

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual Philosophy.

For the Spiritual Age.

A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—The following are extracts from a letter originally intended for publication in the Unitarian *Christian Enquirer*. I was encouraged thus to make an effort to obtain the use of its columns for a brief defense of modern Spiritualism, from the fact that, for some time previous, I have thought that I perceived an increased liberality in this direction, which seemed to justify the hope that such a communication might find acceptance. But it seems that I was over-sanguine in my expectations; I therefore send for publication in your paper such portions of my article as may be of interest to your readers, and with the hope that they may, even in this way, fall under the notice of *some* of those for whom my thoughts were originally intended.

ROCKFORD, Ill., Jan. 6, 1858. H. SNOW.

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You are well aware that I have been and still am deeply implicated in the obloquy which a misguided public has seen fit to heap upon this striking proof of the progressive and ever unfolding character of God's Universe of Truth. I cannot, however, quite claim for myself the honor of a *persecution* for the truth's sake; but I think I have had something almost if not quite as hard to bear. For, ever since,—about five years ago,—I issued my pamphlet of "Incidents of Personal Experience," addressed mainly to my brother ministers, I have evidently been regarded by many of them, as a simple, weak-minded brother, who, led away by a strange infatuation, has rendered himself unworthy of confidence or respect. It is of this manifestation of supreme contempt for the whole subject, and of all who condescend to a close and serious investigation of its claims, that I complain, and not, I think, without reason. Had I belonged to a denomination with less claim to liberal and progressive views, this treatment might not have seemed so strange and inconsistent. But for a "liberal" Christian, and especially for liberal Christian teachers thus to forestall the *possibilities* in God's infinitude of truth, and to condemn with contemptuous ridicule *any* serious claim to discovery in the broad, illimitable field of nature's laws, and that too without even an effort at serious investigation,—this, as it seems to me, is emphatically inconsistent and unreasonable. But human nature is human nature still, though it be Gentile instead of Jew, and though some eighteen centuries older than when it treated with the same contemptuous ridicule the claims of him who came from despised Nazareth, and by his startling spirit-power, no less than by his radical, revolutionizing doctrines, disturbed the dull and soulless formality of Jewish worship.

I do not mean by this language to represent the modern manifestations as rivaling *in value* the teachings of Christ, but I do mean to say that the spirit manifested by many of our modern Rabbis is identically the same with that manifested in Judea more than eighteen hundred years ago. At all events, I have seen enough of this apparent Pharisaism, when taken in connection with certain other indications,—in the Unitarian body, I mean,—of a disposition to exalt denominational interests above the interests of truth and humanity at large, to make me thoroughly disgusted with all forms of sectarianism; and hence, about a year since, I took measures entirely to disconnect myself from that body, in which for some fourteen years I had acted as an accredited teacher.

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In regard to the especial subject of my present thought,—the modern Spiritualist movement,—I will say that my confidence in the genuineness of the claim advanced has never been seriously shaken since, after patient and earnest investigation, I at first adopted the belief, not only that the phenomena are real, but that they can find their full explanation only in the Spiritual theory. And I am very confident that the world generally will yet have to come to this conclusion. Indeed, this belief is still spreading, more rapidly, perhaps, than ever, notwithstanding the self-satisfied conceit of certain devotees of science, that they have laid this new disturber of the world's repose in a grave from which there is no resurrection. The *facts* which come within the range of candid and earnest investigators, both from observation and testimony, are too numerous and striking to be quietly set aside at the oracular decision of a knot of prejudiced and ill-tempered students of material science, however great they may be *in some things*. Strongly do such remind us of the efforts of blind Samson of old. They do not seem to perceive that if they should succeed in their efforts,—if they should prove to a demonstration the unreliability of human testimony in this case, they would at the same time demolish the very pillars upon which rests the miraculous frame-work of the Bible, and with it, as many think, the Christian religion itself. For what is it but human testimony,—the evidence of such men as Peter, James and John,—which enables us to believe that Jesus wrought the wonderful works ascribed to him in the gospels?

It is not saying too much when I state that he who will may have the testimony of hundreds every way as capable as the primitive disciples, as to the actual occurrence of the modern wonders, and that, too, under circumstances which utterly preclude the idea of illusion or imposture. Nay, more, he may, if he will but conform to the laws which govern such manifestations, have the testimony of his own senses, which cannot be had in regard to the Christian miracles. Is it the part, then, of a sincere and reasonable man, implicitly to believe in the *one*, whilst he brands the other and far more strongly attested class of facts, as a "miserable delusion," or a "gross imposture?" Far better would it be to receive well attested facts wherever we may find them, and endeavor to understand their nature and uses. If rightly regarded, all such will be found consistent, harmonious and reciprocally sustaining to each other. For surely, Truth is unitary in its nature, and not one of its parts, when rightly viewed, can be at discord with others.

For my own part, I can safely assert that my experience in the modern wonders has done much to strengthen my belief in the Christian miracles; and such, I think, is the ultimate effect upon all fair and logical minds; and the proof of the agency of mind other than those in the mortal body must, I think, be equally decisive to all who will investigate *patiently and thoroughly*.

* * * * *

It will not do for me in so limited a communication to attempt a full statement of the good results which flow as the legitimate consequences of a reception of the new faith. Had I time and opportunity, however, I might easily, and from my own personal knowledge alone, write out a long list of those who have been delivered—some from the thraldom of dark and soul-degrading theological bondage; others,—and the number of this class might well be reckoned by legions,—from blank atheism; others still from severe and long-continued bodily disease, besides the great deliverance from that fear of death which in itself "hath torment." And all this from that wonderful demonstration of modern times which many *Christian* teachers still insist upon regarding as a miserable delusion! So was it in the early Christian ages that Roman leaders held up the new faith as a "pernicious superstition," while its advocates still continued going about healing all manner of diseases, both bodily and spiritual.*

No doubt there are serious evils attending the reception and propagation of this new faith in spirit-intercourse, but as in all striking and important demonstrations in God's order of progress, the evils are but incidental and trifling, whilst the good is substantial and permanent. And in the instance now under consideration, the great marvel to me has been and still is, how "liberal" Christians can find heart to say so much in opposition, when the very thing they are opposing is doing so much to help them in what they profess to regard as their special work.

* See Pliny's letter to the Emperor Trajan.

[Original.]

THE MARK OF GOD.

The old argument in proof a Supreme Mind, or creative Intelligence in the universe, drawn from the harmonies of Adaptation, suffers in the hands of a cunning casuist; but after all, the instinctive reason falls back upon the thought, or something akin to it, the moment that laborious logic lets fall its chain of many-linked deductions.

It is impossible for the popular mind to dissociate the idea of a predetermined fitness, as proved by a constant tendency, from the notion of a predetermining mind, fulfilling thus its intention; and this difficulty, amounting, we may say, to an impossibility in most minds, if not in all, is strong presumptive evidence that the instinct is right, and the logic which damages the conclusions of that instinct, is wrong.

We will not acknowledge that the conclusions from the idea of adaptation and contrivance have been fatally damaged, but we believe that for the most part the Philosophers of the Divine Idea have given the Philosophers of Naturalism too much scope in not pushing the argument beyond the mere physical fitness of things into the higher realms of thought, and the relationship of things to the soul.

It is not enough to find the world full of harmony, for harmony must pre-exist creation in the hypothesis of a Creator; nor will it satisfy the demands of a cultivated mind to show the exact adaptation of various physical conditions to the variety of physical wants. It is suggestive and interesting to know that the teeth of every beast are fitted to their work,—grinders for seeds, tearers for flesh, cutters for the green herb; and that by a curious arrangement of hard and softer ivory, front and back, each cuspid is kept sharp by its own wear and tear; that seed pollen should be armed with minute burr-like thorns to cling to whatever it touches, when it needs to be transported from flower to flower, while those that fall directly on their pistils are smooth; that some seeds are winged, and others cased in tempting sheaths, and others furnished with spontaneously vibrating fibrils, to insure their transportation; in short, that throughout the infinity of nature there is an endless variety of what human wit can find no name for, but *contrivances* to perpetuate every form of being.

But conclusive as these things may seem, they have not satisfied rigid, unideal logic, that a mental intent preceded the physical result. That inexplicable word, "Necessity," has been summoned to cover the million-handed witnesses, whose index-fingers, pointing to the law, centered their focal glory in the name of God.

Necessity? Under what obligation is the bee to carry pollen, when he simply wants honey? or the plant to build a home from its own life-sap around the insect that stung its bark? or for any of the million relationships that different things hold to each other, as well as the adaptations of their organism to their functions? You may say it is from the very nature of the case, but how does that affect the result before the case had any nature? While as yet brier and worm were floating gases, there was no compulsion in their elements which should determine one to be the servant of the other, in a service that seems not even to be reciprocal. But to give Accident any place in the theory were to shift the ground from the necessary to the casual, without gaining anything; for constancy is the deadly foe of chance, and is the most obvious central law of nature, keeping all types, even the most fluctuating, within definite bounds.

But above any consideration of physical adaptation, above any range of that vague tyrant, Necessity, we trace the far results of purpose, and find all that is not soul ultimates *in* soul.

That physical methods may coincide with each other to physical ends, *may* be, by a thoroughly unimaginative view, the blind result of a formal law, a work of the no-God Necessity. But when we find all these coincidences subordinate to a conscious mind, the express ministers of a soul, we have a right to doubt the materialistic theory, and assert with confidence that nature, in its relation to our souls, is a language itself, and testifies of our relation to another soul than ours.

Will the doubter say it is the soul of man that *gives* meaning to nature? He would thus simply confound language with ideas, forms with essences. Man does give *shape* to the impressions of Nature, but to every man, great or small, the same objects have a similar essential meaning.

There is not the soul living to whom the stars do not say "come up!" with an emphasis according to his nature. The rudest wretch that breathes will be touched to some tenderer, purer issues, by the beauty of the flowers; an influence, the same in kind,—but less than it in degree,—as that which stirs the soul of the noblest poet.

Mountains are a gospel of freedom and heroism, essentially the same to all minds, though various in expression,—savage and fierce in unprogressed natures; magnanimous and daring in the more advanced; and to the most exalted, a language of the Most High and Omnipotent. Hence the power of Sinai over the imagination. Hence, too, has the low hill of Calvary been exalted to a mountain, in the minds of men, by a natural association; and hence the universal use of physical grades to measure spiritual things. All symbolism attests *two* minds, the giver and the recipient. Our "up" and "down," "wrong" and "right," "heaven" and "hell," are figures so inevitable in moral expression, that no mind can escape from them, nor could a language be invented to avoid them and still be intelligible.

All this physical creation, then, is but an intermediate telegraph between the soul it speaks to, and some soul from which it speaks. From all its past it has clung tenaciously to its determined purpose, holding nothing as complete till it ultimated in man, and nothing in man as fully rounded to its term, till it gave its service to his soul.

[Original.]

MEMORABILIA.

I.

Over the land a Shadow swept—
Then a vast Silence earthward crept;
And lo! in glory all things slept!
Over the land a Shadow swept;
To a white couch the Silence crept;
And lo! in glory all things slept!

II.

Through ancient archways ivy-crowned,
I entered in without a sound—
In the sweet moonshine, all around
Slumbered the cypress without sound—
While slowly, and solemnly, over the ground,
Veered the wierd shadows without sound;
And pallid shapes at each dim mound,
Uttered their legends without sound!
Through ancient archways ivy-crowned,
I entered in without a sound!

FORCEYTHE WILSON.

HOW TRUE AND BEAUTIFUL!—Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's look—with a father's smile of approbation or sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadow—with birds' nests admired, but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceivable emmets—with humming bees and glass beehives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes, and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones and words to nature, to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the source of all good, to God himself.—*Frazer's Magazine.*

[Original.]

CREATION.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

It is becoming generally evident that the sacred history of Creation is false. There is nothing in the experience of mankind, since the days of intelligent observation, to exemplify the alleged fact, or to warrant the ecclesiastical assumption, that even Omnipotence can work without means. None of the higher forms of vegetation have ever been known to spring forth without the coincident agencies of soil, air, moisture and heat. In vain we look to Nature for the faintest indication that an apple was ever brought into being except as the fruit of an apple-tree, or a man who was not once a child. On the contrary, the internal structure of our earth affords irresistible evidence of having been evolved through long periods of time out of a primitive mass of fire. Reason cannot long hesitate between the authority of a canonized tradition and that of geological research; and hence the reputed Genesis of Scripture is about to be consigned to the Tophet of ancient mythology.

The later atheistic notion, that there is no such thing as Creation—a production of something from nothing by Divine Power, will be found, on a thorough examination, to be equally absurd. It is one thing to refute Moses or Zoroaster, and quite another to establish the position of Robert Taylor or Abner Kneeland. Because God did not make the world in six days, it by no means follows that he is not the Author of the Universe as it exists. Men do not logically turn from the observation that plants and animals grow, to the conclusion that all operations in Nature are without Cause. The proper substitute for the conjecture of mere faith, is not the negative response of unbelief, but the positive declaration of Reason—of matured philosophy. It is not enough to say whether God *did*, or did *not*, make Man in a day, and light in a twinkling, but rather that he *is* creating more than we see.

I admit that "*nihil nihilo fit*"—nothing comes from nothing; but this is wide from saying God cannot produce something which had no former shadow of existence, save in his own thought. It must be acknowledged that he makes angels out of men, men out of animals, animals out of plants, plants out of minerals, minerals out of caloric, and that, perhaps, out of some prior element, born of his own will. If this is not creating, then is there no Creation. Let the metaphysical push the query.

Nature is God's work-shop. Here we see not the ultimate of his design, but the means only by which that is to be attained. The cosmoplastic period is not the six work-days of the Mosaic Jehovah, but the whole age of mundane being. It is needful to be rid of the notion that the Creator finished his task a great while ago, and that henceforth the Universe is to dilapidate like an old edifice. The truth is, God is always at work; and what he elaborates grows not old in the vulgar sense of declension, but its senescence is that of ripening excellence. How apt was the reply of Jesus to the sabbatarians of his day: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." Yet their blindness to the overt fact rendered them insensible to their refutation; which, indeed, is less remarkable than the dullness of his earnest hearers, who, by their manner of rehearsing the apothegm, have inadvertently obscured the gist of its application. Strange is the stupidity of men in later ages, and even to-day, looking on the scene of action within and around us, without the logical conclusion that *God is at work.* Life, growth, sensation, thought, as well as all the motions and mutations of Matter, imply the unceasing agency of the supernatural and extra-mundane Cause. All Nature grows like a banian-tree, and how? Will you be satisfied to call it *spontaneous?* Away with the unphilosophical term; it is no better than *miracle. There can be no effect without cause;* and the slightest motion indicates the presence of *motive power.* To the brain of Reason, every pulsation of the heart is an assurance that "Our Father worketh hitherto." How long must he thus knock at the door of common sense, ere men admit his presence,—ere they cease to cherish the old dream of ignorance about God's working six days and idling for six thousand years thereafter? Not alone the declaration of his "only Son," so-called, but the testimony of our own senses, and the history of former periods of Nature's consecutive developments, as written in the stratified Earth and graduated worlds above, all conspire to contradict the libel. God is not an idler. Creation is a perennial work. The present conformation of Matter is vastly superior to that which preceded the birth of Humanity; and, in the future evolutions of Divine Power, Wisdom and Goodness, a greater achievement is proposed than Man has thought of.

WEST ACTON, Jan. 1, 1858.

FLEDGELING PHILOSOPHERS.—The sophomore age of the mind is always remarkable for learned folly and foolish learning, just as the young humblebee is said to be the largest when first hatched. So young philosophers are never so positive that they have fathomed the universe as when they first set sail. If they chance to get beyond soundings, they come to the profound conviction that the bottom has fallen out.—*Miss Beebe.*

ASPIRATION AND INSPIRATION.

Aspiration is a longing for that which inspiration brings; and the first is a condition, a preparation for the second. Aspiration implies a feeling of want, accompanied with a discernment of, and desire for, that which will supply it; inspiration is the means of imparting to the soul satisfaction and delight through the complete fulfillment of its most ardent desires.

Aspiration reaches forth for light, for strength, for wisdom, for peace; and inspiration brings them all. The character and degree of the aspiration corresponds to the nature of the soul to which it pertains; and the inspiration is as the aspiration.

The soul is as a tree, of which the blossom is aspiration and the ripe fruit inspiration. If the soul be pure, elevated, and spiritual, its aspiration will correspond, and its inspiration will be pure and good.

In the wise, these two states of mind co-exist, and continually re-act upon and excite each other. That is, aspiration begets inspiration; and out of this grows a higher aspiration, which begets a higher inspiration; and so the good man aspires and realizes his aspirations through an infinite scale.

The spiritual life of a man is regulated by this out-breathing and in-breathing. If he earnestly desire truth and good, they will come to him, and will promote the healthy and vigorous growth of his soul. But if through any infatuation he seek that which is evil, his soul shall be filled with bitterness beyond expression.

The kind and degree of one's inspiration depend very much on the associations which he seeks and cherishes. The spirit of the age and nation to which he belongs affects him; few indeed rise above the general level. Men are drawn upward by the influences of those above them; and the sympathy of like minds affords mutual encouragement to effort. The latent energy of one's spirit is called forth and rendered active and efficient by conflict with others. Proper associations are necessary to direct and encourage aspiration, and to furnish opportunities for fulfilling the conditions of inspiration.

Aspiration is barren which leads not to inspiration; and inspiration is wasted if it be not embodied in some definite form of speech or action.

Inspiration is not received from, but is excited by, others. It is a rational enthusiasm when moderated and directed by reason, and thus rendered uniform and consistent; but uncontrolled, is liable to run into fanaticism.

It is the life of man's life, making it what it is; but must be judged and regulated by reason. It seizes the mind, holding it steadily to one thing.

Because it comes to some men in larger measure than to others, it makes them teachers and guides, and invests them with authority. It is this which gives the orator, the writer, and the man of vigorous and successful action their supremacy over men. It begets faith in the reality and power of truth, and causes it to purify and ennoble the life.

It is the wine of life, which all men seek in some form. The wise cherish that which is truest and highest; and so receive, regulate and direct it, that they effect great results of some sort for the good of others. They learn the conditions on which it comes to them, and carefully observe them. A pure, consistent and elevated life favors the inspiration which they prize.

And this likewise affects their life, raising them above the distracting influence of petty cares and anxieties.

Inspiration is spontaneous, and makes speech and action free. It gives fit utterance to the tongue, and sets the pen in motion. It is the solace and reward of the poet, of the artist, of the good man. It makes a man a man indeed, and reveals to consciousness the depths of the human soul. What exaltation it imparts! what joy surpassing expression! joy because of the clearness and extent of vision which attends it, a vision revealing glories which ravish the soul.

External acts derive their real worth from the freshness and force of the inspiration which prompts them. The prayer of mere words is not prayer. What one does from custom solely must be of little account; or else it is poorly done.

Inspiration pertains to the individual, free, independent, aspiring; it forsakes organized associations, in which each defers to the other, and they tend to formality and deadness. Their use consists in affording opportunities for the manifestation of individual inspiration within prescribed limits. He who desires a larger freedom finds somewhere else a wider field, or sets up for himself.

Men in general experience little of inspiration, because their aspirations are low and their lives unspiritual. The inspiration of others, in which they trust, is of the highest use to them only as it helps them to attain a similar experience.

This inspiration must be sought by self-denial and by pure and fervent aspiration; and it will surely come to excite and enlarge the soul, and to endow it with power to manifest itself in the highest degree for its own exaltation and the elevation of others.—*Life Illustrated.*

It is the heart alone which renders a man truly eloquent. It is that alone which, in barbarous as well as cultivated ages, gives that affecting character to poetry which renders the poet immortal.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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DR. DURAND'S CRITICISMS.

We print at length, in another column, the observations of our able and learned French correspondent, upon some topics discussed in the columns of the *N. E. Spiritualist*, last year. We cordially thank the Doctor for the frankness and force with which he has presented his views. We are not disposed to be tenacious of old opinions any longer than until their place can be supplied with better ones; and we certainly hope to be able to derive much that is new and valuable from interchanges with so profound a thinker and so ripe a scholar as is our correspondent.

Yet, after a careful and candid consideration of what he has here urged, we see no occasion to recede from any of the positions we have assumed on the topics in question. On the contrary, we think that our views have been somewhat misapprehended; and that the Dr.'s controversy is more with some mistaken *inferences* respecting our opinions, than with our opinions themselves. These mistakes, however, have been very natural, from the brief and meagre reference we have made to the topics in question.

As to Roman Catholicism, we surely have never expressed or felt either admiration or commendation for any of the repulsive features of that system on which our correspondent comments with so much force and truth. With neither its despotism, its corrupt morals, its irrational theology, nor its prescription of useless and meaningless ceremonies, have we any sympathy. Nevertheless, we do admire and commend to a just estimation, whatever remains in the system, in spite of its errors and perversions, to show that it was truly spiritual in its origin, and measurably adapted to man's religious wants. And the same characteristics we admire, in the degree that they are apparent, in Protestantism, Islamism, Judaism, Brahminism, and all other religious systems, down to the lowest form of Fetichism. "There is good in all, though none are all good."

We have said, indeed, that the "Roman church, considered merely as a spiritual system, and aside from its despotism, meets the *religious* [not *mental* or *social*] wants of the human soul, in many respects [not all] to a far deeper and higher extent than any system which Protestantism has yet given to the world." In this we had reference rather to the completeness of the *machinery* which that church has in operation, than to the excellence of the work she performs. It is only in *her way*, of course, that she meets the wants of the soul. We did not intend to assert that she does or can meet those wants in the *best* way, or in an adequate or desirable way. But she recognizes religious needs generally ignored by Protestant systems, and hence attracts to her bosom those who, in certain stages of spiritual experience, fail to find sympathy and repose elsewhere. That her institutions and dogmas are not adapted to man's present *mental* and *social* wants is sufficiently obvious; and that Protestantism will yet evolve a more complete and all-embracing system, through the aid of Spiritualism, we most fully believe.

We can here but mention a few of the features of the Roman system, or parts of its machinery, by which we think it adapts itself in some measure to the requirements of man's religious nature, in respects where Protestantism is wanting.

First, the Roman Church recognizes the great principle of *Mediation*, human and angelic, to a much fuller extent than does Protestantism. This principle is founded in the nature of things—that economy of the universe which ranges all beings and all things in ranks, gradations, and series—the lower, or later-born, receiving from and through the higher and more advanced. This is recognized in the Roman priesthood and hierarchy, with its various ranks; and also in the doctrines of communion and invocation of saints. These doctrines embody the essential idea of spirit-intercourse. Protestantism, however, when ultimated in democracy, repudiates a hierarchy; it practically ignores communion with disembodied saints, denounces their invocation, and leaves the soul standing lonely and helpless at an immeasurable distance below its ideal God, with no intermediate ladder on which loving and helpful beings are constantly ascending and descending, ready to aid its progress upward.

Again, Roman Catholicism recognizes various grades and phases of religious experience, in the numerous religious orders which it embraces, tolerates, and encourages. Protestantism, on the contrary, tends to bring all to one dead and unnatural level.

Romanism also provides for those, who, in certain stages of religious experience, crave and need retirement from the world. Whatever abuses and corruptions may have become connected with the monastic system, it doubtless had its origin in a proper and normal want.

The Roman Church recognizes the power of magnetism, in the laying on of hands, in its "holy water," in the blessing of books, amulets and charms, by means of which it holds its weak, ignorant and tempted ones more strongly within the circle of its magnetic influence, whether good or bad.

It also avails itself of the influence of architecture, and art in general, as means of religious culture. And in many of its festivals and fasts, and in its symbolism and ceremonials generally, are shadowed forth grand spiritual truths of the highest significance and interest to the spiritually enlightened mind.

Such, not to go farther into detail, are some of the appliances by which Romanism undertakes to adapt itself to man's religious needs, and which have been to a great extent repudiated or overlooked by the Protestant sects. And in so far as the needs thus provided for are real, and the supplies normal, so far has Rome the advantage over her adversaries.

It is doubtless true, as our correspondent urges, that the formularies, symbols and ceremonies of the Roman Church are to its masses but a dead letter, but empty husks. But he admits they or many of them once had vitality, and were the expressions of living truths. We ask, what gave them this vitality, but the actual experiences and perceptions of those with whom they originated? And if the deepening religious experience and quickening spiritual perceptions of our day, under the revival of Spiritualism, are revealing the significance of those ancient ceremonials and symbols, and showing them to be but the natural expression of profounder emotions and truths, does not this fact restore their vitality to all who receive such revelation? The fact, however, that one individual can find nutricious food in tough-shelled nuts does not confer upon him the right to compel others to feed on the same, whether they are able to crack and digest them or not. Hence the error of Rome, or any other church, which insists on imposing dogmas and rituals of which it can furnish no rational meaning, and to which it can ascribe no practical use.

It is a great mistake to imagine that we would "advise" Spiritualists to give up a single iota of any substantial truth, for the "empty shadows" of Rome or any other spiritual despotism; and yet is to us no matter of wonder that, when the revelation comes to them of the profound meaning of so much that was before regarded as senseless mummery and foolish superstition in that old ecclesiasticism—and so much that proposes to meet the growing wants of their inner natures—it is no matter of wonder, we say, that some should be drawn to seek shelter and repose in her inviting and motherly arms. Diseased, and weak, and weary, such may be, and doubtless are; and the step may be equivalent to a moral suicide, unless there be an unusual amount of mental stamina; but we have no anathemas to hurl after them.

Our remarks on the remaining topics of Dr. Durand's letter, we defer to another week. A. E. N.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

{ UNITED STATES HOTEL,
{ LOUISVILLE, Ky., Jan. 12, 1858.

READERS OF THE AGE:—On Friday morning last, the writer left New York on a flying visit to Kentucky, intending to return by easy stages through Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Ohio. In precisely forty-eight hours a great natural panorama of a thousand miles, with its innumerable creations of Nature and Art—forms animate and inanimate—all passed before the eye and the mind. The great picture unrolled with a rapidity proportioned to the powers of steam. At every stroke of the piston tangible forms suddenly appeared as if a magician's wand had called them from the earth or atmosphere; while with each succeeding revolution of the "driving wheels," they fled and vanished like phantom-shapes that dissolve in air. What a world is revealed in a journey of 1000 miles! True, the same heavens bend above us all the while, and from every point of observation we may read their starry revelations; but the objects of the lower world come and go in rapid succession, and in our kaleidoscopic observations they are constantly presenting many startling changes and the most picturesque combinations. Every moment the scene changes. New forms appear in the distance; others flit before the vision for an instant—glide impetuously away—are dimly seen in remote perspective, and then lost beneath the shadows that fall along the confines of natural vision.

If we measure life by a succession of sensational and mental emotions, rather than by the sands in the hour-glass, it will be perceived that in this progressive age men live faster and longer than ever before. And is there not quite as much truth as poetry in the idea that we live

"———— in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial?"

Thus, verily, shall we measure *all* life, in the life that is to come. If we can sufficiently spiritualize our thoughts, we shall perceive no impropriety in a rational application of this standard to the existence on earth. Surely, if one has only a single sensation before dinner, he lives but an instant in half a day; while the man who never has but one idea only begins to live when what the world calls life is over. The individual who never goes out of sight of the old homestead—who gazes at the same scenes, reads the same books, and associates with the same people from day to day, so long as he remains on earth, lives but a little while at the longest, because his experience is small. All that he has gained by the aid of the senses of sight and hearing, and by his limited intercourse with men and things, should have been as perfectly acquired in a few years, so that the remainder of his time might have been wisely employed in adding to his experience those invaluable treasures which constitute the imperishable wealth of the soul.

The experience acquired by mingling with the world should not be lightly esteemed. Men of large observation and experience, who have taken a wide survey of life, and have studied human nature in all its conditions and aspects, are generally men of liberal views, who have broken away from the influence of local restraints, and have out-grown their former sectarian prejudices. On the contrary, men whose observations of Nature, Art, Religion and Society, have all been limited to a very narrow sphere, are liable to be correspondingly circumscribed in their ideas and partial in the objects for which they live and labor. The senses are quickened by new objects that excite sensation; the mind is progressively developed and acquires new strength by whatever promotes the normal exercise of its faculties; and immortal life and happiness are alone to be found in *action*, and in the consequent uninterupted succession of new experiences. The old idea of a heaven of indolent ease—of semi-conscious and inactive souls amid the glorious activities of the Universe—has no place in our faith or philosophy. If it were otherwise, the writer would be inclined to hold his immortality at a liberal discount. Indeed, if this lazy heaven does not imbody the theological conception of an "eternal death," it certainly realizes our own so fully that we need attempt no nice distinctions.

I have written thus, almost unconsciously to myself, probably for the reason that the incidents of my journey were not of sufficient general interest to entertain the reader if presented in detail and unaccompanied by any philosophical or practical reflections. In journeying to the West, I have heretofore taken northern lines of travel. Consequently, after leaving Philadelphia the country was new to me. Along the railroad between that city and Harrisburg, the farmers were busily employed in turning the soil, and, judging from the appearance of the fields, hundreds of acres have been plowed since the first of January. On our way to Pittsburg we saw no snow or ice while the daylight lasted. It was at the evening twilight hour that we passed through Harrisburg. The deepening shadows softened and obscured the forms and colors of all objects to such a degree that nothing could be seen distinctly, save the dome of the capitol which loomed up in dark and clearly-defined outline against the south-western sky. Night veiled the massive forms of the Alleghany Mountains while we were yet at a distance. As we approached, they appeared to rise higher and to expand into vast dimensions; and while we rapidly pursued the iron track which Art had traced around, beneath, and among the imposing forms of Nature, the gloom of midnight concealed our path along the sides of the mountains; at the same time the great canopy—set with the constellations—like a diamond crown, seemed to rest on the lofty summits.

Day had not dawned when we reached Pittsburg. The few street-lights burned dimly, not unlike the lamps of the miners, while the murky atmosphere and the fumes arising from the combustion of large quantities of bituminous coal, likewise served to suggest the dismal subterranean scenes I once witnessed at Carbondale. The authorities of Pittsburg—for some reason or without reason—have not consented to have a direct connection of the eastern and western lines of railroad at that point; consequently, the traveler is obliged to find his way to the western depot through a dark, irregular avenue and without a guide. This accomplished, we were soon in rapid motion. The Alleghanies were far away to the east when the morning revealed their rugged outlines. It is a long ride from Pittsburg to the capital of Ohio, and we only reached Columbus at about the same hour that we passed the capital of Pennsylvania on the preceding evening.

Early in the afternoon of Saturday a man blundered into the car at one of the stations, and took his seat for Columbus. His *sphere* and all his physical manifestations indicated but too plainly that he was under the immediate influence of bad spirits. His fiery eye-balls, restless and rolling in their sockets, shone with a fierce delirious expression, while his matted locks floated wildly over the burning brow which once had been the white throne of Reason. While I gazed at him, the new passenger drew a small bottle from a side pocket, and by simply removing the cork placed himself *en rapport* with the spirits that controlled all his movements. As the demon entered into him, strange fires flashed from the wandering eye, and the whole countenance seemed ready to ignite by a spontaneous combustion. Again and again he renewed his intercourse with the impure spirits of the bottle. The passengers treated him with either rudeness or indifference, while the writer could not resist a deep feeling of compassion. It was a mournful picture which had doubtless filled many hearts with anguish. Perhaps some stricken heart and lacerated bosom was even then heaving with anxious care and convulsive emotion for his safety. Alas! it might be the duty of some noble boy or some delicate maiden to call him sire! And then I thought of the mother who had lovingly watched over him when his cheek was fair, and his clear eye danced with innocent joy in life's morning light!

Such reflections impelled me to speak kindly to the wayward traveler. Gazing at me for a moment, he inquired in broken and disjointed words—"*Say*—are you—you one of the bro-brothers, mister?" (This man recognized the great truth of the Universal Brotherhood while he was intoxicated, which is more than many men are disposed to do when they are sober.) On my acknowledging the implied relation, and expressing sorrow at finding a member of the family in his condition, he seemed to realize his situation and to regard me with unlimited confidence. I admonished him that he was cherishing the companionship of his worst enemy, and that they had better part company at once. He looked at me, inquiringly, for a moment, and then, as if suddenly comprehending my meaning, he drew the bottle from his pocket and placed it in my hands, signifying his willingness to part with it if I said so. Accordingly removing the *non-conductor* from the neck of the receptacle of bad spirits, I held the same in an inverted position outside the window until the process of exorcism was complete. The spirits gravitated to the earth and so did the bottle. My unfortunate fellow traveler was not free from the influence when we arrived at Columbus, where I left him to the wise Providence that guides the spheres in their orbits and heeds the sparrows when they fall.

While in the depot in Columbus I was agreeably surprised at meeting VIRGIL C. TAYLOR, an intelligent and esteemed friend who is widely known in the musical world and to many of the readers of the AGE. Several years since, Mr. Taylor was a frequent contributor to the spiritual papers, and the patrons of the *Shekinah* will remember the elegant musical compositions which he contributed to that work. Our friend now resides at Niagara and devotes his summers to horticultural employments and his winters to his profession. Though constantly occupied with these pursuits I was pleased to find that he had lost none of his early interest in the revelations of Spiritualism. From Columbus we traveled together for an hour or more, until it became necessary for my friend to diverge from the line, he being on his way to Springfield, Ohio. We parted, and I continued my journey to Cincinnati where I arrived at ten o'clock in the evening. The night was dark and the rain was descending in torrents, so that in a ride of two or three miles across the city, to the depot of the Mississippi Railroad, I had no opportunity to form a very favorable opinion of Cincinnati.

The journey of 165 miles to this city occupied the remaining part of the night, and it was daylight on Sunday morning when we entered the depot at Jeffersonville on the opposite bank of the Ohio. Thus in precisely forty-eight hours from the time of leaving New York I found myself at the Galt House in Louisville, where I proceeded to shake off the dust of a thousand miles. My letter, mailed two days before I left home, to a friend in this city, did not arrive until the next day, and a telegraphic dispatch, forwarded from Columbus on Saturday at 5 o'clock, P. M., was not delivered until after my arrival. The dispatch started first, with less weight and the additional advantage of a lightning motor, but lost the race.

To-night I am to commence my course of six lectures at Mozart Hall. Of the signs of progress in this region I must speak at another time. S. B. B.

DOGMATIZING SPIRITS.

A subscriber in San Francisco, Cal., sends us slips from the *California Chronicle*, containing records of revelations and manifestations occurring in a circle in that city, of a somewhat unusual character, and on which he asks our opinion.

The communicating spirit purports to be one Andrew Boardman—states that he was a Methodist clergyman while in the body, and claims to come directly commissioned by God to reveal to man the truth, to correct the errors of Spiritualists, to maintain the perfection and authority of the Bible as a divine revelation, and to confirm faith in Christianity. His Christianity, however, exhibits very little improvement on that held by the sect to which he formerly belonged,—he insists on the popular notions respecting the "Fall of Adam" and its consequences, and a "scheme of redemption" devised as an afterthought,—represents God as an irascible and changeable being—extends the "day of probation" somewhat into the future world, but asserts a "day of judgment" yet to come when the condition of all will be irrevocably fixed in either unprogressive good or hopeless misery.

All these views are presented with a good deal of dogmatic positiveness—though the revelator sometimes condescends to argue a point, and does so with considerable ingenuity; and he at the end makes some singular demonstrations of spirit-power, in order to "put the seal to his revelations," and "save the souls" of those whom he addresses.

Our opinion is briefly this, that though this spirit may be sincere in his views and intentions,—as much so as are many of the occupants of our pulpits who teach similar doctrines,—yet these views do not commend themselves to our judgment as reasonable or true; and no amount of "miracle" can substantiate a false proposition in morals or theology, any more than it can prove that five times five make thirty.

The display of a dogmatic and dominating spirit, and the claim to a direct special commission from the Almighty, are always, in our view, a pretty sure indication that the person making them, whether embodied or disembodied, is not worth much attention. A. E. N.

SEEKING.

I.

Still, in the vestibule
Of the veiled Future,
Thirsting for knowledge,
Waiteth my soul;
Angels are whispering—
"Soul, be thou diligent;
Seek knowledge truthfully,
Earnestly, prayerfully,
Till he make known to thee
Truly, thy goal.

II.

Wrestling with doubt and fear,
Hoping, despairing!
Darkness above thee sits
Darkness behind thee—
Darkness before!
Bear thee up bravely, soul,
Through this blank midnight;
UPWARD, thy motto be,
UPWARD and ONWARD!
So shall the night to day
Surely give o'er.

III.

Bury thy yesterday—
Dead—in its emptiness;
Let the earth hide it!
Seek in to-morrow, thou,
Knowledge and light.
Say not that Hope is dead,—
Hope blooms perennial!
Say not that life is vain,—
Life is eternal!
Say not, earth's loveliness
Mocketh thy sight.

IV.

Say not thy chords were swept
Rudely by sorrow;
Hers is an angel touch,
Hers is a heavenly hand,
Bruising to heal.
Whom the Lord loveth well,
Him will He chasten;
Sorrow the rod may be,
Love is the seal.

V.

Wanes the light slowly, soul—
Gloom chasing gloom?
Out from the deep of night
Hear a voice calling,—
Hear a loved tone:
"Wouldst thou have yearned for light—
Wouldst thou have asked for light,
If the blank midnight
Thou hadst not known?"

M. H. COBB.

THE HISTORY OF ALL IN EACH.

The spiritual and material worlds are connected by an inherent and vital affinity. All planes of Life are intimately associated. Creation is coherent throughout. It is an unit. In a strictly philosophical signification there is a *solidarite* of all things. Each separate existence, so-called, is nevertheless dependent upon all things else, and could the source, history and destiny of any one individual thing be fully analyzed and read, we could see in it the source, history and destiny of everything else that exists. As the images of all the objects within the range of the vision are impressed upon the retina of the eye, so the types, correspondents and images of all things are mirrored in each separate existence, and were our powers of spiritual vision and analysis adequate to the task, we could trace the history of the creation, its laws, uses and destiny, in each and every part of it, however minute and apparently insignificant. The analysis of a mote in the sunbeam, if pursued to its ultimate, would restore the whole frame and history of the creation, just as the antiquarian anatomist restores the skeleton and physiology, the habits, characteristics, conditions, genera and species of an extinct monster, from a single fossilized bone or tooth.

It is so of the soul and body of man. Were our physiological analysis sharp, and clear enough, we could fully trace his hereditary history, his physiological constitution, his habits and physical and passional characteristics in a single globule of his blood. If he had scrofulous tendencies, in it could be found tuberculous matter. If he had a predisposition to gout, cancer, carbuncle, etc., there the feculent mass could be detected. Every globule of his blood recites the entire physiological nature and history of the man.

In regard to the soul the same order prevails. Every single thought is connected with and dependent upon all his other thoughts. They are as the links of an endless chain. From a single thought, the higher angels can read the entire mental history of the man, as they would pass back the links of the chain. A number of individuals may have in common apparently the same thought or idea, but nevertheless no two individuals can have the same thought in the same relations and under precisely similar thought-conditions. It is woven into different mental histories, occupies different relations to their other thoughts, characterized by different apprehensions, and seen from different points of view. Every man's thoughts are therefore peculiar. He cannot have a thought precisely like another, or receive precisely the same impression from an object as another.

The affectional history of an individual is governed by the same law. His successive states of affection form a series—a vital history which is recorded upon the soul. Each single state relates to all the others, and includes within it the whole character. Each and every particular and incident of a man's life is indelibly engraven upon each of his successive states of affection. His affectional biography is complete in each one, and the series constitutes an internal biographical library, which the study of immortal ages would not exhaust! C.

REV. MR. HIGGINSON IN THE FIELD.—We take pleasure in calling attention to the announcement of Mr. HIGGINSON in another column. We are confident of his abilities to present the question of Spiritualism in a candid, rational and convincing manner; and trust his services will be called in requisition by the friends to the fullest extent that they can be bestowed.

European Correspondence.

LETTER FROM DR. DURAND.

CONCLUDED.

I beg to submit to your judgment some suggestions and criticisms respecting the management and doctrines of the *N. E. Spiritualist*. I claim your fraternal indulgence for my freeness, as well as for the desultory style of this hurried communication. Three questions raised in your columns have more particularly attracted my attention. The merits of the Romish Church and her inherent fascinating influence over "the truly spiritual among us;" secondly, the origin of *spirit* in contradistinction to *matter;* thirdly, "are animals in the spirit-world?" A few remarks on each of these heads. What do you find in Roman Catholicism that calls out so much admiration and commendation?—A system of substantial truths for mankind to feed upon, to be strengthened, elevated and lighted by, through the path of normal development, to ultimate harmony between man and man and the surrounding nature; to an adequate adaptation of the condition of man to the immutable laws of his nature; in a word, to the attainment of the end the human being was from the beginning designed for; *i. e.*, the free and full play of all its natural faculties, the unlimited expansion of its virtualities, the perfect happiness of its whole soul? No; it is both the doctrine and policy of Rome to obstruct all development of the human mind, to sear up all the noble, true, genuine gushings of the human heart! More so; it condemns and suppresses the only light given to man in order to guide him through all darkness and tell the truth from error, Reason. Judge the tree by its fruit, and consider that the Catholic *rule* carries along and spreads all sorts of physical, intellectual and moral degradation and wretchedness. Look on Mexico,—look on Italy,—look on Spain. Now where can you discover, within the wall of the Romish Church those springs of purifying and refreshing water that shall quench thirst forever? I say, nowhere; and in its room I behold a pool of moral mire, in which poor diseased souls wallow to alleviate the pruriency of their over-heated and ungratified passions. The canonical doctrine of the Romish Church on morals is expounded and compressed in a text-book for the use of Catholic clerical seminaries; its title is *Compendium Theologio Moralis*. Peruse it, and afterwards you will be competent to decide whether I said an iota beyond the strict truth, or not.

I agree with you that "those who are resting satisfied with the superficial and fragmentary notions prevalent amongst the Spiritualists are so only because the depths of their own natures have never yet been stirred." But that Roman Catholicism affords more perfect and adequate notions, for human nature when stirred to its depths to be satisfied with, I most emphatically deny. Spiritualism is nothing yet but a faint light; but it is a *dawning light*, that precedes and heralds the rising of a glorious sun; it is but a faint light, but faint as it is, it has been unremittingly growing from the day it first broke, and in the space of a few years it has revealed to mankind a hundred times more positive truth on the subject of man's inner nature, immortality and a final destiny, and done as much more for his enlightenment, development and happiness, than centuries of Catholicism. Spiritualism is a faint light, but it is fraught with radiant promise, whereas Romish Catholicism is a hopeless night, which is growing darker and darker as it goes on.

Is it her symbolism and ceremonies, borrowed from ancient mythologies and liturgies, that you commend to "the truly spiritual?" Consider that these symbols and mystical performances are nothing but a dead letter, the spirit of which has vanished for centuries back, are nothing but the empty and cast-off rind and shell of *spiritual nuts*, whose kernel was often a nutritive and flavorous truth, but which the Romish granary never possessed. Are you not well aware of the fact that the said symbols and ceremonies of the Romish Church are to be interpreted, now-a-days, only by a few amongst the outsiders, the profane and excommunicated,—by Mesmerists, Hermetists and Spiritualists,—and not by one within the sanctum of the Church?

Protestantism declined to revere as actual truths, and rejected accordingly, myths to which Rome could ascribe no meaning, no usefulness, no rational use. Protestantism refused to feed her children with empty shells, and looked out for some kernels. Rome insisted and insists that we are bound to content ourselves with that indigestible food, and all her anathemas are for those who attempt to find out and use the nutricious and refreshing aliment designed to satisfy the hunger of justice and quench the thirst for truth. Which course is the better?

Now would you advise the Spiritualists to, or rather do you think there is any danger that "the truly spiritual amongst us" will give up the substantial truths involved in their "fragmentary notions" for the *empty shadows* of the spiritual system of Rome? However, I am ready to acknowledge that we have a great deal more to fear from the influence of Catholicism than from that of Protestantism. The former is a more dangerous enemy, and our warfare must be chiefly directed against it, rather than the latter. Why so? Because Catholicism is consistent throughout in its system of absolute authority and denial of individual reason; and above all, because, as an undertaker of salvation for so much a year, it affords a comfortable refuge to the lazy and the weary. There is a numerous and interesting class of *dyspeptic minds* that find nothing to suit their morbid appetite; when everything, good and bad, has been tried and rejected, Catholicism is at last resorted to, and this has a topic of its own which almost invariably proves successful; it has no appropriate food for a weakened and disordered stomach, neither has it any salutary medicine to restore it to the normal state,—but it has its opium, which can and does cure the soul of its cravings forever, by deadening its vital energies.

Dr. Nichols joined the Catholic Church in order to drink her deadly but soothing and ever-resting beverage; he did not so, as you too good-naturedly intimate, because he discovered in Catholicism more truth than anywhere else; for, had such been the case, he would have certainly pointed out this superior truth for us to see and embrace it also. Now let our friends, and "the truly spiritual" more particularly, be constantly reminded that spiritual food is not to be begged, nor to be bought, but to be earned by the sweat of their brow, and that instead of throwing themselves into the abyss of complete darkness because of their being dissatisfied with their incomplete light, it is for them to render this complete, to work it out by patient labor—to fight it out.

Now let those who leave Spiritualism for Catholicism be looked upon not as more spiritual than the rest, but as cowards and deserters; or, in order to view the thing in a more charitable light, as poor diseased persons, driven, by their sufferings, to suicide. "*Non sensus ac cadaver.*" This is the state of perfection the Church of Rome expressly commends to the human soul and holds as the required mark of her elect.

To the question, "Are there animals in the spirit-world," you "emphatically answer *no!*" The council of Macon having put to the vote "whether woman has an immortal soul or has not," one half of the members but one "emphatically answered *no!*" What you will undoubtedly think of the latter judgment, *I* cannot forbear to think of the former also, viz., that it was suggested by prejudice, not by reason. Any object, anything liable to come under our investigation, is entirely made up of its constituent properties. This is an axiom. Well, all the fundamental and characteristic properties the sum of which makes up what we call "mind" and "soul" in man, are to be found identically in the manifestations of brute life. The dog, as well as man, evinces senses, intellect and affections, (passions, will, etc.) The *nature* of these faculties is absolutely the same in both; they differ *only* in the *degree* of their relative development, and the same is true of their respective corporeal organs (encephalic organs). Why should the soul be mortal in one case and immortal in the other? Is it because of the different degree of their development? If so, at what point of mental and cerebral development will immortality begin? Who can tell whether the inferior development of the cerebrum, both in the African race and in woman at large, precludes these two classes of souls from immortality or not? How do you know, my worthy brother, that your head is big enough to bestow the same privilege upon your own being? If you deny immortality to the lower animals on the ground that they walk behind man in the paths of infinite progress, what can you object to the judgment lately pronounced by a dictatorial dogmatizer, according to which all men and women that cannot furnish evidence of a certain degree of mental development, are henceforth deprived of an immortal soul?

All these monstrous notions are natural corollaries of the absurd opinion prevalent amongst our friends, of spirit being a certain modification of matter. I think I exposed the fallacy of this notion in *Electro-Dynamisme Vital*. I think I can make it pretty clear in a few words. If mind is the principle, the focus of intelligence and motion ("*mens agitat molem*"), and if these two properties are denied to inert matter, as all the natural modifications of matter are as many effects of an intelligent and motive cause, it is evidently absurd to sup-

pose that matter can be modified into spirit. Spirit is the modificator of matter; it is *at least* coeval to matter, (and my private opinion is that matter is merely an *objectivation* of spirit); it is an uncreated and *uncreable* principle, *because an effect cannot be superior to its cause.* Any and every soul is an absolute individuality, a self-created, an uncreated, indestructible entity. Its gradual development entirely consists of the gradual perfecting of its organism; *i. e.*, of its tools, of its organs (*organon*, a tool) of manifestation.

Yours cordially,

GROS, 5 December, '57. J. P. PHILIPS DURAND.

Home Correspondence.

Mrs. M. S. Townsend.

An intelligent friend at Exeter thus expresses the gratification afforded by the labors of this inspired speaker in that place:

BRO. NEWTON:—We had the pleasure, last evening, of listening to a discourse by (or through, no matter which,) Mrs. Townsend. As we have seen no special notice of this gifted lady in your columns, we feel impelled to say, that though other names may occupy a higher position on the scroll of fame, or be more widely known, few speakers can have greater powers for good than she. Her discourse was characterized by simplicity of diction, grammatical accuracy, and the polish of style which marks the true scholar. Her voice is clear and smooth, and her articulation so perfect, that she has power without apparent effort. Her manner is earnest and graceful. Of course she enchained the attention of a promiscuous audience. Her subject was "Inspiration from God"—which she urged, did not cease 1800 years ago, but existed in all ages, and reached every heart. The latter part of the discourse was a thrilling exhortation for us to live out the promptings of inspiration, an earnest enforcement of the teachings of the meek and lowly Jesus, which lighted glowing fires upon the altars of our better natures, whose genial warmth stirred our souls with thoughts of what we may, and ought, and hope to become, yet started the tears of penitence at the thought of what we are. We only regret, with others who heard her, that so few were present to share so rich a blessing.

Yours very truly, GEO. G. ODIORNE.

Spiritual Lecturers at the West.

Under date of Belvidere, Ill., Jan. 13, 1857, our friend, C. W. Richardson, writes:

"Last evening our good brother W. Chase lectured at the Universalist Church in this place. He goes to Beloit, thence to Janesville and Madison, etc. Joel Tiffany is speaking in our neighborhood—at Rockford, Elgin, &c. At the latter place he has been engaged by the "Young Men's Association," to deliver one lecture in a course of several, including Greeley and a few divines. The Association get Bro. T. out of policy—*to fill the house.* Spiritual lecturers, you will perceive, are getting exceedingly popular at the West. The people hereaway are a thinking class of minds, and they are heartily sick of the learned D. D.'s of the East, who, upon all occasions, drag into their discourse antiquated nonsense, which should have been buried with the "Evangelical Fathers." Greek Professors, who can say only what should be Greek to every one, and *ancient* Doctors of Divinity, who come to repeat old sermons, meet with a poor reception. Men of vigorous thought, of liberal culture, of progressive tendencies, are the ones who are wanted and *welcomed.*"

Lectures at Phœnix, N. Y.

Friend Barnes, of Clay, N. Y., makes the following note in a business letter, under date of Jan. 11:

"Yesterday, Bro. IRA S. HITCHCOCK, of Oneida Castle, N. Y., gave two lectures on the Harmonial Philosophy, in Phœnix, a little town five miles distant. The subject was most logically and beautifully presented to the audience. In the morning there was a respectable gathering of intelligent listeners. But in the evening the hall was well filled. Bro. Hitchcock is one of the *first* we have in the lecturing field. For the last twenty years he has been a champion in the cause of liberty, both *mental* and *physical.* He is a prodigy in one respect; he will not receive anything more than just the amount of his expenses. His occupation is agriculture. He is not what may be called wealthy, but in comfortable circumstances. Would that there were more such in the country! He will not consent to take a fee at the door, but desires the friends to make up his expenses among themselves, in order that the doors may be open to all.

With heartfelt wishes, that your *matrimonial* alliance may prove successful, Ever thine, ORRIS BARNES."

Bennington, Vt.

A correspondent writes from this ancient town, as follows:

"I think you and your readers will be glad to learn that the Harmonial Philosophy is being taught and investigated to considerable extent in this village. We have been favored with several lecturers since May last, whose efforts have had a tendency to agitate thought. Recently we had a visit from H. P. Fairfield, of Wilbraham, Mass. He gave us two public lectures at Apollo Hall, which were well received, judging from the almost unanimous expressions of the numerous audience in favor of another visit from the same gentleman. We had several private circles also, in which many beautiful truths were communicated to eager listeners. The prayer purporting to come from L. Dow, on the death and burial of his majesty the Devil, was uttered in the same or nearly the same language as recorded in a recent number of your paper, while Mr. Fairfield was a guest at our house.

Yours for the truth, S. PHILLIPS."

Burlington, Vt.

Our worthy and active agent, S. B. Nichols, of this place, makes the following note and request:

"We have fitted up a small hall for Sunday meetings, and we should be glad to have speaking from lecturers and trance-speakers every Sabbath. Please send some this way—those who are not working for money."

St. Louis and New Orleans.

Bro. R. P. Ambler, in a recent note, says:

"In St. Louis, where I spent ten weeks, our cause is in a more prosperous condition than at any previous period; and at New Orleans, which I left but recently, I met with a warm-hearted welcome, and was encouraged by large and appreciative audiences."

New Publications.

RAP No. 2, Or, The End of what Ignorance Begun. At the hand of the Medium D.—I. R. Clark, Publisher. Spiritually within the Sphere of Columbus, O.—Columbus: John Geary and Son. 46 pages, 16 mo.

Were this really the "End" of what was evidently begun in "Ignorance," it would be a matter for congratulation; but we are informed that "Rap No. 3" is yet to be expected, and that "the triple series of the Rap will make the scales fall from the eyes of all who are on the plain of deliverance." If obscure bombast, bad grammar and worse rhetoric can have that effect, it is very likely to be accomplished by these "Raps." We sincerely hope that the getters-up of these incomprehensible pamphlets will be among the number found on the "plain of deliverance."

THE NUCLEUS.—We have received the Prospectus of a new monthly magazine under this title, to be published at Boston, by CHAS. H. WHITE, and edited by LAROY SUNDERLAND,—to be devoted to the discussion of the Great Problems of Social Evils, New Methods of Human Culture, etc. Mr. Sunderland has devoted much time to the investigation of the abstruse questions of life, and has had much experience in the conduct of public journals. He will doubtless make a publication which will have the merits of vigor, originality and suggestiveness. Its terms are to be $1.25 per year—five copies for $5.00.

THE BOSTON ALMANAC FOR 1858, by Damrell & Moore, and George Coolidge, should be in the pocket of every business man in New England. Strangers will find in it a fund of interesting and useful information, which will be of great service to them when visiting Boston. It is published by Brown, Taggard & Chase, 25 & 29 Cornhill.

THE LADIES' ALMANAC, by the same publishers, combines beauty and utility in the most compact form.

Boston and Vicinity.

Conference at Spiritualists' Reading Room,

THURSDAY EVENING, JAN. 14th.

Mr. NEWTON in the Chair. Subject of "Progression" continued.

Mr. BLANCHARD explained more fully his views relative to authority, advanced the previous week. He considered that the mind must have authority,—and that is authority to it which, for the time being, it believes to be true. But it can be authority, no longer than this is believed. The mind's capacity to perceive truth changes and enlarges as it expands,—hence the standard is relative, not absolute. Some persons appeal to Reason as the final arbiter—others to Revelation. But as Revelation must be judged by Reason before it can be accepted, and as nothing can properly be called Revelation except that which *actually reveals truth to the mind*, the last resort in all cases is, of necessity, to Reason,—by which is meant the individual's collective power of perceiving or ascertaining truth. As surely as he grows, this power must increase, and hence the standard of one period must be outgrown at another.

Mr. WILLIAMS thought the topic of progression had not been discussed in its most important and vital relations. He proceeded to speak forcibly of the necessity of beginning at the foundation—of understanding the laws of health, and of healthy re-production—without which there could be but little progress.

Dr. CHILD supposed progression of the soul implied a change, a purification of the soul, in which process it becomes more refined and transparent. He doubted if mere intellectual and literary culture produced this refining effect. He was acquainted with a clergyman,—Rev. Dr. Flint, formerly of Charlestown,—who enjoyed the power of spirit-vision and conversation; having been converted from a dissolute life by the influence of a deceased brother who manifested himself to him and persuaded him to reform. This clergyman had stated to Dr. C. that after he had written sermons which he was about to preach, spirits would come to him in his study, and read and criticise these discourses; and often those who exhibited great critical power, evincing superior literary attainments, were very dark and opaque as to their spirit-forms. High and pure spirits are always transparent and brilliant. His conclusion was that mere mental culture does not purify the spirit,—does not impart wisdom. Knowledge is not wisdom. The latter he would define as that condition of the soul which opens it to the influx of truth,—all truth which it needs,—without the labor of intellectual application. Knowledge, on the contrary, implies the crowding of something into the mind—which often has to be expelled before wisdom can be attained. How is this to be attained? Chiefly by humility, receptivity,—not seeking to please others, but listening to the divine monitions within. It is *the condition of the soul*, pre-eminently, which causes one to receive a truth, and another to reject the same, though it may come attested with equally convincing external evidences to both.

Mr. COOLIDGE called attention to some of the problems presented in the history of human progress thus far, and wished some one to explain how it was that some nations or classes of people—as the Digger Indians of California, who have not intelligence enough even to construct a bow and arrow, and the Lazzaroni of Europe, who are little more advanced—are still so low in the scale of development, while other nations and classes are comparatively so high. Also, Why was not Spiritualism unfolded at an earlier day? These queries received no reply.

Mr. THAYER elaborated at some length the idea that knowledge is not wisdom—illustrating the fact by reference to those men of science who overlook all that is valuable in Spiritualism, simply because they *know so much.* This is one great obstacle to progress in all of us. We are apt to be opinionated, and tenacious of old ideas. He thought much of the Spanish proverb—A wise man changes his opinions sometimes; a fool never.

Mr. COOLIDGE further inquired whether it is *attraction* from higher conditions of being, or the influence of surroundings, or *propulsion* from beneath, that causes development and progress.

Mr. EDSON, in response, was of opinion that the mineral world could not produce the vegetable, or the vegetable the animal, without an impregnation from the Divine Source of being, the Infinite Soul. Progress, therefore, he conceived, does not come from beneath, but from above—in other words, is the result of *attraction* from the Divine Center.

Mr. WOLCOTT thought that influences from all three sources, above, around and within, were acting together to the grand result; but especially from *within.* He considered progression an *inherent* principle in all things,—there is a restlessness, a reaching out and onward for the better and the higher. The churches do not recognize this in their theology; yet this love of activity must come out and exercise itself in some way,—hence church-members too often devote their chief energies to worldly business and money-getting, and not unfrequently is their piety and devotion in the church to be measured by their avarice and meanness in business. Women feel this desire of progress, also; and failing to exercise it in any more worthy channel, it exhibits itself in dress, in the extension of skirts, etc. The speaker thought if progress should be continued in this direction, at present rates, it would soon lead to very inconvenient results. True progress lies in exchanging old ideas for better ones. It will lead to the cultivation of useful industry, and the abolition of *dilettante*-ism,—every man and woman will seek to engage in some honest and useful employment. There is need of the organization of industry on a better basis. At present, each professional man or artizan learns to do but one thing, cultivates but one set of faculties, and so is good for nothing else. Hence he tires and wearies of his employment, and workmen need to be constantly under the eye of the task-master, or they will shirk their duties. But labor should be so organized as to bring into requisition all the faculties by turns; then it will be ever pleasant and attractive. The individual who performs the most useful labor should be treated with the greatest respect; and the distribution of the profits of labor should be proportionate to work performed. These things must and will be brought about as a result of true progress.

A SPIRIT, controlling the organism of Dr. LEWIS, wished to say a few words in behalf of the spirits who were present; and proceeded, in a somewhat eccentric manner, and with a strongly foreign accent, to make some very happy and appropriate suggestions, mainly relative to the manner of conducting these conferences, that they may be productive of good results.

The Melodeon Meetings.

The lecture through Mrs. Henderson's mediumship on Sunday afternoon last was on the subject of Free Agency. A short but animated discussion followed, in which many perplexing phases of the question were presented and difficulties suggested, the medium always sustaining her part with decision, promptness and ability. The position taken by the controlling spirit was not a dogmatic one, but rather suggestive,—throwing out general principles, and leaving the hearer to draw such deductions as his reason offered.

The evening discourse was on the prevalence of spiritual manifestations in other ages and nations—the subject selected by a committee. The speaker first glanced at the instances of spirit intercourse recorded in the Bible—spoke of it as an element in all religions, the Mahometan, Christian, Mormon, and in a rude state in the Pagan—and traced this element in the history of Christianity through Catholicism, and Protestantism down to the present day. Allusions were made to facts in the experience of Socrates, Luther, Wesley, and others. It was claimed that all great and leading minds owe their power to a union with spirits. Inspiration, it was remarked, is a great truth of nature, kindred with the mountains and the valleys, the rocks and the trees,—not a special thing of yesterday or to-day, but an everlasting principle ever seeking to out-work itself like all other principles from the Eternal Cause.

A discussion followed the lecture; at the close of which Mr. Williams of Newport, R. I., stepped on the platform and exhibited to the audience a singular drawing which he had executed under spirit influence. It was drawn with colored crayons on a sheet of paper some six feet by three in dimensions. The work to our eye had a nebulous, not to say chaotic appearance; we could distinguish no particular indications of design in the figures or general appearance. The most remarkable features about it were the very exact and regular curves which were struck without the aid of any compass or other instrument to guide the medium's hand, in which no irregularities could be detected even with the aid of a microscope: and the fact (as stated by Mr. W.) that four of these drawings, though executed without any reference to each other, when placed edge to edge exactly matched in their figures, like carpeting or house-paper. This last fact is certainly proof of an intelligence controlling and acting through the medium's hand. His own mind was not consciously directed in the least toward designing or carrying out the work.

Meetings last Sunday, at 14 Bromfield St.

Mr. GODDARD said that spontaneous utterance was the undisguised language of the soul, and he thought that spiritual teachers should use this language. Then our thoughts would be the true expression of practical life; we should do more and talk less.

One of the subtleties of self-love is impatience with the faults of others. Spiritualism teaches to bear and forbear. The business of the Spiritualist is to work upon his own heart; to pull weeds out of his own garden, not to scold about the weeds that grow in a neighbor's garden. He is made conscious that his soul is as yet but very remotely connected with his brothers' by love or harmony, and the cultivation of this love and harmony shall be the fruit of well directed efforts to correct our own hearts not others.

Rev. Mr. KIMBALL said that he fully agreed with the remarks of Mr. Goddard. He thought Spiritual teachers should abandon labored and studied sermons, and speak from emotion—trust to the inflowing of spirit-power, though our susceptibility to this impression may be but feeble at first. Spiritualism reveals this great primal truth, that all spiritual teachings should flow from the heart—from the soul of the speaker.

Rev. Mr. PORTER urged that the true church, the church of Christ, could not be instituted on earth while men held earthly treasures in self-possession.

In the evening, at the same place, Mr. ASA FITZ gave a lecture on the subject of medium development, explaining a new system of classification for circles, based on phrenological principles; by the aid of which he claims that development may be greatly facilitated, and the whole matter of mediumship in its various phases, reduced to a science.

New York and Vicinity.

CONFERENCE AT 18 FOURTH AVENUE.—The Conference on Tuesday evening, Jan. 18th, was opened by Mr. QUERU, who read a communication, recently received by him, in the French language, purporting to come from and signed by the spirit of "Daniel Lecomte, Magnetizer; pupil of Baron du Potet of Paris." The communication was read to the meeting at the request of the spirit. It accuses Spiritualists of injuring the cause they most desire to promote by neglecting the study of Animal Magnetism. The mistakes and fanaticisms of Spiritualists are attributed solely to this cause. If we would know the conditions and capabilities of spirit out of the body, we must first understand the laws of spirit in the body, for "the power of the spirit is the corollary of the power of man." * * * "If they should study Animal Magnetism they would perceive its *effects* and understand its existence. Its *causes* are not within the range of the human understanding in its present condition."

"Man has the power to act upon man, by his own personal will, by means of the vital fluid that constantly exhales from himself, and which he can by his own will polarize and project upon a more or less considerable space." * * * "It is this human magnetic fluid that we make use of to produce the various phenomena that occur in spiritual circles." * * * "The magnetic or vital fluid emanating from the members of the circle must be left *free.* It must not be polarized by individual thoughts. Without this we are inoperative."

Animal magnetism is represented as sustaining the same relation to Spiritualism that the mariner's compass does to navigation.

The reading of this communication was followed by a discussion of the question, "If it be true that the spirit survives, immediately, the death of the body, have we any evidence that it continues to live forever?"

Prof. PHENIX thought that memory afforded one of the strongest proofs of immortality. The physical organism is undergoing continued change; so that every few years we have an entirely new body. Through all these changes the memory remains indestructible. It is fair to infer that, as the memory of a man sixty years of age has survived the death of several bodies, it will continue to do so through an unlimited series of similar changes.

Dr. GRAY maintained universal analogy to be in favor of the presumption of immortality. Mesmerism had clearly demonstrated two planes of life,—the natural or normal and the somnambulic or clairvoyant; and Spiritualism had added a third—the celestial. In proportion as each succeeding state becomes positive to the one below it do the phenomena peculiar to life manifest themselves. If this be true upon the sensuous plane, how much more must it be so upon the spiritual. The acorn contains within itself the germinal oak, and that oak its crop of acorns with their embryonic life, and so on, ad infinitum. But the strongest argument to his mind was the argument of USE. Nothing is created without a purpose of use. Use is eternal. The motive that produced man must be eternal use. There may be an infinite series of changes in the external of man, adapting him to the various successive planes of existence; but the purpose of use which called him into being must remain forever the same.

Dr. HALLOCK said the body, or external, is made up of facts which are merely the exponents of truths. The spirit is made up of the truths or principles of facts. Truths are necessarily eternal.

DODWORTH'S ACADEMY on Sunday last was favored with the presence of our too-long-absent friend and brother, R. P. Ambler. He has just returned from the sunny South laden with rosy health, and his soul overflowing with a grand and burning eloquence that out-rivals the luxuriance and beauty of tropical vegetation. Our heart leaped to our fingers' ends as we grasped the hand and beheld again the radiant face of our old friend. He was greeted in the morning by a full house, and in the evening, after every standing place in the hall was occupied, large numbers left, unable to gain admittance.

"The True Method of Reform" was the subject of the morning lecture. Every one admits that the present structure of society is marred by many evils. Theoretically all are reformers. Theory, however, is not sufficient. The evils of the world do not rise up before us as mere phantoms to be dispelled by an effort of the will. They are not to be looked upon with placid indifference. There is a work to be done. As the sterile rock is the basis of the future fruitfulness of the earth, so in the moral world the beauties of the soul are to be brought forth, by assiduous culture, from darkness and undevelopment.

The truly great men of the world have always been practical reformers. Whether as poets, as philosophers, as statesmen, as men of science or as theologians, all have striven for the realization of a higher ideal. The weak men of the world are those who bend their necks to the despotism of authority and lean against the dusty pillars in the great temple of conservatism. They only can carry on the great work of reform who are superior to the age in which they live.

The real mission of reform is to break down the cold forms of bigotry. This cannot be done by directing our efforts against special, political, or social evils. Such efforts are not radical. They do not reach the roots of the great tree of human wrong. [The speaker here gave a graphic and thrilling picture of the various political and social evils of the day.] Men can never be reformed in the mass. They must be saved as individuals. Moral evil arises from an undeveloped condition of man's higher spiritual nature. All that is noble and grand and beautiful and celestial is in man. The true secret of reform is the development of the spiritual nature. The conditions of salvation are in man himself. He is saved by bringing forth to fruit and bloom the divine elements implanted in every human soul. Superficial reforms—reforms in the mass—are never radical. The struggle for liberty in France has resulted in a crowning despotism. The people were not prepared for it. Let us not pull down by force existing evils. When the divine elements implanted in human nature are brought forth then will evil disappear by virtue of its own inherent want of vitality. Reformers are too impatient of this slow process. The work of true reform must be accomplished by progressive development. It is the silent and unseen powers of nature—attraction and love—that accomplish most. The labor of nature is growth. Let us be patient. God waited long for the formation of the earth; and shall not man wait for the development of the moral world? Life is long. We cannot complete our work on earth. We are but children in the school of earth. The end of life is growth. The voice of Divinity itself is the gospel of reform.

"The Use of Mystery" formed the subject of the evening lecture. We regret, however, that our space will not admit of our giving a synopsis of it.

Mr. Ambler will occupy the desk again on Sunday next, morning and evening.

THE CONFERENCE in the afternoon was well attended. The principal subject of interest was embodied in the following question:—"What evidence have we that disembodied spirits impress media?"

Dr. Gray remarked that mesmeric experiments prove that we can impress our thoughts upon others. Spirits can do the same and no more. The only evidence we have through the entranced state is when the medium goes beyond his own or her own normal capacity and that of any and all of the persons present. Even then the proof is not positive but presumptive. The proof of spirit intercourse does not rest upon the entranced state, but upon such physical phenomena as men with all their science cannot produce. The testimony of mediums is not to be taken as proof. The Jews claimed that they talked with God; the Greeks with Apollo and the Catholics with the Virgin Mary.

Dr. Hallock coincided with the views expressed by Dr. Gray. He thought the assumption of mediums that they were controlled by this or that great name, as Paul, Washington, Franklin, &c., was pernicious. Such men would never give us their names simply because they had no means of proving their identity.

DR. O. A. BROWNSON'S LECTURE at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, the 12th inst., on the subject of "Popular Objections to the Catholic Church," was characterized by a careful avoidance of the real objections to the church, and the substitution of unimportant or fancied ones especially adapted to the speaker's powers of refutation. Children build houses of cobs and then demolish them as formidable fortresses. Concerning the great and fatal objection to the church—her claim of infallibility and of the right to absolute domination over the soul and body of man—not a word was said. And yet the lecture was considered a most triumphant vindication of the Catholic Church. We consider it a tolerably successful instance of dust-throwing.

THE PUBLIC MANIFESTATIONS of Spiritualism at Dodworths' Hall, Stuyvesant Institute, the Conference Rooms and like places, through the mediumship of Mrs. Hatch, Mrs. Coan, Miss Beebe, Mr. Ambler, Mr. Conklin and others, afford the casual observer but a faint idea of the real state of the cause in this city. The popular public mediums are like the stars one sees with the naked eye,—not always seen because they are the largest and brightest, but simply on account of their being nearest the beholder; while the more distant nebula of private life unfolds to the searching investigator as many bright and shining orbs as the far-reaching depths of material space reveal to the telescopic eye. Private investigation was never so universal as now. Private circles are held nightly in every section of our city, and candid inquirers seem to be largely on the increase.

ON MONDAY EVENING we attended a select circle in a private house in Houston St. Mrs. B—— a young married lady scarce out of her teens, was the principal medium. We have probably heard as many "spirit raps" as any person in this country, but we never before heard such a continuous profusion of sounds as on that evening. They came in volleys, as though the spirits were firing in platoons, and if raps had been bullets, we poor investigators would have been riddled through and through again. They seemed particularly musical, and drummed out all manner of tunes, "from grave to gay;" from "Hail Columbia," to "Jordan's stormy banks," and that too, with an accuracy and harmony that the most pliant of human fingers could never accomplish. As the hands of all the company were on the table, in plain sight, it was evidently not the work of mortal fingers. If it was the work of *heels*, it only shows that *somebody* had more music in the said heels than *other bodies* have in their knuckles. How many stubborn necks of skepticism have been broken, in stumbling over these little mysterious *raps!*

THE FOURTH OF MRS. HATCH'S SERIES OF LECTURES came off at the Stuyvesant Institute on Tuesday evening last, to a full house. Her audiences have thus far increased in numbers with each meeting. The subject given her was:—"What is the connection between the body and soul of man." As the subject of a former discourse: "The Duality of Man," called forth the same class of arguments necessary to the elucidation of this question, the lecturer was obliged to "repeat herself;" but yet so artistically and logically, as to fully establish the "originality" of her inspirations.

A MEETING is called for Saturday evening, to consider the propriety of reviving the old "Bowery Circles." These popular circles were held for two years in the Hall No. 145 Bowery and were generally of the most interesting description. They were held three times a week, and so great was the interest in them, that the doors were frequently closed at an early hour, in order to give the mediums room enough to turn round, which they could not have done, if all had been let in who applied for admission.

Smith, the well-known "Razor Strop Man," who is now in Boston, was the life and soul of those circles, and his quaint, droll, and yet sensible eccentricities, while "under the influence," have cheered and strengthened many a faint heart, and staggered and confounded many a skeptical mind.

MR. AND MRS. COAN have left this city for Exeter, Maine, where they intend resting from their labors for a month or two, and then return and hold a series of test-meetings at the Stuyvesant Institute.

We hear of quite a number of new circles which are about being formed. Mrs. French, one of our best healing mediums, and also excellent as a speaker, is getting up a series of circles at her rooms in Fourth Avenue.

PHILADELPHIA.—Our Philadelphia neighbors have been experiencing a "revival" without the aid of a very "protracted meeting." Miss Emma Hardinge demonstrated on Sunday last (10th inst.) the utter incapacity of Samson street hall to accommodate the multitudes that thronged to hear her. On Monday evening, although the "windows of heaven were opened," and a small flood descended upon the city, an audience of between five and six hundred people assembled to hear her.

An Austrian Miracle.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "ANTHONY ERNEST, the Lord Bishop of Brunn, has just edified the faithful in this empire by announcing that 'the oil of St. Walburga' possesses miraculous powers. The Right Reverend shepherd does not inform his flock what kind of fluid the oil in question is, but he certifies that a girl kept in the institution of the 'daughters of Christian charity,' did on a certain day kiss a bottle containing the aforesaid oil, and was immediately cured of an inflammation of the eyes, which was so violent that she was almost blind. The Bishop was so much struck by this that he ordered the daughters of Christian charity forever to keep holy the 7th November, that being the day on which 'the miracle' was performed."

The evidence that "the oil of St. Walburga" possesses "miraculous powers," does not appear in the foregoing paragraph. We are accustomed to receive the accounts of Austrian miracles with a liberal allowance, and we are disposed to excuse the ignorance that thus veils the relations of effects to their causes. In this case it is not even intimated that the girl took a drop of the oil. She only *kissed the bottle*; and hence, if the cause is justly attributable to any material agent, the claims of the bottle are certainly paramount. However, since *the bottle* has been a most prolific cause of inflammation in the eyes, it is not without some reason that the cure at Brunn is ascribed to a modification of *its contents.*

ORIGIN OF THE PENDULUM. Galileo, when under twenty years of age, was standing one day in the metropolitan church of Pisa, when he observed a lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling, and which had been disturbed by accident, swing backwards and forwards. This was a thing so common, that thousands, no doubt, had observed it before; but Galileo, struck with the regularity with which it moved backwards and forwards, reflected upon it, and perfected the method now in use of measuring time by means of a pendulum.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—S. M. F. S., O. B. Emery, L. S. Hobben, T. W. Higginson, R. P. Ambler, W. Davis, B. Pease, S. Phillips, H. N. Cate, N. Weeks, J. L. Perley, B. F. Reed, O. E. Gregg, H. J. Wiley, M. A. Townsend 2, S. B. Nichols, A. Spalding, P. Simons, "A Subscriber," L. H. Waters 2, E. Marshall, J. H. Randall, S. Smith, E. Titus, J. Walter, G. W. Stuart, A. Fitts, E. Kenney, C. Mulliken, G. G. Odiorne, S. Young, W. G. Tarbell, R. D. Searle, E. Clark, H. Pease, D. T. Wood, S. Caudron, W. W. Young, H. A. Green, M. Kinny, C. P. N., H. Warner, W. L. Easton, O. Barnes (all right), H. Gould, J. E. Thompson, A. Bisbee, H. C. Harrington, F. Gurney, G. Smith, M. Jones, H. C. Creen, G. W. Brown, E. Warner, W. G. Heyer, J. S. Randall, S. Olinger, L. Granger, J. L. Gragin, C. A. Paul, B. H. Carter, O. H. Wellington, A. Stone, B. C. Murray, D. Bliss (error corrected), C. W. Richardson, E. Nichols, D. D. Wait, C. Howell, L. S. A., S. Stowell, M. Webster, E. Hardinge, T. L. Kimball, Y. C. Blakey, W. Thompson, C. Keene, R. Greenlaw, E. Wyman, E. Dimick, M. Mudge, H. H. Crandall, H. P. Fairfield, T. Middleton, W. Wadsworth, C. Brigham, M. M. Tuttle, E. M. Morse, J. Willson, T. French.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON AND NEW YORK, JANUARY 23, 1858.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL.

EQUITABLE EXCHANGE. It gives us pleasure to state that Mr. Munson, at the New York agency of this paper, has taken some initial steps towards the inauguration of a system of equitable exchanges between producer and consumer. He is prepared to receive from abroad consignments of various articles of consumption, and to furnish the same to friends in the city at wholesale rates, simply obtaining a moderate commission. He is now supplied with good Butter and Cheese, which he invites those in want to inspect and purchase. Mr. M. will give prompt attention to any business in this line which may be intrusted to him; and will furnish references if required. It is to be hoped that from this small beginning may grow an extensive and useful system of exchanges.

The undersigned is prepared to devote a small portion of his time to lecturing on "Spiritualism." His object is to present an impartial and careful statement of the facts and arguments on the subject, as they now stand,—with especial reference to the Cambridge investigations.

For further information as to his method of treating the subject, he would refer to those who have heard his lectures in Portland, Portsmouth, Montreal, and elsewhere. T. W. HIGGINSON, Worcester, Mass.

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

R. P. AMBLER may be addressed at No. 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, for a few weeks.

Miss S. A. MAGOUN will lecture at East Foxboro, on Sunday, Jan. 24th; also at Lowell, Sunday, Jan. 31st.

MARLBORO'.—F. L. WADSWORTH, trance-speaker, may be expected to speak in the Universalist Church at Marlboro', Mass., on Sunday, Jan. 24th.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON AND VICINITY.

SUNDAY MEETINGS.—Mrs. A. M. HENDERSON will speak in the MELODEON on Sunday next, at 2 1-2 and 7 o'clock, P. M.

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.

CHARLESTOWN.—Meetings in Evening Star Hall, 69 Main St., every Sunday forenoon, afternoon and evening. The forenoons will be occupied by circles; the afternoons devoted to the free discussion of questions pertaining to Spiritualism, and the evenings to speaking by LORING MOODY. Hours of meeting 10 A. M., 2 1-2 and 7 P. M.

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. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 163 Washington, opposite Milk street. Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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 to 1 A. M. and 2 to 5 P. M. No. 395 Washington street, opposite Hayward 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. 7 Morton Place, Boston. Flowers, Landscapes, etc., painted under Spiritual Influence. Sittings for Physical Manifestations.

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.

SPIRITUAL BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

CENTRAL DEPOT, NO. 5 GREAT JONES STREET, NEW YORK.

Office of the Spiritual Age.

S. T. MUNSON & Co., Agents, second door East of Broadway, opposite the LaFarge, keep all the Reform Publications, together with a splendid assortment of Spiritual Books, all of which will be sold at the lowest publisher's prices for cash. All persons who wish to purchase the class of Books mentioned, will find it for their advantage to send their orders to Munson & Co., who will give instant attention to the demands of their customers. Subscriptions received for all

Spiritual and Reform Papers, and Serial Publications.

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THE PHANTOM FACE.

BY LOUISA CHANDLER MOULTON.

"The Soul has inalienable rights, and the first of these is Love."

I had seen her all day long, just as she stood before me that other Christmas morning. Her eyes, those soft, brown eyes, wore a timid, appealing look, her chestnut hair fell around her neck in silken tangles. She was clinging to Ralph Humphries' arm. I was no believer in ghosts, apparitions, spiritualism, or any other supernatural manifestations, and yet, all that day, turn my eyes whither I would, I could see nothing but that face. She was our fifth child, fifth and fairest, Mary said. The rest had all died in their cradles, and it was not until she had been with us a year that we gave her a name, so fearful were we that she too would be borne from us into the valley. But when after that year of waiting, her soft eyes were still bright and beaming, and the smiles still dimpled her rosebud lips, we named her Faith.

The world had always called me a hard, cold man, money-loving and money-getting; but Mary knew that low down in my heart was a fountain which the angel's wing had troubled, whose sweet waters of tenderness gushed ever for her. We knelt together, Mary and I, by our baby's cradle, upon her christening day, and I said amen with my whole heart, to the prayer my wife's low voice faltered. It was Christmas day, on which the little one was baptized. This was also her birth-day; for she came to us, the little, white, frail thing, with the snows of a Christmas morning, and our fondest pet name for her was "Our Christmas Child."

God knows, as that child grew up, I loved her; perhaps all the more tenderly because she was not yet three years old when her mother closed her eyes, already full of the glory of Heaven, and died with her head upon my bosom. I could never have married any other woman. Other men, men far tenderer and more affectionate than I, have done this; but I—no matter; it may have been that there was little of the affectional element in my nature, and what there was, having sprung into full bloom at her presence, left for all after comers only dead leaves and withered boughs. Faith was all I had, and I loved her well and fondly. I do think I made her motherless childhood and girlhood very happy. She loved me, too, with more than a daughter's affection. As she grew up, she was child, companion, friend, the occupation of all the hours not devoted to business. Why was not this love, this companionship, enough for her as it was for me?

I had had, for some years, a young man named Ralph Humphries, in my employ. Faith never saw him until she was seventeen, and had left school. Then, one evening, I invited him to the house. I had a very good opinion of him. His business capacities were excellent. His reputation was spotless, his manners those of a gentleman. I knew he devoted his evenings to lonely and indefatigable study. I thought there would be no harm in lending to one of them a little of the brightness which Faith's eyes and Faith's presence shed upon my own life. I could see, from the very first, that the two young people were interested in each other, but I never thought of the faintest possibility that this interest could grow into any deeper feeling.

Faith never looked more lovely than that night. The coldest critic could not have helped pronouncing her beautiful. It was an autumn evening, crisp and cool. She wore a dress of some soft, rich fabric, plaided in bright colors. It was cut in such fashion as just to reveal the contour of her small, white throat, round which her chestnut hair fell in rings of dusky gold. Her loose sleeves dropped away from her snowy and daintily moulded arms, round which were clasped golden chains. I remember all these things well, for I was prouder of Faith than any lover of his mistress. I enjoyed the admiration with which Humphries evidently regarded her.

He was a fine, handsome, manly-looking young fellow of twenty-three. At first he seemed a little embarrassed. He was not accustomed to meeting beautiful women surrounded with all the appliances of taste and luxury. But soon this *mauvaise honte* passed away, and he charmed even me by the ease and brilliancy of his conversation. He talked well, not only, but he possessed the rarer accomplishment of listening well, which is a still surer passport to the favor of a woman.

In the course of the evening, it came out that he had been studying French and German, the former with the assistance of a fellow lodger, the latter alone. I remarked that with a good knowledge of these two tongues he might make himself invaluable to me as foreign corresponding clerk, and at once Faith, who was herself a most loving student of German literature, volunteered to assist him. If she had asked my advice in this affair, perhaps I should have opposed it, but I could not contravene her invitation when it was once given, and indeed I saw no great harm in the matter.

Thus it was that Ralph Humphries became almost domesticated in my household; and three or four evenings of every week were monopolized by him and his German books. Quite frequently I left the two young people together. Of the possibility of any love growing into her heart stronger than the tie which united her to me, I never thought; but one day, late in November, with terrible suddenness the truth was brought home to me.

I was about leaving my counting-room for the day, when young Humphries came in and requested a few moments audience. I do not remember in what words he told me that he loved Faith, that he was beloved by her. At first my mind utterly refused to comprehend him, but he forced upon me the unwelcome truth. I was thunderstruck rather than angry. I did not rave at him, or even forbid him my house. I only spoke one sentence—

"You have stolon into my house to take away my most precious thing, my only child—it is of no use."

In vain he strove to plead with me. I would neither hear nor speak another word. I buttoned up my coat, went out of the office, and, stepping into an omnibus, I was soon at home. Faith heard my key turn in the door, and sprang down the the stairs to meet me, as her custom was. She looked like a celestial vision, clad, as she was, for a dinner party, all in white, with her fair face framed so fitly in the dusky-gold of her chestnut hair; her lips softly and tenderly smiling, her eyes full of welcome. I put my arm around her as we went up to the parlor together. Somehow I felt that she had never been so selfishly dear to me, and then a fierce anger flamed up in my heart against the man who would fain take my treasure from me. I waited until I had taken my customary seat in an easy-chair, and Faith had established herself on an ottoman at my feet, and then I said, watching keenly her expression—

"Faith, Ralph Humphries has been speaking to me about you this afternoon."

A quick crimson overspread her face and neck; the lashes drooped over the shy, yet eloquent eyes. I could see with what fulness of love she regarded him, but this only hardened my heart. I went on.

"Of course I told him that it was no use. I could not give you up to any one, least of all to one like him, every way unworthy of you, a mere employee in your father's warehouse.

The girl had my blood in her veins. The flush on her cheek deepened. Her lip curled with pride. Her voice was firm and strong.

"Father, Ralph Humphries is in no way my inferior. You, yourself introduced him to me; you told me how unstained was his character, how untiring his industry, how gentlemanlike his manners—I have seen for myself how true and tender is his heart. Father, I love Ralph Humphries, and I shall love him till I die."

I saw that to contend with her roused spirit would be useless. I must endeavor to soften her heart.

"Faith," I said, "my only treasure in life, my dead Mary's last child, would you break my heart? Would you leave your poor old father to die alone? Think, daughter—your mother loved me. She is looking on you from Heaven."

She was touched. Tears gathered slowly in her eyes and fell like glittering dew on her raiment. She knelt at my feet, and clasped her hands in a passionate entreaty.

"Father, I do not want to leave you alone. I want to stay with you always, but only let Ralph be your son. He is good and worthy; you are rich enough for us all. Oh, father, you have been so good to me all my life. Do not refuse to make your last child happy now. If my mother could speak to you from Heaven, she would join my prayer, for oh, my father, even as she loved you through life and death, so do I love Ralph Humphries."

She paused, but at the door of my heart I heard another voice, a pleading voice that had stolen to my ear many and many a midnight from under the grave-mould. God forgive me, but I barred my heart's door, and shut even that pleader out. I spoke with stern decision:—

"Faith, just one month from to-day will be Christmas, your birth-day. We will talk no more of Ralph Humphries now, but on Christmas day you will be eighteen, and you shall choose then between him and your father; for, as God hears me, his wife and my daughter you shall not be. If you go with him, you must leave forever your father's home and hearth."

She made no answer. She looked at me for a moment with her reproachful eyes, and then she rose and went out of the room. After a short absence she came back. She had taken off her festal robes, and was attired in a quiet dress of some sombre hue. She seated herself at the table and took up a book.

"What, Faith," I said, "are you not going out, after all?"

"No, father, I am in no mood for merriment, and as I have not the faculty of dissembling, I will not go among happier people, to make a discord in their mirth."

After that we passed the rest of the evening in silence.

During the month that followed, not a single allusion was made by either of us to Ralph Humphries. I had told Faith she must choose between us. After that I was too proud to forbid him the house, or to ask if he came there. I presumed they met almost daily, but as he never made his appearance when I was at home, I did not take his name upon my lips.

* * * * *

Shall I ever forget that Christmas morning which came at last? I was too full of anxiety to leave the house. I sat in my study hoping and fearing. At twelve o'clock she came in, and with her Ralph Humphries. Together they stood before me, and Faith spoke:—

"Oh, father, will you not relent? Will you not let us both be your children?"

"No, Faith."

"But, father, listen. You have told me, on this my eighteenth birth-day, to choose—to choose between you and him. I do choose. Kind father as you have been to me, dearly as all my life long I have loved you, even as my mother left home and kindred to follow you, so will I give up all things, even you, for Ralph Humphries. But, father, if you send me forth, my heart will break. I cannot, cannot live and bear your curse."

Once more she sank on her knees before me with her white face, her pleading eyes, her hands clasped in a passionate prayer. But my heart was not softened. I answered in cold, firm tones:

"Remember, Faith, I called God to witness that if you choose him I would cast you off forever. I shall keep my oath. But I will not curse you. Mrs. Ralph Humphries will be no child of mine, but I shall wish her well. Do you still persist?"

She rose. With a sudden, fond movement she clung to her lover. Her eyes met his, and she murmured in the words of Scripture—

"'The Lord do so to me and more also if aught but death part thee and me.'"

He put his arm around her trembling figure and drew her closer to him, in my very sight. Then he said, in a firm, respectful voice—

"Mr. Gardner, for loving your daughter, I can make no apology. No man, with a man's heart, who had known her as I have known her, could help that; but I would not take her from you to share my humble destiny, did I not know that to her pure womanly nature, love is all the sunshine of life. I cannot leave her here to break her heart."

I smiled scornfully.

"Since my day, hearts have grown strangely brittle; but sit down, both of you."

I summoned a servant, to whom I addressed a few words in a low tone. He went out, and in ten minutes returned, and stood bowing at the door. I motioned him to close it, and then I said—

"You have had a few moments for consideration. Are you still resolved to be Ralph Humphries' wife?"

Her tone was as determined as my own.

"I am."

"Well, then, you must be married before you leave my house under his protection. I have sent for a clergyman, and I will witness the ceremony."

The Rev. Mr. Wilde must have thought it a strange bridal, but he made no comments. As soon as it was over, I placed his fee in his hands and he departed. I turned to the bride.

"Mrs. Ralph Humphries," I said, in a mocking voice, "I congratulate you; I wish you long life, an easy conscience, and many happy returns of this day. This is my bridal present."

I laid in her nerveless hand a check for five thousand dollars. Her husband took it from her and placed it upon the table.

"I thank you, Mr. Gardner," he said, proudly, "but I cannot allow my wife to be a pensioner on her father's bounty, when she is an outcast from his home and love. I have strong hands and a willing heart. You are not afraid to trust me, Faith?"

He needed no answer save her look of entire reliance, of perfect love. They rose and stood before me. I have the picture framed and hung away in my heart. Its colors will never fade until the morning light of eternity breaks over them.

Faith, my daughter Faith, is leaning on her new-made husband's arm. Marble white is her brow; her chestnut hair frames in her pale face with its soft, silken tangles; her sorrowful brown eyes are full of a prayer which eternity itself can never shut out of my memory.

Thus she stood before me for one moment, and then they went out of the room, out of the house, those two young things so utterly helpless and alone in the world. God forgive me; God forgive me. Every night this wild prayer goes up from my lips, through the midnight to the far-off throne. Will He hear me?

Twelve years passed on, after that Christmas morning, and I knew not whether the earth still held my child. At first, letters had come to me now and then, in her handwriting, postmarked from a distant city, but I was afraid they would soften my heart, and I had burned them all unread. For years none had come, and in spite of my resolution, my heart had begun to grow sick with fear. All that twelfth Christmas day after she left me, turn my eyes whither I would, they rested only on Faith. Old superstitions about ghosts and wraiths came to me, but I am no believer in the supernatural—I dismissed them resolutely. I could not so dismiss Faith. Turn wheresoever I might, the face turned also.

At last, toward night, in very desperation, I seized my coat and hat and hurried out of doors. Among my tenants in a humble quarter of the city was a pawnbroker. I knew the man well. I had often talked with him for half an hour. Seized by some unaccountable impulse, I went towards his shop. I did not see the face now, but I had an impression vivid as it was strange, that Faith was walking beside me. I entered the shop. As soon as the man saw me, he left a customer with whom he was engaged and came eagerly toward me.

"I should have come to you to-night, Mr. Gardner," he said, respectfully. "Something has happened, in the course of my business, which I have been feeling for several days you ought to know. Five days ago, a lovely child came here, about nine years old, I should think her, and pawned a locket, containing a minature of you. It must have been taken when you were younger, but the likeness is perfect."

As he spoke, he laid the minature in my hand. It was one I had given Faith fourteen years ago, on her sixteenth birth-day. Oh, how the sight softened me. I could not see the face now, but I heard, stealing up through the silences of twelve long years of estrangement, Faith's voice calling me father. Was it the tears of some pitying angel which began to soften the hard dry soil of my heart?

"Do you know where the little girl lives?" I asked eagerly. He handed me an address written upon a crumpled piece of paper.

"I asked her," he said, "because she seemed to be suffering. She said her mother would have been willing to bear anything but death rather than part with the picture, but it was all she had left, and they could not starve."

I did not see the face, but I heard that voice still, calling upward through the years. How full of reproach its tones were now!

"I must keep the picture," I said hurriedly. "You shall have twice its value. It is priceless to me."

So saying, I went out of the shop, and hurried on through a miserable street and along a blind alley to the number indicated on the paper I held in my hand. It must have been but the illusion of fancy, but still Faith seemed to walk beside me. By dint of inquiry I found, in a great rambling house, a room in which they told me a woman named Humphries lived. My heart grew sick. The hand with which I opened the door was almost powerless, but I did open it, and I stood there looking in, and the face, oh Heaven! the face seemed to pause and look in beside me.

On a straw bed, in one corner of the room, lay a woman's form, and beside it knelt a girl older than her years, her face, so like Faith's own, frozen into the white stillness of despair. She did not heed my approach. I went up and stood over the bed, and there, after twelve long, silent years, I found once more Faith, my child—dead, dead, dead!

I was possessed by a strange calm. I roused the girl; I said to her—

"I am your grandfather. Look up; you shall never suffer any more."

The tears gushed now from her stony eyes. She sank at my feet.

"Oh, grandfather, you are come here. She told me to go to you—to give you this paper. See, she has it fast in her hand. I cannot get it."

I loosened the death-grasp of those thin cold fingers. I smoothed the paper and read, in Faith's handwriting, only these words:—

"Father, let death plead for my child; forgive, forgive."

Oh, it was too late! The tears I rained over that still form could not waken the dead—those closed ears could not hear moans or prayers, but when I clasped her child to my bosom and promised to be a father to the fatherless, in a far off corner of the room I seemed to see the face, with a misty, golden glory bathing its hair and a smile upon its lips, such as I think only the blessed ones of Heaven can wear.

I learned Faith's story afterward. It was the old, old story of hopeless struggles with want and poverty; suffering; despair, and death. But, thank God, their love never grew dim; their faith in each other never wavered. Ralph Humphries died first, but his wife was not long in following him to the far-off City—

"Where true love shall not droop or be dismayed,
And none shall ever die."

I will not sadden your Christmas fireside with my own remorse and despair; the agonies of my broken heart. For me, in this world, is no more peace; but thank, God, I have made her child happy, and I can see over the Distant Hills, the coming light of an eternal morning, which shall break, by-and-by, even for me. Every Christmas day, I see, or seem to see the face. Wherever I go, it goes beside me. It is bright as ever. No tears dim those eyes of brown. No shadow of age dims the lustre of that ever shining hair.

Soon will come the last Christmas day on earth, and, I know, beside my bed of death that face will smile; its lips, its forgiving lips, will be the first to speak my welcome into Heaven.
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