The Spiritual Age.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

A. E. NEWTON AND S. B. BRITTAN, EDITORS. PRINCIPAL OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD STREET, (UP STAIRS,) BOSTON, MASS. TERMS, TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

NEW SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859. VOL. II....NO. 20.

Spiritual and Reform Literature.

[WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE SPIRITUAL AGE.]

THE IMPROVISATORE:

TORN LEAVES FROM LIFE-HISTORIES.

BY EMMA HARDINGE.

PAGE SIXTH.

Power, wealth, rank, talent; Modern Spiritualism, Mesmerism and mediumship—all instruments of mighty potency—for what? Just what you use them for; no more. Mere tools to carve out power, they each are roots of every evil, or all are seeds of good, just in proportion to the ground they are sown in, or training they are subjected to. And so Lady Ravensworth discovered—as first with her rank and power she commanded service, and next with her wealth secured it. Not many days had elapsed since the Earl of Ravensworth's departure from his home, and mal apropos neglect in dropping the very letter he designed to confide to his accommodating post office subordinate, in his wife's apartment, ere the lady had turned the discovery it afforded her to very prompt and efficacious uses. First she despatched certain trusty messengers to the war office with various missives to different persons from whom she expected aid in case her other measures failed her. She next sent still more trusty persons to the scene of Ernest's captivity; some of whom she placed under the direction of his friend Augustine, and others she equipped with letters and means to procure all the additional force (should that be needed) which she conceived the case demanded. To the gentleman whom Lord Ravensworth designed to honor with the choice epistle quoted in our last chapter, the Countess wrote, in brief but peremptory tone, and in her own name, demanding the instant release of the captive in return for a large sum which she tendered as ransom. She knew this man was Kalozy's cousin, and gathering from the correspondence she had so daringly broken into, that her husband had promised a grant of land which he had been about to confer on the dead Kalozy for the Governor's service as Executioner to his captive, she boldly confirmed this promise as the result of his immediate liberation; adding that as *Lord Ravensworth was dead*, the Governor's only chance of securing the ransom and the grant, was by this compliance with *her* will. Should he refuse, "a thousand English yeoman, her ladyship's own tenantry, and bound to do her pleasure, should bring her message to his castle walls in fire and sword and stern old English vengeance."

Lady Ravensworth was rich, and by her husband's generosity had been most nobly dowered; but to raise all the money for which she had immediate need she had been obliged to send for men of business, and make sudden and enormous sacrifices of much of her private means. But what was this to her now? Ernest was living and a prisoner; if husband, title, land and wealth could buy *his life*, what were they to her? Ay, indeed, Ernest was living! Had she known this, the empire of the world would not have tempted her to wed another. Ernest living—and she another's wife!—made so by fraud, deceit and stratagem.

At first, she only thought of him, alive, on earth, breathing the air with her, a tenant of the same world. To free him, save him, bring him to her home; to see him, hear his voice—this was enough. Then came the hideous thought—lost to her, or rather she to him—and how? By the contrivance of *her* Lord, *her* husband and *his* would-be murderer. Yes; whilst he, her love—the idol of her soul, the darling ideal of her wildest fancy—had been languishing in unimaginable misery in prison, she who had sent him forth, and sacrificed him to her wild ambition, she had lain within his murderer's arms, and clasped day by day the very hand that was writing plots to slay her darling. Oh, horrible, inhuman wretch! *Her* husband! He who had dared to steal her by false tales from Ernest, and then pollute her existence by the daily breath of murder. Murder! Ay, what was murder? Not good enough for him—the hated foe of Ernest. And yet—"*would he were dead!*" What should she do? How brave his dreadful wrath? The whole discovery of what she'd done—his cabinet destroyed, its contents rifled, his dark plots all discovered—one of her own estates, a marriage dower, recklessly traded away to procure money to buy her lover's freedom—this for herself was nothing; what would *he* say? The world, the sneering world—what if she told the tale? Who would believe her? Or those that did would laugh, scorn, or, worst of all, but pity her.

"Oh, that he were dead!" Could hate but kill! Ernest free, too;—oh what joy and blessing! And yet, Ernest free, and she his would-be murderer's wife—how should she meet him? Worse, worse than all, how could she live without him? Should she fly to him? What, and leave the coward foe triumphant over her, and her disgrace! Yes, disgrace, contempt; and he, the wretch, go free. Could she not be revenged?—Her blighted life, her ruined happiness, and much wronged love—should all, all fall on her, and none on *him?* "Oh that he were dead!" dead, cold and stiff; laid deep within the ground, or sunk below the wave! Would that the sea would drown him!

In seven more days he would return from Paris. And as she sat upon the dreary rocks that stretched away beneath her castle walls and stared in almost mad despair upon the boiling waves that beat against their iron sides, she wished that they were living creatures, would hear her pleading cry, and drown him—beat him into pieces—rid her of him. Oh, would not something aid her? The rushing winds—they in their fury had slain full many a hapless wretch; why would they not kill him? The flying lightnings would strike down happy husbands, good fathers, gentle friends; would they not have pity on her and kill her hateful foe?

With curious wonder she would trace the falling masses of some giant rock torn by the miner's powder, from its old primeval bed, and speculate upon a crushed and mangled form beneath, *so it might be her husband's.* Sometimes she would picture a carriage plunging over a precipice her very soul would shrink to dream of. Shrink? not she; she would trace its downward crash—down, down, lower, lower yet—tumbling over and over; while in secret joy she saw its pale dead inmate, all crushed and torn, dead, dead! Oh that he were dead! The assassin's knife, or poison by *mistake*—ah, yes such things had been before. Age after age, good men had died—torn, bruised, drowned, poisoned, every way they'd died,—why should not bad ones die? And one, too, every way abhorrent, in her path—that path all clogged with ruin, *if he lived.*

She'd acted with such open desperation that now she'd no retreat. *He must not, cannot live. Something will kill him.*—Ay, but what? In thought, at least, that something might be *murder;* for she had murdered him in thought and wish, a thousand, thousand times. And now when doleful winds sighed "murder," in her ear, the thought embodied in this awful word seemed hateful. She almost shrieked and started from herself—ran over rocks and woods to fly from self. And when at last she sat her down, oppressed and out of breath, beneath the shadow of the ivied tower, no sooner was she composed, than once again she wished that *he* was there, and that the tower might fall and crush him; she would look on, gaze on his mangled form, and *mourn* for him. The world would sympathize and honor the noble widow, and all her woes would end. And Ernest—he would come; and she—but hark! The deep bells chime eleven. She counts the beats. The last one sounds out "murder." She sleeps—and every gallery is dark in midnight's sombre robe. Beneath each marble form and ghostly bust a shapeless something seems to lurk, waiting a signal to creep forth, and do a deed she cannot name, and yet she knows 'tis "murder." And all these galleries are full of things waiting for her husband. She starts, and wakes. The cold moonbeam with pallid fingers writes upon the window, "murder." She turns and turns the long and weary night—*the* night—the ages in one night. Sure it must be many long years, that dreary live-long night; for how many old and by-gone histories she recalls of wretched ladies forced by fate on crime—the hapless Cenci's dark and fearful mystery—the dreadful Borgias, and even the Hebrew Judith; ay, 'twas a noble deed—a brave, fair woman ridding the earth of monsters, not fit to live. Now she's in France beside the fair Brinvilliers; how skillfully she knew the trade of poisoning. 'Twas world-wide, the knowledge how to let life out, and yet she, this wretched wife, so wronged, with a serpent in her way so dire they could not both live, one must kill the other,—*she* knew naught of poisoning.

Thank God, 'twas morning! Last bitter night she'd prayed for darkness; now she longed for light. Another hour and she would say "would God 'twere night!" Oh, miserable lady! Hark! The skylark sounds its matin in the sky; the small birds twitter, and the thrush awakes. Alas, they all cry "murder, murder!" By day or night some phantom in her ears hollows in ocean's roar or booms in thunder, howls in the winds or murmurs in the breeze, chants in the voice of birds or sighs in flowers—"murder, murder," "nothing else but murder."

Had you asked her why she thought of murder, she would have turned on you a piteous glance and told you of evil spirits tempting her and turning all things to murder. She herself, she'd tell you, "would not hurt a fly," or take the life of the smallest thing that breathed; but *something* like a presence dodging round her, forever whispered to her, "Death to Ravensworth." She never thought of him except as dying, slain, destroyed by something. And though the thought came startling to her mind—most horrible and full of shuddering,—yet *come it would* unbidden, ever there. The air spoke of it; her life past, future, present, all seemed made for this one end—she must be wife to Ravensworth the murdered. At first, the dreadful phantom seemed to grow out of her desperate condition. After a while, seeming familiar as a household thing, it became no longer an effect, a necessity, but *fate.* She *knew* the thought, and now no longer feared it. She said 'twas "fate;" and all the voices sounding in her ear—her every thought centred on deeds of murder. The coming tragedy rehearsed, firstly in wishes, then in possibillities made familiar in unnumbered precedents, and afterwards reflected on in divers expedients, at last assumed to her the shape of "*fate;*" and that which step by step she'd *made* and *fashioned*, she now believed was *destiny immutable.*

We know we're tempted—hear the whisperers, and recognize the strong, red, spirit-hands that lead us on to crime—the pointing finger—the guiding footprints. The world is full of precedents, the air with impulses, society with men and spirit-tempters; but what invites them? Is it not ourselves? What attracts them. *Some like sin in us.* If they point the way, who follows? If they suggest the deed, who acts it out? Is prompting action? If so, why does the penalty fall upon the actor? If we complain we sin because another tempts, then who has the merit of victory when we resist the tempter? Think you our God abandons us to the dark and evil prompter on the left? Is there no white-robed angel on the right stretching out a hand as strong?—pointing with footprints quite as deep, a better way, and whispering "conquer" in a tone as loud? We say we're virtuous, strong, triumphant, when we conquer sin; nor do we ever think of robing our better angel in *our* plumes of victory; but when we fall, we're *victims to our fate*, "controlled by evil spirits," subjects merely of their all-ruling power. When *another* bears the penalty of our ill deeds, or another wears the trophies of our good—when happiness or misery, life or death can be endured for us by proxy, then may we say "a tempter made me sin," or else, "my better angel would not let me."

Wretched Gabrielle! She thought a crime, then wished it. Her strong, bad thought called up a thousand strong bad souls around her. These pictured through all her nature her own foul wish; but let it be remembered *'twas her wish.* She made the substance, they but reproduced its shadow. Her's was the voice that first produced the red word "murder." The thousand voices that she heard around were only echoes.

Seven days were over; still he came not. Did she rejoice at this, and wish and pray that he might not come yet? Something might detain him—perhaps his guardian angel in mercy to his now fast flickering life. And where was her's? Close by her side or hanging round his way—whispering in her ear, "Mercy," "Forbearance;" in his, "Beware."

So he lingered, and so she had time; and yet, she feared, but only that he would not come. Many weeks rolled on.—From time to time she heard of Ravensworth; and after-commentators on this history might say in every unavoidable delay she might have read the writing of her good angel—"Repent and save thy soul, there yet is time."

But alas! these same rolling weeks brought also news of Ernest—those goaded her to madness—his wrongs, and sufferings, the difficulties that still beset her path, her husband's agency in all this woe, and her own most desperate course in opposition to him. The angel whispered still; but its sweet low tones were lost in the dreadful doom herself pronounced—"For me there's no retreat."

Three months had almost sped their flight. Lord Ravensworth returned. Confronted now they stand, the wife and husband. Both know the other now; but yet no word is spoken. Lord Ravensworth *had* missed his letter, *had* returned during his wife's absence, and knew that letter lost. He well divined who found it. Urgent business had detained him; but his wife's proceedings with reference to her property and the means taken for the liberation of her lover, were all reported to him. Happily for the success of her efforts she had been prompt and almost superhuman in her speed, whilst the full details of her movements were not fairly known to him until some weeks later. Attempt at instant counteraction on his part, seemed to be his only resource; but until he beheld the actual result of the plot on her side, and the counter plot on his, he resolved to conceal his knowledge, and trusting the guidance of his future conduct to his wife entirely to uprising circumstances, he met her with a show of the same confidence and affection with which they'd parted.

Once more, the gentle prompter said "There's time!" But again the loathing soul of Gabrielle responded "Ernest."

Amidst the pale moonlight wave the laurel trees; close and thick they grow, polished cold and gloomy as Plato's Academic groves of old. Crouching amidst their shadow, inhaling the faint but baleful aroma they send forth, steals the closely shrouded form of Gabrielle. Three months of study in the hideous school of poisoning had taught her how to weave the amaranthine wreath of immortality more surely out of laurels gathered at moonlight distilled in midnight dews, drank fresh and fasting, than victory's red arm, or death in battle had ever done for warriors.

The will once formed, the way was soon made plain; and now she stands triumphant in her studio, pale as a Pythoness, before her laurels, putting the dreadful science she had studied into practice.

'Tis midnight of the second day since Ravensworth returned. Coldly reserved, but studiously calm, the unhappy pair had met, conversed, and even laughed together. His Lordship had been engrossed by receiving visits from his stewards, bailiffs, and men of business. As yet no one had come to tell *the tale she knew of.* The evil hour, and with it the full disclosure (at least as she thought), was yet postponed.

At night, before they separated, they walked together on the terrace that surrounded the castle. The nightingale sang her liquid notes of unimaginable tenderness in the thick groves of myrtles. The silent stars and gracious moon looked down in softened light upon a far extended landscape of wondrous varied beauty. The breath of rose and orange blossom perfumed the tranquil air. There stood the noble castle full of gems of art, wealth, power and every attribute, to bless its owner and scatter blessings far and wide around. It sheltered him and might have sheltered hundreds. Books wherein were stored the intellect, experience, wealth of mind and genius of all ages; paintings, where every land, scene, time and face, worthy of holding a place in memory, the noble masters' art had there recorded; gems torn from every mountain, plucked up from the seas, and brought from distant mines; collossal forms of purest marbles wrought, rich cabinets from India, fans from China, carpets from every loom, treasures heaped up from every corner of the earth, obedient troops of servants, packs of hounds, steeds from Arabia, and birds from every clime; not a thought but had its answering supply; not a wish but luxury had there anticipated. Nature, science, art, wealth, power and station, all combined to place that pair the centre of a radiant earthly Eden. And both were young and fair. They walked side by side on the grand old terrace, she like a Semiramis, he like a Cæsar. Angels looked down from silver starry homes, looked in his deep full eyes and her soft violet orbs, and asked what these windows of the soul could show in grateful love to God for all this wealth of blessing.

Could mortal eyes have looked on this young pair and their surroundings, they would have seen the external show of the wide world's heaped up felicity. Could those same eyes have, like the angels, looked deeper down into their hearts, not the loathsome cell of the wretch condemned to die to-morrow, could have shown a sight so hideous. Rage, malice, hate, despair, and murder; these were the real inhabitants of those most lovely temples, framed by God to receive and hold a portion of his spirit. And yet they looked so noble, calm and dignified, the moving world might check awhile its busy flight, to gaze, admire and envy. The angels saw their spirits; shuddering, veiled their eyes, and wept. Along the noble corridor they pass. Now pausing at her chamber door, the Earl still holds her hand. With courtly grace he raises it to his lips.

"Cruel Lady, if we needs must part, good night."

"Good night, my Lord; to-night we needs must part," the lady slightly murmurs; then passing within her chamber adds—"must part to meet no more."

From the deepest and most dreamless slumber that had ever sealed up his eyes, Lord Ravensworth suddenly awoke just as the castle clock was sounding two. 'Twas yet quite dark, and at first he felt impressed that the deep-mouthed time-teller had awaked him; yet sleep on the instant seemed as effectually banished from his eyes as if it were broad daylight. He could not distinguish the actual contact of any substance, and yet neither could he divest himself of the feeling that a strong arm was holding him forcibly down, and a heavy hand was on his lips. He saw nothing, though the moon's rays shone full into the room. He felt nothing sensuously, *yet everything sensationally*; and thus it was that with eyes half closed, and seemingly fixed as by a vice of iron he beheld the door of his dressing room (which was the only private means of communication with Lady Ravensworth's apartments) very cautiously and noiselessly opened, whilst Gabrielle herself in a loose robe crept into the room, and stealthily as a spirit, glided to the side of the bed.

Arrested by the same trance-like, yet conscious power, that bound his form but left perception free, the Earl neither spoke nor moved. And yet he felt and partially beheld her stoop over him, listen to his breathing, pass her hand before his eyes to try if they would open, then he with sidelong glance beheld her as rapidly as thought take up the night glass standing on his table, and for the glass containing clear cold water which it was his custom to swallow every morning on first awakening, substitute one which, he had seen from the first, she carried in her hand. This done, the stealthy figure moved away, gently drew back the door and would have passed; but no—the spell was broken. A hand was on her shoulder—a hand of iron. Back it dragged her into the room she had left, shut the dividing door and locked it, held her in its sinewy strength till other doors were locked, then bore her to the bed, placed her upon it, and then released her. And there she sat, white and silent as the grave, whilst before her stood Lord Ravensworth, pale as herself, but silent now no longer.

Taking the glass which *she had substituted* he held it to her lips and simply pronounced the single word "Drink!"—But one word; but oh what a world of destiny, despair, and agony, hung on that word, again, and again repeated! Her pleading look, her wild and haggard eyes, her white and speechless lips, all, alas, bore their fatal testimony to her guilt, but only adding point to the deep and unflinching purpose with which he echoed again and yet again—

"Drink! deeper yet my lady! Pledge thy Lord even to the very dregs; drink deep! *drink all!*"

"Edward! Edward! mercy!"

The shrinking victim's now upon her knees, the half unfinished draught within her hand.

"Drink!" shouted the Earl. "Drain the glass to Ernest!"

"To Ernest!" gasped the Countess, and set the glass down empty.

Once more the Lord of Ravensworth led his Lady through the noble corridor where three hours earlier they'd parted.—Once more before her chamber door he paused; and once again, but now in solemn mockery, he stooped and kissed her hand.

"Farewell!" he said, "my gentle lady love. When we meet, 'will be——"

"In judgment, Edward, and—may God have mercy on our guilty souls!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

RELIGION VERSUS THEOLOGY.

Timothy Titcomb thus sermonizes, in a late number of the *Springfield Republican:*

Religion is a simple thing, so simple that "a wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein." * * * Yet theology—human invention and human learning—has made religion a very complicated thing. It has elevated dogma and creed and formulary into prominence, and debased love and life into obscurity. It insists more on faith in tenets than in God, and denies to a Christian spirit the fellowship which it accords to a rational belief. The disgraceful wrangles of the religious newspapers, the great disputes of the schools, and the high controversies of the pulpit and the pamphlet are the quarrels and strifes for mastery of theologians, not Christians—of learning, not love. Theology clings to old words and phrases after their life has departed. Theology [illegible] arrogant, selfish and proud. Theology excludes from the [illegible] of the Lord those whom He has accepted. Theology [illegible] fellowship and communion to those whom Love expects to meet in Heaven. Theology casts out of the synagogue those who rise to think, while Christ forgives those who stoop to sin, and without condemnation, bids them sin no more. Theology builds rival churches, pits against each other rival sects, and wastes God's money. I believe that it would be every way better for the world if every book of dogmatic and controversial theology could be blotted out of existence, and Christendom were obliged to begin anew, drawing everything from the great Book of Books, leaving Paul and Apollos, and Princeton and New Haven and Cambridge behind, and learning of Him "who spake as never man spake."

The long and short of the matter is that the learned world has become so deeply involved in the thoughts of those who have gone before—so accustomed to following old channels, and of paying reverence to the opinions and systems of schools, that it cannot step out freely into the field of truth and handle things as it finds them. The common sense that deals with things instead of systems which treat of them, and the wisdom which grows out of this intimate contact and loving association with the actualities of human life and experience, are worth more to the world than all the learning in it. This handling of the vital realities of to-day with the gloves of dead men; this slow dragging of the trains of the present over the old grass-grown turnpikes; this old monopoly of power and privilege among interests that touch every individual—the highest and the humblest; this stopping of the wheels of progress at every toll-gate and frontier for the benefit of learned publicans, is certainly against the common sense of the world, as it undoubtedly is against "the spirit of the age," if anybody knows exactly what that is. Anything and everything which places fetters upon the spirit of inquiry, which blinds the eyes of discovery, and abridges the freedom of thought, whether it be contained in the lore of past ages or of the present time, is a thing to be contemned and abjured. A living man with a carcase lashed to his back may creep, but he cannot run.

The True Church.

The church is important only as it administers to purity of heart and life; every church which so ministers is a good one; no matter how, when, or where it grew up; no matter whether it worship on its knees or on its feet, or whether its ministers are ordained by pope, bishop, presbyter or people; these are secondary things, and of no comparative moment. The church which opens on heaven is that, and that only, in which the spirit of heaven dwells. The church where worship rises to God's ear, is that, and that only where the soul ascends. No matter whether it be gathered in cathedral or barn; whether the minister speak from carefully prepared notes, or from immediate, fervent, irrepressible suggestion.

Health.

Health is the highest revelation of God in nature. It is the fountain of strength, beauty, intellect and happiness. How many understand God's laws of health? In other words, how many understand human physiology? Not one in ten thousand! We have too much gospel and too little common sense. We should much like to see a "revival" upon the above subject—a common sense revival.

All good thoughts, words, or actions, are the productions of the celesti[illegible]d.—*Zoroaster.*

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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LEWIS B. MONROE, BUSINESS AGENT.

New York Office.—At Munson's Bookstore, 5 Great Jones Street.
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Chicago Office.—No. 81 Dearborn St., opposite the Post Office.
McNALLY & Co., AGENTS.

Buffalo Agent, - - - - - - - - S. ALBRO.

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1859.

SPIRITUALISM IN RELIGION.—NO. VIII.

THE CHRIST. (CONTINUED.)

The essential idea involved in the term *Christ* and its equivalents, as used in the Christian Scriptures, we apprehend to be simply this—*The Divine in the Human.*

It was to the coming of a Diviner Man than Moses that the spiritual Jew looked hopefully but dimly forward from out the smoke of his burning sacrifices—one who, partaking more fully of the Divine Spirit, and apprehending more clearly the Divine character, should teach of a Deity more consonant with the soul's higher intuitions—a Being who has pleasure, not in pomp and blood and burnt-offerings, but in humility, justice and beneficence. And it was because such a man was recognized in the carpenter's son of Nazareth, that he was called *the* Christ.

The same idea, substantially, lies at the basis of all the Avatars, Messiahs, Divine Incarnations, Sons of God, etc., to whom humanity in all nations has looked for wisdom and salvation,—from the Chrishna of the Hindoo to the Hiawatha of the North American Indian. In all these it has been believed that the Supreme Deity has in some way incarnated and manifested Himself more fully than in common men. And the devotes of each have invested the several objects of their reverence with the highest capacities and qualities which their conceptions could attribute to Divinity in the human form. Most of these so-called "heathen" incarnations are represented as possessing characters and powers which the Christian world at once pronounces monstrous, impossible, and therefore fabulous; while *its* Christ, as often portrayed, no doubt, seems equally fabulous to the "heathen."

Are there good grounds for rational choice between them?—for deeming Jesus of Nazareth a more true and full embodiment of Divinity in Humanity than any and all other alleged incarnations?

Had we been born in India or China, probably we might have thought otherwise; but being where and what we are, we answer most unhesitatingly in the affirmative. To our view, the character ascribed to the Christ of Judea by his biographers, and reported as claimed by himself, is not only possible, but so beautiful, so noble, so grandly symmetrical, so divinely human and so humanly divine, that it eclipses in radiance all other manifestations of Deity of which we have any present knowledge. Nay, the very conception of such a character, to the mind that duly appreciates it, carries intrinsic proof that it is not a fiction of the imagination, but a divine reality.

This is not the language of blind enthusiasm, nor of educational cant; but the calm result of deliberate, impartial inquiry and reflection, after years of doubt and questioning. If the reader will bear with us, we will attempt briefly to outline what seems to us the distinguishing element of this character, and that which stamps its real divinity.

We assume the substantial truth of the New Testament histories of the life and sayings of Jesus—for the reason that we cannot satisfactorily account for the origin and spread of Christianity, and the production of its basic writings, at the time when they appeared, without conceding thus much. And the modern demonstrations of spirit-power, and unfoldings of spiritual laws, have rendered credible what before were the most difficult and doubtful portions of these writings. But we shall not contend for their literal exactness and verity in every detail.

As already intimated, we look for no peculiarity of bodily organization, or of mental constitution, in Jesus. We find no conclusive evidence that he had more or other faculties than belong to every human being. If he was clairvoyant, so have others been. If he could read the thoughts of those around him, so can many now. If he could converse with spiritual beings, and receive their ministrations, so may we. If he performed seemingly miraculous works of spiritual power, apparently impossible to others, he assured his disciples that it was their privilege to do even greater works than these. Nor do we perceive that his distinction lay in extraordinary intellectual capacities or attainments. He was not a reasoner like Plato, showed no acquaintance with science or the arts, and perhaps taught no theological or moral truth that others had not enunciated centuries before him.

For what, then, was he distinguished? For this, as we conceive—*the utter absence of selfishness as a motive of life, and the presence of spontaneous goodness or active beneficence in its stead.* If Plato and others *taught* the Divine philosophy of self-abnegation and benevolent activity, Jesus *lived* it,—thus evincing that it was with him a truth, not of the *head*, merely, but of the *heart*—of the whole being.

But what does this imply? Simply, that the quality of the affection, or ruling motive from which he acted, was essentially different from that of all selfish men; in other words, it was Divine or Universal Love, instead of self-love.

Love, let it be observed, is not a mere ideal thing, a sort of airy nothing, but a *real substance*—the most vital, substantial, and enduring of all things—for it underlies and supports all, and is the inmost of all Life. But love is of two kinds or qualities—first, that which seeks self-gratification or pleasure as its supreme object; second, that which seeks universal good. The first is self-love; the second is Divine Love—the very essence of Deity.

If then selfishness is an innate attribute of the "natural man," as is generally believed—his moving impulse being self-love, in grosser or subtler forms—it would seem that Jesus in that sense was not a "natural man," but a Divine Man, in whom Universal Love, the Essential Deity, was literally incarnated and thus made manifest in human form. Possessing the same organic faculties, physical and mental, as are common to humanity, these were energized and employed by a different and nobler motive-power, which, as he claimed, was "the Father," the Divine Life in him.

With these definitions, the writer does not hesitate to declare his full belief in the Essential Divinity of Jesus of Nazareth, nor to apply to him, as indicative of that character, the appellation of THE CHRIST.

But another question remains. Does this character pertain *exclusively* to Jesus of Nazareth, or may others aspire to and hope to attain it?

If our position is correct, the answer is plain. Just in proportion as we renounce self, cast out self-love, and receive into our inmosts Divine Love as the energizing, moving principle of all our acts—(whatever term we may apply to the process, or whatever theory adopt as to the *mode* of its accomplishment)—so does the Father become incarnated in our humanity—so is THE CHRIST formed in us.

The attaining of this end is the whole aim of the New Testament, as we read it—it is the sum and substance of real Christianity. To cite passages from that book to sustain so obvious a point seems hardly necessary. The whole labor of Jesus was to incite men, by a renunciation of self and selfish pursuits, to become like their Father, in heaven, whose loving heart is ever gushing out in blessings even upon the evil and unthankful;—he "went about doing good;"—he sought to make men partakers of the same Inner Life, the same outgushing, impartial Love, of which he was conscious;—to such as joined their spirits to his, he imparted this vital fluid, as the vine imparts to the branch;—he even made the bold yet true statement that unless they "ate his flesh and drank his blood" [i. e., partook of the same spiritual life-elements which were incorporated in him] "they had no life in them;"—and "to as many as received him gave he power to become the sons of God," "partakers of the Divine Nature," as he was, and thus "one" with him and with the Father.

The early teachers of Christianity seem to have been fully possessed with the idea that it was possible for them to become *like* Jesus—in other words, to have *the Christ in them.* Paul deemed this the great mystery which, having been hid from preceding ages, was being revealed in his time, namely, "CHRIST IN YOU, the hope of glory;"*—he "travailed in birth" for his converts until Christ was formed in them;† and intimated that they were "reprobates" unless the end was accomplished.‡

These passages, with those placed at the head of our previous article, and many more in the New Testament which otherwise seem enigmatical, in this light become radiant with living truth.§

But space compels us to desist; otherwise it might be instructive to look more in detail at the manifestations of the Christ-character as exhibited in Jesus of Nazareth—at his disregard of traditional authorities and respect for the individual judgment of men—his regard for man as man, and as superior to all institutions—his contempt for all extrinsic show, power and "respectability"—his indignation at all hypocritical pretence of sanctity, and his tenderness towards the repentant, however vile—in all of which he was distinguished from the Christ of popular misconception. Yet has not enough been offered to show that there is important truth on both sides of the grand controversy of Christendom?—that while Jesus, as the Christ, was "very God" (i. e., Divine Love and Wisdom) manifest in the flesh, yet it is the privilege and duty of every man to incarnate the same principles of the Divine Nature in himself, and thus become a Christ-man?

*Col. 1: 27. If *Christ in us* signifies the incoming of the Divine, on the casting out of selfishness and all evil loves, then surely there can be no "hope of glory," or of the attainment of our highest condition of happiness, except through Christ.

† Gal. 4: 10. ‡ 2 Cor. 13: 6.

§ The quotation given from the alleged words of Chrishna show (whether that personage was a myth or a reality) that the writer had, so far, a true conception of what the Essential Life embodied in a human form would be. The character and acts ascribed to Chrishna, as a whole, do not, to our apprehension, present that symmetry, beauty and probability which pertain to those of the Christ of Judea.

THE "INFALLIBLE WORD" IN PERIL.

The late controversy in Boston between Protestants and Romanists respecting the use of the Protestant Bible in public schools has given risen to some discussion in the newspapers on the merits of that version. The "common people" are being let into the secret that the English Bible was not written in heaven, by the Infallible Finger of Omniscience, and sent down to earth all printed and bound, exactly as we now have it! One of the "Respectable Dailies" puts forth the statement, on the authority of a gentleman of "biblical learning, extensive and thorough," as if were a new discovery, that even the doxology usually repeated at the end of the Lord's prayer, is of disputed authenticity, and probably spurious. This is what the Romanist party asserts, and what many of the best scholars of all ages have conceded, as all well-informed people know.

The *Courier*, whose instincts are always on the side of conservatism and prescriptive authority, snuffs danger in such debates and doubts. It closes an article on the subject with the following paragraphs:

"The external evidence for and against the doxology is conflicting, as every scholar knows. So with multitudes of cases where the internal evidence and the doctrine of probabilities decide in favor of retaining rather than cancelling the passage. Doddridge sums up all thus: 'It so admirably suits and enforces every preceding petition that I could not persuade myself to omit it.'

"Now if debates and doubts as to the genuineness of particular parts of our Canon are to prevail, and all parts are to be omitted about which manuscripts differ, and learned men have disagreed, the question of any use of the Bible will be settled very soon, for there would be no Bible left to the common people."

So, then, there is no part of the Bible about which manuscripts and learned men have not disagreed, and the "common people" must be taught to swallow the whole blindly, or they will have none at all!

This illustrates forcibly the folly and absurdity of founding a religion upon external authority. Why should not all men be allowed, like Doddridge and the editor of the *Courier*, to use their own judgments, and accept what "admirably suits" their own internal perceptions? This is, in fact, the final result of the Protestant principle.

Let people but cease to contend about authorities and words, and turn their attention to internal spiritual growth—let them but cultivate the present gifts and graces of the spirit—let them be taught that on their own purity and spirituality depends their ability to understand infallible truth correctly—and that they must determine it for themselves, at their own peril. Then will their intuitions become clearer, their need of external reliances cease, and truth be its own authority in every soul.

IMPROVEMENTS.—We intend, just so fast as the income of the AGE shall justify it, to make various improvements in its exterior appearance, and such other changes as shall make it more acceptable and profitable to its readers. Have our friends any suggestions to make on these points?

THE ONLY SAFETY.

"'And there came forth a (*ruakh*) *spirit* and stood before the Lord and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying (*ruakh*) *spirit* in the mouth of all his prophets.' 1 Kings 22: 21. 22. In this example we have *ruakh* used to represent a wicked *being*, 'unclean spirit,' 'demon,' or evil angel. This 'lying (*ruakh*) spirit' proposes to deceive the prophets of Ahab, and is permitted to undertake the work, to accomplish the destruction of that wicked king. We believe similar beings are trying now to lead our race from truth to error, by means of what is known as 'Spiritualism.' These beings exert an influence similar to that of a good mesmerizer, and control their mediums by a similar influence, using them as agents to express their sentiments.—Persons who had submitted to be influenced by one of these, were said to have 'a familiar spirit.' These familiar spirits are all *lying* ones, and hence those who leave the Lord and his truth and consult them for information, 'are an *abomination* unto the Lord.' As Paul says, 'they received not the love of truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion that they should believe a lie.' They are left in this deplorable condition because they choose lies rather than truth."

So argues one of our "religious" exchanges; and this is the common mode of disposing of Spiritualism with a large class of religionists. It is much that they have so far advanced as to be able to recognize the *law* of spirit-influence, as is clearly done in this extract, instead of regarding it as an altogether miraculous or anomalous thing.

We readily admit all that is here affirmed of such people as "leave the Lord and his truth," and "choose lies rather than the truth." And it makes no difference whether such persons go to church and "consult" the preacher, or take up a religious publication and "consult" the editor, or go to a circle or medium and "consult the spirits." They cannot, so long as they choose lies rather than the truth,—whether these be *pious* lies or *impious* ones,—whether told from the "sacred desk" in the name of the Lord, or from the lips of an entranced medium, in the name of spirits,—they cannot expect to find the truth any where; they are and must be the sport of illusions and delusions from every quarter; and they will necessarily incur the "damnation" or loss and suffering which follows the embrace of error. This we see illustrated on every hand, in the deplorable condition of contending sectarians, Sadduceic Christians, and materialistic doubters. The old apostle was right; there is no salvation but in the truth, and no hope of finding this except we *love* it above all things.

But no true man who becomes a Spiritualist will ever "leave the Lord and his truth" in consulting spirits, nor choose lies rather than truth. On the contrary, he will seek reverently to learn *of* the Lord and his truth, through any being or thing that can instruct him; and there is not a creature in existence but from which we can learn something of its Cause. Even if the Lord, as represented in the above quotation, creates or sends forth "lying spirits" to lead men to destruction, it is very important that we know it; and how can we know it except we "try the spirits?" Are there not good and truth-telling angels, to minister to those who earnestly seek the truth, as well as lying ones to pander to the seekers of lies? If not, we live in a very singular sort of world. If messengers of truth and wisdom came to Daniel, and Paul, and Peter, and Cornelius, and John, and others in the olden times, in response to their devout aspirations, what is to hinder their coming now?

This brings to view another law, which our religious friends would do well to acquaint themselves with, namely, that *the want determines the supply.* The character of our loves and aspirations decides what beings will approach and what influences flow to us. The bigoted religionist, who is bent upon sustaining some sect or ism, regardless of the highest truth, is just as sure to be the victim of a "strong delusion," as is the bigoted skeptic. Only he who loves truth for truth's sake, and pursues it at whatever cost, keeping his eye steadily upon the polar star, will escape the rocks and whirlpools, the calms and tempests that beset the voyage of life, and find the true haven at last. If we but live in the atmosphere of pure aspiration, pure beings will be our "familiar" attendants, whether we are privileged to see their shining forms, and hear the rustle of their wings, or not.

Asylum for Inebriates.

An effort is making to establish an asylum for the cure of inebriates, at Binghamton, N. Y., where a building is in process of erection. Its trustees, failing to obtain an appropriation from the State Legislature, have appealed to the public for aid. This is a branch of philanthropic effort that has been too long neglected. That habitual drunkenness is in part the result of physical disease, which may be cured by abstinence, with proper medical and moral treatment, hardly admits of question. And there are numbers of victims of the loathsome vice who long to escape its thraldom; and would do so, could they but be out of the reach of temptation for a time, and under sanitary physical and moral influences. The time will yet come when all vices and crimes will be treated in hospitals, rather than in prisons and on gibbets. To show the need and demand for such an institution, the trustees state the following startling facts:

"Even before its first story is completed, more than twenty-eight hundred applications have been made for admittance, many of which are from patients themselves. Among the applicants are twenty-eight clergymen, thirty-six physicians, forty-two lawyers, three judges, twelve editors, four army and three naval officers, one hundred and seventy-nine merchants, fifty-five farmers, five hundred and fifteen mechanics, and four hundred and ten women who are from the high walks of life."

"Within the past two years the State of New York has lost by death two of her supreme court judges and one of her county judges, all of whom died by inebriety, and all of whom were applicants for admission to this asylum. Within three years, there have been two applicants for admission to this asylum, who afterwards committed suicide, while laboring under delirium tremens. One of these was an officer in the United States navy, who distinguished himself in the war with Mexico."

Who is Responsible?

An old man named Belding, residing at Sandlake, N. Y., killed his daughter a few days since by beating out her brains with a hammer. It appears that the daughter, who was about nineteen years of age, had been suffering from ill-health, and at times imagined that she was "possessed of the devil." The fancy at length extended to the father, who avers that he really "thought she was the devil," and accordingly despatched her. Had the parties been known as believers in modern Spiritualism, that "frightful delusion" would have been charged with the blame; but as it appears their ideas of the devil were entirely orthodox, the tragedy is set down to "insanity."

"THE DETECTIVE MEDIUM," by M. V. Bly, a publication to be "issued semi-occasionally, or when the spirit moves," has made its appearance. It undertakes to set forth various methods by which spirit-manifestations may be and, as its editor alleges, are, counterfeited by tricksters. Persons interested in that branch of investigation will doubtless be edified by its perusal. We are more concerned about the genuine phenomena.

SABBATH vs. SUNDAY.

Buckle's "History of Civilization" will repay the perusal to all free thinkers of this age. Though Rev. H. W. Beecher condemns the book, yet it is evident that its pages suggested to his mind those thoughts on the province of government, which he so ably set forth in his lecture on the "Burdens of Society."

We must agree with Buckle and Beecher that the province of government is exceedingly limited, and that it has done great mischief by undertaking to govern too much: that it would be well for the world if government would mind its own business and let people alone.

We must therefore deprecate any attempts to legislate as to the observance of a Sabbath. It would be well if a true history of the Sabbath could be set before the people. It is probable that most of the regular church-goers believe that the solemn puritanical method of Sabbath-keeping in vogue in America, was prescribed at the creation, and was enjoined upon the church by the apostles, seemingly unmindful that the only recorded words of the founder of Christianity and of his immediate successors on the question are protestations against the bondage of the existing customs.

The prevailing American ideas of Sabbath consecration are a legacy of our Puritan ancestors—one of those strong reactions against the abuses of their age, which has been inflicted upon us and which extreme has been endured long enough to allow a relapse into a proper, healthful mean position.

In Europe, Public Gardens, Galleries of Art, Theatres and all places of amusement are open and are frequented by many who have no other time to enjoy them. Sunday is a day of rest and recreation. It was so regarded by the primitive Christians; and up to the stime of Calvin and after, till the days of the Puritans, this was the universal idea of the day.

Calvin, it is said, was not averse to fireside games, and visited the theatre Sunday evenings. In Book II. ch. 8, of Calvin's Institutes, he says: "The Sabbath is abrogated; yet it is still customary among us to assemble on stated days for hearing the Word, for breaking the mystic bread, and for public prayers; and also to allow servants and laborers a remission from their labor."

The type of the Puritanic Sabbath is not to be found either in the Jewish or Christian Scriptures. The religious festivals of the Jews were not ascetic, but joyous. We read, "Praise the Lord with the sound of the trumpet; praise him with the psaltery and harp; praise him with the timbrel and dance." Nehemiah says to the people, "Go your ways; eat the fat and drink the sweet; and send portions to them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto the Lord; for the joy of the Lord is your strength. And all the people went their way, to eat and drink and to send portions, and to make great mirth."

Sending portions to the poor was a prominent duty of the seventh day and seventh month Sabbaths instituted by Moses. Every seventh year and every fiftieth year the conditions of men were equalized, and universal brotherhood established in the nation, typical of the good time coming, the millennium, when there shall be "neither rich nor poor, bond nor free," throughout the earth.

In the *Westminster Review* for 1850 will be found an able article on the interesting subject—"Sabbath vs Sunday."

M. N.

REV. MR. EATON'S AVOWAL.

We received, too late for insertion last week, a communication from Bro. Wadsworth, giving a synopsis of the recent farewell discourse by Rev. H. A. Eaton, of Waltham, Mass., to the Universalist Church of that place, in which he avowed himself a believer in the present ministration of angels. The report fully sustains the announcement we made two weeks ago. We subjoin the concluding paragraphs. After going elaborately over the Bible-argument, and saying that he could not see how a clergyman pretending to believe the Bible, could deny the Spiritualists' position, the preacher proceeded:

"He then asked, Are the spiritual manifestations of to-day the same in nature as those of Bible times? He had sought for ten years for the truth; at times he had been fully convinced, then he had doubted; but to-day he saw no reason for questioning their identity. For eighteen years he had believed we are surrounded by ministering spirits. Since his mother had left the form, in hours of trial he had felt her presence—when weighed down with sorrow he had been aided and buoyed up; and to-day he was proud to call himself a Spiritualist.

He believed that Spiritualists as a class are doing much good—they had much of which to rid themselves, and he was glad to see that they were doing it. In true religion and true Spiritualism he saw the same results. He would have the noble souls of the past, who struggled for humanity, recognized as to-day active among us—he would have us feel that the dear loved ones of other days are around us, striving ever to draw us upward.

The church could receive this influx of spirituality (of which he considered them quite destitute) and live; but, if they received it not, inevitably they will be dashed to pieces. He might be persecuted, but he must tell the truth—his soul felt what he had said. He closed by reading the hymn, "It is a beautiful belief," etc.

The audience was very attentive during the delivery of the discourse, which occupied one hour. Mr. Eaton retired, when a series of resolutions was presented by a prominent member of the Society, commending Mr. Eaton as a bold advocate of truth, a devoted pastor and kind friend; which were unanimously adopted by the members present.

I was credibly informed that the prominent reason for Mr. E.'s separation from this society was his liberality, and his determination to speak what to him was truth, in opposition to the wants of a *part* of the members constituting it.

I love the spirits who, like Mr. E. and others that live, speak what they feel, though it do disturb some of the "*sleepers* of the church."—No one can ultimately lose by it. Wishing success to truth,

I am thine, F. L. WADSWORTH.

Difficulties of Infallibility.

A clergymen of the Episcopal Church, Rev. J. C. Richmond, of Chicago, who is just now attracting some attention by a series of controversial letters addressed to Henry Ward Beecher, seems to have got a glimpse of the difficulties of an infallible Bible, but to escape them he impales himself on another horn of the dilemma. "He maintains that we can have an infallible Bible only through an infallible church, because with any number of fallible copyists and forty-seven fallible translators, and as many fallible interpreters as there are individual Christians to exercise the right of private judgment, it is impossible to tell what the infallible Bible is."

But it is just as difficult to find the "infallible church" as it is to find the "infallible Bible," and individual judgment is the final appeal in both cases. It is every man's business to become a church and a Bible himself—a "temple of the Holy Ghost," in which shall reside "the spirit of truth," leading into all truth;—and only when we become ourselves perfected in wisdom can we be "infallible," or know whether anybody else is.

THOUGHT BETTER OF IT.—Mrs. Julia Branch, who made herself famous last year by repudiating marriage, in speeches at public conventions, has changed her opinion—and her name. She has recently been united to a news reporter in New York.

Correspondence.

Dr. Rice in Iowa.

DAVENPORT, IOWA, April 23d, 1859.

DEAR AGE:—Since my last communication, the "cause" here has assumed such an importance, that it was deemed necessary by the Young Men's Christian Association, to send for the somewhat celebrated Dr. Rice, of Chicago, to deliver *his* lecture on the "Harmonial Philosophy and Spiritualism," in order to counteract the influence of certain lectures delivered here lately in favor of said subject, and to crush this formidable foe in the *grub state*, before it had got *wings*. Accordingly notices were given out, from both pulpit and press, that the said *logical* and *learned* Dr. Rice ("whose reputation extends throughout the West, if not the Nation,") would so effectually use up said *humbug* that not a ghost would be left "*to give his last rap*," or any deluded Spiritualist ever again dare to disturb the repose of the watchmen on the "towers of Zion."

So great was this anticipation that a friend said to me, "You will be blown so high to-night, you will never come down again;" but, weighing some one hundred and fifty pounds, and not easily blown away with every "wind of doctrine," I thought I would venture to face this western hurricane. I therefore betook myself to the Presbyterian Church, last Wednesday night; and rejoice to find, that I am still on *terra firma*, and not a *terra incognita* either, but, more than ever, a substantial, and tangible foundation, as impregnable to any *such blasts* as the everlasting bluffs, which surround this beautiful city, are to the winds that sweep across the prairie. I venture to say, this Reverend gentleman has been greatly overrated, if this was a specimen of his powers; as one said to me, who is not a believer, "If that is all such a learned man can bring against it, there must surely be something in it. I hope he will deliver the lecture in every city and village in the West."

He began by stating that he admitted the phenomena; nay, more, he proved by quotations from ancient history, all that Spiritualists claim; viz., that manifestations from the *inner* life have in all ages, and under certain conditions, taken place, *and still do now occur;* but asserted that all outside of Judea, and the Bible, came from the Devil and his angels.

This, to thinking men, proves too much. The Rev. Dr., with all his logic, cannot make us believe that the All-Father has let out to his Arch Enemy all the Telegraph offices in his vast dominions, with the exception of a small six-by-nine one in Palestine, and even that he closed 1800 years ago, broke the wires, locked the door and threw away the key—leaving undisputed possession of all the others, to his Satanic Majesty up to this hour! Surely, such logic as this confounds all truth and reason; and men and women can not and do not believe it.

The most of the Dr.'s lecture was a labored attempt to disprove the eternity of matter, and the development theory: both of which he unceremoniously hitched on to the New Dispensation. Then he called in the aid of Science, quoting just what suited his *special plea* but never applied general principles. Poor old Science! like Samson of ancient renown, the Church has coaxed him to lay his head in her *lap*; having shorn him of his locks, and put out his eyes (*vide* the Harvard Professors,) they now set him up in their Temple to grind and make sport for them. But let them beware; for, like *him* of old, he is standing between the pillars upon which their house stands, and is already beginning to *lean on them*; one hand on the Mosaic account of creation, the other on the Miracles of the Bible,—one on Geology, the other on modern manifestations—and one of these days he will "bow himself with *all his might*," (one law explaining all,) and pull down the whole structure about their ears. When out of the ruins (Phenix-like) shall surely arise a truer Science, and a holier Religion.

The Dr. had one argument, *and only one*, which I have not read or heard a score of times; and that was, in speaking of the spheres, he denied all progress in the future state, and to prove this, attempted to show that there had been no human progress here!

He finally concluded, with the usual denunciation which learned ignorance has in all ages fulminated against every new unfoldment, and no doubt some think it was laid out cold; but *Truth* has a wonderful vitality, and will not stay dead; and the best way to answer all such calumnies is for all Spiritualists to so conduct themselves, that, as John Wesley used to say, "We will live them down."

Yours truly, T.

Spiritualism in Lewiston, Me.

D. H. Hamilton gives us an account of the progress of Spiritualism in this place. There have been about a score of persons for several years who have received the light, but have accomplished little against the prejudice and superstition around them, except to sow seeds of free thought. Recently, Mr. Gibson Smith, of Camden lectured in the village on Spiritualism, and Elder Grant, the valiant champion of annihilation, was sent for to meet him in debate. We quote:

"Grant did little except to repeat Scripture. Smith called on him to prove the infallibility or even credibility of his witnesses, but he made no attempt. After Smith had brought several profound arguments from the teachings of nature to substantiate man's immortality, and had cited several cases in the modern manifestations, which he called upon the Elder to explain on any other hypothesis than a spiritual one, he turned upon him and proved from the Bible (Grant's only platform) that he was guilty of committing "the unpardonable sin;" for he called this healing of the sick, opening the eyes of the blind, &c., all the work of the devil or demons. This Christ, when he was upon earth said was blasphemy against the Holy Ghost. And he argued also that, if the Bible was true, Paul committed a like offence when he wrote to the Corinthians that they must not speak with tongues in their meetings, except in a specified course, and then not unless there was an interpreter, for the bystanders would say that they were mad; whereas, the Bible expressly declares that "tongues are for a sign," and that the disciples "spake with tongues as the Holy Ghost gave them utterance." What right had he, Smith inquired, to dictate to the Holy Ghost, and charge him with acting foolishly? Poor Grant! I pitied him; he turned pale, and refused to discuss the subject any farther with such a "wrester of the Scripture." He appointed a meeting of his own, where he could throw clubs and not be obliged to receive any. But that effort did as much to establish Spiritualism in this place as any other meeting. For he said that Spiritualism was no humbug, and those who called it all trickery were not posted. The idea that the members of families all over the land would be deceiving each other, was simply absurd. "No! 'tis a *reality*, but it is the Devil let loose." We asked him if he thought God and the good angels were engaged for the welfare of man. "Yes." Have they more power than the demons? "Yes." Will they not exert that power? "Yes, if we want them to." Well, said I, that is our prayer. This is the Spiritualism we want. I asked the liberty to make a few remarks after he was done, providing the audience would wait; but he utterly refused. I told him he would be obliged to let the audience draw their own conclusions from the refusal. * * *

Yours for the truth, D. H. HAMILTON.

Dedication at Sturgis, Mich.

BATTLE CREEK, May 4, 1859.

BRO. NEWTON:—The beautiful brick church recently erected at a cost of over $3000, by the *Spiritualists* of Sturgis and vicinity, is soon to be opened for regular service.

They celebrate the opening of this Harmonial Temple the 17th, 18th and 19th of June, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

It is a splendid brick structure, in Gothic style—tower eighty feet; with dome; the main building being sixty-five by thirty-eight. It will comfortably seat six hundred persons, being the finest and largest church-edifice in the village.

All normal and trance speakers' North, South, East and West, are most cordially invited to come up to the "feast of the dedication." A. J. Davis and other prominent speakers from a distance are expected.

J. M. PEEBLES.

DETROIT, MICH.—J. H. Tuttle, a clairvoyant and healing medium, recently from Massachusetts, writes that when he arrived in Detroit, near the end of February, he was informed that "Spiritualism was dead there—rooted out by old theology." No lecture had been had for several months, and but few circles. He however concluded to remain; and now they are enjoying "quite a revival." Several mediums are partially developed, and many church members visit his rooms, going away convinced that they have been communicating with their departed friends. Public circles are held weekly, and it is intended soon to establish meetings on Sundays.

Boston and Vicinity.

The Melodeon Meetings.

The concluding lectures at the Melodeon were given on Sunday last, by Rev. Mr. Pierpont, to very attentive and appreciative audiences. In the afternoon, after a fervent prayer to the Father of Spirits, he proceeded to speak from the words, "Can any good thing come out of Nazereth?" He recapitulated the arguments of his previous discourses, and then took up other points, to this effect: All distinct forms of faith stand on facts. Theories, rhapsodies, fancies, may be easily disposed of; not so with facts, which are stubborn things in religion as in anything else. Facts had come under his knowledge demonstrating a power over physical objects coming from an invisible source, and possessing intelligence. He argued that this source is spirit, inasmuch as no form of matter could evince this intelligence of itself. Then the question arises, what spirit? The grand and complicate operations of the universe involve the necessity for an Infinite Intelligence to direct and control them; but these manifestations do not require infinite intelligence, hence he did not ascribe them directly to the Supreme Being. Some have ascribed them to the great Spirit of Evil; but we are enjoined by Jesus to judge of a tree by its fruits; and as far as the fruits are good they must be ascribed to good Spirits. The speaker had found the fruits to be sometimes good and sometimes evil; hence he concluded that they emanate from good and evil spirits, both of which, if we trust the dictates of a sound philosophy or the teachings of the Bible, exist in the spirit world.

The fact that there are conflicting reports from the spirit world is brought up as an objection; but it is not a rational one, for spirits in the body are conflicting and inharmonious, and it is not reasonable to suppose that their moral character is changed instanter at death.

The lowness of its origin is often urged as an objection against Spiritualism. "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" It is objected that obscure, uneducated women were the first mediums. The speaker proceeded with a just and eloquent tribute to woman, and expressed the hope that the position given her in this new movement would help to establish her in her proper place in society.

Was Spiritualism obscure in its origin? Were not obscure men the first disciples of Christ? Have not all great teachers found their first disciples among the lowly? God chooses the weak and foolish things of this world with which to confound the wise and mighty. When God accomplishes a great work in the natural world he often uses a very lowly instrumentality. He destroys a great forest through the little despised worm; or builds up a grand archipelago by means of the tiny coral insect.

Moral reforms begin always in the lower strata, and work up. The rich and powerful are content to have things as they are. It is those who feel the yoke of oppression and pity others that feel it, who resist it and strike for justice and liberty. No matter how obscure the workers in a good cause, Truth has power to dignify anything with which it is connected.

Again the question is often asked, "What new truth does Spiritualism bring?" We answer, the moral doctrines of all religions are essentially the same. There is nothing new in Christian morals. No one has gone or will go beyond the doctrines of Jesus. But is society up to the Christian standard? Bring the Christian world up to their theory, and the churches would all be disbanded and dismasted. But how far are we from this. Look from the cupola of Boston State House and you shall survey around you the brightest spot on the globe—the sun shines not on its superior in intelligence, morality, social elevation, and civil order. But set down on one side of the account what is here spent for the elevation of man; and then count up what is paid at the dram shop and houses of prostitution, at the criminal courts and jails, at your armories and navy-yards,—all that goes to feed corruption and to support the consequencee of it—will you say that the latter would not balance the former ten to one? In other words, ten dollars are paid to the side of corruption where one is paid to the side of virtue.

Now what is the matter? Do we want better doctrine? What in the name of Heaven do we want? We want stronger motives to make men live up to what they profess. The theory of the churches is excellent, but it is like an excellent machine without water or steam to drive it. The trouble is the Christians don't really believe their own doctrines. They do not believe that angel witnesses are viewing their every action. Spiritualists do believe this, and must therefore be made better by it. No man who really believes the eyes of a sainted mother or a pure sister in the spirit world are watching his steps, can boldly step into iniquity and pollution. Their presence is a check to evil—a prompting to good.

Spiritualism teaches us, too, that our every good and bad action meets its inevitable reward or penalty. It teaches us that our condition is not fixed at death It shows us that men err through ignorance of the moral law; and that as far as men advance in spiritual knowledge they will advance in virtue. And it shows us, too, that it will be ever our privilege to minister to those below us and aid them foaward in the true path.

Note from Mrs. Coan.

BOSTON, May 7th, 1859.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—DEAR SIRS.—There seem to be many rumors afloat in regard to my true position; therefore allow me through the columns of your paper to give some light upon the subject. It is rumored that I am engaged with Mr. M. V. Bly, publicly exposing Spiritualism; but this is *not true*. I have never appeared in public with him but once, and that was at the Melodeon a few weeks since; and I should not have done so then, had I not have been over-persuaded by the friends of Spiritualism to meet him. I complied with their request, much to my chagrin and disgust; for I must here say that fair play was not granted to myself, on the evening in question. I did not appear on the second evening of his challenge, for I knew of whom the audience would be composed, namely, Mr. Bly's friends; and being a lady, of course I shrank from being exposed to insult before an audience comprised almost exclusively of men. I therefore *honestly* expressed my belief, that he (Bly) could perform more without the aid of spirits, than any medium I had seen could perform *with* the aid of spirits, because he performs by trick and therefore *can* do more, whereas I *know* many mediums and myself do not perform by trick.

I would say to the friends and opponents of Spiritualism, *I have not recanted*, or renounced Spiritualism; but am as firm in the faith as ever, and whenever I shall appear, either on the public platform, or in the social circle, it will be as a strong advocate of the beautiful truths and philosophy of Spiritualism. Yours truly,

ADA L. COAN.

P. S. Persons desiring to address me, can do so, at Boston, Mass.

A REMARKABLE CURE.—Mr. Josiah Hobart of this city makes public the following fact. Having consulted a celebrated Boston oculist, he had decided to have a surgical operation performed for the removal of two tumors, one growing on each of his eyes. Before the appointed time, however, he was advised to see Dr. Greenwood, No. 45 Tremont street. Dr. G. immediately assured him that he could disperse the tumors, and save him the pain and horror of the surgeon's knife. Strange to say, by the laying on of hands, after five or six sittings for the purpose, the tumors entirely disappeared, and he has had no trouble with them since.

Other instances of Dr. G.'s power for the removal of disease have come under our personal observation, giving us confidence in his gifts as a healing medium.

BOTH SIDES TO BE HEARD.—We are happy to learn that Rev. Theodore Parker's society have engaged Rev. T. W. Higginson of Worcester, to deliver a sermon on Spiritualism—probably on the last Sabbath of the present month. A large proportion of this society are Spiritualists, and they have felt desirous of having justice done their side of the question, since the allusions made to the subject by Mr. James, a few weeks since.

A "SPIRITUAL CONVENTION" is announced to be held in Harmony Hall, 419 Washington street, Boston, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, May 24th, 25th and 26th. An invitation is extended to all. We understand the Convention to be called by the "Harmony Hall Assembly of Spiritualists."

.....Solomon Sturgis, one of the wealthy men of Ohio, and a great landowner, is selling his immense possessions, because he believes no man has a right to own more land than is necessary for his use and that of his family. In his advertisement he says, "God has no doubt wisely ordained that *landsharks* should be cursed; and I can truly say that I am exceedingly anxious to sell all my lands, and get clear of the curse."

New York and Vicinity.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

TUESDAY EVENING, May 3d.

Question: To what extent do the feelings of others, whether in or out of the body, affect and modify our feelings and actions?

Dr. ORTON: Though the mover of this question probably had in his mind mainly those subtle influences which are supposed to pass from one person to another without any outward sign, it may be well to consider that external signs—the voice, the eye, and the language spoken or written—are but channels through which our feelings or states are transferred from one to another. This gives the orator his power; the transference of his states through the medium of fit words, intonations and gestures, to his hearers. The same is true of music. The strains are but channels through which states of feeling are communicated; and if the performer is a poor one, he will fail as a medium between the composer and his audience, and the most ecstatic music will prove powerless in its effect. So also of books and writing. They constitute a medium for the conveyance to us of the feelings of the writer or actor. We may pronounce the words, but something more than this is necessary if we are to receive any advantage from the exercise. Making use of the letter as a link of connection, we must through it come in rapport with the soul of the actor, and take on his states or feelings before we can comprehend him. Thus it will be seen that so far as mankind influence one another at all, it is done by a tangible or intangible transfer of feeling.

Dr. GRAY: Is it a fact in anthropology that the spirit of one person can affect another? As Spiritualists we answer, yes. Independently of words and signs, our physical states can be transferred from one to another. Instance, gaping. One gapes, and the rest who are not otherwise engaged, gape also. If we could get at the philosophy of this it would explain the contagion. Second, there is a transfer of spiritual states; a transfer of *spiritual* to *physical* and of *physical* to *spiritual*. The charm of oratory consists in this. The same occurs in psychology, fascination, etc. The history of human enthusiasm in all its branches illustrates it. In revivals one man is always the primal source of the magnetism. The audience come to feel with him and believe with him; and it is no more real than it is with the psychologized subject who thinks the staff a snake. It is a mere transference of state, no part of his real faith; and accordingly when he comes to himself, he suffers all the horrors of skepticism and doubt. The philosophy involved is simple, and its illustration will help to set right the public mind. It is all a dramatic faith and dies as soon as it is separated from its source. The same is true of our circles. We do receive lofty sentiments and see beautiful visions, but they are merely dramatic or psychological unless we make them our own by incorporation with our inner-selves.

Mr. FOWLER: One important thought he had in view in submitting this question was, the influence society has on individuals in the production of crime. Six or seven years ago in the outskirts of Brooklyn, in a hollow, he came across a horse and cart loaded with brick, stuck in the mud. The carman was whipping his horse, but at the same time was afraid of him. The speaker begged the privilege of taking the animal in hand. He first patted and soothed the horse, and then bade him firmly to go, and he went. The load was taken out of the slough at once. Again, in the far west, he once came across a load set in going up a hill. The horses were pulling and jumping in all ways but the right one, to no purpose. He took the lines and told them *to whoa!* He got them into the *whoa* spirit in the first place. Then the desired end was achieved. These are small matters but they illustrate an important principle. The spirit in which we approach a horse or an ox, or the spirit in which society deals with an individual, will to a great extent determine the spirit which will be exhibited in return. It is through feeling that we communicate with one another, and spirits with us. It is done intuitively, in a manner like the radiations of light from a gas-jet. Our feelings may be focalized in the same way as light; and one person may fill the place of a mirror in throwing them upon another. A revival furnishes a good illustration. It starts from a point, perhaps from an old lady. Others take the excitement from her, and finally the minister is waked up. Public sentiment is formed in the same manner. The opinion of one becomes the opinion of two, and finally of the mass. So with mobs. The feeling starts from a centre, and is thence transported. Where is the crime in such a case? Battles turn very much on the feeling of the leaders. If he is despondent, his army will share the sentiment. We are often influenced without any external signs. It is a common saying among hunters that when without a gun, they have no difficulty in finding game. Out west he had tested the truth of the remark. When he had his gun, he *felt* like shooting, and the game would keep out of his way. At other times, though he might have a stick in his hand as big as a gun, the deer would suffer him to approach them, and he could walk into the midst of a flock of turkeys.

J. F. COLES: He doubted whether mind could influence mind aside from external manifestations. A mother in another room would fail to exert any influence over her child. The gaper could have no effect on others through a brick wall. There seem to be a few well authenticated cases where mind has influenced mind, but thsy were so small in number that he was disposed to consider them mere coincidences. The greatest gift of God to man is his individuality, and that sovereignty which enables him to control it. It is the external appearance of confidence on the part of Washington or Napoleon, which inspires their followers with courage. You will remember Perkins and his metalic tractors. With them he performed cures which were deemed miraculous. He went to London. The faculty were down on him. He secured a ward in St. Luke's Hospital; but the faculty made wooden tractors to resemble his, and demonstrated that with them they could cure as many as he could. The cures were effected by the minds of the patients.

Dr. GRAY: The fact that mind can influence mind without the aid of words or signs, has been rendered so positive since the days of Mesmer, that it would seem impossible that an intelligent man could doubt it. One of his earliest experiments consisted in testing this power with a magnetized subject. He and the magnetizer went into another room, where the magnetizer tasted of sugar, salt, vinegar and braudy, and then submitted to be pinched, all of which tastes and sensations were transferred instantly to the subject, and were described by her to the party remaining by her side. The influence which this experiment illustrates, he considered very universal in every day life. Our states generally influence others outside of ourselves. When Kossuth was here, a young lady who greatly desired to hear him speak, went one evening to the Irving House for that purpose, but was there informed that he was not going to speak, and returned home. Later in the evening, however, he did speak; and at the very moment he commenced, as near as could be determined, the young lady arose, and in dumb show or pantomime, accompanied the speaker; and in spite of all efforts to the contrary, accompanied him through the address. She was evidently in rapport with the Hungarian. The smiles and tears we take on from others, are exotics. Our accountability in these respects he thought not very sharp. In the French revolution it was observed, where the good and the bad were thrown together in the same prisons, the good became swearers with the bad; and under favorable circumstances the bad took on for the time being the states of the good. In either case he considered the state exotic, and accountability measurably lost. Again, a lady in Jersey City communicated with her husband in the island of St. Thomas. One fact of this kind demonstrates the capacity of the spirit.

Mrs. A.: On a certain occasion when a friend's house at a distance was attacked by burglars, and fire-arms used, she had the passing drama impressed on her to such a degree as to give her great suffering. Her apprehension was of burglars, some of whom were trying to get into the window; corresponding with the actual scene as it was transpiring in a distant locality.

Dr. GRAY: In 1844, Mr. B.'s wife being in delicate health, was sent by his advice into Pennsylvania among the Alleghany mountains. Mr. B. remained here; and every Friday night, he and Mr. B. would make use of a clairvoyant to let them know how Mrs. B. was employing herself. On the same evening Mrs. B. kept an accurate record of all that occurred with her, which she dispatched by letter at once to her husband, while the account given by the clairvoyant was sent to Mrs. B; the two letters crossing each other other on their route. The descriptions of the clairvoyant were uniformly correct. On one occasion she declared that Mrs. B. and her party were amusing themselves with an Indian war-dance, and that Mr. B's little daughter was in the kitchen magnetizing a wench, who pretended to go into a trance; and objected to such a mingling of spheres. In the return letter, Mrs. B. said a gentleman had that day arrived from Baltimore who had got up an Indian war-dance for their amusement; and added, you will be surprised to learn that our Sue is a good magnetizer. She put the cook to sleep. One circumstance of this kind carries the whole case. It establishes the fact that our feelings and states can be transferred to others without words, signs or tokens.

Mr. COLES: did not deny the Mesmeric phenomena, nor clairvoyance.

Dr. HALLOCK added some facts similar to these given by Dr. Gray. Dr. Gould, Mr. Coles, and Mr. Fowler followed, and the meeting adjourned.

J. R. O.

Spiritual Manifestations.

Why am I a Spiritualist?—No. VIII.

A VISION, CONTINUED.

As I started on my journey, I found that I possessed new strength.—New hope and a great joy filled my soul. Then I heard one spirit say to another "Let us wait until he arrives at

THE GULF OF DOUBTS.

I turned to look at the speakers, and to my astonishment, I saw those whose charms had tempted me to halt by the way; but all their charms had fled, and they stood in all their hideousness, the wicked tempters of the soul in its journey to the world of love and happiness.

"Come," said Perseverance, "remember the mountain top."

Onward I moved, and soon stood on the brink of a deep, wide chasm, from which came forth moaning and wailing, and exclamations of sorrow. As I looked down into the gulf, I beheld a sight that made my blood curdle. There was presented before me, not a hell of liquid fire, but a vast multitude of beings once of earth; and each was doing all that he or she could, to make his or herself and neighbor unhappy.—While they suffered intensely in this effort, they took delight in tormenting each other. These, I understood, were those that had fallen through temptation, and that had stopped by the way side. Here were the victims of the seductive arts of Procrastination.

While gazing into the gulf, I heard a gentle voice say, "Friend, come this way and I will show you a ford that will be safe for you to cross over;" and as I turned, I saw a beautiful young man standing near me, who said, "You are required by a sect of Zealots to cross that gulf on yon frail bridge, hanging as it were by a thread whose far end you can not see. And it is said that there is a fair land beyond the gulf; yet it does not look reasonable, nor have we ever seen any one that has been there and retnrned again. Yet I know of a land not far off that is most beautiful, and is called the Land of Love; where all the women are very beautiful and the men ever young. Flowers bloom always and all the birds sing. There is no sorrow there, neither is there any toil for the inhabitants thereof. Come, will you go? We will welcome you as a brother.

THE BRIDGE.

I turned to look at the gulf, and as I did so I saw before me the frail bridge referred to; and while I was looking at it, wondering where it led to, I saw Perseverance come up to it and go on without hesitation.

My resolves were made to try the bridge, let what would come; and on I went. As soon as I stepped on the bridge it began to swing and shake terribly; yet I pushed forward, and as I passed on there came from a thicket of trees near by, a monster with a huge axe in his hand, and looking at me for a few moments, he bade me return and that at once, or he would sunder the bridge from the shore and let me into the gulf below. I trembled with fear, thinking that he would carry his threat into effect; but when he was about to strike, I thought of my staff, put it forward, turned my back on the monster and all associated with him, and passed on. The bridge grew strong and steady; my fear began to vanish, and soon I reached the shore.

When I left the bridge I turned to gaze on what I had passed, and lo! all had passed away, and in its place was a small stream, over which I had passed on a substantial bridge. The great roar and sound of voices arose from a water fall a little way down the stream.

While I was meditating on the strange, yet wonderful delusion that had presented itself before me, I was accosted by Perseverance as follows: "My brother, thou hast travelled the pathway that thy earth-life marked out before thee. Ever as thou dost vacillate and procrastinate in the life-journey, so wilt thou have to contend with the shadow in the spirit-world; and this shadow will appear magnified and enlarged in proportion as thou dost hesitate in they progress. If thou hadst but stopped by the way, thou wouldst have lost years of valuable time, and probably never have reached yon mountain top.—On, then my brother! Remember the past; heed not the tempter; be faithful and just in all thou hast to do, and thou shalt have thy reward."

And then I was all alone. For some time I continued to ascend until I came to a stone arch-way, under which was seated one of those wonderful old men that I had met on my journey thus far; and as I approached, he bade me welcome. Taking me by the hand, he said, "You now have arrived at

THE GATEWAY OF TRUTH.

through which but few pass ere they leave the earth-form for ever.—Your being here is evidence of your ability to withstand temptation. You will proceed to yonder arbor; there you will find one waiting to see you. She loves you as in life. Yet remember that whatever may be shown you, you are not to enjoy yet."

RECOGNITION.

I had not moved far before I came to some steps up which I went.—At the top I found a beautiful plateau ornamented with great taste. I could not see its boundary, for reason of a density of atmosphere which had surrounded me throughout this journey, and which I understood to be the veil that shades the spirit life from the mortal. As I stood wondering what the end of all this would be, I heard a gentle sigh which seemed to proceed from out an arbor on my right which I had not noticed before. In it I saw seated a lady between two beautiful children. She seemed to be in the act of teaching them from a book she held in her hand. Her back was partially towards me so that I did not see her face at first; but as she turned towards me I beheld the loved countenance of my dear wife, who had left the earth-life four months before.

"Welcome, my husband, to our little arbor, placed here by our spiritual guides, wherein we might meet you. Welcome to our mountain top. See my beautiful boy and our little girl, God's gifts to his humble servant on her entrance into her spirit home. I am happy in the discharge of the duty that devolves on me, as mother, teacher and guide of these our earth-babes, and others that I have in my spiritual house beyond this vail that encloses us here. O how my Spirit has yearned towards you! How I have longed to make you feel my presence; yet have failed to do so. But this will not always be. The time is not far distant—yea, is even now—when Spirits will be able to communicate face to face with those they love on earth. You are permitted by the interposition of many spirit friends to meet me here. I have wished to have you with me in my spirit home, but can not as yet. You must go again to the world of toil to labor in our Father's vineyard. You have much to do there before you join us as a spirit."

While she spoke she gazed into my face with an expression angelic in all its features; and then she warbled forth a song of praise that seemed to be echoed from a thousand tongues, touchingly sweet in their tone and language, accompanied by music such as I had never heard. And when this song ceased, she took my hands in hers and we kneeled together. Then came our little tiny babes and kneeled with us. Then spake from out the space around us, a voice, saying, "My son, thou art standing on holy ground. Thou art favored by order of our God to view the boundless space of Spirit Land, as well as the life-scenes of the world from which you came. Daughter, you will now show your earth-mate the two great pictures of Time and Eternity."

As the voice ceased, we arose; and as we did so, the form, countenance and manner of my wife (for the spirit was that of my wife) changed in the twinkling of an eye. Her face shone with the brightness of the Sun, and over her was thrown a robe of pure white, girdled around the waist with a band of gold. As she stood before me I thought I had never gazed on such resplendent beauty. Her voice was music, and all her movements were graceful as Hebe.

VISION OF THE WORLD.

"O, man of earth, gaze on the past! Behold what thou hast been. See the moving world at thy feet. Wonder not at the strangeness of the scene; for it is life-like. Yonder lies the world, with its cities, towns, mountains, plains, and animated nature. There lies man with all his faults and all his perfections. Behold the human family rushing on towards the River of Death. Mark well the changing scenes of your earth-life. Study them well; for the future may be improved by the past."

Then I saw myself born; and as my little body was ushered into the world, I saw an angel breathe upon it and it was impregnated with a soul destined for immortality. Then I saw my life-journey, just as I had lived it, with its light and dark shades. I also saw a great many spirit visitants around me through the journey of life. Some were trying to empt me to do wrong; others strove to counteract these influences.—Every day was correctly represented before me, up to the time I found myself in the Spirit world; and then the scene changed, and there lay at my feet a vast plain representing the world, at the foot of the mountain on which we stood.

This plain was separated from the mountain by the river I had crossed; and on it were the cities of the world and the inhabitants thereof. They were regardless of their nigh approach towards the River of Death.—Stretching out into this river from the shore were many besides, none of them, however, reaching more than half way over.

were crowded with the adherents of these faiths. The end of the bridge was hidden from the view of the multitudes that occupied them, who were urged on by men that claimed to be inspired of God. As they came to the end of the bridge I saw them fall into the river. Then I saw a vast multitude on the ground under the bridges; and they, too, were approaching the river. As they came to it they entered in, and I saw them equally successful with those who fell from the bridges.—Those who went in the river from the ground were such as had been rejected by the church. They were the publicans and sinners; yet they too, gained the opposite shore as readily as those who had been baptised into the faith of the church.

Again the scene changed. Chaos reigned triumphant throughout the land. Wild Desolation had spread her wings over the world, and there came up a great cry for light. Then I saw a great multitude gathered together, near a city, and they were very angry. Soon the spirit of revenge stirred them into action, and I saw them urged on to do murder, by men clothed in sacerdotal robes. It was the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

Then I saw the Spirit of Peace moving over the world, and she was accompanied by an innumerable host of spirits and their mission was to pacify the turbulent souls of men.

Years rolled on. Their work prospered. *Isms* began to join issue.—Finally, I looked forward into the future; and behold, all mankind were entering into the river from the natural bank. The broken bridges were all removed. Mankind all stood on one common plain, and over them hovered a great mutitude of Spirits who had once inhabited the earth-form. Then I saw the fear of death vanish from the minds of men; and the angel Death wept, for there was no more work for him to do. His mission was finished. Man had redeemed himself from the sins of Adam. Then there went forth a joyous shout throughout the wide domain of God; and the children of the spheres welcomed the children of the earth to the joys of Heaven. An anthem was sung whose theme was universal brotherhood.

Again the scene changed, and I saw Death hang up his antiquated scythe. The fires of Hell were forever quenched, and the Devil became a messenger of Light.

Another change, and I saw a great multitude standing on a plain; and they were clothed in black, and were such as had officiated as the ministers of the most high God. And I heard a voice from out of space, saying unto this multitude, "Ye watchmen of Zion, where are my children?"

One of their number stepped forward and said, "Father, we have been faithful to the dictates of the Bible, in which is the law and the gospel. We have taught man that which we received. Are we not thy ministers? Have we not kept ourselves aloof from the world, and have we not taught man to fear God?"

"Yea, verily, ye have taught my children to fear me; ye have trammelled the mind and fettered the understanding. I miesioned you to teach peace on earth and good will toward man. I sent my messengers unto you, and you rejected them. Ye heard not my counsels, neither did you receive my advice. Behold, the day of reckoniug hath come. Ye are weighed in the balance of charity and mercy and are wanting. If you had but possessed charity, Mercy would have spread her wings over you, protecting you from the danger that surrounded you. Look at yonder City of Churches. Behold their demolition, and the end of your mission. Man is now his own counsellor, and can plead his case before the Father. The earthly go-between is no longer needed. Your mission is closed."

Then I saw the City of Churches, with all their magnificence, crumble into dust; and the "Heralds of the Cross" were stripped of their robes and became laborers on the earth.

VISION OF SPIRIT LAND.

Again the scene changed. On the opposite side of the mountain, I saw a great country spread out before me, most beautiful to behold. Its light was like the golden shades of the setting sun. The inhabitants were perfect in their formation, and clothed in garments of pure white. I heard music that excelled all other that I ever heard. There was no toil neither was there any sorrow. All loved with the pure undefiled love of the Father. I saw trees in this land bearing all manner of fruit and they gave forth their fruit with their flowers. I heard birds singing in language that I understood. I saw men women and little children moving through the air at will. All was in perfect keeping with the great law of harmony. While I was looking at this beautiful picture, I saw a great concourse of spirits coming from afar off. There were those who had entered the spirit world many thousand years prior to those who inhabited the Land of Flowers. They were messengers from the Central Court of God, and they were on a mission to the spheres below. All their conversation was love.

While I was gazing in rapture on the Heavenly scene before me, I deeired to be there. No sooner had this desire taken place in my soul than I felt a gentle touch from my companion.

"Husband, you must now leave me. Your spirit journey is over.—You must now return to your life form. You have been as long from the temple as the law of control will admit. But remember what you have seen and heard. Govern well thy future actions. Let all thy thoughts be pure. Live the true man; and I will often visit you.

"Come," I said, "my loved one; let us go down into this valley of flowers. Let us live there always."

"Nay, nay; this cannot be. You must go back to earth. Do not plead with me to stay, for it would be wrong to create any uneasy feeling in my soul so full of love to you, to all my earth friends.

* * * * * * * *

RETURN.

There was a sudden flash of light, and I heard a great shout as of many voices bidding me go back to earth and tell my story. Then all was still as the house of death, and I saw no more. All had faded from my view. I felt a deep sense of suffering and I thought that I was being tormented again by those who had been present at my death. The next recollection I had was of this world. My vision was past and I was again mid the realities of life.

When I came to myself I found my friends around me using such remedies as they deemed calculated to restore me to life. I have often regretted that I was sent back from the spheres; for I know my Home is there, mid that land of flowers "and pure delight."

I learned on my restoration to consciousness that I had been many hours in an unconscious state, and many deemed me dead. I always considered it a most wonderful occurrence, and have dwelt much upon the beautiful scenes presented to my interior understanding. At the time I deemed it a dream; I now consider it a journey through the spirit world to the sphere that admits us into the superlative state of our future existence.

Do we not find in this vision the same principle announced by Paul when he said, "I knew a man in Christ fourteen years ago,—whether in the body or out of the body God knoweth,—caught up into the third Heavens, and saw unutterable things." E. V. W.

Obituary Notice.

GONE TO HIS SPIRIT HOME:—DORR B. BRADLEY, whose spirit was freed from its mortal tenement at Burlington, Vt., April 26, 1859, aged nearly twenty-one years. Our brother had a long and painful sickness, lung fever and finally quick consumption, which he bore patiently. He was a young man of rare promise, and of sterling integrity of character, which endeared him to a large circle of friends. He died a Spiritualist, and in the last few weeks of his sickness was developed as a medium, so that angel hands and angel voices could cheer him in his hours of pain and suffering. His mind was clear and strong up to the moment his freed spirit joined the loved ones in the higher home. We feel that he is not lost to us, only gone before, and that he will aid and help us in our life journey here and assist other spsrits who minister to our needs. Our Heavenly Father had a work for him in the higher home, and we can but say, "*Father, thy will be done.*" S. B. B.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, MAY 14, 1859.

LETTERS RECEIVED.—E W Knight, E P Gray, S Davis, G Hale, H M Higbee, L Hamilton, Marbury, A Bishop N K Sargent, D H Hamilton, W Haines, S Maxwell, J Wilder, C W Burgess, H Holton, W A Spaulding, L B Otis, S Smart, A Mitchell, J I Woods, E M Thompson, A W Sherman, A C Estabrook, H Holden, S Adams, E F Bicknell, J Bentley, K T Dickinson, C Hariock, N R Tebb, C H Latham, L F Hamilard, N Ford, J T Eastman, S R Lathrop, S P Stone, E H Goulding, T W Hennessy, J M Peebles, S Wait, J M Killingrre, J Huff, C Wilbern.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

H. P. FAIRFIELD, Trance-speaking Medium may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass. He will speak in North Brookfield, Mass., May 14 and 15.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks May 8th, 15th and 22d, at Lowell; 29th at Taunton; June 5th and 12th at Quincy; 26th at Marlboro. Those desiring his services during the week can address this Office.

GEO. ATKINS will speak in East Wareham, Sunday, May 22d.

H. L. BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, from intuition, for such compensation above expenses as generosity may prompt.

MRS. J. W. CURRIER will answer calls to lecture. Address Lowell, Box 815. She will speak as follows:—Milford, N. H., May 15th; East Stoughton, May 29th; Foxboro, June 5th and 12th; Springfield, June 19th and 26th; Putnam, Conn., July 3d and 10th. She will stop a few days in each of the above places, and will sit for tests of spirit power, by trance, clairvoyant, and physical manifestations.

MRS. H. F. M. BROWN will speak in Syracuse, N. Y., May 8th; in Utica, May 15th; in Springfield, Mass., May 22d; in Boston, May 29th. She may be addressed at Salina (instead of Syracuse) care of Mrs. John Hutchinson; at Utica, care of Dr. Caroline Brown; in Springfield, Mass., care of Samuel L. Randall; Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

L. JUDD PARDEE may be addressed at the Fountain House, Boston.

G. B. STEBBINS speaks on Sundays through the year at Ann Arbor, Mich.; and will answer calls to lecture in that vicinity in the week.

N. FRANK WHITE can be addressed until the middle of May at Beloit, Wis.; he will lecture through the month of June at St. Louis; from there to Cincinnati, then east. Any calls for week evenings can be addressed to him there; calls east of Cincinnati should be addressed him at St. Louis to give time for the appointments.

LORING MOODY will lecture as follows—Blackstone, Sunday, 15th; Millville, Tuesday and Wednesday, 17th and 18th; Mendon, Thursday and Friday, 19th and 20th; Milford, Sunday, 22d; Framingham Sunday May 29th. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

MRS. M. MACOMBER, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Olneyville, R. I. 17—3m*

Mrs. M. speaks at Putnam Ct., May 22d and 29th.

MRS. FANNIE BURDANK FELTON will lecture in Baltimore, Md., the five Sundays of May. Friends in the vicinity of Baltimore wishing to engage her services for week evenings, during her stay in that place, will address Willard Barnes Felton, Box 944, Baltimore, Md.

MISS A. W. SPRAGUE speaks at Portland, Me., the first four Sundays in May. Her address through the month of June will be Plymouth, Vt; through July and August she will speak at Oswego, N. Y.

MRS. C. M. TUTTLE speaks in Hartford, Ct., the last two Sabbaths in April; May 1st in Somerville; 8th and 15th in Bridgeport. After this other places can engage her services by addressing M. H. Tuttle, Hartford and Bridgeport, Ct.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE begs to apprise her friends that her address in future will be No 8 Fourth Avenue, New York, where all communications should be addressed. Miss Hardinge will lecture in New York and vicinity during April; in Providence, Worcester and vicinity during May; in Lowell, Portland and Oswego during June. In September next Miss Hardinge will proceed via. Pittsburg to St. Louis, Memphis, and other places West and South, and requests applications for lectures in those sections of the country to be addressed as above as soon as possible, in order that she may complete her route for the coming winter.

HON. WARREN CHASE lectures April 29th to May 2d, in Chagrin Falls, O; May 15th, in Adrian, Mich; 17th, in Albion; 22d, in Battle Creek; 25th and 26th, Harmonia (near Battle Creek); 29th, Kalamazoo; June 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th, Grand Rapids; 9th and 10th, Grand Haven; 19th and 26th, Chicago, Ill.; July 10th, Geneva, O.

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

PRIVATE COURSE OF INSTRUCTION

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The rapid progress of Spiritualism in this country has awakened a wide-spread and constantly increasing interest in those sciences which are founded on an observation of the phenomena and laws of the Imponderable Agents, and especially on their Relations to Vital Motion, to Sensation and to Thought, as well as to the several physiological and psychological changes they are capable of producing, illustrations of which are daily occurring in the ever-varying conditions and aspects of Human Nature.

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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.

L. JUDD PARDEE will speak at Harmony Hall, 419 Washington St, on Sunday afternoon and evening, May 15th. Free meeting at 10 1-2 A.M.

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J. V. MANSFIELD, Medium for answering Sealed Letters, No. 3 Winter st., Boston (over G. Turnbull & Co.'s dry goods store). TERMS—Mr. M. charges a fee of $3 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $2 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception*.—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 15

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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.

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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.

Mrs. C L NEWTON, Healing Medium, removes chronic and acute diseases by the laying on of hands. Terms reasonable. Office No. 26 West Dedham street, 2 doors from Washington street.

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ENTERTAINMENT OF THE DUTTON CHILDREN,

The smallest girls of their age in the world, being 9 and 11 years old, and weighing only 13 and 15 pounds. They sing the following songs at each entertainment: 1. Gentle Annie; 2, Darling Nellie Gray; 3, Nancy Till; 4, Rosalie the Prairie

Interesting Miscellany.

THE INNER MAN.

Most men make the mistake of living too much outside of themselves. They throw themselves into the out-of-door activities of life with an ardor of devotion that unhinges their true nature. They accumulate wealth, they acquire knowledge, or they cultivate accomplishments until they become warped, cramped, or deformed—one portion of their powers expanding at the expense of others.

How many men who have spent their lives in some worldly pursuit, find themselves in old age, the slaves of iron habits, and incapable of enjoying all the higher and purer pleasures of life!

Now life was not given merely for an outward effort, but mainly for inward cultivation. We are to make the most of ourselves—give all our powers due expansion, and cherish an inner life that will make us independent of outward circumstances. The man who lives only in his worldly pursuits is ever in danger of moral bankruptcy. When the outer world fails him he has no inner world from which to draw strength for the battle of life. Not long since a man in this State hanged himself because ill-health deprived him of the power to labor. When he could no longer work, he said, he no longer wished to live. He had lived too much in his labor, and had neglected to provide an inner retreat from the pains and misfortunes of life.

What a miserable mockery it is to know that we have accumulated a fortune, or achieved an object of ambition, if in the pursuit we have wrecked our manhood! Inward growth, not outward accumulation, is the true object of existence. Life, rightly lived, mounts ever upward, and may reach at its latest hour its happiest condition—the crowning beauty and perfection of earthly existence.

RINGS TO CURE DISEASES.

The times when the touch of a king was thought a certain cure for king's evil, (scrofula,) were also those which held that consecrated rings would cure men of the epilepsy. In 1066, King Edward of England, dying, called to him the Abbot of Westminster, and gave to him a ring said to have come from the east—a miraculous gift to a pilgrim by John the Evangelist; this had been given to Edward by the palmer, in token that the monarch's decease was at hand. "St. Edward's ring," long preserved in Westminster, was believed powerful in curing epilepsy, and the cramp; and hence arose the custom of the English kings solemnly blessing rings for distribution which were held potent in the cure of disease. These rings, made either of gold or silver, were blessed always on Good Friday; and they were composed of the metal of the king's offering to the cross of that day. The king's evil was not cured by this application; but, as before, by touching. The ceremony for blessing the cramp rings, and that for blessing epilepsy rings, involved certain prayers, the MSS. of which are still extant. Such rings were called "medicinal rings." The use of such rings did not cease in England till the change of religion, for we find notices of it in 1557 as a custom in full force. It is not even yet absolutely banished from the rural districts; "instances occur where nine young men of a parish each subscribe a crooked sixpence, to be moulded into a ring, for a young woman afflicted with this malady, (epilepsy.)"

Somewhat akin to this strange fallacy, was the view entertained by many, in fact by almost all learned men in the middle ages, that the emerald changed color in the presence of any deadly poison. Hence they set this stone in signets, that they might ward off evil to themselves, on the sight of this infallible talisman. Southey has made use of this superstion in his wild tale "Thalaba," where Abdaldar places his hand quietly on the arm of the young destroyer:

> "Then, as in familiar mood,
> Upon the stripling's arm
> The sorcerer laid his hand,
> And the fire of the crystal fled!"

Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," says:—"A ring made of the hoof of an ass's right forefoot, cures," etc. Lupton ("Notable Things," page 92, fourth book) says "a piece of a child's naval string, borne in a ring is good against the falling sickness, (epilepsy,) the pain of the head and the colic."

A STRING OF CURIOUS FACTS.

It is not natural for a cow, any more than for any other female animals, to give milk when she has no young to nourish. The permanent production of milk is a modified animal function, produced by an artificial habit for several generations. In Columbia, the habit of milking cows having been laid aside, the natural state of the function has been restored. The secretion of milk continues only during the sucking of the calf, and is only an occasional phenomenon. If the calf dies the milk ceases to flow, and it is only by keeping him with his dam by day, that an opportunity for obtaining milk by night can be found.

The barking of dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct, supposed to have originated in an attempt to imitate the human voice. Wild dogs and domestic breeds which become wild, never bark, but howl. Cats, which so disturb civilized communities by their midnight "Caterwaul," in their wild state in South America are quite silent.

The difference between the skulls of the domestic hog and wild boar is as great as that between the European and negro skull. Domesticated animals that have subsequently run wild in the forest, after a few generations lose all traces of their domestication, and are physically different from their tame originals.

Animalcules have been discovered so small that one million would not exceed a grain of sand, and five hundred millions would sport in a drop of water. Yet each of these must have blood-vessels, nerves, muscles, circulating fluids, etc., like large animals.

How does he Live?

I don't care what the man professes—*how does he live?* There is a volume in the question. Men should be measured by their actions. Deeds are more eloquent than words. "I feel five dollars for the man; how much rest feel?" was the practically expressed sympathy of the kind-hearted Frenchman, when a neighbor was in trouble. That's the test. How *much* do we feel when we *talk?* Talking is easy. Words cost nothing, and furnish the warp and woof of some most glorious friendships! Such friendships are like some men's libraries, beautiful in gilt, and to be admired, but not for use.

No punishment is so terrible as prosperous guilt.

PAYING FOR PROVENDER.

We have no intention of making fun of serious matters in telling the following story—we merely relate a fact:

There is a rule at Oberlin College that no student shall board at a house where prayers are not made regularly each day. A certain man fitted up a boarding house and filled it with boarders, and forgot, until the eleventh hour, the prayer proviso. Not being a praying man himself, he looked around for one who was. At length he found one—a meek young man from Trumbull county, who agreed to pay for his board by praying. For a while all went smoothly, but the boarding master furnished his table so poorly that the boarders began to grumble and to leave, and the other morning the praying boarder "struck!" Something like the following dialogue occurred at the table:

Landlord—Will you pray, Mr. Mild?

Mild—No, sir, I will not.

Landlord—Why not, Mr. Mild?

Mild—It don't pay, sir. I can't pray on such victuals as these. And unless you bind yourself in writing to set a better table than you have for the last three weeks, *not another prayer do you get out of me.*

And that's the way the matter stood at latest advices.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

Social order is better preserved by liberty than restraint. A community which should open a great variety of spheres to its members, so that all might find free scope for their powers, would need little array of force for restraint.—*Channing.*

For the Young People.

A LITTLE GERMAN STORY.

A countryman one day returning from the city, took home with him five of the finest peaches one could possibly desire to see, and as his children had never beheld the fruit before, they rejoiced over them exceedingly, calling them the fine apples with rosy cheeks, and soft, plum-like skins. The father divided them amongst his four children, and retained one for their mother. In the evening, ere the children had retired to their chamber, the father questioned them by asking—

"How did you like the soft, rosy apples?"

"Very much, indeed, dear father," said the eldest boy; "it is a beautiful fruit—so acid, and yet so nice and soft to the taste; I have carefully preserved the stone that I may cultivate a tree."

"Right, and bravely done," said the father; "that speaks well for regarding the future with care, and is becoming a young husbandman."

"I have eaten mine, and thrown the stone away," said the youngest; "besides which, mother gave me half of hers. Oh! it tasted so sweet, and so melting to my mouth."

"Indeed, answered the father, thou hast not been prudent. However, it was very natural and childlike, and displays wisdom enough for your years."

"I have picked up the stone," said the second son, "which my little brother threw away, and cracked it, and eaten the kernel, it was as sweet as a nut to the taste; but my peach I have sold for so much money, that when I go to the city I can buy twelve of them."

The parent shook his head reprovingly, saying—

"Beware, my boy, of avarice. Prudence is all very well, but such conduct as yours is unchildlike and unnatural. Heaven guard thee, my child, from the fate of a miser. And you, Edmund?" asked the father turning to his third son, who openly and frankly replied—

"I have given my peach to the son of our neighbor—the sick George, who has had a fever. He would not take it, so I left it on his bed, and I have just come away."

"Now," said the father, "who has done the best with his peach?"

"Brother Edmund!" the three exclaimed aloud, "brother Edmund!"

Edmund was still and silent, and the mother kissed him with tears of joy in her eyes.

Purity of Character.

Over the beauty of the plum and apricot, there grows a bloom and beauty more exquisite than the fruit itself—a soft, delicate blush that overspreads its blushing cheek. Now if you strike your hand over that, and it is once gone, it is gone forever, for it never grows but once. The flower that hangs in the morning impearled with dew—arrayed as no queenly woman was ever arrayed with jewels—once shake it, so that the beads roll off, and you may sprinkle water over it as you please, yet it can never be made what it was when the dew fell silently upon it from heaven. On a frosty morning, you may see the panes of glass covered with landscapes, mountains, lakes, trees—blended in a beautiful fantastic picture. Now lay your hand upon the glass, and by the scratch of your finge, or by the warmth of your palm, all the delicate tracery will be obliterated.

So there is in youth a purity and beauty of character, which, when touched and defiled, can never be restored, a fringe more delicate than frost-work, and which, when torn and broken, will never be re-embroidered. A man who has spotted and soiled his garments in youth, though he may seek to make them white again, can never wholly do it, even were he to wash them in his tears. When a young man leaves his father's house, with the blessing of his mother's tears still wet upon his forehead, if he once lose that early purity of character, it is a loss that he can never make whole again. Such is the consequence of crime.

The Child's Answer.

"Little Nellie L—— had lost her father, and her mother was poor. Her sweet temper and her winning ways gained her many friends. Among these was an excellent lady, Miss N——. A glimpse of Nellie's bright face peeping in at the door always brought a smile of peculiar tenderness over Miss N——'s placid features.

She loved to sit by the child, softly stroking her hair, and while looking into her smiling eyes would often say, "Poor, poor, Nellie!"

When Nellie shook her head with a heart too happy to forebode evil, her friend would caress her still more fondly, and then say, "Poor little Nellie!"

The child's heart seemed troubled by these pitying words, for she asked, one day, "Why do you call me *poor?* Please don't, Miss N——. I'm not poor—why, I've got twenty-five cents and a *good mother!*"

"Rich little Nellie," said her friend. "A good mother! Ah, how long I was in learning what this little one already knows."

"A good mother"—could any earthly treasure have made her so truly rich?

Poetry and Sentiment.

NOW.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

The venerable Past—is past;
'T is dark, and shines not in the ray;
'T was good, no doubt—'t is gone at last—
There dawns another day.
Why should we sit where ivies creep,
And shroud ourselves in charnels deep;
Or the world's yesterdays deplore,
Mid crumbling ruins mossy hoar?
Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
Looking at WAS from morn to night,
When the beauteous Now, the divine To BE,
Woo with their charms our living sight?
Why should we hear but echoes dull
When the world of sound so beautiful,
Will give us music of our own?
Why in the darkness should we grope?
When the sun in heaven's resplendent cope,
Shines as bright as ever it shone?

The present needs us. Every age
Bequeaths the next for heritage
No lazy luxury or delight—
But strenuous labor for the right;
For *Now*, the child and Sire of Time,
Demands the deeds of earnest men
To make it better than the past,
And stretch the circle of its ken.

Now is a fact that men deplore,
Though it might bless them evermore,
Would they but fashion it aright;
'T is ever new, 't is ever bright.
Time, nor Eternity hath seen
A repetition of delight
In all its phases; ne'er hath been
For men or angels that which *is;*
And that which *is* hath ceased to be
Ere we have breathed it, and its place
Is lost in the Eternity.
But *Now* is ever good and fair,
Of the Infinitude the heir,
And we of it. So let *us* live
That from the Past we may receive
Light for the Now—from Now a joy
That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

THE MAID AT PRAYER.

She rose from her delicious sleep,
And put away her soft brown hair,
And in a tone as low and deep
As love's first whisper, breathed a prayer.
Her snow-white hands together prest,
Her blue eyes sheltered in the lid,
The folded linen on her breast,
Just swelling with the charms it hid;
And from her long and flowing dress,
Escaped a bare and slender foot,
Whose step upon the earth did press
Like a snow-flake, white and mute;
And there from slumber, soft and warm,
Like youth's spirit fresh from Heaven,
She bowed that slight and matchless form,
And humbly prayed to be forgiven.

Oh, God, if souls unsoiled as these
Need daily mercy from thy throne,
If she, upon her bended knees—
Our loveliest and purest one;
She with a face so clear and bright,
We deem her some stray child of light—
If she, with those soft eyes in tears,
Day after day in her young years,
Must kneel and pray for grace from thee,
What far deeper, deeper need have we!
How hardly, if she win not heaven,
Will our wild errors be forgiven?

WHITTIER.

Strifes, like fire, rage the more fiercely the more they are stirred.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman,
Though both may gang a kennie wrang,
To turn aside is human.

BURNS.

He should be considered our best friend, who is most ready to tell us of our errors in a friendly way.

There's no impossibility to him
Who stands prepared to conquer every hazard:
The fearful are the failing.

MRS. HALE.

Marriage is confession. The union, the peace of two hearts begins in this, that they tell everything one to the other.

To follow foolish precedents, and wink
With both our eyes, is easier than to think.

COWPER.

"A good wife—a good occupation—young man, if you have these, you are free. Yes, free, by the power of love, from vice and the expenses of vanity, able to laugh at all the poor millionaires around you; you will despise the crowd which prostrates itself before chance and circumstance. You will say, "Let them spend their life in running after a treasure—I have found mine—I love."

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This invaluable medicine has long been used as an infallible remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Salt Rheum. Erysipelas, Cough, Disease of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Canker, Mercurial Disease, Piles and all gross acrid humors.

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AND HEALING MEDIUM, having returned to Boston, has opened an office at No. 7 Eliot street, where he will receive all who may desire his services. He will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. 16

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Which had afflicted me at intervals of two weeks or less, for nearly thirty years, by using the *Compound Sarsaparilla Syrup*, prepared without alcohol, by B. O. & C. G WILSON, Wholesale Botanic Druggists, 18 and 20 Central St., Boston.

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The above work, containing the most thrilling incidents in the practice of the author, has received the highest commendation from the leading papers of the Union, as one of the most able ever published on the subject of such vital interest. It will be sent by mail in a sealed envelope to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of two stamps for postage.

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HEALING by laying on of hands. CHARLES MAIN, Healing Medium, has opened an Asylum for the Afflicted at No. 7 *Davis street*, Boston, where he is prepared to accommodate patients desiring treatment by the above process on moderate terms.

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Miscellaneous.

A CARD.

For some time past I have devoted my peculiar mental and psychometrical power to directing persons how to improve their condition and select right business pursuits &c. At the request of many, I have concluded to assist persons in making changes and getting situations. For this purpose I shall receive business applications. Persons having stands, or business situations that they would like to dispose of—such as stores, hotels, farms, manufactories, &c., can apply, and should state terms, conditions and particulars. Persons in want of the same should apply, stating what they want, and how much capital they would like to invest. Persons in want of a partner, teacher, agent or mechanic, should state what they want and the qualifications required. Persons in want of such situations should apply. Those having means to invest, and those seeking investments; and finally, any business application will be received. No charge will be made for the applications. When the application is met, the parties will be informed, and a small compensation required in proportion to the value, which shall be made satisfactory. By sending a small portion of their writing, persons may have a reading of their character, condition, qualification and business adaptation, with important information concerning business, health, marriage, and all matters that require mental insight and clairvoyant perception.

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All letters should be directed to Natick, Mass., or left at my office, No. 7 Davis street, Boston, where I may be found on Saturday of each week, for readings or business. Those who doubt my ability or integrity in these matters, will be furnished with satisfactory references on application. H. L. BOWKER.

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39 tf E. V. WILSON, Manager for the Proprietors.

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