

THE
S H E K I N A H ;
Monthly.

DEVOTED TO

The Emancipation of Mind; the Elucidation of Vital, Mental,
and Spiritual Phenomena, and the Progress of Man.

CONDUCTED BY BRITTAN & PARTRIDGE.

'I HEARD A GREAT VOICE FROM HEAVEN, SAYING, COME UP HITHER.'

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WITH your kind approval, we are now entering on the second year of the publication of THE SHEKINAH. We are happy to say that it has been received with great favor by the Press, and by intelligent and progressive minds in all parts of the country. Those who desire other evidence of its character and of its claims to patronage, are confidently referred to the volume that is now complete.

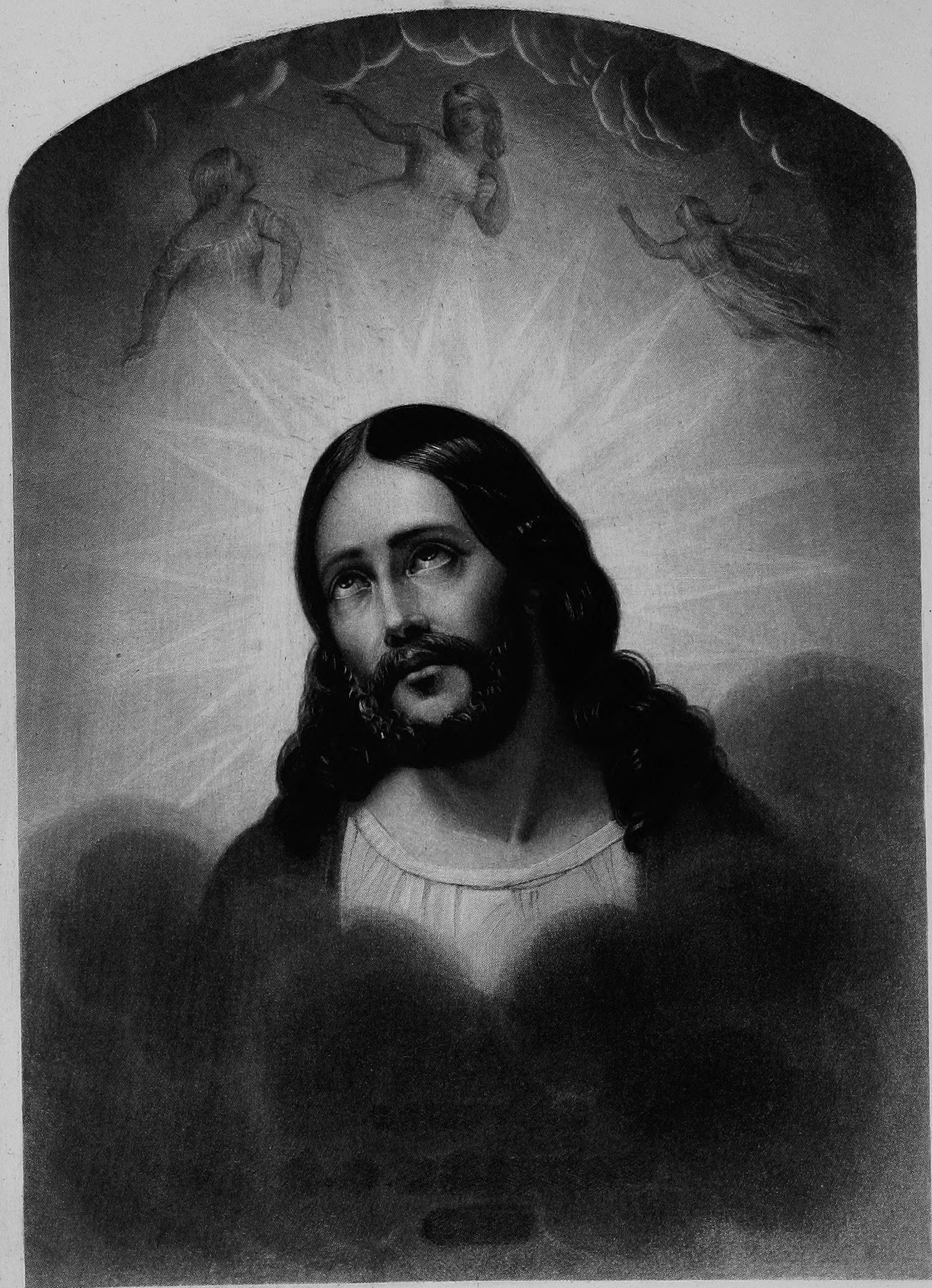
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JOSHUA* THE SEER,

COMMONLY KNOWN AS JESUS OF NAZARETH

BY A MYSTIC.

IN every grassy field, and green enameled meadow, and by the dusty wayside, common and simple flowers unveil their starry faces, and shed forth their grateful perfume to gladden each summer's day, while once in a century only the grand exotic aloes unfolds its marvelous beauty, and illumines with its glory the waiting world but once in a hundred years. So but once in an age the great prophet or hero comes upon the stage of human life, and yet he, and the commonest man that walks the earth, are made up of the same elements, and are equally a part of the same mysterious nature; and Jesus of Nazareth, though like the exotic century-plant the wonder and the glory of waiting ages, still, in simplicity, naturalness, and humility, most resembles the lowly wayside flower. The dark stone-coal of the mine, and the radiant diamond that flashes among the sands, are woven of the self-same materials, though the one may light the peasant's humble hearth-stone, while the other glitters in the monarch's jeweled crown. Yet the mineral of humbler use is the truer emblem of the man of Nazareth, whose sympathies were not with king and noble, priest and hierarch, but with the simplest and the lowliest, the frailest and commonest of the race. And though the precious gem may outvie all other stones in its glittering radiance, still the loving eye will see bright rainbow colors painted upon the rough, dark surface of the common coal.

To some minds, Jesus is the especial incarnation of the Deity;

* Joshua, the Hebrew name which he bore in his lifetime, and of which "Jesus" is only the Greek translation, "Saviour" the English.

to some, even the very God of the universe. With neither of these parties, however, even were our purpose here mere theological speculation and the discussion of sectarian dogmas, should we have any quarrel; for are not all men incarnations of the Deity, and dwells not God—the Shekinah—the holy presence—in all that bear the name of man? Especially “he that dwelleth (or liveth) in love, dwelleth in God and *God in him*.” Though we can not but feel, that were Jesus now on earth, divine and exalted as he might be in nature and character, he would be the last to claim a rank or origin superior to other men, the foremost to acknowledge his relation with the humblest, the most destitute, and outcast of his brethren of the human family, and their equality with himself. Indeed, this sentiment seems to constitute the very essence and peculiar spirit of his religion. It is the distinctive characteristic of what we call Christianity. For Jesus, from his deep-seated consciousness of a divine power in himself, and the continual possession and inspiration of God, was the first to acknowledge the paternal relation of God to the soul, and its divine essence. And this not only in regard to himself, but with respect to all men. His words are not merely “My Father,” but “Our Father,” the one Universal and Equal Father of all mankind;—God present, not in nature alone, but in every human soul, manifesting himself nowhere indeed so fully and so wonderfully as in the individual consciousness of every man. God exists no more to man as a merely outward being, swaying the universe on his distant throne, but man himself becomes the temple of the living God. Hence the great doctrine of the Holy Spirit, the God with us, the indwelling divinity, from whose inspiration not even the humblest and the frailest can be shut out. And Jesus, in thus attributing to all his brethren a relation to God, than which there can be nothing higher and more sublime, and an inspiration divine as his own—for what inspiration diviner than that of the Holy Spirit, the spirit of truth?—puts himself in the same category with other men, and places them on a par with himself; their equal, their friend, their brother. And, however much arrogant theologians may labor to separate him from the race, this, it should be remembered, is the position

which the gentle Saviour assumes equally for himself, and for all that bear the name of man. He is but the first fruits, the earliest development, the elder brother, and most eminently human, while most truly divine! The first to solve the problem of God manifest in the flesh, of man becoming spiritually a son of God, but not the last, ye faithless ones; oh, not the last! The powers he possessed, all may develop; what he saw, we all may see; the works he wrought all may achieve, and by the same inspiring influences, through the same spiritual force within us. Though further advanced, and with the spiritual life in him more fully and perfectly developed, he is, as we have said, the elder brother, and all men have in them the germ of the same beautiful and glorious spiritual growth. And the radiant and blessed day is rapidly dawning upon our gray and groping twilight, when his own divine words shall be fulfilled, "He that hath faith in me, or my faith, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, for I go to my Father, or leave the world and die." And thus it happens, that certain wonderful manifestations of spiritual and prophetic insight and of healing power, that are now beginning to awaken and startle mankind from their sensual torpor, are being attributed to the same divine influence that possessed and moved the prophet and physician of Nazareth, and are suggesting to the minds of those even who believe least in the humanity of Jesus, a natural solution of his various "wonderful works;" thus tending to destroy all faith in his supernatural and superhuman character, and in his especial and exclusive inspiration. So that now it has come to seem not irreverent to apply the terms "spiritual insight," clairvoyance, magnetic influence, and spiritual powers of healing, to the marvelous gifts manifested by our venerated friend and beloved brother of Nazareth.

We are fully aware, however, that there is no task so delicate as that of discussing, in any point of view, the position, character, and mission of a being like Jesus, whose name and history are as familiar to all as household words, but whose peculiar spirit, nature, and characteristics, partly from this very cause, are at the same time neither understood nor appreciated by those who profess themselves his especial friends and admirers: those who,

calling themselves by his name, and priding themselves on being his peculiar followers, wholly mistake his character, misinterpret his religion, and yet bitterly denounce and persecute those who take a different view of him from their own. But we here protest against the arrogant assumption of those who thus claim the exclusive privilege to speak of Jesus, and interpret his life and mission, and declare our equal right to interpret and judge of the character and purposes of this wonderful seer, and this tenderest and humanest of men—our claim to observe him through our own eyes—to sympathize with him, explain and admire him in our own way.

Whatever be the diversity of view in regard to the metaphysical nature of the gentle Saviour, the fact of his wonderful spiritual powers, not only as Prophet and SEER, but as Physician and healer of diseases, hardly admits of question, if any dependence is to be placed upon the records of his life that have been handed down to us from the earliest ages of the Christian church. His spiritual insight or clairvoyance was truly marvelous. His inward vision was always open, and the eyes of his spirit were unlocked to the hidden mysteries of heaven and of earth, of nature, and of man; and piercing beyond the present, through the dim and misty curtains that veiled the future, he discerned the secrets of coming ages. His magnetic power and influence in the cure of diseases seems to have been equally astonishing, and doubtless conferred upon him his usual title of "Saviour" (the meaning of Jesus), which he bore in his lifetime, for the greater portion of his time seems to have been spent in saving people from pain and suffering, and in "healing all manner of sickness, and all manner of disease among the people;" and thus he was a "mighty physician"—the greatest the world has yet known, because his heart was in the work. This, indeed, constituted to a great extent his mission, for when John sends *his* disciples to inquire concerning the office of his wonderfully-gifted cousin, he replies, "Tell John what things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead—or those given over to death—are raised." So full of tenderness and humanity was his soul, so earnest was he in every good word and work, that he

opened his compassionate heart even to the outcast, the abandoned, and the criminal, and strove through gentleness and loving sympathy to restore them to virtue and to peace. Oh, would his professed disciples, the world over, manifest but a moiety, a tithe, a thousandth part of the gentle pity and charity for the wretched, the sinful, and the criminal that characterized him they *call* their Master, it would have more power to reform and save the wicked and abandoned, to save the world, than all the prayers that were ever uttered, or the sermons that were ever preached.

Those who possess the wonderful power of spiritual insight or clairvoyance, so remarkably developed in Jesus, or who have observed its action in others, will have remarked that it gave them a perception of the spiritual world and its inhabitants almost equal to an actual presence. So the blessed Jesus felt himself always surrounded by the influences of a purer world; and he lived in heaven, while yet on earth. He seems to have held constant intercourse with the spirits of the departed, and angels or messengers from higher and more radiant spheres “came and ministered unto him.”

In addition to these exalted powers, he manifested an extraordinary magnetic or psychical influence over not only individuals, but upon multitudes; many instances of which are narrated by his biographers. With the very scanty information which we possess in regard to the first thirty years of his life, it is impossible for us to say whether these remarkable gifts were developed naturally, or by artificial means and a peculiar education and training, during the long season of preparatory study, passed, principally—it is supposed by many writers—among the pure, ascetic, and learned sect of Essenes, from whom he doubtless imbibed much wonderful and mystic lore, and received an influence that encouraged and stimulated his native spiritual tendencies.* John the Baptizer was a member of this sect, and Jesus, by the rite of Immersion, was initiated by John himself into its pure faith and spiritual mysteries; and the

* The Essenes were remarkably skillful in the cure of diseases. Certain communities of them lived in celibacy, and all spent much of their time in contemplation and in spiritual communion.

peculiar ascetic life of Jesus, as well his celibacy, proved his faithfulness to the mystic and spiritual teachings which tradition regards him as having received.

The arts of what has recently gone under the name of "Mesmerism" or "Psychology," were known in Egypt, and perhaps by this holy and exalted sect, to whom this cradle of religious mysticism, as well as India and her theological lore, were in all probability familiar through its numerous pilgrims. Celsus, as well as the Jewish Talmud—the book of the modern Jewish rabbis containing stories, parables, and the "traditions" to which Jesus alludes—both suppose the prophet of Nazareth to have gained much of his spiritual wisdom in Egypt, by a study of its sacred mysteries. Celsus,* on the authority of a Jew, declares, among other things, that Jesus "had gone to service for wages in Egypt; that he had there acquired certain magic arts, and, on the strength of these, had on his return announced himself a divine being" (Strauss translates, "boasted himself for a God"). We know, from the gospel historians, that he was taken at an early age by his parents into Egypt, and the Talmud declares that a member of the learned Jewish Sanhedrim accompanied him there as his teacher. But our limits forbid us from entering at this time into any further discussion of this subject.† In perusing the histories and traditions of the times of our Saviour and those anterior, we shall be struck with the strong, unquestioning faith in spiritual existences and intercourse, and in supersensuous and spiritual realities, evinced especially among the Eastern nations, when compared with the material philosophy and the utter faithlessness in any thing above this world and its possessions, of our own times. They believed, with their ancient writers, that "the inspiration of the Almighty giveth men understanding." All men were moved by a present Deity. Angels,‡ or departed spirits from the heavenly spheres, were gliding up and down with messages of love and wisdom, impress-

* Origen contra Celsum.

† An article upon this subject by De Quincey, that most erudite of all living English writers, published in "Blackwood" some years since, will have great interest for the student in such matters.

‡ Literally "messengers," *spiritual messengers*.

ing the minds of men in the dreams of the night and the visions of the day with celestial and prophetic truths, and whispering to them of the glories of the invisible world. Thus, at the birth of John, the cousin of Jesus, called the Baptizer, Zacharias, the priest and father, sees a spirit "standing on the right side of the altar of incense," from whom he received the messages, "Fear not, Zacharias, for thy prayer is heard, and thy wife, Elizabeth, shall bear thee a son; and thou shalt call his name John," or 'the Grace of the Lord,' in allusion to his mother's former barrenness. And this spiritual messenger represents himself to be Gabriel, or literally "strength from God." The same spirit is also represented as visiting the mother of Jesus with a similar message (the latter portion, however, concerning "the throne of David," and "reigning over the house of Israel," wholly inapplicable to the gentle Saviour, and never fulfilled). And this was his message to Mary, "Fear not, Mary, for thou hast found favor with God; and, behold, thou shalt conceive and bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Saviour. He shall be great, and shall be called a son of the Most High. And Jehovah shall give to him the throne of his ancestor David; and he shall reign over the family of Jacob forever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end." Accounts we have also, in connection with the above, that both Mary and Zacharias spoke, moved by a holy or "heavenly spirit"—became "speaking mediums," as we should say now—uttering words as they were probably moved by some spiritual messenger from the higher spheres. Before Joshua or the Saviour was born, Joseph, the husband of Mary, also receives a spiritual message; and after his birth he received, in dreams, three spiritual impressions that are recorded; one, that they should not return to Herod; another, that they should go into Egypt; and still a third, after Herod's death, in the form of a message from a spirit, to return into the land of Israel.

We have several accounts also of particular communications of Jesus with angels or spiritual messengers—besides general declarations to that effect in various parts of the gospel records. After "the temptation" these same celestial visitants are represented as coming and ministering unto him. Both Matthew and Mark give an account of a conversation he had with Moses and

Elias, and of the extraordinary appearance of spiritual "illumination," or "odic light" that played around the Saviour, and bathed his face and form. His face, declares Matthew, did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light, and in the words of Mark, "He was transfigured before them; his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow; so as no fuller on earth can whiten them." And he himself, alluding to his connection and communication with celestial spheres, says, at the time he was arrested to await his trial, "Thinkest thou that I can not now petition my father, and he shall presently give me more than twelve legions of angels or spirits?"

Striking instances are also given of his powers of clairvoyance or spiritual sight: that faculty of perceiving objects beyond the reach of the natural vision, seemingly without the use of the visual organs; developed to the highest degree, it is the inward or spiritual vision, the opening of the eyes of the soul, enabling men to behold spiritual existences invisible to the outward sense, as they will see them, when freed from the material body and its present organs, in higher spheres.* The first instance given by his biographers of the clairvoyant powers of Jesus, is in the calling of Nathaniel, who, in surprise at his being recognized by the Saviour, inquired, "Whence knowest thou me? Jesus answered, and said, Before that Philip called thee, when thou wast under the fig-tree, I saw thee. Nathaniel answered, and saith unto him, Teacher, thou art a Son of God, thou art the King of Israel. Jesus answered, and said unto him, Because I said unto thee, I saw thee under the fig-tree, believest thou? Thou shalt see greater things than these." To account for the astonishment of Philip, we must not only take into account the distance at which he was, at the time specified, from Jesus, but also the fact of the thick tent-like covering of the umbrageous fig-tree, with its concealment of very large dark leaves. Again: in the story of the woman of Samaria, when sitting at Jacob's well in Sychar, during the temporary absence of his friends, we have a hint of his marvelous power of reading the thoughts and memory. And the woman, after his narration of certain facts

* See Life of Swedenborg in No. II., vol. i., and Works of A. J. Davis.

of her life, "went her way into the city, and saith to the men, Come and see a man which told me all things that ever I did." And in another place it is recorded, "that Jesus knew their thoughts." And we are assured "that he knew *all men*, and needed not that any should testify of a man, for he knew what was in a man." Of his powers of "psychologizing," to use a very modern and technical phrase, or of sympathetic and spiritual influence on the minds of others, and of healing, the history of his life affords very numerous instances.

Under the head of sympathetic or psychological impression, the so-called miracle of turning water into wine is generally classed; it being supposed that Jesus did not actually make the water wine, but that, through his psychological influence on the minds of those about him, the water seemed to their taste a less pure and simple beverage, and that thus, by substituting water for their drink, after they "had well drunk," he saved them from the vice of inebriety. Many of his cures seem to belong to the same class of sympathetic or psychological impression. Either through the influence of his peculiar spiritual development, or by the powerful action of a lofty and determined will, or of both united, he gained an ascendancy over the minds of the diseased, the invalid, and the insane, that induced a state of mental sympathy, or faith in him, through which they gained a release from the ills that had possessed and enslaved them.* Even the word often employed in the gospel narration of the cures performed by Jesus indicates a commanding exercise of the will. Thus, in regard to the man "which had a spirit of an unclean devil" it is recorded, that Jesus *rebuked* him, saying, "Hold thy peace, and come out of him. And they were all amazed, and spake among themselves, saying, What a *word* is this! for with *authority* and *power* he commandeth the unclean spirits, and they come out." And in the account of the healing of Simon's wife's mother, it is said, that he stood over her and rebuked the fever. The action of the mind of Jesus in performing these cures, by a principle well known to physicians and scientific

* Some peculiar faculty of the mind, such as caution, fear, passion, timidity, despair, melancholy, often possesses or psychologizes a man, enslaves his nature, rendering him mentally or morally insane—a coward, or a madman.

men, is curiously illustrated in the story of two insane Gadarenes, who imagined themselves possessed of demons, and who, identifying themselves with these imaginary fiends, feared that if they were driven out of their present abode they would find no refuge. And, as "there was a good way off a herd of many swine feeding, the devils besought him, saying, If thou cast us out, suffer us to go away into the herd of swine." And Jesus, understanding the power of imagination in such cases to assist the cure, said unto them, "Go!" And the madmen, still identifying themselves with the devils till the swine began to run, doubtless, rushed furiously after them, and chased them into the lake, for it is written, that "the whole herd of swine ran violently down a steep place into the sea, and perished in the waters."* By some, the feeding of the five thousand is attributed to the same "psychological" influence, but by others, and to our mind with more reason, to the benevolent example of Jesus in distributing his own little store of provisions, and thus leading those who had an abundance with them, either for merchandise or food, to share with those who were without, till the wants of all were satisfied. The same spiritual authority and power of will were manifested in his cure of the man with the withered hand, whom he commands, with an authoritative tone, to "stretch forth his hand." That this power of will was connected also with a knowledge of the healing art, and with some powerful magnetic influences, appears from other accounts. In the description of his healing the blind man, we learn that "he spat on the ground, and made clay of the spittle; and anointed the eyes of the blind man with clay, and said unto him, Go, wash in the pool of Siloam." Here a physical agency was employed, doubtless, with a scientific knowledge of the result, and perhaps not once, or even twice, or thrice only. Of the man that had the dropsy, it is recorded that "he *took* him, and healed him, and then let

* See Jahn's Archæology, § 195. In allowing these madmen to drive the swine into the lake, Jesus has been accused, by some critics, of criminally destroying the property of others, as well as of exercising cruelty toward animals; but what is the life of a few hogs, when compared with the relief of human beings from the terrible curse of insanity; and Jesus, indeed, was not one of those who place property or institutions before men; neither did he regard them as of equal importance with the welfare of the humblest child of the Heavenly Father.

him go" cured. That there was a peculiar magnetic power in him, resulting from the perfection of his organization and the purity of his life, appears from the story of the woman who touched the border of his garment. "And Jesus said, Who touched me? When all denied, Peter, and they that were with him, said, Sir, the multitude throng thee, and press thee, and sayest thou, who touched me? And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched me, for I perceive that virtue is gone out of me." And the phrases "he touched him," "laid his hands on them," etc., all indicate some magnetic action.

We had hoped to find space to discuss here the story of Lazarus, but our limits forbid us to dwell longer, as we could wish, upon the life and history, peculiar powers and characteristics, of this wonderful being—wonderful for his gifts and his virtues, for his holiness, his wisdom, and his devotion to truth—but, most of all, wonderful for that full and tender sympathy, that gentle and earnest humanity, that led him "to go about doing good"—"to seek and to save the lost;" "so that they brought unto him all sick people that were taken with divers diseases and torments, and those which were possessed with devils, and those which were lunatic, and those that had the palsy;" "and he healed *every* sickness and *every* disease among the people." But more than this, he was kind, and charitable, and gentle, not only to the humble and destitute, but even to the sinful, the criminal, and abandoned; and by his love and tenderness he saved, reformed, and blessed them. Such was the life of Jesus, the "Saviour," and in devotion to those great principles of the paternal relation and character of God, and the freedom, equality, and brotherhood of man, which he had so earnestly preached and beautifully exemplified, he at length died a glorious martyr, murdered by the enemies of these great truths, for this very devotion.

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

“MY DEAR BRITTAN:

“I give you now the first of a series of lessons that were given to me through a clairvoyant medium. I was told, through that source, that my interior perceptions were not sufficiently opened to enable me to see the brighter parts of the scenes which they were desirous of presenting to me, and therefore they were compelled to use another medium. The series consisted of three lessons. The first, which I now give you, was intended to represent the Transit from Physical to Mental Light. The second, which I will next give you, the Transit from Mental to Spiritual Light; and the third, which will follow in due season, the Progress of Human, Semi-divine, and Divine Laws.

“Yours, etc., J. W. EDMONDS.”

TRANSIT FROM PHYSICAL TO MENTAL LIGHT.

He was the freeman whom the truth made free,
Who first of all the bands of Satan broke,
Who broke the bands of sin: and for his soul,
In spite of fools, consulted seriously.

* * * * *

Who finally in strong integrity
Of soul, midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely, seeking this
Alone: the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

Pollock's Course of Time.

It is a panoramic view of ages which I see, and I will describe it to you.

It is a vast plain, spread out before me, and far in the distance a crowd of human beings. Above them is a vast banner, outspread all over them. Its ground-work is black, and its letters still blacker—the extract of darkness itself. The words inscribed upon it are “SUPERSTITION, SLAVERY, CRIME,” forming, as it were, a half circle. Many of those beings have smaller banners of the same material and device, which they hug closely to their bosoms, as if part of their very life. All have dark shades over their eyes. It is a sad picture—dark and melancholy.

But now the scene changes to one brighter and more beautiful, but there is a vast space between the two pictures, yet undiscovered, and hidden from my view by a mist-like cloud, partly illuminated, that is resting upon it.

In the distance, beyond this intermediate space, is a beautiful valley, with high mountains encircling it. Their summit is illuminated with rays of light, pure and bright, and different from any thing yet seen on earth.

This side of the mountain is rugged and steep, and difficult to climb. Dark caverns and somber valleys are seen along its slope. In ascending, one must constantly look upward, or be bewildered amid the darkness that envelopes its sides.

From the brightness of the summit arises a flame of light, ascending to the heavens, and forming there a vast banner, which has its device also. The letters on it are brighter than the sunbeams, and the words are, “TRUTH, LIBERTY, PROGRESSION.”

This banner rises from beyond the mountains, and spreads over like a pall, but it is a pall of light.

That which is between the two pictures, is now rolling back like a scroll, and I see what that middle ground is.

Here I see another order of beings, similar in formation to those first seen, but without the mental shroud that was around them.

There a broad battle-field is being prepared. Those dark beings, with their black banners, are coming out, arrayed for battle with the brighter ones. The contest will be fearful. Those dark ones are confident in their numbers, for they are as a thousand to one. But what matters that? It is to be a battle between the immortal mind and the mortal body.

But, see ! there comes from that bright mountain a herald of light, and he cries aloud through all the nations, " Which shall conquer ? Truth, Liberty, and Progression, or Superstition, Slavery, and Crime ? " His words are heralded in the air. How beautiful are his looks ! He is a spirit of light. His thrilling tones infuse new life into the brighter ones, and they rise with renewed energy, determined at last to conquer.

It is a mighty contest, and is to determine the fate of nations. All the base passions that have degraded humanity are awakening in their might, and rush on in their fury, battling for their very existence.

A more brilliant beam of light shines from the faces of the progressed ones, showing the light and the life that are within them, and that are cheering them to the contest.

Now, lo ! the view opens beyond the dark mountains, and behold there a glorious scene, where Love, Truth, and Wisdom sit enthroned. I see the beautiful landscapes, dewy lawns, winding rivers, and rich pastures, and an atmosphere so sweet and balmy, that the spirit might dissolve itself in its loveliness. A race of spiritual beings inhabit there. An unearthly radiance flows from the brain of each, and is wafted up by unseen zephyrs to make the glorious light which shines from behind the dark mountains.

It is the home of Liberty, Truth, and Progression, and has sent forth its spirits holding up that glorious banner. It is upheld by their unseen hands, and it is their brilliancy which casts the radiance on the inhabitants below. From that beautiful place they send forth spirits that whisper, in voiceless tones, encouragement and hope to those who battle in that strife.

See now the lesson which the picture teaches. It comes like a dream, but it has a deep meaning. It is a picture of the Past, the Present, and the Future.

The beings enveloped in the dark gloom are creatures of the past. They are represented as reaching forward toward a brighter period, but still with shades over their eyes, and with their dark banner over them. The small banners that they hug to their bosoms are the errors they would still retain. The shades are to keep off the rays of truth that are beginning to

spread over their hitherto darkened horizon. Those more progressed beings in the center, have shaken off some of their errors and absorbed some of the light of Truth and the spirit of Freedom, and those dark beings tremble lest those progressed ones go too far and leave them behind steeped in their gloom. They would arrest their progress, but they can not. They will, however, do battle with them, depending on the might of their vast numbers, and they strive to envelop them in the folds of the dark banner. It has, therefore, been spread far beyond them, yet is thrown back upon itself by the bright banner of Truth.

Those progressed beings have aid that those benighted nations know not of. Unseen hands are fanning their brows, and strengthening them for the conflict. Spirit-voices are whispering to them of that which must be, and the broad banner of Truth, Liberty, and Progression is enveloping them in its glorious folds. The combined forces of the Spirit-world are theirs.

But, see! Another change rolls over the scene. The dark banner lies crushed and torn upon the earth. The smaller emblems have disappeared. The dark beings have lost their hideous aspect, and have become more like children. The shades have fallen from over their eyes. But their eyes are yet weak, and they shade them with their hands from the light which is yet too strong for their unaccustomed vision.

The progressed spirits have given them their hands and in-folded them in their arms, and point upward to their broad banner. Those others shade their eyes with their hands, and look up timidly and shrinkingly, for they can not yet bear the glorious light that is beaming over them. All those thousand hands are pointing upward. Rays of light from beyond the mountains are beaming brighter upon them, and the spirits from that happy home of Freedom and Truth are rising up, hovering over them, and looking upon them with loving eyes.

And now that glorious banner is slowly turning, that the other side may be seen, and all the nations are looking upward to it. Its obverse side has this inscription in bright and glorious light:

“TRUTH HAS PREVAILED. WE HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER SIN,

SUPERSTITION, AND MORAL DEATH. THE VICTORY IS OURS, THROUGH TIME AND THROUGH ETERNITY."

But, see, the scroll is rolling up and the spirit speaks :

"Behold what has been, what is, and what is to be !"

And to you who would aid in this holy strife for the redemption of man, it says :

"BE UP AND ARMED FOR THE CONFLICT. FEAR NOT TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, AS IT SHALL BE REVEALED TO YOU, AND PAUSE NOT IN YOUR EFFORTS TO DIFFUSE TRUTH AND FREEDOM AMONG MEN."

BEAUTIFUL VISIONS.

PRESENTED TO J. W. HURLBUT.

"S. B. BRITTAN:

"*Dear Sir*—In March last, Mr. J. W. Hurlbut, of Auburn, N. Y., visited the circle of which I was a member. During the few days he passed with us, he related to me the following visions, as seen by himself. I think he saw one of them in Troy, and the other two in Auburn. I have taken more liberty in arranging these visions than I would have done, had I intended publishing them as coming through him. The outlines, and the truths intended to be conveyed, are as I received them. I have submitted them to the spirits, through a reliable medium, and they have acknowledged them as their production, stating that all which had been added by me was done through their impression.

"HENRY ROUSSEAU.

"TROY, *August 31st*, 1852."

THE TWO GATES.

I was a wanderer, and before me was a vast tract of land, with a broken and uneven surface, in which were many deep chasms. In my wanderings, I was in constant fear of falling, and often

on the very brink of destruction ; still I was upheld and conducted in safety, though dangers beset me on every side. I queried to myself, Is there no end to these dangers—no rest? is my whole life to be spent in this incessant toil and watchfulness?

A high wall was before me. I followed a path by its side, hoping to find an entrance within the inclosure. After much toil, I came to a gate ; it was of great beauty, sparkling with gems and precious stones. The pillars which sustained it were embedded deep in the earth, and towered high in the heavens. They were beautifully white, and semi-transparent. An arch was over the gate, from which flashed, in brilliant light, the words, "HOLINESS TO THE LORD!" The gate was open a little distance, as if to admit any one who was inclined to enter. Here, thought I, is my rest from all my toil and wandering. I will enter, and be at peace. As I was about entering, the gate closed gently, and forced me from the entrance. My unfitness to pass the gate of holiness did not occur to me. I thought, if I can obtain admission I will ; for within, all was beautiful and inviting. So I walked in front of the gate, as if unconcerned at the opposition I had met with, watching for an opportunity to dart through suddenly. Soon all was in readiness, and as I was near the gate, I started with all the speed I could command, but before I could gain an inch within the inclosure, the gate again closed, and I lay on the ground bruised and in pain.

If I enter, thought I, it must be by some other gate, where one can enter who is not so holy. I mentally inquired, Did any one ever enter this gate? A voice at my side answered, "Yes, one, and only one, even He who died the just for the unjust, that He might open the Gate of Repentance." The Gate of Repentance! Where will I find that? The voice answered, "Pass on." So I again followed the path by the side of the wall, until I became weary, and lay me down to rest. Again a voice at my side said, "Up, sluggard, and flee for thy life!" I arose, and a gate was before me ; but O how different from the beautiful one I had passed! Two massive columns of coarse granite supported a frame, in which were perpendicular sliding bars. The whole appeared to be made more for strength than beauty. And is

this one of the gates of Heaven? I silently demanded. The voice answered, "Many will seek to enter in, but will not be able." In examining the gate more attentively, I saw inscribed over it, in black letters, "REPENTANCE." I also saw that there was space enough between the bars to admit those who wished to enter. Here, thought I, is no barrier, *all can enter*. The voice repeated, "ALL CAN ENTER—but enter ere it be too late." So I thought to myself, I will enter.

As I approached the gate, and attempted to pass between the bars, they came sliding together, and completely checked my progress. I passed along to the opening caused by the sliding of the bars; the bars passed with me, and I soon became convinced that something must be done before I could enter even so lowly a gate as this. To return was destruction; to advance seemed impossible. "How shall I be saved?" escaped from my lips. A hand appeared beside me, bleeding from the palm, with a finger pointing to the inscription. I asked, "Of what shall I repent?" The answer was, "You have not obeyed the commands of your Maker." "What does he require of me?" "Obedience to the law of kindness and love. Instruct the ignorant, relieve the needy, soothe the afflicted, and bind up the broken-hearted." Then I thought, to what purpose have I lived? And there was none to bless me, and I said, "O Lord! I abhor myself, and there is no good thing in me."

I looked at the gate, and the bars were again in their place, and there were many openings through which I could pass. I took courage and advanced, yet with fear and trembling. As I passed the upper part of my body through an opening, I was caught by the bars, and held firmly in that position; the bars came together above and below me, and fitted tightly to my body, so that I could neither pass out nor in. I supposed that I was permanently fixed, and put up a cry for help. Soon a shining one came near—he was the picture of benevolence and love—and, pointing to the inscription, said, "Repent, and cry for mercy." I told him that I had repented and cried. He smiled, and said, "Surely you are not in earnest with so feeble a cry." I was every moment becoming more and more uncomfortable. I was alarmed, because I could neither advance nor

retreat. The chasms behind me seemed to have advanced to my feet. I was now really convinced that my present and future happiness, and, in fact, my life, depended on my passage through this gate. So I sent up a more earnest cry, saying, "O Lord, save me, or I perish!" It seemed now that the bars held me more firmly than before. At this I became so alarmed, that I struggled with all my might. I exerted my whole strength as for my life, and, to my surprise, the barrier disappeared, and I seemed to have struggled only with myself against my unwillingness to enter. To me the gate had disappeared, and in the place of the humble structure, I now beheld a triumphal and glorious arch, more beautiful than the gate of holiness. I thought much of the change, and I now perceived that it was owing to the different position in which I was placed. Over the arch was this beautiful inscription, "PRAISE TO THE REDEEMER!"

Within the wall, what raptures did I behold! A country, extending as far as the eye could reach, appeared before me. It was more beautiful than imagination can picture, and inhabited by innumerable spirits, whose employment was to increase the happiness of each other—studying the mysteries of redeeming love, and progressing to the new Jerusalem, which can only be entered by spirits made perfect.

TO ALDALGON.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

WHEN first I looked into thy glorious eyes,
And saw—with their unearthly beauty pained—
Heaven deepening within heaven, like the skies
Of autumn nights without a shadow stained;
I stood as one whom some strange dream enthralls,
For in the dusky Past deep eyes like thine
Looked on me from afar in festal halls,
And vanished, leaving me in vain to pine

For their lost meaning. Time hath taught too well
All which that mystic vision did foreshow—
The sudden gloom that o'er their glory fell—
The meaning of that shadow, and its woe.

The cloud that vailed those orbs of starry light
Turns forth its silver lining on the night,
And, as a dream remembered in a dream,
Again I see in sleep their tender beam,
Unfading hopes their cloudless azure fill,
Heaven deepening within heaven, serene and still.

Oft since thine earthly eyes have closed on mine
Our souls, dim-wandering in the hall of dreams,
Hold mystic converse on the life divine
By the still music of immortal streams ;
And oft thy spirit tells how friends affied
By sovran destinies no more can part—
How Death and Hell are powerless to divide
Souls whose deep lives lie folded heart in heart.
And if at times some lingering shadow lies
Heavy upon thy path—some haunting dread—
Then do I point thee to the sacrifice
Of Him who freely did his life-blood shed
For others' weal—the faith that doth approve
In death, the deathless power and divine life of Love.

THE ACTIVITY OF THE SOUL.

BY SEÑOR ADADUS CALPE.

TOWARD the end of the last century, the human mind made an effort to shake off the shattered yoke of Metaphysics, and as by fatality men are never balanced by the *juste milieu*, they flung themselves into materialism and pantheism. It is evident that the wonderful progress achieved in physical sciences had made them proud to such an extent that they believed themselves semi-gods.

Water, wind, fire, earth, and nearly all that is contained in them, has passed under the royal dominion of man. What wonder is it if he looks upon sciences purely spiritual, and particularly Metaphysics, as almost beneath contempt? Ten thousand voices arise from every corner of the world against this science. Metaphysics is not the science of our days: Metaphysics is an *imbroglio*, it is said by others. No. Metaphysics is as clear as our existence; every man is a metaphysician by nature. If it is obscure, it is because men have wished to investigate the causes of things, which are mostly superior to the sphere of human knowledge, while we are enveloped in the thick veil of our body. Metaphysics is the gymnastics of soul. Let us see how the human intelligence has proceeded from the beginning of its existence in investigating truth.

Three wide roads are opened before our eyes. First, Intuition—almost at every step of creation leading to error; Secondly, Hypothesis—forger of dreams, although we are indebted to it for some truth; and, finally, Experience and Observation—the sole method leading to truth in physical and even spiritual sciences.

To know the power of Intuition, it is enough to say that it is

the offspring of the senses, the soul having not time and ease to compare; and it is more than sufficient for us to see that we are unable to distinguish by the truthful, the false, the just or the unjust, the solid or the apparent, the real or the doubtful, the useful or the useless. Intuition presents phenomena scarcely yielding science. Hypothesis agitates, moves in every direction, flies in the realm of possibilities, but is not stable at all. We suppose that such and such premises set on foot, we may be able to get such and such consequences; but are they true? Here is the question. One supposes that he has found a treasure—it may be so; but until now it is a mere supposition, and he dreams, the consequence, that many good things can be done by him, restoring his neighbor perhaps to comfortable life. His heart leaps with joy, his imagination represents to him thousands of good actions; but the cries, the prayers, the tears of his fellow-creatures recall him to reality, and he sees the pale faces, the fleshless hands of the wretched who implore his humanity, and the reality makes him perceive the impotency of his supposition. Some will say that Newton, Descartes, and the greater part of philosophers, have found truth of the first rank by supposition. By supposition? no, by deduction; but this supposes the observation of effects and the experience of things in such a wise that the deduction is true reasoning, is not a mere hypothesis. The hypothetical method has been, and is now-a-days, the source of the greatest errors in physics, in history, in metaphysics, and in every branch of knowledge. This system has begotten the Utopia, has made men visionaries, has overthrown in part the basis of intelligence, has produced demagogism, skepticism—and this one makes the human mind swim in an ocean of possibilities; and, as an author says, “the region of possibilities is the kingdom of fictions.” One supposes that all is matter, another that all is spirit, for these all is equality, for those all is unlevelled, for the others their heads have to be where are their feet; and they venture to say, blasphemously, with the astronomer, monarch of Castile, that “if they had been present to the plan of creation, they should counsel a great deal better God in the artifact of the world.” Hypothesis makes men rush over such precipices.

The observation of the phenomena, presented to us by nature,

makes us compare, experience, deduce, and from these mental operations the truth springs. Well, and in every science are observation and experience the true masters? This question can be answered affirmatively in almost all sciences which lie under our senses, although experience and observation are not equal in all people. To evidence that even in this luminous route error is found, it is easy to remark that the observation of all men—with all their culture and experience—is not equal. Let us take a material example, because, as the great Spaniard, Quintilianus, says, *non per præcepta sed per exempla ad veritatem pervenimus*. Let us take Shakspeare in our hands and call a hundred people, some of them in besotted ignorance, others more informed, others with higher mind, others with sublime genius and delicate literary taste. Let us open the above mentioned author in a tongue familiar to every one of them, and let them come one by one to give us their opinion about the passage which we present to their eyes to be read, considered, observed by them. One is not able to read, he does not know the alphabet; all that he sees is to him as it would be to an ant-eater, and although he has observed every figure, every stroke, every point, every accent, looks he at us and says, “I do not understand, sir, I can not read.” After this one comes another, who knows the letters; he is able to spell, but his science goes not further; there comes another that reads by halves; there comes another that reads, but does not understand what he reads, although it is written in his own language; there comes another that tastes certain isolated phrases; there comes another that appreciates the whole, and is charmed in reading, and bursts into exclamations which show the effects of the enthusiasm in which such a reading puts him. Can one trust in the experience and observation of all bystanders to appreciate the talent of the author? Certainly not; thousands can be proposed to prove that even material things are liable to the misunderstanding of the senses. What wonder is it that spiritual phenomena have escaped from our science? We are told that in physical sciences the method of observation and experience almost always shows us the truth, if those who experience and observe are good judges; but in the mental sciences they are not fitted for the purpose. The passion for assigning causes to every

phenomenon, made Descartes go astray a hundred times. In transcendental sciences, in dogma, the system of experience and observation is almost null. We see effects, but with all our efforts and coming up from one observation to another, from one phenomenon to another, from one supposition to another, we are often unable to see the true light. For six thousand years men have been observing their body and soul in their effects: Do they know the relation of those two principles to each other? Do they know the cause of this wonder, reproduced at every breath? Are they able to say why matter spiritualizes itself, so to speak, and *vice versa*, why the soul materializes itself in its turn? What is the profit of the systems of the physical influence, of the previous harmony, of the occasional causes? It is null, it is a mere erudition. If every one of us had chosen the body which serves to him as nympha, as Julius Scaliger, the Peripatetics, and the followers of the doctrine of Archeus pretend, which of us would not be an Adonis?

Let us see the progress that we have made in metaphysics, as natural theology and psychology are generally called by the scholars, from the oldest ages. Let us enumerate great geniuses. The names of men are the history of the progress or the decadence of society. We will say nothing of India, or of China, or of Persia, or of Egypt. The names, Zoroaster, Confucius, and others, are lost in the darkness of time, and all that was said by them is in greater part invented by those who came after them, who, in order to make their hypothesis more valuable, have bestowed upon those great thinking men that which, perhaps, they never dreamt of. Lay them aside, and let us come to the point. Greece is the mother of science. The great defect discovered by the thinking man in the divine philosopher, in the founder of the Italic sect, in the profound and sublime Stagyrte—great in old ages, great now, great forever—is their darkness in metaphysics, their contradiction. Those great geniuses flung themselves into unknown regions; they enveloped themselves in an ether called by them Spirit-world; they swam in the immensity; they saw by intervals, being impotent to give a reason for what they saw; but at last they bit the sand of the deepness of the ocean, which they ventured themselves to cross, in the struggling agonies of the

mysterious, and their corpses are come floating over the swelling and black element of their theories, now of ether, now of Spirit-world, now of light, now of unknown fluid, to the shores of our schools, after having been wandering two thousand years in the immensity of the everlasting, while they were men, leaving us in the same darkness in which they were themselves. We must confess that Aristotle, Plato, Pythagoras, Socrates, Zenon, and many others, were wanting the light of Revelation; and consequently, although they have a glimpse of spirit in their bodies, although they said it was immortal, although their suppositions are in great part the same as we profess, nevertheless, they found not the beacon of the port they intended to reach. Oh, human weakness! Spirit-geniuses, which peopled the universe, the metempsychosis, a being as great as all imaginable, which existed through every thing, and whose emanations we were, all this, and more that we do not say, was forged by them; but all were suppositions. We must be allowed to say that those great men, in the midst of their wonderful understanding, particularly in transcendental sciences, wanting in revelation—sole light which has shone for mortals—found themselves hidden by an enormous bronze bell, similar to the receiver of an air-pump, whose thickness deprived them not only of seeing what was passing out of it, but even of breath; and, although they strove to enjoy this divine ether which surrounded them, they succeeded only in prostrating themselves upon the ground, in the suffocation of death, when they thought to breathe life. Thus it was, because they vitiated the principle of science, wishing to investigate the causes of things, paying attention to phenomena only by halves.

Some centuries elapsed, when Potamon and Ammonias Saccas founded their school at Alexandria; a school truly, which promised to be more enlightened than the preceding; but their investigation of causes made them fall into oblivion forever. Hierocles, Plotin, and Phorphyrius, those new platonists, decidedly made more way, because, dazzled by the simple grandeur of Christianity, by its marvelous doctrines in relation to God, to angels, to souls, to the other world, to the resurrection of the body, to glory, to hell, and to its superhuman miracles; they

began to study effects, to investigate the causes; they founded eclecticism, and they lost themselves. The Pantheism of the heathen, their coarse fables, were converted into Spiritualism, into symbols, into geniuses, and they peopled the universe with spirits which swam in the atmosphere, which spoke to men, which were conjured up in vaults, in caverns, in the bowels of the earth; they multiplied wonders, and they found every thing, even the mystery of the holy Trinity, in the philosophers of Greece. They got into a gulf of suppositions, of conjectures, and they were involved in the whirlwind of causes, where desperation only is found.

Those were followed by others, and others, half-thinkers and pseudo-philosophers, and the world was darkened with their intoxicating smoke, until men fell again into the labyrinth of the sophisms and entangled metaphysics of the scholastics, which assigned an angel for every planet, for every link in the chain of creation. To such errors the disorderly desire of explaining will conduct men. The scholastic school has been one of the worst scourges of human reason existing from the dawn of the world. No matter if its defenders blend with it the names of Aristotle, St. Augustin, St. John Damascenus; no matter if they rock its cradle in the eleventh and twelfth century; no matter if St. Anselmus, Abelard, San-Franc, Roscelin, Aberroës, and the Spanish Arabs are said to be the inventors; no matter, we repeat it: the truth is, that the scholasticism and the dialectics, with their categories, substances, moralities, universals, particulars, form, matter, *secundum quod*, *secundum quid*, *categorématique*, *sin-categorématique*, incomprehensible distinctions, reduplicative propositions, abstracts and concretes, existents and unintelligibles, and a crowd of barbarous words, made men stupid.

Suárez, this marvelous Spanish genius, illustrated the metaphysics, and the laws flying from scholastics as from an abyss. This Jesuit was the first reformer in the thorny path of science; and you must not say that, because he is a Spaniard and a Jesuit, he is not a good authority; because Bayle, who is not a Jesuit nor a Spaniard, defends him with all the strength of his mind, and the authors of the encyclopedia, enemies of every thing smelling of scholastics or theology, say, *Si nos livres les*

*plus communs sur la morale valent mieux que ceux du divin Platon c'est o eux que nous le devons.** Luther and those of his school went up one step more in the philosophical spirit, but they had to succumb to the barbarous language of the school in order to be understood; because they knew no other, or they had no time to improvise another more philosophical, and for this very reason they lost themselves in barbarous words and subtilities.

Descartes, this great reformer of the scientific universe, and of the human mind, came into this world as the beacon of a new light in the midst of the shipwreck of philosophy. Descartes and Bacon have been the two stars, giving light and science, because their doctrine is founded upon experience and the observation of effects, and from hence they go in search of causes. Calling Descartes, the pen writes, Newton. A century between those two sublime geniuses! Short is the time, but those two heads are the poles of the intellectual world of our epoch. Both go arm in arm in their marvelous discoveries. Locke and Condillac follow them, rehabilitating the aphorism of Aristotle, *nihil in intellectu nisi prius fuerit in sensu*. We are indebted to these men for all that we know in metaphysics.

Men have subsequently been classified into spiritualists, materialists, eclectics, and pantheists, but none of them have made us know the causes of phenomena presented to our examination by the Spiritual World. Then must we say, that being unable to know the causes of such phenomena, it is better for us to lead a mere vegetable life? Not at all, indeed. Do we know the causes of the attraction of the loadstone? No, it is nowadays a mystery for us. And do we know its effects? Yes, experience and observation have made them manifest to us. And knowing only the effects, has not the mariner's compass opened the world, as Montesquieu says, and made men sociable? Yes. And knowing only effects, has not chemistry made wonderful progress? Yes. And knowing only effects, does not history teach us in wondrous pages? Yes. And knowing only effects, does not physiology plunge us in an ocean of prodigies? Yes. And

* Suarez and Covarrubias.

knowing only effects, have we not traveled through all the world, and seen its sphericity? Yes. And knowing only effects, have we not advanced in physics more in a century than our forefathers in fifty-eight centuries? Yes. And knowing only effects, have we not taken gigantic paces in politics, although this is the science which most of all lags behind? Yes. And knowing only effects, do we not walk among the stars, and arrive almost at the feet of the throne of God? Yes, because, as Paul says, "the invisible things of him, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and godhead." . . . Well, if even these words of the apostle-philosopher of heaven—for he was in one of those ecstasies in which he says he does not know if he was in his body or out of it—corroborate the doctrine of the observation of the effects of investigating truth; why have we not to observe with more attention the phenomena of the soul, a subject as vast as it is obscure, in which we have hitherto looked for the causes rather than for the effects?

As it has been said, several times in our age, we are materialized to such an extent, that the very progress in natural sciences, which no doubt is marvelous, makes us regard spiritual doctrines as beneath contempt; and our weakness being unable to fly in those divine spheres, we say that the study is useless, and he who denies every thing approves every part of it. It seems that all that we have learned has passed over our mind as the wandering reminiscence of pleasure. It is certain that, while we endeavor to investigate the causes of every thing, without investigating the effects, our science will be null. The general question of the skeptics is of this nature: Why is this so? Why is it thus or thus? Tell me the cause of it? And time is not allowed to us to answer, such is the hurry of their questions. Skepticism is the begotten son of ignorance as much as superstition. In sciences purely mental, the sole elements of learning are to see, to study, to observe, and to deduce consequences. The more we think, and the less we speak, the more we shall advance in the route of the spiritual world. There will always be incomprehensible arcana, even in things which lie under the inspection of our senses. For this very reason Solomon says, "This sore

travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith." Of those mysteries, some are merely material, others eminently spiritual, and not a few participating in both elements. The nerves in the animal constitution belong to this class.

Of all diseases which torture the human race, those which affect the nervous system are the most terrible, if we except ignorance. In the dark ages, when the methods of Science were limited to intuition and hypothesis, men believed that these diseases were the effects of the wrath of gods. Such is the obscurity of their causes. And in the former times of Christianity—and in our days—they believed that the patients were possessed by evil spirits. Such aberrations spring from the assignation of causes to the greatest part of the phenomena presented to us by Nature. Amazement of spirit, fear, inconstancy, melancholy, madness, palsy, epilepsy, hiccough, cramps, nightmare, fainting, or syncope, hysterical affections, and others which, being so numerous and complicated, have no name, are the result of influences upon the nerves. These infirmities, which drive the patient to despair and humiliate the pride of science, spring from exterior or interior causes: in the former case they do not belong to us; in the latter their phenomena are the ecstasy, simple abstraction, the derangement of mind, artificial and natural somnambulism, animal electricity, etc., which, in many cases, have no external causes, or only in a very remote manner, and then their discussion belongs to Psychology. New discoveries teach us that every human being has two complete nervous systems, with different objects. The first serves to transfer exterior sensations to the thinking principle, and to these appropriately belongs the name of *nerves of sentiment*; the others are destined to impel movement to an expression or locomotion, and those are called *nerves of movement*. These form the true empire of the human soul. Here is the **arcanum** of the harmony of body and spirit. Here human reason loses itself. Here all is darkness. Here intuition, hypothesis, experience, and observation are shipwrecked. Time, that great master of things, will make us observe and experience more and more; but the cause of the stupendous psychological phenomena

which the soul presents, touching these semi-spiritual springs, will always be unknown. These are its telegraphic wires, with which it produces enthusiasm, gigantic images, excites the imagination, irritates the fancy, moves the thought, incites the will, loves, hates, exalts itself, plunges into amazement, flies from, or goes near, the exterior world, and displays its muscular forces. How are those wonders performed? What is the cause of our soul having the nerves as powerful conductors of its infinite strength? It is not known: it has not been known, and never shall be known. What is the reason why the electric current performs such prodigies in the atmosphere? The sage answers: I do not know. The same is our answer. We do not know. The only thing that is open to our inquiry is to know the effects. We shall advance in this thorny path, because our tendency is to perfectibility; but man, imbodyed in his fleshly incasement, and perhaps out of it, is not able to know what the Author of nature has reserved to himself. From the beginning he breathed into his nostrils the breath of life. To deny that the soul has constant influence upon the nerves, is an absurdity. It does not seem out of place to speak, on this occasion, of the faculties of the human soul. Damiron observes that they can be divided into six: activity, unity, identity, intelligence, sensibility, and liberty. Others may be imbodyed in these. We do not speak of their ontological relations, nor of their moral superiority; that would be to deviate from our path. We will speak of the psychological activity, and of its logical supremacy. The first question put by our readers will be, What is the activity of the soul? The activity is the activity. That is the best definition that we can give. All others must be futile. All we know is, that we act incessantly, sleeping or waking. In abnormal or normal state, our *Ego* is indefatigable, continuative in its acts; and, if it were not so, our existence would be none, and God would be obliged, at every step, at every breath, to re-commence the wonder of a new creation. The activity of the soul makes the nerves of movement contract when, in the night, it recollects a scene of horror, or dilate when it thinks of something agreeable. Our activity irritates them in the midst of the deepest sleep, because the nerves, conductors of external sensations, are

actionless, benumbed, without movement, without life. They have gone into the sinuosities of mystery, and, notwithstanding, men sleeping, laugh, speak, menace, weep, enjoy, or suffer. These organical phenomena, produced by the activity of the soul, sometimes by instinct, at others by spontaneous effort, prove that it is always present—that it watches, that it goes with a lantern in its hand through the caverns of the body; and that, through the medium of its agents, the nerves of movement, it effects whatever it desires, with no other difference than that our will acts, not with complete consciousness, but by instinct. Sometimes, in this state, it acts in a weak manner, scarcely entering the cerebral vaults, half-light fugitively; then the effects are weak, inefficacious, transient; are like certain notes which escape in the midst of a concert. At other times it is tenacious, constant, more steady, more decided in its efforts, takes a more active part in the organism, and then the effects of its power are more clearly seen, although not in all their latitude. At others it reaches an heroic state of ardor, of ambition, of irritability; it is cloyed with nothing but the execution; and then the somnambulist is seen performing wonders. Any one can be put in such a state of surexcitation, being awake when the power of the soul is so extraordinary that it takes that character of intemperance, called by metaphysicians *intellectual demoralization*. It is not madness; a remark that must be taken into consideration by those who do not know the main point of the activity of their souls. No, it is not madness; it is an extraordinary state of intellectual power, which absorbs the exterior forces, which obstructs the functions of the nerves of sentiment, which concentrates all the fire of life in the spiritual part. Behold ecstasies: ecstasies may be religious, or moral, or political. They are a love for an idea which excludes any other thoughts, any other resolution, any other action; they are a dream, being watchful that not any other object than that which the soul proposes for itself, which dominates it, which makes it sleep. It does not know any other pleasure, any other enjoyment, any other existence, than that which can make it enjoy its idea. In those crises, the soul forgets that there is a body; and such is the strength of the thinking principle, that even tortures applied to

the body are of no effect: it feels but its idea. The nerves of movement are irritated in so high a degree, that if the soul desires to soar into the skies, with the conatus of desperation the body follows its flight, and leaves behind it the terrestrial globe: has not virtue for thinking, or for wishing, or for feeling. Oh! the psychological and physiological phenomena, presented by man in its abnormal state, are unspeakable, incomprehensible, unintelligible. The activity of the soul, in those moments, makes heroes, saints, or demoniacs. There is not a part of the body where it does not dominate with unlimited power. Ecstasy works moral and physical wonders, which can not be believed if not seen. The exterior and interior senses acquire a wonderful lucidity. We do not mean by this word that the activity of the soul, in those instances, overthrows the use of the senses so far off as to their special functions. No; the activity can not overthrow the sound use of the organs, but it has the power to convert them into extraordinary instruments of the nervous system. The activity of the soul, in the ecstatic state, has no less command over the nerves of movement than over those of sentiment; so that in those crises, when the active principle is irritated, it has yearnings so singular, so desperate, that it consumes itself; and very often its force is so tempestuous, that it puts an end to the life of the body. On other occasions, the nerves are able to endure those extraordinary vibrations, and the muscular effects are frightful or admirable. Mary Moorle, in Switzerland, was taken up in the air several times, some twelve years ago, as there are many witnesses at hand to substantiate. This phenomenon, and that she ate nothing for a long period, were bestowed by divine virtue, according to the religious creeds of the witnesses; but it was but a physical wonder, as demonstrated by the learned Doctor Tommasini. At last the phenomena presented by the ecstatic state, occasioned by the activity of the soul, are so stupendous that it would be impossible to specify them all, now for their infinite number, now because they would not be believed in part; but those who may want to know the almost supernatural power of the activity of their souls and nerves, can read the work of the wise and evermore to be lamented Doctor Bertrand, whose title is *Du Somnambulisme Ar-*

tificiel. In this precious book every body is able to see the phenomena presented by history, which are as much unknown in their causes as surprising in their effects. In this great book—which is not written by a charlatan—the question may be seen physiologically discussed by a master; in this great book the philosopher goes down to the bottom of the abyss, and confesses that all that we have learned or known is nothingness compared to the unknown.

Some will say, in such a state man is a maniac. Is he who sleeps, mad? Is he mad who dies on a scaffold with serene countenance for his political opinion? Is the martyr of Christ mad who goes with joyful face to be burnt in a fire? Are they mad—the citizen soldiers—who face labor, hunger, cold, heat, want of sleep, loss of their goods, their children, their wives, their parents, their blood, their life, for the sole idea of cherished liberty? Is the sage mad who lives in the sphere, like Newton, forgetting even his body, in order to give us the idea of the concert of the universe? Oh, if we call this state of the soul madness, it is we who deserve the name of maniacs. And shall we deny the effects because we do not know the causes? And shall we call the wise mad because we are ignorant? That our soul lords it over the body with so extraordinary an empire, through the nerves of movement, is as evident as philosophical.

And do all men reach to such a degree of enthusiasm, to this ecstasy which puts the soul in an abnormal state? No. And why not? Science knows not this why, but the effects show us the naked truth. There are souls of *élite*, and there are some of mud; some are born to fly like eagles, others came to the world to crawl and creep along in the clay like nauseating reptiles. And why such a difference? It may be because of the harmony of the parts of the body, or also from its exterior beauty, or from its material perfection? Not at all, because there are men and women of deformed material appearance, whose souls are angelical. Can the cause of its phenomena be in education? Neither so, because two lads brought up in the same way, being together from childhood to manhood, differ from each other as much as one's soul from other's body. Education is able to polish what we have, but gives not the elements of intelligence.

Experience shows this to us in a hundred ways. Then why are men so different in their psychological faculties? Science does not know it; we see the effects, the causes of things are hidden in the mysterious labyrinth of the Spiritualism. The only thing that we can say is, that equality does not exist in any of the existent beings, in their bodies, in their souls, in their passions, in their intelligence, or in their will. Physical, moral, and intellectual equalities are chimeras dreamed of by men disregarding the effects, and going in search of causes in their erroneous systems of intuition and hypothesis. All that we know is, that the activity of the soul has like instruments of its action, the nerves, forgetting every thing that it longs for. How many times are we moved by an interior force to execute actions that, if we had time for reflection, we would not do at all? How many times without, by any means, the initiation of one remembrance, or thought, or will, do we perform heroisms, or perpetrate horrible wickedness? How many others does the *motus primo primi*, as Aristotle says, open to our sight an abyss, conscience and liberty being unaware of it? How many phenomena of this kind do we find in history, and presented to us by daily experience, which drive us to do it? Will it be the innate ideas, as Descartes says, or those *a priori* of the philosopher of Koenisberg, or the metempsychosis of Plato? Nay; the ideas presuppose a basis, and this is the indefatigable, insatiate, tempestuous, formidable activity of our soul. What are the *mediums* of this wonderful spiritual power? The nerves of movement; because it is already said that all the other faculties and systems are lulled into lethargy by the incomparable force of the activity. It is certain that this tremendous faculty exists in my *Ego*; because I feel it, it agitates me, it touches me, it lords it over me. It is plain in physiology and psychology that the soul has the nerves as conductors of movement and sentiment; but how is it done? Science stops here, and answers with phlegmatic desperation, "I do not know." And because I do not know it, must I deny it? And because I do not know the cause of a thousand wonders, I have to say that they don't exist? That were antilogical. I do not know, then I do not believe, such is the deduction of ignorance. Let us suppose that before the discovery of

the loadstone, a warrior of those ages had gone into a cavern, whose vault might be formed of a vast piece of that stone, and he had seen his lance go alone and stick itself in the ceiling: we are sure that our warrior, with all his mail armor, would run away, thinking of the devil. And who can deny that the nerves, with their marvelous electricity, and their portentous magnetism, forced by the activity of the soul in the midst of the most complete hallucination, put man into a state of ecstasy, so wonderful that we may run terrified as the above-mentioned herald of the dark ages? If some fifty years ago a friend of ours had told to us in New-York what was passing in Boston some minutes before, we are willing to say that we would believe him, the devil, a necromancer, or cousin-german to the old wizards. And why ought we to deny to the telegraph of the soul, to the nerves, to these mysterious wires which are in contact with the atmosphere, charged to the full with electricity and magnetism, this very same virtue, and others yet more portentous? Were not electrical meteors in old ages abundant matter for the superstitious opinions? How many became mad—and yet in our days happens—seeing a fire cross, or a horse, or a sword, or any other kind of figure in the sky, or following them in the obscurity of the night? And every one of us knows now those phenomena as effects of electricity. Are there not known in France, the shadows of night, called *washers*, which go errant on the banks of the rivers, and wash and soap mysterious clothes, and climb the trees, and go behind the travelers in the night, and grow as phantoms, and, if you have heart to approach them, disappear in the ground as snakes of light, or something else of the kind, that make the peasants shake, weep, pray, and kneel down, imploring divine mercy, and conjuring the devil—such is the idea that they have of those electrical shadows. The thesis of electricity and magnetism as workers of wonders, till now inexplicable to men, is as sure as our existence, which, nevertheless, is a mystery. Poor science, you are wandering ever in darkness.

But we have transgressed the limits we proposed ourselves, when we began to write, and we stop for the present evening. And now it remains to us only to say, that the activity of the

soul is a scintillation of the Godhead. The cause of its impenetrability is its very nature, and if we want to know something of our spiritual, immortal, intelligent, sensible, free, one, identical, and active principle, we must study the nerves of movement and those of sentiment in their marvelous operations. How does it work? That is a mystery of its spirituality, but the conductors are matter, and matter is subject to observation and experience. The physiologists have to give us some more scientific ideas of those telegraphic wires of the human body, and the chemists must analyze them, and we are sure that many excitations, in regard to the phenomena of the activity of the soul, will be afterward as plain as now are many questions which were very dark to our forefathers.



FREEDOM.

BY C. D. STUART.

FREEDOM! thou life for which all hearts are craving,
 Born in the North and cradled 'mid the storm;
 Spirit, that leapest where the few are braving
 The many, who would trample and deform;
 What mighty images, and holy, do arise,
 When thou unbarest thy star-girdled brow,
 Shedding effulgence like a sun, 'mid skies
 Where not a cloud its shadow dares to throw!
 Thou warmest all with thy uplifting breath—
 Piercing the palace and the cotter's home—
 Nations revive with thee, and to their death
 Thou bid'st the taskman and the tyrant come.
 O Freedom! all injustice, error, and the rod
 Scorning—thou art not less than justice, truth, and God!

LOST AND FOUND.

BY FANNY GREEN.

[JULIUS PARKER WHIPPLE, a beautiful boy, of nearly six years old, and a child of my brother, just before his departure, addressed his parents almost in the precise words imputed to him in the verses below. He spoke without allusion to the subject having been made by any person. Was it inspiration that prompted those sweet words of comfort, for what, indeed, could such a little one know of death?]

HE woke, a-breathing sweetness,
Like the fairest among flowers,
And his young life, in its fleetness,
Wafted perfume upon ours.

And he left a sweet evangel,
That stirred his quivering breath,
Where he met the blessed angel,
That we have known as Death.

“O weep not, dearest mother,
Though your boy must go away,
For I leave my little brother:
He will bless you every day.

“O mourn not, precious father,
Though I seek the Spirit-land;
For good angels round me gather,
And they take me by the hand!

“Now the bright earth has grown dreary,
They enfold me to their breast;
Oh, when I am so weary,
How pleasant will be rest!”

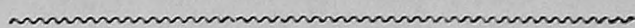
The death-shadow fell sweetly
On the drooping eyelids' close,
And we crossed his pale hands meetly,
For a long and last repose.

Then to his grave we bore him,
And we laid him down to rest,
With the green grass springing o'er him,
And the snow-wreath on his breast.

And the grave that had his keeping,
Oh, it looked so dark and lonely,
That we could not cease from weeping,
But for thinking of *that only*.

Yet the tears have made our vision
To the great Life-promise truer:
Open now the Vales Elysian,
And the dwellings of the Pure.

And the voice of that young angel,
With its music from afar,
Still is whispering its evangel,
Like the singing of a star.



ENDURANCE.

BY C. D. STUART.

How many, for a moment, brave
The rugged path, the steep ascent;
How few that better courage have,
Enduring till their lives are spent!
Those only, like the summer flowers,
Live nobly while the sky is fair;
These, ivy-like, through wintry hours,
Survive the storm and frosted air.

CEREBRAL INFLUENCE ON REVELATION.

BY S. B. BRITTAN.

WE are accustomed to contemplate other natures through the medium of our own ; and our impressions of external forms are determined not less by the perfection of the organic structure through which they are perceived, than by the nature of the objects themselves. Our thoughts, whether depending on sensational impressions, a power of mental generation, or an inward communion with more exalted beings, are molded into a likeness of the mind in which they are cast. Thus we think as we are : in other words, "As a man thinketh so is he." From whatever source we derive our ideas, it can not be denied that the structure of the brain and nervous system, and a variety of spiritual, temperamental, and outward conditions, greatly modify all the forms of thought. A thousand images steal from the vast Unknown, and dance before us like pale shadows in dimly-lighted halls, and then glide noiselessly away, we know not whither, and these, in the variety of their form and aspect, as much depend on the organic medium through which they are discerned, as on the objective reality. We disclose our own internal qualities rather than the specific attributes of things we attempt to describe or unfold. We may fail to make a revelation of the truth, as it relates to the objects which impress either the physical or spiritual sense ; their shadows may be imperfectly defined before the outward vision, or otherwise fall obscurely on the soul, but in our effort to transfer them, we necessarily, though perhaps unconsciously, reveal ourselves.

In all ages, revelations from the Spiritual World have been essentially modified by the physical and mental characteristics of the persons through whom they have been given to mankind. In the process of influx, the elements of two minds are blended,

and the revelation is the result of their mingled action. Sometimes this infusion is labored and difficult, and the spiritual influence is only perceptible in a slight abnormal quickening of the human faculties. Again the *thought* is directly inspired, but is left to be invested by the mind of the medium, from which it takes not only its coloring and clothing, but its specific form. Rarely does the spirit *en rapport* exercise such unlimited psychological control as to admit of embodying the thought in language of its own selection. As, therefore, the language of Revelation is, chiefly, of earthly origin, or human dictation—only the spirit, or *truth*, it contains being inspired—it follows that a rigid adherence to *the letter* of Revelation is not only unwise, but subversive, in a high degree, of its spiritual claims, while it is most emphatically condemned in the New Testament.

It is alleged that the modern revelations have no well-grounded claims to a spiritual origin, inasmuch as they bear a close resemblance to the minds of the media. That this correspondence is often clearly discernible, is a fact which we have no inclination to disguise; but this alone is by no means sufficient to invalidate the peculiar claims of these communications, since the human mind, of necessity, stamps its image and superscription on the truth of which itself is the vehicle. The inspired idea may be heavenly in its nature and origin, but, to reach the dull ears of sensual men, it must be molded into the forms of human thought, and find utterance in the imperfect speech of mortals. The Divine light is ineffably glorious, but the rays from the Spiritual Sun are often obscured, or intercepted by dark clouds, and grotesque shapes come near and mirror themselves in the soul. The living waters, issuing from beneath the Eternal Throne, are clear as crystal, but they flow down to us through earthly channels, and this contact with gross elements may render the streams impure. Thus, however infallible the immortal thought may be, in itself considered, infallibility does not attach to the instruments and modes of its expression.

When the soul sustains intimate relations to more exalted natures, and is directly informed by an infusion of ideas, the spiritual influence usually conjoins itself to, and becomes coöperative with, the predominant elements of the mind. Whatever faculty

is most frequently and vigorously exercised, will necessarily determine the specific form of such communications. Thus a revelation, communicated through the medium of the human faculties, will receive its particular shape and coloring from those powers of the individual mind which ordinarily determine his thought and action. Agreeably to this view of the subject, it will appear on examination that the numerous writing, speaking, and other media—especially those who write or speak from mental impressions received from some invisible intelligence—exhibit, in a greater or less degree, a conformity to their accustomed modes of thought and style of expression. This is often so striking as to awaken the suspicion in many minds, that the communications originate with the media themselves, and that they are in no way dependent on the influence of spirits. Those who write without volition, or in whom the invisible forces are merely applied to the nervous and muscular systems, may not *pervert*, by any direct action of their own minds, the form of the spiritual idea; but this mode, it appears to us, is not without its disadvantages. If the soul be not simultaneously informed—if no power quickens and inspires its faculties, imparting a Divine impulsion to human thought and endeavor—the whole is merely *mechanical*, and can not particularly aid in the work of man's spiritual development.

But to return. We have already observed that the condition of the media, physical and mental, may greatly modify all revelations from the Spiritual World. In the intercourse of human society, all thought is expressed “after the manner of men.” Hence, though angels inspire us, our thoughts are born in the earth, and bear the images of beings like ourselves. Inspiration flows to us through impure channels, and is ultimated in the imperfect language of mortals. That the human mind, while in the body, does influence and, in a measure, determine the external form or verbal imbodiment of the revelations from the other life, is confirmed by numerous examples. When the Imagination predominates, the communications are couched in metaphorical language, and the subject is invested with poetic imagery. When the Rational faculties have the ascendancy, the inspired thought is ultimated in a corresponding form, and is clothed in words

that have a logical fitness and propriety. In some instances the Spiritual influence conjoins itself to the Self-love of the medium, and finds expression in the most extravagant pretensions and offensive egotism; while those in whom the religious element is most conspicuous, are constantly moved to acts of devotion.

This blending of the elements of human feeling and thought with the soul's divinely inspired impressions, is forcibly illustrated in all the revelations of the olden time. Not only were the ancient Jews subject to an arbitrary form of government, but their leaders were warlike and revengeful. This spirit characterized the revelations of that period, and hence the *lex talionis*, according to MOSES, was the law of God. In the government of an ignorant and idolatrous people, the Jewish lawgiver was called to act chiefly in a legislative and executive capacity. Accordingly, the inspiration of Moses assumed a *legal* form. He found it necessary to awe a superstitious people into submission, and Sinai was veiled in thick clouds, and smitten with thunder-blasts. With these awful symbols of Jehovah's presence, came the LAW!

DAVID was gifted above all the Hebrews as a poet and musician. He was a lover of Nature, and possessed a lively appreciation of beauty and harmony. The silence of the mountain and grove; the sublimity of the visible heavens, and the glory of Zion, inspired his soul with devout meditation and solemn praise. David was a poet, and through him the spirit of Inspiration found expression in Orphic hymns which, to this day, constitute a part of the devotional exercises in Jewish and Christian temples, and are read by millions in all the languages of the civilized world.

ISAIAH was a remarkable Seer or spiritual clairvoyant. He was actuated by pure desires; and existence, in his mind, was rendered supremely grand and beautiful, by the brilliant hopes and lofty aspirations which peopled the Future with images of glory. These attributes seem to have determined the character of his revelations, which were eloquent prophecies of the great Spiritual Era. Above and beyond the summits of the distant Ages, dawned the light of the new Day. The far-off reign of righteousness was present to the unclouded vision of the Pro-

phet, and earth was transformed into a scene of beauty and a "highway of holiness."

JEREMIAH was amiable in his disposition, but he had not the cheerful and hopeful spirit of Isaiah. He seems to have been given to meditation, and inclined to melancholy. Being highly sympathetic in his nature, he was disposed to mourn over the misfortunes of his countrymen, and on this account he has been called "the weeping prophet." His case illustrates the influence of cerebral conditions on revelation. The inspiration of Jeremiah ultimated itself in the *Lamentations*.

JESUS OF NAZARETH, whose humble life and death were more glorious to humanity than the conquests of a thousand heroes, was preëminent over all in devotion to his ideal of the celestial life. Amid the noise of passion, and the jarring discords of the world, his soul was at peace. A spirit quickened by Divine fire; love that consumes the deepest resentment, and forgiveness which coëxists with all human wrong, were conspicuous in the life of Jesus. When the world was faithless and disobedient, he stood alone—sublimely great—in his solemn trust and his immortal fidelity. That halcyon peace of the soul; that deathless love of Humanity, and Godlike forgiveness of offenders, were incarnate in the revelations of Jesus. The Divine law, as disclosed by the great spiritual Teacher, was the law of LOVE.

Revelation thus takes the form of law, poetry, ethics, etc., and the verbal expression of the inspired thought is made to depend, in a greater or less degree, on a variety of idiosyncratic peculiarities, and the general perfection of earthly media.

OUTWARD BEAUTY.

THE lover of the Beautiful, and the worshiper at the shrine of Art, will look with pleasure on "Finden's Beauties of Moore."

This splendid work consists in a series of Portraits of Moore's Principal Characters, engraved in the highest style of modern art, from paintings by eminent masters. The Portraits were en-

graved expressly for this work, under the immediate supervision of Mr. Edward Finden, and are accompanied with a memoir of the Poet, and descriptive letter-press. In exquisite delicacy of engraving, and in the general artistic and mechanical excellence of the whole, genius and money have been unreservedly employed.

We esteem it a privilege to countenance and encourage every enterprise that promises to refine and elevate the soul, by bringing it into companionship with all the Beautiful. Every grand and glorious object in the realms of Nature and Art—the imagery of earth, and sea, and sky; the human form and face divine—instinct with life, passion, and thought, or smiling in marble elements and on the canvas—have all a divine ministry, to elevate human thought, to inspire a love of the Perfect, and to fashion within us a divine Ideal. Thus it is, that images of beauty refine the soul. We “become a part of that which is around us,” and we grow, evermore, like the objects with which we associate, by a law that modifies and adapts all natures to the world in which they have their being. As the silent stars, seen in the ethereal deep, reflect their luminous beauty on the cold earth, and the gloom of the solemn night, so each ray of light, all graceful forms, every tone of gentleness and word of love, are mirrored in the mystic depths of the spirit, and their light flows back to the spheres of the visible, and flashes on the vision like the glory of transfiguration!

It will be perceived that we are not among the number of those who deem it irreligious to foster a love of Beauty; we rather deem it irreligious *not to do this*; since, in our highest admiration, and especially in all our efforts to invest outward objects with this peculiar charm, we become “imitators” of the Divine Artist, who “made every thing beautiful in his time.”

S. B. B.

The Mariner's Prayer.

Music written expressly for the Shekinah.

Words by Mrs. HEMANS.

Music by V. C. TAYLOR.

Moderato. Portamento.

Night . . . sinks on the

The first system of the musical score is in 3/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'Night', a dotted half note, and a half note 'sinks on the'. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat. The bass staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat.

wave; . . . Hol - - low gusts are sigh - - -

The second system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note 'wave;', a dotted half note, and a half note 'Hol - - low gusts are sigh - - -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat. The bass staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat.

- - ing; Sea - birds to their cave

The third system of the musical score continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole note rest, followed by a half note '- - ing;', a dotted half note, and a half note 'Sea - birds to their cave'. The piano accompaniment continues with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat. The bass staff has a whole note chord of B-flat and D-flat, followed by a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat, and a half note chord of B-flat and D-flat.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

Dim. **Rit.** **Accelerando.**

Through the gloom are fly - - - ing. O! should

A Tempo.

storms come sweeping; Thou, in heaven un - sleep - ing,

Cres. **m**

O'er thy chil - dren vig - il keep - ing; Hear, O!

Cres. **m**

hear and save, Hear, O! hear and save, Hear,

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

O! hear and save.

The first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lyrics 'O! hear and save.' are written below the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves: the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The piano part includes various musical notations such as slurs, ties, and dynamic markings.

Stars . . . look o'er the

The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'Stars . . . look o'er the'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar musical notation, including slurs and ties.

sea, . . . Few, and sad, and shroud - ed; Faith, our

The third system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'sea, . . . Few, and sad, and shroud - ed; Faith, our'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar musical notation. A 'Cres.' (Crescendo) marking is visible above the piano part.

light shall be, When all else is cloud - -

The fourth system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'light shall be, When all else is cloud - -'. The piano accompaniment continues with similar musical notation. A 'Dim.' (Diminuendo) marking is visible above the piano part, and a 'p' (piano) marking is visible below the piano part.

THE MARINER'S PRAYER.

Accel. ff **< >** **Tempo. p**

- - ed; Thou, whose voice comes thrilling, Wind and

Accel. ff **Tempo. p**

bil - - low still - ing, Speak once more, our prayer ful -

Cres.

Cres.

f

- - fill - ing; Pow - er dwells with thee; Hear, O! hear and save,

f

Hear, O! hear and save.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The score is divided into four systems. The first system shows the vocal line starting with a half note, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The second system continues the vocal line with a crescendo marking. The third system features a forte (f) dynamic and a crescendo. The fourth system concludes with the vocal line holding a note and the piano accompaniment ending with a final chord. Various musical notations such as accents, slurs, and dynamic markings (ff, p, f, Cres.) are used throughout the score.

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