



DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION.

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WHOLE NO. 57.

Spiritual Philosophy.

From the Spirit-Land.

W. H. MANTZ, MEDIUM.

(Continued.)

The advocates of Truth—honest-minded Reformers—have always been against, or rather in the face of the world. A strict system of what is called Religion, has ever arisen in all the weight of Gold—in all the power of Association—in all the cruelty of Ignorance—in all the heat of prejudice. The time was, when to face this opposition, was to stand erect whilst others bit the dust, was to remain the lone target, for the fatal bullet or the upraised sabre. The time was, when to say, directly or indirectly, that your soul was your own, would have hung you on the highest tree for possessing that which the law acknowledged as either the Priest's or the Devil's! Those times have in a measure, gone by, but the seed then buried is still bringing forth fruit. While you on this Independence Day, look about upon the various religious forms and ceremonies, you should not forget that they are but the gilded remnants of that earlier and depraved system of which we speak; that gold continues to exert its almost unconquerable influence in favor of that system. The power of association is still seen in its daily works. Its cruel ignorance is still clearly revealed; while its heated prejudice, as the under-current of the entire fabric, still heaves and tosses toward all who say nay when it says yea!

With such opposition, my brother, you have now to contend. Such opposition now throws itself in the way of Spiritual Truth. The world has frowned upon us, but it has not deterred us from communicating with our friends in the flesh. Think you, dear brother, there could be erected a barrier so high, as to shut us from your hand? We say again, the frowns of the world are upon you, but you are right; frowns, at least, do not prove to you that you are wrong. Frowns may be arguments, but they are not such as Reason desires to battle: they are no arguments for the true Spiritualist. Tell that world, brother, when it speaks freedom, freedom will cheerfully respond.

But what keeps the people of Earth from the light? What holds them from an unbiased investigation into these mysteries, if mysteries they be? We declare, and offer abundant evidence to prove, that he who now holds your mind spell-bound, and in complete control, once lived and moved in the Earth-Sphere. Come forth to the issue! We assert, and upon the most natural principles, are prepared to establish, to mortal intelligence and reason, that the Spirits who now charge this arm and hand with a refined magnetic fluid, to move it in this cause, have experienced the change so much dreaded by mortals, and called Death!

Again, then, we ask, what keeps that world from the light? Where is it when these calls are made upon your freedom? Where is its Religious Liberty about which there is so much ado? When that world hears the gentle sound it need not be startled. Wherever that sound is heard, there is intelligence, and where there is intelligence, there can be explanation and reason. "Try the Spirits," is all we ask. Hold them to the table, behind the moving hand, or in the quivering lip! Where media are, there al-

so, you have a right to expect Spirits. But you will not meet us. We are forced to meet you. Where are your natural aspirations?—your natural impulses?—your natural sentiment—when Spirits call? Where your intelligence—your independence—your reason—your ingenuity—your science? Where is that world my brother, when we whisper words of comfort to your earth-clad spirit? Where is it when we have killed in you the fear of death, by presenting it in all the beauty and usefulness of a natural law? Where is it, when we rejoice with you even at the tomb? What closes the ears of that world, when a voice from the interior exclaims,

"Oh, death! Where is thy sting!
Oh, grave, where is thy victory!"

This voice does come back. Millions of earth have heard it. It will continue to be heard. No power on earth can stop it; none in the higher spheres can prevent it. It is natural, and will be eternal, until brother and sister come to know and recognize brother and sister, as well out of the flesh as in it!

Think not you have seen in these remarks a picture of an enthusiastic imagination. It is not so. Neither is it the fancy of an over excited brain. Harmony—passiveness—is with the instrument—the rest is with spirits. We have the truth by a simple analysis of natural results. You can have the same truth. Be free, and the light we have imperfectly displayed through this medium will break through—a most beautiful philosophy! By this analysis—through this philosophy—you can reach heaven on a plane high above the dark valley in which so many of our race have struggled. To believe in our presence is to believe in a something about which you can, almost at any moment, satisfy yourself. We come not to ask you to fight men's opinions, but to lift you above them. When you become convinced as you surely can be, that we do communicate, prepare yourself for a new life; for we have certainly opened a New Era in Earth's history. Come to us with reason, and demand reason from us. Shrink not behind this or that lesson, and beg us to come to you. We come to earth with new thoughts, new motives, new reasons, new realities.

Now, through the Soul of this medium we would breathe, first Harmony, Peace and Brotherly Love. We would lead minds to Nature for Principles and Laws not to bigoted Councils and Sectarian Schools. These have ever been, and will continue to be contracted. We would wipe out the word selfishness from the book of words, and place in its stead, MEERNESS. We would touch the hearts of men with what angels call TRUE LOVE. We would teach freedom of mind, and unteach prejudice, which in its highest development, is mental Slavery. We would erase Faith from earthly Spirits, and fill them with the facts—with a knowledge of their own immortal destiny. Where facts are, there is no need of faith. Faith has deceived many. We would impress the residents of earth with the true dignity of the exalted man. We would exert your Reason—strengthen your Will to do good—fill your heart with love to all—and, in a word, help you so to live through your earth sphere, that as mortality weakened immortality would receive strength. We would see and help you so to cultivate your interior being, as to be able, even on the final pillow, to lift your hand and smooth the wrinkled brow of death. In a last word, we would see and teach you so to

unfold your spirits, that, even on the margin of the grave, you could look beyond earth—through Death—upon the blissful realities that surround the developed and happy resident of the Spirit Land!

The Departure of Mrs. Davis.

The announcement of the departure of Mrs. Davis, consort of Andrew Jackson Davis, to the spiritual world, was made in our columns last week. Mrs. Davis has made rapid progress in science, and she had contributed many highly suggestive and valuable thoughts to her friends and the public. Among these we have the pleasure of appending a letter addressed by her to a female friend, which will be read at this time with deep interest:

MY SISTER—The heart loves to repeat "my sister," for sweet memories echo to the sound, coming up from the valley of the past, and reverberating from every eminence to which the spirit has attained in its pathway of life. It is associated with the loved words "home," "mother," "father," and "brother"; and in life's beginnings, what strength is in these words! But as the chain of existence lengthens, how often these links weaken! Sometimes they are cut off, then what a break they leave in the strong chord of love! But they are not altogether gone; no, there is an imperceptible spirit-thread not severed, though all of affection which we can with the natural eye behold, the world has swept away. And there are other links, other echoes of the chain, which draw, which respond to us from the life beyond our own. These are not weakened; they are felt in our souls, they are heard in our hearts,—living, whispered, hallowed from heaven. We call, they answer from above. Only the dead hear not. The dead? I speak not of those who have passed from earth—they live! The dead are those who are not "alive in Christ," (alive in the Christ principle.) These go to the grave, and call. All is silence there—there is no echo from the tomb; but "cast-off clothes" are in that "wardrobe locked!" True we love the dress our dear ones wore, but let us not ignorantly approach the place where they are put away; for, what we seek—it "is not there." I know one, dear H—, whose story I am impressed to relate to you. I am not at liberty to give her name, or place of residence. They were told to me in confidence. A little child was born; she came into the world deformed—(not "cursed of God!" 'tis impious to ascribe these things to Deity,) but a little helpless girl, the image of the divine within her soul, to dwell upon the earth in a temple not beautiful to attract, and so the world looked from it, and passed it coldly by. The little sensitive spirit would shrink timidly away from this chill neglect, and nestled to her father's heart, to seek shelter in his love; and thus were the "winds tempered" to this "shorn lamb" of God. Her only father loved her, and all the deep affections of her soul were concentrated in her love for him. So she grew up to womanhood. She was devout, and schooled in the religion of the churches; and whilst her father's hand was there to lead her to the "house of God," (poetically so called,) she loved to worship by his side in that sanctuary. But there came a day when all alone she trod the accustomed path—when her outstretched hand grasped but the empty air—the seat beside her was vacant—death was in the sanctuary;—

and he, in whom she had loved and worshipped God, was not! She loved Good "in him whom she had seen"—how else could she "love God whom she had not seen?" Where now should she go? How naturally she follows to where they have laid him! Her teachers point her to nothing beyond, save some undefinable disembodied existence, some ethereal essence to be in an unknown future reunited to the worn-out form put off. How can she wait? There, where they have buried him, there would she be buried! and so, dear sister, she would steal away to that grave; at night, when others slept, that deformed and lonely one would rise from the pillow wet with her tears, and passing to the grave-yard, would lay her head upon the cold marble, less cold to her than any other spot of earth, there from her bursting heart to call out—"Father! father!"—and he heard her, not in the grave, "he was not there!" He answered her, not from the tomb—he had not entered it. Thus far, of what I have related all can believe; but what follows,—*and which is as real to the daughter, a joy outweighing all her grief,*—will be recognized only by the few. The intensity of her sorrow united to the purity of her nature, acted upon the physical to throw her into a state so allied to the spiritual as to enable her to see with the principle of vision, and hear with the principle of hearing, independent of the natural organs by which only we can behold or hear natural things; (it is ignorance of the principles which blinds the world,—man studies not the causes of effects, he fears to "find out God.")

Dear sister, may you realize with me what was the joy of that bereft one, after many days and nights of unutterable anguish, when looking up from the damp stone, she saw that father standing by her!—a smile upon his face, sweeter, holier, than it used to wear, and yet the same; love, deeper, calmer, but love unchanged for her, beaming from angel eyes. Oh, silent joy! there are no earthly words set to the music of thy beatings in the soul! She saw her father; he spoke to her: he bade her follow him from the church-yard home, and there he counselled her; and from that day he has guided her on the earth, and she is no more alone. Now, more than ever, she loves God, and worships the Father through the Son, whom she "has seen." Oh, tell me not of a "jealous God," and check not, for fear of such, the lavishness of love from out the human heart. Every pure affection rises up like incense unto heaven—our loves are prayers. We are not idolatrous when we love with all our capacity of loving, "those whom we have seen." Only thus can we worship in spirit and in truth, God, who is the Great "Spirit," pervading all. We need not go to "the mountain," or to "Jerusalem," to find him. And the young mother need not fear to clasp close, with all the yearnings of her heart, the child of her bosom. No "jealous God" will take it from her; and the wife may love the companion of her soul with all her mind and strength, and if her union be a true one, she cannot resist the rushing tide of love which mingles her being with his; its flow is on to heaven, it ebbs not back to earth; its course is worship, "in the beauty of holiness;" its utterings are hymns unto God.

Love is life! "Let the dead bury their dead." Let those "dead in trespasses and sins," meaning those asleep in error and ignorance, let them go mourn at the grave; but let the living follow "the Christ," (wisdom.) Ignorance

is death; knowledge is life eternal! The dead in ignorance "have eyes, but see not; they have ears but hear not." They cannot behold the representations of Nature which the Great Artist of the universe presents to man; they cannot hear when truth proclaims, "this is the work of God"—and, therefore, such an illustration of love and life as is given us in the relation of that meeting of the child with her father, is enjoyed but by few, for the daughter only whispers her history to those who are not "blind" and "deaf;" she tells it to the living.—Though she spoke it to the dead, they would not hear. To her it is too real and too sacred to be exposed to death and doubt. She returns no more to the tombs to breathe her soul out there. She has 'been dead,' and is 'alive again.' In her, as in Jesus and in others, we may behold 'the resurrection and the life.'—Let us believe in them, and we shall never die. Let us view in them the fulfillment of a law of God; let us study that law, and knowledge will bring relief. A belief in that which contradicts any of the immutable laws of an unchanging Deity is blind idolatry, and superstition and death; but the belief of knowledge is life.

I know how kindly you read all I write, dear sister. You love to listen to the thoughts of my mind, and you feel my sincerity even when you may think not with me; but I fear that you sometimes shrink when I speak of Jesus, (the son of God, so excelling in loveliness) as one of us, a brother in the great family of the universal Father. I fear this because we were taught together to fall down and worship 'Him whom we had not seen;' and now he is the Idol of the Christian world,—no, not he, but the image of that which is in heaven above, erected on the earth; and should the original of that which is graven here stand beside the altar, where his likeness is worshiped, the idolators would not recognize their God. But how the loving heart clings to where it has been taught to pray, to where it has breathed forth its purest aspirations! Let us be charitable to Buddha and Mohammed, whose images others of God's children have erected, and kneeling there, poured out the spirit's orisons. But 'our Father' is not 'a jealous God;' and he leaves the children their toys, about which they toil and slay one another disputing as to which has the best; whilst his principles perform their silent work in the world, waiting the maturer growth of the human mind, to read and to understand his laws. Our Father is not the 'avenging' Deity that man has impiously portrayed; many, many Gods, the conceptions of ignorance, are drawn upon the Bible pages as crude and deformed as those the barbarian has carved in wood and stone; and these are enshrined within the castle of Christendom, more or less beautifully executed, in the different departments of sectarianism, where,—beside the creations of Moses and Joshua, the fancy sketches of Job and others, called 'the Father'—a cross is reared, and upon it, in agony and bloody sweat, is represented Jesus as the 'only Son' of that 'God of vengeance,' to appease whose 'wrath' he dies; thus purchasing the sinner's freedom. Oh, superstition! what wonder that thy votaries enact enormities? Shall a man be more perfect than his God? What wonder that the gallows stands there close by that cross—the instrument of revenge? What wonder that man, too, deals in human blood, and exacts the sweat of his brother man, whose

freedom must be bought? Jesus (not the exaggerated Jesus of the Idolator,) but Jesus the good man, said; 'Be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect,' and man strives to emulate the Deity he conceives of. Who, then, shall blame the believers in the Gods (named 'one') of the Bible, if they go to war, hold slaves, murder upon the scaffold or elsewhere, and take vengeance, calling it Justice? With what gorgeous drapery have these things been veiled, hung with a curtain of material woven with the warp of centuries and the woof of power, whose heavy folds man has not dared to lift? Who in the past has tried to do it, but that the multitude have cried out, 'Crucify him! crucify him!' And when they have crucified, burned and reviled the revealer of truth, they afterwards raise a monument to his memory, and perhaps, worship him thereon. Thus it is within the fortress of sectarianism, and the inhabitants therein are "dead in trespasses and sins," (in ignorance and error;) they sleep within their tomb, and know no life beyond the encircling walls through whose thickness they hear not the murmuring without, a sound as of many waters. Their enclosure, they think is impenetrably built; and though their watchmen cry out, yet they sleep on. But the rivers of truth are flowing into their stronghold—living waters from the eternal Fountain! Where their foundation is, there the sea is rising, whose surging waves man's power may not control, though in his petty kingly might he may assume to lash them back, but they stay not at his command, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." Nothing can arrest the rising tide of progress, and error's strongest tower shall float like a weed upon its bosom, and the sleepers therein shall awaken—"the dead shall be made alive," for the waves of progress are the waters of truth, and the waters of truth are life!

The building, the creation of man, shall be washed away; but its inmates need not fear, for there floats upon the bosom of the Infinite Mind 'a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Its walls are its illimitable surroundings of Love; its height, the immensity of Wisdom; its dome, the firmament of the Universe. Therefore, 'let not your hearts be troubled,' for though the edifice which man has constructed be swept from the earth by the rushing torrent of Progress, yet not one human soul shall perish, not one be left shelterless, for 'in our Father's house are many mansions,' homes for all! When the mind once realizes this, how contracted seems the house of man! The spirit sleeps no more. Aroused, alive, it cannot stay in the soul's mausoleum, and launching on the tide which rushes past, escapes from bondage, but not without pursuit. The sentinel at the door calls out, and from every vault comes up the echo to the cry of 'Infidel!' Curses and anathemas follow after the fugitive, but they reach him not. Missiles may be hurled that wound the flesh, and his life's blood, may stream upon the waves that still bear him on to heaven; and for 'a little while,' those whom he has left 'see him no more,' but 'yet a little while, and they shall see him,' for he has gone unto 'his Father and their Father'!

It is very blissful, dear sister, contemplating the meeting with those we love, thus on the bosom of our God. Those from whom we are separated here will be with us there, where no hate is, no unkindness, no discord,—but God is all in all.—New York Reformer.

The New Era.

"Behold I make all things New," "Hereafter ye shall see HEAVEN OPENED."

S. C. HEWITT, Editor and Proprietor: OFFICE 25 CORNHILL.

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BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 30, 1853.

Boston Conference.

(Continued from No. 4.)

Mr. PARTRIDGE of New York city, and one of the Proprietors of the Spiritual Telegraph, was the next speaker. He said he was happy to be with us here in Boston, and was quite happily disappointed in seeing so many present. It reminded him of New York, and the Spiritual Conference there. They held their sittings there weekly, and from a very few, they had increased to some hundreds, and now occupy a large hall. They had, however, met with great opposition from the Political, the Religious and the Business relations of life. But why should it be thus? Why should a Spiritualist thus be made to suffer more than others? What is the difference between him and others? It is simply this: While others hope simply, he knows. The Spiritualist has actual demonstration on demonstration, which make the life to come one of knowledge. Others believe and hope. This is the difference; and for this difference, the former is made to suffer in various ways.

We are told that we must not say we know, only that we hope. But this does not alter the fact. We are fully aware that we hold communion with dear and loving friends, and how can we do otherwise than say that we know these things to be true?

Mr. P. was glad to meet us because we are Spiritualists. He had suffered much personally because he believed and openly advocated these new things. But his principle of action was to go straight forward, not heeding the frowns, the sneers and the injury with which the enemy may feel disposed to visit him. To be a Spiritualist requires all this: it is with much pleasure, therefore, that he is permitted to meet with such here.

Mr. P. now related a case of murder, discovered through Spiritual direction; and spoke of a probable conviction of the murderer through the same aid. But notwithstanding all this, and thousands of other tangible and reliable evidences of communication with the ordinarily unseen world, the reply is, "you are deluded." But, said Mr. P., they ask us to believe Paul—they ask us to believe one man who testified of things which occurred 1800 years ago, while they deny the testimony of more than 30,000 living witnesses in the present.

Mr. P. said he was once skeptical; and he could not see how it was possible for Philip to be transported some thirty miles, except in an ordinary and tangible way. But lately it had been his privilege to witness the transportation of a man through the air about 70 feet by some invisible agency, and he was therefore disposed to doubt no longer the transportation of Philip even 30 miles; for if a man can be carried by unseen power, the distance of 70 feet, by the same power, and on the same principle could be carried any number of feet or even miles.

And then, again, he had no controversy about the Bible. That would be able to stand or fall on its own merits. And the Church which bases itself exclusively on the Bible, has had, and still has its own work to do. Nevertheless, that same Church is very narrow and contracted in many of its views and actions. Shall we be imitators of the Church, and discard those who do not go as far as we do? Let us not be narrow, but truly free.

In New York, said Mr. P., the meetings are free for the expression of every variety of thought and sentiment. Each one utters his own convictions, and feels free to do it. Spiritualists there dictate no creed to others; and he was happy to find the same state of things in Boston. He was also happy to see that our meetings were informal—not numbered up with law, fashion, and a multitude of hindrances to freedom.

Before he became a Spiritualist, he was a Skeptic. And when he became fully satisfied of Immortality, by the Physical Demonstrations and other external tests, he no longer needed such evidences, and he no longer had them. Nevertheless he needed instruction, and that was freely imparted to him. And this is the general rule of the Spirits: first to

demonstrate, and then to help us forward.

The Spiritual Conference at New York, has heretofore confined itself chiefly to Demonstrations; but now the timely has come for the question—What shall I do? Every human being is to be elevated. And when people come to him and talk of the progress of the Cause, he immediately inquires—What are you doing? A great work is to be done, and that is a world-saving work. Spiritualism is yet destined to revolutionize the world and save Humanity. And there is no argument brought against Spiritualism to-day, but what is equally good against the Spiritualism of all ages.

Mr. P. closed his remarks by giving an interesting account of a physical demonstration of Spirit power and intelligence, where chairs and tables were piled up together—like "Ossa upon Helion"—and then put back in their places again, by a purely invisible power.

Mr. BROWN of Virginia, arose to second him, and gave an interesting account of a perfectly circular drawing, executed without instruments, by a medium at Chickopee Falls. Mr. B. said he had himself been a practical mechanic over twenty years, and he knew it to be utterly impossible for any one in the flesh, and in the ordinary state, to draw perfect circles with a pencil, without instruments to guide. Yet this was done by the medium in question. And he concluded by making an offer of twenty-five dollars to any person who would execute the like.

Mr. LOVELAND of Charlestown now gave an account of the rise and progress of Spiritualism in that city. He said the first attempt to hold a Spiritual meeting there was a mere experiment, and the gathering took place in a small hall. But the meetings rapidly increased in numbers, and the friends were soon obliged to enlarge their borders. For some time past, they had held their meetings in the City Hall, where a sort of free conference meeting is held in the forenoon of every Sunday—generally by about 300 persons. The regular meeting for discourse is held every Sunday afternoon; and then from four to six hundred attend. He remarked that the friends there were earnestly discussing practical matters now, and were looking for improvement in all directions. He also said that the meetings were attended not only by believers in Spiritualism, but also by a class of persons who were neither Spiritualists, nor satisfied with such food as the Pulpit generally gives. They were earnestly inquiring minds, and are reaching forward and upward for something better and higher than the old Theology can give them.

Mr. PARTRIDGE said it had been a question heretofore, with the friends in New York, whether it were better to institute Sunday Spiritual Meetings, or attend church according to previous habit or inclination. The reason preferred for the latter, by some Spiritualists in that city, is that much of our truth and influence might be introduced into the Church by thus attending, which could not be presented to that class, if the friends attend a Spiritual Meeting instead. Nevertheless, they had lately concluded to have a Sunday Meeting of their own, and Judge Edmonds was to be the speaker.

Dr. FELCH of Cambridgeport, remarked that for his part, he was not satisfied with the looks of the common Temple Worship. He hoped also, that when Spiritualists shall seriously think of building places of worship, they will take the hint of some revelations relative to the form of the edifice—which revelations indicate that it should be circular, etc.

Dr. ROBINSON spoke briefly of Spiritualism in this city—of the Sunday and other meetings which have been held to promote the interests of a more vital Christianity. He also spoke of theories in relation to this general matter of Spiritual Manifestations, and said that perhaps we already have enough of them. But however many theories there may be, we are nevertheless tending towards practicality, which is the great desideratum.

Mr. CHASE saw that the wind was in the right direction. Practical Social regeneration is the great idea of Spiritualism. The Catholic Church has a most magnificent system of Charity; but it is a system by which she feeds the thousands and crushes the millions. Now if we do nothing more than she has done, it won't amount to much. We must have great Healing institutions for the cure of disease on a grand scale; and we must also radically change the institutions of society. Then Spiritualism will be worth something to us.

Mr. DEWEY rose to bear his testimony in favor of the remarks bearing on the subject of SOCIAL REGENERATION. He

was interested in Spiritualism, because it seemed to have relation to the radical well-being of humanity. He did not feel that he personally needed the external revelations of Spirits to make him more fully aware of the reality of Immortal Life, for the very thought and sentiment of that were ingrained into his very nature—in the deep yearnings of his inmost being, in the most living intuitions of his soul. But when Spiritualists talk of the redemption of Humanity through these higher instrumentalities, his heart is enlisted in the movement, and he is willing to commit himself to the cause. And when anything really practical shall begin in this direction, then perhaps he shall find his work. Mr. O. spoke from a full and earnest heart, and paid a high compliment to Spiritualism, in its relations to the weal of the world. And thus ended this very interesting and profitable Spiritual Conference. May he be favored with many more such seasons of refreshing and encouragement.

Old Dogmas Disturbed.

It is very interesting and amusing to a certain class of minds, and particularly to the progressionists, to witness the havoc being committed upon the old dogmas in theology, even by those who still endeavor to uphold them. Take for instance, the doctrine taught by Paul in his Epistle to the Romans, 5, 12—"As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin; so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—Upon this passage is mainly founded the orthodox doctrine of original sin and death as the consequence of that sin.—Now let us see how certain divines (!) are treating this subject; and notice, how directly their views, as more recently expressed, tend to show that such antiquated doctrines are no longer acceptable, in the present advanced state of humanity. Such discoveries encourage us to believe that soon, we shall no longer be required to yield a blind faith in things so repellant to our natures, but rather that we shall be allowed to accept the harmonious and spiritual philosophy without opposition.

On the subject of death as a consequence of sin, let us hear what says Dr. Hitchcock of Amherst College—"Geology" says he, "asserts that death existed in the world, untold ages before man's creation, while physiology declares that there is a universal law of nature, and a wise and benevolent provision, in such a world as ours." This is said in direct reference to the passage cited, and the same is quoted by the Dr. himself. He supports his position by many powerful arguments extending over many pages of his work entitled, The Religion of Geology.

Thus we find one leading orthodox divine zealously, and we think successfully laboring to show that Paul was decidedly wrong in one part of his statement. Does he know how natural it will be to infer, that he may also be incorrect in another?

We next find Prof. Park, of the Andover Theological Seminary, virtually accused of heresy on the ground that he has relaxed from the letter of their creed and the catechism, and ceased to uphold the doctrine of original sin. Such a serious charge would not be made without some cause, and the probability is that the Prof. has departed from the true faith of orthodoxy, and allowed his better reason to revolt against its rigid and unreasonable requirements. When his humanity taught him to lay aside his belief in infant damnation, it is presumable that he would at the same time forsake the ground on which that belief was founded. And that ground was Adam's sin—the original sin—the sin that tainted all his posterity. If this has been his course, and the charge of heresy has its foundation, then have we another leading man from the ranks of old theology, opposing or denying the doctrine of original sin, and consequently the truthfulness of Paul's declaration that "by one man sin entered into the world." Thus do we find both his premises denied by men of admitted orthodoxy and theological aptness. Then what becomes of his conclusions? Oh Paul! your position is a hard one—your friends—not your enemies, are taking advantage of your having written a book.

And now comes the "Conflict of Ages," a work just published from the pen of Rev. Edward Beecher, as farther evidence that these old dogmas are doomed to the fate of the child, destroyed by the excessive care and tenderness of its nurses. Feeling the utter impossibility of continued faith in the doctrine of human total depravity from its incompatibility with the attributes of God's infinite love and mercy, the Rev. Gentleman, now rejects the idea of Adam's original sin—the cause of that total depravity,

and attributes our sinful nature to a habit of sin, contracted in another world, long before we were born into this. How this will remove the difficulty, or what will be the reliance on this old theory of metempsychosis, revived for a new purpose, it is difficult to determine. But to those who love fun, and wish to see a further illustration of the truth of the caption of this article, we would recommend the perusal of the Rev. Parsons Cooke's review of his Rev. Brother's "Conflict of Ages," and see a conflict of creeds, in which one may heartily wish success to both combatants.

RICER.

DEAR BR. HEWITT:—

The accompanying article came through a medium who is utterly incapable of producing anything to be compared (in point of force or style) with this communication. And if it be no plagiarism, it will be a most convincing test of spirit power and Manifestation. The caption intimates that it is intended only for Editors of Spiritual Journals, and it is possible some of them may think the demands of literature too strong; but there is one very consoling reflection, that this article, though calculated for the latitude and longitude of Spiritual Editors, will answer, in its application, for the whole Editorial Fraternity, in many important particulars. Indeed its application, in most of its requisitions, is well nigh Universal. Without comprehending fully the intended signification in some two or three paragraphs, I nevertheless deem it worthy an insertion in the Era, and, therefore, copy and forward.

J. S. LOVELAND.

Charlestown Nov. 14, 1853.

The Portrait of a True Spiritual Editor.

The man who conducts a Spiritual Paper or Journal, should possess a sound, discriminating mind. He should be able to seize the strong points of a question, and enforce them with all his energy. He should be able to hold the question steadily before the eye of his own mind, till he has traced it out in all its ramifications; and there impress it with the distinctness of life upon the intellect and hearts of others. He should be able to weigh moral evidence, and be so free from bias and prejudice himself as to let the scale turn with the slightest preponderance of probabilities.

He should be a man of enlightened, liberal sentiments. He may have principles and opinions of his own, but they should ever be those conclusions in which he has rested after a conscientious improvement of all the light and information within the compass of his faculties. He should hold his most favorite opinions at the entire disposal of evidence. His Religious Creed should catch every fresh accent that breaks from God. His political faith should be open to every new ray of light that may strike it from the whole Universe of Mind.

He should be a devoted Patriot. The affection which binds him to his country should be as unchanging as the first great laws of Nature. He should rejoice in feeling himself indissolubly wedded to her weal and woe, and stand prepared to protect her in every hour of adversity and peril. He should ever aim to cast a true and constant light on the path of her duty; and amid all the conflicts of party jealousy and interest, still cling to his country with increased devotion.

He should be an ardent lover of virtue,—should court her sacred presence—live in the smile of her countenance—feast on her un fading beauty—have his garments redolent with her fragrant breath—nor attempt to lay a gem upon her shrine that has been sullied by passion.

Vice, (her mortal foe) should be the object of his direct antipathies. This profane Harpy, if allowed to come within the compass of his vision, should never touch the sacred ermine of his robe. His heart should be so nicely attuned to moral excellence that every pure, generous, or lofty feeling reflected upon it from humanity, will make it discourse eloquent music.

He should be an ardent lover of Truth. From all the tumult and conflict of human opinion, he should ever repair to the quiet shrine of this Divinity, and laying the richest offerings of his intellect upon her altar, listen with more than Oriental devotion to her infallible dictates. Every word should be treasured in his heart as a jewel of priceless worth, and even her softest whisper linger in his memory, as the last words of one whose virtues have passed under the seal of immortality.

He should be a man of a generous, forgiving temper. Nothing like vindictiveness should ever mingle in the cup of his nature, no spirit of retaliation overcast the calm sunshine of his soul. Injured, or wrongfully misrepresented, he should never lose his confidence in the ultimate and impartial convictions of men. Surrounded by the convulsions of party spirit, he should be like the Polar Star, shed-

ding a clear and steady light on the conflict and the storm.

He should be a man of humane sensibility. His heart should be vital with sympathy for the needy, and overflowing with inborn eloquence for the oppressed. He should be quick to discern the half-concealed intimations of modest suffering, and be able to read the tale of sorrow in the tear that would blot it out. His bosom should be that mirror of humanity upon which every form and expression of grief may cast its undiminished and unexaggerated lineaments; and their faithful representation he should hold up to the eye of those whose charity like his own will not evaporate in idle declamations. He should take a deep and thrilling interest in the great and benevolent enterprises of the age. He should strive to cast a steady counter-bank against that fiery current, upon which his fellow beings are reeling in drunken delirium, to degradation and crime. He should succor those who are sacrificing their best strength in efforts to arrest this plague, bringing with it more woes and sorrows than the seventh plague that lighted upon Egypt.

He should give his firm assurances to the men who are laying the foundations of those institutions where the helpless—the forsaken, and the insane may find an asylum from their wretchedness. He should have warm words of encouragement for those who would wipe from our National character those guilty stains which point unerringly to the chain of the slave, and the profaned rights of our common nature. He should strengthen the efforts of those who would rear for our country, the enlightened and virtuous, to sustain the ark of our holy faith, when those who now bear it shall be gathered to their fathers. He should send a cheering voice to those who will not rest in their sacred enterprise, till the Oracles of God are heard in every human habitation. His spirit should be around appealing to all hearts, arousing the torpid, enlightening the ignorant, strengthening the weak, relieving the oppressed, encouraging the good, awing the profane, till righteousness, mercy and truth make an Eden of Earth.—Earth an Emblem of Heaven.

Old And New—Number Nine.

INTERESTING FACT.

Bro. HEWITT:—

A gentleman has just told me that being lately in Dover, Athens Co. Ohio, he attended a sitting there, with fifteen or twenty others, when all distinctly saw the form of a human hand, unconnected with aught else of the human frame, appear, and write out a communication of considerable length. He said the same visible hand had in many instances passed round the circle, offering itself to all, to be touched and shaken.

The report of such strange manifestations induced a certain Dr. Everett, residing in that vicinity, to visit Dover and spend eighteen days in an investigation of the facts. The result was, the publication, by him, of a pamphlet relating the many wonders he had seen, and this of the hand, visible in the act of writing, among the rest.

This book fell into the hands of Messrs. Partridge and Britton, who, doubting its authenticity, declined saying anything about it, until some corroboration of its truth might be obtained. Now, I understand, they have succeeded in establishing its reliability, and that of the facts it narrates.

When I told this story about the hand, to a very unspiritual friend of mine, he asked me with marked emphasis, if I believed it? Why, certainly, said I. "Well," said he, "I should be ashamed to acknowledge such a belief. Knowing I should be called a fool and should deserve it." And do you deem all fools I asked, who believe that Behshazzar saw a hand, or the finger of a hand, writing on the wall of his palace?—He was silent.

The Devil and Table-Movings.

One of the French bishops has condemned table-moving as "contrary to the faith, and an invention of the Devil." This will probably increase its popularity in France. Perhaps that is what has made it so popular in this country. Let it be noised about that a preacher has the devil in him, and he will draw larger crowds than if he was possessed by a thousand Gods. There seems to be a streak or vein in undeveloped humanity that leads to the "devil" as naturally as the will of the wisp to a bog.—The Tribune.

ONE HAPPY HEART.

—Have you made one happy heart to-day? Envious privilege. How calmly you can seek your

pillow, how sweetly sleep! In all this world, there is nothing so sweet as giving comfort to the distressed, as getting a sunny ray into a gloomy heart. Children of sorrow meet us where we turn; there is no moment that tears are not shed, and sighs uttered. Yet how many of those tears, those sighs, are caused by mere thoughtlessness!

The Soul Yearns for Harmony.

Br. HEWITT:—

Please let the readers of the Era have the following extract from a private letter from our worthy Brother Morse of Ceresco, Wisconsin:

DEAR BROTHER CHASE:—

I am compelled to take the field again as a lecturer. The Spirit World speaks as one having authority, to those who are sufficiently unfolded to hear its "still small voice," and to listen and heed the inner consciousness. They speak in tones of indescribable sweetness, winning us by an irresistible magnetism to be co-workers with them in redeeming, enlightening and saving the children of men from their sins—with each and with all, using such arguments and means as are adapted to their several degrees of unfolding. The great work is going forward irresistibly. I have been astonished and greatly encouraged to go forward, by the change in the general mind. Light is not so much sought, as permitted to enter the mind. Another winter, such as we have every reason to believe the coming one will be, and practical social efforts will come to be looked upon as feasible and desirable. The elements in preparation will soon be tending to their proper foci. Around each LIVE MAGNET will cluster its affinities; and the kingdom of Heaven on Earth will have begun. Oh, how I have longed and prayed for this,—aye, worked for it, many days and years; and never for a moment, has my faith or courage faltered. But ever have I felt that come it must, as come it will, and "that man to man would brother be, for a' that."

I intend to keep a sort of depot for Spiritual books in Ceresco, and shall be ever ready to give every facility to inquirers and seekers after facts or philosophy on this subject.

The above is one of scores whose yearning souls send out their expressions to meet and mingle with mine through our private intercourse; and we thus send a united and silent prayer to the Infinite Father for light to lead us to a truer, and happier, and holier life for humanity. Shall the prayers be followed by proper efforts on our part? Shall we have systematic, combined, practical efforts for the redemption from physical and mental disease, depravity and ruin? Let the answers come from those who are turning their minds in that direction. I say schools for healing and educating both body and mind—teachers and students, are already waiting for concentrated action. When shall we have a convention to appoint a committee to prepare and publish a plan, etc.

WARREN CHASE.

Judge Edmonds in Philadelphia.

A friend in Philadelphia writes as follows of the Judge and his labors there. Truly, steadily, triumphantly, does the Truth march onward to the victory. The friends of Spiritual Truth have good reason to congratulate themselves on the happy results which (in this case, at least,) come from that stolid indifference to principle and noble manhood, by which materialism took Judge Edmonds from the Bench, and sent him to the Field, to fight the battles of Truth for the welfare of Man. But to the letter.

"We had an interesting discourse from Judge Edmonds yesterday forenoon and evening, in the Commissioner's Hall. The seats were closely filled, and the tables crowded with standing hearers. In the evening, an hour before the opening, the Hall was filled with a dense crowd filling every space; and more than a thousand persons left without obtaining admission. The Judge has promised to visit us again.

Respectfully yours,
B. FRANKEL.

Spirit Literature.

Our readers are already aware that we differ from most of our contemporaries in our notions of what are called "Spiritual Manifestations." When you can't understand a thing—can make "neither head nor tail" of it—the easiest way by far to dispose of it is to say that it is a ridiculous humbug, utterly unworthy of a moment's attention, and so make an end of it. By this course, also, you gain another very important point; you not only get credit for wisdom, but you save your reputation in another respect; you will most probably have the happiness of hearing people say, "I should follow, that,—no humbugging him,—you

