



# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 81.

### The Principles of Nature.

#### CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME.

SO. III.

Man's inner nature, instead of being vicious and depraved, is plenary with every human excellence, beauty, and use. The elements of all individual and society harmony is in him. He bears in his nature all the laws necessary to govern and control and beautify him in every period of his history. He is the focal concentration of all beauty and harmony, or, as Swedenborg says, the "center of influxes of the celestial, spiritual, and natural universes," which means, that he is a center of all truth, excellence, beauty, and use—the microcosmic universe. The free and spontaneous outer growth of these inherent beauties and uses produces the man of destiny, while their suppression, restraint, or perversion produces the man of crime, of sin, and shame—the man of misery, wretchedness, want, and woe. The continual spontaneous outer growth of these inner potencies is what we call development, or progress, while the suppression or perversion of it is the birth of deformity and vice. Every faculty, instinct, passion, and appetite of man is Divine, and he has a warrant direct from the Sovereign of the universe—a warrant that no human law can supersede or annul—for the legitimate growth and exercise of them. No human law, creed, or institution whatever can invalidate his claim to this growth and exercise, nor rise in sanctity above them. A true and harmonic human life, individually and socially, is the highest revelation of God's will on earth. Its chapters and verses are each and all Divine, and have a sanctifying and saving efficacy evermore. The descent of the New Jerusalem to the earth is only through the human soul—through the spontaneous outer growth of the inherent harmonies of its nature. Each soul has a potential Heaven within it, but waiting for peace and sunshine on earth to reveal itself outwardly. The life of Christ is in every human being, but when it would bless the world with its outward radiance, it is beset with Judaism, threatened with calumnies and inquisitions, and forthwith and continually maltreated, despised, and crucified! There must come a time, however, when all this persecution of the Christ will cease—a time when His gospel, not the written record of his earthly history, but his vital gospel in each man's heart, will be outwardly lived in every latitude of life. Such a time is the world's promise, its hope, its prophecy, and its instinct.

It has been shown in former numbers that this Christ-life is the heart of each man is misdirected, distorted, and suppressed in its external growth or development by social, civil, and ecclesiastical aggressions, persecutions, and restraints. That by inharmonic conditions and relations the Christ is everywhere crucified, and man everywhere maligned, and educated, and compelled to crime. That he is vicious and depraved by constraint. That he has no native impulse or *conatus* to evil, but on the contrary, that all his innate tendencies are to good, and that they are overruled and turned to evil by social and religious tyrannies and assumptions. Those papers furthermore prove, that all this trouble and ill arises, directly or indirectly, immediately or remotely, from the aggressions upon individual right—from the practical denial of *liberty*, in its largest sense, to the individual, limited only by the law of justice, without which there is no liberty. That individuality is an institute of nature, and that the full and spontaneous expression of this individuality of character of each man, without injury to himself or others, or at his own cost, and saving to them their individuality, is what is meant by "The Right to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness," "The Right of Private Judgment," "Liberty of Conscience," etc. That, formalized thus, viz., "The sovereignty of the individual exercised at his own cost," it is all the constitution, code, or statute book that a life of equity and harmony requires—at once the all of Protestantism and democracy—the law of liberty, justice, equity, and harmony in every relation of life, and in every sphere of existence, and the prophylactic and antisepic of vice and crime. That injury or hurt to others is the very essence of crime, and that, accordingly, under the above formula of sovereignty "at his own cost," no man can sin or commit a crime, i.e., hurt or injure others, for the obvious reason that he can do no "at his own cost." That his entire liberty, with this only limitation, is the condition of the true and full development of his manhood, his beauty, and glory, and harmony! That the true society is not an arbitrary external organization of constraints and restraints for the purpose of enforcing order, harmony, and justice among men, but is the spontaneous and concordant result of the full and free expression of all the varieties of individual character, just as the harmony of the octave is the inevitable result of the full expression of each elementary note. Those papers set forth, pretty much in *extremis*, the manner in which the spirit of man is dwarfed and deformed by social, civil, and ecclesiastical aggressions and restraints, and yet that part of the subject is by no means exhausted, but we will say no more on it now. The malady

has already been sufficiently diagnosed, the *cause* detected, and the *cure*, which is but the removal of the cause, pointed out. It can be all put in a "prescription," or "albetherized," thus, viz.: "Cause of crime—Slavery. Cure of crime—Liberty." The subject, though general and comprehensive, yet ramifies in all the details of human life, and when once clearly stated it requires no great effort of the mind to follow it out. There is one branch of it, however, that has not been sufficiently adverted to in the former numbers, viz.: the suppression and misdirection of our native instincts of a future life, and of God, by false and aggressive systems of religion and theology. Let us direct our eye for a while to this region of the inquiry.

Every individual of sane mind ought to be left free to form his own opinions, to the best of his ability, on all religious and theological, as well as all other subjects. No one is responsible, or can take the consequences of his belief, but himself. The formation of his own opinions, or pursuits of his own instincts and impressions, on those subjects, belong to his individuality and sovereignty—is an attribute of his manhood, and for development requires exercise and freedom. Private judgment on these, as on all other subjects, is an inalienable right, and can not be surrendered. To grow to a mature intellectual and spiritual development, and strength, and beauty, it is just as necessary that his mind should be free—that its growth should not be misdirected or suppressed by creeds and catechisms, as it is that his body should be free in order to its full and perfect growth. All his intellectual, moral, and spiritual powers—his reason, sentiment of truth, religious aspirations and devotional instincts, as an indispensable condition of their integral growth, require complete enfranchisement from all coercive restraining and domineering influences. To dwarf or deform their normal growth by the authority of creeds, the insinuation of prejudices, or the force of education, is a cruel and despotic aggression upon individual right. If there be two faculties of the human soul more calculated than others to make a man happy, those two are his native instincts of immortality and deity—those instincts that point to and assure him of a life beyond the sepulcher, and the being and love and worship of God. The strength and importance of those two faculties of the human spirit are testifiable by the history of their misdirections and perversions—the religious and theological histories of all past ages. The world is covered, and has immemorially been, by the monuments of unnatural and inhuman religions and diabolical theologies—the abominations and inversions of these instincts of the human soul originating in the aggressions upon and slavery of those instincts!

Now man has an instinct of his immortality—of his life beyond the tomb. All natural and unsophisticated tribes and nations disclose it. Let the human spirit preserve its simple and early integrity, or let it grow to its full dimensions without distortion or mutilation, and its belief in its own immortality is a necessary consequence of its organization. In all simple, good persons, whose minds have not been preoccupied by artificial systems, instilled by education, or imposed by authority, and have not been deluded by the subtleties and sophisms of philosophy, immortality is the natural and spontaneous belief of their souls. They come to this belief by no feverish cogitations, absurd logical deductions, nor profound scientific analysis; nor do they come to it by any outside parchement revelations, or mythological traditions, or miracles, signs, or wonders, but it is wrought into their substance by the Author of their existence, authenticated by Heaven, and perpetually imminent in their hearts. It is revealed to them in their own existence, and no theory, creed, or philosophy can expunge it from their natures. This we might have confidently looked for in the all otherwise faultless workmanship of God, for what sane man would suppose that He would so constitute His creature man as to leave him for seventy years in ignorance of this momentous fact of his destiny? Like all other powers and faculties of the soul, which testify their objects—like the ear, which testifies sound—like the eye, which testifies light—like the social faculties, which testify our social natures—like reverence and devotion, which point to God and testify his love and worship—the instinct of immortality unequivocally testifies the *fact* of immortality. But that humanity has such an instinctive belief in a future life needs no argument from my pen. The history of the world proves it—the nations believe it. A more doubtful query is, what kind of immortality do the people naturally believe in? The inquiry is doubtful, because the natural and instinctive belief of man in this regard has been so misdirected and suppressed by the assumptions and despotsisms of creeds and opinions as to distort and turn it into all absurd and fantastic theories. Its integral growth and development in a free state, and under harmonic conditions and relations, is debasing and overruled by crude and wild fancies, imposed by authority, inculcated by education, and enforced by example. But let us try and get back to the inherent faith of the race to what their future will be.

The natural and spontaneous belief of man touching his transsepulchral life is, that he will there exist specifically

and substantially the same man he was here; that he will be in the human form, retain his individuality, character, memory, etc.; that he will have the same faculties, loves, passions, and appetites he has here, and enjoy them; that he will have all his *senses*, organs, members, limbs, etc.; that he will then meet all his kindred, friends, and acquaintances, and love them, and associate with them, etc., that the theater of his existence there will be much like it is here, only more exalted and beautiful; and that it is not millions of leagues away beyond the distant stars, in the depths of space, but near him on the earth; that the inhabitants of that world even now are near to him, associate with him, watch over him, and love him, and guard him from danger, etc. He believes that the Spirit of man is the *whole man*—the man himself, and not a fog, or vapor, or breath, that floats in a cold and obscure existence, undefined and solitary. This is the faith inscribed upon his nature; and the human heart everywhere throbs with a genial pulse when it is pronounced, and is ever ready to avert and live it when free from usurpation and tyranny. The naturalness of this belief—its intuitive truth—is the true cause of its unparalleled speed among the disenchanted minds of our times. It effectively answers a *demand* of our nature, which must be met at the peril of our peace and quiet. No other creed will satisfy the race. They will be righteous and happy in no other doctrine. The preservation of this natural and spontaneous faith unperverted is indispensable to the full spiritual development, and tranquility, and harmonization of the individual. The most momentous concern of a man—that which cost him more anguish than any other desiderata—is his future beyond the grave. When this is made doubtful by philosophies, contradicted by science, or periled by the cruel and inhuman conditions and sacrifices of creeds, he can no longer be happy and harmonious, cheerful, blithe, and gay, and come, while yet on earth, to mature development and true manhood; but will become morose and misanthropic, malevolent and selfish, reckless and despairing. No man can be happy, fellowship in harmony with his kind, love, mercy, do justly, walk uprightly, and feel his dignity and glory as a man, be at peace with himself and all the world, while his grandest interests are contingent, doubtful, or hazarded by unnatural and erroneous systems of faith. Assure him, by any means—by pretended revelations from Heaven—by authority and education—by reason, science, or philosophy—that his continued existence in a better state beyond the grave is a mistake, a hazard, or a hardly attainable thing, and you suppress and deny an express *want* of his nature (which, by the way, proves the provision that is made for it), dwarf his spiritual growth, and lead him to place all the good of life in sense, sensuality, power, wealth, influence, etc., originating and stimulating all the evil passions and cupides.

Now man can not grow to his full spiritual dimensions while these unnatural doctrines enslave his mind. They thwart his normal development, misdirect his natural and spontaneous faith in his immortality and the nearness, etc., of the Spirit-world; his association, etc., with Spirits; their guardianship, and his continued existence in a world similar to this one, only brighter and better; the same man he was before, etc.

It was my intention, when I commenced this article, to show,

also, how the popular theologies of the times contradict our intuitions of Deity, and our spontaneous love and worship of God. But to do so now would run this communication out to too great a length. It is accordingly postponed to a future number.

October 20, 1853.

#### MOSAIC ACCOUNT OF CREATION.

ESTERRED FRIEND, S. H. BRITTON:

Will thou permit me to say a few words on some matters embraced in the article of thy correspondent, J. R. Orion, in the *TELEGRAPH* of the 22d inst., which has just come to hand? He says: "It is a subject of regret that the influences of Spiritualism should be so much directed to the undermining of Christianity, and that in the present stage of these interesting investigations, such a disposition should be manifested to establish a sect in opposition to the Bible." Now, to my apprehension—and I have been a somewhat interested observer and reader—the general tendency of Spiritualism (meaning by the term the communications purporting to come from the Spirit-world, those of A. J. Davis included) is to establish genuine Christianity; not the speculative absurdities which too commonly pass for it, but that religion, the essence of which is love to God and man. In other words, they object to establish in the human family, the world over, the perception and practice of God's truth, and thus bring mankind into harmonious relation with the universal Parent, and with each other. So far, then, as the Bible is a part of that truth, there can, of course, be no opposition to it; and, if, on examination, we find to contain error as well as truth, surely no lover of truth and goodness can object to the exposure of those errors. To be otherwise minded would be to desire that mankind should accept error for truth, and by its practice bring upon themselves all the evils which are the inevitable concomitants. And the establishment of a sect of any kind is one of the last charges, I think, that can, with any color of justice, be brought against the class of writings to which thy correspondent objects. The condemnation of sectarianism is one of their most marked and uniform features. On the contrary, this can not be said of the "Auburn Disclosures," and writings of similar type, in their leaning to the popular so-called orthodox doctrines, of which thy correspondent expresses his approval. But of this presently.

A word now touching the account of the creation, in the book of Genesis. Let that account be read without prejudice or passion, and nothing can be clearer, it seems to me, than that the writer or writer believed that the earth on which they found themselves was the great center of creation, and that the sun, moon, and stars were but so many incidents and tributaries formed for its convenience and use, and of small comparative magnitude. The true character of our solar system was yet undreamed of—much less had a conception obtained of the existence of countless other systems, still more immense, of which, except a few solar planets, the stars twinkled in the blue concave were so many suns and centers. Starting with this idea of the earth's relative magnitude and importance, it was very natural to assign to its production *priority in order of time*, and not aware that the earth was mainly dependent on the sun for its light, and that day and night were the result of the earth's changing position to the sun in its rotation on its axis, and not aware, either, that without the light and heat derived from the sun's action, vegetation could not exist, they did not perceive the incongruity of making day and night alternately to occur for three successive days before, in their theory of creation, the sun had been formed, and the earth, meantime, teeming with vegetation, from grass to tree, leaf, and bud, and blossom, and fruit, flourishing in luxuriance!

Again: The philosophy of rain was not understood. Observation and experiment had not demonstrated that the clouds floating in the earth's atmosphere were supplied with water by evaporation from the earth, and those "gatherings together" which they tell us God "called seas," and as occasion required, in the wise and beneficent provisions of the great Disposer, poured forth their contents to refresh and invigorate the earth and its denizens. Hence, to account for the rain descending from above, they supposed that similar collections of water, or "seas," existed at a distance overhead, resting on an expanded structure or firmament. The language of the text is: "And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of (between) the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters." And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament." And again: Carrying out the idea of the earth's comparative magnitude, as engrossing in its production and the production of what pertained to it, at least five sixths of the labor of forming the universe—on the fourth day, when the sun and moon were created—the next two apparently greatest of visible objects—it is added: "He made the stars also." All this the work of one day, and the stars' trifling part of that work, deserving merely an incidental notice! And why should they—those little lights that faintly sparkled in the cerulean arch—why should they have a more conspicuous position in the history of the formation of this mighty world of ours, creation's center! They were but the earth's tinsel garniture—the drapery thrown around it.

Now all this was perfectly natural. No blame should attach to the writer or writers. Had we been in their place, with the then immaturity of science, it is not likely we should have done any better, or that our conclusions would have been more in accordance with fact. It was but "the twilight of existence," as I remember one of the ancients, in a communication that I deem highly reliable, said. The folly is, in the present era of advanced discovery and knowledge, in claiming for writings penned in those remote ages of comparative unprogression, and bearing indubitable evidence of imitation and error, not merely in regard to the facts of external nature—which were of less moment, but more abundantly defective in morals and religion—the folly is in claiming for such writings the character of infallible inspiration, and taxing human ingenuity to retain for them this character.

They correspondent, though more liberal in his views than most of the advocates of the prevailing theology, seems to have fallen into this mistake. To save the account of the creation in Genesis from the inconsistencies referred to by A. J. Davis, he assumes that that account was not intended as a description of the formation of the universe, but "relates almost exclusively to this earth." Now, though the earth is indeed the main subject of the history, because, in the estimation of the writers, the main thing, nothing can be clearer than that it was intended to embrace the whole of creation. It begins by saying, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth," and after describing the work of the six days, concludes, "Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them." And again: "There are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created." He also assumes that the daya mentioned were not intended as six literal days, produced by the earth's revolution, but as six great periods of time. But such an hypothesis is opposed to the most natural import of language, and incompatible with the context. The account says specifically, "The evening and the morning were the first day," etc. Or, as it is in the Hebrew, "And there was evening and there was morning one day." And there was evening and there was morning two days," and so on throughout the six. Now I would like to know how *morning* and *evening* came into being without the earth's revolution relative to the sun, or can with propriety be predicated of any other state of things. That six natural days were intended is, notwithstanding our friend Orion's exegesis, plain as human language could make it, by the institution of the Jewish Sabbath being based on the alleged fact of God's rest.





## Interesting Miscellany.

## A VISION OF THE SEPARATED SPIRIT.

The following is as I recorded it in a hasty sketch, either than as a real spiritual experience. The idea that the spirit can be thus complete, or that he is comparatively incapable of exercising all his powers when separated from the body, is contradicted by ten thousand facts of Spiritual Manifestations, in which all the faculties of the human mind are freely exhibited. Moreover, the views it indicates respecting the resurrection are material rather than spiritual, and will not fail to interest that reader! —E.O.

"We have no more change,"—*Christian Church.*  
"All are one life."—*St. Paul.*

The struggle was at last ended, the sufferings that had so long known us failed—dying human aid—rescued their limbs and termination. The motions ceased that day after day had consumed the energies of my frame, ceased suddenly to be felt; and, as in a moment, the gloom wherewith the soul was cloaked by the mortal language of disease was swept away. The spirit clung with faded and feeble hold to its fast-falling support till the extremity of utter weakness dissolved the bond. The conflict was over—the sleep of death.

But consciousness survived. Nay, I experienced, in the act of dissolution, nothing of the shock and interruption of life I had always been taught to anticipate. It was a change, indeed, but a natural, regular, and progressive stage in the economy of existence. The grasp of death which I had awaited with terror, was gentle and friendly as that of a brother.

Not only did I still know that I existed, but for a brief space I retained a vivid perception of what, at the moment I expired, had been present to my senses. The continued and dimly lighted room, the melancholy physiognomy of a deathbed, the wearied looks of attendants, the sorrow of friends, and, last, longest—no form of one who knew beside me, closing my dying hand in hers, and fixing her eyes—now, with their expression so wild, so impulsive, as if of awe and foreboding—now before me. I can not tell a lie in those short moments; but only that they were not at once extinguished. I knew that my eyes had closed forever on the things of earth. I saw, too, the awed expression of the last solemn hours had departed; that silence and darkness were repaid the cold clay; that the voice of mourning was hushed; that the grave was opened to receive my new tenant; that dust returned to dust! All this I knew, not by the series of successive impressions which had formerly been the means of inspiring knowledge. I was no more the subject of what is called sensation. Nor was it by a mental process of inference from what had been formerly within my cognizance; for the powers of reasoning were no longer in activity. It was as the true or shadow of what I had known; an evanescent possession, remembered but as a dream and passing away. I could hardly determine to which state it belonged, except by the certainty that the result or effect of former sensations was not shared by now, excepting like ripples in the still wave, from incapacity to shade or expand. In this manner I knew that my body rested in the grave; that I was removed from all that I loved; that I was no more the son of man; that the much love I had given, or had I manifested for ages past the pale dead? I could not tell whereof; but the sense of time only the import and shadowy recollection of my mortal progress while I lived in earth, had vanished. No far-flying idea to mark moments as they flew, had no longer the power even to apprehend the instant.

I had indisputably entered upon a new state of being. That I existed, it was impossible to doubt; but in what part of God's infinite universe did I exist? Was I on earth, or in Hades, or in heaven? How far had I journeyed in passing from one world so another? The thought at first possessed me with such fear, and threw me into a struggle to solve the mystery; but this was only for instant. The suspense was gone. The idea of ignis fatuus, like that of living in flaming darkness, both being equally vague, remained on the boundless sphere. I had quitted forever. I had passed the portal of eternity, and was no more. The omnipotent hand of the God, like thought its offspring, was no longer under the control of space. The prison walls had fallen; the chain was broken; the mortal had put on mortality.

It was at once that the spirit, clogged with affections of earth, received this strange knowledge. It came like the first glint of dawn, repining gradually to the full flood of noonday light. In the loss or absence of many faculties which had pertained to a previous existence, there was, as is, a bursting forth to new liberty—an expansion into a higher state—a birth into heaven. Yet a real life, which even the enlarged apprehensions of the soul could not fill. I had a sense of perplexion. I was conscious of something wanting for the equilibrium of being. The consciousness of the soul, and then I felt that it was not in me, nor in any other, but in the God, who had created me. I was no longer a creature of purpose and perfunctory; but a soul which had sought a home, and found a gleam of hope?

In losing the physical part of my nature, I had become diminished from all the powers dependent, either directly or indirectly, on bodily organization. Not only had modesty failed; but purity also was a sacrifice, ungracious to me no longer made than the ungracious to me no longer made the forms of things unknown."

No mere reason enough in itself to alarm the mortal.

Such an interval of time—such a long period of time—had gradually been the separation of the new family which especially marked the state of release from corporeality.

This power, native to the soul, was exercised in the interval between the period of its abode in the mortal body and the instant of its arrival at the stroke of death, and specially destined of the God to subdue the mortal spirit of perfusion.

How can language express it? How can human understanding at tan to it? Higher than heaven—higher than hell—than an atom!

At once, and in an instant, the soul is plucked, as it were, an ocean of love, surrounded, stricken, permeated, possessed; no form no shape, and no form; a disembodied, immortal spirit a purest the atmosphere.

What must our most minute apprehension of mortal misery—the continual pain, loss, trouble, and vexation which beset the mortal—be in comparison with the happiness of the soul, when it has shaken off the shackles of earth?

What the soul experiences in the interval between the instant of its release from the body, and the instant of its entrance into the presence of the God, who gave it life?

The soul beheld itself passing through a gloom, dark, but free to fare I know, even as slow as it was bright. Yet in the undivided communion, faint nature was not overwhelmed, annihilated, lost, nor dead. And saw not all, if it be not blasphemous to speak here of limitation. With the apprehension of the present and approaching moment, the boundless activity of the moral sensibilities, my apprehension of the stern and omnipotence of the Supreme, seemed solid, or held in abeyance.

The fear of the knowledge of these was not yet. It was not yet permitted me to catch the orb of the prizes of creation. But lo! perchance that ten thousand thousand suns shone on the opened eyes of the soul the moment of the Lord! It was that to which I was sentinel alone and wholly. It was that which enveloped me as in a world enshrouding—like a flame I saw the Lord, which is the essential being of God—shining—ever shining—in the womb of eternity and filling heaven and earth. I was immersed in its effulgence. And I knew that as ages rolled on ages past, witness the rise and fall of material systems, the employment to which divine mercy and wisdom had equipped earth withered and died, yet the God, who would still be the same—the ineffable contemplation of the moral nature of Deity!

I knew also that a great multitude, whom no man could number, those called dead among the living on earth stood, like one, before the throne. They, as well as I—

But by how dead appreched to be?

They also, separate from all things else, were unfilled and enthralled in the light beamed from the Divine countenance. They loved God.

The gloom of primeval silence—a silence that was the deepest, the most overwhelming, incomprehensible blindness—they were ranged according to the rank of affinity around the exulting Urim, toward which they were forever tending. And over all, in adoration and eternal

immensity, blazed the wings of Justice, Love, while the "gloves of the Angel" glistened on the tips of a thousand hands raised, ready to be the heralds of the judgment.

And I knew that in the progression which went on, those who were afflicted by the trials of life, those who were afflicted by the trials of the soul—the sins committed were to be purged into purity, and the explained on earth who were afflicted by faith to the Trust of spirits were to grow more and more into sympathy with Him. All the penitent should be consoled. Then, when all taint of impurity should be removed, and the relation complete—when the moral effects and emotions of the soul had found and clasped forever their hold of life, the soul should be regenerated. The soul then became a child of God, and the salvation of the soul taken up by the hand of angelic purity, and the gates of heaven were to be opened to it.

Then should it be transformed—then shall man be made to all things. Then should the soul of man, invested with a mortal body, be accomplished with a divine form; then should the soul of man, having the head of each of the four animals should stand advanced in the space that seven years before those three progressive gates of the paradise being an ethereal life, the soul of man should be transformed into the full fruition of happiness, immortality as its restored pristine existence for action, enjoyment, and advancement can then be instantaneously to its endless progress in the knowledge—which is the Secret of God.

Written in 1846.

## E. H. CHAPIN AND HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We extract the following notice of these two celebrated pulpit orators from "*Theological Review*." The extracts are taken from a letter written in New York, by Rev. Mr. Drew, the editor.

A. J. Chapman, though it has given me no opportunity to see the very able and forcible two preachers group by far the best, I much prefer the Rev. Mr. Beecher. The President's speech is a living lesson for untrained workmen and laborers. The former I enjoyed on Sunday, Oct. 23, and the latter Saturday, Oct. 24. I found Beecher Chapin the same great man at home.

His sermons were masterly efforts, every way equal to the best literary efforts I have heard made before cologne and breeches. The humor was thorough, both morning and evening, and he kept every member of his audience audience as charmed by the power of his eloquence, as have heard a pop drop in the remotest part of the audience. I liked Henry Greeley, who belongs to this Society, on passing out of the house, of Brother Chapin always preached as well as that at home.

Yes, always, and sometimes even more. Last Sabbath evening he delivered decidedly the ablest sermon I ever heard any man sing. Brother C. occupies the highest position of those whom all have departed; that silence and darkness were repaid the cold clay; that the voice of mourning was hushed; that the grave was opened to receive my new tenant; that dust returned to dust! All this I knew, not by the series of successive impressions which had formerly been the means of inspiring knowledge. I was no more the subject of what is called sensation. Nor was it by a mental process of inference from what had been formerly within my cognizance; for the powers of reasoning were no longer in activity. It was as the true or shadow of what I had known; an evanescent possession, remembered but as a dream and passing away.

He is a Christian, which is the highest style of man. He lived wholly in the love of the cross, and beheld in the sacrifice of Jesus the gladness of the world's redemption and salvation. His labors can but result in good. No man can hear him preach and go away a worse man.

Yesterday evening I went over to Brooklyn to hear H. W. Beecher. He never sang before. He looks like a small, enterprising merchant, about twenty eight years old, who felt perfectly independent, and meant just what he pleased in the moment, not in the future. There is no time to say, as in a working carpenter.

We placed our eyes upon him, and could not see the effect of his preaching the baptism and the Lord's Supper. Had he no soul? Had he no heart? I could not tell what a weight of care and effort he brought with it.

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