



DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

A. E. NEWTON AND S. B. BRITTAN, EDITORS. PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, (UP STAIRS,) BOSTON, MASS. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1858.

VOL. I...NO. 26.

Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE BASIC WORD OF THE OLD CHURCH. No. I.

Beforetime in Israel when a man went to inquire of God, thus he spake: "Come, let us go to the Seer; for he that is now called a Prophet was beforetime called a Seer."—1st SAMUEL, 9: 9.

The assumption of the old church that Abraham to their father, with Moses, the prophets and the apostles, is of more worthy origin than the light of to-day, challenges criticism. We are told that God would never so manifest himself through the ministry of angels as to let them come through unrespectable vessels—which means vessels outside of fashionable churchdom; for the church seems utterly oblivious that fashionable phariseism is of that blindness that leads the blind to destruction, and that God has most lovingly chosen for his work those whom the church has cast out as unclean—the lowly, the sinful and the foolish—to confound the wise and the prudent, whose vanity and pride go before destruction; while from mouths of babes and sucklings God perfects the highest praise.

Mrs. Child has so well surveyed the field of all religions that but little remains for us to do, save to glean and give sketches of that "Word" which our dying churches claim to be infallible, and by which they augur to the straying of many souls. This Word, however apt and proper for its time and people, is not so apt and proper for us, when infallibility is claimed for it, to the shutting out of modern light. We may excuse the Hebrews for the love of the old clothes they carried out of Egypt; but for their persecution for two thousand years by a church that uses the same garments in their mysteries of augury, we see no excuse. We show the Word for its basis of theological churchdom, and not because it is Judaism. We grant all its worth to the old, and all its worth to the new, for each to receive and employ as shall commend itself to his highest light. We think there is a foolish idolatry of the old as infallible. We hope so to remove some of the veil from this idol, that creed-bound mentality may no longer prostrate itself in the superstitious darkness of its ancestors.

In our articles upon the "Church and Natural Philosophy" we have seen how modern science casts out the Jewish Word. We have seen too how Mrs. Child gave a very capital view of all the ancient "Words" of all the ancient nations in harmonizing whole, showing the various stages and culture of all people. Nor is she any the less scientific in her work than they who are vastly more pretentious, but in their wisdom would be likely to place the whole world upon the back of a turtle, and measure all things from that stand-point. Scientific vision is often very narrow in its views, though not so unseemly as the galvanized death in our theologies. The church has sought an ally in this same fragmental science, to measure the unfolding Word of to-day. We think it is clearly in proof that the circumscribed alliance can neither measure the old aright, nor have open vision to measure the new. Utter denial on the one hand, and a blind credence to an "infallible word" on the other, will be very apt to daub their building with untempered mortar, till temple and tower go down.

We are not reverential of the ancient night, when it is made to flout the modern sun in the name of the living God. We reverence Truth, Wisdom and Love. We adore them. Doubtless we are as fallible in their pursuit as the rest of the children of men. But we have no prejudices that we wish respected. We wear no yoke of ancient or of modern days, nor walk in any furrow the slavish mind has made, but seek our way to the Most High by all the light we can gather into the soul. We do not like the enshrining of ancient darkness at the expense of modern light. We cannot be tender in our surgery to such excrescences, but must apply the actual cautery. If the grim old idols stand in our way, be it ours to hew them to pieces in the sight of all Israel and the sun.

But while we have no beaten track for our way, neither have we anathema maranatha, or curses to bestow on any who go not with us, see not as we see, and whose ways are not our ways. We care nothing for the theological arithmetic of three one or one three, but with Milton, we invoke—

"Chiefly Thine, O Spirit, that dost prefer
Before all tempers the upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou knowest
—what in me is dark
Illuminate; what is low, raise and support!"

Our text from Samuel clearly shows the way to the Spiritualistic "Word" of Old Jewry. The Seers or the Prophets, in greater or lesser gifts, are the same as our Mediums of to-day; and according to the fruits are the spiritual operators to be judged. Through the old media, Jehovah, God, Lord, Angel, are the terms used for a common authoritative source—more frequently, it was God or the Lord for the influx, influence, or familiar spirit.

When angels from the Most High, beautiful in love and wisdom, come "to preach a gospel to the poor,—to heal the

broken-hearted,—to preach deliverance to the captive, and to set at liberty them that are bruised," then we have that bread that cometh down from heaven, that whoso eats thereof, attains to the resurrection and the life; but there are lesser fruits, down to those all ashes, from the lurid flames of night.

Jewish Spiritualism is no exception in its several grades of being, each claiming God as authority for the utterance, though simply representative of the spiritual planes of that time, whether of mundane or trans-mundane flow. If we find in present day the outpouring of the spirit exceeds no breadth or depth of media through which it flows, the law of *now* embraces the law of *then*. However varied may be the series of causation, it has its order of consecutiveness, or mode of being, termed law. The physical, the moral and the spiritual, are alike under its rule. From this law of manifestation we run the line of ancient and modern Spiritualism, confining ourself to that record of manifestations called the Word of God, which appears as a multifold idol in our dark theologies of confusion worse confounded.

It is time to be born from the ancient thrall, to come up to the sunlight of the heavens. It belongs to the living to bury the dead, when the dead persist in rattling their old bones to make a sham of life. Let the old skeleton furnish what lime it has for the forthcoming new wheat crop, since all its uses as a quickening spirit departed with its marrow.

Many and profound students, materialwise, have questioned or denied the spiritual identity of man beyond the plane of his outer organized life. How little other than a sterile, educational faith, have we had to sustain us! Our physical and mental philosophies—theology of our churches—have utterly failed to make sure the conscious individuality of the spirit on the dissolution of its material body. A piece of intangible fog, without form and void, is all they could give us for our yearning hearts; and this formless essence, floating about in some far-off locality—now this, now that—indeinitely wrought, but mostly waiting a trump to sound from out eternity to waken east-off worthless bodies, changed to all the purposes of earth. What huskless fruit is this! What fruit all ashes, or, otherwise, quickened by the lurid flames of a wrathful God, burning his children in hell forever! So the gift of immortality, through our churches, is far more woful than the eternal sleep.

One of the darkest phases of the old church idol—the Old Testament—save what we can infer from spirit-intercourse, can hardly be said to yield the faintest outline of a life beyond the tomb. The dispensation through the mediumship of Moses nowhere directly taught it. His blessings and his cursings were bounded by the earth. His twilight gleams can only find their Redeemer along the horizon of the later dawn. Jesus, to meet the Sadducees from their own light, could only quote from their record, "I am the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob." But unto whom does this suffice to rear the conscious soul, when to dust has gone its body? The light of Moses, as it comes to us, was not enough to take him to the spirit-land, but an earth-land flowing with milk and honey was the paradise of his yearning heart, and down to the grave he went on this side Jordan, nor hoped to rise a spirit on the other side, more beautiful than aught that met his eye from topmost height of Pisgah.

The New Testament does indeed bring us to a much higher light, and Jesus shines a perpetual Sun amid the darkness of all ages. Akin to the poor and lowly, he would feed them with the bread of everlasting life, as worthier far than all king, prince or potentate could give. He would have them rise with upright heart and pure to the resurrection and the life, where treasures in heaven were theirs. Happy were they who were open to receive this light. But O what doubts,—what yearnings,—what prayerful depths of anguish!—"for if the dead rise not, then is Christ not raised;" and even the witnesses of that resurrection doubted each other's testimony, and received it "as idle tales which they believed not."

So difficult did Jesus find it to manifest to the yet unopened spiritual sight of his most receptive disciples. If the ignorant and credulous fishermen were thus slow of heart to believe, who, then, shall deliver the wise and prudent from the body of this death? If there be not spiritual unfolding when our dull senses die, what a mockery of mockeries is human existence! Why, even its best conditions can have but little attraction for the love and wisdom aspiring one who waits the brighter birth of the spirit. Flesh and blood in low estate might wish to inherit such continuity of life as supposed to have been decreed in Eden. But as we grow upward to the higher light, how gladly would the soul leave its earth-home for the more beautiful one of the spirit-land! Dark indeed is the religion that cannot prolong identity beyond this house of clay.

But now in the fullness of time do the heavens open, and their treasures come to the humble seekers in their needs. No more in the dark valley and shadow of death shall the mourner sit sorrowful for the departed. The yoke is lifted from the weary and heavy laden—the broken-hearted are healed by the sweet melodies of angel-whispers. The lost loved ones are found, and though separate in time, are gathered on the plane of eternity.

It is charged against us that in the resurrection of to-day, there is much not of the highest estate. We grant it, and find the parallel running through all Jewry. While you laugh at us, do not complain if we sometimes change the laughter to the other side of the mouth. If the new wine in some of our vessels is not what it ought to be, we may also see that much contained in the old bottles is not divinely pure. At the same judgment-seat let us all appear without respect of persons, no matter in what name they come, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord. It is not well to set up an idol in the heart, and veil it at the expense of truth. Let the veil be rent and receive each other's light while casting out the works of darkness. What is true in the old cannot be destroyed, but must be evidence of the truth of to-day. Of the manifestations of the old record, let each receive as may be good and true.

We try the spirits in the flesh or out to see what they are worth. We know them by their fruits. If Satanism avails against the new resurrection, so equally against the old, according to the fruit that each may bear. This is the Christian rule of the good Jesus, and we accept it with all our heart.

It is not well to say, "We have Abraham to our father," to garnish the tombs of the ancient Seers, and to stone the Seers of the modern light. The materialism of death shrouds our churches. Infidelity is there. The fashion of this world governs them. Their creed-yokes are on the necks of all within their fold, and ravening wolves are there, whose tender mercies are cruel. Sums of all villanies are anointed in the odor of sanctity, by making an ancient record stand sponsor for the deeds, even though above all stands the most noble beautiful of truths, the tenderest of loves, that "inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me." When and where was the engineering of the church for freedom of thought and act, in physical, moral and spiritual growth, and not for compression and bondage? Noble women and brave men are cast out of the synagogues. When so risen they no longer bow to the base idols, rearing their slimy crests from pulpit, from altar, and from floor. At a slightest distance are our dead churches from the beautiful Head who came to preach deliverance to the captive, to heal the broken-hearted, and let the oppressed go free.

Now it is a Sabbath merchandize of the bodies and souls of men, women and children, by leading captive ignorance and stupidity with superstitious rites and dead formulas. Such are the whited sepulchres of our day; and like the rush of many waters is the suit to Mammon and power to lay up treasures on earth. A multitudinous host outside, athirst for the waters of everlasting life, have sought it at fresh fountains whose streams no longer flow through parched and withered churches.

Now that angels are our cup-bearers from ever-flowing fountains of the deep, and bear its many waters in ministry of love, and show us to fresh pastures of verdure ever new, shall we not rejoice? What though this ministry is yet in its day of small things, as a little child—such is the kingdom of heaven—and better, O how much, is this newness of life than the old church Dead Sea with its fruit all ashes! What but a spirit quenched of all light could turn aside from the sun-shining at noonday to go down to the old ages and wander through its dark valley and shadow of death by a light so dim as to be worthless, could it not borrow from the living light of to-day? Let us take pencil-sketches of these old venerable ages, whose visions, dreams and spirits are the basic worship of our 19th century churches.

Let us open these old graves so that their dead may appear unto many. Call their visions, dreams and spirits, Odio Phantoms, if you please, though in name they come as God, Lord, Angel, Man. They are representative names of that early time, and are no authority for us any farther than they are as one with the laws of the Most High as revealed in the greater fullness of this living age.

But in our outlines, or sketch, which we offer as sufficient in present light to portray the mode of being of the ancient "Word," we do not assume that even the spiritualistic phase of the Jewish record is unquestionably true in all respects. Very far from it. But making allowance for terms and ideas, it might in greater or less extent have been according to the claim, and not violative of the spiritual law. The expression of the "infallible word" in its absolute sense, with reference to its causation, is at fault; but the light of the present unfolding will suffice to lift the ancient clouds. To inquire of God through a Seer, and to receive the "Word" of the familiar spirit as the Word of God, and thus to deify the spirits, was simply to do as has been done in all ages. Hence, theocracies and hierarchies for the subjugation of the people. But now a new heaven is brooding a new earth. Trans-mundane mystical lore is no longer infallible by the old Wilderness and the Dead Sea. The new dayspring from on high disperses its Chaos and old Night. Facts and their science are now cognizant of the consecutive law of the various planes, and the mightier birth of to-day rends the swaddling-clothes of antiquity.

The old Word can be read from three points of view—the natural, the allegorical and the spiritual. This trine view

has become so shortened in its distances as to bring it within the vision of the general reader. The natural and the allegorical "Word" are sufficiently displayed by Mrs. Child's "Progress of Religious Ideas," by Theodore Parker's Translation of DeWette, by the Rev. John McNaught's "Doctrine of Inspiration," and by Philo Judæus. The spiritual "Word," with which we shall have mostly to do, is uncovered and re-deemed at its true worth by the modern unfolding, and in the light of our text from Samuel.

There was a book referred to in Joshua and 2d Samuel by the name of *Jasher*. A This "Word," supposed to have been lost, is claimed to have been preserved by the Jews. There is a republication in 1840 by Noah & Gould, New York. This Word has not yet been received among the canons of the "pasteboard barriers of the Bible." It is even deemed apocryphal or spurious. But on what grounds? Our present canons have had many changes rung upon them according to the militant exigencies of the church. It may be seen by De Wette that it is rather a nice point to decide how much is the true metal and how much the counterfeit. The question in many instances seems to have been settled by the greatest amount of brass. The French claim that their tutelary God is on the side of the many canons. Why not then add the Word of *Jasher* to the canons of the church. Its original Hebrew and faithful translation is endorsed by Isaac Wordheimer, Professor of Oriental Literature, H. V. Nathan, Minister of the English and German Synagogue, Kingston, Jamaica, Professor Turner, an able Hebrew scholar, of New York, and Professor Geo. Bush, of New York, of the Swedenborgian "Word." Surely such names ought to suffice to canonize the "Word" of *Jasher*. We shall refer to it occasionally as auxiliary to the other "Words." Let there be full play of all the canons, whether in or out of the "pasteboard barriers." We have sound militant prescription for this from a present Church of England divine—McNaught—who, in service of the "thirty-nine," has discovered the ancient canons to be breech-burnt, and otherwise unsafe in practice, and "that inspirational infallibility must rest on some better support than the canonization of Scripture. From Genesis to Malachi we hardly know who wrote one book. Let us look on our position and see that whatever else and however excellent may be the meaning of Inspiration, we are forced by the bearings of truth, as witnessed to by the Bible itself, to the conclusion, that neither with reference, to Science, History, Morality, nor Religion, does the Bible permit us to regard its teachings as infallible or free from all error."

Thus does this brave co-worker and engineer dare to stand at "the imminent deadly breach" and show that the scriptural canons can no longer be maintained in position, however much the various sects may stab and twist them for their desperate service. c. b. p.

THE FAITH FLOWER.

BY T. L. HARRIS.

In the garden of beauty the faith-blossom grows,
In the garden of beauty alone;
With the heart of the grape, and the lips of the rose;
And the song of the spheres in its tone.
And its petals have eyes, and its leaflets have wings;
And its voice is all tender and true;
And an inward delight is the song that it sings;
And its fruits with the seasons are new.
'Tis the flower of the Angels! they pluck it to wear
In the garlands they gather on high;
And the breath of its fragrance is music and prayer;
And its loveliness never may die.
But it grows not where Hate with his north wind is keen;
And the senses look vainly to find;
And the light of its beauty may never be seen
By the wise, who in selfhood are blind.
And it withers from sight when the frost-spirit comes
From the Islands of envy and wrath;
And the proud find it not, where their palace-built homes
Mark the death-miles of poverty's path.
'Tis the flower of the lowly, the poor and the weak,
The children of sorrow and loss;
And they find it alone who are humble and meek,
In the garden that grows by the cross.

GREAT IDEAS AND SMALL DUTIES.—A soul occupied with great ideas best performs small duties. The divinest views of life penetrate most clearly into the meanest emergencies. So far from petty principles being best proportioned to petty trials, a heavenly spirit taking up its abode with us can alone sustain well the daily toils, and tranquilly pass the humiliations, of our condition. Even in intellectual culture, the ripest knowledge is the best qualified to instruct the most complete ignorance. So, the trivial services of social life are the best performed, and the lesser particles of domestic happiness are most skillfully organized, by the deepest and fairest heart.—James Martineau.

THE CUP OF PATIENCE.—What a goblet! It is set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden; it is carved by angelic hands, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.—Jerold.

For the Spiritual Age.

THE MORAL LAW.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

"Love is the fulfilling of the law."—PAUL.

Self-love is the first law of moral being. The Creator loves himself and breathes this motive into all conscious existence. Hence, Individual Happiness is the rule of Rectitude; but inasmuch as Society effects the same end, this becomes the reason, and self-love the measure, of social love. God, having premeditated the whole rationale of morals, has endowed Man with organs of social as well as self-love, according to which we ought instinctively to love our neighbor as ourself; but the accidents of development have caused the self to greatly predominate over the social, in nearly all specimens of Human Nature. A general ignorance, too, of the benefits to be derived from a true Society—a desideratum never as yet exemplified on Earth—has prevented hitherto the maturity of that rational motive to a universal benevolence which, with more information, men are destined to conceive. The immediate result of this general misconception of human interest, has been to bring mankind into mutual suspicion and hostility, and to turn the social world into such a theatre of antagonism as "to the eye of a philosopher," as Mackenzie says, "appears like a great madhouse." Man, however, cannot but learn by experience, and in time he will forsake his error. To know is to prize whatever avails for Happiness. Already do we see the signs of Progressive Wisdom in the general decline of the war-spirit, in the desuetude of ecclesiastical persecution,—in the rational tendency of religious impulse,—in the various philanthropic movements of the age,—in the growing forbearance of civil powers, and in the kindly intercourse of citizens in every department and grade of society. The redemption of the Race—the complete exorcism of Man from the infernal spirit of antagonism, may yet be a work of time; but the means are now in operation which are certain in the upshot to bind the myriad hearts of mankind in one bundle of undissenting Love. It is a minikin soul that can house its affections in one body. To own a single friend, is to live two lives. How happy then were the philanthropist, if every-one he meets were his equal in Benevolence!

Yes; and the sage is happy to cherish this thought as a prophecy; for it predicts a day of universal philanthropy. "The mystery of iniquity" only intervenes; but "that which now letteth will let, until it be taken out of the way." "The Day of Judgment," which is the future predicate of mature Reason, and must be the harbinger of "the Kingdom of Heaven" on Earth, can never come so long as we keep the barbarous sentiment of blame. Error there is, and who can help it? Wrong is to be got rid of, but never by calling it crime and paying it back with vengeance. We must learn to love our enemies, which we cannot do so long as we think them criminals deserving punishment. Rather we must learn that we have no enemies—that the wights we call such are only crazy friends.

Character never makes itself. Every individual is a creature mostly of parentage and education. It is no fault of a fool that one is born such, nor of a knave to have been misguided by erring or faithless teachers, and thus blinded to his own best good. Thrust into a World of strangers, what does a helpless infant deserve, but the commiseration of Benevolence and the nurture of Philosophy? What, in fact, does it often find, but the heritage of vice and ignominy, and the harsh pupillage of intolerance? Why wonder that such a brat of wretchedness grows up to a life of turpitude? Really, the greatest of all misfortunes is depravity; and the most absurd and cruel of all abuses, is that prejudice which condemns the wicked while it tolerates all that is concerned in breeding the monstrous fry. The rascal plagues society, it is true; but pre-eminently his unsought and uncovered propensities curse himself. How barbarous, how inhuman, to hang the victim of ill-birth and bad training! A sage benevolence would pity "the sinner;" and a wise guardian of human interest, instead of killing the patient, would aim to cure the disease. Let retaliation cease, and villainy will assume a less frightful phase and a less formidable attitude. When want may no longer beg unheeded, when Virtue shall have learned to teach by example, then will cupidity and perfidy quit their repugnant calling; guilt will die out, and innocence may repose in the midst of wealth without fear and without danger. Let Mercy supercede revenge; let Love propitiate malignity; let Philosophy, as the guide of civil policy, forestall all misdevelvements of Human Nature, and Universal Weal shall wipe away the tears of suffering Humanity. The Happiness of each *must* follow the Mutual Love of all.

BENEFITS OF ADVERSITY.—No man is more miserable than he that hath no adversity; that man is not tried whether he be good or bad; and God never crowns those virtues which are only faculties and dispositions; but every act of virtue is an ingredient into reward—God so dresses us for heaven.—Jeremy Taylor.

Æsop the Physician said that when Prometheus took the clay to form man, he tempered it with tears.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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HIGGINS BROTHERS, AGENTS.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1886.

A WORD TO THE ORIGINAL PATRONS
OF THE NEW YORK SPIRITUAL AGE.

Those of our friends who subscribed for one year from the first issue of S. B. BRITTON'S SPIRITUAL AGE are respectfully notified that their terms expire with the next number. We frankly avow to them that we need a continuance of their generous patronage;—and does not the world need it too? The good done by a single subscriber does not stop with himself, his family, or his circle of friends; it extends wherever the influence of this journal extends—and that is world-wide; it is wanted wherever reform is wanted—down to the humblest sufferer on the face of the earth. Ignorance is the prolific breeder of misery, disease and crime—the parent of oppression and abuse in the moral, social and political world. Knowledge, widely disseminated, is the only counter-agent against these evils; and every lover of his kind should do his part toward spreading the light. Can this be done more readily or more effectually than by circulating free, reform papers?

Let no person think that his individual influence or aid will not be missed; it will be missed, if removed, like so much blood drawn from the veins of our common enterprise. We wish the patrons of the AGE to feel that the paper is theirs, and is dependent on them personally for support. It is not an adventure on the part of its Editors, designed to bring back individual honor and emolument. We, the more immediate laborers on its pages, are but stewards, ready always to give an account of our stewardship, ready to labor, so long as we find simply the bread for our mouths—ready at any moment to give place to more faithful or efficient workers. We, as individuals, are of no account in this matter, but the Cause should be abundantly sustained. THE AGE should be well supported as a needed instrument in the Cause. At the present juncture the helping hand of our friends will be deemed an especial favor, on account of heavy liabilities which are falling due. May we not look, therefore, with confidence for a generous response to this appeal? Those subscribers in particular whose terms are about to expire, will, we trust, give us the benefit of a prompt renewal.

DR. HARE AS AN INVESTIGATOR.

[The following remarks were intended for an earlier insertion, but may not be devoid of point even at this late date.]

The Philadelphia North American publishes a biographical sketch of Dr. ROBERT HARE, which does justice to the venerable Professor's scientific attainments; but the writer feels constrained to indulge in the following language in reference to his conversion to Spiritualism:

"Here we would faintly terminate our brief and imperfect sketch of the labors and character of departed genius; but we have yet to advert to what is everywhere known, and silence respecting which could only pass for an idle affectation of friendship. Our readers know that we allude to the delusion under which Dr. Hare labored during the last few years of his life, by a belief in 'Spiritualism,' as the thing is misnamed, and in his ability to hold intercourse with the other world through an invisible but present medium. Surprise has been very generally felt that so zealous and successful a votary of science should have allowed himself to be mystified in this manner. But, without entering into recollections of psychological inquiries, which would be out of place on the present occasion, we think that an explanation may be found in the original constitution of his mind, in the long and intense strain of his intellectual faculties during the many years in which he was uninterruptedly engaged in the studies of the closet and the experiments of the laboratory; and, finally, in the very nature of his favorite pursuits. He had long been in the habit of dealing with those subtle, diffusive, and impalpable substances, or, as they might be called, essences, which give rise to the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and which penetrate all matter and pervade all space, and which assume such an endless variety of disguises, now assuming a philosophical toy, now convulsing nature in the storm and the tornado, or causing mountains to vomit forth volcanic fires, and make an entire continent to tremble in the throes of an earthquake. Sent through the human frame, the electric agent imparts new life, and, for a moment, gives movement and expression to the dead.

"Dr. Hare, in the vigor of his days, had been accustomed to investigate the causes and nature of these proteiform appearances, to unmask some of their disguises and to exercise the office of a vigilant observer and careful experimenter, while admitting only the deductions thus obtained. But with advanced age came a wearied and worn mind, which yielding more and more to habits of abstraction and absence from the outer world, allowed to imagine some changes, some disguises, of an ethereal and even spiritual nature, not differing much from, but only going a little beyond those light, diffusive and impalpable agencies with which he might be said to have long held communion. We leave to others the duty of showing that the secrets of the other, the spiritual world, and the revelation of God to man have not been discovered by either genius, or learning or science. The knowledge of all this lies in another direction, and is taught by other means, now happily under the Christian dispensation, accessible to all."

We are not disposed to enter upon the discussion of all the topics suggested by these singularly unphilosophical opinions. We would, however, remark,—what we think will commend itself to every candid mind, that the very familiarity which Dr. Hare had acquired with the nature and laws of the impalpable essences which had been his life-long study, instead of pre-disposing him to be deluded by them, as this writer strangely conjectures, qualified him pre-eminently to distinguish between their action and that which he found himself compelled to attribute to spiritual beings.

It may not require either genius, learning, or science to reveal the secrets of the spiritual world; but if science does not enable its most distinguished votaries to determine what belongs to the material sphere, then of what use is it? Dr. Hare knew—that every other scientific man knows—that the results obtained in his Spiritualistic investigations could not be produced by the action of electricity and magnetism, or other unintelligent mundane forces. But it required no special attainment in science on his part to perceive that the power which manifested intellect, will, memory, and various other mental attributes, through a pine board or a "spiritoscope," could be no less than a personal intelligence—not an impersonal impalpable essence. It is the clear-eyed scientific and theologic Sadducees who allow themselves to be "mystified" on this subject—not this hoary-headed veteran.

Dr. Hare's demonstration of spiritual agencies in his laboratory, as detailed in his great work, ("Spiritualism Scientifically Demonstrated,") was no less positive and indisputable than his previous demonstrations in the departments of material science; and the day will come when he will be vastly more honored for his "Spiritometer" and "Spiritoscope," than for his "Oxy-hydrogen Blow-Pipe" or "Electroscope;" and when scientific men will be ashamed of the wretched shift by which they have evaded his testimony—the imputation of imbecility or insanity.

We here refer, of course, simply to Dr. Hare's proof of the fact of spirit-agency—not to the philosophical or theological opinions which he associated with that fact. His intimacy with natural science, while it fitted him to distinguish between mundane and spiritual forces, did not necessarily qualify him to be a Moralist, a Theologian, or a Spiritual Philosopher. His education and early surroundings had made him a Deist, and the absurdities and follies presented to him under the name of Christianity, did not have the effect to attract him to its real truths. Spiritualism gave him not only a demonstration of a spiritual state, but his first rational conceptions of such a state; and what wonder that these should have been mixed with much that to others seems crude and materialistic? What wonder that he should have interpreted the revelations of spirits measurably in accordance with his own previously fixed ideas? or that his attendant spirits should have been those possessing a cast of mind like his own, or disposed to adapt their communications to his existing state of apprehension?

While, therefore, we regard Dr. Hare's demonstration of spirit-agencies as the noblest achievement of a noble scientific career, yet we are by no means committed to his peculiar religious or theoretical opinions. That he was thoroughly honest in entertaining and avowing them, we make no question; and that the love of truth which shone so conspicuously in his earthly life will in due time free him from all important errors, and forever lead him onward and upward in the boundless universe of mind, we rejoice to believe.

A. E. N.

"DEPRIVITY" AND "REGENERATION."

In a previous article (May 15th) we spoke of man as being constituted of (1) an external, ponderable body, (2) an animal mind or spirit, which forms the "spiritual body" after entrance upon the spirit-life, (3) a purely spiritual nature, and (4) a celestial or Divine nature.

In the light of this analysis, we readily see how man comes by his "depravity," and why he needs "regenerating," either in this life or another, before he can be harmonized, happy, or "in heaven." He derives the physical and with it the animal-spiritual part of his constitution, from his parents—they giving to him of such as they are. He is continually taking upon him, in food and by absorption, the spiritual life-principles of the animal, vegetable and mineral worlds around him. These go to make up his animal body, with its animal mind or spirit. In the animal world we see exemplified the characteristics of these several life-essences in their natural conditions—that is, we see embodied representations of the swine-element, the horse-element, the ox-element, and so on—the highest tendency, the grand moving-power, of each and all being the love of pleasure. When taken into the human animal constitution, their nature is the same *per se*, and they manifest the same supreme tendency, except as they become permeated and controlled by the higher or spiritual mind, whose characteristic is love of use, and by the celestial, whose essence is love of good. When these have brought all below them into subjection, then harmony is established in the inner world, and God (the Celestial Element or pure Love) reigns in and over all.

The superior degrees or elements of the internal nature, in thus flowing down into, permeating and controlling the lower or animal degree, impart to it a new life, energize it with new motives, or, in other words, "regenerate" the "natural man," which, as compared with the spiritual, may be considered as "depraved." As this process goes on, of course "the old man," or the animal, selfish nature, dies,—the love of pleasure and of self ceases to be the animating principle,—and new and higher impulses pervade and actuate the whole organism.

It is undoubtedly to this regenerative process that Jesus and some of the New Testament writers applied the terms "death" and "resurrection," instead of to the laying aside of the external body and its re-identification, as has been generally supposed. If so, it can readily be understood how those who have been "born of the spirit," or fully experienced this resurrection, in the earthly life, will "die no more," or "never see death." Their "mortal" has already "put on immortality;" and to such the simple casting off of the external garment is a matter of trivial consequence; it is not a "death," for they will not lose consciousness for a moment. The transition takes place "in the twinkling of an eye." Read the New Testament in the light of this exposition, and see what a new meaning invests its pages.

It is, moreover, this death of "the old man," and "resurrection to newness of life," which "frees from sin," and ushers into that "world" or condition where all are "children of God, being children of the resurrection," and "equal unto the angels." And, we conceive, in no other way can "the kingdom of heaven" or harmony be reached but by this process, either in the physical or the succeeding stage of existence. It is not mere deliverance from the fleshly body, which delivers from the fleshly mind, and ushers into a higher spiritual condition. There must also be an overcoming and an extermination of the selfish nature, which is of the earth earthy, and an awakening of a higher life, ere the spirit is freed from the earthly condition, and capable of entering a loftier state. If this is not accomplished here, it must be hereafter, else "heaven" is never attained. And none need wait for the dissolution of the external body before they enter "heaven." The kingdom of heaven is within us, and by seeking we all may find it.

A. E. N.

THE "STUFFED GLOVE" STORY.—Readers of the Boston Courier will recollect how extensively a "stuffed glove," said to have been employed by Mr. Hume in counterfeiting spirit-manifestations at Florence, Italy, was made to figure in Prof. Felton's late foray against Spiritualism. Our European correspondent, in another column, effectually shows up the fictitious character of this story. Our correspondent is well known in this country, and to some of the veracious Grecian fellow-professors at Cambridge, as a gentleman of intelligence and probity; and, as will be seen, his statements have the endorsement of Mr. Powers, the alleged detector, himself.

We are now prepared to answer the Professor's inquiry as to what we think of that "stuffed glove" exposure. From present advices, it appears to be substantially a slanderous fiction, which does no credit to either the candor or the truthfulness of its author.

A. E. N.

A MORNING MEDITATION.

It is morning! The sun shines gloriously over mountain, plain, and river. Nature calls me with many voices to worship in her Temple. The willing spirit answers, and I go forth into the great Fane that is consecrated by the Divine presence. No sexton stands at the open portals to point me to the lowest place; and accordingly I will go up and stand on the pinnacle. The chime of the waters, as they gush from the sides of the hill, is like the music of silver bells, as from some lofty spire the notes descend through the still air, to track the silent hills of sense. It is the Sabbath! yet all Nature violates the statute, and works without interruption. She is weaving virgin robes for the renovated earth to wear. The village, reposing beneath at the foot of the hill, looks like a silent worshipper on bended knee, before the high altar whereon we will offer the incense of our grateful joy.

Spring is here! I feel her balmy breath on this brow, and her pulses in these veins. Nature's great heart beats under my feet and over my head. Electric currents run through every nerve of her mighty frame, and every fibre moves. They play over the delicate pinions of the swallow, and he cuts the air with arrow-like swiftness; they dance in the throat of the robin and the blue-bird, and then come to me in music on every breath of the morning. The currents of the all-pervading Life flow into every form of the natural world, and therefore all forms partake of the Divine energy. They are beautiful, because in and through them we perceive the life and light of the Omnipresent One. These green aisles, O Nature! are hallowed by the footsteps of Deity. God is here, and the quick soul feels his presence in the midst of his Temple. The great dome is radiant with his light, and these emerald halls were fashioned and garnished by his hand. He touches the majestic mountains and they are arrayed in soft robes of living beauty. He smiles on the valleys, and they blossom and offer grateful incense. Surrounded by all this beauty and harmony I look, and listen, and am silent—speechless with admiration, and with the fullness of joy that finds no earthly expression.

Let me muse awhile by this grove of young pines. This is consecrated ground. The forms of the departed repose beneath these shades. Here and there, through the evergreen boughs, the white stones are visible—pale emblems by which affection marks the places where its treasures lie buried. Ah, how many have a vague and terrible apprehension that their friends thus sleep in the realms of dark forgetfulness, and how few realize that the departed, even now, possess the boon of conscious and happy existence! These pines, wave with a graceful and reverent emotion, as the aerial currents from the adjacent hills flow through the numberless branches. Nature's airy halls are filled with weird strains of sweet and solemn music. By that white slab kneels a pale mourner; with her tears she moistens the grave of her buried hopes, while her subdued moan blends with the low cadence of the murmuring woods. But my spirit rejoices even here and now; for I know that all that is vital in man still lives, and must live forever. All life, as it is presented for human contemplation, is the Divine presence made visible in outward forms. The great Spirit is the primal source of life; God is self-existent and eternal; therefore all life is of necessity immortal. This doctrine is taught here, above these graves. Every tree that spreads its branches over the earth; every leaf that unfolds itself to the sunshine; every flower that exhales its perfume on the air, and every spire of grass that points towards the Heavens, is an eloquent and instructive minister, ordained of God to preach the Resurrection and the Life!

S. B. N.

SPIRITUALISM AND DENTISTRY.

A reference to this subject, in another column reminds us of an anecdote told us some time since on good authority.

In one of the rural districts, not many miles from Boston, a lady who was a trance-medium had occasion to apply to a dentist for the extraction of an offending tooth. She was a stranger to the dentist, who was equally unacquainted with the common phenomena of entrancement by spirits. As she took her seat in the chair, she was quietly thrown into an entirely unconscious state, though without any suspicion of the fact on the part of the operator. He proceeded to apply his forceps, removed the tooth without the slightest manifestation of pain, and turned away a moment to deposit the instrument in its proper place. On turning back to his patient, he was startled to see that she still lay in the chair, with jaws distended, and without moving a muscle. He sprang towards her in alarm, exclaiming, "My God! have I killed the woman?"

A person who knew the patient and anticipated something of the kind, and who had been watching the operation through the partly open door of another apartment, here stepped in and assured the alarmed dental extractor that all was right,—that his patient was a "medium" and only in a trance,—and succeeded in quieting his fears. The lady gradually regained her consciousness, to find her mouth freed from the tormenting member, with no suffering on her part; while the dentist learned a new and valuable lesson in the practice of his profession.

A. E. N.

Spiritualism in Great Britain.

From a private letter from an esteemed friend in Edinburgh, we take the liberty to extract the following paragraphs:

"Spiritualism in this country has lately sustained a great loss by the death of Professor Gregory, whose hesitation as to giving his adhesion to the spiritual theory arose not from the constitution of his mind, which inclined him strongly to belief in intercourse with disembodied beings, but from those habits of scientific investigation which caused him to desire more rigorous demonstration of its truth than the facts supporting it had, he conceived, altogether supplied. It may give you pleasure to hear that when I showed him your answer to his letter, he said it was very good, the best he had yet seen to his objections. Owing to the long illness which preceded his death, the circle which privately met at his house was broken up, and nothing in the way of Spiritualism took place here during the winter.

"But I hear on the best authority that in London there is a considerable spread in a quiet way of the doctrine. Among the mediums, there are the wife of a distinguished member of Parliament, and the wife of an officer high in command in India, *herself a medium*. But the most powerful of them all is a young lady whom I hope before long will be a guest in the family of ——. From what I hear of her, she can be second to your countryman (or, rather, I believe, *mine*), Mr. Hume alone."

THE AGE IN GREAT BRITAIN.—For the information of the friends of the SPIRITUAL AGE on the other side of the Atlantic, we would state that the terms of this paper to subscribers in Great Britain, (including postage, which is required to be prepaid here) are three dollars, equivalent to twelve shillings of British currency, per year. Remittances may be made directly to this office, by mail, in gold, or through Messrs. Bal-lie, booksellers, London. A sovereign, which may be enclosed in a letter, will pay for one year and eight months.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE IDEAL OF WOMANHOOD; OR, WORDS TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA. By Lizzie R. Torrey. Boston: Wentworth, Hewes & Co., 1858.

One of the most significant signs of the times is the fact that the subject of woman's place in the grand economy of the universe is every day exciting attention and discussion. A new idea seems to have been projected from the spiritual spheres, and is quietly percolating through every fibre and pore of society,—that idea is WOMAN. It is actively struggling for outward intellectual expression and recognition. How many ages it has been coursing its way from the Infinite Mind, no mortal can tell; but thousands have in this latter day had gleams of it. The most ordinary thinker will acknowledge that in the past woman has neither understood herself nor been understood equally with man; and looking further he will not fail to see that a light is beaming in the heavens, destined to dispel the darkness which has thus far clouded her path. It may take centuries for this new orb to reach its zenith; but certain it is, this day and generation will see it fairly above the horizon. Owls and bats will flout at it, but true souls will welcome it as the lark hails the glad morning.

One scintillation from this star in the east is the book before us. It is written by a woman, and bears, from beginning to end, the stamp of a feminine mind; but it is a mind freed from conventional bondage and daring to think for itself. Her "Ideal of Womanhood" is not the sentimental one in vogue among novelists and dreamers; it is a sound, sensible creation, delicately tintured with dignity and beauty, and transfigured with a beautiful spirituality. She gives a brief and comprehensive glance at woman in history, and tracing her progress onward, reviews her position in the present, as it is and as it should be.

As for the style of the work, it is chaste, simple and earnest. There is no attempt to dazzle the reader with rhetorical display. The author's chief aim seems to have been to express her ideas in a clear and straight-forward manner, and this she has done without losing that sparkle and animation which give the true zest. In sentiment it is progressive and reformatory, avoiding at the same time all extremes of radicalism. It is therefore just the thing to awaken thought without exciting prejudice. It cannot be too widely circulated. The following passages are samples of the manner and matter of the work:

It is man's glory to do great things—it is woman's to inspire them. Let us not forget that our sphere of labor is in the heart, among the affections, for here is the great power which moves the world. It is not intellect or mind, but heart which controls the destinies of men.

The true life of woman is one of Love, and her moral history scarcely commences, till love enlightens the mystery of her being. It is plain that we live, and are happy only in proportion to our love. The heart is the foundation and corner stone of human nature. The world is moved through affection more than through intellect. "All our reasoning," says Pascal, "consists in yielding to sentiment." The soul is superior to the reason. The heart is greater than the head. It never deceives, and its invariable and irresistible tendency is towards the good.

The conjugal relation is the law of God. We are so created, that we cannot expect to find perfection in isolation and in solitude. As sex belongs to the soul as well as to the body, wedlock is a union of souls, and one that endures forever. Souls separated here, that is, those destined for each other, will finally be drawn together by a mysterious sympathy, and advance hand in hand through the circles of eternity towards the Throne of Love.

The love, which must form the basis of a happy marriage, must be a union of all the affections of the heart. It must be inspired, to revert to the illustration of Plato,—by both Venus Urania, and Venus Pandemos; that is, it must be moral, spiritual and physical. If either of these is wanting, it is not true conjugal love, and cannot produce happiness. Spiritual love may exist without moral, and physical without either of them, and when this is the case, there must always be discord in the hearts which have been married, according to the usages of society, but not according to the order of Nature and of God.

The religious philosophy of the volume is, as we are pleased to see, a rational Spiritualism. We had intended making some extracts from this department of the work, but space does not admit.

The former emanation from Miss Torrey's pen—her "Reply to Rev. Dr. Lunt"—created quite a sensation, and we trust the present production will be as well received.

LETTERS OF MADAME GUYON. Being selections of her religious thoughts and experiences, translated and re-arranged from her private correspondence. By P. L. UGHAM. Boston: Henry Hoyt, 9 Cornhill.

Madame Guyon was a remarkable woman. Born and nurtured in the Roman Church, in the 17th century, she experienced a wonderful expansion and enlightenment of soul which elevated her above the superstitions and formalism with which she was surrounded, into a sphere of spiritual life, perception and enjoyment attained by few in any communion. In consequence, she was subjected to great persecutions, long imprisonments, and numberless outward annoyances, from the ecclesiastical authorities who assumed the right to dominate over her faith and inner life. In the course of her experience, she discovered that sensible communion with the spirit-world was possible, and long enjoyed it as an inestimable privilege. She was, in fact, a "medium," writing volumes under impression and inspiration from the spiritual world. She also became conscious of the power of healing diseases to a remarkable degree, and of "casting out devils."

The volume before us, however contains little hint of this phase of her spiritual experience. It consists mostly of such selections from her correspondence as are accordant with and acceptable to the ordinary formulas of religious teaching in our modern churches—though for the most part far beyond ordinary attainments in the religious life. It may, nevertheless, be read and pondered with great profit by those who are yearning for a higher and deeper spirituality. These selections constitute a small volume of 160 pages, and the work is very elegantly got up.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for July is a decided improvement on its predecessor, in adaptation to the popular mind. It is filled to the brim with instruction and entertainment; yet we venture to suggest that it will bear popularizing to a much further extent, to make it what its publishers design, and what we heartily hope to see it—the "Magazine for the People."

AT THE CONVENTION.—A. E. Newton, Editor of this paper, intends to be present and share in the exercises at the Rutland Convention. His Associates find their duties so pressing that they will not be able to attend. S. T. Manson, our New York agent, will be there, and will take pleasure in waiting on any friends who wish to be supplied with the AGE or any other of the reform publications. A report of the proceedings at the Convention may be looked for in forthcoming issues.

EMMA HARDINGE AT BALTIMORE.—Miss Hardinge has awakened quite a *furor* among the Baltimoreans by her recent lectures. Notwithstanding the excessive heat of the weather, crowds have flocked to hear her nightly, for a series of consecutive evenings. The clergy come out and question her closely, and the people say, are all becoming converted.

European Correspondence.

Hume and Hiram Powers.

FLORENCE (Italy), May 18, 1860.

A. E. Newton.—Dear Sir:—A few days ago, a friend handed me a slip of the Boston Courier of 11th of November last, containing an article in relation to Mr. Mansfield, who appears to be suspended by a cold hair; should it break, I hope he will not fall among those who deem him almost proved a knave for being unwilling to attempt to prove his powers in a mode involving highly probable impossibilities. He proposes to do certain things in a certain way. The assumption that he can do them as well in such other manner as may be proposed, is as illogical as the deduction from his refusal is unjust and dishonorable.

Professor Felton's letter, in the article here alluded to, appears to be entirely candid in its spirit. If he thus perseveres in his inquiries, there can be no doubt he will soon arrive at the merits of the main question at least. Those who expect to catch it in traps must be content until they know better. Moral truth cannot be taken by stratagem; but those who have no confidence in the testimony of others may not so clearly see this. A habit of doubting others must tend to shake even our own best and most inward convictions.

The Courier asks, somewhat triumphantly, perhaps, "What does the Spiritualist think of Mr. Hume's spiritual hand, which was caught by Powers, the sculptor, and proved to be a stuffed glove?" Having seen nothing further of this discussion, I am left to suppose it quite possible that whatever the Spiritualist may have said, it may not be interesting to all parties concerned to know that Mr. Powers himself says he never did catch a stuffed glove as above stated, though on one occasion he thought one was used. I am inclined to believe, however, that Mr. P. will quite change his opinion on this latter point when he shall have had fuller opportunity of becoming familiar with the philosophy of spiritual manifestations.

Then this suggestion, a better answer will be found in further words of Mr. Powers in relation to the subject. He states to me that he has seen no other medium than Mr. Hume, and him, on many occasions, at his (Mr. P.'s) house; yet he is so fully convinced of the fact of these manifestations through Mr. Hume, and that at least some of them are not the result of collusion, that nothing could disprove the facts to his mind. So here is what Mr. Powers knows in regard to Mr. Hume, and unqualified, so far as the main question is concerned, by what he thinks.

I do not know if the Courier intended to claim the experience of Mr. Powers as being so entirely on its side of this question that its readers should infer his complete explosion of the so-called "spiritual illusion," and ranked himself among its opponents; but there is certainly some reason for supposing so.

That the evidence on which Mr. Powers' bases his unwavering conviction in relation to these manifestations may appear more fully, I will just add his declaration, that "on several occasions he witnessed most surprising phenomena, in which, according to the best of his judgment, Mr. Hume could have had no personal influence; they were beyond his (Mr. H.'s) reach, and he had no coadjutor."

There is now such ample testimony of the reality of spiritual phenomena, at least of the demonstrations attributed to them, that the kind of incredulity manifested by many of its opponents seems to be really more extraordinary than the phenomena they so violently resist. It is very clear that in the minds of many men, good and sensible ones, too, there is an alloy of arrogance and stupidity that blinds them entirely to not only the force of testimony, but also to the decency of receiving with proper respect the assertions of others in regard to facts they so sincerely suppose themselves at least to have witnessed. That such as have not done so should take upon themselves the idea that their own avowed ignorance should be entitled to greater consideration than the knowledge of more successful investigators, certainly savors of the extraordinary. That men should consider their own ignorance the necessary limit of knowledge in others, seems very incredible. Thousands of persons who fully believe that the sun stopped in his course at the bidding of Joshua,—that a whale swallowed Jonah,—that Balaam's ass spoke,—that the stone was rolled from Christ's sepulchre by power of spirits, and prisoners were set free by the same, are yet preposterous enough to declare they would not believe these modern manifestations if they were to see them with their own eyes—as if they could not perceive how steeped they must be in the very depravity of unreasonableness if they expect others should give more heed to what they say, than themselves do to what they see. Lunatic asyles are provided only for those who have become so unfortunate as to be no longer able to appreciate the testimony of their own senses.

J. P. H.

P. S.—The above has been shown to Mr. Powers, and it accords with his statements, and nearly in his own words.

Home Correspondence.

Letter from Miss Doten.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE:—Gentlemen,—Allow me to thank you for your words of kindly courtesy, relating to myself, in your paper of the 12th. Although I have endeavored to school myself to care as little as possible for public or private judgment, in the making up of my opinions, yet it is ever a pleasure to know that I have the good-will of liberal and discerning minds, and that if, at any time, I should be conscientiously obliged to make an entire change in my opinions, I could do so without fearing unqualified censure. At present, however, I am under no such painful necessity; for if a free and full subscription to the "three articles of faith" contained in A. J. Davis' "Penetration"—page 210th—constitutes "a Spiritualist," then I am still a firm believer.

It is not pleasant to have one's name passed from paper to paper, and mouth to mouth, coupled with an unfair and one-sided statement. Had it been concerning a mere matter of individual taste or judgment, it might have passed unnoticed. But when it involved an important point of belief, which was of vital interest to so many truthful and earnest inquirers, it would not do to remain silent, though the overwhelming contempt and ridicule of all opposing power should be a certain result. I trust there is virtue enough left yet in the old Pilgrim blood which comes to me through the maternal line, to make me adhere firmly to what I believe is right, and to resist all encroachments upon my religious liberty. "Never strike sail to a fear, O friend!" says a philosopher who has looked the world calmly in the face—"Come into port greatly, or sail with God the sea!"—and this should be the rule of every one who loves Truth for its own sake, and seeks it in its highest and best estate. Every one is obliged to make countless mistakes in his way through life, but "it is not so much the finding of Truth, as the honest search for it, that profits." Let him who has never taken a false step, be the first to find fault.

As far as the rise and progress of Spiritualism in its present form is concerned, there seems to be deep significance in the very fact, that any new phase of religious faith should spring up in this enlightened age, and in a few short years, spread so rapidly, and in such comparative silence, from city to city, through populous towns and villages, even to the most remote hamlets. In its onward course it has gathered together men, women and children, of all ranks and degrees—calling the minister from his pulpit, the judge from his bench, and the professor from his chair; and, uniting them all under its broad banner of spiritual liberty and light, leads them on to the very gates of the Eternal city. Ye who can "discern the face of the sky," what means this "sign of the times?" The superficial philosopher pronounces it at once "a great delusion;" but the truly wise man looks on in silence, and waits for the slow but sure revelations of time to aid his judgment. He knows that the good God does not deal idly with the children of men, and out of every great phenomenon in the intellectual and moral, as well as the natural world, a profound and harmonious law will be developed. If

"Every pebble in the well of Truth,
Hath its peculiar meaning."

surely there is deep significance in this.

There is an account given—and I cannot exactly tell where—of a certain astronomer, who, in his observation of the heavenly bodies, was surprised to find one that was seemingly irregular and erratic in its movements, and conformed to no known laws. Instead of falling into a passion and declaring the disorderly planet to be a "humbly and a delusion," he set himself industriously to work to discover the cause of this seeming inconsistency. At length he determined, that although undiscernible by the telescope, yet beyond this wayward planet lay another world of light, which influenced the motions of its sister sphere; and that, in the course of time, the light of that invisible orb

would deprecate to this earth. Abiding in this faith he waited patiently, and ere long that beautiful child of Heaven of which his soul had prophesied so confidently, looked smilingly down upon him from the celestial heights.

Thus it is with Spiritualism. Though it is seemingly "with-out form and void," and we cannot yet tell what manner of thing it will be, yet the great heart of the world tells us by its quickened throbs that some invisible power is near. Let us also wait patiently for the fulfillment of our heart-prophesies, and ere long we shall behold, it may be, a star of the first magnitude beaming from our spiritual heaven—furnishing another evidence of that "light which shone in the darkness and the darkness comprehended it not." Or, if it is not thus, let us at least strive perseveringly with this mysterious angel who has visited us, and not suffer him to depart until he leaves us with a blessing.

Yours respectfully, ELIZABETH DOTEN.

PERMOUTH, June 16th, 1868.

Another Convert—The Cause in Wisconsin.

COOKVILLE, Wis., June 1st, 1868.

BRO. BRITTON:—Many of your readers will remember me as a Universalist preacher, who preached several years in Vermont, afterwards in Madrid and Len's Falls, N. Y. From the latter place I removed to Janesville, Wisconsin, where, after preaching two years, I engaged in the publication of a newspaper devoted to the cause of Freedom, and after disposing of my interest there, I assisted in conducting a similar paper at Delavan, Wis., from which place I have removed to this village, once more being engaged in public speaking on religious subjects.

My object in writing to you at this time is to introduce myself to you as a full believer in spiritual communications, and a humble laborer in the cause of truth. The phenomena of mesmerism, clairvoyance, rappings, table-tippings, and higher manifestations, have, from the first, drawn my attention, but I have been slow to believe; in fact, I have tried to explain them by every means, and by all the reasons that others have presented, except the cry of "humbug and delusion" which, instead of being argument, is the miserable resort of those who have none; but all the supposed explanations fail entirely; not one will stand the test, and I am convinced there is but one solution, and that is to admit the fact that where intelligence is displayed, there must be intelligence at work; and as these communications display intelligence in various degrees, they are the offspring of invisible intelligences—in other words, of spirits in various mental and moral conditions.

The cause in this State is rapidly advancing and drawing in the most able supporters. We are not, however, without opposition, consisting of misrepresentation, low slander, and attacks from the secular press. The more liberal clergy either avoid us or are silent; while those who claim the title of "evangelical," deal in slander and bitter denunciations; but none of these things move us. They will in the end die in the advancement of truth. We cannot but pity those who "choose darkness rather than light," but there seem to be many souls who shut their eyes against the light.

I hope the time will soon come when we shall be able to sustain a spiritual paper in this State, through which we can find a direct access to the reading community; and have a means of becoming better acquainted with others of like precious faith, who are not afraid to avow their opinions. Such a paper I have in contemplation.

Fraternalty yours, JOSEPH BAKER.

Miss Sprague.

This excellent woman and gifted medium delighted a large and respectable audience in Concert Hall on Sunday afternoon and evening, with religious and philosophical teachings of the highest order, poured forth in a perfect torrent of eloquent speech. The opposition of the Christian Church to Spiritualism, to say the least, is very inconsistent, in view of the important fact that all Spiritualistic teachers preach the morality which Jesus taught, and profess to demonstrate as a positive fact, what hitherto has been received on faith as a dogma of the church—the conscious life of the individual human soul in the great hereafter.

L. G. B.

BURLINGTON, Vt., June 14th.

Boston and Vicinity.

Melodeon Meetings.

"He went and preached unto the spirits in prison," 1 Peter, 3: 19. From this text Mrs. Hatch gave an excellent discourse on Sunday morning last. Without asserting or denying the authority of the book of Peter, she contended that these words taught the doctrine of progression after death—thus agreeing with the philosophy of Spiritualism. If Christ preached to the spirits it was for their elevation; and therefore the idea of a state fixed and irrevocable beyond the tomb, is a falsity. The preaching referred to occurred after his crucifixion, and we have, in this fact, the proof that in the spirit-world there is opportunity for effort toward redemption; and we may conclude that no souls are sunk so low that the Christ-spirit, the spirit of truth, or angels, the ministers of God cannot reach and raise them. Even the nine-tenths of humanity which Orthodoxy consigns to Hell, are not so low that they cannot be redeemed, though it may require ages on ages to accomplish the perfect work.

The life of Jesus was one constant ministrations to spirits in prison; for wherever sin, suffering, crime and disease were found, there was Jesus with his words and deeds of kindness and love. Men are too much forgetting this beautiful principle. If one is found in error they cast him into the penitentiary here, and consign him to torment hereafter. But there is no element so holy, no truth so bright as that which enjoins it upon us to visit the spirits that are in the bondage of sin, that are locked up in bigotry and superstition or confined within the prison walls of ignorance. If there is any truth more worthy than another in modern Spiritualism, it is that angels guard not alone the good, the pure, and true, but that they delight to minister to the suffering, the degraded and despised, and lift them out of their bondage. Imitate their example. There is no danger from "evil spirits," if purity dwells in your own soul. Real virtue and truth can stand against all the evil in the universe. Visit those who are socially and morally in bondage, the poor, the outcast, the despised, no fear to be contaminated by them. With words and acts of love and sympathy help them to freedom.

The lecture closed with a somewhat severe reproof to those of all classes who preach high things and fail to practice them.

MR. WHITING gave two more of his eloquent lectures followed by poetic improvisations, in the afternoon and evening. The impromptu on "The first return of the spirit to earth after death," was considered by many as the most truly poetic production that has been given through this medium during his present course of addresses.

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BRIMFIELD STREET.—Rev. D. F. GODDARD will lecture at No. 14 Brimfield street, next Sabbath afternoon, for the last time during the present season. He will take a respite during the summer months, after which it is to be hoped his highly valuable services will be again secured by the attendants at this place of meeting.

DENTISTRY.—We are induced, from painful experience, to urge upon our readers a watchful care of those important but oft-neglected organs, the teeth. In most cases, a timely attention to cleaning and filling, at the hands of a competent dentist, may not only perpetuate for years the usefulness of such as have begun to decay, but prevent days and nights of the most aggravating pain to which mortals are subject. We have found Dr. Brown, at No. 24 1-2 Winter street, Boston, to be a skillful and faithful operator in this line. Being familiar with spiritual and psychological influences, he engages to induce the condition of trance in such persons as are susceptible to it, that operations may be performed without pain. Dr. B., after much experimenting, has introduced an article called Athelode, a mineral compound, from which he manufactures sets of teeth and gums, and which is considered superior for this purpose to gold plates or any other preparation in use. Those in want of substitutes for the natural organs are advised to visit Dr. Brown.

A. E. N.

LECTURES IN SOUTH BOSTON.—The friends of Spiritualism in South Boston have secured the use of Fraternity Hall, 118 Broadway, where they intend to hold a series of evening lectures. They were addressed on Sunday evening last by Lewis B. Monroe. The movers in this matter are men of the right stamp, and we sincerely wish them success in their most laudable undertaking.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place, FRIDAY EVENING, June 18th.

Dr. GRAY requested our reporter to slightly amplify one portion of his remarks, as contained in our report of the last week's session, lest he might be misunderstood. It was by no means his intention to affirm that men, on becoming Spiritualists, stop praying. On the contrary, he believed in prayer, and believed that Spiritualism had made many a man a praying man, who never prayed before. He alluded in his remarks to a certain class, in and out of the churches, who practice the forms of religion for selfish ends. Such men, on becoming nominally Spiritualists, or being transferred by death to a plane where fear is no longer operative, or hypocrisy available, may well be expected to cease from prayer.

The question introduced by Mrs. Farnham, and debated at a previous session, was resumed. The question in substance was as follows: What means are there for inducing in humanity a high development and reception of spiritual truth?

Mrs. FARNHAM said: She had been working for several years to mitigate and improve the condition of human beings, and until within a few months, had felt content in contemplating her success. But lately a change had come over her mind, and she should probably never spend another day in her old field of labor. So much more could be accomplished by beginning at the root—by providing for the propagation of pure and healthy germs—that it seemed a waste of effort to spend time in endeavors to mend the crooked stick. At least she felt that her own field of effort, for the present, lay in that direction,—to teach mothers the laws of their being, and the intimate relation that existed between themselves and the perfection or deformity of their offspring. For the present, she did not approach man; she left him out of the question, for the reason that she was a woman, and best understood women, and because the most depended on woman. She has the power, next to God, over this question.

Dr. BROWN said: He must treat the question as a man, and base his opinions on scientific data. He could only begin with human beings after they were born; then commences their training. Truths work their way in the world very slowly. Christ uttered great truths, but they were not comprehended in his day; they were misinterpreted and followed by the dark ages. Even Calvin, at his late day, brought out a platform but little in advance of the corruptions of the Catholics. Roger Williams improved this, and declared for human freedom. Our free government followed, and we are just now reaching a point when we are beginning to understand, and think of really adopting the teachings of Christ. Do unto others as ye would they should do to you, is simply a declaration of equal rights. Raise woman to this equality, and on the principles laid down by Mrs. Farnham, it will operate to a general and rapid improvement of the race.

Mr. LEVY said: He did not think this question could be fairly debated even among Spiritualists. He recollected on one occasion, at Dodworth's Hall, Mr. Pardee, in a trance-state, delivered a most beautiful and instructive lecture on this subject; but it was met with frowns. But if the fire is kept burning, it will ultimately come to a blaze. Doubtless the question is ahead of the world, but it is time to move in it. Everywhere, efforts are made and societies formed to improve the breed of animals—even chickens—but nothing must be said about improving the human race. Men and women should everywhere be taught that it is a crime to bring disease and suffering into the world.

Mr. SWACKHAMMER: There are many ways in which humanity can be improved. He had recently accosted a blind beggar in the street, who informed him that his income for that forenoon had been seven cents; that he had a wife and five children, and all were sustained by what he obtained by begging, and his wife by washing. He told him it was a sin to bring human beings into the world under such circumstances. But the great fault is in our system. Man is made subservient to everything, nothing to man. He is subjected and enslaved by speculation and trade, by dress and show, and all the tyrannies of our social forms. Until we can come to make man our text, with a view to find out the laws and wants of his nature, we shall accomplish nothing. As yet, he is over-worked, badly fed, and no proper means provided for the development of his social, moral and religious nature. Go to the Brooklyn ferries, and note those who cross over. At the Wall-street ferry, you will find those thronging the boats, plump and comfortable to the eye. At the other ferries, especially the Hamilton Avenue ferry, you will find a large part of those who pass over, emaciated by constant toil, and depressed from a lack of social culture and necessary relaxation. Under a proper system, the business of the world—trade, mechanical work, and all departments of labor—would probably be restricted to six hours a day.

Mr. COLES: He dissented from the opinion expressed, that this question was ahead of the times. The moment a question can be stated, is the time to promulgate it. If it cracks a thousand skulls, no matter; it will do some good. Everything is under law. The law that produced a Washington or Shakespeare, can be found out, if we only search for it. We can order from Ohio, for next year, strawberries or peaches of a particular kind; or fowls or pigs, not one of which is yet born, and have the order filled; but what success should we have in ordering a Washington or Shakespeare? We study into all laws but those engaged in our formation. The great Barnum, on one occasion, instituted a baby-show. He had nothing to do with Mr. Barnum's motives, but if he exhibited one parent to inquire, what makes one child beautiful and smart, and another deformed and foolish? The baby-fair was a public good.

Mr. PURDY: In walking on Broadway he noticed a carriage with beautiful healthy horses attached, but containing persons, pale, sickly and deformed. What had made the difference between the animals and the persons? Are not the laws of God the same? Away with false delicacy! This question must be met. Thousands are watching all through the land to have this subject brought up and discussed. The world is hungry for light. Man must have more of the Divine in him, and how shall we bring it out? Make the woman free to say when, and under what circumstances, she will become a mother. He warmly recommended the Educator—an octavo volume dictated through John M. Spear, which could be found at Munson's—as a work calculated to throw great light on this subject and the common relations of life.

Dr. GRAY said: He did not know that he understood the real point at issue. He had supposed that Mrs. Farnham was addressing herself to the science of embryology, or generation, that this might be better understood. If so, he did not object. But if it was proposed to shuffle the cards afresh, and change partners, he had an objection to interpose. The mere study of the laws of generation would not prevent adultery. A knowledge of gastronomy would not cure dyspepsia. Pope's deformed body, and Byron's club-foot, he considered useful elements in making them what they were. The most important lesson he had learned from Spiritualism was, to consider all things as they exist, indispensable parts in the structure and operation of the universe; and the second was, to hinder no one in working out his uses.

Mrs. FARNHAM disclaimed all sympathy with what was known as free love. Mr. Purdy also entered a disclaimer. Dr. GRAY continued: He believed that there was a relation between him and his son, and between him and his wife, which could never be dissolved. If his wife was on a lower plane than himself, what higher mission could he desire than to labor for her elevation? Do what he would, it would be impossible for him to sever the connexion, magnetic and psychical, by which they were united. Until men are born on a higher spiritual plane, so as to learn to forbear, and return good for evil, there would always be inharmonious in the conjugal relation. He believed that all questions should be fearlessly met, and he was not afraid to meet this one.

Mrs. FARNHAM: She did not propose to touch the marriage question at all; neither had she any hope from the study of embryology; but she could go to Five Points and teach a woman that while she is child-bearing, she can represent in her child either God or the Devil, as she pleased. She could so instruct her that she would never bring into the world such children as she had had before. While teaching in California, a whole family of boys and girls were under her tuition. All were dull, coarse, wicked and profane, with the exception of one, a girl of fifteen. She took great pains to ascertain what had made the difference in these children, and finally discovered that the mother—a poor, ignorant woman—while pregnant of this one, had possessed herself of a copy of Scott's Poems, and spent much of her time reading it. The girl was the very embodiment of these poems. Who, then, should say that she could do nothing without breaking up the marriage relation? It was only needful to instruct woman as to her power; and she now made proclamation that she should follow this question up, among high and low, rich and poor, pure and impure and criminal, until a due impression was made on the public mind, or her earthly mission was ended.

J. R. O.

Compend of Facts.

Another Test through Mr. Mansfield.

Mr. Benjamin Dean, of Lee, Mass., informs us that he called on Mr. Mansfield, the letter-writing medium, a few days since, with a letter addressed to a spirit-friend, which was promptly and pertinently answered through Mr. Mansfield's hand in his (Mr. D.'s) presence, and the name of the spirit to whom it was addressed correctly signed, without any intimation from Mr. D. to lead to that result, and without the letter's passing a moment from his sight.

We are permitted to copy as much of the epistle and answer as will give evidence of an intelligence to which an envelope and seal were no barrier; and which, therefore, could be no ordinary power of mind. As to the philosophy advanced, we express no opinion;—it may rest on its own merits.

Boston, June 7th, 1858.

MY DEAR GUARDIAN:—Will you have the goodness to illustrate the laws or forces by which angelic spirits communicate to mortals? . . . By so doing you will benefit mankind and much oblige To B—F— Yours truly, BENJAMIN DEAN.

MY DEAR DEAN:—You wish, or desire me to say more relating to those forces by which angelic spirits talk or communicate with mortals. . . . We only know that the entire canopy above your head is a fibrous net-work; the ends of this work, or the threads, have a connection with every pore of your physical or material body, electrifying you into life and action. In fact, that is your life,—that is the life or organization of the body, which encases the finer part—the spirit, the God-part; but how this back force is applied,—how and by what force the Great Ruler of all events propels this vast net-work, or machinery, is not for us to know. It is so, and it must always be so; but we are permitted to come in contact with this net-work, and on and over this we are able to communicate.

While I was an inhabitant of your sphere, I thought I had exhausted the great principle of electricity; but to-day I find I had not learned the first letter; and so on upward to all eternity, I trust I shall learn more and more, and yet be in ignorance as to the great and fundamental principle that governs electricity. It is God's, and who shall or can comprehend him?

You will be able to know enough of these laws for your good below, and when you come to spirit-land you will see that, and know for yourself, which I now see, but am unable to comprehend or explain.

Your spirit-friend, B—F—

Speaking in Many Tongues.

One evening there came to my house a young girl from one of the Eastern States. She had come to New York to seek her fortune. Her education was that which can be obtained at a common country school. She was a medium, and was accompanied by the spirit of a Frenchman, who was very troublesome to her. He could speak through her, but only in French. For more than an hour, conversation went on between my daughter and the spirit, speaking through Miss Dowd. They both conducted the conversation entirely in French, and both spoke with the rapidity and fluency of native Frenchmen. Miss Dowd's French was a wretched jargon of some of the Southern provinces of France, while Laura's was pure Parisian.

This occurred in my library, where some five or six persons were present; and Miss Dowd is still living in this city. On another occasion, some Polish gentlemen, entire strangers to her, sought an interview with Laura, and during it, she several times spoke in their language words and sentences which she did not understand, but they did, and a good deal of the conversation on their part was in Polish, and they received answers, sometimes in English, and sometimes in Polish. The English she understood, but the other she did not, though they seemed to understand it perfectly.

This can be verified only by Laura's statement, for no one was present but her and the two gentlemen, and they did not give their names. The incident with the Greek gentleman was this: One evening, when some twelve or fifteen persons were in my parlor, Mr. E. D. Green, an artist of this city, was shown in, accompanied by a gentleman whom he introduced as Mr. Evangelides, of Greece. He spoke broken English, but Greek fluently. Ere long a spirit spoke to him through Laura, in English, and said so many things to him, that he identified him as a friend who had died at his house a few years before, but of whom none of us had ever heard.

Occasionally, through Laura, the spirit would speak a word or a sentence in Greek, until Mr. E. inquired if he could be understood if he spoke in Greek? The residue of the conversation for more than an hour, was, on his part, entirely in Greek, and on hers, sometimes in Greek, and sometimes in English. At times, Laura would not understand what was the idea conveyed either by her or by him. At other times she would understand him, though he spoke in Greek, and herself when uttering Greek words.

He was sometimes very much affected, so much so as to attract the attention of the company, some of whom begged to know what it was that caused so much emotion. He declined to tell, but after the conversation ended, he told us that he had never before witnessed any spirit manifestations, and that he had, during the conversation, tried experiments to test that which was so novel to him. Those experiments were in speaking of subjects which he knew Laura must be ignorant of, and in frequently and suddenly changing the subject from domestic to political affairs, from philosophy to theology, and so on. In answer to our inquiries—for none of us knew Greek—he assured us that his Greek must have been understood, and her Greek was correct.

He afterward had many other interviews, in which Greek conversations occurred.

At this interview, which I have described, there were present Mr. Green, Mr. Evangelides, Mr. Allen, President of a Boston bank, and two gentlemen whose names I forget, but can easily ascertain, who were large railroad contractors in one of the Western States, my daughter Laura, my niece Jennie Keyes, myself, and several others whom I do not remember.—Judge Edmonds' Spiritual Tract, No. 6.

Forewarnings.

The British Spiritual Telegraph for May, notices the departure to the spirit-world, of Mrs. Jones, wife of Mr. J. Jones, of Peckham, England. The release of her spirit from the material encasement occurred April 13th. The following particulars and forebodings in relation to this event are stated by Mr. Jones, the husband, in the Telegraph. Some nine months previously "the relations and medical attendant of Mrs. Jones thought she was dying; on that day it was foretold under spirit-influence, that she would recover, but that the change would take place in April, 1858. About the middle of March last, it was foretold that on the 7th of April, 1858, she would be taken for dead. It was so; and again the actual day of her change was foretold five days before its occurrence."

A Present Help.

The World's Paper says that a little girl of about six years, daughter of a Mr. Tilton of Troy, was passing over a stream of water on a log, when she fell into the stream. At the moment when she expected to drown, she heard a voice from an invisible saying, "Swim and we will help you!" She did so, and succeeded in escaping an awful precipice but a few feet below, and reached the shore with perfect ease.

Spirit Telegraphing.

A friend furnishes us with the subjoined statement: On Sunday last, Miss M. Munson, No. 3 Winter street, made her first appearance as trance-speaker in public, at New Bedford. Desiring to know the result by the earliest opportunity, I called at 5 o'clock P. M. on Mrs. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward Place, and asked if any information could be had of our spirit friends upon the subject. The following is a copy of the answer, written through the hand of Mrs. H., which subsequent information from those who were present proves to have been remarkably correct.

"Our friend had a good audience, and succeeded better than we expected. She was well received, but felt somewhat nervous until she was well controlled. Then she was perfectly quiet and quite fluent. We were well pleased with this, her first effort. I think we may safely conclude, that where conditions are favorable and we confine ourselves to these subjects in which our friends in the after-life can be legitimately interested, they will be able to give us information quite in advance of all other modes of communication. v.

Items of Interest.

SPEAKERS AT THE CONVENTION.—In addition to the speakers previously announced for the Rutland Convention, we have the pleasure of naming Rev. GIBSON SMITH, of South Shaftsbury, Vt., and Prof. J. L. OTIS, of Marlboro, N. H.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.—The steamers Agamemnon and Niagara are now engaged in the second attempt to lay the submarine cable. The whole civilized world is awaiting the result with anxious interest.

SOMNAMBULISM.—J. C. BROWN, of New York, formerly a fireman attached to Hope Company No. 42, while asleep in a bunk up stairs, arose and leaped from an upper window to the sidewalk. He was taken to the Broadway Hospital, but has since died of his injuries.

MISSIONARY FAULTS.—Jefferson says:—"For one really converted Christian, as the fruits of missionary labor, the indecent practices of the Americans have made fully one thousand tobacco-chewers." He might have added that the drinking practices of the English have made fully one thousand drunkards."

TOO MUCH SABBATH.—A writer signing himself a "Congregational Clergyman of Brooklyn," attacks the new movement for the stricter observance of the Sabbath. He argues that the Sabbath is not joyful enough now—that we do not eat and play enough now—and that, so far from tightening the Sabbath bands, they should be loosened. He objects to having "Too much Sabbath crowded into Sunday!"

THE HEAD OF THE CHURCH.—An English Architect, somewhat "out of his mind," wrote a letter to the Queen of England, asking her to resign to him the headship of the Church; for which he has been arrested! The following is an extract from the letter,—an absurd affair, to be sure,—but what credentials can Mrs. Victoria produce, that are necessarily more valid than those of Maggs? He applies to—

"Your Majesty to render up to him your Majesty's office as head of the Church. And in doing so it is from a solemn conviction of duty. Your Majesty will please to remember that this application is registered in Heaven, and will have to be accounted for at the judgment-seat of our Lord. I shall be happy to produce to your Majesty my credentials as Christ's vicegerent on earth, and challenge the creation to produce any other claim except my own to the office. In preferring my claim, your Majesty will please to observe that it is from no sordid motive, but on the contrary, merely for the glory of God, the welfare of your Majesty's people, and the stability of your throne! Wishing your Majesty every happiness, both domestic and public, I am, by the grace of God, in your Majesty's service, AUSTIN MAGGS."

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

PROF. J. L. OTIS, Principal of the New Hampshire State Normal School, will receive calls for his services as a trance speaker. Address, Marlboro, N. H.

Mrs. H. F. HENTLEY will lecture in Taunton, Mass., on Sunday, July 4th; in Quincy, July 11th, 18th, 26th. Those desiring her services during August or September, may address her in June at Paper Mill Village, N. H.; in July, at Quincy Mass.

LORING MOODY will lecture in Portsmouth, N. H., Sunday, June 27th; Portland, Me., Sunday, July 4th; Bath, Sunday, July 11th; Brunswick, July 18th.

Friends in each place are requested to see that no lecture fails for want of needful arrangements. Mr. Moody will act as agent for the "Spiritual Age."

Mrs. CORA L. V. HATCH will speak in the Melodeon, Boston, Sunday, June 27th, at 10 1-2 o'clock, A. M.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Troy on the Sundays of July 4th, 11th and 18th; at Burlington, July 6th, 7th and 8th. Applications for her services to lecture on other week days in July, within a convenient distance of Troy, to be addressed during June, to Miss Emma Hardinge, 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, and during July to the care of Gen. E. F. Bullard, Waterford, N. Y.

AMANDA M. BRITT intends making a lecturing tour through Wisconsin, Northern Illinois and Michigan, beginning July 1st. Applications for her services sent to La Salle, Ill., will be promptly responded to.

Mrs. J. W. CURRIER will receive calls to lecture in the trance state upon the Sabbath, or at any other time desired. Mrs. C. is a Clairvoyant, and Healing, and Test Medium. Address J. W. CURRIER, Lowell, Mass.

GEORGE STEARNS, author of "The Mistake of Christendom," will answer calls, in any direction, to lecture on the various Impositions of Ecclesiastical Authority, as well as on the Rational Evidence of Life after Death, and Prospective Happiness therein. Address, until further notice, West Acton, Mass.

The subscriber continues to receive calls to lecture on Spiritualism. He is prepared to present the subject in its Phenomenal, Biblical and Philosophical aspects; also, to discuss its claims to public favor, with any honorable disputation. JOHN HOBART. References—Dr. H. F. Gardner and A. E. Newton.

MISS SARAH A. MAGOUN, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer call for speaking on the Sabbath, or at any other time. Address her at Cambridgeport, Mass., care Geo. L. Cade.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE leaves for Saratoga Springs, N. Y., after the first week in July; and for the West on about the first or middle of August. Any who desire Mrs. Tuttle's lectures on the route of Buffalo, Cleveland, O., and the Southern Michigan Railroad, to Laporte, Ind., may address her at Saratoga Springs to 1st August.

MESMERIC CLAIRVOYANT.—Madame Du Boyce, who has been so successful in the treatment of all affections of the eyes and ears, as well as other diseases, may be found at the Marlboro Hotel, Boston. The following, in reference to a case recently treated by her, is from the Waltham Sentinel of April 30th, 1858:

"The Blind Recite Their Sight.—I would like to call the attention of the citizens of Waltham and vicinity, to a remarkable cure that has been effected upon Mrs. Styles, an aged and well-known citizen of this place, by Madame DuBoyce. Mrs. S. has been suffering for the last ten years with weak and inflamed eyes, and during the last twelve months she has been obliged to remain in a dark room, shut out from the light most of the time; but now having been under the care of Madame D. only five days, she is enabled to go forth in broad daylight without her goggles, and has no doubt a permanent cure will be the result. She will be glad to see and converse with any one who may call on her."

Obituary Notices.

PASSED FROM THE EARTH FORM.—On the 20th ult., EMILY A. GURNEY, wife of Silas Gurney, of Green, Me., aged 60 years and 6 months. Patiently, calmly, resignedly she bore her severe and lingering bodily sufferings, sustained by a faith in God and in the ministrations of his angels. For six years she has enjoyed the happiness of a belief in the truths of Spiritualism, and in the light and strength of these truths, death was to her a pleasant opening of the doors of the spirit's day. By her request her funeral services were attended by Mrs. Haskell, a trance-speaking medium, of Portland, Me. Mr. Ripley, another trance-speaking medium, was also impressed to aid in the exercises, which took place in the Universalist church at Turner. The husband of the freed one, was also moved upon to make some remarks on the occasion, and to testify of the strength and support drawn from a belief in spirit-communication.

An event in connection with Mrs. G.'s departure, is worthy of mention. The whole dying scene, which occurred at eleven o'clock at night, was presented to the normal vision of a medium four miles distant, precisely at the time she passed away. The particulars of the event, position of individuals, of the furniture of the room, etc., were given to the family of this medium who conferred them in full, the following day.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JUNE 26, 1868.

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Interesting Miscellany.

GROWING OLD.

We were invited to attend a golden wedding. Fifty years before, our friend, the Herr Von Grosbiek, had been united in marriage to a fair maiden as ever gathered grapes of a Rhine-land vintage. Golden locks are now snow-white. Bright eyes peer through spectacles; and the limbs, once elastic and springy as those of the fleet chamois, now need the assistance of the friendly, supporting cane.

Fifty years ago the young sun of the new century was shining upon Napoleon's battle-fields. Marengo was reddening around his steps. "Forty centuries were gazing down upon him from the pyramids." That wild war-pagant has passed away. He on the pale horse has trampled down both sides and rider. Our good friend, the Herr, he too was a conqueror in those days, but Cupid armed him, and young Hymen led him forth, and Gretchen—doubtless her heart, when it first opened its pearl gates and greeted his chief—was more in his eyes than sunny France, with all her provinces. In the old bible, bound with those huge brass clasps, printed in those antique German characters, we shall find the marriage record. Yes, in the Bible of Eternity, beyond this world, it is written also. No tear of a Beardless Angel is dropped on that bright page. True and faithful, they have kept the vow.

And they are old! Sons and daughters are theirs; children of a second generation. The Past gleams before them like a landscape bathed in the perfumed mists and shadows of the tender, summer eve. It is good to grow old, when age is the harvest of a life of virtuous endeavors. The hearts of the good, in old age, are like ripe grapes, which the Great Master of the vineyard gathers, and gazes well approved upon them, pausing for a moment ere he shall press them into the foaming goblet of immortality.

That quaint, Latin volume, worn with much reading, favorite among this old man's books—long abused, long neglected by the world, is the master-piece of the great Swede, "The Heavenly Arcana." Beside it we shall find another, "Conjugal Love." These are his poetry, for, through their veil of prose, he beholds the radiant Muse chanting her unending song of the truths of God and the joys of Heaven. He dwelt face to face with the Hereafter these many years, till something of that shining vision is visible in the calm lustre, the pure serenity, which lights his face.

He is discoursing to a little group of friends and neighbors, old men like himself. Shall we listen to his words. "Life," he says, "seems first a game. To the young child existence is a holiday, for he beholds it according to his state. Life, to the bad man, is a sinful revel, and his passions are all deliriums. Life, to the mere dreamer, is but a garden of phantasy. He embraces a cloud. Life to the man whose days have been passed in mere selfish grasping, assumes an unnatural hardness and coldness; while to the speculative mind, seeking after knowledge without any useful end, the world is but a cabinet of geological specimens, an *hortus siccus* of dead flowers. But with me it is otherwise; not that I would boast. I am not old. My aged looks belie the youthful aspect of my spirit. I look upon my visible body but as the cocoon, which holds the Psyche with her brilliant wings. Modifying to my state, the language of Paul, I may say, 'O Age! where is thy sting? O Decay! where is thy victory?'"

"My Gretchen there is fairer in my sight than she was fifty years ago this day. I loved her then as a Maiden of the Mortals. I love her now as a Wife of the Immortals. We are unitedly conscious, and never more so than during the past few weeks, of a mysterious clarification of the faculties. Natural life begins at the spiritual sunset, when the soul-germ, sporting no more in heavenly auras, grows to perfect consciousness through a form of clay; but the true life is a journey toward the Morning. The Sun of Heaven arises,—the Lord Jesus Christ,—and we are caught up to meet him. So we ascend to Heaven, and are forever with the Lord.

In another chamber fair hands are robbing the old-young wife for three golden nuptials. It is a good old German custom to celebrate in this manner the happy closing of the first half century of married life.

In the meanwhile close the windows of the senses that look out into Nature. Withdraw the Soul into the inner, the supreme existence. Here we see not the mere physical vails, but the living spirit textures. No wrinkles here! The spirit of the Bride has won to a fairer adorning than that which graced the maiden upon her bridal day. The Heavenly Hymen has wreathed her brows. The spirits of her good affections are transformed into the unfolding flower, the ever verdant leaf. Long ago many a gay companion, straying far off into some one of the world's many paths, was lost sight of. At last the two journeyed on, left almost alone, finding unfamiliar faces where once the playfellows of youth had greeted them. But now, clad in raiment of the just, those whom the Lord hath taken, as Angels and as happy Spirits, have come to participate in the festivities of this memorial day. So near are the two states of being!

It seemed strange to more than one fair grand-child to see Grandmother dressed as a bride. But our grandmothers of a thousand generations are to-day young brides in Heaven. And Grandfather, with the grey hair and the spectacles, and the needful cane,—grandchildren, youths of rich promise, look at him and think, "What has age to do at Hymen's altar?" Little do they understand the rich and mystic beauty of the Angel-youth, appareled in celestial white, whose time-vesture is the aged form, white with the snowy looks of the climacteric. Little do they know!

But the Angels know! As the white light, invisible from its very pureness, bends above the flowers of a garden, they bend, well pleased, and leaning from their dove-drawn chariots, breathe benedictions upon the youthful pair,—youthful in the strong affections that overleap the grave. So this is a golden marriage.

In their slumbers this night what mystic joys await them? Through the gates of sleep they shall rise to recount their fond affections beneath the trees of life in Heaven. They shall drink of the new wine of the celestial kingdom, forstasting of purer joys than it hath entered into the heart of the natural man to conceive. Gently and without sound, as the bud opens and becomes a flower, they shall lapse, ere many years, into a celestial immortality.—*Herald of Light.*

When a man gets to the top of the hill by honesty, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled down again, if he's ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road along which he once travelled.

Poetry from the mouth dies in the ear; poetry from the heart stays there.

THE SEASONS AND THEIR SUGGESTIONS.

"These as they change, Almighty Father—these
Are but the varied God; the rolling year
Is full of Thee."

It is the opinion of some philosophers that our seasons are undergoing a radical change, that the atmospheric and geologic conditions of the earth are approaching a period, wherein great convulsions shall ensue—corresponding to the commotions and agitations in the mental and moral world which mark the present era; and that these commotions will finally ultimate in the establishment of an equilibrium of the earth's temperature, and of the reign of harmony to its inhabitants.

Be this as it may, we have had some remarkable seasons of late years, as well as eventful times in the history of nations. The present may well be interrogated, as to whether these things shall go on increasing in intensity and results till they reach a destined culmination, out of which shall grow more harmonious relations—a Millennial state?—or whether the nations shall lapse again into the old way—the multitudes consenting to succumb to the iron yoke of despotism and injustice, and quietly submit to remain the "heavers of wood and drawers of water?" Shall the despots and oppressors of the earth, continue "to fare sumptuously every day," to spend the products of the toiling, houseless, homeless millions "in riotous living," while they are fed with "the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table," or shall the poor man's rights be vindicated? Shall the laborers—the producers—"the palace-builders of the world," continue to be regarded as subordinate, or shall they be treated as becometh men crowned with the honors and dignity of labor? Shall the great multitude of sorrowing widows and orphans who find life little else than a continued "battle for bread"—who are consigned to "hard labor for life"—shall no deliverer come to them but death? or, shall humanity, in short, eventually arise in the majesty of its manhood, and put from it the chains and fetters that have rested upon it like the night-mare of ages?

"Rouse like lions after slumber,
In unquenchable number,
Shake your chains to earth like dew—
Ye are many, they are few."

Be assured the tyrant's sway and the despot's rule cannot last forever. Their reign must cease, so sure as a God of Love and Justice presides over the worlds innumerable, and guides their destinies.—*New Brighton Times.*

WANTED.

Taking up the paper this morning and glancing over the contents, my eye was arrested by these words,—"Wanted, a few more active and energetic men." It was only a heading to an advertisement, but the words haunted me all day. I went out into the streets of the busy city; at every corner stood groups of men, lounging in the warm sunshine, or idly watching the comers and goers:—"Wanted, a few more active and energetic men," thought I as I hurried past them. Is there no work in all this great unfinished world for head and heart, and hand, that so many arms are folded in inactivity? Are there no storehouses of treasure locked up in the bosom of the earth for some daring hand to unlock; are there no wheels in the vast machinery of nature waiting for a resolute shoulder to set them in motion to roll the world onward in the way of science and progress? "Oh, for a few more active and energetic men; men that dare to do great deeds, to think great thoughts, to utter great truths, and pull down great wrongs. We need them everywhere, in every department. They are wanted for rulers; great, calm, earnest men, with keen eyes to see through every web of subtlety and mist of falsehood, to strip error of every plausible covering, and hold up the truth and the right before the people. Men with great souls, to hold themselves at rest among the strife and confusion, souls that shall dwell above pollution and bribery, in a purer atmosphere of their own. We want them now, when our ship of state feels the eddying and whirling of countless currents beneath her, when the tempest gathers blackness every hour, and mutiny thickens among her crew, we need strong hands at the helm, keen eyes at the look-out, quick arms at every rope and sail. "Wanted, wanted, a few more active and energetic men."

Judging Evil of Others.

Suppose it should be given to some malign angel to put upon every man some outward visible mark of the thoughts that he had of him during the passage of a single day; and that at evening these men should come up before you, one by one, each having a blot upon him significant of the judgment which you had passed. What would you think, at such a sight as you would then see? Why, it would be as if a hospital had opened its doors, and let out a troop of its miserable, spotted, scarred, deformed, leprosy imitators! You would say, "Who are these wretched, diseased creatures? Ah, who are they?" "They are the men who come before you, bringing only the spots and stains that you have given them!" Ah! let every man heed the Apostle's injunction, and let every man be not only slow to hear and to speak, but slow even to think evil of his fellow-men.

Now.

Mr. Emerson, in his lecture on "Works and Days," said many things worthy to be repeated a thousand times. Among the numerous striking passages that lodge in our memory, is the following: "The days are God's best gifts to man, but like many other gifts, pass by unheeded and unappreciated. We ask a friend, 'What are you doing now?' and are answered, 'I have been doing thus and so, and am going to commence some other work soon; but just now I am not doing anything.' And yet we complain that we have no time. An Indian chief of the Six Nations once said a wiser thing than any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing, that he had not time enough. 'Well,' replied Red Jacket, gruffly, 'I suppose you have all there is.' He is the wisest and best man, who can crowd the most good actions into *now*."

EPIGRAM.

The other day, says Ned to Joe,
Near Bedlam's confines groping,
"When'er I hear the sounds of woe,
My hand is always open."
"I own," says Joe, "that to the poor
You prove it every minute;
You hand is open, to be sure,
But there is nothing in it!"

"What are they talking about?" said a member, during a debate on the money question.

"Theology," was the reply.

"Theology! Why, I thought it was the money question."

"Well, money is their deity, and they are discoursing about that."

THE LITTLE ANGEL DAUGHTER.

For the Spiritual Age.

WRITTEN FROM SPIRIT IMPRESSION, BY JULIA M. FRIEND.

You've a little angel daughter, in the happy spirit-land,
She has passed away before you, and joined the white-robed band,
But she often comes to see you, in the quiet still night,
When the earth is hushed in slumber, and the stars are shining bright.
With a gentle noiseless motion, with a look so sweet and mild,
With a form of radiant brightness, comes your little spirit child;
And she gently hovers o'er you, and her breath is on your cheek,
And you know what she is saying, though you do not hear her speak.
"See mother dear, these flowers, I brought a wreath for you,
They're gathered fresh from heavenly bowers, and moist with heavenly dew.
I strew them all around you, that their fragrance may impart,
New strength and courage to your soul, and gladness to your heart.
My tiny baby brother, and my little sister dear,
Our Heavenly Father's given you, to love and care for here.
You are their earthly guardian, while they linger by your side,
And their little spirit sister, will become their angel guide."

In the path of truth and virtue, I will lead them by the hand,
And when weary I will point them, to the happy spirit-land.
I will guide them, guard them ever, when danger lurketh near,
I will soothe their every sorrow, and wipe away each tear.
O, may the white-winged dove of peace dwell in your hearts and home,
And may you be supremely blest, while here on earth you roam.
And when from earth your spirits rise, we'll be a happy band
In that best world of love and light, the beautiful spirit-land."

GLOUCESTER, June, 1858.

Nobody.

The tallest trees are the most fiercely assailed by the winds.
The more shining mark is oftentimes hit by the arrow.
The best man is the greatest object of hate by Satan and his emissaries.
Some writer, we know not whom, has verified a similar sentiment as follows:

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small,
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall,
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low,
If nobody's kissed you, you're ugly we know,
If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf,
If nobody's flattered you, flatter yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave,
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave,
If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a tyrant or a scold,
Somebody thinks you of spiteless mold;
If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss of them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone,
If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen—
Sign yourself Nobody, quick as you can.

If we can still love those who have made us suffer, we love them all the more. It is as if the principle, that *conflict* is a necessary law of progress, were applicable even to love. For there is no love like that which has roused up the intensest feelings of our nature, revealed us to ourselves, like lightning suddenly disclosing an abyss—yet has survived all the storm and tumult of such passionate discord, and all the terror of such a revelation.

"What are things eternal? Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat;
But, by the storms of circumstance unshaken,
And subject neither to eclipse nor wane,
DUTY EXISTS."

In good minds the first impulses are generally right and true; and when altered or relinquished from regard to expediency, coming out of complicated relations, I always feel sorry, for they remain right. Our first impulses always lean to the positive, our second thoughts to the negative; and I have no respect for the negative—it is the vulgar side of everything.

There are tones that will haunt us, though lonely
Our path be o'er mountain or sea;
There are looks that will part from us only
When memory ceases to be;
There are hopes which our burden can lighten,
Though toilsome and steep be the way;
And dreams that, like moonlight, can brighten
With a light that is clearer than day.—*Praed.*

When flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

"And while by angel-harps were played
The bonnie 'bride's serenade,
Though no gown'd priest the kirk-rite said,
Burns was wi' Highland Mary wed."

What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are. The mere aspiration, by changing the frame of the mind, for the moment realizes itself.

PROSPECTUS.

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DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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New York Office at Munson's Book-store, 5 Great Jones street.
Address SPIRITUAL AGE, 14 Bromfield street Boston.

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