THE SPIRITUAL AGE.

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Poetry.

[For the Spiritual Age.]

PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

SPIRIT POETRY THROUGH ANNA.

When the babe of Beth'chem was born—
So the old traditions tell—
There was music on the night-wind borne,
And sweet the cadence rose and fell
From Angel lips—a seraph band—
"Peace on earth, good will to man."

The lowly ones who watched that night,
Saw bright angelic hosts appear;
They came—blest messengers of light—
Those weary, waiting hearts to cheer,
While the chorus which the angels sang,
Was "Peace on earth, good will to man."

That sweet refrain e'en now is heard,
And bright angelic hosts appear;
E'en now we hear the midnight silence stirred,
With music soft from seraph sphere,
And e'en the chorus, now as then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men."

Heaven's bright dome re-echoes the song,
We catch the grand, celestial strain;
Angelic hosts the notes prolong,
And waft to earth that sweet refrain;
And e'en the chorus, now as then,
"Peace on earth, good will to men"

[For the Spiritual Age.]

LIGHT.

BY LEAH LEE.

God said, "Let there be light," and there was light:
Then from blank chaos sprang the god of day—
The crescent moon and little twinkling stars.
'Tween night and day, grey twilight's pensive line
Crept gracefully, dividing each from each.
The black and bare-faced hills a low, plain and slope,
Made haste to hide their features so uncouth,
Drawing green veils between them and the sun.
The lily, slumbering on the lakelet's breast,
Turned pale to find her modest charms exposed
To the rude gaze of Sol's admiring ray.
The rose grew scarlet, and essayed to hide
Her burning blushes with her leafy hands,
But, like true excellence, her fragrance would
Betray her hiding-place. The tulip gay,
Formed but the eye to please, and fond of praise,
Displayed her gaudy colors to the light.
The tiny violet drew her purple hood
About her head, and hied her to the shade.
The maple keys, her wardrobe did unlock,
From which she clad herself in garments green.
The chilly spruce and pine, their furry robes
Buttoned with coniferous ornaments.
Then waked the feathered choir and vocal made
The circumambient air with tuneful praise.
Unceasingly wrought the enchantress, change,
Yet ages fled before the work was done.

So, when the blessed Messiah came, he said,
To minds that sat in darkness, dense and gross,
"Receive the light," and light in them did shine.
To shepherds, who, on plains of Judea
Their weary vigils kept, the angels came,
With shouts of triumph on their seraph tongues,
Proclaiming, "glory to the highest God,
On earth, peace and good will to all mankind!"
The star of Bethlehem the wise men led,
Where God's own Son, the Saviour of mankind
Lay, humbly cradled in a manger, made
For dumb, brute beast a proper crib and stall.
The impious Herod, in his jealous wrath,
Slew countless innocents, that so this dread
Usurper of his brief authority
Might in the sanguinary slaughter fall;
Yet he, like many a pearl of priceless worth,
Was sheltered safe, of evil still intact,
Even 'mid Nazarene iniquity.
With doctors of the law he held debate,
Confounding them by his sagacity.
Bold miracles he wrought to prove his was
A mission fraught with blessing to our race.
To hungry, thirsty multitudes he broke
The bread of life—for water giving wine.
He healed the sick—the dead he raised to life—
Gave sight to blindness, and the leper cleansed—
The lame made leap for joy—the dumb to speak,
And devils tremble at his mighty word.
He was the end of the Mosaic law—
That eye for eye and tooth for tooth no more
Should be the measure dealt by man to man.
Not scorned by him, or broken, those commands,
Printed at God's behest on marble leaves;
But all condensed and simplified in this
New revelation of his will to man—
This greatest, last command, "*Love one another.*"
Christ gave his life a ransom for the world,
His body on the cruel crucifix
Suspended was, between the heaven and earth.
The scoffing crowd to injury added insult,
While he, invoking blessings on their heads,
In meekness bowed his own and yielded up the ghost.
Apostles preached and revelators wrote,
Martyrs to tortures have their bodies given—
Crusaders poured their blood like summer rain,
And missionaries to remotest bounds
Of habitable earth the gospel spread.
And yet, though eighteen centuries have rolled
Adown the ever restless tide of time,
With their accumulating good to man,
Their treasures vast of scientific lore,
Discoveries, inventions and reforms,
Have failed to cleanse and purify the race
From taint of earth, and fill the mortal mind
With truth divine and beatific light.
Yet he who spake creation into birth,
And from confusion such perfection wrought,
Has not a jot or tittle lost of power—
Of goodness, wisdom, or his purpose changed,
To fit his creatures for that high estate
Of progress infinite.
New revelations of his love to man,
And new and strange revealments of his power,
Are crowding on each other thick and fast—
Mind leaping out to wed with kindred mind,
And spirit clamoring for the greater light;
These are nature's throes—premonitory pangs,
By which, ere long, there will be ushered in
A bright millennial day, whose dawn shall shed
O'er all creation, light ineffable.

Correspondence.

NEWTOWN, CT., Dec. 7th, 1859.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In the present interesting discussion which is going on, in regard to the subject of good and evil, any thing tending to throw light upon the subject, or arouse into healthy action the reasoning faculties, may be regarded as coming under the law of uses and benefits.

Consequently I feel prompted to write my impressions, knowing that even the mite thrown into the treasury knowledge, under the law of increase becomes a mine of wealth.

I must confess that I am in love with the broad and comprehensive theory of our good friend Dr. Child. A soul who can look out upon the *seeming* discords, irregularities and sufferings of earth-existence, and see perfect order, harmony and goodness blending in one grand whole—one who can walk on all calmly, serenely, and securely, amid the *apparent* contradictions and clashings of mind in its various degrees of developement—one who can go forth and place the hand of blessing on the head of *every child* of *humanity*—one who can lift the heart in silent homage to the God that "worketh in us both to will and to do of His own good pleasure," while from his own soul streams forth the blessings of Divine love, is already ripe for martyrdom, and the scaffold of public opinion and condemnation *will* be raised high by those who cannot perceive the beautiful truths which lie all enfolded in the simple plan of *true progression*.

I am aware that Mr. Newton will—taking the ground he has hitherto occupied—call me an advocate of a "false philosophy"—seductive from the paths of *true* wisdom, the Eden of innocence (or ignorance) by the "Old Serpent" of "Sensualism;" but as a medium for thoughts and impressions which flow in upon me from the angel-world, I feel impelled to give expression to sentiments conflicting directly with my old belief.

Nor should I say, that as an individual I do not accept them, for, although I am aware that *practically* I do not yet live up to these high teachings, a voice from the deep, deep world of thought within, tells me "Dr. Child is right."

And again, a voice from out this same deep world responds, "And Mr. Newton is right." To those who have advanced to a certain plane—a condition of high aspiration—where the moral powers have gained strength and tone—where a pure and devoted life has lifted the soul from the dominion of the darker and grosser passions, Dr. Child's theory *is not* and *cannot* be "a savor of death unto death," but a comforting faith,—building the soul up in its *highest holiest* hopes—inspiring with a calm, unshaken trust and confidence in that Father, who is a loving Friend *alike to all*, and by divinest means outworks man's highest, noblest destiny. But when there is a deficiency of true moral principle—where a soul has directed its energies to the developement of the spiritual and divine faculties, by exercising a wholesome and judicious restraint over the lower nature, we would acknowledge the benefits of Mr. Newton's theory. And many such spirits there are in the earth-life who, too weak morally to restrain themselves, need such a mind as Mr. Newton's to lean upon; but when they have outlived these weaknesses and imperfections incident to present conditions, they will soar to a higher plane, where the law of force and restraint will give place to the law of love and obedience. We honor Bro. N.'s bold and fearless advocacy of what he *thinks* to be right. We look upon him as one calculated to do a vast amount of good, and can glide over his seeming want of liberality, as attributable to his peculiar organization, physically and mentally.—United with an ardent love of reform, Mr. N. manifests much spirit in his undertakings and in times past, his teachings given with an air of deep sincerity, have served to do much to lead us from darkness to light; but we would love to find more of the spirit of toleration—more of the spirit of love—more of the spirit of world-wide benevolence among those professed Spiritualists who engage in public discussions on the great questions which are exciting the attention of the people. We refer to the tone and manner with which Dr. Child's sentiments are met in the Boston Conferences. Yours for the cause of

Truth and Justice,
M. J. W.

SPIRITUALISM.

From the commencement of the world you may trace the foundation of spiritualism. During many ages, and in many different countries, it has flourished in the dark periods of antiquity; when literature was in a low state, and the rude manners of our forefathers withheld from them that knowledge you now so amply share, spiritualism diffused its influence. It is a belief confined to no particular countries, but diffused over the whole terrestrial globe. Wherever religion has prevailed, many persons are deluded by this vague supposition, that spiritualism is merely nominal; that the belief among them was frivolous, and that their ceremonies might be adapted or waived at pleasure. On this false foundation you have found them hurrying to get intelligence, without adverting to the propriety of one step they pursue, or possessing a single qualification requisite for progression. Spiritualism is equally useful and extensive. In every act there is a mystery which requires a gradual progression of knowledge to arrive at any degree of perfection in it, without much instruction and exercise. No man can be skillful in any subject, in like manner, without an assiduous application to the various subjects spoken of by trance-lecturers on spiritualism. There are not many persons acquainted with its true value. It must not, however, be inferred from this remark, that all persons can see and believe alike; some are more able than others, some more eminent, some more useful, yet all in their different spheres may prove advantageous to the community. As the nature of every man's progression will not admit of that leisure which is necessary to qualify them to become lecturers, it is highly proper that lecturers who are convened for a wise and useful purpose, that they are to impress love and reverence on the mind, and engage their hearers' attention, by proving that some departed spirit is exhorting; and also the duties which have been communicated through the lecturer, avoiding upon every occasion, wrangling and slandering and backbiting, and never listen to hear others slander honest men, but defend their characters, and try to impress them as far as may be consistent with your influence and love and duty, as all true spiritualists have done from the beginning of the world, and will do to the end of time.

By the departed spirits we are taught to regard the whole human species as one family; the high and the low, the rich and poor, who are created by one almighty parent, and inhabitants of the same sphere, and to aid and protect each other on the principle of spiritualism. It shields and defends you from the evil of your enemies, that otherwise have remained in ignorance of spiritual existence, and support you under the trials and afflictions you are destined to endure while travelling through the vale of tears.

Man that is born of woman is of few days, and full of troubles. When you take a survey of nature, you view man in his infancy, more helpless and indigent than the brute creation; he lies languishing for days, months, and years, totally incapable of providing sustenance for himself, or guarding against the attacks of the wild beasts of the field, or sheltering himself from the inclemencies of the weather. It must have pleased the great author of Heaven and Earth to have made man independent of all other bearings; but as dependence is one of the strongest bounties of society, mankind were made dependent on each other for protection and security, as they thereby enjoy better opportunities of fulfilling their duties of reciprocal love and friendship. Thus was man formed for social and active life, the noblest part of the works of God, and he that will so demean himself as not to be endeavoring to add to the common stock of knowledge and understanding, may be deemed a useless man to society, and unworthy of your love and protection as a spiritual brother.

F. L. M.

☞ It may not be generally known that the great English Engineer, ROBERT STEPHENSON, was a fully confirmed Spiritualist. The following articles in relation to him we take, respectively, from the British Spiritual Telegraph, and "Once a Week:"—

ROBERT STEPHENSON.

The death of this great Engineer, and good man, took place on the 11th October last, and the ordinary notices which have appeared in every section of the press are the highest tribute which could be paid to his laborious, honest, and simple life. His genius shines all the brighter, for his broad and genial English character, and the truth which was alone his guiding star. The world should know that some years before his death he investigated to satisfactory proof, the phenomena of Spiritualism, and that he freely acknowledged their reality. His was no mind to shrink from any fact however startling, and he was quite satisfied in such a matter to part company with those who practically set themselves above the laws of life, by denying all facts which they cannot account for.

May his example be followed by others with as great and simple hearts.

This is what "Once a Week" says of him:

"In society he was simply charming and fascinating in the highest degree, from his natural goodness of heart, and the genial zest with which he relished life himself, and participated in its enjoyment with others. He was generous, and even princely, in his expenditure—not upon himself but on his friends—and his love of the English pastime of yatching amounted almost to a passion. On board the Titania, or at his house in Gloucester square, his frequent and numerous guests found his splendid resources at all times converted to their gratification with a grace of hospitality which, although sedulous, was never oppressive. There was nothing of the patron in his manner, or of the Olympic condescension which is sometimes affected by much lesser men. A friend (and how many friends he had!) was at once his equal, and treated with republican freedom, yet with the most high-bred courtesy and gentle considerateness. We may doubt whether any of the reception-houses of our aristocracy ever afforded more delightful gatherings than those with which Stephenson's expansive tastes surrounded him in his home. Men of science, letters, art, great travellers, engineers, young and old of both sexes, and of varied accomplishments, gave to his reunions a completeness, the more striking that it never seemed to be anxiously aimed at. Surrounded by his choice collection of modern works of art, or explaining his philosophical apparatus, or battling some scientific thesis, or exchanging some sprightly banter in a social circle, the image of Robert Stephenson will rise up before his friends as a pillar bearing the record of some of their happiest hours. What a favorite he was with all, especially with women and young persons! No one who enjoyed his intimacy can forget the easy and familiar manner in which he was accustomed to enlarge on interesting but abstruse points of natural philosophy But to ladies, and the young especially, he made a point of explaining everything with more than usual care and definiteness, never quitting the subject until he was satisfied that he had been perfectly understood."

NO DIFFERENCE.—A certain deacon, called Higley, used to trade horses at the Berkshire cattle market. Stirred up by the preaching of his minister, he, one Sunday afternoon, "after meetin'," thus communicated to one Brown, a brother of the church and of the craft: "You don't s'pose, brother Brown," he argued, "you don't s'pose them little stories—sort o' lies like—that you and I tell in the way o' trade will be reckoned agin' us in the day o' judgment? Circumstanced as we are, we can't help it, you know. I don't s'pose it make no difference in the sight o' the Lord, long's the heart's all right brother Brown." And the brother went home comforted.

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DHOULA BEL:

—OR THE—

MAGIC GLOBE.

BY THE ROSICRUCIAN.

BOOK FIRST.

[CONTINUED.]

"One earth in particular is infested with the Vices and Shadows, and this is the one called Adam's Earth. It is there that the greatest havoc has been done, the greatest mischief perpetrated, and the most unjust advantage taken by the powers of the Shade; and this must no longer be endured by them, the victims, nor permitted by us. Give thy counsel, O! ye Powers; and say what course our combined wisdom shall persue; whether it shall be open war, or by subtly sapping the strongholds of the enemy of man, of the Hosts here present, and of myself thy Lord and chosen chief and counsellor!"

The melodious voice ceased to sound, and for awhile all was still and silent as the mighty vault itself; but after a time spake Albeder, the potent seraph of the Prosepii, saying, "War, O! ye Powers, is ever to be dreaded, and avoided. Not because of scars and wounds, for we are, unlike mankind, invulnerable, nor doth our warfare at all resemble theirs; but because it destroys the memory of the happy and the innocent days gone by. War ravages the soul, warps the conscience, and ruins the peace of all who possess the attribute of Mind; it levels arsaphs to seraphs, seraphs to angels, angels to spirits, spirits to men, and men to the brutes beasts, which roam through the fields and forests of yonder blood-stained, sin-blighted earth; and yet, my counsel is for War, in the present case—the existing crisis—war, open war, against the destroyers of the hopes and happiness of human kind!"

He ceased, and the leader of the Hosts of the Neridii stood forth in the van of the mighty army, and this is what the double-winged Arch-angel said, even as it came to me at the Silent Hour. "There are no gods in being—but God, yet all are gods who exist above matter, and all are God, for God is Power, and we and all things else are, both the elements and the subject of that power, increasing it ever, unfolding and displaying it continually, and yielding obedient homage to it world and world-ages endless, for *Its Wisdom is ever true*! It has been proclaimed as something exceedingly to be regretted that our realms have once more been invaded. What else could we expect? hath not all things equal affinities to good and its opposite, or rather to the Perfect and the Imperfect?

"Doth not the everchanging pendulum swing between the opposite extremes of the boundless and immeasurable *Univercœlum*? Why then should the proposed foray be made? That which is called Eris will but triumph for a while, and the pendulum will swing back again, and Truth and Goodness triumph and be victorious in their turn! No! I oppose the movement, and my motto, and my voice are *Peace*! believing as I do, that evil is best overcome, not with good, certainly and always, but simply offering it nothing to feed upon, and suffering it hydra-like to bite and sting itself to death. Otherwise it may be overcome by Good, and goodness engages in no strife whatever, for its own resignation to destiny and fate, and to what the Hours shall bring, is its most potent weapon. Enter we upon this contemplated enterprise, and the whole heaven will be lighted up with the blaze of battle; every fiend in existence will sally forth to attack us, by attacking the human worlds; and Man, placed between two such mighty and contending forces, must of necessity be severely injured in his dearest interests, for although retrogression absolute, is utterly impossible, and will be during the combat, which must last for ages, yet he must go alone through the Valley unguided, uncheered by the monitory music of the starry skies—the sweet sounding voices of the angel virtues—the ever blessed music of the spheres! Nor can he go forward; and thus in inanition he will lose the light of the shining sun—the benefit of the passing time; and when at last Peace shall be restored, and he shall begin to look about him for the evidences of his own advancement, he will find them not, because they have no existence. He will find that instead of having moved forward in a strait line toward the goal of happiness, he has moved obliquely or else not at all, and that he must retrace his steps, and start anew from the point where his long night of inactivity begun; that is to say, he must make ample amends for the time lost by inaction. It is right that such should be the case. The law by which all finite minds exist, declares that each moment must be improved, and a positive benefit be obtained therein, otherwise life is a vanity. Therefore I propose that man be left totally unhelped, to conduct himself as best he may, feeling perfectly confident that he will not fail to discover, through suffering and disaster, wherein his truest interest lies, and grow stronger from the combats. He will fight bravely for the Right against the Wrong, when by sad experience he shall have discovered his errors, and fighting, will most assuredly triumph, and come forth decked with garlands, and crowned with wreaths of victory, placed on his brow by angel-virtued hands.

"No! I repeat, leave man to himself; it will be better for him in the end! Antagonism will serve to develope his character, and when he awakes from his stupid dreams, as he assuredly must in time, he will feel emboldened to oppose himself singly against every obstacle that bars his progress or obstructs his path either onward, upward or Heavenward; and so there is no difficulty to him who *truly* wills, triumphant must he be in the end, and all the more joyous from his then consciousness that though all heaven beheld his struggles, yet that he conducted his own warfare, and achieved the thrice glorious victory!"

The speaker then, methought retired; and it was plain that a vast majority of the host coincided with his ideas and views.—There was a force and life in what he said that carried conviction to the hearts of many, and raised serious doubts in the minds of others. Eloquence, whether in Heaven, Earth or Hades is a *positive* power, and none but great souls can use it to advantage. But there are two kinds of eloquence, just as there are opposites in all else that hath a being either moral, mental or material. The one kind springs from its own deep well in the soul itself, and the other from the head—the brain—the knowing and reasoning faculties, when trained to the work; one is created at will, the other is always spontaneous, and both are alike potent when wielded by a master. The one is Nature, the other Art; and of the latter order was the speech of the last speaker.

As soon as silence was again restored, another bright one whose brows were crowned by a silver-haloed diadem, and whose face beamed with a radiant and celestial light, and whose eyes shone with a holy fire, like unto that which fell on the morning of creation from the blazing throne of Matter's supreme Lord—this glorious being, whose flowing white robes even seemed to be alive and instinct with emotion imparted unto them from the overflowing soul of spirit they arrayed, approached the front rank of the semi-circle which the blessed persons formed and as he did so he greeted the assembled hosts with a smile so benignant, so sweet, so like a God, that all hearts spontaneously clasped him, as it were, in the embrace of admiration, friendship and love. "There are two principles," he said, in a voice, whose delicious melody sunk into the souls of his hearers, as doth water into the sun-parched sands of Africa; "there are I repeat, two principles in the Universe which we inhabit, widely different in their natures, and diverse, as well as diversified in their action. These two principles are by men called "good and evil," for want of better and more expressive terms. Both these are essential to the well being of all existence, in a *certain series of senses*, and both are incarnate, not in a single, but in a vast multitude of forms, things and beings. Time hath always been, and can never cease to be; it, and consciousness are coeval, and co-equal, and good and evil are states and conditions; the first is the positive in the Universe, the latter the negative; yet over the dull, set minds of earth, evil assumes a positive sway and control, to overcome which, we are this day assembled to devise the proper means. There is one power in Being, central and omnipotent, mysterious alike to the gods and to mortals, which governs secretly, and which guides and directs the whole. Yet beneath this stupendous Power, good hath its centres, and so hath evil, and both are united together by a mystic link. While the evil exists, good must be ever active in its desperate endeavor to annihilate its stubborn and relentless foe until God Supreme shall declare the combat at end. But as the Universe is at present, good could not exist without the power to demonstrate itself, and its nature, nor could this be done without the existence of evil, or that by which its manifestation must be made. Opposites must exist as long as the present order of things hath a being. There must be contrasts, else nothing could be perfect or perfected; there must be movement, action and reaction, else chaos would come again—if chaos ever had a being or result if it never had. Therefore evil must subsist to afford scope and field for the operations of its antagonist. All growth results from the jarring of atoms—the rubbing of monads—the attrition of particles, and this in every department of the entirety of creation.—Hence, every occasion that presents itself for action must be embraced, to defeat Ill, and build up the citadel of Goodness; for without motion, stagnation ensues, and stagnation is death, or darkness which is opposed to light, and in the moral sense is evil—therefore to be overcome! Evil triumphs unless Good oppose it, and Death reigns supreme. When Good moves, negation is restrained, and an increase of power, and therefore of joyousness inures to those who put forth their might in the contest for the Truth. What the result will eventually be, all may hope, but no power of imagination can picture or prophecy foretell. But that evil appears gradually to change its nature is indisputable.—So that precisely the same conditions of things which are now called evil, may, ten thousand years ago, have been justly termed the very quintessence of good, for the reason that the knowing and appreciating capacity of all who observed in the two epochs might with truth be represented comparatively as minus and plus, or as a positive quantity to a comparative point.—Morever that which is now really and justly styled good, suppose it remain *in statu quo* for an equal period of time in the approaching future, and then be compared to, and by the standard of goodness then developed and existing, would and could not fail to be regarded and considered as the very essence of badness, darkness, imperfection and consequently evil; because ideas of good *now*, and good *then*, would have changed, and the difference between the respective standards be almost infinite, and fully equal to the status of the arch-seraphic hosts, compared to that of the cannibal hordes of earth, or in one word, as that between man as he IS, and is to BE!

"In the deep solitudes of Existence—in the pulsating heart of the Arch-Infinitude dwelleth an ESSENCE OF PERFECTION central to The Whole. What this essence is—how or where it reposeth—how it maintaineth its stupendous energy, none, not even the gods of Walhalla know. Only this can they appreciate, namely: that to all movement there is a FURTHER STILL; to all progression, a limitless field ahead, and outlying on EVERY SIDE, above, around, beneath, within; to every atom, and unit, an infinite possibility of expansion, perfection and increase. This they know; but of the CENTRE whence it floweth, know they not. Incarnate minds know that every Universe of Matter will gradually refine away, until they all become pure spirit, and substances now known, cease to have a being. Still more potent intellects perceive that rest is not yet; but that Spirit refines way in *its* turn—that there is another state, stage, and mode of existence. Yet search deeply into the heart of all that is, until myriads of conditions have been revealed during the investigations of myriads of epochs, and yet the GREAT MYSTERY is as unsolved as ever! Take a single earth for instance. Take from that earth, as its representative, a stone. Break that stone to pieces—reduce it to dust—apply chemical solvents, and try by every means to obtain a knowledge of its primal elements—its nature. You reduce it to an impalpable powder, in the hope to find a single atom not composed of a vast multiplicity of other atoms; and the result will be that all Nature will laugh at your absurd folly in attempting to penetrate her secret. She is the hand-maiden of the Eternal God, and *will not* reveal her sacred trust! Each particle is in itself a mountain of other particles, forever and forever, and its centre cannot be reached! Take the powdered stone and change it into gas.—'And I have it now,' exclaims the enthusiastic chemist, 'all matter is gas solidified' He feels satisfied, and for awhile rests in triumphant conceit, until he makes the inevitable discovery that nothing exists in a simple or single state, and that all things are but compounds of remote elements, substances and principles, which are in themselves compounds—many of them of so mysterious a nature as to defy the utmost power and skill of material and spiritual beings to penetrate, discover, lay bare or comprehend. They may, and do discover the truth that Spirit is not Matter nor Matter Spirit, as these terms are generally understood; and find out that the latter can exist alone, but not so the former; they may learn that in quantity, as well as quality, the last excels and exceeds the first; hence, that it draws all matter to itself, and that all the material universe is, and ever hath been, as it will continue to be immersed in a grand and stupendous SPIRITUAL BATH!

"Finite minds may realize the fact that all motion, all movement, progress and advancement results from and is the consequence of the struggle of Spirit to escape from its bonds and be free; that is to say the finer revolts from the association with the gross, and longs to join its kind—or that which already hath achieved its sublimation, it longs to join and mingle with that great ocean to which it feels itself nearest akin! The question will naturally be asked "If all matter is spirit, whence the hated thralldom from which it seeks escape; it seems that there can be no thralldom where all is alike, in all respects, all one nature and spirit.' This is a very specious objection, and may be replied to thus: The granite rock is matter, so is a cork tree, so is water, so is gas, and magnetod, and the luminiferous ether; yet their qualities differ ten million degrees.—All these are spirit; yet the quality of the lower necessarily differs in a thousand respects from the higher and most high, by which is meant the most rarefied and sublimated. And that which is most refined feels itself attracted—most strangely attracted by and to the infinite sea of spirit, in the which all things are suspended, and that as the pressure without is removed by the flight upward of rarefied particles, the rest beneath, whose action had thereunto been impeded, finds relief and thenceforth struggles harder to join its beatified relations—the spiritual atoms in the vaults of space. As spiritual particles escape, they add to the attractive force of the great ocean without, and thereby help assist and labor in the work of Progression. It is a law which should ever be, but that is not always strictly obeyed, that the higher should help the lower; eventually this *must* be the case; and hence O! ye Powers, we are called upon to help man in his struggle for the True Life and to arouse him to a sense of what befits him by the virtue of his nature. We *must* do our duty by him, even if we are compelled to declare war against the whole power of the Shadow!"

The blessed one ceased to speak and it was clearly to be seen that he had also made a great impression on the minds of all who constituted the vast audience; and as before, some moments were consumed in conversation conducted with serious countenances and in whispers next to silence itself. But soon was heard a sweet voice from the blazing throne of Aloyone. It was that of the invisible one who sat behind the mystic veil; it was the mighty monarch of the Light who spoke, and the host bent their heads and listened while he said: "Assembled Powers, hearken unto the counsels of Wisdom, and decide ye quickly the course ye will persue. The Material Universe, ye have truly said is a vast domain exceeding the power of all save the creative Mind to even imagine matter or substance is the negative condition of spirit, and is an existence of degrees, being of and in itself positive, negative, coarse, fine, compact, sublimated, rarified and dense. The intercommingling of corresponding super-substantial or spiritual essences, constitutes the wonderful variety of Material forms and of Matter, as ye are all aware. Man is a high development of Matter, which in him loses the negative, and begins to enter on its positive plane of being. His soul is clogged and its upward action impeded by the low and gross; nor can his spirit act in accordance with even his own highest and most noble ideas and conceptions. It hath been truly said today in council, that we are bound by every tie and incentive to lend him our aid in order that he may triumphantly emerge from out the dense darkness which envelopes his soul, impedes the heaven-ray, and environs him on every side, and thus be enabled to throw his moral weight in the scale of the good and true against the false and ill, thereby assisting, not only himself, but paving the upward way by kind deeds for the future generation to tread, on their road from Better to Best; also that he may overcome the Power of the Shadow, establish the reign of Right forever, become a true child of Goodness, and a never ceasing toiler for the glory of *Excellence*. Hie ye down to earth, therefore, O! ye Powers, and sing a new song in the ears of the deaf multitude, open the eyes of the blinded myriads. Open the gates of Heaven and let the brightly glowing waters of Life, and Health and Truth, flow over the desolated and barren fields of the human world, that ye may hasten man's emancipation from all that has enthralled, or degraded him, or that can degrade. Arm! arm yourselves for the battle, because fierce will be the contest. Let a drama be enacted on the stage of Human Life, and let mankind see therein plainly a few of the hidden snares and mysteries which surround him. Teach him the terrible lesson contained in words, and learn him somewhat of the nature of Mystery and Being!—Teach him to ever remember that there are two points possible for him to reach, even while encased, and shrouded with flesh and blood! Demonstrate to him that he may go forward and become an angel of Goodness, or backwards, and sink into a turbid and troubled sea of Being, and becoming baptized in its unholy waters, have his nature changed, and from humanity become transformed into that most horrible condition, a Vampyre, from which he cannot escape until his soul shall have been singed by a fire whose every spark is a flaming Hell, ten thousand times more terrible than the most vivid dreams of madman, or of flame-brained poet! Teach him how it may be possible for him to remain in that terrible condition for untold centuries, living for Destruction's sake only, feeding on the heart-strings of the Creator's children, and desecrating the all that is holiest and purest of the Maker's gifts; but only at his own cost of agony, pain and woe.—Teach him that whosoever shall voluntarily become a Vampyre, must, unless sooner relieved by the Beneficent One, remain so till the Universe in which he lives shall have completed its Cycle, fulfilled its mission, and shall have rendered up all its matter, and transformed it into Pure Spirit; and we, and your governing mind centerstance and most glowing one, shall obey the mandate of the Great Supreme, and ascend to and mingle with the fourth State—becoming to spirit, what spirit is to matter now—its supernal sublimation!

"When ye repair to the work assigned you, fail not to impress in deep, yet gentle guise, the great truth, that to be a Vampyre is to dwell in the midst of Hell—a hell which burns in the heart and spirit, which scorches and consumes the soul, yet bids an eternal defiance to death, and which is utterly quenchless until God himself shall overflow his being with the cooling waters of Mercy, and heal the spirit with His precious balm of Love. Teach erring man that the Vampyre can never successfully repent; for to become one is to commit the 'unpardonable sin' and enter a perdition from which 'there is no escape' until the uttermost farthing is paid; for the Vampyre cannot pray—he is a suicide who cannot die—a murderer who must ever be present with the ghostly shadows of his awful crime. He is a sinner against his will, who is all the more tortured and punished on that account, because the first dread step is voluntary, and all the rest are the consequences most dire. There is no excuse for him. No one ever became such without three, and frequently three hundred warnings, ere he plunged into the gulf of horror and despair. Let man know that the Vampyre feeds upon his own vitals, and that the repast of horror only sharpens his appetite for the sweet life essence of those who surround him, and what the Light creates, the Shadow alienates—that the Vampyre actually destroys that wondrous Essence, Soul! I commission ye to go to Earth, and select persons there for your purposes, and the better to succeed, ye may assume the forms of the demons whose power ye seek to destroy. Select a youth and do with him as ye will, to further your great and righteous cause, and remember that we, here in Aidenn, cannot rest in quietude while the Third Power of the Universe remains unchecked. Go down, therefore, help man to break his chains, subdue the Power of the Shadow, chain the destinies of evil, and restore the balance of the Universe. Away, then, thou Potencies, and hie ye to the great and mighty Work!"

"The voice ceased. The Host separated and dispersed. The Record was kept; a transcript was made. You, woman, are one of the instruments selected to act a part in the great mystic Drama. The Power that places this manuscript on your table, is also one of the actors, who hereafter, as before, shall only be known to you as your friend, THE STRANGER."

CHAPTER III.

Long sat the woman Flora, deeply pondering the mystic writing she had just perused. The signature was that of one whom she knew, but whether of this world or not was a mystery she had never been fully able to solve. That there was a deeper significance to the writing than appeared upon the surface, she instinctively perceived, and that in some mysterious way she was interested in it was also plain to her mind, but how or why she could not divine. "This writing" said she, half aloud, "means more than its words import. It speaks of three worlds, and of no less than four separate and distinct modes of being:—it speaks of a Power of the Light; a Power of the Shadow, Human State, and Vampyral conditions; yet why am I informed of these mysteries? Surely those awful beings of whom Saint Paul speaks—'Princes, Potentates and Powers of this Aerial Kingdoms,' can have nothing in common with a poor and lonely woman like myself,—and yet why not? Are we not told in that wonderful and mystical Book—that the weak things of this earth are sometimes chosen as instruments in the hands of the mighty, to confound the wise, and effect the will of the Ruling Powers of the blue Empyrean. We are: and it may be that the long dream of my life—a strange 'weird life it has been,—is about to culminate in wondrous waking. Why not? Who can tell? Riches, power, fame, position, all, all go for nothing in the currency of souls—then why may not I be an agent in bringing to life those magical truths alluded to in this paper.—What! gone? Surely I laid it down here upon the table but a moment ago. And now—where is it?"

The roll of paper had disappeard!

Another hour passed away, and the woman, having replaced the little table whence shortly before she had taken it, was now,

as previous to the reading of the strange manuscript, eagerly walking up and down the floor of her little chamber. Had such miracles as those connected with the appearance and disappearance of the roll of paper occurred in presence of almost any person, the probability is that extreme fright and terror would have been the consequence. It was not so in this case, for the woman Flora was moulded as but few human beings are, and things that would appal most persons, seemed to merely stimulate her to greater exertions to find the Reason Why. And now she seemed lost to all eternal things, and to be mentally striving to solve the problem, as her feet rapidly measured the little chamber in the house No. 70 Canal street, New York. Suddenly her steps were arrested, as her eye caught the form of her infant as it lay wrapt in sleep,—the sweet delicious, balmy sleep of innocence—a kind of repose seldom enjoyed after the first decade of earthly life.

Sadly, mournfully she gazed upon the babe, and as she did so, a crowd of memories rushed upon her; the faces of the dead and gone were around her once more; the old familiar tones once more sounded in her willing ear, the phantoms of sunny hours in the bygone came trooping past, the bitter parting scenes of life's drama, were again re-enacted; the last farewell was once more spoken, and then the ghosts of long years of anguish blight and sorrow flitted by, and Flora was again in the Present, but not the happy Flora of yore, oh no; it was a sorrow laden mourner who stood by that bedside; and a large tear was trickling down each cheek as she stood, and her bosom heaved, as if it were struggling to let the prisoner heart go free!

A gleesome sound suddenly escaped the lips of the unconcious babe, and it rung out on the stillness of the air, so clearly and so joyously that it at once prevented the mother from relapsing into another reverie, and called her attention so peremptorily, that she approached the bedside, leaned over it, and placing her soft and delicate hand upon the child's forehead, gently smoothed its glossy curls, murmuring the while "sleep on, poor babe, sleep on! Thou art happy now, God be thanked! May'st thou ever be; but whether 'tis so ordained is only known to Him, and—the *other!*"

As she gave utterance to the last sentence, in a sort of half whisper, a shiver ran over her; she stood a moment, and again shuddered, and long before it subsided, a long, deep-drawn sigh, as if from a heart whose last chord was breaking beneath its weight of anguish and grief, broke upon the momentary silence of the chamber.

It was not the mother who sighed, nor was it the slumbering child!

Reader, have ye never in the stillness of reverie been disturbed by an audible voice when not a human form was near? Have ye never in the crowded streets of the mighty city, in the hum of busy life, in the broad green fields or forest glade, been suddenly startled by hearing your name called in the old familiar tone of some one, whose fleshly tabernacle you had seen quietly inurned lang syne? If you have, then you know that all the reasoning in the world could not convince you that you had not heard *a* voice, nor could all the philosophers in the world convince you *what* the voice was or whence it came—nor would you for all the world have had it explained away or even accounted for, such a delicious garment is the mantle of Mystery—so eagerly do we seize on every twig whose roots grow in lands beyond our mortal ken!—Exactly this, was the feeling of the woman Flora, when the first low, sibillation struck upon her ear.

Slowly, with palpitating heart, but firm step she retreated backward from the bed, all the while keeping her face turned toward that side of the room whence the sound appeared to come. The operations of the mind are often electric in their rapidity; occasionally the intellect proceeds to its goal by flying leaps instead of the usual pace. Nearly every person has proved this in the experience of life. There are frequently periods—scarcely ever exceeding ten seconds, just after a deep sleep, and before we are fully awake, when the mind seems "clear as a bell" and frequently accomplishes at a single bound, work, that under ordinary circumstances in our daily leaden life would require long and tedious hours to perform. Apparently something of this kind happened to Flora, for scarcely five steps had been taken, ere she appeared to comprehend the mystery, for she instantly threw back her long, dark, glossy ringlets, fell on her knees in the middle of the floor, buried her tear-damp face in her hands, and softly murmured forth the strange words, "Yes: Even now. I am ready Lord!" What meant these words? What "Lord," did she mean?

Reader, not a human being, save that mother and her child was in that room.—Not another human being was beneath the roof-tree of that lonely mansion; and at that hour, on such a dreadful night—for it will be remembered that it was a tempestuous one—when the elements appeared to vie with each other in malice, strength and vindictive fury—each triumphing by turns—on such a night no human foot trod the pavements of that wide, desolate street, for the Storm King held high wassail, and all the bleak winds danced madly in that tempestuous revel!

The snow and sleet lay thick upon the surface of the earth, and whirled in ever-changing eddies in the atmosphere, driven by fitful gusts of wind as they roared and swept in raging mirth around the sharp corners of the cross streets.

It was the birth-night of a hurricane, and all the blasts were celebrating the event!

Dreadful night! Even red-handed Crime, frightened by the mad uproar, shrank from facing the wild Bacchanal. It was such a night when wierd and troubled ghosts, and the spectral armies of the damned quit their torment and take an airing in this world. It was a night, such as would have been chosen by the infernal congress—not that of the United States,—to hold its sessions to decide what action to pursue against the world and man. The gale was at its height, and the icy rain, and fitful gusts of the tempests played a terrible yet sublime music, and performed a fitting requiem over the starving and the starved! The chill blast, as it beat against the solid walls, and whistled round sharp angles, sounded the not unwelcome death-knell of many a son and daughter of Poverty, and ill-requited toil, at the same moment that the rich and lordly ones of that same city lay sweltering beneath costly and heavy loads of covering, in apartments rendered tropical by fuel bought with money—that tyrant and demi-god of civilization—wrung with merciless gripe from men and women, who, for the privilege of existing—for you cannot call it living—on this earth are compelled to pay a fearful price, and to do that which makes my heart, yea, and all other true *human* hearts ache to even distantly contemplate. What mean you?

I will explain. Look around you sir: Look around you woman, and your eye will rest on teeming multitudes who are compelled to crime by Poverty? Thousands are compelled to what is even *worse* than crime itself—for sin may be forgiven by God and Man—the penalty may be suffered, and thus atonement be made, but men and women, all around you Sir, all around you Madame, are obliged to live a lie, to themselves, to you, to all, by being forced to cringe and supplicate, to bend the knee to Baal and do homage at his shrine; and this is much worse than a deal of what the social world calls crime.

To illustrate: A man born under unfavorable circumstances,—say in poverty and of parents physically and morally unhealthy, will probably find himself the possessor of a predisposition toward offending against the established order and current social usage. He will probably find himself with a mind, body and general make-up not sufficiently strong to keep him safe amidst temptations. He may not have intellect enough to understand himself—indeed few of us have,—or to give proper direction to the faculties within him—not enough to carry him honestly through life's battle. In short he is one in whom Impulse reigns sole monarch, Reason being a mere vassal. Such an one is ever to be pitied, seldom condemned,—indeed never, unless the pleadings of Nature in his behalf are taken into the account. He had no voice in his creation—no hand in his making up, and we who reason, should look at the circumstances as well as at the crime. Does such a man drink the liquid fire, doled out to him at three-pence the glass, by *christian* dealers, who say long prayers regularly when Sunday comes around; and who, until the next praying season returns, dispense fluid damnation in exchange for solid pennies; does the wretch—fired up by Hell's enginery, brawl, fight, destroy the peace, where lays the blame? On him of course, says the law. "It's a lie," says every honest thinker. "The real criminal is your christian civilizee, not your brutal barbarian!" And the honest thinker is more than four fifths right. Most low and uncultivated men are like silver fish, in the limpid waters—they would never think of biting at a bare hook, but *will* when it is baited, although they know the hook is there; for have they not seen other fish caught? have not their own gills been pricked and lacerated by the hook? Certainly! Why then do they bite? Because the temptation is stronger than the sense of danger? "Ye are fishers of men," rang out from clarion lips, on the shores of Galilee. Ye are fishers of men from bad to better. Now the low man-fishers would never bite at what hangs from the end of an oath-held line—would never snap at the lure, were not a bait set, a snare laid for him, whose glitter is like the attractive candle to the moth—all too bright, powerful and tempting for their feeble powers of resistance. Pity the weak—censure the wicked who are strong. There is another class of circumstances whose results are worse than ever sprung from even such conditions as just glanced at. These are, when men of higher nature than such as naturally gravitate to bar-rooms,—man, naturally superior, noble, good, warm-hearted and true, and with him woman—gentle, tender loving woman, are by poverty—penury—want, compelled to say "master" by act, if not word, to some "wealthy employers" forced to keep down the swelling heart,—to put iron chains on manly feelings;—to feel the heart breaking, yet be forced to wear a smile while pouring hatred libations at the foot of the throne whereon sits the Mighty Dagon—the object of universal adoration, the Golden God!

Ever since the children of Israel borrowed and stole their neighbors' jewelry, and with their own melted it up and achieved thereof a metallic idol—ever since that day, I repeat, that same idol has stood immovable; not for one single day has mankind ceased to acknowledge and do homage at the glittering shrine; and while displaying its banners, singing its praises, and pointing to its proud escutcheon, they have never ceased to cry "These be thy Gods, O Israel! These be thy Gods, O world!" From the day that that golden calf was set up, neither the Jews, nor any other people ever practically returned to the worship of any other Deity. The Jews have really recognized none other than the original one set up when Moses went bushranging. Pertinaciously have they clung to it through all the centuries, and their lead has been followed by every other people on the earth, all of whom have vied with each other as to which should offer the most acceptable sacrifices to its altars. Whole Nations have at times been the immolated victims, and even now in this summit of the ages, young Freedom offers old Africa to the fagot, lash and knife, as an acceptable holocaust to the grim god—all over the shores and fertile fields where the bald eagle has his home, and Christianity, Liberty, and Art have found congenial soil. All the nations strive to see which can best desecrate the altar of the Calf—which can festoon it the greatest number of bleeding, dangling, dripping hearts, and eyeless skulls; they have striven to see which could keep the tide of human blood, which forms the lake about its throne, at highest flood. So hath it been; so is it still.

To be compelled, then, in a world like this—that might be made a happy home for all, to bend the knee to the servitors of Baal; to bow to wealthy stupidity, because of its wealth—stupidity all the denser because of the moral light around it—to be forced by sheer want, to cringe to wretches clothed in fine linen and purple—to be driven by the stinging, galling, soul-scarring whip-lash of Poverty, to do the bidding of some money lord, whose only sign of manhood is the form he wears and disgraces, is indeed an evil, which because of its universality, overtops crime itself.—Crime—overt acts against the peace, is—notwithstanding its frequency—after all exceptional. Crime crushes a few, poverty breaks the hearts of millions, not, perhaps in itself, but by means of the black host that ever follows in its train. Murder is a great evil, to killer and killed; yet after all few men commit it, save in the heat of anger, and this is frequently a form of insanity—congenital or hereditary, resulting from bad conditions precedent, and worse, subsequent to birth. We are, and very properly, too, shocked at a solitary homicide; but the very heart turns sick at the spectacle of human beings bent, bruised, crushed, beneath the ponderous wheels of the civilized, silver-wheeled, gold-canopied, jewel-crested Juggernaut—the modern Moloch to whom the people bow, and whose high-priests harangue the multitudes daily, taking texts from the Bank Book and the Ledger. Industrious, eloquent preachers! ye have convinced the world most thoroughly, that not Mind but Money makes the man!

Some few of us, here and there a man and woman, cannot worship at this God's Shrine. We cannot do it conscientiously while our eyes behold the vital spark fretted and crushed out day after day by Mammon's patent presses; we prefer being unhappy by sympathy with those who are daily sinking beneath wrong and indignities that attend the beldame Poverty!—Death itself is preferable to an existence thus conditioned and thus curtailed of its best part; and thus has been defined what was meant by "Worse than Crime."

Whence came the strange low sigh that Flora heard? Eagerly she listened for a repetition of the sigh, but for a time in vain. Nothing but the stifled breathing of the mother, and an occasional chuckle from the child, could for a while be heard.

It has already been stated that Flora was one of those rare beings who seem to live a double life, one here on earth, the other in a region deeply mysterious, yet not here. As we have seen, she was much given to abstraction and a deep reverie, during which she did not appear to be dreaming, as is usually the case, with persons of a somnific temperament. On the contrary she appeared at such times to be living and acting a life far more real and moving than any she experienced when under the sole dominion of what are called the "waking faculties." Into such a reverie we have once beheld her pass, and now, again, even under the extraordinary circumstances we have depicted—and which would have kept most persons active with terror, she again relapsed. No longer was her soul present with her body, but away on Fancy's swift pinions it flew, until all the world was left behind, nor stayed it, till arrested by the massive gloomy door at the hither end of the long dark-arched bridge, one of whose abutments rest upon the grey banks of Time, the other on the mysterious beyond.

Philosophers tell us that Dream life and Reverie are but figmentary pictures *of the unreal.* Strange paradox! Sapient philosophers! Just as if there could possibly be any picture of that which had no sort of actual existence. For myself I know that the inner and upper life, with all its wonderful transmutations, and its miraculous phantasmagory is far more objective and actual than much of this dull earthsomeness. How do I know, how can these would-be philosophers *know* that in dream and reverie the *Ego*, the thinking, acting *me*, of the species, is not mingling with actualities, beholding realities, and experiencing glimpses of other states of being unlike yet measurably resembling our own? Certain it is that impressions are made upon our souls while bathing in the Dream Sea, far more permanent and ineffaceable than a year of wakeful experience.

And she was stopped in her flight by the door of a bridge. And the bridge spanned a Mystery, and from the mystery rose thick, dense, convolving chords of darkness. And her soul stood gazing at the bridge, and at the darkness, and she saw by the light beaming from her own soul; and she longed to cross the bridge, but the lock and seal were upon its door, and sadly she turned her hitherward, when suddenly from amidst the gloom a voice called to her, and she stopped.

Eagerly she looked toward the gloom, but only the bridge and cloud met her gaze. But soon the voice came out clear and strong, and she heard it, and knew it—for 'twas the tones she had heard long years before—the tones of the stranger.—And now it spake these words, "The second act of the Drama approacheth its close.—Be trustful!" Thus spake the voice, and instantly the woman was called back from her wandering by a repetition of the same mysterious sigh she before had heard; and again she responded "I am ready, Lord!" and once again the silent tears trickled down her face, and fell like crystal griefs upon the almost bare, unfufted floor.

Let us glance at the room. Upon the lime-washed walls hung several coarse, lithographic prints of a decidedly bold coloring, originality of design, and artistic execution. They were Catholic pictures, and represented various scenes and personages of ecclesiastical history. Flora had Spanish blood in her veins, and her whole family were of the Romish faith. Directly over one of these prints, representing the execution of Jesus Christ, hung a crucifix, carved from a human bone* by a monk of Florence. So perfect was its execution, that when seen through a strong lens, the features of the Christ seemed convulsed with conscious agony. On the opposite side of the room was a mantel shelf, over the little coal grate, and on this shelf dimly burned two tallow candles, which cast a sickly, greenish-yellow light over the apartment, and at the same time emitted long, black curls of soot-laden smoke, which as they slowly and lazily ascended toward the ceiling, suggested to contemplative minds the ten thousand and ten prayers that go up from as many nominally pious souls—a real stench in the nostrils. The candles as they burned gave forth an odor, which if it savored not of death, at least reminded the inhaler that there was such a thing as putrifaction and the charnel house. Such, briefly was the position of things when the subjoined almost incredible events took place. The cross slowly detached itself from the nail on which it hung, and for an instant swung clear of everything, self-poised, apparently in the air, but in the next it was hurled with the force of a musket ball through the window into the street where the storm was piteously howling, and it instantly re-entered by another pane of glass and fell broken in the further corner of the room and again passed through the broken pane. Scarce a moment had elapsed after its third flight, and the crash of the broken glass was heard, ere the pictures fell with a a loud noise to the floor, yet no human hand was near them. Hardly had this transpired, and long ere the only efficient, present witness could recover from the shock, ere the noise of spitefully torn paper, and the rattling of the broken picture glasses smote upon her ear and added to the terrific interest of the scene. She heard, saw and heeded all, for a ghastliness overspread her features, as she raised her head and strained her eyeballs gazing in the endeavor to penetrate the cause of the singular occurrences. As she looked, the pictures now entirely free from their frames, slowly rose, in fragments, and sailing through the air to the candles on the shelf, became ignited at the flame, and then continued their flight until they fell piece after piece in a pile at the foot of the bedstead, where they blazed freely, but were long in being consumed. Flora knelt still, spell-bound and all unable to move or stir, gazing with intense interest on that burning paper.—With dark, almost dun-colored flame, there also rose, until it completely filled the room and obscured the light, a densely black and heavy smoke, like that of burning of greasy cloths; and yet while the room was filled therewith, neither eye or nostril was offended; on the contrary a perfume resembling that of the lilac or the Zaghar of Southern India gratified the olfactories.—The eye also, under its influence acquired a singular acuteness, strength and power.—Flora recovered somewhat, after the lapse of a few minutes, and her features indicated that she was strongly under the influence of impatience, hope and a nameless fear. 'Tis said hope springs eternal in the human breast. It is well that it does; for were it not so, man were indeed most wretched.—Hope filled the largest portion of Flora's heart, yet was strongly dashed with fear. Ordinary women, with more heart than force of will, would have tried to escape from such a scene. Not so was it in the present case, however, for, collecting herself she rose from the floor, folded her arms, and slowly but firmly advancing where the smoke was thickest, she again threw the hair from her brow and repeated the strange sentence which had already twice fallen from her lips, "I am ready Lord!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* This identical cross was presented by the author in the year 1847 to the Museum of John H. Medell, Auburn, N. Y. ED.

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.—Of Mrs. Stowe's new book, The Minister's Wooing, The New York *Observer* (Old School Presbyterian) says:

"It is well fitted to bring into contempt the old-fashioned doctrines of the gospel, and is therefore hailed with great satisfaction by the enemies of the truth."

Per contra, The New York *Evangelist* (New School Presbyterian) says:

"Nowhere have we met with pictures of New England life so exquisite—and yet so true—of its calm, still beauty; of the household piety, the tender love that beautify and bless its homes. How noble is the portrait of Hopkins, the simple, grand old man—so grave and silent, yet so gentle and so good. It is a simple tale of religious faith and tender, trembling love—a tale as sweetly pure as that of Ruth, and as such we pronounce it one of the most exquisite creations ever woven out of the finest tissues of a woman's heart and brain."

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?"

THE SPOONS.—Some time since a Catholic servant girl stole a lot of silver spoons from a Protestant preacher in whose family she was a servant. A correspondent something like the following ensued:

To the Protestant Preacher:

I send your spoons back. If your servant girl had been a Protestant, you never would have got them again. Yours,

CATHOLIC PRIEST.

To the Catholic Priest:

I thank you for the spoons. If the servant had been a Protestant *she never would have stolen them.* Yours,

PROTESTANT PREACHER.

Madame Girardin says of Happiness:—"For ages happiness has been represented as a huge precious stone, impossible to find, which people seek for hopelessly. It is not so: happiness is a mosaic, composed of a thousand little stones, which separately and of themselves have little value, but which, united with art, form a graceful design. Set the mosaic carefully, and you have a beautiful ornament; learn to understand intelligently the passing enjoyments which chance, which your character, gives you, or which heaven sends you, and you have an agreeable existence. Why always look to the horizon, when there are such fine roses in the garden you live in?"

According to the London papers, the annual demand for penny postage stamps in Great Britain is a little short of five hundred million. In order to supply this demand, the daily manufacturer must average about one million six hundred thousand—no very easy task, and only feasible through the aid of steam and machinery.

The Spiritual Age.

Progress is the Common Law of the Universe.

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SATURDAY, DEC. 24, 1859.

PROPER USE OF THE BIBLE.

It has been suggested to us that we should state our views of what is a proper and rational use of the Christian Scriptures, more fully than has been done in our late articles on "Revelation," etc. So accustomed have people been to being told that they must receive every word of the Bible implicitly as "God's Word,"—as absolute and final authority,—or reject and contemn the whole as an imposture or a work of no value,—that many have no idea of a middle course which intelligent and truth-loving minds may pursue. We will endeavor to make that middle course so plain that "the wayfaring man, though a fool, need not err therein."

We would say, at the outset, that a truly spiritual man can have no sympathy with that sneering, contumacious skepticism, (sometimes exhibited among professed Spiritualists,) which takes delight in casting doubt and ridicule upon those ancient and venerated writings. Such a disposition incapacitates any mind for a fair and candid inquiry on any subject. It indicates shallowness and prejudice. The true philosopher is always reverent, respectful towards the honest opinions and testimony of others, and ready to put the best and fairest construction upon what seems doubtful or absurd. Cherishing this disposition, he finds pearls and priceless gems of truth where the indiscriminating neerer sees only pebbles and filth.

Starting with the self-evident propositions, that "God's first and fundamental revelation to us is in the constitution of our own minds," and that we can know nothing of any revelation, except through the use of our own truth-determining powers,—we conclude that the totality of powers with which we find ourselves invested—namely, intuition, perception, reason and judgment,—are to be actively and vigilantly employed in regard to everything which comes to us with the claim of a revelation of truth, whether within or without the Bible. If our minds were framed to find their vital pabulum in truth, rather than in error, then we must have within us the power of determining between the two in all important cases;—and that power, like any other, needs only to be *exercised* in order to become sufficiently reliable for all practical purposes. If allowed to lie dormant, as in the case of most people who believe on *authority*, it of course becomes weak and untrustworthy.

Coming to the Bible, as a record of the religious history, opinions and experience of a part of the race, with the dispositions and convictions stated above,—feeling obliged neither to accept anything merely because it is written therein, nor to reject anything because we cannot see it to be true to-day—the book presents a vastly different aspect from that which it otherwise wears. Whatever of truth we see in its teachings becomes living and vital in us, because our own souls respond thereto.

Besides, in reading any book, if in a candid and receptive frame of mind, we come by virtue of spiritual laws, more or less into sympathetic rapport with the mind of the writer, (whether he be in this or the spirit-world,) and with that sphere of spirit-life from which he is inspired. The tendency of this is to produce in us something like the same mental and spiritual state which the writer occupied, and hence to enable us to see to some extent what he saw. In proportion as we are able thus to realize the states of different writers, we shall perceive that there is something of truth in the honest statements of all. And as we are magnetized and inspired from the higher realms of spirit-existence, so will our own growth in goodness and spirituality be promoted.

It is, we think, the experience of every spiritually growing person, that the more their experience is enlarged, and their perceptions spiritualized, the more of truth and beauty are seen, especially in the New Testament, and the more profound and far-reaching appear the grand principles it inculcates. It becomes impossible to believe that such writings were altogether the productions of ignorant or crafty men. While there may be much that remains obscure and doubtful, yet we cannot affirm but some day the whole will shine with the luster of eternal truth. For the present, therefore, we do not feel called upon to either accept or reject such portions as we do not understand.

We are speaking now, of course, of the Bible itself, as we understand it—not of the interpretations which some portions of the religious world put upon it, or the doctrines which narrow sectarians deduce from it. Superficial people often do not make a proper distinction here. Taught from their childhood that certain odious and absurd dogmas are set forth in the Bible, they imagine that a rejection of the first is a rejection of the latter. A great mistake!

But to set up the claim of infallible authority at the threshold of the investigation of the Bible, or indeed of any book, is a hindrance to the discovery of its real merits, and to the appreciation of its true value. For the first ideas obtained of its meaning are necessarily crude, partial and to some extent erroneous. Yet if these crude ideas are pressed in upon the mind with all the force of a supposed Divine sanction, how difficult to correct them afterwards! And how many minds labor through life under the cramping influence of errors, which are in fact but distorted conceptions of truth, made permanent by the pressure of authority!

Nothing can be really authoritative to the soul but *that which it feels to be true.* Attempt to enforce upon it that which it does not thus accept, and you outrage its instincts, you violate its God-given rights,—and produce only aversion, as when you force food upon a stomach that loathes it. Wait until exercise and growth have produced the capacity and the demand; and then the food, otherwise repelled, will be sought and appropriated with zest. When truth is received because it is *seen to be truth*, then it is *loved* and *lived out*; and only then.

That the more advanced minds of the religious world are beginning to see the mistake of authoritative teaching, the following from a religious journal is a gratifying indication: A. E. N.

"There are many signs of an inversion of the process by which the Bible has hitherto prevailed in the world—an inversion which is necessary to complete its influence. Hitherto, the Bible has been held up as sacred, and as it were, forced down upon the people by teachers and authorities of church and state. Men have felt themselves bound to believe it. This part of the process, which mainly covers the history of the past, has answered good purposes in disciplining the world to thought and reflection, and setting things going in a right direction.

"But an advanced part of the world are now seen throwing off the Bible to a great extent and launching forth on their own speculations. Infidelity and free-thinking, seem to be the order of the day; and yet you will find there is, rising out of all this free thinking, a returning tendency towards the Bible. The liberation of the mind, instead of weakening this book, increases its power, and in the end multiplies its proof. So that the world will at last receive the Bible, not for authority, but from intelligent discovery of the truth of it. That is the only way in which it will be of any use; it is the only way God wants to have it finally received. Parents make their children read the Bible mechanically; but that is not the end; and the Lord will never be contented until his children get free from law in the matter, and take up the Bible as intelligent beings, because they find truth in it. And this infidel spirit that is having such scope in the world, is just suited for that purpose, to train the world to freedom, that it may turn round and take hold of the Bible in a new way.

"That first kind of loyalty to the Bible, which comes from authority and teaching, is not secure, but is always liable to rebellions, heresies, and insurrections. But when people return from their circuit of free-thinking, and place confidence in the Bible as free, intelligent beings, their loyalty to it will be secure. The first kind of loyalty takes the form of SECTARIANISM. The last, will be simply love of the truth."—[Circular.

ORGANIZATION—ORDER.

A writer in a late number of the AGE (Austin Kent) calls upon the advocates of Organization to define more distinctly what they mean—thinking that some of them confound Organization with *Order*. He believes in Order, but is opposed to Organization.

The undersigned would speak only for himself, leaving others to state their own positions in their own way. And he would say that in all he has ever urged in favor of Organization, he has meant precisely what friend Kent appears to mean by Order. He has ever protested against all unnatural, incongruous, artificial organizations—such as attempt to control men by arbitrary rules, and to repress the free and spontaneous exercise of the individual judgment.

Mr. Kent says, "we are none of us against *Order*, or what we consider Nature's Organization. And we insist that what we call Nature's spontaneous Organization for material and spiritual purposes, will produce the most perfect order."

This is the writer's position precisely.—And he sees no valid objection to the use of the term *organization*, as well as *order*, when properly defined; and he has repeatedly taken pains to define what he means by it. According to Webster, Organization is, "the act or process of forming organs or instruments of action; the act of forming or arranging the parts of a compound or complex body in a suitable manner for use or service." No *body* can act without organs. No body of people can perform any mutually-desired purpose, without some individual or individuals to execute that specific purpose. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." When any number of people are strongly moved by any one purpose, they do naturally and necessarily organize themselves. They need have no written constitution, or articles of faith, and no formally elected board of officers; but there is a common assent to the central idea which unites them together, and a common consent that one or more of their number shall perform particular acts for the whole—as the hand acts for the body—in executing the general will.

This is *natural* organization, and it is illustrated in the every-day acts of every family and community. It is a law of our natures, as social beings; and it will exhibit itself more and more perfectly as we become more refined, spiritual, fraternal, loving and unselfish. It is a boorish selfishness, bordering on savageism—a porcupine stage of development—which keeps people apart, on the extreme of individualism.—Thus *order* implies *organization*, and cannot exist without it.

The only bond of a true organization is internal attraction or affinity—mutual love. Where this exists, each one knows his own place, and keeps it; and no one infringes on the rights or freedom of another. When an organized body attempts to prescribe arbitrary duties for its members, or to hold or control them by any outside force whatsoever, or to limit their beliefs or aspirations, it then becomes an *un*natural organization, and ought to go to pieces at once.—

But you can no more keep those who truly affinitize in spirit, from organizing—that is, sustaining relations of mutual helpfulness to each other, to greater or less extent—than you can keep the elements of the mineral world from organizing into plants and animals, or suns and planets from forming into systems. We cannot abrogate this law of universal nature; we can only see to it that our organic relations, so far as they are voluntary, are true, natural and spontaneous.

As to the question whether we would "favor organization in faith and faith-works, or simply in business and government,"—the undersigned is in favor of organization (that is, natural or Divine Order,) in respect to *all* the interests and relations of human beings. This will exist sometime, in this world or a better, when men and women are prepared for it. Till then, the writer is in favor of fraternal co-operation for any and every *proper* purpose in which any number of persons can mutually agree.

A. E. N.

ABOUT POETRY AND POETS.

The art of poetry, like all other arts, is natural to mankind. How else can we account for that propensity to jingle and rhyme so general among the learned and unlearned—especially among the young of both sexes? That it is natural, and not the result of education, is proved from the fact that it is quite as common with the uneducated as with the educated. In this respect, the muses appear to be quite impartial: or if partial at all, they rather favor those whom books have not sophisticated. If we mistake not, Lord Macauley, in his great review of Milton, made it appear that learning is not favorable to the production of poesy, but rather a burthen to the wings of imagination. He contended that a man, very learned in books, would have to take in pieces the structure of his erudition and clear his mind of such heavy, lumbering material as the understanding had imposed upon it. The understanding which crawls slowly about on all fours, does not work well with the flighty and mercurial poetic faculty.

But still, while it is not essential that a poet should be an adept in the Encyclopedias, it is clear enough that he should have a fitting culture. There are manifest gradations in poetry that depend on this condition. The poetic instinct or faculty, like all other faculties, needs discipline before it can attain to much perfection of utterance. In admitting the naturalness of poetry, we are by no means to let it run at large without holding it accountable to the laws that were meant to govern it. Everything seems to be subjected to a controlling law. Even *freedom* has its laws, and they are of the most perfect and arbitrary kind we can have any knowledge of. As paradoxical as it may seem, the most perfect liberty is subject to the most exacting restrictions.

The inquiry, if we had time to pursue it, would be curious: "Why *is* man poetical? What principle, or want of his nature is it that urges him to utter himself in song?" The natural language of poetry is doubtless, joy. To be sure, the muse is sometimes lugubrious and mournful, but even in its saddest moods, there is an undertone of sweetest hope. SONG, which implies harmony, were else impossible.—Black despair cannot utter itself in harmonious numbers. It can only wail and gnash its teeth in outer darkness! In our view of the matter, poetry indicates the great and heavenly truth that HARMONY is a deeply in-dwelling principle of immortal souls! Music and poetry, "twin arts," as we call them, are the outward forms through which this central harmony expresses itself. This harmony is also the soul of the universe. Poetry, from the song of the highest seraph down to the most clumsy doggerel of the "going-for-to-go" school of poets, is, in larger and smaller degrees, the expression of this harmony. So is the manifold songs of birds. All created things have in their organizations, something of this harmony, and have ways of expressing it we doubt not. Poetry is therefore a very significant art, and worthy of our frequent and especial attention.

Yes, dangerous as it may be to our editorial peace, we advise young men and women to poetize;—but not always, for the public delectation,—until they have assured themselves that said public will receive their poetic favors with appreciative thankfulness. Till they can acquire that degree of perfection that will warrant their public appearance as poets, we advise them to sing to themselves. If they can really *charm themselves* with the melody of their thoughts and joyful emotions; if it is to *themselves* "an exceeding great reward," the public, we assure them, will *also* rejoice in their song. If they can kindle their poetic instincts from the sources of eternal harmony, and thus become its genuinely accredited oracles, we, for ourselves, will most cordially invite them to the justly honored seat of the muses. But O, dear friends, do not sing for *praise*, but sing only when melody dwells as a burthen in your hearts. You can be *poets* on no other conditions. Michael Angelo, who wrote some of the best poetry that can be found in any language, would not have it printed during his mortal life. His compositions "were," says his biographer, "the secret intercourse which his genius in her loneliness on earth held with eternal truths, untroubled with the thought of descending to the reach of inferior intellects." While we would not advise the poetical to thus entirely seclude their *afflatus* from their kind, yet we would have them be sure, by most undoubted interior witness, that it is *genuine* before they proceed to give it over to the public keeping.

CHARITY.

How like dew upon the parched desert, comes charity to the bruised and suffering heart. When one by one the ordeals and disappointments of life are gathering about us, changing the conditions, until hope lies buried in despair; when every act excites the suspicion even of our best friends—it is then that charity seems like a bright angel, beckoning us on to new struggles. Envy, malice, hatred, and all the baser passions, shrink and wither away before the genial glow of heaven-born charity.

"There's many a deep and hidden grief which comes from sources that admit of no complaint. Things of which we cannot—*dare* not speak."" And there's many a sorrowing heart will say "how true," upon reading that quotation. Yet each mourner will hug still closer the secret grief, as tho' 'twere something sacred; and e'en though subject to suspicious a thousand times darker than the reality—still refuse to share the hoarded grief with another.

In such a world of shadows, with man but the orphan of creation, where even virtue but too often becomes a hermit, and vice a dweller in marble palaces, there is need that we spread broad the mantle of charity, over the weaknesses of our brothers and sisters.

How often a few words of kindness, or even a sympathetic smile, have sent a glad sunshine to some aching heart, when a glance of suspicion would have rankled there for days. Charity of this description costs us nothing. Then how very selfish—aye, cruel to withold it.

Suppose the stricken one has sinned—will not your want of charity drive him or her still deeper into iniquity? And suppose after a long struggle, vice should finally triumph, will you not feel an accountability resting upon your conscience?

Of all people in the world, Spiritualists should be most charitable. They should not only teach it in theory, but in practice. In a word—they should *live charity.*

TOLERATION.—On Friday evening and Sunday afternoon, Dec. 9th and 11th, J. L. Lovell lectured in the town of Hartland, Me., on which occasions the doors of the Calvinist Baptist church were thrown open for his reception, and the house was crowded with eager and attentive listeners. As the subject of spiritualism had never before, to any extent, been introduced into the community, it affords a more striking instance of the spirit of toleration, which is every day gaining more influence in the churches. Mr. Lovell found many minds ready and anxious to receive the light and truth of spiritual knowledge, and hopes to be able to return before many days, and nurture the seed so successfully sown. He is one of the best clairvoyant and prescribing mediums in the country, and has been instrumental in doing much good in the State of Maine. He is also a powerful medium for physical manifestations, and an eloquent trance lecturer. His address is Yarmouth, Me.

"The Old Battle Grounds, by J. T. Trowbridge, author of 'Father Brighthopes,' 'Neighbor Jackwood,' etc. New York: Sheldon & Co., 1860."

We confess an admiration to Paul Creyton's writings, and seeing the advertisement of a new work from his pen, we did not wait for the usual complimentary copy to the press, but made for the nearest book-store and procured one. The author is spicy and genial as ever. The story is more romantic than the others of the "Brighthope Series," while the characters lack none of the life-like interest that charmed us in the preceding volumes. The reader will be pleased and instructed with the wit and humor displayed in Lenny, the bound-out boy, and the puckered up Sol. Flimridge; in the pathos of Blind Samson and Marie, the hero and heroine; the homely human nature of the Plumworthies; and the soul-cheering faith and life of Mr. Cester, the clergyman.

The Old Battle Ground and its companion volumes cannot be too widely circulated. They are among the best gifts for the young, and are sold singly or by the sett in uniform bindings, by Brown, Taggard & Chase, Boston.

Mrs. Delafolie.—This lady, a medium of high repute in Boston, attended at Spiritual Age Hall, one evening a few weeks since, and in absence of the medium expected, endeavored to give some tests. But the disappointment felt by the audience produced so much inharmony that she was not entirely successful. Many of her friends, conscious of her high powers, were anxious that she should make another attempt.—Accordingly on the 2d inst. at a social meeting, she was entranced and gave four very excellent tests, as stated by the persons to whom they were given. We make this statement from a sense of justice, believing it to be due to Mrs. Delafolie, and not from any feeling of partiality.

[From the Spiritual Clarion.]

LUCID EXPLANATION OF SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

We have read and listened to numerous expositions of modern spiritual phenomena; and all their mysteries have been explained and exploded at least a thousand times during the last ten years; but we commend the following as the most perfectly lucid and annihilating we have ever seen or heard:

Observation, endorsed by a stupendous array of divine experience, enables the *scientific* man to pronounce this spiritual-rapping, and table moving development to be an irregular and anti-scientific disease raging among the lower and superstitious classes—affecting by innoculation certain predisposed organisms in higher circles of society. I will state, as a result of my recent three-quarter-of-an-hour investigation, that patients who fancy they hear raps and see tables moved, are mostly laboring with a *hypercusis* in the tympanum cavity, also an elastic obtuseness of superior hemispheres of the cerebellum. The vulgar theories and anti-professional hypotheses of spiritual spasmodic action of the muscular system, or of electric aura in spontaneous dislodgement and preternatural infiltration, we pronounce *delusive*, and reject them *in toto* as unhealthy excretions and galvanic evolutions of diseased and confused cerebellous glands, called by the uneducated *ecphalomatous protuberances*. The true theory of the rappings is as follows: Mysterious knockings proceed from the subderangement and hyper-efflorescence of small, conical, glandular bodies situated heterogeneously in the rotundum of the inferior *acephalocysts*; which by coming in unconscious contact with the etherization of the first superior processes of the dorsal vertebræ, also results in the "tippings" by giving rise to spontaneous combustion with certain abnormal evacuations of multitudinous *echinorhyncus bicornis* situated in several abdormal orifices. The *raps* occur from the ebullitions of the former in certain temperamental structures, and the *tips* from the thoracic cartilaginous ducts, whenever their contents are compressed by cerebral inclinations.

Mind the Eye.—A noted writer says that a woman with a hazel eye never elopes from her husband, never chats scandal, never sacrifices her husband's comforts for her own, never finds fault, never talks too much or too little, always is an interesting, intelligent, and lovely creature. The gray is the sign of shrewdness and talent. Great thinkers and captains have it. In woman it indicates a better head than heart. The dark hazel eye is noble in significance as in its beauty. The blue eye is admirable, but may be fickle. The black eye—take care! Such can be seen almost daily at the police-office, generally with a complaint against the husband for assault and battery.

AUTHORITATIVE INSPIRATION.

LECTURE BY MRS. S. C. WATERS, OF FRIENDSVILLE, PA.

Reverent idolaters—idolizers of the established opinions of the past, which like the idols of Pagan worship are but inanimate forms—still cling to their idols, proclaim them Gods, or laws, and demand their reverence and observance as such. The swadling clothes of the infancy of spiritual growth and unfoldment, are but still undiscarded, and even demanded, as essential to prevent the unallowable activity of imbecile human intelligence—the successor, of what assumes to be the nucleus of strength, wisdom, revelation, and authority. O degenerate, imbecile intelligence! Art thou so shorn of thy glory, so crippled in thy energies? Are there no telescopic powers in the human soul to-day; no visions of sparkling truths; no flashing rays from wisdom-gems of heavenly radiance, flitting across the field of soul's perception to-day in all their freshness, and as really, as divinely true as those recorded? Is there less dust upon the page of tradition than upon the page of nature? Has a dark and impenetrable cloud thrown its huge folds over the sun of inspiration that once sent its rays down to warm the souls of men? Is the bright orb quenched, and does chaos claim its home where once the brightest halo of celestial effulgence shone and illumined? Oh retrogression! retrogression! Stale fiction to ears accustomed to the voice of truth! Has the author of spirit renounced his off-spring and thrown it upon the charities of the past for wisdom and guidance? Is the Infinite soul—once the kind and loving Parent—become the cold, reserved, and distant Judge?

What storm of anger, what deluge of retribution, or what accumulation of impassable conditions has buried the sky-lights of the soul—those windows of inspiration that look heavenward and take in a survey of the firmament of Truth?

Speak, ye who reverence only the inspirations of the past, where saw ye an ominos bird down in the ages by-gone, whose flight betokened this dire calamity? When spake the Parent of all a farewell benediction to his children? Was it eighteen hundred years ago? Has there been no breathing of inspiration felt since the scene on Cavalry? Since then has there been only a dead calm? Did the Jews truly slay the God of Israel, the Saviour of men, the Redeemer of the world? Shall we infer that the scene closed, the curtain dropped, and all intercommunion between the life present and the life to come ceased with this act in the drama of life? Where is the evidence on which to base such a conclusion? Surely if such was the design of the Infinite, some intimation thereof should have reached man through the true channels of sanctioned inspiration. If this were so, then Jesus could not have said "greater works than these ye shall do because I go to my father," nor should he have said "lo I am with you even unto the end of the world."

If we look at him as God, as do some, then we may say he assured man that he should be inspired by the comforter, or spirit of truth, which should be with him always even unto the end of the world. If we look at Jesus as the inspired teacher of humanity, then we feel that man has attained to inspirational wisdom and may do so again. Under the conviction we look to the apostles and find them inspired, "speaking as they were moved." Surely they were but men, as were the prophets of old, so that the coming of a predicted Christ did not deprive man of this light which had lighted the world before. The inspiration of Christ was not intended to suffice for all men, and throughout all time, or the apostles, whose ears had been gladdened by his present inspiration, would not have received the gift in themselves. To us who look back and list for its whisperings down the aisles of two thousand years, shall it be said that the inspirations of the past are sufficient—that no more is needed? Does not man to-day feel the need of inspiration as much as did Paul or any other apostle? Is the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of Samuel, the God of Peter or of John, now so far from men that he can no longer speak to them? "Slay and eat," was demanded of Peter when he would reject God's works as unclean; and "partake of present inspiration" is the invitation to man, though in authoritative tones, some are ready like Peter to reject it as unclean, and to deny man converse with his Creator, save through the long file of worthies that figure on the pages of the Bible. Man's soul is as parched to-day, as was the soul of doubting Thomas who called for direct inspiration or impress of truth in his spirit. The clerical ministrations of the last two thousand years, have ditched and drained the waters of inspiration into such large and distant channels, that it needs the diffusion of fresh and copious showers to invigorate the spirits of men.

Say unto man thou shalt be warmed and instructed by the ray of inspiration that shone in the burning flash, that caused Samuel to hear a voice, that encompassed the pathway of Saul, and that sat upon the apostles as it were in cloven tongues of fire,—but deny him personal access to the same light and you cut him off from the gift of God, the promised comforter which Christians so much revere in imagination, but practically discard and deny.

Inspiration, whether ancient or modern, will telegraph intelligence in the same manner. The current of the waters of Truth will follow the channel that is open for its flow, and that channel is the channel of inspiration. You might as well envelope a plant in a coating of some glutinous substance, saying that it shall not inspire, or respire, or have aught of commerce with the atmosphere that surrounds it, but that it shall draw all its nourishment, and discharge all its superfluous secretions from and through the grosser element—the earth—in which it starts its unfoldment and individualization,—I say you might as well do this, as to tell an intelligent spirit that it is not to commune with kindred elements, inspiring its sustenance therefrom.

Authoritative inspiration! Look for this authoritative inspiration if you please! We say look for it, and what find you? Is it the Bible? Ye say yes. Well then let us examine it, inquire its source, and draw our own inferences. Ye say inspired of God. Admitted, but how; in what manner?—we ask. Hath the great God done anything inexplicable through his laws? aught irreconcilable with his laws? aught that is not in accord therewith? Hath he done aught without a way and means, and are not that way and means, the law controlling the same? We say then *how* were those writers inspired? Will ye say that the records of receding events were inspired writings? Let us settle this question first, for it will bear upon the conditions of inspiration. Shall the historian be called an inspired writer?—if so then was Josephus, or Pliny, or Rollin, an inspired writer and the conditions of such an inspiration, but the condition of all humanity. Is such an inspiration authoritative and infallible? You will of course say no. We will ask, then, do you impute infalibility to the historical parts of the Bible? If you say it is a record of truthful occurrences we may say very well, but if you assume the untenable position of asserting that the historian was inspired, we shall ask for proof, and ye cannot advance the faintest shadow of proof that such was the case. Here then let us separate a large portion of your "inspired word of God," and lay it aside as history, to be subject to the same scrutiny for fallibility as should any other record; but ere we turn from these records, let us take up the commands, and demands, recorded therein as coming from the great Jehovah. Here you say is inspiration direct from God;—we say then how did it come? We ask the conditions of this inspiration? Let us be understood as to what inspirations we refer to. We use the word inspiration here, instead of saying as in those writings, God spake unto Adam, God spake unto Noah, God spake unto Moses, or God commanded &c., for the scripture also saith that no man hath at any time seen God, nor heard his voice, and also that no man shall see him and live; therefore, by your own book is the literal understanding of these words disproved, and you are driven to the alternative of saying that these things were given as an inspiration from the spirit of God. We reject the literal sense, because it were absurd to conceive that the Eternal God—because it were absurd to conceive that the Supreme Intelligence that rules the boundless domain of worlds, systems, and universes, should talk face to face with Adam, Noah, or Moses. It were as absurd, as that the animalcule in a drop of water should comprehend the thought or the presence of the Elephant, on whose back the animalcule's commodious and roamy world— the little drop of water—might be resting.

Here, then, having dispossessed ourselves of the literal sense, we come again to the inquiry, if inspirations, how were they received? First let us find the channel, and then we may seek for its source. *So far as the history is correct, and no farther* have we the *same* waters that gushed from those channels. As the channels we see the human organism, and man is man, and humanity, humanity, whether it be in Moses or in yourself. Moses' visual organs gave him cognizance of the flame that consumed not the bush, and the voice reached his ear. We do not deem this an optical illusion, or a mental hallucination, but that those organs were the channels for conveying this inspirational influence; or, if you please, that his spiritual vision, all hearing, and all thought, coming from super-mundane sources.

As the soft breathings of the spirit of God, or as the emanations of other intelligences' we see that they must first come into these channels in order to be wafted through them to the world.

The thought may be divine, *but is the channel divine?* The spiritual eye, the spiritual ear, and the brain of man are all good, yet are they perfected in this material sphere?—Until they are, will they do a perfect work? Should God deem that the instruction of his children required his personal interference in a new way, think you he would select only a few fallible organs, or channels, through which to usher the saving influence and then suspend all intercourse forever after? You must either deem him deficient in power, or deficient in goodness, if you claim that this is his course and choice. Now we think that the true condition of inspiration, is the inflowing of truths and intelligence from super-mundane sources, to, and through, vessels fitted for their reception, and for their disbursement into new and unoccupied territory. Moreover we think that the suply is governed in a great measure by the demand, or attraction;—but in your view of inspiration, you make the great Jehovah directly accountable for all the imperfections, inconsistences, incongruities and deficiencies of inspiration. You make him to be the peace-maker and the seditionist; you make him to be the source of truth and infallibility, and the father of lies; you make him to be the God of all, and the enemy of nations; ye make him to soften the heart of man, and to harden them again; ye make him to be patient, and long suffering, and tender mercy, and ye also make him to wax hot in his wrath, to destroy in his anger, and to dry up his bowels of compassion that he may visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children even unto the third and fourth generations; ye make him hover loving, over the camp of a licentious, idolatrous and cruel people while perpetrating the cruelties of rapine and murder upon the innocent and infantile of earth. Ye make him the God of love, yet make and worship him as the God of vengeance. Do ye say, is thy servant a dog that he thinketh these things?—let your own authoritative revelations, and inspirations speak for you, and ye have all these recorded there. Ye declare the channel pure and infallible, and God the author and designer of each declaration. Accountability ye place no where else but upon his head, therefore ye make him out unimpeachably the God and Devil of your own imagining; a character as contradictory and antagonistic as Light and Erebus; a character as fitful as the winds, as stormy as the tropics, and as frigid as the poles. A sentient being revolts at this picture, turns away in disgust, denies revelation, and God, and the future life—and why? Can you not see that it is your authoritative, infallible inspiration, that curdles the blood in his veins, chills all belief, all hope, and makes him doubt the eternal promptings of his own soul? As ye give him scope to prove all things and select the good, hope returns and belief revives. Make what you will of it, we assert that authoritative infallibility, as claimed for inspiration, is the parent of infidelity, and as such it is worthy of its offspring. Together they pass down the ages, and together they will sleep in oblivion. Yes: we say together they will sleep in oblivion; together they will go down into the dark waters of the past, as the enlightenment of mankind shall reveal the laws governing inspirational communications. To deny inspiration, were as absurd as to claim its infalibility—to deny it to *any nation* or *any age*. In individuals, it may, or may not appear, depending on the absence or presence of obstructions. We defined inspiration to be the inflowing of truths and intelligence from super-mundane sources, but whether this inspiration be eternal truth—God's truth—depends entirely upon *what* waters of inspiration are imbibed, and upon the *perfectness of the influx* of truth.

Thus we find God's truth, everlasting and infallible, alongside the most startling absurdities, in writings claimed as inspired; yet inspiration as a possible attainment of the soul is undeniable and indestructible; it is founded on law, which is as indestructible as the ages. As to the controlling intelligence, or source of inspiration, God inspires only as *his truths* are imbibed as inspiration. A soul purified and elevated into harmony with those laws will imbibe them by its attractions, modified and obstructed only by the grosser and material nature of the human element or outward nature. As mankind advances to higher and more perfected conditions, inspiration is a clearer attribute, better defined, and more generally distributed. Man of to-day is not inspired to receive from Jehovah a death warrant for his nation's antagonist; yet, if he were, would ye think it were the suggestion of the All-Mighty—the All-Powerful God—the All-Loving Father?—In the desire of his heart the impulse would originate, drawing to himself an echo—a response from some kindred intelligence—yet was he as earnest in desiring better impulses, and holier teachings he could draw upon that fountain as easily as the other—aye: upon the very truths of God, as the fountain source of his inspirations. It is not at their fount that these waters are murky and discolored with earthy matter, but it is by flowing through the earthy channels, that these pure waters are riled and tinged with particles of earthy substance.

As the recipient of inspiration embraces the influx as the emanation of another intelligence—often an intelligence invisible and not identified—we may dare presume that he is unable to perceive, and comprehend the many steps of gradation, and the many degrees of purity, in the waters of wisdom, that intervene between himself and the Fountain of all Truth. If he assume to be the first recipient of these truths, that is, to have them direct from God, or the Fountain, ye may well doubt the clearness of his insight into the manner and source of his enlightenment. Ye have a surer guage—a truer standard—whereby to measure inspiration, therefore ye may not rely solely on the veracity of the witness claiming to testify of these things. It hath been said "let God be true though all men prove liars;" we say God *is constant, wise and loving*, though inspired writings should fall in fragments by the assertion.

Then, as the inspirational tendencies of man's soul, are but the spiritual powers communing with other spheres of intelligence—a holding of commerce in wisdom with other continents of being—it matters much what sort of ships are sent out for cargo of Truth, for if stored in leaky vessels we may expect the treasure damaged if not entirely sunk: and again it matters much to what sphere the prophet sends his vessel for cargo of Truth, or the sage to find inspirational wisdom.

Your own souls revolt when ye are commanded to believe that God inspired the words that call him a jealous God, or the enemy of nations, yet in that age when law was based upon the spirit of retribution, instead of being based upon the spirit of love, men looked to God for the fiercest displays of vengeance as the just compensation of evil deeds. Being in the less developed stages of human progress, their souls had not sufficiently unfolded to respond to the love principle, which now claims God as a benignant and loving Father to *all* the races of humanity. Dearly they purchased the "land of promise," and dearly they carried themselves forward into a new and higher condition. Spirit intelligences of like feelings, who sympathized with their desires, being not yet advanced beyond the plane of revengeful feeling, came, bringing words of finite wisdom and displaying the attributes of the undeveloped spirit.

As the results of this communing with invisible intelligences, we see barbarous ages shaping a God according to their own highest conceptions and realization of a ruling and governing power, and the spirit clothed in immortal garments still included to do the same, bringing to man such conceptions as his development enabled him to grasp, sincerely thinking that God was the being of his ideal, and that his conceptions were the demands of eternal justice.

Dearly was the land of promise purchased, because the lives sacrificed to appease the anger—that imaginary and self-reflected attribute with which they had invested their God—should have been spared to unfold in beauty, to adorn the world, and glorify the source of all life.

Man ever leans toward inspiration and toward God, as the plant leans toward the crevices that let in the light. The condition of the plant varies according to the light received, new beauties being revealed by the strengthening influence of that light; so man, by ever drinking in a light from beyond himself, is continually unfolding in spiritual gifts, and a greater luxuriance of soul adornments or leaves of the spirit. As he attains this higher condition, a higher inspiration, or an inspiration beyond the past, is called for by his attractions, and received as a consequent. This is the experience of all ages and races, yet can the age or race be found, when a direct inspiration from the All-pure, All-wise, and All-mighty, could have been comprehended?

We will not doubt that the ancient prophets were inspired; yet, if inspiration was direct from God, how came there to be a "lying spirit" in the mouth of any of the prophets? Ye may fall back upon the Satanic theory, but then ye give inspiration into the hands of the enemy of God, and what better do ye make your cause? Ye make the usurping subject as successful as the sovereign in sending his messages to men, and God at least liable, if not certain of being defeated in making his will known to his earthly children, and yet all eternal interests depending on the infallibility of this inspiration. Each age, each nation, and each

(Continued on 6th Page.)

A Capital Story.

THE FATAL SECRET.

BY I. ANDERSON SMITH.

Bitter and cold was the night in the month of December, 1780. The winds whistled dismally, and nature seemed almost out of humor with herself, so great appeared her anger. It had snowed a night or two previous, and the ground was covered at the time of which we write, to the depth of two or three feet.

In a neat little cottage a few rods from the turnpike road, in the village of White Plains, sat, at the period of our story, round a bright blazing fire, Mrs. Eaton, her two daughters, and her little boy and girl, three and four years of age. The room was comfortable, and had a cheerful and merry look about it, that spoke of happiness and contentment. The shovel and tongs were carefully deposited in one corner of the fire-place by Miss Mary herself, and the bellows were hung on one side of the chimney by "little Tommy," who was on all occasions, when he attempted to elevate that important piece of furniture to its place, assisted by a chair. Mr. Henry Eaton, or Squire Eaton, as he was called by the neighbors, was absent at the village inn, where he had gone to obtain the latest intelligence about General Washington and the war. Before he started out, however, he procured a good pitcher of cider from his cellar, which Mrs. Eaton promised to have "nice and warm" on his return, provided he brought good news with him.

As they were all seated round the fire, and engaged in their sewing, what a picture of happiness and content presented itself! There was Mrs. Eaton with her old fashioned cap so tidily arranged, and her new dress, the neatness of which spake well of the taste of its possessor. On her right sat Miss Mary, with her long flowing jet black ringlets, and her *new cap*, which like her sister Margaret's, was as light and pretty as if it had been fashioned for a fairy, who had made up her mind to come down from her "flights of fancy" to the sober realities of life. The two sisters, one "sweet sixteen," (Mary, of course,) and the other approaching that delightful period in the life of all young girls when they have a right to think and do for themselves, and are vested with the full power of "declaring their intentions," were really very pretty—and although most of the young men in the village had volunteered and gone to fight the battles of their country, they had still some admirers at home, who were very punctual and attentive in their visits. In our opinion Mary was the prettiest, (we whisper it to you privately, dear reader) although Margaret was far, very far from being bad looking. There was a roguish merriment sparkling in the eyes of Mary that we like, and as she was as good as she was pretty, "none knew her but to love her." Like Byron, we "have a passion for the name of Mary"—a name that angels love.

The two sisters were always in neat, though homespun attire, and always dressed for comfort, as they cared or thought but very little about fashion in those days. They were never troubled with the effects of tight lacing (pardon us most fair and gentle reader for speaking so plainly!) nor with pains and aches.—Their cheeks were always red and rosy, and their steps as light and agile as the gazelle.—Mrs. Eaton taught them how to keep the house "to rights," and also how to patch and darn, as well as to read and "talk nonsense" with their beaus, as she often used to remark that "patching and darning would be of service to them when they were married, and had a family to take care of." Whether she did it purposely or not we cannot say, but certain it is, she always emphasized the word "family" when giving them this advice. Probably it reminded her of her own "responsibilities."

"Father seems to stay out later than usual," said Mary, drawing her chair closer to her mother.

"He's waiting for the news, no doubt," replied Margaret.

"The mail coach must be in by this time," said Mrs. Eaton, looking at the clock. "At all events, it's time that little boys and girls were in bed," she continued, giving Susan and Tommy each a parental look, which from appearances did not altogether agree with them.

"No, ma—not yet;" said little Tommy, rubbing his eyes and casting a very affectionate look over his sister's shoulder at the pitcher of cider on the table.

"Hark! there, he's coming now!" exclaimed Mary, starting up.

"Go quick and open the door," said Mrs. Eaton. "He must be cold after such a long walk!"

Mary opened the door, but suddenly started back on seeing a man altogether unlike her father before her.

"Be not frightened," said the stranger in a clear manly voice. "I have only come to ask permission to warm myself, as I have travelled some distance to-night, and have a good many miles to go before daybreak."

"Well sir, father is—" replied Mary, when she was interrupted by Mrs. Eaton, who told the stranger he was "welcome to come in."

"I heartily thank you for this hospitality," said the stranger, "and am sorry to have nothing but words to repay you for your kindness."

Mrs. Eaton, who was a most generous and kind-hearted woman, could not listen to the thanks of the stranger, and was very thankful that she could accommodate any one.

The stranger was invited to take a seat by the fire, which he readily accepted. We will venture to describe him as he looked on entering the room. He stood about six feet high, and was dressed in a long frock or coat which reached the knees, and his legs were closely fitted by a pair of black stockings, which were ornamented at the tops by woollen strings of rather an indistinct color. His hair was long, and of a dark gray. The general expression of his face was pleasing, but like Cassius he had "a lean and hungry look," that spoke of "treasons, stratagems and spoils."

"There's some one here I see who likes good reading," said the stranger, taking the family bible from the table.

"Yes, we could not do without that book," replied Mrs. Eaton. "It has been in the family many years, and every day I love it more and more."

"Although I do not read it much myself," said the stranger, "I always like to see it, for it reminds me of younger and happier days."

"Hist!" exclaimed Mary, "I hear voices approaching the house!"

A loud laugh was that moment heard, and the sound of voices now became audible.

"Who can they be?" said Mrs. Eaton, in a low voice to he daughter. She had hardly time for an answer, however, before a knock was heard upon the door, and then another, another, and another!

"Open quick, we are almost freezing," said one of the company rather hastily.

"Ha!" exclaimed the stranger, suddenly starting up, "a party of skinners!"

"Oh dear, they'll kill us, won't they mother?" said little Tommy, burying his head in his mother's lap.

"It's not the first time they have been here," said Mary, taking down her father's rusty old sword from behind the door. "Although I have but little strength, it's a woman's!" and she unconsciously "struck an attitude," which would have been creditable to a hero.

"Do you hear us? open; we are almost dead with the cold!" shouted a new voice.

"When you can speak a little more politely, you shall come in," said the stranger, taking up the chair he was sitting upon, and going toward the door.

"There's a man lying dead in the road a few rods below the house," said one in a sepulchral voice.

"And he's not been murdered long, either," said another, before the words were hardly out of his companion's mouth.

"A man murdered in the road!" exclaimed Mrs. Eaton.

"A man murdered in the road!" repeated Mary.

"It is only a story of their invention," said the stranger.

"We have a dagger that we took from his body," said one of the party, who had now opened his lips for the first time.

As he spoke, the stranger, as we must designate him, turned deadly pale, his lips quivered, and his limbs shook violently.

"Open the door or we will burst it in!" exclaimed one who seemed to be the leader. As he spoke, a heavy knock was heard against the door, and the next moment it flew open, and four men rushed in, who seemed to be laboring more under the effects of drunkeness than the weather.

In a second the stranger recovered himself, and made the chair (the only instrument of defence he had) fly about him like a man insane.

Mary kept one furious fellow at bay with her father's sword, and her mother and sister Margaret were not behind hand in using a couple of hickory clubs.

Finding it was useless to cope with such a force under present circumstances, the "skinners" soon made good their retreat, being considerably damaged by the engagement, if two or three broken arms and noses are worthy of consideration.

After some time spent in getting things "to rights" again, they once more seated themselves round the fire, anxiously waiting Mr. Eaton's return. The stranger resumed his seat in the corner, and took the old family bible from the shelf as he did so.

"Tis strange he comes not," said Mrs. Eaton addressing Mary.

"'Tis very strange," was the reply.

"He never staid so late before," continued Mrs. Eaton, looking impatiently at the clock.

"Something important keeps him, I am positive."

"Some accident——"

"Never fear; he's travelled the road too often to be molested now."

Just then a low murmuring sound issued from where the stranger was sitting, and on looking up they discovered that he had fallen asleep. His head was bent over, his arms folded, and the bible had fallen from his grasp.

"He was right—ha! ha!" he exclaimed, half asleep. "The captain is dead on the road.—He'll never cross me again—he'll never call me a deserter!"

As the last words fell from his lips, the door opened, and Mr. Eaton entered. He spoke not a word, but was considerably astonished on seeing "little Tommy" clinging closely to his mother's left arm, and Susan doing her utmost to reach the other.

"The dagger—that was mine. The fellow should have shown it to me with the blood upon its blade! Ha! ha! I like blood—I could drink it. But, but that good book, it haunts me now. Why should I have taken it up?—it cannot, cannot be his—Away! away with it!" and he threw his arms about wildly, and then resumed his old position, with his head bending over so far as to nearly touch his breast.

Mr. Eaton, or rather the Squire, surveyed him steadily for a few moments, and then whispering to his wife, said, "that man must be attended to." The next moment he had left the house. Mrs. Eaton, with considerable exertion, made out to keep Susan and Tommy quiet, for to tell the truth they were very much frightened. Mary and Margaret spoke not; but kept their eyes closely bent upon the stranger.

In a few moments the Squire returned, and was this time accompanied by four men, who seemed to understand well the business they had come about.

"That's him!" said the Squire pointing to the stranger, who had partly recovered from his sleep. "Seize him, and convey him to the guard-house!"

The words had reached the stranger's ears, and he was on his feet in an instant. The demon was now aroused within him.

"Back! back, I say. The first man that approaches dies!" and he raised the chair with a giant's strength and hurled it to the floor.

"We are not afraid of you yet, good fellow," said the strongest of the party, who cautiously crept behind him, and now had a strong cord securely fixed around his arms.

"Ha! what have we here!" said the Squire, as he picked a dagger from the floor. "Blood upon it! and as I live the initials of the owner, 'J. E.'"

"That's mine! give it to me!" said the stranger, in a commanding voice.

"I thought it was your property," replied the Squire, "but it will be of service to us."

"We want you," said one of the company, going toward the door.

"I will not stir from this spot," replied the stranger.

"Remember your arms are tied."

"I care not for that."

"You may for this!" said the one who had bound his arms, drawing a pistol from his coat. So mind what you say! Come along—we want you!"

The Squire opened the door, and the stranger seeing it would be useless to contend with them longer, walked out with a dogged step, not even noticing Mrs. Eaton and her daughters. He was taken to the guard-house which was some distance off, and placed in a separate apartment from the rest of the prisoners. The Squire went with them, and after being assured that he was perfectly safe, returned to his family.

"I would have been home sooner from the Inn," said the Squire, "but the news not coming at the usual time I was determined to wait till it did come; and when it came at last, it was such glorious news that I had to stay at least an hour longer to enjoy it with the rest of the company. General Washington—God bless his name! has met the red coats again, and beaten them. Oh, what a victory!"—Here he got so excited that he had to cool his enthusiasm with a glass of cider, which was strong enough in "little Tommy's" opinion, to "take his head off."

The next day the stranger was tried. He was recognized by a number of the soldiers, who all swore that they heard him threaten the life of Captain Sheldon a number of times; and knew him to be guilty of deserting the camp. The testimony of Squire Eaton, although not pointing direct, went against him, and he was condemned to death.

He listened to his dreadful doom without emotion, and on being asked by the Judge if he had anything to say, he arose and in a calm clear voice replied:

"I have but one request—I wish to die like a soldier."

"You have not lived a soldier's life—and therefore cannot die one," answered the Judge calmly. "A week from to-day you are to be taken from the guard-house, and hanged until you are dead!"

The stranger (he had refused to give his name) made no reply, but he seemed chagrined and mortified at the refusal to grant his request. The week rolled round, and still he remained the same. On the day he was to be executed he was placed upon the cart with his coffin, and taken to the scaffold, which was a short distance from the guard house, exposed to the wanton gaze of hundreds. Everything being ready he stood up in the cart, and in a clear voice said,

"I CONFESS ALL; I AM JOHN EATON, BROTHER OF MY ACCUSER!"

"Great God!" exclaimed a voice in the crowd, and Squire Eaton had fainted. The next moment the word was given, and the murderer's soul was launched into eternity!

* * * * * * *

Many years have passed by since the family of Eatons were overwhelmed with grief by the above melancholy and unexpected disclosure. They have all been gathered to the home of their fathers, and we tell the story only as one among the many incidents that occurred during "the time that tried men's soul's."

MUSIC IN THE HOME.

We achieved a chance peep into a parlor the other night, and heard something while we looked that started a train of thought which, t seemed to us, should be started everywhere. It was by no means new, but there was a practical flavor in it which gave us a new impression. A young lady of eighteen or twenty years was playing upon a piano, while her brother, of fourteen years, was accompanying her with equal skill and pleasure, upon the violin. A half hour latter we saw this boy busy in the management of some juvenile tableaux in the same house. Now, if we were the manager of an office for the insurance of boys against the acquisition of bad habits, we would take the risk of this one for a very much smaller per centage on his value than a boy who had no fiddle, and whose sister has no piano for him to play with. What particular temptation is there for a boy like this to waste his time in the streets learning bad habits, and mingling with bad companions? He can do better. He can enjoy more; and we are glad to say to that boy's father that he never laid out money to better advantage than in buying that identical fiddle.

The general mistake of parents in the management of their children, springs from their forgetfulness of the nature of the young mind and their lack of provision for its wants. A boy's mind cannot be kept still. His animated spirits must and will have vent in some direction. They cannot be stopped, crushed down, effectually restrained, without inflicting an absolute injury upon him. Associate this restraint with never remitting labor, and you make him hate labor. Associate it with study, and you make of study a detestable thing to him. Connect it uniformly with home, and you make home a place of the most comfortless associations. Associate it with religion, and you make religion hateful, and inflict an injury from which he recovers very slowly, if at all.

The secret of good management is in directing into harmless and benificent channels the overflow of life, and this brimming greed for pleasant impressions. This overflow is bound to find passage somewhere; if not in the home then outside of the home; if not in boyhood then in early manhood, as soon as parental restraint is left behind. Parents often wonder why their boys, whom they have kept under 'the most salutary restraints," run into excesses as soon as they get away from home. Do they know now?

Into what channel, we ask, can this waste energy be directed with better results than into music? With the taste for music, and the facilities for its cultivation, arise ambitions to excel; and excellence in no art is acquired without the devotion of a considerable amount of time. Thus a piano in the parlor where there is a family of girls, and a violin in the hands of a boy, demand a large share of the spare time of their owners, and music becomes a favorite diversion. Thus home becomes a scene of pleasant amusements and tasteful pursuits. It becomes, of course the most delightful of places and the most profitable in circles; and neither boy or girl with a home like this stands in great danger of seeking for amusement in questionable places.

But there is much more to be said of music in the home than this. A home filled with the atmosphere of music is generative of the sweetest affections and the most refined and elevated tastes. It cannot be the home of coarse thoughts and cold sympathies, and boorish behavior. There is something in the contact with musical thought that purifies and refines—that rarifies and harmonizes. Show us a family devoted to music in their home—devoted to it as an amusement and a tasteful pursuit—and we shall see, nine times in ten, a family above the ordinary run of families, in all their ambitions, their manners and their tastes. If we add to this the influences and associations of a Christian family, we shall find music invariably associated with their religion; and every day's devotion will rise upon the wings of sacred song. We can imagine no more beautiful sight this side of heaven than a family thus daily associating the profoundest worship of their souls, with the most graceful of the arts, and the most refined of their accomplishments. It is with these views in mind that we urge upon parents the policy of giving to their children every practicable opportunity to learn music and become familiar with the art, both by instrument and voice.—Music, to be worth anything, should be a matter of individual culture. The cultivation of music in classes does not amount to very much. It must be a personal thing; and it will cost money; but it will "pay." We rejoice particularly in the influence of our musical societies, which are calling a great deal of attention to music in our own city. Let these be encouraged. And we rejoice in an occasion to speak of the violin—the most human of all musical instruments, as it is the most graceful and healthful. We should be glad to see one in the hands of every musical boy, and one at least in every family of children. We do not suppose that a fiddle in the hand is worth as much as love in the heart, but it is a thing that can be bought at the stores, and that is a consideration when we remember that the other article is not marketable.—[Ex.

THE NOBLE EARL AND THE HONEST FARMER.—A farmer once called on the late Earl Fitzwilliam to represent that his crop of wheat had been seriously injured in a field adjoining a certain wood, where his lordship's hounds had during the winter frequently met to hunt. He stated that the young wheat had been so cut up and destroyed that in some parts he could not hope for any produce. "Well, my friend," said his lordship, "I am aware that we have done considerable injury; and if you can produce an estimate of the loss you have sustained, I will repay you." The farmer replied, that anticipating his lordship's consideration and kindness, he had requested a friend to assist him in estimating the damage, and they thought as the crop seemed quite destroyed, £50 would not more than repay him. The Earl immediately gave him the money. As the harvest, however approached, the wheat grew, and in those parts of the field which were most trampled, the wheat was strongest and most luxuriant. The farmer went again to his lordship, and being introduced, said, "I am come, my lord, respecting the field of wheat adjoining such a wood." His lordship immediately recollected the circumstances. "Well, my friend, did I not allow you sufficient to remunerate you for your loss?" "Yes, my lord, I find that I have sustained no loss at all, for where the horses had most cut up the land, the crop is the most promising, and I have, therefore, brought the £50 back again." "Ah!" exclaimed the venerable Earl, "this is what I like; this is as it should be between man and man." He then entered into conversation with the farmer, asking him some questions about his family, how many children he had, etc. His lordship then went into another room, and returning, presented the farmer with a cheque for £100, saying, "take care of this, and when your eldest son is of age, present it to him, and tell him the occasion that produced it." We know not which to admire the more, the benevolence or the wisdom displayed by this illustrious man; for while doing a noble act of generosity he was handing down a lesson of integrity to another generation.—[British Workman.

A Methodist and Quaker, having stopped at a public house, agreed to sleep in the same bed. The Methodist kneeled down, prayed fervently, and confessed a long catalogue of sins. After he arose, the Quaker observed, "Really friend, if thou art as bad as thou sayest thou art, I think I dare not sleep with thee."

The *Journal de Medicine* of Brussels states that a short time since a child of about a year old, who appeared in a dreadful pain, and had a sort of foam at the mouth, was taken to an apothecary at Bossu, and he found that the little creature had been poisoned by sucking the painted face of a doll, in which an extract of lead had been mixed. He administered medicines, which saved the child's life, but he suggests that toy makers ought to be prohibited from employing poisonous substances in painting their playthings.

Correspondence.

"LABOR OMNIA VINCIT."

How happy, how charming the thought that these words are true.

What hopes should we have, what ambition, what incentives to action, did we not know the fact, did we not see it plainly and impressively written on the face of all things? There is a power pervading these words which strikes deep into the heart and awakens emotions of a lively and interesting character. All the grand and magnificent works of art speak these words to us in ringing tones.

From the minutest piece of mechanism, to the grandest and noblest work, we hear them uttered. All through the world is the universal cry, yet how few, comparatively heed it! Their hearts are cold and caloused. The beauties of nature have no impression on them, nor do those noble impulses which constitute all that is noble and generous, and which form the world in which man must gather all he possesses of good and bad, and by that divine process separate the gold and dross, and be ready for that immortality which awaits all.

Some tell us they will lead a life of contentment and not labor. As well might they not live at all as to expect to live without labor. True contentment is the lot of every person who employs his time and talents to the best advantage—who labors mentally and physically, justly and energetically.

Mark the idler and enquire after him years hence—where is he?—Living a drone to society and a burden to himself—dead, forgotten by all around, except, perhaps, by a few friends. What an end! and alas, what numbers come to this end! Millions who have lived and died, are forgotten by every one, because they did nothing while living to perpetuate their memory.

Action then, is the characteristic principle in the lives of great and good men—men who have distinguished themselves by their energy, industry and perseverance—who knew the importance of life, what it was to *act*, to *labor*, to do good, and have improved the talent entrusted to their care, and are either ornaments to society in which they *now* move, or their names are treasured up in the hearts of their fellow men—whose memory, as it is wafted back from the tomb, casts stronger and more lasting influences on their minds than if they now lived.

The actions of these great and good men are like unto the summer shower descending on the dry, parched soil—flowing in little streams, refreshing and invigorating all the shrubs and plants, and not until the shower is over are the reviving influences manifest. So with great men—while they live they shed their blessings in all the exuberance of their nature, but not until they are dead do their influences and teachings sink deep into our minds, and exert that influence over us which tells us to act—which animates and excites us—which stimulates us to action.

Then let us labor while we live, and whatever task we may be called upon to perform, let us imagine this motto—"Labor omnia vincit," far in the distance, embalmed in letters of fire—enticing and cheering us on, and then we may be sure of crowning our efforts with victory.

CARRIE.

AURORA, CAYUGA CO., N. Y., Dec 6th, 1859.

EDITORS SPIRITUAL AGE:—I have been deeply interested in the reports of your Bromfield street Conferences. The report which I find in the AGE of Dec. 3d, is worthy of *particular* consideration. I do not design this short article as a critical review in any sense, but I do wish to express the views of more than five hundred good and true Spiritualists in this region, in regard to the views put forth by Dr. Child.

Briefly then—myself with a host of others regard the views of the Dr. as seductive, exceedingly pernicious, and calculated to mislead many minds, by their sophistry—that the result of such views, when received as *truth*, and carried out into practical life, can result *only* in the lowest debasement of the moral sense. These views seem to me very much like Free Loveism in a new dress. Be this as it may, one thing appears evident to my mind, viz.:—That when men attempt to break down or explain away, all moral distinction between right and wrong, they place themselves in open hostility to the safety of society, and to the present and future well-being of the race. In connection with this subject, permit me to remark—that while the views expressed by the Rev. Mr. Thayer may be unsound in many respects, still, I consider the reply to those remarks by Dr. Gardner, as most ungentlemanly and unjust, and well calculated to *confirm* the opposers of Spiritualism in their unjust opinion of Spiritualists in general and lecturers in particular.

In the midst of all this confusion of sentiments, it is soul-cheering to see such men as Newton, Brittan, Edmonds and a host of others, standing forth as lights in our land! How clear, how forcible, yet angel-like, does Mr. Newton put forth his views on the momentous question of the origin and end of evil! Ten thousand spirits on earth and in heaven, respond Amen! to his utterances on this question in your Conferences In conclusion, let us hope and labor to subdue the evil that we *know* is in us, rather than to waste our energies and befool our reason, in a vain attempt to exalt vice to the throne of God-like virtue—to "put darkness for light, and light for darkness"—to "call evil good, and good evil." Let us *cease* to do *this* and learn to be honest with our own hearts.

Very respectfully your friend,
JOS. G. W. WEEKS.

[From the New Brighton Times.]

SPIRIT MANIFESTATION.

For the last few days we have had J. V. Mansfield, of Boston, the great Spirit Writing Medium among us, producing quite a stir.

Now we are not going to write either a defense of Spiritualism, nor will we attempt to affirm that there is nothing in it; we intend in this article, to simply state, honestly and with candor what took place with us, and in our presence, and leave the public to infer what they please from it. We should have been better satisfied, however, if we could have asked a specific question and received an answer.

On Monday we went over to his room and were introduced to Mr. M. by M. A. Townsend. After sitting a short time during which the gentleman was engaged in writing out an answer to an elderly lady present, we told him that we thought of testing him; to which he replied that he would be happy to do so.

On the table before him were a number of strips of common newspaper about five feet long and about 6 inches broad. On the end of one of these we were requested to write to some deceased person, writing their name in full, asking if they were present, and then signing my own name.—I wrote with a pencil the following:

"Dear School-mate, John Mullen, are you present, your friend, W. B. Lemmon."

I immediately folded the strip up in folds of about an inch and a half broad until I had folded up about eighteen inches of the paper.

Now I want to say here that this John Mullen was a schoolmate of mine in Lancaster Co., Pa., about the year 1820 to 1822, that he died about 1831 or 1832, in that county—was no relation, and I feel confident nothing could have been known of him either to Mr. Mansfield or any one else here.

Mr. M. took the roll, made some passes over it, such as mesmerisers are in the habit of doing; the meantime rolling it up still more. I was then requested to put my hand upon the table, which done he made a few passes, and then requested me to take hold of one end of the paper, while he held the other, only for a few seconds. After a few moments he ceased his manipulation and said: "This is not to a blood relation. I will get you an answer."

He then took a pencil from behind his ear, and while the first finger of the left hand kept a continued tap, tapping upon the table he commenced to write in lines about one and a half inches apart and what might be called in a free but wide hand, in part as follows:

"God bless your soul Lemmon; how is it that you thought to ask for me your fellow mortal, and school fellow?" I will omit all else that was written, as being such as any one might write and no test, except that about the middle of the answer, which consisted of about twenty-five of those lines, the spirit, if I may so call it, wrote: "yes, John lives." The closing paragraph reads thus, "I have much to say but my strength fails.

Your friend, John Mullen."

Subsequently, by request, we went over with a neighbor who wished to have a test. After much the same performance was gone over as in the commencement of my case, and before commencing to write, he said to the gentleman inquiring: "This is to a blood relation—it is from a female—I can tell—I find that the electricity or whatever element it may be, comes to my hand from different points; from children, brothers or sisters in the vicinity of the middle of the hand, from a father, along the inside of the hand, from a mother from the outside of the hand, but below the wrist; from the grandfather and grandmother from the inside and outside of the wrist above the joint—this is to your mother." He then wrote about as much as he did in our case, signing the name of Eliza ———, which proved, on opening the paper to be the name of the person written to, and the person writing, although a decided skeptic, acknowledged that he had addressed his mother, long since dead.

Now all we have to say in conclusion, is, that any one might write what was written in both cases, except the names. Then again his saying to us, "this is not to a blood relation"; and to the other, "this is your mother," is what must stagger the most skeptical.

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Mrs. BEAN, Writing, Trance and Test medium, wil continue to give sittings at No. 30 Elliot street, Boston — Special attention given to clairvoyant medical examinations. n16 tf

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.

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Sept. 24, 1859. tf

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A graphic and truthful Narration, "Digging for Capt Kydd's Treasure!" By one of the diggers. Two MILLIONS OF DOLLARS are said to be buried within two miles of New York city. The Revelation of the spirit of Kydd thus far proved true. Sent by mail. Price 15 cts. Address B. CONKLIN, Test Medium, 54 Great Jones st., N. Y.

(Continued from 5th Page.)

individual, is a different outgrowth of human capabilities; yet no age, no nation, or individual, is capable of infallibly comprehending or recording the thoughts of the All-pure, All-wise, and All-mighty centre and source of all things, and much more so in the remoter ages when human capabilities were but partially developed. God—the Eternal Father—is a perpetual source of inspiration, a fountain of outflowing life and wisdom, but this water flows into and out of many vessels in reaching the ear of man in written inspirations; therefore, O man, lay thy ear close to the key-hole of the inner sanctuary, and listen for voices from the life beyond, but think not that every voice thou hearest within that temple, is the voice of the great I Am. Each soul is an inspired soul, that feels the truth-laden breeze breathing upon its perceptions; each man is a prophet, who intuitively feels the approach of a higher wisdom—an unfamiliar truth—and grasps it in advance of his companions. A good man's prophecy of coming light may be unrealized, yet the world not be defrauded, but that higher wisdom—that unfamiliar truth—remain floating above the head of mortals, the race being unprepared for its descent, and therefore sending up no attractions to bring it down among men.

Ye may compare the God-messages, or inspirations of different ages if ye will, and thereby learn that they are far from being the same in spirit; now think you that the change manifested was in the spirit of the Most High? Aye: think you that God has changed his nature?—that he is growing in christian virtues and graces? In the face of past inspirations—in the face of his decrees and promises—in the face of his threats and judgments—in the face of his terrible denunciations and curses—in the face of his promised vengeance,—think you that ye hear him say "thy sins are forgiven thee," to the supplicant for aid; or, "neither do I condemn thee, go and sin no more," to one whose sins were scarcely repented of? Why this change of character, but that a higher human conception of God and good, gave this more glorious picture of the attributes of Deity. Authoritative inspirations they were not; but only inspirations adapted to the development of the age, and to be out-towered by higher conditions of purity and intelligence.—This latter inspiration was in advance of the intelligence and purity of the age in which it was given, therefore it threw the world into consternation, and victimized the mortal tenement of that spirit, who feeling these truths of God, of which the world at large was not cognizant, drew them down to mortals; though at the same time he awoke that spirit of persecution which slept not till it had slain this messenger of truth, and attempted to quench that ray of the Sun of Righteousness, which then shone upon the darkened world:—yet it shone on and still shines, the generations being wiser and better for its ray.

We claim that men at the present day are capable of attaining a higher and holier conception of God—of receiving a purer inspiration, and a clearer conception of truth, than at any former time. We speak of the best, the purest, the least imperfect, the most God-like, and most aspiring souls of which humanity can boast; yet, humanity as a whole is advanced to a higher than its former condition, and as a consequence draws upon, or attracts more largely through inspirational channels, from the fount of intelligence, from the spheres of spirit life claiming affinity with higher and more advanced intelligences, and responding less reluctantly to truth. Then let man "gird up his loins"—let all the children of earth walk in their integrity, drinking of a perpetual inspiration vouchsafed by the mighty God; an inspiration which is the blood of spiritual life, sent forth by the heart-throbs of that mighty Deity whose presence pervadeth all immensity, whose thoughts pulsate in the immutable fixedness of law and find response in every living form. Aye: let them accept this gift, as a perpetual token to all generations, of the oneness of creation, and the destiny of men.

THE TIMES.

BY CHAS. ROBBINS, M. D.

The year soon to close against us has been marked, not only by moral and intellectual advancement, but by woe and blood. We have witnessed old dynasties started from their moorings, and the old world now stands in breathless terror and dread uncertainty as to which way the convulsed elements will bear them; realizing that a single spark will involve the world in blood. The mighty swell is not confined to the old world, but felt throughout this country; and the heavens portend a storm. The mutterings of hoarse thunders are distinctly heard among us—and the roar of winds from their deep cavorns falls upon the ear, speaking of destiny and telling of doom.—Ancient prophecy seems hasting to its fulfillment. The present state of things cannot last; accumulated wrongs of ages threaten with terrific aspect, kindling to these legitimate consequences as do the elemental fires of Vesuvius, issuing in convulsion, and the outpouring destruction of lava.

"What is *true wisdom*?" is the inquiry that should stir every mind. We perhaps differ in opinion as to what is duty, but we all shall agree that we should *read* and *think*. Newspapers are so indispensable to every family that we should be prepared to act wisely on the first emergency. As Christians we have special duties to perform in troublesome times—as politicians we have imperative duties that cannot be neglected with impunity. As spiritualists we have duties other than sitting still, and calling evils lesser good. We have to bid the erring cease to err, comfort and console the oppressed, and point the penitent to brighter scenes. The fields are white, ready to a spiritual harvest. Myriads of happy spirits hover over us in every effort to make happy. *This righteousness that exalteth* an individual, as well as a *nation*, it is *sin* in an individual or *nation* that is *a reproach*.

Who can look abroad, unmoved at the present state of Italy. We are to bear in mind that they are lineal descendants of the ancient conquerors of the world, but they, divided among themselves and priest-ridden, have for centuries shown little of the heroic deeds of the ancient Romans. They have lost the magnanimity of ancient times, which could overlook a wrong, and the knife of an assassin is the avenger of real or supposed wrong. But the world is indebted to her for Poetry and the Fine Arts, for beauty and for song, beyond that for the discovery of these United States, for the model of government, and our system of jurisprudence.

But Italians, down-trodden and abased are awaking from their slumbers; the genius of the old Romans seems to be reviving; the shades of the mighty seem hovering over VICTOR IMMANUEL, and stirring the bosom of GARIBALDI:

"Ghosts of the mighty! your children's heart inspire,
And while they on your ashes tread, rekindle all your fire."

CHARLESTOWN, Dec. 1859.

DR. FRANKLIN ON DEATH.

The following beautiful passage is selected from Franklin's published works. It manifests a deep and sublime faith in God, and in the recognition of friends in the immortal spheres. Such trust hallows our daily life and sheds a blessed radiance upon the darkness of the tomb.

"We have lost a most dear and valuable relation. But it is the will of God and nature that these mortal bodies be laid aside when the soul is to enter real life. This is rather an embryo state; a preparation for *living*. A man is not completely born until he is dead. Why should we grieve when a new child is born to immortals? A new member added to their happy society? *We are spirits!* That bodies should be lent us while they can afford us pleasure, assist us in acquiring knowledge or doing good to our fellow creatures, is a kind and benevolent act of God. When they become unfit for these purposes, and afford us pain instead of pleasure—instead of aid become an incumbrance, and answer none of the intentions for which they were given, it is equally kind and benevolent that a way is provided by which he may get rid of them.

Death is that way. We ourselves in some cases prudently choose a partial death. A mangled, painful limb, which cannot be restored, we willingly cut off. He who plucks out a tooth parts with it freely, since the pain goes with it; and he who quits the whole body, parts at once with all pains and possibility of pains and diseases it was liable to or capable of making him suffer.

Our friend and we were invited abroad on a party of pleasure which is to last forever. His chair was ready first, and he has gone before us. We could not conveniently start together; why should you and I be grieved at this, since we are soon to follow and know where to find him?"

A Norfolk clergyman found a skunk under the furnace register of his study last week, and after calm reflection as to the pleasantest method of getting him out without making a fuss in the house, took up the register with care, and placed a barrel at the opening. The fire was then encouraged, and Mr. Mephitis finding the quarters uncomfortable, went into the barrel. The creature was daintily taken to a pond when the barrel was upset, and he, unfortunately falling into the water, was drowned.

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.]

H. P. FAIRFIELD will speak in Stafford, Ct., Dec. 18th; in New Bedford, Sunday, Dec. 25th; in Portland, Me., the two first Sabbaths in January; in Willimantic, Ct., the two last Sabbaths of January; and in Bridgport, Ct., the four Sundays of February. Applications for week evenings will be attended to. Address at the above places and dates.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE speaks in New Orleans in December; all applications for Southern cities to be addressed care of N. O. Folgar, Esq., New Orleans. In Jan. and Feb. 1860, in Memphis and Cincinnati; in March, April, &c., in Philadelphia, Providence and the East.

Residence 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Mrs J. W. CURRIER will lecture in Portsmouth, Dec. 11th; Lawrence, Dec. 25th, and Jan. 1st.; Huntington, 8th; Moodus, Ct., evenings of 10th & 12th; Chickopee, 15th, 23d & 29th; Putnam, Ct., Feb. 5th; Foxboro, 12th & 19th; Marblehead, 26th. She will speak evenings, in the vicinity of the above places. Address, Box 815, Lowell, Mass.

Mrs. FANNIE BURBANK FELTON will lecture in Putnam, Ct., the first two Sundays of December; in New York, the third, and in Philadelphia the fourth Sunday of Dec., and the first two of January. Address "Willard Barnes Felton, Putnam, Ct., until Dec 10th—No. 12, Lamartine Place, 29th street New York until Dec. 20th, and 510 Arch street, Philadelphia until January 10th. n15 tf

Mrs. R. H. BURT will give lectures on every thing pertaining to Spiritual and Practical life, Religion and Metaphysics under the influence of spirits. Address the above at No. 2, Columbia street, Boston, Mass. 15 tf

Miss ROSA T. AMEDEY will lecture in Oswego, during the month of January, 1860. Friends desiring her services for Sabbath and week evenings in the two or three months following, will please address her at 32 Allen st., prior to Dec. 28th, and during the month of January, in care of I. L. Pool, Oswego, N. Y. 14 5w

F. L. WADSWORTH speaks in Richmond, Ind, Dec 4th; Terre Haute, Dec. 11th and 18th; Attica, Ind. Dec. 25th; Delphia, Ind., Jan. 1st, 1860. He can be addressed at the above named places at the times specified.

ELDERS J. S. BROWN and W. F. JAMISON, of Albion, Calhoun Co., Mich., will answer calls to lecture on Spiritualism through the southern villages and towns of Michigan, and parts of Illinois, Wisconsin and Indiana, until 1860. Address at Albion, Calhoun Co, Michigan.

GEORGE ATKINS will receive calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address, No. 3 Winter street, Boston.

LINDLEY M. ANDREWS, Superior Lecturer, will travel in the South and West this Fall and Winter. Persons desiring his services may address him either at Yellow Springs, Ohio, or at Mendota, Ill., until further notice is given.

Mrs. C. M. TUTTLE can be addressed at West Winsted, Conn., during the winter, and any friend communicating to her during her present state of health, which is exceedingly delicate, will be gratefully received and let those who can send any message from the spirit spheres that may aid to cheer and strengthen her.

J S LOVELAND, will lecture in Oswego, N. Y., during the months of Nov & Feb; and in Bos on the three first Sundays in Jan. Will lecture week evenings in the vicinity of the above named places.

Address at 14 Bromfield st., care of Bela Marsh, Boston.

Miss EMMA HARDINGE will lecture in Memphis during, November. Address care of J E Chadwick. Esq., Memphis, Tenn—December in New Orleans, part of January in Georgia, returning to the East via Cincinnatti in March 1860. Applications for lectures in the South to be sent in as speedily as possible to the above address or 8 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

CHRISTIAN LINDA, Trance Speaking Medium, will receive calls to lecture in any part of this western country. Address Christian Linda, care of Benj. Teasdale, box 221, Alton, Ill.

JOHN C. CLUER, and his daughter SUSIE, will answer calls to lecture and give Readings on Sunday or other evenings. Address No. 5 Bay street, or at this Office.—Mr. C. will act as agent for the AGE.

M. P. FAIRFIELD may be addressed at Greenwich Village, Mass.

Mrs. A. M. MIDDLEBROOK (formerly Mrs. Henderson,) will lecture in Providence, Dec. 18th & 25th, and Jan. 1st and 8th. Applications for the week evenings will be attended to. She will visit Memphis, Tenn., in Feb. and St. Louis in March, and would request friends wishing to secure her services on her route, to address her as speedily as possible at her Box, 422, Bridgeport, Conn

Dr. JAMES COOPER, of Bellefontaine, Ohio, answers calls to lecture in trance state.

JAMES H. SHEPARD, Speaking and Seeing Medium will answer calls to lecture whenever the Friends may desire. Post Office address, South Acworth, N. H.

N S GREENLEEF is ready to answer calls to lecture on the Sabbath. Address Lowell, Mass.

H F GARDINER of Boston, will answer calls to lecture on Sundays and week day evenings.

Mrs M S TOWNSEND will lecture in the vicinity of Boston Nov & Dec—Jan,, Philadelphia.

Miss A W SPRAGUE will speak at Milwaukie, Wis., the two last Sundays in Nov; the month of December at St Louis, Mo, and the two last Sundays in Jan at Terre Haute, Ind.

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

H L BOWKER, Natick, Mass, will give lectures on Spiritualism and its proofs, for 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.

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

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

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

BOSTON SPIRITUAL CONFERENCE.

The Boston Spiritual Conference will be held every Wednesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock, at the SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, for the discussion of questions connected with Spiritualism and reform. n8tf

A. B. CHILD. M. D., Dentist,
NO. 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

Spiritual Meetings in Boston.

MISS MOULTON will hold circles in the first room on the second floor, No. 171, corner of Court & Sudbury streets, Boston, every Monday night, for trance speaking; every Sunday and Wednesday night, for miscellaneous communications; and every Friday for development, commencing at 7 1-4 o'clock P. M. Admission 10 cts. She will also give private sittings for the development of mediums (for which her powers are specially adapted,) for which she will require to be paid a reasonable compensation, according to circumstances. 13tf

MEETINGS AT NO. 14 BROMFIELD ST.—A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday morning, at 10 1-2 o'clock, and afternoon at 3.

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

The Regular Spiritualists' Meetings, under the management of Dr. H. F. Gardner, are held every Sunday in Ordway Hall, Washington street, entrance nearly opposite Milk street. S. J. FINNEY, Inspirational speaker, of Ohio, will occupy the desk during the month of Nov.

PUBLIC CIRCLES will be held at SPIRITUAL AGE HALL, 14 Bromfield street, every Tuesday evening, commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission 10 cents. 11tf

S. D. & H. W. SMITH,
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PEDAL BASS HARMONIUMS,
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THE ORGAN HARMONIUM is designed both for Church and Parlor; contains four sets of reeds, eleven registers or (stops,) and capable of great power, and yet by the use of the stops, may be played as soft as the Æolian harp. The Performer, at his option, can imitate the Flute, Fife, Clarionet, or Hautboy, so perfectly that one would suppose that they were listning to either of the above instruments separately, or combine the whole, and thus give the effect of GRAND ORGAN.—In an elegant rosewood case for $250.

THE PEDAL BASS HARMONIUM is arranged with two manuals or banks of Keys, the lowest set running an octave higher than the other, and may be used separately, and thus get in one case two distinct instruments; or by the use of the coupler, the two banks of keys may be played at the same time by the use of the front set only. This connected with the Sub-Bass, will produce the effect of a large organ, and is sufficiently heavy to fill a house that seats from 1000 to 1500 persons.

THE ORGAN MELODEON is designed for parlor and private use. The construction is similar to the Church Instrument, being arranged with two banks of Keys, and when used together, by means of the coupler, is capable of as great volume of power as the Church instrument, when used without the Pedals.

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Music Teachers, Leaders of Choirs, and others interested in music matters, are respectfully invited to visit our rooms at any time, and examine or test the instruments on exhibition for sale at their pleasure.

As a still further guarantee to the public as to the excellence of the Melodeons and Harmoniums from our manufactory, we beg leave to refer, by permission, to the following Piano Forte manufacturers of Boston, who have examined our Instruments, and will give their opinion when called upon:

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MELODEONS AND HARMONIUMS RENTED.—Persons who wish to hire Melodeons and Harmoniums with a view of purchasing at the end of the year, can have the rent credited as part payment of the purchase money. This matter is worthy of special note, as it enables those who desire a fair test of the instruments before purchasing, to obtain it at the expense of the manufacturers, to the extent at least of a year's rent.

Orders from any part of the country or world, sent direct to the manufactory in Boston, with cash or satisfactory reference, will be promptly attended to, and as faithfully executed as if the parties were present, or employed an agent to select, and on as reasonable terms.

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Scroll leg, 1 1-2 octave, $60; Scroll leg, 5 octave, $75; Piano style, 5 octave, $100; Piano style, extra finish, 5 octave, $110; Piano style, carved leg, $125; Piano style, 2 sets of reeds, 150; Piano style, 6 octave, $130; Organ Melodeon, $200; Organ Harmonium, $250; Pedal Bass Harmonium, $275.

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Vermont Convention.

The next Quarterly Spiritualist Convention will be holden at Rockingham Centre, Saturday and Sunday, the 10th and 11th of December, 1859. Arrangements have been made with the Rutland and Burlington R. R., to carry those who wish to attend the Convention, for Fare one way. These Conventions have become a *fixed fact* in Vermont, and it is hoped that our friends both in and out of the State will encourage them by their presence and hearty co-operation. Mediums and speakers from this and adjoining States are specially invited to be present and help along the "Good time coming."

NEWMAN WEEKS,
CHAS. WALKER,
SAML. B. NICHOLS,
A. E. SIMMONS,
} Committee.

Mr. Rand's Pamphlet, giving an account of the Davenport boys and his liberation from jail by the spirits, is for sale at the Spiritual Book Store of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

"Special Inducements."

For three dollars the subscriber, publisher of many valuable Spiritual Reform works, will send at retail prices free of postage or by Express, three dollars worth of any books published by him, and in addition thereto, either the Spiritual Age or the Banner of Light for six months. This is a favorable opportunity for all who want to purchase an assortment of the above at reduced prices. Address BELA MARSH,
14 Bromfield street, Boston.

☞Send for Catalogue.

P. S.—This offer will continue until January 1st, 1860. n10t

SEALED LETTERS ANSWERED.

L. L. FARNSWORTH, medium for answering *sealed letters*, physchometric delineator of character, and medical clairvoyant, is permanently located at the "Bethesda Institute," 49 Tremont street, Room No. 6, Boston.

Terms—For answering sealed letters, $1, and two postage stamps, for an effort to give satisfaction; for $3 an answer will be *guaranteed*, or the money and letter will be returned within three months. For delineations of character $1—the name of the person must be sent, written with *ink*. For clairvoyant examinations by a lock of hair, $2; when present, $1,50. Prescriptions and medicines sent on reasonable terms. All communications promptly attended to. See in BANNER OF LIGHT of Oct, 8th, "A Remarkable Test." Mr. F. also gives advice on business. 3m Dec. 10.

The Thinker; being the 5th volume of the "GREAT HARMONIA," by A. J. Davis, is just published and ready for delivery. Price $1. Single copies sent by mail, *postage free*, on receipt of the price. The usual discount on wholesale orders. Address Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield St., Boston. 16tf

DR. P. B RANDOLPH.

This remarkable and gifted medium, whose powers and extraordinary eloquence has excited the wonder of every audience before whom he has spoken, will lecture Sundays, and through the week, as his services may be needed. Address him at this office till further notice. n14tf

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelley. This work, just issued from the press, takes a general view of Inspiration and its evidences, in a very different manner from what it has been treated heretofore by the various writers, either for or against, on the subject. It reviews the arguments that have been advanced in favor of Divine Inspiration with marked candor, and at the same time with great ability. A subject of such vast importance should be carefully investigated, and the truth elicited, whether it *confirms* or *condemns* our previous belief on the subject. It is well worth a careful perusal. 72 pages, 12 mo. Price 20 cents. Bela Marsh, Publisher, 14 Bromfield st., Boston.

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The Bible: Is it of Divine origin, authority, and influence? By S. J. Finney. Price, in paper, 25 cts; cloth, 40 cts.

A Dissertation on the Evidences of Divine Inspiration. By Datus Kelley. Price, 20 cts. On receipt of the price, the above books will be sent, postage free. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street

MRS. B. K. LITTLE

The well known Test Medium will leave Boston the first of Dec. for the South, to spend the winter. Mrs. L. still continues to give sittings at her Rooms, 35 Beach street—Hours from 9 A. M. to 12 M—and from 2 to 9 P M.—Terms $1 for *one* or *two* persons per hour. Clairvoyant examinations $1. 13 2w

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Those who believe in cure by the laying on of hands, we will add that many of our most important cures have been effected in part by such means.

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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 desirable part of the city.

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n7tf