to its beauties; for modesty might have said so much, without disturbing the complacency of his Spiritual pride, or theological dignity.

Besides, the philosophy of modern criticism has long since insisted, that among the many qualifications of the reviewer, catholicity of mind, and appreciativeness of spirit, should be prominent—if criticism was to be instructive, truthful, and educational. How far these qualities of mind and heart are constitutional to the writer of the above, the reader will be better able to infer, after attentively perusing the following. He says:—"The same remarks are applicable to the book published under the auspices of the Hon. N. P. Tallmadge, and said to have been written by a young man of no education. Mr. Tallmadge pronounces it a production of such transcendent ability, that its sentences cannot be improved by the most practised and finished writers. But upon opening the book, we find it so profoundly stupid, so deficient in all the elements of greatness, boasted of by its editor, that the perusal of a page could not be accomplished without a great effort, and many an expression of astonishment that Mr. Tallmadge should be willing to endorse its rhetoric and logic."

Here, again, we are admonished to make liberal allowance for a difference of faith and literary taste, since these confessedly have much to do with the operations of the mind—if, indeed, they do not color most of its conclusions. But having done so to the best of our ability, we are still unable to account for the profound stupidity evinced and insisted on in the above extract.

That Gov. Tallmadge's opinion is expressed strongly, is true; but it is also true, that that opinion was formed after a calm and dispassionate comparison of "the logic and rhetoric" of the work, with those productions of industry, learning, and genius, which the majority of mankind have agreed, up to this time, in calling "great." And that opinion has been reiterated, to a greater or less degree, by nearly every one who has read the book, and reflected on its teachings; from many of whom—including some of the best minds of the age—the book has received not only friendly, but flattering commendations. This, however, to a Presbyterian "Observer," is one, if not the chief cause, of its condemnation; for "how can two walk together, unless they be agreed?" Still, the opinion of Gov. Tallmadge, and others whose good sense is superior to their prejudices, will, in all human probability, go as far and be remembered as long as the party colored dictum of a writer whose mental

insensibility and Spiritual obliquity is not only self-confessed, but apparent.

Nevertheless, the opinion of Gov. Tallmadge was not given as an "article of faith," for good sense and the gospel of progress make it obligatory that each one form his own valuation of this or any other book—truth-loving candor and thoughtful discrimination being the essential and necessary qualities of the mind.

There is, however, something more than accident in these marked antagonisms and extreme differences of opinion, for now, as in the days of yore, "the offense must come" ere "old things pass away and all things become new." And this, in some sort, must be taken as the moral of all change and conflict, since it brings us into rapport with the method and government of God, and enables us to see that where sin did abound, grace will much more abound.

Thus are we freed from the need of such consolation as the Observer offers his readers in the following:—"What to make of these things, we are not prepared to say. We know that God does suffer men to be given up to a strong delusion to believe a lie, and that there are also many things in philosophy yet to be explained."

This general confession of Spiritual know-nothingness, is neither complimentary to the sagacity of the Observer nor the piety of the Christian, since it predicates the necessity of making God party to an issue that ignores all moral distinctions and obliterates, if it does not destroy, the crowning excellency of His nature—Wisdom in Love. We are willing, however, that the New York Observer shall recognize, and that its readers shall imagine all sorts of vain things against the Lord and His providential manifestations; for others, seeing the bad effects of this sort of religious culture, will "cease to do evil, and learn to do well." In the meantime, "philosophy" has yet to go to school and learn, through the ministry of angels, that there are indeed more things—as well as heights and depths of wisdom—in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in the philosophy of Presbyterianism, or set forth in the thirty-nine articles.

MODERN PROPHECIES.

Although prophecy, like every other phase of the preternatural, has long since become problematical with many, still, facts prove that prophecy is not only possible, but actual—even in this, the nineteenth century. The truth of this is found in the fulfillment of Louis Kossuth's predictions about Sevastopol, and many others, made through modern mediums. Nevertheless, the majority continue skeptical, because that is the fashion, perhaps the disease, of the times. To say truth, however, this skepticism is in some sort justified, since the Spiritual and prophetic gifts of the primitive church have almost, if not quite, passed away from among our modern Christians.

Facts, however, prove that prophecy still lifts her voice in warning, and that prophets are still subject to persecutions and imprisonment. To illustrate which, we extract the following from a letter published in the Boston Evening Traveller, February 1st. The correspondent writes from Beirut (Syria), under date of December 21, 1855, and after describing the development and spread of the cholera, says:—

"A Moslem from Tunis appeared in the city, who predicted that, on a certain Saturday, it would rain violently; on Sunday the city would be deluged, and on Monday sunk by an earthquake. The Pacha ordered him to be imprisoned, lest the disease should be increased by fright. And true enough it did rain in torrents day and night Saturday and Sunday, and Monday morning there was a clap of thunder which seemed to shake Lebanon to its foundation. It struck a stone house in Beirut, and killed six persons, all its inmates, by the walls falling upon them. So much of coincidence was there between the Moslem prediction and its fulfillment."

The same letter furnishes the following extract, which enables us to distinguish between the true medium and the enthusiast; for, the predictions of the one are followed by objective proof, while the pretensions of the other are characterized only by rant and extravagance. The writer says:—

"Superstition appertains to human nature and is sure to appear in times of danger. In the height of the disease, a nun disappeared from three days from one of the many convents on Mount Lebanon; who, upon returning, said she had been taken up into heaven, where she saw Christ holding three large pieces of red-hot iron in his hands, which he threatened to hurl upon the earth and burn it up. Mary snatched them from his hands, saying she would hold them in her hands for a certain time, and if the world did not in the meantime repent, he might hurl them down."

THEOLOGY VS. FACT.

The conflicts between Theology and Fact have been so often and distinctly made—so broadly marked and so perseveringly carried on—that it is hardly necessary to make special note of any new manifestations that may spring up in that quarter. Still, the following extract from a late issue of the Advent Herald may interest the reader, as it will enable him to institute a comparison between the needs of and the benefits likely to spring from the advent of modern Spiritualism. The writer having predicated some reflections on the authority of Deut. XIII, 1-5, proceeds to say:

"Spiritualism would lead us to other sources for truth than the Word of God, and it would lead us to regard as truth what is in that Word plainly denied. Yet we are not to follow it, notwithstanding its miracles, unless its teachings are in accordance with sacred truth. But what are its teachings? First, that the dead are conscious, and communicate with the living; an idea which both reason and revelation, if they are allowed to have their proper bearing, instantly repel; and second, it professes to have for its main object, to convince skeptical minds of the immortality of the soul; in other words, that man has inherent immortality, which is the first and greatest falsehood with which Satan has ever cheated our credulous race—greatest, because it has had the greatest effect in our world, and because mankind generally are content, notwithstanding the experience of six thousand years, to swallow down the same bait with which our mother Eve was first caught in the Garden of Eden."

The spirit and logic of this extract brings us into such close rapport with the ancient "Sadducees," that we have a renewed and an intensified consciousness of the need of some Spirit's bringing "life and immortality to light." Besides this, it furnishes one of the many singular illustrations that spring up in the mind as soon as the intelligent reader attempts to draw a parallel between the philosophies and theologies of the first and the nineteenth centuries.

The theology of the above, however, is as defective as its arguments are material, for it seems to us almost absurd for a professed Christian to quote the prohibitions of Moses, when he have the positive testimony of Paul, that Moses was but a "schoolmaster to bring us to Christ," through whom immortal life was "brought to light," because demonstrated in his resurrection, and by his ministrations to his disciples, prior to his "Ascension."

Christ, therefore, was a witness for, not a bestower of immortality, since that is obviously and confessedly

edly a gift from God. And when pharisaical and sadduceal theologians make this concession—a concession warranted and authorized by "reason and revelation"—theology will be no longer at war with the developments of fact, for both will unite in demonstrating immortal life and the ministry of angels.

PSYCHOLOGY—BREAKING TABLES.

An individual by the name of Spencer has for over a week past been spending his breath and some of his spare change, at the Tabernacle, in attempting to convince his audiences that Spiritualism and psychology were one and the same thing. This assumption has been so often and so variously stated, without proof, that we had not the least curiosity to hear the Professor's theory, or witness his exhibition, although his large "bills" and monster capitals promised the most perfect success at demonstration. Besides, we have heard of this individual's efforts elsewhere, and knew from competent judges that his criticism of the philosophy of Spiritualism is a "twice told tale," besides being a "flat, stale and unprofitable" explanation of its phenomena. We call attention to the Professor's labors, therefore, only to introduce the following communication, as the programme may interest some of the curious.

MR. EDITOR:—I attended a lecture of Professor Spencer's at the Tabernacle last evening, to see him demolish Spiritualism. After he had harangued the audience half an hour, he commenced, with his psychological subjects (four or five taken from the audience), to perform some experiments in psychology, similar to those of Williams or Benton. This was carried on for about an hour, after which came the table tipping and breaking. The Professor's theory is, that no Spirit can tell you any more than what is in your own mind, or the medium's, or some one's in the circle, and that psychology or clairvoyance can do all this; and when tables are moved without contact, the persons are under an illusion, and he can prove it by psychology. But his attempt last night was a perfect failure, for nobody believed it but his four or five psychological subjects, out of an audience of 400. If the performance had been as good as the Spirits can give, every one in the house would have seen the table go up.

One of his psychological subjects (whom he called a medium), sat at a light table, and after being psychologized to pull the table over, spelt out a name which he knew, also the age, and disease of which the person died. These he also knew. Nevertheless, this was considered a wonderful triumph on the part of the Professor. After this, the four subjects were psychologized to hold the table up over their heads, and then to push it about over the floor with one sitting upon it until the legs of the table were broken. Then a longer table was brought, and the spirit of Samson summoned, as well as a strong man from the audience to hold the table down. After a few moments desperate pushing and pulling by the four psychological subjects, the table was smashed to pieces, with one of the subjects sprawling on the floor. Spiritualism being considered demolished, the audience dispersed. He stated that in St. Louis he produced raps loud enough to be heard 90 feet from the table. I think he might be accommodated with the raps in this city, by some of the mediums, rather louder than that. The whole exhibition, however, of last evening, went to prove one thing, and that was, that all persons who are capable of being psychologized by persons in the form, were no mediums at all, only psychological subjects. I think it would puzzle Prof. Spencer to produce such raps and tests as I have seen given in public through Mrs. Coon and Mr. Conklin; I think the ballet test would puzzle his psychological subjects. On the whole, his exposure of Spiritualism was a complete failure, and better calculated to increase the faith of the true Spiritualist than to shake it.

Yours in truth, A SPIRITUALIST.  
NEW YORK, Feb. 26, 1856.

A PSYCHOLOGIST PUZZLED.

Friend Corwin, of Five Corners, N. Y., writes us: "We are holding public weekly meetings, in a small hall, which is well filled for a country place—the interest constantly increasing. Of course the majority do not believe that Spirits communicate; but the speaking and other exercises are at times so far superior to the known ability of the medium that some are forced to acknowledge that 'some strange thing has happened upon us.' Indeed, the truth that is falling upon us from the spheres of light and love, is securing the attention of the people to that extent to warrant success, though the progress and development may be slow."

Last evening I attended a private circle for the development of media. After some conversation, smaller circles were formed round the stand, by way of experiment. I asked a gentleman from an adjoining county (who was seated by me) if he was subject to Spiritual influence? He said he had been something of a tipping medium, but not much. Presently many hands were moved, to make some passes across the top of the stand, in an opposite direction from him—I asking for Spirit influence to move the gentleman's hands. Soon his fingers began to move, and in a few minutes—to his great surprise—his hands were actively exercised. He exclaimed:—"How strange it is I should be handled in this way!" Some one remarked that many regarded these developments as mesmeric. I assured him I was no magnetizer, and had never witnessed a psychological experiment in my life. The gentleman said he understood the principles and rules of psychology, he being a psychologist of some experience; still, he had never met with the mind capable of producing any effect of the kind on him, and hence his surprise, he being readily and powerfully handled. I remarked to him, "You do not believe the influence to be Spiritual?" and he said, "I had not so believed up to this time, but I now give it up." The gentleman, at this date, is being developed as a writing and speaking medium."

ARE SPIRITUALISTS CRAZY?

This is a modest question to ask, and a queer one to discuss, after the experience of seven years, in the middle of the nineteenth century—an experience that comprehends the investigations, methods, test-facts, Spiritual rejoicings, and philosophic conclusions of over two millions of minds. Still, the question has been asked,—prompted, no doubt, by the same profundity that moved the mocking rabble to accuse the Apostles of being drunkards."

Nevertheless, it is true, the Apostles were full of "new wine," and so also are the modern Spiritualists; but the spirit and essence of their "wine" was distilled by "the Holy Ghost," and put into "new bottles," that henceforth they might be "vessels of honor."

We do not propose to discuss the sanity of Spiritualists, however, but give the following, from a late

issue of the Evansville Enquirer, as the larger portion of it was introduced into the Supreme Court in their behalf, beside which it illustrates one of the many forms the discussion is now taking. The writer, after alluding to the charge of "craziness," says:—

"In the case of Addington vs. Wilson, V. Porter's Indiana Reports, the Supreme Court discourse as follows:—'From the visits of the angels to Lot and others of the Patriarchs (without referring to the scenes in the garden of Eden), down to the time when the Spirits, like Poe's stately midnight raven, come gently rapping, rapping at the chamber doors of modern mediums, some of whom are eminent persons, the world, Pagan, Jewish, and Christian, have, to a greater or less extent, believed in Spiritual existence—some being good and some evil, which have maintained a connection with, and manifested their powers through human beings—in the case of the witch of Endor to even raising the dead; while scarcely any pretended to be, and no one, in fact, is able to explain the mysteries, to unfold the manner of their operations, or lay down the laws governing them. The prevalence of the belief, however, and the authority on which it rests, are sufficiently extensive and respectable to shield any individual indulging it from the charge, if not of weakness, at least of insanity, simply on account of such belief.' Pretty strong, for the Supreme Court of Indiana!"

Lord Campbell, in his lives of the Lord Chancellors, gives the same opinion, and uses the following language: "I would very readily have pardoned him (Lord Chief Justice Hale) for an undoubted belief in witchcraft, and I should have considered that this belief detracted little from his character for discernment and humanity. The Holy Scriptures teach that in some ages of the world, wicked persons, by the agency of the evil Spirits, were permitted, through means which exceed the ordinary powers of nature, to work mischief to their fellow creatures."

"The world is not so liberal as Lord Campbell—it does not pardon Judge Edmonds and ex-Senator Tallmadge for believing in Spiritualism. The world, or a portion of it, is growing more bigoted every day; instance the crusade against Catholics. How religion is advanced by abuse of our fellow man—how persecution adds members to churches—how Spiritualism is overcome by vilification and ridicule, let the morals of Evansville, the prosperity of Protestant churches, and the rapid and increasing growth of Spiritualism, answer. The writer of these lines is very firmly persuaded that the religious theory of the Spiritualists is false and unsatisfactory, and that it will prove temporary; but he thinks that indiscriminate ridicule and abuse injures those only who use such base weapons; and moreover, that all creeds, whether "native" or foreign, are entitled to FAIR PLAY.

SPIRITUALISM, THE BIBLE, AND THE CHURCHES.

Dr. Wood, of Evansville, seems determined to keep his "fellow-citizens" thinking on the subject of Spiritualism, now that agitation is in progress, for the Evansville Enquirer gives his second letter on the above subject. The Dr. is in earnest, and likely to effect some practical as well as theoretical changes in Evansville, if we understand his allusions.

We extract the larger part of the letter, as there are some local facts which prove conclusively that the Spirits are "no respecters of persons," since they have ministered unto and converted members from the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Episcopal churches, to a knowledge of the ministry of angels. After some introductory remarks, the Dr. continues as follows:—

"Christ says, I come not to destroy the law, but to fulfil the law and the prophets. We say, then, his coming only exalted, and transmitted to man Spiritual phenomena of a much higher order than existed with the prophets. His coming did not by any means do away with the working of miracles or any other gift bestowed upon his immediate followers."

"He says, while yet in the flesh, 'Verily, verily I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also.' St. John, 14, 12. Again he says, while in his Spiritual form, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned, and these signs shall follow them that believe: In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.' Now, was language ever plainer, or is any one so stupid as to say this language referred to a suspension of those gifts. This was addressed to the disciples by Christ himself. The signs shall follow him that believes. It is by no means confined to the apostles. Twenty-six years after Christ uttered this to the eleven apostles, Paul recognizes the same fact, in his letter to the Corinthians, and says, 'but the manifestation of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal.' 1 Cor. 12, 7. Again he says, 13, 5: 'I would that ye all spake with tongues, but rather that ye prophesy.' Again, at the 31st and 32d verses, he says: 'For ye may all prophesy one by one, that all may learn, and all may be comforted; and the Spirit's of the prophets are subject to the prophets.'

"Now, I would ask those who deny that the Bible supports Spiritualism, what they will do with this and what Paul says to the Hebrews, Heb. 1, 14; and with what John says in his first epistle, 4, 1-3? Do any of our preachers who so stoutly claim they follow Christ, claim they follow Paul's exhortation? If so, where are the signs that follow? Not a week passes but I see at the circle of which I am a member, more or less of the signs of Christianity that are to follow a belief in Christ. But our 'over-wise' opponents call all such evidences of Christianity as Paul recognizes, 'tom-foolery' and gibbering nonsense."

"Now, what does Ezekiel say of just such a denial that the Spiritual Christian is Christ's follower. By their own showing, and their opposition to Spiritualism, they make the following apply to themselves. They must not blame me for seeing the likeness; see Ezek. 13, 3, 7: 'Thus saith the Lord God; who unto the foolish prophets that follow their own spirit, and have seen nothing! O Israel, thy prophets are like the foxes in the deserts. \* \* \* they have seen vanity and lying divinations, saying, the Lord saith: and the Lord hath not sent them: and they have made others to hope that they would confirm the word. Have ye not seen a vain vision, and have ye not spoken a lying divination, whereas ye say, the Lord saith it; albeit I have not spoken.'"

"I repeat, I am not opposed to the Bible Christianity or the Church, as my opponents would so

present all Spiritualists to be. The circle I belong to has six mediums; two of them are Presbyterians, two Methodists, one Episcopal, one to me unknown. Nearly every one of the members are professors of other churches, and steps will soon be taken, I hope, to organize a church of our own."

For the Christian Spiritualist.

"A SPIRITUAL IMPRESSION" OBEYED.

Daniel J. Combs (who is now in the Spiritual house not made with hands) was in the fall of '53 on a tour at the city of St. Louis. The time was rapidly approaching when he expected to take passage on the steamer, and he bore along on the bosom of the Father of Waters to his native home. But no sooner had he commenced preparing for the pleasant voyage, than an impression was indelibly fixed in his mind that, if he took passage on that boat, some fearful accident would happen soon after their departure. He was so anxious to arrive at home that he resisted so much as to go to the boat to depart anyhow; but when he got there, the impression was two powerful for further resistance, and he gave up to the ministering angel, and returned to the hotel and commenced reading a newspaper. Just then the boat began to plough the deep blue wave for her port of destination, but ere fifteen minutes had elapsed, the boat had blown all to pieces, killing a great number, and wounding the remainder.

A PRESENTMENT OF DEATH.

Again, in July, '54, the same Daniel J. Combs (whose residence was Bloomington, Ill.), had some very urgent business to attend to in the city of Peoria, that could not reasonably be put off till the morrow. So he hired a horse and buggy, and the time of his departure was fixed. The presentment was that death was just before him, and his loving wife entreated him not to leave that day, for fear she might not see him in the flesh again; but he resisted the persuasions of his wife and the whisperings of his guardian angel, and embraced his little family weeping, saying, "I may never see you all clothed in flesh again." He then passed into his buggy and started on his journey, but he cast many lingering looks towards his residence, and went on his way sorrowing. He arrived that day at the aforesaid city, and dispensed with his business, and on the following morning took his leave for home. On his way he came to a certain water, over which spanned a lofty bridge, without railing on either side, near the centre of which his horse took a fright and jumped from the bridge, throwing him headlong beneath the buggy, and breaking his spine. He was taken up as dead by some mowers who were passing that way, and conveyed to a house, after which consciousness soon returned. The sad news was carried to his wife, who in a few hours was by his side, to cheer and comfort him by kind acts and words. He was taken home, and lived in the body from the 3d of July to the 27th, and then passed to the Spiritual realm, a firm believer and advocate of the teachings of the Spirits. Can the would-be Spiritualists wise men of this generation, and opposers of the divine philosophy of God (as taught in his works, word, and by his Spirit), explain the above on any material principle found in their records? If so, we are anxious to be enlightened.

Yours, in the cause of truth and progress,  
W. B. S. COMBS.  
SULLIVAN, Ind., Feb. 18, 1856.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS REALIZED. A letter to the EDWARDS Congregational Church, Boston. By Mr. and Mrs. A. E. NEWTON, members of the Church. With Notes and an Appendix, embracing facts illustrative of Angelic Ministration, and the substance of a reply to the Congregationalist. Boston: Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street. New York: Partridge & Brittan. 1856. Pp. 72.

The best thing to be said for this clearly-written and eloquently expressed communication to the Church, aside from the earnest, honest, and consistent testimony it bears for the Ministry of Angels, is the fact that it has passed through an edition of five thousand and has taken out a renewed lease of life and usefulness in a "stereotype" form.

Mr. Newton is so generally known to our readers as the editor of the New England Spiritualist, that we deem it unnecessary to introduce him, or insist on his merits as a writer; the more, as one fact explains another to thinkers.

Mrs. Newton, however, is not so generally known, and we therefore extract the following from the appendix, in illustration of her mediumship:

"THE CARPET-WEAVERS.—[This vision was given in presence of a large company of persons, mostly strangers to the visionist, assembled for social purposes. She perceived that great numbers of Spirits were present, all urgent to make themselves known to their earthly friends; but seeing that to be impracticable on the occasion, they had consulted together, and decided that one or two of the more advanced of their number should present something which might convey pleasure and profit to all. A panoramic scene then opened before her vision, which she described as it passed, not having herself the slightest idea, in advance, of what was to follow. The following will give but a faint perception of it:] 'I see each person present engaged in weaving a carpet. These carpets are symbolic of your varied lives. The magnetic life-cores which unite your hearts with the Infinite Source of life form the warp of these carpets; and your every act, word, and thought, are the filling, which, day by day, and hour by hour, you are weaving in. Some of your carpets, I perceive, are very beautiful,—the figures are all perfectly formed, the fabric is soft and pleasant to walk upon,—while those of others are badly woven; they have made mistakes sometimes, and have been obliged to go back, take out their work, and do it over again; and, when done the second time, it looks botched and imperfect—the figures are badly formed, they do not match well, and nobody walks upon them with pleasure. By describing thus the carpet which I see each one forming, I could doubtless give the characteristics and something of the life-history of each individual present; but as that might not be pleasant to all, I am directed to select one of the more beautiful, and give you some account of that. It is the richest and the softest that I ever saw. Angels even love to walk upon it and admire its beauties; while to the foot-sore and weary of earth it is especially grateful. The weaver has just completed a most superb figure in her carpet; it represents a basket or bouquet of flowers. They are so fresh and real that the very perfume exhalates upon the atmosphere, and little cherubs, like humming-birds, gather sweetness from the opening buds. The angels say that upon the under side of the carpet may be seen a picture of the scene in the life of the weaver which has formed

\* This same symbol was once afterwards repeated in the presence of some four or five individuals, equally strangers to the visionist; and all acknowledged, equally, that they saw, and the important incidents of which I have been telling in the past, were repeated. The visionist, however, was not present, and the vision was not repeated."

the pattern by which this beautiful figure has been wrought. They let me look upon the under side, and this is the picture I see: A lady is passing along the street on a cold December day; she is standing upon a corner, a poor boy, miserably clad, and barefooted, with a basket on his arm; he is crying. Other ladies, richly attired, have heard his sobs, but have passed haughtily and unheeding by. This lady stops, and asks him why he weeps. He says, 'My poor mother is sick at home; I have no father; we have no fire or food; my little sisters are crying of cold and hunger, and I don't know what to do.' Her heart is touched; she tells him she will go home with him, and see if he tells a true tale. She accompanies him to a cheerless home, and finds all too true. She at once supplies their needs, sends a physician, and hope and joy dawn once more on those suffering ones. This is the deed which has formed so beautiful and rich a figure in this carpet,\* and you, who would wear a life-carpet soft with the living verdure of kind acts, and rich with the perfume of loving deeds,—a carpet on which those who come after you may delight to walk, and which angels may condescend to admire,—go and do likewise."

How far this and the other manifestations given in the appendix can be said to be Spiritual per se, will depend on the reader's intimacy with the phenomena and its philosophy; but the moral of the vision all can understand, and in some sort reduce to practice, in the various relations of life.

\* The lady to whom this applied, was almost a stranger to us, and we never learned whether the scene described had actually taken place; only we were informed, by those acquainted with her, that she was in the habit of doing just such things.

THE SPIRITUAL HERALD.—Devoted to the Exposition of the Phenomena of Spirit Manifestations, and their application to Human Welfare. February, 1856. No. 1, Vol. 1. Published Monthly by H. Bailliere, 219 Regent Street, London, and 290 Broadway, New York.

The above is the title page of a new European publication, which contains 32 pages of closely printed matter, all of which relates to the facts, philosophy and history of modern Spiritualism.

It is in book form, and is well printed—the paper being good—and the type assorted.

We therefore welcome the Herald to the joyful mission of bearing the glad tidings of immortal life, and spirit intercourse; as many such instrumentalities will have to be used, before the winter of skepticism shall have passed away. And we doubt not the Herald will be an efficient and powerful agent in aiding progress in that direction, judging from the number before us. The following extract specifies the object of the publication, and outlines its philosophy of the manifestations:—

"The object of this periodical is to present to the subject of Spiritualism to the people of England, in facts and arguments, and to supply the deficiency of the popular press, which seems determined to keep the public blind to the greatest mental revelation of modern times. These facts will be supplied from the numerous details of the American papers, and from the wonderful phenomena of daily occurrence in our English homes, recorded for the benefit and instruction of those who are candid and intelligent enough to investigate a most remarkable crisis that has occurred since the opening of the Christian era."

The modern spiritual manifestations have taken the world by surprise. They were not expected by philosophers in an age of materialism. Perhaps philosophers have yet to learn that progressive movement is conducted by reaction, and that either extreme produces its opposite. What this is understood, it will no longer seem strange that Spiritualism should have revived in our age like this.

Spiritual manifestations are familiar to all ages and countries. There is not a province or place in Christendom which has not its tale of the supernatural. Many, perhaps most, of these are fanciful inventions—the creations of popular bewilderment and timid superstition; but there is a deeply rooted faith in all countries and in all ages, that Spiritual agency on solid matter, and spiritual apparitions in solid form, are possible. A spirit is a being sui generis (of its own kind)—a spiritual body—perceptible to the senses of the inhabitants of the world under certain conditions. Angels appear of old in bodily form and ate and drank—the rolled away stones—they drew bolts and opened doors—they struck off chains and fetters. What they did then they may do again, or our faith is vain; for it is founded upon such facts."

We have room but for another extract, and this we take from a "Public Discussion on Spiritualism," which forms a large and an interesting part of this number. The arguments of Mr. Reed in favor of Spiritualism are well sustained by the authority of fact and logic, in illustration of which we give the following. Mr. Reed says:—

"I have seen a table of my own, rotate upon under such circumstances. On one occasion I visited a few friends to my house for the purpose of forming a 'circle.' We sat down, six or seven in number, round a circular table in the manner I have described, and after patiently waiting for about an hour, the manifestations commenced. The table turned at first slowly, then more rapidly until at length we had some difficulty in stopping it. Our hands were resting gently on the top of the table, and we directed our attention frequently to the fact that we made no absolute pressure. In addition to the rotary movement, the table gradually moved from one end of the room to the other, and then back again several times. I requested a lady present to play a tune on the piano which she did, when the table began to rock backwards and forwards, keeping exact time to the tune. Several other times were then played in succession, and the movements of the table were ways promptly changed as required, in order to keep time. Several heavy articles were placed on the table, which it was requested to remove, and invariably the request was complied with by the table inclining forward on two of its three legs, so that the top was slanting in such a way that the articles could no longer remain on. Money was placed on the table, and, at request, it was made jump up and down by rapid jerking movements of the obedient piece of furniture. A gentleman was present, not forming one of the circle, but simply a spectator, whose christian name was known to no one in the room but himself. I accordingly asked him to repeat several names, including his own, and requested the table to 'step' at the right one. The gentleman, who, I should say, was decidedly skeptical, then repeated several names slowly, and at the mention of his own, the table tipped, as directed—thus giving the 'circle' an item of information which none of them before possessed. I then asked a gentleman present to put all the money he had in his pocket on the table, which he did. The pieces were placed in the centre in such a manner that no one could possibly count them, as they were, and the table

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For the Christian Spiritualist.  
A LEAF FROM MY MANUSCRIPT BOOK.  
VALE OF BEAUTY.

BY S. M. PETERS, S. R.  
Vale of beauty, I must leave thee,  
I must wander for awhile,  
When I come again receive me,  
With thy blindest, sweetest smile,  
Parting wishes kindly spoken,  
Long on memory's tablet dwell;  
Take then take this parting token,  
Vale of beauty fare thee well.

Vale of beauty, thoughts are stealing,  
Near the troubled fount of tears,  
Checked by gentle hope revealing,  
Promised joy for coming years;  
Dear departed days of pleasure,  
Flit around on spectre wings,  
Song forgets its wonted measure,  
When no voice responsive sings.

Vale of beauty, though we sever,  
Part, perchance no more to meet;  
Recollection burning ever,  
Oh will stay my wandering feet;  
I shall turn in midnight slumbers,  
Through the shades to walk alone,  
Still inditing rustic numbers,  
All unknown—all unknown.

Vale of beauty, friends can soften,  
Every ill that fate can send;  
I have asked our Father often,  
One to give, one genial friend;  
One my summer walks attending,  
In the wilderness on the sea;  
Flora's greenest garlands blending,  
With the gems of poetry.

Vale of beauty, I am going,  
Where the chrysalis wretches play;  
Chased by western breezes blowing,  
From the prairie wilds away;  
Where those waves the rocks are laving,  
There my brothers, sisters dwell;  
Where the lofty trees are waving,  
I am going, Fare thee well.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.  
Forgive and forget! why the world would be lonely,  
The garden a wilderness left to deform;  
If the flowers but remembered the chilling blast only,  
And the fields gave no verdure for fear of the storm.  
Oh, still in thy loneliness endure the flower,  
Give the fragrance of life to sweeten life's way;  
And prolong not again the brief clond of an hour,  
With tears that blot darken the rest of the day!  
Forgive and forget! there's no breast so unfeeling,  
But some gentle thoughts of affection there live;  
And the best of us all require something concealing,  
Some heart that with smiles can forget and forgive.  
Then away with the clouds from those beautiful eyes,  
That brow was no home for such frowns to have met;  
O, how could our spirits e'er hope for the skies,  
If Heaven refused—TO FORGIVE AND FORGET!

PROGRESS AND INDIVIDUALIZATION.

As the theory of progress is more or less fundamental to all phases of Spiritualism, the following thoughts may interest, and aid the reader in constructing a rational and religious faith. We extract from the "confidential experiences of a Spiritualist," now in process of publication in the N. Y. Sunday Courier.

We know the writer to possess a thoughtful mind and much religious experience, and think the following worthy of an attentive reading.—*Ed. Ch. Sp.*

Those writers and reasoners on anthropology, who contend that the disorders of the world are a necessary adjunct to a certain state of human development—that evil is one of the stages in the growth of good; a lesser degree of the same thing; or at most but a negative quality, implying only the absence of good, as cold is but the absence of heat; commit the same error that a mineralogist would, who should undertake to explore the qualities of a gem, simply by the sense of touch. In order to make their theory at all plausible, these philosophers are obliged to consider matter the mother of mind—dust the father of intelligence—to find the germ of man in the mineral, and to trace him thence through the vegetable to the animal; and through sponges, polypi and morads, to the monkey; whence he blossomed naturally into his present stature of physical and mental beauty, fitted, as the principal and ultimate of all natural productions, to take his place at the head of earth and ores, and all minerals; of corn and grapes, and all vegetables; of reptiles and elephants, and all animals; as their acknowledged chief.

According to this theory, and assuming that man's progenitors, the apes and the insects are naturally vicious and carnivorous; and considering that his more remote ancestors the vegetables and the minerals, are many of them deadly poisons, it is certainly not to be wondered at that the race, however rapidly advancing, have not yet arrived at the purity of angels. This of necessity must be a work of time and progression. To rid himself of all these taints and viruses of his nature, physical and mental, is a labor indeed; and instead of finding fault with the present posture of the world, we should rather indulge our astonishment, that from beginnings like these, such extraordinary advancements and perfections have been reached.

In the views of these philosophers, however, there is a superficial truth, but when examined in their breadth, a central error. The continuous development and progression of all things whatever toward higher states of perfection, is true, but not in the way in which they suppose. That the human race has come up through the apes, has in it also the shadow of a truth; but it is only true in a most inferior sense. It is true so far as this, that the globe we inhabit passed through various stages of development, maturing vegetable and animal life, before it reached such a state of refinement, as to supply material fitted to enter into the earthly part of man, and constitute his body; for of its dust were the bodies of those who were to have dominion over it, to be made. But that like begets unlike, instead of like—that flowers and vegetables were born of minerals, and animals of vegetables—that the lizard begot a fish, and the fish a bird, and the bird a monkey, and the monkey a man, is not true. This is not the order of nature.

Progression is infinite, but not after this manner. This is the order—like unfolds and produces its like, with a constant tendency toward a higher perfection. This is the case with the atom, the vegetable, the animal and man; and with globes, suns, and universes. The gross physical atom will continue to unfold, until it becomes a Spiritual, and lastly a celestial atom; and earths and suns are constantly refining, and unfolding new beauties, capacities and splendors; and will thus continue, until they become Spiritual and celestial earths and suns; with as little gravity about them as that possessed by a Spirit. And man also is subject, as to his material and capacities, to this same im-

perative law of progression, from which there is no escape. His natural order of unfolding is, to advance from the helplessness and ignorance of infancy, to the power and wisdom of a celestial angel. He may retard his destiny, but he cannot prevent it. He must needs, sooner or later, whether he would or not, blossom into Spiritual life, with powers and capacities greatly increased, and surrounded by means and appliances fitted to the magnitude of his new state of being. These he may still continue for a time, perhaps almost an infinity of time, to pervert and abuse as he did his lesser advantages and faculties here; but the period will ultimately come, when the persistent love of the Father will reach his heart, and he will be softened, be made willing, and be taken home among the blessed.

There is a reason why the law of progression is imperative and irresistible, and operative everywhere and upon everything; and it is because the Deity is always infusing into all things more and more of his own vitalizing energy, as each unfolding increases the capacity to receive. There is also a reason why, in the order of nature, like must produce its like; and it is because each order of created things, and each thing in the same order, is a separate and distinct creation by itself. The mineral kingdom and each mineral; the floral, and each flower; and the animal kingdom and each animal, are each and all individualized formations, with forms, organizations and qualities, diverse from all the rest.

This will appear the more evident if we consider the origin of forms. The prevalent idea that forms are ultimations of matter is incorrect. Some even go so far as to say that form cannot be predicated of anything above the natural plane—thus in effect denying form to spirits, to spiritual worlds, and to the Deity. Just the reverse of all this is true. Forms exist in spirit before they do in matter, and thence ultimate themselves in matter; each spirit of a thing giving to matter its own form. The proof of this is in all analogy, and in our everyday experience. The production of the artisan is first shaped in his mind—his spirit elaborates it on the spiritual plane—and then his hands clothe it with a material form on the plane of matter. But never in the external can he equal his ideal, because being a birth of the superior, it can never, on the inferior, be made to equal the original.

Matter has of itself no power to combine itself into diverse forms. The minute atom is in itself a form, completely organized; and in order thus to organize it, it is necessary that it be endowed with a spirit, according to its order, from the source of all spirit and all life. But having been thus endowed, it has no power, either alone or in combination with other atoms, to produce new individualizations. It remains at rest forever, until moved upon by a higher power.

If this be not so—if matter acts and produces spontaneously—how shall we account for the diversity of its growth? Why does it not, under like conditions, produce all diamonds, all roses, all oaks, all leopards, all men? The reason is simply, that each one of these, and all other things, are endowed by the Deity, each with a spirit, according to its order, which works out and moulds its own form and quality in matter; reproducing in the external, what the Creator had previously wrought out to idea, and fashioned in the germ, on the celestial and spiritual planes. So it never happens that rubies turn to gold; or that roses turn to pinks; or apples, pears; or fish, birds; or monkeys, men; but the bodies of men being inhabited by the spirits of men, and the particles of which they are composed having taken form after the form of the spirit, and being held together and vitalized by it; and the monkey being thus tenanted by the spirit of a monkey; fish, by the spirit of a fish; flower by the spirit of a flower; and the gem by the spirit of a gem; each develops in its separate existence according to its diverse order; but all in such relations and so beautifully blended, as to constitute the harmonious whole of nature.

It may be difficult for us to conceive the exact nature of a spiritual body or a spiritual form, because they are above us, and our faculties are as yet only familiar with material forms; but it is nevertheless true, that the intelligence of thought must originate all forms, and determine their qualities, on the plane of thought or spirit, before it is possible that they should have birth in matter. And in this order did creation extend through a succession of periods or days. The vitalizing and organization of minerals was one work, or creation; and the successive introduction of vegetables, of animals and man, as the globe became fitted to their production and reception, were each separate creations. Granite and iron, with their solidity and strength; gold, with its richness; the crystal, with its sparkle; each flower, with its special grace and beauty, and the quality of its perfume; and bulbous roots and shrubs, and trees; mites, butterflies, singing birds, and beasts, and all the hosts of animated life which people water, earth and air—each and all, were first fashioned in the germ in the spiritual world, energized and conveyed thence to the natural world, there to work out in matter, through the agency of their own inherent forces, their own proper forms, and assemblage of perfections and beauties.

SPIRIT POSSESSION IN COCHIN-CHINA, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO YEARS AGO.

In a French medical work by Dr. Calmeil, may be found the following letter, written in 1738, by a worthy Catholic missionary named Lacour, to Dr. Winslow, a celebrated physician. It has been translated for our columns by a friend:—"I cannot refuse your request that I should give you in writing the particulars in reference to the possessed Cochin-Chinaman, of whom I had the honor to speak with you.

"In the year 1733, about the month of May or June, happening to be in the Province of Cham, Kingdom of Cochin-China, in the church of a village named Cheta, a mile and a half from the capital of the province, there was brought to me a young Christian convert, some eighteen or nineteen years of age.

"His friends said that he was possessed of an evil spirit. A little incredulous, I may add, to my shame, too much so at that time, on account of my little experience in those things, of which I had never known an instance, but of which I had often heard the converts speak—I desired to know whether there was not some simplicity or malice in the statement."

Here follows the recital of the parents, which can be reduced to these words:—"Their son, having made an unworthy communion, had disappeared from the village, fled to the mountains, and would call himself only the traitor Judas.

"After hearing their story," continues the missionary, "I consented to visit their son. I went, firmly resolved to believe nothing unless I saw evidence of a supernatural power. On arriving, I addressed him in Latin, of which I knew he could not possibly have the least knowledge. Though stretched upon the floor in convulsions, he rose im-

mediately to a sitting posture, and answered distinctly: "Ego nescio loqui latine,"—"I do not know how to speak Latin." I was so struck with astonishment that, overwhelmed, I withdrew, fearing to interrogate him further.

"Nevertheless, a few days after, I went again to see him, and commenced by some test commands, observing constantly to speak Latin, of which, as I said before, he was entirely ignorant. Among other things, I ordered the spirit to throw him to the ground, and was instantly obeyed, but he was hurled with such violence that, strained and rigid as were his limbs, one would have thought it a log, rather than a man, which fell.

"Weary with his long resistance, I resolved to make a last effort; it was, to imitate the example of the Bishop of Tlitolpolis on a similar occasion. I ventured to attempt an exorcism, by commanding the demon, in Latin, to raise him, feet foremost to the ceiling of the church. Immediately his body became rigid, and as if he had lost all power over his members, he was dragged from the middle of the church to a column, and there, with his feet drawn together, his back to the column, without the aid of his hands, he was elevated, in the twinkling of an eye, to the ceiling, like a weight that had been drawn up quickly, from above, without any apparent action of his own. Suspended with his feet against the ceiling, and his head downwards, I made the spirit declare, as I had proposed to do, in order to humble him and force him to withdraw his influence, the falsity of the Pagan religion. I compelled him to confess that he was a deceiver, and at the same time to acknowledge the truth of our religion. I kept him in this position for perhaps half an hour, when, being myself much frightened at what I saw, I ordered him to be brought to my feet without injury. Upon the word, he was dropped to the floor before me like a bundle of rags, without apparently receiving the least injury. From that day, my enmity, though not entirely freed from the strange influences, was much relieved. Day by day his troubles diminished; but particularly when I was in his house, he appeared so tranquil that one would have supposed him quite cured. He remained for five months connected with my church: at the expiration of that period the influences had entirely left him; and he is to-day, perhaps, as sincere and devout a Christian as is to be found in Cochin-China.—*N. E. Spiritualist.*

DE QUINCEY'S TRANCE AND VISION.  
(From *Suspiria de Profundis*.)

On the day after my sister's death, I formed my own scheme for seeing her once more. Not for the world would I have made this known, nor have suffered a witness to accompany me. The house was large; there were two staircases; and by one of these I knew that about noon, when all would be quiet, I could steal up into her chamber. I imagine that it was exactly high noon when I reached the chamber door; it was locked, but the key was not taken away. Entering, I closed the door so softly, that although it opened upon a hall which ascended through all the stories, no echo ran along the silent walls. Then, turning round, I sought my sister's face. But the bed had been moved, and the back was now turned. Nothing met my eyes but one large window wide open, through which the sun of midsummer at noonday was showering down torrents of splendor. The weather was dry, the sky was cloudless, the blue depths seemed the express types of infinity; and it was not possible for eye to behold or heart to conceive any symbols more pathetic of life and the glory of life.

From the gorgeous sunlight, I turned round to the corpse. There lay the sweet childish figure, there the angel face; and, as people usually fancy, it was said in the house no features had suffered any change. Had they not? The forehead, indeed, the serene and noble forehead, that might be the same; but the frozen eyelids, the darkness that seemed to steal from beneath them, the marble lips, the stiffening hands laid palm to palm, as if repeating the supplications of closing anguish, could these be mistaken for life? Had it been so, wherefore did I not spring to those heavenly lips with tears and never-ending kisses? But so it was not. I stood checked for a moment; awe, not fear, fell upon me; and whilst I stood, a solemn wind began to blow, the most mournful that ear ever heard. Mournful! that is saying nothing. It was a wind that had swept the fields of mortality for a hundred centuries. Many times since, upon a summer day, when the sun is about the hottest, I have remarked the wind arising and uttering the same hollow, Memnonian, but saintly swell; it is in this world the one sole audible symbol of eternity. And three times in my life I have happened to hear the same sound in the same circumstances, viz, when standing between an open window and a dead body on a summer day.

Instantly, when my ear caught this Eolian intonation, when my eye filled with the golden fulness of life, the pomp and glory of the heavens outside, and turning when it settled upon the frost which overspread my sister's face, instantly a trance fell on me. A vault seemed to open in the zenith of the far blue sky, a shaft which ran up for ever, I, in spirit rose as if on billows that also ran up the shaft for ever; and the billows seemed to pursue the throne of God; but that also ran before us and fled away continually. The flight and the pursuit seemed to go on for ever. Frost, gathering frost, seemed to repel me; I slept—for how long I cannot say! Slowly I recovered my self-possession, and found myself standing as before, close to my sister's bed.

Oh flight of the solitary child! to the solitary God—flight from the ruined corpse to the throne that could not be ruined!—how rich wert thou in truth for after years. Rapture of grief, that, being too mighty for a child to sustain; fondness of a happy oblivion in a heaven born sleep, and within that sleep didst conceal a dream, whose meaning in after years, when slowly I deciphered, suddenly there flashed upon me new light; and even by the grief of a child, were confounded the falsehoods of philosophers.

If the Spirit is made for eternity, it is worthy to receive all the truths that eternity gives.

\* De Quincey was but six years old when this occurred.

INDIAN MYTHOLOGY.—The Delawares believe that a guardian Spirit in the form of a great eagle, watches over them, hovering in the sky far out of sight. Sometimes when well pleased with them, he wheels down into the lower regions, and may be seen circling with wide spread wings against the white clouds: at such times the seasons are propitious, the corn grows finely and they have great success in hunting. Sometimes, however, he is angry, and then he vents his rage in the thunder, which is his voice, and the lightning, which is the flashing of his eye, and strikes dead the object of his displeasure.—*Crayon Miscellany.*

SABBATH IN THE COUNTRY.

Upon people who have been brought up in the country, in a retired and Christian village, it seems hardly necessary to urge the observance of the Sabbath. It is already sanctified by too many tender associations ever to be abandoned. Once in seven days the ordinary occupations of business are laid aside. The streets are deserted, "And all the world lies still."

Suddenly over the hill is heard the sound of the church bell; and forth from their dwellings issue whole families, parents leading their little children by the hand, and brothers and sisters walking side by side, and all with grave steps wending their way to the house of God. Those from a distance come in wagons and carriages. The front of the village church presents an animated scene. It seems as if some unusual event had assembled the whole town. And how reverently they enter the place of worship. Solemn prayers are offered.—Hymns are sung—joyful or plaintive melodies that long have charmed the ears of the pious worshippers:

"Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide." The volume of eternal life is read, and then follows a solemn discourse respecting God, or Eternity; on the state of the dead, or the duties of the living. An hour passes, and the congregation issues from the doors, and disperses along the road.

There is the great civilizing influence in our dear country homes, and every Christian land:

"From scenes like this old Scotia's grandeur springs, That makes her loved at home, revered abroad." But for this day our population would be mere laboring animals, beasts of burden like the horse and ox. But the Sabbath teaches them that they are not brutes. It teaches every man that he has a soul that is to live forever. It furnishes food for thought during the week—thus silently raises the whole life of the community.

And how humanizing is this influence! What kindness and good will it produce between all classes of society. "The rich and the poor meet together," and feel that "the Lord is the maker of them all." It reminds the rich of their common humanity with those whom, but for this, they might look down upon. In the poor it awakens self-respect. As they come to church, dressed with neatness, and sit beside their more wealthy neighbors the feeling of inferiority disappears, and they feel that they are kindred with those whom they regarded with envy. This intercourse removes their prejudices, and softens their manners. Insensibly a refinement is imparted to the most common people by associating with persons of education.

And how the Sabbath supports the hearts that are heavy and cast down! Blessed day of rest! of freedom from labor and care! How many old men, who have outlived the ordinary enjoyments of life, find their solace in coming up to the House of God. To how many poor widows, who have laid their affections in the grave, does this day bring the sole relief and happiness of the week. For all these things we love the Sabbath day. And although these times of bustle and excitement draw away many from its observance, we would remember to keep it holy, not only in obedience to the command of God, but as a hallowed interval of peace, which is the best earthly type of heaven.—*York Republican.*

THE PULPIT AND SECULAR MATTERS.

Rev. H. W. Beecher, expresses himself on this point as follows:

"We have no doubt that a rigorous landlord, having sharked it all the week, would be better pleased on Sunday, to doze through an able Gospel sermon on Divine mysteries, than to be kept awake by a practical sermon, that, among other things, set forth the duties of a Christian landlord. A broker who has gambled on a magnificent scale all the week, does not go to church to have his practical swindling analyzed and measured by the 'New Testament spirit.' A merchant, whose late bale of smuggled goods was safely stored on Saturday night, and his brother merchant, who, on that same day, swore a false invoice through the Custom House—they go to church to hear a sermon on faith, on angels, on the resurrection. They have nothing invested on those subjects, they expect the minister to be bold and orthodox. But if he wants respectable merchants to pay ample poor rents, let him not vulgarize the pulpit by introducing commercial questions. A rich Christian brother owns largely in a distillery, and is clamorous against letting down the pulpit to the vulgarity of temperance sermons. Another man buys tax-titles, and noses about all the week to see who can be slipped out of a neglected lot. A merchant that piles his craft with the unscrupulous appliance of every means that win, he too wants 'doctrine' on the Sabbath, not these secular questions. Men wish two departments in life; the secular and the religious. Between them a high wall and opaque, is to be built. They wish to do just what they please for six long days. Then stepping the other side of the wall, they wish the minister to assuage their fears, to comfort their consciences, and furnish them a clear ticket and assurance for heaven. By such a shrewd management, our modern financiers are determined to show that a Christian can serve two masters both God and mammon, at the same time.

INFIRMITIES OF GENIUS.

Moore says "the five most remarkable instances of early authorship are those of Pope, Congreve, Churchill, Chatterton and Byron." The first of these died in his fifty-sixth year; the second in his fifty-eighth year; the third in his thirty-fourth, "the sleepless boy" committed suicide in his eighteenth; and Byron died in his thirty-seventh year.

Mozart, at the age of three years, began to display astonishing abilities for music, and in the two following years composed some trifling pieces, which his father carefully preserved, and like all prodigies, his career was a short one—he died at thirty-six.

Tasso, from infancy, exhibited such quickness of understanding, that at the age of five he was sent to a Jesuit academy, and two years afterwards recited verses and orations of his own composition. He died at fifty-one. Dermody was employed by his father, who was a school-master, as assistant in teaching the Latin and Greek languages in his ninth year. He died at twenty-seven. The American prodigy, Lucretia Davidson, was another melancholy instance of precocious genius and early death. Keats wrote several pieces before he was fifteen, and only reached his twenty-fifth year. The ardor of Dante's temperament, we are told, was manifested in his childhood. The lady he celebrated in his poems, under the name of Beatrice, he fell in love with at the age of ten. Schiller, at the age of fourteen, was the author of an epic poem. He died at forty-six. Cowley published a collection of his juvenile poems, "Poetical Blossoms," at sixteen, and died at sixty-nine. Wordsworth was nineteen years completing "Peter Bell."—*Exchange.*

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER."

Mr. Bradbury, one of the conductors of the *New York Musical Review*, thus writes of the death of his child, Kittie Lizzie, at the age of five years: "Kittie is gone. Where? To heaven. An angel came and took her away. She was a lovely child—gentle as a lamb; the pet of the whole family; the youngest of them all. But she could not stay with them any longer. She had an angel sister in Heaven waiting for her. The angel sister was with us only a few months, but she has been in heaven many years, and she must have loved Kittie, for everybody loved her. The loveliest flowers are soonest plucked. If a little voice sweeter and more musical than others was heard, I knew Kittie was near. If my study door opened so gently and stilly that no sound was heard, I knew Kittie was near. If after an hour's quiet play a little shadow passed me, and the door opened and shut as no one else could open and shut it, 'so as not to disturb papa,' I knew Kittie was going.

"When in the midst of my composure I heard a gentle voice saying, 'Papa, may I stay with you a little while? I will be very still,' I did not need to look off my work to assure me that it was my little lamb. You stayed with me too long, Kittie dear, to leave me so suddenly; and you are too still now. You became my little assistant—my home angel—my youngest and sweetest singing bird—and I miss the little voice that I have so often heard in an adjoining room, catching up and echoing little snatches of melody as they were being composed. I miss those soft and sweet kisses. I miss the little hand that was always first to be placed on my forehead, to 'drive away the pain.' I miss the sound of those little feet upon the stairs. I miss the little knock at my bedroom door in the morning, and the triple good night kiss in the evening. I miss the sweet smiles from the sunniest of faces.

I miss—oh! how I miss the foremost in the little group who came out to meet me at the gate for the first kiss. I do not stoop so low now, Kittie, to give the first kiss. I miss you at the table, and at family worship. I miss your voice in 'I want to be an angel,' for nobody could sing it like you. I miss you in my rides and walks. I miss you in the garden; I miss you everywhere; but I will try not to miss you in Heaven. 'Papa, if we are good, will an angel come and take us to Heaven when we die?' When the question was asked, how little did I think the angel was so near. But he did 'truly' come, and the sweet flower is transplanted to a genial clime. 'I do wish papa would come here.' Wait a little while, Kittie, and papa will come. The journey is not long. He will soon be home.—*Saratoga Republican.*

WHAT I HAVE NOTICED.

I have noticed that all men speak well of men's virtues when they are dead; and the tombstones are marked with epitaphs of "good and virtuous." Is there any particular cemetery where the bad men are buried?

I have noticed that the prayer of every selfish man is "forgive us our debts," but he makes every body pay who owes him, to the utmost farthing.

I have noticed that death is a merciless judge though not impartial. Every man owes a debt—Death summons the debtor to lay down his dust in the currency of mortality.

I have noticed that he who thinks every man is a rogue, is very certain to see one when he shares himself, and he ought, in mercy to his neighbors, to surrender the rascal to justice.

I have noticed that money is the fool's wisdom, the knave's reputation, the wise man's jewel, the rich man's trouble, the poor man's desire, the covetous man's ambition, and the idol of all.

I have noticed that merit is always measured in the world by its success.

I have noticed that in order to be a reasonable creature, it is necessary at times, to be downright mad.

I have noticed that as we are always wishing instead of working for fortunes, we are disappointed, and call Dame Fortune "blind," but it is the very best evidence that the old lady has the most capital eye-sight, and is "no granny" with spectacles.

I have noticed that purses will hold pennies as well as pounds.

I have noticed that tomb-stones say "Here he lies," which no doubt is often the truth; and if men could see the epitaphs their friends sometimes write, they would believe they had got into the wrong grave.—*Exchange.*

VESEVIUS, ROME, AND GEOLOGY.

Professor Silliman recently delivered a lecture at Louisville, in the course of which he gave quite an interesting sketch of a visit paid by him to Mount Vesuvius. Despite the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii, the sides of the mountain are at this time inhabited by 300,000 people, who look not to the past, but sleep in fancied security upon lava beds which entombed villages beneath their feet. Vesuvius has been raised from the sea, he said, as had also all the regions round about Rome. Dormant Volcanoes encircled the Eternal City. The soil was composed of volcanic ashes. The ancient catacombs had been cut through until they reached to the mouth of the Tiber, in endless labyrinth. That below this deposit of ashes, was a formation containing marine fossil shells; and still deeper, one containing fresh water fossils. The subject, the lecturer said, was too vast for one short discourse—that the mind was lost in endeavoring to comprehend it. These results could only have been brought about through endless ages of time; that the Genesis account of the creation, taken literally, was entirely too short; but that geology in no wise conflicted with Scripture; on the contrary, every successive discovery in that science proved the correctness of the Mosaic account. First, chaos, and then the creation of that which was capable of existence in the midst of noxious vapors; these passing away, made new formations for a still higher form of life, and so on, each creation still more elevated in the scale of being, until at last came the crowning glory of God's plan—MAN, whom he created in his own image.—*Key Stone.*

A DEATH BELL.—A story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Magdalen, Breslau. When the metal was ready to pour into the mould, the chief founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under penalty of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders, and the whole of the metal went into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, slew him on the spot. On breaking open the mould, he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfect as possible. When it was hung in its place the master had been sentenced to death by the sword, for the murder of his apprentice, and he entreated the authorities that he might be allowed to hear it rung once before he died. His petition was granted, and the bell has since been rung at every execution.—*New Church Herald.*

"God is Love."—According to the Catechism of the Westminster Assembly, "God is a spirit, infinite, eternal, and unchangeable, in his being, wisdom, power, holiness, justice, goodness and truth." A very comprehensive definition, no doubt; yet did it never strike you as strange, that there is no mention of love here, and that that is a very remarkable omission?—an omission as remarkable as if a man who described the firmament were to leave out the sun, or, painting the human face, made it sightless, and gave no place on the canvas to those beaming eyes which give life and animation to the features. Why did an assembly, for piety, learning, and talents, the greatest, perhaps, that ever met in England, or anywhere else, give us that catalogue of the divine attributes, and deny a place among them to love? We think the omission may be thus explained and illustrated. Take a globe, and observing the natural order, lay on its surface the colors of the rainbow; give it a rapid motion round its axis; and now you no longer see blue, red, yellow, and the others. As if by magic, the whirling sphere changes into purest white, presenting to our eyes and understanding a visible proof that the sunbeam is not a simple, but compound body, woven of various rays, and forming, when blended into one, what we call light. Now, may it not be that these divines make no mention of love (otherwise an unaccountable omission), just because they held that as all the colors together make light, so all the attributes acting together make love; and that thus, because God is justice, wisdom, is power, is holiness, is goodness, and, truth, God therefore of necessity, and in the express words of John, "God is love." This is the briefest and best definition of Divinity, and would have been John's answer to the question, "What is God?"—*Dr. Guthrie.*

HONESTY—without Policy.—Mahometan honesty is what strikes the Christian in the East more forcibly than any other trait of character. There seems to be no distress so deep, and no temptation so great, as to induce a follower of the Prophet to take what does not belong to him, or in any manner to wrong friend or foe. The history of human society does not show an instance where the teachings of any one man has made such lasting impressions as Mahomet's in this particular. Centuries have passed since he has gone, but the standard of honesty has not been lowered among his followers; and no Christian community in Europe or America, can in this begin to compare with them. Theft is a crime unknown to them, and but one single instance of robbery has happened in Turkey for twenty years. A recent writer speaking on this point, says:—

"While traveling it is not uncommon to the Janissary enter the Caffine, have several bags of gold in a corner, and go out to sleep with his bag. A merchant, returning from Constantinople, saw a horse tied to an olive tree, and several bags on the ground. Curiosity led him to examine them—he found that they all contained gold, and several of the pieces had nearly worked through the cloth. On looking around, he saw a Janissary at some distance in a profound sleep. 'Fare thee well,' said the merchant, on waking him, 'whose is that?' 'I have charge of it,' was the answer. 'But are you not afraid to leave it there?' 'No,' said the Janissary, 'it can't run away.' 'What if the travelers may steal it?' said the merchant. 'They can't steal it,' replied the Turk, 'for it belongs to a man in Smyrna.'—*Roadside Courier.*

THE SAINTED DEAD.—They are our treasure-changes and shining treasures. Let us look fully. Not lost, but gone before. Lost of stars of the morning, they have faded into light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but to us. When the earth is dark, then the stars are bright; when objects around become indistinct and invisible in the shades of night, then they are more clearly seen. So is the night of sin and mourning; it settles down upon us like a twilight at the graves of our friends, but they shine on high. While we weep, they smile. While they are with us upon earth, they refresh our hearts refreshingly, like the dew upon flowers; when they disappear, it is by a path from above that has drawn them upward, though lost in the skies, like the dew that is distilled from the flowers, they will return to us like the flowers themselves, we will die, yet still bloom again in the Eden above. Then those who by the sweet attraction of their love, made holy and lovelier in light, will draw toward us again, and rest on our hearts as before. They are our treasures—loved ones—sainted ones.—*Exchange paper.*

A SINGULAR AND UNFORTUNATE GIRL.—A correspondent of the *Detroit Advertiser* states that A. A., the daughter of C. C. Dillaway, Fall River, Mass., is one of the wonders of the age. She is deaf, dumb, and blind; her right limbs are paralyzed—she is confined to her bed—cannot move without being thrown into a fit—she will converse fluently with the mute alphabet, writes very legibly with her left hand, reads, and writes on a paper, or slate, or print (the book being not too much worn), by passing the finger over the words. She will also distinguish the color in a variegated dress in the same manner. She has wrought several pieces of crowded tapestry, that would be a credit to any girl of her age, selecting and arranging all the colors by feeling, using only her left hand. She plays draughts, backgammon expertly. She knows when the clock comes into the room, by the jar of the pendulum, which she constantly lies, and can in this way distinguish the different members of the family.—*Exchange.*

A TOUCHING SCENE.—A correspondent of the *New York and Erie* road, an incident occurred touched every beholder's heart with pity. A comparatively young lady, dressed in deep mourning, her husband having recently died—was traveling southward, having in her care and keeping a young daughter of some six years.—The lady was mild-eyed in an unusual sky, and as she gazed at the hyacinth—her emaciated fingers as they clung to the petals of the flower, and transparent as the pearls of Ceylon. So touching was the affection of her heart for the mother, whose solitude for the daughter's comfort was unceasingly manifested. Looked on ever and anon from the car window she turned to her mother, saying: "Mother, I am weary when shall we get home?" After a time she turned into a gentle sleeper, and awaking suddenly, she looked smile over her features, she exclaimed: "Mother, there is papa!" The mother's home, but the angels plying the little ferret, gathered her to the Paradise of Innocence.—*Portland Transcript.*