The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

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Spiritual and Reform Literature.

SINGULAR AND WONDERFUL RESCUE.

We copy the annexed narrative from *The Principle*, the editor of that journal vouching for the reliability of the narrator—Captain M ——— :

A friend of the captain was at one time on his return home from Europe, when the following singular incident occurred.

I was on my voyage home to New York from Liverpool; I was chief mate of a barque. When we had been five weeks at sea, the captain and myself went into the cabin one day at noon to work up our day's work, or, in other words, to ascertain our latitude and longitude, from that day's observation. I went to my state-room, leaving the captain in the main cabin seated at his desk. My state-room door was partly open, so that I could see the captain's back as I sat writing. After I had calculated my latitude and longitude, I said to the captain (whom I supposed to be still in his cabin)—in fact I could see his back through the opening of my door: "I make our latitude and longitude to be so many degrees, and our course due west; does this correspond with your calculation?" Receiving no reply, I waited a few moments, supposing that he was deeply absorbed in calculating. In a moment or two I spoke again and said: "Does my account tally with yours, sir?" Still receiving no answer, and having completed my work, I laid aside my slate and chart and went into the cabin, when, on looking where I supposed the captain was seated, I saw, not the captain, but a stranger, who, turning round, gave me a good opportunity to see his face. He then wrote something on the slate and rose up, made towards me, which, as soon as I observed, I made all haste to get on deck, where I met the captain, who, seeing me somewhat excited, said:

"Why, Mr. Bruce, what is the matter with you?"

"A stranger in the cabin, sir," I replied, "and he has written something on your slate."

"A stranger in the cabin, Mr. Bruce! Why, you are crazy, man; what's the matter with you?—who is it?"

"God knows, sir, I don't; I would not go into the cabin again alone under any consideration. You know, sir, that I have ever been a decided unbeliever in ghosts and hobgoblins, and all such superstitious notions so common among sailors; but I assure you, sir, that what I tell you is true; it is no fancy, but a reality; I actually saw a man, a stranger, seated at your desk, and he has written something on your slate."

"Pshaw, man! you're dreaming. If you saw anybody in the cabin, it was either the steward or the second-mate; no other person would venture there without orders, except yourself; so go look again, Mr. Bruce, and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."

I positively declined doing so, and told him I would as soon jump overboard as go into the cabin alone. The captain expostulated, urged and finally commanded, but all to no purpose—I was immovable. "Come, sir, then follow me; I will lead the way; and if I find man or devil there, without my order, I'll haze him." And away started the captain, and I reluctantly followed him. We soon entered the cabin and the captain took up his slate, and there saw written on it in a plain, legible hand, "*Keep her off N. W. a few hours.*"

The captain looked at me and said, "Mr. Bruce, are you trifling with me, sir?"

"No, sir; I pledge you my honor as a man and a sailor, that what you see written on that slate I am as ignorant of as yourself, except that I saw a strange man take the pencil and write something there."

"Here, Mr. B.," said the captain, "take this pencil and write under this the same words."

Accordingly I did so, and compared my writing with the other, and any person could at once see that they were entirely different. So acknowledged the captain.

"Now, sir, go tell the second mate to come down here!"

I went to the companion-way and hailed the second-mate, and told him to come into the cabin. He likewise was requested to write, "Keep her off N. W. two or three hours." After him came the steward, then each of the sailors were called into the cabin, and all who could write did so, but none of the writing approximated to the hand-writing.

The captain was amazed, and looked at me and said, "Surely this is not my hand-writing;—whose can it be? Ah, I have it,—some man has been concealed on board. We were then each questioned by the captain as to whether either of us knew of any man being concealed on board. We positively denied all knowledge of any soul being on board, except the regular crew. Each sailor was again ordered into the cabin and separately asked the same question, but all to no purpose; they were all as ignorant about the matter as we were.

All hands were sent on deck, leaving the captain and me together.

"Now, Mr. Bruce," said he, "what the devil do you make out of all this? I will swear that when I left the cabin half an hour since, there was no writing on my slate; some person has written it."

"That's evident, sir."

"I am now satisfied that none of the crew wrote it. I'll make a thorough search from stem to stern, and if I don't find the writer, why then I'll consider the subject again."

We then commenced and made a regular search, leaving no hole or corner unexamined, but nothing could we discover.

"Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "this is most strange; I am all in a fog; what can it all mean? Do you believe that a spirit wrote on my slate?"

"I don't know, sir, what to think about it. I never did believe that a spirit could come back; but, sir, I know that I saw a man write on that slate, and that man was not one of this ship's company; and as no person can be found on board, I am forced to believe that a spirit wrote it."

"Strange, very strange," remarked the captain, and he paced up and down the floor.

"Yes, sir, it is very strange; it is equal to any forecastle yarn I ever heard."

"Yes, hang me, it's up to Jonah and the whale," replied the captain. "I'll give a month's pay to fathom it. Look here; it is as plain as A. B. C.: 'Keep her off N. W.;'" and he handed me the slate.

"Well, sir," said I, "let us keep her off N. W. and see what will turn up."

This he consented to do, and we went on deck and altered our course from W. to N. W., and stationed a man at the mast-head with orders to keep a bright look-out and report anything that might heave in sight.

It was about half-past one o'clock in the afternoon when we changed our course, and at half-past three o'clock the look-out reported an iceberg ahead, a little on our starboard-bow. The captain immediately took the glass and went up to the fore-top, and reported that a wreck was on one side of the iceberg, and seemed to be frozen fast to it; also that he could see persons on the wreck. We kept off half-point and soon came within hail of them.

We hove-to and sent the second mate with our boat to the wreck to take off the persons.

As soon as our boat had left us the captain said: "Well, Mr. Bruce, this must be the reason why we were directed to keep off N. W. It is strange, is it not?—had we not changed our course as we did, we should not now be here to rescue these persons." The captain was a humane man, though severe and exact in all ship duty.

"Yes, it certainly indicates some intelligence outside of us, which must have known that altering our course would bring us within reach of those on board of this wreck, let it be ghost or what else."

Our boat soon returned loaded with human beings, and they informed us that more were waiting to be taken off. As soon as we could get them on board, the boat returned to the wreck for the rest. The sufferers were taken into the cabin and cared for. In about half an hour our boat returned with the balance of the wrecked persons, thirty-six in all; and among them—strange as it may seem—was *the very man* that I had at twelve o'clock that day seen in our cabin, and who had written on the slate, "*Keep her off N. W. a few hours.*" I was standing at the gangway receiving them as they ascended the ladder, and when this man came over the side I staggered back and exclaimed, "Good God, sir, who are you, and where did you come from?"

The poor fellow seemed as much taken aback as I was, and replied: "One of the rescued passengers from yonder wreck."

I said no more. These sufferers were also shown into the cabin, and I set about getting the barque on her course again. The captain, who went below with the first boat-load, and who had not been on deck since, ordered me, as soon as the boat had brought all off the wreck, to put the barque on our course, as he should have as much as he could attend to in the cabin.

I was all anxiety to speak with him, which I could get no opportunity to do for nearly an hour after we had left the wreck. As soon as he came on deck I told him that one of the persons who came from the wreck was the man that I had seen write on the slate.

"Come," said the captain, "we will go into the cabin and see him; the most of them are so exhausted that they cannot talk. I left the captain of the wreck and one of his passengers sitting up, the rest having all retired to rest."

As we entered the cabin I immediately recognized the passenger to be the man I had seen, and he looked precisely as he had that day at noon, when I saw him seated at the captain's desk.

They rose up, and with the true feeling of grateful hearts, thanked us for rescuing them and their companions from the horrid death—starvation.

We learned from them that their ship's name was the Lady Jane, of Quebec, bound to Liverpool, and that they had been two months frozen fast to the iceberg—that their ship was water-logged, and they had been short of provisions. The last nine days they had not tasted food of any kind; all had been consumed, and their only supply of water had been such as they had caught while it was raining,—"And," continued the captain, who was narrating, "we had despaired of ever being rescued until to-day, when Mr. M. (pointing to the man beside him) woke out of a brief sleep, and told us not to despair—that a barque was making for us and would rescue us; he even told the hour, and described her officers and crew, all of which has singularly enough happened. When I asked him how he knew this, he said he could not tell,—all he knew was, that he felt certain such would be the case. Is not this so, Mr. M.?"

"It is," he answered.

"At what time of day was it that he told you this?" I asked.

"It was about half past one o'clock this afternoon," replied the captain, "that he woke from his sleep."

"How long was he asleep?" I asked.

"He must have been asleep an hour and a half or two hours; I cannot say positively."

I then, turning to the man, said: "Sir, have you any knowledge of having been on board this barque before to-day?"

He looked at me in surprise and replied: "Why, no sir. What a strange question!"

I then told him that I had seen him, or his counterpart, in this cabin at about noon to-day, and that he had directed me to change our vessel's course, which we did. Here the captain interrupted me, and said, addressing the man, "Mr. M., will you please take this slate and write something on it?"

"Certainly, sir, with pleasure. What shall I write?"

"Oh," said the captain, handing him the side of the slate on which there was no writing—"write anything, anything you please; or, for instance, say, 'Keep her off N. W. a few hours.'"

He took the slate and wrote, "Keep her off N. W. a few hours," and smilingly handed the slate to the captain, remarking, "I suppose that is your course."

The captain took the slate, and we examined the writing and found it to be a *fac-simile* of the hand-writing on the other side. The captain then turned the slate over and said, "Mr. M., is this your hand-writing,—did you write this?"

He took it and examined it, and said, "Yes, sir, that is what I have just written,—that is my writing, and I would be willing to testify to it in any court."

We then turned the slate over and showed him both writings, when he seemed as much puzzled as we were.

I then related to him the circumstances of his being in the cabin, and also of my seeing him write the words on the slate.

BELIEF AND DOUBT.

"They wrought in faith," and not "They wrought in doubt,"
Is the proud epitaph inscribed above
Our glorious dead, who in their grandeur lie,
Crowned with the garlands of Eternity,
Because they did believe and conquered Doubt.
They lived great lives, and did their deathless deeds,
Who in the old time walked their perilous way
With the grey hairs of kingly sorrow crowned;
Who laid their heads upon the bloody block
For their last pillow; who, amid the flames,
Bore witness still, and with their quivering hands
Sowed every wind with sparks of fiery thought.
Because they did believe, we kneel to read
Where men and angels mingle words of joy;
Because he did believe Columbus sailed
For that new world his inner eyes had seen.
He found. So Faith its new worlds yet shall find,
While Doubt shakes its wise head and stays behind.
Newton believed for many a year before
The Hand in Heaven shook the apple down.
Because we have believed, our knowledge comes.
Belief, not Doubt, will touch the secret spring;
Belief is that soul-attitude which sees
How the pure distance of some infinite sea
Relieves the dark ground of our inland life,
And feels the fresh spray make its roses bloom;
But Doubt turns from the light, and only sees
The shadow that it casts, and follows it;
For Doubt is ever its own Deity;
The shadow still dilates on darkened eyes,
And lengthens as the awful night comes down.

GERALD MASSEY.

The Beneficence of Mirth.

There is nothing equal to a cheerful and even mirthful conversation, for restoring the tone of mind and body, when both have been overdone. Some great and good men, on whom very heavy cares and toils have been laid, manifest a constitutional tendency to relax into mirth when their work is over. Narrow minds denounce the incongruity; large hearts own God's goodness in the fact, and rejoice in the wise provision made for prolonging useful lives. Mirth, after exhaustive toil, is one of Nature's instinctive efforts to heal the part which has been racked or bruised. You cannot too sternly reprobate a frivolous life; but if the life be earnest for God or man, with here and there a layer of mirthfulness protruding, a soft bedding to receive heavy cares which otherwise would crush the spirit, to snarl against the sports of mirth, may be the easy and useless occupation of a small man, who cannot take in at one view the whole circumference of a large one.

There is too much giving of advice, in the world. If a man is able to guide himself aright let him be grateful. He certainly cannot guide others. We all see things differently.

For the Spiritual Age.

HINTS ON HEALTH AND HYGIENE.

ARTIFICIAL HEAT—VENTILATION—ATMOSPHERIC CHANGES.

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.*

—

We must consider the constant spending and generating of heat the most important action of animal life.....No physiological error stands by itself alone. Blood and vital heat depend upon one another. Only with a regular distribution of blood—a regular development of heat; and with a regular development of heat—a regular distribution of blood in the human system is possible.—*Dr. Wesselhaft.*

—

We agree that "mankind have not health enough to teach them the true value of it." To the eye of the observing, sympathizing physician, the world appears little better than a vast hospital for the sick, with a few attendants and children, in a somewhat better condition, scattered through its various wards. Not far from one-half the human race die of fevers; one-fourth of bowel-complaints—including, of course, not only dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera, and bilious or liver complaints—but also that many-headed monster, dyspepsia; one-sixth perish from the different forms of consumption; and the remaining one-twelfth from diseases of the heart, brain and nerves, and from casualties. Then nearly one-half of all who are born—and more than this in our large cities and towns—die under five years of age; and nearly a fourth of the whole die between five and thirty. Only a very few attain anything like an advanced period of life, and not one in a thousand reaches the full duration of his existence, and dies a natural death purely from old age—simply from exhausted vitality—as a lamp-light dies when its oil is spent. Almost all, so far as can now be known, die of violence, as really as if they were strangled or decapitated. Human beings on whose grave-stones their friends might conscientiously write POPE's beautiful verse as an epitaph, would be hard to find among the short-lived race extant upon the earth:—

"By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by *temperance* and by *exercise*,
His life, though long, to SICKNESS passed unknown;
His death was *instant*, and without a groan."

Perhaps the generality of mankind believe that all the *normal* changes in the human organism are gradually and harmlessly effected; but very few have, by analogous reasoning, arrived at a similar belief respecting Universal Nature.

Now, we are one of that few; and to illustrate our position, we will point to the succession of seasons, as, in these "latter days" their phenomena impresses the rational mind. First comes Spring, which may be said often rudely and indifferently to break the seal of nature's death; and streams swell, ousting bridges and bursting dams of the greatest foundational permanence, and wrought of the heaviest and strongest material, which, leviathan-like they bear upon their angry and turbid bosoms, only with greater force to dislocate and shatter whatever less substantial monuments of man's labor might stand in their course. Next comes Summer, the zenith of vegetable life and beauty, often rendered a mere point of time by the intense heat of a scorching sun under which the earth parches, animals swelter and gasp, and vegetation languishes, often to die. Suddenly succeeding, the Autumn's chill nights nip to destroy prematurely the ground-fruits of the garden and the field, and perhaps hastily and unseasonably to introduce "stern Winter," who next succeeds and shuts the ground, and the "scene." During the reign of this [latterly] inexorable monarch, the germs of the autumn's fruital wealth are often ruined by the prolonged severity of his tyranny; and the warm-blooded animals, including man, are pressed to put forth extraordinary efforts to sustain the life-temperature of the body during seasons of exposures thereunto.

The great panorama of Nature, instead of unfolding uniformly slow, is often irregular in its movements,—the specific atmospheric phenomena of a cycle or season being often prorogued into the succeeding one. Devastating tornadoes and furious storms too often re-assure us of the instability of all earthly surroundings and of the precarious tenure of terrestrial peace and pleasure. Again, although the local geographical history of North America presents records of but one or two violent visitations of THE EARTHQUAKE*, Europe and the tropical countries—particularly the South American Islands—have, at various times within the historical periods of their existence, been the theatre of the most *terrible and destructive* of its phenomena.

To the pious Bible advocate it seems more consistent to account for the sudden and fearful destruction of Sodom, Gomorrah, and other ancient cities of the East, upon the hypothesis of wickedness and rebellion on the part of their inhabitants, than to admit that hypothesis in the equally sudden and frightful destruction of Lisbon, Caracca and Calabria in more modern times; although the facts incidentally brought out by the historian show that this interpretation of their doom was accepted by the victims themselves.* Well may we ask, in the language of POPE—

"Why charge we heaven in *those*, in *these* acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit."

Again, look at the well-known "*Potato rot*," which for more than fifteen years has baffled the researches of man to find out its cause. Is *that* a "lusus naturæ"? Witness, too, the almost universal defection of *fruits*. That stone fruits cannot be profitably grown, has come to be a maxim among New England farmers and orchardists. "All the works of thy hands perish," is a scriptural passage that has often occurred to us, while mournfully musing over desolated fields and blighted hopes. But the *cause*—the cause of all this—our soul, "in its dark minority," has not prayed to know in vain.

POPE, the illustrious author of the Essay on Man, began that work with the avowed purpose of "vindicating the ways of GOD to man." But as, for the most part, he seems to have ignored the free agency and consequent accountability of man, we find therein little that is pertinent on *the ways of man to* GOD. The evidences of a dark Fatalism, dishonoring to, the CAUSE he set out so sedulously to advocate, appear on almost every page. Instance—

"When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim and now Egypt's god,
Then shall man comprehend
His action's, passion's, being's use and end."

"Ignorance, *ergo* presumption;" and it is lamentable to find that even POPE is no "honorable exception" to this general rule. Human reason never appears in so ridiculous a light as when it attempts the argumentation of subjects which are above it. "What can we *reason* but from what we know? Surely, of man, what see we but his station *here*, from which to reason, or to which refer? and had our author been fully alive to the truth of this—as it appeared to him—he probably would not have put forth the following precious piece of presumption, which we find in the tenth verse of epistle first:

..... "This *kind*, this dire degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven *bestows* on thee."

And again:

"Heaven from *all creatures* hides the Book of Fate;
All but the page prescribed, their present state;
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or, who could suffer being here below?"

Should the author of the foregoing reappear upon this planet, we wonder if the accumulated evidence of to-day would cause him to recant it, and to accept as bearing on its authorship the severe saying of Dr. Young:

"An undevout Astronomer [Philosopher] is mad."

But as we would not cumber this paper with either quotations or remarks which the reader might deem inapposite to the subject we are upon, we will look to a close in this direction, simply remarking that the Essay on Man seems to us only an ingenious plea for the moral enormities of the human race—making the Righteous God of Heaven the author of disorder, violence, and even *crime*, instead of placing the responsibility where in the light of revelation it is seen to belong—on *Man*, the only creature capable of such wondrous mischief, procured through *primal* and *present* transgression of Eternal Laws, which, with their appropriate rewards and punishments, were fore-ordained and revealed. *Happiness*, his being's privilege, was *not* then predestinated as POPE would have us believe. *Obedience* to *revealed law* was its original and eternal SINE-QUA-NON.

CALVERT.

* "It is curious to remark," says the chronicler of the fall of Caracca, "the effect of such a calamity on the human mind, according as it is influenced by remorse or fear. In less than two days after the first blow, two thousand individuals were married who had previously lived in unhallowed union. Many poor relation who had been neglected, were sought for and acknowledged by their wealthy kindred; neglected children were owned, and legitimate restitutions made, and law-suits terminated, while the guilty owned murders they had committed," &c.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* In 1811 South Carolina was shaken by earthquakes, which continued till the destruction of the Caraccas (South America) in the following year.

"Individual Sovereignty."

No man is fit for freedom, in its broadest signification, but he who has subdued all his passions, appetites, and impulses within the limits of moral and spiritual justice and equity. He must be self-harmonised and equilibriated in every department of his nature. He must have a clear perception of justice and equity in all things relating to his individual, social and moral destiny, and make them his supreme delight, so as to insure, in his every latitude and longitude of life, their rigid and spontaneous observance. He must be "a law unto himself." While he is not developed up to this standard, he is not qualified for freedom, and must come under the external restraints of human law and government. His own internal harmony and developed sense of right, purity, and justice must first raise him above human law and police, rendering them nugatory and a dead letter to him, before he can claim exemption from them.—*Life Illustrated.*

Go slowly to the entertainments of thy friends, but quickly to their misfortunes.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. III.

THE FATHER.

"He is the incomprehensible Spirit, who illuminates all, and delights all: from whom all proceed, by whom they live after they are born, and to whom all must return."—*Hindoo Vedas.*

"There is one Universal Soul diffused through all things—eternal, invisible, unchangeable; in essence like truth; in substance resembling light; not to be represented by any image; to be comprehended only by the mind; not, as some conjecture, exterior to the world, but in himself entire, pervading the universal sphere."—*Pythagoras.*

"The external world may be but a shadow of the Deity; a symbol of a far higher Power beyond it; a veil to his presence; a school to lead you up to Him. But in itself it is divine; therefore there is a Deity; and all mankind believe it."—*Plato.*

"God created man in his own image, . . . male and female created He them."—*Genesis.*

"He that hath seen me, hath seen the Father."—*Jesus.*

"In him we live, move, and have our being; . . . . for we are also his offspring."—*Paul.*

"In all the heavens there is no other idea of God than that of Man; the reason is, because heaven in the whole and in part is in form as a man, and the Divine which is with the angels constitutes heaven. . . . Since God is Man, all angels and all spirits are men in a perfect form."—*Swedenborg.*

"The worlds are arranged in such order that they form the habitation or body of this Being. As man occupies a mortal body, so does God dwell in the Universe."—*Modern Spirits.*

These quotations are presented, not as *authorities* to determine what we should believe, but as samples of the ideas of expanded minds in different ages of the world—the essential harmony of which will, we think, appear as we proceed.

Leaving out of view all dogmas and all revelations claiming to be authoritative on this subject, our present business is to inquire what ideas of a First Cause and a Present Deity are rationally deducible from the known constitution of things in the midst of which we exist?

At the first view, every intelligent person sees around him the operation of forces which man does not create and cannot destroy or control—which, as to their real nature, he can neither analyze nor understand. The forces which crystallize the pebble, organize the blade of grass and the tree, construct the fly and the elephant, cause an apple to fall to the ground and wheel the planets on their mighty courses, are alike invisible and inscrutable. Man may apply to them names according to their various modes of action and effects; but *names* explain nothing. *Gravitation* is as profound a mystery to-day as it was before Science gave it a name; and *Life*, even in the commonest weed or insect, is a perpetual miracle, no more explainable than the existence of a universe or a God. We see that all phenomena are effects of certain causes; and these causes are again the effects of antecedent causes. It is a law of our minds thus to seek from effect to cause. But however far we may be able to trace back any stream towards its Source, we sooner or later reach the horizon of our mental perceptions, beyond which lies a shadowy realm, an unfathomable Mystery. This we call the First Cause,—meaning simply that it is the First which we are at present able to apprehend, or of which form any expressible idea.

But what can we know of this unfathomable Mystery—this inscrutable First Cause? Just this: *What it discloses of itself* in its effects or manifestations which come within the scope of our perceptions. It is a law of our minds that all effects must be attributed to adequate causes; and it is a self-evident truth that no effect can be greater than its cause. Hence we are to know of the nature and qualities or attributes of this First Cause by observing the qualities and characteristics of what has proceeded from it, taken as a whole.

It is obviously unfair to fix upon any part of the whole, and form our conclusions from such part. There are those who seem to look upon external nature only,—that which is outside of man,—and draw their inferences as to the First Cause from that alone. But we see no reason why MAN should be left out of the account. He is certainly not only a part of the universal whole, but a most important part. He did not make himself,—cannot sustain himself in being one instant,—and is obviously the highest product coming under our inspection, of that inscrutable Power whose attributes we wish to ascertain. Nay, more: man is conceded by the Naturalist, on the one hand, to be the very culmination and epitome of Nature, embracing within himself all that is below him; and by the Bible-ist, on the other, is believed to be the offspring of Deity, and His image in miniature.

Surely, then, taking either of these views, so far from omitting man from the catalogue, he is the most important object of all for our study, and in fact alone sufficient to afford us a clear and rational idea of the Original. Whatever features any other part of nature may lack, we may expect to find a complete representation here; and at all events, whatever we find constitutionally represented in man, we know must exist in his Original—the First Cause.

Thus feeling our way carefully from the known to the unknown, what do we find? 1st, We find that man has intelligence. Then his Source must have intelligence. 2d, Man has individual consciousness and will. Then his Source must have these. 3d, Man has moral qualities and moral sense. Then his source must have the same. 4th, Man has affections. His source must therefore have affections, else whence could man have derived them? And the same of every other attribute or faculty which is fundamental to the human constitution.

But what have we here? Intelligence, Individual Consciousness, Will, Moral qualities, Moral Sense, Affections, etc. Are not these all the elements of Personality? Put them together, and do they not constitute a Being? In fact, it is impossible to conceive of these elements as abstract, impersonal qualities or forces. They pertain to PERSONS and not to *things*. The Cause, then, from which man has sprung is not a thing,—not an impersonal Force, or concatenation of Forces,—not merely a mighty Intellect, or a skillful Mechanician,—but a BEING, who may be loved and confided in, provided His moral character and relations to us are such as to induce affection and confidence—a PARENT, whom we must regard with at least all the reverence which can be inspired by that most intimate and mysterious of relations. The argument contained in the following line from one of the sublimest of Odes, is as conclusive as it is concise:

"*I am*, O God! and surely THOU MUST BE."*

But what shall we infer as to the *moral* character of this Being? Is He a Father who can be loved for His perfections; or one who, like some earthly parents, is to be dreaded and hated for the opposite? Men, though exhibiting the same essential elements of constitution everywhere, yet vary greatly in the proportions in which these elements are combined, and hence are harmoniously or inharmoniously organized,—in other words, are good or bad in character. Shall we take as the truest type of Deity the *best* or the *worst* of men, or a medium between? Reason and universal intuition say, take the *best*—for though the intervention of second causes may have obscured and distorted the Divine image in most men, so as to make them in character *worse* than their Original, yet is plainly impossible for the best to be *better* than He. Then the best, most harmonious or perfect man who has ever trod our earth must be to us morally the highest and completest likeness of the All-Father that our minds can contemplate—in fact, "the express image of His Person." The Christian world claims to find such a Divine Man in Jesus of Nazareth; and we know of no character more worthy of this pre-eminence than that attributed to him in the gospels, when rightly apprehended. What right-minded person can fail to admire and love such beneficence, such unselfishness, such purity, such fidelity to truth and right, such compassion, gentleness and firmness, as are recorded of the Son of Mary? Surely, such an one was worthy to be called the Son of God. And if he has given us a correct portrait in miniature of the character of our Father—and this cannot be less symmetrical than that of Jesus—then surely He must be a most loveable Being. The same conclusion must be reached if we take any other good man as the type of Deity. And how appropriate the answer which Jesus made to one who appealed to him saying, "Show us the Father;" when, conscious, as it would seem, of the divine fullness and harmony in himself, he replied, "He that hath seen ME hath seen THE FATHER,"—that is, in the only way in which it is possible to see Him, namely, as imaged in the Perfect Man. (We here leave the question of the alleged Divinity of Jesus in an extraordinary sense, without affirming or denying, intending to consider it by itself in its proper place.)

Thus, by simple and common-sense steps, we arrive unavoidably at the fundamental idea of Christianity—namely, the Personality of God as a Beneficent Father, bodied forth, incarnated, and mediatorially represented to human cognizance in the Perfect Man.

But yet, even after arriving at this, the conception of Deity often remains vague, shadowy, unrestful to the mind. It sees, to use the language of a distinguished Divine, but "a dim shadowy effluence rising from Christ, which it calls the Father," and still yearns for something more definable, apprehensible, on which the mind can fix and the affections firmly repose.

By a further pursuance of the same line of thought, we think this may be reached; but must postpone the effort to another article.

* Ode to Deity, by Derzhavin, a Russian Poet.

INSPIRATION NEEDED.

Mrs. Stowe, writing in the *Independent*, on the need of a greater spirituality among Christians, thus forcibly portrays the difference between a learned but lifeless orthodoxy and a living though uncultivated inspiration:

Now, we do not disparage in the least the drill and culture of theological seminaries—the mental vigor produced by that kind of athletic training which is given in theological dialectics. So much the more as a man can make of himself physically, mentally, or morally, so much the more has he to give to Christ; but when all is done, of what use is it if he lacks inspiration? An altar candle may be made of the purest wax, in the straightest mold, with the most orthodox wick, and put into the golden candlestick with every appropriate ceremony, but after all, what's the use if it never *burns*? A penny tallow candle, that gives light and heat, is then better.

This explains how it is that a few "ignorant men" and "uneducated women," in our day (who constitute the majority of inspirational speakers among Spiritualists) are drawing so largely from the congregations of the authorized ministry," and causing so much trouble generally to our fossilized theologians. Men can be reached and moved by inspiration, when they cannot be by dogmatism or logic.

True, much of the present inspiration comes through very imperfect channels, and much is from a merely naturalistic plane, and exceedingly superficial at that; but it is *fresh* and *living*, and hence stirs men's minds to a certain depth as no lifeless sermonizing can. "Coming events cast their shadows before." What we have yet had of inspirational influences, we believe, is but the foreshadowing of a mighty "out-pouring of the spirit" which is soon to come. As suitable instruments become prepared, by purification and deeper spiritual experiences, so will the profounder and more moving truths of man's inner life—all that is vital in the creed of the church—be set forth with the electric power of a diviner inspiration,—shivering the stony crust of materialism—melting the ice of formalism—consuming the weeds of sensualism—quickening the germs of all good, and bringing forth in due time the choicest fruits of the spirit. The Church, instead of repudiating all modern inspiration, ascribing it to the devil, etc., should welcome it—give it better channels and a higher tone if she can—otherwise her doom is sealed.

SECTARIAN OUTBREAK.—Boston is just now in commotion on an immensely important religious question. Several hundred children of Roman Catholic parents, at the instigation of a zealous priest, have refused to repeat the Protestant version of the Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, and have been dismissed from school in consequence by equally zealous Protestants. The affair engrosses the newspapers, the pulpit and the police court. On the Catholic side, the fanatical cry is raised, "Stand up for your religion!"—on the Protestant side, "Stand up for the Bible!" The momentous difference lies mainly between saying the word "hallowed," or the word "sanctified," in the commandments; and in repeating or omitting the concluding sentence of the prayer. How tremendously important!

THE PROPHECY of GENIUS.—Robert Burns was neglected and despised in his day because he would not flatter the proud, nor fawn upon the wealthy. He once said to his wife: "Jean, one hundred years from hence, they'll think mair o'me than they do now." His sons have lived to see his birthday celebrated by the learned and noble throughout Anglo-Saxondom.

WHO ARE SPIRITUALISTS?

The *Crisis*, a paper devoted to New Church-ism, slightly spiritualized, dissents from the definition which we are accustomed to give to the term Spiritualist. It says:

"Now, although some leading Spiritual Journals have defined a Spiritualist to be one who accepts modern manifestations as true spiritual phenomena—that spirits out of the flesh can and do communicate with spirits in the flesh, we submit that this does not define their true position, because it gives no distinguishing characteristic by which they can be known from others. Indeed, in this sense every people under the sun are Spiritualists, and every religion is Spiritualism. We know of no people who have any claim to antiquity that do not, among the masses, believe that the spirits of the dead have visited and do visit the spirits of the living."

This statement hardly applies with truth to the mass of our popular religionists. Whatever they may believe about spirit-communication in ancient times, or theoretically and poetically concede as to spirit-visitations now, yet *practically* they deny the fact as a present reality, unless they make an exception in regard to "evil spirits." The same paper goes on—

"The term Spiritualists has acquired a distinctive meaning. It designates a class of minds, who not only believe in the reality of spirit communion, but who seek by external means and appliances to induce abnormal states so as to come into such communion. Spiritualists proper sit in circles—encourage development of mediums—voluntarily submit to obsessions as in trance speaking and acting, and in various ways give themselves up to the direction and control of spirits."

Here again the *Crisis* is quite at fault. There are thousands of Spiritualists, and numbers who see and converse with spirits, who never seek by external means and appliances to induce abnormal states for spirit-communion, but who on the contrary seek for that internal growth in spirituality which in some persons results in the normal opening and use of the spiritual senses for proper ends. There are numbers both of mediums and others, who seldom or never sit in circles, having found that (especially in sensitive conditions) promiscuous magnetisms are hurtful—who do not encourage the development of mediums by any external forcing process, but only by internal purification, or "regeneration"—and who never submit to the arbitrary direction and control of spirits. The number of those among Spiritualists who hold such views is increasing, and will increase as the subject is better understood.

The *Crisis* is desirous that all really spiritual and conscientious believers in open intercourse with the spirit-world should adopt the label of "New Church," or "New Jerusalem." It says:

"The New Church stands distinguished from Spiritualism, not by a blind denial of facts, or indiscriminately turning them all over to the devil; but by a deep religious abhorrence and shunning as Evil before God, all external attempts to bridge over the legitimate relations of the natural and spiritual worlds. All such attempts we regard as disorderly and leading to confusion and ultimate evils of every kind; and therefore we can never consent to blend, by name or otherwise, the New Church with that which is *distinctive* Spiritualism."

On the other hand, the true Spiritualist prefers to "stand distinguished" from all authoritarian religionists, not by a blind belief in or rejection of anything on the mere dictum of a sect, a seer, or a spirit, but by a sincere and reverent inquiry after truth and good, an earnest endeavor to practice them so far as ascertained, and a deep religious abhorrence and shunning of *all* evil so soon as perceived. The Spiritualist seeks to know *what are* the legitimate relations of the natural and spiritual world, and what the proper and healthful or God-ordained conditions of profitable communication between them—not being satisfied to take the *ipse dixit* of any dogmatist as a finality in the case.

Even if the "Thus saith the Lord" of either Swedenborg or Moses on this subject be infallibly true, yet it is also true that the confirmation of a more general and modern observation and experience is needed to satisfy rational minds. It is plain that the old, authoritative, dogmatic mode of teaching has ceased to have effect on the masses. A new and experimental solution of the question is demanded by the genius of the age. This may prove a costly and painful process to some of the pioneers therein; but its results must be of untold value to posterity. Hahnemann, in order to determine the medicinal properties of poisons, first tried their effects on his own system,—voluntarily suffering almost every variety of torture in consequence; and the world admires his noble self-sacrifice for others' good. So among Spiritualists there are those who have been willing to risk comfort, ease and reputation for the purpose of solving by experience questions on which religionists have disputed and dogmatised interminably. The results are gradually being developed, and the world will have the benefit thereof. Those who enter upon and pursue the investigation with a supreme love of truth and good, need have no fear of the ultimate consequences. Those who are actuated by baser motives of any sort will reap as they sow.

The term Spiritualist appropriately designates the searcher for the *internals* of all truth, the *essentials* of all duty, the lover of purity and true progress. Therefore "we can never consent" to its being abandoned to a more restricted application; nor do we see the need of adopting the title of "New Church," or any narrow sectarian designation whatever.

The Argument from Unconsciousness.

One point in our correspondent's article, last week, under the head of "Doubts and Queries," was overlooked in our answer—namely, his argument from unconsciousness.

He says: "It seems to me that proof of unconsciousness for a time, ever so limited, goes far towards proof of unlimited unconsciousness."

To us, this is arguing exactly in the wrong direction. Was our correspondent ever in a state of unconsciousness from which he did not arouse? Of course not. Then the inference from his own experience, so far as it goes, is that he *never will be*. However long he may sleep he may expect some time to awake. He may say that others have fallen into a "sleep that knows no waking," (i. e., death.) But he does not *know* this. In modern Spiritualism we have evidence that all awake, sooner or later, to individual consciousness in a spiritual state.

The Editor's Table.

THE RESULTS OF SPIRITUALISM: A Discourse delivered at Dodworths' Hall, Sunday March 6, 1859. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. Phonographically Reported. New York: S. T. Munson, 5 Great St. 21 pages.

The main points in this discourse are, 1st, that Spiritualism dispels the gloomy fear of death—an end which Christianity has signally failed to accomplish in the vast majority of its adherents; 2d, it ennobles life. These points are elaborated in Mr. Higginson's vigorous and finished style—and the discourse makes an excellent tract for distribution.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for April, maintains its well-earned reputation for vigor and interest. "The Professor," as usual, makes some capital hits at old-fogyism.

THE SPIRITS IN THE CHURCHES.

We have been favored with a printed copy of a letter addressed by Mrs. LOUISA L. PARMELEE, of Boston, (well-known as a medium and medical clairvoyant at the south part of the city), to the Congregational Church of Phillipston, Mass., of which she is or was a member, in defence of herself from charges preferred against her before that body. It is a production of much ability, the force of which the said church must have found it difficult to evade. Our readers will be interested in a brief synopsis of it.

The first and principal charge made against Mrs. P. is as follows:

"1. Heresy in embracing and advocating Spiritualism, and in proposing to hold intercourse with departed spirits. She avows herself a Spiritualist and a Medium. The doctrines of Spiritualism, as expounded by A. J. Davis, Dr. Hare, Judge Edmonds, and most other well-known advocates of it, are hostile to evangelical Christianity. Spiritualism itself, or professed intercourse with departed spirits, is an abomination to the Lord. Deut. 18: 11."

In reply, Mrs. Parmelee distinguishes very properly between Spiritualism, or the belief in the fact of intercourse with disembodied spirits, and the theological opinions of individual Spiritualists—she pungently exposes the unfairness of holding her responsible for the utterances of A. J. Davis, Dr. Hare and Judge Edmonds, not a line of whose writings she ever read, and therefore neither endorses nor condemns—and then sets forth at some length and with much force the testimony of the Bible to the fact "that during the first four thousand years of the world's reputed history, God communicated with the inhabitants of this earth by the agency of disembodied minds." There is, she argues, no evidence or hint in the Bible that such intercourse has ceased; and such a change in the divine administration is not to be presumed without evidence. It is, therefore, whether judged by the Bible or the creed of the church, no "heresy" to believe in and enjoy such communion.

The writer thus alludes to her own experience:

"I feel that I stand upon a rock. I am not only a Spiritualist in theory, but also, to some extent, in experience. I was made such by the testimony of that book to which we have referred, and the presence of facts whose spiritual import I could neither doubt nor resist. I see spirits around me daily, recognize and converse with them. I do not regard this experience as detracting from our Saviour; on the contrary, I receive these celestial visitors as sent of God, to check me in my wanderings, to cheer me in my pathway, to elevate my Christian character, and stimulate me to duty. I am also a medical clairvoyant. As such I have probably examined more than a thousand patients during the year past, and have had occasion to feel the truth of Jesus' words, 'and these signs shall follow them that believe. They shall lay hands upon the sick, and they shall recover.' I speak of these things that you may fully understand that my Spiritualistic experiences are among the richest and most sacred of my life. I could not, therefore, renounce Spiritualism if I would, and would not if I could. To be a Spiritualist, is a necessity of my being, and my God given right."

Mrs. Parmelee protests against the evident spirit of persecution for opinion's sake manifested in this prosecution, which, it appears, is mainly instigated by the pastor of the church; and she intimates that if the church undertakes to carry out consistently such a policy, it will find its hands full. She says, significantly:

"Will you not be called upon next to try and expel those of your body—eight or ten in number—who, by consulting me as a Spiritualist Clairvoyant, have made themselves accessory to my crimes? And if this is a legitimate procedure, the work of expurgation should not stop here. Other churches should be looking after their members, and the members after their ministers. For I have within the last three years sat in our own house with ministers and members of three evangelical churches at a time, for the purpose of investigating this subject."

The concluding paragraph is worthy a descendant of the stern old Puritans:

"In conclusion, let me say, that I ask nothing at your hands to-day, as a favor. Acquittal is my right. It is my right, because I am not guilty of a single charge in the indictment. I, therefore, demand it. I demand it for the sake of justice. I demand it for the sake of your individual security, and your stability and growth as a body. I demand it as a check to the growing tyranny and insolence of your pastor. I demand it in the name of Christianity. I demand it in the name of God.

LOUISA S. PARMELEE."

VENTILATION.

Our amiable cotemporary, the Boston *Courier*, occasionally gives vent to its chagrin that the spirits will not "down at its bidding," and that the "hideous imposture of Spiritualism" will persist in *living*, though so many times pronounced *dead* by its oracular voice. Its last and most shameless diatribe is aimed at the venerable JOHN PIERPONT—a man whose fearless and life-long devotion to truth and humanity have richly earned for him the veneration of all good men, and of course the hatred of those who are thoroughly bad. The following specimens of reckless ferocity from its columns could scarcely be paralleled:

"The Rev. Mr. Pierpont has again been desecrating the Sabbath and insulting the Christian religion which he professes to teach, by advocating the hideous imposture of Spiritualism. * * * His arguments are an outrage on common sense; they would disgrace a school-boy of ten. The stories with which he tries to bolster up this immoral and impious pretension, betray the most imbecile credulity, or the most criminal surrender of every prerogative of reason. * * *

"Mr. Pierpont has for many years been the victim of every folly, every imposture, every half-science and every no-science which has turned up. There was some sense in his stoves; there was poetry and taste in his school books; his razor-strop was a success; he has written verses that will live in our literature. But he has taken up successively phrenology, biology, animal magnetism, clairvoyance, and *isms* without number. And now, alas! he has sunk into that lower deep beyond the lowest, and is not ashamed to blaspheme the holy religion of which he is or has been the minister, by publicly asserting that 'Spiritualism is a higher development of Christianity.' The frauds of Mansfield, the impudent tricks of Squier, the slimy villanies and detestable forgeries of Stiles, the audacious impostures of Mrs. Hayden, Mrs. Conant's shameless slanders upon the dead, the abominations practised by Newton and others on the mystic heights of Lynn, the general licentiousness of the midnight circles, the rogueries of Spear, the coarse impostures of Redmond, the supernatural dullness of Dexter, the flighty follies of Judge Edmonds, the theory and practice of *affinities*,—these, Mr. Pierpont thinks, or professes to think, not 'a new religion, but a higher development of Christianity.'"

The *Courier*, we understand, does not now recognize Prof. Felton among its editorial staff; but it would seem that *a double portion of his spirit* has fallen upon his "Honorable" successor.

Singular and True.

Under the above head the Davenport, Iowa, *Gazette* makes the subjoined statement:

A young Scotchman living in Pleasant Valley, four or five miles from the city, has been for a long time engaged to a young lady in Scotland, at his old home. On the 6th of January he came down at the usual hour to breakfast, looking so serious as to attract the attention of the family with whom he boarded, and in answer to their inquiries he said that his betrothed Jane, in Scotland, had died that morning. Ridicule nor reason could remove the impression. He called their attention to the date, and said news would come to verify what he said. A few days since a letter was received, stating that the young lady died on the 6th of January, 10 o'clock A. M. She was dead at the early hour when he made the announcement, allowing for difference in time. We give the story as told us by a friend acquainted with the parties, and have no reason to doubt its truth. It is singular, yet there have been many such instances of clairvoyant presentiments.

Correspondence.

Notes by the Way.

NEW YORK, March 16th, 1859.

GENTLEMEN OF THE AGE:—Since I last wrote you but little of importance has transpired in spiritual matters. The Supreme Court has granted Mrs. Hatch's prayer for a separation from B. F. Hatch, M. D., (the affix, I presume, means simply *man depraved*,) and has also allowed her the sum of five dollars a week from the first of last December up to the time of the decision of the court.

REV. MR. LONGFELLOW,

of Brooklyn, (a brother of the poet, I believe,) occupied the desk at Dodworth's Hall on Sunday, the 13th, morning and evening, and gave two very beautiful and highly spiritual discourses, which were listened to with deep attention by a large and intelligent audience, who seemed to be delighted with his elevated and instructive thought. Mr. Longfellow is not a fluent or agreeable speaker, but the quality more than compensated for what is wanting in the delivery. I would strongly recommend him to the notice of your lecture committee, if they can prevail upon him to visit the Spiritualists of Boston.

MRS. SPENCE,

late Mrs. Britt, of St. Louis, is at present in this city, and spoke at the Conference in Clinton Hall on Sunday afternoon. Mrs. Spence is a strong masculine speaker of the Western style, and many express themselves as being well pleased with her bold and forcible arguments. She is not a speaker to lull an audience to sleep, but on the contrary keeps them "wide awake" with her telling points and vital magnetism.

FREE LOVE IN HIGH PLACES.

The late horrible and fiendish murder at Washington still continues to occupy a large space in the public mind, to the exclusion of better material. The secular and religious press vie with each other in spreading its worst details before their readers, and thereby cultivating a morbid appetite in the public mind for the horrible. The *Times* and *Herald* attempt to palliate and justify the high-handed crime, while the *Post* and *Tribune* take the other side of the question, and justly condemn the act as a deliberate and hot-blooded murder.

The *Independent*, *Evangelist* and *Observer*, the pattern papers of piety in this city, hoist their true colors and indirectly justify and even applaud the murder, as I think you will acknowledge from the extract which follows:

"But while we speak thus of him, the slayer, we have only a lesson of admonition to draw, hardly one of regret, from the death of the slain. If a man of the age and position of Mr. Key, with children around him and the memory of their deceased mother to detain him, certainly one would think, from such forms of sin—if he uses his powers, and avails himself of the opportunities afforded by the unsuspicious friendship of another, to carry the blight and contamination of lust into a household otherwise happy—and then, as it is said, even boasts of his success in the criminal amour—he ought to expect to be shot like a dog whenever he is discovered. It is well for such polished scoundrels to understand that a sudden bullet through their brains may be the barrier to a further pursuit of such genteel but damning crime."
—*Independent*, March 3d.

So, the disciple of Christ, the peace-maker, "has hardly one regret" that an erring mortal was murdered with all his sins upon his head, without time to say one prayer to save him from the *endless* burning abyss. "*He ought to expect to be shot like a dog.*" According to this reasoning, it is well that we have these lawless men in society (though they themselves have set the bad example), who will take the law into their own hands and send a "sudden bullet through their brains;"—at least this is the argument of the *Independent*, as I understand it.

"It must be confessed that the provocation was beyond almost any power of resistance. Such a wrong is made doubly exasperating by the reflection that it is one for which the law provides no adequate punishment. Until society prescribes some penalty for invading the sanctity of another's home, which shall be in proportion to the enormity of the guilt, and until its execution shall be more swift and certain, men will take law into their own hands. Who can expect a man, whose blood is burning with a conviction of household disgrace, to wait the slow process of the law—to wait for months or years?"—*Evangelist*, March 3d.

The law is not cruel and bloody enough for the *Evangelist*. It is too slow and deliberate in its action, and in the end it *only* hangs the culprit; and *if* he be not one of the elect, sends him to everlasting torment. The law is too merciful for these *Reverend* editors. Give us more blood and vengeance!

"The daily press is discussing the right and wrong of the affair—some defending one party and others condemning; but the Christian judgment is, that a scoundrel died like a dog by the hand of a murderer. There is no need of mincing the matter, or writing long columns to determine which was the most guilty. The wretch deserved God's wrath and curse, and has it. It was not the right of man, even of a wronged and ruined man, to inflict the judgment. But it came, swift, terrible and true. Its lesson will be wholesome."

The Christian judgment is, that "the scoundrel died like a dog." Philanthropists! good, kind-hearted people! "There is no need of mincing the matter." "The wretch deserved God's wrath and curse, and has it!" "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord." That is an old story. True, true. Verily, verily, are not these Christian journalists "the blind leaders of the blind" that we read of? forgetting the counsel of their Master, who said to his disciples on one occasion: "It hath been said of olden time, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, love your enemies."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

This journal of civilization (?), which has become a powerful rival of the *National Police Gazette*, in horrible and disgusting illustrations of murders and street brawls, has portraits of the chief actors in the tragedy, and the principal scenes, with a representation of the killing, or climax. Excuse me for saying a good word for *Harper*, for it has become the "crack" paper among the Bowery boys; besides it is death on Modern Spiritualism; and its proprietors, if I am not misinformed, are good members of the Methodist Church. Its remarks on the Sickles affair outdoes all its cotemporaries in boldness and ferocity. It says:

"Assuming that Mr. Sickles was well founded in his assumptions that a guilty intrigue had taken place between his wife and Mr. Key—a fact of which it appears there can be no doubt—the public of the United States will justify him in killing the man who had dishonored his bed. There is no need of sentimental appeals to higher feelings of humanity. It is not necessary to draw harrowing pictures of the state of mind of the dishonored husband. All this is wide of the question, or superfluous. The fact is, that if Mrs. Sickles was guilty, her husband held the life of her seducer in his hands. * * * In a word, where reasonable ground for assuming guilt exists, *the party will be justified in wreaking his vengeance in his own way upon the party who has injured him.*" (I have taken the liberty to italicize the last two lines.)

After this who shall presume to say that the American press is low and degraded,—that its voice is not raised in more than thunder tones against crime? Gentlemen of this glorious Republic, if libertines seduce your wives from the force of your own bad examples, cut them down in the open streets on the Lord's Day! Shoot them like dogs! "They deserve God's wrath and curse," so let them have it. Wreak your vengeance in their hot blood, though they be unarmed and untried; "the public of the United States will justify you in killing the aggressor." (?) The *religious* and the anti-spiritual press will sustain you in your murder and forestall public opinion and shield you from the gallows. Reform society by your revolvers and your bowie-knives.

In another article in the same journal on the subject, evidently written by another hand, occur the following sensible remarks, that could hardly have been expected to have found place in *such* a paper:

"If men will always revenge such crimes in such ways, then they will always be much more savage than they ought to be; for such revenge is not manly—it is brutal. The manliness of a man is his sensibility of nature, his character, his morality; but his anger and vanity and hot fury are all brutal. When a man loves a woman with his whole heart, and she betrays him, the woe that masters him is not of a kind to be satisfied by her blood or by that of any one else. In the degree that he is a man, he feels that there is no redress possible in the world. Grief may madden him, but with what or whom is he indignant?—with a woman for preferring another man, or a man for promoting and preferring that preference?

"Suppose the woman to be his wife. It makes the grief more bitter, but does not change its nature. *Would any man assert a right in any*

woman which any other man could outrage, except what her love gave him? Wedlock is love and law. He has undoubtedly a legal relation to her as her husband, and if his legal rights are infringed he has a legal remedy. *But the substance and soul of their relation is love*, and when that is gone on either side, from whatever cause, the survivor may be heart-broken and ruined; but to what purpose and with whom shall he be angry?

"In fact, it is hardly a question that the feeling which prompts revenge at such a time is simply rage at the scandal which the husband foresees in the world; and this was eminently the case in the present instance. This is the "dishonor" which is talked about. For of course it is not dishonorable in a man that his wife is false, however terrible it may be.

"It is really, therefore, the impulse of his own selfishness, and not the overmastery of his love for his wife, which leads a husband to murder her seducer."

Very well said, Messrs. Harpers; and *this* is what we call the *true free-love* doctrine; for where there is not love, there cannot be marriage, according to the "higher law," which every true man and woman, Spiritualist or anti-Spiritualist, must admit. Love is above all law, for it is the essence of the divinity within us. I rejoice to learn from Washington that the Grand Jury have found a true bill for murder against Sickles, and they should have done the same thing for his accomplice, Butterworth. It is high time that the people sent other representatives to the National Capitol than libertines, gamblers, thieves, slanderers and murderers. Ever thine, W. R. H.

Spirit-Paintings.

Bro. Newton:—You are doubtless deeply interested in every phase of mentality that tends to demonstrate the conscious immortality of earth's inhabitants. "If a man die shall he live again?" is still a *question* with thousands within and without the pale of Churchdom. As "manna" was well for the Israelites, so the testimony of the past, touching a future existence, was well for the *past;* but the living, rationalistic present, demands living and positive evidence. The philosophic mind must—*will* have it, or pine in doubt and dissatisfaction.

God knows—you know—there is a great growing soul-demand relative to a future state of existence, its conditions and employments, that *ancient records*, whether Jewish or Grecian, do not truly meet. Accordingly, the Infinite Father, through well-adapted agencies, is still inspiring, manifesting and demonstrating to his earthly offspring a glorious Hereafter; and among other evidences, "spirit portrait painting" stands very prominent.

Upon first hearing that correct portraits of persons long deceased could be accurately taken in darkened rooms, through "mediums" entranced, I impulsively said, "Humbug!"—said it eloquently, and just about as *understandingly* as a parrot! But as the heterodoxy of one age becomes the orthodoxy of the next, so may phenomena, or first denominated "humbugs," prove to be facts—*mighty facts*, shaking old conservative organizations to their centres.

We have at present in Battle Creek a spirit-artist—Bro. W. Anderson, of Illinois—who is having most excellent success in producing beautiful likenesses of those that have long roamed the "shadowy land." They are taken in pencilings and crayons, in eleven, thirteen, eighteen, thirty and seventy minutes, owing to conditions. To one not versed in the philosophy of atmospheres and magnetisms, it seems miraculous,—astonishing the skeptic, confounding the bigot, comforting the mourner, and causing many parents to rejoice with unbounded joy upon beholding the features of their loved ones once more, accompanied with some remarkable test. He has tarried with us but a short time, yet thirteen of his pictures have been readily recognized and claimed by friends that esteem them above all price. It is a wonderful demonstration of spirit-power. Such a gift as the angels have conferred upon our good brother Anderson might well be coveted. He soon goes to Albion, Jackson, Sturgis, and at no distant day may work his way eastward. Wherever he journeys, we bespeak for him a hearty and cordial reception, for he is truly a noble and deserving man.

Battle Creek, Mich. J. M. Peebles.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

"The Law of Life" was the subject of Miss Doten's trance-lecture on Sunday afternoon. This law was defined to be Love—its manifestation, attraction and conjugation. There is a continual conjugation going on in all parts of the universe, from the lowest atom up through the vegetable, animal and human worlds, to the spirit-world—the higher law being constantly developed from the lower. The conjugation of the spiritual with the natural worlds has now commenced, and will go forward until it becomes general and perfect. As a means to this end harmony is requisite. The harmony of the spiritual world is based on that of the natural.

The discourse contained many good thoughts, but it was difficult for the hearers to grasp a clear consecutive train of ideas or sequence of reasoning.

The subject of the evening lecture was "Free Love and Affinity"—confessedly a difficult one to treat with propriety before a mixed audience. Plain truths were told, sometimes in a very plain way, not wholly agreeable to the sensibilities of fastidious people; but the general spirit and tone of the address appeared to be acceptable to the sensible portion of a large auditory. We give an outline of the leading ideas:

Taking for a motto the words of Jesus, "Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone.....Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more,"—the speaker remarked that this subject is one of general interest, because all are social beings, and all are pervaded by the great law of life, which is love. If each person present were called upon to give his or her definition of "free love," answers would be as varied as are the characters of the persons, and the development of the love-principle within them. Parents give to their children an inheritance in the love-principle, which tells the whole story in regard to their own relations.

There are two general definitions. One is high and holy, taking hold of the purity of Deity himself; the other, to speak plainly, is not love at all, but "free lust." The latter is not to be found alone among the low and gross, who exhibit it in their loathsome and disgusting countenances. There are also refined sensualists—polished, cultivated, "respectable." The latter are the most to be feared. It is not the gutter-drunkard who allures youth to the cup, but the man in polite society who indulges in a fashionable glass.

Refined sensualists are not confined to one sex;—there are gay, artful, seductive women as well as men. The speaker would portray both classes, not to pronounce condemnation upon them, but that the hearer might learn to distinguish and beware of them. She would not condemn indiscriminately, for they often exercise their wiles unconsciously. Young women do not realize the witchery there is in their forms, their movements, their tones, etc.; they only know that they are exposed to temptations and dangers. So young men often do not realize the attractions to the opposite sex, of a manly person, an exquisite cut of the beard, dressed with the finest macassar, etc. They find themselves involved before they are aware, and go on not realizing whither their steps tend, or the ruin which is in their paths.

The fact that man was created male and female implants the marriage law in his nature. We must look facts boldly in the face, understand the real nature of the evil, that thus we may perceive the remedy. Young men and women do and must feel the power of this marriage-law. It is of no use for the moralist to say they shouldn't, nor for them to deny that they do. It is pure and right in itself. All yearn for sympathy—all want something to love. To be without such yearnings is unnatural—it is to be as cold and dark as an iceberg.

This yearning comes up in the heart of the young, inexperienced girl;—sweet words are breathed in her ear; she is told that she alone can fill the void in another heart; she trusts,—pours forth all the wealth of her pure affections,—is tempted,—and perhaps falls. Will you condemn and abandon such an one? You may, out of your uncharitable hearts and ignorance of yourselves; but God and the angels do not; and as you rise in spiritual development, instead of withdrawing and priding yourself upon your superior virtue, you will be willing to even sit down with publicans and sinners that you may redeem and elevate them.

What has caused you to differ? The grace of God only. The reason why you have not been tempted with equal force may be solely that there was less of the love-element implanted in your being—for which no thanks to you. This is not a justification of sensualism, but a reproof of the spirit of condemnation. Those who see the wrong should go to work to remove it and restore the fallen, instead of spending their energies in denunciations of the sinner.

What are men and women without a due degree of this attractive element? They become selfish old maids and crabbed bachelors—haters of the opposite sex, as embodiments of all evil. Are these to be envied? On the other hand, what gives to the polite extremist the power to charm with the voice or the look, which he or she possesses? It is this same element. It is the basis of being, and God has so ordained. It lies at the foundation of existence, as indicated by the position of the organ of amativeness at the base of the brain.

Next above it in the order of nature are the social organs, which take cognizance of our relations to others, and indicate that this basis-faculty should be exercised with a just regard to the welfare of society. Next above these are the governing faculties, which step in and say that all the lower impulses should be governed for the best good of all. This is the great end to be attained.

A portrait was here drawn of a class of female extremists, who use Spiritualism as a cover for their seductive arts,—sometimes pretending that "the spirits tell them" to do this and that, when, perhaps unawares, they are but obeying the impulses of their own wantonness. She would strip off the garb of such Spiritualism, and show it in its true colors. The heart, if not "deceitful above all things," has its due measure of deceit, and must be closely watched. There are others who merely want sympathy, and mean no harm, but expose themselves to danger because they do not understand their own natures.

Where the love-principle is largely developed, it shows that there is a broad foundation on which to build. The fact that temptations are great, is evidence of something great within, which when properly developed will cast out the devils of sin and sensuality. When men and women feel the need of congenial companions in the opposite sex, they will seek them; and if they seek patiently, they will find. But the mischief is from making a choice too hastily, only to find out that they have made a fearful mistake. If they are low, sensual and selfish, they will find their "affinities" with such; but they are not productive of lasting happiness.

But what shall those do who find they have made a mistake, and who through want of congeniality in the marriage relation, find themselves alone in darkness and desolation? *They should bear it the best they can.* If they have acted foolishly, it is but right they should take the consequences. But let them know, that in patiently bearing the cross it will become surrounded with a glory and a joy. Those who thus restrain themselves and crucify selfishness, show a true nobility which will command the plaudits of angels. Let them devote their lives to the good of others, aiding them by their own experience. Turning their energies into that channel, they will secure a higher sympathy, and eternal compensation. And the time will come when they will sing a song of triumph, thanking God for every trial, even that they had no staff to lean upon. There is joy in heaven over such, and a world of love awaits them which shall be realized in due time.

The lecture closed with an urgent appeal to all who expect to enter the marriage relation, to cultivate a lofty spirituality, that their perceptions and attractions may be pure—of the spirit and not of the flesh—for thus only could they form true unions, or confer harmonious natures upon their offspring.

Mrs. Coan's Public Seance.

In compliance with the wishes of many of her friends, Mrs. A. L. Coan gave a seance at the Melodeon last Monday evening, the object being to give an opportunity to judge between what is called the "ballot-test" as given through her mediumship and the pretended exposures to which the public have recently been treated. After some introductory remarks by Mrs. C., a committee of three skeptics was chosen by the audience to conduct the investigation. This committee, however, succeeded in obtaining no manifestations whatever; whereat a certain "detective" clique present were greatly elated. A second investigating trio was appointed, who met with better success; but their performances were brought to an abrupt close by the detection of one of the number in counterfeiting the raps with his toes. This exceedingly shrewd operation was expected to frustrate the medium and prevent her success; but the cunning rapper overshot the mark, for another cunning member of the trio insisted that he was a confederate of Mrs. Coan. The idea was most amusing to him of the nimble toes, who thought he had shown himself very clever in baffling the medium's efforts. The disagreeing investigators left the platform at opposite ends, the one frowning indignantly, the other bursting with laughter at his own cleverness. Another trap had been sprung by the "detectives";—one of the ballots selected by Mrs. Coan had been prepared by them, and as they affirmed to the audience, made so that the name could be read through the paper. This served to put on their guard the third committee who now took their places on the platform.

The last committee were entirely successful in obtaining tests. Each ballot selected by Mrs. Coan as containing a name which the spirit would write was first submitted to them for inspection. After they had declared it impossible for the contents to be ascertained without opening the ballot, she in every instance wrote out the name correctly. After the names were written various test questions were asked as to time and place of death, etc, all of which received correct responses. Among the names thus written, were Martha and Charlotte Chittenden, Moses ——, the initials of A. A. Ashley, the singular name Azro and others. The writers in each instance testified to their having no collusion in the matter. Some of the papers which were successfully read, were rolled in little pellets like a pill before they were placed on the table.

Mrs. Coan conducted the meeting with a firmness and decision which secured good order and a decorum which was only disturbed by the "detectives" for a few moments towards the close. The committee, of which Mr. Webster acted as chairman, expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the fairness of the proceedings, and it was very evident that their skepticism was severely shattered.

Various Items.

..... Mr. Spurgeon's visit to America is, after all, simply a *sinner*-stir motive.

..... An exchange paper announcing the death of a gentleman says that, "the deceased though a bank director, it is generally believed, died a Christian, and universally respected."

..... A preacher out West, while endeavoring to impress the gospel upon his hearers, pointed to a corner in which an editor was quietly taking a nap, and remarked: "There are some in the corner who shed the Gospel just like a goose sheds rain!"

..... The Peoria (Ill.) *Transcript* reports that a man and wife living near that place recently became deranged at nearly the same time, and were about to kill their youngest child as a "sacrifice," when the neighbors interfered and sent the unfortunate couple to an insane asylum.

..... Rev. Thomas Whittemore tells a story of his having attended church recently, to hear an eminent divine, and the subject of the morning discourse was—"Ye are children of the devil." He attended the same church in the afternoon, when the text was—"Children, obey your parents."

..... A Spiritual Harp.—A harp similar to the construction of the piano-forte has been made by a gentleman of this city, and has now been in use about eight months, purporting to be played upon by departed spirits. It is simple in its construction, being about three octaves in compass, with no keys or hammers, or anything by which tones can be produced, except by some unseen force, which the constructor believes to be a spirit.—*New Bedford Mercury.*

..... The "Beecher Family" has become so prominent an institution in the world that our readers generally will be interested in the following catalogue of its members, given in a late number of *The Independent:* "The children of the venerable Dr. Lyman Beecher, residing in different parts of the country, came together recently at the house of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in Brooklyn, for a family re-union and visit to their father, who has now reached the eighty-fourth year of his age. All the children were present except James, who is now in China, engaged as chaplain to the seamen at Hong Kong. Their names, in the order of their ages, are as follows: Miss Catharine Beecher, of Hartford; Rev. William Henry Beecher, of North Brookfield, Mass.; Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Galesburg, Ill.; Mrs. Mary F. Perkins, of Hartford, Ct.; Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of Andover, Mass.; Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn; Rev. Charles Beecher, of Georgetown, Mass.; Mrs. Isabella Hooker, of Hartford, Ct.; Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y. The absent son, Rev. James C. Beecher, is the youngest of the children."

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Friday Evening, March 18th.

Question: "What do we know of the spirit-world?"

Dr. Orton: To illustrate more clearly the nature of the spiritual world, it will be well to consider the process of individualization. The law governing this is universal. All things are constructed first spiritually, then ultimated naturally, and pass thence again to the spiritual plane. If any one of you is to build a house, he builds it first in idea, which is his spiritual house, and then ultimates it in matter. This is the law. No house could be built which is not first built spiritually, neither could a diamond, an apple, a horse, or a man. The form and quality of the thing to the minutest particular, must all be settled, and be made to inhere in the germ; and in the process of ultimation and unfoldment, nothing but what is contained in the germ can ever be unfolded from it. Hence it is that in the process of development a squash can never change into an apple, a cow into a horse, or a monkey into a man. Matter has no power to contrive and determine forms and qualities. The derivative theory which makes man an outgrowth from the lower orders of nature, has a surface or apparent truth in it, nothing more. A savage on seeing the trees of a forest changed into houses, might conclude that this had occurred by a natural process of development; without discovering the mind and will which were the real actors in producing the change. The particles of matter which go to make up the external body of a man, are derived from the lower orders of being; but this is not the real man, only his temporary dwelling place. In the growth of an orb, superior conditions and manifestations of life succeed each other; and it is not until a certain stage of refinement has been attained, that it can furnish material fitted to enter into the structure of a human body. Then, and then only, can man become an inhabitant of that orb. But this refined matter can give him only a body; it cannot give him a mind, a spirit, or even an external shape. These are products of thought and will, and power enough to render thought and will efficient. And so it is with all individualizations. They begin in the spirit. Each is a spiritual life according to its order, vivified and sustained by the Source of all Power. The earths are nurseries for the starting of these spiritual germs. They are here developed to a certain point, and then, dropping the grosser parts of the external, pass back again to the spiritual plane; and ultimately by successive stages, if the growth be orderly, to the highest plane of angelic life, where they had their origin. Then having performed a circle, from the seed to maturity, the human spirit is fitted to act at will and labor efficiently on all the planes of creation, having lived on them all. To him, this theory of the spirit-world, as it had been obtained by conscious rapport with the things and principles of being, had the force of knowledge. Others could only be expected to compare it with their diverse opinions, if such they entertained, and accept or reject according to the testimony of the light within them.

Dr. Hallock: The inside and outside of a theory should correspond, in order to give it value. The inside must be tried by what is tangible on the external plane, else we who are not seers become mere authoritarians. Take Swedenborg, for instance. Say to Prof. Bush, by what authority do you place faith in him? He will refer you at once to the few cases, like that of the fire at Stockholm, which have cropped out on the external surface. His faith after all is based on the external. So was it in Scripture times. Our age is doing a great thing. It is crystalizing the poetry of the past. That is becoming the sober reality of the present. The things of the spirit-state are brought in conjunction with external things, and are found to accord. In 1851 he obtained from Senator Simmons of Rhode Island, through a friend, an account of a manifestation witnessed by him, which was published at the time, but which he now wished to recall. Mrs. Simmons had been promised some writing, without human hands, from the spirit of her step-son, James D. Simmons; and for this purpose a pencil, the gift of James to her, and paper, were placed in a drawer at the house of a certain medium. Months passed and nothing was found on the paper. At length Mr. S. called with his wife, when some writing was found on the paper, but it was not satisfactory. The handwriting was like that of his son, but the resemblance was not so marked as to make any great impression on him. Mr. S. then took the pencil and put it through the bow of a pair of scissors, and placed the point of the scissors in the medium's hand, requesting his son at the same time, if possible, to write his name. But the medium shook so much that the pencil could not be kept perpendicular. He then took the scissors by the points in his own hand. Soon the pencil raised up of itself, without human contact of any kind, and deliberately wrote the name, *James D. Simmons*, in the proper handwriting of his son. When this was done, the pencil rose up, leaning, and he thought was about to fall, but it moved back and carefully dotted the *i*, an omission he had not observed; thus cutting off the pretence—if such a thing were possible—that the pencil had been moved by the action of his own will. We must test the thing *said* by the thing *done*. Our theories must all be squared by fact. Take the thing said merely, and the Presbyterian creed will exist forever; and the wars that desolate Europe, forever. We are told that these manifestations are from the lowest strata of the spirit-world; but wherever that world manifests itself, it will be found that it does so for purposes valuable to humanity.

Mrs. French: In 1853 she was at Washington, and a gentleman—a stranger to her—was very anxious for some tangible proof of spirit-existence. As several of them were walking out, she was impelled to tell him to examine his hat, which he did, and found nothing in it; but on taking it off as they arrived at their place of destination, he found in it a letter, and exclaimed: "My God, this is from my father!" It was so. The letter was from his father long dead, in his proper handwriting, containing the proofs he wanted. On her return to New York, she tried the experiment of telegraphing to Washington. A spirit presented himself, willing to aid in the undertaking, calling himself Lorenzo Dow. By him she sent a message to the Lawrie family, giving the number and names of the persons in the circle then sitting at the Irving House, and requesting an answer. The spirit returned in about fifteen minutes, and said he could not attract their attention without making a racket, which he was unwilling to do, unless she wished it. She told him to make a racket. Soon after he reported that he had turned over a flour-barrel in the kitchen. He brought back a message from Washington, which was written down. Immediate measures were taken to ascertain the accuracy of these statements, and it was found that the flour-barrel had been overturned, as stated, the message accurately delivered, and another as accurately returned to New York. Gov. Tallmadge and Horace H. Day, were of the party at the Irving House.

Mr. Partridge: Men enter the spirit-world as they leave this. Death ordinarily does not affect any change. But that world is one of progression, and the facilities there are greater than here. Spirits do not have to provide for the wants of the body, and are not restrained by oppressive laws. No two are alike, and there are mansions there for all. We know there is no hell there in the popular sense. All are happy in accordance with their condition. If unprogressed, they are less happy, but still happier than they could be anywhere else, surrounded by circumstances not in accordance with their state. We know too that it is not a place of rest, but one of activity and labor. Labor there is for the good of the neighbor, which is alone capable of yielding real happiness. We know also that the human affections are there retained. We know that that world is a step in advance of this. Man is above the animal, spirit-life above this. All these things he thought he *knew*, basing that knowledge on external facts he had witnessed, and their necessary sequences.

Dr. Gray: He coincided with Mr. Partridge. In addition, spirits are possessed of better means of testing each other's state than we are. Most of our difficulties here—quarrels of persons, families and states—arise from a lack of knowledge of each other's states. We see a man beating a horse unmercifully, and wish to turn a part of the blows on him, but we should not if we could see his state, as an angel can see it. The mother does not get angry with her little child, because she is in sympathy with it, and knows its state. And even after all the world condemn her child, she clings to it. So whenever in the presence of a spirit we feel that there is some one there who understands our state. The demonic manifestations are at least hypothetical. They lack the evidences of true spiritual phenomena. He had never known a spirit to interfere with the proper uses of an individual. The seeming opposite comes from pouring the new wine into old Mosaic bottles. There is no retaliatory punishment in the spirit-world. We always see a man of seventy raised above the jars and contentions of life. His belief was that all enter the spirit-world in their highest state. But if while here he were to shut his eyes to the light of obvious truth, he should expect to enter that life with bleared eyes and a blunted comprehension.

J. R. O.

Compend of Facts.

Why am I a Spiritualist?

No. V.

A WARNING VOICE.

A neighbor of mine, Mr. Frink, was one day chopping wood in his yard when he heard a voice near him, and just over his head saying, "Put thy house in order, for this night thou shalt surely die." He stopped his work, listened for a moment, when it was repeated. He went into his house, closed up his worldly affairs, and died the next morning at a quarter before one, P. M.

ANOTHER CASE.

My mother had a brother who entered the British army at the early age of seventeen, was early promoted to office; left Canada for Europe, and was not heard from for forty years. During his absence his mother died; it was twenty-five years after he left for the Old World. My mother was with her when she died. It was near midnight; and just before the old lady breathed her last, she rose up in the bed and exclaimed in an unnatural voice, very sharp and shrill, "'Thaniel, 'Thaniel! I come!" (my uncle's name was Nathaniel, but he was called 'Thaniel) and fell back on the bed a corpse.

Years rolled on; nothing was thought of her last words; nothing heard of my uncle. My mother married, moved into Central New York, and had lived there many years. I was, at the time referred to, a lad of some ten years.

It was a beautiful day in May. I was playing on the grass in our well ordered yard. My mother was at work in the general reception room, or parlor of farm-houses of 1827. I heard the gate swing or open; I looked up and there stood near me a dark-complexioned tall man, well advanced in years. He asked who lived in that house.

I answered, "My father."

"Well, well, my lad, I supposed as much; but what is your father's name?"

I replied, "Samuel Wilson."

"What was your mother's maiden name?"

"Charlotte Nutting."

"Was the family of Vermont?"

"Yes."

He then walked past me to the house, and with child-like curiosity I followed him. He entered without knocking at the door, walked up to my mother and kissed her, saying, "How do you do, Charlotte?"

My mother's answer was, as she pushed him from her, "I do not know you, sir. Who are you?"

"Listen," said he, "I am a stranger from the Old World. I have come many thousand miles to ask you a question or two, and to kiss you once more."

"Well," said my mother, "proceed with your questions."

"Your mother died fifteen years ago last——at about one o'clock or near midnight, and her last words were—'Thaniel, 'Thaniel, I come?'"

"Yes," said my mother, "and they referred to a brother of mine whom we have not heard from in forty years. When last heard from he was in Europe, serving in the British army."

"Well, Charlotte," said he, "I am that brother, and I have a most wonderful story to tell you about our mother. Charlotte, at the time of our mother's death I was associated with Lord L——, as private secretary, and was in Palestine, near the site of the ancient city of Jerusalem. We had just concluded a most pleasant visit to the Mount of Olivet—had locked at the tomb of David—stood on Calvary's hill and thought much of the stirring scenes of the times of our dear Saviour. At night-fall we retired to our tents. It was a beautiful night. Just such a one as that on which the daughters of Judah sent forth their songs of praise to God, in the days of David and Solomon. We retired at the usual hour. I was sporting again with my brothers and sisters. Then I slept and dreamed; and the burden of my dream was unpleasant. I was trying to get into my father's house and could not.

"At last my efforts awoke me, and the dream was so vivid that I could not sleep. I looked at my watch and found that it was past midnight. I walked out in the open air and gazed up at the stars and thought of the time when the shepherds, guided by one of those beautiful gems, came from the east of Palestine with their offering to the child Jesus; and then I thought of the crucifixion of that same child, thirty-four years afterward, and how darkness pervaded the land, and how the heavens and earth were shaken, and how all nature mourned at the revolting scene that put the finishing touch upon the mad career of this stiff-necked people. Then my mind turned towards my own native land—to the home of my father—and I was sad. I entered my tent, laid down on my camp-bed, and tried to sleep. All at once a strange feeling came over me, and while I was wondering what it could be, there came a sudden flash of light, so brilliant and clear that I thought the tent on fire. In an instant it was gone. Again it came, and more brilliant than before. I was alarmed and aroused my companions. Again it was repeated;—this time the light was accompanied by a sound that resembled the hum of many voices. Another flash of light, and then all was dark again. In a moment there came a voice, clear and distinct, as of one talking;—that voice was my mother's. I heard her exclaim, "'Thaniel, 'Thaniel, I come!" and then all was still. Soon, too, there came a singular and strange feeling, and in a moment I knew that my mother was dead, and had visited me from her spirit-home; and I resolved within myself that if ever I returned, I would ascertain when she died, and what were her last words. I have found that they were as I expected."

Do we not see in this testimony that same principle manifested,—evidence of that same power that spake unto Moses on Mount Sinai; that called unto Adam, "Where art thou?" in the Garden of Eden; that bade Gabriel go tell Daniel the vision; that said, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" that said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" And shall we ignore the testimony of honest men and women of the present time? Why declare that revelation has passed? Why not credit God and His angels with as much power to communicate with mortals to-day as four thousand years ago? E. V. W.

Postmaster Brown's Prediction—Curious Coincidence.

A correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* relates the following singular anecdote:

In his office, on last Saturday four weeks, an incident took place, the solemn verification of which vividly revives it in the mind of the only survivor of the three gentlemen present at the interview.

Post Master General Brown was signing his official journal—his clerk standing on his left, turning over the pages as each signature was affixed. Mr. Marron, then the third Assistant Post Master General, having under charge at that critical period the important responsibilites of the finance division, entered the room to obtain Mr. Brown's signature to a draft. Turning to the right he cheerfully signed the paper, and Mr. Marron was retiring, when the head of the department remarked, "Marron, I wish you would come in and see me when I get through with this."

Being long after the usual hours, Mr. M. turned and said, "Do you wish to see me again to-day, sir?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Brown; "I want to know if you have set your house in order; for, in a month or less, we shall have neither a habitation nor a name here."

Mr. Marron, with a conviction that his official house was always in order, paused a moment, and with surprise and a smile, remarked, "My house in order?"

"Yes, sir—your house in order; for in a month or less we shall neither habitation nor a name here."

"Well, Governor," replied Mr. Marron, "if the storm comes I can stand it as well as others," and then pleasantly left the room.

The lamented head of the department then said that his remarks referred to the action of Congress, indicating the defeat of important measures then under review.

How prophetic was the prediction of that hour! On that very day four weeks the efficient assistant was followed to the tomb, and now the statesman from whose lips with so much emphasis it fell.

Passed to spirit life.—Feb. 7th, 1859, Nathaniel P. Cushman, of Portland, Me., aged 60. Bro. C. was a well-known and much respected citizen, and a fearless advocate of spirit-communion. Although a great sufferer for many months, he patiently and hopefully watched for the time when he should be released from all pain. He requested his family not to mourn for him for he should not leave them. A few moments before his departure he closed his eyes and calmly fell asleep.

Thus passed a kind husband and a loving father. May they still realize his presence and hear the low whisperings of his voice from the spirit home.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. John Hobart. **

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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

Letters Received.—P Pollock, H P Fairfield, T Hall, J H Gould, S W Gilbert, C Peabody, C W Pomroy, W B Dickerson 2, E S Wheeler, J T Rowse, M M Ward, E T, S Albro, F Goodrich, E C Galusha, P L Baxter, D Chapin, I Smith, N P Tallmadge, H N Gove, D McFarland, M M Gardner, S Sartwell, A Blackman, S B Smith, J Howson, O H Wellington, S Barry, C Hoofcut, N W Gott, B Cook, C E Bagg, J J Kelsey, P Mason, H G Hulbert, J H W Toohey, L G Rich, P Spence, A Bushnell, J Pierson, F Johnson, P Zieber, T B D, H G Warren, J F Hamilton, E Cross, E M Kimball, M E Fisher, H Lawrence, W H Messer, F Josselyn, L Painter.

WILL BE COMMENCED APRIL 9th.

The Publishers of the Spiritual Age have great pleasure in announcing that

MISS EMMA HARDINGE

is engaged in writing, from spirit-impression, A Powerful and Effective Story, to be entitled

THE IMPROVISATORE;

—OR,—

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES!

The publication of which will be commenced in the Age of April 9th. The tens of thousands in all parts of the country who have listened with wonder, delight and instruction to Miss Hardinge's brilliant efforts as a public speaker, will find equal satisfaction in reading this production of her gifted pen.

A large extra edition will be issued. This will be an excellent time to subscribe. Dealers are requested to send in their orders early.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Calvin Hall's Post Office address is Willimantic, Ct.

H. P. Fairfield speaks on Thursday evening of the present week at Leominster Mass.; on Sunday, 27th, at Fitchburg.

E. S. Wheeler, inspirational speaker, may be addressed at Norwich, Conn., till April 1st; from then till further notice at the Fountain House, Boston, Mass. Is engaged in Conn. and Boston until April 11th.

F. L. Wadsworth will speak in Worcester, Mass, Sunday, March 27th.

Mrs. J. W. Currier will lecture as follows: Foxboro', Mass., April 3d; Westerly, R. I., 5th, 7th and 8th; Milford, N. H., May 15th.

Prof. Payton and Amanda M. Spence will respond to invitations to lecture addressed to Jamestown, N. Y.

Mrs. Fannie Burbank Felton will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., on Sunday, March 27th, and the month of April in such places on the "stage route" from Utica to Binghamton as the friends may desire. Address, until May 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Binghamton, N. Y.

The BostonEditors of the Age, A. E. Newton and Lewis B. Monroe, will answer calls to lecture in the vicinity of the city.

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

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Philadelphia and Baltimore during March; in New York, Willimantic and Naugatuck during April; in Providence, Worcester, Lowell, &c., during May; in Portland and Oswego during June. Next Fall and Winter Miss Hardinge designs to labor exclusively in the West and South, and requests letters and applications for her services to be addressed to 194 Grand street, New York.

Rev. John Pierpont will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

Freeman J. Gurney, inspirational speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week-day evenings. Address, South Hanson, Mass. t20

Miss Sarah J. Irish, the celebrated test rapping medium, may be addressed at Victor, N. Y., care of M. Wright.

Miss A. W. Sprague speaks at Lowell, Mass., the first two Sundays in April; in Worcester, Mass., the last; in Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May.

Prof. J. E. Churchill can be addressed at No. 202 Franklin street (above Race), Philadelphia, for lectures on Religion, Politics, and Society.

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. 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.

James H. Harris, impressional speaker, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays. Address Box 99, Abington, Mass. t16

Loring Moody will lecture on Spiritualism and its relations as follows: South Danvers, March 25th and 26th; Lynn, 27th; Woburn, April 3d; South Dedham, 4th and 6th; Walpole, 7th and 8th; Foxboro', 10th; Mansfield, 12th and 13th; Norton, 14th and 15th.

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

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Miss Lizzie Doten will speak at the Melodeon, on Sunday next, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock, P. M.

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. 20 tf

Mrs. A. W. DELAFOLIE, 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. 30 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. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Miss R. 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. 3—3m

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, 24 1-2 Winter street—Room 12 Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7.

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, and Friday evenings.

"THE PLACE AND MISSION OF WOMAN," AND "MARRIAGE."

Inspirational Discourses, delivered in Boston in February last, by Miss Emma Hardinge. Phonographically reported by J. M. W. Yerrinton. These two lectures are pronounced the most able which have yet been given to the public on these deeply interesting and important subjects—the vital springs of society—on which so much happiness or misery depends. The increasing interest which is manifest all over the land in these topics, creates a lively demand for these very opportune addresses. They were delivered before densely packed audiences, composed of the most respectable citizens of Boston, and listened to with almost breathless attention. For sale by the trade generally. Price 10 cents each, or $7 per hundred.

12—3t* H. W. SWETT & Co., Publishers, 128 Washington St., Boston.

TRACTS ON SPIRITUALISM.

Spiritual Tracts, from No. 1 to No. 9. By Judge Edmonds.—Price 3 cents each. Vision of *Paul Pry*, the Spiritualist.—Price 10 cents. *Marriage*. By Miss Hardinge.—Price 10 cents. For sale by BELA MARSH, 14 Bromfield St. 13—tf

A NEW SPIRITUAL BOOK!

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

Interesting Miscellany.

"WONDERS OF MESMERISM."

We clip this from the Toronto *Globe* of August 9, 1849, with the above caption. It is such phenomena as this that the church bases much of its "miraculous" claims upon, but really having no better precedence than that of age. It will be seen that this remarkable cure was perfected when Mesmerism involved something of a mystery. Providence is illumining the "blind" spiritually as well as physically:—

A case of mesmerism has been published in this month's number of a quarterly journal called the *Zoist*, which has resulted in the restoration to sight of a person who had been blind for twenty-six years.

The patient was a poor woman forty-five years of age, and the mesmeriser was the wife of one who is "among the very highest in virtue, talent and rank, in the country," but who, although willing, as well as her husband, to verify the facts to all scientific persons who may care about the subject, avoids the needless notoriety of appearing in print. The leading points are simply as follows:

The patient became blind four months after the birth of her first child, when she was nineteen years old. She could with one eye discern the light from darkness, and nothing more. The disease was *opacity* of the *cornea*. A few years after she became blind, she underwent three operations, on one of which occasions she saw a flash of light; when the last operation was performed, which she thinks was about twenty years ago, the surgeon advised her never to undergo another, for her sight was quite gone. In appearance, the eyes were covered with a thick, opaque, greyish-white substance, but in one there was a small spot less opaque, through which, when she held her hand in one particular direction, she could discern between light and darkness. She was first subjected to mesmerism three years back, the object being to relieve rheumatic pains and giddiness of the head, from which she had long suffered. Of mesmerism she knew nothing, and all that was said was that it was thought the pain might be relieved by a hand being placed on her head and drawn down to her feet. At first she felt only "a cold thrill run down her arms." Next she apologized for feeling drowsy, and at last, after striving for a few minutes to resist the influence, she fell asleep. On awaking she said a "great pain had *riz* from her head."

The process was continued daily, and in the course of a little time, during one of her sittings, at last she said she saw something bright and colored pass before her. It was the mesmeriser's ring, and from this circumstance a hope was aroused that not only might her pains be cured but her sight restored. The attendance upon her was, therefore, steadily continued, and mesmerized water was also used to wash her eyes. In six months she could see colors in the shop windows, and walk into town unassisted. Her sleep became less like natural sleep at this time. She saw vivid colors in the dark, when her mesmerizer passed her hand before her eyes, and light seemed to stream from them. She also conversed freely in her sleep. The improvement went steadily on, although she was not mesmerized more than twice a week, and she can now see as well as other women of her age. She can work in the common way, make articles of dress, walk four miles into town alone, and perform all the ordinary occupations of life. "These things are the more remarkable in her," it is observed, "because she was extremely awkward in every thing, and had never performed for herself any of those little offices which blind people are usually taught to accomplish." During the progress of her recovery the signs were first, that she could close her eyes, whereas, she had never since her first blindness been able to close the lids over them; secondly that water was frequently poured from them after mesmerizing, whereas they used to be perfectly dry; and thirdly, that the opaque substance which covered them first became thinner, over the upper part of the eye, and thicker beneath, and gradually a small portion of the pupil became visible. The present state of the eye is—the opacity of the cornea in one eye has disappeared, leaving only a slight cloudiness in one spot; in the other eye the opacity is very contracted and occupies only a small space in the bottom part. When in the mesmeric sleep, she is insensible to pain, and in her normal state, never remembers what has passed. She has always seen and continues to see, when in perfect darkness, the most brilliant colors stream from the mesmerizer's hand.

The above details were comprised in a letter to Dr. Elliotson, by whom they were communicated to the *Zoist*, and whatever your readers may think of them, I can safely assert that, as far as veracity is concerned, they are altogether unquestionable. In fact, in that respect, I think that no one in London would attempt to dispute them. The lady concludes her letter, which occupies several pages, in the following words:

"She (the patient) is deeply grateful to her mesmerisers and to God, though she cannot be persuaded that it is not a peculiar gift which He has vouchsafed to us—while we are deeply grateful to Him for this successful result in the application of one of the most wonderful and beautiful restorative resources of His providence."

A TRUTH APTLY PRESENTED.—When we were at the water-cure, as a visitor, we mean,—a man who had been pining for years, and nobody could tell what ailed him, was put into the cold packing, and very soon an eruption of measles came out all over him. It turned out that the man had the measles years before, and the doctor drugged it out of sight, and ever since it has been tormenting him inwardly. Even so the grief of childhood may be violently flogged out of sight, instead of being drawn to the surface by more gentle methods, and the result may be a sorry temper that never knows the relief of tears, but always sulks and whines.—*Monthly Religious Magazine.*

Looking out of his window one summer evening, Luther saw on a tree at hand, a little bird making his brief and easy dispositions for a night's rest. "Look," said he "how that little fellow preaches faith to us all. He takes hold of his twig, tucks his head under his wing, and goes to sleep, *leaving God to think for him!*"

When misfortunes happen to such as dissent from us in matters of religion, we call them judgments; when to those of our own sect, we call them trials; when to persons neither way distinguished, we are content to impute them to the settled course of things.—*Shenstone.*

CURIOUS CUSTOM.—Among the Jews at Gibraltar there is a strange custom when a death occurs in a house; and this consists in pouring away all the water contained in any vessel, the superstition being that the angel of death may have washed his sword therein.

A STORY OF THE WORLD.

The following was one of the late Major Noah's stories:

"Sir, bring me a good plain dinner," said a melancholy looking individual to a waiter at one of our principal hotels.

"Yes, sir."

The dinner was brought and devoured and the eater called the landlord aside and thus addressed him:

"Are you the landlord?"

"Yes."

"You do a good business here?"

"Yes," (in astonishment.)

"You make probably ten dollars a day, clear?"

"Yes."

"Then I am safe. I cannot pay for what I have consumed. I have been out of employment about seven months; but I engaged to work to-morrow. I had been without food twenty-four hours when I entered your establishment. I will pay you in a week."

"I cannot pay my bills with such promises," blustered the landlord; "and I do not keep a poor house. You should address the proper authorities. Leave me something for security."

"I have nothing."

"I will take your coat."

"If I go into the street without that, I will get my death, such weather as this."

"You should have thought of that before you came here."

"Are you serious? Well, I solemnly aver that one week from now I will pay you."

"I will take the coat."

The coat was left and a week after redeemed.

Seven years after that, a wealthy man entered the political arena and was presented to a caucus as an applicant for Congressional nomination. The principal of the caucus held his peace—he heard the name and history of the applicant, who was a member of the church, and one of the most respectable citizens. He was the chairman. The vote was a tie; and he cast a negative, thereby defeating the wealthy applicant, and whom he met an hour afterwards, and to whom he said:

"You don't remember me?"

"No."

"I once ate dinner at your hotel, and although I told you I was famishing, and pledged my word of honor to pay you in a week, you took my coat, and saw me go out into the inclement air at the risk of my life without it."

"Well, sir, what then?"

"Not much. You called yourself a Christian. To-night you were candidate for nomination, and but for me you would have been elected to Congress."

Three years after, the Christian hotel keeper became a bankrupt. The poor dinnerless wretch that was, is now a high functionary in Albany. I know him well. The ways of Providence are indeed wonderful, and the world's mutations almost beyond conception or belief.

The Ferryman's Joke.

This anecdote is related of the eccentric Lord Fairfax, who was a Swedenborgian:

He was once crossing the Potomac at Alexandria in a ferry boat, and during his passage the ferryman heard him muttering to himself and talking with the air of one who was carrying on a conversation with others; curiosity prompted the man to ask an explanation of his singular proceedings; whereupon Lord Fairfax, with great politness and serenity, replied that he was "conversing with Peter and Paul." Upon reaching the bank, he offered the ferryman the amount demanded of a single passenger, but that worthy demurred. As Peter and Paul had been in the boat, he said it was no more than right that his lordship should pay for his friends, inasmuch as circumstances did not permit him, the ferryman, to demand of those gentlemen what they owed him. To this facetious view Fairfax readily assented; no doubt it pleased his eccentric taste, of which a species of grim humor was a marked characteristic. He paid for Peter and Paul, his friends.

Wholesale Baptism.

The "*London Punch*" is full of its fun and sarcasm on all subjects. Here is a specimen:

It is finally decided by the Pope, the Emperor and the *Univers, in re* the little Jew boy, Mortara, baptized surreptitiously by his nursery-maid, that baptism into the church of Rome, "even when administered without the knowledge or consent" of the victim, renders him a Catholic, and no power can do away with the efficacy of the process. *Mr. Punch* understands that in consequence, the eminent missionary—Cardinal Wiseman, has succeeded in corrupting the proprietors of Exeter Hall into allowing him to place in their gallery a fire-engine charged with consecrated water, and at the next meeting of the Protestant Association, the Cardinal, aided by some stout-limbed priests, means to play upon the crowd, and declaim the baptismal service of Rome. As there is no doubt that this will quite fulfil the conditions required by the Church, *Mr. Punch* advises all true Protestants to take their umbrellas.

The Oldest Inhabitant.

A correspondent in the London *Times* calculates the age of the great California tree, in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, at about six thousand four hundred and eight years! It must have been planted, according to that, when Adam was a very small baby, if not before. The same writer refers to another California tree, which must be at least seven thousand one hundred and twenty-eight years old.

The method in which the computation was made is this: The writer took two pieces of the wood of the tree, one of the heart, another of the sap-wood, about an inch square each, and he counted the concentric layers, which are supposed to indicate the annual growth. In the heart-wood he found forty-five layers to the inch, and in the sap-wood twenty-one; and as the tree is fourteen feet in diameter, ten of heart and four of sap, the result was easily obtained. The second tree spoken of was thirty-nine feet in diameter.

An exchange tells the story of a preacher who observed that it is a striking proof of the wisdom and benevolence of Providence, that death was placed at the end of life—thus giving time to make the necessary preparation for the event. This calls to mind the profound remarks of the philosopher, who admired the arrangement of placing Sunday at the end of the week instead of the middle, which would have made a broken week of it.

The mosque of Omar, in Constantinople, is highly perfumed with musk which was mixed with the mortar in its walls during the time of their erection several hundred years ago.

Poetry and Sentiment.

For the Spiritual Age.

LITTLE LOTTIE'S FAREWELL.

[Written after the angels had taken little Lottie, daughter of Dr. Merriman, to dwell with them in their home above.]

I am going yonder, mother;
Angels beckon me away;
Can you see their golden pinions,
Hear their whisper, "Come to-day?"
They are pretty angels, mother,
Angels of the little ones;
And they look so bright, dear mother,
Like so many little suns.
See, they wave their wings so pretty,
And they seem so sweet and kind—
Let me go and see them, mother;
Do not weep so;—never mind!
I will love you always, mother,
While I love the angels too,—
Mother, there are larger angels,
Sometime they will come for you!

O, I see another, mother,
Just as bright as bright can be!
And he speaks so sweetly, mother,
"Little children, come to me;"
O it is the Saviour, mother,
And his home is very bright!
Now I see so many children
Up there in the Savior's home,
Let me go and meet them, mother,
And I'll wait there till you come.
Tell dear papa, not to weep so—
Tell him all I said to you;
Tell him "Lottie" said, *the angels*
Sometime, Pa, will come for you!

HOW TO KEEP LENT.

Is this a Fast, to keep
The larder lean
And clean
From fat of neats and sheep?—
Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look and sour?
No:—'Tis a fast to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise thy life;
To show a *heart* grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not *bin*;
And that's to keep thy Lent! ROBERT HERRICK.

"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."

Do thou but thy best, and then thou mayest defy the Devil to do his worst.

"Pausing at length on the last hill,
Whose foot death's waters lave,
From that dark river deep and chill
We shuddering shrink with awe until
We see the rainbow, arching still
The lands beyond the grave."

There are men who can *die* patiently; but they are nobler yet, who can live with patience.—*St. Augustin.*

"Then with no fiery, throbbing pain,
No cold gradations of decay,
Death broke at once the vital chain,
And freed his soul the nearest way."

Both religion and philosophy demand energy of will and calmness of judgment, and without these two conditions united, there can be neither justice nor dignity, nor any fixed principle.—*Silvio Pellico.*

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FOR 1859!

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