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The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

THE BEAUTY OF THE SPIRIT-HEAVEN.

BY MISS C. BEEBE.

We are all lovers of beauty, according to the several powers we possess of appropriating that delicate emanation, from the forming Spirit of all. The plough-boy, whistling as he follows, all day long, the dull motions of the laboring ox, has in his mind some fairer image than his eye beholds, or some select form of the narrow circle of his vision, in which his thought finds a continual joy, or toward which his eye recurs with a renewed delight. The youth who limbs the laborious steeps of knowledge, or walks the lowly paths of ordinary toil, has yet an eye for finer vision than appears,—some grace not obvious to all shines in the dull drilled lessons,—some beautiful creature of the fancy, or perhaps it may be of the memory, floats in his day-dreams, and hovers still more palpably in the hushed slumbers of the night. The rude, frank-hearted sailor, fighting his defiant way against the storms of heaven, and the wild wrath of waters, keeps in his heart an image, fair to him, and so full of controlling beauty, that his eye sees her, calm and unrippled as the sleeping Halcyon between the groaning planks and the roaring deep. She flutters through his brain, an image of delight, in the calm hours of the solitary watch, and when his eye gloats on the beauty of his favorite ship, its every curve and undulation, through all, its perfect model is rounded to some graceful semblance to his lady-love.

This universal passion is perhaps the deepest in our natures. It [illegible] the strongest element in moulding rude, half-fashioned souls to symmetry of the cultivated spirit. It underlies the strong passion of love, by a subtle law which *all* obey, while yet they cannot understand; it is the first gleam of light in the night of brute ages, where the dark-minded savage, in his instinctive need to please, puts on some shining bauble, and feels less a savage the contemplation of its glitter. There gleams upon him, could he but understand it, a true flash from the tremendous pole of all future attainments. That sparkle of clear crystal is predictive beam from the morning star of his immortal day. From that moment his course is onward, upward, through the slow ascending grades of an everlasting progress, taking in the whole broad range of civilization and the arts, of mental culture and the soul's tuition.

The earnest desire for something far, better than his lot, something with an ideal or extrinsic value, is shown in the savage in this taste for the glittering and gaudy. Jewels are his stepping-stones to Heaven. So, too, are all our progress, the highest conceptions of the future heaven have been expressed, and are still symbolized by the same jewels which the rude barbarian loved. The intimate cord is not broken; the hand of the swarthy savage is clearly visible reaching up from the rudeness of his undeveloped life to grasp the splendors of his future patrimony. The vitality of the symbols may be justly attributed, in a good degree, to the intrinsic beauty of the objects and their permanent, indestructible nature. Time will not tarnish them; their undecaying lustre shines on after many generations, as it shone on the first possessor. The diamonds of Haroun Al Raschid glitter on Victoria's diadem. The blood-red garnets of the Indian Krishna,—the swart, voluptuous Venus of the East,—burn on the bosom of the fair and pure young vestals in the chapels of the Cross. It is fitting that a visible immutability of beauty should be the symbols of the unseen, eternal glory.

But another cause shares the honor with this in giving endurance to the heavenly significance of gems. The first prophets were Orientals, Sons of the Sun, and dwellers on a soil rich with the ripe crystalizations of its many-colored light. They were, too, the simple first men,—full of the growing sense of a nascent progress,—full of the child-like, barbaric taste for jewels, the brilliant and the dazzling. Our Bibles are the outpourings of the child-heart of the world, thrilling with the first insight of the immeasurable destiny of the soul, and the inexpressible glories which were in store for it. In the deep enthusiasm of that inflow of divine life, they called up all the glories of the visible world, their dazzling gems and symbols of royalty, to give some adequate expression to their visions of the invisible and future. First impulses are strongest; first enthusiasm is most unbounded, and deals in glowing hyperboles. Hence the gorgeousness and dignity of the elder prophecies of the spiritual have scarcely been transcended by the brightest conceptions of the advanced teachers in later years,—by none, perhaps, till the dawning of this new spiritual age, so little appreciated and so much discussed.

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The deep significance of beauty, and the supreme beauty of the world to come,—which verily *has* come to thousands yet in the flesh,—have not been without their witnesses long before our era; and even among us are they recognized by men who count the new revelation a phantasy. You have heard from a multitude of pulpits the glowing picture of the heaven, that in some form all hearts aspire unto; and all that the most gorgeous imagery could do to paint, and glorify and exalt that picture has been done in reiterated poetry and eloquence, till the image is crowded with dazzling jewels that blind the gazer, and stiffen the form it would illustrate, like some barbarian princess cumbered with blazing gems that mar her natural grace and beauty.

We have seen gifted teachers revel in the eastern splendors of that glorious city of God, the New Jerusalem, whose vast transparent cube shone from the heavens on the rapt eyes of John in his Apocalypse. Glance for a moment at that glorious picture, full of barbaric wealth,—the dazzling splendor of the orient, mixed with the high, wild fancies of a mystic enthusiast. There glow the twelve foundations of its jasper walls, the first like the vast wall itself, a solid jasper, mingling its lucid green with the green earth it settled on, and guarding the redeemed with its strong counter charms from the most subtle wiles of the tempter, the fatal sorceries of the enemy. There the clear sapphire sheds its purpling azure, dropt with gold. There glows the scintillant chalcedony, crowned with green emeralds' flashing light, like that which shoots to the pale chambers of the ocean. The sardonyx gleams half incarnadine, like fire through pearl and black onyx; the deep-tinted sardius sparkles with luminous darkness like a midnight sky, or the unfathomable eyes of houries to the heroes of Islam. The golden chrysolyte,—transparent gold indeed, mighty to conquer the keen pangs of thirst,—blazes like a new sun around the holy place, where souls shall thirst no more. Above it shimmers the faint beryl's sea-green lucidness, deepening upward to the topaz hues, and growing yet more golden in the mingled gold and green of the clear chrysoprasus. And crowning these, the jacinth flashes with pale violet beams, that make earth's lightning-flash a harmless meteor-play, and guards the jeweled wearer against pestilence, and lures to quiet slumber,—fit jewel for the walls of that bright city, where no more are suffering and death, and where he who rules and watches "giveth his beloved sleep." One living amethyst crowns all with its deep violet, fabled on earth to guard against inebriation,—safeguard in heaven against the wine-cup of the wrath of God. The redeemed, of the Lord walk in white garments through the golden streets; golden harps are in their hands, palms of victory wave on the vibrating air with the wide pulses of their loud hosannahs, golden crowns are on their heads, and a perpetual song is on their tongues, "Glory to God and to the Lamb forever."

Such images have survived the very creeds that they glorified, the very gods they were made to glorify; and, yet with *all* their splendor, I dare think they *may* be *transcended*; that a more lovely heaven, a more true, more beautiful spirit-realm has been revealed to us of the new dispensation.

I think the white arms of one loving angel—one, wingless and warm with human sweetness—twined round a lowlier brother or sister soul, leading it up to more pure delight and therefore to more purity, is a far richer picture, transcending the pearl-gated, gem-walled heavens, as far as human *love* surpasses human *wealth* in true worth. All that mechanic glory dazzles and confounds us. But this ethereal tenderness attracts and warms us. Our heaven, which the ignorant or perverse characterize as earthly and gross, unworthy the name of heaven, is far more spiritual, airy, fragrant, natural and sweet.

Its grace and warmth, its fluid fineness, freedom and delight, are like a home,—lovely for its home-nature,—making this stiff, rectangular, metallic heaven seem so mechanical and artificial that all its splendid symbolism is lost upon the heart.

In vain does St. Augustine tell us that the gems of the twelve foundations, are the virtues of the redeemed. We *love* warm hearts, but jewels we only *admire*. Green valley-paths and bright flowers are akin to our sympathies; they have ardor and beauty at once, and the heart can repose among them as with companions, whose radiant faces are yet more beautiful with affection. While with the splendor of gems we are keenly awakened to admire, but feel a want their glitter reaches not, as if we sat down before a splendid face which lacked the redeeming graces of the soul and heart.

Such I conceive to be the radical difference in the significance of the symbols, which indicate as radical a difference in the *realities* or ideas symbolized; for we speak of them now not as objective existences, but the soul's effort to express to the senses what belongs to its own unutterable experiences and ineffable surroundings.

The beauties of the spiritual, as developed by the higher souls in all ages, whether we accept their words as a literal transcript of distinct existences in proper form, or as types by which the superior spheres are pictured to our understanding, are still divisible into two grand classes. They are what we may call the *physical* beauties of the higher sphere, and what are properly *moral* and pertaining to spirit inherently.

No one conceive of a soul without surroundings. It cannot exist, unless it exist *somewhere*, with attending circumstances.

It may be possible for a fanciful intellect to suppose these circumstances to be *ideas* of the seer or the scene flung round him as objects, to relieve the mind from the painful sense of vacuity and contradiction, which a solitary existence, an existence existing no where—that is, standing in no relation to any other order of beings would present. Such fancies are too fine-strung and intangible to really satisfy one for a moment. If there is no reality to our surroundings as creatures of clay, we might understand how the beautiful landscape which surrounds the freed soul might be fancied too. But we shall not give up clay and iron and wood at the challenge of bishop or priest; nor the ethereal groves and plains of the spirit-world, at the summons of any canonical or uncanonical sceptics.

Around the visible world, floating invisibly and existing with our atmosphere, but seemingly subtler by far, floats and clings an invisible sphere, a spiritually harmonious ether, forming the clear, attenuated over-soul of the earth; and so of the planets, each with its own. This ethereal realm is its true local heaven, or the dwelling of freed souls, whose luminous affinities attract them upward. Souls less bright in their properties, more gross and earthly, gravitate downward, and move free in the porous mass of the earth itself, which presents but few obstacles to the transit. Of this class I shall have nothing to say now, but so far as my theme demands.

There are, all over the broad landscape of this fluid other-world, the most beautiful plains, enamelled with flowers of perpetual bloom and fragrance; glorious rivers wind out among the undulating hills, and the murmur of their waters is articulate music and song; clear in the depths below gem-like pebbles glitter, the golden and silver fishes glide; while purest forms of angelic beings bathe in the waters, that all around them seem to take a roseate flush from the lucid limbs and glorious forms they embrace. The polish of the many-colored foliage makes the deep woods yield no shadow, but only mellowed light. The birds are of a richer plumage than any upon earth, and all are songsters with diversal melodies, making one vast harmony. There are no noxious insects, beasts or birds in all these upper countries. They are confined to the subterranean realm. The songs of birds are translatable into human speech by souls attuned to the melody they pour. There is nothing of the abrupt and harsh, precipitious and rude, which mark the grandeur of our landscapes; but all is mellowed and softened without diminishing the majesty of the scene.

It is as if a thin continuity of mist overlaid the earth, which, while it preserved a general conformity to the depressions and projections of the sphere, rounded their outlines, and married grace to grandeur.

All is more intensely beautiful, more undulating, free and perfect, and transparent to the eye of mortals, nay, to all eyes. But to the spiritual eye it is enriched with thousand-colored shadings, that may have been suggested by casual glimpses but which still surpass almost infinitely the fairest pencillings of art. Highest poetry has sometimes drawn from this sphere the glimpse-seen glories, to intensify the scenery of its earth-pictures; and a few inspired musicians have caught the actual notes that vibrate in that far tingling air.

It seems as if this spirit-earth or spirit-vestiture around our globe, might be the divine image or antetype toward which the rude mass ripens in its slow centuries, and that an age may come when the two spheres shall embrace and form one vast translucent sphere.

To many minds, and perhaps to most, these indescribable glories of landscape, and the bright super-physical surroundings of the enfranchised soul, are not objective forms, but mere associate fancies. I hold then to be both. Seers have gone over their beautiful hills and vales, hand in hand, and seen the same bright images; returned unto the same localities after long absence, found such changes as progressive forms must undergo, but with such resemblance as fixed localities would keep. And so might one in dream landscape. So might *two* possibly, if in perfect magnetic relations to each other; but not so should we find, as we *do* find, an almost universal likeness of general description, in endless variety of minor detail, of this wonder-world.

* * * * *

I turn to the second class of beauties, which are more widely recognized as spiritual; I mean the *moral* traits. It is the privilege of a favored few to see those delicate aromal forms of bird and tree and flashing river; but any pure soul, any true heart, is open to these tenderer forms of spiritual existence—may catch some inspiration from their presence, and shape their growing lives by the sublimer types of beauty which they offer. The moral beauties, like the physical, are common to both spheres, with the same difference of finer development, of more ethereal and pure nature—the same mellowing of the rugged and abrupt, the softening to intenser life of the thunderous elements of this lower world.

Too many creeds have left no room in heaven for the most beautiful features of the human soul,—the finest impulses of the sanctified; but we have assurance, sweet as immortality itself, that there is no death for the soul's whole attributes, none for the heart's holy affections. The propensities are all hallowed in purified natures, and have a position assigned them corresponding to their exalted refined characters; in which they are developed in harmony with the whole soul, and are gratified as divinely as inclinations to worship and gratitude. Spirits love with white and beautiful love, and twine their several elements, purely, warmly, into one wreathed gladness of whole heart and mind. This love is a transparent passion, seeking not the veil of a concealment that it cannot need; and if it flush, it is but the quicker flow of the pure blood to a more vivid delight, which retains no mingling taint of earthliness. They walk with fair arms intertwined, under the eye of God, and you would only know by the transfigured beauty of their faces and the heightened glow of all their radiant forms, that a more deep and hallowed relation existed between the wedded twain than that which binds all lovely souls to all as lovely.

I cannot linger now to read to you this mystery of spirit-marriage, or what it is, or how it should be named on earth. I only see a two-fold unity that is beautiful,—transcendingly and purely beautiful.

The crowning excellence of this sphere above us, and which distinguishes the souls of the just from the dark spirits below,—and our visions of the heavens, from all revelations hitherto,—is the high, paramount prominence which is awarded to the great love-element—the active spirit of universal charity.

Here we find no loud eternity of idle harping and perpetual song; no cruel transports of unpitying delight over the ever-ascending smoke of a brother's torment; no dreamless slumber of an everlasting repose; no drowsy revellings in the lotus-dreams of an eternal voluptuousness; no heaven of beatific sensualism, where, bright and beautiful, ten thousand houris minister to the royal pleasure of a single hero,—hero no longer in his luxurious abode; no airy Valhalla, where the ghosts of warriors drink the foaming mead, and clash their resounding arms in daylong [illegible] though all these images are humanly acceptable, as types of the ever-acknowledged fact that souls in heaven are intrinsically and essentially what they are on earth, only perfecting there the ideal of all excellence here.

Our heaven infringes not on the domain of any other heaven. Ours is that vast unclaimed,—the heart's unexplored realm of *generous work*,—of work that blesses others and delights the doer. The spirits of that beautiful domain are souls that keep their warm love and the blessed sympathies which made them so beautiful here;—higher and deeper and broader there, making them still more beautiful.

No heart could retain its best and loveliest element in a home of delight from which it knew a fellow-heart was excluded; and to be ignorant of a brother's fate were a loss, and, to souls of any high order, an impossibility. To know the fate of a dark-souled brother were a misery, if the best elements of a noble soul were not annihilated; and this were to purchase exemption from pain at a fearful price. I pray that I may not forget erring and wandering souls in the brightest hour that ever dawns upon my spirit. The revelations of these last years show us how to reconcile the beatified soul's completeness with the fact of souls in gloom and misery. Because, in bringing the wanderer back to light,—in breathing hope and cheer into our souls yet repining in their clay,—in pouring promise down the dark abysses of despair and pain,—the souls of the redeemed find their best delight, and works of mercy *make* the heaven they people with all renovated lives.

Could they who seek the desert sands, and scour Golconda for the types of beauty to adorn their heavens, see for one moment the pure face of a commissioned angel, as he brings glad tidings to the weary heart, and hope to the benighted wanderer, they would learn well the meaning of those words, "The Beauty of Holiness." The flashing jewels of a queen's tiara shed no lustre on her brow, like that which pure *love* lends the stooping forehead of an angel sister; as the light of her deep eye thrills down the depths of a brother's agony, with healing in its beams.

The regal purple of King Solomon in all his glory, stiff with barbaric pearl and gold, arrayed him not in beauty to compare with the pure lilies that bloom white and flushed with tender love on the twin cheeks of my little angel brother. The sunshine quivering through rose-petals on a translucent pearl, might faintly image the clear, rich beauty of his tiny hand, pressed on my burning forehead in the hour of pain; but not that blushing pearl, nor the more glorious hand, could lend an image of the inward beauty which inspired that act,—his young, pure, everlasting love, whose touch is healing and delight.

The dance of happy children in their rosy heaven, as their light feet trip pattering like the rain, and sparkling rain-like in the harmonious air,—their twining arms, round, dimpling, clear and warm,—their universally deep bright eyes, that speak more life and happiness than even angelic tongues can utter—and the wreathed melody of motion that winds in and out around each other in interminable mazes, never broken, never jarring on the joyous cadence of their linked utterances,—these make a picture which might once have driven dumb the favored poet who should have caught the vision, and swooned in mute despair of breathing into song its unutterable beauty. Yet all that grace and beauty are but a language in the heavens, speaking in symbolic glories, the ineffable light and joy and crowning love of their young loves.

Have you not seen how a most beautiful face grows more intensely beautiful with deep thought? How even conquered suffering, and the soul's hard-earned victory over loss, desolation and woe, can make the calm eye like a spirit's, and the pale cheek radiant with more than earthly physical beauty. With a more prevailing power, the soul in light shapes the obedient features of its vesture, the spirit-body which encumbers it not. Every sweet thought is a line of beauty to the fluctuant form. Every noble impulse shapes the dilated figure to a grander expression of its strength, beauty, and grace. Every beat of the heart of love and holy sympathy flushes the remotest limb with rose-light, and a deeper meaning glows in the lightest face, and burns far back in the deep crystal of the glorious eyes. The worship which goes on forever, in every act, and word and thought, in even the unconscious motions of their lives, gives an all-hallowing sweetness to their every look.

It speaks no fear, no crouching vassalage of soul, but a deep, natural, filial love that so involves and permeates all the being, that life with them could be nought else but worship in its truest sense; expression, nought else but high aspiration and unceasing praise to the all-loving Father. They do his work on earth, and in the nether spheres; and this is joy,—this is life,—this, the immortal heaven of souls who have gone up from suffering to delight. And in the joy of their great ransom, knowing how grateful is unexpected kindness—how inexpressibly dear is guardian love—they can never forget from whence they came, nor the pained, struggling souls that lift their eyes to the blank heaven with such hushed agony of mute beseeching, where,—thanks to the new light!—they find the heavens no longer brass over their heads.

They come,—the beautiful ones, the shining angels in their [illegible] their wings are only their own swift desires;—their crowns the immortal amaranths, that glitter with the dewy spray-drops from the river of life;—their harps are but their choiring thoughts that breathe instinctive melody into every motion;—and their high mission is to cheer and bless.

Oh! beautiful upon the mountains are their feet as they come laden with glad tidings. The mourner, though he sees not their transparent glory, hears not the mellow music of their love-breathing voices, nor even feels the quiet presence hallowing the spot, and the tender touch that soothes the throbbing head, yet feels that the hot tear has been swept away,—the heart's strained pulses softened to a gentler flow,—and blessed glimpses of a clearer faith come stealthily in upon the night of grief.

Look to these realms of light and love, when care, and pain, and doubt make life a weariness. Oh! let not dark, deep and cruel unbelief put away so successfully the promise of the light which comes only to bless.

If this were all a dream,—as the world has it,—and the deep wealth of our re-opened heavens were but a glory of the cunning fancy, *even then* its living beauty, *should* be a delight to lift thee far above the clouds of care, and justify, by its rich powers to gladden, its wide inflow to the bewildered souls of men.

REFORM VS. QUIETISM.

A very common opposition to Reform, nevertheless, springs from a kind of *Quietism*, that shrinks with dread and disgust from all agitations and conceits. This is often the case with men of refined tastes and literary culture. They are aloft in the regions of thought, above the dust and jar of the street. They see truth in its absolute relations, and have but little sympathy with these partial and changeful theories. They are in communion with the past in its mellow serenity and ripe results, and dislike the credulity of the present.

But Quietism finds room, also, in a very different quarter—among comfortable men with plenty of beef and coal, whose ideas are not the most fruitful, and whose mental perception is somewhat misty, but who hold tight to what they do see—who make up in obstinacy what they lack in knowledge, and with some strong assertion stands in lieu of logic. Fenced in as they are against sharp necessities, and well to do in the world, they cannot discern the use of all this agitation—they do not see but things are as near right as they can be, and they class together and denounce all reformers indiscriminately as radicals and fanatics.

Ah! men with cool heads and fat larders can philophise and denounce; but it is a different thing with those upon whom misery presses with a cincture of iron, through whose veins passion runs like lava, for whom in their moral weakness vice opens its doors, and whose heads are canopied with curses. And we can easily see why some who have witnessed these and other forms of guilt and wrong, *will* agitate—*will* cry out Reform! And if others would drop the kaleidoscope of curious speculation and look around with their naked eyes—if they would turn from their faces in the cheerful fire to the faces in the crowd—they too, perhaps, would find some justification for reform. If not, I think the veriest fanatic of change, with all his vituperation and eccentricity, who still feels stirred to speak for humanity, has a heart more akin to the great Baptist, nay, to him who, with a gentler spirit, lifted up the suffering, and bore the woes of man in his all-loving breast, than those who have wrought themselves into a selfish indifference, or who marvel and denounce in easy chairs.—*E. H. Chapin.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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A WORD WITH OUR READERS.

"Progress is the common law of the Universe." So affirms the motto inscribed above, and so we believe. If this be true, it is equally true that *change* is indispensable to progress. It is the ladder by which all things ascend to higher conditions. Change is an element, then, in the wise economy of the universe, and in itself no more to be deplored or avoided than any other universal and divine law. Under the guidance of Infinite Wisdom and Supreme Goodness, universal change must ultimate in universal good.

The opening of this New Year,—a period suggestive both of change and of progress,—brings to our enterprise a transformation which we trust will prove in every way a step in advance. Dropping the title and general features under which, for two years and nine months, we have paid weekly visits to thousands of happy homes and hearts,—made glad by the dawning light of a new era,—we present ourselves in the ampler and comelier garb of a younger co-laborer in the same great field. The *form* only has been laid aside,—the *spirit* is here, with larger room and better facilities for its manifestation.

It is not, however, without a regretful feeling that we relinquish a name which has become so endeared to us by years of familiarity and of hard and exhausting toil, as has that of the NEW ENGLAND SPIRITUALIST; and doubtless many of our friends, who have stood by and strengthened us through these years of struggle and conflict, will share with us this regretful feeling. But the obvious advantages to be gained to the general interests of the great truth we advocate, by the union now consummated, have seemed to us to greatly outweigh any merely personal preference of this character. The concentration upon one ably-conducted journal, of the labor and of the patronage which would otherwise be bestowed upon two, without adequate support to either, is an advantage in which the Spiritualist public have an individual interest. Besides, our former title was local and limited. On the contrary, THE SPIRITUAL AGE, like the movement it represents, is confined to no locality and limited to no one department of progressive truth. The whole broad field of Rational Spiritualism and Practical Reform is legitimately open for exploration and wise advocacy in its columns.

Mr. BRITTAN, who is to be our associate in the editorial conduct of the united paper, hardly needs a word of introduction to the readers of the *Spiritualist*. Having been one of the first, as well as ablest, writers and publishers on Spiritual and Psychical Science in this country, he enjoys a well-earned fame, wherever Spiritualism is known. The productions of his brilliant, graceful and cogent pen can but greatly enhance the interest and usefulness of any journal. For the rest, Mr. BRITTAN will speak for himself in these columns.

To Mr. BRITTAN'S former subscribers, we have but to say that, in addition to his efforts, our own best endeavors are pledged to furnish them with a paper which shall in every way make good their expectations when they became his patrons. With a double assurance, therefore, we look for their approbation and support to the enterprise, under its new auspices.

With these brief remarks, introductory to the labors of another year, we would tender most cordially the congratulations of the season to all readers and friends, old and new. May each and every one,—in the reception of all proffered spiritual light and good, and especially in a life of unselfish love, which is the source of all true happiness, in this as in the angel-worlds,—find the coming twelve-month to be pre-eminently A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A. E. N.

TO THE FRIENDS OF THE AGE.

It was near the close of October that we announced the discontinuance of THE SPIRITUAL AGE for three months. The circumstances which led to its temporary suspension are too well known to require a passing notice in this connection. Suffice it to say, they were such as we could neither control nor resist. Many had indulged sanguine hopes of its success, while only here and there one had predicted the speedy and final termination of its existence. The solitary ones,—like ominous birds,—looked solemn and whispered notes of warning. At length, when their apprehensions were seemingly realized, they came to plume themselves over our perished promises, or to prey on the smitten form and fallen fortunes of the AGE. If their claims to the possession of some prophetic impulse have not been fully demonstrated, it is manifestly no fault of theirs. They contributed what they could toward the realization of their own prophecies. When at last the AGE disappeared and the hours let their sands fall lightly on its ample form, they felt assured that it was fairly and finally disposed of. But it *was not dead;* and even its brief slumber was broken by many anxious and restless watchers. Suddenly the impassable obstacle—the stone against the door of its sepulcher—was rolled away, and behold, the AGE has risen indeed! Not even its primitive form has perished, nor its name been blotted out.

In the terms of our union with the *Spiritualist*, the separate claims of all parties have been duly respected; concessions have been mutual, and a paramount desire to advance the truth by elevating the standard of the Press, was deeply felt and reciprocally expressed. We feel assured that there is strength in this union. The new paper is at once placed on a secure foundation. Moreover, the free exercise of varied intellectual powers, and the concentration of dissimilar talents and acquirements, in the Editorial department, will render the paper eminently worthy of a wide circulation and liberal support. By the terms of consolidation the former patrons of either journal will hereafter receive the new AGE until their subscriptions expire, whilst those who were subscribers to both papers will be credited with the full amount of all balances now due on the new books of the proprietors. "In the unity of the spirit," and for the same essential objects we now propose to labor together, with a zeal strengthened by profound conviction and tempered by the exercise of reason. Whilst the writer's individual share in the responsibilities of the enterprise (reference is had to its business relations and duties) is thus greatly diminished, it is a pleasure to know that the field of personal and general usefulness will neither be closed nor circumscribed by the present arrangement. What our associates will be likely to do in the future management of the AGE, is most clearly indicated by the prudence, dignity and ability which have heretofore characterized the *Spiritualist*. What the present writer may be able to accomplish in this department will more fully appear hereafter. However, we hazard nothing in saying (we speak confidently) that the general character and literary reputation of the paper will be fully sustained.

Viewed in the most comprehensive sense, Spiritualism rests on everlasting foundations, where also we have anchored our hopes of immortal life and progress. Our own relations to the present movement seem to be determined by a natural gravitation, that the soul has no power to resist. The fundamental law reaches down into the depths of being, while it takes a firm hold on the loftiest attributes of human and angelic natures. It places in our hands the chain of causation, which connects the conscious spirit with all the forms of life and the treasures of universal knowledge. It is, therefore, in no superficial sense, that we are disposed to regard the nature and the claims of Spiritualism. Not merely in its surface action—or its phenomenal exhibitions, within the sphere of material existence—is it most worthy of our regard; nor yet alone as an ingenious system of metaphysics, adapted to sharpen the wits while it is powerless to warm the heart, or to redeem us from the cheerless wastes of material skepticism, and the frightful desolations of the outward life. Oh, no! It has a deeper significance, and a nobler mission. True, it is rapidly supplying abundant materials from which some great, intuitive and organizing mind will yet form a new and profound science of human nature and relations, evolve a deeper and more subtle philosophy of life and thought, or present a clearer revelation of the springs of motive and the sources of individual responsibility. It unbars the avenues that lead to the sanctuary of our purest affections; it conducts the willing spirit, by an inward and upward way, to realms of being, which no mortal eye can gaze upon; it opens the everlasting doors, and reveals the outer courts of the great TEMPLE, where all the sons of God shall yet "worship in spirit and in truth."

If we have any reliable view of the subject, Spiritualism is thus intimately connected with the religious element. The true philosopher is bound to regard the subject in all its relations and bearings, and in this aspect it now claims the attention of the religious world. We will not impeach the wisdom of the Divine Providence by assuming that the revelations of the present time are unnecessary. The crucified Humanity has been wailing through the long night of Dark Ages for the morning light. The gloomy clouds are beginning to be dissipated; the old superstitions even now depart before the gospel of individual freedom, and the fearless exercise of Reason. To-day an invisible Power is revealed in our midst. It offers for our acceptance a rational theology; it proposes to make religion philosophical, and to invest philosophy with a religious character and importance; it promises to renew and enlarge our faith, while it inspires the deepest gratitude and the purest devotion. When it touches the sepulchre, and where it leaves its footprints in the consecrated dust, the germs of a new life unfold, and flowers of immortal hope bloom in imperishable beauty.

S. B. B.

APOSTACY CONFESSED

Dr. Cornell, of Boston, in an elaborate article in the *Congregationalist*, of Dec. 11, argues that "one cause of *failure of health*, among clergymen, of our day, may be found in the fact, that they have not generally cultivated physiological and medical knowledge, and used hygienic measures, in their own persons, and searched out remedies for disease, as the 'Fathers' did;" and he suggests that "it would be a part of wisdom to return to these good customs of the 'Fathers,' and re-unite what men have in a great measure divorced, since the great Head of the Church joined them together, namely, medicine and theology; or, in other words, seeking the health of body and soul." The article concludes with the following significant question:

"Where does the minister find his warrant or authority for separating, either in theory or practice, what his Lord and Master joined together, in his great Commission, namely, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick, and which constituted so large a share of known ministrations, and those of his Apostles?"

We would suggest to Dr. Cornell, and our "orthodox" friends of the *Congregationalist*, what is becoming more and more obvious to the world, that the *true* followers of Jesus and the Apostles, at least in the respect alluded to, are to be found almost exclusively in the despised ranks of Modern Spiritualism. A large proportion of the public heralds of the New Gospel are also "healing mediums," many having given evidence of abilities to "heal the sick by the laying on hands," which strikly compare with those alleged of Jesus and his immediate successors. Some fresh proofs on this point may be found in another column of this paper. Does not Spiritualism then clearly present one of "the signs" of true discipleship to the Nazarene, which orthodoxy confessedly lacks? "By their fruits shall ye know them."

PREACHING IN PRISON.

Miss A. W. Sprague, than whom there is not a more sincere and whole-hearted laborer in the cause of spiritual advancement, has been preaching "to the spirits in prison." During her last two visits to Providence, R. I., she was permitted to address the female convicts in the State Prison at that place. She was also much in the Moyamensing prison at Philadelphia while in that city last summer. As she remarks in a letter to the *World's Paper*, if the gentle teachings of the spirits have no elevating effect upon these unfortunate persons, the doctrine of denunciation, of fire and vengeance, surely will not.

Miss Sprague speaks in high terms of the liberal and tolerant spirit manifested by the Warden in Providence. He makes no distinction of sect or party, but receives the wish to do good from intelligent minds and sincere hearts as a passport to the field of philanthropic labor.

It has long been the wish of Miss S., and of the intelligences who guide her, to obtain access to the Massachusetts State Prison, for the same philanthropic purpose indicated above; but the privilege has been hitherto denied by the authorities. We trust a more liberal feeling may characterize the incoming administration of our State affairs.

ONE OF THE EDITORS GOING WEST.—S. B. Brittan leaves immediately after the first of January for Louisville, Ky., by the way of Pittsburgh and Cincinnati. He will return through Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Ohio and New York, and will be absent about one month. Those friends along the line of his travels who may desire to secure his services in the capacity of a public lecturer, should address him at Louisville, Ky., until the 8th of January.

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

SPIRITS NOT INFALLIBLE!

The *Boston Courier*, after noticing, in a surly way, Miss Beebe's lecture on Sunday evening before the last, says:

"Some questions were proposed to her, after the lecture, which were answered in such a way that she was obliged at last to admit, as a part of the Spiritualistic creed, that some spirits believe there is *one* God, and some believe there are more! What 'superior intelligences!'"

The *Bee*, whose editor propounded the questions which led to this astonishing revelation respecting "the Spiritualistic creed," reports at length the conversation which took place, and adds the following profound comments:

"If it is the doctrine of Spiritualists that the intelligences in the spirit-world have not ascertained whether there be one God or many, and cannot inform us mortals correctly in regard to so vital a matter as the fact of the existence of the Deity, we may well ask why we should abandon other sources of religious instruction that we may take counsel of the 'spirits.' The question of the existence, eternity, power and *unity* or oneness of the Deity, as against the heathen creed of a plurality of gods, underlies the whole structure of Christianity, and while any uncertainty hangs over this point, all religion is vain and all theology is a humbug. And unless we can have from the 'spirits' reliable and harmonious intelligence upon this one vital point, unless they *all* know enough to answer us whether there be one God or many, we must decline according to the Spiritualists the discovery of any valuable theory, or of a system which is better than the older and more generally received systems of religious belief. Miss Beebe and her friends will not fail to perceive the vast consequence of this matter, in its bearings upon their claims to be considered better and more reliable teachers of religious truth, than those who do not believe in modern Spiritualism."

The *Bee*, like the *Courier*, represents Miss Beebe as reluctantly making the admission that "some spirits in the other world believe there is *one* God, while others believe there are many;" whereas the opinion was not only frankly avowed, but philosophically maintained. And had these editors taken a little pains to acquaint themselves with the views of Spiritualists, or the nature of the spiritual world, they might have avoided the ridiculous blunder of supposing this avowal to be either a new or an unwilling one.

The argument used by Miss B. was, in substance, that spirits are passing from this to the spiritual world in all grades of development and with all shades of opinion, and they must be supposed to begin there where they ended here, and hence must continue to entertain the same beliefs they had held here until they exchange these for more correct opinions. And since the being and personality of God is not, in that world more than in this, a matter of *external*, or sensuous perception, but of *internal* apprehension, depending on the degree of mental and spiritual unfolding which the individual spirit has acquired, there are and must be spirits who have no clearer apprehension of the real nature of Deity than have minds correspondingly developed in this sphere.

This position we hold to be rational, philosophical, and accordant with all that is known respecting the nature of the human soul and the spiritual state of existence, and we challenge both the *Courier* and the *Bee* to refute it.

These editors probably retain the childish notion that all who enter the spiritual world behold the Deity as a personal, embodied Being, sitting upon a throne, sceptre in hand, and receiving the homage of surrounding hosts, as sometimes represented in pictures. Hence they think "*all* spirits should know enough to answer us whether there be one God or many." This conception does very well for childhood; but they who claim to be men, and guides of public opinion, should "put away childish things." True knowledge of God comes by interior [illegible] not by external perception, in any sphere. "The pure in heart see God," and the impure and undeveloped, whether in or out of the physical body, are utterly incapable of having clear and true ideas of the Divine existence. Hence, spirits, as such, without regard to their grade of advancement, are no more capable of giving us "reliable and harmonious intelligence upon this one vital point," than are the people of this world.

"Why, then, should we abandon other sources of religious instruction that we may take counsel of the 'spirits'?" asks the *Bee*. We answer, you should do no such thing. Spiritualists desire nothing of the kind. We are in favor of obtaining religious instruction, and knowledge of God, from all possible sources—from all revelations He has made and is making of Himself—and especially from the human soul, which is His image and highest revelator; and we would not only acquaint ourselves with its manifestations while in the physical body, but would also learn what we can of its experiences and perceptions after it has left this stage of existence,—since a channel of communication has been, in God's wise providence, clearly opened between the two states.

But what are the "other sources" of religious instruction, which the *Bee* intimates are more reliable than the "spirits?" It was the position of Miss Beebe's lecture, as it is the general conviction of Spiritualists, that all systems of religion, all inspired revelations in the past, have been given to man, as the writer of Hebrews affirms of the Mosaic dispensation, through "the ministration of angels," who were but "spirits" of men. If it be claimed that Christianity is an exception—that its revelations are direct from God, without even angelic mediation—it is nevertheless true that there is not a line of the Christian teachings but has been recorded and transmitted to us *by the agency of men*, who wrote obviously according to their perceptions and capacities however much they may have been aided by superior influences. If, then, we accept any revelations of past ages, they must be such as have come to us through human instrumentality. How can these be considered any "more reliable" than revelations from the spiritual world in our own day?

And where shall we find a standard of authority by which to test the reliability of revelations, whether of our own or of a past age, except in the intuitive, God-given perceptions of our own inmost souls, which are God's constant revelation in us? Will the *Bee* or the *Courier* please tell us?

THE BEAUTY OF THE SPIRIHEAVEN. This article on our first page, by Miss Beebe, will afford the reader a not unfavorable specimen of the glowing aspirations of this young and gifted evangelist. We regret having been obliged to omit a few passages, in order to bring within our space.

It will be seen that Miss Bee is to occupy the platform at the Melodeon on Sunday next, having given way last Sunday to Judge Edmonds. The topic chosen for discourse on that occasion, viz: "Death is Life," and "Miracles and Miraculous," —are well calculated to afford ope for her peculiar powers; and we have no hesitation in saying that her hearers will be richly entertained.

The limited time allowed for making the necessary arrangements attending the transmation of our paper, has not permitted the execution of all details of its mechanical and editorial departments exactly our mind. In subsequent issues, we shall hope to remedy defects which may appear this week.

VAGABOND MEDIUMS.

The Spiritual public have been exceedingly long-suffering and tolerant with a class of individuals who have been wandering through the country, filled with vague ideas of some lofty "mission" which the very loftiest spirits have to perform through them. They abound in "impressions" which seldom happen to correspond with that kind of common sense belonging to the normal plane of practical life. They drop down, here and there, all over the land, under the plea of having been "sent by the spirits," for some "object" which neither they nor anybody else ever finds out. They are always going to do some "wonderful things," which are never done. Their "mission" turns out to be a fizzle, and common sense people are prone to consider them as being not far from fools. They are proverbially improvident; don't care about money; the spirits will provide for them, *providing* they can find good easy friends on whom to sponge, and who can fork over a five, ten or twenty dollar bill with which to close. They are lazy louts, but set up the pious plea that the spirits won't let them work; stopped them; broke up their business, and sent them off to work wonders designed to astonish the inhabitants of earth, if not Heaven itself. They are "wandering stars," all save the starry part, and their bungling attempts to fly off into the celestial firmament, usually terminate in finding them stuck in the mud. They are a very etherial class of beings, and very particular about their diet; the spirits wont let them eat or drink certain horribly contraband anti-celestial things; but give them a chance at pork and beans, and a good round of beef, and they are death on the same; the spirits "permit them an occasional" gratification in that line; occasional whenever an occasion offers. They are great magnetic subjects; and seldom get out of the "condition" till the house-wife gets mad waiting to clear off the breakfast table. In short, they are vagrants, vagabonds, vampires, and ought to be introduced to wood-saws, spades or wheel-barrows, and be made of some service. Pass them along. Whoever recognizes the portraiture as their own will apply the moral.

The above we clip from that spicy little sheet, the *Spiritual Clarion*, of Auburn, N. Y. For the most part, it expresses what we have long had in mind to say, and have been deterred from saying only by the fear of rooting up some "wheat" with the "tares." Perhaps the "day of judgment," or time of discrimination, has fully arrived, as regards many of these persons, and the sooner the false can be distinguished from the true, the better for themselves and the public.

Probably less is seen of this class of vagrants in the large cities than in the smaller towns; but some of the specimens that we have met in the rural districts have made us wonder that Spiritualism should receive any degree of favor among sensible people in sections where its principal representatives have been of this stamp.

Spiritualists have been indeed long suffering and tolerant of these pretenders; and they could afford to be so. One grand purpose of the Spiritual Revolution seems to be, to throw persons more fully on their individual responsibility, and to cultivate their discriminative powers. How could this be done if all were wheat and no tares?

We would however, utter a word of caution against hasty and harsh judgment. It is sometimes difficult to determine whether the "missions" on which some mediums are "sent by the spirits," have any useful purpose or otherwise. But usually, when they are attended with bluster, extravagant pretension, egotism, and big-eyed, open-mouthed credulity, they may be expected to "end in a fizzle;" and perhaps this is the only way in which egotism and over-credulity can be cured in some constitutions. If so, to effect such cure may be the very purpose had in view by the "mission." True merit is as modest and unpretending in spirits out of the body, as in those in it; and by the careful application of this test, many mistakes may be avoided.

FACTS FOR THE SKEPTICAL.

DR. SHERMAN, of Waltham, whose hospitalities we shared during a recent lecturing visit to that place, has two daughters who have for several years been excellent trance mediums. The Dr. stated to us, among other tests of spirit agency through their instrumentality, that on one occasion, in their early experience, one of them was entranced by a spirit claiming to be a young girl who had in life been a near neighbor and familiar acquaintance of the family. The same spirit had often conversed before, and had usually spoken of her father and mother as being also present. (They were both in the spirit-world.) On this occasion, the spirit was asked if her parents were there as usual. She answered, "No."

She was then asked "why not?"

"They are otherwise engaged."

"How are they engaged?" was again inquired.

"In listening to an address from a poet who has recently entered the spirit-world," was the unexpected reply.

"Who is this poet?" some one inquired.

"I do not know. He did not live in this country."

"But can you not tell us his name?"

"I will try and see if I can learn it," was the answer, and the medium was for a moment thrown into the attitude of attentive listening. Soon she said, "They say that his name is Heine, and that he lived in Europe." This is the substance of what was elicited; but no one present in the body had ever heard of such a poet, much less of his recent decease, and the matter was laid aside as one of the many statements, the truth of which might never be tested.

On the arrival of the next European steamer, a few days subsequently, Dr. S. happened to be casting his eyes over the foreign news, when he met with the announcement that *Heine, the poet, had died at Paris on such a date.* This date was a few days anterior to the conversation thus incidentally held with the spirit, and yet so recent that no previous news of his decease could have reached this country by the ordinary channels. This fact speaks for itself.

ANOTHER.—We were informed that a physician of some note in the place, who had professed an entire skepticism as to spiritual agencies, happened one day to call upon a lady in whose presence some remarkable physical phenomena had been known to occur, though she was not a public medium. But one other person was present. The Dr. saw a heavy centre-table (if we recollect rightly) move about the parlor, when simply touched on the top by the tip of one of the lady's fingers. He asked to be allowed to get upon the table, and was permitted to do so, adding to its weight some hundred and fifty pounds—when lo! on the touch of the lady's finger, off it moved as before, and the Dr. thus enjoyed a free ride to the distance of six times around the room, propelled by some mysterious power. Either from excess of astonishment, or from fear of damage to his reputation should his participating in such a scene of diablerie become known to his townsmen, or from some other no doubt equally good cause, the Dr. enjoined secresy on all parties present. But somehow, in the process of time, the affair leaked out, and Dr. —— has been compelled to acknowledge the ride, though he "don't believe spirits had anything to do with it." The people, however, or those of them who have acquainted themselves with spiritual agencies and spiritual phenomena, will be very likely to ascribe such things to spirits, at least until the Dr. shows some other more probable agency in the case.

Before heaven can be enjoyed it must come into our souls.

THE SPIRITUALIST PRESS.

It may interest many of our readers to be informed, at this juncture, respecting the various journals devoted in any measure to the advocacy of Modern Spiritualism. The following is a correct list, so far as we are at present apprised:

UNITED STATES.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE. Weekly. Boston, New York and Chicago: A. E. Newton and S. B. Brittan, Editors. $2.00 a year.

THE BANNER OF LIGHT. Weekly. Boston: Colby, Forster & Co. $2.00.

THE SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. Weekly. New York: Charles Partridge, Editor. $2.00.

TIFFANY'S MONTHLY. New York: Joel Tiffany. $1.00.

HERALD OF LIGHT. Monthly. New York: T. L. Harris, Editor. $1.50.

THE WORLD'S PAPER. Weekly. Sandusky, Vt.: D. Tarbell, Jr., Editor. $1.50.

SPIRITUAL CLARION. Weekly. Auburn, N. Y.: Mr. and Mrs. U. Clark. $1.00.

AGE OF PROGRESS. Weekly. Buffalo, N. Y.: Stephen Albro, Editor. $2.00.

THE SPIRITUALIST. Weekly. Cleveland, Ohio: L. S. Everett and J. S. Crampton, Editors. 1.00.

THE ILLUMINATI. Weekly. Cleveland, Ohio: S. Ward Smith, Editor. $1.00.

THE VANGUARD. Weekly. Richmond, Ind.: W. E. and M. F. Denton, and A. and A. E. Cree, Editors. $1.00.

NORTH-WESTERN EXCELSIOR. Weekly. Waukegan, Ill.: Ira Porter and J. C. Smith, Editors. 1.00.

THE SPIRITUAL TRIBUNE. Quarterly. Chicago, Ill.: H. H. Tator, Editor. $2.00.

THE PRINCIPLE. Monthly. Baltimore, Md.: Laning & Conklin. 50 cents a year.

THE PRACTICAL CHRISTIAN. Every fortnight. Hopedale, Milford, Mass.: Adin Ballou, Editor. 1.00.

THE CRISIS. (Swedenborgian) Semi-Monthly, Laporte, Ind. H. & J. S. WELLER, Editors. $00.

LE SPIRITUALISTE. (French Monthly. New Orleans, La.: Joseph Barthet, Editor. $2.00.

SOUTH AMERICA.

EL ESPIRITUALISTA. (Spanish) Monthly. Carraccas, Venezuela.

EUROPE.

BRITISH SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH. Weekly. Keighley, Yorkshire, Eng.: D. W. Weatherhead, Publisher.

LE JOURNAL DU MAGNETISME. Semi-Monthly. Paris.

LE JOURNAL DE L'AME. Geneva, Switzerland.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for January is on our table. In common with all our cotempories, we commend it as a splendid magazine—just the thing for the cultivated classes, and yet not wanting in interest to the ordinary reader. The following are the contents of this number:

Notes on Domestic Architecture; Maya, the Princess; Catawba Wine; The Winds and the Weather; Akin by Marriage; Spartacus; Who Paid for the Prima Donna? Two Rivers: The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table; Agassiz's Natural History; Tacking Ship Off-Shore; Mamoul (Life in Calcutta); Book; The Diamond Lens; The Sculptor's Funeral; The President's Mage; The Wedding Veil; Literary Notices.

OUR FOURTH PAGE.—The story on our last page is one we find floating upon the current of literature without the author's name, though it is evidently of English origin. Whether or not its statements are founded in fact, it serves to illustrate the spiritual element in modern literature.

Tennyson's noble poem, which leads the miscellaneous department, will doubtless strike our readers as beautifully appropriate to our new enterprise, to the new year, and the dawning dispensation.

☞ We are not able to announce in this number the location of our Chicago Agency; it will be made known as soon as our arrangements are perfected.

[Communication.]

OLD MR. ANVIL.

Mr. Editor,—Did I ever tell you about old Mr. Anvil? A dreadful hard nate, to be sure but that was not the worst of it. He belonged to the wrong church. 'Twas a great pity, and very impolitic; strange that he should be so short-sighted as to join the wrong church! Now everybody ought to belong to *our* church and attend *our* meeting constantly. They ought to employ our doctor when they are sick. We do not hold to patronizing those *irregular* affairs who set up doctoring before they can tell a bone from a cartilage, or a nerve from a muscle!—"quacks," who cure without medicine, and sometimes in spite of it.

Everybody, too, ought to take our newspaper and our almanac. A strange pass his world is coming to, when people remove the old landmars and go to *reasoning* about what their Bible and their minister says. If the minister says, "'tis so," pretty likely *'tis;* he's a learned man, and he *ought* to know; and we don't think it looks very well, to say the least, for common people, especially those who are not "pretty well off in the world," to try to investigate everything which comes along, and consider themselves to be capable of doing their own thinking! 'Tis as much as they can do, in these hard times, to get a living for their own families.

But, I was saying, old Mr. Anvil belonged to the wrong church. He once undertook to open a school in a certain town, and put his notices up on the various churches and other public buildings in the place, to that effect; but, as he belonged to the wrong church, his notices were immediately pulled down from the *right* churches, and large sums offered to hire off various pupils from his school. 'Twas a thousand pities that he should continue his connexion with the wrong church; but then he was such a *set* sort of a man, he wouldn't change his opinions, for love or money, 'till he was fully and fairly convinced he was wrong, if the whole town was against him.

Now, you see, Mr. Editor, this made it dreadful bad for him. At another time he was engaged to teach a school for a year or two, and entered on his duties; was liked remarkably well, 'till it was ascertained by some of the "big bugs" of the *right* church that they must have a man who would probably become more *popular* than Mr. Anvil would; for, unfortunately for him, he belonged to the wrong church, which church was of no account in that place. So he was forthwith removed from the school without a moment's warning, just as a long, hard winter was setting in; and, in consequence, Mr. Anvil was left without employment for nearly a year, with a large family of young children to support. I have been told that they had a pretty hard time of it, and that Mrs. Anvil used to sit up nights, to write for public journals, in the hope that some kind-hearted editor would send her a pittance for her hungry, half-clad children.

Mr. Anvil was offered a situation and a comfortable salary, if he would leave that dreadfully wrong church, and join the right one; but, as I said, he was a very set man, and Mrs. Anvil was almost as bad as her husband in this respect. She used to tell him to hold on to his opinions while he thought they were right, for a clear conscience was all that was now left them, and she would stand by him through thick and thin. Strange, that poor people will be so independent!

TOPAZ.

Boston and Vicinity.

JUDGE EDMONDS' LECTURES.

THE HARVARD INVESTIGATION.

On Sunday last, Hon. J. W. Edmonds, of New York, delivered two lectures in the Melodeon, on the subject of the so-called investigation by the Committee of Harvard Professors, the facts of which singularly unscientific and summary proceeding are familiar, doubtless, to all our readers. The following is a condensed report of these eminently sound, clear and logical productions:

The lecturer said in introduction, that he had not come to make any attack, but rather to defend what is his religion from the imputations that had been cast upon it. He willingly conceded the honesty and good faith of the Professors; and in reviewing the course they had taken, he should bear in mind that there are several difficulties which affect them as novices in this matter, which the experienced Spiritualist has out-grown. They, as well as all other investigators of this subject, had difficulties like these: The belief we would teach is in conflict with all the teachings of childhood at home, boyhood at school, and youth and manhood in the churches. Second, the manifestations are necessarily imperfect, because they are more or less affected by the mediums; and third, belief is not a matter of volition, cannot be forced, but requires time and patience to work its effects.

The Professors claim that the manifestations are not real, and that the whole thing, whether real or a deception, is *hurtful*. Now, said the speaker, I have two purposes in view:

FIRST—To show that they are wrong in this conclusion.

SECOND—Even if they are right, it is of very little consequence, because it is only a very small part of Spiritualism they have seen.

They had some twelve interviews with mediums, in three successive days, and disbelieve. Now he who expects to be satisfactorily convinced, so as to give up the faith of his youth and manhood in so short a time and upon such limited evidence, knows not the nature of his own mind. The speaker had carefully studied the subject for two years and four months before he committed himself in its favor. Belief came to him only after all this studious investigation,—after having had hundreds of interviews with mediums. He placed on the one hand hundreds of thousands of intelligent persons of similar experience—who have spent months and years of investigation—against these *four* Professors and their *three days'* examination. Which has the best chance of being right?

Again, the Committee had pre-conceived opinions to contend with. They who approach the investgation of this subject with their minds fixed against it, erect barriers against themselves. Others who have been free from this preconception have been convinced. And, further, these gentlemen refused to yield to the necessary conditions. They insisted on seeing the light of phosphorus in the glare of the mid-day sun—on making the horse-shoe of cold iron.

Next, they were wanting in the right motive, viz:—affection; and every novice knows that this makes a difference. They were actually repulsive to the spirit powe, thus affecting both mediums and spirits. For it is a truth, whichwe admit, while we do not assume to explain its philosophy, that mediums are affected by the influences around them. They thus unphilosophically begged the question.

It was rash for them to pronounce judgment, for they *could* not know their conclusions were correct. Does not the world know this? In matters of science their decision would have produced an effect, but here it fails. Why? Because it is well known to thousands that the raps and table-tippings have occurred, where the idea of collusion or deception is absolutely foreclosed; and it is as well known to thousands that Spiritualism benefits morally and physically, rather than hurts. They could not *know* otherwise, without an acquaintance with our private lives, which they have not. Spiritualism teaches two great lessons. First, that of *Self-Control*;—it tells us that the lion going about seeking whom he may devour, is in our own hearts, and teaches us to guard constantly against him. Second, *Love to God and our fellow-men*. On these two lessons hang all the law and the prophets of Spiritualism. Let any man carry out these last, and then say if Spiritualism is hurtful.

Through the manifestations hunceds and thousands of infidels have been converted to a belief in the existence of God, and in the immortality of the Soul. Does it harm man's honesty to be convinced of his immortality? Does it taint the piety of woman to be taught there is a God? Does it pollute us to be taught to elevate our fellow-men?

These gentlemen overlooked here that they recognize in science, to wit: That the world having lived for centuries in the age of *effects*, is now beginning to live in the age of *causes*. So in all past times there have been witnessed moral phenomena, the effects of which only were seen then, but now we are learning the causes.

See then what these people require of us. They ask us not to believe the evidence of our senses; that we should not credit the deductions of *our* reason from the evidence of our senses, but, instead, accept *their* deductions. And this, too, when their ignorance of the subject is so profound, that though palpable to the well-informed, they are themselves actually unconscious of it. On their principle, the savage of the Rocky Mountains is a better judge of the telegraph and steam engine, than the Cambridge Professors can be.

They ask more. They ask us to give up the wise men of the past. They ask us not to stand by such minds as Socrates, Cicero, and Dr. Johnson, but rather by the teachers of Cambridge. [The lecturer read quotations from these sages of the past, to show that they were believers in spirit intercourse.] They ask us not to believe the Bible and the conclusions we draw from its teaching. The Bible is full of spiritual manifestions. [A long list of apposite Scripture references was read.] Our conclusion is, that man being still man, if the things could once be done through him they can again. Who shall say they cannot?

They ask us not to credit the universal belief of mankind in all ages. One of the strong arguments in olden time of our having beyond the grave has been the universal belief in all ages. Why is not the argument just as strong in favor of spirit intercourse. They ask us not to credit the received evidences of Christianity. Read Paley and see how every evidence of Christianity proves Spirituality. They ask us not to credit profane history, which is full of the facts of spirit communion; for instance, the jugglers and fakirs of India, the greegree or fetishes of Africa, the cabala of the Jews, the witchcraft of Christendom.

They ask us to say—though electricity may rend the strongest oak, destroy life, or set a ship on fire, it cannot move a table; though its explosion may fill the sky with thunder, it cannot rap on the floor; though it can be guided by men in the lightning rod, the electrical machine and the telegraph, that ends man's power over it; though it can carry intelligence on wires, there is and can be no other mode of doing so.

And they ask us to believe that we have got to the end both of the works and word of God! For if we have not, then all that we believe *may* be true, yet they say it cannot. And I now ask on what basis is founded this monstrous draft on our credulity? Simply on this. Because the Professors of Harvard could not coax the raps out of the Fox girls or the Davenport boys! And that when millions in all parts of the world, fully as intelligent and well educated, who have carefully investigated, long and laboriously, and have arrived at an opposite conclusion.

Which are we to credit?—this host on the one side, led on by Socrates, Cicero, Dr. Johnson, &c., or the two or three of Harvard? Which are we to believe?—*Our* deductions from our careful examinations, or theirs, founded on an examination whose superficiality is apparent to the commonest mind that has ever looked into the subject.

The lecture closed with an eloquent appeal to the millions who cherish this faith in their hearts,—to the infidels who had been brought from darkness to light,—the halt, the lame and the sick who had been healed,—the mourners who had had the tears wiped from their eyes,—to the educated and intelligent who had found a soul-satisfying conviction,—which they would choose.

He left it for them to decide; but, said the speaker, "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord;" we will accept his truth in whatever form he chooses to send it—whether through the wise or the lowly.

SECOND LECTURE.

The speaker alluded, in the commencement of his second lecture, to the difficulty of conveying to the inexperienced a just idea of the evidences of spirit-intercourse, they are for the most part so peculiarly personal in their character. A person feels a spirit-hand, or sees a spirit-form, for instance; but it is impossible for him to convey to another an exact idea of the impression produced thereby, or to give another a true conception of his sensations. He then proceeded to the *second* point in his argument, viz: That if the Professors are right as to the raps and table-tippings, it is of little consequence; for there is a mighty truth yet left connected with spirit communion. Strike out of existence those things which the Professors condemn, and the most of this great matter which is agitating the whole human family remains yet untouched.

Let it be conceded that the rappings are made by men; there is an intelligence displayed which is to be accounted for. It was this, said the lecturer, which first attracted my attention, and which is the important consideration to all intelligent minds. Had there been nothing beyond the mere physical phenomenon, I might have turned my back upon it long ago, as these Professors have done. But I found this remarkable feature of intelligence. I found it could not be from the mortals around, for it read my secret thoughts and knew the workings of my mind even better than I myself. No man need examine long to find that this intelligence is there. Now whence is it? See what its character is. It will hold a conversation; it is acquainted with its A B C and spelling; it speaks many languages; it answers mental question; it tells things unknown to the medium; it foretells things to happen; it identifies individuals; it comes and goes at its pleasure and not at ours; it indulges in untruth and contradictions, and this against the will of the medium; it tells things not in the mind of any one present; it displays a will and purpose of its own, just as the human mind does; it comes everywhere and in all parts of the world with the same characteristics; it takes pains and contrives means to obviate objections to it; and, finally, it shows the phenomena of moving inanimate mattter without mortal contact, and displaying intelligence.

All these are facts known to thousands and tens of thousands in this and other countries, and yet are wholly untouched by these exposures. They are believed by hosts of inquirers; are daily being demonstrated to others, and have triumphantly resisted just such exposures,—for example, Faraday's, that of the Buffalo Doctors, &c.; they have encountered the scrutiny of many keen minds, and yet live and flourish; they have triumphed over and live on in spite of many true exposures of what were real fabrications by the foolish or designing.

And now what is all this, which thus lives and flourishes—which is unaffected by this more recent exposure?

And yet, I have not advanced a step beyond the mere raps and table-tippings. Let us, however, advance beyond that limit, and see what there is, viz: Other physical manifestations, too numerous to mention. Among these are—hearing voices, music and imitations; moving bodies, as chairs, tables, beds, &c., &c.; playing on musical instruments; lifting up the human form, walking on the water, etc.; touching us; giving us odors; in fine, addressing *all* the senses. And all with these characteristics: They are guided by intelligence and display will; they are at its option and not ours; are restrained from seriously hurting us; they happen against our will; and in various and distant places, without the possibility of collusion, yet everywhere the same.

Another feature is the wise adaptation of the means to the end in view. First, it comes in an age of reason, when man demands every thing proved to his senses; hence it comes addressed to the senses. Second, it forecloses every objection urged against it. If it is supposed to be by the toes on the floor, it is transferred to the table; if supposed to be by machinery, it is done high up on the wall, or on a railroad train, in motion; if supposed to be deception in the dark, it is done in broad light; if supposed to be delusion, it comes to so many different persons, and is even perceptible to animals; if supposed to be collusion, it is done in so many places that collusion is out of the question; if supposed to ventriloquism, it is done without a sound; if supposed to be our mind, it is done against our will. Thus, every supposable explanation is met and answered by itself and its manifestations.

It proves that it is not done by mortals. By whom then is it done? In like manner every supposable case of its being done by mortals is met and answered by itself, in doing things known only to the persons it professes to be; in telling things thus known; also, in alluding to past incidents, to private marks, and to distant objects, all unknown to the medium, yet known to the spirit; and in referring to future and unknown events, and to forgotten things not then in the mortal's mind.

It sets mortal control as well as mortal ingenuity at defiance. And yet, it confounds all doubt by its simplicity. It is not great and violent, like a volcano, as many mediums would like to have it; it comes addressed to the commonest understanding.

It exhibits the infinite variety there is in human character and intellect; no two mediums being alike. Could man fabricate such infinite and ever occurring variety;

Now this relates principally to the physical manifestations; and observe two things. First, a great deal of it is untouched by the Harvard Professors; and, second, there is yet left the whole field of mental manifestations, which is also untouched by them.

The lecturer then called attention to the vast area which remains unexplained by the Harvard Committee. Of the different kinds of mediums, there are. the seeing:—who behold spirits, spirit scenes, distant objects on earth, distant planetary worlds, pictures, writing and figures; the hearing mediums—those who with the ear distinguish words and meaning, and those who hear "with the heart," or the internal hearing by means of which they can hold conversations with spiritual beings; the healing mediums, who reveal diseases, prescribe remedies, cure by laying on of hands, disclose the spiritual origin of disease,—cure insanity, or a propensity to suicide; the speaking mediums—in trance, in normal condition, in many tongues, giving thoughts foreign to the medium, and words not understood by him; writing mediums—who write mechanically, upside down, counterfeiting autographs never seen by them; giving sometimes the words precisely of the spirit, and sometimes its ideas only; impressible mediums, receiving thoughts not their own; and, lastly, inspiration—of the poet, the orator, and the artist.

Through these forms, this intelligence is teaching these great truths; and everywhere alike shows a common origin, and precludes collusion.

The teaching is attended with its incongruities and contradictions, inevitable from using mortal instruments, yet wise, because forbidding authority and compelling free lom. So Christianity involves apparent incongruities which, though existing eighteen hundred years, are not settled yet. This same intelligence through these sources, is identifying persons and giving tests; is giving us the origin of evil and teaching us to guard against it; revealing the source of good and how to make it available; giving the spirit of prophecy, and an example of gentleness and humility.

All these teachings and influences are tending to two great ends; first, to enforce the law of love and inculcate progression in love as well as knowledge and purity; and, second, reveal to us our future state and mode of existence. Now can this be done except through man? And what can be more important to man?

These lectures were richly illustrated with facts and incidents in the speaker's own experience, or that had come under his observation; and were listened to with marked interest and attention by large and highly intelligent audiences.

BOSTON WEEKLY CONFERENCE—THURSDAY EVENING, DEC. 24TH.—Rev. Mr. THAYER was called to preside. The general subject of Progression was announced. Mr. EDSON explained more fully the idea he had advanced at a previous meeting respecting God as a Progressive Being. He thought the principle of progress must exist in Deity, otherwise it could not exist in man, made in his image. There is a distinction between *being* and *existence*, or, in other words, between essence and *manifestation*. He considered God absolute, infinite, immutable in essence, but progressive in manifestation.

His idea formed the basis of an interesting discussion, in which Messrs. PORTER, THAYER, WASHBURN, LAMBERT, and others took part.

MEETINGS AT 14 BROMFIELD ST.—Dr. CHILD spoke in the afternoon of Sunday last, on the subject of "the right we *do not* possess of holding any earthly goods defined and bounded by self right. He said the teachings of the New Testament nowhere justified, but in many passages forbid our holding in our possession any earthly goods for self. In the evening the same subject was discussed with a lively interest and a sincere expression of thought. Mr. Duncklee, Mr. Edson, Mr. Cash, Mr. Newcomb and Dr. Child took part in the speaking.

LECTURES AT MARLBORO'.—A. E. Newton spoke, on Sunday last, in the Universalist Church, at Marlboro, Mass., on the Philosophy and Evidences of Modern Spiritualism. The audiences were evidently deeply interested. A strong feeling of inquiry in relation to this subject pervades the more intelligent part of the community; but the place has not as yet been favored with mediums through whom suitable tests of spirit communication could be afforded. Circles have recently been commenced, and mediums are in process of development, who will doubtless in due time be instrumental in furnishing the needed evidences. It is designed to have speaking by trance and other speakers at the same place once in two weeks, and Mrs. Huntley is engaged for the second Sunday in January.

New York and Vicinity.

THE UNIVERSITY MEETINGS.—Rev. T. L. Harris and his congregation now hold their Sunday meetings in the University, opposite the Washington Parade Ground. The audience usually fills the chapel, and is composed of refined and intellectual people. The writer was present last Sunday evening (Dec. 20th), on which occasion the speaker—under the general title of "justification by faith"—discussed the influence of ideas and opinions on the intrinsic character and the outward life of the individual. This subject was handled in a bold and original manner. The cardinal idea of the discourse we accepted as true, though presented in its extreme aspects, by an uninterrupted succession of pictorial illustrations and graphic word-painting which displayed almost unrivalled powers of imagination. Nothing was elaborated, but details were not required to reveal the bold strokes of the master. His powers of conception and representation were characterized by such intensity and strength that they appeared to assume objective forms. Thus angels from the celestial spheres and demons from the murky regions of the spiritual Hades seemed to descend from the opening heavens, or to rise from the shades below. While they walked before him his soul was on fire, and he seemed to pour from its burning alembic the fused elements of stars, rainbows and auroral splendors on the waiting and enraptured souls of his hearers.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE, who is already very favorably known to the former readers of the *Age* through her elegant contributions to the miscellaneous department of the paper, is likely to win lasting reputation as a public lecturer on the eloquent themes which the Spiritual Reformation suggests. Miss Hardinge enjoyed superior advantages while in Europe, which she wisely improved in the cultivation and development of those faculties that make the soul strong in the battle of life, and through which we must go up to our great immortality. Miss H. has also a fine musical education, and—under the direct inspiration of spirits—composes with remarkable freedom and beauty. She has likewise studied elocution under competent masters; and while her public efforts are characterized by a strong intellectual individuality, they are rendered still more attractive, alike to the cultivated and the common mind, by some of the more essential graces of rhetorical and dramatic expression.

HOME IN NEW YORK.—Persons entertaining liberal views who desire a pleasant home and good society, either permanently or while visiting the city from other parts of the country, will do well to remember that our friend, Dr. O. H. Wellington, corner of University Place and Twelfth street, can furnish them with precisely such accommodations as they desire. His house is kept in a very quiet and orderly manner, yet without any such arbitrary and absurd restraints as are frequently imposed by the aristocracy of modern fashion and popular theology. Our friend's place, some time since, acquired reputation as a *Water Cure;* but under the present management the *amphibious* inmates are very scarce, and no one is required either to starve himself to save his life, or to become a self-moving *corn mill and bolting machine.*

ILLNESS OF PROF. MAPES.—We regret to learn that PROF. J. J. MAPES, who is widely known and distinguished for his important discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, and for his earnestness in all scientific pursuits, has of late been suffering from serious indisposition, which has occasioned much anxiety among his numerous friends in New York and elsewhere. We sincerely hope that his health may be speedily restored and permanently established. The scientific world cannot afford to dispense with his invaluable services, and society at large would suffer loss should he be obliged to withdraw from the scenes of active life.

CLAIRVOYANCE AS A MEDICAL AGENT.—Mrs. Dorman, who has long employed her clairvoyant powers in the perception and diagnostication of disease, and the treatment of the sick, now occupies rooms with her husband at Dr. Wellington's, in Twelfth street, one square from Broadway. We have not yet had an opportunity to witness any illustration of Mrs. Dorman's powers, but have been assured by a physician who has a large city practice, and in whose judgment we have great confidence, that she is one of the most reliable clairvoyants in the country.

W. S. COURTNEY, ESQ.—Our former able associate in the editorial management of the *Age* still resides in the neighboring city of Brooklyn. We cannot but indulge the hope that the next turn in the wheel of fortune may place him where his commanding powers of thought may find adequate expression. Great thinkers are not so numerous—among the avowed and unflinching advocates of Spiritualism—that we can afford to have a mind of such power and illumination diverted into other channels.

A TURKISH LUXURY.—Our friend Culbertson, No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, has prepared, at the rooms of Mrs. French, a Turkish Bath, with all the necessary concomitants. Those who would get rid of their pains and renew their youth had better make a trial of this bath. It is one of those luxuries that do not impair, but are quite likely to improve the physical condition. Culbertson may possibly make you feel about five years younger every time you fall into his hands. A single experiment, however, will enable the reader to judge of the probabilities of his securing new health and perpetual youth in this direction.

S. B. BRITTAN lectured to crowded assemblies at Waterford, N. Y., last Sunday, afternoon and evening, and commenced a course on the science, theology, morals and religion of Spiritualism, in Hudson, on Tuesday evening of this week. He expects to spend the month of January in the West, after which he is expected to visit the extreme eastern portion of the Union.

WILLIAM V. NOE, a member of the Spiritualists' Choir, occupied the desk at Dodworth's Academy, last Sunday morning and evening. The New York editor of the *Age* having been absent at Waterford last Sunday, we cannot speak of Mr. Noe's lectures.

MISS AMEDEY AT HINGHAM.—A writer in the *Hingham* (Mass.) *Journal* of Dec. 25, speaks very highly of a trance lecture recently given in that place through Miss Amedey, of Boston. He states that at a very brief notice a church was filled with earnest listeners, and that the speaker succeeded in "riveting the attention of the hearers, and holding them in breathless silence for more than an hour, assuring them that the Bible teaches Spiritualism, and that Spiritualism confirms the teachings of the Bible." Miss A., who devotes her time to services of this character, may be addressed at No. 32 Allen street, Boston.

TO FRIENDS AT THE WEST.—As will be seen, by a paragraph elsewhere, Mr. Brittan is about undertaking an extensive lecturing tour in the Western States. This will afford a favorable opportunity to friends in the localities he may visit, to hand in their subscriptions to the AGE. Let him be encouraged by a good list in every place.

ILLNESS OF MR. MANSFIELD.—We regret to learn that Mr. J. V. Mansfield, letter-writing medium, has been suffering for some days from a severe attack of lung fever. He is now slowly recovering, and hopes to be able soon to resume the duties of his office and mediumship.

DEMAND FOR LECTURERS. A correspondent writing us from Attica, Ind., says "We want lecturers through this country very much." Public speakers contemplating tours west will please take notice.

PASSED TO THE SPIRIT LIFE.—Dec. 3d, 1857, SALLY, wife of JOHN POOR, of Winchendon, Mass. She left these shores with the bright hope of a beautiful reunion with friends passed on before her. Her sickness was long and painful; but patient in her sufferings, she passed on, while her last hours were cheered with the full assurance that her departed friends were waiting for her. The funeral was held at the residence of Mr. Poor, on the Saturday following, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a goodly number were assembled to drop a friendly tear, and breathe a word of sympathy. After the singing of a hymn, appropriate for the occasion, the writer of this was controlled by spirit power, and a short discourse was delivered, the subject of which was "She is not dead but sleepeth." The influence seemed to be very calm and soothing, and well calculated to bind up the wound of the afflicted heart. May the friends remaining, seek the same consolation which she felt and realised! May they feel that her presence still lingers around them, and that in love she watches over them.

Ah! mourning firesides, no shining link is riven;
An Angel's hand but bore it back to Heaven.

W. E. D.

Compend of Facts.

The Gift of Healing.

From numerous testimonies before us, we condense the following summary of facts under this head:

Mr. CHAS. C. WILLIAMS, of Norwich Town, Ct., states, under date of Nov. 29, 1857, that in 1856 he was afflicted by a bad fever-sore on his left leg, which spread until it covered half the surface, or more, between the ankle and the knee. For four months he was obliged to dress it from two to six times daily with cooling applications, swathing it at night with cold-water bandages, suffering at times so severely as to be obliged to lie on his back with the limb elevated. The discharges of matter were constant and very offensive, there being four principal orifices besides a discharging surface of the size of a hand, and the swelling of the part was of the thickness of a hand. On the last of September, in that year, he made the acquaintance of Mr. CALVIN HALL, a healing medium, invited him to his house, and showed him this afflicted limb. Mr. Hall immediately laid his hands upon the diseased part, and made passes over it. *In less than thirty minutes, with this application alone, the pain was entirely removed, the swelling nearly disappeared, the offensive discharges wholly ceased, and the surface healed over;* and from that moment to the present time the sore has never re-appeared in any form.

[Since we received the statement from which the above is condensed, we have had a call from Mr. Williams, who is stopping at the Fountain House in this city, and who exhibited to us the healed limb. The scars still visible indicate the extent and severity of the ulceration; and Mr. W. bears unequivocal testimony to the truth of the above in every particular. He informs us that he was formerly an infidel, of the most ultra stamp, believing that Jesus and his apostles were a band of knaves and impostors, and that their alleged miracles were tricks or fabrications. He is now convinced that he was quite in error, and considers himself a living witness that divine healing power can be conferred through the simple process of laying on of hands; also that his case is as fully entitled to be considered a miracle as any case of healing recorded in the Gospels. Can any "orthodox" divine of New England present a more conclusive "sign" of being a disciple of Jesus than this case affords?]

Mr. WILLIAM ANDERSON, of Fisherville, Thompson, Conn., certifies that for ten years he had been an invalid, unable to perform but little labor, at any time, and much of the time entirely prostrated by disease. The most eminent physicians of the vicinity, to whom he applied, pronounced his malady an organic disease of the heart, and treated him for the same, but without beneficial effect. In March last, at which time he was in a very bad condition, he was visited by Dr. GEORGE ATKINS, now of Webster, Mass., a healing medium, who, after examination, informed him that his difficulty proceeded from a contraction of the *pylorus*, or the passage between the stomach and the duoden um. Dr. A. gave directions how this difficulty might be overcome, which directions were followed with immediate improvement, and in a few weeks with a restoration to a good state of health, which he continued to enjoy at the time of writing. Mr. Anderson adds that Dr. Atkins is doing great good among the sick in that region.

E. W. DICKINSON, of Springfield, Mass., testifies to having been relieved of a severe attack of bilious cholic, by a simple imposition of hands for the space of about ten minutes, by Mr. CALVIN HALL.

Mr. JAMES DAKIN, of Chicopee Falls, states that he was relieved of a very acute scrofulous inflammation in the nose and face, by the laying on of hands of Mr. Hall, which was repeated several times in four or five successive days, without the use of any medicine whatever.

HULDAH H. WINGATE, of the same place, testifies that Mr. Hall, by means of manipulations, removed entirely the pain from a bad felon on one of her fingers, which had deprived her wholly of sleep for two nights; and afterwards by the same means, subdued the proud flesh which appeared, and effected a cure, although an eminent physician of Springfield thought she must lose a portion of the finger.

Mr. AVERY BROWN, of Somerville, Conn., testifies to being cured of very bad sore eyes, which were so painful as to prevent his sleeping at night, or reading at any time, by a few passes of Mr. Hall's hands.

These must suffice for one paper. We have, of course, no means of judging, from such testimonies, what proportion of patients who apply for aid through these instrumentalities are benefitted. That many failures occur, we have no doubt; and that the degree of the healing power depends upon conditions, both in the imparter and receiver, is very evident. Those, therefore, who are called to be instruments of this gift, would do well to carefully note these conditions, that they may attain to the highest qualifications for usefulness.

Who can Explain it Otherwise?

Mr. M. F. Shuey, of Elkhart, Ind., has a letter in the last issue of the Telegraph, from which we make the following extract:

Mrs. Coan is doing a good work in the West, and gives many excellent and beautiful tests. I was present at a public exhibition of her powers at South Bend, in this State. Messrs. Liston and Turner, two distinguished lawyers, were on the Committee. A number of ballots, with the names of deceased persons written on them, by the Committee and others, were placed on the table. Presently the name of "Joseph" was spelled out by the raps, and a ballot with that name was selected by the spirits. Joseph said he was the spirit brother of Mr. Turner, and after answering many questions correctly, as to his age, place of death, etc., Mr. Turner asked Joseph if his spirit father was present? It rapped "No." When Mrs. Coan wrote, backward and upside down, "Budda is here." Mr. Turner then explained to the congregation that five years ago, and before he moved to South Bend, he had lost a little boy that he used to call "Budda," but that no one in the house knew it but himself, and that it was not in his mind at the time, and had not been during the evening, and that he had never seen Mrs. Coan till he met her on the platform; and freely admitted that he could explain the matter in no other way than by just saying "it was spirits."

Singular Presentiment.

The following is from an old resident of Madison, Wisconsin, now in Amherst, Mass.:

A few weeks since, a young man named Fiske, a member of the Junior class in Amherst College, while gathering nuts, fell from a walnut tree, a distance of thirty feet, and had his back broken. Two of the vertebræ are displaced, one outward and one inward. All parts of the body below the injury are, of course, paralyzed, and though he has lingered so long, there is no possibility of his recovery.

In connection with this sad casuality may be recorded one of those strange presentiments which defy the scrutiny of mental science. The mother of the young man, living in a distant part of the State, for several days previous to the accident, had the most distressing forebodings of the event. No argument of her husband could shake her conviction that some dreadful calamity was about to befall Benjamin, and too soon the telegraph justified her darkest forebodings. Though an invalid herself and supposed to be entirely incapable of performing such a journey, she has by some means reached the bed-side of her dying child, to administer such sympathy and consolation as none but a mother can bestow.

Test Through a Child Medium.

Dr. S. Kimball of Sacketts Harbor, N. Y., is responsiblefor the following:

Two years ago at the Tremont House, in the presence of Profs. Hare, Mapes and Hon. Mr. Sickles, while some other manifestations were going on, Mrs. French observed Miss Mildred Cole, alias "little Maggie," who was sitting in her lap, repeatedly making motions upon her bare arm with her finger, and it being kept up by her, Mrs. F.'s attention was attracted sufficiently at last to observe that she was spelling out the name "Nuton," and called the attention of the whole assembly. She then gave her a pencil and paper, when she marked it out on the paper, just as children are in the habit of doing, who have just begun to spell a little, and spelt by sound "Nuton" instead of Newton. Mrs. F. said it was a little boy of hers that was in the habit of marking out his name on a slate and spelling it the same way, that "went up" when he was about four years old. That she had not been thinking of him until thus announced. Neither the boy before his decease nor Mildred could otherwise write.

THE DEAF MADE TO HEAR.—The son of Mr. Barrett, of Edmeston, N. Y., had been deaf for seven years. A. M. Convis, a test and healing medium of Bridgewater, N. Y., was called to treat the boy. Under spirit influence he operated upon the lad but once; and from that hour his hearing was entirely restored. A number of reliable citizens of Edmeston can testify to all the facts in the case. We learn this from the *Clarion*.

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STOPPAGES.—As the terms of this paper require advance payments, it is a rule of the office to discontinue all papers on the expiration of the term paid for,—presuming that such discontinuance is desired unless a new remittance is made.

We intend to notify all patrons of the expiration of their payments, a week or two in advance of such expiration,—at the same time inviting them to a renewal. We do this by means of a small slip, or "extra," inclosed in their papers.

It sometimes happens that these notifications are either neglected by our mailers or are overlooked by the persons to whom they are sent; and hence subscribers occasionally find their papers stopped without notice. In all such cases, they should write immediately to this office, inclosing an additional remittance, unless sure that the term already paid for has not expired. In the latter case, the error will be cheerfully corrected.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—L. E. Hyde, N. W. Farwell, C. Brigham, S. M. Peters, L. K. Coonley, N. Holland, F. H. Smith, P. A. Bullard, A. Kent, C. Edwards, J. O. Proctor, H. Woodward, H. B. Whitman, Z. C. Bates, N. Lamb, H. N. Monroe, H. Randall, J. H. Johnson, S. G. Patterson, A. J. P. Durand, J. French, J. Witt, W. S. Haywood, M. Jones, J. Smith, H. Chase, H. P. Fairfield, Woodward & Co., J. H. Dewey 2, E. Hall, L. R. Lombard, D. Sargent, G. G. Ollorne, W. M. Lyons, J. Woodburn, C. K. Rugg, A. Davis, G. H. Steckman, "Investigator," W. W. Bowen, D. F. Murphy, E. R. Prescott, C. Putnam, S. McFarland, J. Treat, A. C. Stiles, H. T. Davis.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

MR. WILLIAM E. RICE, as will be seen by our advertising columns, has re-opened his medical office in Boston, at No. 98 Hudson St. Those who have been knowing to his remarkable success in this department, will be pleased to hear this fact. Mr. R. will also receive calls for his services as trance-speaker, particularly on Psychological and Spiritual science.

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

A. B. WHITING, of Michigan, may be addressed at Providence until January 10, and will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity on week evenings until that date.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—Miss C. M. BEEBE, of Boston, will lecture in the MELODEON on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M. Singing by the Misses Hall.

SPIRITUALIST MEETINGS will be held at No. 14 Bromfield St., every Sunday afternoon. Admission free. A CIRCLE for medium development and spiritual manifestations will be held every Sunday morning and evening at the same place. Admission 5 cents.

WEEKLY CONFERENCE MEETING, every Thursday evening, at No. 14 Bromfield street, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock.

THE LADIES ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE POOR,—entitled "Harmonial Band of Love and Charity,"—will hold weekly meetings in the Spiritualists' Reading Room, No. 14 Bromfield Street, every FRIDAY afternoon, at 3 o'clock. All interested in his benevolent work are invited to attend.

MEETINGS IN CHELSEA, on Sundays, morning and evening, at GUILD HALL, corner of Bellingham and Hawthorne streets. D. F. GODDARD, regular speaker. Seats free.

IN CAMBRIDGEPORT.—Meetings at Washington Hall, Main street, every Sunday afternoon and evening, at 3 and 7 o'clock.

IN QUINCY.—Meetings in Mariposa Hall every Sunday.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, may be addressed at No. 3 Winter street, Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store).

TERMS—Mr. M. devotes his whole time to this business, and charges a fee of $1 and four postage stamps to pay return postage, for his efforts to obtain an *answer*, but does not guarantee an answer for this sum.

Persons who wish a guarantee will receive an answer to their letters, or the letter and money will be returned in *thirty days from its reception*. Charge for guarantee, $3.

No letters will receive attention unless accompanied with the proper fee.

Mr. Mansfield will receive visitors at his office on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Persons are requested not to call on other days. 39 tf

Mrs. KNIGHT, Writing Medium, 15 Montgomery place, up one flight of stairs, door No. 4. Hours 9 to 1 and 2 to 5. Terms 50 cents a seance.

Mrs. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. No. 10 Chickering place.

Mrs. B. K. LITTLE, (formerly Miss Ellis) Test Medium, by Rapping, Writing and Trance. Rooms No. 46 Elliot street. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 6 P. M. Terms $1 per hour for one or two persons; 50 cents for each additional person. Clairvoyant Examinations for Diseases and Prescriptions, $1.

Mrs. D. C. KENDALL, ARTIST, No. 16 LaGrange Place, Boston. Flowers, Landscapes, etc., painted under Spiritual Influence. Sittings for Physical Manifestations. A good writing test medium will be present.

Mrs. DICKINSON, No. 16 Boylston place, Seer, Healing and Trance Medium, gives communications concerning the Past, Present and Future.

Mrs. O. J. PUTNAM, Healing, Writing and Trance Medium; at No. 14 Montgomery place, Boston. Hours from 9 A. M. to 6 P. M. Examinations and Trance, $1 each. Writing, 50 cents each.

Mrs. L. B. COVERT, Writing, Speaking and Personating Medium, No. 35 South st., will sit for communications between the hours of 9 and 12 A. M. and 2 and 10 P. M., or, if desired, will visit families. Terms 50 cts. 34—3m

Mrs. L. B. SMITH, Writing and Healing Medium, Spirit-Seer and Delineator of Character, No. 45 Harrison Avenue. Hours from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and from 2 to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents: Medical examinations and aid $1. Regular circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings; admittance 10 cents. Mrs. S. will also receive calls to lecture. 26—4t

PIANOS AND MELODEONS.

S. B. BRITTAN is Agent for Horace Waters' and Lighte, Newton & Bradbury's Pianos, and will furnish the best Instruments at the lowest prices, to all who may either call on him personally or forward their requests. Those who reside at a distance may send their orders with full confidence that the utmost care will be taken in selecting perfect Instruments. Every Piano that does not equal the recommendation given at the time of the purchase, will be taken back and another supplied in its place, the Agent paying the expenses of transportation both ways.

We will also furnish, at the prices in the manufacturers' schedule, T. Gilbert's Pianos, S. D. & H. W. Smith's Melodeons—tuned in the equal temperament. Also, Goodman & Baldwin's Melodeons, on similar terms. Those who may wish to purchase anything in this line will be satisfied, by a single experiment, that we can do as well or better for them than they can do for themselves elsewhere in the world. Orders solicited. Address S. B. BRITTAN.

☞ Those who apply in person in case of Mr. Brittan's absence from the city, are requested to call at Munson's, No. 5 Great Jones street, and obtain a note of introduction to the above named parties.

NEW DEPOT FOR SPIRITUAL AND REFORM PUBLICATIONS.

NO. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, NEW YORK.

S. T. MUNSON would inform the friends abroad that he has established an Agency at the above Number, two doors East of Broadway, and near the LaFarge Buildings, for the sale of all Spiritual and Reform Publications, where a complete assortment will be kept constantly on hand of all works pertaining to the subject of Spiritualism, and an early notice given of all new Books in the course of

Interesting Miscellany.

RING OUT THE OLD! RING IN THE NEW!

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times,
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes;
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

PEARLS OF POESY.

A CHEERFUL LOOK, AND A BROKEN HEART,

What an expressive and touching simile is this from Percival:

"I saw on the top of a mountain high,
A gem that shone like fire by night;
It seemed a star that left the sky,
And drop't to sleep on the mountain's height.
I clomb the peak, and found full soon,
A lump of ice in the clear cold moon—
Canst thou its hidden sense impart?
'Tis a cheerful look and a broken heart."

A PURE SPIRIT.

The following speaks the language of true affection, and contains a sentiment worthy of an immortality:

"Yes—for a spirit as pure as hers
Is always pure, even while it errs;
As sunshine, broken in the rill,
Though turned astray, is sunshine still!"

ON HUMAN LIFE.

Our life is but a winter's day,
Some only breakfast and away;
Others to dinner stay, and are full fed;
The oldest man but sups and goes to bed;
Large is his debt who lingers out the day,
Who *goes the soonest has the least' to pay.*

"LENT—NOT GIVEN."

God takes the beautiful, the best;
They are but lent, not given;
He sets "his jewels" on his breast,
That they may shine in heaven.

SOUR MUSIC.

How sour sweet music is
When time is broke, and no proportion kept!
So is it in the music of men's lives.

SHAKSPEARE.

THE WAY TO BE HAPPY.

A story is told of two travellers in Lapland which throws more light on the art of being happy than a whole volume of proverbs and aphorisms. Upon a very cold day in winter they were driving along in a sledge, wrapped in furs from head to foot. Even their faces were closely covered, and you could hardly see anything but their eyebrows, and these were white and glistening with frost. At length they saw a poor man had sunken down benumbed and frozen in the snow. "We must stop and help him," said one of the travellers. "Stop and help," replied the other; "you will never think of stopping on such a day as this! We are half frozen ourselves, and ought to be at our journey's end as soon as possible." "But I cannot leave this man to perish," rejoined the more humane traveller; "I must go to his relief," and he stopped the sledge. "Come," said he, "come and help me to raise him." "Not I," replied the other; "I have too much regard for my own life to expose myself to this freezing atmosphere more than is necessary. I will sit here and keep myself as warm as I can till you come back." So saying he resolutely kept his seat, while his companion hastened to relieve the perishing man whom he had so providentially discovered. The ordinary means were used for restoring consciousness; but the traveller was so intent upon saving the life of a fellow-creature that he forgot his own exposure; and what were the consequences? Why, the very efforts which he made to warm the stranger warmed himself. He had the sweet consciousness of doing a benevolent act, and he also found himself glowing from head to foot by reason of the exertions which he made. And how was it with his companion, who was so much afraid of exposing himself? He was almost ready to freeze, notwithstanding the efforts he had been making to keep himself warm! The lesson to be derived from this little incident is obvious.—*N. Y. Observer.*

FASCINATION.—It is my firm belief, says Rev. Mr. Borrow, that certain individuals possess an inherent power, or fascination, over certain creatures, otherwise I should be unable to account for many feats which I have witnessed, and, indeed, borne a share in, connected with the taming of brutes and reptiles. I have known a savage and vicious mare, whose stall it was dangerous to approach, even when bearing provender, welcome, nevertheless, with every appearance of pleasure, an uncouth, wiry-headed man, with a frightfully seamed face, and iron hook supplying the place of his right hand—one whom the animal had never seen before, playfully bite his hair, and cover his face with gentle and endearing kisses; and I have already stated how a viper would permit, without resentment, one child to take it up in his hand, whilst it showed its dislike to another by the fiercest hissings. Philosophy can explain many strange things, but there are some which are a far pitch above her, and this is one.

Would you be avenged on your enemy? Be virtuous, that he may have nothing to say against you.

To the truly poetical soul evil and wrong are repulsive; they are mutations of the pure and perfect and beautiful, which alone it loves.

THE LADY IN THE SACQUE.

In days long past there stood on the borders of the New Forest a splendid mansion, which had been erected during the reign of the Plantagenets. It was a curious building, filled with odd nooks and winding passages, branching hither and thither, and bewildering the uninitiated stranger with their labyrinth mazes. For several years the house had been shut up, the owner having, it was said, sustained some heavy pecuniary losses, which compelled his retiring to a less pretending abode. It chanced one day that two ladies were travelling in the vicinity, when the elder, attracted by the beauty of the surrounding scenery, inquired of a passer-by what name the deserted habitation bore.

"Forester's Hall," grinned the peasant; "thee can have him if thee likes. Squire Russell wants to be rid of the old place."

"And who is Squire Russell?" asked the younger lady, turning her sparkling eyes upon the rustic; "he must have queer notions to allow this elegant structure to fall thus before the ruthless hand of Time," and she pointed to one wing which appeared completely dilapidated; "but I suppose," she added, "he is some miserly old bachelor."

"He beant old, miss," answered the countryman; "he and his mother did live there before misfortins fell upon them, when they was sort of forced to give the Hall up. Squire would sell it for a song."

"Why does not some one become the purchaser?" interrogated the old lady. "See, Eugenie," she said, turning to her companion, "what a noble avenue leads to the principal entrance!"

"I tell ye what, madam," whispered the peasant, "no mortal man nor woman can bide there. It be haunted."

"How delightfully romantic!" laughed Eugenie. "But can you tell me, friend, what is seen?"

"Folks do say," continued the rustic, "that there's a beautiful lady walks the gallery of a night, dressed in a thing grand people used to wear, called a *sack*. Wonder whether it be like my tater sack; that 'ud be a rum garb for a dainty bit of flesh and blood."

"Aunt," said Eugenie, "pray let us settle in this lovely spot."

"I have no objection," returned her aunt, "provided the Hall is sold at a bargain." Then addressing the wondering laborer, she said, "Where does this Mr. Russell live?"

"Squire Russell's house lies half a mile on your right," cried the countryman; "but lor', ma'am, you beant so foolhardy as to be arter takin' the Hall, be ye?"

Mrs. Irving (such was the lady's name) motioned with some dignity to the man to precede herself and niece, and taking Eugenie's hand within her arm, she pursued the narrow path taken by their guide.

They found Ashdown Farm a dreary place, although its master, Mr. Everard Russell, received them with the utmost courtesy, offering to send a servant early next morning to open the Hall, that they might have ample opportunity of inspecting the property. "I need not tell you," he said, "I shall be only too happy, embarrassed as I am, at finding a purchaser; yet the hour that another becomes legitimate possessor of the home of my ancestors will be the most bitter, amid all my trials, I shall have experienced."

Next day saw Everard Russell in waiting at Forester's Hall; large fires had been lighted by his order in each capacious chamber, so that when Mrs. Irving and her niece arrived, there was quite an air of comfort diffused throughout the crumbling pile.

Eugenie was charmed with everything. She had forgotten the story of the ghost, but all in an instant it recurred to her, and she commenced bantering Everard upon the subject. To her astonishment he turned pale as a monumental statue, and she observed his white lip to quiver, as he glanced hurriedly around. At length he said, "Have you a belief in disembodied spirits revisiting earth?—do you think when once we have shuffled off this mortal coil,' our souls can be permitted to haunt the dwellings of men?"

"No, Mr. Russell," answered Eugenie, "I cannot conceive, that after exchanging the world for immortality, we shall ever be allowed to descend to it again. I place no credence in spectral appearances, which are mere conjurations of the village gossip, and serve to scare the senses of timid childhood. Every ancient edifice has its legend, and Foresters' Hall, I perceive, is not an exception. However, we will turn to some more agreeable topic. See! there is my aunt perambulating yon terraced walk. Suppose we join her."

Much relieved by the change of conversation, the color returned to Everard's cheek, and during Mrs. Irving's exploration of the grounds he was animated to an extraordinary degree. The ladies were mutually pleased with him, and when he named the very moderate sum he demanded for the property, Mrs. Irving agreed to become its purchaser, and desired Mr. Russell would hurry his lawyer respecting a transfer of the title deeds, as she wished the business settled without delay. To this Everard joyfully assented, and the new acquaintances parted, each well pleased with the morning's transaction.

Miss Irving (or as she better loved to be designated, *Mrs.* Irving) was a lady in receipt of a considerable income, but which, large as it was, she somehow contrived to get through. Her time was spent in travelling; she had seen all that was worthy of note in England; had spent long years in Italy and France, and at length, completely weary of the world, resolved upon settling down in some sweet retirement.

Eugenie Boyd, the orphan child of an only sister, was totally dependent on Mrs. Irving, but never were two beings more devotedly attached than the aunt and niece. As yet Eugenie had never experienced a preference for any gentleman—so at least Mrs. Irving averred, and so she thought—though far within the maiden's soul there lurked a passionate love for Harold Harding, a young artist, patronised by her aunt, but from whom the good lady suddenly withdrew her countenance on discovering he had dared to raise his presumptuous eyes to her niece and heiress.

Disgusted with Mrs. Irving's worldliness, poor Harold broke up his little establishment, and accepting a situation as travelling companion to a valetudinarian nobleman, was soon on his way to mighty Rome. Eugenie had not even the solace of breathing the word farewell; she was hurried by her aunt from one place of amusement to another, and all she knew of Harold's flight from England was gleaned from the careless chitchat of some friends, and the sight of a neat little card, bearing his P. P. C., which her maid one morning placed upon her dressing table.

When Mrs. Irving and Eugenie were duly installed at Foresters' Hall, they discovered the situation of which they had made choice almost too dull. Although not far from the village of Boldre, few calls were made by the residents, and one or two families with whom they had formed an intimacy invariably departed long before nightfall. The fact was, the Hall bore a name of ill repute, nor could Eugenie once induce a single individual, save their own domestics, to tarry beyond a certain hour beneath its roof. Mrs. Irving felt much chagrined; fain would she have relinquished the dreaded abode, had she not feared by so doing she might incur the reproach of nourishing a superstition she was far from entertaining.

Mr. Russell was a constant guest at the Hall, but his mother excused herself, alleging ill health as a plea for declining the repeated invitations given her by their new neighbors. Everard Russell was a gentleman of great refinement, and this, coupled with a profound knowledge of men and manners, served to render his presence almost essential to Mrs. Irving, so that by degrees he assumed a complete influence over her, and when disinclined to walk with Eugenie, she always resigned her to his care. Nor did the young lady object to this occasional transfer of companions, for Everard was decidedly a noble-looking man, and one as well skilled in the art of turning a delicate compliment as any courtier. Still, greatly as she esteemed him, and gratified as she felt by his attentions, Eugenie never contemplated the probability of his becoming other than a friend, and she experienced a painful surprise when her aunt communicated the intelligence that Everard had made proposals for her hand. The heart of Miss Boyd prompted her to put a negative on his suit, but Mrs. Irving insisted on her accepting it, and as Eugenie could really offer no serious ojection, she consented to receive him as her lover, yet still the memory of Harold haunted each wakening hour.

While tossing one night to and fro upon her restless couch, and thinking of the sudden and unwished-for change in her position, Eugenie fancied she heard a rustling sound as if caused by the flutter of a silken garment, and looking up he saw, by the faint gleam of her expiring taper, standing between the bed and window, the figure of a beautiful and stately woman, attired in the dress of a by-gone period. Miss Boyd rubbed her eyes and looked again; the figure still remained, and now she could clearly define the fashioning of her apparel, even to the indentical sacque described by the peasant. At this moment the light went out, there was a noise like to a door being softly closed, then all was still.

To say that Eugenie remained perfectly unawed would be altogether incorrect. Strong-minded as she was, she felt appalled by that countenance of immobility, so lovely, yet in expression so despairing. It was long ere slumber sealed the troubled eyelids of Miss Boyd, and when she again awoke, the bright beams of the noontide sun streamed through her partially open shutters.

Making a hurried toilet, Eugenie descended to the breakfast parlor, when Mrs. Irving, putting on her spectacles, exclaimed, "Gracious, child, how pale you are! let me send for medical advice; you are surely ill."

"Not so, dear aunt," replied Eugenie. "I am sufficiently well not to disappoint Everard of his ride. He is to be here at one o'clock."

"It wants only a quarter of an hour of that time," observed the old lady; "so you must use dispatch, for Mr. Russell likes punctuality."

Scarcely had she spoken, when the gentleman was announced.

"Am I too early?" he asked, tenderly taking Eugenie's hand, and gazing fondly in her face.

She knew not why, but a shudder passed through her frame, and she shrunk with ill-concealed aversion from his touch.

"What does this mean?" asked Everard, angrily. "I thought I was to have the honor of being your escort this morning; but it seems my presence is distasteful."

"You really must excuse me," replied Eugenie. "I feel quite unable to go out, and wish at once to return to my chamber."

"Your lightest wish, Miss Boyd, to me is law," he returned; "nor will I press the present fulfilment of your promise; still, on a future occasion, I trust I may not be treated with such mortifying coldness."

"Believe me," said Eugenie, "I am truly indisposed; but some other day I will strive to make amends for my present conduct." And bowing to him with a forced smile, she retired.

The apartment occupied hy Miss Boyd was situated at the back of the Hall; beneath its window was a gloomy copse, so wild and tangled that the meanest peasant boy would hardly venture within its precincts. Eugenie had chosen the old oak-pannelled room because she loved the song of the forest bird, and the murmur of the wind amid the trees.

Mrs. Irving often said she thought Eugenie must be lonely at night, so far remote from any of the household; but Eugenie remained quite content until the appearance of that phantom of which so many had spoken. In thonght she often lingered over the legend of Forester's Hall. It was said that an ancestress of the Russell family had cherished a secret love for a gay and gallant knight; and that, when an infuriate rival became aware of her love for another, he poisoned her, and that ever after her restless spirit roamed about the Hall, visible alone to those whom danger threatened.

On calm deliberation, Miss Boyd resolved not to mention the fright she had sustained, but wait and watch the future coming of her unbidden guest. She argued thus: it was probable one of the menials had, in rummaging amongst some ancient forgotten rubbish, lighted upon the dress, and so thought to practise on her credulity; she felt ashamed of her rudeness to Everard, to whom she decided sending an apologetic note, and was about to reach forth her hand to take the pen, when behold, reflected within a large mirror, the form of the spectre appeared, standing close behind her chair. Quick as lightning Eugenie turned her head; no one was there—the shadow had vanished.

More than ever convinced the intruder must be some individual bent upon a frolic, Miss Boyd felt no terror; a sense of insulted dignity upheld her; and she commenced a searching investigation to try whether there was not some private outlet. She shook every panel, but all were alike immovable; she next examined a huge wardrobe, near which the figure had disappeared—it was evidently a fixture, being fastened to the flooring by iron clasps. Perplexed and indignant, she rang for her maid, who stood high in her confidence, for she had in various ways tested her incorruptible fidelity. After detailing every particular of this inexplicable affair, Eugenie desired her attendant would for the future share the same room as herself.

"Lawk, miss," faltered out the damsel, and at the same time growing pale with fright, "I could not sleep here for the world! Why, this is the room where the poor lady was murdered so many years agone. Yonder, too, just by that window, is the stain of blood—it will never come out; I took care to cover it that it might not make you nervous, although I never supposed the ghost would trouble one so good."

"Ghost, Martha!" said Eugenie. "I request you to repress such silly ideas; that there is trickery at work I am convinced, therefore I wish a companion; as I do not choose to make a stranger a confidant, I ask you to oblige me—say whether you will or no."

"If you are not afraid," said Martha, "surely, miss, I ought not to hold back; command my services as you list, for I would go through fire and water in your cause."

During several months the faithful girl shared the couch of her young mistress, without either being disturbed by the mysterious apparition. Eugenie had long learned to consider the shade a mere chimera of an over-excited imagination, and won by her aunt's persuasions, she had delighted Everard Russell by naming the bridal day. Time flew rapidly, and the eve of the wedding came.

The clock had tolled forth the hour of midnight, and all beneath the roof of Foresters' Hall were fast locked in balmy slumber, except Eugenie, who lay watching the fantastical figures cast by the flickering fire upon the ceiling. A deep sigh arrested her attention; by her side stood the ghostly phantom, beckoning with its thin white hand; slowly then it crossed the room, pointing with its fingers towards the antique, worm-eaten wardrobe, which sign it repeated three times, and then faded from her sight.

At daybreak the trembling Miss Boyd aroused Martha, but their united efforts proved insufficient to remove the heavy piece of furniture; panting and weary, they relinquished their undertaking, and after mature reflection, Eugenie decided upon calling the groom, Stephen, who was her maid's avowed admirer, and taking him into their confidence. He soon appeared with the requisite implements for removing the iron fastenings, but required a vast amount of labor and perseverance ere his task was accomplished. When the wardrobe was displaced, Stephen discovered one panel of the wainscot to be hollow. He essayed various efforts to open it, and was about to suggest breaking it down, when the quick eye of Eugenie detected a small knob carefully concealed amid the carved foliage adorning her chamber. She turned it round, and had the satisfaction of beholding the panel slide on one side, while disclosed to view was a dark winding staircase.

Determined to follow up the investigation, Miss Boyd dispatched Stephen for a lantern, and on his return she led the way down this unknown passage. On gaining the bottom of the creaking stairs they found themselves in a damp stone vault; they moved cautiously along, and presently Martha uttered a loud cry; she had stumbled over the remains of a human form. Stephen drew close to examine the body, which was in a state of singular preservation; he then suddenly exclaimed, "Alas! alas, poor Alice Brindsley! and was this thy end?"

"Do you then recognize this corpse?" questioned the agitated Eugenie.

"It is a long tale, miss," answered the groom; "a tale of sin and sorrow, which I will relate anon. Let us search this place still more narrowly."

They did so, but discovered nothing further, beyond a low door opening upon the copse.

"This entrance," said Stephen, "was all I needed to complete my suspicions that Everard Russell is a murderer."

"Gracious Providence!" cried Eugenie, clasping her hands, "what is this you tell me?"

"Miss Boyd," replied the man, "it ill becomes a poor fellow like me to speak against those whom fortune has placed far above him. It is now three years since Miss Alice Brindsley disappeared, and although rumor pointed at Everard Russell, as being in some manner connected with her loss, there was no proof that he did in reality possess the slightest clue to her fate. I told how I had seen him and Miss Alice meet many and many an afternoon within the copse; nay, the very night she quitted home for the last time I saw her join him there. The magistrates, however, overruled what I had to say. Mr. Russell swore my statements were false, that I had mistaken another man for him; then a friend of the squire's stepped forward, who deposed to meeting Miss Brindsley with a tall foreigner, suggesting the idea of her having eloped and gone with her lover to another land. So the justices, finding themselves unable to arrive at any decision, acquitted Mr. Everard, and there was an end of the affair."

"Are there any relatives of this unfortunate young lady living in the neighborhood?" inquired Eugenie.

"Only her father, who resides at Boldre," answered Stephen; "but, poor old gentleman, he is quite an imbecile, and would not be able to identify his child."

"Will you remain with Martha in the ante-chamber, while I consult my aunt on the most proper steps to be taken?" said Miss Boyd, as she flew to Mrs. Irving's room.

The old lady was aghast with consternation, but she quickly forwarded a summons to the officers of justice, who had no scruples about apprehending Everard Russell.

On the person of Alice was found a note written by Everard, appointing an interview for the evening which witnessed her melancholy end; nor could he dispute one tittle of the evidence, but delivered himself to the authorities without a word. His miserable mother, who it was afterwards shown had goaded him to commit the fearful act, finding her son taken, fled the country; while Everard, not possessing sufficient courage to await the ordeal of a trial, strangled himself in prison, previous to which he penned a full account of his guilt, detailing his seeing Alice to the Hall, and when in the midst of friendly chat infusing a deadly poison in her wine. With his mother's aid he conveyed her corpse to the secret vault, where they left it to moulder, little supposing it would be discovered. After this foul and wicked deed they were unable to endure the Hall; so giving out that they had sustained a sudden reverse of fortune, they retired to the seclusion of Ashdown Farm.

On the confession and death of Everard Russell, no person would enter Foresters' Hall, even at mid-day; all the domestics left, and Mrs. Irving found she could no longer continue in such an abode. To sell it was an impossibility; she therefore had it pulled down, nor is there now one stone of Foresters' Hall remaining.

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