THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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The Spiritual Age.

THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY.

The "Minister's Wooing," a story by Harriet Beecher Stowe, now in progress in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is by far the most powerful of her works of fiction.

To our mind the argument against endless misery was never more powerfully presented, than in the following extracts from the "Minister's Wooing" in the September number of the *Atlantic*.

The first extract gives the view of that horrible dogma, as held by the earlier Puritans, but which has been wonderfully softened and toned down, in these days of heresy and infidelity! No clergyman of this day *dare* preach the doctrines of Hopkins, Edwards, &c., &c. But to the extracts:

"The preaching of those times was animated by an unflinching consistency which never shrank from carrying an idea to its remotest logical verge. The sufferings of the lost were not kept from view, but proclaimed with a terrible power. Dr. Hopkins boldly asserts that 'all the use which God will have for them is to suffer; this is all the end they can answer; therefore all their faculties, and their whole capacities, will be employed and used for this end. . . The body can by omnipotence be made capable of suffering the greatest imaginable pain, without producing dissolution, or abating the least degree of life or sensibility. . . . . One way in which God will show his power in the punishment of the wicked will be in strengthening and upholding their bodies and souls in torments which would be otherwise intolerable.'"

Mrs. Marvyn has lost a son—noble, generous-hearted, brave and manly—by shipwreck. Unfortunately, there was no proof that he had ever experienced that "change of heart" which could alone prevent a merciful God from pouring out his vials of wrath to endless ages upon the head of her only and beloved son! Mrs. Marvyn rebelled—as who would not?—Could a mother's agony be more faithfully portrayed? We trow the writer's soul has been racked with similar torments:

"'Mary,' she said, 'I can't help it, don't mind what I say, but I must speak or die! Mary, I cannot, will not, be resigned!—it is all hard, unjust, cruel!—to all eternity I will say so! To me there is no goodness, no justice, no mercy in anything! Life seems to me the most tremendous doom that can be inflicted on a helpless being! *What had we done*, that it should be sent upon us? Why were we made to love so, to hope so,—our hearts so full of feeling, and all the laws of Nature marching over us,—never stopping for our agony? Why, we can suffer so in this life that we had better never have been born!

"'But, Mary, think what a moment life is! think of those awful ages of eternity! and then think of all God's power and knowledge used on the lost to make them suffer! think that all but the merest fragment of mankind have gone into this,—are in it now! The number of the elect is so small we can scarce count them for anything! Think what noble minds, what warm, generous hearts, what splendid natures are wrecked and thrown away by thousands and tens of thousands! How we love each other! how our hearts weave into each other! how more than glad we should be to die for each other! And all this ends——O God, how must it end?—Mary! it isn't *my* sorrow only! What right have I to mourn? Is *my* son any better than any other mother's son? Thousands of thousands, whose mothers loved them as I love mine, are gone there!—Oh, my wedding-day! Why did they rejoice; Brides should wear mourning,—the bells should toll for every wedding; every new family is built over this awful pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes!'"

Pale, aghast, horror-stricken, Mary stood dumb, as one who in the dark and storm sees by the sudden glare of lightning a chasm yawning under foot. It was amazement and dimness of anguish;—the dreadful words struck on the very centre where her soul rested. She felt as if the point of a wedge were being driven between her life and her life's life,—between her and her God. She clasped her hands instinctively on her bosom, as if to hold there some cherished image, and said in a piercing voice of supplication 'My God! oh, where art thou?" * * * *

"'Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best—better than it would have been in any other way,—that God *chose* it because it was for a greater, final good,—that He not only chose it, but took means to make it certain,—that He ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain, that He creates the vessels of wrath and fits them for destruction, and that He has an infinite knowledge by which He can do it without violating their free agency.—So much the worse! What a use of infinite knowlege! What if men should do so!—What if a father should take means to make it certain that his poor little child should be an abandoned wretch, without violating his free agency? So much the worse I say!—They say He does this so that He may show to all eternity, by their example, the evil nature of sin and its consequences! This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out of it!—It is *not* right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few;—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right,—never!—Yet they say our salvation depends on our loving God,—loving Him better than ourselves,—loving Him better than our dearest friends.---It is impossible!---it is contrary to the laws of my nature! I can never love God! I can never praise Him!---I am lost! lost! lost! And what is worse, I cannot redeem my friends! Oh, I *could* suffer forever,---how willingly!---if I could save *him*---But oh, eternity, eternity! Frightful, unspeakable woe! No end!---no bottom!---no shore!---no hope!---O God! O God!"

Mrs. Marvyn has a faithful negro woman, once a slave, now a kind servant, whose great heart, throbbing with the deep tide of simple love and affection, comes to the rescue of the poor brain well-nigh crazed with the crushing theology which pictured God as a very fiend of cruelty and unappeasable ferocity. Can anything be more exquisitely beautiful than the touching appeals by which this child of nature relieved the weight of agony resting on the mother's soul, dissolving it in tears? Listen:

"At this moment, Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door for an hour past, suddenly burst into the room.

"'Lor' bress ye Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis yer way,' she said. 'Do talk *gospel* to her, can't ye?—ef you can't I will.

"'Come ye poor little lamb,' she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, 'come to ole Candace!'—and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. 'Honey, darlin,' ye a'n't right,—dar's a dreffal mistake somewhar,' she said. 'Why, de Lord a'n't like what ye tink,—He *loves* ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how *I* loves ye,—poor ole black Candace;—an' I a'n't better'n Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said, 'Father, forgive dem'? Say, honey!—wasn't it de Lord dat made ye?—Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'!—cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim,—loved him and *died* for him,—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross! Laws, jes' *leave* him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o'de nails in his hands now!'

"The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form, as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"'Now, honey,' said Candace, after a pause of some minutes, "I knows our Doctor's a mighty good man, an' larned,—an' in fair weather I ha'n't no 'bjection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great and mighty tings he's got to say. But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks mustn't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar jest a'n't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's *Jesus*. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allers,---it's a good place darling'! *Look righ; at Jesus*. Tell ye, honey, ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' and tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat he went through all dese tings,---Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him you was a-talkin' about?---Him you don't love? Look at Him, an' see ef you can't. Look an' see what He is!---don't ask no questions, and don't go to no reasonin's,---jes' look at *Him*, hangin' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all the breath he had. Dar's a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace loves Him,---poor, ole, foolish, black, wicked Candace,---an' she knows He loves her,'---and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping."

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadow of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—[Channing.

SATISFACTORY—OR OUGHT TO BE.

[It appears that in a certain town in Wisconsin, a proposition was made to invite Brown, of the Wisconsin Chief to deliver a temperance address. Some objection were made, three of which we subjoin, with the editor's plea of guilty to all of them.]

"Brown is mercenary—will not go to talk temperance without pay."

Guilty! We have a large sum invested in gratuitous reform labor, and now retire on the income. Our Bank account of "good wishes" and votes of thanks, show several millions in our favor, and we are above the necessity of lecturing and footing our own bills. We are now speculating—putting potatoes in the ground and enjoying the increase.

"He is rich and lives in a palace at 'The Oaks.'"

All truth. We are one of the nabobs.—Like the fellow who would have four chipmuncks when he killed the one he was after, and three more, so we shall have some land when we get it. Our palace is principally of pine, 22x30, one story, and most sumptuously furnished. It is neither plastered, papered, or painted inside—such furnishing is too plebeian. We use the stove-pipe for a chimney, and our parlor for hall, reception room, dining-room, kitchen, library, sanctum, wash-room, place to spank the children, etc., etc. Our Brussels ingrain is made of old coat-skirts, shirt-tails, dilapidated pants, and other things too numerous to mention. Our furniture is common cherry, and our chairs bottomed with cat-tail flags. Our spoons are mostly pewter—silver being rather common. Our chattels personal run up to the handsome figure of several millions.

One wife, value not to be computed.	
Three young'uns. ditto.	
Three pigs,	$2,75
Twelve hens and more hatching—(not paid for or price known,)	
One cat and four kittens,	5,00
Two cows, and a calf in prospect,	50,00
Two jack-knives,	2,50
One quarter acre strawberries,	5000,00

The above, with little matters divers and sundry, give figures the spasms when the total is enumerated. We dare not go into details, for fear of robbery. If Bro.——— expects a man of such means to go and talk temperance, he will be disappointed. We are growing more and more mercenary every day. We shall add three more pigs to our stye, and push the setting hens to their utmost. And if our farrow cow should add another calf to our horned stock, we shall be above lecturing entirely.

"He struts about the farm and plays the lord in broadcloth."

A fact. Our home rig was once broadcloth, though badly ventilated now. Rents range from the knee upward. Our hat is straw, and now in its fourth summer's wear. Our shoes and kids came with us into the world. And when we walk among the Lawtons, Catawissas, Houghton's seedlings, the spacious strawberry patches, and look upon two apples, and a half dozen pears, one quart of currants at least, several gooseberries and as many raspberries, we do feel like a lord, and above the benevolent business of lecturing and paying our expenses for a vote of thanks.

THE LONDON TIMES OFFICE.—Mr. Story, son of one of the proprietors of the Rochester Democrat, writes to that paper an account of his visit to the office of the London Times.—We copy a portion of this narrative:

"One of the most interesting and novel departments of the establishment is that in which the stereotyping process is carried on. You know, perhaps, already, that every number of the Times is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken from the "form" in three minutes, by a new process, invented by a Swiss and known only to him. A thin layer of soft and damp papier mache first receives the impression of the type, and after it has been hardened by the application of heat, the melted lead is poured on which is to form the stereotype plate. The papier mache has the power of resisting the action of the melted lead, and comes out of the fiery trial uninjured, and almost unscorched. The plates are re-melted every day after the issue of the day is printed from them, and the waste of type metal from day to day is very slight. By this power of multiplying the number of forms from which the same side of the paper can be printed, the Times can use three or four presses at once, and thus print its 59,000 copies, on an emergency, in two hours time. The Times employs in its establishment some 350 persons. It has eighteen reporters at the Houses of Parliament, and for these, as well as for the majority of its compositors, the working hours are the night hours exclusively. It owns four cabs, which are employed solely in carrying reporters and reports at night to and fro between Printing House Square and the Palace at Westminster. The reporters relieve each other at the end of every quarter hour, and thus, though the debate in the Commons may not end till the morning, the Times give it in full by sunrise, though it cover two whole pages of the journal."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV., of France, visited, by chance, a garden, which had been embellished and nursed with much care. Among the persons who accompanied the King, was a courtier, who had a red beard. The latter racked his brains to find something to amuse the august personage during his walk. While he was endeavoring to enliven the conversation by some witty sally, the gardener appeared before them; he had no beard, though already advanced in years. "My friend," said the courtier, immediately addressing him, "why have you no beard on your chin?" He had imagined that the shyness and shame of the gardener would give him cause for merriment. But the countryman, without appearing the least astonished, turned towards the one who had questioned him. "When Nature," said he, "distributed its beards to mortals, I arrived rather late; and as there only remained red ones, I preferred doing without, than taking one of that color."

ELECTRICITY.—Atmospheric electricity has been much neglected by meteorologists. The beneficial effects of electricity on the vegetable kingdom are of a character so apparent, that any extended researches upon this branch of meterology, calculated to throw additional light upon the subject, is very desirable. There are several instruments used in studying the subject. The most simple is Glaisher's electrometer, which, being portable, should become generally adopted. To be able to announce the approach of a thunderstorm at a time when the sky is free from clouds, and to ascertain its speed, so as to tell when it may be expected in any given place, would afford the farmer, the mariner, and many other persons, information of a most valuable character.—[Life Ill.

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. CHANEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE METEORS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following story, it has been the aim of the author to lose his own identity, in the character of an old German Philosopher. He therefore starts with him in boyhood, introducing many circumstances, facts and characters, which are real.

The *chief object* of the work is to *instruct*.—Should it be objected that the character of Minnie is too highly wrought, the author has only this reply—"When properly developed and progressed, it will not be impossible for thousands to become as good and pure as Minnie; but even were it otherwise, he would rather place the standard too high than too low."

There are some circumstances connected with the writing of this work, which, to say the least, are remarkable. Until the Spring of 1857, the author had been a violent opposer of Spiritualism, having, in his capacity of editor, written many severe, and as he now perceives, unjust criticisms in reference to it. His conversion to a belief in the doctrine was not sudden and brilliant, like that of Paul, but was the result of a careful investigation, during which each fact was separately examined, and required to be proved before being admitted. This occurred during a stay at the Fountain House in Boston, in the spring and summer of 1857, whither he went, and was obliged to remain by *force of circumstances*, and much against his inclinations.

During this time, he visited a medium at the house of Dr. Hayden—her name is now forgotten—through whom he was informed that the spirit of an aged man was endeavoring to approach him, but could not. The spirit held a parchment, closely rolled and tied with tape, but no information could be obtained.

Subsequently the author made the acquaintance of Dr. A. C. Stiles of Bridgeport, Ct., upon whose invitation he was induced to call on Mrs. Peabody, then at 3 Avon Place, and now 15 Davis street.—Mrs. Peabody declined sitting as a test medium, and endeavored to persuade her visitors to call upon some other medium, she supposing from remarks made that both were opposers. After some persuasion from Dr. Stiles, she finally consented to sit for *him*, but immediately upon experiencing an influence, turned to the author and gave him a series of more than fifty of the most remarkable and astonishing tests. So impressed was he with the presence of loved ones who had passed on, that yielding to the holy spell he wept both in joy and sorrow. These were the first tests he had ever received. He was also told of the spirit of a white haired old man, with a roll of papers, hovering near him.

In October following, at the house of B. Barker, in Ellsworth, Me., he saw for the first time a Miss Johnson, of Portland, now Mrs. D. Dana, of Roxbury, through whom he was again informed of the presence of this spirit, with papers which the spirit offered, but which he refused.

In June, 1859, at a private house in Gardiner, Me., in company with two other gentlemen, who would prefer that their names should not be mentioned, a medium from Hallowell informed the author that the spirit of an aged man was constantly about him, impressing him with spiritual truths. That the spirit held a parchment, tied with strings. But no further information could be obtained.

Some four weeks subsequently, Dr. J. S. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me., a clairvoyant and medium, was in Gardiner, and at a private circle, the author was again informed of the presence of the spirit with the parchment, the strings of which were cut, and the parchment unrolled sufficiently to read the one word thereon—"PROGRESSION." He was also informed that this spirit gave him impressions constantly in writing, especially while writing a very lengthy article, which contained fiction in real life, but numerous facts in regard to spiritualism. (This story was at that time about half written.)

Subsequently, through the same medium, he was informed that this spirit was with him constantly, and at the proper time would disclose who he was while living in the earth form.

These communications suggested the design of the new engraved head of the SPIRITUAL AGE, and the author may as well add in this connection that the story of Minnie was commenced nearly three months, before he ever had a thought of becoming editor of the AGE.

The communications in reference to the spirit of this old man, have, in every instance, come through strangers, personally unknown to each other and to the author. Three of them he never saw but once; Mrs. Peabody but twice, and up to this writing (Aug. 18th, 1858,) he doubts if she knows his name; Dr. Lovell he has seen some half a dozen times. Dr. Stiles he saw only for a few days, and has never seen him since. To none of them has he ever written, and none have written to him.

Except in the first instance, there have always been witnesses present, and they will bear evidence to the truth of this statement. The different times, places and circumstances, render it absolutely impossible, in some of these instances, that there could have been any collusion between the mediums; while in the other cases it is highly improbable.

That this work is faulty in some particulars the author is well aware. It has been written in the editor's sanctum, amid continued interruptions, and while it was necessary to devote three fourths of his time to business. But he trusts it will prove interesting to the general reader, and especially so to the Spiritualist. Of its moral tendency, in its inculcation of the principles of virtue, purity, and the better emotions of the soul, he entertains no doubt, else it would never be given to the public.

It has been the aim of the author to render the work as natural as possible—that is, upon the assumption that Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism are true—so that it shall appear rather as a history than a fiction. For this reason, many real characters are introduced, along with facts that have actually transpired.

That it has been written under the direction of an intelligence not subject to the control of his will, he scarcely entertains a doubt, notwithstanding he has always been in a perfectly conscious state. His reasons for this conclusion are, *first*, scarce any details have been introduced as he had planned them; *secondly*, circumstances, theories and arguments are introduced as new to him as though written by another; *thirdly*, whole pages have been written, while his mind has been entirely occupied with another subject—just as a person will sometimes drop into a reverie while reading, and even though reading aloud, so that others will understand, be wholly unconscious of the subject. This state of mind he has often experienced while reading, but never before while writing.—He therefore concludes that the first degree, or incipient stage towards *perfect trance*, is *unconscious reading*—something which probably every person who can read has experienced many times.

With this introduction, and hoping that the reader may derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal, he now submits it to the friends and patrons of the SPIRITUAL AGE.

CHAPTER I.

MY HISTORY.

I was born on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1791, in the Barony of * * * * *, upon the river Maine, in one of the states of Germany. Being an only child, I was heir to the broad acres, the old mansion, and the title of Baron, all of which had been transmitted through many generations. Our family name was Wiltonsteiner, but upon the accession of one of my ancestors to the Baronry, about the middle of the fifteenth century, it was changed to Wydorf. As he was the first Baron von Wydorf, of course he was *the* first of my ancestors—no one of the descendants ever presuming to trace the family history beyond his accession, until I, the last Baron von Wydorf, having become disgusted with empty sounding titles, and an enthusiastic Republican, explored the moth-eaten records of the past, and having discovered that my more remote ancestors had been known by the name of Wiltonsteiner, I at once resolved upon adopting it; and wishing to Americanize my name—I was already an American in heart—I dropt the *steiner* at the same time I rejected the ancestral title. But the title of "Professor" I consider as my own property, having earned it myself. Had it been an inheritance, I should have spurned it with the same contempt I do all titles, sought to be perpetuated by a corrupt and imbecile aristocracy.

"Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*"—has been my motto through life. I feel more veneration for the lacquey who brushes my coat and polishes my boots, if he is honest, and discharges his duties faithfully, than for the prince royal, who has nothing to boast but his noble descent. Others *profess* strict adherence to this principle; yet I am mortified to be obliged to say their acts belie their professions. The masses of Europe are still struggling against an effeminate aristocracy which has cursed them for centuries, while in America the son of an obscure laborer my be found among the most distinguished men of the nation. The masses of Europe are unable to break down the barriers, erected before their birth by a selfish aristocracy, and which keeps the poor and lowly-born, from places of distinction and renown. But in America as the widowed mother scrubs over her wash-tub, wondering what necessary of life she can best dispense with, in order to purchase her boy a new spelling-book, she may reasonably indulge the day-dream of looking forward to the time when that boy shall become a school teacher—then enter one of the learned professions—and finally take rank with the first men of his age. Not so in Europe, where, with the exception of but few countries, the chief aim of government seems to be to make the poor, poorer—the rich, richer.

I must crave the reader's pardon for this digression, for I am now writing for an American public, where these facts are as familiar as household words. Yet I trust he will not lose patience with the "old man." Remember that I once became disgusted with both political and social tyranny, and during the quarter of a century which I have passed as a hermit, have neither read nor heard of the rapid progress in the elevation of man, which was being made upon this side of the Atlantic. Hence, a new life has dawned upon me; and like the prisoner, whom long years have made familiar with his narrow cell, and accustomed his sight to its gloomy darkness, who cannot suppress his admiration of the beautiful earth and the glorious light of day—so I, after reaching these shores, inhaling the air of freedom, and having realized the manifold blessings resulting to the human race, cannot, and *will not*, suppress the emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving which I have experienced in beholding the glorious light of intelligence which illuminates this country.

But to return to my history. It was my misfortune to be deprived of my mother when I was but three years old. After her death my father became a cold misanthrope caring for no one—loving no one. My mother was evidently a very amiable and affectionate wife, and from her marriage until her death, exerting a genial and refining influence over her husband, who was naturally cold and unsocial. While she lived, I have reason to believe that he sincerely mourned her loss; but to say that he ever loved her as a husband *should* love his wife, would detract from my merits as a faithful historian. In the grave where he buried my mother, he buried all the nobler sentiments which she had inspired within him, and from that day became a hater of everything but his title and his wealth.

Only once do I remember having seen him manifest the slightest symptoms of tenderness. It was on the anniversary of my fifteenth birth-day, when, for a little sport, the servants persuaded me to put on a white dress belonging to the old gardener's daughter. My form was of delicate proportion, and my hair being worn long, after the fashion of German students, hanging in thick curls about my neck, gave me so much the appearance of a young lady, that even my old nurse did not recognize me for a long time; nor do I think she would have discovered the trick at all, but for my thoughtlessness in joining with the others in a hearty laugh. In the midst of our merriment, who should enter the servants' hall but my father! Knowing his utter disapprobation of a farce of this kind, all our boisterous mirth was hushed in a moment. Those nearest the door beat a hasty retreat, while the rest of us, as if paralyzed, remained in the very position we occupied upon his entrance. As for myself, being the chief transgressor, and seeing no means of escape, I stood, with down-cast look, like a criminal in the dock, awaiting my sentence. But as he did not immediately speak, I at length raised my eyes to his. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance—his face was very pale, his eyes fixed, and seemingly starting from their sockets; while the nervous twitching of the muscles indicated that his mind was most painfully agitated. Mistaking his agitation for anger, and wishing to avoid him until it had somewhat subsided, with my eyes steadily fixed on his I commenced retreating from the room. Not a word was spoken—not a movement made by the others—and as I noiselessly glided from the room, it must have appeared to him more like the exit of a ghost than of a breathing mortal. Not until I had fairly vanished into the kitchen did he regain his presence of mind; and then, muttering to himself, "*her very image!*" he hurriedly left the hall without further comment.

CHAPTER II

EUROPE IN 1807.

I studied under private tutors until I was sixteen, when, upon the death of my father, I entered college. Hitherto my knowledge of the world had been limited to the information derived from books, and an occasional visitor at the old mansion. But now a new era dawned upon me, and I welcomed my new existence with all the enthusiasm of a German student.

At that period, in many particulars, Germany was in advance of any country of Europe. The immortal KLOPSTOCK had written his great epic poem, "The Messiah" and by his odes and war-songs, awakened a love of the good, of freedom, and a warmth of christian kindness, heretofore unknown to my phlegmatic countrymen. Nor should I omit to mention LESSING, the master critic—HERDER, whose elevation of style and gorgeous imagery—bounteous gifts of nature, but greatly strengthened by his study into the original sources of language and poetry—who gave a new impulse, both to literature and to a spirit of investigation, by his work entitled "Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man,"—nor should I pass unnoticed WIELAND, the graceful and fluent philosopher, whose peculiar style won admiration from a certain class which had hitherto been monopolized by French romances. These last three may be said to have prepared the way for GOETHE, who, like Columbus, steered boldly into the unknown seas, the one in pursuit of a New World, the other in pursuit of new worlds of poetry and intellectual elysiums. His "Elective Affinities," revelling in wonders and mystery, burst upon my marvelous-loving countrymen like a rocket, throwing a glare into darkness which had been undisturbed since the creation. His "Faust," and "Poetry of truth," afford pictures of his most inward soul, and display the progress of his own life. SCHILLER had been gathered to the immortal hosts two years before I commenced my collegiate course, yet his "William Tell" lighted the flame of liberty in my soul which has never been quenched. At this period the historian dates the culminating point of German poetry, and it was then that my new existence commenced.

From this glance at the literary, I turn to the military world. Europe was being ravaged by inhuman warfare. "Austerlitz" still rang in the ears of every European, notwithstanding the peace of Presburg had long been forgotten. The star of Napoleon was in the ascendant, and everywhere was awakened a martial spirit and military enthusiasm, such as was never before known in the world's history. Francis II. had abdicated the title of "Emperor of Germany," and the "Holy Roman Empire of Germany" had been dissolved. Its mightiest principalities were paying tribute to a foreign power, and a sense of humiliation was crushing many a German heart. After the judicial murder of the brave and noble publisher, PALM, of Nuremberg, who suffered death sooner than give up the name of the author of a pamphlet which he had published on the abasement of Germany, who would dare to give public utterance to the thoughts which swayed their bosoms?

But notwithstanding the servile chains thrust upon Germany, the brilliant achievements of Napoleon aroused all the latent fires in the breasts of her students. The chivalry of past generations was aroused, and finding no other vent, among the German students, duels were of most frequent occurrence. And if with no government—no country—no NAPOLEON, the martial spirit was so ascendant, what should be expected of volatile Frenchmen, with a government everywhere—Europe for their country, and NAPOLEON for a leader! To shield his person was his fame—to be wounded in his defence, glory—to die for him, immortality.

At the battle of Montmirail, it is said that a young officer named Durosier, was ordered by Napoleon to carry a despatch to one of the Generals. He returned in a brief space of time, announced his success with a triumphant smile, and fell dead at the feet of the Emperor. A bullet had pierced his breast, but he concealed the wound until his mission was completed, and then with his last look fixed upon Napoleon, he gloried in laying down his life for the service of one whom he adored little less than his Maker.

The military furor excited among the French soldiery, was caught among the nations with whom Napoleon was at war, and while they fought the Emperor, they could not but admire the NAPOLEON!

At this period, in the Golden Age of German poetry, and when "war" was the salutation between nations, I made my debut on the stage of active life, and entered upon my collegiate course. A brief space sufficed to initiate me into all the manners and customs of German students, prevalent in those days, and my natural ambition, added to the dignity of my social position, as sole inheritor of the title and possessions of my ancestors, at once gave me high rank among my associates. Now of a stout, athletic form, and vigorous constitution, I engaged heartily in the gymnastic feats of my companions, and soon became an acknowledged victor in all that required superior strength and activity. In boxing, fencing and shooting, I rarely found my equal.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS AT COLLEGE. THE CHALLENGE.

Life at a German University contains but little to interest the general reader. At least, so it seems to me now. I thought differently once—before the fires of youth were cooled by the frosts of age—before sorrow, and trial, and disappointment had embittered every cup of enjoyment, poisoned the well-springs of life, and dried up all the fountains of hope.

I should pass over in silence my seven years of student life, but for their influence upon me in after time, affecting an entire change in my apparent destiny.

From my father I inherited a proud, selfish, unsocial nature; but my mother gave me her warm, loving heart. Thus I was a sort of duplicate person—two souls in one body. With this two fold nature, I was cold and cruel, or affectionate and kind, as either spirit chanced to control. An injury done to a friend would awaken in me all the sympathy and tenderness of my angel mother—then the dark spirit of my father would arouse hate and a thirst for revenge. Even while weeping over the wrongs of my friend, I could call out his enemy—one who had never harmed *me*—and run him through the heart without the least compunction.—Nay, more—I gloried in it—his death struggles rejoiced me—his last groan was the sweetest music.

Scenes of violence among the students were not uncommon in those days. Hereditary custom, strengthened by the spirit of the times, had so firmly established the code of honor, falsely so called, as the umpire for settling all differences, that it required more courage to refuse, than to accept a challenge. Words almost meaningless of themselves, yet delivered in a tone of sarcasm, or accompanied with a look of defiance, were deemed sufficient provocation for a hostile meeting.

I have been engaged in many duels—have been so severely wounded that my life has been despaired of, yet all sink into utter insignificance before the harrowing recollections of one event which was destined to influence my destiny through all coming time.

Conrad von Wieser was my intimate friend. Like me, his family was both ancient and noble; but his father having been convicted of conspiring against Francis II., his property was confiscated, his title given to another, and himself condemned to perpetual imprisonment, from which he was soon released by death. Conrad's mother being possessed of a small estate in her own right, had retired to the province in which the University we attended was located, where, with her son and only daughter, she lived in the greatest seclusion.

Conrad was a brave, noble youth, his soul the very embodiment of honor. Ambitious to retrieve the dishonor brought upon the name by his father, he bent all the energies of his powerful intellect to the acquisition of knowledge. Carefully avoiding all quarrels and disputes, yet prompt to resent and chastise an insult, many loved, many feared and all respected him.

Conrad was my friend. During our seven years of study we never quarrelled. He had often stood my friend in a hostile meeting, a favor which he seldom gave me an opportunity to reciprocate, for he never quarrelled with others, and but few cared to rouse the lion within him. In the athletic games I was his master, but study as I would, I rarely equalled him at recitation. He was the hardest student and the best scholar at the university. I alone was second to him. At first it merely caused me only an occasional regret—in a year it annoyed me—in three years I became jealous of him, and with my

secret locked safe from observation, I redoubled my diligence, and at the end of five years we were rivals—friendly to all external appearances—friendly rivals as far as Conrad knew—but to my shame be it spoken, there were times in which I bitterly envied him. His noble nature never suspicioned my meanness, but on the contrary he often assisted me in my studies.

The time was now rapidly approaching when we were to leave college. An ambition to carry off the highest prize had long been preying upon me. Every thought and aspiration of my nature was centered upon this one object. There was no sacrifice which I would not have made to insure success. It became a mania with me, torturing my waking hours and haunting my sleep. Sleep! alas, I could not sleep! With the exception of a few hours of each twenty-four, my whole time was spent in study. I did not retire until after midnight, and then I always left my lamp burning, that not a moment should be lost in re-lighting it.

This continued application soon began to impair my health. I was nervous and easily irritated. I did not feel as though I could possibly survive a failure.

Conrad was first to observe my changed appearance, and made several attempts to learn the cause; but I managed to escape him without betraying my secret, and then hurrying to my room was soon lost in my studies.

One morning I felt more feeble and exhausted than usual. My strength had failed me, and I could not walk without staggering. I sat and calculated my chances of success. There were still four weeks for preparation—in everything but Chemistry and Philosophy. Conrad was in advance of me—he had not been using extra exertions until within a few days—his health and strength were in reserve, while mine were exhausted—there was no possibility of my carrying off the first prize, and as for the second, I was already far beyond the reach of all competition. At this point my meditations were interrupted by a knock at my room door. Feeling too languid to rise, I bade the applicant come in. The door gently opened and Conrad entered. His fine countenance expressed both surprise and sympathy as he advanced and took my hand.

"Why, Charles," he said, "how is this? Alone in your room, sick, and not send for me?"

"I am not sick," I replied, "that is, I have no disease."

"Disease or not, you look more like a ghost than a man of flesh and blood."

"I passed a sleepless night, and a tormenting headache this morning has probably given my countenance a haggard appearance, but there is nothing serious ails me."

"Why do you try to deceive me, Charles," he said, half mournfully, half reproachfully, "for I have noticed that your health has been gradually failing for several days."

At first I affected to laugh at his fears for my health, and then strove to change the subject; but his friendship for me was too sincere to be easily put off. His importunings wearied me, and at length, in fretful humor and with a peevish tone, I told him all.—Disregarding my bad temper, and attributing it to my low state of health, he had leaned forward, and placing his hand upon my head, with all the tenderness of a woman, he brushed back my hair and while his beaming eyes were fixed upon mine, he said:

"Charles, I am sorry—*very sorry.* I never dreamed of this until now; the day I entered the university I resolved to win the first prize. That thought has been ever uppermost in my mind; it has been my great aim in life; my chief ambition; the first oasis in my weary journey across the desert waste, where misfortune had cast me. I little thought that our ambitions centered upon the same object. And why should I have thought so? You have title, wealth and an unsullied reputation, while I have neither. Success, with you, would be but empty fame; a momentary triumph. Failure, only a boyish disappointment, soon to be forgotten.—With me how different! Success is my life; failure my death!"

As he ceased speaking a pallor overspread his countenance, his lips quivered, and tears were in his eyes. I never saw him so moved before. A deep silence reigned for several minutes, which I was the first to break.

"Conrad," said I, "you are mistaken. No boyish whim, seeking only a temporary triumph, actuates me in this struggle. No earthly ambition can be compared to the hungry cravings of my soul to possess the first prize upon anniversary day. For it I would gladly barter half my fortune."

A new idea occurred to me—he was poor; I was rich. Might not wealth tempt him to relinquish the contest? At any other time I could not have wounded his feelings by making so base a proposition. But the dark spirit controlled me, and intent only upon achieving my object, no matter by what means, I recklessly resolved to make the offer.

"Conrad," I resumed, "it is true, I am rich and you are poor, but it only remains with you to equalize *this* difference. Promise me that you will not contest for the first prize and I will instantly execute the necessary writings for putting you in possession of one half of my whole fortune."

To be Continued.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE BRIDE OF A DREAM.

We take the following account of a singular dream from the Western Christian Advocate:

Mr. B. had been twice married, but was left a second time a widower, with six daughters and one son. After these bereavements, Mr. B. inferred the Lord did not design him to enjoy the blessing of a wife, and he resolved to sacrifice all personal conveniences and enjoyments of the conjugal relation, and never attempt to select another partner in life. This resolution he sacredly kept for nearly three years, when the arguments and counsel of the minister of the circuit, in the State of Delaware, prevailed on him to change his mind. The consideration of his numerous family of daughters requiring so much a mother's care and instruction, was one of the strongest reasons that induced him to admit that his resolution might be founded in error. The minister, encouraged by the favorable impression he had made, and the influence he had gained over Mr. B., took the liberty to name to him a lady residing in a certain neighborhood of his circuit, whom he thought would make him an excellent wife, and a good mother for his children, and appointed the time and place for Mr. B. to meet him and be introduced to her. Some occurrence took place which prevented Mr. B. from meeting the minister according to appointment.

The minister intent upon his plan, procured Mr. B's consent to meet him a second time, and the appointment was made; but an unexpected Providence again prevented Mr. B. being there at the time. They then made a third arrangement, and Mr. B. determined, if life and health permitted, he certainly would meet his friend and be made acquainted with the lady recommended.—Before the time arrived, however, Mr. B. was admonished in a dream that the woman so favorably spoken of by the minister was not the one he ought to marry, and he was conducted in a vision to the young lady who would be a suitable helpmate, and that Providence designed for him.—The distance was sixty miles and he had only travelled twenty miles in that direction. Yet the map of the whole road was laid before his mind, and the way he should go so distinctly marked in his dream, that he seemed to be perfectly familiar with all the road. He dreamed the distance, the name of the young woman, and the name of her step-father, Col. Vickers, the appearance of the house in which he lived, how it was painted; that it was situated near a river, with a warehouse near at hand. He dreamed also that there were five young ladies belonging to the same family, and had the one selected for him so accurately described in his dream, that he could easily distinguish her from the other four.

In the morning he awoke and thought nothing of his vision, except as an ordinary and rather remarkable dream. The next night he had precisely the same vision repeated, and the same things presented to his mind in a still more vivid manner. Mr. B. then began to think that there might be some indication of Providence in his dream; and all that day he made it the subject of sincere and earnest prayer that God would direct him in the way he should go in a matter so grave, and involving so much interest to himself and his motherless children. That night he had the vision repeated a third time, and he determined then to follow the directions given him, and fully test the circumstances of the dream by a practical examination, and see if the results would be developed as he dreamed them. He immediately sent a note to the preacher, informing him that he had changed his mind, and must decline meeting him at the time appointed. Mr. B. started in the direction indicated by his vision, and after passing the twenty miles he was acquainted with, his dream was his only guide. He, however, had no difficulty; for the map of the road was so vividly impressed upon his mind that he was able to distinguish his road from all others. The gentleman whose name was given to him in his dream he had never seen, or heard of. He knew the farm as soon as he saw it. The house and everything appeared precisely as they had been presented in his vision.

He alighted from his horse and entered the beautiful house. The personal appearance of the young lady was so vividly impressed on his mind by the vision thrice repeated, that he readily recognized her in company of the four others whom he found in the same family. He soon ascertained the name of the young woman, and found it to be Sarah T., according to his dream.—This young lady had determined, and had often said, she would never marry a widower. Miss T. said the very moment she first saw Mr. B. she felt a strange tremor pass over her whole system. She had a vivid impression that he was a widower, and that he had come to see her. She afterwards confessed that a sudden emotion of affection for him arose in her heart as soon as she came into his presence.

Mr. B. obtained the pleasure of an interview with her that evening, and was successful in securing her consent to visit her again, and address her on the subject of marriage. He, however, did not tell her his dream till she had engaged to become his wife. After a courtship of a few months they were happily married, and lived together more than fifty years. Mr. B. died the 25th of March, 1842, and Mrs. B. lived till the 7th of April, 1847. For sixty years, perhaps, they were both distinguished and useful members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A JAPANESE CONJUROR.

Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross legged about ten yards from us upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-colored screen with a painting of the peak of Fusi-hama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interfered with his efforts, and made the butterfly truant to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of the fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight, the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying the attention between flirting with one another, and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertically, and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, both would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by a gentle movement of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to it, and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstacies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

A TEXAN'S OPINION.

If the following anecdote of a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial be true, we need not wonder at the persecutions which the Methodists have recently suffered at the hand of the Texans:

While on church matters I will give you a Texan's opinion of a Methodist. It was new to me.

"Do you know, my friend," addressing me, "why it is that the Methodists holler so loud when they pray?"

I, of course, expressed my astonishment, and anxiety to possess such valuable information

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. It is because they are farther from God than any other denomination of Christians."

"Might you not be mistaken?" said I.

"No, sir," was his quick reply, "I know them well, for I was born in a camp-meeting."

I had nothing more to say; the man was in earnest.

SINGULAR ORNAMENT.

A brooch worn by the Countess of K—— has recently been the subject of conversation among the eminent company of Polish nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliants upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli, and protected by a glass in front may be seen—What? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one or the other; but only four bent pins wrought together in the form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication: "The Count K—— was some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away, without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but his mind also wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double weight of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailor. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit.—He threw the pins upon the earth—which alone was the floor of his dungeon—and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hands until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly, the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins;—but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear, bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked, yellow, brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now, set in a frame of brilliants, worth £400, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.—[Court Journal.

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

On Thursday, 18th inst., as a freight train on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad was passing between Groton Centre and Groton Junction, the head of a brakeman, named Jos. Shea, who was standing upon a car, came in contact with a bridge, and his skull was badly broken. Seven pieces of bone were taken from the wound, and the Worcester Spy says it is very doubtful whether he will recover.

Many people like newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

The *Illustrated Times* says that on Monday, July 25th, Judge Haliburton made his maiden speech in Parliament. "When he arose, the House was hushed to silence in a moment; but his speech was not a success, and it is clear now that Mr. Haliburton, racy writer as he is, is no orator. It was just such a speech as any country gentleman might have made. The appearance of Mr. Haliburton is that of a sturdy old gentleman farmer, utterly unlike what, from reading his works, you would imagine him to be."

A friend of the Rochester Union, who saw De Lave walk the rope on Tuesday, says his estimation of the value of crinoline is wonderfully increased since that event. Just as the rain storm commenced, he saw a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady coolly take off her bonnet and deliberately fasten it underneath her skeleton skirt, then tie a handkerchief upon her head; and after the storm her bonnet reappeared as good as new.

This and That.

THERE are few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

It is rumored in Washington that Secretary Floyd will be obliged by illness to resign, and that the Hon. Elias J. Faulkner will be his successor.

Next week Blondin crosses the river at Niagara, carrying with him a cook stove and utensils and will, when in the centre of his rope, make omelets for the passengers of the Maid of the Mist.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is to visit Ireland in the Autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah" for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital, in Dublin.

The editor of The Juniata Sentinel notices the demise of a celebrated horse, which had attained the incredible age of forty-one years. The horse was formerly in the possession of Gen. Jackson.

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Counterfeit half-dollar pieces, exceedingly well executed, ringing well, but being a little light, have been extensively circulated in Boston and vicinity within a week past. The counterfeit is dated 1854, and bears the stamp of the New Orleans mint.

A correspondent of The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican says:—"I have just been to see the greatest curiosity of the age. Well, what do you think it was? Why, a calf, only forty-eight hours old, with horns four inches long. It also has three eyes, the third one being in the centre of the forehead, which will enable the beast to see in front as well as on both sides at the same time."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece" to the "contemptible articles in the New York Ledger," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time.

Mr. Isaac Brooks died in Baltimore on the 20th inst., at the age of ninety years. He was a native of Pennsylvania, whence he removed to Baltimore in 1797, where he was engaged in the iron trade for fifty-five years, and had resided in the house where he died for fifty-nine years. Mr. Brooks was a subscriber to the old *Maryland Gazette*, and subsequently to the *Patriot & Gazette*, the whole of his term of subscription reaching to sixty-two years.

Mrs. Bostwick, a favorite vocalist of Chicago, has recently visited the wilds of Lake Superior and Green Bay regions. On one occasion she sang before an audience principally composed of Menomonee Indians and half breeds. At first, with true Indian stoicism, they sat as stony as statues. But Mrs. Bostwick's beautiful tones soon melted the marble, and their delight found expression in a series of yells and war whoops, if not so harmonious, vastly more emphatic than more civilized audiences.

A process has recently been discovered and a patent secured by Messrs. Paddock & Marsh of Cincinnati, Ohio, by which meat of all kinds, it is stated, can be cured and rendered fit for any foreign market in ten minutes' time. As soon as the animal is killed, and before being skinned, salt is injected through the arteries, and almost instantly the whole animal is impregnated with it. Beef cured by this process at Houston, Texas, with the thermometer at 80 degrees, was found, when exhibited at Cincinnati, to be perfectly sweet, and equal to the best meat cured in the ordinary manner.

A clever device of a Piedmontese colonel, who was presiding over a court martial at Turin, is related: A man was tried on the charge of being an Austrian spy, but he vehemently maintained that he was a Milanese trader.—He, however, could not produce any documents to prove his allegation, and could not satisfactorily explain why he was in Piedmont. "Prisoner," said the colonel, all at once, "come closer to me—I do not hear well." The man advanced. "Ah," said the colonel, "I see that you step with the left foot forward, with your arms close to sides, and the little finger on the seam of the trousers. You are a soldier!"—The man, greatly confused, could no longer deny that he was both a soldier and a spy.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1859.

SALUTATORY.

In assuming the editorial charge of the AGE, I have but one promise to make, namely, that I shall use my utmost endeavors to have it sustain its hitherto good reputation, and make it such a paper that no intelligent, pure minded spiritualist, shall ever have cause to complain of its want of progression.

To the friends and patrons of the AGE, I take pleasure in assuring them that it is now in the hands of good spiritualists, and that there is no danger to be apprehended of its failure. The continued publication of the AGE has now become a fixed fact and we trust all well wishers of the cause will perceive the importance of yielding our paper a liberal support, for this will enable the publishers to make it better and better, and constantly increase its influence.

I am now fairly before the public as a spiritualist, much to the astonishment of friends who have long known me as an editor, and who have often importuned me not to become identified with a spiritual paper.

But the "destiny that shapes our ends," has prepared the way, opened the door, and said to me, "Walk in." And so I have walked in, even though I leave without many friends who will deplore the step I have taken, as much as I deplore the fatuity which binds them with the fetters of an old and exploded theology.

Whatever may be the consequences, I shall steadily adhere to the positions which I have taken, and hereafter devote my life to the upbuilding of a cause which I solemnly believe is destined to take the places of the present churches, in less than ten years.

W. H. CHANEY.

☞We shall send the first two numbers of the SPIRITUAL AGE in its new form, to such of its old patrons as have, from any cause, been induced to part company with it. We earnestly hope that nearly all of them will take prompt measures to have their names replaced upon our books. The foundations of the great religious deeps of this country, are now heaving with the throes and convulsions of dissolution. The most intelligent and advanced leaders of the old *effete* church organizations, begin to see and acknowledge that those organizations have outlived their usefulness—that they are a hindrance, rather than a help to the further spiritual progress of the race. The world is looking anxiously for a better and higher dispensation.

The new conductors of the AGE, believe that that dispensation is to come through and by means of Spiritualism,—through a more intimate union of the Material and Spiritual states. Nay, more,—they believe the *programme* of the new movement which is to revolutionize the religious, social and political institutions of the world is already marked out, and its divinely appointed Head has been long progressing in the path of that developement necessary to lead such a movement! That Spiritualism is rapidly tending to such a consummation, is a fact not to be questioned, though we *may* be mistaken as to the quarter whence it shall arise.—We trust we can, ere many months have elapsed, furnish the evidence to Spiritualists, and to the world, that the foundations of the *real* "Broad Church" are firmly and securely laid. More, we dare not say, at present.

In the meantime, every sincere Spiritualist, who desires to keep thoroughly informed of the progress which our cause is making, will find the SPIRITUAL AGE an indispensable necessity. Shall we have a hearty, unanimous response from our friends everywhere?

△

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The undersigned, in reply to the inquiries of friends, and to prevent misapprehension from any source, deems it proper to state that he has no proprietorship in the SPIRITUAL AGE, and has had none since the paper has borne that name; and that, for the future, his editorial responsibility will be limited to such articles as shall bear his initials. He sincerely hopes that the new proprietors and conductors of the AGE, bringing a fresh accession of energy and enterprise to the work, will succeed in making a journal that shall prove more widely acceptable to the Spiritualist public, and thus more remunerative to themselves, than he has been able to furnish.

A. E. NEWTON.

☞We present the SPIRITUAL AGE to its patrons this week, enlarged, improved in mechanical execution, and, we trust, in real interest. And yet, owing to a number of circumstances, it does not present that variety and method which we mean to give it hereafter. It is our laudable ambition to make the AGE, *the* paper of its class in this country. With God's blessing, and the help of our friends, it shall be done.—We mean to make it a *home* paper—one that shall be hailed with eagerness and pleasure, by the *youthful* members of the family circle, as well as by the adult portion.

WRITERS FOR THE AGE.—We have secured the services of several gentlemen, eminent in ability, in character, and in the purity of their lives, who will write editorially for the AGE, but whose names will not be made public for the present. The writer who reviews the famous sermon of Dr. Bellows, in our present number, will hereafter furnish one or more articles in *every* issue of our paper. When the proper time arrives, the public will be duly informed who he is.

A PROPOSITION.—Any of our present patrons who will obtain a *new* subscriber to the AGE, shall have both copies one year for *three dollars*. Or, *any* of our friends, who are *not* subscribers, can have two copies sent to any *new* address for three dollars.—It is our desire to double the circulation of the AGE, and we make these propositions accordingly.

EXPLANATORY.—Amid the hurry of change in the AGE, with many new workmen to do the business, many errors are liable to occur. Papers may be missent, or not sent at all. Receipts of many may be a week or two behind time, &c. But if our friends will only exercise patience for a month, we shall then get the machinery fairly at work.

GENERAL AGENTS.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, and S. R. Porter of Sebago, Me., to act as general agents for procuring subscribers to the AGE. They are authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS will secure a copy of the AGE for *three months*, on trial.—Within that time our new and thrillingly interesting spiritual story, MINNIE THE MEDIUM, will be completed. Send in your names!

BACK NUMBERS.—Those who desire to commence with this number of the AGE, must send in their subscriptions within two weeks, as we shall only print enough of the third number to supply the actual demand. A word to the wise.

☞Be sure and read the new story. Persons who never read stories will do well to glance through this, or at any rate, to read the introduction to it.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

J. L. Beardsley, M. A. Howard, A. P. Andrews, J. B. Conklin, W. S. Balch, H. G. Whittier, A. O. Dunham, L. Smith, L. J Pardee, S. Potter, Z. C. Parent, M. E. Carter, E. Hardinge, T. G. Allen, G. B. Stebbins, J. N. Deans, J. Francis, F. Wheeler, T. H. Perkins, J. Mayhew, L. Bache, Virginia, W. T. Lewis, E. T. Dickinson, T. S. Merrill, G. G. Willis, Sarah S. Scott, W. W Dutcher, J. Starmard, W. W. Hensley, John Goodrich, Polly Fletcher, R. R Doud, Mary E. Fisher, P. M. Caleff, Dr. H. Hoyt, J. S. Bennett, Seth B. Bliss, E Burke, J. Ball,

TREATMENT OF EVIL DOERS.

All sects and movements have their Judases and their wovles in sheep's clothing. The Spiritualistic movement has afforded an open field for the operations of pretenders and unworthy persons of various classes; and the career of such has been favored by the trustful and unsuspecting disposition which generally characterizes earnest inquirers after truth. (This trait is really to the credit of those who possess it, though it exposes them to impositions and dangers.) And evidences are not wanting that impostors, mercenaries, charlatans and persons of sinister motives have not failed to enter this field and to practice their arts under the fair disguise of lovers of truth and Spirituality.

It is one of the greatest perplexities of an editor's position, to determine the proper course to be pursued in individual cases of alleged immorality and unworthiness of public confidence. We are not believers in that philosophy which makes no difference between vice and virtue; nor do we hold men unblameable for their evil deeds; nor do we approve the mistaken benevolence which would shrink from putting the community on its guard against the lurking serpent and the prowling wolf.—At the same time, we deem it incumbent upon us to be specially guarded against the flagrant wrong of giving currency to *unjust* aspersions upon individual character. The press of this country has become exceedingly and criminally reckless in this regard. In its readiness to minister to the public greed for scandal, it does not hesitate to catch up and trumpet through the land accusations of the gravest character, often based on the flimsiest evidence, or no evidence at all—thus destroying the usefulness, murdering the reputation, and sometimes causing the insanity and death, of innocent and well-meaning persons, who, but for this wantonness, might be useful members of society. Spiritualists, being the latest-born and at present most unpopular of the sects, have suffered exceedingly from this cause.

As a journalist, we have made it a rule (if we have ever departed from it, it has been usually to our regret) to allow no accusations against private character to reach the public through our columns, until they have been carefully sifted, and the accused party had opportunity for explanation or defence. Pursuing this course, the result has been that, in most cases, charges have been either clearly disproved, or greatly modified, or so weakened by contradictory testimony as to render a positive decision impossible. Whatever other journalists may feel justified in doing, we cannot believe it right to indulge in public exposures and condemnations, which may blast for life the reputation and usefulness of a brother or sister, or destroy that which is dearer than life itself, *without the clearest proof and the fullest conviction of duty.* This it is often impossible to obtain.

A case may seem very conclusive to one mind, from the evidences before it, which to another mind, possessing either a greater or less amount of evidence, may appear in a very different light. Hence we have been more than once charged with weakness and dereliction from duty as a public journalist—with being afraid to expose bad men who under the name of Spiritualists have practiced the vilest abominations—with unbecoming leniency towards, and complicity with, evil-doers—simply because we have felt obliged to act in accordance with the evidences *we* have had, rather than from other people's judgments;—and in some cases where we *knew* we were better informed than those who have assumed the prerogatives of judgment. There are often instances in which we are blamed on *both* sides;—on the one, because we do not expose and denounce certain parties; on the other, because we do not defend the parties from the denunciations of others. Of course, various unworthy motives are imputed to us on both sides, when in fact the evidences we have been able to obtain have been so contradictory and counterbalanced that we can come to no satisfactory conclusion, either way, in the premises. We must content ourself to bear these misinterpretations as best we may, since they are the penalty which must be paid for adherence to *our own* sense of right. But should not these considerations suggest to the parties concerned the propriety of cultivating *charitable judgments* of one another—at least of those placed in the responsible position of editors? If any imagine that the editorship of a Spiritualist journal is an altogether delectable and to-be-wished-for position, we should be right glad to resign them our chair till the delusion is dispelled.!

But another question presses upon us. Is public exposure and denunciation always the best method of proceeding, even towards *known* and *proved* offenders?—There may be cases of tried incorrigibility, in which duty to the public may demand that a warning should be uttered against them. But even in such cases, does not the relation of brotherhood require that available effort should first be made for their reformation and restoration, through the power of love and kindly entreaty? Ah! how little of faith is there, after all our preachings and professions—how little of practical faith in the saving power of love!—Reader, allow us to suggest that the next time you feel moved with "holy indignation" against some wicked wretch who has abused the confidence of his fellows and disgraced the name of man, and desire that he should be shown up in all his hideous deformity, and lashed through the land by the scorpion tongue of the press—you go to him in the spirit of brotherhood, humility and meekness, considering yourself lest you also be tempted, casting all motes out of your own eyes, so that you may see clearly the beam that is in his, and do your best to show him and to *lead* him to the more excellent way of virtue. If the offender is a sister, who you think has dishonored her sex and degraded herself, pursue the same course. Possibly you may succeed, and then there will be no need of the exposure. Pray, try it.

A. E. N.

SHALL WE PUBLISH?

The inquiry comes to us from various sources, "Are your articles on Spiritualism in Religion to be published in book form?" In reply we would say that this would depend entirely upon the demand for such a volume. The writer has not the means to undertake the publication himself; and has no disposition to crowd upon the public what is not wanted; but, if demanded, a publisher can readily be found. If those who feel an interest in the matter will have the goodness to inform us of the probable number which would be taken in their several localities (the price would probably be 50 or 63 cts., at retail,) the question may readily be determined.

Several topics yet remain to be treated upon, to complete the series—and these among the most interesting of the whole. They include "Inspiration," "Revelation," "The word of God," "The Church"—its uses and abuses, "The Sacraments," "Worship," "Holy Places and Holy Days," "The Resurrection," "The Judgment," "Heaven and Hell," &c. If republished, the whole will be carefully revised, with important addition.

A. E. N.

NEW WORK BY REV. W. M. FERNALD.—We understand that a new work by this gentleman, on the subject of "The Divine Providence," is about to appear. We are authorized to expect a very full and thorough treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, presenting both its philosophy and practical applications.

This work will be of a popular character, and from what we know of the author, we feel no hesitation in commending it to the consideration of all thoughtful and enquiring minds. Unless we are mistaken, this work will supply a place heretofore vacant in new philosophical literature. We shall refer to it again, when published.

"THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH."

In this number of the AGE we commence the publication of one of the most remarkable theological utterances which has yet characterized this century. The author is the Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor of All-Souls (Unitarian) Church in New York. As a powerful, logical, unanswerable demonstration of the utter inanity of the Church—even that liberal, progressive portion of it represented by Unitarianism—its sheer incapacity to minister to the deep religious needs and requirements of the world of the present day—it singularly confirms the reiterated charges made against it by all Spiritualists. On this part of his topic, however, we have no further comments to offer—no words to waste upon argument, so thorough, convincing, and exhaustive. So far as we can see there is nothing more to be said.

And yet it is melancholy and painful to read so powerful a demonstration of the utter worthlessness, so far as the world's *future* is concerned, of the so called Christianity of our time—it is startlingly unpleasant to have it proved beyond a peradventure that the world has lost confidence in creeds and catechisms, in dogmas and denominations, in salvation and sectarianism, and is expectantly waiting for the "new epoch," which the Rev. Dr. Bellows is logically sure must soon be inaugurated, but of whose time and manner and by what particular instrumentality the good Doctor is very vaguely uncertain.

Dear Doctor, were we not of the despised, ridiculed and deluded class of "Spiritists" who believe in "trance mediums," we might be able to relieve the anxious load of "suspense" under which you and your co-laborers, "evangelical" or otherwise, are so manifestly laboring. Were your mind open to conviction, from whatever source Truth should flow in upon it, we might be able to put before your astonished vision even the details of that same "new Catholic Church" whose necessity you have so ably shown, whose character, in many respects, you have truly portrayed, and whose realization you *believe*, and we *know*, is well-nigh at hand!

Why, my dear Sir, all these things are familiar to intelligent Spiritualists!—While you have been laboriously, but most effectually, as we are fain to confess, revolving these topics in your mind, and have, unwillingly, perhaps, been forced to give them utterance to the startled religious world, we have seen it all—we have thundered it in your averted ears for nearly ten years past, but ye would hear us not. Our apostles have gone abroad over the earth, proclaiming not so ably, perhaps, not often so logically and methodically we admit, not at such length, it is true—but nevertheless with sincerity and earnestness, the self-same facts about the inane shams which the Church calls Christianity—Heaven save the mark! And where one of these apostles bore his testimony in public, a hundred more were threading every walk of life, mingling with every class and condition of society, quietly instilling the same ideas in substance, which you have lately clothed in so goodly raiment and sent forth to the world upon the wings of the Press. And, Doctor, let us tell you, confidentially, the converts to this faith new and glorious, are around and about you and us and everybody in astonishing numbers. You may not dream of it, but the day is near at hand, when the members of this new brotherhood of man shall be called upon to come out from the seclusion of private life, and acknowledge their adherence to the new faith. When the Master shall call upon the faithful to join his standard, many a pillar of "the Church" and of Society will come down with a crash, whose unsoundness in those structures was never dreamed of.

And that day is near at hand! 'Heretofore it has been the mission of Spiritualism to *tear down*, rather than to build up. It has chiefly labored to show the necessity of a change in the old order of things,

—to trouble the stagnant, filthy waters of current Christianity. Thus disturbed, those waters have cast up the "mire and dirt"—which has long lain at the bottom of the "sacred" pools, and now a cry arises from the Church itself for their purification.

This portion of the mission of Spritualism has been well and faithfully performed. Nearly four millions of our fellow citizens, either publicly or privately, in their words or in their daily walk and conversation, are actively engaged in presenting those truths to other millions with whom they are constantly coming in contact. And now a most powerful Bellows is blowing to intensity and increasing the volume of the flame they have done so much to kindle. His colleagues are falling into the ranks. The cause is onward, first, last and all the time.

Now, however, the *second* part of its mission is shortly to begin. Unlike Dr. Bellows, it does not commence to pull down existing religious edifices because they have become too small and narrow to accommodate the inmates, without having planned a nobler, grander structure, with ample means to carry out all its details, even unto the end. Let Dr. Bellows take heart—let Spiritualists everywhere be glad—let mankind rejoice—for the "new Church" which Dr. Bellows prophetically foreshadows, is already in existence, and already counts its members, few though they be. The "Coming Man" has come! and only waits his "John the Baptist" to go before him as "one crying in the wilderness." Be ye ready, brethren, for the hour when the Master shall have need of you!

△

THE PLYMOUTH PLATFORM.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 15.

Editors "Age:"—I have just read, with much interest, the "Declaration of Sentiments" of the Plymouth meeting. While fully assenting to the many good things in it, allow me a word of critical suggestion.

Answering the question, "What is Spiritualism?" by saying that, in its wide sense, "Spiritualism embraces all truths relating to men's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny," &c., &c., it continues, "Each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions, according to the evidences presented to the individual mind." Good—as it leaves us unfettered by authority.

But again: "In accepting modern evidences bearing on this subject, we do not necessarily reject the ancient. Hence it is no part of Spiritualism to deny or affirm the truth or authority of the Bible—each Spiritualist being at liberty to place his own estimate upon the value of that, and of all other ancient records.

Spiritualism, therefore, should not be confounded with the "Harmonial Philosophy," so-called, of A. J. Davis; nor with the religious opinions of Dr. Hare; nor with the theories of any writer, however prominent, among Spiritualists; nor even with the teachings of disembodied spirits. * * * None of these are recognized as authoritative teachers—though each may have some truth, and that belongs to Spiritualism."

On the "relation of Spiritualism to specific reforms," one of the matters which "eminent and consistent Spiritualists cannot fail to take a deep interest in" is, "Theological and Ecclesiastical Reform—because belief in error, *and subjugation to authority* are unfriendly to human progress."

Popular religion teaches the authority of the Bible in such way as to crush the noble attributes of man, and condemns those who would accept its truths, and let its errors go, as infidels, and falsely accuses each of "rejecting the Bible," as though they repudiated it all.

Now if "each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions;" and if "subjugation to authority is unfriendly to human progress," then it seems to me it *is* a "part of Spiritualism" to deny the authority of the Bible—although at the same time, not to proscribe those who believe more or less than we do. And not the authority of the Bible alone, but of all books, old or new; all creeds and communications from earthly or supernal sources, that claim any mastery over humanity as miraculous or supernatural; or that are not to be freely and fairly judged;—or have such claims set up for them.

While the "Declaration" thus disposes of the Bible authority matter, it eschews, carefully, Davis, Hare, &c., &c., "as authoritative teachers"—a claim never set up surely by the first two persons, or by any others whose opinions are of any weight.

Spiritualism, as defined at Plymouth, is "truth relating to man's spiritual nature." "Harmonial Philosophy," as defined by Davis, is a "harmonious search for wisdom;"—there may be a *distinction*, but surely no *difference* between the two.

As for his writings, they are his views as to what wisdom is, and what truth teaches, and should stand on the same ground as all other writings—not as authority, but as truth, so far as we can so accept them—no further.

This disclaimer of the question of Bible authority and the repudiation of Davis, Hare, &c., as authority, *seems* like a sop to the Cerberus of Bigotry.

I would rather say—

"We accept on this subject alike modern and ancient evidences, so far as they seem true, each person being at liberty to place his or her own estimate on the value of such evidence. The Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the works of Swedenborg, Davis; Dr. Hare, the theories of any writer however prominent among Spiritualists, &c., &c.—none of these are recognized as authority—what truth they bring to us, that we accept—their error we pass by."

This would make the "Declaration" consistent with itself, and would be bearing a good testimony against the crushing dogma of authority, *which must be overthrown* before truth can triumph, or spiritual life be developed in all its glory and beauty.

On the *assumption* of Bible authority rests the fabric of religious and Ecclesiastical Superstition, and the first step in reform in that direction is to let that assumption go to the moles and bats, and ask all to "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

It may be said that to declare against Bible authority would be proscriptive and sectarian.—No more so than to declare against the authority of others.

There is a great principle involved; let it be applied alike to all.

But enough. Plainly, and frankly, and with best wishes, I have given my views, and it is really pleasant to think that we can thus express ourselves without fear of an ecclesiastical council, and with good feeling toward each other.

Truly your Friend,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Remarks.

We presume no one will be strenuous for the mere phrascology of the Plymouth Declaration. It might, doubtless, have been amended in various particulars. Let other conventions or individuals do better, if they can. But in determining the fitness of particular phrases, its general purpose should be taken into account. That is declared in the preamble to be, not to lay down a creed for Spiritualists, but simply to define their present position as against the misrepresentations of opponents.

Now it is well known that opponents often represent them as a body as denying the truth and authority of the Bible—while it is equally well known that there are believers in Spirit-communion who do not deny this. Many of these are members of churches of various denominations—men and women of earnest and conscientious minds—to whom we can not deny the name of Spiritualists as commonly used, so long as they believe in the fact of spirit-communion. Doubtless, all such, as they advance in spirituality, will come to see that *authority* inheres, not in the *book*, but in the *truth* it embodies; and that the Bible can have no authority except in so far as it conveys truth to the individual mind. Yet we would not adopt such a definition of Spiritualism as would exclude these earnest souls to-day.

Again: It is often represented, and perhaps honestly believed, by opponents, that Mr. Davis, Dr Hare, Judge Edmonds, and other prominent Spiritualistic writers, are *authoritative* exponents of Spiritualism; and hence we often see citations from their writings—perhaps of parts they themselves have repudiated—put forth as the "creed of Spiritualists!" Now, as our correspondent remarks, neither of the writers named sets up any such claim, nor are they so regarded by intelligent Spirritualists. The Plymouth Declaration, therefore, was aimed, not as some seem to have supposed, at these prominent and worthy writers, but *at the mistake of anti-Spiritualists*. It is, then, not "a sop to the Cerberus of Bigotry," but a simple statement of facts as they are. Some Spiritualists *do* receive the Bible as authority, while none (at least of the Plymouth Convention) do so accept either of the writers mentioned.

Were we to draw up in detail a statement of what, in our opinion, the position of Spiritualists *ought to be*, instead of what it *is*, the document might differ somewhat from the Plymouth Declaration.

A. E. N.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 16th.

Question: Spirit Control—its uses and abuses.

The session was thinly attended, many members being absent from the city, and the discussion quite discussive. The question, "Are all men immortal?" has been lying on the table for some weeks, some prominent speakers from abroad, especially, having of late raised doubts over the point, and it being understood that Andrew Jackson Davis expressly denies an universal immortality. The question for the evening was finally settled as above, the propounder of it desiring at the same time that light, if possible, should be thrown on entrancement, fascination, possession, etc., with a view to define the differences between them, and the means of dispelling the influence.

Mr. Burleigh presented the case of a suffering family in Brooklyn, and a small collection was taken up for their benefit.

Dr. Orton: Passing over the first branch of the question, he would for the present confine himself to the uses and abuses of spirit control. Regarded only as an advisory influence, stopping short of force, leaving to the recipient always his right of decision, especially if the medium has come to a proper appreciation of the state and the relation, it is not to be viewed with disfavor. It has its uses. Abstractly and really, we are all dependent on the Spirit World for our vitality, physical and mental, and on manifestations of spirit-force, for our best, first evidences that such a world exists, and that we have a future. But this question is intended to apply particularly to that class of sensitive persons, known as mediums, who are subjects of a special, sensible, spirit influence.—The proper rule for our government, he apprehended, was the same on all planes. If his neighbor were to take him by the button, or by the collar, and propose to lead him about, and do his thinking and deciding for him, he should be apt to tell him to go and attend to his own affairs, and he would to his. On the contrary if his neighbor confined himself to suggestions, to advice, he should endeavor to give his words all due weight, and profit by them. He knew of no different rule applicable to our intercourse with spirits; and until he found a better, he should apply it unhesitatingly. Certainly we can never develope as individualities, while held in leading strings, our wills coerced and subjugated by another, whether in the body or out. He did not believe that the Deity ever allowed Himself to coerce a human will, and for the sufficient reason, that the subjugation of the will destroys the man. But this need not prevent a medium from yielding himself of his own free will, to be spoken through by spirits, or to do anything else that his judgment and conscience approve. Here he acts freely for a use, having examined the question and decided it in view of its seeming merits; but if, on the contrary, he delivers himself up, body and soul, will, judgment and conscience, to do the bidding of a spirit, in the opinion of the speaker, he has subjected himself to a slavery more fatal and detestable than any known among men.

Prof. D: In his opinion, and that of many others, the proceedings of the Conference should be more fully interspersed with the relation of facts. This is what strangers wish who come to the city—something of the nature of proof—and this is what skeptics desire and expect, when they flock in and fill our seats. The speaker then related several interesting facts, non-spiritual however, and rather bearing on the previous question of brotherhood, than on the one under review. He closed with the statement that the higher circles of England and France are interesting themselves very largely in spiritual investigations, and have sent to New York for mediums, offering to pay their expenses back and forth, and provide for them while abroad.

Mr. Imnes: Facts are mere dry sticks, to be burned for the light they give. One can not give another his facts, in such a way as to make them available to him. Each must get his facts for himself. Principles, on the contrary, may be demonstrated, or if not demonstrated, illustrated; and this with a valuable effect. The great idea of of Spiritualism is to teach a higher faith. Sometimes we are good, under the influence of our higher natures, our better impulses; and again we come under the sway of our grosser passions. At such times, our knowledge of the great progressive law of the universe is calculated to give us strength and hope. A knowledge of principles, of our relation to all else that is, here comes in to our help, and aids in lifting us up again. This is of more use to us than any array of facts could be.

Dr. Hallock: A man must come to honor every law, even as God has honored it in ordaining it. One man refuses Spiritualism on the ground that all mediums are deceivers. In this he applies a rule to others that he will not apply to himself. At Conklin's dark circle the other night, there was a certain skeptic. All had hold of hands, while the tin horns and guitar were moving about, and all were being touched on various parts of their persons both above and below the tables.—Nevertheless, at the close, the skeptic seemed disposed to think Mr. Conklin had done it all himself. "Would you have done it?" enquired the speaker of him. "Oh, no." "Then why accuse Mr. C. of doing that which you would not do yourself, especially as there is no evidence to sustain the supposition, and all the evidence we have is against it?"

There is a law of demonstration. A principle can not be seen, but it may be demonstrated.—The essence is invisible, and were it not for the law of demonstration, it could not be shown that any such thing exists. Both Protestants and Catholics, at home and abroad, forget this law; and accept their missal and prayer book on the evidence of respectable tradition. There is not a church in existence that would receive a creed or a prayer book on the evidences of their senses, or on the evidence of demonstration.

The law of spirit control is the same as the law of human control. The first enquiry of a man should be, "What is my use?" The nearer he keeps to this the greater his safety. When the law in relation to use is kept in view, he had never seen any harm follow, either from human or spirit control. The law of control is of course better understood by spirits than by us. The rule of law is, to construe an obscure statute by the light of its general intent. What did the framers of it intend to accomplish by it? So when use does not follow the trance, we are not to conclude that the aim was bad, but that we failed to fulfill the conditions. The abuses come from this side, because we violate the law.

A new work, from a distinguished source, about to be published, relates the case of a British Officer, who returned home from Canada, pale, haggard and wretched, on account of the strange disturbances which everywhere followed him. These were so great that his brother officers were obliged to quit him. At last it was discovered that he had seduced a girl and deserted her, who dying, was now following him for the purpose of calling him to repentance. Little damage however was done by her, other than the destroying of a canary bird; and a modern Spiritualist, had such an one been called in to the case, might have converted these visitations to him, into those of an angel of salvation.

Dr. Gould: The principles involved in a thing are good, but their application is better. For instance, suppose a thousand persons starving in a wilderness with the bread-fruit hanging on the trees above them. If they confine themselves to discussing the properties of the fruit, and the best way of procuring it, without going farther, they will all perish. Facts are good and principles are good, but we must apply them in order to make them really useful. As to the relative value of facts, it is merely a question as to whether we are to remain forever in our A B C, or turn over the leaf and go into our Abs. But there is never any objection made here to the relation of new fresh facts. He was more afraid that our frequent collections for charitable purposes might exert a repelling influence on outsiders, but he hoped not. Every one should feel at perfect liberty to give or withhold, according to his ability or impulse.

Mr. Fowler: Whether spirit influence is good or bad, depends on the use we make of it. He had not been able to convince himself that it is ever bad, in itself. The Spirit World has a general control over this world. Many things occur in connection with spirit control, which are intended only as a discipline. Resistance makes it evil, or more nearly so. Some resist from fear of public opinion, and some from other causes.—Some have power to do this, and some have not.

J. R. O.

"SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED."

The American Scientific Association has again illustrated its claims to the dignified title it has assumed. At its late meeting at Springfield, Mass., it spent hours in discussing such immensely practical questions as—whether the ancient Egyptians and the Jews in the wilderness fed on Indian corn!—what the tails of the comets are made of!!—whether the sandstone of the Connecticut valley lay flat or inclined, when the big birds walked over it ages ago!!!—whether the same big birds were not big reptiles, etc., etc. !!!!—and went into ecstacies over some fragmentary, fossil bones of a whale found in Vermont. But when a member—Mr. Prince of Long Island, who is an ardent Spiritualist—proposed to offer a resolution that a committee be appointed to inquire into the unrecognized powers of the human mind, and the alleged fact of spirit-intercourse, they couldn't afford time even to listen to his preamble, and hastened to vote down the resolve amid shouts of derisive laughter. Brave and impartial devotees of Science, these!

A. E. N.

Meeting in Michigan.—By the advertisement in another column it will be seen that the "Friends of Progress" hold a Yearly Meeting in Ann Arbor, Mich. We learn that plans are being laid for an interesting meeting.

H. C. Wright, J. M. Peebles, Mr. Greenlief of La Salle, Ill.—an excellent trance speaker—and G. B. Stebbins, are already engaged to be present; and correspondence is going on with others who will add much to the interest of the occasion. A good gathering of people from the State, and beyond its limits is looked for.

THE "UNCONVERTED" PROFESSOR.

C. C. Felton, *Professor* of classical Greek in Harvard University, and practiser of blackguard English in the Boston *Courier*, has won no laurels by his late ebullition against Spiritualism. Even the New York *Ledger* administers the following pointed rebuke:

The Professor Descending to the Blackguard.—Is the once honored name of "Professor" to become synonymous with "Blackguard" in this country? There was a time when the title of Professor in a University like Harvard was regarded everywhere as a guarantee that its possessor was a gentleman. When Professor Webster committed a murder and was hung for it the title became tarnished. Professor C. C. Felton seems disposed to blacken and degrade it still more. He has recently published a letter which is a disgustingly gross specimen of subterranean literature. It is difficult as it is painful to believe that a teacher of youth—of the flower of the land—a professor in the ancient and venerable University, could, when sober, write, sign, and publish such a letter. It is composed largely of epithets more vulgar and vile than we would be willing to hear from the lips of the Professor. They are not the less shocking when deliberately written by his pen. It is characterized by a spirit more malignant than one looks for in a gentleman, not to say a Christian. In its detailed delineations of the sensual features of free love the letter is positively gross and disgusting. Next to entering the church and rebuking some immoral minister who has disgraced his office, which we are sometimes reluctantly compelled to do, there is no duty which our situation as editor of a public Journal imposes upon us more unwelcome than that of censuring an instructor of youth; but we cannot permit this extraordinary production of Professor Felton to pass unnoticed.

Mrs. Partington is Pleased and so Expresses Herself.—Success in authorship is among the pleasantest of emotions. The renowned Mrs. Partington is no exception. The good old lady thus speaks of the success of her new volume, in the Gazette:—

"I'm shore I'm grateful for sich favor," said Mrs. Partington when assured of the success of her book; "I've always observed that a book sells in jest the purportion that there's people to buy it; and though this of mine mayn't be as brilliant as a gas-meteor, or as voluminous as the norfhern lights, it seems to please people full as well as a book of sermons or a quarter dictionary. Well, I'm always glad when people feel happy, because I know they are enjoying themselves." "Do you know," queried old Roger, "why your book is like the corner of Washington and School streets?" "I don't," said she, trying very hard to think. "Why," said he, "it is because a great many people go buy it." She smiled at what was merely a very old joke, and Ike laughed outright as the old lady in her agitation gave him a new dime, instead of a penny for which he had been teasing her.

Ghosts among the Graves.—A new gold mining region has been discovered in Chiriqui, Central America. Golden images of great value are exhumed from the graves of an ancient race, where they were deposited, doubtless, as an act of religious devotion.—But the violators of graves seem to meet with opposition from the invisible world.—An account says:

"All kinds of ghost stories are afloat among the natives, who report hearing unearthly noises in the Cordilleras, which they attribute to his sable majesty, who does not wish the graves to be molested, for fear the dead will not be able to find their bones at the last day."

The Irish Revival.—The nature of this remarkable movement is clearly indicated by such items as the following, from a letter in the London *Patriot*:

"Most of the persons who have been 'struck,' that I have seen, appeared as if they were in a placid mesmeric sleep; but one, a fine, robust young woman, was apparently in great mental agony for a considerable time, with intervals of rest, during which her countenance lighted up as if she were beholding some beautiful vision, and she kept stretching out her arms as if in wrapt communication with some invisible being."

Singular Premonitions.—Several days previous to the death of a child in Richmond, Virginia, recently one of the limbs of an aspen tree in the front yard of its parents, snapped asunder and withered. The same circumstance, upon the identical tree, has occurred upon the approach of the death of four other members of the same family, previously, since the tree was first planted—a period of thirteen years.

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM W. S. BALCH.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE:—A Spiritual friend has just handed me your issues of July 2d and August 6th, in which *my* name is presented in a somewhat false light. For the sake of truth, and to prevent any wrong impressions which my silence might seem to justify, I desire you to insert a word from me in correction.

Until reading the articles referred to, I had appropriated to myself a modest share of commendation arising from the rather remarkable incident which occurred during my sermon at Granville, N J. I certainly did not consider it, and, until now, never heard that any one, considered that "manifestation" as a "lecture" in *disapprobation*, but as an *approval* of what I said. And so far from being "astonished," I believe I took it about as coolly as any in the audience, controlling both myself and them so as to avoid "all confusion."

The facts were simply these: Instead of, as your "chronicler" asserts, "delivering a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, &c." I delivered one from a passage exactly the reverse:—"For then will I turn unto the people *a pure language*, that they may *all* call upon the name of the Lord, to *serve* him with *one consent*." Zeph. 3 : 9. In the discourse I tried to show that mere *human reason*, as a dry, reflective attribute was not a sufficient power to guide the human heart into the light of the highest life, and that all mere *outward and material manifestations* could not do it, however real or remarkable they might be; that it was a Spirit-power, ethereal and pure, such as abode on Jesus and was received into his heart and dwelt there, regulating his whole life; the *Spirit of Truth*, the Holy Comforter, the Love of God, the Father, living and strengthened in us by "love to one another," and rising into affinities with all that is good, and pure, and lovely on earth and in heaven; that the connexion between time and eternity is not so distinct, nor the condition so unlike as many have contended; that heaven is here, near us, *in us*; even the spirits of the just made perfect are with us, acting by all kind and holy influences in those who will receive them; and that *this language of Love*—of the heart, is the "pure language" by which "all shall call on the name of the Lord to serve him." I then sought to find illustrations in my own experiences as a testimony common to all who thought upon the subject.—When I touched some of those chords which unite us to our "loved ones gone," the whole audience was moved to joyful, hopeful tears. One in the audience, a nervous man, exceedingly impressible, was overcome by his feelings,—reason gave place to feeling, and imagination took the helm. Unconscious of what he did, he came to the pulpit and embraced me with affection—not to rebuke, there was no occasion for it, but to approve and bless.

It was almost ludicrous, I confess, to see a *man* of about my own age—and to *feel* his rough beard—pretending to be and personify my spirit-mother, who died so young, delicate, almost ethereal. Had it been "the well-known and worthy trance-speaker," referred to by your correspondent, it would have appeared much more consistent and believable, and not less agreeable to Your ~~Obdt Serv't~~,

WM. S. BALCH.

ASHUELOT, Aug. 12.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—The following paragraph appeared in the Springfield Republican of the 11th instant:

A NUT FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" An eminent geometer has said that "force has a spiritual origin." Faraday advocates the conservation of the origin of force—that is, conservation of spirit. If the above premises of eminent scientists are correct, if spirit is conserved—that is, if there is no more and no less of the spiritual essence in the universe than ages ago, then it must follow that the doctrine of Egyptian metempsychosis (or transmigration of souls) is true, or that there is no immortality to the individual spirit; but that on decease, the individual spirit becomes lost and diffused through the general spirit mass or volume. This demonstration, incontestible as it appears, will be received with little favor by our spiritualists.

Though conscious of having but little skill for metaphysical nut-cracking, I nevertheless feel inclined to make a brief remark suggested by the above article, which, if you think proper to do so, you may give to the readers of the AGE.

If an individualized spirit occupies no more space, than did the germinal essence from which it was developed; and if any number of centuries taken from the interminable future, diminish not that future; then may it not also be true, that spirit essence, if it is as exhaustless in quantity, as eternity is in duration, may continue to furnish individualized spirits in countless number, through countless ages, without diminishing in the least the infinite fount of spirit essence in the universe, or over-populating the limitless domain of The Eternal?

So, for aught that appears to the contrary, individualization may proceed without fearing either the metempsychosis of the Egyptian, or the great "absorption" bugbear of certain other philosophers; and "scientists" may direct their efforts to the discovery of the best means for the "consertion" of all such good things as are not in their natures imperishable; assured meanwhile by sound philosophy, and phenomena continually occurring, that individualized spirits "still live" to bless mankind with their labors of love, and their elevating influences, and that no instrumentality is likely to arrest their labors, nor any philosophy be developed of sufficient potency to destroy their persons—even metaphysically.

It seems clear to my mind, that the difficulty suggested in the article of the *Republican*, and others of a kindred nature, have their root in the futile attempt to measure the infinite by a finite rule—the illimitable by the limited. E. W. TWING.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 1859.

REFORM CIRCLES.

We are all more or less familiar with the nature, use and tendencies of circles. We sometimes alternate male and female in the circle, sometimes the males occupy one side of the circles, while the females occupy the other, and are sometimes seated regardless of order; frequently seated thus *by* influence, and often without. There appears to be but little apparent difference in the manifestation of spirit presence and power, wisdom and affection.

I am speaking of the condition of circles in this section, and believe it to be a correct view of a great proportion of circles in this Western country. The results are sufficient to encourage us in their perpetuity; such as exhortations to morality, a cultivation of spirit influence and communion, and the laying on of hands for the removal of diseases. Those who have the cause at heart, find nothing here to discourage them, but rather claims upon their strongest support.

While this is the case, it is at the same time very evident, that most of spiritualists are anxiously looking to these circles for the inauguration of some greater work, that shall more speedily aid in abolition of the more prominent evils of society, and in the diffusion of knowledge among the masses.

And it is no less believed that our invisible friends feel an equal or greater interest in the diffusion and propagation of whatever shall tend to better the condition of mankind.

Then where lies the difficulty? If all the members of the circle, both mundane and super-mundane, are desirous of introducing the higher and more glorious unfoldments of the celestial life on Earth, where must fall the fearful responsibility of this stagnation and inertia. I am fully aware that in many circles, these difficulties have been met and overcome, in a great measure, so that light radiating from thence shines with an undiminished splendor to the ends of all the earth, and forms an occasion of rejoicing, to all the friends of progress everywhere; but at the same time, to thousands of spiritualists, who have been laboring long and struggling hard, such tales sound like something afar off.—What we want is a present realization of the promised, and long hoped for, better time, and open demonstrations such as shall stop the mouths of honest unbelievers. It is said that these demonstrations depend upon favorable conditions, but the difficulty grows no less, for spirits, some claiming to be of a high order, influence our mediums and address us in high flown styles, but it must be confessed that most of it looks more like the fumes of an overheated imagination, than the cool thoughts of wisdom. Why cannot they tell us something of sterling worth, and give instruction in a real practical reform?

Why not forewarn of approaching evils, and give the necessary advice or information to avert it. There has been a passage in my life of the most fearful interest, involving the interests and happiness of a large circle of friends; and upon this subject have I sought counsel and aid from spirits, as far as convenient, which has been now these two years back, and all that time, not a word from a father, brothers or sisters, *though* all that time constantly attending circles and demonstrations of various kinds, as often, most of the time, as once a week.

Again, why not a word on domestic improvements, as of agriculture, or manufacture which is absorbing so much of our time, and still must, till the various improvements will give us leisure to think. Why not an agitation of the social reform questions, as communities, and other progressive associations which the leading minds of the age are agitating? Why not lectures on the sciences from those who have devoted their lives to them, or on history so full of solemn import and instruction? Why not a course of lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, &c., &c., or an account of the progress made by inhabitants of the Planets? of the various improvements there, &c.? Why not more institutions for the relief of the sick, the blind, &c.? or practical directions for protecting the poor against the aggressions and monopoly of the rich, &c.?

The field is boundless, and we need the aid of the gods to deliver us from the evils of ignorance, oppression and bigotry. We fancy there has been gassing enough for the present, and what we now want is men *and women*, of bone and sinew, of back bone and vitals, who can stand a little fire, if need be, to accomplish anticipated reforms.

W. H. SMITH.

MARION, O.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner:

When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap which envelopes the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles to ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by these currents of electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, are colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is abundance of vapor in the air.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This mammoth steamer is advertised to leave England early in September for Portland, Me., after having made a short trial trip. So the expectations of our Portland friends are likely to be realized at last. The arrival of the Great Eastern in this country will no doubt create a wide spread curiosity to see her, and the resources of the Forest City will be seriously taxed to accommodate the rush of visitors.

A table compiled from official documents gives the number of freemasons in the United States as 211,538, and the income of the lodges as about $1,450,000.

THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE ALUMNI OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Given July 10, 1859.

BY THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, Pastor of All Souls Church, New York.

The subject I propose to treat at this time is large, and will stretch your patience; it is disputed, and will need your charity; it is, in some measure, new, and not sure of your sympathy. I cannot, perhaps, introduce it better than by confessing the difficulty of naming it; and the difficulty is intrinsic. To raise a question, and not answer it; to object to what exists, and present nothing better; to start a discussion, without much advancing it, is, of course, more or less, to beat the bush without being able to foretell the game. And yet, how can a Unitarian Christian, amid the honest antagonisms and divergent tendencies of his own people, treat of our religious times, our denominational experiences, wants, and prospects, with candor and largeness, and yet claim wholly settled convictions, clear views, and a settled policy? Nay, how can our history, position, and future, be considered at all, apart from the history, position, and future of the Protestant era itself; that is to say, without a consideration of the mental and ecclesiastical attitude of the nineteenth century? To search out the characteristic ideas, positive and negative, of this epoch, with special reference to the good or evil influence they have exerted upon our own faith and its embodiment, is what I undertake. And before I conclude the discussion of my theme, I shall hope to justify its title, which is this: The Suspense of Faith.

Let me preface what I have to say with a single word more. I am about to speak of *tendencies;* and the most liberal exceptions are to be allowed for in favor of those who resist them. I am about to enter complaints against what I could spend the whole time in praising, and yet leave the ground of these complaints as solid as ever. Let no one, then, imagine me to be ungrateful to the services, insensible to the merits, or cold to the fellowship of the Unitarian body, or the Protestant era, because my present business is to examine their defects. If I criticise Unitarianism, it is as a Unitarian; or Protestantism, it is as a Protestant. If I show the wants of our own system, it is not as advocating a return to the systems we have abandoned; if I question the finality of Protestantism, it is not in the interest of Romanism; if I speak in the language of a Churchman, it is not as an Episcopalian, much less as aiming at the re-establishment of a hierarchy; if I use some tones of despondency, and point to some clouds big with threats, it is not in forgetfulness of the everlasting bow that spans the storm that evokes them. I place this *caveat* at the threshold to avoid the necessity of a fatiguing caution in every step beyond it.

What, then, is the present condition of our Unitarian body? Considered numerically, or with reference to social position and moral influence—considered relatively to its age and opportunities—considered with reference to any obstacles to its spread in public sentiment, or from external quarters, it is impossible not to concede to it a fair degree of prosperity. There never was less reason for despondency, so far as rivalry with other religious sects could breed it; never less to fear from the arguments, the exclusiveness, or the reproaches of others. Our ministers, churches, charities, public gatherings, manifestations of all sorts, were never so numerous and so popular as at present.

And yet, spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniable chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning and anxiety. It is a singular, and, to many, perhaps an unaccountable phenomenon.

What is the explanation of it?

It will be found in a consideration of

I. The particular,

II. The general,

III. The universal, reason, of what, in the course of this discussion, will show itself to be a common *suspense of faith.*

I. Is it not largely due, in the first place, and particularly, to the fact, that our missionary and denominational work, through the changed aspects of the theological world—the decay of intolerance, the softening of the current creed of Christendom, and the spread of mild and practical views of religious duty—has lost much of its urgency and point? Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and democratic life, literature, and the public press, that our vocation in this direction is mostly gone? Doubtless, in the newer parts of the country, there are thousands of small communities where the polemic instructions of the Unitarian pioneers would be a great blessing still; but before such wants could be met by us, they are so sure to be overtaken by more general influences—the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church—that we instinctively feel the inexpediency of wasting our energies upon them. The propagandism of Unitarian ideas is essentially paralyzed by the feeling that they are sowing themselves broadcast, not in the formal, but the essential religious thought of the country and the time; and the indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches is very much due to the conviction that many ministers and churches, of all names and orders, are now doing our work, if less directly, yet more thoroughly than we could do it ourselves.

I do not wish to take this first position, which lays no claim to originality, without careful discrimination. It is, otherwise, liable to misconstruction, and justly offensive, both to earnest Unitarians, as disparaging the importance of our formal controversy, and to the great orthodox public, as a boastful calumny upon its sincerity and actual self-knowledge. I do not affirm, therefore, that the spirit of the age and the providence of God, are making the world Unitarian, in the sectarian sense of that word, or that an inevitable abandonment of those formulas of the Church against which we have openly protested, is in the near, or even the distant prospect. But I do maintain that the principles, and sentiments, the rights of conscience, the rationality of method, the freedom of inquiry, the practical views of religion, which we have been contending for under the name and colors of our Unitarian theology, are under other names and colors so rapidly conquering the mind of our American Christendom that it is no longer felt to be necessary to maintain a stringent denominational organization for their sake; and thus that the original and animating spirit of the denomination is taken away by the success of the principles for which it stood. On the other hand, while not prepared to claim that the Unitarian movement has caused this general advance, or that its present position indicates the final stand of the Church, I believe that it has providentially led, and historically signalized, a forward movement of the whole Protestant body; and that universal Christendom will heartily own in due time the urgent necessity of the correlative ideas for which we have so boldly stood. I thoroughly believe that the Trinitarian theology of the historic Church, outworn and embarrassing now, was helpful, because relatively true to the times in which it arose, and that the ideas lay in the minds of the authors of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds—to emphasize and defend which against the swelling and encroachment of other and mischievous opinions they erected the bulwarks of those mighty affirmations and solemn protests—were essential ideas; but ideas which, if they add anything to a devout and scriptural Unitarianism (which is doubtful,) contradict nothing in it. It was because, in course of time, the heirs of those creeds, ignorant of their origin, or forgetful of their purpose, came to hold them in a way that did contradict the common sense and self-evident principles touching God's sovereignty and Fatherhood, Christ's humanity and subordination, and Man's uprightness of nature, which Unitarianism has so triumphantly vindicated and re-established, that our mission became imperative.

Mazzini lately refused the programme of the Allies, because the Piedmontese Government substituted the unification for the unity of Italy; thus admitting its division under different rulers. We refused and refuted the programme of modern Orthodoxy, because a degenerate Trinitarianism had substituted the unification for the Unity of God. The Church Universal will, in due time, bless us for this service to the common cause.

No view of ecclesiastical history is respectable which allows much place to self-will in the origin of considerable sects and heresies, still less in the grander movements of the Church. There is a providential necessity in the rise, progress, conflict and confluence of all religious bodies. As our Savior's robe was parted among his enemies, so his truth is divided among his friends. Sects are complemental of each other, and none of them are anything more than relatively right. To speak of Unitarianism independently of Trinitarianism, conveys no correct, and no valuable ideas; and the purely denominational theology of our body has no worth in the decline of the errors or extravagancies it was born to balance or compensate. It is for this particular reason that we are now experiencing our loss of interest in it, and its consequent languor as a missionary impulse.

II. But, in the second place, to come to the *general* reason. There is a broader view to be taken of the general cause of the pausing posture and self-distrust of our Body. Since we began our career, a fact of decisive influence upon our destiny has unexpectedly disclosed itself. The underlying principles and sentiments of the Unitarian body have turned out to be the charateristic ideas and tendencies of the religious epoch we live in. Protestantism produced us, not we it. Whatever is good or bad in our spirit and direction, was latent in the Reformation, and is fast becoming patent in the whole product of that world-movement. The peculiar identification of Protestant tendencies with our special theology is partly accidental, partly historical; the tendencies themselves are the great fact. Thus no criticism of Unitarianism is radical which is not also a criticism of Protestantism; nor is it possible to understand our position and prospects, without considering from a high point of view the general drift of Protestantism itself. Our eddy or current is to be explained only by a survey of the main current, drought or freshet, only by an examination of the common water-shed. If I say, then, that our pause as a denomination is the pause which Protestantism makes on awaking to the full consciousness of her own tendencies, I shall best express my second and most important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,

then, for the moment, to state in unqualified, and even in offensive terms, what the logical product of Protestantism is.

If, then, with logical desperation, we ultimate the tendencies of Protestantism, and allow even the malice of its enemies to flush upon their direction, we may see that the suffiscency of the Scripture turns out to be the self-suffiscency of man, and the right of private judgment an absolute independence of Bible or Church. No creed but the Scriptures, practically abolishes all Scriptures but those on the human heart; nothing between a man's conscience and his God vacates the Church; and with the Church, the Holy Ghost, whose function is usurped by private reason; the Church lapses into what are called Religious Institutions; these into Congregationalism, and Congregationalism into Individualism—and the logical end is the abandonment of the Church as an independent institution, the denial of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and the extinction of worship as a separate interest. There is no pretense that Protestantism, as a body, has reached this, or would not honestly and earnestly repudiate it; but that its most logical product is at this point it is not easy to deny. Nay, that these are the *tendencies* of Protestantism, is very apparent.

Let us not be too much alarmed at this statement, assuming it to be true. Tendencies are not always ultimated. They encounter resistance.—They meet and yield to other tendencies. The tendencies of an epoch, religious or political, do not decide its whole character. There are forces in humanity stronger than any epochal powers—the permanent wants, the indestructible instincts of our nature. It is safe, and it ought not to be alarming, to see and confess that the tendencies of political and religious speculation and sentiment, in the universal Church of our day, are to the weakening of the external institutions of Christianity, the extinction of the ministry, and the abandonment of any special interest in religion, as a *separate* interest of man or society. If our Unitarian body understands this better than the inner ranks of Protestantism, it is only because the squadrons behind have pressed nearer the brink towards which they are unconsciously advancing. With great temporary superiority and advantages, one over another, there is really nothing to choose between the Protestant sects in general direction, and ultimate destinies; logically, and what is more, practically, they are shut up to one conclusion.—All alike in this respect, they represent human liberty, self-assertion, and man's power to choose and enthrone his own God. The differences between them are chronological, circumstantial, accidental; the likeness is logical, essential and absolute. We need not fancy that our peculiar theology is responsible for the latitudinarianism, the the negation, the undevotionality, complained of in the Unitarian body. The same qualities belong to all Protestant sects, to the degree in which their culture and opportunities establish positive and logical relations between their principles and their characters. The Unitarian body, not as being more learned or more thoughful than other Protestant bodies in its leaders and ministry, but as having a laity on the same intellectual level with its leaders, and no dead weight of mere instinct and affection to drag along with it, has carried out and experienced in its denominational life, what no other Protestant sect has yet been sufficiently conscious of itself, and enough under the dominion of its own ideas, fully to experience. We have shown the world the finest fruits and the rankest weeds of the Protestant soil; we have most freely felt and plainly indicated the main Protestant current; and the criticisms we have suffered from our Protestant brethren have owed much of their edge, to the anxiety of fellow-passengers, bitterly upbraiding the officers of the ship because they could not resist the force of the stream that set towards the rapids and the precipice. The same sympathy, taking often the form of antipathy, that connects the conservative and historical rank of our own body, with the front-rank of avowed rationalists, connects us all, as the front-rank of Protestantism, with the whole body behind; and we must pardon the severity of its criticism upon us, when we consider that it is an unconscious self-criticism—a parent's blame of the heriditary taint it has comnicated to its child.

Let us not deceive ourselves in respect to the tendencies of Protestantism, as such, by crediting it with the resistance which is constantly made to its logical and spiritual impulses, by the permanent instincts of humanity, or by the still unspent force of past epochs of a diametrically opposed quality. It is not the devout and virtuous class which, in any community or sect, best expresses the animating tendencies of the time and place. Catholic saints do not properly measure and represent the level of Romanism, or its characteristic influences and sentiments, but rather the common people of that Church any and everywhere. And Unitarian saints—of whom, thank God, many as pure and noble as the calendar of any church can produce, have shed their fragrance upon us and gone up in clouds of glory—do not exhibit the tendencies of our liberal faith. Nor is it the religious portion of Protestantism that shows the influence of Protestantism. Exceptional and marked piety, is in all churches, constitutional; due to the devout nature of its subjects, independent of the theological opinions or the special era and circumstances with which it is associated. Men and women, pious by nature, as pious as Heathens, Jews, or Christians; as Catholics or Protestants; and it matters little under what religious influences they are brought, or on what times they fall. The religious tendencies of an era are indicated satisfactorily only by the ideas and sentiments that sway the unthinking, unspeculative, unconscious masses.—No opinions are effercious over society at large, which are held as opinions, or voluntarily taken up and inculcated. We inculcate opinions for the benefit of future generations, in which we hope they will appear as blessed prejudices of the blood. For, as a rule, it is only ideas from which men cannot get away, sentiments that are spontaneous, natural, and constant, that exert any shaping and decisive influence over them.—"Opinion," says Milton, "is knowledge in the making;" and until it has passed the stage of intellectual effort and conscious will, it is inoperative to any degree worth considering in a large view of things. If we would know the religious tendencies of our Protestant age (for I deny the existence of any living Catholic Church in an estimate of the world-movements of the time,) we must go outside the Churches, to the vast population, said to be much more than half, perhaps three-quarters, of every considerable community, that goes to church nowhere; we must notice the deepening hostility of all States to establish churches; the disjunction between science and faith, literature and theology, the transference of the faith of the people from the Church to the schoolhouse; the popularity of all attacks upon the clergy; the acception an elevation of those ministers, understood to be suspected and discountenanced by the rest; the open and extensive sale of infidel books; the growing use of the Sabbath for recreation—not, as abroad, under the smile of the Church, but in direct contempt of its frown; the easy conscience of the people in the profound secularity of their lives—indicating their contentment in a condition of alineation from religious relations and ideas; the frequency of suicide; the increasing laxity of the marriage-bond; the defense of scertatory love—all marked indications of the decay of religious ideas; the peculiar interest attached to preaching in contradistinction to worship, and the necessity of keeping together the church-going class by the extra allurements of gifted speech; the general incalculation of morality on utilitarian grounds; the exellence, as citizens and neighbors, of an avowedly irreligious class; the popular and applauded hositlity of the philanthropy of the day to the Churches—the most accomplished orators of the times, being high toned, virtuous, respected men, and virulent assailants of the religious creeds and customs and institutions of the community; the existance of a vast and governing class in this country, felt in all our elections, and more and more shaping our institutions with whom not only is the higher law in its refined form unknown, but whom religious considerations of any kind seem to sway not at all; so that an infidel, as such, would not perhaps stand a poor chance as a candidate for the Presidency. I do not forget that religious or sectarian prejudices exert a considerable influence in our politics. But when we remember how numerous and powerful the great religious sects in our country are, it becomes still more striking to think how large must be the body of citizens, without *religious prejudices*, that is, for the masses, without *religious ideas*, when they are the regular reliance of the democratic (which is the logical) party, in all our great elections. I call it, then, an *un*-religious age—I do not say *ir*religious, for that implies active opposition to religion; not a bad, or an immoral, or a discouraging, or a wicked age—better, doubtless, on the whole, and in respect of the general interests of society, than any that has preceded it---but nevertheless characteristically an unreligious age---despite its philanthrophy and its throes of sectarian piety, its rights of man, and its self-complacency toward God.

Nor is this all. It is not only an unreligious age, but it is becoming more and more unreligious. For religious institutions and ideas in our day flourish mainly in the strength of their roots in a religious past, a strength which is constantly diminishing. As respect for rank in England, the remnant of an honest aristocratic system ages in power, is the wholesome *vis inertiæ* which prevents the democratic instincts of the age in that country from hurrying precipitately to their inevitable goal, so the genuine religiousness of the ages gone by, whose flavor lingers in our blood, is the most vigorous support the worship of this age enjoys. Whatever public nourishment besides, distinctive and essential religion has in our generation, is due to the exceptional devoutness of spirits born out of due time, and to the *esprit de corps* so characteristic of the day—the love of joint action, the fondness for educational, moral and ethical institutions, the emulation of communities with each other, the partisan rivalry of sects, and the fact that under the name of religious institutions, we sustain a vast and valuable system of adult education, in thought, humanity and manners. Our churches, to a great extent, and constantly more and more so, are lecture-foundations—in which the interest is less and less religious, more and more political, social and ethical. The one thing the people are interested in is life, themselves, each other, and the relation of the inside to the outside—of man to his dwelling, of man to man, of man to himself. To make a religion out of self-respect, right-living, self-culture—to insist that aspiration is worship, that truth is God, that goodness is religion—is the highest ambition of our modern pulpit. I do not say it in blame, nor in scorn; for under the circumstances, it is an honorable ambition, laid upon men by the necessity of justifying their own faith to themselves. *God* is too sacred a word to be lost out of the language; worship too holy a thing not to be held on to on some pretence or other; piety too profound and indestructible an instinct to be abandoned; and therefore the political and social idealism of our age clothes itself in religious phraseology and forms, out of an honest respect for the past, a sincere self-delusion, and, what is best of all, under an instinctive or providential guidance. But to say that the animating and characteristic quality of the American people of the nineteenth century is religion, worship, faith, or that whatever is theological and ecclesiastical in our terms and usages represents a living spirit, and not a revered memory, is more than a just discrimination will allow. On the contrary, the science, philosophy, and literature of the day are busily engaged in creating substitutes for religion—and authorizing the continuance of the names and forms and symbols of worship and faith, after asserting, in more or less obvious language, the irrelevancy of the things themselves.

When the Head of an American University, from whom I had the anecdote, inquired of a professor in Berlin, what Humboldt would probably answer, if asked what was his religious faith?—he said, his reply would probably be: "I am of the religion of all men of science."

Doubtless he meant what the lively Frenchman, the excellent Catholic! who has just treated the Roman question, means, when he says in praise of the Bolognese as compared with the Romans, "They know all that we know; they believe all that we believe, and nothing more."

We owe a recognition to the actual and serious faith of science in our day. While Oersted, Whewell, and Hugh Miller, and names nearer home, are remembered, we are not likely to forget our respect for the union of science and faith.

Yet the actual weakness of positive faith is visible in nothing so much as in the eager welcome yielded by the professed friends of Christianity to any succor which the science of literature of the day may see fit to bestow, in charity, upon the Church. The times, indeed, are changed, since science and literature were humble suppliants at the Church-gate, asking her permission to set up their conclusions within her palings; and now religion is thankful if geology, scornfully passing by, does not throw her hammer at her head, and literature lampoon her in her own pulpit.

I have been speaking, you will observe, not wholly, but mainly, of tendencies; and tendencies may be dangerous and extravagant, and yet necessary and providential—a wholesome reaction upon other tendencies still more alarming. There have been perilous tendencies to excess of ritual and positive religion in Oriental regions, in past eras, ending in the paralysis of the private will, and deterioration of humanity. At times, even in the Christian world, there has been too much worship, too constant and formal a reference to God's will to admit of a proper degree of human freedom. You will not understand me, then, as generally questioning the merits of the age we live in, by calling it an unreligious age, or as disparaging Protestantism, as if it had not been, and were not still, until honestly exhausted, a valuable and indispensable movement. And for a psychological reason of the utmost importance, to explain which is the third step in our journey. I have shown, first, the particular, and next the general historical reason of the pause of faith; I wish now to set forth the still more fundamental or psychological reason of this pause—the *universal* reason.

III. There are two motions of the spirit in relation to God, his Creator and upholder, essential to the very existence of generic or individual Man---a centrifugal and a centripetal motion---the motion that sends man away from God, to learn his freedom, to develope his personal powers and faculties, relieved of the overawing and predaminating presence of his Author; and the motion that draws him back to God, to receive the inspiration, nurture, and endowment, which he has become strong enough to hold. For man, though a creature of faculties, is still more characteristically a creature of capacities; and his capacities must be developed before they can be filled; his vessel shaped before it can go to the fountain. He must have freedom, before he can yield obedience; he must possess a will before he can surrender it; affections trained to love visible objects, before they can love the unseen Source; intellectual and moral independence to make his loyalty significant, and his service blessed. Accordingly the origin and history of the race exhibits the care with which God has hidden himself away from his creatures in the infancy of their existence, lest they should be scorched and shrivelled in the glory of his presence. And yet his whole purpose is to create a race that can live in his conscious society, without losing their individuality and freedom in gaining his inspiration and guidance. The whole vexed question of the great Dispensations, and of the necessity of Revelation itself, is to be solved only in the light of this law, the sistole or disastole, or double motion of our spirits. Man is not made acquainted with God by nature, and God does not come into his earliest stages of existence with distinctness, because spiritual creation must precede spiritual salvation.—The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man, is the Lord from heaven; the first Adam was created a living soul; the second Adam a quickening spirit. Man's creation is not complete at his birth, but continues on in his development as an intellectual and moral being; and this development is primarily more important than the use to which his faculties are put; as the life, health, and growth of our children are more important than anything they can do for us, in their infancy and youth. If we view the history of the race in a comprehensive way, we shall observe that it has been providentially occupied in all its earlier eras with itself, establishing what may be called its self-hood; and that what is termed natural religion—which is only an inverted self-worship, in which man makes his own deity to suit his tastes and feelings, and, of course, does not make him too strong for his own self-will—is then the only witness of the living God—a witness so meek as not to interfere with the providential process of setting man up in his own right and liberty. Revealed religion—the only religion that ever has had authority, or which, by the nature of the case, can have power to awe, restrain, and elevate man, or to overcome the congenital bias of his nature—being something outside of, and independent of his personality—has necessarily been subsequent to his creation; confined to special representative races and eras; and has applied itself thro' the slow form of institutional influences, in order to gain a greater power in the end, because over a more freely and fully developed being, surrendering himself voluntarily to a control which enlarges his true freedom, and acceptir g a liberty in divine dependence, of which his previous independence has been only a fictitious foreshadowing.

(*Concluded next week.*)

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Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

DR. GARDNER will speak at Taunton, on the first Sunday of Sept., and E. V. WILSON the Sunday following.

DEXTER DANA will speak at "The Spiritual Age Hall," 14 Bromfield street, in the afternoon of the first Sunday in Sept., in reply to the question, "Why am I a Spiritualist?"

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich. till Sept. 15th.

A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., the first Sunday in Sept., and at Oswego, N. Y., the two last: also at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct., after which he will go West.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture at Willimantic, Ct., Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the months of September, October and November in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. Those places desiring his services can address him through the month of August at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

A. E. NEWTON, in consequence of a new arrangement respecting the AGE, expects to be able hereafter to devote the larger portion of his time to the lecturing field. Calls addressed to him at Boston will be duly attended to. He will speak at Taunton, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

MISS EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on Sundays, Sept. 4th and 11th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in Lyons, Mich., Sept. 23d: in St. Louis during October; and New Orleans during December. Miss Hardinge returns to Philadelphia and the East in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth Avenue, New York.

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks at Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th. All persons desiring his services on week evenings, can address him at the above named place, at the times designated.

BENJAMIN DANFORTH will answer calls to preach on Ancient and Modern Spiritualism synonymous with the Gospel of Christ as he understands it. Address at Boston.

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Milford, N. H., Sunday, Sept 4th; Sutton, N. H., Sunday, September 11th; Lempster, Sunday Sept., 18th. Friends in the vicinity of the above named places, wishing to engage his services for week evenings, will address him at those places and dates.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Portland, Me., the four Sundays of September; in Lowell, Mass., the five Sundays of October; and the four Sundays of November in Providence, R. I. She will receive calls to lecture on week evenings in places in the vicinity of where she lectures Sundays. Address until September 1st, Willard Barnes Felton, Northampton, Mass.

Miss R. T. AMEDEY, 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.

Miss A. W. SPRAGUE, through the month of December, will be in St. Louis.

LORING MOODY will lecture at W. Gloucester, Thursday, Sept. 1; Manchester, Friday, 2; Salem, Sunday, 4th; East Stoughton, 11th. He will act as agent for the AGE and BANNER; and also answer calls to lecture. Address, Malden, Mass.

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

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.

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

A. C. ROBINSON, trance-speaker, will receive calls to lecture. Address at Fall River, Mass.

Rev. JOHN PIERPONT will receive calls to speak on Spiritualism. Address, West Medford, Mass.

MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

MEETINGS AT No 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3. Conference in the evening at 8.

A Conference Meeting is held every Monday evening at 7 3-4 o'clock.

THE BROTHERHOOD hold weekly meetings at 14 Bromfield street, on Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock. Persons sympathising with this movement, or desirous of obtaining information respecting it, are invited to attend.

THEODORE PARKER'S EXPERIENCES AS A MINISTER,

With some account of his Early Life, and Education for the Ministry; contained in a Letter from him to the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society of Boston. Price in paper covers, 30 cts., in cloth, 50 cents. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield st.

MEDIUMS IN BOSTON.

MRS. E. B. DANFORTH, Examiner and Prescriber for the sick Also healing and developing and trance medium. Address No. 19 Green st., Boston. n32,3m

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 $1 and four postage stamps for his efforts to obtain an answer. For $3 he will guarantee an answer, or return both letter and money in *thirty days from its reception.*—Visitors received on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. 18

Mrs. BEAN, Writing and Test Medium. Circles on Tuesday and Friday evenings, for development and manifestations. No. 30 Eliot street.

Miss WATERMAN, Trance, Test and Writing Medium, has removed to No. 8 Oliver Place. Hours, 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. Terms 50 cents per sitting.

Mrs. R. H. BURT, Writing and Trance Medium, No. 2 Columbia street (from Bedord street). Hours from 10 to 1, and from 2 to 7. 2—3m

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

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

Mrs. G. L. BEAN will give her attention to clairvoyant medical examinations. Rooms 30 Eliot street. 21—tf.

"MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS,"

At Ann Arbor, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept.. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Not a meeting of a sect, bound by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and peech—but an assembling of men and women,

Who seek the truth wherever found,
On Heathen or on Christian ground,"

and to gain it, welcome the frank and earnest utterance of the matured thoughts and convictions of any who may be present, on the great questions of Reform, Religion, Freedom, Spiritual existence, and Social order, that are moving the world more than ever before

Let many meet from far and near, for three days of candid thought and well-ordered free speech, that we may know better how to aid the rule of Wisdom, Justice, and Love;—how to gain that health of soul and body so needed for the advent of "Peace on Earth and good will among men." Come! Orthodox, Heterodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

Able speakers will be present, and it is confidently hoped the occasion will be of interest and importance.

Those from abroad wishing homes during the meeting will call on the Committee named below who will see them provided for:

WASHINGTON WEEKS, ROBERT GLAZIER, DR. KELLOGG, A. WIDENMANN, L. PULSIPHER, G. SPRAGUE.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Hopedale Home School.

This Institution is designed to combine thorough instruction in Science, Art and General Literature with judicious training of the physical and moral nature. To secure to the children and youth resorting to it for educational purposes such home and neighborhood influences together with such specific culture as may be promotive of their growth in virtue and true excellence, is a sacred aim. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and character, it must rely mainly upon the patronage of those sympathizing with the better tendencies and movements of the age for support.

The First Term of the Scholastic Year 1859-60 commences on *Wednesday, Sept.* 7, and continues *Fifteen weeks.*

For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

WM. S. HAYWOOD, } *Principals.*
ABBIE B. HAYWOOD, }

Aug. 18, 1859.3t.

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, will be free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the Cause and Cure of Evil.

The Convention will open in St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. Y., on Friday the 16th of September, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continue three days. The following persons, residents of Buffalo, constitute the Committee of Arrangements:

John N. Gardner, Thomas Rathbun, Giles Husted, Cyrus O. Poole, Sarah Rathbun, Lester Brooks, George Whitcomb, E A Maynard, W G Oliver, Louise Whitcomb, Mary F Davis, E G Scott, Alanson Webster, J H Lusk, Benoni S Brown.

Any member of this Committee can be addressed by those wishing to secure accommodation in advance, at Hotels and private boarding houses.

☞ The Committee have made favorable terms with Ward's Line of Steamers, as follows: From Toledo to Buffalo and return, $4,00; from Sandusky and return, $3,50; from Cleveland and return, $2,00, (Meals and Berths included.) A corresponding reduction of fare, for persons attending the Convention, will probably be effected on the New York & Erie Rail Road.

N. B.—A Quartette Club of Singers is engaged to be present, and will enliven each session with appropriate music.

MRS. METTLER'S MEDICINES.

Restorative Syrup—Price $1 per bottle. *Dysentery Cordial*—50 cents. *Elixir*—50 cts. *Neutralizing Mixture*—50 cents. *Pulmonaria*—$1. *Liniment*—$1 *Healing Ointment*—25 cents per box. For sale by BELA MARSH, No. 14 Bromfield street, Boston. 14—tf

THE SPIRITUAL REGISTER FOR 1859.

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

THE SICK ARE HEALED

WITHOUT MEDICINE. JAMES W. GREENWOOD, Healing and Developing Medium, Rooms No. 15 Tremont street, opposite the Museum. Office hours from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Other hours he will visit the sick at their houses.

Investigators will find a Test, Rapping, Writing and Trance Medium at the above rooms.

SPIRITUAL, CLAIRVOYANT, AND MESMERIC PRESCRIPTIONS,

CAREFULLY prepared by OCTAVIUS KING, Botanic Apothecary, 654 Washington street, under Pine St. Church, Boston.

All of Mrs. Mettler's Medicines for sale as above.

DR. J. ESTES,

ECLECTIC PHYSICIAN AND HEALING MEDIUM, No. 7 Eliot Street, Boston.

THEODORE PARKER'S RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Sermon for the New Year; What Religion may do for a Man; to which is added Mr. Parker's Farewell Letter to his Society. Price 6 cents.

Parker's Two Sermons on Revivals; and one on false and True Theology Price 8 cents each.

Parker's Four Sermons preached in the yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends, at Longwood, Pa., May 30th and 31st, 1858. Price 17 cents; also his speech delivered at the New England Anti-Slavery Convention in Boston, May 26, 1858; on the Relation of Slavery to a Republican Form of Government; and also, his Forath of July Sermon, on the effect of Slavery on the American People. Price 8 cents each Sermon of Immortal Life, Fifth Edition, 10 cents.

For sale by Bela Marsh, publisher 14 Bromfield Street.

NOTICE.—Persons visiting Boston for a few days or longer and preferring a private house to a public hotel, can find good accommodations at No. 5 Hayward Place, the most central and desirable part of the city.

An Englishman of recent importation dropped into a restaurant in New York a few days since, and made a hearty meal, intending to top off with a piece of pie. Upon tasting the pie he found it to be cold, and calling the Ethiopian waiter he said to him—"Take this pie to the fire and 'eat it." His consternation was great when Sambo walked to the fire and quietly devoured the pie.

A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling:—"In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'culled pussens,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a Debating Society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable member, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was 'Which am de mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combatted by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and bagged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck eggs under a hen, and dey hatch, which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and non-plussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out;' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE WANDERER.

BY TULLY VERNON.

Mist veiled the sun at his setting,
The fog came up from the sea;
The random rain-drops were wetting
The stinted grass on the lea!
The wind was fitful and gusty,
The sky was darkening to jet;
And the roads, that had been dusty,
Were growing muddy and wet.

Hark! 'Tis the ocean moaning,
The wind is rising amain;
The trees are waving and groaning,
And down comes the merciless rain.
Gods! what a flash! and the thunder
Shakes earth with its deafening crash,
And hard on the flying ones under
The clouds their contents dash.

Good for those who've a hovel
To shelter them from the storm,
And, tho' they in poverty grovel,
Have hearts in them, big and warm.
But woe to the lordlings in dwellings
Of marble, with fresco and paint,
With souls (?) never troubled with swellings
Of pity for the wretched and faint.

Just when the sun was setting,
And the fog came up from the sea,
And the random rain was wetting
The dust, and the parched lea,—
Down on the high road yonder,
Hard by the first mile-stone,
Who is that coming, I wonder,
Footsore, and ragged, and lone?

A stranger, I ween; for glances
Are cast on objects around,
Such as by one who advances
O'er the first-time trodden ground.
Needy; for garments are rended,
Shoes are ragged and thin;
Some rents with patches are mended,
And some let the road-sand in.

A woman! Behold her with pity,
Her countenance meagre and thin;
Travelling toward the city,
The sink of pollution and sin.
A mother! her weak arms are bearing
An infant, corpse-like and pale,
Which its mother's heart is wearing
With its weak and anguish'd wail.

'Hush thee, my child! thy crying
Brings tears from my bursting heart;
I know, my child, thou art dying,
But we shall not long part.
Will God from all hope sever
Whom christians curse and shun?
Must I, O God! forever
Part from my little one?

Tightly her babe still clasping,
She hurried along the road,
With pain and weariness gasping,
She scarce could carry the load;
When sudden, through the gloaming
A bright light gleam'd afar,
The tempest behind was coming—
Could she find shelter there?

The pitiless blast did flout her
And jest with her flying hair,
Her ragged cape about her
She drew, and with fondest care
She strove to afford a shelter
To the child upon her arm,
As the merciless rain did pelt her;
And keep it dry and warm.

She reach'd a stately building,
And tremblingly pulled the bell;
The lights from within were gilding
The rain-drops as they fell.

Ere long, a human being
Opened that splendid door;
He stood a moment, seeing
The mother and load she bore.

'For the love of God, give shelter
To the wanderer and her child;
The blinding rain-drops pelt her,
And the wind is fierce and wild.
Let pity now be near you,
When night and the tempest lower,
As you would that God would hear you
In your last, your dying hour."

List what that human brother
Spake to that bruised reed,
That sister, aye, that mother,
In the hour of her mighty need.
"Go! seek birds of your feather,
And herd with them to-night;
Nor fear that storm or weather
Can harm such as you in your flight."

Back into his stately dwelling
He hastily withdrew;
The lights from within still gilding
The storm-drops as they flew.
"Shall I, in my stately palace,
'Mid 'music, mirth and wine,'
Poison my pleasure's chalice
With the breath of such groveling swine?"

Sank down the hapless mother
And child upon the stone,
By the door of that human brother
Whose heart had turned to stone;
With one wild prayer to Jesus
The Savior of our race,
Who ever in pity sees us,
In every clime and place.

If the human brute had daring
To gaze out into the night,
Where his gorgeous lamps were glaring
And flooding the rain with light,
He might have seen bright wings flying
Around his own door-stone,
Where the mother and child were lying,
That he thought had long been gone.

Next morning the storm was over,
The sky was brilliant and fair;
The primrose and the clover
Shed sweetness on the air.
Th' old man look'd out in the morning
To gaze on his beautiful lands;
And saw, his door-stone adorning,
The work of his own red hands.

The mother and child were lying
On the stone, before the door,
Just as they lay when dying,
And the angels upward bore
Their souls to him who gave them,
To rest with him above;
And he, who died to save them,
Shelter'd them in his love.

Shall we curse, with bitter curses,
The wealthy and the proud,
Who close their groaning purses
From the poor, when they cry aloud?
Shall we call for Heaven's thunder
To fall on their guilty heads,
While, 'mid their ill-got plunder,
They roll on their downy beds?

No; but we'll pray that heaven
May soften their flinty hearts,
That their bosoms may be riven
By penitential darts,
That, when they cross the river,
They may 'scape th' avenging rod;
That they may not be forever
Shut out from the kingdom of God.

This old man's daughter, braving
His anger, years before
Fled with her love; and, raving,
He drove her from his door.
'Twas *his child*, when morn was glowing,
He gazed on, so rigid and wan,—
Curse him not—for his life is going—
But pray for him if you can.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

ONWARD AND UPWARD!

Oh earnest soul! from tempting sin,
From worldly care, and business din
Turn thou away—enquire within.
A voice proclaims to thee each day,
Good men, and holy angels say,
And loving spirits from the way,
Onward and upward!

Spend not thy time in looking back
Upon life's strange, uncertain track,
Mourn not of grace or strength, the lack.
If sin lies there, gaze not again
On those doomed "cities of the plain;"
Press on! the heavenly hills to gain.
Onward and upward!

Was there revealed in thy dim past
A joy too clear, too sweet-to last?
And does that memory bind thee fast?
Remember! but anticipate!
Here, or hereafter, soon or late,
Thou shalt inherit bliss as great,
Onward and upward!

Perhaps the weeping willows wave
Above a well-remembered grave,
And God has claimed the soul He gave.
Still with thine own, that soul may plead,
For right, and truth may intercede,
And thy unstable foot-steps lead,
Onward and upward!

Then onward friend! take up thy cross,
Weep not o'er error, or o'er loss,
Strive not for fame, or golden dross.
Be active! there is work to do,
Be firm, be faithful, and be true,
Be hopeful! there's a home in view.
Onward and upward!

And when thou dost thine own home gain,
When unto bliss thou dost attain,
When thou art free from mortal pain,
Oh! never let thy zeal grow less,
Still strive each mourning heart to bless,
And aid each struggling soul to press
Onward and upward.

Tioga Co., Pa. VIRGINIA.

THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

BY W. H. CHANEY & CO.
OFFICE, 14 BROMFIELD STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS: $2,00 PER YEAR.
PAYABLE STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

DEVOTED TO RATIONAL SPIRITUALISM AND PRACTICAL REFORM.

QUARTO SERIES. BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1859. VOL. II.---NO. 32.

The Spiritual Age.

THE DOCTRINE OF ENDLESS MISERY.

The "Minister's Wooing," a story by Harriet Beecher Stowe, now in progress in the *Atlantic Monthly*, is by far the most powerful of her works of fiction.

To our mind the argument against endless misery was never more powerfully presented, than in the following extracts from the "Minister's Wooing" in the September number of the *Atlantic*.

The first extract gives the view of that horrible dogma, as held by the earlier Puritans, but which has been wonderfully softened and toned down, in these days of heresy and infidelity! No clergyman of this day *dare* preach the doctrines of Hopkins, Edwards, &c., &c. But to the extracts:

"The preaching of those times was animated by an unflinching consistency which never shrank from carrying an idea to its remotest logical verge. The sufferings of the lost were not kept from view, but proclaimed with a terrible power. Dr. Hopkins boldly asserts that 'all the use which God will have for them is to suffer; this is all the end they can answer; therefore all their faculties, and their whole capacities, will be employed and used for this end. . . The body can by omnipotence be made capable of suffering the greatest imaginable pain, without producing dissolution, or abating the least degree of life or sensibility. . . . . One way in which God will show his power in the punishment of the wicked will be in strengthening but holding their bodies and souls in torment which would be otherwise intolerable.'"

"Marvyn has lost a son—noble, he said, hearted, brave and manly—by "for I Unfortunately, there was no been gr had ever experienced that At firs heart" which could alone pre- my health, God from pouring out his ject; but hi endless ages upon the cere to be ea and beloved son! Mrs. wearied me, a as who would not?— and with a pe ony be more faithfully Disregarding my w the writer's soul it to my low stat similar torments: forward, and plac I can't help it, don't with all the te must speak or die! brushed back my h be resigned!—it is eyes were fixed up o all eternity I will "Charles, I am no goodness, no never dreamed of t ing! Life seems entered the univers us doom that can first prize. That th ing! *What had* permost in my mind; sent upon us? aim in life; my ch so, to hope so,— oasis in my weary jo and all the laws waste, where misfortu —never stop- tle thought that our a e can suffer so on the same object. A thought so? You have never have unsullied reputation, w ment life is! Success, with you, would rnity! and a momentary triumph. ish disappointment, soon d knowl- With me how different! S suffer! failure my death!" ent of

As he ceased speaking a pallow! his countenance, his lips quivered, can were in his eyes. I never saw hi

what noble minds, what warm, generous hearts, what splendid natures are wrecked and thrown away by thousands and tens of thousands! How we love each other! how our hearts weave into each other! how more than glad we should be to die for each other! And all this ends——O God, how must it end?—Mary! it isn't *my* sorrow only! What right have I to mourn? Is *my* son any better than any other mother's son? Thousands of thousands, whose mothers loved them as I love mine, are gone there!—Oh, my wedding-day! Why did they rejoice; Brides shou'd wear mourning,—the bells should toll for every wedding; every new family is built over this awful pit of despair, and only one in a thousand escapes!'"

Pale, aghast, horror-stricken, Mary stood dumb, as one who in the dark and storm sees by the sudden glare of lightning a chasm yawning under foot. It was amazement and dimness of anguish;—the dreadful words struck on the very centre where her soul rested. She felt as if the point of a wedge were being driven between her life and her life's life,—between her and her God. She clasped her hands instinctively on her bosom, as if to hold there some cherished image, and said in a piercing voice of supplication 'My God! oh, where art thou?" * * * *

"'Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best—better than it would have been in any other way,—that God *chose* it because it was for a greater, final good,—that He not only chose it, but took means to make it certain,—that He ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain, that He creates the vessels of wrath and fits them for destruction, and that He has an infinite knowledge by which He can do it without violating their free agency.—So much the worse! What a use of infinite knowlege! What if men should do so!—What if a father should take means to make it certain that his poor little child should be an abandoned wretch, without violating his free agency? So much the worse I say!—They say He does this so that He may show to all eternity, by their example, the evil nature of sin and its consequences! This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out of it!—It is *not* right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few;—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right,—never!—Yet they say our salvation depends on our loving God,—loving Him better than ourselves,—loving Him better than our dearest friends.---It is impossible!---it is contrary to the laws of my nature! I can never love God! I can never praise Him!---I am lost! lost! lost! And what is worse, I cannot redeem my friends! Oh, I *could* suffer forever,---how willingly! ---if I could save *him*---But oh, eternity, eternity! Frightful, unspeakable woe! No end!---no bottom!---no shore!---no hope!--- O God! O God!"

Mrs. Marvyn has a faithful negro woman, once a slave, now a kind servant, whose great heart, throbbing with the deep tide of simple love and affection, comes to the rescue of the poor brain well-nigh crazed with the crushing theology which pictured God as a very fiend of cruelty and unappeasable ferocity. Can anything be more exquisitely beautiful than the touching appeals by which this child of nature relieved the weight of agony resting on the mother's soul, dissolving it in tears? Listen:

"At this moment, Candace, who had been anxiously listening at the door for an hour past, suddenly burst into the room.

"'Lor' bress ye Squire Marvyn, we won't hab her goin' on dis yer way,' she said. 'Do talk *gospel* to her, can't ye?—ef you can't I will.

"'Come ye poor little lamb,' she said, walking straight up to Mrs. Marvyn, 'come to ole Candace!'—and with that she gathered the pale form to her bosom, and sat down and began rocking her, as if she had been a babe. 'Honey, darlin,' ye a'n't right,—dar's a dreffal mistake somewhar,' she said. 'Why, de Lord a'n't like what ye tink,—He *loves* ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how *I* loves ye,—poor ole black Candace;—an' I a'n't better'n Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said, 'Father, forgive dem'? Say, honey!—wasn't it de Lord dat made ye?—Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'!—cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim,—loved him and *died* for him,—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross! Laws, jes' *leave* him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o'de nails in his hands now!'

"The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form, as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"'Now, honey,' said Candace, after a pause of some minutes, "I knows our Doctor's a mighty good man, an' larned,—an' in fair weather I ha'n't no 'bjection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great and mighty tings he's got to say. But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks mustn't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar jest a'n't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's *Jesus*. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allers,---it's a good place darlin'! *Look righ; at Jesus*. Tell ye, honey ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' and tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat he went through all dese tings,---Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him you was a-talkin' about?---Him you don't love? Look at Him, an' see if you can't. Look an' see what He is!---don't ask no questions, and don't go to no reasonin's,---jes' look at *Him*, hangin' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all the breath he had. Dar! a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace oves Him,---poor, ole, foolish, black, wicked Candace,---an' she knows He loves her,---and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping."

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadow of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—[Channing.

SATISFACTORY—OR OUGHT TO BE.

[It appears that in a certain town in Wisconsin, a proposition was made to invite Brown, of the Wisconsin Chief to deliver a temperance address. Some objection were made, three of which we subjoin, with the editor's plea of guilty to all of them.]

"Brown is mercenary—will not go to talk temperance without pay."

Guilty! We have a large sum invested in gratuitous reform labor, and now retire on the income. Our Bank account of "good wishes" and votes of thanks, show several millions in our favor, and we are above the necessity of lecturing and footing our own bills. We are now speculating—putting potatoes in the ground and enjoying the increase.

"He is rich and lives in a palace at 'The Oaks.'"

All truth. We are one of the nabobs.—Like the fellow who would have four chipmuncks when he killed the one he was after, and three more, so we shall have some land when we get it. Our palace is principally of pine, 22x30, one story, and most sumptuously furnished. It is neither plastered, papered, or painted inside—such furnishing is too plebeian. We use the stove-pipe for a chimney, and our parlor for hall, reception room, dining-room, kitchen, library, santum, wash-room, place to spank the children, etc., etc. Our Brussels ingrain is made of old coat-skirts, shirt-tails, dilapidated pants, and other things too numerous to mention. Our furniture is common cherry, and our chairs bottomed with cat-tail flags. Our spoons are mostly pewter—silver being rather common. Our chattels personal run up to the handsome figure of several millions.

One wife, value not to be computed.	
Three young'uns. ditto.	
Three pigs,	$2,75
Twelve hens and more hatching— (not paid for or price known,)	
One cat and four kittens,	5,00
Two cows, and a calf in prospect,	50,00
Two jack-knives,	2,50
One quarter acre strawberries,	5000,00

The above, with little matters divers and sundry, give figures the spasms when the total is enumerated. We dare not go into details, for fear of robbery. If Bro.——— expects a man of such means to go and talk temperance, he will be disappointed. We are growing more and more mercenary every day. We shall add three more pigs to our stye, and push the setting hens to their utmost. And if our farrow cow should add another calf to our horned stock, we shall be above lecturing entirely.

"He struts about the farm and plays the lord in broadcloth."

A fact. Our home rig was once broadcloth, though badly ventilated now. Rents range from the knee upward. Our hat is straw, and now in its fourth summer's wear. Our shoes and kids came with us into the world. And when we walk among the Lawtons, Catawissas, Houghton's seedlings, the spacious strawberry patches, and look upon two apples, and a half dozen pears, one quart of currants at least, several gooseberries and as many raspberries, we do feel like a lord, and above the benevolent business of lecturing and paying our expenses for a vote of thanks.

THE LONDON TIMES OFFICE.—Mr. Story, son of one of the proprietors of the Rochester Democrat, writes to that paper an account of his visit to the office of the London Times.—We copy a portion of this narrative:

"One of the most interesting and novel departments of the establishment is that in which the stereotyping process is carried on. You know, perhaps, already, that every number of the Times is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken from the "form" in three minutes, by a new process, invented by a Swiss and known only to him. A thin layer of soft and damp papier mache first receives the impression of the type, and after it has been hardened by the application of heat, the melted lead is poured on which is to form the stereotype plate. The papier mache has the power of resisting the action of the melted lead, and comes out of the fiery trial uninjured, and almost unscorched. The plates are re-melted every day after the issue of the day is printed from them, and the waste of type metal from day to day is very slight. By this power of multiplying the number of forms from which the same side of the paper can be printed, the Times can use three or four presses at once, and thus print its 59,000 copies, on an emergency, in two hours time. The Times employs in its establishment some 350 persons. It has eighteen reporters at the Houses of Parliament, and for these, as well as for the majority of its compositors, the working hours are the night hours exclusively. It owns four cabs, which are employed solely in carrying reporters and reports at night to and fro between Printing House Square and the Palace at Westminster. The reporters relieve each other at the end of every quarter hour, and thus, though the debate in the Commons last till four o'clock in the morning, the Times give it in full by sunrise, though it cover two whole pages of the journal."

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV., of France, visited, by chance, a garden, which had been embellished and nursed with much care. Among the persons who accompanied the King, was a courtier, who had a red beard. The latter racked his brains to find something to amuse the august personage during his walk. While he was endeavoring to enliven the conversation by some witty sally, the gardener appeared before them; he had no beard, though already advanced in years. "My friend," said the courtier, immediately addressing him, "why have you no beard on your chin?" He had imagined that the shyness and shame of the gardener would give him cause for merriment. But the countryman, without appearing the least astonished, turned towards the one who had questioned him. "When Nature," said he, "distributed its beards to mortals, I arrived rather late; and as there only remained red ones, I preferred doing without, than taking one of that color."

ELECTRICITY.—Atmospheric electricity has been much neglected by meteorologists. The beneficial effects of electricity on the vegetable kingdom are of a character so apparent, that any extended researches upon this branch of meterology, calculated to throw additional light upon the subject, is very desirable. There are several instruments used in studying the subject. The most simple is Glaisher's electrometer, which, being portable, should become generally adopted. To be able to announce the approach of a thunderstorm at a time when the sky is free fron clouds, and to ascertain its speed, so as to tell when it may be expected in any given place, would afford the farmer, the mariner, and many other persons, information of a most valuable character.—[Life Ill.

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by W. H. CHANEY, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

MINNIE, THE MEDIUM;

OR,

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

BY W. H. CHANEY,

EDITOR OF THE SPIRITUAL AGE, AUTHOR OF "THE MERTONS," "THE MISSION OF CHARITY," &c., &c.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

In the following story, it has been the aim of the author to lose his own identity, in the character of an old German Philosopher. He therefore starts with him in boyhood, introducing many circumstances, facts and characters, which are real.

The *chief object* of the work is to *instruct*.—Should it be objected that the character of Minnie is too highly wrought, the author has only this reply—"When properly developed and progressed, it will not be impossible for thousands to become as good and pure as Minnie; but even were it otherwise, he would rather place the standard too high than too low."

There are some circumstances connected with the writing of this work, which, to say the least, are remarkable. Until the Spring of 1857, the author had been a violent opposer of Spiritualism, having, in his capacity of editor, written many severe, and as he now perceives, unjust criticisms in reference to it. His conversion to a belief in the doctrine was not sudden and brilliant, like that of Paul, but was the result of a careful investigation, during which each fact was separately examined, and required to be proved before being admitted. This occurred during a stay at the Fountain House in Boston, in the spring and summer of 1857, whither he went, and was obliged to remain by *force of circumstances*, and much against his inclinations.

During this time, he visited a medium at the house of Dr. Hayden—her name is now forgotten—through whom he was informed that the spirit of an aged man was endeavoring to approach him, but could not. The spirit held a parchment, closely rolled and tied with tape, but no information could be obtained.

Subsequently the author made the acquaintance of Dr. A. C. Stiles of Bridgeport, Ct., upon whose invitation he was induced to call on Mrs. Peabody, then at 3 Avon Place, and now 15 Davis street.—Mrs. Peabody declined sitting as a test medium, and endeavored to persuade her visitors to call upon some other medium, she supposing from remarks made that both were opposers. After some persuasion from Dr. Stiles, she finally consented to sit for *him*, but immediately upon experiencing an influence, turned to the author and gave him a series of more than fifty of the most remarkable and astonishing tests. So impressed was he with the presence of loved ones who had passed on, that yielding to the holy spell he wept both in joy and sorrow. These were the first tests he had ever received. He was also told of the spirit of a white haired old man, with a roll of papers, hovering near him.

In October following, at the house of B. Barker, in Ellsworth, Me., he saw for the first time a Miss Johnson, of Portland, now Mrs. D. Dana, of Roxbury, through whom he was again informed of the presence of this spirit, with papers which the spirit offered, but which he refused.

In June 1859, at a private house in Gardiner, Me., in company with two other gentlemen, who would prefer that their names should not be mentioned, a medium from Hallowell informed the author that the spirit of an aged man was constantly about him, impressing him with spiritual truths. That the spirit held a parchment, tied with strings. But no further information could be obtained.

Some four weeks subsequently, Dr. J. S. Lovell, of Yarmouth, Me., a clairvoyant and medium, was in Gardiner, and at a private circle, the author was again informed of the presence of the spirit with the parchment, the strings of which were cut, and the parchment unrolled sufficiently to read the one word thereon—"PROGRESSION." He was also informed that this spirit gave him impressions constantly in writing, especially while writing a very lengthy article, which contained fiction in real life, but numerous facts in regard to spiritualism. (This story was at that time about half written.)

Subsequently, through the same medium, he was informed that this spirit was with him constantly, and at the proper time would disclose who he was while living in the earth form.

These communications suggested the design of the new engraved head of the SPIRITUAL AGE, and the author may as well add in this connection that the story of Minnie was commenced nearly three months, before he ever had a thought of becoming editor of the AGE.

The communications in reference to the spirit of this old man, have, in every instance, come through strangers, personally unknown to each other and to the author. Three of them he never saw but once; Mrs. Peabody but twice, and up to this writing (Aug. 18th, 1858,) he doubts if she knows his name; Dr. Lovell he has seen some half a dozen times. Dr. Stiles he saw only for a few days, and has never seen him since. To none of them has he ever written, and none have written to him.

Except in the first instance, there have always been witnesses present, and they will bear evidence to the truth of this statement. The different times, places and circumstances, render it absolutely impossible, in some of these instances, that there could have been any collusion between the mediums; while in the other cases it is highly improbable.

That this work is faulty in some particulars the author is well aware. It has been written in the editor's sanctum, amid continued interruptions, and while it was necessary to devote three fourths of his time to business. But he trusts it will prove interesting to the general reader, and especially so to the Spiritualist. Of its moral tendency, in its inculcation of the principles of virtue, purity, and the better emotions of the soul, he entertains no doubt, else it would never be given to the public.

It has been the aim of the author to render the work as natural as possible—that is, upon the assumption that Animal Magnetism, Clairvoyance, and Spiritualism are true—so that it shall appear rather as a history than a fiction. For this reason, many real characters are introduced, along with facts that have actually transpired.

That it has been written under the direction of an intelligence not subject to the control of his will, he scarcely entertains a doubt, notwithstanding he has always been in a perfectly conscious state. His reasons for this conclusion are, *first*, scarce any details have been introduced as he had planned them; *secondly*, circumstances, theories and arguments are introduced as new to him as though written by another; *thirdly*, whole pages have been written, while his mind has been entirely occupied with another subject—just as a person will sometimes drop into a reverie while reading, and even though reading aloud, so that others will understand, be wholly unconscious of the subject. This state of mind he has often experienced while reading, but never before while writing.—He therefore concludes that the first degree, or incipient stage towards *perfect trance*, is *unconscious reading*—something which probably every person who can read has experienced many times.

With this introduction, and hoping that the reader may derive both pleasure and profit from its perusal, he now submits it to the friends and patrons of the SPIRITUAL AGE.

CHAPTER I.

MY HISTORY.

I was born on the 14th day of January, A. D., 1791, in the Barony of * * * * *, upon the river Maine, in one of the states of Germany. Being an only child, I was heir to the broad acres, the old mansion, and the title of Baron, all of which had been transmitted through many generations. Our family name was Wiltonsteiner, but upon the accession of one of my ancestors to the Barony, about the middle of the fifteenth century, it was changed to Wydorf. As he was the first Baron von Wydorf, of course he was *the* first of my ancestors—no one of the descendants ever presuming to trace the family history beyond his accession, until I, the last Baron von Wydorf, having become disgusted with empty sounding titles, and an enthusiastic Republican, explored the moth-eaten records of the past, and having discovered that my more remote ancestors had been known by the name of Wiltonsteiner, I at once resolved upon adopting it; and wishing to Americanize my name—I was already an American in heart—I dropt the *steiner* at the same time I rejected the ancestral title. But the title of "Professor" I consider as my own property, having earned it myself. Had it been an inheritance, I should have spurned it with the same contempt I do all titles, sought to be perpetuated by a corrupt and imbecile aristocracy.

"Worth makes the *man*, and want of it the *fellow*"—has been my motto through life. I feel more veneration for the lacquey who brushes my coat and polishes my boots, if he is honest, and discharges his duties faithfully, than for the prince royal, who has nothing to boast but his noble descent. Others *profess* strict adherence to this principle; yet I am mortified to be obliged to say their acts belie their professions. The masses of Europe are still struggling against an effeminate aristocracy which has cursed them for centuries, while in America the son of an obscure laborer my be found among the most distinguished men of the nation. The masses of Europe are unable to break down the barriers, erected before their birth by a selfish aristocracy, and which keeps the poor and lowly-born, from places of distinction and renown. But in America as the widowed mother scrubs over her wash-tub, wondering what necessary of life she can best dispense with, in order to purchase her boy a new spelling-book, she may reasonably indulge the day-dream of looking forward to the time when that boy shall become a school teacher—then enter one of the learned professions—and finally take rank with the first men of his age. Not so in Europe, where, with the exception of but few countries, the chief aim of government seems to be to make the poor, poorer—the rich, richer.

I must crave the reader's pardon for this digression, for I am now writing for an American public, where these facts are as familiar as household words. Yet I trust he will not lose patience with the "old man." Remember that I once became disgusted with both political and social tyranny, and during the quarter of a century which I have passed as a hermit, have neither read nor heard of the rapid progress in the elevation of man, which was being made upon this side of the Atlantic. Hence, a new life has dawned upon me; and like the prisoner, whom long years have made familiar with his narrow cell, and accustomed his sight to its gloomy darkness, who cannot suppress his admiration of the beautiful earth and the glorious light of day—so I, after reaching these shores, inhaling the air of freedom, and having realized the manifold blessings resulting to the human race, cannot, and *will not*, suppress the emotions of gratitude and thanksgiving which I have experienced in beholding the glorious light of intelligence which illuminates this country.

But to return to my history. It was my misfortune to be deprived of my mother when I was but three years old. After her death my father became a cold misanthrope caring for no one—loving no one. My mother was evidently a very amiable and affectionate wife, and from her marriage until her death, exerting a genial and refining influence over her husband, who was naturally cold and unsocial. While she lived, I have reason to believe that he sincerely mourned her loss; but to say that he ever loved her as a husband *should* love his wife, would detract from my merits as a faithful historian. In the grave where he buried my mother, he buried all the nobler sentiments which she had inspired within him, and from that day became a hater of everything but his title and his wealth.

Only once do I remember having seen him manifest the slightest symptoms of tenderness. It was on the anniversary of my fifteenth birth-day, when, for a little sport, the servants persuaded me to put on a white dress belonging to the old gardener's daughter. My form was of delicate proportion, and my hair being worn long, after the fashion of German students, hanging in thick curls about my neck, gave me so much the appearance of a young lady, that even my old nurse did not recognize me for a long time; nor do I think she would have discovered the trick at all, but for my thoughtlessness in joining with the others in a hearty laugh. In the midst of our merriment, who should enter the servants' hall but my father! Knowing his utter disapprobation of a farce of this kind, all our boisterous mirth was hushed in a moment. Those nearest the door beat a hasty retreat, while the rest of us, as if paralyzed, remained in the very position we occupied upon his entrance. As for myself, being the chief transgressor, and seeing no means of escape, I stood, with down-cast look, like a criminal in the dock, awaiting my sentence. But as he did not immediately speak, I at length raised my eyes to his. Never shall I forget the expression of his countenance—his face was very pale, his eyes fixed, and seemingly starting from their sockets; while the nervous twitching of the muscles indicated that his mind was most painfully agitated. Mistaking his agitation for anger, and wishing to avoid him until it had somewhat subsided, with my eyes steadily fixed on his I commenced retreating from the room. Not a word was spoken—not a movement made by the others—and as I noiselessly glided from the room, it must have appeared to him more like the exit of a ghost than of a breathing mortal. Not until I had fairly vanished into the kitchen did he regain his presence of mind; and then, muttering to himself, "*her very image!*" he hurriedly left the hall without further comment.

CHAPTER II

EUROPE IN 1807.

I studied under private tutors until I was sixteen, when, upon the death of my father, I entered college. Hitherto my knowledge of the world had been limited to the information derived from books, and an occasional visitor at the old mansion. But now a new era dawned upon me, and I welcomed my new existence with all the enthusiasm of a German student.

At that period, in many particulars, Germany was in advance of any country of Europe. The immortal KLOPSTOCK had written his great epic poem, "The Messiah" and by his odes and war-songs, awakened a love of the good, of freedom, and a warmth of christian kindness, heretofore unknown to my phlegmatic countrymen. Nor should I omit to mention LESSING, the master critic—HERDER, whose elevation of style and gorgeous imagery—bounteous gifts of nature, but greatly strengthened by his study into the original sources of language and poetry—who gave a new impulse, both to literature and to a spirit of investigation, by his work entitled "Ideas towards a Philosophy of the History of Man,"—nor should I pass unnoticed WIELAND, the graceful and fluent philosopher, whose peculiar style won admiration from a certain class which had hitherto been monopolized by French romances. These last three may be said to have prepared the way for GOETHE, who, like Columbus, steered boldly into the unknown seas, the one in pursuit of a New World, the other in pursuit of new worlds of poetry and intellectual elysiums. His "Elective Affinities," revelling in wonders and mystery, burst upon my marvelous-loving countrymen like a rocket, throwing a glare into darkness which had been undisturbed since the creation. His "Faust," and "Poetry of truth," afford pictures of his most inward soul, and display the progress of his own life. SCHILLER had been gathered to the immortal hosts two years before I commenced my collegiate course, yet his "William Tell" lighted the flame of liberty in my soul which has never been quenched. At this period the historian dates the culminating point of German poetry, and it was then that my new existence commenced.

From this glance at the literary, I turn to the military world. Europe was being ravaged by inhuman warfare. "Austerlitz" still rang in the ears of every European, notwithstanding the peace of Presburg had long been forgotten. The star of Napoleon was in the ascendant, and everywhere was awakened a martial spirit and military enthusiasm, such as was never before known in the world's history. Francis II. had abdicated the title of "Emperor of Germany," and the "Holy Roman Empire of Germany" had been dissolved. Its mightiest principalities were paying tribute to a foreign power, and a sense of humiliation was crushing many a German heart. After the judicial murder of the brave and noble publisher, PALM, of Nuremberg, who suffered death sooner than give up the name of the author of a pamphlet which he had published on the abasement of Germany, who would dare to give public utterance to the thoughts which swayed their bosoms?

But notwithstanding the servile chains thrust upon Germany, the brilliant achievements of Napoleon aroused all the latent fires in the breasts of her students. The chivalry of past generations was aroused, and finding no other vent, among the German students, duels were of most frequent occurrence. And if with no government—no country—no NAPOLEON, the martial spirit was so ascendant, what should be expected of volatile Frenchmen, with a government everywhere—Europe for their country, and NAPOLEON for a leader! To shield his person was his fame—to be wounded in his defence, glory—to die for him, immortality.

At the battle of Montmirail, it is said that a young officer named Durosier, was ordered by Napoleon to carry a despatch to one of the Generals. He returned in a brief space of time, announced his success with a triumphant smile, and fell dead at the feet of the Emperor. A bullet had pierced his breast, but he concealed the wound until his mission was completed, and then with his last look fixed upon Napoleon, he gloried in laying down his life for the service of one whom he adored little less than his Maker.

The military furor excited among the French soldiery, was caught among the nations with whom Napoleon was at war, and while they fought the Emperor, they could not but admire the NAPOLEON!

At this period, in the Golden Age of German poetry, and when "war" was the salutation between nations, I made my debut [illegible] the stage of active life, and entered upon my collegiate course. A brief space sufficed to initiate me into all the manners and customs of German students, prevalent in those days, and my natural ambition, added to the dignity of my social position, as sole inheritor of the title and possessions of my ancestors, at once gave me high rank among my associates. Now of a stout, athletic form, and vigorous constitution, I engaged heartily in the gymnastic feats of my companions, and soon became an acknowledged victor in all that required superior strength and activity. In boxing, fencing and shooting, I rarely found my equal.

CHAPTER III.

PROGRESS AT COLLEGE. THE CHALLENGE.

Life at a German University contains but little to interest the general reader. At least, so it seems to me now. I thought differently once—before the fires of youth were cooled by the frosts of age—before sorrow, and trial, and disappointment had embittered every cup of enjoyment, poisoned the well-springs of life, and dried up all the fountains of hope.

I should pass over in silence my seven years of student life, but for their influence upon me in after time, affecting an entire change in my apparent destiny.

From my father I inherited a proud, selfish, unsocial nature; but my mother gave me her warm, loving heart. Thus I was a sort of duplicate person—two souls in one body. With this two fold nature, I was cold and cruel, or affectionate and kind, as either spirit chanced to control. An injury done to a friend would awaken in me all the sympathy and tenderness of my angel mother—then the dark spirit of my father would arouse hate and a thirst for revenge. Even while weeping over the wrongs of my friend, I could call out his enemy—one who had never harmed *me*—and run him through the heart without the least compunction.—Nay, more—I gloried in it—his death struggles rejoiced me—his last groan was the sweetest music.

Scenes of violence among the students were not uncommon in those days. Hereditary custom, strengthened by the spirit of the times, had so firmly established the code of honor, falsely so called, as the umpire for settling all differences, that it required more courage to refuse, than to accept a challenge. Words almost meaningless of themselves, yet delivered in a tone of sarcasm, or accompanied with a look of defiance, were deemed sufficient provocation for a hostile meeting.

I have been engaged in many duels—As our been so severely wounded that my [illegible]emies, so been despaired of, yet all sink into [illegible] Sects are significance before the harrowing [illegible]ne of them tions of one event which was des[illegible]at. To speak fluence my destiny through all [illegible]rinitarianism, Conrad von Wieser was my [illegible]ogy of our body Like me, his family was both [illegible] errors or extravnoble; but his father having [illegible]or compensate. It of conspiring against Fran[illegible]hat we are now exerty was confiscated, his ti[illegible]t in it, and its conseer, and himself condem[illegible]lace, to come to the *gen*prisonment, from whic[illegible] broader view to be takby death. Conrad's [illegible] of the pausing posture and of a small estate in [illegible]ody. Since we began our tired to the provinc[illegible]ive influence upon our destiny we attended was [illegible]sclosed itself. The underlyson and only dau[illegible] sentiments of the Unitarian [illegible]but to be the charateristic ideas est seclusion. [illegible] the religious epoch we live in.

Conrad was [illegible]oduced us, not we it. Whatever the very embo[illegible] our spirit and direction, was lato retrieve the [illegible]rmation, and is fast becoming paname by his f[illegible]e product of that world-movement. of his powerf[illegible]entification of Protestant tendencies of knowledge[illegible] al theology is partly accidental, partthe tendencies themselves are the rels and disp[illegible]hus no criticism of Unitarianism is chastise an in[illegible]is not also a criticism of Protestantand all resp[illegible]t possible to understand our position

Conrad w[illegible]ts, without considering from a high en years of[illegible]w the general drift of Protestantism had often[illegible]rvey of the main current, drought or ing, a fav[illegible]only by an examination of the common portunit[illegible]ed. If I say, then, that our pause as a relled w[illegible]ation is the pause which Protestantism the lio[illegible]on awaking to the full consciousness of her I was [illegible]ndencies, I shall best express my second and important idea.

rarel[illegible]hese tendencies have only recently cleared themthe[illegible]ves to view, and are not by the boldest faced t[illegible] without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,

secret locked safe from observation, I redoubled my diligence, and at the end of five years we were rivals—friendly to all external appearances—friendly rivals as far as Conrad knew—but to my shame be it spoken, there were times in which I bitterly envied him. His noble nature never suspicioned my meanness, but on the contrary he often assisted me in my studies.

The time was now rapidly approaching when we were to leave college. An ambition to carry off the highest prize had long been preying upon me. Every thought and aspiration of my nature was centered upon this one object. There was no sacrifice which I would not have made to insure success. It became a mania with me, torturing my waking hours and haunting my sleep. Sleep! alas, I could not sleep! With the exception of a few hours of each twenty-four, my whole time was spent in study. I did not retire until after midnight, and then I always left my lamp burning, that not a moment should be lost in re-lighting it.

This continued application soon began to impair my health. I was nervous and easily irritated. I did not feel as though I could possibly survive a failure.

Conrad was first to observe my changed appearance, and made several attempts to learn the cause; but I managed to escape him without betraying my secret, and then hurrying to my room was soon lost in my studies.

One morning I felt more feeble and exhausted than usual. My strength had failed me, and I could not walk without staggering. I sat and calculated my chances of success. There were still four weeks for preparation—in everything but Chemistry and Philosophy. Conrad was in advance of me—he had not been using extra exertions until within a few days—his health and strength were in reserve, while mine were exhausted—there was no possibility of my carrying off the first prize, and as for the second, I was already far beyond the reach of all competition. At this point my meditations were interrupted by a knock at my room door. Feeling too languid to rise, I bade the applicant come in. The door gently opened and Conrad entered. His fine countenance expressed both surprise and sympathy as he advanced and took my hand.

"Why, Charles," he said, "how is this? Alone in your room, sick, and not send for me?"

"I am not sick," I replied, "that is, I have no disease."

"Disease or not, you look more like a ghost than a man of flesh and blood."

"I passed a sleepless night, and a tormenting headache this morning has probably given my countenance a haggard appearance, but there is nothing serious ails me."

"Why do you try to deceive me, Charles," he said, half mournfully, half reproachfully, "for I have noticed that your health has been gradually failing for several days."

At first I affected to laugh at his fears for my health, and then strove to change the subject; but his friendship for me was too sincere to be easily put off. His importunings wearied me, and at length, in fretful humor and with a peevish tone, I told him all.—Disregarding my bad temper, and attributing it to my low state of health, he had leaned forward, and placing his hand upon my head, with all the tenderness of a woman, he brushed back my hair and while his beaming eyes were fixed upon mine, he said:

"Charles, I am sorry—*very sorry*. I never dreamed of this until now; the day I entered the university I resolved to win the first prize. That thought has been ever uppermost in my mind; it has been my great aim in life; my chief ambition; the first oasis in my weary journey across the desert waste, where misfortune had cast me. I little thought that our ambitions centered upon the same object. And why should I have thought so? You have title, wealth and an unsullied reputation, while I have neither. Success, with you, would be but empty fame; a momentary triumph. Failure, only a boyish disappointment, soon to be forgotten.—With me how different! Success is my life; failure my death!"

As he ceased speaking a pallor overspread his countenance, his lips quivered, and tears were in his eyes. I never saw him so moved before. A deep silence reigned for several minutes, which I was the first to break.

"Conrad," said I, "you are mistaken. No boyish whim, seeking only a temporary triumph, actuates me in this struggle. No earthly ambition can be compared to the hungry cravings of my soul to possess the first prize upon anniversary day. For it I would gladly barter half my fortune."

A new idea occurred to me—he was poor; I was rich. Might not wealth tempt him to relinquish the contest? At any other time I could not have wounded his feelings by making so base a proposition. But the dark spirit controlled me, and intent only upon achieving my object, no matter by what means, I recklessly resolved to make the offer.

"Conrad," I resumed, "it is true, I am rich and you are poor, but it only remains with you to equalize *this* difference. Promise me that you will not contest for the first prize and I will instantly execute the necessary writings for putting you in possession of one half of my whole fortune."

To be Continued.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE BRIDE OF A DREAM.

We take the following account of a singular dream from the Western Christian Advocate:

Mr. B. had been twice married, but was left a second time a widower, with six daughters and one son. After these bereavements, Mr. B. inferred the Lord did not design him to enjoy the blessing of a wife, and he resolved to sacrifice all personal conveniences and enjoyments of the conjugal relation, and never attempt to select another partner in life. This resolution he sacredly kept for nearly three years, when the arguments and counsel of the minister of the circuit, in the State of Delaware, prevailed on him to change his mind. The consideration of his numerous family of daughters requiring so much a mother's care and instruction, was one of the strongest reasons that induced him to admit that his resolution might be founded in error. The minister, encouraged by the favorable impression he had made, and the influence he had gained over Mr. B., took the liberty to name to him a lady residing in a certain neighborhood of his circuit, whom he thought would make him an excellent wife and a good mother for his children, and appointed the time and place for Mr. B. to meet him and be introduced to her. Some occurrence took place which prevented Mr. B. from meeting the minister according to appointment.

The minister intent upon his plan, procured Mr. B's consent to meet him a second time, and the appointment was made; but an unexpected Providence again prevented Mr. B. being there at the time. They then made a third arrangement, and Mr. B. determined, if life and health permitted, he certainly would meet his friend and be made acquainted with the lady recommended.—Before the time arrived, however, Mr. B. was admonished in a dream that the woman so favorably spoken of by the minister was not the one he ought to marry, and he was conducted in a vision to the young lady who would be a suitable helpmate, and that Providence designed for him.—The distance was sixty miles and he had only travelled twenty miles in that direction. Yet the map of the whole road was laid before his mind, and the way he should go so distinctly marked in his dream, that he seemed to be perfectly familiar with all the road. He dreamed the distance, the name of the young woman, and the name of her step-father, Col. Vickers, the appearance of the house in which he lived, how it was painted; that it was situated near a river, with a warehouse near at hand. He dreamed also that there were five young ladies belonging to the same family, and had the one selected for him so accurately described in his dream, that he could easily distinguish her from the other four.

In the morning he awoke and thought nothing of his vision, except as an ordinary and rather remarkable dream. The next night he had precisely the same vision repeated, and the same things presented to his mind in a still more vivid manner. Mr. B. then began to think that there might be some indication of Providence in his dream; and all that day he made it the subject of sincere and earnest prayer that God would direct him in the way he should go in a matter so grave, and involving so much interest to himself and his motherless children. That night he had the vision repeated a third time, and he determined then to follow the directions given him, and fully test the circumstances of the dream by a practical examination, and see if the results would be developed as he dreamed them. He immediately sent a note to the preacher, informing him that he had changed his mind, and must decline meeting him at the time appointed. Mr. B. started in the direction indicated by his vision, and after passing the twenty miles he was acquainted with, his dream was his only guide. He, however, had no difficulty; for the map of the road was so vividly impressed upon his mind that he was able to distinguish his road from all others. The gentleman whose name was given to him in his dream he had never seen, or heard of. He knew the farm as soon as he saw it. The house and everything appeared precisely as they had been presented in his vision.

He alighted from his horse and entered the beautiful house. The personal appearance of the young lady was so vividly impressed on his mind by the vision thrice repeated, that he readily recognized her in company of the four others whom he found in the same family. He soon ascertained the name of the young woman, and found it to be Sarah T., according to his dream.—This young lady had determined, and had often said, she would never marry a widower. Miss T. said the very moment she first saw Mr. B. she felt a strange tremor pass over her whole system. She had a vivid impression that he was a widower, and that he had come to see her. She afterwards confessed that a sudden emotion of affection for him arose in her heart as soon as she came into his presence.

Mr. B. obtained the pleasure of an interview with her that evening, and was successful in securing her consent to visit her again, and address her on the subject of marriage. He, however, did not tell her his dream till she had engaged to become his wife. After a courtship of a few months they were happily married, and lived together more than fifty years. Mr. B. died the 25th of March, 1842, and Mrs. B. lived till the 7th of April, 1847. For sixty years, perhaps, they were both distinguished and useful members of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

A JAPANESE CONJUROR.

Our Japanese Merlin was seated cross legged about ten yards from us upon the raised platform of the floor of the apartment; behind him was a gold-colored screen with a painting of the peak of Fusi-hama in blue and white upon its glittering ground. He threw up the sleeves of his dress, and showed a piece of some tissue paper which he held in his hand. It was about six inches square, and by dexterous and delicate manipulation he formed it into a very good imitation of a butterfly, the wings being extended, and at the most each was one inch across. Holding the butterfly out in the palm of his hand, to show what it was, he placed two candles, which were beside him, in such a position as to allow him to wave a fan rapidly without affecting the flame, and then, by a gentle motion of this fan over the paper insect, he proceeded to set it in motion. A counter draught of air from some quarter interfered with his affairs and made the butterfly obedient to his will, and the screen had to be moved a little to remedy this.

He then threw the paper butterfly up in the air, and gradually it seemed to acquire life from the action of the fan—now wheeling and dipping towards it, now tripping along its edge, then hovering over it, as we may see a butterfly do over a flower on a fine summer's day, then in wantonness wheeling away, and again returning to alight the wings quivering with nervous restlessness. One could have sworn it was a live creature. Now it flew off to the light, and then the conjuror recalled it, and presently supplied a mate in the shape of another butterfly, and together they rose, and played about the old man's fan, varying the attention between flirting with one another, and fluttering along the edge of the fan. We repeatedly saw one on each side of it as he held it nearly vertical and gave the fan a short quick motion; then one butterfly would pass over to the other, but would wheel away as if in play, and again return. A plant with some flowers stood in a pot near at hand; by a gentle movement of the fan the pretty little creatures were led up to and then, their delight! how they played about the leaves, sipped the flowers, kissed each other, and whisked off again with all the airs and graces of real butterflies! The audience was in ecstacies, and young and old clapped their hands with delight.—[Blackwood's Magazine.

A TEXAN'S OPINION.

If the following anecdote of a correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial be true, we need not wonder at the persecutions which the Methodists have recently suffered at the hands of the Texans:

While on church matters, I will give you a Texan's opinion of a Methodist. It was new to me.

"Do you know, my friend," addressing me, "why it is that the Methodists holler so loud when they pray?"

I, of course, expressed my astonishment, and anxiety to possess such valuable information.

"Well," said he, "I will tell you. It is because they are farther from God than any other denomination of Christians."

"Might you not be mistaken?" said I.

"No, sir," was his reply, "I know them well, for I was born and raised in a camp-meeting."

I had nothing more to say; the man was in earnest.

SINGULAR ORNAMENT.

A brooch worn by the Countess of K—— has recently been the subject of conversation among the eminent company of Polish nobility who are now exiles in Paris. Encircled by twenty brilliants upon a dark blue ground of lapis lazuli, and protected by a glass in front may be seen—What? A portrait? A lock of hair? No, neither the one or the other; but only four bent pins wrought together in the form of a star. The history of this singular ornament is contained in the following communication: "The Count K—— was some years ago, in his own country, suspected of being too much inclined to politics, and was consequently one night, without examination or further inquiry, torn from the bosom of his family by police officers, conveyed to a fortress in a distant part of the country, and thrown into a damp, dark dungeon. Days, weeks, months passed away, without his being brought to trial. The unhappy man saw himself robbed of every succor. In the stillness of death and the darkness of the grave he felt not only his strength failing him, but his mind also wandering. An unspeakable anguish took hold upon him. He, who feared not to appear before his judges, now trembled before himself. Conscious of his danger, he endeavored to find something to relieve himself from the double weight of idleness and loneliness, and thus preserve him from a terrible insanity. Four pins, which accidentally happened to be in his coat, had fortunately escaped the notice of his jailor. Those were to be the means of deliverance to his spirit.—He threw the pins upon the earth—which alone was the floor of his dungeon—and then employed himself in seeking for them in the darkness. When, after a tiresome search, he succeeded in finding them, he threw them down anew; and so, again and again, did he renew his voluntary task. All the day long, sitting, lying or kneeling, he groped about with his hands until he had found the pins which he had intentionally scattered. This fearful, yet beneficial recreation continued for six years. Then, at last, a great political event opened suddenly, the doors of his prison. The Count had just scattered his pins;—but he would not leave his cell without taking with him his little instruments of his own preservation from despair and madness. He soon found them, for now the clear, bright light of day beamed in through the doorway of his dungeon. As the Count related this sad story to the Countess, she seized the pins with holy eagerness. Those crooked, yellow, brass pins, which, during six fearful years, had been scattered and gathered alternately, were become to her as precious relics; and now, set in a frame of brilliants, worth £400, as a treasure of much greater value, she wears them on her bosom.—[Court Journal.

It is said that a girl in Pittsfield was struck dumb by the firing of a cannon. Since then, a number of married men have invited the artillery to come and discharge their pieces on their premises.

On Thursday, 18th inst., as a freight train on the Worcester and Nashua Railroad was passing between Groton Centre and Groton Junction, the head of a brakeman, named Jos. Shea, who was standing upon a car, came in contact with a bridge, and his skull was badly broken. Seven pieces of bone were taken from the wound, and the Worcester Spy says it is very doubtful whether he will recover.

Many people like newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

The *Illustrated Times* says that on Monday, July 25th, Judge Haliburton made his maiden speech in Parliament. "When he arose, the House was hushed to silence in a moment; but his speech was not a success, and it is clear now that Mr. Haliburton, racy writer as he is, is no orator. It was just such a speech as any country gentleman might have made. The appearance of Mr. Haliburton is that of a sturdy old gentleman farmer, utterly unlike what, from reading his works, you would imagine him to be."

A friend of the Rochester Union, who saw De Lave walk the rope on Tuesday, says his estimation of the value of crinoline is wonderfully increased since that event. Just as the rain storm commenced, he saw a beautiful and fashionably dressed young lady coolly take off her bonnet and deliberately fasten it underneath her skeleton skirt, then tie a handkerchief upon her head; and after the storm her bonnet reappeared as good as new.

This and That.

THERE are few who know how to be idle and innocent. By doing nothing we learn to do ill.

About the only person we ever heard of that was not spoiled by being lionized, was a Jew named Daniel.

It is rumored in Washington that Secretary Floyd will be obliged by illness to resign, and that the Hon. Elias J. Faulkner will be his successor.

Next week Blondin crosses the river at Niagara, carrying with him a cook stove and utensils and will, when in the centre of his rope, make omelets for the passengers of the Maid of the Mist.

Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt is to visit Ireland in the Autumn, for the purpose of singing in oratorios. She intends giving the "Messiah" for the benefit of Mercer's Hospital, in Dublin.

The editor of The Juniata Sentinel notices the demise of a celebrated horse, which had attained the incredible age of forty-one years. The horse was formerly in the possession of Gen. Jackson.

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Counterfeit half-dollar pieces, exceedingly well executed, ringing well, but being a little light, have been extensively circulated in Boston and vicinity within a week past. The counterfeit is dated 1854, and bears the stamp of the New Orleans mint.

A correspondent of The Lynchburg (Va.) Republican says:—"I have just been to see the greatest curiosity of the age. Well, what do you think it was? Why, a calf, only forty-eight hours old, with horns four inches long. It also has three eyes, the third one being in the centre of the forehead, which will enable the beast to see in front as well as on both sides at the same time."

A correspondent of the New York Tribune mentions, as one of the things which disturbed the pleasure of Commencement at Harvard College, an unfortunate allusion by one of the boys, when he "spoke his piece" to the "contemptible articles in the New York Ledger," which the youngster contrasted with the elegant literature of the Atlantic Monthly. Mr. Everett, who was on the platform, found it convenient to blow his nose about that time.

Mr. Isaac Brooks died in Baltimore on the 20th inst., at the age of ninety years. He was a native of Pennsylvania, whence he removed to Baltimore in 1797, where he was engaged in the iron trade for fifty-five years, and had resided in the house where he died for fifty-nine years. Mr. Brooks was a subscriber to the old *Maryland Gazette*, and subsequently to the *Patriot & Gazette*, the whole of his term of subscription reaching to sixty-two years.

Mrs. Bostwick, a favorite vocalist of Chicago, has recently visited the wilds of Lake Superior and Green Bay regions. On one occasion she sang before an audience principally composed of Menomonee Indians and half breeds. At first, with true Indian stoicism, they sat as stony as statues. But Mrs. Bostwick's beautiful tones soon melted the marble, and their delight found expression in a series of yells and war whoops, if not so harmonious, vastly more emphatic than more civilized audiences.

A process has recently been discovered and a patent secured by Messrs. Paddock & Marsh of Cincinnati, Ohio, by which meat of all kinds, it is stated, can be cured and rendered fit for any foreign market in ten minutes' time. As soon as the animal is killed, and before being skinned, salt is injected through the arteries, and almost instantly the whole animal is impregnated with it. Beef cured by this process at Houston, Texas, with the thermometer at 80 degrees, was found, when exhibited at Cincinnati, to be perfectly sweet, and equal to the best meat cured in the ordinary manner.

A clever device of a Piedmontese colonel, who was presiding over a court martial at Turin, is related: A man was tried on the charge of being an Austrian spy, but he vehemently maintained that he was a Milanese trader.—He, however, could not produce any documents to prove his allegation, and could not satisfactorily explain why he was in Piedmont. "Prisoner," said the colonel, all at once, "come closer to me—I do not hear well." The man advanced. "Ah," said the colonel, "I see that you step with the left foot forward, with your arms close to sides, and the little finger on the seam of the trousers. You are a soldier!"—The man, greatly confused, could no longer deny that he was both a soldier and a spy.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

W. H. CHANEY, } Editors.
A. E. NEWTON, }

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SATURDAY, SEPT. 3, 1859.

SALUTATORY.

In assuming the editorial charge of the Age, I have but one promise to make, namely, that I shall use my utmost endeavors to have it sustain its hitherto good reputation, and make it such a paper that no intelligent, pure minded spiritualist, shall ever have cause to complain of its want of progression.

To the friends and patrons of the Age, I take pleasure in assuring them that it is now in the hands of good spiritualists, and that there is no danger to be apprehended of its failure. The continued publication of the Age has now become a fixed fact and we trust all well wishers of the cause will perceive the importance of yielding our paper a liberal support, for this will enable the publishers to make it better and better, and constantly increase its influence.

I am now fairly before the public as a spiritualist, much to the astonishment of friends who have long known me as an editor, and who have often importuned me not to become identified with a spiritual paper.

But the "destiny that shapes our ends," has prepared the way, opened the door, and said to me, "Walk in." And so I have walked in, even though I leave without many friends who will deplore the step I have taken, as much as I deplore the fatuity which binds them with the fetters of an old and exploded theology.

Whatever may be the consequences, I shall steadily adhere to the positions which I have taken, and hereafter devote my life to the upbuilding of a cause which I solemnly believe is destined to take the places of the present churches, in less than ten years.

W. H. CHANEY.

☞We shall send the first two numbers of the Spiritual Age in its new form, to such of its old patrons as have, from any cause, been induced to part company with it. We earnestly hope that nearly all of them will take prompt measures to have their names replaced upon our books. The foundations of the great religious deeps of this country, are now heaving with the throes and convulsions of dissolution. The most intelligent and advanced leaders of the old *effete* church organizations, begin to see and acknowledge that those organizations have outlived their usefulness—that they are a hindrance, rather than a help to the further spiritual progress of the race. The world is looking anxiously for a better and higher dispensation.

The new conductors of the Age, believe that that dispensation is to come through and by means of Spiritualism,—through a more intimate union of the Material and Spiritual states. Nay, more,—they believe the *programme* of the new movement which is to revolutionize the religious, social and political institutions of the world is already marked out, and its divinely appointed Head has been long progressing in the path of that developement necessary to lead such a movement! That Spiritualism is rapidly tending to such a consummation, is a fact not to be questioned, though we *may* be mistaken as to the quarter whence it shall arise.—We trust we can, ere many months have elapsed, furnish the evidence to Spiritualists, and to the world, that the foundations of the *real* "Broad Church" are firmly and securely laid. More, we dare not say, at present.

In the meantime, every sincere Spiritualist, who desires to keep thoroughly informed of the progress which our cause is making, will find the Spiritual Age an indispensable necessity. Shall we have a hearty, unanimous response from our friends everywhere?

△

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

The undersigned, in reply to the inquiries of friends, and to prevent misapprehension from any source, deems it proper to state that he has no proprietorship in the Spiritual Age, and has had none since the paper has borne that name; and that, for the future, his editorial responsibility will be limited to such articles as shall bear his initials. He sincerely hopes that the new proprietors and conductors of the Age, bringing a fresh accession of energy and enterprise to the work, will succeed in making a journal that shall prove more widely acceptable to the Spiritualist public, and thus more remunerative to themselves, than he has been able to furnish.

A. E. NEWTON.

☞We present the Spiritual Age to its patrons this week, enlarged, improved in mechanical execution, and, we trust, in real interest. And yet, owing to a number of circumstances, it does not present that variety and method which we mean to give it hereafter. It is our laudable ambition to make the Age, *the* paper of its class in this country. With God's blessing, and the help of our friends, it shall be done.—We mean to make it a *home* paper—one that shall be hailed with eagerness and pleasure, by the *youthful* members of the family circle, as well as by the adult portion.

Writers for the Age.—We have secured the services of several gentlemen, eminent in ability, in character, and in the purity of their lives, who will write editorially for the Age, but whose names will not be made public for the present. The writer who reviews the famous sermon of Dr. Bellows, in our present number, will hereafter furnish one or more articles in *every* issue of our paper. When the proper time arrives, the public will be duly informed who he is.

A Proposition.—Any of our present patrons who will obtain a *new* subscriber to the Age, shall have both copies one year for *three dollars*. Or, *any* of our friends, who are *not* subscribers, can have two copies sent to any *new* address for three dollars.—It is our desire to double the circulation of the Age, and we make these propositions accordingly.

Explanatory.—Amid the hurry of change in the Age, with many new workmen to do the business, many errors are liable to occur. Papers may be missent, or not sent at all. Receipts of many may be a week or two behind time, &c. But if our friends will only exercise patience for a month, we shall then get the machinery fairly at work.

General Agents.—We have made arrangements with P. Clark of Boston, and S. R. Porter of Sebago, Me., to act as general agents for procuring subscribers to the Age. They are authorized to receipt for money paid on subscription.

Twenty-five Cents will secure a copy of the Age for *three months*, on trial.—Within that time our new and thrillingly interesting spiritual story, Minnie the Medium, will be completed. Send in your names!

Back Numbers.—Those who desire to commence with this number of the Age, must send in their subscriptions within two weeks, as we shall only print enough of the third number to supply the actual demand. A word to the wise.

☞Be sure and read the new story. Persons who never read stories will do well to glance through this, or at any rate, to read the introduction to it.

LETTERS RECEIVED.

J. L. Beardsley, M. A. Howard, A. P. Andrews, J. B. Conklin, W. S. Balch, H. G. Whittier, A. O. Dunham, L. Smith, L. J. Pardee, S. C. Potter, Z. C. Parent, M. E. Carter, E. Hardinge, T. G. Allen, G. B. Stebbins, J. N. Deans, J. Francis, F. Wheeler, T. H. Perkins, J. Mayhew, L. Bache, Virginia, W. T. Lewis, E. T. Dickinson, T. S. Merrill, G. G. Willis, Sarah S. Scott, W. W Dutch er, J. Starmard, W. W. Hensley, John Goodrich, Polly Fletcher, R. R Doud, Mary E. Fisher, P. M. Caleff, Dr. H. Hoyt, J. S. Bennett, Seth B. Bliss, E Burke, J. Ball.

TREATMENT OF EVIL DOERS.

All sects and movements have their Judases and their wovles in sheep's clothing. The Spiritualistic movement has afforded an open field for the operations of pretenders and unworthy persons of various classes; and the career of such has been favored by the trustful and unsuspecting disposition which generally characterizes earnest inquirers after truth. (This trait is really to the credit of those who possess it, though it exposes them to impositions and dangers.) And evidences are not wanting that impostors, mercenaries, charlatans and persons of sinister motives have not failed to enter this field and to practice their arts under the fair disguise of lovers of truth and Spirituality.

It is one of the greatest perplexities of an editor's position, to determine the proper course to be pursued in individual cases of alleged immorality and unworthiness of public confidence. We are not believers in that philosophy which makes no difference between vice and virtue; nor do we hold men unblameable for their evil deeds; nor do we approve the mistaken benevolence which would shrink from putting the community on its guard against the lurking serpent and the prowling wolf.—At the same time, we deem it incumbent upon us to be specially guarded against the flagrant wrong of giving currency to *unjust* aspersions upon individual character. The press of this country has become exceedingly and criminally reckless in this regard. In its readiness to minister to the public greed for scandal, it does not hesitate to catch up and trumpet through the land accusations of the gravest character, often based on the flimsiest evidence, or no evidence at all—thus destroying the usefulness, murdering the reputation, and sometimes causing the insanity and death, of innocent and well-meaning persons, who, but for this wantonness, might be useful members of society. Spiritualists, being the latest-born and at present most unpopular of the sects, have suffered exceedingly from this cause.

As a journalist, we have made it a rule (if we have ever departed from it, it has been usually to our regret) to allow no accusations against private character to reach the public through our columns, until they have been carefully sifted, and the accused party had opportunity for explanation or defence. Pursuing this course, the result has been that, in most cases, charges have been either clearly disproved, or greatly modified or so weakened by contradictory testimony as to render a positive decision impossible. Whatever other journalists may feel justified in doing, we cannot believe it right to indulge in public exposures and condemnations, which may blast for life the reputation and usefulness of a brother or sister, or destroy that which is dearer than life itself, *without the clearest proof and the fullest conviction of duty*. That it is often impossible to obtain.

A case may seem very conclusive to one mind, from the evidences before it, which to another mind, passing either a greater or less amount of evidence, may appear in a very different light. Hence we have been more than once charged with weakness and dereliction of duty as a public journalist—with being afraid to expose bad men who under the name of Spiritualists have practiced the vilest abominations—with unbecoming leniency towards, and complicity with, evil-doers—simply because we have felt obliged to act in accordance with the evidences *we* have had, rather than from other people's judgments;—and in those cases where we *knew* we were better informed than those who have assumed the prerogatives of judgment. There are often instances in which we are blamed on *both* sides;—on the one, because we do not expose and denounce certain parties; on the other, because we do not expose the parties from whom the denunciations emanate. Of course, various unworthy motives are imputed to us on both sides, when in fact the evidences we have been able to obtain have been so contradictory and counterbalanced that we can come to no satisfactory conclusion, either way, in the premises. We must content ourself to bear these misinterpretations as best we may, since they are the penalty which must be paid for adherence to *our own* sense of right. But should not these considerations suggest to the parties concerned the propriety of cultivating *charitable judgments* of one another—at least of those placed in the responsible position of editors? If any imagine that the editorship of a Spiritualist journal is an altogether delectable and to-be-wished-for position, we should be right glad to resign them our chair till the delusion is dispelled.!

But another question presses upon us. Is public exposure and denunciation always the best method of proceeding, even towards *known* and *proved* offenders?—There may be cases of tried incorrigibility, in which duty to the public may demand that a warning should be uttered against them. But even in such cases, does not the relation of brotherhood require that available effort should first be made for their reformation and restoration, through the power of love and kindly entreaty? Ah! how little of faith is there, after all our preachings and professions—how little of practical faith in the saving power of love!—Reader, allow us to suggest that the next time you feel moved with "holy indignation" against some wicked wretch who has abused the confidence of his fellows and disgraced the name of man, and desire that he should be shown up in all his hideous deformity, and lashed through the land by the scorpion tongue of the press—you go to him in the spirit of brotherhood, humility and meekness, considering yourself lest you also be tempted, casting all motes out of your own eyes, so that you may see clearly the beam that is in his, and do your best to show him and to *lead* him to the more excellent way of virtue. If the offender is a sister, who you think has dishonored her sex and degraded herself, pursue the same course. Possibly you may succeed, and then there will be no need of the exposure. Pray, try it.

A. E. N.

SHALL WE PUBLISH?

The inquiry comes to us from various sources, "Are your articles on Spiritualism in Religion to be published in book form?" In reply we would say that this would depend entirely upon the demand for such a volume. The writer has not the means to undertake the publication himself; and has no disposition to crowd upon the public what is not wanted; but, if demanded, a publisher can readily be found. If those who feel an interest in the matter will have the goodness to inform us of the probable number which would be taken in their several localities (the price would probably be 50 or 63 cts., at retail,) the question may readily be determined.

Several topics yet remain to be treated upon, to complete the series—and these among the most interesting of the whole. They include "Inspiration," "Revelation," "The word of God," "The Church"—its uses and abuses, "The Sacraments," "Worship," "Holy Places and Holy Days," "The Resurrection," "The Judgment," "Heaven and Hell," &c. If republished, the whole will be carefully revised, with important addition.

A. E. N.

New Work by Rev. W. M. Fernald.—We understand that a new work by this gentleman, on the subject of "The Divine Providence," is about to appear. We are authorized to expect a very full and thorough treatise, taking up the subject in all its great branches, presenting both its philosophy and practical applications.

This work will be of a popular character, and from what we know of the author, we feel no hesitation in commending it to the consideration of all thoughtful and enquiring minds. Unless we are mistaken, this work will supply a place heretofore vacant in new philosophical literature. We shall refer to it again, when published.

"THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH."

In this number of the Age we commence the publication of one of the most remarkable theological utterances which has yet characterized this century. The author is the Rev. Dr. Bellows, pastor of All-Souls (Unitarian) Church in New York. As a powerful, logical, unanswerable demonstration of the utter inanity of the Church—even that liberal, progressive portion of it represented by Unitarianism—its sheer incapacity to minister to the deep religious needs and requirements of the world of the present day—it singularly confirms the reiterated charges made against it by all Spiritualists. On this part of his topic, however, we have no further comments to offer—no words to waste upon argument, so thorough, convincing, and exhaustive. So far as we can see there is nothing more to be said.

And yet it is melancholy and painful to read so powerful a demonstration of the utter worthlessness, so far as the world's *future* is concerned, of the so called Christianity of our time—it is startlingly unpleasant to have it proved beyond a peradventure that the world has lost confidence in creeds and catechisms, in dogmas and denominations, in salvation and sectarianism, and is expectantly waiting for the "new epoch," which the Rev. Dr. Bellows is logically sure must soon be inaugurated, but of whose time and manner and by what particular instrumentality the good Doctor is very vaguely uncertain.

Dear Doctor, were we not of the despised, ridiculed and deluded class of "Spiritists" who believe in "trance mediums," we might be able to relieve the anxious load of "suspense" under which you and your co-laborers, "evangelical" or otherwise, are so manifestly laboring. Were your mind open to conviction, from whatever source Truth should flow in upon it, we might be able to put before your astonished vision even the details of that same "new Catholic Church" whose necessity you have so ably shown, whose character, in many respects, you have truly portrayed, and whose realization you *believe*, and we *know*, is well-nigh at hand!

Why, my dear Sir, all these things are familiar to intelligent Spiritualists!—While you have been laboriously, but most effectually, as we are fain to confess, revolving these topics in your mind, and have, unwillingly, perhaps, been forced to give them utterance to the startled religious world, we have seen it all—we have thundered it in your averted ears for nearly ten years past, but ye would hear us not. Our apostles have gone abroad over the earth, proclaiming not so ably, perhaps, not often so logically and methodically we admit, not at such length, it is true—but nevertheless with sincerity and earnestness, the self-same facts about the inane shams which the Church calls Christianity—Heaven save the mark! And where one of these apostles bore his testimony in public, a hundred more were threading every walk of life, mingling with every class and condition of society, quietly instilling the same ideas in substance, which you have lately clothed in so goodly raiment and sent forth to the world upon the wings of the Press. And, Doctor, let us tell you, confidentially, the converts to this faith new and glorious, are around and about you and us and everybody in astonishing numbers. You may not dream of it, but the day is near at hand, when the members of this new brotherhood of man shall be called upon to come out from the seclusion of private life, and acknowledge their adherence to the new faith. When the Master shall call upon the faithful to join his standard, many a pillar of "the Church" and of Society will come down with a crash, whose unsoundness in those structures was never dreamed of.

And that day is near at hand! Heretofore it has been the mission of Spiritualism to *tear down*, rather than to build up. It has chiefly labored to show the necessity of a change in the old order of things,

—to trouble the stagnant, filthy waters of current Christianity. Thus disturbed, those waters have cast up the "mire and dirt"—which has long lain at the bottom of the "sacred" pools, and now a cry arises from the Church itself for their purification.

This portion of the mission of Spiritualism has been well and faithfully performed. Nearly four millions of our fellow citizens, either publicly or privately, in their words or in their daily walk and conversation, are actively engaged in presenting those truths to other millions with whom they are constantly coming in contact. And now a most powerful Bellows is blowing to intensity and increasing the volume of the flame they have done so much to kindle. His colleagues are falling into the ranks. The cause is onward, first, last and all the time.

Now, however, the *second* part of its mission is shortly to begin. Unlike Dr. Bellows, it does not commence to pull down existing religious edifices because they have become too small and narrow to accommodate the inmates, without having planned a nobler, grander structure, with ample means to carry out all its details, even unto the end. Let Dr. Bellows take heart—let Spiritualists everywhere be glad—let mankind rejoice—for the "new Church" which Dr. Bellows prophetically foreshadows, is already in existence, and already counts its members, few though they be. The "Coming Man" has come! and only waits his "John the Baptist" to go before him as "one crying in the wilderness." Be ye ready, brethren, for the hour when the Master shall have need of you!

△

THE PLYMOUTH PLATFORM.

Ann Arbor, Mich., Aug. 15.

Editors "Age:"—I have just read, with much interest, the "Declaration of Sentiments" of the Plymouth meeting. While fully assenting to the many good things in it, allow me a word of critical suggestion.

Answering the question, "What is Spiritualism?" by saying that, in its wide sense, "Spiritualism embraces all truths relating to men's spiritual nature, capacities, relations, duties, welfare and destiny," &c., &c., it continues, "Each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions, according to the evidences presented to the individual mind." Good—as it leaves us unfettered by authority.

But again: "In accepting modern evidences bearing on this subject, we do not necessarily reject the ancient. Hence it is no part of Spiritualism to deny or affirm the truth or authority of the Bible—each Spiritualist being at liberty to place his own estimate upon the value of that, and of all other ancient records.

Spiritualism, therefore, should not be confounded with the "Harmonial Philosophy," so-called, of A. J. Davis; nor with the religious opinions of Dr. Hare; nor with the theories of any writer, however prominent, among Spiritualists; nor even with the teachings of disembodied spirits * * * None of these are recognized as authoritative teachers—though each may have some truth, and that belongs to Spiritualism."

On the "relation of Spiritualism to specific reforms," one of the matters which "eminent and consistent Spiritualists cannot fail to take a deep interest in" is, "Theological and Ecclesiastical Reform—because belief in error, *and subjugation to authority* are unfriendly to human progress."

Popular religion teaches the authority of the Bible in such way as to crush the noble attributes of man, and condemns those who would accept its truths, and let its errors go, as infidels, and falsely accuses each of "rejecting the Bible," as though they repudiated it all.

Now if "each individual is expected to form his or her own conclusions;" and if "subjugation to authority is unfriendly to human progress," then it seems to me it *is* a "part of Spiritualism" to deny the authority of the Bible—although at the same time, not to proscribe those who believe more or less than we do. And not the authority of the Bible alone, but of all books, old or new; all creeds and communications from earthly or supernal sources, that claim any mastery over humanity as miraculous or supernatural; or that are not to be freely and fairly judged;—or have such claims set up for them.

While the "Declaration" thus disposes of the Bible authority matter, it eschews, carefully, Davis, Hare, &c., &c., "as authoritative teachers"—a claim never set up surely by the first two persons, or by any others whose opinions are of any weight.

Spiritualism, as defined at Plymouth, is "truth relating to man's spiritual nature." "Harmonial Philosophy," as defined by Davis, is a "harmonious search for wisdom;"—there may be a *distinction*, but surely no *difference* between the two.

As for his writings, they are his views as to what wisdom is, and what truth teaches, and should stand on the same ground as all other writings—not as authority, but as truth, so far as we can so accept them—no further.

This disclaimer of the question of Bible authority and the repudiation of Davis, Hare, &c., as authority, *seems* like a sop to the Cerberus of Bigotry.

I would rather say—

"We accept on this subject alike modern and ancient evidences, so far as they seem true, each person being at liberty to place his or her own estimate on the value of such evidence. The Vedas, the Bible, the Koran, the works of Swedenborg, Davis, Dr. Hare, the theories of any writer however prominent among Spiritualists, &c., &c.—none of these are recognized as authority—what truth they bring to us, that we accept—their error we pass by."

This would make the "Declaration" consistent with itself, and would be bearing a good testimony against the crushing dogma of authority, *which must be overthrown* before truth can triumph, or spiritual life be developed in all its glory and beauty.

On the *assumption* of Bible authority rests the fabric of religious and Ecclesiastical Superstition, and the first step in reform in that direction is to let that assumption go to the moles and bats, and ask all to "Prove all things, and hold fast that which is good."

It may be said that to declare against Bible authority would be proscriptive and sectarian.—No more so than to declare against the authority of others.

There is a great principle involved; let it be applied alike to all.

But enough. Plainly, and frankly, and with best wishes, I have given my views, and it is really pleasant to think that we can thus express ourselves without fear of an ecclesiastical council, and with good feeling toward each other.

Truly your Friend,

G. B. STEBBINS.

Remarks.

We presume no one will be strenuous for the mere phraseology of the Plymouth Declaration. It might, doubtless, have been amended in various particulars. Let other conventions or individuals do better, if they can. But in determining the fitness of particular phrases, its general purpose should be taken into account. That is declared in the preamble to be, not to lay down a creed for Spiritualists, but simply to define their present position as against the misrepresentations of opponents.

Now it is well known that opponents often represent them as a body as denying the truth and authority of the Bible—while it is equally well known that there are believers in Spirit-communion who do not deny this. Many of these are members of churches of various denominations—men and women of earnest and conscientious minds—to whom we can not deny the name of Spiritualists as commonly used, so long as they believe in the fact of spirit-communion. Doubtless, all such, as they advance in spirituality, will come to see that *authority* inheres, not in the *book*, but in the *truth* it embodies; and that the Bible can have no authority except in so far as it conveys truth to the individual mind. Yet we would not adopt such a definition of Spiritualism as would exclude these earnest souls to-day.

Again: It is often represented, and perhaps honestly believed, by opponents, that Mr. Davis, Dr Hare, Judge Edmonds, and other prominent Spiritualistic writers, are *authoritative* exponents of Spiritualism; and hence we often see citations from their writings—perhaps of parts they themselves have repudiated—put forth as the "creed of Spiritualists!" Now, as our correspondent remarks, neither of the writers named sets up any such claim, nor are they so regarded by intelligent Spiritualists. The Plymouth Declaration, therefore, was aimed, not as some seem to have supposed, at these prominent and worthy writers, but *at the mistake of anti-Spiritualists*. It is, then, not "a sop to the Cerberus of Bigotry," but a simple statement of facts as they are. Some Spiritualists *do* receive the Bible as authority, while none (at least of the Plymouth Convention) do so accept either of the writers mentioned.

Were we to draw up in detail a statement of what, in our opinion, the position of Spiritualists *ought to be*, instead of what it *is*, the document might differ somewhat from the Plymouth Declaration.

A. E. N.

Conference at the Lyceum, Clinton Hall, Astor Place,

Tuesday Evening, Aug. 16th.

Question: Spirit Control—its uses and abuses.

The session was thinly attended, many members being absent from the city, and the discussion quite discussive. The question, "Are all men immortal?" has been lying on the table for some weeks, some prominent speakers from abroad, especially, having of late raised doubts over the point, and it being understood that Andrew Jackson Davis expressly denies an universal immortality. The question for the evening was finally settled as above, the propounder of it desiring at the same time that light, if possible, should be thrown on entrancement, fascination, possession, etc., with a view to define the differences between them, and the means of dispelling the influence.

Mr. Burleigh presented the case of a suffering family in Brooklyn, and a small collection was taken up for their benefit.

Dr. Orton: Passing over the first branch of the question, he would for the present confine himself to the uses and abuses of spirit control. Regarded only as an advisory influence, stopping short of force, leaving to the recipient always his right of decision, especially if the medium has come to a proper appreciation of the state and the relation, it is not to be viewed with disfavor. It has its uses. Abstractly and really, we are all dependent on the Spirit World for our vitality, physical and mental, and on manifestations of spirit-force, for our best, first evidences that such a world exists, and that we have a future. But this question is intended to apply particularly to that class of sensitive persons, known as mediums, who are subjects of a special, sensible, spirit influence.—The proper rule for our government, he apprehended, was the same on all planes. If his neighbor were to take him by the button, or by the collar, and propose to lead him about, and do his thinking and deciding for him, he should be apt to tell him to go and attend to his own affairs, and he would to his. On the contrary if his neighbor confined himself to suggestions, to advice, he should endeavor to give his words all due weight, and profit by them. He knew of no different rule applicable to our intercourse with spirits; and until he found a better, he should apply it unhesitatingly Certainly we can never develope as individualities, while held in leading strings, our wills coerced and subjugated by another, whether in the body or out. He did not believe that the Deity ever allowed Himself to coerce a human will, and for the sufficient reason, that the subjugation of the will destroys the man. But this need not prevent a medium from yielding himself of his own free will, to be spoken through by spirits, or to do anything else that his judgment and conscience approve. Here he acts freely for a use, having examined the question and decided it in view of its seeming merits; but if, on the contrary, he delivers himself up, body and soul, will, judgment and conscience, to do the bidding of a spirit, in the opinion of the speaker, he has subjected himself to a slavery more fatal and detestable than any known among men.

Prof. D: In his opinion, and that of many others, the proceedings of the Conference should be more fully interspersed with the relation of facts. This is what strangers wish who come to the city—something of the nature of proof—and this is what skeptics desire and expect, when they flock in and fill our seats. The speaker then related several interesting facts, non-spiritual however, and rather bearing on the previous question of brotherhood, than on the one under review. He closed with the statement that the higher circles of England and France are interesting themselves very largely in spiritual investigations, and have sent to New York for mediums, offering to pay their expenses back and forth, and provide for them while abroad.

Mr. Imnes: Facts are mere dry sticks, to be burned for the light they give. One can not give another his facts, in such a way as to make them available to him. Each must get his facts for himself. Principles, on the contrary, may be demonstrated, or if not demonstrated, illustrated; and this with a valuable effect. The great idea of of Spiritualism is to teach a higher faith. Sometimes we are good, under the influence of our higher natures, our better impulses; and again we come under the sway of our grosser passions. At such times, our knowledge of the great progressive law of the universe is calculated to give us strength and hope. A knowledge of principles, of our relation to all else that is, here comes in to our help, and aids in lifting us up again. This is of more use to us than any array of facts could be.

Dr. Hallock: A man must come to honor every law, even as God has honored it in ordaining it. One man refuses Spiritualism on the ground that all mediums are deceivers. In this he applies a rule to others that he will not apply to himself. At Conklin's dark circle the other night, there was a certain skeptic. All had hold of hands, while the tin horns and guitar were moving about, and all were being touched on various parts of their persons both above and below the tables.—Nevertheless, at the close, the skeptic seemed disposed to think Mr. Conklin had done it all himself. "Would you have done it?" enquired the speaker of him. "Oh, no." "Then why accuse Mr. C. of doing that which you would not do yourself, especially as there is no evidence to sustain the supposition, and all the evidence we have is against it?"

There is a law of demonstration. A principle can not be seen, but it may be demonstrated.—The essence is invisible, and were it not for the law of demonstration, it could not be shown that any such thing exists. Both Protestants and Catholics, at home and abroad, forget this law; and accept their missal and prayer book on the evidence of respectable tradition. There is not a church in existence that would receive a creed or a prayer book on the evidences of their senses, or on the evidence of demonstration.

The law of spirit control is the same as the law of human control. The first enquiry of a man should be, "What is my use?" The nearer he keeps to this the greater his safety. When the law in relation to use is kept in view, he had never seen any harm follow, either from human or spirit control. The law of control is of course better understood by spirits than by us. The rule of law is, to construe an obscure statute by the light of its general intent. What did the framers of it intend to accomplish by it? So when use does not follow the trance, we are not to conclude that the aim was bad, but that we failed to fulfill the conditions. The abuses come from this side, because we violate the law.

A new work, from a distinguished source, about to be published, relates the case of a British Officer, who returned home from Canada, pale, haggard and wretched, on account of the strange disturbances which everywhere followed him. These were so great that his brother officers were obliged to quit him. At last it was discovered that he had seduced a girl and deserted her, who dying, was now following him for the purpose of calling him to repentance. Little damage however was done by her, other than the destroying of a canary bird; and a modern Spiritualist, had such an one been called in to the case, might have converted these visitations to him, into those of an angel of salvation.

Dr. Gould: The principles involved in a thing are good, but their application is better. For instance, suppose a thousand persons starving in a wilderness with the bread-fruit hanging on the trees above them. If they confine themselves to discussing the properties of the fruit, and the best way of procuring it, without going farther, they will all perish. Facts are good and principles are good, but we must apply them in order to make them really useful. As to the relative value of facts, it is merely a question as to whether we are to remain forever in our A B C, or turn over the leaf and go into our Abs. But there is never any objection made here to the relation of new fresh facts. He was more afraid that our frequent collections for charitable purposes might exert a repelling influence on outsiders, but he hoped not. Every one should feel at perfect liberty to give or withhold, according to his ability or impulse.

Mr. Fowler: Whether spirit influence is good or bad, depends on the use we make of it. He had not been able to convince himself that it is ever bad, in itself. The Spirit World has a general control over this world. Many things occur in connection with spirit control, which are intended only as a discipline. Resistance makes it evil, or more nearly so. Some resist from fear of public opinion, and some from other causes.—Some have power to do this, and some have not.

J. R. O.

"SCIENCE FALSELY SO CALLED."

The American Scientific Association has again illustrated its claims to the dignified title it has assumed. At its late meeting at Springfield, Mass., it spent hours in discussing such immensely practical questions as—whether the ancient Egyptians and the Jews in the wilderness fed on Indian corn!—what the tails of the comets are made of!!—whether the sandstone of the Connecticut valley lay flat or inclined, when the big birds walked over it ages ago!!!—whether the same big birds were not big reptiles, etc., etc.!!!!—and went into ecstacies over some fragmentary, fossil bones of a whale found in Vermont. But when a member—Mr. Prince of Long Island, who is an ardent Spiritualist—proposed to offer a resolution that a committee be appointed to inquire into the unrecognized powers of the human mind, and the alleged fact of spirit-intercourse, they couldn't afford time even to listen to his preamble, and hastened to vote down the resolve amid shouts of derisive laughter. Brave and impartial devotees of Science, these!

A. E. N.

Meeting in Michigan.—By the advertisement in another column it will be seen that the "Friends of Progress" hold a Yearly Meeting in Ann Arbor, Mich. We learn that plans are being laid for an interesting meeting.

H. C. Wright, J. M. Peebles, Mr. Greenlief of La Salle, Ill.—an excellent trance speaker—and G. B. Stebbins, are already engaged to be present; and correspondence is going on with others who will add much to the interest of the occasion. A good gathering of people from the State, and beyond its limits is looked for.

THE "UNCONVERTED" PROFESSOR.

C. C. Felton, *Professor* of classical Greek in Harvard University, and practiser of blackguard English in the Boston *Courier*, has won no laurels by his late ebullition against Spiritualism. Even the New York *Ledger* administers the following pointed rebuke:

The Professor Descending to the Blackguard.—Is the once honored name of "Professor" to become synonymous with "Blackguard" in this country? There was a time when the title of Professor in a University like Harvard was regarded everywhere as a guarantee that its possessor was a gentleman When Professor Webster committed a murder and was hung for it the title became tarnished. Professor C. C. Felton seems disposed to blacken and degrade it still more. He has recently published a letter which is a disgustingly gross specimen of subterranean literature. It is difficult as it is painful to believe that a teacher of youth—of the flower of the land—a professor in the ancient and venerable University, could, when sober, write, sign, and publish such a letter. It is composed largely of epithets more vulgar and vile than we would be willing to hear from the lips of the Professor They are not the less shocking when deliberately written by his pen. It is characterized by a spirit more malignant than one looks for in a gentleman, not to say a Christian. In its detailed delineations of the sensual features of free love the letter is positively gross and disgusting. Next to entering the church and rebuking some immoral minister who has disgraced his office, which we are sometimes reluctantly compelled to do, there is no duty which our situation as editor of a public Journal imposes upon us more unwelcome than that of censuring an instructor of youth; but we cannot permit this extraordinary production of Professor Felton to pass unnoticed.

Mrs. Partington is Pleased and so Expresses Herself.—Success in authorship is among the pleasantest of emotions. The renowned Mrs. Partington is no exception. The good old lady thus speaks of the success of her new volume, in the Gazette:—

"I'm shore I'm grateful for sich favor," said Mrs. Partington when assured of the success of her book; "I've always observed that a book sells in jest the purportion that there's people to buy it; and though this of mine mayn't be as brilliant as a gas meteor, or as voluminous as the norfhern lights, it seems to please people full as well as a book of sermons or a quarter dictionary. Well, I'm always glad when people feel happy, because I know they are enjoying themselves." "Do you know," queried old Roger, "why your book is like the corner of Washington and School streets?" "I don't," said she, trying very hard to think. "Why," said he, "it is because a great many people go buy it." She smiled at what was merely a very old joke, and Ike laughed outright as the old lady in her agitation gave him a new dime, instead of a penny for which he had been teasing her.

Ghosts among the Graves.—A new gold mining region has been discovered in Chiriqui, Central America. Golden images of great value are exhumed from the graves of an ancient race, where they were deposited, doubtless, as an act of religious devotion.—But the violators of graves seem to meet with opposition from the invisible world.—An account says:

"All kinds of ghost stories are afloat among the natives, who report hearing unearthly noises in the Cordilleras, which they attribute to his sable majesty, who does not wish the graves to be molested, for fear the dead will not be able to find their bones at the last day."

The Irish Revival.—The nature of this remarkable movement is clearly indicated by such items as the following, from a letter in the London *Patriot*:

"Most of the persons who have been 'struck,' that I have seen, appeared as if they were in a placid mesmeric sleep; but one, a fine, robust young woman, was apparently in great mental agony for a considerable time, with intervals of rest, during which her countenance lighted up as if she were beholding some beautiful vision, and she kept stretching out her arms as if in wrapt communication with some invisible being."

Singular Premonitions.—Several days previous to the death of a child in Richmond, Virginia, recently one of the limbs of an aspen tree in the front yard of its parents, snapped asunder and withered. The same circumstance, upon the identical tree, has occurred upon the approach of the death of four other members of the same family previously, since the tree was first planted—a period of thirteen years.

A Yankee schoolmaster named Comstock turned a drove of cattle into the cornfield of a farmer in Dubuque, Iowa, and during the confusion which this act created in the family, run away with the farmer's daughter and married her.

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM W. S. BALCH.

EDITORS OF SPIRITUAL AGE:—A Spiritual friend has just handed me your issues of July 2d and August 6th, in which my name is presented in a somewhat false light. For the sake of truth, and to prevent any wrong impressions which my silence might seem to justify, I desire you to insert a word from me in correction.

Until reading the articles referred to, I had appropriated to myself a modest share of commendation arising from the rather remarkable incident which occurred during my sermon at Granville, N J. I certainly did not consider it, and, until now, never heard that any one, considered that "manifestation" as a "lecture" in *disapprobation*, but as an *approval* of what I said. And so far from being "astonished," I believe I took it about as coolly as any in the audience, controlling both myself and them so as to avoid "all confusion."

The facts were simply these: Instead of, as your "chronicler" asserts, "delivering a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, &c." I delivered one from a passage exactly the reverse:—"For then will I turn unto the people *a pure language*, that they may *all* call upon the name of the Lord, to *serve* him with *one consent*." Zeph. 3 : 9. In the discourse I tried to show that mere *human reason*, as a dry, reflective attribute was not a sufficient power to guide the human heart into the light of the highest life, and that all mere *outward and material manifestations* could not do it, however real or remarkable they might be; that it was a Spirit-power, ethereal and pure, such as abode on Jesus and was received into his heart and dwelt there, regulating his whole life; the *Spirit of Truth*, the Holy Comforter, the Love of God, the *Father, living and strengthened in us by* "love to one another," and rising into affinities with all that is good, and pure, and lovely on earth and in heaven; that the connexion between time and eternity is not so distinct, nor the condition so unlike as many have contended; that heaven is here, near us, *in us*; even the spirits of the just made perfect are with us, acting by all kind and holy influences in those who will receive them; and that *this language of Love*—of the heart, is the "pure language" by which "all shall call on the name of the Lord to serve him." I then sought to find illustrations in my own experiences as a testimony common to all who thought upon the subject.—When I touched some of those chords which unite us to our "loved ones gone," the whole audience was moved to joyful, hopeful tears. One in the audience, a nervous man, exceedingly impressible, was overcome by his feelings,—reason gave place to feeling, and imagination took the helm. Unconscious of what he did, he came to the pulpit and embraced me with affection—not to rebuke, there was no occasion for it, but to approve and bless.

It was almost ludicrous, I confess, to see a *man* of about my own age—and to *feel* his rough beard—pretending to be and personify my spirit-mother, who died so young, delicate, almost ethereal. Had it been "the well-known and worthy trance-speaker," referred to by your correspondent, it would have appeared much more consistent and believable, and not less agreeable to Your Obdt. Serv't,

WM. S. BALCH.

ASHUELOT, Aug. 12.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—The following paragraph appeared in the Springfield Republican of the 11th instant:

A NUT FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" An eminent geometer has said that "force has a spiritual origin." Faraday advocates the conservation of the origin of force—that is, conservation of spirit. If the above premises of eminent scientists are correct, if spirit is conserved—that is, if there is no more and no less of the spiritual essence in the universe than ages ago, then it must follow that the doctrine of Egyptian metempsychosis (or transmigration of souls) is true, or that there is no immortality to the individual spirit; but that on decease, the individual spirit becomes lost and diffused through the general spirit mass or volume. This demonstration, incontestible as it appears, will be received with little favor by our spiritualists.

Though conscious of having but little skill for metaphysical nut-cracking, I nevertheless feel inclined to make a brief remark suggested by the above article, which, if you think proper to do so, you may give to the readers of the AGE.

If an individualized spirit occupies no more space, than did the germinal essence from which it was developed; and if any number of centuries taken from the interminable future, dimininish not that future; then may it not also be true, that spirit essence, if it is as exhaustless in quantity, as eternity is in duration, may continue to furnish individualized spirits in countless number, through countless ages, without diminishing in the least the infinite fount of spirit essence in the universe, or over-populating the limitless domain of The Eternal?

So, for aught that appears to the contrary, individualization may proceed without fearing either the metempsychosis of the Egyptian, or the great "absorption" bugbear of certain other philosophers; and "scientists" may direct their efforts to the discovery of the best means for the "conservation" of all such good things as are not in their natures imperishable; assured meanwhile by sound philosophy, and phenomena continually occurring, that individualized spirits "still live" to bless mankind with their labors of love, and their elevating influences, and that no instrumentality is likely to arrest their labors, nor any philosophy be developed of sufficient potency to destroy their persons—even metaphysically.

It seems clear to my mind, that the difficulty suggested in the article of the *Republican*, and others of a kindred nature, have their root in the futile attempt to measure the infinite by a finite rule—the illimitable by the limited. E. W. TWING.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 1859.

REFORM CIRCLES.

We are all more or less familiar with the nature, use and tendencies of circles. We sometimes alternate male and female in the circle, sometimes the males occupy one side of the circles, while the females occupy the other, and are sometimes seated regardless of order; frequently seated thus *by* influence, and often without. There appears to be but little apparent difference in the manifestation of spirit presence and power, wisdom and affection.

I am speaking of the condition of circles in this section, and believe it to be a correct view of a great proportion of circles in this Western country. The results are sufficient to encourage us in their perpetuity; such as exhortations to morality, a cultivation of spirit influence and communion, and the laying on of hands for the removal of diseases. Those who have the cause at heart, find nothing here to discourage them, but rather claims upon their strongest support.

While this is the case, it is at the same time very evident, that most of spiritualists are anxiously looking to these circles for the inauguration of some greater work, that shall more speedily aid in abolition of the more prominent evils of society, and in the diffusion of knowledge among the masses.

And it is no less believed that our invisible friends feel an equal or greater interest in the diffusion and propagation of whatever shall tend to better the condition of mankind.

Then where lies the difficulty? If all the members of the circle, both mundane and super-mundane, are desirous of introducing the higher and more glorious unfoldments of the celestial life on Earth, where must fall the fearful responsibility of this stagnation and inertia. I am fully aware that in many circles, these difficulties have been met and overcome, in a great measure, so that light radiating from thence shines with an undiminished splendor to the ends of all the earth, and forms an occasion of rejoicing, to all the friends of progress everywhere; but at the same time, to thousands of spiritualists, who have been laboring long and struggling hard, such tales sound like something afar off.—What we want is a present realization of the promised, and long hoped for, better time, and open demonstrations such as shall stop the mouths of honest unbelievers. It is said that these demonstrations depend upon favorable conditions, but the difficulty grows no less, for spirits, some claiming to be of a high order, influence our mediums and address us in high flown styles, but it must be confessed that most of it looks more like the fumes of an overheated imagination, than the cool thoughts of wisdom. Why cannot they tell us something of sterling worth, and give instruction in a real practical reform?

Why not forewarn of approaching evils, and give the necessary advice or information to avert it. There has been a passage in my life of the most fearful interest, involving the interests and happiness of a large circle of friends; and upon this subject have I sought counsel and aid from spirits, as far as convenient, which has been now these two years back, and all that time, not a word from a father, brothers or sisters, *though* all that time constantly attending circles and demonstrations of various kinds, as often, most of the time, as once a week.

Again, why not a word on domestic improvements, as of agriculture, or manufacture which is absorbing so much of our time, and still must, till the various improvements will give us leisure to think. Why not an agitation of the social reform questions, as communities, and other progressive associations which the leading minds of the age are agitating? Why not lectures on the sciences from those who have devoted their lives to them, or on history so full of solemn import and instruction? Why not a course of lectures on Phrenology, Physiology, &c., &c., or an account of the progress made by inhabitants of the Planets? of the various improvements there, &c.? Why not more institutions for the relief of the sick, the blind, &c.? or practical directions for pretecting the poor against the aggressions and monopoly of the rich, &c.?

The field is boundless, and we need the aid of the gods to deliver us from the evils of ignorance, oppression and bigotry. We fancy there has been gassing enough for the present, and what we now want is men *and women*, of bone and sinew, of back bone and vitals, who can stand a little fire, if need be, to accomplish anticipated reforms.

W. H. SMITH.

MARION, O.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner:

When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap which envelopes the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles to ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by these currents of electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, are colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is abundance of vapor in the air.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This mammoth steamer is advertised to leave England early in September for Portland, Me., after having made a short trial trip. So the expectations of our Portland friends are likely to be realized at last. The arrival of the Great Eastern in this country will no doubt create a wide spread curiosity to see her, and the resources of the Forest City will be seriously taxed to accommodate the rush of visitors.

A table compiled from official documents gives the number of freemasons in the United States as 211,538, and the income of the lodges as about $1,450,000.

THE SUSPENSE OF FAITH.

AN ADDRESS

TO THE ALUMNI OF THE DIVINITY SCHOOL OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS. Given July 19, 1859.

BY THE REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS,
Pastor of All Souls Church, New York.

The subject I propose to treat at this time is large, and will stretch your patience; it is disputed, and will need your charity; it is, in some measure, new, and not sure of your sympathy. I cannot, perhaps, introduce it better than by confessing the difficulty of naming it; and the difficulty is intrinsic. To raise a question, and not answer it; to object to what exists, and present nothing better; to start a discussion, without much advancing it, is, of course, more or less, to beat the bush without being able to foretell the game. And yet, how can a Unitarian Christian, amid the honest antagonisms and divergent tendencies of his own people, treat of our religious times, our denominational experiences, wants, and prospects, with candor and largeness, and yet claim wholly settled convictions, clear views, and a settled policy? Nay, how can our history, position, and future, be considered at all, apart from the history, position, and future of the Protestant era itself; that is to say, without a consideration of the mental and ecclesiastical attitude of the nineteenth century? To search out the characteristic ideas, positive and negative, of this epoch, with special reference to the good or evil influence they have exerted upon our own faith and its embodiment, is what I undertake. And before I conclude the discussion of my theme, I shall hope to justify its title, which is this: The Suspense of Faith.

Let me preface what I have to say with a single word more. I am about to speak of *tendencies;* and the most liberal exceptions are to be allowed for in favor of those who resist them. I am about to enter complaints against what I could spend the whole time in praising, and yet leave the ground of these complaints as solid as ever. Let no one, then, imagine me to be ungrateful to the services, insensible to the merits, or cold to the fellowship of the Unitarian body, or the Protestant era, because my present business is to examine their defects. If I criticise Unitarianism, it is as a Unitarian; or Protestantism, it is as a Protestant. If I show the wants of our own system, it is not as advocating a return to the systems we have abandoned; if I question the finality of Protestantism, it is not in the interest of Romanism; if I speak in the language of a Churchman, it is not as an Episcopalian, much less as aiming at the re-establishment of a hierarchy; if I use some tones of despondency, and point to some clouds big with threats, it is not in forgetfulness of the everlasting bow that spans the storm that evokes them. I place this *caveat* at the threshold to avoid the necessity of a fatiguing caution in every step beyond it.

What, then, is the present condition of our Unitarian body? Considered numerically, or with reference to social position and moral influence—considered relatively to its age and opportunities—considered with reference to any obstacles to its spread in public sentiment, or from external quarters, it is impossible not to concede to it a fair degree of prosperity. There never was less reason for despondency, so far as rivalry with other religious sects could breed it; never less to fear from the arguments, the exclusiveness, or the reproaches of others. Our ministers, churches, charities, public gatherings, manifestations of all sorts, were never so numerous and so popular as at present.

And yet, spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniable chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning and anxiety. It is a singular, and, to many, perhaps an unaccountable phenomenon.

What is the explanation of it?

It will be found in a consideration of

I. The particular,

II. The general,

III. The universal, reason, of what, in the course of this discussion, will show itself to be a common *suspense of faith.*

I. Is it not largely due, in the first place, and particularly, to the fact, that our missionary and denominational work, through the changed aspects of the theological world—the decay of intolerance, the softening of the current creed of Christendom, and the spread of mild and practical views of religious duty—has lost much of its urgency and point? Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and democratic life, literature, and the public press, that our vocation in this direction is mostly gone? Doubtless, in the newer parts of the country, there are thousands of small communities where the polemic instructions of the Unitarian pioneers would be a great blessing still; but before such wants could be met by us, they are so sure to be overtaken by more general influences—the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church—that we instinctively feel the inexpediency of wasting our energies upon them. The propagandism of Unitarian ideas is essentially paralyzed by the feeling that they are sowing themselves broadcast, not in the formal, but the essential religious thought of the country and the time; and the indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches is very much due to the conviction that many ministers and churches, of all names and orders, are now doing our work, if less directly, yet more thoroughly than we could do it ourselves.

I do not wish to take this first position, which lays no claim to originality, without careful discrimination. It is, otherwise, liable to misconstruction, and justly offensive, both to earnest Unitarians, as disparaging the importance of our formal controversy, and to the great orthodox public, as a boastful calumny upon its sincerity and actual self-knowledge. I do not affirm, therefore, that the spirit of the age and the providence of God, are making the world Unitarian, in the sectarian sense of that word, or that an inevitable abandonment of those formulas of the Church against which we have openly protested, is in the near, or even the distant prospect. But I do maintain that the principles, and sentiments, the rights of conscience, the rationality of method, the freedom of inquiry, the practical views of religion, which we have been contending for under the name and colors of our Unitarian theology, are under other names and colors so rapidly conquering the mind of our American Christendom that it is no longer felt to be necessary to maintain a stringent denominational organization for their sake; and thus that the original and animating spirit of the denomination is taken away by the success of the principles for which it stood. On the other hand, while not prepared to claim that the Unitarian movement has caused this general advance, or that its present position indicates the final stand of the Church, I believe that it has providentially led, and historically signalized, a forward movement of the whole Protestant body; and that universal Christendom will heartily own in due time the urgent necessity of the correlative ideas for which we have so boldly stood. I thoroughly believe that the Trinitarian theology of the historic Church, outworn and embarrassing now, was helpful, because relatively true to the times in which it arose, and that the ideas lay in the minds of the authors of the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds—to emphasize and defend which against the swelling and encroachment of other and mischievous opinions they erected the bulwarks of those mighty affirmations and solemn protests—were essential ideas; but ideas which, if they add anything to a devout and scriptural Unitarianism (which is doubtful,) contradict nothing in it. It was because, in course of time, the heirs of those creeds, ignorant of their origin, or forgetful of their purpose, came to hold them in a way that did contradict the common sense and self-evident principles touching God's sovereignty and Fatherhood, Christ's humanity and subordination, and Man's uprightness of nature, which Unitarianism has so triumphantly vindicated and re-established, that our mission became imperative.

Mazzini lately refused the programme of the Allies, because the Piedmontese Government substituted the unification for the unity of Italy; thus admitting its division under different rulers. We refused and refuted the programme of modern Orthodoxy, because a degenerate Trinitarianism had substituted the unification for the Unity of God. The Church Universal will, in due time, bless us for this service to the common cause.

No view of ecclesiastical history is respectable which allows much place to self-will in the origin of considerable sects and heresies, still less in the grander movements of the Church. There is a providential necessity in the rise, progress, conflict and confluence of all religious bodies. As our Savior's robe was parted among his enemies, so his truth is divided among his friends. Sects are complemental of each other, and none of them are anything more than relatively right. To speak of Unitarianism independently of Trinitarianism, conveys no correct, and no valuable ideas; and the purely denominational theology of our body has no worth in the decline of the errors or extravagancies it was born to balance or compensate. It is for this particular reason that we are now experiencing our loss of interest in it, and its consequent languor as a missionary impulse.

II. But, in the second place, to come to the *general* reason. There is a broader view to be taken of the general cause of the pausing posture and self-distrust of our Body. Since we began our career, a fact of decisive influence upon our destiny has unexpectedly disclosed itself. The underlying principles and sentiments of the Unitarian body have turned out to be the charateristic ideas and tendencies of the religious epoch we live in. Protestantism produced us, not we it. Whatever is good or bad in our spirit and direction, was latent in the Reformation, and is fast becoming patent in the whole product of that world-movement. The peculiar identification of Protestant tendencies with our special theology is partly accidental, partly historical; the tendencies themselves are the great fact. Thus no criticism of Unitarianism is radical which is not also a criticism of Protestantism; nor is it possible to understand our position and prospects, without considering from a high point of view the general drift of Protestantism itself. Our eddy or current is to be explained only by a survey of the main current, drought or freshet, only by an examination of the common water-shed. If I say, then, that our pause as a denomination is the pause which Protestantism makes on awaking to the full consciousness of her own tendencies, I shall best express my second and most important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,

then, for the moment, to state in unqualified, and even in offensive terms, what the logical product of Protestantism is.

If, then, with logical desperation, we ultimate the tendencies of Protestantism, and allow even the malice of its enemies to flash upon their directure, we may see that the sufficiency of the Scripture turns out to be the self-sufficiency of man, and the right of private judgment an absolute independence of Bible or Church. No creed but the Scriptures, practically abolishes all Scriptures but those on the human heart; nothing between a man's conscience and his God vacates the Church; and with the Church, the Holy Ghost, whose function is usurped by private reason; the Church lapses into what are called Religious Institutions; these into Congregationalism, and Congregationalism into Individualism—and the logical end is the abandonment of the Church as an independent institution, the denial of Christianity as a supernatural revelation, and the extinction of worship as a separate interest. There is no pretense that Protestantism, as a body, has reached this, or would not honestly and earnestly repudiate it; but that its most logical product is at this point it is not easy to deny. Nay, that these are the *tendencies* of Protestantism, is very apparent.

Let us not be too much alarmed at this statement, assuming it to be true. Tendencies are not always ultimated. They encounter resistance.—They meet and yield to other tendencies. The tendencies of an epoch, religious or political, do not decide its whole character. There are forces in humanity stronger than any epochal powers—the permanent wants, the indestructible instincts of our nature. It is safe, and it ought not to be alarming, to see and confess that the tendencies of political and religious speculation and sentiment, in the universal Church of our day, are to the weakening of the external institutions of Christianity, the extinction of the ministry, and the abandonment of any special interest in religion, as a *separate* interest of man or society. If our Unitarian body understands this better than the inner ranks of Protestantism, it is only because the squadrons behind have pressed nearer the brink towards which they are unconsciously advancing. With great temporary superiority and advantages, one over another, there is really nothing to choose between the Protestant sects in general direction, and ultimate destinies; logically, and what is more, practically, they are shut up to one conclusion.—All alike in this respect, they represent human liberty, self-asserti[on] unflinching cons[ci]ence power to choose and enthron[e] shrank from carrying an [in]ference between [the] cid[e] remotest logical verge. The sufferings of the lost were not kept from view, but proclaimed with a terrible power. Dr. Hopkins boldly asserts that 'all the use which God will have for them is to suffer; this is all the end they can answer; therefore all their faculties, and their whole capacities, will be employed and used for this end. . . The body can by omnipotence be made capable of suffering the greatest imaginable pain, without producing dissolution, or abating the least degree of life or sensibility. . . . . One way in which God will show his power in the punishment of the wicked will be in strengthening their bodies and souls in torment which would be otherwise intolerable.'"

Catholics or Protestants; and it matters little under what religious influences they are brought, or on what times they fall. The religious tendencies of an era are indicated satisfactorily only by the ideas and sentiments that sway the unthinking, unspeculative, unconscious masses.—No opinions are efficacious over society at large, which are held as opinions, or voluntarily taken up and inculcated. We inculcate opinions for the benefit of future generations, in which we hope they will appear as blessed prejudices of the blood. For, as a rule, it is only ideas from which men cannot get away, sentiments that are spontaneous, natural, and constant, that exert any shaping and decisive influence over them.—"Opinion," says Milton, "is knowledge in the making;" and until it has passed the stage of intellectual effort and conscious will, it is inoperative to any degree worth considering in a large view of things. If we would know the religious tendencies of our Protestant age (for I deny the existence of any living Catholic Church in an estimate of the world-movements of the time,) we must go outside the Churches, to the vast population, said to be much more than half, perhaps three-quarters, of every considerable community, that goes to church nowhere; we must notice the deepening hostility of all States to establish churches; the disjunction between science and faith, literature and theology, the transference of the faith of the people from the Church to the schoolhouse; the popularity of all attacks upon the clergy; the acception an elevation of those ministers, understood to be suspected and discountenanced by the rest; the open and extensive sale of infidel books; the growing use of the Sabbath for recreation—not, as abroad, under the smile of the Church, but in direct contempt of its frown; the easy conscience of the people in the profound secularity of their lives—indicating their contentment in a condition of alineation from religious relations and ideas; the frequency of suicide; the increasing laxity of the marriage-bond; the defense of scertatory love—all marked indications of the decay of religious ideas; the peculiar interest attached to preaching in contradistinction to worship, and the necessity of keeping together the church-going class by the extra allurements of gifted speech; the general incalculation of morality on utilitarian grounds; the excellence, as citizens and neighbors, of an avowedly irreligious class; the popular and applauded hositlity of the philanthropy of the day to the Churches—the m[o]ther soul plished orators of the times, being [o]ut of a wedge tuous, respected men, between her life and her religious cre[d],—between her and her God. She clasped her hands instinctively on her bosom, as if to hold there some cherished image, and said in a piercing voice of supplication 'My God! oh, where art thou?" * * * *

"'Dr. Hopkins says that this is all best—better than it would have been in any other way,—that God *chose* it because it was for a greater, final good,—that He not only chose it, but took means to make it certain,—that He ordains every sin, and does all that is necessary to make it certain, that He creates the vessels of wrath and fits them for destruction, and that He has an infinite knowledge by which He can do it without violating their free agency.—So much the worse! What a use of infinite knowlege! What if men should do so!—What if a father should take means to make it certain that his poor little child should be an abandoned wretch, without violating his free agency? So much the worse I say!—They say He does this so that He may show to all eternity, by their example, the evil nature of sin and its consequences! This is all that the greater part of the human race have been used for yet; and it is all right, because an overplus of infinite happiness is yet to be wrought out of it!—It is *not* right! No possible amount of good to ever so many can make it right to deprave ever so few;—happiness and misery cannot be measured so! I never can think it right,—never!—Yet they say our salvation depends on our loving God,—loving Him better than ourselves,—loving Him better than our dearest friends.---It is impossible!---it is contrary to the laws of my nature! I can never love God! I can never praise Him!---I am lost! lost! lost! And what is worse, I cannot redeem my friends! Oh, I *could* suffer forever,---how willingly!---if I could save *him*---But oh, eternity, eternity! Frightful, unspeakable woe! No end!---no bottom!---no shore!---no hope!---O God! O God!"

Mrs. Marvyn has a faithful negro woman, once a slave, now a kind servant, whose great heart, throbbing with the deep tide of simple love and affection, comes to the rescue of the poor brain well-nigh crazed with the crushing theology which pictured God as a very fiend of cruelty and unappeasable ferocity. Can

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Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, what has no root whatever in their serious conviction.—[Channing.

"Why d[o] he said, half "for I have n[o] been gradually

At first I affec[ted] my health, and th[at] ject; but his frien[ds] cere to be easily put wearied me, and at le[ast] and with a peevish ton[e] Disregarding my bad ten[per] it to my low state of he[alth] forward, and placing his h[ead] with all the tenderness brushed back my hair and eyes were fixed upon mine, [and]

"Charles, I am sorry— never dreamed of this until I entered the university I resol[ved] first prize. That thought has permost in my mind; it has b[een] aim in life; my chief ambiti[on] oasis in my weary journey acr[oss] waste, where misfortune had cas[t] tle thought that our ambitions on the same object. And why sh[ould] thought so? You have title, wea[lth] unsullied reputation, while I hav[e] Success, with you, would be but em[pty] a momentary triumph. Failure, on[the] ish disappointment, soon to be forg[otten] With me how different! Success is [the] failure my death!"

As he ceased speaking a pallor overspread his countenance, his lips quivered, and tears were in his eyes. I never saw him so mov[ed]

Unfortunately, there was no [one] had ever experienced that "heart" which could alone prevent God from pouring out his endless ages upon the and beloved son! Mrs. as who would not?—ony be more faithfully ow the writer's soul similar torments:

'I can't help it, don't must speak or die! be resigned!—it is o all eternity I will no goodness, no ing! Life seems us doom that can ing! *What had* sent upon us? so, to hope so,—and all the laws —never stop- e can suffer so never have ment life is! rnity! and nd knowl- suffer! ent of ow! can

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orable ambition, laid upon m[e] of justifying their own faith [to] is too sacred a word to be lost worship too holy a thing not some pretence or other; piety destructible an instinct to be ab[an]- fore the political and social clothes itself in religious phr[ases] out of an honest respect for th[e] delusion, and, what is best [of] stinctive or providential gu[ide] that the animating and charac[ter] American people of the ninet[eenth] gion, worship, faith, or that ical and ecclesiastical in our t[ime] represents a living spirit, and ry, is more than a just discr[imination] On the contrary, the science, erature of the day are busily substitutes for religion—and tinuance of the names and f[orms] worship and faith, after asse[nting] obvious language, the irrele[vancy] themselves.

When the Head of an Amer[ican] whom I had the anecdote, in[quired] in Berlin, what Humboldt wo[uld] if asked what was his religio[us] his reply would probably be: [I] of all men of science."

Doubtless he meant what [the] man, the excellent Catholic! ed the Roman question, mea[ning] praise of the Bolognese as Romans, "They know all th[ey] believe all that we believe, [and]

We owe a recognition to t[he] faith of science in our d[ay] Whewell, and Hugh Miller, home, are remembered, we a[re] get our respect for the union

Yet the actual weakness visible in nothing so much come yielded by the profess[ors] tianity to any succor [from] ature of the day may [look] ity, upon the Churc[h] changed, since sci[ence] ble suppliant-ful mistake somewhar,' she permis[sion] 'Why, de Lord a'n't like what ye think,—He *loves* ye, honey! Why, jes' feel how *I* loves ye,—poor ole black Candace;—an' I a'n't better'n Him as made me! Who was it wore de crown o' thorns, lamb?—who was it sweat great drops o' blood?—who was it said, 'Father, forgive dem'? Say, honey!—wasn't it de Lord dat made ye?—Dar, dar, now ye'r cryin'!—cry away, and ease yer poor little heart! He died for Mass'r Jim,—loved him and *died* for him,—jes' give up his sweet, precious body and soul for him on de cross! Laws, jes' *leave* him in Jesus' hands! Why, honey, dar's de very print o'de nails in his hands now!'

"The flood-gates were rent; and healing sobs and tears shook the frail form, as a faded lily shakes under the soft rains of summer. All in the room wept together.

"'Now, honey,' said Candace, after a pause of some minutes, "I knows our Doctor's a mighty good man, an' larned,—an' in fair weather I ha'n't no 'bjection to yer hearin' all about dese yer great and mighty tings he's got to say But, honey, dey won't do for you now; sick folks mustn't hab strong meat; an' times like dese, dar jest a'n't but one ting to come to, an' dat ar's *Jesus*. Jes' come right down to whar poor ole black Candace has to stay allers,---it's a good place darlin'g'! *Look righ[t] at Jesus.* Tell ye, honey ye can't live no other way now. Don't ye 'member how He looked on His mother, when she stood faintin' and tremblin' under de cross, jes' like you? He knows all about mothers' hearts; He won't break yours. It was jes' 'cause He know'd we'd come into straits like dis yer, dat he went through all dese tings,---Him, de Lord o' Glory! Is dis Him you was a-talkin' about?---Him you don't love? Look at Him, an' see if you can't. Look an' see what He is!---don't ask no questions, and don't go to no reasonin's,---jes' look at *Him*, hangin' dar, so sweet and patient, on de cross! All dey could do couldn't stop his lovin 'em; he prayed for 'em wid all the breath he had. Dar's a God you can love, a'n't dar? Candace loves Him,---poor, ole, foolish, black, wicked Candace,---an' she knows He loves her,---and here Candace broke down into torrents of weeping."

They laid the mother, faint and weary, on her bed, and beneath the shadow of that suffering cross came down a healing sleep on those weary eyelids.

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at at his birth, but continues on in his development as an intellectual and moral being; and this development is primarily more important than the use to which his faculties are put; as the life, health, and growth of our children are more important than anything they can do for us, in their infancy and youth. If we view the history of the race in a comprehensive way, we shall observe that it has been providentially occupied in all its earlier eras with itself, establishing what may be called its self-hood; and that what is termed natural religion—which is only an inverted self-worship, in which man makes his own deity to suit his tastes and feelings, and, of course, does not make him too strong for his own self-will—is then the only witness of the living God—a witness so meek as not to interfere with the providential process of setting man up in his own right and liberty. Revealed religion—the only religion that ever has had authority, or which, by the nature of the case, can have power to awe, restrain, and elevate man, or to overcome the congenital bias of his nature—being something outside of, and independ[ent] of his personality—has necessarily been quent to his creation; confined to special tative races and eras; and has applied AT TO BE the slow form of institutional influen to gain a greater power in the end. In town in Wismore freely and fully developed made to inviteing himself voluntarily to a con Chief to deliver a es his true freedom, and accept me objection were vine dependence, of which hi subjoin, with the edience has been only a fictition ll of them.]

(*Concluded ary—will not go to talk pay.*"

Adve

S. T. ave a large sum invested in reform labor, and now retire on the Our Bank account of "good wishes" es of thanks, show several millions in vor, and we are above the necessity of securing and footing our own bills. We are now speculating—putting potatoes in the ground and enjoying the increase.

"*He is rich and lives in a palace at 'The Oaks.'*"

All truth. We are one of the nabobs.—Like the fellow who would have four chipmuncks when he killed the one he was after, and three more, so we shall have some land when we get it. Our palace is principally of pine, 22x30, one story, and most sumptuously furnished. It is neither plastered, papered, or painted inside—such furnishing is too plebeian. We use the stove-pipe for a chimney, and our parlor for hall, reception room, dining-room, kitchen, library, *santum, wash-room,* place to spank the children, etc., etc. Our Brussels ingrain is made of old coat-skirts, shirt-tails, dilapidated pants, and other things too numerous to mention. Our furniture is common cherry, and our chairs bottomed with cat-tail flags. Our spoons are mostly pewter—silver being rather common. Our chattels personal run up to the handsome figure of several millions.

One wife, value not to be computed.	
Three young'uns. ditto.	
Three pigs,	$2,75
Twelve hens and more hatching—(not paid for or price known,)	
One cat and four kittens,	5,00
Two cows, and a calf in prospect,	50,00
Two jack-knives,	2,50
One quarter acre strawberries,	5000,00

The above, with little matters divers and sundry, give figures the spasms when the total is enumerated. We dare not go into details, for fear of robbery. If Bro.——— expects a man of such means to go and talk temperance, he will be disappointed. We are growing more and more mercenary every day. We shall add three more pigs to our stye, and push the setting hens to their utmost. And if our farrow cow should add another calf to our horned stock, we shall be above lecturing entirely.

"*He struts about the farm and plays the lord in broadcloth.*"

A fact. Our home rig was once broadcloth, though badly ventilated now. Rents range from the knee upward. Our hat is straw, and now in its fourth summer's wear. Our shoes and kids came with us into the world. And when we walk among the Lawtons, Catawissas, Houghton's seedlings, the spacious strawberry patches, and look upon two apples, and a half dozen pears, one quart of currants at least, several gooseberries and as many raspberries, we do feel like a lord, and above the benevolent business of lecturing and paying our expenses for a vote of thanks.

THE LONDON TIMES OFFICE.—Mr. Story, son of one of the proprietors of the Rochester Democrat, writes to that paper an account of his visit to the office of the London Times.—We copy a portion of this narrative:

"One of the most interesting and novel departments of the establishment is that in which the stereotyping process is carried on. You know, perhaps, already, that every number of the Times is printed from stereotype plates, thus saving a great part of the wear and tear of the type. The stereotype plate is taken from the "form" in three minutes, by a new process, invented by a Swiss and known only to him. A thin layer of soft and damp papier mache first receives the impression of the type, and after it has been hardened by the application of heat, the melted lead is poured on which is to form the stereotype plate. The papier mache has the power of resisting the action of the melted lead, and comes out of the fiery trial uninjured, and almost unscorched. The plates are re-melted every day after the issue of the day is printed from them, and the waste of type metal from day to day is very slight. By this power of multiplying the number of forms from which the same side of the paper can be printed, the Times can use three or four presses at once, and thus print its 50,000 copies, on an emergency, in two hours time. The Times employs in its establishment some 350 persons. It has eighteen reporters at the Houses of Parliament, and for these, as well as for the majority of its compositors, the working hours are the night hours exclusively. It owns four cabs, which are employed solely in carrying reporters and reports at night to and fro between Printing House Square and the Palace at Westminster. The reporters relieve each other at the end of every quarter hour, and thus, though the debate in the Commons last *till four o'clock in the morning, the Times give it in full* by sunrise, *though it cover two whole pages of the journal.*"

ANECDOTE OF HENRY IV.—Henry IV., of France, visited, by chance, a garden, which had been embellished and nursed with much care. Among the persons who accompanied the King, was a courtier, who had a red beard. The latter racked his brains to find something to amuse the august personage during his walk. While he was endeavoring to enliven the conversation by some witty sally, the gardener appeared before them; he had no beard, though already advanced in years. "My friend," said the courtier, immediately addressing him, "why have you no beard on your chin?" He had imagined that the shyness and shame of the gardener would give him cause for merriment. But the countryman, without appearing the least astonished, turned towards the one who had questioned him. "When Nature," said he, "distributed its beards to mortals, I arrived rather late; and as there only remained red ones, I preferred doing without, than taking one of that color."

ELECTRICITY.—Atmospheric electricity has been much neglected by meteorologists. The beneficial effects of electricity on the vegetable kingdom are of a character so apparent, that any extended researches upon this branch of meterology, calculated to throw additional light upon the subject, is very desirable. There are several instruments used in studying the subject. The most simple is Glaisher's electrometer, which, being portable, should become generally adopted. To be able to announce the approach of a thunderstorm at a time when the sky is free fron clouds, and to ascertain its speed, so as to tell when it may be expected in any given place, would afford the farmer, the mariner, and many other persons, information of a most valuable character.—[Life Ill.

Girls are early taught deceit, and they never forget the lesson. Boys are more outspoken. This is because boys are instructed that to be frank and open is to be manly and generous, while their sisters are perpetually admonished that "this is not pretty," or "that is not becoming," until they have learned to control their natural impulses, and to regulate their conduct by precepts and example. The result of all this is, that while men retain much of their natural dispositions, women have made-up characters.

Medical Cards.

DR. JOHN SCOTT, MAGNETIC PHYSICIAN,
NO. 36 BOND STREET, NEW YORK.

Dr. S. cures Piles and Cancers without the use of the knife. ☞ All Rheumatic and Chronic Complaints treated with certainty. Hours from 9 A M. to 5 P M.. 47

DECAYED TEETH PRESERVED.

DR. AMMI BROWN, 24 1-2 Winter street (Ballou's Building), by a new article of Gold Filling, is prepared to restore teeth, *however badly decayed or broken*, to their original shape and strength, avoiding in most cases the necessity of removal.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH, on Gold, Silver, Vulcanite and Platina, with Athelode Gums, from A D ▾ $65. Teeth extracted by *Electricity* wi[thout]

ATK[INSON]

AL REFORM.

VOL. II.---NO. 32.

B. Marsh's Catalogue.

BELA MARSH,
No. 14 Bromfield Street, Boston,

Keeps constantly on hand, for sale at the Publishers' prices, the Books named in the following list of Spiritual works, together with many others suitable for the times. All new publications received as soon as issued, and the trade supplied at a liberal discount. Orders are respectfully solicited. 16 per cent. will be added to the annexed prices when books are ordered to be sent by mail.

Twelve Messages from the spirit of John Quincy Adams, through Joseph D. Stiles, Medium, to Josiah Brigham. 494 pages, 8vo. Price $1.50.

Philosophy of the Spirit World. By Rev. Charles Hammond. 63c.

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Voices from the Spirit World. Isaac Post, Medium. 50c.

had appropri... d to myse... communications; of commendation arising from the... 85 cents, $1.50 remarkable incident which occurred... rs; Received ing my sermon at Granville, N J. I ce... es, and oth- tainly did not consider it, and, until now, never heard that any one, considered that "manifestation" as a "lecture" in *disapprobation*, but as an *approval* of what I said. And so far from being "astonished," I believe I took it about as coolly as any in the audience, controlling both myself and them so as to avoid "all confusion."

The facts were simply these: Instead of, as your "chronicler" asserts, "delivering a discourse upon a passage of Scripture referring to the Tower of Babel, the confusion of tongues, &c." I delivered one from a passage exactly the reverse:—"For then will I turn unto the people *a pure language*, that they may *all* call upon the name of the Lord, to *serve* him with *one consent*." Zeph. 3 : 9. In the discourse I tried to show that mere *human reason*, as a dry, reflective attribute was not a sufficient power to guide the human heart into the light of the highest life, and that all mere *outward and material manifestations* could not do it, however real or remarkable they might be; that it was a Spirit-power, ethereal and pure, such as abode on Jesus and was received into his heart and dwelt there, regulating his whole life; the *Spirit of Truth*, the Holy Comforter, the Love of God, the *Father, living and strengthened in us by* "love to one another," and rising into affinities with all that is good, and pure, and lovely on earth and in heaven; that the connexion between time and eternity is not so distinct, nor the condition so unlike as many have contended; that heaven is here, near us, *in us*; even the spirits of the just made perfect are with us, acting by all kind and holy influences in those who will receive them; and that *this language of Love*—of the heart, is the "pure language" by which "all shall call on the name of the Lord to serve him." I then sought to find illustrations in my own experiences as a testimony common to all who thought upon the subject.—When I touched some of those chords which unite us to our "loved ones gone," the whole audience was moved to joyful, hopeful tears. One in the audience, a nervous man, exceedingly impressible, was overcome by his feelings,—reason gave place to feeling, and imagination took the helm. Unconscious of what he did, he came to the pulpit and embraced me with affection—not to rebuke, there was no occasion for it, but to approve and bless.

It was almost ludicrous, I confess, to see a *man* of about my own age—and to *feel* his rough beard—pretending to be and personify my spirit-mother, who died so young, delicate, almost ethereal. Had it been "the well-known and worthy trance-speaker," referred to by your correspondent, it would have appeared much more consistent and believable, and not less agreeable to Your Obdt. Serv't,

WM. S. BALCH.

ASHUELOT, Aug. 12.

EDITORS OF THE AGE:—The following paragraph appeared in the Springfield Republican of the 11th instant:

A NUT FOR THE METAPHYSICIANS.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" An eminent geometer has said that "force has a spiritual origin." Faraday advocates the conservation of the origin of force—that is, conservation of spirit. If the above premises of eminent scientists are correct, if spirit is conserved—that is, if there is no more and no less of the spiritual essence in the universe than thr— senc eternit nish indiv ber, through ishing in the lea essence in the ut the limitless domai

So, for aught that ry, individualization fearing either the met Egyptian, or the great bear of certain other ph "scientists" may direct then discovery of the best means for t tion" of all such good things as are their natures imperishable; assured while by sound philosophy, and phenom continually occurring, that individualized spirits "still live" to bless mankind with their labors of love, and their elevating influences, and that no instrumentality is likely to arrest their labors, nor any philosophy be developed of sufficient potency to destroy their persons—even metaphysically.

It seems clear to my mind, that the difficulty suggested in the article of the *Republican*, and others of a kindred nature, have their root in the futile attempt to measure the infinite by a finite rule—the illimitable by the limited.

E. W. TWING.

SPRINGFIELD, Aug. 1859.

Announcements.

[All persons announced as speakers, under this head are requested to use their influence in favor of procuring subscribers for, and extending the circulation of, the AGE.]

DR. GARDNER will speak at Taunton, on the first Sunday of Sept., and E. V. WILSON the Sunday following.

DEXTER DANA will speak at "The Spiritual Age Hall," 14 Bromfield street, in the afternoon of the first Sunday in Sept., in reply to the question, "Why am I a Spiritualist?"

A. B. WHITING may be addressed at Brooklyn, Mich. till Sept. 15th.

A. W. SPRAGUE will speak at Ogdensburgh, N. Y., the first Sunday in Sept., and at Oswego, N. Y., the two last: also at Binghamton, N. Y., the two first Sundays of Oct., after which he will go West.

J. S. LOVELAND will lecture at Willimantic, Ct., Sept. 18 and 25. Address at 14 Bromfield street, Boston, care of Bela Marsh.

N. FRANK WHITE will lecture through the months of September, October and November in Connecticut, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Maine. Those places desiring his services can address him through the month of August at Seymour, Conn. An immediate response is desirable, so that he can arrange his appointments to advantage.

...NEWTON, in consequence of a new arrangement re... ...he AGE, expects to be able hereafter to devote the ...n of his time to the lecturing field. Calls ad... ...at Boston will be duly attended to. He will ...n, Mass., on Sunday, Sept. 4th.

...RDINGE will lecture in Columbus, Ohio, on ... and 11th; in Cleveland, Sept. 18th; in ... 23d: in St. Louis during October; and ...ecember. Miss Hardinge returns to ...st in March, 1860. Address 8, Fourth ...

...at Oswego, Sept. 4th, 11th, 18th, ...s services on week evenings, ...amed place, at the times

...to preach on An... with the Gospel ... Boston.

...H., Sunday, ...h; Lemp...

"MICHIGAN YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF PROGRESS,"

At Ann Arbor, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, Sept. 23d, 24th and 25th, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M.

Not a meeting of a sect, bound by arbitrary authority, and therefore shrinking from freedom of thought and speech—but an assembling of men and women,

Who seek the truth wherever found,
On Heathen or on Christian ground,"

and to gain it, welcome the frank and earnest utterance of the matured thoughts and convictions of any who may be present, on the great questions of Reform, Religion, Freedom, Spiritual existence, and Social order, that are moving the world more than ever before

Let many meet from far and near, for three days of candid thought and well-ordered free speech, that we may know better how to aid the rule of Wisdom, Justice, and Love;—how to gain that health of soul and body so needed for the advent of "Peace on Earth and good will among men." Come! Orthodox, Hetorodox; Spiritualists and Materialists.

Able speakers will be present, and it is confidently hoped the occasion will be of interest and importance.

Those from abroad wishing homes during the meeting will call on the Committee named below who will see them provided for:

WASHINGTON WEEKS, ROBERT GLAZIER, DR. KELLOGG, A. WIDENMANN, L. ELSIPHER, G. SPRAGUE.

SPECIAL AND PERSONAL.

Hopedale Home School.

This Institution is designed to combine thorough instruction in Science, Art and General Literature with judicious training of the physical and moral nature. To secure to the children and youth resorting to it for educational purposes such home and neighborhood influences together with such specific culture as may be promotive of their growth in virtue and true excellence, is a sacred aim. Thoroughly Reformatory and Progressive in its spirit and character, it must rely mainly upon the patronage of those sympathizing with the better tendencies and movements of the age for support.

The First Term of the Scholastic Year 1859-60 commences on *Wednesday, Sept. 7*, and continues *Fifteen weeks*.

For Circulars containing full information, please address either of the Principals, Hopedale, Milford, Mass.

W. S. HAYWOOD,
A... B. HAYWOOD, } *Principals.*

Aug. 18, 1858.34.3t

First Anniversary of the Philanthropic Convention.

The platform of the Philanthropic Convention, at Buffalo, ...free to any mind capable of throwing light upon the age ... the sciences from those wh... their lives to them, or on h... St. James Hall, Buffalo, N. ...ember, 1859, at 10 o'clock, A. solemn import and instructi... The following persons, resi... a course of lectures on Phrenol... Committee of Arrange... ogy, &c., &c., or an account of the pro... ...ted, Cyrus made by inhabitants of the Planets? of the ... Whit... various improvements there, &c.? Why not more institutions for the relief of the sick, the blind, &c.? or practical directions for protecting the poor against the aggressions and monopoly of the rich, &c.?

The field is boundless, and we need the aid of the gods to deliver us from the evils of ignorance, oppression and bigotry. We fancy there has been gassing enough for the present, and what we now want is men *and women*, of bone and sinew, of back bone and vitals, who can stand a little fire, if need be, to accomplish anticipated reforms.

W. H. SMITH.

MARION, O.

CAUSE OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.—M. de la Rive, the celebrated French astronomer, explains the production of the Aurora Borealis in the following manner:

When the sun, having passed into the southern hemisphere, no longer heats our atmosphere, the aqueous vapors which have accumulated during the summer in this part of the atmosphere begin to condense, the kind of humid cap which envelopes the polar regions extends more and more, and facilitates the passage of electricity accumulated in the upper portion of the air. But in this elevated region, and especially at this period of the year, the aqueous vapors must most frequently pass into the state of minute particles to ice or snow floating in the air, similar to those which give rise to the halos; they form, as it were, a kind of semi-transparent mist. These half-frozen fogs conduct the electricity to the surface of the earth, near the pole, and are at the same time illuminated by these currents of electric discharges. In fact, all observers agree in asserting that the aurora borealis is constantly preceded by a mist, which rises from the pole, and the margin of which, less dense than the remainder, are colored the first; and indeed it is very frequent near the pole in the winter months, and especially in those where there is abundance of vapor in the air.

THE GREAT EASTERN.—This mammoth steamer is advertised to leave England early in September for Portland, Me., after having made a short trial trip. So the expectations of our Portland friends are likely to be realized at last. The arrival of the Great Eastern in this country will no doubt create a wide spread curiosity to see her, and the resources of the Forest City will be seriously taxed to accommodate the rush of visitors.

A table compiled from official documents gives the number of freemasons in the United States as 211,538, and the income of the lodges as about $1,450,000.

REFORM CIRCLES.

We are all more or less familiar with the nature, use and tendencies of circles. We sometimes alternate male and female in the circle, sometimes the males occupy one side of the circles, while the females occupy the other, and are sometimes seated regardless of order; frequently seated thus *by* influence, and often without. There appears to be but little apparent difference in the manifestation of spirit presence and power, wisdom and affection.

I am speaking of the condition of circles in this section, and believe it to be a correct view of a great proportion of circles in this Western country. The results are sufficient to encourage us in their perpetuity; such as exhortations to morality, a cultivation of spirit influence and communion, and the laying on of hands for the removal of diseases. Those who have the cause at heart, find nothing here to discourage them, but rather claims upon their strongest support.

While this is the case, it is at the same time very evident, that most of spiritualists are anxiously looking to these circles for the inauguration of some greater work, that shall more speedily aid in abolition of the more prominent evils of society, and in the diffusion of knowledge among the masses.

And it is no less believed that our invisible friends feel an equal or greater interest in the diffusion and propagation of whatever shall tend to better the condition of mankind.

Then where lies the difficulty? If all the members of the circle, both mundane and super-mundane, are desirous of introducing the higher and more glorious unfoldments of the celestial life on Earth, where must fall the fearful responsibility of this stagnation and inertia. I am fully aware that in many circles, these difficulties have been met and overcome, in a great measure, so that light radiating from thence shines with an undiminished splendor to the ends of all the earth, and forms an occasion of rejoicing, to all the friends of progress everywhere; but at the same time, to thousands of spiritualists, who

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A NEGRO DISCUSSION ABOUT EGGS.

Geneva, the lovely village on Seneca Lake, furnishes the following specimen of parliamentary ruling:—"In the fairest village of Western New York, the 'culled pussens,' in emulation of their white brethren, formed a Debating Society, for the purpose of improving their minds by the discussion of instructive and entertaining topics. The deliberations of the society were presided over by a venerable member, who performed his duties with the utmost dignity peculiar to his color. The subject for discussion on the occasion of which we write was 'Which am de mudder of the chicken—de hen wot lay de egg, or de hen wot hatches de chick?' The question was warmly debated, and many reasons pro and con were urged and combatted by the excited disputants. Those in favor of the latter proposition were evidently in the majority, and the president made no attempt to conceal that his sympathies were with the dominant party. At length an intelligent darkey arose from the minority side, and bsgged leave to state a proposition to this effect: 'Spose,' said he, 'dat you set one dozen duck eggs under a hen, and dey hatch. which am de mudder—de duck or de hen?' This was a poser, was well put, and non-plussed the other side, even staggering the president, who plainly saw the force of the argument, but had committed himself too far to yield without a struggle; so, after cogitating and scratching his wool a few moments, a bright idea struck him. Rising from his chair in all the pride of conscious superiority, he announced: 'Ducks am not before de house; chickens am de question; derefore I rule de ducks out;' and do it he did, to the complete overthrow of his opponents."

Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

THE WANDERER.

BY TULLY VERNON.

Mist veiled the sun at his setting,
The fog came up from the sea;
The random rain-drops were wetting
The stinted grass on tha lea!
The wind was fitful and gusty,
The sky was darkening to jet;
...been dusty,

Ere long, a human being
Opened that splendid door;
He stood a moment, seeing
The mother and load she bore.

"For the love of God, give shelter
To the wanderer and her child;
The blinding rain-drops pelt her,
And the wind is fierce and wild.
Let pity now be near you,
When night and the tempest lower,
As you would that God would hear you
In your last, your dying hour."

List what that human brother
Spake to that bruised reed,
That sister, aye, that mother,
In the hour of her mighty need.
"Go! seek birds of your feather,
And herd with them to-night;
Nor fear that storm or weather
Can harm such as you in your flight."

Back into his stately dwelling
He hastily withdrew;
The lights from within still gilding
The storm-drops as they flew.
"Shall I, in my stately palace,
'Mid 'music, mirth and wine,'
Poison my pleasure's chalice
With the breath of such groveling swine?"

Sank down the hapless mother
And child upon the stone,
By the door of that human brother
Whose heart had turned to stone;
With one wild prayer to Jesus
The Savior of our race,
Who ever in pity sees us,
In every clime and place.

If the human brute had daring
To gaze out into the night,
Where his gorgeous lamps were glaring
And flooding the rain with light,
He might have seen bright wings flying
Around his own door-stone,
Where the mother and child were lying,
That he thought had long been gone.

Next morning the storm was over,
The sky was brilliant and fair;
The primrose and the clover
Shed sweetness on the air.
Th' old man look'd out in the morning
To gaze on his beautiful lands;
And saw, his door-stone adorning,
The work of his own red hands.

The mother and child were lying
On the stone, before the door,
Just as they lay when dying,
And the angels upward bore
Their souls to him who gave them,
To rest with him above;
And he, who died to save them,
Shelter'd them in his love.

Shall we curse, with bitter curses,
The w... the proud,
...

...vocat... ed; if I q... is not in the in... the language of a Chr... copalian, much less as aiming at the ... ment of a hierarchy; if I use some tones of ... pondency, and point to some clouds big with threats it is not in forgetfulness of the everlasting bow that spans the storm that evokes them. I place this *caveat* at the threshold to avoid the necessity of a fatiguing caution in every step beyond it.

What, then, is the present condition of our Unitarian body? Considered numerically, or with reference to social position and moral influence—considered relatively to its age and opportunities—considered with reference to any obstacles to its spread in public sentiment, or from external quarters, it is impossible not to concede to it a fair degree of prosperity. There never was less reason for despondency, so far as rivalry with other religious sects could breed it; never less to fear from the arguments, the exclusiveness, or the reproaches of others. Our ministers, churches, charities, public gatherings, manifestations of all sorts, were never so numerous and so popular as at present.

And yet, spite of increasing numbers and increasing moral vitality, of growing earnestness and activity, of larger acceptance and easier advance, there is an undeniable chill in the missionary zeal, an undeniable apathy in the denominational life of the body; with general prosperity, in short, there is despondency, self-questioning and anxiety. It is a singular, and, to many, perhaps an unaccountable phenomenon.

What is the explanation of it?

It will be found in a consideration of

I. The particular,

II. The general,

III. The universal, reason, of what, in the course of this discussion, will show itself to be a common *suspense of faith.*

I. Is it not largely due, in the first place, and particularly, to the fact, that our missionary and denominational work, through the changed aspects of the theological world—the decay of intolerance, the softening of the current creed of Christendom, and the spread of mild and practical views of religious duty—has lost much of its urgency and point? Is not the work of emancipating the community from bigotry and superstition, so much more rapidly and successfully carried on by political and democratic life, literature, and the public press, that our vocation in this direction is mostly gone? Doubtless, in the newer parts of the country, there are thousands of small communities where the polemic instructions of the Unitarian pioneers would be a great blessing still; but before such wants could be met by us, they are so sure to be overtaken by more general influences—the spirit of the country, the age, and the Church—that we instinctively feel the inexpediency of wasting our energies upon them. The propagandism of Unitarian ideas is essentially paralyzed by the feeling that they are sowing themselves broadcast, not in the formal, but the essential religious thought of the country and the time; and the indifference to increasing our ministers and our churches is very much due to the conviction that many ministers

...on became imperative... ...refused the programme of the ...ies, because the Piedmontese Government substituted the unification for the unity of Italy; thus admitting its division under different rulers. We refused and refuted the programme of modern Orthodoxy, because a degenerate Trinitarianism had substituted the unification for the Unity of God. The Church Universal will, in due time, bless us for this service to the common cause.

No view of ecclesiastical history is respectable which allows much place to self-will in the origin of considerable sects and heresies, still less in the grander movements of the Church. There is a providential necessity in the rise, progress, conflict and confluence of all religious bodies. As our Savior's robe was parted among his enemies, so his truth is divided among his friends. Sects are complemental of each other, and none of them are anything more than relatively right. To speak of Unitarianism independently of Trinitarianism, conveys no correct, and no valuable ideas; and the purely denominational theology of our body has no worth in the decline of the errors or extravagancies it was born to balance or compensate. It is for this particular reason that we are now experiencing our loss of interest in it, and its consequent languor as a missionary impulse.

II. But, in the second place, to come to the *general* reason. There is a broader view to be taken of the general cause of the pausing posture and self-distrust of our Body. Since we began our career, a fact of decisive influence upon our destiny has unexpectedly disclosed itself. The underlying principles and sentiments of the Unitarian body have turned out to be the charateristic ideas and tendencies of the religious epoch we live in. Protestantism produced us, not we it. Whatever is good or bad in our spirit and direction, was latent in the Reformation, and is fast becoming patent in the whole product of that world-movement. The peculiar identification of Protestant tendencies with our special theology is partly accidental, partly historical; the tendencies themselves are the great fact. Thus no criticism of Unitarianism is radical which is not also a criticism of Protestantism; nor is it possible to understand our position and prospects, without considering from a high point of view the general drift of Protestantism itself. Our eddy or current is to be explained only by a survey of the main current, drought or freshet, only by an examination of the common water-shed. If I say, then, that our pause as a denomination is the pause which Protestantism makes on awaking to the full consciousness of her own tendencies, I shall best express my second and most important idea.

These tendencies have only recently cleared themselves to view, and are not by the boldest faced without some concern. Yet it is best to look them full in the front; to acknowledge them for just what they are, and rely upon God and the truth to deliver us from evil at their hands. Permit me,