



NOT SPIRITUALISM, BUT ORTHODOXY TENDS TO INSANITY.

Our beautiful faith, it is said, often leads to insanity. If so, it must be from very joy created by finding the dark creeds and theories of earth disclaimed and rejected in the spirit land.

THE MORTAL BODY THE SHELL OF THE SPIRIT. "If a man die, shall he live again?" Here lies the form that but yesterday enclosed a human soul.

OUR BROTHER, before his departure, in vision, traveled with spirit friends over a road which was at first rough, then smooth, leading through a beautiful country.

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN, AND THE CARRIAGE THAT RUNS ON IT.

My hearers, it is of vital importance that we should all be ready for the carriage when it comes. It is essential to our progress, and to the comfort of our journey.

If the Christ principle were carried into life, the road would be made smooth for all the weary, suffering pilgrims of earth.

A HEALTHFUL AND NORMAL GENESIS EQUIVALENT TO REGENERATION.

Along with the facts of Spiritualism, there has been a discovery made in this century, that religion is a growth of the soul, and not a doctrine to be dispensed authoritatively by the Pope of Rome, nor by Calvin, or Luther, nor by Jesus, or Swedenborg.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS DONE.

It will devolve upon the historian to accord to this era the greatest revolution in opinion recorded in the progress of the race, which is none other than the revolution wrought by the revelations of Spiritualism in the minds and hearts of men.

ORTHODOXY TENDS TO ATHEISM.

Man has looked out upon the broad, green fields, the towering mountain, the sparkling rivulet, the expanse of ocean, and on the bright sky above, with the myriads of suns and worlds revolving there in harmony and beauty.

OUR JOY IN THE MIDST OF GRIEF.

Soon must our forms, too, lie here; soon will friends be called upon to take the last look of the casket for which the liberated spirit has no further use.

THE DIVINE PLAN SEEN FROM AN ORTHODOX STANDPOINT.

The God we were taught to worship, made his children totally depraved, then cursed them for being depraved; made men to glorify God and enjoy him forever; then created a Devil to deceive them, that they might be tormented forever.

lieve that God himself was incarnated in the form of Jesus of Nazareth for the purpose of saving the human family from the hell and the Devil he had himself prepared for them.

The new revelation to man utterly denies the existence of a Deity that would make a world totally depraved; and of such a God of vengeance as is worshipped in all the churches.

We wonder not that death, with their adherents, is the "king of terrors"—that with them it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of their God—or, that the mourners go about the streets dressed in the habiliments of woe.

OUR DESTINY.

The great question is, or should be, for what was man created, and what is his destiny? Certainly he was not created to live in discord and strife, but to be in unison with the great divine principle of harmony which pervades and permeates nature.

If the few short years of earth-life are controlled by circumstances unfavorable to man's development, then is he removed to grow and unfold in a more congenial atmosphere.

Spirit friends are anxiously awaiting the escape of the butterfly from the chrysalis of the spirit—from the form of clay—and we shall surely meet and recognize the father, mother, sister, brother, child, and companion.

May the peace and love which our faith inculcates be and abide with you all! And to that Power which sustains and upholds the universe we would ascribe due honor and praise, now and forever more.

once desolate now recognize the presence of the departed—that instead of wailing and despair there is joy and peace—instead of weeping and mourning there is thanksgiving and the voice of melody.

THE STUDY OF SPIRITUALISM A CHEERFUL PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

If there are any within the sound of my voice who fear to take the step this brother has taken, we would earnestly invite them to investigate this new philosophy and revelation, in order that their fears may be dispelled, and that the journey so cheerfully taken by the deceased, whose funeral rites we this day celebrate, may also be to you a pleasant one.

Let our lives be in accordance with natural law and in harmony with its divine teachings, and we shall be developed so harmoniously that the spirit will pass from its earthly form without a pang or a struggle.

My friends, this body we return to its mother earth, believing that the spirit that once animated it is now free to explore infinite worlds of beauty, rendered vocal with praise offered by angelic hosts to the Father of spirits.

May the aspirations of our souls lead us in the paths of truth and righteousness, that we may be ready for the journey which awaits us all!

And to that Power which sustains and upholds the universe we would ascribe due honor and praise, now and forever more.

Voices from the People.

"Let every man have due liberty to speak an honest mind in every land."

The Cause of Progress in Maine.

SKOWHEGAN, July, 1860. DEAR BROTHER DAVIS: Your Herald, laden with the rich fruits of intuitional wisdom, and animated with a charity broad enough to encompass the whole human family, and deep enough to reach the most abandoned and man-forsaken of the race, comes to us "away down East in the State of Maine."

Yet we are not wanting for men who make it a business to preach these slanders upon God and the human race, either through ignorance or for hire.

WHAT SPIRITUALISM HAS DONE.

It will devolve upon the historian to accord to this era the greatest revolution in opinion recorded in the progress of the race, which is none other than the revolution wrought by the revelations of Spiritualism in the minds and hearts of men.

ORTHODOXY TENDS TO ATHEISM.

Man has looked out upon the broad, green fields, the towering mountain, the sparkling rivulet, the expanse of ocean, and on the bright sky above, with the myriads of suns and worlds revolving there in harmony and beauty.

OUR JOY IN THE MIDST OF GRIEF.

Soon must our forms, too, lie here; soon will friends be called upon to take the last look of the casket for which the liberated spirit has no further use.

THE DIVINE PLAN SEEN FROM AN ORTHODOX STANDPOINT.

The God we were taught to worship, made his children totally depraved, then cursed them for being depraved; made men to glorify God and enjoy him forever; then created a Devil to deceive them, that they might be tormented forever.

trines, are the greatest religious scourge that was ever let loose upon any undeveloped community. The rain of fire and brimstone in the days of Sodom and Gomorrah was nothing compared to the reign of such a man as you; and I am bound, in gratitude for my deliverance from such religious despotism, to do all I can, during the short time I have to stay here, to break the spell of your hell-dooming control, and to destroy, if possible, the psychological effect of your ignorant and un sanctified will; and to redeem reason—that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world,—with you a 'carnal thing'—from that slough of despond into which you have aimed to plunge it; and if you will take the trouble to come out and hear me you shall have a chance to reply to my arguments if you can."

Well, he came the first night, and looked surprised to see so large a crowd. Fearing I should not get his ear again, I held up before his mental vision the "Looking Glass for Creeds"—the poem of "rough-shod rhymes." And as I began to talk, he began to color. Soon he dropped his head, rounded up and received my slugs like a hero.

"The next day I met the 'man of God' at the post office, and asked him how he enjoyed the poem. He said, 'I felt all the time like saying with the apostle—'Thou child of the Devil.' 'But, my dear sir,' said I, 'you must remember that I have been a member of your church, in 'good and regular standing,' for several years; that you, in the name of all that was good and great, sprinkled holy water in my face, and gave me, in the name of your church, the right hand of fellowship, promising to stand by me as a brother, and when I got out of the way to restore me in the spirit of meekness, to forgive me even seventy times seven; and, furthermore, you tried to make a minister of me, and thus get this child of the Devil into your orthodox pulpit. Why, sir! you may have many other just such unprincipled children in your church yet. It would not be strange, you have talked so much about 'the Devil' that a large portion of your church may have become transformed into his image. You know you have labored hard to make them feel that he was forever at their elbow. You have encompassed sea and land, as it were, to make proselytes, and now you have made them, what are they? ask the Scriptures. O, sir! it is time your church had a staving, and if you are a consistent man you surely cannot wish to harbor such as have any affinity for a rational religion, even if they do contribute to your support, so be quiet. I may, it is true, be the means of reducing your salary, but what is that in the eyes of a true watchman, when compared with the purification of his church? If, sir, God is in Zion, and you are a man after his own heart, he will not suffer you to be alighted above what you are able to bear, and my visit to your religious jurisdiction you have but to interpret as an afflictive dispensation of Divine Providence for your good and for the purification of your church."

Said he: "I have no fellowship for your manner of interpreting Scripture, nor for your poetry, and wish to have no more conversation with you." "Very well, sir," I replied; "but allow me to present you with 'My Soul's Religious History,' which gives an account of my conversion. Good day, sir." "Good day."

There are many ministers of the above stamp in Maine, but they are fast losing their influence over the people's mind and the people's purse. The doctrines of Spiritualism are getting a strong hold upon the hearts of the people in general, and its truths are taking root among the thinking, reasoning, intuitive class in particular, both in and out of the church.

In a great many towns there is a spiritual force equal to the maintenance of regular Sunday meetings, which number by hundreds. In several cases they have the entire control of meeting-houses. No less than two Spiritual papers are printed in the State.

The Spirit Guardian, published at Bangor, has quite a circulation, and is doing a good work. The Banner also circulates quite freely, and is well spoken of. But the Herald of Progress (so say those who have the reading of it) cannot be dispensed with. It brings a feast of fat things even to the most unfeeling, independent, uncompromising (yet unselfish) acknowledgment of the right of reason to rule, must win for it a wide circulation and the hearty approval of every reasoning individual who comes in contact with it.

Never a truer saying than this: "The agitation of thought is the beginning of wisdom." I mean to speak my best thoughts when I can get a hearing, though Bunyan's Apollyon stand brandishing his uncgodly steel at my elbow. I will live up to the highest light I have, and then hope for more. Don't think me a boaster—for I know that, "bating the more favorable circumstances of my birth and education, I am not one whit better than the biggest villain the earth ever bore up."

Inherent power and circumstance Make all men what they are; As these direct we may advance To wisdom or to war.

I lecture six times each week upon the liberalizing sciences of Astronomy and Phenology, and two or three times each Sunday upon the soul-cheering doctrines of the Harmonial Philosophy. This furnishes me with a good opportunity to sell and distribute large numbers of my "rough shod rhymes." My week-day lectures I get pay for, illustrating them with an apparatus. My Sunday lectures I give free. And I strive, as much as possible, to get into those places where the light of our rational gospel has not shined, because many of the spiritual teachers cannot afford to go without pay. And, besides, I am so lawlessly constituted that I cannot endure a gag. I had rather live among the Gauls, poor and free, than dwell among the

rich and be able to speak out of only one corner of my mouth, and then make apologies if I happen to stir a frown.

There are many efficient lecturers in Maine, who devote their whole energies to the cause, among whom are Gibson Smith, of Camden; A. P. Pierce, of Belfast; Taylor, of Bradford; Hopkins, of Old Town; Hodges, of Appleton; Rand, of Bangor; Ripley, of Paris; Hayden, of Livermore; Lovell, of Yarmouth; Mrs. Haskell, of Auburn; Miss Works, of Bangor; Mrs. Morse, of Searsmont; Mrs. Thomas, of Camden, and many others not quite so prominent, yet good worthy persons.

Healing mediums are plenty, some of whom are remarkably successful.

Maine has also had a round share of powerful physical mediums.

In a circle at Bradford, while setting upon a table, I was twice lifted, by the invisibles, to the ceiling overhead. Writing in locked-up drawers, and upon tables apart from all physical touch, has often been produced. Some fine test mediums are here, though not numerous. We are not forgotten by the angels even "away down East." Pardon my lengthy epistle.

Fraternally yours, in the love of truth.

D. H. HAMILTON.

Objects in the Spirit Land.

WANTED: CLEARER DEFINITIONS.

Why cannot some one of the teachers of the Harmonial Philosophy define clearly and intelligibly, to our comprehension, the actual character of the trees, birds, and beasts, alleged by spirits to people their world?

It seems to me important to try and settle whether their existence in the inner world is, as by some alleged, purely ideal, or whether, as others allege, it is literally true and actual. We are told by some spirits that they have never seen organized animals in their sphere, but others say they have, and that they find therein a source of individual enjoyment.

Some allege that death is but a transition of the life in the tree or bird, from the external to the interior world of being, and declare there is a spirit in the tree, horse, and eagle, as well as in man, which, being individualized, will ever remain so as an entity.

Now there is a question of fact involved in these opposite affirmations deserving our careful thought and effort of solution; for if we cannot intelligently satisfy ourselves thereon, we should distrust our ability to form any rational conceptions of the nature and character of that inner life—the world of actualities, of which many are beginning to think or feel they have already mastered a detailed knowledge.

If it is true that our loves assume the forms they admit for, and thus present to our consciousness ideal, though seemingly real objects, it seems to me our aversions would alike act. Thus, were one spirit loved, and another hated a monkey, each ought alike to see, or seem to see this form of animal life; but the fact that some spirits repudiate altogether the cognizance of spirit birds, trees, &c., as belonging to their sphere, and declare they only see or know of them as they exist in the natural world, seems to clash with this theory of ideal objects; for we may suppose each and all have either a love for or aversion to some species of vegetable and animal life.

I have never yet met with any exposition or defence of the ideal theory in such detail as would enable me to analyze and thus estimate the rationale thereof. I feel that its defenders should give us the data for their assumption so confidently affirmed.

My reason teaches that the living consciousness of the fox is an organized entity, and though the same in essence as that animating a bird or a fish, specifically differs therefrom in the form of its organization as an entity, and therefore alike differs in the degree of developed inherent being. Thus, to my mind the question arises whether death of the individual bird, fish, or fox, involves a transition of such living consciousness as an entity, to a more interior sphere of nature, or whether such living consciousness is then absorbed in the ocean of unorganized life wherein its individuality is lost. Who will enlighten us on these simple but important points? Fraternally yours,

PHILADELPHIA.

Notes from the West.

NUMBER 4.

McGREGOR, Iowa, Aug., 1860.

DEAR HERALD:—I came to-day into this one-streeted town. My friend, Bndic, sent his horses and son along with me. By this deed of his I have seen twenty miles more of this great State, and escaped the discomforts of a stage coach. I know to many the stage seems a providence of the prairie, and I should so regard it, but from the fact of having been twice stowed away with pipe-smokers and whisky-lovers. My soul abominates stills and pipes, and I cannot coax my soul into believing that, sinner as I am, I have merited the misery they bring. I am, therefore, ever ever ready to escape the misery inflicted by the still and the weed.

McGregor, my home for to-day, is a strange-looking business town. It has but a single street of any length. This one street, starting from the Mississippi river, winds along between the hills. There is no room for other streets; no room for yards even. I have seen many out-houses and clothes yards upon the hill-side. These are the first hills of any size I have seen since leaving Dubuque, a month ago. The farmers like the fertile plains; so do I; but there is a sublimity in the mountains. They inspire one with their grandeur. I often think, while admiring the rough, wild beauty of the hills, that our strong-minded mother Nature was trying her skill at Epic writing when she put those glorious hills into type and "form."

There are no railroads leading from this place; but from Prairie du Chien, across the Mississippi, one can go in almost any direction. The river is not bridged, but a steamer crosses hourly. I have been over and purchased tickets for Cleveland. I find I can check my baggage through, and that one change and twenty-four hours' board will leave me in Cleveland. Who of fifty years ago would credit this fact?

My attention has been called to a mistake or two I made in my first letter from Iowa. I said Independence was nearly one hundred miles from Dubuque. I find that it is but

seventy. I judged from the time it took to go from one place to the other. I told you the land in Independence was from \$10 to \$100 per acre; but I only intended to convey the idea that that was the price paid in the village. Good farms can be purchased in the vicinity of Independence for from two to ten dollars per acre. I hope my extravagant calculations will not discourage any one Iowa-bound.

I have seen the larger part of eighteen States, and for grain and cattle-growing, I have not seen Iowa excelled. And then the clear, dry atmosphere, the absence of ague pools and fever swamps, render the State valuable for the raising of human plants. The prairie children are rosy, brown, strong of limb, and clear-headed. I thought, while watching them at play, of the pale, puny children of cities, famishing upon "swill milk," or dying for lack of fresh air. I wondered then, and wonder now, why people give more attention to raising pigs and poultry than to the growing and developing of human bodies and immortal spirits.

I saw in Independence a splendid family—a representative family. Mr. Chase discovered this family at the convention. Father, mother, and unnumbered children were there morning and evening.

The physical development of parents and children, their natural cultivation, and the attention they gave to our speeches and songs, attracted Mr. Chase's attention, and he determined to know where and how these human specimens lived. The result was, a few of us were invited out to the farm to dine. We found our friends far enough from town, as the father said, not to be "pinched for room."

The log-house stood in the center of a great farm. A wheat-field of perhaps an hundred acres was being harvested upon one side, and as many acres of corn growing upon the other; oats and potatoes in great abundance were making ready for the coming of the harvestman. Cows and pigs were numberless. Hope that herd of swine will never find way to the stomachs of that anti-cannibal family. The proprietors of this immense farm and log lodge weigh 400 pounds, and a dozen black-eyed, blooming children are rising to the physical dignity of their parents. Disease, doctors, and Death have never made the acquaintance of this family. Nature is their physician, their high-priest, their law-giver. The blessed gospel she preaches brings health, harmony, peace, contentment, and loving lives to her votaries. These children of Iowa may never see the Great Eastern, the Prince of Wales, a Gallery of Art, London, or the Atlantic Ocean, but they have seen God's great Art Gallery in the flowering prairie; they are themselves kings and princes, and know, intuitively, their kinship to nature. And they know not, may not know, the moral disease, the crushing of souls, and the starving of spirits the city dwellers too often see and suffer. Their faith in God and human love will not be shaken in their prairie paradise.

I find in Iowa a spirit tending to individualism—a free-thinking spirit. True bigotry and superstition have here, as elsewhere, a priesthood and willing worshippers. But those who hate you most vehemently will listen to the thoughts you may speak. If you get a hearing, and a cursing, even, that is better than not be heard, for it indicates life and action. There is hope of such souls. Let us work and wait for their redemption.

There is here a wide field for the worker. Let those who are strong of heart—those who are not working for dimes merely—come this way. Warm hearts will give them a welcome, and famishing souls will come asking for life-bread. Destructionists are not the persons most needed. Few are strongly wedded to the old. The want is speakers who can explain clearly our philosophy—those who can aid in the creation of a Harmonious Temple. I think a woman would be quite as well received as a man; but Warren Chase has received a call from almost every hamlet in the State.

I am now homeward bound. When this reaches you, I shall not, as now, be looking over the grand old Mississippi, listening to the steamer bells and counting the hours of my departure. I leave the State as I sometimes turn from a new friend, with regret, but richer, and happier, and braver for the acquaintance.

Peace be with you, loving-hearted and generous-spirited IOWANS. FRANKS BROWN.

Friendly and Cheering Words.

FREDERICKTOWN, Knox Co., O., June 3. BROTHER DAVIS—I have received a copy of your HERALD, and I find that it truly is a worker in the great field of human progress.

Verily the world needs many such HERALDS, for few comparatively understand the laws of Nature, by which man ascends along the spiral pathway of life, upward and onward to the vast fields of knowledge and human brotherhood.

Man needs to be separated from the love of crime, and, with childlike simplicity, drink at Nature's fount of knowledge and purity. He must learn to love the modest flower, the singing brooklet, the sighing breeze, the gladdening sunshine, the golden clouds, and all of the ten thousand beauties that Nature outwardly unfolds, ere he can rise from the plane of sensuality to a blessed communion with angelic beings of a higher sphere of existence. Calmly, and in the spirit of love, must the grand laws of Nature be unfolded to him, through which he can learn that he is linked by an invisible chain, to all spheres of life, and that all souls are animated by the same life-principle—that each thought, each action, has an influence on his brother's weal or woe, as well as on his own, not only here, but through all spheres of coming life.

When he learns this truth, he will have a lever sufficiently strong to lift him to a plane where the pulsings of his inner being shall vibrate the spirit strings in harmony with all that is pure and beautiful in the boundless universe.

To disenthrall his own soul, and that of his brother, from the animal love, to rise to a true sense of his manhood and freedom, is man's mission. He can certainly reach a plane of harmonious unfoldment, where each faculty of the soul shall act in harmony with each and all of the others. Then will life no longer be called a "vale of tears." Together we shall advance along the flower-decked planes of life, unfolding in the golden light of harmony.

Looking on the HERALD as an exponent of a truer and better life, I give it my cordial support. Yours, for the cause of Humanity, N. M. BRIDGES.

Spiritual Lyceum and Conference.

"Let truth no more be gagged, nor conscience daunted, nor science be impeded of godlessness."

(Reported for The Herald of Progress.)

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH SESSION.

The New York Spiritual Conference is held every Tuesday evening, in Clinton Hall.

QUESTIONS: (Continued.) What are the characteristics of the Spiritual Philosophy?

MR. PARTRIDGE: The grand peculiarity consists, as it seems to him, in the fact that it is a philosophy. It is in some degree, to say the least, an explanation of certain facts of wide-spread notoriety, which facts and their import or philosophy, (constituting what is called modern Spiritualism) he considers as forming for the first time a union of religion with reason. Now, what has hitherto been deemed essential truths of religion, are without a basis in philosophy. For example: Is there any philosophy in the trinity as held by the Christian sects? In the atonement as thus taught? In hell torments? In short, in a single item of the entire "plan of salvation" as set forth by themselves? Not one atom! Philosophy is explanation. Does sectarianism explain anything? True, our spiritual philosophy is in its infancy, but as compared with the chaos of thought, whence its disciples have emerged, it seems like the perfection of order and reason. It rests upon fact as contradistinguished from assumption as a basis. Under the reign of Ecclesiasticism, men are taught that they are to take for granted that God held personal intercourse with certain men of the olden time, whereby his will and pleasure concerning man throughout all his generations was finally made known. That dogma is a sheer assumption; indeed, in the popular religion there is complete avoidance of all the facts of the age whence this religion, so-called, pretends to derive its origin and authority. The facts of that age, as of all ages, belong to our philosophy, they are of no significance to the church theology. Our every-day experience illustrates this. When we attempt to reason upon these facts, that is to say, when we endeavor to philosophize or show their true dignity, their practical import and significance in the economy of the divine Providence, the church theologian denounces us as atheists, &c. He demands that we shall not have a philosophy, that we shall not reason.

Again: the religion of spiritual philosophy is not ceremony, but faithfulness to eternal and universal principles demonstrated to the understanding. Hence it seeks to permeate the daily concerns of life rather than to culminate once a week in a dramatic spasm.

Again: It may be thought a hard saying of Ecclesiasticism, as contrasted with Spiritualism, that it does not teach morality; but the truth will appear in this, that where it forbids the wrong, it does so not because it is wrong, but because it is assumed that God has said you shall not do it. Thus, in ecclesiastical computation, we have the supposed anger of God as a basis of restraint, while the spiritual philosophy opposes against wrong, that it is a known and absolute offense against man.

DR. GOULD made a written contribution which he prefaced by saying that he differed in toto from the conclusions of Mr. Partridge. He said: modern Spiritualism excels in its scientific and metaphysical aspects, while it is vastly inferior to ancient Spiritualism in the department of morals, and then proceeded to read as follows:

One of the most distinguishing features of modern Spiritualism, as compared with other spiritual dispensations, is, as it seems to me, a reluctance on the part of its subjects to recognize the utility and necessity of faith, as an instrumentality in the great work of human progression. And I trust I shall be excused in saying that I have been surprised in noticing that the leaders have exhibited more of what seemed like pertinacity in this matter than have the followers in this dispensation. As modern Spiritualists, our best interests require that a wide and clear distinction between knowledge and faith should ever be kept in view; the former, being the result of sensuous evidence, ridding us of all doubt in our conclusion, while the latter is composed of expectation and desire; the first element being based on evidence so limited in quantity, oftentimes, as to be barely sufficient to sustain us, in spite of lurking doubt.

The seeds of the primitive church held faith to be one of the cardinal graces of their religion; the chief corner-stone of all moral progression and final salvation. They taught that the trial of their faith was more precious than gold, that men must exercise faith or be damned; and, moreover, that without faith, it was impossible to please God. Now, how is it, that Spiritualists of our time should be engaged in ignoring and repudiating faith as not only an error but as an actual vice. Contemning and rejecting the ordinary evidence, so acceptable to the good men of the past, and setting up the presumptuous claim that, for themselves, they must have actual demonstration for the basis of all their conclusions. The result of this course, however, is, that falling in this system of demonstration, they make slow progress in spiritual, and still slower progress in moral science. As an evidence that I am correct in this state-

ment, I would refer to the historical fact, that Jesus of Nazareth only occupied three years in indoctrinating his disciples in the best symptoms of spiritual and moral science ever known among men; while modern Spiritualists have been occupied for nine years mainly in trying to ascertain whether and how spiritual phenomena occur.

A third difference between ancient and modern Spiritualists may be noticed in that the former constantly pointed to the lessons and examples contained in the records of preceding dispensations as not only profitable but most precious for their use, while not a few in our day ignore and repudiate them as quite useless and unworthy of the least attention, placing even Jesus of Nazareth in the same category with Washington, Lafayette, Bonaparte, &c.

A fourth difference worthy of notice is, that the ancients most wisely, as I think, made moral improvement the basis of all other improvements; the latter being regarded as of secondary importance; teaching that the carnal nature must be brought in subjection to the spiritual, while the leaders of our dispensation have been mostly occupied for nine years in seeking and narrating facts for the purpose of proving what ninety-nine out of every hundred of the human race have always admitted to be true, viz: the doctrine of immortality.

DR. HALLOCK: The phrase, "leaders" or "leading minds," as we sometimes hear associated with Spiritualism, suggests to him one characteristic of the spiritual philosophy which those who make use of these terms seem to forget. It is a philosophy without leadership, as it is a religion without ceremony. It has neither sacred places nor sacred men. In place of a special, it affirms a universal sanctity. As is honestly, no doubt, believed by some that it has been busily employed for the last nine years in doing considerably less than nothing, it may not be unprofitable to look at this opinion in the light of facts. The facts are, that in these nine years, the superstitions, the fallacies and false philosophies of forty centuries have received their everlasting quietus. Is that nothing? Redemption from the fear of death and hell, that perpetual horror of church theology; and of annihilation, that scientific stultification of French philosophy—a discovery of the very truth of the matter as between these two, whereby both have leave to die. Is that to be held as naught? In these nine years, the literature of religious disputation concerning the meaning of Scripture texts on the one hand, and of "infidel" refutation of both parties on the other, once a staple in the market of polemics, has taken sanctuary from the contempt and loathing of all thoughtful men, in libraries which are not read—upon shelves, where, even now, the dust of forgetfulness is gathering thick and fast.

It is characteristic of the new school that, for what it affirms it shows a natural reason; of the old, that it offers a scriptural reason. This is why it was said by Mr. Partridge that the latter did not increase morality. Morality is from nature, and not from authority. Authority is the bottom immorality of all. Virtue is born of freedom, not of force; its preceptor is reason, not a whip. The universal imbroglio of all past and present ecclesiasticism, and of civilization over which it has dominated, that it never demonstrates. The misfortune arising from this error, may be seen in part, by considering how instinctively faithful and true man is to all the commandments of nature when once understood. He never shows a "bad heart" with respect to these. Observe the engineer at his devotion before the invisible spirit of steam. How faithfully he keeps the law! The sailor who invokes "the viewless winds," the mathematician who bows at the shrine of quantity, who would be strong in the potency of number, how religions are they all in their fidelity to the powers in whose presence they stand—the forces whose aid they supplicate! Politicians "compromise constitutions;" but no engineer attempts a compromise with steam—no telegraph operator calls the lightning "a glittering generality." Whenever science utters her gospel, man obeys; the degree of his comprehension is the exact measure of his fidelity. In the workshop and the laboratory, man is good, and faithful, and wise; in the church and the senate-chamber he is unwise, unfaithful; and the reason is because authority in the one case, and expediency, (what he calls interests of state) in the other, are the rules of conduct. As a churchman, he compromises his Bible, and as a statesman, his constitution. In the one case it is "infidelity," and in the other, "treason," to look beyond parchments. What these compromises say he may do to humanity, that he does, until they cease to answer a present purpose, and then he compromises anew. Have not our Doctors learned in divinity recently discovered that property in man is perfectly admissible under the compromises of Scripture? And do not our statesmen tell us "What the law makes property, that is property," and to be used as such, even where "the law" does not make it so—"under the compromises of the constitution"? Rights, justice—all that pertains to man—according to these, are founded, not in the nature of man, but upon parchments sacred or civil. Were love seen to be as much a fact in nature as electricity, the commandment to practice in obedience to its law, need not be enforced by authority of Church or State, any more than their authority is required to secure respectful attention to any other natural force. But alas! the rights of humanity, the offices of brotherhood, the demands of justice—"the whole duty of man"—is supposed to have no

broader foundation than church creeds and state constitutions. Now these, in so far as they fail of demonstration, (and the church side is an utter failure) fall necessarily into contempt. He who regards the rights of others only from authority, does so only while his authority is to him respectable. As a direct consequence we have the present condition of things, and the new philosophy comes to redeem us therefrom. While it fearlessly scans all parchments it blackens no truth thereon. It simply shows what truth is there, to be a satellite, and not a sun—that its brightness is not from its position in the library, but is a reflection from the light of nature.

Now, it is characteristic of this philosophy, that it shows the future life as a thing substantial, and with this new conception of the reality of life, comes a dawning consciousness of the reality of the laws which pertain to life. These laws are seen to inhere. "The spirits of just men made perfect" do not act from the church catechism. It proclaims, therefore, this grand truth, viz: that, when fraternal attraction—human sympathy, brotherly love—and its laws, take rank in the universe with the attraction of magnetism—gravitation—and its laws, man will obey the behests of the former as religiously, to say the least, as he does those of the latter. This philosophy proceeds by observation—takes no ground beyond what it can demonstrate—and it is a fact of observation that man instinctively reverences every law of nature that he understands. He loves them because he finds them good. He obeys them because they promote his well-being. He hated the lightning once, just as politicians hate justice now, when electricity, like justice, was supposed to have its origin in the divine vindictiveness. Knowledge has turned his hatred into love, his fear into admiration, and a like change awaits the transfer of justice from the creed to nature. In the light of these characteristics, how plain is the disciple's path! They say to him, "my Brother, you have only to know the ways of God to approve them. That you have blundered heretofore is because you have studied the commentary instead of the text. You have mistaken a bad translation for the original utterance. The language of truth is written in things; you had studied words only. There lay your brother in his cradle before you, and, in order to learn his character you turned from him to moldy creeds and barbarous traditions; no marvel that you gave him a bad one. So you made of him a devil and of yourself a tormentor, and between you both, of the earth, a hell. But a little while and all this shall pass away. The same fidelity to truth and fact which now characterizes the mechanic and the mathematician, shall yet be seen in the divinity doctor and the statesman—in all men everywhere—to all things whatsoever."

MR. BALDWIN (of Texas): It is free from the element of terror. The old dispensations are full of it. Under its stimulus they were actually cruel. To placate the divine wrath all the older nationalities offered sacrifices human and other. Our popular theology even, demands a human sacrifice. Now Spiritualism utterly ignores terrorism, and is a glorious freedom from all the fallacies and cruelties it has engendered.

DR. GOULD: The crusade of modern Spiritualism against faith and authority is a misfortune. They are both indispensable. Authority is the only guide to inexperience. We could not else govern our children. Faith in the superior knowledge of the parent secures the necessary obedience on the part of the child; and this is true of all who are on the child plane, no matter what their age as to years.

MR. W. P. COLAS: Once it was supposed that all spiritual communication was directly from God, and inasmuch as these communications were in some cases contradictory and therefore could not be received by the understanding, we were told that they must be received through faith. It is now known that human beings communicate from the spirit world. This fact explains discrepancies by a plurality of origin, and therefore there is no need of faith for the reconciling of differences as before. It is a peculiarity of the spiritual philosophy that it does not require us to believe in contradictions.

MR. DAVIS: Manifestly, no man can create faith by talking about it. No child can have it without a reason. If the parent cannot give his child a reason why he should do thus or so, the child ought not to exercise either faith or obedience. The father must act so as to establish confidence, else no faith can be formed.

Adjourned. R. T. HALLOCK.

Apotheosis.

Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life's flower-encircled door, to show us those we love.

DEPARTED: From this to the higher spheres, MR. ISAAC CROSBY, of Columbus, Warren Co., Pa., Aug. 11th, in the 77th year of his age.

Mr. Crosby was a Spiritualist in belief, and was sustained through a tedious and painful illness, by the consolations of our faith. The funeral services were held at the Spiritualist Church in Columbus, and the truths of the new revelation tendered to an audience composed of believers and unbelievers, Jew and Gentile, bond and free, by the writer.

F. L. B.

The Spirit's Mysterics.

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams."

ADVENT OF THE PROPHET ELIJAH.

A LETTER FROM DR. GRIEWOLD.

TO A. J. DAVIS, DEAR SIR: I am indebted to you for a somewhat extended notice of the little *Shekinah*, and I am pleased to see it, inasmuch as it assures me that you are not disturbed by my strictures on your opinions. I like a fight with a good friend, but despise a contest with an enemy. This is reversing the order, I know, but it is my way. Neither will I discuss the opinions of one whose talents I do not respect; therefore you see that my strictures grow out of my appreciation of your position and influence.

You are seeking to promote the growth of the great tree of TRUTH, by all those means which to you seem best calculated to promote that end. I am working to the same end, but in a different way.

This tree is rooted in immutable principles, and it is believed that these principles will ultimately gain the ascent, and appear as fruit upon every minute branch of this tree that overshadows the world, to be plucked and eaten by all mankind.

The growth of this tree represents Progress. Its fruit is Fraternity, Equality, Love. These represent elementary principles that have appeared more or less bountifully in all past ages of the world. I believe that I see the evidences that this tree is to bloom afresh, and to bear a many-fold greater burden of fruit than it has ever yet yielded, and that it will be brought to light so effectually that all will see and be led to partake of it. About eighteen centuries ago this tree bore bountifully for a short season, but it was so "pelted and stoned that it seemed to die. This harvest was gathered up by a few, and has been held as sacred by its professed lovers ever since; who have constantly cried out, "the tree has ceased to bear." By these means, mankind have been led to look elsewhere for the elements of growth, or trust to that which was gathered so long ago; the vitalizing elements of which have long since departed, except so far as it bears promise of more from the same source. Through the coming of Elijah, the Prophet of three thousand years ago, to the world again, I learn that the good old tree of Truth is not dead, but liveth; that it is about to bear a more plentiful harvest than ever before, and that its fruiting season draws nigh. I learn also that it is identically the same tree from which the ancients gathered the little fruit they had; and the same also from which was gathered the harvest our Christian brethren prize so highly, at a later day.

I find in the coming of Elijah to the world to-day, a verification of past history and promises to mankind. If the promise is fulfilled in part, we have reason to believe that its realization will be complete. "I will send you Elijah the Prophet," is the promise of a higher intelligence than lived in form on the earth (Mal. iv: 5, 6). Elijah came before the great harvest was gathered through the ministrations of Jesus, but, "the heart of the fathers" was not "turned to the children," nor the "heart of the children" turned to their fathers." He comes now again, and the signs that this great end, (namely, what you and I are working for—Fraternity, Equality, and Love,) may abound everywhere.

It is soon to be shown, I most confidently believe, that the greatest good comes to the individual man from doing good to others, and that the greatest evil consists in building up the individual at the expense of his brother man. Let this be apparent, and the very selfishness of man's nature, that has appeared so great an evil, will become a virtue in instigating him to be good. Then will man fulfill the whole law and the prophets, in loving his neighbor as himself.

By this you will see that the advent of Elijah is, in my view, the evidence of a period of exalted inspirational teachings, and especially from the spirit of Jesus.

BATAVIA, N. Y., July 27. C. D. G.

SPIRIT LIGHTS ON THE ROAD.

BRIEF ANSWER TO E. W.

Loda, Aug. 7, 1860.

A. J. DAVIS, RESPECTED FRIEND: At a circle for spiritual improvement, I was once told that it was my duty to "write"; not feeling that anything I could say would be of much benefit to the world, I paid no attention to it. I happened, however, some time after, to send an article to the *Telegraph*, respecting "Spirit Lights" on the road near La Salle, scarcely expecting it would find its way into the paper. Of course I felt somewhat surprised when I saw it in the *Herald*, and still more to find that it had attracted sufficient attention to require a few more words from me. After all, I may perhaps soon begin to feel that I am "called" to write.

For the heading to the article which I first wrote—"Spirits Light the Way," I am not responsible, as that was done either by Mr. Davis or his assistants, and I expressly said they did not light the way nor "illumine the road." I believe I expressed it—No, we did not drive towards them; they were sometimes on the right and sometimes on the left, and occasionally directly in advance. The only time we may be said to have driven toward them was when the lights appeared to halt in a line on the straight road, which we kept, instead of turning off upon a road through the woods.

HERALD OF PROGRESS.

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1860.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

SINGLE COPIES, per year, \$2 00
THREE " to one Post Office, 6 00
TEN " " " " 16 00
TWENTY " " " " 30 00

And any larger number sent to one Post Office at the rate of \$1.50 each.

Money sent at our risk. For all large sums, drafts on New York should be procured, if possible.

Additions to clubs received at the club rates, only when sent from the same Post Office.

Single copies of the HERALD OF PROGRESS may be obtained of all the News Dealers throughout the country.

Copies delivered to City Subscribers for \$2 50 a year, or 5 cents a week.

Sample copies mailed from this office on application. A limited number of Advertisements will be received at the rate of ten cents a line for the first insertion, and eight cents for each subsequent insertion.

Our friends will find the office of this paper but a few doors east of No. 418 Broadway.

All notices, advertisements, or communications intended for publication, should be sent in the week preceding date of publication. The earlier the better. All letters to be addressed to

A. J. DAVIS & CO., PUBLISHERS, 274 Canal St., New York.

MORE 'LEAVES' from George Gray next week.

NOTICES of several New Books, and new Medical Intelligence, will appear in our next issue.

Our second and third pages are teeming with a variety of communications from able correspondents.

By inadvertence the name of Wash. A. Damskin, of Baltimore, was not appended to his communication on the 'Aurora Borealis' in our last week's issue.

EVERY BROTHER who chews tobacco or smokes cigars, and every Sister who assaults her mouth or nose with snuff, is hereby admonished to read our next number. 'Look out for the Locomotive while the bell rings!'

We are not a little curious to know who, among the thousands who read our sheet, will solve the 'Jewish Riddle,' by M. Durais, in our last issue. The correct solution will disclose a religious mystery of universal importance.

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of Dr. Thomas Dick—a man of rare intelligence while in the body, and a spirit reverentially esteemed in the Summer Land—from the pen of Mr David Trowbridge, has just reached us. It will soon appear.

'THE Characteristics of the Spiritual Philosophy,' is the question before the New York Conference this week. The speeches are all good, but we would direct particular attention to the excellent words from the mouth of the Chairman, Dr. HALLOCK.

From almost every quarter we learn that the friends of sectarian institutions are combining together, and endeavoring to forget their creedal differences and their local antagonisms, in order to plant themselves as one body against the advancing tides of Reason and Progress. Can prayer stop the flow of light from the noon-day sun?

FRIEND LEO MILLER—whose recent lecture, respecting the reflex action of man's desires and appetites after death, was freely criticised in our twenty-fourth number—has written us his defense. His reply is conceived in a fraternal spirit. Therefore we shall cheerfully lay it before our readers next week. It is his conviction that departed spirits sometimes employ mediums in order to gratify their evil passions and unsatiated appetites.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for September contained, besides many valuable papers, a lively article entitled 'A Day with the Dead.' It is as near the current facts of Spiritualism as we could expect 'under the circumstances.' The story of the apparition by which the life of De Wette, the great German scholar and author, was preserved, though not now published for the first time, is worthy of record. We have accordingly transferred a portion of the article to our sixth page.

THE LAW OF PROGRESS, the divine principle at the very heart of Nature—'Swift as a spirit hastening to his task Of glory and of good'—is burning its way through the huge consolidations of ignorance and superstition. We are in the constant receipt of intelligence from all points of the compass, as in America so also on the continent of Europe, to the effect that old institutions are crumbling and falling at the feet of Reason and Righteousness.

It is impossible to remark that, as the political elements become more aroused and discordant, several daily papers increase in dreariness and cupidity. Their antagonistic editors, very enlightened and capable men, expend their best hours in the composition of politicalrodomontades and platitudes unreadable. The trashiness and insipidities of these political writers, the insincerities and recklessness of their resolutions and speeches, will

be followed by a universal distaste for the consideration of really important questions of State and government. It is our immovable impression that the future welfare and prosperity of the United States do not at all depend upon who happens to succeed James Buchanan.

'FRANKLIN'S COMET' is just now attracting a large share of public attention. Early last Spring the 'Lancaster Circle' received reliable communications from the spirit of the Philosopher, Franklin, to the effect that a comet was rapidly approaching the earth and would be visible about the Fourth of July. All happened precisely as was predicted, and of course the 'Circle' is in justice entitled to the credit, 'to be the same more or less.' It was a fine demonstration of genuine spirit intercourse. But the terrestrial scientific searchers after planets and 'comets' are striving to lessen the importance of the Lancasterian claims to priority and spiritual discovery. We shall print next week another brief criticism from Mr. Parkhurst, a practical astronomer of this city, and the proprietor of a 'telescope of six inches aperture,' the use of which he proposes to furnish the 'Circle' on conditions that they will pursue the investigation.

We call special attention to the lecture, in this number, of MRS. FRANCES LORD-BOND. It is a production of rare merit, logical, candid, eloquent; and stating, with that clearness and beauty indicative of a cultured and religious mind, the true philosophy of Death. Mrs. Bond is now in the lecturing field, and those wishing to secure her valuable services are referred to her advertisement in another column of this journal. It may not be uninteresting to our readers to know that this gifted lady is a sister of the well-known Rev. Dr. Lord, of Buffalo, N. Y.; a man permanently stationed in one of those watch-towers of Zion reared by the old school Presbyterian Church. He, with talent, position, and influence at command, raises his voice in favor of personal, mental, and spiritual Slavery. Mrs. Bond on the contrary, with equal talents but very unequal external advantages, goes forth, like the great Teacher of old whom Dr. Lord's 'meek and lowly' disciples profess to reverence, and raises her voice in behalf of personal, mental, and spiritual Freedom. He stands in a gilded pulpit, tapestried and cushioned, from which woman must be forever excluded. She stands on the broad platform of Humanity, where woman and man alike are accounted teachers of Truth, and 'called of God' to proclaim the glad tidings of immortal life and unending progress.

Mind and Matter.

IT IS A PLEASANT THING TO DIE.

EARTH'S powers and principalities exclude most men from the society of poetry and eternal principles. Matter is a powerful and controlling God; it is the 'prince of darkness' to millions of our throbbing humanity. Matter clings and clusters heavily about man's interior life; it is the dead freight of his perilous voyage from the cradle to the coffin. Men are necessitated to worship at the shrine of Matter. They make it the chief object both of masterly effort and spiritual contemplation. Thousands reverence Matter incessantly. They bow down before its altars. They bring to it many offerings—tithes of mint, anise, cummin, and lip-service—covering its temples with everything within the power of man to bestow; with scientific art and the works of genius, with developments of the noblest talents—with everything, even life itself.

MAMMON is but the servant of Matter; matter is but the servant of soul; soul is but the servant of spirit; but, in this lower world, it happens that spirit and soul and matter are the servants of Mammon. No human soul is independent of its material surroundings. All human 'Life is real' bondage to matter. Individual 'life is earnest' in overcoming this bondage. But 'the grave is not its goal,' because the soul is not destroyed by its environments. The physical circumstances of the spirit are negative at last; but they are absolute and positive in this sphere. Matter is the mind's jailer. Want is the overseer who lashes the prisoner into his daily labors. 'Tis the mandate of matter which the mind obeys nine-tenths of earthly time. The sight of objects, the taste of flavors, the smell of odors, the cognition of sensations, the hearing of sounds—thus the spirit looks out and lives through the grated windows of its prison castle. A defect in either sense is so much subtracted from the liberty and capacity of the mind. Deficiency in blood or brain, and misplacements of either material, or the slightest excess in any department, are recorded mathematically upon the ledger-pages of the life book.

The universe, with its beauties and laws and harmonies, is nothing to the idiot mind caged in matter. The gorgeous heavens, with their unnumbered systems of suns and stars, are nothing to a soul bowed down by the daily drag of material necessities. The ponderous globes of space, so attractive to the uplifted mind of the philosopher, are nothing to my brother who makes a God of gain.. Matter and money sur-

round him on either side. He drives through his surroundings, and then they drive through him; and so goes his daily life, 'to the last syllable of recorded time.'

The fair sky of heavenly truth never covers the earthly mind. Angels do not dwell in the shades of pandemonium. Matter is the raw material of Heaven and of angels. Strange paradoxes! The world of matter is the region of discord. The myriad forms of evil originate in the realms of Matter. The history of our beginning is a salutary history, because it teaches the lessons of progression and imperfection—how chaos precedes order; Matter, mind.

But it is a pleasant thing to die! Why? Because the countless shades of matter, like storm clouds and dreams of prison life, begin to move off and forever away. Matter, the soul's prison, is abandoned. The spirit in quiet looks upon the dim substance stretched and cold on the earth below. The dark broad mountains of matter, where the thunders of earthly discords rave both day and night, are forsaken or exchanged for flower-clad hills 'eternal in the heavens.'

It is a pleasant thing to die, and to join the peaceful brotherhood of the upper realm. The Divine Mind, whose infinite powers and principles fill all the temple of immensity, is seen by spirit. Matter is incapable of contemplation; yet it is the deep-hewn valley in which soul is cradled. The soul is the chariot of the golden spirit; but alas! in this world, Matter is both the driver and the steeds. Matter is molded into shapes replete with grandeur and sublimity; but the power to cognize and enjoy is inseparable from spirit.

It is a pleasant thing to die, because by a natural going forth of the spirit, at the appropriate period of its history, the evils of matter are more readily comprehended and overcome. The music of spiritual waters floats into the new-born soul. The sickening shadows of terrestrial ignorance and misunderstanding depart among the broken urns, behind the curtains of time. The principalities of falsehood lose their power. They fade away. The pure light of a measureless firmament shines down into the reasoning faculties. Whirling globes, supporting innumerable forms of life and beauty, fill the immensity with the glory of God. Harmonies of the affections, touched by the awakening love of celestial fingers, come up and down like the breathings of truth, causing the immortal hills to sing like birds of a thousand voices. Outspreading landscapes become vocal with an abundant harvest of eternal love-lessons, too pure for earthly language to embody. And thus, the uncarpeted soul is sent to school among the angels of truth and the Titans of wisdom.

It is a pleasant thing to die, when the death is natural, because the soul 'makes a Sabbath day's journey' toward Deity—gets nearer to the central Fountain of everlasting life—nearer in the sense of realizing more love and acquiring a higher knowledge concerning the spiritual laws of the universe. The kindling fires of infinite life light up the trans-mundane pilgrim with a larger and diviner comprehension. The great cycles of the world's progression appear like changes in the performance of an operatic drama. The rise and fall of empires seem not more important than the shifting of scenes in a theatre—the lights and shades of an immortal picture.

It is a pleasant thing to die, and to get out of the prison of engrossing and heavy matter, because its chemical transactions emancipate the spirit from the imperative besetments of hateful appetites. Although the soul retains the effects, sad and many, arising from the multifarious transgressions of the principles that are indispensable to its progression; yet, by the fact of chemically altering the relations subsisting between soul and body, the spirit is measurably empowered and inspired to rise above its ruling earthly passions. With the body goes tobacco, alcohol, stimulants, &c.; and with death comes the power to be larger and happier. Some minds are vicious because of physiological defects. Brains sometimes are imprisoned by a malformed skull, and spirit is embarrassed by a hampered brain, and character is deformed as a consequence; so that, in contemplating our common humanity, it is wisest to put down a large amount of evil to externals, which, in this life, are positive in begetting personal manifestations. An accident has been known to jar into life certain portions of a long-slumbering brain, whereby the prosy person was at once converted into a poetic genius and partial musician. Imperceptible alterations in the cerebral polarities will be followed by special changes in the character and habits of the individual. Sorrowful persons may suddenly become joyous and gay; drunkards change into the finest examples of temperance; vulgar souls turn into the paths of refinement; and thus, 'in the twinkling of eye,' it is possible for Death to elevate the character and multiply the opportunities of a man. Even here, under the magic touch of human

magnetism, the ignorant soul is suddenly converted into the embodiment of surpassing intelligence; and by means of the same transforming influence, the mouth of the dumb is opened, and the slow tongue is made to move with the lightning flashes of eloquence. If a few passes of the human hand can work changes so instantaneous and so marvellous upon a human soul, while yet in the body, what are we not authorized to expect when Death bursts the 'prison-house of clay,' and gives the mental powers liberty to run to and fro 'through the halls of creation,' in the natural exercise of all constitutional rights and inclinations?

Yesterday we climbed to the loftiest summit of a dark, broad, and beautiful mountain. We sought a solitary dwelling place beneath the shadow of many trees. The beetling cliffs lifted their stately summits on either side. The music of the deep valleys below filled the temple with sacred melody. The far off silvery clouds, floating between our upturned eyes and the summer sun, seemed to welcome our thoughts to the worlds on high. We there obtained a wondrous vision of truth, and law, and soul, and matter; and for the thousandth time, we acquired a lesson from Mother Nature to this effect—'it is a pleasant thing to die.'

'SELF CONTRADICTIONS.'

By an arrangement with the compiler, we have issued a new edition of that valuable little pamphlet, 'Self Contradictions of the Bible,' and can supply all orders at the reduced rate, fifteen cents, or eight copies for one dollar, postage paid.

THE CHILDREN.

Among our public notices will be found one for a Children's Convention at Longwood, Chester Co., Penn.

The meeting will doubtless be conducted by Joseph A. Dugdale, who enjoys the enviable title of 'A Friend of Children.' We have something in our drawer from his pen, and from other contributors, for our Childhood department, which will be given to our young readers soon. Till then, let them not overlook the Moral Police record, and other entertaining features of each paper.

Bibliolaty.

'It is not more true, that the Bible is too great ever to have been the invention of the human intellect, than that it is too good a book ever to have originated with the human heart.'—Dr. Spring's Bible Lectures.

In the great secession from the Church, initiated by the so-called Reformation in the early part of the sixteenth century, the Bible necessarily became an idol for all shades and sects of Protestantism. The Church, as the light of the world, supported its pretensions on the double basis of Oral and Written Tradition, claiming the power of infallible guidance for both sources of its precepts. But Written Tradition was naturally more highly prized than Oral, as it was the undoubted expression of the very mind of the Apostles—the pillars under Christ of the Church itself. Add to this, the circumstance that the corruptions in church practice were most flagrant in those usages which derived their chief sanction from Oral Tradition, and we see abundant reason why the reaction against these corruptions should find its main support in the Scriptures, as furnishing at once a standard by which to condemn them, and of appeal from them. But in this reaction against church corruption, the Protestant sects not only disclaimed the authority of Oral Tradition, but of the infallibility of the Church as a corporate body, and were logically compelled to lodge this infallibility in the Bible. They could not find this element in themselves, they could not appeal to Oral Tradition, and yet an external infallible guidance must be claimed somewhere, and the Bible received the honor.

In the struggle between Protestantism and the Church, which so violently agitated Europe during the latter part of the sixteenth, and the greater portion of the seventeenth century, the Church insisted more and more on her own infallibility, to the neglect of Scripture, and the Protestant sects on that of the Bible, forgetting to assert a divine authority in themselves. The Church claimed immediate union with God by virtue of her divine constitution, the sects claimed indirect union with God through the sacred letter of Scripture.

This was a great step gained for man's freedom and progress. From the moment the religious organizations abdicated infallibility in themselves, and referred their adherents to a book for infallible direction, it began to be manifest that discordant interpretation was the only practical result. The quick-witted philosophers who arose in Europe upon the first full of the contest between the Church and the Sects, were not long in drawing the inference, that an infallible book with no infallible key to its sense, is a very suspicious authority. This was the crisis in the development of Protestantism. It found expression in the announcement that the individual Reason, illumined by experience and a love of Truth, if not an infallible, is man's only reliable guide.

For a century, now, the Sects have been struggling, might and main, against this principle, which, in their view, is the quintessence of infidelity. Fully believing that all 'saving truth' is contained in the Bible,



Attractive Miscellany.

All things are engaged in writing their history—The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures; and every object covered with hints, which speak to the intelligent.

For the Herald of Progress.

LITTLE EUGENE.

[To his Mother, this humble tribute of consolation is affectionately dedicated by COSA WILKINS.] Not gone! though from our longing sight departed; Not closed the glory of his bright blue eye; Not from the earth-life's infant joys aparted; Though Eden-crowned, unto the dear ones bright.

A Day with the Dead.

[The following, the best half of a good article, is taken from the Atlantic Monthly for September.]

During our rambles among the tombstones the sun has long since passed the meridian, and the streets and avenues of the cemetery are crowded with carriages and thronged with pedestrians, the tramping of horses' feet, the rumbling of wheels, and the voices of men fill the air, and the place which was so silent and deserted this morning is now as noisy and bustling as the metropolis yonder.

And the bright soul link is within thy God; Unto thy ministering hand is given The guidance of that seraph 'mid the band. LYNN, MASS., Aug. 9th, 1860.

inspired word of God has no inherent power to stand alone—that it has fallen among thieves and robbers—is being pelted with fossil conplices, suffocated with fire-mist and primitive gases, or beaten over the head with the shank-bones of silurian monsters, and is howling aloud for assistance.

vainly endeavoring to keep the boys away from the edge of the grave, seized suddenly the rope with which the coffin had just been lowered down, and, stooping forward, laid it like a whip-lash, "cut!" across the shins of a dozen youngsters, making them leap with "Oh! oh! oh!" a foot from the ground, and scatter in short order.

speaking of funerals, reminds me of a congenial subject. Nothing in New York astonishes visitors from the country so much as the magnificent coffin-shops, rivaling in the ostentatious and tempting display of their wares, the most elegant stores on Broadway.

It seems to me, that, in this matter, the undertakers, digging a little deeper below the surface of the present age, have thrown out some of the mystical and grotesque remains of a very antique religious faith, which looks as singular just now to the eyes of common people as would an Egyptian temple with its sacred Apex in Broadway, or a Sphinx on Boston Common.

And then the fashion will become popular with the less aristocratic portion of community, and you will see crowds of servant-girls and street loungers around the windows of our magnificent coffin bazaars, and hear from them such exclamations as these: "Oh! do look here, Matilda! Wouldn't you like to have such a nice coffin as that one is there?"

On the occasion referred to, the funeral procession having entered the church-yard, and my informant and the officiating clergyman having taken their places at the head of the grave, the undertaker and his assistants having removed the coffin from the hearse, and the mourners, of whom there was a large crowd, having gathered into a circular audience, the Reverend Doctor—began the service.

On the occasion referred to, the funeral procession having entered the church-yard, and my informant and the officiating clergyman having taken their places at the head of the grave, the undertaker and his assistants having removed the coffin from the hearse, and the mourners, of whom there was a large crowd, having gathered into a circular audience, the Reverend Doctor—began the service.

On the occasion referred to, the funeral procession having entered the church-yard, and my informant and the officiating clergyman having taken their places at the head of the grave, the undertaker and his assistants having removed the coffin from the hearse, and the mourners, of whom there was a large crowd, having gathered into a circular audience, the Reverend Doctor—began the service.

of a gloomy wood, when he was suddenly startled by a strange noise a short distance from the road. Turning his head, alarmed, in the direction whence it proceeded, he was horror-struck at seeing through the darkness a white object on the ground, struggling as if in the grasp of some terrible monster.

My informant was Professor Tholuck, of Halle University, the most eminent living theologian in Germany, and the principal ecclesiarch of the Prussian Church.

The reader may smile at the weakness and folly displayed in this case, but the assertion may nevertheless be safely ventured, that there is not one person in a hundred who would not under the same circumstances have been greatly disturbed, or would have invented a much less frightfully absurd solution of the phenomenon than poor B—'s.

In addition, then, to an instinctive tendency to religious superstition, (of which I shall here say nothing), to the fairy mythology of the nursery, and the phantom machinery invented by poets to clothe with the semblance of reality their dreams and fancies, can be traced in a great measure the existence in the mind of the credulity which renders the fear of the question possible, opening an introduction for it into the heart excited by inexplicable phenomena or circumstances where such phenomena might, according to our superstitious beliefs, easily occur.

Without entering into an analysis of the fear itself, beyond the remark that any extraordinary sight or sound not immediately explicable by the eye or ear to the understanding (as a steamboat to the Indians or a comet to our ancestors), is a legitimate cause of the emotion, as well as the possibility of the occurrence of such sights and sounds, for believing which we have seen man prepared, first by natural superstitious inclination, and secondly by a peculiar education,—I will only further add, for the purpose of a brief introduction to an anecdote I wish to relate, that there is another fountain of knowledge, from which we drink at a later period than childhood, and as well as then, whose waters are strongly impregnated with this superstitious, fear-provoking credulity: I mean the stories of ghosts which have been seen and heard in all ages and countries, revealing important secrets, pointing out the places where murder has been committed or treasure concealed, foretelling deaths and calamities, and forwarding men of impending dangers.

The philosopher attempts to account for such phenomena by referring them to optical illusions or a disordered condition of the brain, making them subjective semblances instead of objective realities. But one is continually being puzzled and perplexed with evidence contradicting this hypothesis, which, upon any other

subject a priori credible to the reason and judgment, would be received as satisfactory and decisive without a moment's hesitation. In truth, with all the light which science is able to shed upon it, and all the resolute shutting of the eyes at points which no elucidating theory is available to explain, there are facts in this department of supernaturalism which stagger the unbelief of the stoutest skeptic.

It is constantly urged, among other objections to the credibility of supernatural apparitions, that the names of the witnesses have singularly and suspiciously disappeared—that you find them, upon investigation, substantiated thus: A very worthy gentleman told another very worthy gentleman, who told a very intelligent lady, who told somebody else, who told the individual who finally communicated the incident to the world. There are, however, as just intimated, instances in which such ambiguity is altogether wanting.

My informant was Professor Tholuck, of Halle University, the most eminent living theologian in Germany, and the principal ecclesiarch of the Prussian Church.

The reader may smile at the weakness and folly displayed in this case, but the assertion may nevertheless be safely ventured, that there is not one person in a hundred who would not under the same circumstances have been greatly disturbed, or would have invented a much less frightfully absurd solution of the phenomenon than poor B—'s.

In addition, then, to an instinctive tendency to religious superstition, (of which I shall here say nothing), to the fairy mythology of the nursery, and the phantom machinery invented by poets to clothe with the semblance of reality their dreams and fancies, can be traced in a great measure the existence in the mind of the credulity which renders the fear of the question possible, opening an introduction for it into the heart excited by inexplicable phenomena or circumstances where such phenomena might, according to our superstitious beliefs, easily occur.

Without entering into an analysis of the fear itself, beyond the remark that any extraordinary sight or sound not immediately explicable by the eye or ear to the understanding (as a steamboat to the Indians or a comet to our ancestors), is a legitimate cause of the emotion, as well as the possibility of the occurrence of such sights and sounds, for believing which we have seen man prepared, first by natural superstitious inclination, and secondly by a peculiar education,—I will only further add, for the purpose of a brief introduction to an anecdote I wish to relate, that there is another fountain of knowledge, from which we drink at a later period than childhood, and as well as then, whose waters are strongly impregnated with this superstitious, fear-provoking credulity: I mean the stories of ghosts which have been seen and heard in all ages and countries, revealing important secrets, pointing out the places where murder has been committed or treasure concealed, foretelling deaths and calamities, and forwarding men of impending dangers.

The philosopher attempts to account for such phenomena by referring them to optical illusions or a disordered condition of the brain, making them subjective semblances instead of objective realities. But one is continually being puzzled and perplexed with evidence contradicting this hypothesis, which, upon any other

subject a priori credible to the reason and judgment, would be received as satisfactory and decisive without a moment's hesitation. In truth, with all the light which science is able to shed upon it, and all the resolute shutting of the eyes at points which no elucidating theory is available to explain, there are facts in this department of supernaturalism which stagger the unbelief of the stoutest skeptic.

It is constantly urged, among other objections to the credibility of supernatural apparitions, that the names of the witnesses have singularly and suspiciously disappeared—that you find them, upon investigation, substantiated thus: A very worthy gentleman told another very worthy gentleman, who told a very intelligent lady, who told somebody else, who told the individual who finally communicated the incident to the world.

My informant was Professor Tholuck, of Halle University, the most eminent living theologian in Germany, and the principal ecclesiarch of the Prussian Church.

The reader may smile at the weakness and folly displayed in this case, but the assertion may nevertheless be safely ventured, that there is not one person in a hundred who would not under the same circumstances have been greatly disturbed, or would have invented a much less frightfully absurd solution of the phenomenon than poor B—'s.

In addition, then, to an instinctive tendency to religious superstition, (of which I shall here say nothing), to the fairy mythology of the nursery, and the phantom machinery invented by poets to clothe with the semblance of reality their dreams and fancies, can be traced in a great measure the existence in the mind of the credulity which renders the fear of the question possible, opening an introduction for it into the heart excited by inexplicable phenomena or circumstances where such phenomena might, according to our superstitious beliefs, easily occur.

Without entering into an analysis of the fear itself, beyond the remark that any extraordinary sight or sound not immediately explicable by the eye or ear to the understanding (as a steamboat to the Indians or a comet to our ancestors), is a legitimate cause of the emotion, as well as the possibility of the occurrence of such sights and sounds, for believing which we have seen man prepared, first by natural superstitious inclination, and secondly by a peculiar education,—I will only further add, for the purpose of a brief introduction to an anecdote I wish to relate, that there is another fountain of knowledge, from which we drink at a later period than childhood, and as well as then, whose waters are strongly impregnated with this superstitious, fear-provoking credulity: I mean the stories of ghosts which have been seen and heard in all ages and countries, revealing important secrets, pointing out the places where murder has been committed or treasure concealed, foretelling deaths and calamities, and forwarding men of impending dangers.

The philosopher attempts to account for such phenomena by referring them to optical illusions or a disordered condition of the brain, making them subjective semblances instead of objective realities. But one is continually being puzzled and perplexed with evidence contradicting this hypothesis, which, upon any other



