

THE PRINCIPLE.

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Fidelity to immutable principles of Justice, Truth and Right!
Infidelity to all forms of mutable wrong and error.

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HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

TO MY CONJUGAL COMPANION IN THE SPIRIT SPHERE.

Thoughts undefined, mine Own!
Come welling up the pure depths of my soul,
And breathe thy presence near.

To me, they whisper low,
In magic tones, which stir affection's deep,
Of all thou art to me.

Now to my listening soul,
Come golden thoughts, fresh from the heavenly mint,
Bearing thy impress pure.

Thou, my Inspirer! tell,
In burning words, warm with Love's heavenly fire,
Of all thou art to me.

Thou art my Teacher—Thou! night;
High truths from thee gleam through my soul's dark
And Error flees away.

Thou art my Guide;—with care,
Guiding my steps through devious walks of life,
To paths of heavenly Peace

Thou art my Guardian—Thou!
Guarding with eyes of ever-watchful love,
Lest Wrong impede my way.

Consoler, too, art thou!
In Life's dark hours, from which our nature shrinks,
Thou art my Consolation.

Yea—Comforter art thou!
When anguish bows my spirit to the dust,
Though bruised,—thou bringest cheer!

Saviour to me, art thou!
Thy light illumines my way:—Sin flees the light:—
Thou savest me from Sin!

Thou Mediator art:
My soul to Ways Divine hast reconciled:—
Linking me close to God!

Thou Intercessor art:
Through aspirations lofty, drawing down
Fresh blessings to my life!

What else art thou, mine Own?
God's Blessing unto me!—What else art thou?
Tell me what else thou art.

Lover thou art, and Friend!
With all-pervading—never-ceasing love;
Whence cometh so much love?

What else art thou, mine Own?
God's Blessing unto me!—What else art thou?
Tell me what else thou art.

Thou art my Husband—Thou!
The marriage-bond, sealed at Creation's hour,
Pronounced us ever One!

Thou art my Husband—Thou!
Th' Eternal Hours, weaving their golden chain,
Shall bless us—ever One!

My soul is bathed in love:—
It floweth in, o'er all my conscious life:—
Whence cometh so much love?

It hath a Source Divine:—
That Sea of Love, in Infinite Expanse,
Which bathes all living things.

From out the wondrous depths
Of those Life-giving Waters, flowing free,
Thy love is but a stream:

Full gushing into life,
From the Eternal Fount of Love Divine,
A pure, fresh, sparkling rill!

Gently it floweth on:
And the drear wastes of storm-racked, earthly life,
Straight blossom like the Rose!

God's love to me art thou!
Th' Eternal Love I cannot comprehend:
His Love is breathed through thee!

EXISTENCE.

(Concluded.)

I know that it is a dictum of science, that matter, motion, time and space, reciprocally measure, each, the other. The mutual relation between matter and motion is fully conceded; but there we stop. The limited, as body cannot measure the unlimited as quality or attribute definitely; it can only continue in the endeavor to do so since the unlimited begins, but (to us) does not end. Thence relative change—birth, death: thence also immortality. This is a broad pedestal for immortality to stand on, as positive as mathematical truth, as undeniable as that no existence can be out of the unconditioned; and we really cannot conceive any conditions as limited in possibilities. We do not find it necessary to avoid the regular sequence of cause and effect by supposing that things perish, while man endures; we can only view man as the greatest fact demonstratively known to us. The difference is only in degree, from the (to us) central inane or identity, to the utmost extent of imagination which the term omnipotence, omniscience &c feebly express; since we can imagine unlimited variety of attributes, in unlimited power, progress, harmony and beauty.

At page 506, Hamilton says "an affirmation of absolute necessity is, they are aware, virtually the negative of a moral universe, consequently of the governor of a moral universe."

The difficulty here arises, from confounding the unlimited with the absolute—the unconditioned; of a being that we cannot conceive without attributes, with being not conceivable as attributes, or conditioned. The latter we cannot deny; yet as unqualified existence, we can affirm nothing of it, as thing or thought.

The former we know only by affirming more and more forever. This non-affirmation of conditions to the unconditioned, sinks or negates neither no thing nor thought. We cannot conceive the totality of unlimited attributes as

actual, only as possible. In all our endeavors, we can reveal no more than we are. The utmost range of our conception of the possible and probable is connected with the innate self-conscious identity we call *me*. We can establish only our own status—not the ultimate; indefinitely less the absolute; we can find no comparison between them.

Law as adequate cause producing determinate effects, can only apply to conditioned existence; to the changeable, the progressive. It is like evolution and involution; or law descending and conditions ascending, and meeting or conforming in every selfhood.

Again, at page 480. In considering Cousins idea of Deity being subject to "necessity. That on this theory He could not be distinct from the world, that in passing from absolute essence to relative manifestation, He must pass from the better to the worse or from the worse to the better" this is perhaps reasoning correct from the premises; but we cannot imagine essence as absolute, indivisible and without relation. We cannot think time as not in space nor separable; and we cannot imagine whatever we conceive as Deity out side of space, therefore the passing in is not possible.

We can understand necessity as relative or made of conditions; but what is necessity absolute, without alternative or possibility of change, or how can self be subject to self? If we are determined to affirm something, or all things of Deity as absolute, we must either lift the conditions or affirmation to the absolute or, reduce the absolute to relative conditions. If we could know God, He would cease to be God.

It is, I think impossible to treat of absolute and infinite without bringing them more or less within the range of the relative. It may be asked, of what use then can such efforts be? Is there not to us a power and stability in being able to distinguish between the unconditioned, as abstract ratiocination; and what we must call the reality as Duration and Space. Does it not more clearly define the possible bounds of the conditioned? If our conceptions are limited to things and thoughts, these may be viewed as more distinct in outline; we may be more right in what is (to us) knowable.

As near as I understand Sir William Hamilton; he considers Time and Space in some way infinite. if not absolute; yet he frequently, perhaps uniformly qualifies them; they do not seem to him to be unconditioned. To him infinity is divisible; his abstract or negative conception of the unconditioned seems to be other, and separate from time and space. It seems to allow the possibility of more than one unconditioned; that is of a personality conceivable as an embodiment of attributes.

Now while I cannot think any such as out of

space, I therefore, think them unconditioned; while they cannot be subtracted from, we cannot know them as continuous or necessary to space. In the same light the finite cannot be subtracted from the unlimited; but between these we find a mutual relation. Duration and Space seem to me the only possible or conceivable as unconditioned. We need not look for more than one infinite or absolute, our conception of them is negative (as near perhaps as words can express it) and must change with our perpetually changing condition.

I confess however, that more intuitive glimpses present existence as continuous; so that all differences become obliterated, and the finite disappears in the unlimited; hence I infer that the latter may (tho' I cannot see how) be the infinite; analogous to the limited in the unlimited. But I will not yet, enter into this profound.

ANTEPAST.

THE VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

PART 3.

Arise majestic Queen of night—thy satellites are waiting—the starry host like duteous subjects come, thronging up Heaven's dark halls to hail thy brightness. Arise oh Moon! and gild the cold sad world with thy pure virgin beams—alas thy calm white light streams through full many a lattice window, revealing scenes of pain and shame and sorrow better far un-gilded. Now as lordly sailing up the midnight vault thy radiant robe thou trailest, thy lustre gleams through lace and rosy silk and on yon mansion stately fair and silent, reveals the hidden secrets of a heart which mine like treasured up within itself, no human eye has ever clearly read. The Moon shines full upon the broad expanse of terrace and of lawn—two chamber windows catch the glorious rays, reflecting on a form within the gauzy screens which luxury has hung before the windows. It is a lady fair as winter snow; her raven locks unbound, her toilet robes fall like a thin white cloud around her beauty—her hands fall listless on her floating robes, her jewels careless thrown aside betoken the toilsome round of fashion's day is over—her dreamy eyes, deep lustrous as the starry night, are fixed upon the moon, but oh more distant yet—distant as is eternity, that thought has sped away; what mortal mind can follow it—and now unbidden dew rises within the glassy mirror of that eye, to all the world so fathomless and cold its lustre seems, no love reflected ever cheers its depth.

The Lordling's wife, a city heiress once raised by her beauty to this envied rank. The worthless flower to her worthless Lord, cropped, tasted, thrown aside, his cold neglect has left her thus forsaken and alone.

She weeps! She thinks upon a fair young life, her only human joy, her little one, her loving cherub boy sent for a few short years and passed away, passed where? away! oh not away from her—she looks for him in that far distant realm to which her wandering thought so vainly rises; oh Lady list the voices of the night, and thou shalt hear the soft low music tones of that beloved one calling thee to listen. "Mother" it murmurs—"where has thy thought strayed, affection must be present where it loves; I love thee mother and my spirit free, can

never pass away except with thee; thou canst not see me for the mortal clod still veils thine eyes; *thou canst not see thy thought*, but yet it is thy life. It was thy boy's, and now it is the same without the veil. Mother, wherefore weep? The day is passed; dost thou weep for the morrow?

It is in God's hands, it may never come, or, if it does, 'twill lead but nearer still to that last, long to morrow when the sun ne'er sets. Then mother every pang thou'st bravely borne, will be a strength to thee so real and true, will blossom to effects—so wise and high, that thou wilt wish thy pilgrimage on earth had been far more prolonged, more conflict riven to fit thee purified for well earned Heaven.

—Mother see thy youth, thy beauty, hope and life are passing, all these the restless spirit of quick change are hastening to their end. But for thy spirit—does it not shine beneath the locks of grey, does it not sparkle 'neath the quivering limb of palsied age, like sunshine wrapped in clouds? Changeless, progressive ever, ever living, no age, decay—no blight no distant flight, just where it loves its life remains forever, its only ugliness or stain is sin; Mother I'm here mother! bethink thee if thou lov'st thy boy, does not God love his children far more truly? Can thy love perish in the cold dull tomb? Is God's more finite than his creatures love? Love, love! it is immortal, knows no change; it may be, is, even felt, but never seen.

The change in eyesight n'cir touches Spirit;—again I wind my arms about thy neck, thy spirit feels me, tho' thy flesh cannot. Learn but what spirit is, thou'lt weep no more,—'tis easier, sweeter far to commune thus, than with the Earth's rough speech to mask our thoughts.

Learn but what spirit is, thou'lt smell these flowers, the treasures of our amaranthine bowers,—Each colour is a thought, each perfume meaning, like gems of wisdom through all nature gleaming, I love thee oh I love thee darling mother, whether in this world, whether in another. God which is love in every human heart, from where or whom it loves can never part."

The mortals ears heard not the spirit speak, but she too had a spirit and it felt,—the meaning of the voiceless silence knew what thought was given and what presence stood within her chamber. No more sad or lonely, strong she went forth to battle with the world, as friend by friend dropped off till all earth's flowers were torn or cropped or withered from her sight, she felt another angel near her stood, another formless presence watched her steps. The spirit stronger, truer, purer, fairer, in her lone midnight watches grew far dearer, without their mantle of rude mortal mold, she learned what spirit was, and now grown old, palsied, and feeble, crushed, forsaken, poor, she knew twas but the casket suffering bore, she felt how young, how fair her soul was still waiting to burst her shell to her master's will, she humbly, gently bowed while her son, in strong angelic manhood night by night whispered fresh courage, till his single voice grew to a host, with all the world thought lost. They pitied her so old and so forlorn, she smiled and said her body tempest torn, was not the life, and this she knew full well and this the voices of the night could tell.

Learn what is spirit, it will prove to thee thou

art never lonely never God forsaken, a host is ever around thee whispering comfort although to mortal ear no word is spoken.

The two following communications from the spirit of Patrick Henry, were written by the hand of Harriet M Smith.

IMMORTALITY.

The immortality of the soul is a subject of momentous and attractive interest. A host of beautiful and thrilling associations throng upon the doubting mind, as it turns its thoughts inward in earnest, contemplation of a spiritual and eternal state of existence, for the harassed and wearied when relieved from time and care.

At such a time, earth with all its busy and troubled scenes—the clouds of gloom and sorrow, the shadows of perplexity and doubt, are swallowed up in one bright and blissful dream; and then visions of beauty which the mortal eye may never gaze upon, are revealed to the soaring spirit, and in the unspeakable joys which seem to await its coming in the distance, it views the inheritance which fadeth not away. Such views and anticipations are natural to the human soul; they represent the most exalted aspirations of man; they are the ceaseless whisperings of immortal hope, and constitute the spontaneous expression of the soul's divinest thought. Hence in all ages of the world, in the grossest darkness of ignorance, amid the stifling mists of human folly, and beneath the overwhelming tide of corruption the native promptings of man have been manifested in dreams of a happy life beyond the grave.

The Indian worshiper, standing in the silence and solitude of his home, turns his gaze upwards to the blue sky, beyond whose radiant bounds he seeks the fields and streams of his Elysium; the gross and benighted heathen, whose knee is bowed before earthly gods, and whose heart is trembling in its silent fear, can yet look forward to a glorious far off world, where the virtuous may dwell in undisturbed repose; and then the more enlightened philosopher, rejoicing in a brighter faith, can feel as he passes the fading earth, that beyond the cold and fearful tide of death, beyond the darkness which gathers upon his closing eye, is a land where grief and sorrow flee away, and where the weary are at rest. Such anticipations, which are so earnest and irrepressably in man, serve to reveal the inmate dignity of his nature demonstrating the consoling fact that he is not utterly depraved, but that slumbering beneath the ashes of earthly corruption is the spark of the divinity. Considered in this light, therefore it is a beautiful truth that while men have cherished the distorted creations of misdirected thought, while they have faith in the natural outbirth of their own evil passions and desires, trembling beneath the fancied wrath of Deity, or shrinking from the fires of an imaginary hell, they have likewise indulged in the aspirations of their higher nature, and have breathed forth the cheering hopes of a happy immortality.

It is true that even these diviner aspirations may be misdirected the golden dreams which entrance the soul may be but fallacies, and the deep longings of the heart may arise for that which the teachings of reason may not wholly sanction; yet we are to observe that these very

sentiments exhibits the indwelling and attractive beauties of the heart, while they unfold some glorious end, which however dim and shadowy it may appear, will be reserved to answer the soul's native hope. There is a use in seeking for every thing which is bright and beautiful in fancy; for though the soul's ideal may not always correspond with the ultimate fact, yet in accordance with a natural principle, it shall ever find the comparative likeness of that for which it seeks. So in its sweet dreams, it may not thirst and long for immortality in vain, for beyond the thick shadows that veil the breast of earth, Heaven stands as a beautiful and divine reality.

HEAVEN.

Heaven does not consist in anything merely external—it is not dependent on any of the luxuries or adornments of the material world, but it has relation to the condition of the inner being—to the development and gratification of its most holy desires. The human soul might be surrounded by the sweetest delights of a sensuous existence; it might dwell amid all the fancied beauties of Eden, basking in the cheerful sunlight, wandering by crystal streams, or slumbering on beds of flowers, and yet, amid all these external provisions for its happiness, there could be no heaven where discord, hate, or envy had kindled its inward fire. In the blight and desolation of the soul, all visible beauty becomes faded. The earth may be clothed in brightness, and stars may shine in their lofty dome; but all this, to one who feels no sense of harmony within, is but a dismal blank.

But we would not here undervalue the influences of eternal objects, nor depreciate the effect which beauty is designed to produce; still it must be remembered that in order to truly realize the powers of outward loveliness, there must be a corresponding purity of the heart, and that without this, the brightest scenes which ever dawned upon an angel's vision would be inadequate to render heaven complete.

Heaven has its seat in the depths of the eternal man, and is enthroned beyond the contingencies of all outward conditions. Beneath the outer crust of the sensual nature, deep within the external being, are powers and aspirations, and desires, which may be slumbering now in a lethargic passiveness, but which constitute in their just and harmonious action, the sources of celestial joy. We may say, therefore, that the true heaven consists in the sweetness, purity, and harmony of the soul, that it is attained in the right development and appropriate exercise, of all the faculties which belong to the inner being, dwelling ever in that calm and tranquil spirit, whose aspirations are in unison with the divine harmonies of nature, whose love flows out in one constant stream to man, and whose faith reaches far up to the powers on high. Heaven is enshrined within that spirit.

The externals of the earthly life may be cheerless, the frowning clouds of adversity may darken the way, and care, perplexity and disappointment may cast their shadow upon the brow; yet deep within, where the pangs of earthly sorrow may not reach, is, "The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy." It is not necessary, then, to wait an entrance into the precincts of the spirit home in order to attain heaven. That indeed is a state of peculiar and

superior bliss. There the influences, which are all holy and divine, serve more fully to develop the glorious powers within; and there too, all external beauties, sublimated and refined, correspond to pure affection, of the soul, and send their thrill of bliss through the inward sense.

Still the human soul should delight to realize that heaven may be enjoyed on earth, that even here, where storms and tempests rise, where anguish and desolation breathe their sigh, where sin, and crime, and wretchedness have taken up their abode, and the clear light of heaven is swallowed up in doleful darkness even here, may be enjoyed an earnest of that surpassing bliss which dwells in the angel's bosom.

In the language of the inspired poet,"

"Heaven is no place,
Unless it be a place with God's all where;
It is the being good—the knowing God,
The consciousness of happiness and power;
With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose,
But doth increase in every state."

Wherever, then, the fountain of purity is opened in the soul, wherever the divine affections of its nature are exercised and developed, wherever the unchanging smile of Deity reflects its radiance upon the heart, there is heaven. At those sweet moments when the spirit is in harmony with all around it, when its prayers go up as a hallowed incense to the skies, and hovering angels breathe upon it their inspiring breath, then is enjoyed a foretaste of celestial bliss. Heaven may and must be developed within the soul, it must spring forth spontaneously with the growth of all its most exalted and interior faculties. It is not to be found in any external conditions; it is not here nor there; it cometh not with observations; but to use the language of one who had experienced its hallowing presence, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

EDITOR OF THE PRINCIPLE

DEAR SIR:

I was struck with an interview between two Gentlemen, at which I was present not long since. I beg to detail it to you. It was short, but made such an impression upon me, that I think I can repeat it with entire accuracy.

I accompanied an acquaintance—Dr. B.—in calling upon one who's known as a firm believer in spiritualism. The Dr. and the person were old friends, it seemed, having been schoolboys together, tho' they had not met in some years.

The Dr. had been for years a member of a church, which was known to his friend.

After some little conversation as to their boyhood days, the Dr. said:

"Judge, I have come to look into Spiritualism."

"You? was the reply—"What occasions have you to do so? You are leading a peaceful, happy, harmless, and useful life: You are doing good to all around you: benevolent and kind to every body, you are surrounded by affectionate friends and are becoming purer and better every day: What use can you have for Spiritualism?"

Dr. "Why! is that all that spiritualism aims at?"

Judge. "Certainly, and you are showing daily the fruits of spiritualism in you. "What more do you want?"

Dr. "But is there not something in its faith that I ought to know?"

Judge. "Do you fully and without doubt believe in the religion you have professed so many years?"

Dr. "Yes most fully—most absolutely."

Judge. "Then what more do you want? Your religion works in you the fruits of good works and spiritualism could do no more."

Dr. "But perhaps after all I have some doubts on one point, which spiritualism if true, might remove."

Judge. "What is that?"

Dr. "The divinity of Christ."

Judge. "Why is a settled belief on that topic necessary to you? You believe in an atonement through him not that he absolutely atones for your sins and exempts you from responsibility but that by his death, he opened a door whereby you are enabled to work out your own salvation?"

Dr. "Yes that is my view of the atonement."

Judge. "You have then the great principle of spiritualism, namely that you must work out your own salvation and it cannot matter then, upon what ground you find that principle as it is fast bedded in your soul. It will prove its fruits in you with or without spiritualism and you do not need it as your Redeemer."

As your comfort perhaps you may need it?"

Dr. "No. I have no sorrow that the heavens, which I know is within me cannot heal."

J. W. EDMONDS,

SPONGES.

The reader will ask, perhaps what has sponges to do with spiritualism? We will answer by saying, that we do not mean the sponges of commerce, but the human sponges.

Almost every spiritualist knows, to his cost, probably what we mean by it. We mean those mediums, or pretenders, who go about quartering themselves for a time on one and then on another, under the pretense that they are sent by the spirits for some purpose unknown to themselves, and which will be made apparent at some future day to those for whose benefit they are sent. The purpose generally turns out to be the gratuitous board, for the pretenders as long as he can make it convenient to stay. When the place, begins to get uncomfortable for him he casts about, for some other person, whom the "spirits" can render some great advantage, to by his sojourning with them for a time, and so he goes from family to family or place to place, as his ingenuity may prompt him. For his wants which can only be supplied by cash, he makes levies on those who are so enthusiastic as to think, that there may be some great mission, in the future for him, and so they are gulled into giving him a little money, now and then, as he seems to have such a disinterested way of asking for it and seems also to be so much in need of it.

Perhaps when he gets to be a great medium, he will refuse them in some way. But the medium goes to some other place, and the matter passes out of mind.

Now we don't believe in any thing of the kind. We believe that no person has a right to take anything from another, without an equivalent, anymore because he is a medium than otherwise. We do not believe that any progressed spirit will influence any person to rob another, for the sake of benefiting, or de-

veloping the medium so we would advise all spiritualists to shake off all such "sponges," and make them earn their living by the sweat of their brow, as others have done and are doing. We are shure that this procedure can do the cause no injury for what is wanted in the ranks is *workers, not drones.*

THE PRINCIPLE.

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True Spiritual Manhood deals with Principles and avoids Personalities.

GOD FEARING.

Of all the passions of the heart, there is no one so frequently appealed to as an incentive to the performance of good and virtuous actions, as that of Fear; and inconsistent though it may appear none are more zealous in their efforts to awaken and cultivate this Slavish, debasing emotion than the professed followers of him who, in all his ministrations while on earth, taught that Love, Love was the only power capable of elevating the race, and bringing it into those conditions of Divine order and Harmony, that oneness with the Father, which he so earnestly and patiently labored to establish in the souls of those to whom his instructions were given. From infancy to old age, from the cradle to the grave, our fears have ever been appealed to and excited, and punishment in every imaginable form has been resorted to on earth, while visions, of howling fiends and sulphurous fires have been conjured up to meet and greet us after death, in the fallacious hope that man could be deterred from the commission of those offenses to which it is said his nature is ever prone.

"The fear of the Lord's, is the beginning of wisdom"—at least, so said Solomon, but the wisdom of this proverb we take the liberty to call in question, although it is emblazoned upon tablets in Schools, and Churches, and quoted so frequently that Children are led to believe that our Father in Heaven is more pleased with exciting their childish terror than winning their confidence and Love, resembling more some irritable, frowning despot than a kind and beneficent parent. "Thou *shall love* the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength," and thy neighbour as thyself" is the highest teaching of the reformer of Nazareth. Here an entirely different emotion of the soul is called into action and love is substituted as the incentive instead of fear. We cannot comprehend the possibility of the two acting at the same time in relation to the same being. Whomsoever we fear we cannot love, neither can any one who incites in our breasts fear, either love us truly himself or expect to receive in return for the emotions awakened aught else than an empty profession of regard, wrung reluctantly from the breast, where love, and fear can never dwell and act together.

These passions, when exercised towards one

and the same object, are wholly incompatible with each other, and it needs no Solomon to instruct us as to which of them it is most proper to appeal, in order to lead a virtuous, just and useful life. What has the strong hand of force instigated by fear done towards elevating the moral condition of the race? It has arrayed man against his brothers and dyed the earth with human blood. It has enslaved in body and mind the children of God, and produced innumerable evils under the smart he of which humanity now groans and suffers, evil which nothing can ameliorate or dispel but substitution of the law of Love and kindness for that of force and fear and the attainment of the knowledge that where Love dwelleth not 'tis worse than useless to awaken any other passion in the vain hope of accomplishing any beneficent or good purpose whatever.

It is full time that the practice of frightening children into subjection should be discountenanced by every parent; full time that Priests had outgrown and abandoned the false and pernicious idea that burning hells and hideous Devils are necessary, as auxiliaries of the Almighty to terrify his children into obedience and Love: full time is it they should know that our God is no cruel, vengeful despot, no Jealous, vacillating, fear inspiring monster, whom to Love were absolutely impossible; but a loving, merciful, good and beneficent Father, incapable of anger towards any of his children, the most wayward and profligate of whom he created in his own likeness, endowed with Life, immortal life, and faculties to enable them to work out their high destiny in one eternal round of ceaseless progression.

TIME AND SPACE.

These two words seem to contain an almost unfathomable mystery to the mind in the beginning of its inquiries into the nature of external things. Let us make a brief suggestion.

Then let it be understood that advanced spirits have no idea of Time and Space. They see only CONDITION, instead of *Space*, and only CHANGE, instead of *Time*. Now does it not appear rational to consider CHANGE as the idea of *Time*, and the quantity or amount of CHANGE as the interior of the idea of *Space*. These two elements united make Progress. Thus *Time* and *Space* become a unit in Progress—*Time* denoting the CHANGE from one condition or step to another, *Space* denoting the measure or amount of that change—there being absolutely neither *Space* nor *Time*, but only CONDITION and PROGRESS—or more properly, existence and its unfoldment.

VOICES FROM THE INNER LIFE.

The three following communications were recently received at intervals of about ten days, by a Father from his daughter under 20 years of age, who had shortly before departed this life, having with her mother who survives her, entertained fearful forebodings of the future destiny of her Father, because his views on religious subjects were so changed from his Puritan Education and belief—who being so much a believer in *modern spiritualism* as to ground his faith immovably, in the idea that a *New Era*;—dawning by which the dis-

tracted religious sects of the world are to be absorbed and for ever amalgamated into *one.*

My dear Father, I am here to bring you flowers fresh from the gardens of Heaven—daisies and the lilies of the valley, and as I look upon them they speak to me in the language of symbols, Love, Humility and Resignation. I place them in your hands and they will not fade or die but by care will bloom in your presence and their fragrance shall penetrate the secret chambers of my dear mother's heart and she shall feel that you have walked in some garden that has yielded these precious gifts, and she will miss, in your absence, the perfume and will yet come to you and ask you to lead her where those sweet flowers grow; and, my father, then you shall take her by the hand and I will guide you both to regions of bliss made without hands, and your hopes shall be realized. Take the flowers, for they are sent by angels to you. I can now understand much of your life that before was a painful uncertainty and my soul clings to you with renewed love and you have now a freer, better daughter in spirit than you could have had on Earth. Father, many things that are trials to you now will be less so day by day not that we may remove them, but we can give you strength to bear, in the silent love of angels around you. I can now give utterance to, and in the language of affection prove to you the care they have had over you in the days of your youth, when hopes were bright, and in the hours of disappointment. Could I have realized all, my father, when with you, that I do now, I could not have tarried with you all so long It was well for me, and my mother how much care I feel over her you can well imagine, and you shall feel my labor day by day in our house. There is much I had hoped to speak to you about, but must wait until by word of mouth I can give it you, for it is easier than to write as it checks the flow and we are obliged to use our wills in two different ways. I will come again and make you feel that the light has entered into our home and you are the guiding star there amid the darkness. I wonder at your forbearance in regard to this subject now that I understand it and marvel at your patience in being obliged to withhold all expression that was consuming you; but you will not long be thus cramped, for when I left my home I left the door ajar, and all are looking through and the light of Heaven enters in daily, be hopeful and all will be well.

Your happy child in spirit life.

My dear FATHER,—my own dear PARENT,—God is good and that can sum up the spiritual feeling of my soul. I am so happy—yet I know how much you hoped for me and how bitterly you felt for my loss, but now all is well—your feelings have done much to reconcile me to my new life.—For when I come to a conscious feeling of my situation, I felt that you all would mourn for me, and you would feel the want of my hand and heart at home; but, dear FATHER, all is well and I shall come to you, and if you will only listen to me, often will I come and smooth your path and aid you to understand—Mother, she is as one without hope while you have the knowledge of my presence. Father, dear, dont encourage the thought of having my few things, my trinkets, stored away, for every occasional glance will add a fresh pang

—I will come to you and tell you of my new life just as soon as I learn how to manage an other mind and I will soon be able to—now I am assisted—my grave dear FATHER, let mother do as she will and I will try to carry her mind from it *upwards*—I loved violets and myrtles; let them grow near where my body is, and when you associate me with the *dead*, let the flowers tell you that like them I am living in the ETERNAL GARDENS above, only transplanted.

I wish to say more but cannot now. Be cheerful dear, Father, and come to me in thought and I will make you feel a cool breeze on your brow, for I am fast learning to control your elements and can manifest to you in that way and you shall know that I am with you.

Did you ever feel, oh my Father, in the early spring, the gladness of soul that nature seems to have? Did you ever yearn for the summer breeze to return, laden with life to the flowers?

Thus does my spirit feel when thinking of home. The winter of sorrow is past, and I long to enter my home as the spring returns upon nature—gently, lovingly. I will watch the tender consolation and peace, springing up in the hearts of my dear ones, and I long to receive the welcome tones of those whom I so dearly love, and see life in their souls,—life of hope and Faith. My own dear mother feels the want of that spring-time, but it is coming all in the time of the Infinite Father. You, dear Father, are blessed. You have strength within that guides you nobly on—and my mother's heart is wounded so deeply—she feels my loss even more than she can express.

Yet the summer of her joys is coming, and she shall feel that the chill of winter has been well for her.

Oh my Father, love her tenderly and give her of your peace, for she is weary in spirit and would drink from the fountain, but knows not the rod that will make the water flow.

I have been roaming, with Angels of air through space, through air, and as I wander on, I view the works of God with awe and love, and the glad tidings that meet me every where give to me an exquisite happiness that I knew not in earth life. Free, so free—encompassed in love, power given me to aid my dear ones of earth, wisdom clothing me in her radiant robes I am here with you with such a full heart that my thoughts, work at random. I can scarce form them for very joy—and this seems like sitting in my room, breathing out carelessly my own stray emotions. My mother, my father—how dear the names are to me. How anxious I am to become purified enough to feel able to guide them to mansions made without hands.

Purity of heart is the watch word here, and you have but to allow the waters of trial to do their mission and then the gates of Paradise are flung wide open.

I was fearful in returning to you lest I might confirm in you *errors* that seem to me in life, and although I soon was aware that spirits were permitted to return and my heart yearned for them at home, yet I was fearful then I turned to prayer and asked of the Father of light and guidance—I was as a young lamb in a new fold and I would not stray, and my petition was heard, and the good shepherd sent an angel to comfort me, and he bade me arise and do that

which was in good the sight of the Lord—do that which would make the sorrowing heart more resigned, teach it to be grateful, thankful and resigned, by my soothing presence—hush the murmurings of a wounded soul and lead the thoughts heavenward. Thus sanctioned by his love, which is *all* and over all, guided by angelic wisdom. I cross the threshold of my earth home to be the comforter and the harbinger of the spring-time of the spirit.

Blessed art thou, blessed am I. Great is the Love which guides us."

A friend who has lately turned his attention to the subject of spiritual manifestations has been highly favored in receiving a variety of communications and has kindly consented to furnish us with a few extracts. He is but a novice in these matters, as yet, but one of a temperament and perseverance that we trust will ultimately lead him to such results that his mind will be convinced of the truth *from his spirit Mother*:

"Think, my son, how transient and fleeting is all of earth, be in readiness to meet me at any time. Who can tell what the day may bring forth, it is well to feel at peace with all." (To a question whether he was a medium and if she would manifest to him without the help of a Medium she answered.)

"I will try, my son, to influence you all I can in order that you may receive through yourself; it depends much upon your condition of mind. We can direct your notions and desires, at times; be not too anxious. When you sit alone we will meet with you. Remember I am trying to do all that I can to enable you to make this truth, become more and more a reality, or substantial fact in your mind. Good night, my dear son, and when going to sleep read the 3rd Chapter of John. Verses 8 11 19 and 34.

Verse 8. "The Wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof but can'st not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the *Spirit*."

Verse 11. "Verily, verily I say unto thee we speak that we do know and testify that we have seen and ye receive not our witness."

Verse 19. "And this is the condemnation that light is come into the world and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil."

Verse 34. "For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God, for God giveth not the *Spirit* by measure *unto him*."

In a conversation with others in the presence of a medium (where doubts were raised because of the sameness of all these communications) and not addressed to any Spirit, my mother immediately answered through the medium by writing, "I will tell the reason why the language seems to be of a sameness: it is because the spirit speaks through the individuality of another and the language of necessity must partake of theirs.

"Oh how much, my dear son, is the loved tie that binds us closer and closer. Another fair spirit on whom your affections have placed upon Earth is with me and is with me your guardian spirit. She was loved by many. Now she is a bright and happy spirit, free to roam and enjoy all that her spirit is capable of. Clothed in her bright ethereal robes, she will assist me in

your behalf. We will try to give you all that your soul yearns after. Knowledge and love combined, oh how bright and beautiful the sphere where we dwell. So happy, loved by all so dearly, all governed by the laws of right and justice and surrounded by all that is heavenly and pure. I see how much you have had to contend with, but seek on, I will guard and watch you through this sphere of action and you *shall* be convinced of the reality of this truth."

From a female friend in the spirit world.

"Let this from me give you strength in knowing that I shall be one of your guardian spirits, shall throw around you the spiritual shield of Heaven for your protection, shall try to make conditions so that you may be enabled to walk in peace and happiness. There is much in store for you; therefore seek on for more of this divine truth. As the morning dew refreshes the air and the flowers, so will those who are in spirit, so tenderly drawn towards you, throw around you the gentle influences and atmospheres of Heaven. I shall stand by you throughout all trials, all afflictions that you may have to pass through, and give your spirit rest, sweet rest of Heaven. Now I must depart, leaving results to *Him* who knows all things, and the divine blessing be upon you."

The subjoined messages from a spirit was written in the presence of the Ed. through the mediumship of a gentleman connected with the theatrical profession. The gentleman, like many others of his kind. (unfortunately perhaps) has a large development of the organ of *amativeness*, alluding to which he was exploring his struggles to subdue his animal passions, and remarked "I suppose my spirit friends know and look with the eye of angelic charity upon my short comings," when his hand was immediately controlled by a spirit friend of his, and the following was rapidly written:

"But why associate with our sex, animal thoughts alone. Is there not purity and beauty in an affection in which the sexual idea has no place? The heart of woman, earnest, true and sympathizing, is ever open and willing to respond to yours. When divested of its grosser elements. Love to be lasting, even to be a source of enjoyment, must be purified; not to say that love does not ultimate in the sexual embrace; but that embrace, divested of its grossness, purified and spiritualized in its conditions is not condemned by God or angels, you mistake, you strive to banish love from your heart, thinking thereby that you gain *purity*, but what is the *result*. Like the thirsty traveller on the desert, parched and exhausted, you drink until death ensues you abstain from sexual intercourse until the propensities entirely predominate, and then you seize on food that in calmer moments you would loath. No, safety is not in abstinence, but by virtuous temperance. It is not in ceasing to love, but in loving with moderation, therefore shut not up your heart's affections in the internal, but be harmonial and find happiness in the full and just use and development of all powers bestowed upon you."

The gentleman then remarked, "spirits do not seem to wish to advise us much about our mundane affairs;" and asked "spirits, cannot you give me some advice," I feel the need of your sympathy and counsel?" Immediately his

own hand was controlled and the following was written: "We can, by good advice. Get up early, take no drinks, and go where business is to be found—not wait until it comes to you. You won't get an engagement in a *Lager Bier* establishment; but why give you advice? you know what to do."

WORDS OF CHEER AND PROMISE.

The following was given to one who is comparatively unknown to the world, although through him it has received many new, beautiful and elevating ideas. It will be seen that his future is full of hope and promise to the children of earth:

"We greet thee with a hearty welcome, though we have ever been around thee, opening thy pathway and directing thy course. Thy mission is yet to come. Impart what thou hast. By so doing, thou dost enhance thine own happiness and increase the store of useful knowledge. There are many high and beautiful revelations yet to be unfolded through thee. Though thou walkest in silence, or amidst tumult and confusion, thy spirit drinks from the Eternal Fount of Light.

"We come to thee to speak words of cheer and consolation—to pour over thy soul the healing balm—to lead thee to Siloam's pool, there to bathe thy spirit and drink from the fresh waters of everlasting life.

"Thy spirit soars, at times, to brighter climes, there reveling in joys untold to any but thee. Thou wilt ever be protected by the spirit-band of which thou hast been numbered as one. Thy spirit-brothers still walk with thee in spirit; and, at times, we have seen thy spirit, weary and exhausted, long to leave all behind and pass into the etherealized spheres, to partake of the many joys and pleasures which thy soul feels need of here.

"We are ever near thee, impressing thy mind with strange thoughts, and causing thee to feel curious sensations, as the spirit is being moulded and fitted for its sphere of usefulness.

"Thou wilt be ever prompted in relation to thy external sustenance. Necessity is the mother of invention. It stimulates thought—and when we want to operate upon the different organs, there are many ways in which we can bring influences to bear to affect such developments as we think useful and necessary to the receiver.

"Thou wilt be, as we have said before, directed through various channels, for the purpose of procuring sufficient means to bring thee and thine together here. Then rest assured that all these seemingly curious phenomena will be as clear to thy vision as the things beheld by thy external eye.

"Then let hope inspire thy soul to press onward, for thy future course and destiny are illuminated by Heaven's brightest orbs, to light thee on thy way. Now feel refreshed and encouraged, and thy spirit strengthened, in receiving from us and in knowing that we are still with thee and have come through another channel to manifest our presence; and rest assured that we will not prompt thee to act except in such manner as we deem necessary to thy welfare and interest while here on earth.

"Write to thy dear loving companion, and

tell her that thy guides, who have long been with thee, desire her to feel easy—that the time will not be long before she will join thee, to share each other's pleasures and enjoy the love of both.

"This is from
CONFUCIUS
and THE NAZARENE."

THE PRESENT ERA—THE EXTERNAL CONQUEST.

All eras are important in the scale of eternal progression. But, as we rise, each becomes fuller of light and life, and expand, before the spiritual vision with a more intelligent aspect, awakening in the soul deeper emotions of love and filling it with brighter and more cheering rays of hope.

The *present* era is always of the greatest importance, because in that we have our conscious existence. But we may say of the current era that, relatively considered, it is one of great moment and promise. The universe in which we live is assuming an intelligent and harmonious form, both on the external and on what is known as the spiritual planes. The unfolded mind perceives the order of development, and sees that the realms where confusion has seemed to reign supreme are rapidly assuming a harmonious condition and crystalizing into beautiful shapes of eternal oneness.

Heretofore, only small centres, around each of which clustered the sympathies of but a few individuals, have been observable; and these centres have appeared so heterogeneous and antagonistic in their characters as to almost preclude the hope of a future harmonious blending. That is, the leading motives of the several groups have seemed so widely diverse—while each thought its own peculiar desire the only right one, which all should entertain—that the generalizing mind has been unable to see how a harmonious whole could ever result from such a chaotic mass. Each has claimed to have discovered the only direct road to heaven. In this it was right as regarded itself, but wrong in supposing all or any of the other centres must follow in the same path.

But now the prospect is clearer. We now see clearly the design of the superior intelligence which has directed these movements, or through which the law of existence is practically manifested in the order of endless progression. This superior and directing intelligence is subject, as we are, to those above him; but he is the centre of our universe, and the channel—not the source or origin—of all those beautiful and exalted vibrations known as light and life. Every individual contains within himself the principles of light and life, in a comparatively undeveloped state; but it is through the great divine centre of the universe that each derives those quickening vibrations which awaken in us consciousness and perception. This life-conducting centre may be called the parent of all within our universe. On the same principle as external individuals are parents of external children, the children deriving through them those quickening vibrations which give external form, consciousness and intelligence.

For convenience, we will call this exalted intelligence, or conjugal pair, forming the centre of our universe, by the popular name of

God. He is not omnipotent, though to us omnipresent, he standing in the scale of existence absolutely as we do, only more progressed, as we will be. Through him the law operates consciously and unconsciously, as it does through us. God's will, or the conscious operation of the law through him, is law to us, yet there is an operation of the law beyond, which God cannot control—just as the will of the external parent is law to the child, yet there are operations of the law moulding the child over which the parent has no control, as they come to the child through other channels.

Now, though we all derive light and life through God, yet he cannot control and guide us all directly. He therefore works through the channels he can immediately control, his desire and constant effort being to raise us all to his own bright and beautiful plane, where each will not only be a light unto himself, but the channel of light for countless millions unfolding below. In consequence of the indirect control of God, there appear all the various and manifold centres we have spoken of as seeming to exist in such utter confusion. There is but one direct channel through which God operates on the external. That channel is the man known as Christ, who is to our universe what the nervous fluid is to the external human system. He represents the male half of God, and hence his spiritual pioneership and the idea of his being the Redeemer of the world. There will soon be opened another channel through which God will directly operate on the external. This channel will correspond to the female half of God, and to the arterial fluid of the external human system. This individual is also the one referred to by Isaiah in the eleventh chapter of his prophecies, in these words, "And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign to the people: to it shall the Gentiles seek, and his rest shall be glorious." He is likewise spoken of by Zechariah, in the fourth chapter of his prophecies, as one of "the two anointed ones, that stand by the Lord of the whole earth."

We have said the aim of God is to draw all up to his own plane, and this he must do through the two channels we have spoken of, the second of which will soon be opened, the present spirit manifestations to earth resulting from the preparations for its opening. When opened, all must rally around these two centres, or anointed ones, who are united in God as one. The smaller centres are now fast being clustered around those larger, and these again around those larger still. When all are gathered around the final centres, the two anointed ones, through them they will unite with God, and a new era of harmony and happiness will break upon the now benighted external. This will be the era so often spoken of as the millenium, and will far exceed the dreams of the fondest believers in its future external realization. Watch, therefore, and keep your lamps well trimmed, for in such an hour as ye think not, the morning light of millennial glory will break upon the external world.

The time for independent action on the external is rapidly approaching. Soon will the declaration of independence be signed and a divine form of government be organized. But a conquest must be made before a permanent

peace will be established. Through the life of Christ, the White Redeemer, the spiritual conquest was made, but the external was lost, and the Commander-in-Chief was slain. Now the external conquest is about to be made through the second anointed one, or the Crimson Redeemer, who will act as the medium of the first. All who have conquered the spiritual in themselves are prepared to now begin the conquest of the external. They have acted on the principle of not resisting external evil long enough. The "tender mercies" of the world have been tested. Now let every man take his scrip and purse, and gird on his sword, preparatory to providing for and defending himself. If he has conquered the spiritual, his will is in harmony with God's will, and therefore must be done—for it is through each individual will that God speaks to us.

The world has heretofore been led astray, and has attempted the conquest of the external before the conquest of the spiritual had been completed. In consequence, the spiritual has been lost sight of, and mankind have become worshipers at the shrine of Mammon. But now there are many minds who have made the necessary external sacrifice for the conquest of the spiritual, and are prepared to begin the conquest of the external in earnest. The number is large—larger than is supposed—and the conquest, though it may be slow at first, is certain. Each can tell whether he is a soldier of the cross, or not, by examining his heart. He can tell whether his motives are dishonest and of a selfish character, or honest and of a universal character. Has he charity for all; is he willing that all should enjoy their natural rights without molestation; is he satisfied with an external competence, and desirous that all should have a competence; is he willing that all should enjoy freely the natural inheritance of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness"; is he desirous of doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him? If so, then he is a true son of God and prepared to fight heaven's battles. Let him no longer allow his natural rights to be usurped by the children of Satan, but prepare to maintain them. The earth and the fullness thereof belong to the children of God; but so long as the enjoyment of them could not be had without endangering the spiritual, it was best to let them go, by not resisting external evil. But now the hold on the spiritual is so strong that the conquest can be safely pushed to the external. If, then, you have the love of God in your heart, and the seal of God, a clear intellect, in your forehead, through which you can see and understand your rights, PREPARE FOR ACTION. For soon the bridegroom cometh—the call to arms will be heard—and the body-guard must leap to do their duty.

THE ETERNAL CONJUGAL RELATION.

It is an almost universal supposition that an eternal conjugal co-partnership can be formed on the external. This is an external misapplication of an internal truth. No eternal conjugal relation can be formed on the external.

The eternal companion of every soul is within itself, never living on the external except

through its externalized half. The idea of their being *one* is no myth. They exist together, as light and heat. If we give to heat a consciousness and to light a consciousness, they would exactly represent the spiritualized conjugal pair, existing together, one within the other inseparably, and yet recognizing each other's personality.

While the one principle of existence is externalized, the other—its conjugal mate—is with God, never being born into the external. When the male and female produce a child on the external, it is because their inner halves, which are with God, have also united and produced the spirit of a child; and wherever a child is born, it is proof positive that the sexual union of the external parents is sanctioned by God and Heaven.

All external unions, therefore, that can be perpetuated on the external, untarnished, *should be*—for *monogamy is the direct road to heaven*. The external bodies may unite without a conjunction of the spirit, and there be no fruit but the "apples of discord." But we say that every prolific marriage, has the divine sanction; and though externally inharmonious, it should be maintained by the resolute will of both parties to harmonize in spite of the separating influence of the Adversary. The peace thus conquered will be permanent; but if a retreat is resorted to, it is so much loss of ground, which must be regained by hard fought battles in the future—for the Old Serpent must and will be subdued, and what is lost in one form must be gained in another.

HARMONY VERSUS DISCORD.

However discordant the external may be, there must be, there *is* an interior chord of harmony uniting all. If we penetrate to the divine nature of our being, we shall always find harmony—because heaven is harmony and in the God of heaven we are all united. Discord is more apparent than real. There are two forces brought to bear on all things. These are the supernal and the infernal, which correspond to and have an expression in the moral and animal sympathies of our external being. The supernal is positive, uniting, harmonizing and heavenly; the infernal is negative, separating, confusing and painful. These two forces (if inertia may be called a force) form the necessary battery plates for our development, and we are happy or miserable just as our conscious life or love rises to the one or sinks to the other. Discord must be overcome and harmony must be established. No union, therefore, is ever permitted to be formed sincerely that is not intended by God to be perpetuated and harmonized into divine oneness; and wherever any union is ruptured on the external, hell gains a victory and heaven loses a triumph—not indeed forever, but for the time being. The battle must be fought over again, though it may be in another form. Let each and all, then, exert themselves to overcome discord. Though the siege may be slow and the suffering intense, yet the triumph is sure and the greater will be the reward. Let nothing be undertaken prematurely and unwisely; but, remember, the battle must be fought—the victory must be won.

There is not so much antagonism as is supposed. As we have said, it is more apparent

than real. All minds are not sufficiently unfolded to perceive the divine centre within, and cannot, therefore, be guided by it directly. To such, lesser attractions are presented. There are many centres of attraction, from infinite smallness to infinite greatness. Those who are drawn to the lesser are not therefore drawn *away from* the greater, but rather *towards* the greater, as far as felt and understood. There is no reason, then, for allowing enmity and discord to spring up in our midst because all do not see exactly as we do and travel directly towards the same point. Each should be freely allowed to obey his own attractions so long as they do not interfere with the same right in others, for such attractions are of heaven, and verge towards the great centre of harmony. The influence of hell is known by its efforts to interfere with the natural rights of individuals and communities, and thus check the onward march of progress—so that the one never need be confounded with the other.

When all have gathered around the Father, God, all will feel and see alike, all having the same teacher. Therefore, there necessarily must be harmony; but even then there will be points of still higher attraction above. Infinite oneness will be only approached, not reached. Yet, there will be no occasion for discord between universe and universe because each has its own individual centre. We shall then harmonize among ourselves much more fully than the members of any sect, gathered around an advanced idea or centre, can possibly harmonize with each other on the external; and we shall know that, though the children of another universe do not see exactly as we do—having another God, who is the personification and expression of another idea, for a centre—yet, when we reach the point of attraction, or central idea or person, around which cluster the Gods or centres of the several universes on our plane of existence, we and the children of the rest of these universes will all see alike and perceive the agreement between those things which before appeared to disagree. Thus, knowing the order of development, we shall be prepared to begin the ascent to a still higher point of attraction and agreement, rising from the lower towards the highest, the process of centralizing and harmonizing going on unceasingly and eternally.

Seeing, then, the great aim and end of existence, let all strive with their might and main to overcome discord—not to fly from it; to conquer a peace and establish on earth the Father's reign of harmony. By so doing, we shall obey the divine will. Strive to still the tempest, and not to flee from danger—and rest assured that you are fighting God's battles and obeying the divine wish, which speaks through your own will—your will being one with God's, and therefore God's will, which *must* be done on earth as it is done in heaven. The present external order of things must be changed, and the new order of things must be established. Man is the instrument through which the revolution must be accomplished. It is near at hand. Prepare for it. Prepare to take your place in the ranks of eternal Right and Justice, and say to the tyrant and the robber, "The past I will forgive and forget, but I will submit to your oppression and robbery no longer. I do not wish to retort by robbing and oppress-

ing you. What worldly wealth you have accumulated by your unholy career of aggression, you are welcome to; but if you attempt to pursue your course of robbery and oppression any further, you will do so at your peril—for I know my rights, and am prepared to defend them!"

PRAYER.

Our Father who in Heaven art—
Thou Source* of Life and Light—
Thy glory come, thy will be done,
As pleasing in thy sight.

Thou know'st the LAW, as we do not,
And teachest every one;
We'll not dictate WHAT thou shalt do,
Nor how it shall be done.

Into thy hands, our Father dear,
Our ALL do we resign,
FEELING that thou art ever good
To us, for ever thine.

*In the sense of CHANNEL, not of ORIGIN.

EQUALITY.

All are equal in the eye of God—in the scale of eternal justice. Every individual is a unit—if he were more or less, he would lose his individuality. Some spirits appear superior or better than others. This is appearance only. Intrinsically and absolutely, all are equal. The appearance of inequality grows out of the order of development. Those first developed necessarily occupy the leading positions, which are more important than others only in a relative sense. As well might a man on the external claim superiority because of priority of birth, as to claim superiority or more intrinsic worth because of priority of spiritual development.

Developed or undeveloped, every individual is absolutely a unit of existence, and nothing but a unit. God is no more than a unit, and the lowest individual is no less than a unit. Priority of position, which comes from priority of development, neither adds nor subtracts from the value—thus: 1111111111 are all intrinsically the same, position giving only relatively increased value, which decreases as we remove the units at the right, on which it depends for all its relative value. But when all are removed but the last, it is still a unit, and, as such, expresses precisely its own intrinsic value.

Let the better-than-thou school of philosophers read and reflect, and see how this proposition of equality can be mathematically overthrown—see how they can make a unit more or less than a unit without destroying its unity.

CELESTIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

Who does not understand the beautiful process of photographing? How tangible the shadow is made to the eye, and how difficult to realize that it is not sentient! From this we may draw a beautiful illustration. An unfolded universe of spirits is the object; the rays of light descend from it to God, who is the object-glass of the camera, each individual in the universe transmitting a ray; the external world is the dark chamber; and man—living, moving, breathing man—is the focus or image cast upon the plate of external existence. Suppose millions of universes thus sending their rays through God, and the earth is peopled with millions of men and women—immortal forms of life—moving to and fro, up and down the earth, as the several objects or universes, of

which they are reflections, change their conditions in the upward and onward march of eternal progress.

CAPT. RYNDERS AND THE SPIRITS-- A TEST.

After receiving news of his brother's physical dissolution in California, Capt. Rynders, in company with Col. Hall, paid a visit to Mr. Conklin's rooms, for the purpose of getting a communication from his brother's spirit.

Many questions were asked by the Captain, and were satisfactorily answered. Finally asks the Captain:

"Where is your body now?"

"In this city!" was the reply.

"That's a damned lie!" rejoined the Captain, with emphasis; but the spirit insisted upon its truthfulness. On their way from the rooms, the Captain says to the Colonel:

"It beats the Devil that such an answer should be given to that question. All the rest were answered right, but that one. Pshaw!—it's all a damned humbug!"

Thus the matter ended. But the next day, as the Captain was walking down Broadway, he was met by an acquaintance who accosted him with—"Captain, why don't you go down to the vessel and get your brother's body?"

"Why, it hasn't arrived—has it?"

"Yes," was the answer; "it has been waiting for you these two days!"

Sure enough, the vessel had arrived with the body much in advance of the time it was expected, and the Captain had to acknowledge the truthfulness of an intelligence in opposition to his own positive conviction at the time of receiving the communication.

ANOTHER TEST.

On the 27th of June, the spirits said the telegraph fleet had begun paying out the cable, but that communication had ceased—they thought on the 25th, but were not positive as to date. One daily, at least, refused to publish. On the evening of the 16th, the spirits insisted that news would be received the next morning. See papers of that date. There are witnesses.

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We have been shown the prospectus of a forthcoming medical monthly entitled "The American Homeopathic Review." We think it will merit an extensive patronage, and wish it every success. See advertisement.

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