The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

A CHAPTER OF HUMAN EXPERIENCE.

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreampt of in your philosophy.—HAMLET.

We were both young, both lovely, both loving; from our earliest childhood a close sympathy had existed between our natures. A strange psychological affinity had characterized us, and we advanced in years as in the intimate mingling of our souls. Our union was the result of a pure, unselfish attachment; not one interested motive had influenced our marriage, consequently unalloyed happiness was ours. Such a self-abnegating devotion as I felt for my wife, words could not express, and of her love I never for one instant entertained a doubt. Our natures grew together, forming an entire, close and spiritual union.

The gloom of the old and once deserted mansion in which we lived, contrasted pleasantly with the joy, the love which animated our hearts; and when our laughs rang merrily through the dim chambers, I listened to the echo which, ever sad, ever melancholy, seemed sometimes to mock our happiness with more of joy and pain.

The damp dews which fell around our home were all unheeded by us, fortified and, as *we* thought, rendered immortal by the strength of our deep, true affection, and we wandered alone through the old forest and by the side of the dark, slow waters, I never heeding that the lady Helena's cheek grew more pale, her step more languid, her slight form more fragile. Such ramblings were the acme of our happiness—in the dim shade we conversed of our future—of that mysterious life in which our souls should be forever one!

I had become gradually conscious of an influx of life into my frame, a superabundance of life-giving electricity; but what could this be, save the outward effect of my internal peace and happiness.

* * * * * *

We were seated by the water side, my arm supporting her, for she was weary; her fair head, resting upon my shoulder, seemed spiritual, shadowy, and the outlines dim in the half-clouded moonlight. "Israel," said her clear voice, "here, by the waters where we wander for the last time, let me break to you gently what may, but should not, startle you,—that I shall not be with you long!" I gasped for breath, I felt a stifling weight upon my breast, but smiled upon her.

"What can or shall part us, my wife?" I softly asked.

"*Death!*" replied she, in a suffocating whisper. "I would have told you before, but we have been so happy I did not dare to break the spell with such tidings. For weeks I have known that the shadow was and is upon me, that I am departing slowly from you. Israel, Israel," continued she, shudderingly, breaking through the calmness she sought to assume, "if you but knew how I dread this trial, how my frail, weak body shrinks from the horrors of the grave, the last, last gasping breath, the clammy dews, the awful sepulchre, the shroud, the slow and terrible decay, oh! Israel, you would pity me. I do not fear eternity; it is not my soul that recoils from death, it is my poor humanity, the vail which you have called so fair."

I sat stupefied—the blackness of despair enveloped me—I shrank within myself.

"Helena," I cried at last, every nerve stretched to its utmost tension, "Helena, you *shall not die!* If there is power on earth, strength or mercy in Heaven, your *earthly* form shall not pass away."

The words had not passed my lips when we sat shuddering and in silence. I knew I had involuntarily emphasized the word "earthly." We both felt, though words spake we not, that o'er the soul we could have no control.

* * * * * *

We returned silently to our dim, quiet home; the Lady Helena so wan, so weak, that my strong arm alone prevented her from falling. The power that had held her upon earth was departing from her, and she sank totally exhausted as she reached our sleeping apartment.

I laid her slight form upon the bed; a kind of halo seemed to shed itself over the dark room, an emanation from the form of the Lady Helena. I sat by her side during the long night; a wild thought had entered my mind, a terrible resolution, and my eyes refused to close in slumber. I felt as if I should never sleep again. I clasped her hand in mine; it felt hot, burning, to my icy touch. In such an apathy was every sense I scarcely heard the interruption of her attendants; afterward I knew that medical men were called, that many were around her, but her hand was still clasped in mine. I still could hear with painful acuteness her every gentle re-piration. Thus they told me a few weeks passed away, when I partially roused myself. The Lady Helena was as fair as ever—her eyes brighter, her cheeks even tinged with a soft, delicate bloom.

For myself, how frightfully changed was my outward form; my eyes sunken and expressionless, my face pale and rigid, and every member fearfully attenuated. I seemed a fit prey for the grim tyrant who had waved his scepter over my young and lovely wife. Still no one dreamed of my danger, it was the Lady Helena for whom the grave yawned.

A gradual cessation of life marked her approaching dissolution, an entire receding of the *spirit* which is *life*, and had animated her form. Sadly all watched over her, and I was so happy to see that the fear of death had subsided entirely. She rarely spoke of it; made no worldly provision for the event, as was so customary, and although she spoke of the future, to which she was hastening, it seemed as if she thought of it as unconnected with the commonly received idea of death.

Almost frantic one, gloomy day when my Helena conversed on her departure from me, I threw myself upon my knees by her bedside. "My wife, my Helena," cried I, "have you no faith in my word? Have I not, invincible in the power of *will* and *love*, sworn you shall not die? Did I not tell you this? I can, and by that power I will, if need be, die for you! Again hear me, Helena, I swear you shall not die!"

I looked into the face of my wife as I spoke these last words and beheld her radiant with the same glow I had seen when upon that eventful night I had placed her upon the bed from which she had scarcely risen since.

I recoiled from the sight, it was not earthly; and the voice of my wife sounded strangely clear as she replied so smilingly, I doubted her entire sanity. "Israel, do you imagine I do not trust you? Was not your *spirit* the same when you said my 'earthly form' should not perish? What if in words you did not express your *soul*-formed determination? Can not my mind read yours? I felt you would spare me the ordeal of death, even were it by the sacrifice which must and will be made. What but this knowledge has preserved *my* form so fresh and fair, the radiance in my eyes, the bloom upon my cheek? What but *this* has withered *you*, stopped the current of your youthful life, and decayed your *body*, while my *spirit* is the nearer eternal beatitude? Shall we not be happier in the entire union which will take place hereafter, your soul reanimating this fair mold? Oh! Israel, in this union there will be more joy than in the other!" The words calmed me; she had clearly shown me what I had only half perceived, and for the first time for more than a month I tasted the unspeakable blessing of slumber. A deep, deep sleep stole upon me, every sense, in an earthly meaning, perfectly dormant. But if my poor human perceptions could have followed the wanderings of my contented, happy spirit, if I could have received the revelations which it would have fain imparted, what might I not pen for you eye? What mysteries, hidden and insensible to our earthly senses, might I not unfold, making all clear and lucid as the beamings of the noontide sun. But the cloud was too dense, too dark and misty to admit those rays, and I slept dreamless and in silence. For two days thus I slumbered; and as on the midnight of the third I half awoke, I was conscious of murmurings around me.

"He seems nearer death than the Lady Helena," said the gray-haired physician, in a low tone.

"What!" said I, the name at once totally arousing me, "what of the Lady Helena?"

"She is the same, her case is wholly inexplicable. Life, animation, is departing, while the body is unchanged—if possible, even more healthful, more beautiful," said the old man.

I smiled triumphantly. I felt I had arrested the hand of decay, and was happy. I arose, and was supported to her room. I never left her side again, our souls gradually diffusing one into the other.

It was the seventh day after this that I became conscious of a decided change; my life was nearly over. We were alone—I reclining by my wife. I seized her hand. "I am dying, Helena," said I.

She smiled sadly, and returned the pressure of my hand.

"I thank you, Israel; now I only feel how deeply you have loved me!" The last words were said slowly, as if with great effort, and she sank back motionless, her hand still clasped in mine. I felt the clammy dews of death steal upon my brow. I heard words of comfort spoken by my own lips, yet dictated by the spirit of the Lady Helena.

It was receding from me. I gasped for breath—not that I suffered, but such a transfusion of soul was a spiritual effort only accomplished by a severe exercise of the mental will, and the struggle found the body weak. At last it was over. I sighed deeply—my pulse wavered, stopped, fluttered, and was still. I felt that I was dead!

* * * * * *

From the Lady Helena's beautiful but tearless eyes I gazed upon my own inanimate body, robed in the serene and quiet garments of the grave. From beneath her long widow's veil I smiled to hear the whispered remarks upon the singularity of my death, and the Lady Helena's no less singular recovery.

From her lips I spoke words of strange import, which they heeded not, save as the ravings of a mind distracted by grief—when only joy at the habitation I had obtained for her happy soul and mine was felt.

At first our union was strange, but in time we became accustomed to it; my powers of intellect, softened by her feminine grace and beauty, were improved and beautified.

I became proud of the wild beauty of the Lady Helena. I had, while her earthly husband, scarcely comprehended its wondrous intensity, so absorbed was I in the contemplation of the exalted sublimity of her soul.

By my spiritual youth and rejuvenating power, how transcendently lovely she became! all bowed beneath the sway of the Lady Helena.

Suitors and wooers innumerable have bowed before *my* shrine, beseeching the Lady Helena's smile and favor; they viewed her *widow-faith* as extraordinary. Never had we been so *truly* wedded. It is the Lady Helena's snowy hand that pens these records; it is the spirit of her Israel that gives that hand its life.

The Lady Helena's own spirit is blest and happy. I hear her murmurs in the quiet starlight nights. I hear her whisper words of thanks and deep love to my soul, that has again made the Lady Helena what she was—ay, more than she could have been.

We have waited patiently (the Lady Helena and I) for our summons during many long, yet peaceful years; when they come, we shall yield joyfully. We have no fear of death—we know what it is—we have felt it. My body and her soul.

For the Spiritual Age.

FRAGMENT.

No bird can fly
So swift as I;
Not even the lightning
When clouds embrace
With fiercest salutation,—
And after me, the morning's brightening
Lags apace
In its race
From nation unto nation.

In the far-off spheres
I felt your tears;
And your sighs
And pitiful heart-cries,
Came complaining to my ears.
Ages agone, in its earthly habitations,
My spirit, like thine,
Poured forth miserable lamentations;
Therefore this soul of mine,
Bound by sympathy's limitations,
Must respond to thine.

I was poor,
I was sick,—
And the menial's stick
Beat me from the rich man's door;
And few, very few loved me,
And they died every one.
And along the path of life with many a groan,
Years and years I toiled all alone,
And at last in the pauper's grave they shoved me.

My soul was so weak
That I might not speak;
I laid my head on an angel's breast,
And was lulled like a weary babe to rest;
My spirit-garments, though pale and thin,
Were stained by no dark and fearful sin;
So I gathered strength,
And at length
I rose from the mists to the daylight clear,
And far and near
All things lay transfigured unto mine eyes.

In the farthest skies
Worlds on worlds rolled vast and fair.
Might I visit them? Lo! I rose in the air
As swift as my thoughts, and lighted down
On a mountain's verdant crown.
None but spirit-eyes may measure
The leagues on leagues of emerald meadows
Downward stretching, with no shadows.
O what pleasure!
To go floating slowly, slowly
Unto valleys far below;
And how beautiful, how holy
The silence, and the singing
Bands of angels swift to me came winging.

A.

Eat up by their own Dogs.

An old story tells that Actæon, a famous hunter, kept many hounds, and they ended by eating him up. Actæon is an old name—it is Greek besides. How many Actæons do you and I know—men eat up by their own dogs! I know men who damage their body by their business; so do you. Many more I know, who break down their conscience, their affections, their higher manhood. Mechanics sicken of their craft; painters have the lead-colic; tailors and shoemakers are pale and dyspeptic-looking; printers go off in consumption, which they have caught from breathing ink and type-metal. Is that the worst? I know men whose ambition, whose vanity, whose covetousness, has wrought them worse mischief—a consumption of the mind, a numb-palsy of the affections, gout in the conscience, a general dyspepsia of their humanities.—*Theo. Parker.*

SMALL BUT TRUE.—Beecher says: Life would be a perpetual flea-hunt, if a man were obliged to run down all the inuendoes, the inveracities, the insinuations, the suspicions, &c., which are uttered against him.

For the Spiritual Age.

HINTS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE;

WITH A SUMMARY OF PRACTICAL RULES.

ARTICLE FIRST.—AIR—RESPIRATION.

Nature is ever busy, by the silent operation of her own forces, endeavoring to cure disease. Her medicines are water, food, air, electricity, light, warmth, exercise, sleep, and withal, *temperance.*—*Dr. Dixon.*

Amongst all the means of invigorating the system, the *air* undoubtedly takes the first place; only such persons as live much in the *fresh air*, and love it, enjoy durable health.—*Dr. Wesselhœft.*

Notwithstanding the wisest physicians and philanthropists of all ages have proved, and in books and lectures urged, the absolute necessity of pure air to perfect life and longevity, the ignorance and apathy of common minds on the subject is still cause for serious anxiety on the part of sanitary reformers, and philanthropists generally.

But this is not the worst phase of the case; for there prevails, even at the present day, a pernicious and somewhat extensive infidelity respecting this and many other absolute conditions of health. Some of the positions held by the subjects of this infidelity, are merged in the vicious couplet so often quoted:

"One half the ills that we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow."

Now, while we have too much good sense, we flatter ourself, to assume the advocacy of *any* system of drug medication, after the concessions of Dr. Rush, himself an allopathic physician of eminence,* have been before the world for more than fifty years, we are not prepared to assume that a wholesome forcthought and even fear, touching *what* and *how* we should breathe, eat, drink and dress, is not essential to that harmonious action of the physical and mental functions which we term health. But these ingenious skeptics affirm, with much apparent candor, that they are driven to these their positions by visible and conspicuous *facts*, which facts they are in the habit of substituting for the argumentation of reason. They confidently point us to the "plebeians" of society, especially the Irish, and proceed to show the conditions under which their robustness has been acquired, and is preserved. "Look," say they, "at their perfectly sound, strong and healthy bodies, subsisting on the coarsest food, and exposed to hard work and all weathers,—surrounded with ignorance, filth, and tobacco-smoke from the cradle to the grave." But these "facts," in some respects, prove too much, and are, therefore, without point in the opposition; for neither we, nor any intelligent physiologist, will deny that *coarse, simple diet, much out-door exercise* and simple habits, are most productive of physical stamina, peace, and long life. But if these conceited skeptics would read history and examine principles in the light of reason, they would find that the soundness, brawn, and perfect animal build of these ignorant children of Nature, is owing more to the rectitude of their ancestors respecting "times and seasons" in generation, than to their own ignorance and consequent violation of hygienic principles,—that they are not thus robust *because* of such ignorance or violation, *but in spite of it.*† That seductions, abortions and adulteries are less known among the Irish in their own country, than among almost any other people, is the uniform testimony of all who are conversant with their history and character. Biblically speaking, they are more "perfect in their generation," which we take as a most prominent procuring cause of their present exemption from debility and disease.

In addition to what is here said, it is perhaps proper to remark that, anteriorly, the Hiberno-celtic race appears to be better constitutioned than the progenitors of the anglo-Americans—less sensitive to atmospheric changes—more compact, firm and enduring.‡

We are aware of the mutual sympathy existing between the body and the mind; hence we can allow that an abnormal condition of the *former* may, and probably does, induce foreboding and a sort of mental fever which hastens and aggravates, though it does not *create* the sickness or calamity which is feared. But we have never known such a result where a righteous and intelligent forecast and firmness was brought into the study and practice of physiological principles. And self-willed skeptics may quibble and writhe as they will, in view of facts and arguments like the foregoing. *We* shall continue to hold an unswerving faith in the changeless laws which appertain to human life, as in the wisdom of the SOURCE from whence they emanated. But that we may not furnish ground for the charge of inconsistency, from these disaffected skeptics, nor forfeit our claims to candor, which we hold as a jewel above price, we proceed further to remark, that the merely *animal* health and content of the Irish, which these skeptics seem to refer to as wholly resulting from their ignorance or disregard of both physical and moral law, appears to us, as before hinted, only *partially* to result therefrom; although in a considerable degree it appears to be produced and preserved through the obtuseness of their moral sense, and their exemption from that *care*, which, according to the poet—

"Crushes into dumb despair
One half the human race."

Herein, then, lies a great error, the results of which are blindly ascribed to an over study of, and experimentation in, matters of health. Facts everywhere visible determine for us the position, that *primarily* man's instinct was ordained to be his guide in these matters; but when through violation it has become perverted, and therefore no longer to be implicitly trusted, it seems to us accordant with Reason, that he should fall back upon that diviner faculty; although *that*, it must be confessed, has also suffered through such violation.

In this state of things we realize the difficulty of determining precisely the *right course*, in the absence of revelation from a superior source, which is not likely to be vouchsafed to those who live in violation of both their reason and present revelation.

But the Scriptures declare that that they who do the works shall know of the doctrine;—and we believe this to be a truth in Physiology, as well as in Theology. We furthermore believe that such men as Jackson, Hall, and Alcott are as really inspired (though they know it not, and therefore take the honor of putting forth such remarkable sentiments mostly to themselves) as a Davis, or an Edmonds. And we *know* they are, to the multitude, as really "stones of stumbling and rocks of offence." But they are such *only* because they strive to obey, while they expound to the "carnally minded" those divinely instituted laws, obedience to which presupposes self-denial to the crucifixion of their unhallowed appetites and cherished lusts. Hence it is but the instinct of *self*-preservation, which impels them to rack their brains, and to ransack the arcana of Science, Literature and Art, for argument wherewith to confute or confound these reformers. But all their efforts will be vain, for Truth is mighty and will prevail. Her champions being in a large degree endowed with the perspicience ascribed to that Spirit which is "a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart" can detect the falsity of their positions, and show them to be assumed at the instance of Selfishness, Lust, or Pride. For as SPENCER has truly remarked:—Pull to pieces a man's theory of things and you will find it based upon facts collected at the suggestion of his desires. A fiery passion consumes all evidences opposed to its gratification, and fusing together these that serve its purpose, casts them into weapons by which to achieve its end. There is no deed so vicious but what the author makes for himself an excuse to justfy; and, if the deed is often repeated, such excuse becomes a creed.

LITTLE VERD ST., Jan., 1850. CALVERT.

* "We have assisted in multiplying diseases; we have done more—we have increased their mortality." And again: "The art of healing is like an unroofed temple; uncovered at the top, and cracked at the foundation." All this, however, is no disparagement to the *True Art of Healing.*

† There are instances of well persons who had been crowded together in a prison, so ill ventilated as to breed on infectious fever, having themselves escaped a crisis, from the gradual adaptation of their constitutions to the noxious atmosphere they had generated.

‡ The word *Celt* signifies an inhabitant of the forest.

THE TRUE CHURCH.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, in a recent speech, used a scourge of small cords after this wise:—

The true Church—what is it? Can men band themselves together, and say, 'Go to! Voted, we are the true Church,'—and make themselves such? No, sir, it is not made in that way. These Church organizations—I deny their arrogant assumption, that they are holy organizations, Heaven-derived, instead of man-made. Why, sir, a man may go round the earth, and join every so-called religious organization that he find, and he will not then have joined the true Church. One of the cheering results of this conflict with a false Church has been the opening of the eyes of thousands to see that they have been deluded in supposing that God requires them to join any outward organization, or that any such is that Church 'against which the gates of hell shall never prevail.' These petty corporations, putting on such divine airs! And yet asking permission of the State to exist, and to have granted to them the right to sue and be sued! How divine is all that! And you and I must take care how we impeach or rebuke any of these corporations! It is a holy Church—it is the Church of Christ! No, sir, it is not; it is only another edition of Rome—a pocket edition. It is edifying to see with what unanimity the various Protestants sects arrive at the conclusion, that the Romish Church is the 'mother of harlots.' Pray, who are her daughters, that have sprung from her loins, if they be not these corrupt Protestant sects? I accept their testimony as to their mother; for, knowing their origin, and their character, I am sure that they are her daughters. The only difference between them is, she is old and haggard, and thoroughly diseased, and they are young and buxom in their wantonness—that is all.

The true Church—it is not organized flesh and blood. The true Church—there is no outward power that can put it down because it is spiritual. But who will say that these petty organizations cannot be scattered to the winds of heaven, when empires disappear, when everything is mutable beneath the skies, in the matter of association and combination! The true Church is in the heart of true believer; of those who love man, and therefore love God; and that Church will stand.

A great mind will neither give an affront nor bear one.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

FOREGLEAMS OF IMMORTALITY.*

This book has been sometime before the public, but not till recently have we had opportunity to examine it. We are indebted for a copy to the courtesy of the officers of the Association which publishes it. It is a remarkable work, and one of the most striking signs of the times—indicating the mighty revolution which Modern Spiritualism is working in the theological world. The author, though a clergyman of the Unitarian body, and writing at the request of its representative Association, yet claims to be wholly independent of sectarian views, and aims to leave no denominational mark upon his work. We would it could have been published without even a denominational imprint to repel timid, creed-bound souls—though its issue does great credit to the liberality of the Unitarians.

The book has so interesting a relation to the modern Spiritualistic movement that we are induced to give our readers a somewhat extended synopsis of the author's ideas. He finds the chief mischief to religion at the present time in an intense and confirmed Naturalism—that is, a lively faith in the objects of external sense, but nothing beyond. He recognizes the fact, however, that there is a *religious* as well as an irreligious naturalism; and that the common conceptions of the Christian sects in regard to death, a future life, the spiritual world, the Divine Being, etc., are grossly naturalistic. He desires to call attention to more rational and spiritual ideas—to restore what he deems the effulgent truths of primitive Christianity, which the Church has lost through the prevalence of materialism and vain jangling.

He keenly ridicules the theories of the scholastic metaphysicians, who reduce "disembodied spirits" to mere mathematical points, without form or extension, and who virtually teach that when a man dies he "goes nowhere and becomes nobody,"—remarking that "as soon as you deny form to substance, you deny it existence." He also exposes the absurdities and degrading tendencies of the popular religious naturalism, which teaches of a mechanical universe, wound up and set going like a machine, by a Deity outside of it, who will one day "smash it in pieces or burn it up"—also of a local heaven and hell, and of an immortality in a resurrected physical body. If heaven and hell are to be reached by locomotion, men will seek to enter one and avoid the other by arbitrary conditions and ceremonials—will expect heaven not by what they ARE, but by the creed and ritual.

He thinks what we call matter is not the most real of things—that its inmost principle is the Divine Life itself—that mind is not the non-entity which the metaphysicians make it, but a substantial organism—that "the universe is not a one-story building, spread over boundless flats, but has an altitude corresponding to its vast foundations"—that is, it exists in THREE DEGREES, the natural, spiritual and celestial, as taught by Swedenborg. We live now in the midst of spiritual realities, and need only to have our spiritual eyes opened to perceive them.

Death, in the natural order, is not a curse, but the removal of an outgrowth after it has accomplished its function and become a hindrance—a necessary stage of human progress. But death as we see it is disorderly, violent, painful and dreaded. The common idea of a physical resurrection of the mouldering contents of graves and charnel-houses is pronounced "shocking"—the true doctrine "means essentially the immortal man breaking from the carnal investitures of earth, and thence standing up on a higher platform of existence, and having open relations therewith." Retribution is an organic principle of the human soul. Heaven and hell are but man opened. The "judgment," or crisis, is the discrimination and parting asunder of good and evil in the individual. Christ is the judge of all; but whether our author means as an external personal being, or as an internal spiritual principle—the Divine in man, arousing and illuminating the spiritual consciousness—he does not clearly state. "Eternal life" is not time extended on indefinitely, but a life of a higher order, not subject to the accidents of time and change,—a life which may be enjoyed now as really as in the future. "Eternal death" is the negation or absence of this life.

The home-instinct, that is, preference for congenial society, constitutes the essential law that arranges the societies of heaven and hell;—it is the "Come ye blessed" and "Depart ye cursed" which determines conditions. The heavenly state is one of peace—that is, cessation of the warfare that pertains to the preliminary state—but not of inactivity. It is "the highest activity of concording elements." The doctrine of instantaneous salvation or damnation at death is pronounced an entirely modern invention, one of the extremes of Protestantism, unheard of in the primitive churches. They believed in an intermediate world of spirits, (hades,) in which the gospel was preached by Jesus himself, and might be received as in this life. The "judgment" which takes place in the world of spirits, is "the Christ, the Eternal Word, [Wisdom] breaking on the soul in clearer splendor, so as to search it and show its quality."

Mr. Sears contends that all this, and much more which we have not room to indicate, is the real teaching of the Bible, and especially of the New Testament; and his expositions of that book, by which he justifies this opinion, are the most luminous, rational and satisfactory that we have ever seen from the pen of any Christian writer. He is not hampered by a superstitious reverence for the externals of the Bible, nor does he hesitate to admit that its writers might err in minor things,—as for example, Paul erroneously expected a visible second coming of Christ in his day.

We need not say that in nearly every point we have specified, as well as in most of what remains, Mr. Sears but echoes the views commonly entertained by modern Spiritualists—at least, by the more thoughtful and spiritual portion of them. He, however, does not see fit to acknowledge either indebtedness to or agreement with them. On the contrary, his only references to the Spiritualism of to-day are such as to lead his readers to suppose an irreconcileable antagonism. He professes to derive his views solely from the Bible, which he impliedly regards as the *only* source of correct information and rational theory on such subjects,—though he once refers to Swedenborg as having taught the doctrine of Degrees. But it may well be doubted whether Mr. Sears would ever have risen above those crude and naturalistic interpretations of the Bible teachings which are common, and which, according to his own representations, have beclouded the best minds in Christendom for ages, had it not been for the light afforded through Swedenborg and the more recent unfoldings. (The revelations of the Swedish Seer, let it be observed, come properly within the category of *modern* Spiritualism—since they occurred many centuries subsequent to the completion of the *ancient* "canon.")

At all events, whether our author's ideas were derived from the latest Spiritualistic disclosures, or from the writings of Swedenborg, or obtained by the direct illumination of his own mind while studying the ancient Scriptures,—in either case, his views are as much part and parcel of the broad progressive spiritual movement of the times as are those of Davis, Hare or Harris. This movement has many phases and numerous instruments, even among those who imagine themselves its opponents.

The work under review, however, while containing so much that is gratifying and encouraging, presents some blemishes. In his references to Modern Spiritualism, Mr. Sears shows either a want of acquaintance with its best exponents, or a lack of that candor which he manifests towards other inquirers after truth. He speaks contemptuously of "Spiritualism offering a future world of sublimated matter" (p. 41), and again says that "The current Spiritualism teaches that the spiritual world is a subtilized natural one, on the plane of Materialism." This he puts in contrast with his own view, as follows:

> "It is above us, not in space, but in the higher degree of its life and the higher species of substances that compose it. But it is near us, and we are in it because our souls are of like substance, and are organisms to receive its spirit and breathe its airs, and have latent in them those orders of perceptive powers capable in due time of giving us open relations with it, and unobstructed sight of its transcendent glories."—p. 64.

Now Mr. Sears should have known that Modern Spiritualism teaches nothing at all inconsistent with this statement—that, indeed, this is the very conception entertained by clear-headed Spiritualists generally. He should have learned that "the current Spiritualism" has not yet taken form as a fully defined and settled system of ideas, assented to by all Spiritualists. Hence, the Spiritualism of one individual may and does differ widely from that of another. The only broad and just definition which can be given of the term is this—THE TRUTH in regard to man's spiritual nature, relations and destiny, whatever that may be. All true Spiritualists are searching for this, and ready to accept it as fast as made clear to their apprehensions.

Some Spiritualists (that is, believers in spirit-manifestations), it is true, have as yet attained to but very crude and materialistic conceptions of the spiritual world and of spiritual things. But such conceptions are inevitable to minds in lower and earlier stages of development, as Mr. Sears doubtless knows from his own experience. They are mere stepping-stones to higher ideals. And to regard the notions of such persons as the whole of "Spiritualism," is as unfair as to consider the crude naturalistic conceptions of Mr. Sears in his childhood, or those that have prevailed in Christendom for centuries, and which he so earnestly repudiates, as the whole of "Christianity."

Our author's summary repudiation of Modern Spiritualism, however, after all, seems to turn on a mere difference about the use of terms. He ridicules most unmercifully the metaphysical abstraction of bodiless spirits—mere mathematical points, without form or extension; and insists on substantial spiritual bodies, more real than the earthly, having forms, (and of course parts and dimensions,) but subject to higher laws than those which pervade the external plane. Now his "spiritual substance" is precisely what we should understand by "sublimated matter." But he considers it a misnomer to apply the terms *matter* and *material* to other than those forms of substance which are subject to natural (i. e., physical) law.

This seems to us a very profitless piece of hair-splitting,—especially since Mr. Sears himself confesses his inability to tell what matter is, but conjectures that "its inmost principle is the Divine Life itself." For aught he can say, its essential particles may be capable of such transformations, or sublimations, as to be brought under the power of a succession of higher laws—a process which we think is constantly going on before our eyes in the successive kingdoms of mineral, vegetable and animal life. How knows he, indeed, but the unfathomed mysteries of matter will continue to unfold, till the inmost principle, the Divine Life itself, shall be disclosed?

That there are *gradations* of matter everybody knows—the higher responding to laws or forces to which the lower are wholly insensible. That there are also corresponding gradations of spirit-substance seems to us an almost self-evident proposition. No man can draw the line where the most sublimated matter ends and spirit begins. But that spirit-substance is not a thing entirely un-analogous to the more subtilized forms of matter is evident from the fact that *spirit cannot on matter*. There must be a point of contact and of likeness, else neither action nor reaction could take place, and Mr. Sears could never move his own material hand to write, nor hear a sound from the external world. His *immaterial* theory plunges as surely into helpless inanity as does that of the metaphysicians; while the idea of sublimated matter at least affords a *substantial* basis for a rational theory of a future life. But we pass from this, to mention a single other point.

Our author very eloquently and truthfully describes death as "the orderly and withal the beautiful method of travelling inward and upward through those degrees of existence whose wards unlock one after another towards the shining courts of the Eternal King." But lest some upward traveller should send back a word of hail and cheer to those behind, and thus prove Modern Spiritualism true, he strenuously insists that "we must close the doors after us as we go!" The only reason given for this requirement is, "that no fond longings may make us keep looking back, and reaching back with divided attention. What can we do," he asks, "with our mind parted and our affections cloven?"

Strange question this from so expanded a soul! And are we to become, in our upward career, so dwarfed and dwindled that we must shut out all old remembrances and affections, however pure, in order to take in new? And is compassion for those beneath us so inimical to spiritual progress that we must wholly rid ourselves of it before we can advance Godward? Nay, rather, will not our exaltation be in the ratio that we, Christ-like, condescend to aid others upward? And will not our minds expand and our hearts enlarge, with all true progress, so that we can take in more and more, without division or distraction? So must it be, if we approach nearer and nearer in likeness to the All-Father.

How tortuous is error!—How beautiful is truth!

There are other topics discussed in this book to which we should be glad to advert; but must close by recommending it as eminently worthy the careful perusal of all our readers. Mr. Sears' style is remarkably direct, forcible, luminous, and, for a religious writer, wonderfully free from cant.

*ATHANASIA: or, Foregleams of Immortality. By Edmund H. Sears. Fourth Edition. Boston: American Unitarian Association, 21 Bromfield street. 340 pages, 12mo.

LEADERS—A MISAPREHENSION.

Our venerable friend, H. Foster, of Mendon, Mich., closes an article on the Organization of Society, witht he following inquiry and remarks:

> "Bro. Newton, may I differ with you in regard to rulers being self-made? DESPOTS MAY BE, but republican rulers must be sought out and elected by the people. Otherwise, impudence soon passes for merit. Let every man and woman express his and her views, and then if we ever choose to have human rulers, we shall know whom to select. But don't encourage men to assume leadership. From my standpoint, at least, that course appears wrong."

We surely never intended to advocate what our friend objects to. In the passage to which he refers, we said nothing about "rulers." We were speaking of *leaders* in works of use and beneficence. These we said must act voluntarily, from a noble impulse within, in order to accomplish anything. Did any body seek out and elect Florence Nightingale, or John Howard, or Martin Luther, or Jesus of Nazareth, to become leaders in their respective undertakings? No; the true leader *goes forward*, and the people follow and applaud because they see that he goes right. Indeed, do sensible republicans ever choose a man to be a ruler, until by his own voluntary efforts he has shown some capacity for the position? We think not—though scheming politicians may sometimes have been guilty of such folly.

We don't believe in human or man-made "rulers." The universe has One Ruler, and needs no others. Whoever assumes his prerogatives is an usurper, and whoever gives them to another is an idolater. What society wants is, not makers of new laws, but knowledge of and obedience to divine law. The man or woman who can, by precept or example, interpret to my understanding more fully the Divine Law of Right, and assist me to obey it, thus becomes to me a teacher and a leader—to be followed no longer than I see that he or she is in advance of me in the true life.

A REVEREND SLANDERER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

We learn from the St. Louis *Republican* that a Rev. Mr. Anderson, a Baptist clergyman of that city, recently illustrated his Christian temper by indulging in the following language in a sermon:

> "Modern Spiritualism, he said, was only another name for the grossest kind of sensualism and debauchery. Andrew Jackson Davis, the seer, he considered a villain of the deepest dye, who, having seduced the wife of a respectable merchant of New York, had the effrontery to parade her before the public as his wife."

The fact that Mr. and Mrs. Davis have been lecturing in St. Louis to large audiences of respectable people, was the occasion for this amiable ebullition.

On seeing the report of these remarks, the President of the association of Friends of Progress in that city, P. E. Bland, Esq., a lawyer of talent and high respectability, immediately addressed Mr. Anderson a note asking him to either disavow these atrocious charges, or make them good before the public. The reverend slanderer, thus called to an account, *declined a reply*. Mr. Bland publishes these facts, and adds:

> "There is nothing, therefore, left us but simply to say, that the assertion respecting modern Spiritualism, is unqualifiedly false, both in fact and philosophy, and of the statements respecting Mr. and Mrs. DAVIS that they ARE in every point and particular basely false and slanderous, which we hold ourselves ready to show when occasion shall require.
>
> "Respectfully, P. E. BLAND."
>
> [And vouched for by eight other names.]

PLATFORM OF ASSOCIATION.

Spiritualists in many places are deterred from engaging in any form of associative effort from a supposed difficulty in adopting a basis of united action which shall not have the offensive features of a sectarian creed. The following form of agreement may be of service to such. It is furnished us by our friend Miltenberger, who facetiously terms it the

"CREED" OF THE ST. LOUIS SPIRITUALISTS:

Whereas, combined effort is essentially necessary to enable individuals to make impression upon society, for its right progress and reform;

And Whereas, combination of effort imparts to individuals not only the power of impressing society, but also aids them in their own self-culture and progress, by its reactionary influence;

Therefore, we who have enrolled our names hereunder, have so enrolled them, intending to indicate thereby, that we do combine together for the purpose of sustaining and extending liberal views on all subjects; and for procuring and sustaining Lectures, by persons of high talents, upon scientific, philosophical, moral, religious, theological, and kindred subjects, of interest to the welfare of society. And for such purpose we do hereby pledge ourselves to lend our aid, influence, exertions, and means, in whatever way may be reasonable and just—we, each of us, determining for ourselves the extent of such aid. And we agree to form, and do hereby form ourselves into an Association for the purpose above expressed, and for such others as from time to time may be agreed upon, to be known as "THE FRIENDS OF PROGRESS," the affairs of which, until otherwise directed, shall be under the management of the Board of Managers heretofore appointed, and from time to time hereafter to be elected by us.

Liberality in the Pulpit.

The Newburyport *Herald*, of Feb. 18th, publishes a sermon preached by Rev. A. B. Muzzey of that city, on Spiritualism. Mr. Muzzey treats the subject with a candor and liberality not often shown by the clergy. He is confident that out of this modern awakening some good is to result. It is widely turning attention to the spirit-world and a future life, and producing a conviction which, even though connected with some errors and follies, is better than stolid indifference and total non-belief. Its general influence is manifeatly progressive, enlarging, and theologically liberalizing, for which he thinks all should be thankful, while the christian world can afford to await its fuller development. We shall endeavor to give our readers the entire discourse next week.

PROF. BRITTAN.—Our associate lectured last week in Louisville, Ky. The *Democrat*, of that city, gives a synopsis of a lecture by him on Positive and Negative Men, which it characterises as "full of the most important suggestions to all classes, and especially to those who have yet to fashion their own fortunes, and to make their way through this world of mixed elements and contending forces."

Thought-Reading.

The Binghampton (N. Y.) *Republican* gives the following account of a public lecture in that place by Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON, well known in this city:

> "Mrs. F. opened by pronouncing a very fervent, pathetic, eloquent and impressive prayer, immediately after which she re-announced the subject and proceeded. Her whole demeanor was that of one thoroughly imbued with the importance of her mission, often exhibiting deep emotion—portraying pictures with a force of eloquence and feeling which told upon the audience with visible effect. Many of the positions taken by the speaker, or her prompters, were at variance with the popular theories of the day; but were, nevertheless, sustained with ability, exhibiting a force of reasoning which can never fail to interest the intelligent listener. When the medium had passed through the discourse, she paused and asked the audience for another subject, (or questions) when a prominent individual of the M. E. Church desired, mentally, that through the medium the passage of scripture which reads thus: 'In the beginning was the word,' &c. should be explained; at which thought the medium said, 'Do I hear some one say, In the beginning was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God?' and immediately proceeded to give the explanation. At the close she took her seat, amid profound silence, and as the choir commenced singing she rose slowly to her feet, with her head slightly inclined backward, and her eyes turned heavenward, and took a devotional position truly graceful as it was impresssive—remaining so until the last notes had ceased to vibrate, when she proceeded to draw a picture of spirit-land of a highly poetical character, and closed with an invocation as eloquent as pathetic in its appeals to worship the *Christ principle*."

Similar instances of reading the unspoken thoughts of his auditors, in an inspired teacher of old, are supposed by the religious world to indicate the possession of super-human powers. Such instances, however, are common among modern inspirees. Are they any less significant now than formerly?

Another Heretical Beecher.

A correspondent of the Newburyport *Herald*, writing from Groveland, Mass., says:

> "Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, preached in the Congregational Church, (Rev. Mr. Daggett's) last Sunday. In the forenoon he was on original sin, taking directly opposite ground from that which is generally taken by his denomination in this vicinity, but precisely the same that the Rev. D. A. Wasson took before he left that pulpit, some five years since—viz., that we all came into this world *pure*, with every faculty perfect, and it was only our own *acts* which made us impure and far from God. You could see as they came out of the church, heresy pictured on the face of some of the older ones, and could hear some of the younger ones inquiring if that doctrine was 'real orthodoxy.'"

If Mr. Beecher is correctly represented here, he has gone as far from the truth in one direction as modern "orthodoxy" is in the other. For if any fact of the kind is susceptible of proof, this is clear—that we inherit the impurities, to some extent, both physical and moral, of our progenitors. But nothing is more common than for a mind, in breaking away from one extreme, to rush to its opposite.

Philosophy of Trance.

We thank our friend Coonley, for the lucid statement he has given of his own trance-experiences, which we print elsewhere. Doubtless the experiences of different individuals in the trance differ widely; and, by a comparison of many, some valuable conclusions may be reached. We therefore invite other careful and well-considered statements.

As to the opinion stated in his last paragraph, we judge it quite possible that our correspondent may yet arrive at a condition wherein his *normal* state will be fully equal to his present semi-conscious trance-state. Possibly then he may be able to enter *still higher* trance-conditions. But so long as a higher state is indicated in the trance, so long is it our privilege to *grow towards* that state in our normal consciousness.

Correspondence.

Philosophy of Trance.

MAYSVILLE, KY., Feb. 9, 1859.

BROTHERS OF THE AGE:—I perceive the subject of Trance is justly attracting much attention. As I claim to be under that peculiar influence at times, I purpose giving you a few of my experiences in that state. My examinations of diseases and spirit-seeing are nearly always in my natural wakefulness, except the closing of the eyes. When prepared to lecture or personate, I pass under an influence, which I cannot control, and yet I am conscious.

I have watched the progress of this mysterious power over my own actions, very closely. I find this feeling, which I call *trance*, affecting, *separately*, and sometimes conjointly, every part of my system. At times appearing to be self-induced; at others so sudden and so *irresistible*, that I *know* the influence is *independent* of my own will.

When my feet and legs below my knees are the first to feel the electric-spirit-current, if I allow the power to gain control over my system, I am carried through a pantomime, sometimes with all the vividness of death itself—yet with no power to utter a single word. I have supposed this influence to come from the next immediate, or second sphere of spirit-life. When I feel the influence *first* from the knees to the hips, and allow the control to pass over my entire system, I still pantomime, *without* the death-scene, and can be made to utter a few words. I have thought this came from what we call the third sphere. When it commences from the hips to the pit of the stomach, *I* conclude the power comes from the fourth sphere, under which my power of speech is enlarged so that I will speak a short time in the midst of minds whose concrete intelligence is not above my own natural plane of thought. When I first feel the excitement of the nerve-currents in my hands, arms and chest, allowing the peculiar sensation to gain its power over me completely, I find myself in an apparent, *to me, conscious* state, with no power to control my words—yet at times having a double action of brain; so that I can listen to the words that flow from my lips, and *think* on some other subject at the same time; but have no will-power to open my eyes. This influence I think comes from circles of spirits, claiming to dwell in what we call the fifth sphere of spirit-life. That is the influence under which I usually lecture, or respond to questions.

Sometimes (but very seldom) this influence commences at the top of my head; and when that occurs, a vibration passes *instantly* over my whole frame, my consciousness is gone for a few moments; and when consciousness is fully established, my whole system seems enlarged, *thoughts electrified*, and I feel imbued with superhuman intellect. This condition occurs with me but seldom, and that *only* when the audience-intellect ranges far *above* mediocrity. What is said through me at such times seems to me like a dream, the incidents of which I cannot tell in my waking state. The hearers tell me that at such times I give forth prophecies, and offer synopses of new inventions. This superior state was given me several times while lecturing in Cincinnati. Let me give you a thought or two said to have been uttered through me there last spring, nearly a year since:—1st. Description of a Stove to cook, or warm dwellings, with gas. I afterwards urged Mr. J. R. Haynes, of Cincinnati, to make a model. I see the article has been introduced lately to the public by a "yankee" in Boston. 2d. That the clicking of the telegraph machines may be so improved, that each sound will be as distinct as that of a church bell—the cadence of which, like that of the human voice, will be heard and understood by those who wish to learn, as are our common words articulated now; and thus by arranging the necessary conveniences, inhabitants of different cities and towns all over the country may listen *simultaneously* to the speeches as they are delivered in the Congress of the United States. No matter if this does seem utopian; it may occur in the progress of humanity.

I differ with you, Messrs. Editors, only, in that my experiences teach me of a higher degree of trance than that which carries with it a normal consciousness. Superior as your inspirational thoughts now are, if you could be subjected to that additional semi-conscious trance, I think you would give to the world ideas which, to your inspirational plane of mind, are yet unborn. Yours, truly, L. K. COONLEY.

Good Words from Canada West.

HOWARD PLACE, Kent Co., Canada West,
February 3, 1859.

DEAR NEWTON:—I am pleased to notice the *practical* measures that are being urged in many places by Spiritualists, toward a thorough reformation of the destitute in body and soul. The spirit of the New Gospel, above all others, is calculated to inspire its advocates with a zeal to make life happier here, and, as a legitimate consequence, best preparing the mind for progressive happiness hereafter. There is no agent so revolutionary as Benevolence; and that body is most prosperous which makes *it* a distinguishing feature of its Shibboleth.

There are thousands of wounded hearts and fallen spirits in life's unceasing battle, whom to strengthen and raise were a work of the highest good. We chant *Te Deums* to the praise of skillful fashioners of marble and cunning workers upon canvass; but how much greater are they who mould rough spirits into aspiring immortals, and paint upon the crude canvass of the receptive soul those things of beauty that are joys forever!

He must be morally blind who can go through life without finding some object upon which to bestow a generous material or spiritual gift.

As an instance of the proverb that "Truth is mighty and will prevail," Spiritualism is quietly unbarring the gates to investigation here, and in the regions round about. True, "Curiosity" is, and has been, to a certain extent, the prompter, as elsewhere, in its incipient stages. There are not a few intelligent minds who, like their prototype of old—the circumspect Nicodemus—seem to veil their questioning desires. And thus human nature is human nature everywhere.

So far as I can learn, a sufficient interest is awakened throughout the Province, to warrant consistent and able advocates of Spiritualism a respectful hearing. Inasmuch as its growth has been more gradual, it has not now to contend with the many obstacles in the shape of fanaticism that have impeded its success in portions of the United States. And here I beg permission to make especial request of one or more of the *best* advocates in the Spiritualistic ranks, to visit our Province as circumstances may allow. Here is certainly an open field where much good might be done. I do not know that the harvest is *ripe*, but the *laborers* are few.

It may not be inopportune to relate the following cases of spirit-power, in this connection:

Mr. ——, formerly an Esquire in this township, relates the subjoined "curious coincidence." He states that in the year 1815 or 1816, he "dreamed" that a relative of his father, bearing the same name, had arrived in this country from England; that said relative belonged to the army, in which capacity he served after his arrival at Sandwich; furthermore observing, what seemed most singular, that the soldier *wore no red;* had an oil-cloth cap, or rather covering, and wore an insignia of blue or brown, he could not distinguish which.

Shortly subsequent to this eventful "dream," a friend returned from Sandwich and related the minutiæ concerning the soldier's arrival, etc., precisely as revealed in the vision, much to the astonishment of the visionist, who had never heard of this relative previous to the dream and its subsequent confirmation.

Mrs. ——, of Morpeth, relates that in the year 18—, a lately-married sister with her husband embarked from Ireland for Canada. The vessel came safely to Quebec, but being detained off shore, in consequence of a dispute between the captain and an officer as to the passengers' fare, the ship was sunk by a floating mass of ice, and the whole crew (excepting the captain, who at the time was ashore,) drowned. As near as could be ascertained, about simultaneous with this event, the mother, who was then in Ireland, heard a scream of distress, which she then alleged to be the voice of her daughter, and who, she believed, must have perished; the fact of which was afterward ascertained as above narrated. I am not able to give the date of this occurrence, but it transpired some years since.

In conclusion, allow me to add the emphatic testimony of Mrs. Susannah Wesley (Rev. John Wesley's mother) in favor of spirit-communion. I have never yet seen it quoted by the spiritual periodicals, and it *may* edify some of our orthodox friends. Mrs. Wesley's affirmations are to be found in a "Treatise on the Chief Articles of the Christian Faith," written by her and published in Dr. Clarke's Memoirs of the Wesley Family, p. 260.

"Perhaps we do not consider, as we ought to do," says Mrs. W., "how much good we receive by the ministration of the holy angels; nor are we sufficiently grateful to those guardian spirits that so often put by accidents, watch over us when we sleep, defending us from the assaults of evil men and evil angels."

Hoping to do much good toward extending the circulation of the AGE hereabouts, and heartily endorsing your recent programme,

I remain, yours fraternally, CHAS. W. RICHARDSON.

P. S. My P. O. address is "MORPETH, Kent Co., Canada West."

Letter from Iowa.—Miss Hulett.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, Feb. 16, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—While you in the *East* are applying the pruning hook pretty freely in lopping off useless and spurious branches from the great tree of *Spiritualism*, we in the *West* are "extending our borders, and strengthening our stakes." Not that I find fault with the use of pruning knife; on the contrary, I hope it will be so used (judiciously, however,) that the life forces heretofore diverted by those excrescences, may be allowed to plow freely and naturally in their true channel, until they shall ultimate in a legitimate and higher order of fruits; namely, the elevation of man to a higher plane of use, where deception and fraud will be unknown. Not having seen anything from this region in your valuable paper, a few facts in regard to the "cause" here, may not be uninteresting to some of your readers. For nearly two years that I have resided here, very little interest has been manifested on the subject, until about three months ago, when Miss Hulett, of Rockford, Ill. (an impressional medium, speaking in the conscious state), delivered four lectures, being the first on the subject ever given in this city. They were well attended, and gave so much satisfaction, that a few friends met together, and organized a society for free discussion and investigation; also to invite lecturers, see they are provided for, &c. We have met every Sunday afternoon since, and although we were ushered into life with the *usual denunciations*, from both press and pulpit, "we still live."

Agreeably to a promise made us at her first visit, Miss Hulett has just finished another course of eight lectures, embracing most of the points in the philosophy and the religion of Spiritualism. Her subjects were admirably chosen, and forcibly and eloquently treated; and her services gave great satisfaction even to those who do not believe in the influence claimed. At the close of each lecture, opportunity was given to ask questions, which was always taken advantage of, and many question were asked. The answers gave general satisfaction, and *always covered the questions*. Truly it is one of the signs of a new dispensation, to see the young and comparatively uneducated answering questions and confounding the doctors of law, logic, and divinity.

This young lady has been in the field as a lecturer about two years; and although not yet nineteen years of age, has been and is doing a great and a good work. In Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, there is quite an interest awakened on the subject, and she has invitations to lecture from different points in the region, to which she intends to respond as soon as present engagements will allow.

I hope (in the words of her closing lecture) that the angels will ever be with her, to guide, and guard, and defend her, in her arduous but glorious work of giving the masses "more light." J.

[The above is accompanied by a series of resolutions, adopted by the Davenport Institute, in which that body characterizes the discourses of Miss Hulett, as "the ablest course of lectures on metaphysics ever delivered in their hearing."]

Dr. John Mayhew—A Spirit Portrait.

E. Samson writes as follows from Ypsilanti, Mich.:

"Dr. JOHN MAYHEW lectured in this city on Saturday evening, Feb. 5th, and three times Sunday following, to large and appreciative audiences. No trance or other speaker has ever left a better impression or spoken in a more practical manner, than has Doctor Mayhew. He is eminently impressive—has had a large and varied experience in the phenonema, is exceedingly well skilled in its philosophy, and he certainly cannot fail to interest and instruct wherever he goes.

"I have a spirit portrait of a Miss Celia Evans, who is supposed to have left the form in Hartford, Conn., some five years since, at the age of eighteen, or near that age. As a work of art it is extremely fine—will rank favorably with any in the State, and was executed by Mr. Rodgers in thirty minutes. I mention it to call the attention of friends in Hartford to the fact; and should it prove true, would be a most excellent test.

"I think we shall have an organization soon, and a regular speaker. Giles B. Stebbins, of Rochester, has accepted an invitation to speak to the friends at Ann Arbor on Sundays for three months to come."

Boston and Vicinity.

Emma Hardinge at the Melodeon.

Miss Hardinge commenced her lecture on Sunday afternoon by defining her claims as a public medium. In common with others similarly influenced, she claimed to be acted on and to speak for Intelligences not always above nor beyond herself, but outside and independent of her own mind. In the name of that assumption—that she was a medium for spirits—she asked attention to

A VISION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Her spirit teachers called before her sight a vision of a multitude of little children, more numerous than the exceeding great army seen by Ezekiel in the thronged valley. They wore the disfigured faces of old men and women. Their bodies were marked with bruises and stripes. It was such a sight of woe as, seen in one human being, was enough to stop the beating of the heart; but here was a multitude whose name was legion. Their death-scenes passed before the speaker's view;—all had been thrust out of life by cruelty.—Another picture took the place of this; it was of a throng of delicate creatures like so many blossoms of beauty; but the eye of the seeress looked beneath the surface and saw the worm of disease which had eaten away their earthly existence in its germ. Again the scene changes, and we see those who have come from factories, machine rooms and workshops, their faces bearing the traces of care, toil and labor thrust prematurely upon them. And then we see those whose earth life was spent in the lowest gutters and dens of city life; a picture with the half of whose harrowing details we would not wring your hearts.

You think that these little ones are happy in the spirit life, and they are. But they should not be in spirit land; they have no business to be thrust out of the rudimental sphere. You know not what children are robbed of when you deprive them of the schooling of earth. It is very beautiful to read of fair cherubs taken by the hand of God to a heavenly abode; but they would not be taken except an immutable law had been violated. That law mercifully provides that they shall pass on when their earthly natures are abused and trampled upon.

But let us cease to theorise about their miseries. There is wrong somewhere, and we know it. The question is, what can we do to preserve children in health and strength, and make them noble men and women? The world says educate them. But by our present modes of education we do not reach the matter. We seek to palliate the evil rather than prevent it. It is in vain you preach to hungry lips and shivering forms. And, again, what is the use of telling children truths three hours in a day and then sending them back for nine hours to scenes of degradation and vice? The nine hours' practice is more than enough to obliterate the three hours' theory. They feel, if they do not say—why do not our fathers and mothers do all this we are called on to do? A rebellion is thus inculcated in their spirits, without provision for remedy.

This is why we ask woman to secure a mission of usefulness by banding herself for well-directed efforts at home, instead of sending missionaries to the heathen. Commence with the parents. Let it be a wrong against which all humanity shall cry out, for a person to be begging bread. Not a soul should be without the means of labor; especially such as have others dependant on them for support. Woman, see to it that the poor are furnished with employment. We defy woman to obtain a negative in demanding of legislatures and of the wealthy, work for the poor and needy. Thus would the excuse be taken away for the cruel treatment of children. And more, the presence of these earthly angels in visiting the abodes of the low and degraded would check the oath and angry word and suppress the cruelty practised toward little ones.

All we require to free the mind from evil is to give it a better impetus for action. Let us commence then by making homes better; for an atmosphere of want, beggary and filth generates both physical and mental evil. Let parents and children know the essential importance of cleanliness. Give them a knowledge of physiological laws. Let them have pure air instead of the stifled fume of work-shops and dens of filth. The pure air of heaven will visit the hovels of the poor as well as sigh through the palaces of the rich and great. Let physical laws be understood. You study how best to rear cattle for market, but will you not study to rear children for the market of eternity? Make the bodies of chilren an article of commerce, and we are quite sure they would be better trained.

As for moral training, there is something implanted in the nature of every child which needs only to be brought forth to make them love the good and the true; something which gives the lie to those theologians who say they are totally depraved. They are totally good. Man alone has turned this naturally good tendency into wrong channels. Teach a child that consequence follows cause, inevitably. Let him know there is no escaping the result of wrong-doing. Point to the law of pain; show him that the least excess or selfishness reacts upon himself. Teach him that the highest, the noblest occupation is that which supplies the necessities of some fellow being. It will require not half the labor that is now spent in theorizing and books. Teach a child he is going into a good world and he will find goodness in the world; for we generally find what we look for.

We approve of the noble system of public instruction; it is doing great good. But we cannot rear children well unless we make the atmosphere of their homes better, purer. This done, and the child's senses supplied with what they crave—food, shelter, clothing—we should proceed to give practical instruction from the first. Teach him the beauty of his own structure and of the universe; and he is a dull child who does not ask who made it all. When you can answer this question to yourself, answer it to the child; but do not burden it with abstractions, nor fill its mind with ideas of an angry, jealous and vengeful God, like that of Moses.

The lecture closed with a pictured scene of children in the spirit-world, happy in its rosy sunlight of joy, who, with much care, love, kindness, and with much science, have been taught to become the guardian angels of their friends on earth.

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The subject of the evening discourse was

THE WORLD'S REFORMERS.

The world's reformers—who are they? Is there any test by which we may find the true ones and learn the means of manufacturing more? We must take exception to the popular view as to who are the world's reformers. We find many reformers of an Age, but few reformers of the World. As we review the character and history of man we shall find it true both of the individual and of the race that there are five eras of progress—the sensuous, the affectional, the moral, the intellectual and the spiritual. The world's reformers can only be those who have had the world-wide aim of uniting all these both in the history of the race and the character of the individual. We know of but one way to this, and that is to seek to make better men and better women. Without this we find but a speciality in reform, which can be valuable only to a few. The reform is Divine, not sectarian, which knows no smaller space and aim than eternity.

We find behind all existence, as well as ultimating from all existence, that which we express by the short and awful word God. We find spirituality at the beginning and end of all things. The first effort at reform is ever spiritual. The first attempt to civilize and elevate the race was through man's religious nature. The world never had a history till religion stamped it. Osiris in Egypt, Zoroaster in Persia, and that nameless one who on the Himmaleh Mountains caught inspiration from no human lips, but from the great I AM, and who is vaguely called Vishnu, Chrishna, Bramah, from whose teachings all religions date,—these must have been glorious reformers. They sought to each the great lessons of Nature. They beheld in the sun a type of that spirit-principle round which all life pulsates. This was the first step in reform—to marry the spiritual to the natural world—to show man that spirit pervades and permeates all things. We find that all reforms have died out, have lived not even in history, that have not thus taken hold of the spiritual.

Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, Solon, were grand reformers. The world calls them heathen, because the world values wares for what they are worth in the market to-day. These men taught for eternity; they bought not alone to make men wiser but better. They opened the world's heart, took thence its pulses and distributed them from nation to nation till Christ came and revealed that the mysterious God was our Father—that the Kingdom of Heaven was the kingdom of peace within the soul.

The far-famed prophet of Mecca in his early life was a world's reformer. Angels found him susceptible, and his lips gave forth their inspirations in purity. But the day came when the temptation of power, of earthly ambition, fought a war in his heart, and he fell from a World's to an Age's reformer. He chose to be a soldier; therefore he made a sect, a country and a kingdom, but let fall from his hand the motive power of complete reform.

Not so He of Nazareth. We take him as a model of the world-wide reformer. Was he not a reformer on the sensuous plane? He forgot not for a moment that men have bodies that are to be fed with bread. Was he not affectional? The world may say no; but he loved so largely that his nation was the earth, and his kindred every creature that lived on it. Was he not a moral reformer? He was the greatest moralist the world ever knew. None recognized so clearly as he that on the one law, "Do to others as ye would have them do to you," depend all other laws. We will not ask if he was intellectual. It might be said he practised none of the sciences; but his was the widest wisdom. Not a single mistake did he ever make. In the world's estimate he was unwise when he turned the other cheek to the smiter; but he was not unwise when he sought to show the smiter, and the world with him, what a mighty instrument for good is kindness and forbearance. he might be called unwise in not avoiding martyrdom when it was in his power to do so; but by his death he set the seal on all his noble teachings.

Calvin, Luther, Melancthon, vindicating the glory of God by burning a pile of blazing sinners because they did not believe as they did,—these stern moralists were only reformers in a terrible speciality; all else was shrouded in mist. Yet the world advanced because these men lived. Their teaching was a dagger which pierced the breast of the age and let out some of its corruption.

In every speciality have reformers done a noble work. Poets, painters, artists, musicians, have appealed to some of the heart's best feelings, and have made the age in which they lived more refined, more holy. Yet the effect was partial, because they could be understood only by the few. But a good deed speaks a language which every human being can understand. Many writers have been reformers; amongst these we see the noble Shaksperare, a world's reformer. There was not an emotion which can stir the human heart, but his heart had an answering string. He wrote and felt for Humanity, not for a section of it.

The names and career of Cæsar, Napoleon, Washington, Franklin, Howard, and others were commented on as to their influence on reform.

There are many and many unknown ones in this very city going about and doing good, casting their widow's mite into God's contribution box. When they do a good deed we may call them reformers of the Universe, for there is not a part of it but quivers when a kind word is spoken instead of a harsh one, when a good deed is done instead of a bad one. Men and women of to-day, we call upon you to "let your light so shine that men seeing your good works may glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

Boston Conference.

The question, "Is punishment for crime consistent with the laws of God or the principles of Christianity?" was discussed on Monday evening, Feb. 21st.

Mr. PIKE defined punishment as pain inflicted for wrong done. Pain is not necessarily punishment—it is such only when inflicted vindictively, or as a retaliation for wrong-doing. When inflicted to *prevent* wrong in the future, it is not punishment. Does God, then, inflict pain vindictively or in retaliation? He thought not. Pain always follows wrong doing, it is true; but as a warning of danger, a preservative and corrective—not as a punishment.

Mr. WILSON did not consider God responsible for the vindictive punishment prescribed by Moses. Yet punishments of some kind were necessary to maintain order in society. Capital punishment, however, did no good to any one. Offenders should be treated with kindness and reformed.

Mr. PLACE thought punishment was of two kinds—both vindictive and corrective. The latter he regarded as consistent with the laws of God in Nature.

Mr. BUNTIN considered our penal laws to be relics of barbarism.

Mr. SEAVER thought we knew nothing of God but from the Bible. If the laws of God are contained in that book, then vindictive punishments certainly are consistent with them. If the laws of Nature are meant, there is little to be said.

Dr. TEWKSBURY did not regard the laws of Nature as the laws of God. He believed in a special revelation containing God's laws. Yet he believed punishment to be found in the laws of Nature. It is natural for some persons to steal, and natural for others to punish them for stealing. He denied that our laws are vindictive; on the contrary, they intercept private vindictiveness.

The discussion was further continued by Messrs. Cushman, Whitten and Pike, and the following modified form of the question was adopted for further debate:—"Is punishment for crime consistent with the laws of God and natural justice?

MISS HARDINGE'S DISCOURSES, delivered in the Melodeon on Sunday, Feb. 13th, on "The Place and Mission of Woman," and on "Marriage," phonographically reported by Mr. Yerrinton, have been published in neat pamphlet form, by H. W. Swett, 128 Washington St. For sale also by B. Marsh. They are worthy of a wide circulation.

MISS HARDINGE lectures on Wednesday evening of this week at the Lower Music Hall; and on Sunday next, for the last time, at the Melodeon. The topics of the lectures on Sunday will be "Spirit Mediums," and "Inspiration."

Mr. E. V. WILSON, of this city, lectures at the hall No. 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evening of this week, on "The Inspiration of the Bible." Admission 5 cents, to pay expenses.

MARRIED.—In this city, 14th inst., by Rev. D. F. GODDARD, of Chelsea, Wm. W. THAYER to HATTIE A. SANDERSON, both of Boston.

Various Items.

A Discussion on Spiritualism, in New York, between Signor Monti, late of Harvard College, and Joel Tiffany, has been published in a pamphlet by S. T. Munson, 5 Great Jones street, New York.

HERETICAL MORMONS.—Brigham Young has just performed the wholesale slaughter of cutting off from communication with his church eight hundred and sixty members who smypathize with the Gentiles.

Orth. O. DOX, Esq., a member of a certain church in Salem, Mass., tendered his resignation a short time since because the pastor disagreed with him concerning the meaning of a Greek word. It was readily granted.

The story about the discovery of an ancient Egyptian hotel register, upon which was found the names "J. Cobb and E. Sau, Mesopotamia," is a fabrication. Jacob and Esau were not accustomed to writing their names in that manner.

A VIRGINIA DECISION.—A man was brought before a Wheeling (Va,) Justice, recently, on the charge of adultery. The accused proved that he was married: whereupon the Justice dismissed the case, saying:—"That marriage, like other vices, brings its own penalty, and statuary enactment on the subject would be an unnecessary interference with the stern retribution of nature."

DEATH CHEMICALLY CONSIDERED.—M. BIOT, a French author, in speaking of a school of philosophers whose views of immortality are scientific, but peculiar, says:

"You do not die, you only change your state of aggregration. It is true your nitrogen, your hydrogen, and carbonate separate; they are distributed in the atmosphere, penetrate plants and animals, or are absorbed by the earth; but no atom perishes, you continue to exist; the only difference is, *that you find yourself reduced to a more simple expression.*"—*San Francisco Paper.*

SAD COINCIDENCE.—A singular coincidence connected with the calamity in Macon, in which one of the Marsh children was fatally injured by her dress taking fire, may be worth recording:—

The father cut from a morning paper the account of an actress being badly burnt, from the same cause, and gave the piece to his daughter. About twelve hours subsequent to the reading of this account, the young daughter herself was enveloped in flames by a similar contiguity to the footlights of a theatrical stage; and, like the first, she scarcely lingered twenty-four hours in unmitigated distress before she, too, was called away from all the bright associations of youthful hope and gayety.

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

FRIDAY EVENING, Feb. 18th.

Mr. PARTRIDGE proposed that the session be devoted to a review of some points recently under discussion, which had been left in an unsatisfactory state. The sentiments given to the world in our reports are not always correct. Our philosophy is unsound. If we attempt to philosophize, it is important that we do it in such a manner that it will stand—that it will not knock itself over. He had a question or two to raise with Dr. Gray and Dr. Hallock. He referred particularly to their positions on trance. But first a word on temperature, which Dr. Gould thinks so important, and the supposed delicacy of the arrangements necessary to secure spiritual manifestations. The best manifestations he had ever witnessed had occurred in the midst of violent opposition, and apparently without any regard to the temperature of rooms. Doubtless these circumstances have their influence, but he thought it slight. In his opinion it was very much a *will* or *wont* matter with the spirits. We talk or not, as we choose; and it is the same with them. Last night he saw the hats dance. This phenomenon occurs in an oyster cellar on Bleeker street; and the hats, set on the floor covered with saw-dust to conceal the filth, dance at the will of the proprietor, who knows nothing of Spiritualism, or, as he says, of the means by which the manifestation is produced. Here conditions would seem to be set at defiance. There might be deception in the matter, but he could discover none.

WM. P. COLES: Would not the state of health of the medium be likely to have an effect on the manifestations?

Mr. PARTRIDGE: Doubtless it would to some extent.

Dr. GRAY: May not a manifestation be changed into one of an entirely different character, by the condition of the medium? For instance: when Dr. Fowler was sustained in the air by spirits, on the servant girl passing the door, he fell to the floor; but was caught by them in time to save him from injury. And again, when the books were borne across the room, a fluid lamp was hit and overturned. Now if Dr. Fowler had been severely hurt, or the house had been burned, the manifestations would have assumed a very different form from what was intended. Indeed, they would have been considered malicious. These spirits afterward, in explaining these accidents, said that great care was necessary in order to avoid them, and that it was not always possible to do so.

Mr. PARTRIDGE submitted a letter from Mr. J. C. Church, which Dr. Gray read and followed with comments. Mr. Church, in a vein of pungent sarcasm, proceeded to arraign the positions of Drs. Gray, Hallock and Gould on circles and the evidences of trance. Spiritualists, he said, may now give up, for they have so far outdone all their opponents, in dissipating proofs, that it was not worth while to pursue the subject farther. Read Dr. Gray on circles. How can we who are in the *basement* make those nice distinctions which even he cannot be certain of? We must send for him to examine our mediums to determine whether the *signs* are present, and then for Dr. —— to examine him to see if he is not psychologized. We have heard raps, but do not know whether we were at the time in our natural consciousness or not. The skeptic's old war-club is, *How do you know?* How can Dr. Hallock determine the size of Paul's *pupil?* etc., etc.

The Doctors all agreed that there was *meat* in Mr. Church's letter, and wished it published.

Dr. GRAY: His position was that the trance state cannot be induced without the aid of a spirit. Dr. Orton's, on the contrary, was, that it may be produced without the intervention of a spirit.

Mr. PARTRIDGE: His position was that the trance is not only produced by a spirit, but that a spirit controls, even when the medium or subject seems to be acting under direction of the will of the psychologist.

Dr. ORTON: He was obliged to consider the positions of Dr. Gray and Mr. Partridge as unsound and illogical. If we allow ourselves to separate our conclusions from our facts so widely as this, we shall never be able to establish anything in a way to entitle it to a moment's respect. A gentleman riding down Broadway perceived an impressible person of his acquaintance in the street, and fixing his mind or will on him, induced him to turn off from Broadway and perform the circuit of a square back to the point whence he started. Now what plausible reason have we to suppose that a spirit out of the form had anything to do with this transaction? Again, a magnetizer put a lady to sleep, and willed her to awake in five minutes, remain awake five minutes, and then return to her trance for five minutes. During her wakeful period she was to get a certain newspaper and hand it to a party in the room. This programme the entranced subject went through with accurately by the watch. The psychologist, in his experiments, reduces his subject to a complete obedience to his will. The forms in the mind of the operator become realities to the consciousness of the other. A staff turns to a serpent in his hand; he himself changes into a woman, or even into a cock, and he mounts a bench and claps his wings and crows. To suppose that these phenomena are produced by spirits, instead of the mesmerizer, is a conclusion too far-fetched to be entitled to any weight.

Dr. HALLOCK: Mr. Church, in his epistle, had quite misapprehended him. He referred to Paul for a different purpose. Trance is not a proof of Spiritualism, but a result. When the manifestations of trance contravene no law or reason, we accept them. The old prophets furnish the most brilliant illustration of trance which the world has ever seen, but the light shed by them was not enough. A new testament was necessary based on physical manifestations. The Jews were sinking under the inefficiency of seership. Something more tangible was needed, and it was given. We must discriminate between seership and demonstrative facts, and between the treadle movement of a table instituted by Paine, and its movement by spirits. Here the *signs* are valuable. If they are wanting it is *prima facie* evidence of a cheat. The first requisite to true manifestations is *need*. There is perpetual potency in the spirit-world. They only wait the preparation of the soil. When that is ready, then comes Jesus. He could not have come a hundred years sooner; for his advent was governed by a law and a fitness which must needs be observed; and the same is true of the manifestations of our day.

Dr. GRAY: Rapport between human beings in the body exists whenever there is harmonious discourse between them. It may go deeper. A sensitive may come in sympathy with the entire nervous system of another. There is also a rapport between two distinct planes—the spiritual consciousness and animal consciousness. Take Mrs. French as as an illustration. She, when in proper state, can come in rapport with one on the other plane, and feel what is transpiring in his system—the same as when two are in rapport here. You hear that a child has been run over and killed by the cars, and in a moment you pass through the drama of his sufferings in your nervous system. That is rapport on this plane. The other is rapport between one here and a spirit. When Mrs. French is in this last rapport, if she desires or the spirit wishes her to see another individual, she sees that individual through his organism; just as occurs in rapport between two persons here. He differed with friend Orton, who held that we could procure spiritual things without the aid of a spirit. The test of a communication is the quality of the matter uttered. Mr. Conklin was once travelling with his sister in the cars to Philadelphia. He sat reading a paper, when he heard a voice say, Leave this seat. He paid no attention to it, but kept on reading. Soon the warning was repeated, and soon again, when he rose, spoke to his sister, and they removed to the lower end of the car. Immediately after the car was smashed up, and four persons sitting directly around the seat they had vacated, were killed. The speaker had inquired of the spirits whether they actually gave Mr. Conklin warning, and the answer was *no*. When a person in the form is in very close sympathy with his guardian spirit, his perception for the time being, is as broad as that of the spirit himself.

Mr. ODELL: Sometimes, in consequence of an injury, a person loses all recollection for hours, and perhaps for days. Where is his mind then?

Dr. GRAY: When the power of dramatizing in our own nervous system ceases, the consciousness doubtless passes to the spirit-world.

Dr. GOULD: He had been misunderstood. He did not deem temperature of such vital importance as Mr. Partridge and Mr. Church supposed.

Mr. J. F. COLES invited the audience to attend an *expose* by Von Vleck.

Dr. GRAY gave his reasons why he should not attend. He had evidence of two things:—1. That spirits communicate. 2. That mediums can play tricks. He had great interest in the first, but none in juggling.

Dr. HALLOCK invited Coles to explain the phenomenon of the hats. There was a fact for him. Let him grapple with it and explain it, or sink into modest silence.

Mr. COLES pronounced the dancing hats a mere trick, and pledged himself in due time to prove it.

J. B. O.

Compend of Facts.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

No. II.

AN UNHAPPY PRAYER ANSWERED.

In continuation of facts, I would relate the following: In the year 1845–6, I was engaged in the employment of J. C. Hall & Co., Menominee Mills, Wis., as a lumberman. There was also a man at work for them by the name of Crawford. This man, together with two or three others, fell out with the company and quit. But as they left they cursed everything connected with the concern; and this man Crawford, standing on the bank of the river, called God to witness, that if ever he worked another day for that company, in any way whatever, he hoped that God would drown him in the pond just yonder, off the boom there by the second pier. This was in September, 1845. In January, 1846, Mr. Crawford returned and went to work for this same company. Early in May Mr. C. was crossing the pond on the boom, and when within four or five feet of the pier that he pointed out in the fall, he fell off into the pond and was drowned.

What produced this accident? Did God take him at his word, or had the spirits anything to do with drowning this man? If so, were they good or evil spirits; and how are we to account for such accidents or acceptance of and fulfillment of the prayer of this man's heart?

Now allow me to state that when this man left J. C. Hall & Co.'s employ, he and his associates went to work for one James Boyden, at Cedar river, and after working some two months, found that they could not get any pay. Boyden told them that if they would go to Chicago with him he would pay them. They agreed to this arrangement, but were heard to say before they left that they would have their pay or have his (Boyden's) life. They all went to Chicago. Boyden could not pay, and disappeared. It was reported that he ran away. In the spring the body of a man was found in the river at Chicago answering the description of Mr. Boyden in every respect, and one or two persons claimed to identify the body as Boyden's. I, with many others, fully believe that Boyden was made way with, and that this man C—— was cognizant of the fact. Then, that being the case, might not the spirit of Boyden have to do with the death or drowning of Crawford? Many at the time thought that it was a retributive act on the part of God; but to me it looks much more reasonable to suppose that spirits brought about the fulfillment of the prayer, than that God took this man at his word. And do we not see in this case a series of facts corresponding to those manifested in the case of Elymus, Acts 13th, 8th, 12th; also in reference to Ananias and Sapphira, Acts 5th, 1st to 11th verse. I would also quote the punishment and death of Herod.

I believe that the good and evil spirits of the other world are continually exercising a powerful control over us of the earth-sphere; and that it behooves us to be constantly on our guard and to heed the words of John: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits and see whether they be of God."

ON THE BRINK OF DEATH.

In the winter of 1847, I was traveling from White Rapids, on Menominee River, to the settlement at the mouth of the river, a distance of forty miles. It was a bitter cold day, and about six inches of new snow made very heavy traveling. When within about fourteen miles of my destination, I broke through the ice and got very wet. I hurried on, knowing full well that I must freeze to death if I did not reach some of the lumbering stations located along the bank of the river. I also knew that the nearest was over five miles off. It was near night; I was very tired; there were plenty of wolves in the neighborhood, and my position was anything but an enviable one. I struggled on for three or four miles. I was within hearing of the lumbering station, but could not make myself heard. Completely worn out, I sat down at the roots of a large pine tree, expecting to die. Darkness surrounded me and I slept. I was no more tired nor hungry. I was in a sweet, happy state. I thought that I was a boy again, sporting in the wild wood, bathing in the pure limpid waters of the lake near the home of my youth. Again I was wooing the loved one of my heart. Once more I stood before the altar, with a sweet fair being as my bride. Our friends were there to greet us with a warm welcome. We left the church very happy. All buoyant with hope we started on life's journey. Time rolled on; children were given to and taken from us. We were joyous over the blessing, sad at our loss.

Again, another change. My companion was sick; she told me she was to die. I was sad and wept bitter tears. Again I saw her die. Once more I stood by the side of her grave; and then I was cold; I was struggling for life with water, ice, snow and hunger. I was almost home. Oh, how weary! At last I gave up, and I thought I laid me down at the roots of a large pine tree to die; and then I knew no more but this,—that the spirit of my dear wife was with me. I heard her sweet voice saying, "Eben, get up!" I felt her gently shaking me, then all was still. Again I saw her; she looked natural, but sad; and I heard her say, "Why not let him die? then he will be with me." Then she seemed frightened, and in apparent agony exclaimed, "No, no; it will not do; he must live to care for our boy. Eben! Eben! awake! get up! Live, live for our boy!—you must live!" and then some invisible agency roughly shook me until I awoke. As I did so I exclaimed, "Don't shake me!"

In an instant I comprehended my position. I sprang to my feet, warm, refreshed, and full of life. I felt a warm glowing sensation coursing through my veins. I knew that I was yet 'mid the snows and woods of the far-off West. For a moment I stood and thought of my wonderful rescue from death, and thought it all a dream—a most *singular dream.*

I reached the lumbering station in a short time well loaded with ice, related my dream, together with the accident, and got laughed at for a ghost-seeker. I was slightly frost-bitten, but not enough to trouble me; and yet it was always a mystery to me how I escaped death; for I certainly lay there at the root of that tree for two hours, and cannot account for my preservation but through the kind interposition of my wife, then in the spirit-world some seven months.

And now, my good SPIRITUAL AGE, do we not see the same power or spiritual agency appear in this case that was manifest to Hagar in the wilderness, to Elisha in the cave, to Peter in the prison, and Daniel in the lion's den? Do we not see that God is good, kind and all Love?—and are we not surrounded by an innumerable host of ministering spirits ever watching over us, shielding us from danger, cheering us when sad, guiding us through trouble and sweetly smiling with joyous delight when we do right? Then Saul-like let us seek the counsels of our preceptors, teachers, friends and relatives in the spirit-world. "Are we not surrounded with ministering spirits?"

E. V. W.

Test of Clairvoyance.

Something like a year ago, Mr. Nash, of Auburn, Me., had the misfortune to lose a sum of money, to which he could obtain no clue.—His wife being a Spiritualist, lately persuaded him to consult a medium concerning it, and he went to Danville, to Miss Foster, a trance speaking medium. She became entranced, and said—"I see a bill of the denomination of $100, on the Augusta Bank: Your coat was hanging in a room—giving the description of the house in which it was—a woman passed by and saw your pocket-book protruding, and taking it out, opened it, and took, as she supposed, a one dollar bill. She afterwards found it to be, not one, but an hundred dollar bill. She then went to Portland and purchased a gold chain, and other things." The medium gave so minute a description of the woman that Mr. Nash went immediately to her house, and accused her of taking the money. She confessed that she did, and delivered the gold chain, which she said she purchased at Portland, and her husband paid over the balance of the one hundred dollars.—*Spirit Guardian.*

Spirits Identified.

Last Sunday evening at a circle in this city the spirits, through a young lady medium, described the spirit brother of Miss Sarah Mix, who died in Fleming many years ago. Every detail was accurately given, and the spirits said the man died suddenly. Miss Mix stated that he died almost instantaneously from the kick of a horse.

A few weeks since the same medium described a dear friend of ours who died eight years since in Providence, R. I. She gave some of his peculiar motions, and represented him engaged in handling scrolls and artistic implements. He was an artist and a teacher of penmanship. In both of these instances, we are certain the medium had no normal knowledge of the persons described.—*Clarion.*

PASSED TO SPIRIT-LIFE.—Feb. 5th, 1859, WILLIAM A. SWAN, of Walpole, Mass., formerly of Providence, R. I. aged 47 years, 11 months.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 26, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—M M Gardner, J M Blakesly, D Hubbard, G. H Wheeler, J Wilder, L S Bixford, J Bean, G B Dutton, N F White, W S Clark, A Miltenberger, "Veritas," W S Andrews, D J., W A Jones, A Perrin, E Farnham, M Wright, H Rudd, C W Richardson, S Albro, J Bristol A W Sidney, S Carter, S W Hastings, E C Pillsbury, H Chase, E F Rudd, D P Myers, L B Simmons, J Booth, T Andrew, M G Bundy, J A Sanford, S C Potter, J Sawin, L Carpenter, J M. Peebles, H Winshiddle, J C Bell, J Thompson, E N Tallmadge, W Luther, W Koch. J B Hastings, J E Churchill, J Mayhew, F L Wadsworth, M T Conant, S D Scott, T Haskell, C Clayton, T S Sheldon, G L Smith, Strickler & Bro., M Miller, "Della," A B Plimpton, C Cobb, W R Prince, P M Caleff, T Newman, W Byrne.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—S. H. Whitman—We are unable to give any information concerning the authorship of the story.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

DR. C. C. YORK will answer calls to lecture in the trance state. Address, Boston, Mass.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., Feb. 20th; Syracuse, 22d; Auburn, 23d; Conesus, 24th and 25th; Geneva, Ohio, March 2d; Painesville, 3d and 4th; Cleveland, 6th; Chagrin Falls, 7th and 8th; Newburg, 9th and 10th; Clyde, 11th; Toledo, 13th; Burr Oak, Mich., 15th; Sturgis, 16th; Elkhart, Ind., 17th and 18th. All letters from north, west and south of Chicago, addressed to him at Chicago, care of Higgins Brothers, before the 20th of March will be considered.

A. B. WHITING is engaged to speak in Albion, Mich., every Sunday for three months. He may be addressed there till May 1st.

E. L. WHEELER, inspirational speaker, will be happy to answer calls to lecture from No. 13 Lagrange Place, Boston, Mass., where he may be addressed.

HENRY C. WRIGHT will lecture Sunday, Feb. 27th, forenoon and afternoon, in Pembroke; and in the evening in Hanover.

MRS. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Oswego every Sunday in April, and in St. Louis during the month of May. Friends in the vicinity of Oswego wishing to engage her services for week evenings during her stay in that place, will address her at Box 422 Bridgeport, Ct.

R. P. AMBLER, having completed his course of lectures at New York and at Philadelphia, commences on Sunday next an engagement at Sandusky, O. He will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in that vicinity.

MRS. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Binghamton, N. Y., on Sundays Feb. 13th, 20th, and 27th, and in Oswego, N. Y., on Sundays, March 20th and 27th She will also receive calls to lecture on week evenings in the vicinity of the places where she lectures Sundays. Address care of H. E. Barber, Binghamton, N. Y.

IN THE FIELD AGAIN.—J. S. Loveland, the first lecturer in behalf of Spiritualism in New England, proposes to enter the field and devote his energies anew to the defense and elucidation of Rational Spiritualism.

Address, care of Bela Marsh, Boston, Mass. N. B. A special lecture (where desired) upon the Exposers and Exposures of Spiritualism.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER, trance speaker and test medium, continues to answer calls for lectures. Address, Lowell, Mass. 2—tf

DR. H. F. GARDNER will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of Boston on week evenings. Address at the Fountain House.

JAMES H. HARRIS, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. tf4*

LORING MOODY will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations in New Bedford, Sunday 20th; Wareham, Sunday 27th; Carver, Monday, Feb. 28th and Tuesday, March 1st; Plympton, Thursday and Friday, March 3d and 4th; South Hanson, Saturday and Sunday, 5th and 6th; East Bridgewater, Tuesday and Wednesday, 8th and 9th; Newburyport, Sunday, March 13th, Byfield, Tues. and Wed., 15th and 16th; Georgetown, Thurs. and Frid. 18th and 18th, Groveland, Sunday 20th.

Will some friend in each place, who may see these notices, make all needful arrangements, without further request?

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

SUNDAY SCHOOL, at the Melodeon, on Sunday mornings, at 10 1-2 o'clock. All are invited.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 1-2 o'clock.

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. A. W. DELAFOLITE, the Independent Clairvoyant and Medium, has rooms at 13 Lagrange Place, formerly the office of Miss Munson, where she will be happy to receive those desiring her services. 9

MRS. BEAN, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium. Hours from 9 to 1 A. M for Medical Examinations, and 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. for Manifestations, at No. 36 Eliot street. [Mrs. Bean has returned from New York.]

MRS. WATERMAN, Healing Medium by laying on of hands, and Miss WATERMAN, Trance and Test Medium, 12 Eliot street. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Miss H. T. AMEDY, 32 Allen street, Boston, Trance Speaking Medium, will answer calls for speaking on the Sabbath and at any other time the friends may desire. Address her at 32 Allen street, Boston. ☞She will also attend funerals.

MRS. B. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 13 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

MRS. LIZZIE 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. SMITH, No. 43 Eliot street, a successful Healing Medium; also, Writing, Developing and Test Medium and Spirit-Seer. Circles, Sunday, Tuesday and Friday evenings. 4

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WITHOUT YEAST OR POWDERS.

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Merely your address and one dime will ensure you by return of mail a little book on Healthful Cooking and How to Make Light Bread with Flour and Water only. Persons interested are invited to call and see this delicious bread. TEMPERANCE HOUSE, Nos. 18 and 20 Lagrange place, Boston. 9

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ON THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN.

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DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* without extra charge. 8—tf

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE. The design of this work is to show that faith in love is liberty which cannot be interrupted; and that faith in selfishness is bondage; also, to show that man's home is wherever he is in all times and conditions of his existence.

The Philosophy of Life contains 540 pages, and will be sent (postage free) for $1.25 to any part of the United States within 3000 miles.

For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

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TWELVE MESSAGES FROM THE SPIRIT JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, Through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages 8vo. Price $1.50 Just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. Boston. 6—tf

A SERMON FOR THE NEW YEAR.

What Religion may do for a Man. By Rev. Theodore Parker. To which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

REMOVAL!

DR. REDMAN has removed his office from 108 4th Avenue to 109 Bleeker street, where he will receive visitors and patients as usual. 6

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

Price 10 cents, is just published and for sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 6—tf

MRS. HAYDEN AT MUNSON'S.

The subscriber is happy to announce that he has engaged the services of Mrs. W. R. Hayden, of Boston, the celebrated clairvoyant and test-medium. Her "seances" will commence on Wednesday, the 19th inst., at the rooms for spiritual investigation, Nos. 5 and 7 Great Jones street, and will continue until further notice. Mrs. Hayden is widely and favorably known for her medium powers. It was through the instrumentality of this lady, while in England, that Robert Owen, and other distinguished men, became convinced of the truth of spiritual intercourse. Mrs. H. is also clairvoyant for the examination of disease, in the exercise of which gift she has been eminently successful. Hours, from 9 A M to 6 P M, every day (Sund

Interesting Miscellany.

For the Spiritual Age.

EVENING MEDITATIONS.

BY H. N. GREENE.

'Tis a winter's night. The "storm-god" is raging without. The sighing wind makes mournful music as it sweeps desolately along over hill and valley. The forest trees unwillingly bend their leafless branches to the merciless blast. All seems desolate without, and I turn my thoughts within.

As I sit by my own pleasant fireside enjoying the comforts of life, my thoughts wander away to the crowded city, where suffering and half-starved men and women, and—oh! pitiful sight!—little children, famishing, cry for bread! And this in our boasted New England, where we talk so loudly of equality. Oh, could we for a moment look into the hearts of these suffering ones,—could we lift the veil which hides the inner temple from our view,—could we behold the souls of these little ones, how they long not only for bread to keep them from starving, but how the heart pines for gentle words and loving smiles; how the spirit of the child becomes dwarfed 'mid scenes of squalor, degradation and vice,—we should pray that the mantle of some benevolent angel might fall upon our spirits, and we be influenced to begin an angel's work here below.

There are hearts writhing in agony this night,—mothers who clasp their babes to their bosoms, hoping to impart life and warmth to their already stiffening forms, and many a child bends in agony over the wasting form of a beloved mother whose young life is wasting away because not able to obtain the necessaries of life. Many a sister weeps in sorrow because a brother, not able to cope with adverse circumstances, has fallen low in degradation and crime. Many a brother groans in bitterness because a young and lovely sister has departed from the paths of virtue. And yet, who careth for all this agony? Into whose ear does the cry of despair penetrate? Certainly not into the ear of society. No; with folded hands she sits waiting with assumed dignity to punish her suffering, wayward children. She is not quick to prevent crime, but is ever ready to punish it.

But be patient, my soul. There is an ear that hears the helpless when they cry. There is a just and righteous God, as well as an all-loving Father. There are also pitying angels who visit the lone damp cellars, and who sometimes take the weary child of poverty and neglect, conduct it across the dark valley into the glorious sunlight of freedom, peace and joy. It is now well with the child. Listen! a voice of heavenly sweetness exclaims, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

* * * * * * *

But the scene changes. My thoughts are busy with the past. Memory still lingers on the haunted ground of childhood, and from its hallowed page comes up many a tender, ay, and sad reminiscence. Up from the deep recesses of the heart's sanctuary come anxious questionings. Where, oh where are the friends of my childhood? Where are the playmates of my youthful days? Where are the guardians of my infantile years? Where is my father and my mother, each brother and fair-browed sister? The voice of materialism answers, "Go to the grave; there find all that remains of thy loved ones. Dust has returned to dust. The fair brow of childhood, where clustered the golden curls, is now food for worms. The mother's eye is dimmed, and she sleeps in the valley. The father's strong arm is powerless, and he sleeps by the side of the child and its mother."

Sadly and gloomily fall such words upon the ear of the bereaved. But the voices of affection cannot thus be silenced. The deepest fountains of the soul are stirred. It gazes upward; it penetrates the skies, and wildly asks, "Where are they?"

The voice of chastened affection, of undying love, has reached the spirit-home. Its deep tones have touched a chord that vibrates quickly in an angel's bosom. Low breathing melodies are heard as the angels bend to answer the soul's deep questionings. Voices, rich in heavenly dialect, break upon the ear, while along the immortal shores the glad anthems of joy and praise make more than earthly melody. Light ineffable sheds radiance upon the mourner's heart. Reverently the soul listens to words of joy that come from the angels' home:

"Bereaved one, thy beloved ones still live; and not only live, but they love thee still. The mother's maternal eye still watches with anxious solicitude over the earthly destiny of her child. Maternal and heavenly love now swell her bosom, and she seeks to guide thee in the paths of peace. Linger no longer by the grave, now covered with the frosts of winter, but look upward. Let thy gaze extend far away into the spirit's home. Live in the future. Let the mournful past be forgotten. Exchange the cypress-wreath for one of immortal beauty, culled from the rare exotics that grow spontaneously upon the spirit shores."

As the misty clouds disappear before the splendor of the rising sun, so did the mist of doubt and unbelief vanish before my opening vision. Come to me often, ye seraphic ones! Teach my warring soul to confide more trustingly in the purer joys of the spirit-life.

HOPEDALE, Jan., 1859.

EMERSON.

Speaking of Emerson, says N. P. Willis, it was my good fortune to sit very near him at the Burns Festival, and I could not but study the problem of his wonderful magnetism over his audience. Finely as his speech reads, in the newspaper report (and never were more good things put into the same number of words,) the presentment of it in print, as compared with its effect in delivery, is poor. Why, in that large and convivially excited audience, there was not, while he spoke, a wandering eye—not a pulse or a breath that was not held absolutely captive. Wherein lies the wonderful spell? Between me and Emerson sat ten times as handsome a fellow—the young Englishman, Lord Radstock, with every pore and muscle in absolute health and developement—yet, the excellent speech he, in his turn, delivered, was not a twentieth part as well attended to. Emerson has prodigiously strong will, for one thing—his lower jaw, as he grows older, betraying, by the hardening of the lines, what a lever of mental energy is there at work; and perhaps his voice, in partaking of this, has a natural emphasis of authority. But, in his whole personal presence, there is a charm—something more than the strong meaning of his words can well account for—a seignory of magnetism over other men's blood and nerve, the secret of which, it seems to me, might well be a study for the ambitious. How vague and unreal is any literary fame to such tangible sovereignty of presence.

Beauty soon decays, but virtue and talents remain with us and improve with the progress of time.

THE FLIGHT OF POMPEY.

Plutarch gives the following account of the flight of Pompey when his camp at Pharsalia was taken by Cæsar's legions:—

When Pompey had got a little distance from the camp, he quitted his horse: he had very few people about him; and, as he saw he was not pursued, he went softly on, wrapt up in such thoughts as we may suppose a man to have, who had been used for thirty-four years to conquer and carry all before him, and now in his old age first came to know what it was to be defeated and to fly. We may easily conjecture what his thought must be, when in one short hour he had lost the glory and the power which had been growing up amidst so many wars and conflicts, and he who was lately guarded with such armies of horse and foot, and such great and powerful fleets, was reduced to so mean and contemptible an equipage, that his enemies who were in search of him, could not know him.

He passed by Larissa and came to Tempe, where, burning with thirst, he threw himself upon his face and drank out of the river; after which, he passed through the valley, and went down to the sea-coast. There he spent the remainder of the night in a poor fisherman's cabin. Next morning, about break of day, he went on board a small river-boat, taking with him such of his company as were freemen. The slaves he dismissed, bidding them go to Cæsar, and fear nothing.

As he was coasting along, he saw a ship of burden just ready to sail, the master of which was Peticius, a Roman citizen, who, though not acquainted with Pompey, knew him by sight. It happened, that this man the night before, dreamed that he saw Pompey come and talk to him, not in the figure he had formerly known him, but in mean and melancholy circumstances. He was giving the passengers an account of his dream, as persons who have a great deal of time upon their hands love to discourse about such matters, when on a sudden one of mariners told him he saw a little boat rowing from the land, and the crew making signs by their garments, and stretching out their hands. Upon this, Peticius stood up, and could distinguish Pompey among them, in the same form as had seen him in his dream. Then beating his head for sorrow, he ordered the seamen to let down the ship's boat, and held out his hand to Pompey to invite him on board: for by his dress he perceived his change of fortune. Therefore, without waiting for any further application, he took him up, and such of his companions as he thought proper, and then hoisted sail. The master of the ship provided them the best supper he could and when it was almost ready, Pompey, for want of a servant, was to wash himself, but Favonius seeing it, stepped up, and both washed and anointed him. All the time he was on board, he continued to wait upon him in all the offices of a servant, even to the washing of his feet and providing his supper, insomuch that one who saw the unaffected simplicity and sincere attachment with which Favonius performed these offices, cried out,

——The generous minds adds dignity
To every act, and nothing misbecomes it.

Fanny Fern on Sermons.

"I want a *human* sermon. I don't care what Melchizedec, or Zerubbabel, or Kerehanpuch did ages ago, I want to know what I am to do, and I want somebody besides a theological bookworm to tell me—somebody who is tempted and tried, and is not too dignified to own it; somebody, like me, who is always sinning and repenting; somebody who is glad and sorry, and cries and laughs, and eats and drinks, and *wants* to fight when trodden on—and *don't!* That's the minister for me. I don't want a spiritual abstraction, with stony eyes and petrified fingers, and no blood to battle with. What credit is it to *him* to be proper? How can he understand *me?* Were there only such ministers in the pulpit, I wouldn't go to church either, because my impatient feet would only beat tattoo on the pew floor till service was over; but thank God there are live men! and while they preach I shall go to hear them, and come home happier and better for having done it."

"Hold on Dar."

The Piqua (S. C.) *Register* has the following in a recent issue, describing an incident among the slaves:—

"Quite a revival is now in progress at the African Church in this city. We were present a few evenings since, and witnessed, with much gratification, their earnest devotion. Of the incidents we cannot fail to note one; a brother was supplicating the throne eloquently, when another brother called out in stentorian voice:—

'Who dat praying ober dar?'

The response was:—'Dat's brudder Mose.'

'Hold on dar, brudder Mose!' was the dictum of the former 'you let brudder Ryan pray; he's better 'quainted wid de Lord dan you am!' Brudder Mose dried up, and brudder Ryan prayed."

Which was the Sinner?

It is true that Eve ruined us all, according to theology, without knowing her letters. Still, there is something to be said in defence of that venerable ancestress. The Veronese lady, Issotta Nogorola, five hundred and thirty-six of whose learned letters were preserved by De Thou, composed a dialogue on the question, whether Adam or Eve had committed the greater sin? But Ludivico Domedichi, in his "Dialogue on the Nobleness of Women," maintains that Eve did not sin at all, because she was not even created when Adam was told not to eat the apple. It is "in Adam all died," he shrewedly says; nobody died in Eve;—which looks plausible.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Where Shall We Place Him?

A sailor, feeling inclined to go to church, entered a chapel where the priest was holding forth upon the virtues of some St. Francis. "Shall we place him among the martyrs?" said the orator; "No, he was greater than they!" "Shall we rank him with prophets and apostles?" "No, that was too lowly." "Shall we place him among the angels?" "No, no." "Among the cherubim and seraphim?" "No, he is worthy of more honor than they." Still the preacher cried out, "Where shall we place St. Francis?—where shall we place him?" Jack Tar, getting weary with this harangue about nothing, got up and said, "Well, if you can't find any place else for him, you may put him in my seat, for I am going."

ANECDOTE.—At Saint Barthelemy, near La Ferte-Gaucher, an old countryman lay on his death-bed. His son went to fetch the clergyman, and stood knocking softly at his door for three hours. "Why didn't you knock louder?" said the clergyman, "I was afraid of waking you," said the clown. "Well, what is the matter?" "I left my father dying, sir." "So! so! he must be dead by this time?" "Oh no, sir," returned the other, "neighbor Peter said he would amuse him till I came back."

To serve God thou must serve the highest wants of man.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

LOVE.

A seraph form comes flitting by;
She seems all innocence and youth;
We gaze into her melting eye,—
'Tis radiant with the light of truth.

She wears a wreath of mountain flowers,
Which stand the storm and brave the blast,
And blossom on in humble bowers,
Their fragrance over all to cast.

Affection's sun doth brightly shine,
Where'er one little bud is seen;
She culls for us rich flowers, divine,
Forever fragrant, ever green.

'Mid all the ills to mortals given,
When crushed with pains and doubts and fears,
Their incense sweeter smells to heaven,
And wastes not with the lapse of years.

And thus she dances o'er life's green
Like fairy nymph with tresses fair,
A little while—and then unseen,
Her footsteps leave no impress there!

But lightly as her footsteps fall,
An impress on the *heart* they make;
We fondly cherish, guard them all,—
Love's mem'ries, none from us may take.

A spirit of etherial fire,
She melts the icebergs of the soul;
Not gross, to kindle low desire,
But pure as orbs which round us roll.

Half hidden in a golden cloud,
She smiles on earth from yonder skies,
And bids poor mortals lift the shroud
That screens them from her pitying eyes. TOPAZ.

AN ARAB LEGEND.

An Eastern Sheik came once to Solomon;
"Oh, king," said he, "life hath its changes many;
Yesterday, love and riches for us shone;—
To-day, we look about and have not any!
And day by day, and year by year that goes,
Still finds that something we hold fast is fleeting;
Give me a word to comfort me in woes,
To keep me watchful when fair joys are meeting;
Something to humble in prosperity,
Yet in adversity a joy discover;
Something that like an amulet shall be."
The king said, smiling, "*This*, too, will pass over!"

The voices of all Nature are free. Why not, O man, lay down rules for the regulation of the wind's strong whistle or the bird's sweet carol?

Even as a nurse, whose child's imperfect pace
Can hardly lead his foot from place to place,
Leaves her fond kissing, sets him down to go,
Nor does uphold him for a step or two;
But when she finds that he begins to fall,
She holds him up, and kisses him withal;—
So God from man sometimes withdraws his hand
Awhile, to teach his infant faith to stand;
But when he sees his feeble strength begin
To fail, he gently takes him up again. QUARLES.

True men lead all rules. The true poet leaves behind all old, worn-out measures, and soars free and far above all that rule hath ever measured.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
Who stand upon the threshold of the new.

If thou dost stoop to sell thy talents to the present, to feed sectional pride, or the ends of selfishness subserve, forgetfulness thou dost earn, and wilt most surely receive.

For every trifle scorn to take offence—
That always shows great pride or little sense;
Good nature and good sense must always join,—
To err is human, to forgive divine.

Whoever degrades another degrades me, and whatever is done or said returns at last to me.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own. POPE.

How we misjudge of values; if some inspired Diogenes should light his lamp and seek the richest man in Boston, he might find him possessed of a great estate; he might find him with a very little one, so small that the assessors never found it out, nor levied a property-tax upon him. How we misrate things! The material wealth is outward, and the spiritual is inward. Happy the man who has the spiritual; blessed, also, if he have likewise the material wherewith to lengthen his arm and spread good thereby.—*Parker.*

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