

# The Spiritual Eclectic.

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PROVE ALL THINGS; HOLD FAST THAT WHICH IS GOOD.--PAUL.

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## An Original Story.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

### TRACING COINCIDENCES.

BY VINE W. OSGOOD.

"It is dreary, this deep snow, and the wind whirling it so mercilessly about—this bitter, stinging cold, and I alone with my sick boy," thought Mrs. Addison, as she turned with an involuntary shudder away from the window, where she stood contemplating the gloom without. Silently her tears fell as she approached the cot where the pale boy lay as if asleep. But he opened his eyes as she came to his side, and he understood the cause of her emotion, for he hastily brushed away the bright drops that dimmed his own eyes, as he responded to her unexpressed anxiety.

"Don't cry mother! don't cry!" said he, as the tears fell over his white forehead. "It is beautiful to die; and you know I have no fear, only the sorrow of leaving you. But, mother, I shall not die. The angels have told me beautiful things in my dreams, and I am sure I shall get well again. Only this afternoon, I saw a beautiful girl, and she held in her hand a basket of fine fruit, most temptingly arranged in the green leaves. She wore snowy blossoms in her hair, and all around the basket hung the same fair white flowers. She floated towards me, and held the basket in her fair white hands. I ate of the rare, juicy fruit, and sprang upon my feet, my cheeks rosy with the flush of health—rosy as they never were before. Then the fairy smiled upon me, and floated away. Don't cry, mother, I know the angels will take care of me;" and his fine eyes gleamed with the prophetic thought. But the poor mother turned away sadly, as she sighed:

"My sweet boy, you were hungry, that made you dream of the tempting fruit. But I am sometimes forced to believe that the angels do talk to him in his sleep, so beautiful is his speech." She did not open her lips, but her upturned eyes seemed to say,

"Father, thou canst not take my last earthly good!"

No sound broke the stillness, but from her full heart floated up the pleading prayer.—The angels comprehended the expressive silence.

"Now, mother, hold my hand, and I will sleep. I am happier when my hand is clasped in yours."

The mother seated herself by the bedside and took the wasted hand in hers, and she almost shuddered as she marked the blue veins threading the clear white skin. She did not comprehend that the life-giving current was, even then, flowing through her own hands into the suffering form of her heart's last idol. One by one the children God had given her had dropped into the grave—last of all, her husband. Then, in addition to sorrow and loneliness, came sickness to herself, and, in its rear, gaunt poverty looked weirdly and remorselessly upon her.

"Mother, the scholars said to-day that Philip Addison is very sick. They don't think he will live. Isn't it too bad for him to die up there, in that old, cold house? I hurried home as fast as I could, to see if I shouldn't send him my new blankets; my room is so snug and warm I am sure I don't need them. And, mother, won't you send him a basket of good things, such as you fix up for aunt Milly? You know Philip saved my bird, when the cat caught it, and he has hauled me to school most all winter, on his sled, too;" and Bessie Lynn, the rosy-cheeked pleader, lifted her eyes, in which the tears shone like rain drops in the hearts of violets, to her mother's face.

"It is too cold, and too far, for either of us to go, Bessie; but we will send John. You may get the blankets."

Away flew Bessie, to fold up the blankets, while her mother proceeded to fill the basket with a cup of jelly, a bottle of cordial, together with other dainties which she thought might tempt the appetite of the sick boy; rightly judging that exposure and privation had reduced him to his present weak state.—John soon sped away on his errand of mercy, followed by the affectionate interest of Mrs. Lynn and blue-eyed Bessie.

"There! there! mother," Philip joyously exclaimed, "I told you the angels would send them," as Mrs. Addison held the nicely filled basket up to his view. "I knew the angels would send them!" Oh, the holy faith of childhood!

John did not leave until he had obeyed the oft-repeated injunction of his little mistress, to prepare an adequate supply of wood, and see Philip fast asleep in the warm blankets.

As the winter wore away, and the spring kissed the earth into emerald beauty, Philip regained his health, and was once more in the fields with the wild flowers which he said "sprang up in the footsteps of angels."

One day he sat beneath the bower of alders that he had twined and interlaced of the lithe branches, listening to the music of the little stream that ran softly and clearly almost at his feet; as he sank down upon the soft mass, a drowsy, lulling sensation passed over him, excluding every outward object from his view, and there floated before his inner vision landscapes of the most glorious beauty. Lakes of silvery brightness were gleaming in the sun, bordered with snowy lilies that seemed waking in the breeze only to emit the sweetest, life-giving fragrance.—Upon the buoyant waters floated beautiful barks, filled with beings more radiant and beautiful than any earthly conception. Their arms were folded around each other, lovingly and gracefully. Each heart seemed filled with the fullness of life. There seemed no strife other than to render to each other the kindest deeds, and the most perfect happiness.

There were mountains blue and beautiful, whose gleaming crests seemed composed of precious stones. All around them floated heavenly aromas, which seemed to surround him and bear him aloft into their sweet, exhilarating midst. Other mountains were clothed with lofty verdure, and from the tree tops there issued the most soul-inspiring strains of music, as the bright plumed birds sprang gaily from branch to branch. His soul was filled with joy at the sight of such happiness every where manifest. Every thing was praising God for the joy of living. The spirits of the flowers floated around in life and beauty. Even those he had been wont to consider insignificant became important, as each spirit experienced its own significance and principle of life.

Then the desire seized him to paint—to reproduce upon canvas this divine life—to purify the hearts of the world with glimpses of the immortal. His mother's voice recalled him, and as he rubbed his still unclosed eyes, a voice whispered in his ear:

"Heed thy father's instructions!"

"I did not know I was going to sleep," said he, as he rose from his mossy seat and answered his mother's call.

"But whence come these new desires?" he eagerly questioned, as the thought of becoming a great artist for the first time filled his soul.

"O, glorious Art!" he cried aloud, in his enthusiasm, "I consecrate myself to thee; in thy name I baptize myself;" and he scooped from the sparkling stream a handful of water, and lifting his hat he reverently sprinkled it over his high, white forehead and brown curls, while his eyes glistened with the light of high resolve and lofty enthusiasm.

This became the controlling desire of his life. He thought of many about him who were servile and degraded, and he longed to pour into their sin-stained souls the pure light that was flooding his own. It seemed to his boyish hopefulness that one little touch of the potent wand of purity would reinstate them in their lost likeness of God. He had yet to learn the discouragement, and then the lofty patience of trying until seventy times seven.

In his imagination there rose home and happiness for his foil-worn months. But from this high pinnacle of anticipation he dropped down to his present condition, and his heart almost sunk at the vision of the unmasked, weary length of way that stretched between him and his goal. He thought until his brain grew weary, and then he slept, and sweet voices whispered in his ear,

"Press on! thou shalt win the day and wear the laurel. Thine is a glorious mission!" So he took heart, and although he had many trials, every struggle only served to strengthen and expand his spirit, as different exercises in a gymnasium bring out and into play all the muscles of the body.

Philip's love of books and his remarkable precocity, together with his perfect artlessness, won the friendship of all who knew him; and he was always ready to repay them by acts of kindness, with which his heart was always filled. He remembered little Bessie's kindness to him with the liveliest gratitude, and he often carried her little bouquets of flowers, arranged with such delicacy of per-

ception, all the shades blending so perfectly, that they formed most harmonious pictures. It was a like act of gratefulness that opened his way to Rome. He came one day with his offering of wild flowers, arranged with such exuberance of fancy that they attracted the attention of an artist who was sketching some of the fine views in the neighborhood. He inquired whose work it was, and Mrs. Lynn replied:

"Philip Addison brought them to Bessie. And here is just the help you need; I wonder I did not think of Philip when you inquired for a guide. He knows the most accessible paths to all the good views for miles around. Philip is just the one for you."

So Philip was engaged for one day, and then another, as his quick intelligence and ready, though unobtrusive sympathy rendered him necessary to his master, until his constant attendance became a matter of course.

The summer passed, and the autumn winds rendered further out-of-door sketching uncomfortable. The painter was preparing to return to his winter quarters in the city, and Philip's heart was swelling at the thought of separation, when his friend proposed that he should go with him to be his errand boy, and in his leisure hours he would give him instruction in his favorite art. For a moment Philip's eyes glistened with surprise and pleasure, and then, as suddenly, filled with tears, as he turned away, to hide his emotion.

"I cannot go," he faltered, "I cannot leave mother all alone. She has no one in the world but me. I cannot go!"

"Mother! Mother!" exclaimed Bessie Lynn, clapping her hands, "can't Mrs. Addison stay here?" And Mrs. Lynn bethought her that she had long desired to visit relatives in a distant city, and Mrs. Addison would be a suitable person to oversee the household during her absence. So it was decided that Philip should accompany his friend, and his mother become an inmate of Mrs. Lynn's home, Philip's eyes danced again, in the midst of tears, as they called down silent benedictions upon sweet Bessie for her suggestions. She seemed to be his good genius.

Philip went to the city, and he made rapid progress in his chosen profession, for the harmony of coloring was in his soul, and he had only to acquire a knowledge of its mechanical application. No less rapid was his advancement in the love of his patron, for when the spring came round again, Philip was on his way to Rome with him.

It is not our especial province to trace him in all his trials and heart aches; we are more interested in his sunshiny than in his shadows. One great grief we will mention, the death of his mother, because it had a great bearing upon the formation of his spiritual as well as moral character. Philip could not grieve that mother, whose spirit eyes, he felt, were always upon his soul. So he strove to put every thought of evil far away from him.

Years passed away, and the boy-painter, the poet-artist, had won a proud name, not only as a painter, but as a high-souled human being. The proudest dreams of his boyhood were realized; (and here we wonder if a fixed belief in destiny does not assist in attracting to one the elements wherewith to attain it), for he painted not only external nature, but the voiceful life-principles seemed delineated there. It was common for his fellow laborers to say that the hardest subjects were easy to Philip; for he had only to close his eyes and the most intricate designs would float before him in all the accuracy of detail—that no matter how much in oblivion he retired to rest, he was sure to invoke order from chaos, in his dreams.

True it was, that assistance came to Philip in this way, that when he retired at fault as to the development of his subject, it would become clear to him in his sleep, and he often arose and labored under this inspiration with a felicity and rapidity of execution that was a marvel to his friends.

It was interesting to witness his influence upon his associates. It was not from any assumption of superiority, that, whenever he approached them, their conversation took, as if instinctively, a less boisterous turn. This was not from any mock sentiment of deference, nor from a feeling of restraint. It was real respect—such an influence as we sometimes feel in the presence of a pure and beautiful object—an influence at once elevating and subduing. Philip's was a great life because it was a true life, and this power over his friends was happily exerted by his own words. "We have all an aroma of influence

which, however insensibly to ourselves, is ever operative for good or evil, as the case may be. Because it is silent and unseen, it is none the less subtle and effective."

But of late he had been silent and restive; his brushes were lying idle, his canvas untouched. What could be the matter with the indefatigable worker? What could have happened to so weigh down the buoyant spirits of sunny-hearted Philip Addison? These were questions which his companions unavailingly asked of each other. None knew, and with rare delicacy they forbore to question him, although he was aware of their observance of his changed course.

It was in a mood like this, apparently listless and unthinking, that he seated himself at his easel and a picture grew beneath his hands—the picture of a face of the most exquisite loveliness, but it was a beauty akin to death, except that a soul looked out of the beautiful, dreamy blue eyes.

"What a strange fancy!" said his friend, who stepped into his studio just as he had put the finishing touches to the spectral face.—"What a strange fancy! You have only to commence as a portrait painter to win another name, and fame equalled only by the first."

"Truth to tell, Malvern," answered Philip, "it is not a fancy. A semblance of that face has been flitting before me, constantly, for the last three or four days. It has turned those imploring eyes upon me from every corner, as if soliciting life at my hands. Let me turn my attention to what I will, those same supplicating eyes meet my gaze. I have tried in vain to escape it. It will not leave me, but only looks more mournfully at me. And with it comes a memory, which I cannot define, of some one whom I have seen before. So you have the secret of my depression, upon which you have speculated so much for the past few days."

"You are in love, Addison; you have all the symptoms; this seeing faces in the dark and at all corners is a never failing sign. You are not very dangerously affected yet, however, not so much so but a trip to the hills would be efficacious as a remedy, and would be altogether a delightful antidote. What say to the trip, and ridding yourself of this languishing beauty?"

"I would not have given you my confidence if I had supposed you would make it a subject of badinage. I am not so given to vagaries that I need to be ridiculed because a phenomenon hangs about me, which neither you nor I can explain."

"Forgive me, Addison," exclaimed Malvern earnestly, "I did not intend to wound your feelings; I had not supposed you were so serious upon the subject."

"For days before my mother died, I was conscious of a like class of impressions. I knew she was suffering, and to be possessed of that knowledge and not have the power of reaching her, was equivalent to dying myself. It was natural that I should be thus affected by my mother, for it seemed that we had but one soul between us. But now I have no relatives and no particular friends in the world, and I cannot conceive what soul is hovering about and clinging to me in its hour of dissolution. Then, this resemblance to some one I have seen before, haunts me. What wonder that it saddens me, it is all so strange! I see no way in which to solve the mystery. All these vague presentiments which run questioning and echoing through my mind must have an origin somewhere in truth. I am like one lost, with lights gleaming in every direction, yet not one pointing to a safe method of exit from the entanglements. I feel sure something will occur to change the quiet of my life; whether for good or evil I know not. I shall not long remain at Rome, Malvern; I am convinced that something will call me away from here."

"A night's rest will restore you to your wonted happiness, Addison. You are overworked, and sleep and rest will relieve your wearied brain. Good bye, my dear fellow, till morning, when I hope to find you as jovial as the merriest amongst us."

"Your last assertion is no more truthful than your first. Malvern, I am not overworked. On the contrary I have not labored at all for some days. And do you suppose my mind is so weak that it cannot bear a little extra physical exertion without becoming frenzied? Must one always have the evidence of sight or touch before they can believe? Were I to tell you anything else you would believe me. Nay, more, you would be the enemy of any man who should tell you I had spoken an un-

truth. But because I have revealed something different from the every day line of life, you have recourse to the most trivial arguments to annul the veracity of what I assert."

Malvern left him, but not to sleep as he supposed, for his mind was too much disturbed to allow him to avail himself of the gentle god's ministrations. He sat down at his window absorbed in thought; but the outer beauty gradually attracted his attention. With an artistic love of nature, he could not refrain from rendering homage to the stilly grandeur of the night; so he wove quaint fancies of the moonlight, that lay like a mist of silver over all the earth, and launched them in imaginary barks, and watched to see them float out in life and beauty upon the perennial waves. He was startled from his reverie by a noise close by his side calling,

"Philip! Philip! stop for me!" "Bessie!" he exclaimed almost breathlessly, as he sprang to his feet, "How came you in Rome?"

There was no one there—nothing but that dim vision of a face, looking so pale and spectral in the moonlight. But the "haunting resemblance" was explained. It was not sweet Bessie Lynn's child-face, but Bessie, a woman, sick, perhaps dying, that had floated before him for so long a time. He did not recognize the face, but there was no mistaking the soft voice calling; just as it did when they were children going up the hill to school, "Philip! Philip! stop for me!"

While one mystery was solved, another greater awaited solution. Could Bessie, his kind little schoolmate, be dead? There was a clearing away of the obscurities of years, and he was conscious of a tenderness, of a boy-love for his little playmate; he was a boy again hauling Bessie on his sled to school. There was a vast difference between then and now.—Philip Addison is a man now, honored and beloved. But what chance and change had made of Bessie Lynn, he could only conjecture. Perhaps the angels had claimed her, and she came, guided by his mother, to visit her old schoolmate.

He made a resolve, that night, to visit his early home; he had long been desirous of doing so; there was a mystery to unravel now, and he would go, were it only to stand by the graves of his loved ones. So we will meet him next in the land of his birth, passing over the tedium of voyaging.

"I will walk to the village, you may leave my baggage at the hotel," said Philip to the driver as he took his way across the fields to the bower of alder bushes, where he had received his first impulse to become a painter. "How little change these long years have made," he mused as he entered the path. "I wonder what lover of the beautiful frequents my old haunts and keeps my bower so clean and free from undergrowth." His curiosity became surprise when he stood by his mother's grave and marked the carefully pruned rose bushes and pretty annuals growing there. Some one had cared very kindly for his mother's resting place. Who could it be?

"Bessie, will you walk down the stream with me?" Bessie tied on her white sun-bonnet, and the two took their way silently to ward the little brook.

"It is a long way—down this stream, Bessie," said Philip. "Does your heart falter and your feet grow weary at the prospect?"

Bessie had loved him from a child, and now that the treasure was within her grasp, she was too simple to pretend surprise or misunderstanding of the true significance of his words, so she laid her pretty white hand on his arm, and replied,

"My heart falters only with gladness, Philip, and my feet halt only to receive this new life, impetus."

So they walked quietly down the little brook, and the two currents of life flowed and blended into one. Bessie Lynn was more than beautiful then, for she walked the blessed land of fruition, and its radiant sunshine enveloped her in its folds. Subdued and humble in the midst of this great joy, her heart became a prayer upon which she bore this consecrated love, this new existence that was being incorporated into her own, up to God.

"Do you know, Philip," said Bessie, as they seated themselves within the leafy bower, "that I have come to believe that there are material forms so harmonious that they are only nicely adjusted garments in which the soul finds ample room, and not hindrance to its perception and development—that such souls can clasp hands over a distance, and be interminable. Even so," she added, as Philip



Correspondence.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
"A Want Felt."

EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC.—Dear Sir:—In your issue of this week I noted an article with the above caption, which, from the initials at foot, I judge comes from the pen of Mr. Newton. I do not delay to number myself among those whose response you will receive, and I trust their number may be legion.

There are, certainly, some minds scattered over the country, who have travelled the journey of Spiritualism beyond and past the "whacking Moses" point, and are able to recognize that Moses was, in all probability, quite as good and self-sacrificing a Spiritualist as themselves; and are therefore willing to recognize that he, in his day, may have done at least as great a good as any of us shall be able to do in ours.

I trust that I belong to the "growing class, who are not content to feed on the husks of phenomena and barren theory,—who begin to hunger for a more imperishable bread, and to thirst for living waters,—and who yearn for an atmosphere of kindly affection."

It is a matter of surprise among my Dordworth's Hall acquaintances here, that from Sunday to Sunday, I persist in attending, more or less, at the different denominational churches, instead of being constant at "Dordworth's." But my reply is to the effect, that I seek a spiritual food that is truly spiritual, and am oftentimes better able to supply it in the church than out, although the demand is not fully met, anywhere.

But to return to the subject of your article. One who undertakes the editing of a journal, and especially of a "Spiritual Eclectic," stands before the world in the character of a caterer in spiritual food, if such term may be used.—The article referred to is an admirable dish, and I come to testify of its artistic qualities, and "ask for more."

It has been written by an advanced intellect, on the subject of "The Science of History," that "the progress of any event in which men are actors, takes place in three stages. The first is the great epoch of Desire; the second is the great epoch of Reasoning; wherein are discovered the ways and means by which the object necessary, in order to the gratification of desire, may be obtained; and the last is the great epoch of Execution, or Realization."

In "a want felt," we have the manifestation of Desire, and now we have appetite for the "second course," or epoch. You say, truthfully, "Sincere and devout minds, who are yearning for a worthier and diviner life, will feel its desirableness, and will not rest until something of the kind is realized, in a manner corresponding with the broad and catholic genius of the awakening."

I am one of the "any number of persons, however small, who really feel the want" of this worthier, diviner life. What are the steps to be taken to bring it about?

AMAN.

New York, May 18, 1860.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

MR. EDITOR:—Reading in your paper, May 19th, a piece written by Dr. Robbins, to Judge Edmonds, I must say, I was surprised. I almost believe he is in the condition he represents some others to be in: his head where his feet ought to be: for, after condemning mediums ad libitum, he goes on to tell what superior manifestations he has received through himself; implying, at least, that he is refined, cultivated, and virtuous, and, of course, one of heaven's especial favorites. I mistake: he is so exalted he does not require any assistance from superior beings, but can do all these things ascribed to a superior intelligence himself.

He seems to aim his weapons, particularly, towards healing mediums. I believe he is a Dr., is he not? That accounts for his virulence.

He does not believe the refined and cultivated would influence the low and uncultivated. He would have us believe, that they were so nice, they would leave all the dirty work for God, Jesus, and the holy angels to do. He says, "Would any benefit accrue to the untaught, if highly cultivated ones did appear?" Pray, tell us, Doctor, how the "low and uncultivated" are to be raised from that condition, unless the "refined and cultivated" stoop down, and raise them up, or are permitted to come in contact with each other, so the strong can impart strength to the weak. Do you not remember the record in that volume of ancient Spiritualism, that God has chosen the base, foolish, and weak, to bring to naught the "cultivated," wise, and strong! Have not the greatest spirit manifestations, in all ages, been given through "low and uncultivated" instruments? And how very seldom by the cultivated and refined!

If we would be like God, we must let our sun of charity shine on the evil, as well as the good. What if there be impostors and deceivers? Let us not chafe ourselves, for they are needful for the development of truth; as needful, perhaps, as the leaven for the meal.

But, again, why did not Jesus condemn the

woman brought to him? Did he approve of the sin? No. But he saw that those "refined and cultivated" people that condemned her were equally guilty, although they were so respectable that they looked upon her with abhorrence.

If there is any time that clairvoyance is a blessing, it is when we can see through all the dross, and see the real good in others, and, by this faculty, judge correctly in regard to all—however fair their exterior.

Some of the finest gold is mixed with the grossest dirt, and it is the angels' work to separate the gold from the dross, although we may be afraid to soil our aristocratic fingers by helping them. We may choose, rather, to attend to our own refinement and cultivation, and to the pluming of our own feathers, while the angels are laboring for us and them.

I have faith in one thing: that is, the more holy and really exalted we become, the more charity we shall have for others. Objects become distorted by the lens through which we look.

I think the reason Dr. Childs is not better understood, is because it is difficult to rise to that plane of charity on which he stands.

Dr. Robbins may take offence, because I have been so impertinent as to speak, when he put his question to Judge Edmonds. All the apology that I can offer, is that "the fire burned, and I spake."

Yours for truth and love,

E. W. S.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Clouds.

BY LEAH LEE.

A cloud came up the horizon,  
And told of living light:  
But the astonished world drew back,  
In terror and affright.

It crept through forest, glade, and glen,  
In shadows gaunt and grim,  
And darkened nature's smiling face,  
Like filaments of sin.

Men asked why should an impious cloud,  
Pretend to talk of light,  
When it but served to shut it out,  
From their expectant sight.

Yet wisdom wrought that sombre pall,  
That darkened all the air:  
Nor yet in malice or revenge,  
Was it suspended there.

Fashioned of earth, like all of earth,  
It soon dissolved and fell;  
But light remains, its presence oft,  
In darkling clouds to tell.

Bless'd those who still in clouds discern,  
The light of life divine,  
For though they sit in darkness, yet  
True light in them doth shine.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Marriage—Divorce.

To the Editor of the Eclectic:

DEAR SIR:—As the pages of the Eclectic seem ever open to give all sides of a question a fair hearing, I will give expression to a few thoughts on marriage and divorce. This subject has been lately discussed in the columns of the N. Y. Tribune by the able pens of Mr. Greeley and Mr. Owen, and I feel that I have nought to add to their reasonings and arguments. I shall only try to give you the intuitive judgment with which a woman's heart views the subject.

Leaving religious precepts entirely out of the question, and viewing the subject simply from a purely moral and philosophical standpoint, it strikes me forcibly that the proposed remedy of breaking asunder the relation between husband and wife, even after a fair trial should have been made, and the solemn conviction established that an entire uncongeniality of temperament exists, even then I think that the remedy is worse than the disease.

Suppose the moral right was established and legitimately carried out, that the wrongly-mated could try again with other parties whom they believe as firmly to be strongly affinitized to, as they thought themselves to be to their first partners before marriage was consummated, would it tend to make marriage a more serious, important consideration to the young of both sexes, whose inmost nature teaches them to regard marriage as the consummation of all earthly happiness? Would not rather still more thoughtless and giddy marriages take place than at the present day? Would the fruit of marriage, love's sacred offspring, be more welcome to the discontented parents, who, perhaps, before its birth even, are contemplating to break up the old and perpetrate a new union? Far from it.

Being a woman myself, my sympathies are deep and true for the sufferings of the unhappily married of my own sex, who, I am fully convinced, are generally the most suffering party. At the same time I constantly know that those among them who most deserve to be happy, and who are naturally organized and gifted to enjoy the highest, purest happiness on earth, are those whose inherent, divine nature does not permit them to break the marriage vow of their heart, whose sense of duty is so keen as to fill their hearts with the most exquisite and consuming pain and anguish should they in a hasty moment forsake the field of their self-assumed duties to seek their own happiness, whilst a heavenly peace and spiritual power pervades their being when fulfilling their sacred duties, even under the most heart-rending circumstances. To live; to suf-

fer, yes, to die for others is the highest glory of the true and noble woman!

Suppose her husband's heart refused or was incapable to give her the tenderness which she craves, suppose on him the wealth of her affections found no vent, what course would it be of the highest importance to her children that she should pursue, what would be the command of a parent's duty? That she should turn away from the heartless father, and accept the love of another man, a stranger to her children? Would she not rather look on high, and become the bride of Jesus, tenderly nursing within her bosom his holy precepts, firmly assimilating his heavenly resignation, changing the deep fountain of her love into a living stream of love to her Father? Henceforth her highest happiness would be, not to love and live only for one, but to do the will of the Father, and abound in love and kind works to all His children.

And what shall we say of her who consents to marry the man whose first wife and children are still among the living? I fear that I have not much patience, nor enough charity for her weakness. I think that she degrades the name of woman, the symbolic name for purity and love, and that as her nature is void of the heavenly, intuitive law, which shows to the true woman her path of duty, she needs our external law which shall call her infamous and guilty in the eyes of all classes of civilized society, when she consents by marrying another's husband, to lacerate and wring in deadly pain the heart of the forsaken wife and mother.

But if there should be no children to form the clasp which unites the volume of the parents' lives, and either party should suffer from the tyranny and selfishness of the other, our laws should be so constructed that woman should be master of her own property; her estate should be at her own disposal, leaving her as independent of her husband as he is of her, thus giving them freedom to separate if they choose, and turn their love's channel after suffering humanity, though they should not be free to marry again. It is not all of life to live and be happy while it lasts; in all our relations we must own and acknowledge the duties which we owe to the *future* generations.—We must break up this icy crust of egotism which desires to hover over and cherish most the consideration of its *own immediate* happiness. Once freed from its cold fetters, and we are open to holy influences from above and to the inflow of the highest love.

I feel that I have by no means done justice to this, to all our hearts the dearest subject, but these few thoughts may serve to call out the thoughts of others, and prove that those are much mistaken who suspect all Christian Spiritualists are Free-lovers.

Yours for truth and purity,

L. P.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

The Lord's Prayer.

In all poems, essays, or other written composition, was there ever anything so concisely comprehensive as that which is usually termed the Lord's Prayer? Each sentence seems a volume in itself, and almost every word a homily.

"Our Father." What a unity of interest and bond of brotherhood is expressed in these words. Not *your* father, nor *my* father,—not the friend of the noble and the rich, nor the patron of the lowly and poor,—not some regal potentate, to whom his subjects bow in servile homage, and worship afar off, but "our Father," our gracious protector and sustainer, and the loving and revered head of the whole family of man.

"Who art in heaven." Not a wanderer in foreign realms, not only that "wast, and is to come," but now, and forever, at home in his kingdom of happiness, ever ready to listen to the petitions of his children, to soothe and alleviate their woes, and willing to explain, if we will but listen to the "still, small voice," how that "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, shall work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Hallowed be thy name." Yes, ever holy and consecrate be that precious name, "which is above all other names." "Our Father," which from unhallowed lips conveys no true sense of his character and attributes, but, like the fair and beautiful apples of Sodom, when taken into the mouth of the blasphemer, becomes ashes upon his tongue.

"May thy kingdom come," and putting to rout all carnal powers, "turning and overturning" all earthly forms of government, "till it shall come, whose right it is to reign," when "there shall be no more wars, nor rumors of wars," for all God's people "shall be of one heart and one mind."

"Thy will be done," which is good towards all the children of his creation. Not merely to every one that saith, "Lord, Lord," but to every one whose "meat it is to do his will," on the earth, as it is always done "in heaven."

"Give us day by day our daily bread."—How very few, even of devout Christians, repeat this portion of the sacred document in good faith. From whom come the croakings and complaints, the repinings at poverty and fears of coming want, that make earth almost a pandemonium? Not from those who humbly ask and receive, "day by day" their daily

bread," cheerfully gathering up every morning fresh manna as it falls from heaven, but from those who are continually enlarging their borders by adding acre to acre, "pulling down barns and building greater," for place where-withal to bestow the treasures that "take to themselves wings and fly away."

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive those who trespass against us." Here, again, where is the mortal that can understandingly and conscientiously stand, or even kneel before his Maker, and ask this at his hands? I have sometimes thought if it were possible for the truthful and dignified "Son of God, and Savior of the world," to indulge in irony, that this clause was indited in sarcasm. Who, that was not the most consummate egotist, would dare to ask this of him to whom all acts that clothe our secret motives, are transparent as the crystal that admits the sunlight to our dwellings?

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." He who had such sharp experience on this point, who had been so sorely tried and tempted, who had fought against such mighty odds that nothing but his holy life and purity of heart, backed by the almighty power that upheld him, lest even he, "in whom 'was no guile,'" should chance at any time to "dash his foot against a stone," he who knew how weak and frail was man, and how hard it was for him to withstand temptation, dictated this sentence in loving wisdom, for almighty power alone can "deliver us from evil" when we are entranced in its meshes.

"Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof," and "we are the workmanship of his hands," "made in his image," and endowed with the one gift that raises man above all his other productions, the God-like attribute of reason, in which is set up that especial kingdom which "cometh not by observation," not bounded by geographical lines, or designated by legal landmarks, for if we have any lot or share in the matter, "the kingdom of God is within us." He has all power in heaven and earth, "in him we live, and move, and have our being," and "without him was nothing made that is made." His should be the "glory," indeed, it is, for all things conspire to glorify his name, "even the wrath of man is made to praise Him."

"Forever." "The high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity," "who was, and is, and is to come," "who is the same, yesterday, today, and forever," ever mindful of his children, ever caring for their wants and ministering to their necessities, ever ready with his precious words of encouragement in adversity, caution in prosperity, and warning in times of temptation, who "loveth us as a tender mother loveth her child," who will never forsake his offspring, but is, and will be, "forever and ever," "Our Father."

LEAH LEE.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

The Mountain Top and the Coming Man.

Spiritualism has produced much that is interesting, in the manner in which its subjects have been led to develop and acquire that strength which is so much needed to sustain them through the various and oft-times severe trials which they are occasionally called upon to undergo.

Such as have been led to the "mountain top," and have been invested with the idea that the coming Man was incarnated within themselves, will be interested in reviewing with us some of the shapes and forms in which the idea of a new incarnation comes, or is brought to the surface of the mind. It may serve to carry some close thinkers into a series of investigations, which will result in the elucidation of scientific truths not before reached by the human race.

At the present time there are a large number of "Christ's" scattered over the country, and one of whom holds the position of a shepherd, waiting for his flock to call for his services; an inverse order from what existed in past time, when the shepherd called his scattered flock. Among this number are some mediumistic persons who have reached the conclusion that they are the God-human, selected and prepared by Jesus of Nazareth, for his spirit to speak and labor through on the occasion of this, his second advent upon the earth.

Others have been led to consider, that, as we have had a Christ who was male, so must we have a second Christ who shall be female. Some of these regard themselves as the gifted, Divine Light of the new era, through whom their long down-trodden sex is to reach their ultimate position, in fulfillment of the prophecy "The last shall become first."

There are also queen bees who wait a swarming season, when they shall be called upon to exercise the motherly functions for which they have been so mystically and mysteriously qualified. Another believes that it is hers or his to be and to create the bridge which civilization shall pass over, in order to reach a higher or "combined" order. Again, there are media through whom "Peter" is to become once more embodied; and here we have the "rock" upon which the new Church is to be built, Matt. xvi: 18, "last shall become first."

Even the Wandering Jew himself is not un-welcome to some, who regard this as the peri-

od when his wanderings are ended, and that it is his to gather together the scattered ones of Israel. Again, we find among the daughters of this generation those who regard themselves as "the Bride, the Lamb's wife."

Others ignore that the "Logos" or Word has ever yet been fully incarnated; they affect to consider that the Jesus who is a foundation in history, was a very accomplished reformer, but that in this 19th century comes the Man who fulfills in himself the prophecy of Redeemer and Savior—King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

Another one regards the founder of Christianity as a simple messenger sent before to proclaim the coming of the Man-child who only now appears; but such encounters the difficulty that he cannot even find for followers enough to make up a triune of apostles.

Some find in themselves the eighth angel, and in Jesus the seventh. With others a formal consecration takes place, wherein assurance is given that the consecrated one contains within himself the glory and power which is to lead the nations to the light of the new life.

A person of easy credulity comes to the conclusion that he is the material and only God; and that his will is to turn the sword into the ploughshare, and to establish peace on earth, good will towards man.

Symbols are presented to many, the study of which results in placing its subject "on the mountain top."

The parents of spirit babes come to regard themselves as father and mother to every living potentate, whether spiritual or material.

A valuable work might be wrought out from a collection of all the different addresses, signs, wonders, and symbols, which have been presented to the several travelers who have passed over this alchemic road to knowledge.—Some of these we should like to present here, if our limits for space permitted, but we doubt not that more or less of them are within reach of all our readers, if they will exert themselves a little to seek them out.

That so large and diverse an assemblage are being carried to the mountain top, is a phenomenon which indicates an interesting and not unimportant constitution of the human mind, the science of which is well worthy the investigations of the "savans" of the present age; for while this result has been developing in an outward and tangible manner among the Spiritualists, there has, at the same time, been progressing and developing a parallel work *interiorly* among the theologic sects; so that, within the visible church of to-day, are to be found many "heads" who cannot divine whence they have drawn the inspiration which is teaching them their own greatness. We say, "their own greatness," for in these words lie a partial explanation of the whole matter.

Every intellectually constituted or human mind contains within itself germs of the Infinite. It is the general awakening of the present period which is beginning to convince man that holds within himself undeveloped powers, whose character and nature far transcend anything which past generations have been able to consider within the range of possibilities.

The grandest argument of this day in favor of revealed religion and of the Divine Humanity of Jesus the Christ, is to be found in the fact that as fast as the light of the new morning dawns upon the universal human mind, just so rapidly do we awake to these truths, through our own inner relations; and the day star of *knowledge* sheds its illuminating rays upon the hitherto dark night of faith.

The ladder of Spiritualism—its lowest round, the spirit-band of John King; its highest, the Christ of ages—has assisted the progress of a large concourse of pilgrim travellers, who may now become the first fruits of the living tree.

In ourselves, each and all may experience and find "the coming man," the humility, patience, endurance, good will, charity and love of Him, who, fifty-six generations since, paid the penalty of that mysterious symbol whose banner has led forward and onward the march of civilization.

The first fruits of Christianity are accomplished, and the ultimate of civilization is reached. Through it, the divine attribute of individualized affection has been developed in the human soul.

The music of the spheres again vibrates o'er the harp-strings of humanity. The angel host speaks with the voice and power of the Spirit, and proclaims to earth the period of universal incarnation.

The morning of the second era of Christianity sheds upon us the rays of its early light, and brightens the path of the new dispensation of UNIVERSAL AFFECTION.

ANECDOTE OF METHUSELAH'S DISREGARD OF LIFE.—It is written in a quaint old Jewish manuscript, now in the British Museum, that the oldest of mankind, Methuselah, did not live as long as he might have done. The writer says that God probed him in a dream that if he would rise up and build him a house, his life should be prolonged five hundred years.—But he replied that it was hardly worth while to build a house for so short a period, and he died before he was a thousand years old.

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HINTS TOWARDS A NEW CHRISTOLOGY.

No. 4.

We have already a tolerably distinct view of the Christ-principle, considered as a latent fact in the being of universal man. Its development into activity, into objective reality, takes place through the religious, or so called, "God-consciousness." The three principal stages of this development are, first, religion in its positive, restricted sense; secondly, the church; and, lastly, the living, personal Christ, who is the vital head of the church. These several stages of the progress of the Christ-principle in humanity, as thus indicated, we propose to take now into special consideration, each in the order just named. We come, then, to a brief analysis of the idea of religion.

Previous to Spinoza, we find but few attempts at a strictly philosophical conception of the religious element. He regards religion, according to J. D. Morell, as "the conscious absorption of the phenomenal in the absolute, by pure intellectual love." Subsequently, De Wette, as Morell states, "viewed religion as that deep consciousness of the Eternal in everything around us, which manifests itself in the form of inspiration, devotion, rapture," &c. Schelling considered the religious element as "an immediate intuition of the union of the finite with the infinite,—God becoming conscious in history." Hegel supposes it "to consist in the process by which we think ourselves up, logically and conscientiously, into the region of the Universal." Schleiermacher says, "The one, and all, of religion is, \* \* \* regard our life and being as a life and being in God."

One readily sees, from the above, the particular direction, which every speculative mind takes, in attempting to grasp the philosophic idea of religion. The fully developed religious consciousness is one and the same with a consciousness of our absolute union with God. The Christ-principle, as we have conceived, is the Divinity identifying himself in and with humanity. This is immanent in every man's being. Now, not a mere mental perception of this fact, as a philosophical truth, but a complete consciousness of the soul's unity with God, is that which we term religion, in its highest phase of individual development. To attain this consciousness is the aim of all religious struggle. The ancient devotees and sages, as well as the disciple of Mary's son, strove only to this end. "But best of all," says the writer in the *Vishnu Purana*, "is the identification of soul with the Supreme Spirit." So the "Holy One" says, in the *Bhagavad Gita*, that he whose soul is united, by means of devotion, to the Supreme Being, enjoys imperishable happiness." Porphyrius, speaking of Plotinus, observes, that "union with God was the object of all his philosophy and his cogitations."

Nor do the best Christian writers of our age seem to entertain widely different views. F. Von Schlegel held, as stated by Morell, that Christianity "shall bring back all the scattered elements of man's consciousness into one focus, and make humanity itself Divine." "According to Schleiermacher," observes Morell, again, "religion is a deep emotion of the mind, arising from the absorption of the man,—the individual man,—in the Infinite." Not unlike this, also, is the language of Dr. Neander, that "the fact of God's becoming man is in order to the humanization of the Divine, and the deification of the human." Among the Orthodox writers of New England, Prof. Torrey of Burlington, Vt., holds this language: "The very purpose of religion is to bring the finite and the Infinite together." Rev. G. E. Dwinell of Salem, Mass., also declares, that "It is the very object of religion itself to bridge over the separation between God and man."

The reader must pardon these frequent references to standard authorities, upon points so important to our theory; upon positions, which to many minds, might appear extraordinary and preposterous.

It will be seen that religion, in the sense of its highest attainment by the individual, has ever been conceived, with more or less distinctness, as an awakened consciousness of the soul's identity with the Divine Being. It is the Universal coming fully to himself again in the Individual. But it should not be forgotten here, that this union of man with God on the highest point of religious development, never could become a conscious reality,—nor could there be a religion,—if the Christ-principle, the Divinity in man, and even as man, was not clearly immanent in the being of all men. The Hindu sage seemed to realize this logical necessity five centuries before the Christian Era.

"Union of self," says the *Vishnu Purana*, "with the Supreme Spirit is said to be the great end of all; but this is false; for one substance cannot become substantially another."

There can be no union consciously between God and man, if they are not substantially one. So, Prof. Wilson, appending a note to the above passage, says:—

"It is here argued, that it is absurd to talk of effecting a union between the soul of man and the Supreme soul; for if they are distinct essentially, they cannot combine; if they are already one and the same, it is nonsense to talk of effecting their union. The great seed of life, or truth, is, not to effect the union of two things or two parts of one thing, but to know that all is unity."

To develop consciously in the soul the knowledge, the fact of its essential identity with God, is the purpose of religion; the consciousness of this fact is, indeed, the religious consciousness.

At this point of our investigation of the idea of religion, we should glance briefly at its aesthetic element, which has been hitherto but vaguely conceived by the majority of writers. Why is it that art, as music, poetry, painting, architecture, &c., in the emotions which it excites, so blends with, and aids the cultivation of the religious emotions? It is because religion is a feeling as well as a bare intellectual phenomenon. Feeling, in fact, is said to be the organ of the Divine. Now, then, aesthetics is the science of feeling. The true, the good, and the beautiful, according to M. Cousin, constitute the primary revelations of Deity. Truth is appropriate to the intellect; the good refers to the will; while the beautiful appertains to the feelings or sensibility.—In so far as religion is grounded in feeling, therefore, it is purely aesthetic; and here we discover the precise point of connection between religion and art. The highest phase of art is tragedy; and it is here that religion and art form their most intimate alliance. For, the very essence of tragedy is the conflict between individual freedom and the Universal Providence or Divine Will. In the Grecian tragedy, this Divine Providence is conceived as a frigid, inexorable Fate. Now, this conflict between individual freedom and Universal Providence, appears in religion as the opposition of man's will and the will of God; and this, theologically, is what is termed sin. The very essence of tragedy, then, appears also, negatively, at least, in all religious endeavor. It is the heart's struggle, rebellion against the ways and decrees of Providence; its refusal to be reconciled to life's frequent and sad trials, afflictions, disappointments, and bereavements. It is the opposite of Christ's profound resignation, as expressed in those words at Gethsemane,— "Not my will, but thine be done."

"The limits of all definition and argument," observes F. Von Schlegel, "are irrevocably determined by two opposing principles,—the eternal impulse of the struggling soul within, and the unchangeable decrees of nature from without. Inclination vacillates doubtfully between the voice of freedom and the decrees of fate." Again,— "To solve the enigma of Destiny and Freedom of Will, \* \* \* would be to unravel the most complicated thread in the tangled web of human life."

Aug. Wm. Schlegel says,— "Inward liberty and external necessity are the two poles of the tragic world. It is only by contrast with its opposite, that each of these ideas is brought into full manifestation."

We thus see what the essence of tragedy is, and perceive how thoroughly the tragic element is interwoven into the life of man. Human life, indeed, especially in its non-religious stage, is but a struggle, a conflict between the individual and the Universal. This conflict originates in man's separation of himself from the Deity; in the loss of the consciousness of the soul's unity with the Universal. "God is not without, but within us," says Porphyrius, "not in a place but in the spirit. God is present to all, save to those who do not perceive him; but men fly from him, and go forth out of him, or rather out of themselves."

Thence it is, by separating himself mentally and actively from God, that man originates in his own being a continued opposition between the Divine and human. The tragic,—the non-religious,—phase of life, here takes its rise.—Theologically, it is the rebellion of man's will against the Divine will; and is what we style sin. But to reconcile this antithesis between the human and Divine, this conflict between individual freedom and the will of Providence;—in a word, between the two poles of the tragic world in man, to find the indifference point, the point of the soul's unity, harmony, and rest is the grand aim of all religious effort; and this end is fully attained, only where the absolute identity of the Divine and human becomes consciously realized; only where the soul wakes to its own infinite and divine nature, and perceives in herself the *One and All*. There is, thence, no more opposition, no more tragedy, for all is unity and harmony. This is the religious consciousness fully realized; all else is but religious endeavor to attain this.

Human life, then, in its non-religious phase, or in the sphere of effort to attain the religious consciousness, is essentially tragic. All history, as we have seen, partakes of the dramatic character. It is exhibited in its highest intensity, in that last act of the drama of Jesus' life, which Origen has well characterized "a Divine Tragedy"! But it is when the soul, through strong confidence and faith, grasps the reality of her oneness with God, and with all

things, that struggle, conflict, tragedy ceases, and rest, eternal tranquillity, supervenes.

To resume now these several points, we may regard religion, in its highest phase of development, as the soul's conscious identity with God. "I and my Father are one," said Christ. But in the inferior stages of religious progress, it appears as this conflict between man and Deity, seeking its reconciliation; this problem of freedom and necessity, seeking its solution.

## REFORMS AND REFORMERS.

We have no faith in the patent school of reformers, nor in the hot-bed methods of reform. Into all reformed states we must gradually and naturally grow. Many appear to be expecting something different from this. They are anticipating that salvation of every name and nature, is to be worked out with very little trouble to the saved patient. This, they suppose, is to be wrought out by supernatural means,—by the intervention of benevolent spirits, who, by some locus pocus process, entirely unknown to any revealed law, will take away all the painful consequences of wrong doing, and still leave the old relish for iniquity intact. It is pretty much so in relation to physical maladies. Many are expecting that their bodily infirmities will be cured by these same potent invisible healing agencies, without being subjected to the trouble of becoming temperate in their physical habits. In one word, too many of us want a scheme of redemption that will separate sin and its concomitant results, and leave us still the privilege to sin. As yet, we have been able to discover none but the old, healthful, and thorough style of salvation,—and that is, from self-efforts and through the co-operating Spirit of God and his truth, to be saved from sin. It seems to us impossible,—and we have learned this from experience,—to separate sin from its consequences. You may sugar it over as much as you will,—apply all sorts of anodynes,—and still it is, in its last results, the same painful thing. It being an intruder in the being of man,—a something foreign to his nature,—it disturbs his economy, and must be extirpated, by slow processes, perhaps, from within him. This is the whole secret of salvation. Self-denial is one of the foremost conditions through which this salvation,—or reform,—or at one-ment,—is to be achieved. No machinery,—no "organization,"—no cunning devices,—will do this "one thing needful" for us; we must feel the poisoning and disorderly character of sin, or whatsoever is foreign to uprightness, and in the simplicity and honesty of truth, go steadily and earnestly to work to rid ourselves of it.

It is a sure thing that we can do this work for ourselves,—God and Good Angels helping us,—better than others can do it for us. In striving to help and redeem ourselves, we shall grow stronger and stronger every day and every hour.

As for the noisy, disorderly, "slam-bang," and denunciatory band of men who claim to be "reformers," while at the same time they are full of all uncharitableness and intolerance, we have no faith in them as reformers, and cannot have any, until they become harmonized by the power of that truth whose name they have so constantly profaned. "Love unfeigned" only will save us from our sins, and only enable us to effectually assist to save others from their sins. Notwithstanding all the "progress" we have made, either spiritual or intellectual, to "this complexion must we come at last." No machinery nor proxy movements will preclude the necessity of self-denial,—of determined warfare on the part of our higher spiritual powers, against our lower bestial ones.

## Explanatory.

It may be well to state, at the present stage of affairs, that we, the active agent of this august Association, have been for the past five weeks one single and defenceless woman, measuring not over five feet six in our highest heeled shoes, and weighing about one hundred and twenty-five pounds in our crinoline. We tell our age to intimate friends, but it is sufficient for all present purposes here to say, that we were born and reared among the hills of Maine, have never been beyond the limits of the United States, nor an extensive traveler therein. We have written incog., and out of cog for the Eclectic, as some of our rhymes will testify. We do not understand the dead languages, and consequently are not responsible for the mutilated Greek and murdered Latin of some of our correspondents. We have a long nose, which is our strongest claim to intellect, and if in the recent press of engagements we have protruded it into other people's business, we would withdraw it as quickly as possible and emphatically assert that it was an oversight. Or, in other words, if the article in last week's paper entitled "Faticism," was aimed at Mr. Newton, (as a friend intimates to us that he supposed it was) or any other gifted and worthy man whom we respect and esteem as highly as we do the loquacious C. R., will that individual understand that we did not perceive its bearing, and do not endorse the sentiment; and hereafter we wish our friends would seek other means of venting their spleen and spito on each other, than through our paper. Indeed, we depise the character of a sheet

which will lend its columns to such low purposes. Furthermore, if we have scissored extensively, we have been pressed more than impressed to do so. Scissors will work faster than the pen, at least such is our experience, and if the persevering devil who has made his appearance so often at our abode, pursues every object in life as untiringly as he has us for copy, he will not fall far short of his ambitious aim to become "a first rate printer."—This cry for copy is more pressing than the demand for daily bread, and far more difficult to meet. The copy drawer is the best illustration of the bottomless pit that has come within the limits of our observation, where the devils devour all that falls into its capacious maw, which is ever yawning for more; yet aid and comfort has come to us from many kind and genial sources, and we would invoke blessings on the aspiring typographers and spirits of the press. But the principle object of this article was to exonerate the worthy Association of any outre arrangement or expression that may have appeared in these columns within the past few weeks, and now that a respected member of the Association returns to resume his station, we are only too happy to vacate the chair editorial, and say—take a seat, sir; and we confidently trust that his refined taste and good management will in future make ample amends for our past misdemeanors.

## An Appeal to the Good.

Who know divine truth and determine to keep it,  
Keep that which in honesty is not their own;  
They sow not "the seed of the kingdom," nor reap it,  
But leave the "creation in bondage to groan."  
Remember, my brother, remember the story  
Of him to whom only one talent was lent;  
The great and wise Giver—the God of all glory—  
Makes prompt inquisition for all he hath sent.  
Who have the "true light," and that light dare to cover,  
Are actually robbing God's children below,  
While "fervent in spirit," we ever discover,  
What "roses and lilies in Paradise grow."  
"Go then, work to-day in my vineyard,"—no other—  
Give place to the flower, the olive, the vine.  
To love God and Christ, and still hate your brother,  
Such lovers the "angels in heaven" decline.

## IMMORTALITY.

The question, "Are all men immortal?" has of late come up for reconsideration among Spiritualists. Some new ideas and many old ones have been stated and reiterated, with much force and effect. The prevailing belief in man's inherent immortality has been boldly challenged from sources whence it was little expected,—the genuineness of spirit-manifestations, which have been supposed to prove it beyond question, has been denied, even by Spiritualists themselves,—and many minds have been thrown into a state of doubt and perplexity, where they had fondly imagined that all was firmly and forever settled.

We have a suggestion or two to offer, which perhaps may not be out of place in the present stage of the discussion.

And first, is there not a distinction to be made between a *future life* and *immortality*?—That is, may not a personal conscious existence continue for a time in the spirit-state, and yet not be immortal or endless? It seems to be generally taken for granted that if man lives at all after the death of the body, he will live forever; and that if he is not absolutely immortal he will wholly and forever die with the body. But is this certain?

We readily grant the presumption to be seemingly in favor of this belief. If man is formed to survive the wonderful transition of physical death, it seems fairly probable that he will survive all future vicissitudes which may occur to him,—provided there is nothing in his constitution to indicate a different result. But this presumption is not *proof*.—Hence those who confidently affirm that "immortality is demonstrated by spirit-manifestations" seem to us a little too fast. In fact, man can never have external demonstration of his own endless personal existence only till when he shall have existed endlessly. These manifestations, even if all genuine, at best only prove a future or spirit-life. Whether that life will continue without end in all cases, is still an open question.

On the other hand, those who deny the universal inherent immortality of mankind, and in order to maintain their theory find themselves obliged also to deny a future life to children, (and hence to repudiate a large portion of the most convincing spirit-manifestations, for no other reason than that they conflict with this dreary theory), are quite too fast also. For aught that has yet been proved, children, and adults too, may live consciously for years or ages in the spirit-state, and manifest themselves therefrom,—and even suppose themselves inheritors of immortality,—and yet may sometime come to an extinction of individual consciousness.

This leads to the inquiry, What is immortality? and in what part of man's complex constitution does it inhere? On these questions, much vagueness and confusion of idea seems to prevail. With some, immortality means mere continuity or endlessness of conscious existence, without reference to *quality*. But this falls far short of a true conception. Immortality is indestructibility, deathlessness, incorruptibility, incapability of disorganization or of disintegration. It does not apply

to man's physical body, all admit. Neither can it apply to his spirit-body,—since the elements of which this is composed are continually changing. Nor can it apply to his *mind*, or *intellect*,—for this is susceptible of modification and continual change,—of growth and decadence. Nor can it inhere in his selfish or personal *affections*,—in his ambition, or pride, or avarice, or lusts of any description,—for these are all corruptible, and must sooner or later exhaust themselves. Neither can it inhere in the lower or natural plane of consciousness. Most people are conscious *mainly* on the sensuous or natural plane, that is, of external things;—having little, if any, realization of internal realities. As the more interior planes of consciousness open, the life retreats inward, and they cease gradually to notice or enjoy what had once strongly interested them. Thus the outer consciousness *dies* as the inner is quickened. Hence immortality cannot be predicated of our external consciousness.

Where, then, shall we locate it? Certainly not in any of these ephemeral, surface-elements of human nature. If anywhere, it must inhere in something more substantial, enduring, interior,—something which partakes of the Divine, and therefore ever *MUST BE*.—Whence is this derived? and do all possess it?

These inquiries will be pursued in another article.

A. E. N.

## Rejoice and be glad for the Ransom of another Spirit.

Why art thou cast down, oh, my soul?—We are material and spiritual. When the former has done its work, the office of the second especially begins. By gift, and prayer, and baptism, we make a sacrament for the new-born child. How we build castles and hopes for its future! How we guard the young life, and watch the smallest progress towards childhood! This period come, we stretch again towards youth, and strive to open royal roads to learning and renown.—We court science and skill to instruct our loved ones in all that will help to develop a healthy maturity.

We cease not here. We enter the lists of strength, and with grateful pride see industry rewarded, and green laurels woven for our idols. They run their round of human avocations. They drink of fame, wealth, interior and exterior. They add to the stores of the race, and in time, help to swell the ranks of human kind. They pass on from stage to stage, and finally arrive at a green old age.—They are mellow and fair—of richest hue.—What next shall we ask? Do we wish a drivelling decay, a staggering foot, palsied hand, and imbecile head? Shall we desire a period when an insect is an incubus, and care a heavy load? Shall we pray that those whose march has been a triumph, may wear away, thread after thread, till the frame finally relax? Not so. The most selfish could not solicit such a process as this.

Suppose, in this state, one thus situated should be forgotten, uncalled for, and a century should elapse, and still the prisoner remain bound. What would be the natural action of the human heart? Should we not all pray, in deepest sympathy, that the one thus shackled might be released? Should we not even rebel, and almost censure Providence for leaving so pitiful a wreck to cumber the ground?

Alas, it is too true; and yet when, in God's own, best time, he calls his children home, we bow our heads in the dust, and mourn in bitterness of spirit, and say, was ever sorrow like unto ours?

Cut the healthy flesh, and it will bleed freely, but heal again quickly. So with us; we are all alive with tender emotions, and when they are trodden upon or wrenched, we are stung with sadness; but the healthy soul soon raises its head, and sees the wisdom, beauty, and kindness, even, of the bereavement. We come out of the tomb, we shut the door, and raise our hearts aloft. We follow the disenthralled spirit, and see it enter its new abode, made welcome by loving, angel-hands. How neatly it adjusts itself to its new condition! how joyful the meeting between tried friends! how young these redeemed ones seem! how endless the course upon which they have entered! how each goes to his place! how well fitted to the new career! how ripe in judgment! how tireless in action! how clear in vision! Then it is that their turn comes to bless. They cast their cares behind, and, in newness of spirit, enter upon a fresh work. Do they forget the fettered ones below? Do they cease to regard their interests? Do they refuse their aid? Nay, nay. They know them as never before. They fold their wings, and light down amongst them. They descend the ladder made so memorable of old, and pour down encouragement, wisdom, and love. They are not a long way off. We can put out our hand and touch them, open our ear and hear their voices, aye, all but receive the perfume of their flowery homes. Oh, sorrowing ones, is this a loss? Rather call it a great gain. Absent in solid substance, but present in spirit—reality. Bring crosses, wreaths, pressed flowers, bouquets in countless forms; bring music, beauty in every shape, and speed the spirit to

such a home as the angels of God have prepared for their guest. "Make way" for the traveler, open the gates, and sing a psalm of praise. In this sense, there is no death. It is only a passage from a lower to an upper room—from decay to life everlasting. The faculties are not lost, only quickened. The affections are not dead, only purified. We are more than ourselves, a full identity of being, scope for every power, opportunity for every effort, adaptation for every variety.

If we have rejoiced over the birth of the body, how much more should we be uplifted at that of the immaterial—the indestructible. Pain, fire, water, cannot affect this invisible asbestos. It rises unscathed from down, flame, or ocean.

What so real as this part of our nature?—To the spiritual eye it is not intangible; its communion is easy and perfect. Now, we are hidden in part. We do not discern the hidden glories. It is but for a season. The good and true are to unfold here, partially, it may be, but enough to attest to many truths. We have long sown to the flesh and reaped corruption; let us now sow to the spirit, and He who waters and gives the increase will not disappoint us, but yield us fruit according to our faithfulness. Try it, one and all, and so combine the two stratas of our being, that each shall help the other, and the lesser finally give place to the superior. Now, we have only a porter's lodge. We are hemmed in by circumstances, dwarfed and pinioned. The dawn of a brighter day will arise; help it, ye mortals, and you, bright visitors of the celestial home, touch us with the magic wand, and give us a foregleam for the healing of our wounds. Come to all, in every state, and woo celestial plants into the arid wastes of hearts and homes. Bring us cooling draughts from the rivers of life, and that elixir which maketh all things new. X.

**Gala-Day on the Common.**

On Wednesday afternoon of last week (May 23d) we took a stroll on the Common. This "Paradise on Earth" is Boston's Play Ground—and a magnificent place it is! A blessing on the dear soul or souls, that gave this green and airy spot to be sacred from touch of selfishness! High up must they be in the eternal spheres, looking down with large love-lit eyes upon this lovely field, consecrated by them to health and gleesome recreation! Boston has no place within its multifarious precincts so redeeming as this "Common"—this place of wholesomest worship. We will not except its churches. In the latter places, to be sure, should largely redeeming influences generate; but they lack to much in oxygen to be truly wholesome for either spirit or body. The fresh breezes of heaven should flow into them and vitalize the human bodies therein assembled, to co-operate with the influxes of divine and sacred breath (the Holy Ghost) which enters into them to redeem and expand the immortal spirits which those bodies enshrine. But let us not disparage the churches of Boston by "Odious Comparisons." Let them have all the credit to them due. We will pursue our walk on the now verdant Common. The "green carpet" is now fairly spread and thoroughly cleansed by the late rains. The elms are putting forth rapidly, and are vying in gorgeousness of dress with the ladies, and dandies that saunter so gloriously beneath them. Oh, what magnificent creatures they are to be sure! The children, including any amount of rough boys, who are indulging in a great variety of ground and lofty tumbling, are out in full force because it is Wednesday. What a medley of humanity is here exhibited! Here are people from the country, innocent of the sinful ways of cities, who are enjoying themselves finely in "seeing the sights." Here, too, are bloated loafers sporting their filthy cigars and mustaches—and here too, (speak it not loudly in Gath!)—are their feminine counterparts, whose depraved faces and manners are not to be mistaken. But we will not demur, for the beauty and outward peace of the scene may be the means of awakening them to something of a better life. God grant that they may. But what is the mighty pother down yonder—and what bevy of men are those astride of horses, and arrayed in the crimson hues of Babylon? The "Lancers" some one says, and this is training day, then? Let us take a little nearer look of this gay troop. Their dress is gaudy, and in the light of true wisdom this parade looks trivial. And then unless we look at them in the most ludicrous light, they suggest war, human slaughter, and deepest misery. Bah! we'll none of them. We will not spend our time in gazing at such a childish spectacle. The children enjoy the colors, the music, and the pomp and circumstance of glorious "fal de rol!" Yet some of them, we perceive, prefer the more natural lofty tumbling to gazing at the "children of a larger growth" who are training.

Let us step down, for a moment, to the Frog Pond. This is devoted mainly to water-spaniels, and to miniature navigation. Here's where the Boston boy gets his initial idea of commerce and the wealth it brings. The Frog Pond generally presents a busy scene, and its refreshing face is always grateful to us. We were once a water-duck, but are now so only in memory. We do not think we should

dare trust ourselves in the Frog Pond now, though when a boy we could nearly accomplish a mile at one trial of our fins. But we have grown old and timid—the glory of our days has departed.

But business calls to the Sanctum, and we will go, though not without casting "longing, lingering looks behind." But before we vacate entirely, we must *pat-ronize* this meagre apple-stand. We can have "two for three cents,"—although we are fully aware that it is, in the present low state of our treasury, an extravagant investment. The bargain is not a great one, but it will confer some benefit upon poor Patrick. So here goes, and we make our exit munching the ancient fruit—the species of that was in a degree "mediumistic" in "bringing death into the world and all our woe!"

[Reported for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

**Miss Emma J. Hardinge, at Mechanics' Hall, Portland, May 20, 1860.**

There is a natural body and there is a spiritual body. The structure of man is divided into three elements, the body, the life and the mind. Every particle of matter which you consider contains motion, and you seek in vain for rest. Men seek for perpetual motion when it is before them in every object in nature. This principle is very slow in minerals, yet it goes on, and the mighty, towering mountains had once an infancy, but life is throbbing within them, and the time shall come when they shall crumble and decay, and take new and more perfect forms. The old, primeval cedars of Lebanon are almost as slow of growth as the eternal rocks, but it is the same principle that animates the flowers of a day. What is this life? It is not that which thinks, for plants neither think nor speak.—No, your life is independent of your thought.

Experiments in mesmerism prove that the spirit may be far away from the form where the life principles are at work. Life, as a substance, is electricity, magnetism, galvanism, and the galvanic battery is capable of producing upon the human body, deserted by the spirit, all that principle of life called motion, lacking, of course, that intelligent grace which the spirit dictates. But another condition of life is now to be considered. What is this state of influence in which we receive impressions, and act upon them involuntarily?—It is best illustrated to you by the daguerreotype art, familiar to you all, in which the light fixes the pictures upon the plates, as varied, perhaps, as the plates of the human mind. You stand upon the sea shore, and think that rolling billows present a scene of monotony, but no two waves are precisely alike, neither is one plate the exact duplicate of another, and no two minds are precisely the same. The appearance of the picture depends upon the shadow which falls upon the plate, and the solution in which it is dipped.

The developing solution of the mind's plate is its surroundings; thus the images or principles which are cast upon the youthful mind, and the influences under which they are permitted to develop and come to the light, form the picture or character of all future life. It is said that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, and your spirits are the daguerreotype plates transmitted to you by your parents, and not only this, but you are fashioning after them the plates of your children's minds. And remember, O fathers, that these images are light or deep in proportion to the receptivity of that plate; and oh, let the solution and the images be pure, for at the very moment that the plate is exposed to the light they become fixed forever. These electric currents are flowing out from you all, and you cannot avoid their influence. Define, if you can, the instincts of your own nature by which you are attracted or repelled, when you look in the face of an honest man, homely though it be, and feel your heart going out in sympathy toward him; and on the other hand, when you look in the smooth face of the hypocrite, and a feeling within cries warning. The age of materialism is passing away, and the promise of the Father is being realized, when nothing can be hid, and that which is spoken in the closet shall be proclaimed upon the house-top. Not only are the sins of your fathers visited upon you, but yours shall be visited upon your children. Look to it that you form pictures which it shall be pleasant to gaze upon at the great judgment day of spirit, for there is nothing hid that shall not be revealed. Oh, could you but see the myriads of sad-eyed spirits seeking and toiling to accomplish the unfulfilled mission of earth-life, you would see the necessity of doubling your diligence. But the densest darkness flees before the light of one little lamp, and one spark of true and living fire shall be sufficient to enlighten the whole. The triumph of one pure motive shall be stronger on the soul than all the dark shadows which man has cast there. And such is progression. You talk of eternal progression; do you know what you mean?

From two elements, hydrogen and oxygen, we have water, which, when crystallized, forms the substance of the mighty Alps, and the boundless hills, and vales, and unexplored regions of the Arctic. Learn the substance and elements of life, and you have the elements of all power. When you know the

nature and power of the ocean, you know how much you may venture upon its waves. Why don't you master the threads of your own being, and weave a better woof? There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body, but think not that we have begun to lift the veil. We have only thrown out a few faint lights, which are unlike the will-o-the-wisp, that flashes out for an instant, and return to nothingness, for no ray is lost upon the spirit, and we cast our bread upon the waters and trust that after many days it shall nourish some hungry spirit.

**Evening Lecture.**

I am he that was dead and am alive again, and shall live forever more. We make this statement as no quotation, for who but the dead can tell what spirit is? We care not whether the theory came from a book, or in stereotyped words—the thought came before the book and the spirit hatched the body.—There must have been a time when thought was not, and this world was destitute of that government which results from thought, and the only atmosphere the steamy vapors which arose from the ocean and the unformed continents, but the spirit of God was there, and from the moment that the monsters of that time found locomotion, and a power to sustain an independent existence, we may begin to trace the Alpha of divinity, and trace it to the Omega, when man shall so far assimilate to Deity as to read thy glorious foot-prints when books and all their fleeting knowledge shall have passed away.

First came motion, and next love, affection, and care for young, and from this, love of species, herding together, which is the lowest form of spirit, for man finds the basis of all his faculties in the love of self and his species.—In the spine is a column which radiates to all the extremities of the body; in the lungs is the great galvanic battery which works the air, and in the brain that source which supplies all the functions of the head. Each species is perfect in itself, but you say you cannot trace the connecting links, but not one is wanting. They gleam forth in monstrous shapes, like lamps in the darkness, and from these first monsters of the earth we go on to man, the Omega of form. You smile when we compare the architect of the present day with the beaver, which, with a spirit of prophecy, builds its houses higher when the flood is coming. You have heard of the friend of the solitary prisoner, who sat at his feet, and when he died, the man bowed down and died also. That companion was a little rat. You train your domestic animals, and they love you, they worship you. They feel your superiority, and man needs only to know his power, to control the fiercest animal. What animals possess in degree, man possesses in the aggregate; and like the animal who worships his master, man worships the unseen where he is made a little lower than the angels. All the passions of the human soul may be found floating in the air, creeping upon the ground, and fighting, and bleeding, and dying in the seas. Go forth and seek for any capacity in man which you may not find in the animals. All spirit has been perfecting in the lower kingdoms, and is at length collected in man, and nothing is wanting of the connecting links, for we find that which is higher than man in his spirit, when the curtain falls upon matter.—A knowledge of this form can only be obtained when the spirit comes back to answer the unending cry for mortality. All that animals can do, man can do—and more, bringing all below him to his aid and service. Spirit is boundless, and you cannot chain it down.—Bind the captive in his dungeon and where is his spirit? Torture the martyr, and his spirit will sing its hallelujahs in the flames.—Now let us notice some of the lights of revelation, which have never been given in greater abundance than man was able to bear. When you consider the stages through which nature has passed to produce man, O skeptic, atheist, infidel, what a miserable faith is thine.—It took thousands of years to create the little daisy upon the mountain side, and you, O man, for whom God has created all these glories, you to be cut down like the grass of the field, to know and be known no more! What is consciousness? What is that which says I AM? Can you point to that object in nature which can be annihilated? What, then, can you do with consciousness and individuality?

Where are the spirits of those monsters of the old world, for they thought? They are not destroyed. There are worlds just like this, and there was a time when this had no higher element than these animal lives? Some spirits tell you there are animals in the spirit life, and others tell you there are not. Here arises a contradiction which may be illustrated by sending twelve men to a foreign country, who should return with twelve reports, some of them conflicting in their accounts of the same objects, for as minds differ, so do the impressions which the same objects make upon these minds. There are enlarged spirits who associate only with spirits, and know no joy but in the good they can do to spirit. They know nothing lower, but your kingdom of love is your kingdom of heaven, and if man's joy be with animals, he shall have them, for animals have spirits because they have thoughts.

Spirit life is the next step on Jacob's ladder, on which hosts of angels are ascending and descending, and every step is a step in advance. Oh, why do you not strive to improve the breed, as you improve your domestic animals? Unless your science is founded upon spirit, you know nothing. Study, then, the laws of your own being, and it shall lead you into the arcana of knowledge.

**EDITORIAL ITEMS.**

The Buddhist, as well as the Christian, has his "Ten Commandments." The first prohibits killing any man or other animal; the second, third, and fourth, prohibit stealing, lying, and adultery; the fifth, drinking any intoxicating beverage.

How far this last is complied with we cannot say, but it is very much to be deplored that it is so far neglected in a Christian land, as daily observation proves that it is. Men of merit and ability drowning as they do, all that is loveable and respectable in that gulf of wretchedness—intoxication.

A QUESTION FOR PHILOSOPHERS.—Philosophers are raising the impertinent demand whether the *uter-most* parts of the earth are inhabited solely by women?—*Punch.*

Some of these barbarous men had better go and see. Guess their wives could very well spare them to make the trip.

The *Crisis* has an article with the following heading—"How shall we know when the new church does come?" And is very aptly answered by the quotation which succeeds—"A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

Miss Emma J. Hardinge will close her series of lectures before the Spiritual Association of Portland, on Sunday, May 27th. This energetic lady is now trying to effect the foundation of a self-sustaining institution for the reform and rescue of outcast and abandoned females, and, judging from her appearance, we have no doubt of the ultimate success in a cause so gloriously benevolent. We understand that the people of Portland are subscribing liberally to the enterprise. All too true is the remark of G. B. Stebbins, in his lecture on Crime and Criminals—"Women fall sadly, from want of strength or blind excess of affection, and her less tempted sister spurns her."

**Atlantic Monthly for June.**

The "Atlantic" contains a fine table of contents for this month. Among what would, in common parlance, be termed solid and useful reading, we have articles on "The Future of American Railways," and "Model Lodging-Houses in Boston." The writer of the first-named article takes a hopeful view of the future of our railroads, notwithstanding the bankruptcy that has resulted to them generally. It is his opinion, contrary to the current one, that "during the next decade such a change will have taken place in the condition of our railroads, that we shall see them averaging eight to ten per cent. dividends on their legitimate cost." He says:

"The causes to which may be traced the languishing condition of our railroads, may be stated as follows:—Financial mismanagement; imperfect construction; and want of individual responsibility in their operation." This is the whole thing in a nut-shell; and the remarks will hold good in relation to all other faltering and soul-less corporations. A great deal of the business of this hasty country is carried on without any moral basis, and with no other view than to aggregate wealth. Where mammon is the only party concerned, there can be no basic integrity, and therefore no permanent security. If the eternal law of rectitude is disregarded in prosecuting even the material business of the world, that business will end disastrously. This proposition is very simple, we know, but it will always be found to be true. Man is held, in spite of him, to the law of Right; and if he does not approximately or fully obey, such ruin will inevitably come upon him as will oblige him to reconstruct his life and business according to just and right principles.

The next solid and useful article is on "Model Lodging-Houses in Boston." This article was written by some benevolent utilitarian, and will not fail to awaken an interest in the right direction. He adduces some startling facts to prove the unsanitary state of living in Boston, and like cities. He says that the average duration of life in Boston is little above twenty years, and in New York is less than twenty, and adds—

"This needless sacrifice and shortening of life, this accumulating amount of ill-health, causes an annual loss, in each of our great cities, of productive capacity to the value of millions of dollars, as well as an unnatural expense of millions more. This is no figure of speech. The community is poorer by millions of dollars each year, through the waste which is allowed of health and life. Leaving out of view all human considerations, all thought of misery, social and moral, which accompanies this physical degradation, and looking simply at its economical effects, we find that it increases our taxes, diminishes our means of paying them, creates permanent public burdens, and lessens the value of property."

This article is seriously commended to "solid men" of Boston—to all those, indeed, who would live in all things, in accordance with the divine plan.

The rest of the articles in the Monthly are excellent, but we have no space to specify their good points. This magazine still holds on its upward way.

**Special Notices.**

Mrs. R. H. Burt will lecture in Randolph, Mass., the last Sunday in May and the last Sunday in June. In Warwick, Mass., the first Sunday in June, and in New Bedford, Mass., during the month of July. Address the above at 2 Columbia St., Boston, Mass.

We would call the attention of our readers to the typographical execution of our paper, which we flatter ourselves is not excelled by any weekly sheet in the Union, and which has received the highest commendations of those best able to judge in such matters. Much credit is due to Mr. Thurston, and his foreman, Mr. S. A. Strout, who is an experienced and faithful printer, and whose work will compare favorably with that of the best printers of our country.

**Vermont Spiritualists' Convention.**

The next quarterly Convention of Vermont Spiritualists will be held at TOWN HALL, BURLINGTON, Saturday and Sunday, June 10th and 17th, 1860.

The Spiritualists, of all sections of the State, are earnestly invited to come to this Convention, as matters of importance will come up for action. We desire to obtain a complete list of Mediums in the State, in all phases and conditions of development, and Mediums are specially invited to attend this Convention; and the friends are requested to write out and bring such test facts and list of Mediums as they can obtain. The following speakers have made arrangements to come and speak at this convention: Judge Edmonds, of New York; Miss A. W. Sprague; H. P. Cutting; H. Elkins; Mrs. S. A. Horton; Mrs. A. E. Ostrander, of Troy; Mrs. J. W. Currier, of Lowell, Mass.

Friends in New England, and adjacent States, are cordially invited to join with us in this Convention.

It will be held in one of the loveliest of New England villages, with good mountain scenery, and pure, bracing air; at a pleasant season of the year, when the denizens of the city are seeking pleasure and comfort in the country.

Six years have these Conventions been held; and in friendly and fraternal intercourse have we met. Great good has been done, and we have been strengthened in our faith in the "Ministry of Angels."

The convention will be enlivened by Vocal and Instrumental Music.

Arrangements have been made with the Rutland & Burlington, Rutland and Washington, Vermont Central and Vermont & Canada Rail Roads, for fare one way! And members of the Convention will be furnished with Return Checks by the Secretaries.

NEWMAN WEEKS, Rutland,	} State	
S. B. NICHOLS, Burlington,		
CHAS. WALKER, Bridgewater,		} Central
D. P. WILDER, Plymouth,		} Com.
A. E. SIMMONS, Woodstock,		
C. G. TOWNSEND, Bridgewater.		

**Premium on Pugnillism.**

It is said that the testimonial to Heenan now amounts to \$10,000, and is constantly increasing. The effect of this on the younger and more susceptible portion of the community, whose desire for eminence has as yet led them to make no choice of an object for their ambition, will be very inspiring. Boys at school, even students at college, are more inclined to allow their energy to rush into the fist than to push it up into the brain, and if they see that great scholars, thinkers, inventors, philanthropists, and saints have no recognition from an intelligent and patriotic public at all comparable to that bestowed on the shoulder-hitter, they will be likely to exalt boxing into an ideal. The world will then be favored with a crop of bullies, and the prize ring be pestered with a glut of "roughs."—Those whom the community delight to honor, the majority of the members of that community will be anxious to emulate.—*Boston Transcript.*

The remarks of the Transcript are both true and timely. Brutality, that strong element of our human nature, has recently shown itself freshly rampant, since the fight between Heenan and Sayers, and of course, will increase in boldness and assurance in proportion as it is countenanced by public opinion in the form of money "testimonials." "Great scholars, thinkers, inventors, philanthropists, and saints" must retire from before imperial brutality, and wait God's own time to inaugurate the reign of peace, purity, and growth in the higher virtues, of which man appears to be but remotely susceptible. The privilege to do good, and to be good, appears to us, just now, to be an exceedingly stunted one, and it needs more than the faith of an Abraham, to give one the requisite inward strength to pursue the rugged, painful, upward way. If one will but pander to brutality, and join with the downward sweeping throng, he will no doubt take the "premium," and for a while flourish "like a green bay tree." But still, we should not, we will not, "abate one jot of heart or hope, but keep right onward," in the path of moral duty, and the bestial kingdom may yet succumb.

The National Division of the Sons of Temperance are to have a grand reunion in Portland, commencing June 12th. God bless the laborer, and the cause.

## An Original Sketch.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]  
I HAVE NOTHING TO LIVE FOR.

BY L. POLLOCK.

"Are you sad, dear Emily, surrounded by your sweet and grateful pets, your house-plants, to whom you are giving their morning water? And oh, I see; you have opened your window upon them, that they may take their fill of the lovely May morning air."

Emily was leaning against the wall, the empty pitcher still in her hand. She seemed to be contemplating her flowers, whilst her mind had doubtless wandered far from the scene which surrounded her. She looked up from her silent and apparently serious reflections, and gazed with her beautiful, dreamy eyes deep into mine, as if desirous to hold converse with my heart, not with my lips or understanding. She looked a picture of loveliness as she stood there among her flowers, in her clean and neatly fitting morning dress, in which, though made of calico, she looked far more beautiful than the city belle, in her gorgeous silk, flounced and trimmed, though it might be, till you forgot the wearer over the dress.

Twenty-four years had passed over her head, though she appeared not over twenty, and to see her when animated by conversation, a stranger might think that her heart could not have experienced the blight and sorrow of disappointed love. Without analyzing her beauty of form and features, no one could see her but to admire. Her face was small and oval shaped, while her complexion was that of a brunette, with a rich carnation tint on her soft, round cheek. But as for me, I always forgot all about her other features, when looking with admiration into her large, brown eyes, from which there ever beamed a rich treasure of affection, accompanied, as it was, by deep thought and sparkling intellect.

Placing the pitcher on the flower-stand, she moved an ottoman close to my chair, and leaning one arm upon my knee, she replied:

"Louise, I am tired of life. I would like to die; and who do you think would miss me?" she added, slowly, and as if addressing herself. "How long would my place remain vacant in the hearts of all my friends?"

"Emily, Emily, how can you speak thus, when we all love you so dearly? What would your aunt and uncle do without their darling, their adopted child, whose house seems dark and gloomy when you are not in it?"

"Father has married again, a wife as young as myself, and I know full well that in his house they will always like my room better than my company," she continued, as if she was simply speaking aloud her own thoughts, and had not heeded my exclamation; "it is true, to be sure, that uncle and aunt, who feel and act towards me as the kindest of parents could, would feel my loss, and it would seem lonely to them for a while: but they would soon take some one else to their hearts, and there are thousands who can fill my place.—I have really nothing worth living for."

"You grieve me, dear Emily, by speaking thus. You have as much worth living for as myself."

"Why, Louise, how can you say so! Have you not a husband and three children, whilst I am alone in the world?"

"Alone, Emily? and because you are unmarried, and are not bound by sacred home duties to confine your influence within a narrow circle, have you therefore no duties to fulfill to any one? Do you exert no influence? Is your example unheeded by all who know you? Listen, dear, sweet friend, and I will try to impart to you my thoughts upon this very important subject. You are talented, and you are beautiful, and you need not blush, you must be acquainted with these facts ere now. Your companionship is coveted by all the young of the male sex at least, if not by both sexes, and is it possible that at no time you should happen to have any opportunity to exert a hallowed influence, which would tend to elevate all those who come come within its reach? Have you no seeds to scatter imperceptibly into the heart of your surroundings, which, finding with some, at least, a ready soil, will ripen there into blossoms whose fragrance shall fill the heart of the white haired man with joy and gratitude for the blessed angel spirit who dropped the seed in years by-gone?"

Emily was listening intently to my words of comfort, dictated as they were by my sincere affection for her, and by the desire to convince her of her innate powers. Her eye already had lost some of the sad expression which filled my heart with tears when first we commenced our conversation.

"I think you overrate my powers, dear Louise," she said in a low and pondering voice. "I am not conscious of the power to influence any one out of our own narrow home circle."

"Well, Emily, I see that the best way for me to reply to you will be to relate a scene to which I became an uninvited witness, last week, in a horse-car, in Boston. I know that will convey more clearly to your mind the meaning of my words. Would you like to hear it?"

"I shall be delighted to listen to it, if it does not give you too much trouble, or en-

croach upon any other engagement you may have."

"I had just taken my seat in the car for Rochester, when two young men entered, who recognized and greeted with evident pleasure, an acquaintance on the seat opposite to my own, in the person of a very handsome young lady, who was dressed with great taste and elegance."

They took seats each side of her, and began to make the most of their agreeable meeting, by entering into a lively conversation.

"And so we could not have the pleasure of your company last Wednesday, at Thaberg's matinee," the young lady said, in a lively, playful manner. "Rosa Wheeler and myself thought we should certainly meet you there."

"We should have been most happy to enjoy his glorious music in your company, but half a dozen of us had chosen that day, and arranged to make a fishing excursion to Cohasset," the one with blue eyes and light hair gallantly replied.

"It was a beautiful day, and you must have had a fine time," she rejoined.

"O, we had a grand time," answered the other young man, who had been most of the time employed in stroking his beard or twisting the ends of his dark moustache. "But we had the best fun on our way, at the tavern, where we stopped to take some refreshments," he continued, looking out of the corner of his eyes at his friend, who seemed rather inclined to change the conversation.

"Pray, tell me all about it," the young lady exclaimed; "I shall enjoy very much a recital of your adventures."

"I doubt, Arthur, whether Miss Sacur will be much interested in your recital," the light haired young man said, in a subdued voice.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Hale, I know I shall," and turning to him, whom I also will call Arthur, she added: "Did you meet any one there whom you would least have expected to see, or did you rescue some poor pedlar from the dilemma of a broken down cart and shattered goods, in mid-road?"

"Oh, no, Miss Sacur," Arthur began, chuckling with inward satisfaction to recite his adventure, and thus live over again the pleasure of the scene. "We got about three-quarters of the distance laid behind us, when we espied a tavern not far from us, with a rooster, a hen, and a brood of chickens painted on the sign. "By Jove," I said, "let's get out and have some refreshments. I should relish quite well some roasted chicken, with some wine." All agreed, and we dismounted at the tavern, went in, and gave our orders.

Our repast tasted very good, and the wine seemed to make us pretty merry.

"Now, landlord," I said, "bring us some of your best cogniac to finish off with, but mark my word, and give me none of your adulterated stuffs."

"I always try to buy the best of liquors," he said, bowing as dignified as a lord. Soon he came back and placed a bottle on the table before us.

"What kind of stuff do you call this?" cried out Stephen Colt, after tasting and making a grimace. "He can't cheat me," exclaimed Philip Whitney; "let me have a glass! I'll be d—d if that is pure cogniac! Do you dare pretend it is?" he said, turning to the landlord, and so excited by his bottle of wine that I don't believe he hardly knew what he was about.

"You are welcome to leave it, and to leave my house, too, if you don't know how to behave like gentlemen!"

"I believe the fellow dares to threaten us," halloed Stephen, his face as red as his silk handkerchief. "Let's give him a lesson that he'll remember—to give folks such stuff as that, and be impudent in the bargain;" and in another minute he and Philip got tight hold of the landlord's arm, who was as white as a sheet, and trembling with rage, whilst I put on his back a few smart blows, with my cane. "That will do," cried out Hale and the rest, "we must be right off, come along." Thus crying, they threw a five dollar note upon the table. So quick as wink, we were out, jumped into the carriage, and drove off like Jehu, laughing over our affair till we reached Cohasset.

"Wasn't that an amusing scrape?" he added, laughing most heartily.

"I should think so; ha, ha, ha!" joined the young lady, whose beauty seemed to have vanished all at once before my eyes, since she had not only countenanced the recital of this disgraceful and contemptible transaction, but even encouraged its repetition by joining in the laugh.

Young Hale, who had been watching her countenance, confidently expecting to see the just frown upon her forehead, if not to receive a gentle rebuke from her lips, seemed evidently relieved from a sense of weight, and drawing a deep breath, began again to take a lively part in the conversation, until we reached Roxbury, when he bade the conductor to stop, and the trio made their exit."

I paused; and after a moment's quiet, Emily drew up her bowed figure, as if inspired with a new sense of her higher nature and the consciousness of her inherent nobility of character, which I knew to exist in far greater abundance in her soul than in that of most of her acquaintances, or in the Miss Sacur whom I had just been speaking about.

"Yes, dear Louise," she said, raising her eyes to mine, "you have succeeded in showing me plainly that there are duties to be fulfilled outside of our little home circle. Yes, it is worth living for—to benefit other's minds at every step we take through life.—And my heartfelt wish is that I may remember to make such use of my life. But, oh, you must know how weak I am!"

"Let us closely analyze your weakness, Emily, to see if it is incurable. Are you not benevolently disposed, and do you not often wish to do good to all around you? I know you well enough to make your reply needless. But is that wish ever present with you at all times? For I know that even the sincere, heartfelt desire to benefit others accomplishes, imperceptibly by ourselves, a great and wondrous work in others."

"I am not certain that I do, Louise, yet nothing gives me greater pleasure than to feel that I have benefited or am benefiting some one, be he high or low. But in the whirl of society, surrounded by pleasure and mirth, no chance seems to offer; no one appears to require my help. Still, when I think of the scene which you have just been narrating to me, I feel guilty of having lost many an opportunity for exerting a holy influence. Oh, that I could recall some of those chances, which now, since I am growing older, will get to be more scarce!"

"Emily, let us not mourn over the past, but let us look back to it to profit for the present and the future; let not dismay or despair find room in your heart, but be filled with cheerful resolve and hopeful anticipation of opportunities, which,—you may rely upon,—will offer every day of your life, even were you less attractive in external and spiritual beauty than you really are. What trait in your character do you think is it that will most effectively stand in the way of your carrying out your sacred intentions?"

"Let us look face to face at the enemy which might clog the path which your highest nature seeks to tread. To know him is like spoiling him of half his strength."

"I know it must be my love of approbation which will hinder me the most in carrying out my cherished resolves. Oh! it will cost me many a struggle, because I do not like to take a firm stand against public opinions or popular errors. Is it not natural that that we should love to be admired, and that we should not wish to say or do anything which might fill the eyes of our admirers with displeasure, if it does not entirely carry them from our reach?"

"You might be so fortunate as to lose the weak-headed and shallow-hearted among your circle of friends, but the high-minded and truly noble will grow attached to you with an affection, founded on esteem which knows no age, but is forever young, enduring, everlasting. I know that it fills a woman's heart with delight and exultation, to attract and fascinate an admiring throng around her wherever she may appear in society, but far higher and greater is the happiness which is ours by the consciousness of possessing the sincere love and esteem of a few high-minded individuals. I know there is such a thing as repelling or alienating our friends and acquaintances, by an air of sanctity and holiness, or a prudishness, which seems to tell everybody, 'Who are you? But your being is too much filled with pure love, to admit of any danger of your running into those ridiculous extremes which only have their source in vanity and perverted self-esteem. The gentle words of warning or reproof, emanating from a heart overflowing with pure affection, seldom, if ever, give offence. Love will soften the calm expression of reproach upon your countenance, and will deck with dimples the displeased eye."

"A thousand thanks, dear Louise, for thus exerting yourself in my behalf. Let your prayers rise, in unison with mine, to the throne of the Father, that He may grant me strength to carry out my resolves, which fill my heart. Your words of love shall not have been spoken in vain. I will no longer live for the present only, but for all time."

"That is right, dearest Emily, many are the talents entrusted to thee, oh, endeavor to use them rightly, and thou wilt be entrusted with still more."

[Compiled for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Scrap of Biography from the Lives of Great Authors.

MASSINGER.

Philip Massinger, one of the most illustrious of the successors of Shakspeare, was born at Salisbury in 1584. His father was in the household of the Earl of Pembroke. He was probably sent to college by the earl; but the favor of the great man appears to have been withdrawn from him in his mature years. He became a writer for the stage, and there is distinct evidence that his genius scarcely gave him bread. His dramas, which have been collected by Gifford, in four volumes, are of unequal merit; but of some the dramatic power, the characterization, the poetry, and the exhibition of manners, are of the highest order.—Massinger died in 1640.

FROISSART.

There are few who have not heard of John Froissart, the most graphic of the old chronic-

lers. He was born at Valenciennes, about 1337, and early in life was dedicated to the church. He was scarcely twenty years old when he began to write a history of the English wars in France, chiefly compiled by another chronicler. This history he brings down to the battle of Poitiers in 1356; after which period his Chronicle has all the value of contemporary observation. His opportunities as an observer were very great; he was in the confidence of many of the sovereigns and nobles of his time, and was especially attached to the court of Edward III, being Secretary to Queen Philippa. He closed a life compounded of travel and ease, of labor and luxury, of native honesty and courtly arts, about the beginning of the fifteenth century. His description of the manner of life at the Count of Foix's house at Orthes, is one of his most picturesque of his passages; and a short extract may fitly introduce the quaint and touching story of the death of his son, which we give in Lord Berners' old translation: "At midnight, when he came out of his chamber into the hall to supper, he had 'ever before him twelve torches burning, borne by twelve varlets standing before his table all supper. They gave a great light, and the hall was ever full of knights and squires, and many other tables were dressed to sup who would. There was none should speak to him at his table but if he were called. His meat was lightly, wild fowl, the legs and wings only, and in the day he did eat and drink but little. He had great pleasure in harmony of instruments; he could do it right well himself: he would have songs sung before him.—He would gladly see conceits and fantasies at his table, and when he had seen it, then he would send it to the other tables bravely; all this I considered and advised. And ere I came to his court I had been in many courts of kings, dukes, princes, counts, and great ladies, but I was never in none that so well liked me. Nor there was none more rejoiced in deeds of arms than the count did; there was seen in his hall, chamber, and court, knights and squires of honor going up and down, and talking of arms and of armours: all honor there was found, all manner of tidings of every realm and country there might be heard, for out of every country there was resort, for the valiantness of this count.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Rain.

BY LEAH LEE.

Blessed be God for rain,  
Upon the parched ground;  
The husbandman may sow in vain  
Without its cheering sound.

How grateful is the rain,  
Unto the withering grass,  
How it looks up and smiles again,  
When gentle showers pass.

How musical the rain  
Patters upon the roof,  
And scampers o'er the dusty plain,  
With nimble, fairy hoof.

How cheerily the rain  
Comes from the murky clouds,  
As if to wash away the stain,  
That sunlight now enshrouds.

How beautiful the rain,  
When struggling sun-rays come,  
Like seeds of faith, though sown in pain,  
That yet shall rise and bloom.

What fragrance sheds the rain,  
On forest, field and flowers;  
What glorious incense we obtain  
From sweet distilling showers.

Then praised be God for rain,  
Such pure delight that brings,  
Since every drop that falls, again,  
In some new pleasure, springs.

[Written for the Spiritual Eclectic.]

Do Angels Weep?

BY MRS. L. F. B. KING.

O tell me not there is no weeping  
Among the myriads above,  
It does not seem in perfect keeping  
With their soul-sympathy and love.  
Sweet pity's tears for human woe  
From Angel's eyes most surely flow.

O tell me not they lose all feeling  
Which melts in sympathy's bright tear,  
But tell me that they often kneeling,  
Weep over erring mortals here.  
Upon our souls each drop would shine  
Reflecting light of love divine.

O tell me not my mother weeping  
Doth not embrace again her child,  
For in her soul-depths still is beating,  
Her love and pity, tender, mild.  
She would not seem like mother dear,  
Were she to shed no mother's tear.

Is our Father, Infinite, Divine,  
By our infirmities and grief  
Ne'er touched in feelings? O thought sublime  
He pitying sends relief—  
And Jesus wept for mortals here,  
In love divine, true pity's tear.

When love divine, the soul-depths filling  
Its language gives to mortals here,  
It often comes in the distilling  
Of sympathy's consoling tear.  
Pity proves unity by love—  
Do angels not then, weep above?

BAD.—About the most splendid poem in all literature, "The Book of Job," is shortly to be published in English verse, by the Earl of Winchelsea, author of the "Deluge." So it seems that the worst of Job's afflictions is yet to come—to be suffered in the spirit instead of the flesh. "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook," Earl of Winchelsea?

We offer the following from the Eastern Times without comment.

SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED, in the light of Divine Revelation, &c., by Mary D. Wellcome, of Richmond, Me. We have received from the authoress a copy of this neatly got up pamphlet. It is emphatically a tract for the times, and we commend it to all who have got their heads muddled with this modern decoction of loose theology, easy virtue, hood-winked reason and corpulent credulity. It is for sale at Cobb's—price 12 cents.

We wrote the above out of courtesy to a lady, guided by the title rather than by a knowledge of the book. We have since read it, and if we should not qualify the above expression we should do injustice to our own convictions and mislead our readers. We must say, frankly, that while we have not one particle of sympathy for, or faith in, modern spiritualism, we think it will never be checked in its career by such arguments as abound in the pamphlet in question. No one should appeal to scripture testimony who does not know the difference between parables and literal history—between figures of rhetoric and facts. We must say that the God and the theology of Spiritualism are infinitely preferable to such a God and such a theology as Mrs. or Miss Wellcome pretends to find in the Bible. She has got a hard task to convince the world that the God of the universe is a being of wrathful passions; and if she thinks the secret of "spiritual manifestations," so called, is to be unlocked by a Devil's key—by admitting the intervention of immaterial devils—she greatly misjudges the intelligence of the day. If we have got to admit the truth of Spiritualism, and the existence of spirits and spirit agency, in the name of humanity let it be a merciful spiritualism and the agency of good spirits, and not an infernal spiritualism in which devils and incarnate fiends alone are the conspicuous actors.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.—During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public service at Washington. His name was G., he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on whose account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interferences were distasteful. Among other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the General Post Office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter of Major H., a high officer, in answer to an application made by an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania for the establishment of a new post office. The writer of the letter often used classical language, and in this letter he said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into Mr. G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered his letter? "Why," replied G., "because I don't think the man would understand what you mean by 'proximity.'—"Well," said Major H., "try him; put in the 'proximity,' again." In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said:—"That father had fought for liberty in the first, and he himself in the second war of independence, and he would like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong, against him!" "There," said G., "didn't I say so? G. carried his improvements so far that Mr. Barry, the post-master general, said to him, "I do not want you here any longer,—you know too much." Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the general, again got him another place. This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy writing, when a stranger calling in; asked him where the Patent Office was. "I don't know," said G. "Can't you tell me where the Treasury Department is?" said the stranger. "No," said G. "Nor the President's house?" "No." The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was? "No," replied G. "Do you live in Washington, sir?" said the stranger. "Yes, sir," said G. "Good Lord! and don't know where the Patent Office, Treasury Department, President's house, and Capitol are?" "I don't mean to offend in that way, again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I do know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head." "Good morning," said the stranger.

AN APT ILLUSTRATION.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Koran against paintings and images, the Sultan, Mahomed the Second, had a fancy for the arts, and ordered Gentil Bellini, a Venetian artist, to paint a picture of the beheading of John the Baptist. When the work was finished, the Sultan found fault with the representation of the wounded part; and to prove that his criticism was correct, he drew his scimeter and struck off the head of one of his slaves. Bellini, on leaving his presence, thinking he had caught an "ugly customer," set sail for Venice the same evening.



