

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION, OR THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH, THROUGH THE AID OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

VOL. III.—NO. 14.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

WHOLE NO., 112.

Thoughts of the Age.

From the Rose of Sharon.
SILENT FORCES.

In the material universe there are two kinds of power. The one exhibits itself as active and salient force, the other as endurance. We find the most general illustration of these in the phenomena of motion and rest; or in the conditions of growth and of ripeness. By their opposition the entire mechanism of nature is moved and balanced. The one is essential to all advancement; the other to conservation. This is the travail of change; that the repose of equilibrium. The first is the vital energy of nature; the other is the basis as well as the recipient of that energy.

And the power which pertains to this condition of endurance, is a kind of power we are apt to overlook. Wondering at those great forces of nature which dart through all its channels, and play in convulsion and revolution, let us likewise admire that majestic strength which resists and bounds them. If the energy that reaches to the limits of the universe is potent; that power which girdles it, and says, "thus far and no farther," is omnipotent. The sea in its wrath is mighty; but so is the rocky shore that confronts it and heaves it back. Terrible is the electric force which thunders through space and blasts all opposition; but stronger still is that affectionate magnetism—that unseen heart of nature—whose pulses mix with all things, and that draws all things into beautiful obedience to its law. It is an overwhelming energy with which a comet sweeps along its track; but it is not so great as that which holds the planets to their centre, and binds them in glittering harmony forever. And this is the ultimate power—the power of being rather than of doing. A majestic repose, a silent strength, is the highest mood of nature.

Although the analogies of the natural world cannot always be carried into that department of human life which involves moral sanctions and the operation of free will, still, the illustration holds good in this instance. For the highest spiritual power, also, is that of endurance rather than action—is in being rather than in doing. And, as in the natural world so here, in our attention to more intrusive and dazzling characteristics, we may not sufficiently recognize the sublimity of that passive—not negative, but passive, order of virtues,—that magazine of silent forces,—which can be comprehended under the general name of endurance.

To a superficial, or what is the same thing, an unsympathetic mind, the perfection of character according to the standard of Jesus may seem to lack tone and power. There may be those who are ready to say, "such a character as this—a character made up of meekness, forgiveness, long-suffering, or in one word, Patience; must be a very feeble and unimpassioned character—a character of watery mildness and thin sentimentalism, unfitted for the enterprise of this world, and which ought to be translated to some gentle sphere out of the way of these hard and eager forces." It seems to be thought that the essential quality which constitutes a Christian is a kind of phantom excellence, which keeps in the background of life or glides timidly among its realities, and that if a man is going to grapple with this tough, old, dusty world, and hammer his way through it, and get anything out of it, he must do it by dint of the earth-spirit, that is in him. This is all a mistake. On the contrary, the fibres of all real manliness are in Christian discipline, and a good deal which passes for power in the world—this blustering, passionate energy—is essentially weakness. It may be observed, by the way, that these passive virtues are not the only qualities inculcated by Christianity; but even these require and indicate the utmost degree of energy. For there is always a greater mastery evinced in the control than in the exercise of power. Recurring to nature for an illustration, we see that chaos is a condition of unrestrained forces; order is a condition of forces held in obedience to law. And so it is with that world which every man carries within himself—his own moral or spiritual nature. The angry man may evince more energy than he who keeps calm in the heat of provocation; but evidently the latter, who gives not way to passion—who controls it—is the man of most power. Again, we may call that man a master-spirit, in his age who rides on the whirlwind of popular sentiment, and even directs it; but he is stronger who resists the spirit of his time; who stands up and steadily bears against it; and who, firm in his conviction of principle, cannot be carried away by all the tides of faction. The one merely yields to pressing facilities; the other has to exert moral nerve and resist them. Indeed, all vehemence and impetuosity is a quality of crudeness, and a sign of imperfection. It belongs to anarchy rather than authority, to declamation instead of argument. As illustrated in individual life, it pertains to the period of the passions, and to the lower development of character. Boisterous activity is the fitting expression of childhood; the demand of predominating and unfolding nature; and the control of sensual impressions is evident in hot energy and emphatic gesture.

But the strength of true manhood, when deep springs of experience have opened within, when wisdom has bound its cincture about the forehead, and when the soul has the clear vision of faith and prayer; is indicated by a majestic repose. And this is the idea of power, expressed in the highest art—not the awful front of Jupiter, nor the exuberance of Apollo, nor in any salient virtue even; but the calm rapture of the martyr looking from the fire; the face of Jesus crowned with thorns. And when one has reached that degree of spiritual attainment in which appetite is chained and passion controlled—when love, which is the highest attribute, the very essence of God, has become transfused through one's being, so that he can forbear, and forgive, yea, even pray for an enemy; when his vision has become so steady and clear as to God's workings and his Providence, that he can meet all the stings and sorrows of life with submission, and overcome them with trust; it is only through labor—through long conflict and great spiritual energy—and there is no higher manifestation of human power.

For not only is there this intrinsic power in endurance, but it is the source of the most active energies. Thus it is essential to all intellectual achievement. Only through patience do men acquire knowledge. Though the apprehension of genius may be marvelously quick, the great fundamental truths of science are the results of the virtue. God does not make man acquainted with nature by inspiration. He has not opened the glittering volume of the universe for him to read at a glance. But he is permitted to learn something of its fullness only through the discipline of severe induction. Long must Cuvier study the crumbling fossil and the broken bone, ere he can re-construct the giant forms of vanished epochs. Long must Newton "pace the solar track, and toil in the twilight confines of the system," ere he can detect the law that binds atom to atom, and the universe to its centre. Long must Leverrier swing the pendulum of calculation, ere he can measure the march of the unseen star. So in the intellectual field they have been most distinguished who have meditated most—who have projected their plans from silent depths of the soul.

And so with those who have moved the world's heart, and changed the aspects of humanity—the Apostles of Truth and of Love. They have acted strenuously, yet their real life was not in action, but endurance. They learned to overcome themselves; to endure as well as to hope all things; and thus were enabled to act powerfully upon others. Within themselves they nourished the still seeds of thought in the sunshine of reason, and with the dew of prayer.

But let us consider Endurance as a power in itself; as an attainment of the highest practical excellence. In the common circumstances of life, in the issues of every day, it not only becomes us to act, and to set lawfully—but to bear, and even to suffer; and this is as much a test of virtue as the other. How many things there are in our sphere of labor and of duty, which we cannot help! In physical accident and pain; in our social relations, in our spiritual wants, woes, trials; how much that we can neither retain nor hinder. But as these bear down upon us, harshly and heavily it may be, there comes a voice which says—"Be patient! Action will not avail you anything. Your strength, so impetuous and so confident, will fail you here. You cannot change these things; they come upon you and surround you with a power greater than your own."

You are stretched upon a sick-bed. The business of life summons you to be up and doing. The springing year with all its plans and possibilities, awaits you. Various interests demand your utmost attention. Yet in the midst of all, you are stricken down by the dull hand of disease. You are prostrate, you are helpless, you must give up. The tangled web of business must drop from your hot and nervous hands. You must lie down under the pleasant sky, with the solicitous cares and the turmoil of active life murmuring by you; you must lie for weary days and long nights, inactive and suffering. Now what is it that you need! Evidently, action is impossible. Nay, this peevish striving to forestall nature; to put by the nursing hand and the healing draught, and rise and master the disease, and rush out into the field of labor, only hinders recovery. What then is needed? What is not only the great duty, but the true policy? Why, simple, obedient endurance.

Or, again, business does not go well with you. A venture fails, or some sharp disappointment intrudes, and lo! your flattering promise is spoiled. Your confidence has been betrayed. The resource you looked to has not met your expectation. The season is backward. The sunshine and the rain do not fall propitiously. In short, your skill is baffled, your strength is impotent, your action is all in vain. But you still possess a marvellous power; for, if you cannot do, you can endure. A patient spirit will enable you to bear, to hope serenely, believing that One wiser and better than yourself holds the balance of nature and the vicissitudes of human effort.

And there are trials of a sterner kind than these! trials that cover existence with a veil of mystery. For some, dispensations of pain that are life-long. They have been called to

endure the most extreme suffering—disease of body, distress of mind. Years of sickness they have known, dragged out under all the ills of poverty—as it were a lingering death of ages, infusing slow torture into every limb and organ, yet leaving the spirit conscious of all. Poor, emaciated beings, they have set down in their desolate homes, to hear the vigorous sounds of life pass by them, to see the pleasant sunshine on all the face of nature, and yet to feel that every hour brings some new pang. And when they have looked upon such, and seen how they could bear: heard them through those bars of living death singing hymns of celestial sweetness; and seen by the light on their faces, in what a calm atmosphere their spirits dwelt; and have borne witness to that great patience springing from their lips—"Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"—have we not felt that there is a power in endurance, greater than in action, and that men who can wield armies are not so strong?

There are those whom, as it were, Death has haunted. His shadow has lain unmoving upon their path. Their cherished objects have been claimed by him. He has said of this and of that bright flower opening to existence and to love—he has said, as though an inexorable fate spoke through the mouth of doom—"It is mine; mine to blight, and to gather; it is yours to mourn!" They have bent around the graves of their dead, again and again. They have put on the sackcloth of lamentation, and sat down in the ashes of their hopes. And, as we have beheld the widow's calm face, and the clasped hands, that say—"I trust in God!"—as we have seen that bereaved mother with all the agony of her heart transfused into resignation, have we not learned

"how sublime it is
To suffer and be strong!"

In fine, there is no quality which is more frequently needed in our daily life, than Endurance; and none which more profoundly involves a Religious spirit. Our entire existence, even in its most insignificant actions and disconnected incidents, is enclosed in a network of *Lines*. There is not anything which, in the highest analysis, can be termed an "accident." It either bears the stamp of human responsibility, or of Divine Intention. And when events do occur outside the circle of our own free will—events that we can neither prevent nor control—it becomes us to ask, Why are they introduced? What is their Providential significance? The answer is—they are parts of the scheme of life; parts of that two-fold operation by which the human soul is educated and carried towards the end of its being. We are placed in this world to act; we are placed in it to endure; and when these disappointments and troubles which we cannot help, occur, this is their meaning—to inspire us with endurance. It is no minor virtue, therefore—it is no superficial grace of character. It involves the profoundest elements of spiritual life. Other qualities may be mistaken for it. It must not be confounded with that sulky hardness which accept and defies fate; which moves a man to say—"Well, life goes hard with me, and I don't care how it goes. Fortune seems to have marked me out as a butt for its arrows, and if I can't control it, it shall not overcome me. Like the chained Prometheus, I will bear it." An inflexible stoicism is not Christian Endurance; nor need I say it has no affinity with despair; for, in yielding to that sentiment, we surrender Patience. Many are the qualities which must combine to make up the forces of Endurance, and therefore it is so sweet and rich. It blends submissiveness and hope—the humble trust that leans on God—the clear, large vision that sees away beyond the present trouble; faith in the right that no sharp casualty can denude; and a harmony with the Divine Will, the consciousness of which is the ingathering and fruition of all moral forces. And it requires exceeding tenderness, as well as fortitude, to make up this element of power. The soul possessed with it, appears as we have seen the moon on a gusty night—gliding amidst rack and shadow, yet brightening the clouds through which it passes, and ever and anon sailing upward, with a calm sorrow on its face, into clear spaces of the sky.

A great virtue—one much needed in our day and generation, in public and private experience—is this sum of silent forces,—this virtue of endurance. It is not a superficial grace, a husky morality; but a grand element of Religious vitality. Life is not merely a field of battle, a workshop of strenuous toil, a school for eager curiosity; but, often, it is a reservoir of tears, a niche of endurance, a vestibule of mystery; where we have nothing to do but stand still, and take what God sends us. Let us cherish this silent patience, then, for it is a spring of grandest issues. It imparts superhuman strength to the breast. It sets angelic beauty on the face. It also is achievement, and in the silent quarries of the soul accomplishes a "perfect work."

To him who has cultivated only the lower faculties of his being, the glories of the universe are perceived only in the most superficial manner, while to the spiritual mind, in whom the inward senses are unfolded, all Nature is seen as the embodiment of a beautiful and divine spirit.

Practical Phenology.

Our readers will all be deeply interested in the following narration, and will doubtless esteem it, at least, as one of the "happy hits" of Phenology, if nothing else. If that science, in the hands of the intelligent and skillful practitioner, can do what is here represented, it is a matter of great practical moment, and demands wise attention. We take the article from the American Phenological Journal.

Some three years ago, a manufacturer of jewelry, in New York, was robbed of a considerable amount of goods by an errand-boy employed in his office. The boy's duties were handling and packing goods, when not on the streets, and the only security the master had was the integrity of the boy; for no common scrutiny, or oversight, could prevent theft, if the boy had the disposition. The employer trusted him and was deceived. He then cast about him for another, but dared not depend on any knowledge he possessed of human character, to make the selection. He knew the claims of Phenology, and resolved to invoke its aid, while, at the same time, he would retain and exercise all his own sagacity with reference to the selection. He accordingly advertised in the morning papers for a boy of a certain age to serve in the capacity required, and directed that application should be made at such an hour at his store. In the meantime he called at our office and engaged the writer to visit the store an hour later than the one appointed for applicants, and stated to us what he wanted; a capable boy, but, at all events, an honest one—a boy that could resist the necessary temptations of the position.

At the hour appointed, he had seventeen boys on the spot, each eager for the post, nothing doubting his own qualifications. Five of the least promising of the party were interrogated, asked to write their name and address, and being told that the one who should be selected would be informed by note the next day, were dismissed. The balance of the hour was devoted to the same process with the twelve remaining, and when I arrived, as if by accident, he had them all before him, like a "second class to read." He and his partners had exhausted their skill in sifting them, but fearing that among that twelve a Judas, too, might lurk, yet having, all things considered, formed a preference for four, were waiting for the test of Phenology to seal their choice.

Reader, would you like to have a rich firm intrust goods of untold value to a stranger's hands, and that stranger selected by you? Would you feel quite easy to decide the fate of twelve anxious, bright-eyed boys, perhaps needy widows' sons? It was a trying place; but remember, only one could have it, and why not give it to him who could fill it best—best for himself and best for his employer? If we were to allot it to one who was merely honest, and not capable, he could not long hold it, or if he did, would never rise—besides, it would be doing the employer injustice. If one were honest enough for ordinary pursuits, in which temptation to wrong were less than in this, though highly endowed with taste and talent for the place, we would have done the boy a wrong to give him an ordeal through which he could not pass and retain his morality unsullied.

We had our thoughts and our sympathies, but we leaned on the old staff that had steadied our steps through many such a trying way.

In passing through the "class," we came to one boy—one of the favorites of the firm—who had a strong, enduring temperament, a broad chest and a robust frame, but who was hardly sprightly enough, nor had he the taste requisite for the jewelry business. We told him he ought not to come if they selected him, for he could do better for himself in another business in which he could become a head-workman, and be much more happy than in this—that he had first rate mechanical talent, but he never would be contented with anything smaller than a steam-engine; and we advised him, by all means, to seek a position in a machine-shop, as he had just the talent, energy, and bodily vigor, necessary to eminence in that pursuit. But his cup of hope was dashed to the ground, and the poor boy's tears followed it. We felt badly, too, just as you would have done, but we came there to tell the truth for the benefit of both parties, and leave the event with the boy's good angel. But that good angel was at hand—much nearer than our eye of faith had discovered. The head man of the firm, with moist eyes, approached the boy, and as he kindly patted him on the head, bade him cheer up, and call on him the next Saturday at the same hour, and in the meantime he would try what he could do for him. He promised to call, as requested, and, smiling thankfulness through his tears, departed, to tell his widowed mother that he had not obtained this place, but felt sure of another and a better one.

From the eleven which remained, we selected two, and after they were all dismissed, each hoping to be the favored one, and expecting a note to that effect the next day—we disclosed our opinion. One would be the smartest as a boy, and for three years do them the most service; but, if they had the interest of the boy, as well as their own, at heart, and were willing to train up a boy in their business to become a man, and a partner, and perhaps a son-in-law, this was not

the one. If they wanted him as a helper for three years, to be then turned off, for cheaper help, to shift for himself and began anew, this was just the boy. The other, we said, was steady, high-minded, honest, and would ripen into capability and make just such a man as a good man would be willing to see succeed to his business, his domestic circle and his inheritance; he would not be so servicable a boy, but was of the right material to ripen into a man.

This boy was the chosen one, and still fills his place, and gives promise to become all we predicted: and his employers think there is "value in practical Phenology."

But to return to the widow's son who left with the light of hope illuminating a tear. Just as you thought he would do, he returned at the time promised, and was told that they had obtained a situation for him, by relating all the facts as I have told them to you, in one of the best machine-shops in New-York, over the heads of more than fifty standing applications. The machinists wanted first-rate apprentices, and were willing to test "the value of practical Phenology."

The boy took his position at once, and occupies it still, with the very brightest promise for the fulfillment of our prediction when he felt that we had crushed his hopes; and both he and his master, and his poor mother likewise, appreciated with thankfulness, "THE VALUE OF PRACTICAL PHENOLOGY."

Re-Action against Orthodoxy.

We learn from the New Covenant that the question, What is the cause of the growing indifference in religion? is becoming a serious question among all sects, and is suggesting anxious inquiries. The New York Independent offers the only probable solution; a solution which suggests the remedy at the same time that it explains the cause. The Independent's explanation is this,—The indifference to religion so alarmingly prevalent and increasing at the present day, is a reaction against a severe form of religion on the one side, and our excessive materialism on the other.

We would amend the statement by including materialism among the results of the reaction; for, in proportion as religion loses its hold upon the mind, it sinks, by its own tendencies, into materialism. We are glad, however, to see this emphatic declaration against the old Theology, coming, as it does, for the side of that theology itself. It shows that not all its quasi supporters are blind to its inherent defects, and that there is a disposition to tone down something of its severity, and to breathe into its stiffened members a little of the genial warmth and energy of vital Christianity. The Independent states a case in illustration of what it means by re-action against the old and exacting forms of Orthodoxy:

"A young man from a wealthy, high-bred family, known by many of us, has lately passed through one of our New England Colleges. His mind was naturally serious and reflective, and while at his studies, he supposed himself to have undergone a great religious change. His life, so pure, and solemn, and devoted, while in College, will long be remembered by those who knew him. Yet was his piety too strict, and ascetic, and unsocial, to be healthful. It was founded in unnatural moods, and in habits doing violence to his nature. At least that is the only explanation to myself of his subsequent career."

"When I heard of him in America, he was the 'saint' of the college. A few years later, a classmate met him in Italy—a blasé, hopeless, indifferent, unhappy skeptic, hunting some new variety of pleasure, which he did not care for when it came; seeking rest in every path, even in vice."

"He spoke of his college religion with loathing; of his hopes, and ecstasies, and penances as 'humbug;' of the religious teaching in our pulpits as a miserable canting falsehood. All this was said without bitterness, but with a settled gloomy conviction of utter unbelief and indifference. He had wealth, friends, was gifted with talents and good powers, yet he professed to have not a single object or interest in life. Pleasure itself was a bore to him. He was totally purposeless and infidel. I have not heard of him since. Returning now, I hear of his death."

"Sad, unpeopled, sad, such lives. There seems no compensation. A miserable, hopeless, useless dragging one's self down into the mire, to suffocate without a struggle, or a regret from the world the man was sent to bless."

There is no want of similar cases to demonstrate with sufficient clearness, that at least two thirds of the skepticism of the present age results from the cause here set forth. Religion, as it has been preached, is against nature. The frame of feeling it has demanded is as repulsive to the best promptings of the affections, as its dogmas are to the best judgment of the understanding. The mind cannot surrender itself to its control, without foregoing the best parts of the real end of existence. It feels itself in chains, against which it instinctively struggles. Its bonds once broken, it looks upon them with the loathing with which the slave regards the fetters that held him to his daily tasks. It regards all religion as a "humbug." It will take at least one century of penitence, for Orthodoxy to undo the evil with which it has scourged the world.

The Last Incarnation.

FIRST LEGEND.

THE LITTLE CHILD WHO SEEKS HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER.

At that time there was a little child that walked all alone in the country, and who seated himself by the side of the road and cried.

His poor bare little feet were swollen and sore; his shaking little hands were blue with cold; for it was at the end of autumn, and the north wind whirled about the last yellow leaves of the stripped trees.

He was barely covered by a poor little dress of thin white woolen stuff, and the frost of the morning which had been melted from the trees by the pale sun, had wet the curls of his blond hair with a freezing rain.

There was an inexpressible sweetness in his eyes full of tears; and while his eyes wept, his little shivering mouth seemed to try to smile.

He rested a moment, then he clasped his hands as if in prayer, and courageously resumed his walk.

And to all those who passed and who asked him why he cried, the poor child answered: "I am seeking my father and my mother."

Now, on that day a young and rich lady was returning in her carriage from her beautiful country seat.

She was magnificently arrayed and voluptuously perfumed; seated upon soft cushions covered with silk, she was sad and disgusted with life; for God had not made her a mother.

She saw the little child who was walking with bare feet and who was cold, and she felt her heart moved at the sight of his wonderful beauty.

Then she stopped her carriage, and having called the poor little traveler, she said to him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my father and my mother," replied the little child.

"And where will you find your father and your mother? Are they very far from here?"

"They are travelers like me upon the earth; and while I seek them here, perhaps they are seeking me further off, with much anxiety and sorrow."

"How long since did you leave them?"

"I did not leave them, they went away from me to work, in order that they might get food for me. But, perhaps they may not have been able to find bread for their work, and have gone still further; then perhaps still further off, and I have remained an orphan because my parents were poor."

"Well! I am rich, and I wish to be a mother to you in order to help you to find yours. Get up into my carriage and you will be sheltered from the cold wind which freezes your hands, and you will rest your poor bruised feet."

"Thank you, madam, but you cannot be a mother to me unless you are like my mother, and unless you do in her place what she would do in yours. For to fulfil the duties of a mother it is necessary to have the heart of a mother: and for that you must be very pure before God and before men."

Your face is beautiful like my mother's, and your voice is sweet like hers, but tell me if your heart is like hers, and if your works are such as she would do if she were fortunate and rich like you."

"Child, your language astonishes me; who can have suggested such words to you? I do not know your mother, and I cannot tell you if my heart is like hers. But get up beside me and then you shall tell me what I ought to do in order to resemble her."

"A mother does not say to the little forsaken child at her feet, Come to me; for perhaps the child cannot climb up to her. She descends and inclines herself towards him, as our Father who is in heaven inclines himself towards his smallest creatures; the heart of mothers is like the heart of God."

"Little child, your words have something which offends me: I have never been a mother because I am rich and because I wait for a husband who can give me a fortune equal to my own. I offer you a place by my side, and I am very willing to extend my hand to you to help you to climb up here: why do you wish me to get down and to soil my feet in the damp sand?"

"Because you spoke to me of taking the place of my mother, and my mother, in order to take me in her arms, was never afraid of soiling her feet. When my mother made me sit by her side it was not from pity, it was with the joy of a tender love. I pity you because you are rich, and because you are afraid of the dampness of the road, for the rich cushions on which you sit are perhaps wet with the tears of the poor man and the sweat of the workman. I prefer to continue my painful journey rather than to take a seat by your side."

The young woman blushed, and, without replying, made a sign to her servants to go on. The carriage soon left the child far behind. The woman had her heart oppressed, and regretted that she had thus abandoned him; but her pride had been wounded. She asked herself who that extraordinary child could be; then she fell into a great sadness and wept.

But soon she dried her tears at the thought that they might injure the beauty of her eyes, and in order to distract her mind she began to dream of balls and brilliant parties.

Still the little child had remained upon the road and walked on.

After the beautiful lady, it was a rich cavalier who passed. He did not even look at the young pilgrim, whom his horse almost ran over, and he continued his course.

Then came an old man clothed in black, who walked slowly, moving his lips and looking upon the pages of a book. It was a priest much respected in the neighborhood and scrupulously attached to the duties of his profession. He did not love children much, because he had no family, having grown old in the austerity of his holy ministry. He stopped, and looking at the little traveler, said to him:

"To what parish do you belong?"

"To all parishes," replied the child, "for I have no fixed abode. I seek my parents, and like them I am a wanderer upon the earth."

"Your parents are vagabonds," said the old priest with a gesture of disdain.

"My parents are poor."

"Here," said the priest, and he threw a piece of money upon the road.

"Thank you," said the child, "I did not ask you for alms. I seek my father."

"I do not know him," said the priest.

"I know that very well, for you cannot know what a father is. Keep your alms, and may the feeling of compassion which you have had towards me soften your heart, and make you understand why you say in the prayer, 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

"Child, with what pride do you presume to give lessons to an old man, and a pastor? You have doubtless been brought up in impiety, and your parents are not Christians."

"You ought not to speak to me so of my parents, you ought to teach me to respect them. They have brought me up in the love and in the thought of the Lord. I do not give lessons to an old man, and I answer him because he spoke to me. You are a priest, and by that title you are the guide of children; nevertheless, instead of assisting me to find the parents whom I seek, you insult them before me by a shameful suspicion in supposing that they have brought me up in impiety. Can I approve what you say when you speak neither according to charity nor according to justice?"

"Where are we?" cried the terrified priest; "this child is doubtless possessed by a demon, and it is on this account that he answers with so much audacity and malice."

"I am not possessed by a demon, but God permits a child to speak with the facility and the boldness of a man: can a special gift of God be a crime?"

"It is the child of some hardened heretic, and he repeats what he has heard," said the old pastor, shaking his head, as if he talked to himself.

"Yes, I repeat what I have heard from the very mouth of my father."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Tell me what is the name of our Father who is in heaven?"

"In that case then you would be the child of God?"

"It is you who say it and who teach children to say it when you make them repeat: 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

"My little friend, you are a reasoner, and that does not become childhood."

"Reason becomes every age; but old age gives no right to impose silence on a child when he says nothing but what is respectful and just, in order to reply when he is questioned."

"All is lost," murmured the old priest to himself, "the country children dispute with us. All belief is departing."

And resuming the absent reading of his book, he again moved his lips, continued his route, and forgot the travelling child.

Still the night was near, and the little child remaining upon the road, walked, wept, and prayed always.

Then a poor woman, dragging faggots of bushes, was going towards her hovel; she saw the child and had compassion on him, for she was a mother; she questioned him and took him by the hand, then she said to him:

"Come to my hut, you shall warm yourself with my children; and you shall share with them the bread which I will give them; to-morrow I will lead you to the neighboring city, and we will look for your parents."

The child, looking then at the poor woman, loved her; because she was bent under a burden, and because she had said to him, "Come, and you shall be as one of my own children."

"Let us go," said he to her; "and for the bread which you shall give me, I will give you the food which preserves the soul for eternal life."

But the woman of the people did not understand what he said to her, and they arrived together at the hovel.

The children of the poor woman were seated round the fire; they did not rise to go and meet their mother, neither did they make a place for the unknown child.

Then their mother, raising her hand upon them, struck them; but the newly come child began to weep, and said to the mother:

"You do not know how to be a mother, and yet you had bowls of compassion for the child who suffered. Therefore you shall be saved on account of the visit I make to this house, but your children will be the affliction of your old age."

"If that be so," said the woman, "I should like it as well if God would take them out of the world."

Hardly had she uttered these words, when the oldest of her children breathed a sigh and died; then she rushed to him, and took him in her arms, sobbing.

Then she said to the unknown child:

"Go away! go away! Have you come here to make my children die?"

"Woman, learn to bring them up better, if you wish them to live! However, I have pity on your grief: be consoled; your son is living."

The young boy who had just died then opened his eyes, as if he woke out of sleep, and the terrified mother cast herself on her knees, for she knew that the travelling child must be Jesus Christ himself.

The divine little child then smiled upon her, drew from his bosom a little cross which he gave to her, again advised her to bring up her children better, and disappeared.

That evening he was seen a short distance from there, upon the bank of a stream which was crossed by a plank on two stones; the child was seated in the moonlight, the wind raised his blond hair, and he pressed his two little arms crossed upon his breast, as if to warm himself. Some one asked him in passing what he was waiting for. He replied:

"I am waiting for my father."

Soon afterwards, a poor blind man came to cross, and he directed his steps towards the bridge of the stream, by feeling with his stick along the rough and stony ground.

Then the child rose, and running to meet the poor blind man, he took him by the hand and led him, for the road in that place was dangerous and broken.

Then placing the hand of the old man on his shoulder, he served him for a support as far as the neighboring city, which they entered without being seen.

The child conducted the old man to his dwelling, but he was not willing to enter, for he said to him:

"My mother is waiting for me."

And in one of the most retired suburbs of the city he went and rapped softly at the door of a house which was carefully closed.

"Who is there?" asked a woman's voice, the accent of which was profoundly desolate.

"It is your son; open," said the little child.

"My son will not come back again," said the voice. "he died yesterday, and to-day he was put into the ground."

"Open to me," said the child. "I am Jesus, the friend of those who weep, and I have made myself once more a little child, in order to restore to you him whom you think you have lost! Open to me! for Mary, my celestial mother, holds your little child upon her knees, in the paradise of innocence; and she sends her to you that you may be very sure that he whom you love is very happy."

Then the door opened softly and the child entered; he seated himself on the knees of the poor mother, and related to her how he had come, and how he had tried the hearts of those whom he had met on the road.

Then the mother, having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus. "And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

The Cause in Springfield.

The following letter should have appeared earlier, but was mislaid. We will try and serve our friend better next time.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 12, 1854.

FRIEND HEWITT—It is with great pleasure, and I trust, some profit, that I welcome your sheet, weekly, to my own fireside. I welcome it, first, because the principle it advocates are based on a platform that is long enough and broad enough to hold the whole brotherhood of man.

The friends of truth and progress here have been lately favored with the privilege of listening to a number of lectures from that champion of the Harmonical Philosophy, A. J. Davis. I will not attempt to give even an outline of his lectures, for I know that I am not qualified to undertake that task. But I must say, that the whole wide field of history, from the mythologic fables of humanity's infancy, to the more sober narrations of modern times, seems clearly open to his view.

We have some true friends here; and they are workers too, in the cause of Spiritualism. We have our enemies also; but in spite of all our foes, the car of progress is rolling on; and I have no doubt it will continue to roll on, until all shall mount the hilltop of a nobler life, from which all may view the glories of a distant future.

I do believe there is some "saving grace," even here in old Springfield. Some are willing to hear, and see, and judge for themselves. The way is becoming paved for the advancement of the Harmonical Philosophy; and the crust of Sectarianism is fast breaking up, by open and free discussion. The churches here are "mum" on the phenomena of Spiritualism. Some of the "divines," so called, say that Spirit-Manifestations are the result of some normal forces not yet comprehended; while others say they can find no other solution than the remarkable power of his Satanic Majesty. I will only say that if the Devil preaches such doctrine as has been preached to me, at my own table and bedside, I would make this same Devil a missionary, and entreat him to take up his

abode in the hearts of all who bear the title, "Doctor of Divinity." Priest, or Deacon, and also that profess to give the bread of life to a famishing world.

Yours, in the cause of Truth and Progress.

W. B. HASTINGS.

THE NEW ERA.

"REHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

The New Spiritual Creation.

That there is to be an entire New Spiritual Creation on this earth, perhaps only a few thoroughly and deeply believe: many others wish it might be so, but have little or no faith in it—it is too good to be true!—while very much the largest class is too material to have any other thought of the matter than that of a laugh, or a sneer.

Well, so goes the world, and so it must go, we suppose, till it gets high enough to see the matter with other and better eyes, and in a far different light. We do not so much blame the world in this matter, while its condition is what it is; we would rather pity than blame, while, at the same time, we would not overlook the real fact of its present material condition.

The world evidently needs to be regenerated—not exactly in the old theologic sense, (altho' there is a truth, even at the bottom of that,) but in a true and substantial sense—in body, soul, and spirit. Any regeneration less than this, amounts to just about nothing at all, except to teach us the folly of creeds and of creed-religion. Any one who expects salvation this side of a THREE-FOLD REGENERATION, will find himself or herself very much mistaken. Man, like God—like all Nature, is a TRINITY—a TRINITY IN UNITY, in the very nature of his being. He is body, soul, and spirit—love, wisdom, and life—external, internal, and immanent. View him in any light we will, it is all the same, for he is primarily THREEFOLD, in any and every aspect of his existence. Now, then, if we need regeneration at all, he needs it wholly and fully—in one respect, as well as in another—in all respects—in every department of his being and his life.

Old theology has failed, both in its idea of regeneration, and also, and in a parallel degree, in its attempts at practical realization, simply because it had no correct philosophy of man's nature, or next to none. It aimed, in a rude way, at a sort of spiritual regeneration, and that, too, of an awfully cramping kind, while it left the material nature to take care of itself, or, what was worse, it taught the caricature of the latter—the torture of the body for the good of the spirit. And besides all this, it had no possible conception of a soul, or intermediate entity, between the external organism and the interior spirit, governed as really by laws, and having wants to be provided for, as much as any other department of human nature. It could talk forever of its abstract and dogmatic Trinity, which in itself had, and could have, no possible bearing on life, while it never once dreamed that man, though made in the "image of God," was himself a trinity. The difficulty lay in the fact, that the theologic trinity was not philosophical; and being merely theologic, there could, of course, be no transfer of the idea to nature, or to man, and hence, both nature and man were left entirely out of the account, in all the old schemes of regeneration. They were merely childish schemes, which answered very well for their time, as a sort of spiritual toys, for the amusement of spiritual childhood, till the race should approach its manhood state, and be able to take more comprehensive views of the matter, and to act more effectively for good, on a broader basis of truth.

Man is body, soul, and spirit; and in each and all, he must be formed anew, for each of these departments acts and reacts upon the others.

But how is such regeneration synonymous with a New Spiritual Creation? Why is not a "spiritual" creation simply and only spiritual? Our answer is, it would be so if man were only a spirit, and nothing more; but being more than that, and his spiritual part having an intimate connection with all other departments of his being, each and all are affected by the condition of the rest. If man is unbalanced in spirit, the soul is first affected, and through that, the body. If "out of joint" in body, the spirit feels the disorder and the ill of it, through the same intermediate agency. Now, although the immost, or spiritual, is highest, and therefore first in importance, yet, by virtue of the relation of the external to the internal, the latter cannot be saved, unless the former is. The maxim, a "pure mind in a pure body," embodies no mere unmeaning thought. It has, in it, too, a world of far-reaching, practical philosophy—a philosophy which not only connects the soul and the body in this life, and makes them mutually affect each other, but also connects this life with the next, and makes the second, organically, as well as morally and spiritually, to be more or less affected by our organic, moral and spiritual conditions in this world. Our spiritual bodies, as well as our spiritual affections and characters, are being formed now, within our natural bodies; and as are the qualities and conditions of these bodies, such will be those of our spiritual forms, both here, and in the second sphere. The more we perfect our natural organisms—the more truly healthy they are—the more symmetrical, vigorous and truly executive, in all the true, and especially, the more elevated functions which belong to them, the more perfectly do we form and the more do we exalt the symmetry, beauty and use of the spiritual organism; so that, when we enter upon the immortal state, we enter it with a better organic basis for progress there, than if we had

constantly transgressed the organic laws here, and had thereby rendered both our external and our internal forms weak and inefficient.—But our space is already filled, and we must therefore defer farther remarks for other opportunities.

Synopsis of Correspondence.

DR. BARDEN, of Penn Yan, New York, writes us as follows:—

"This is an excellent location for a Clairvoyant Physician, or Healing Medium. Penn Yan is a county seat; a thrifty, enterprising business place, containing about two thousand inhabitants, and enjoys the advantages of plank and railroad, telegraphs, canals, rivers and lakes, and is backed up by a fertile country, and flourishing farmers. We need such a physician here; and from the great number developed in your highly favored portion of the Lord's Vineyard, can you not induce one to come out even into this village?"

We will do our best, Dr., to aid you and your fellows, in the respect named. In the meantime, those who have the "gift" required, and feel attracted to Penn Yan, need not wait for us, but either go and see for themselves, or write our good friend Dr. BARDEN.

THOMAS CARPENTER, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes that the friends of Spiritualism are numerous in that place, and that they are daily increasing. Speaking Mediums are numerous, and exert a good effect. He speaks of one in particular, who seemed to be in the way of doing much good, till recently, by her public efforts in speaking. But in consequence of some remarks, dropped by our friend and brother, WARREN CHASE, who recently lectured in that place, to very good acceptance, the medium referred to has come to consider herself unworthy, or poorly qualified to address the public. And so the public loses the good that might otherwise be done, through her instrumentality. No one blames friend Chase at all; but our friend Carpenter thinks the remark referred to was both untrue and unwise, and therefore deleterious in its results. The remark referred to, was, "that nothing reliable can be expected from a medium whose physical system is unhealthy." Now, our friend Carpenter argues the contrary, and we should agree with him in part, but not wholly. Bro. Chase was partly right, also; but he might have stated, with far greater force, that those mediums whose moral constitutions are diseased, are far less to be trusted, than those who are physically deranged. But where speaking mediumship is concerned, we cannot see as reliability has anything essential to do in the premises. Reliability has to do with tests—not with principles and instruction. The latter appeal to one's own judgment and reason, and are not to be taken "on trust." We have had enough such preaching already, under Old Theology; and Spiritualists and Spiritualists can afford, we think, to dispense with it, or rather, they cannot afford to put up with such a "lame and still limping" course of procedure any longer. Let all think for themselves, hereafter, and there will be, at least, far less trouble than if they "pin their faith to their minister's sleeve."

We have to beg our friend Carpenter's pardon for delaying his suggestions so long; but our labors are arduous, and he will therefore excuse us. The communication he sends us, purporting to come from "Daniel Webster," we will attend to, as soon as we can possibly spare the time. He has our hearty thanks for the interest he takes in our journal; and any aid he may feel disposed to contribute, in the way of its farther circulation, will be esteemed a great favor, and will aid the cause in which we are mutually engaged.

MARTHA WAKEFIELD, of Claremont, N. H., gives her testimony, from her own experience, to the clairvoyant and healing power of C. C. York, of that place. The following is the substance of her letter on the subject:

"I was taken with a severe attack of the cholera morbus, as also with bilious fever, being unable to sit a minute without vomiting and fainting. I applied to Mr. York; and he, by laying his hands on my head and stomach, relieved me in a few minutes. He visited me three times in thirty-six hours; and in that time, I was perfectly restored to my former health, and was able to perform my usual labors in fifteen hours after his first visit."

Mrs. W. further remarks that she has been acquainted with Mr. York for the space of thirty years—has known of many examinations and cures; and she therefore considers it a duty to say the same to a suffering world, that others may have the benefit of his healing power.

DR. HAWLOW, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes that the "Harmonical School" is about going into operation in that thriving little village, under a thorough and competent teacher, assisted by Mrs. Love, of whom, as a lecturer on the elevation of the Marriage Institution, we have heretofore spoken. With such teachers, backed up by money and wise and hearty zeal, success is sure.

Jonathan Koons.

This friend whose name has been quite prominently connected with Spiritualism in the West, will soon be in Boston. So we are informed. The friends of Spiritualism in this city, will, of course, be glad to hear the story of wonders at his celebrated room, in Ohio, from his own mouth.

WARREN CHASE, of Wisconsin, will remain in Boston and vicinity, for a few weeks, and is prepared to give addresses on the subject of Spiritualism whenever desired. He may be found during his stay at the "Spiritualists' Home," Fountain House, corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, where all applications for Lectures, &c., may be left.

Ex-Gov. Dorr died on the morning of the 27th ult., about 8 o'clock, at the residence of his father, in Benefit Street, Providence.

The Cause in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell have been holding Sunday meetings every Sunday, for several months past, and the result is, that they now feel able to go forward in the same direction for the year to come. For this purpose, they have engaged for one year, and had fitted up for their use, Wells' Hall, near the Depot on Merrimack street, where from Sunday to Sunday they, and all interested, will gather for the investigation of Spiritualism, which with them, means a Philosophy and a Life, as well as a Phenomenon.

We have just received a note from a friend in Lowell, giving the result of the late action of the friends there, in relation to their public meetings. They have a board of officers, for merely executive purposes, consisting of an executive committee of five, a Treasurer, Secretary and Steward. This board is chosen for one quarter, only, commencing their duties Jan. 1st, 1855. To meet a part of the necessary expenses, they will rent seats, at a small price to be paid quarterly; the Hall will also be rented during the week, to aid in furthering the great object in view. All who are friendly to this movement, in Lowell and vicinity, are cordially invited to lend their influence and aid to that end.

Errata.

Several bad mistakes occurred in our last paper, for which our "proof reader" is really responsible. In the notices of "New Publications," our old friend A. Tompkins of Nos. 38 & 40 Cornhill, was printed "C. Tompkins" in two instances. In the article entitled "The Spirits Brought them a Dove," "F. Wells," at the close, should have been "T. Wells," and "I. Wells," the same. Several other "errors" occurred, for which we have to beg the indulgence of all concerned.

APPOINTMENT.—The Editor of this paper will speak in Lowell, next Sunday. Circumstances prevented our being there last Sunday, so Bro. Wilson occupied our place.

G. G. PIERCE, Blackstone, Mass. Your subscription does not expire till No. 33, present volume.

Communications.

The following letter of Jonathan Koons, should have appeared earlier; but in our hurry, it has been overlooked. The "communication" to which this letter has reference, has already been proved to be, *ostensibly* at least, the intellectual property of De Witt Clinton; but, at the same time, it seems clear, from all the evidence in the case, that it was written out in the manner designated, both by our Philadelphia correspondent, who placed it in our keeping, and by Mr. Koons, in the letter below. How, then, shall this mysterious matter be disposed of? Some, who might be ever so ready to accept the statement of Mr. K., so far as the circumstances under which the said writing was made, are concerned, will, perhaps, be just as ready to accuse the "spirit" of "plagiarism," as did our "anonymous" correspondent, a brief time since. But are they sure it was plagiarism? Poor human nature too often "jumps at conclusions;" and it may be so in this case. We do not say it is so; but we say it may be so. We could, as we think, suppose several very reasonable methods, whereby to account for that production without making plagiarism to have anything at all to do with it. But we have not the opportunity now to do the subject justice; and we, therefore, leave the matter in the hands friend K. and our readers. We cannot, however, help cautioning all concerned, about being too hasty in drawing their conclusions from mere appearances. By patient investigation of spiritual laws—particularly those which relate to the connection of the natural and spiritual worlds—we shall all find that many of our first conclusions, were entirely premature; and that the difficulty was mostly, if not entirely, on our own part. With these observations, we introduce the reader directly to the letter referred to:

That Communication Signed "Jesus Christ."

MILLFIELD, Athens Co. }
Ohio, Dec. 4, 1854. }

KIND EDITOR OF THE NEW ERA:

It appears necessary, under existing apprehensions, and manifested fears, that an explanation should be given, respecting the circumstances under which the communication was given, which appeared in the *New Era*, some little time ago, in connection with a letter of correspondence from A. K. Pierce, of Philadelphia—in order to relieve the jealous fears of your "anonymous" correspondent.

The communication referred to has been shown to a great many persons, to whom the conditions were made known under which it was given; and also a reference to the fact, that it was borrowed from the writings of De Witt Clinton—(as soon as this was known to be the fact,)—of which, we ourselves were ignorant at the time it was written. Of this fact, we were first apprised, by Joseph Taylor, a professional school teacher of this vicinity, who was in possession of the only work, of which we have any knowledge, in the whole neighborhood, containing the same. And no pains were spared, on our part, in examining all the Readers in our possession, to see if any such article was about the house, to which the spirit could have access, but none was to be found, except the one in possession of Mr. Taylor, at the distance of four miles from this place, where the said article was written, in the Spirit Room, in the absence of any person, when the door of said room was closed, and myself and family were engaged at labor in the garden, in the month of April last.

We wish to inform your correspondent, that we have no interest in forging spirit-communications, and palming them off upon the public,—and much less, in copying from public documents, and school books, under

the same claims; for even any school boy would be able to detect the fraud.

The communication in question, has been copied by different persons, since it was written; and fearing another similar result, I took pains to preface said communication with all the connecting circumstances, as herein enumerated, for the sake of avoiding censure.—And the subject, and conditional circumstances attending said production, were duly considered, before I could consent to give copies of it.

Some persons with whom we conversed on the subject of said communication, inclined to believe that De Witt Clinton (or whoever the first author of the article might be,) was, what we now term, an impressed medium; and that the same spirit that executed the present article, had (according to promise,) condescended, from time to time, to impress reformers, and other noted writers, with his own views and sentiments, in accordance with the promise of the assigned spirit, which stands out in bold relief in the following terms: "Where two or three are assembled in my name, behold I will be in their midst."

Others inclined to believe that the article was borrowed, and re-written by said spirit. And as far as the authority of the present production concerns ourselves, who belong to this circle of mediums, we have just as much reason to believe that it was executed by the assigned spirit, as we have cause to believe in the existence of spirits at all; for if we are deceived in our own senses in one respect, it may be inferred that we are deceived in other respects; and it is true that we, at least, fancy ourselves to be favored with the sight of myriads of spirits, as well as having correspondence with them in various ways, in which we consider the facts entirely unmistakable. And it is also true, that we received notice, from what we consider the spirits of the departed, twelve months since, that we should have a sixty days visitation from the spirit of CHRIST—during which time, we were favored with a view of one of those angelic forms, which was very bright in appearance, holding an emblem of a cross in his hand. And when the disputed communication was written, as before stated, it had that emblem attached to the signature.

But these remarks, together with the article, are consigned to the judgment of the reader, together with the doubted veracity of the subscriber. And if your correspondent will compare the present article of criticism with the former, to which he made reference, he will find that the latter is not *certainly* with the one referred to.

Some may incline to think that the promise of CHRIST's presence is only extended to assemblies; but if he is denied the privilege of visiting single individuals, we must, then, necessarily, also have to deny him the privilege of visiting assemblies, which are composed of more than "two or three" members.

I have now given you the facts pertaining to this matter without exaggeration. And if you will do myself and your readers the justice to give my statements publicity in your valuable and (as we have reason to believe,) impartial paper, we will then rest satisfied, and willing to submit to the decision of the candid judgment of its numerous readers. I should probably hesitate, and shrink from any attempt to answer the implication, had we not the testimony of multitudes in our favor, who have not only witnessed, *en passant*, the wonderful operation of spirits at this room. We have also the testimony of those who have tarried with us weeks, and months,—during which time the key of said room was in the care and charge of those, who, for aught we know, continued their stay for the express purpose of detecting the perpetration of frauds, if any, on our own part. Hence, your readers are left to fight out the matter the best way they can with the different spirits who are executing these wonderful things. As for our own part, we have concluded to receive and judge them for ourselves, as they are brought forth; and we, at the same time, grant others the same privilege, since we do not claim to vindicate what the spirits indicate,—finding that we have enough to do, in guarding against the misrepresentations of the spirits in the flesh, in defence of the cause of truth.

JONATHAN KOONS.

For the New Era.

Love and Wisdom.

"God is Love;" but it would seem that His Wisdom is a cotemporary and co-eternal projection of the same. Infinite Love must needs be infinitely wise. It is said "Love has eyes." This is true of all true affection; and infinite Love must necessarily, therefore, see all that is good for, and pertains to, the vast cycle of its range. In proportion then as affection is genuine, we argue that it will be wise—that is—wise as between itself and the object of its expenditure. In proportion as it is false—seeking its own happiness alone, through and by and at the expense of another, it is necessarily unwise,—more than that, self-destructive, and soon to be utterly lost, or exchanged for hatred and disgust. And if love cannot continuously exist without wisdom, so the latter cannot rise to the rarer regions of higher truths without the former. As passionate abuse springs from lack of wisdom in love, thus making it no love; so, mental dwarfishness, one-sidedness, lumbering materialism, and narrowness of intellect, are attendant upon an inferior development of the affectional, which is the basis of the intuitional. Not until these elements are more closely married in our humanity, can we have redemption—not until more united in individual souls, can we approximate unto freedom and spontaneity, with purity and in safety. Without wisdom, all that we call "love," and all that possibly can come beneath that title, tends to exhaustion and the loss of enjoyment in ultimations. Thus the instinct of self-preservation expresses itself in one direction, in the appetite for food, etc.—what Fourier, in a good sense, calls "Gormandism;" but without wisdom, this ultimate ceases to be pleasant—the keen edge

of appetite is gone—soon altogether diseased and destroyed. So the love of others, fraternal and congenial, without a normal development of the soul, bringing wisdom, is soon no more; indeed, proves itself to have been but "self in disguise." Here, especially, men and women sin against themselves; they are enslaved to distrusts and formalities, and starve for want of expression in affection, because themselves and those before them have not been harmonious and wise. Conjugal love ultimately itself in reproduction of the loved one; but here, too, that only is proved to be true which is wise, which considers all circumstances, and is bounded within the circumference of healthful obedience unto law. Let every man marry more of the genuine affection into his masculinity, and every woman more of wisdom into her femininity, and more and more shall love spring up on our earth, and be guarded by virtue, and know no other rule than its own truth, and flow down and bless and redeem the ages.

D. F. G.

A New Scheme—Quite Suggestive.

The following observations, from a new correspondent, may prove valuable to many of our readers, in the way of exciting thought, at least. And if any of our kind friends find anything there, they do not exactly relish, why, perhaps they will be able to pick out enough that they do fancy, to make the reading valuable to them. We should be happy to hear from the writer again in the way he suggests in his private note.

For the New Era.

Mr. Editor:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I have witnessed in your paper the general interest manifested for the improvement of humanity, by the formation of associations, well adapted to the physical and spiritual development of our race; model associations, teaching how we should live to be happy. Last year, I formed a plan calculated for the nation, as the recent plans are adapted for smaller bodies; of which, in the compass of a newspaper article, I can give but a faint idea.

When we consider the state of our country, we must deplore the departure of our statesmen from the patriotic devotion and honest integrity of the founders of our so-called republic. We still possess its constitutional form, but it has almost imperceptibly passed into an oligarchy—partisan demagogues have taken the place of men of principle—and official salaries the place of patriotic zeal. Our republican form is entirely dead—nothing can breathe the breath of life into it—the spirit of the age has outgrown it—the time has arrived when the public mind should be prepared for something new and superior to all former governments—one in which every temptation should be thrown on the side of virtue, as it now is on the side of vice—one having for its aim a universal brotherhood, founded on the love principle, when justice in its purity would be equally distributed. Our government, like all others, has sought to restrain vice, by operating upon the fears of the people. In that they have followed the ancient churches; it is wrong in theory and degrading in practice. A hell with an all-tormenting devil was constantly held before the ignorant and deluded people by the priesthood, for the purpose of driving them into the church, and making them fit subjects for their control. The lake of fire and brimstone has nearly disappeared, but all its pangs are condensed into a mental condition, and a place still assigned for its unfortunate victims; leaving still the crafty and potent devil.

Notwithstanding we are told in the bible, that if we resist him he will flee from us, the church has made him a being second only to the Great Creator in power, which includes the wisdom to execute.

But to rid society of evil, we must learn who or what the devil is. Let us refer to the IV. Chapter of Matthew, when he presents himself to Jesus in his greatest power and most natural character. Jesus is there represented as being "led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil;" as having "fasted forty days and forty nights," and "was afterwards a hungered." And when the tempter came, he said to Jesus, "if thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But he answered, "it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Now let us suppose a conversation to have taken place between the thinking man, and the animal man. Jesus had been fasting, and his body demanded food; the craving body suggested to the mind its wants, the mind sees its utter destitution of supply; the animal faculties address the higher, and say, "if thou art the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The higher reply, that "man shall not live by bread alone," etc.

The devil then takes him up into the Holy City; and sets him on a pinnacle of the temple, and says to him, "if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written he shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here is evidently a temptation to commit suicide; but reason majestically mounts the throne, and replies, "it is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil takes him up into an "exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and says, 'all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" Jesus replies, "get thee hence Satan; it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." The devil left, and "angels came and ministered unto him." In all this we see, that Christ was tempted in all respects as we are. In the first temptation the animal man wanted bread; foiled in that, it sought relief in death; foiled in that likewise, its wounded vanity sought a shelter in the demand of admiration

and worship. Christ saw his own superiority over all his predecessors; he was truly the King of the Jews; he knew the Jews were looking for a temporal king of great power and glory; he knew he possessed that power; and as the different kingdoms revolved through his mind, he saw their kings reveling in sumptuous plenty, while he, the king of kings, was a hungered in the wilderness; and should his reason fall down and worship the animal man, the passions, the devil, they really could be his.

That it may appear still plainer, Jesus, once upon a time, says to Peter, "get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offence unto me." Just previous to the above expression, Jesus called Peter a Rock, on which he should found his church; on account of Peter's impressibility. But Peter was an impulsive man, who loved his Lord dearly; and when Jesus told him that he must suffer death for the sake of his teachings, Peter's love grew warm, and he said, "these things must never be, Lord." Here the excess of Peter's love was a temptation to Christ, to desert from teaching; but truth was dearer to him than earth-life, and its establishment among mankind, a greater consideration than his body.

Hence, we may clearly see, that whatever in us or in others works our hurt, is the devil to us. You have the idea and the key to what I am impressed is the devil, and I know of no other.

Few men have the will-power to withstand such temptations; hence, if we would materially benefit mankind, the necessity of removing every temptation to do wrong.

Political bodies have acted upon the same false principle, the fears of the people. Hence we see governmental prisons for the violators of unjust laws, governmental murders, governmental robberies. Among the people, some are wealthy, many poor, some are learned in the art of defrauding their neighbors, and many are the victims of their robberies. Some are glittering in their wealth, many in tattered garments, with tearful eyes are begging at their doors for bread, and go away unrelieved. This is all wrong. God, in all His works, shows Himself good, merciful, charitable. Man can only be in the likeness of God, when he lives in the daily exercise of His divine attributes. He has given us an abundance of soil, given it to all of us; but covetous man in the barbarous ages commenced appropriating to himself, individually, until it became a custom, and that custom sanctioned by legislative enactments, to make an artificial right, antagonistic to divine, national right.

The question then arises, how shall we reform? where shall we commence? First, by operating on the love principle. As the government assumes to be the parent, it is its duty to liberally educate its children, in all matters pertaining to natural science, particularly of man in his mental and physical organization, the laws of health, etc. That would give to the world a flood of light, and prepare all for a meet companionship of one another. It would establish a greater mental congeniality, a greater spiritual affinity.

To accomplish this, let one square mile in each township be set apart for educational purposes, where the youth, by tilling the soil and cultivating the mind, might be harmoniously developed in body and mind. Then do away with all money. As ignorance is the bottomless pit, so money is the Arch-Tempter there worshiped. Place it on deposit in foreign countries, where it is still used as a medium of exchange, well secured, for the benefit of brothers who desire to travel there. Let all the lands belong to government; and make that government the people. Do away with cities, those sinks of iniquity, and generators of disease; and in their stead, divide the country into square miles, surrounding them with streets and commodious dwellings, at government expense. Let each person capable of laboring, labor six hours per day, and spend the rest of the time in mental culture, or in social visitings with friends. Then will the body and mind be harmoniously developed. Let those unable to work, be supported at government expense, as if actual producers; it is their misfortune. As the productions, as well as the soil, will belong to government, the government will be abundantly able to do it. Let the tradesman work for the government and be supported by it, so that all can live by the reciprocity of labor.

But you ask, where is your incentive to action, when you take away money? We will form circles one above another, to the height of which each must ascend by kind offices one to another, by teachings and inventions calculated to advance the race. Does any department lack aid? do forests want leveling? canals and railroads want constructing and manning? Elevate those who will volunteer, to a circle that will reward their deprivations and labor. Let every child, without regard to sex or parentage, rise upon its own merit, from the lowest to the highest circle, and you would produce an incentive beyond the power of money to begot. In its stead give a government check which can be received from the town officer giving him credit as he or she has done well; which will give ample opportunity to visit friends. This check should not be transferable, lest a door be opened to fraud, but wherever its holder goes, the brotherhood will supply his wants until the time expires. Should crime be committed, let healthful influences surround the perpetrator, let kind instructions be given, do not debase or confine the person or spirit. Soothing words, spoken in love, will be as great a punishment as the human spirit can bear; and government will not be outraged by a repetition in the same person.

From what is above stated, you can see a part of the plan in view; by doing away with ignorance and money, you do away with all the causes of war that make our earth a hell. And founding a government on universal love, composing a universal brotherhood of cultivated minds, where universal justice shall be administered, you will invite the

angels from their spheres to walk the earth with us, as with the "holy men of old."

M. VAN EVERY.

Record of Phenomena.

More Wonders.

The following wonderful facts are communicated by a young friend of ours, with whom we are very well acquainted; whom we know to be perfectly reliable in matters of this nature, and from whom we would be happy to hear often. We extend him our hearty welcome to our columns, and thank him for his favor, and all the more for his modesty, so natural to him, and so well expressed, in his introductory observations:

Hopedale, Dec. 30th, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—You will please excuse this intrusion upon the columns of your paper, and the patience of your readers, by a stranger, who wishes to relate a few facts, which came under his observation but a short time since. About the first of September last, I was visiting various parts of New Hampshire, and among other places, stopped at Portsmouth. While there, I was kindly invited by an old acquaintance, to join a circle of friends that evening, (Sunday, Sept. 10,) for the purpose of witnessing Spiritual Manifestations. Gladly did I accept the invitation, notwithstanding the anxious entreaties of my superstitious friends not to go, who said:—"If you go, you will be damned; for it is all the work of the devil!" Wishing to see how this "Devil" operated, and to hear some of the delusive doctrines of this powerful, cloven-footed, theological monster, I started, with a few advocates of "Spiritual Communion," for the house in which the circle was to be held. Arriving there at about seven o'clock, we found quite a large company of persons assembled, the greater part of whom appeared to be skeptics. There was nothing about the room that needs particular description,—suffice it to say, it was a plainly furnished, commodious sitting room, unprovided with anything that could produce illusion or deception. The inmates of the house, also, bore upon their features the impress of truth, and in all their movements was the frankness of honesty. The mediums were two young ladies; one of them about sixteen years of age, and the other, I should think, somewhat older. They sat before a common table, with no covering upon it, and placed in one corner of the room.

After all had become quieted, and in some degree harmonized, the spirits directed the lights to be extinguished, and the room darkened. After sitting a few moments in anxious silence, bright lights—each one surrounded by a luminous halo—suddenly appeared in various parts of the room, and floated gently to and fro, up and down, as if "upborne on angels' wings;"—more beautiful were they than the sparkling meteor—more brilliant than the flashings of the aurora borealis; for like the star of Bethlehem, they spoke of a new unfolding for which man might praise his Creator "with exceeding great joy."

During this time, while the lights were floating around us, hands were shaken, aprons untied and thrown across the room, shoes unlaced, persons kissed and patted gently on the face, by spirits who had long since left the earth-life. These tokens of spiritual presence, given as they were to convince the unbelieving, seemed to be powerfully convincing to each and every person present; and some were affected to tears. A heavy paper weight, with a roll of paper, was then taken from the mantel shelf, and carried first to the ceiling, then to the floor, several times in rapid succession. A door, which none of the family could lock, although they had tried many times, was locked and unlocked several times very quickly, and the key thrown on the floor, where it was found the next day.

After this joyous greeting had somewhat subsided, what purported to be the spirit of my mother, called me in an audible voice, saying, "Come, Charlie!" Neither the mediums, nor any person in the room, (excepting the friends who invited me) knew who "Charlie" was, until my friends told them it was me. I advanced to the table and laid my hand upon it, when the spirits

"Laid their gentle hands in mine,"

and touched me with so indescribably pleasant a touch, that the emotions thereof I shall never forget. The rest of the circle were touched in the same manner, and shook hands with the dear departed, causing memories to rise up from the past, that, like the strains of the Eolian, are sad though pleasant to the soul.

Again we were quieted, and again those beautiful lights appeared, like bright shuttles from the angel world, weaving into the dark web of our earth-life, the golden threads of immortality. The spirits now played on the piano, when no one was near it; but not succeeding as well as they wished, they caused one of the mediums to be entranced, and they played and sang through her with fascinating sweetness. Many persons in the room said they heard two spirit voices singing with her; but this I was not privileged to hear, though the rich melody of the music, and the singing performed through the medium, was delightful. Several times during this evening, the spirits spoke audibly, in tones different from any human voice I ever heard.

The next evening, (Sept. 11), we again assembled at the same place, for the purpose of witnessing more of these manifestations of his "saturnic majesty." The company numbered about the same as before, and was composed of nearly the same persons. The lights were again shown,—again did the invisibles touch and shake hands with us; but we were favored with two manifestations that we were not favored with the evening previous. One of these was this:—A large glass fluid lamp was placed on the table, filled with burning-fluid, and lighted; and the table was

then tipped up to an angle of more than 45 degrees, without moving the lamp or spilling the fluid, being held fast to the table by spirit power. The other manifestation was this:—The light was removed from the table, and the mediums placed the tips of their fingers on the table as before. I then asked the spirits to hold it down, and it was with great difficulty I could raise it. I then requested them to remove their power from it, when I easily raised it with but two fingers. Again and again this was repeated, not only with myself, but with many others in the circle, who could not raise it from the floor when the spirits were requested to hold it. Another of the "works of the devil" consisted in speaking through some of the mediums present, and causing them to reiterate the same truths uttered by Jesus on the hill tops of Judea, eighteen centuries ago.

Perhaps our "toe-joint," "odico-force," and "knee-pan" philosophers can explain these seeming mysteries by their respective scientific (!) theories. But it is extremely wonderful to me, how the "toe-joint" can lock and unlock doors, or produce lights that equal the splendor of the noon-day sun. It is also as wonderful how the newly discovered "odico-force" can "shake the friendly hand," and speak in audible tones; or how the clumsy "knee-pan" can play on the piano, and even suspend the laws of gravitation. More wonderful, indeed, are they all than the famous "learned pig," or the oriental tales of powerful geni. "Oh! things one," you were deluded! These things you saw were phantasies, or illusions of the brain! Hindoo Jugglery, Mesmerism, and diseased retinas have performed these things before! Indeed! how happened it that eighteen or twenty persons should, on entering a common room, be suddenly troubled with a diseased retina, which became perfectly sound on leaving the room? Who mesmerized the whole audience at once? and how happens it, that suddenly, in this 19th century, so many "Hindoo Jugglers" have risen up in almost every city, town, and hamlet in the land? Verily, the fool "is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

Those, and those only, who have been favored with such revelations from the inner life, know what deep and stirring emotions of the soul they awaken, and what sad, yet pleasant memories they recall. They are like mile-stones in the dark journey of life, to the weary traveler, pointing him onward to the bright land that lies just before. May we so live, that the ministering angels shall, at the close of our earthly pilgrimage, welcome us with the plaudit of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

C. WALKER.

EMERSON.—The Boston correspondent of Portland State of Maine, writes that Mr. Emerson lives at Concord, in a "large old-fashioned, white, green-blinded house," among the trees, just "as a transcendental philosopher should, fashioning in quiet those strange thoughts which delight those who can't understand them, and confound those who do. Mr. E. has not a large family—himself, wife and three children. He is exceedingly affable and engaging in conversation, and is a great favorite with the townspeople."

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

Meetings are held at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, to discuss the principles of Equitable Commerce and Individual Sovereignty. Information will be given of the progress of the movement at Modern Times, N. Y.

PROF. J. W. MARKS and Lady, (late Mrs. B. G. Bushnell) have left the city of New York for their residence in Wyoming Co., to spend the Winter. Persons desiring examinations and prescriptions through Clairvoyance will receive prompt attention by addressing them, post-paid, at Yorkville, N. Y.

SECOND SPIRITUALISTS' FESTIVAL.

In accordance with a previous notice given at Chapman Hall, another Festival will be held at that place on Thursday evening, Jan. 10th. The Hall is engaged for the purpose of holding a series of Festivals. No efforts will be spared to make these gatherings both beneficial and agreeable. Tickets 25 cents; to be had at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street; Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, and at the Fountain House.

GEORGE ATKINS, Manager.

A NEW MACHINE FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

A new pattern designed for writing or moving mediums, and found to be superior to any hitherto invented, for sale at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street. All orders for the same by mail to be directed to William P. Spear, 15 Franklin street, Boston; price 75 cts.

BARNARD'S SPIRIT-ROOM.

Every afternoon and evening, circles convene here for the physical demonstrations, which are often of the most remarkable character. Hours, 4-12, 7 and 8, P. M. Boston, No. 13, Auburn Court.

REGULAR MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Sunday meetings at the Melodeon, afternoons and evenings at the usual hours. Conference meetings on Wednesday evenings, at the Hall in Chapman Place, and at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street.

HARMONY HALL RE-OPENED.

This well known resort of Spiritualists is now open as a Reading Room, Book Store and Circulating Library. The room will be open each day from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Also Clairvoyant, Psychometry, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours.

J. S. LOVELAND.

LIST OF LECTURES.

The following persons are now prepared to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever and whenever their services may be desirable and circumstances permit. They may be addressed at this office, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND. A. E. NEWTON.

R. P. WILSON. S. C. HEWITT.

J. H. FOWLER. JOHN OWENS.

THE DIAL ALPHABET.

This unique and highly useful instrument for communicating readily with spirits, and which is very highly recommended by Prof. Hare of Philadelphia, may be had of BELA MARSH. Price \$2.00. Sent only by express or private conveyance. Address Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

Advertisements.

MRS. MITCHELL'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, originates in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, nervous menubance, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Price per bottle, \$1.

Mrs. Mitchell's celebrated Dysentery Cordial: price 50 cents per bottle.
Mrs. Mitchell's Cholera Elixir: price 50 cents per bottle.

For sale at wholesale or retail by Bela Marsh, Agent, No. 15 Franklin street. 14tf

DR. N. H. DILLINGHAM
WILL endeavor to attend to all calls in and out of the city with fidelity and scientific skill.

We know we have a reputation for unqualified success, not only for the cure of all common diseases, but especially for the cure of Female Diseases, all kinds of tumors, ulcers, &c.
Aside from my Medical profession, I intend to have the best Mesmeric or Clairvoyant subject in the country, who will examine for business, as well as the sick, at all hours of the day. Terms from \$1 to \$5.
Office and residence, No. 1 Barton street, corner of Levee street.
Boston, Mass., January, 1855. 14 2m

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

TO be found at T. H. Peabody's, 54 Hudson street, a rapping, writing and test medium; also the best trance medium for the examination of diseases in Boston.
Hours from 9 to 12 A. M.; 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Private circles \$1 each person; public circles 50 cents each person. 13 6w

CHARLES MAIN.

CLAIRVOYANT and Healing Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place, Boston.
Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 14tf

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK.

FOR
SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF TRUTH.

Will be published on or about the 15th of Dec.,

THE LILY WREATH

OF
SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS.

By A. H. CHILDS, M. D.

THOSE who have read the manuscripts of this work, pronounce it unsurpassed in purity and elegance of diction, in beauty and simplicity of style, and in its correct and attractive presentation of truth.
The LILY WREATH will be printed in a superior manner, equal to that of the finest annuals, bound in rich and durable binding, and in every way made in typographical and mechanical appearance, in keeping with the intrinsic value of its contents.
Dealers and others can address
PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York,
14tf BELA MARSH, Boston.

LIDA'S TALES OF RURAL HOME.

Here is a series of books for the young, of the very first order. They are full of good moral sentiment, written in a chaste, pleasing style, and well adapted to children. Lida, understands young human nature, and has done abundantly well, in this series, to meet its mental wants. Success to Lida's Tales, for they are full of Spiritualism—therefore full of truth. All our readers who have children, and wish to put the best books into their hands, should send 36 cents, in postage stamps, or their currency (please pay), to EMILY GAY, Hopeville, Milford, Mass., and she will return them the whole series of Tales, (7 books in all), pre-paying postage on them—so that 36 cents is all they cost her buyer.

KNOW THYSELF.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is of more importance than any other, because it is the index to the vast volume of wisdom and knowledge which exists in other minds, and in the external world around us. You can obtain this knowledge of your character and capabilities through the science of Psychometry. Having located myself for the present in Boston, I am prepared to give psychometrical readings at my room at the Grove Hotel, No. 10 Sudbury street, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope.
Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.

N. B. Persons desiring their ideal of the conjugal relation, in mental and spiritual adaptations, will please make it known. 14tf

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, having postponed her return to England for the present, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place, near the Adams House, and will be happy to wait upon those who may desire to investigate the subject of Spiritualism.
Hours at home, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Public Circles only in the evening.
Private seances \$1 each person; public, 50 cts. each person.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

MRS. H. JENNES, a superior Clairvoyant for Medical examinations and prescriptions, may be consulted at Harmony Hall every day from 1 to 5 P. M. Special attention given to Chronic diseases.
Boston, Dec. 10, 1854. 14tf

A. B. CHILD, M. D.,

DENTIST;

15 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON. 14tf

A DIN BALLOU'S NEW WORK ON SO-

CIALISM, 650 pages large octavo. Price \$1.75. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

HEALING MEDIUM.

DR. T. H. PINKERTON,

Office, 80 Cambridge St., Boston.

Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily. 14tf

TO THE AFFLICTED.

CHARLES C. YORK, Healing and Clairvoyant Medium. You can receive an examination and prescription by sending your name, age, and place of residence. Price \$2.00, post paid. Address C. C. YORK, Claremont, N. H. 14tf

GREAT STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Clothing,

Manufactured expressly for

THE NEW ENGLAND TRADE.

Comprising every variety of style and quality adapted to the tastes and wants of all classes of customers.

Also, a very extensive assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

WINTER UNDER GARMENTS, &c., &c.

Together with the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of

YOUTH'S AND LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

To be found in this or any other city, all of which are offered upon the most favorable terms, at wholesale and retail.

OAK HALL,

28, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38, NORTH STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

10-4w

BATHING ROOMS.

MEDICATED Sulphur, Iodine, and plain vapor Baths; warm, cold, and shower baths; administered from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at 233 Washington street, rear of Marlboro' Hotel.

C. BLODGETT.

THE NEW ERA.

The Third Volume of this Journal has now commenced. It will still be the advocate of SPIRITUALISM in its broadest, most comprehensive, and most tolerant sense, according to the best understanding and conviction of its Editor and Proprietor, who, while he recognizes his own proper individual responsibility to the Public for what he may utter through its columns, and for the general character and tone of the paper, at the same time wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for many individual convictions and statements he may feel free to publish from others, in accordance with the obviously just demands of a truly FREE PRESS.

It also wishes it to be distinctly understood, that no subscriber, writer, or reader of this journal will be considered as committed to its principles, views, and measures, any further than he voluntarily and willingly commits himself, independently of his subscription or his reading. It wishes it to be constantly borne in mind that this is the Age of FREE THOUGHT, and of Individual Responsibility; and that in connection with what for the time being is, perhaps, somewhat peculiarly denominated Spiritualism, the ERA will be, as it ever has been, the uncompromising advocate of free thought,—and the free expression of thought,—for in that way only, as an essential element of advancement, can any true progress be made.

The ERA will still be the vehicle of the prominent Facts of the Spiritual Movement, of the various phases of its PHILOSOPHY, and of such suggestions of a PRACTICAL nature as may with justice and propriety come within its own province to present and discuss. In short, while it will ever and earnestly strive to be true to its own convictions, it will as truly try to do its whole duty to the Public.

The New Volume begins with entire NEW TYPE and a NEW HEAD,—and will contain more to week about one third more reading matter than it ever has before. And yet for this, among other additions to its expenses, there will be no addition to the price of the paper. Thankful for the past efforts of its many friends in its behalf, it may be said the ERA still needs, desires, and CONFIDENTLY EXPECTS the continuance of those efforts in the future, that it may not only be enabled to live, but to appear from week to week in the most attractive garb of Truth itself, and thereby exert an influence for good which otherwise it would be greatly incapable of doing.

TERMS: Single Copy for one year \$1.50.
Seven Copies \$10.00
Ten \$12.00
One Copy Eight Months \$1.00
Single Numbers 3 cts.

ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Address: "NEW ERA," No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

To the Newspaper and Periodical Press.—Any paper giving the substance of the above (including terms, of course) in its editorial columns, and inserting a marked copy in this office, shall be entitled to the current vol. entire, either with or without an exchange.

TO THE SUFFERING.

STEPHEN CUTLER, of Woburn, Mass., is induced again to offer his services as a Healing Medium to those who may be suffering under any form of disease. He is located at Central Square, about a mile from Woburn Centre, and has accommodations for a limited number of patients at his house. He has the assistance of other Healing Mediums in his family, and avails himself of the remedial virtues of the magnetic machine, water, etc., and has been very successful in the treatment of rheumatism, fevers, and inflammatory diseases generally.
Refer to Capt. Oliver Bacon, Ebenezer Dow, George W. Allen, and Gideon Chellis of Woburn Centre; John Howlett, of Saugus, and others. 11tf

MRS. MITCHELL'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, though not a universal panacea, is one of the most efficacious remedies for all those diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION, OR THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH, THROUGH THE AID OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

VOL. III.—NO. 14.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

WHOLE NO., 112.

Thoughts of the Age.

From the Rose of Sharon.
Silent Forces.
BY E. H. CHAPIN.

In the material universe there are two kinds of power. The one exhibits itself as active and salient force, the other as endurance. We find the most general illustration of these in the phenomena of motion and rest; or in the conditions of growth and of ripeness. By their opposition the entire mechanism of nature is moved and balanced. The one is essential to all advancement; the other to conservation. This is the travail of change; that the repose of equilibrium. The first is the vital energy of nature; the other is the basis as well as the recipient of that energy.

And the power which pertains to this condition of endurance, is a kind of power we are apt to overlook. Wondering at those great forces of nature which dart through all its channels, and play in convulsion and revolution, let us likewise admire that majestic strength which resists and bounds them. If the energy that reaches to the limits of the universe is potent; that power which girdles it, and says, "thus far and no further," is omnipotent. The sea in its wrath is mighty; but so is the rocky shore that confronts it and heaves it back. Terrible is the electric force which thunders through space and blasts all opposition; but stronger still is that affectionate magnetism—that unseen heart of nature—whose pulses mix with all things, and that draws all things into beautiful obedience to its law. It is an overwhelming energy with which a comet sweeps along its track; but it is not so great as that which holds the planets to their centre, and binds them in glittering harmony forever. And this is the ultimate power—the power of being rather than of doing. A majestic repose, a silent strength, is the highest mood of nature.

Although the analogies of the natural world cannot always be carried into that department of human life which involves moral sanctions and the operation of free will, still, the illustration holds good in this instance. For the highest spiritual power, also, is that of endurance rather than action—is in being rather than in doing. And, as in the natural world so here, in our attention to more intrusive and dazzling characteristics, we may not sufficiently recognize the sublimity of that passive—not negative, but positive, order of virtues,—that magazine of silent forces,—which can be comprehended under the general name of endurance.

To a superficial, or what is the same thing, an unspiritual mind, the perfection of character according to the standard of Jesus may seem to lack tone and power. There may be those who are ready to say, "such a character as this—a character made up of meekness, forgiveness, long-suffering, or in one word, patience; must be a very feeble and uninfluential character—a character of watery mildness and thin sentimentalism, unfitted for the enterprise of this world, and which ought to be translated to some gentle sphere out of the way of these hard and eager forces." It seems to be thought that the essential quality which constitutes a Christian is a kind of phantom excellence, which keeps in the background of life or glides timidly among its realities, and that if a man is going to grapple with this tough, old, dusty world, and hammer his way through it, and get anything out of it, he must do it by dint of the earth-spirit, that is in him. This is all a mistake. On the contrary, the fibres of all real manliness are in Christian discipline, and a good deal which passes for power in the world—this blustering, passionate energy—is essentially weakness. It may be observed, by the way, that these passive virtues are not the only qualities inculcated by Christianity; but even these require and indicate the utmost degree of energy. For there is always a greater mastery evinced in the control than in the exercise of power. Recurring to nature for an illustration, we see that chaos is a condition of unrestrained forces; order is a condition of forces held in obedience to law. And so it is with that world which every man carries within himself—his own moral or spiritual nature. The angry man may evince more energy than he who keeps calm in the heat of provocation; but evidently the latter, who gives not way to passion—who controls it—is the man of most power. Again, we may call that man a master-spirit, in his age who rides on the whirlwind of popular sentiment, and even directs it; but he is stronger who resists the spirit of his time; who stands up and steadily bears against it; and who, firm in his conviction of principle, cannot be carried away by all the tides of faction. The one merely yields to pressing facilities; the other has to exert moral nerve and resist them. Indeed, all vehemence and impetuosity is a quality of crudeness, and a sign of imperfection. It belongs to anarchy rather than authority, to declamation instead of argument. As illustrated in individual life, it pertains to the period of the passions, and to the lower development of character. Boisterous activity is the fitting expression of childhood; the demand of predominating and unfolding nature; and the control of sensual impressions is evident in hot energy and emphatic gesture.

But the strength of true manhood, when deep springs of experience have opened within, when wisdom has bound its cincture about the forehead, and when the soul has the clear vision of faith and prayer; is indicated by a majestic repose. And this is the idea of power, expressed in the highest art—not the awful front of Jupiter, nor the exuberance of Apollo, nor in any salient virtue even; but the calm rapture of the martyr looking from the fire; the face of Jesus crowned with thorns. And when one has reached that degree of spiritual attainment in which appetite is chained and passion controlled—when love, which is the highest attribute, the very essence of God, has become transfused through one's being, so that he can forbear, and forgive, yea, even pray for an enemy; when his vision has become so steady and clear as to God's workings and his Providence, that he can meet all the stings and sorrows of life with submission, and overcome them with trust; it is only through labor—through long conflict and great spiritual energy—and there is no higher manifestation of human power.

For not only is there this intrinsic power in endurance, but it is the source of the most active energies. Thus it is essential to all intellectual achievement. Only through patience do men acquire knowledge. Though the apprehension of genius may be marvelously quick, the great fundamental truths of science are the results of the virtue. God does not make man acquainted with nature by inspiration. He has not opened the glittering volume of the universe for him to read at a glance. But he is permitted to learn something of its fullness only through the discipline of severe induction. Long must Cuvier study the crumbling fossil and the broken bone, ere he can re-construct the giant forms of vanished epochs. Long must Newton "pace the solar track, and toil in the twilight confines of the system," ere he can detect the law that binds atoms to atoms, and the universe to its centre. Long must Leverrier swing the pendulum of calculation, ere he can measure the march of the unseen star. So in the intellectual field they have been most distinguished who have meditated most—who have projected their plans from silent depths of the soul.

And so with those who have moved the world's heart, and changed the aspects of humanity—the Apostles of Truth and of Love. They have acted strenuously, yet their real life was not in action, but endurance. They learned to overcome themselves; to endure as well as to hope all things; and thus were enabled to act powerfully upon others. Within themselves they nourished the still seeds of thought in the sunshine of reason, and with the dew of prayer.

But let us consider Endurance as a power in itself; as an attainment of the highest practical excellence. In the common circumstances of life, in the issues of every day, it not only becomes us to act, and to act lawfully;—but to bear, and even to suffer; and this is as much a test of virtue as the other. How many things there are in our spheres of labor and of duty, which we cannot help! In physical accident and pain; in our social relations, in our spiritual wants, woes, trials; how much that we can neither resist nor hinder. But as these bear down upon us, harshly and heavily it may be, there comes a voice which says—"Be patient! Action will not avail you anything. Your strength, so impetuous and so confident, will fail you here. You cannot change these things; they come upon you and surround you with a power greater than your own."

You are stretched upon a sick-bed. The business of life summons you to be up and doing. The springing year with all its plans and possibilities, awaits you. Various interests demand your utmost attention. Yet in the midst of all, you are stricken down by the dull hand of disease. You are prostrate, you are helpless, you must give up. The tangled web of business must drop from your hot and nervous hands. You must lie down under the pleasant sky, with the solicitous cares and the turmoil of active life murmuring by you; you must lie for weary days and long nights, inactive and suffering. Now what is it that you need? Evidently, action is impossible. Nay, this peevish striving to forestall nature; to put by the nursing hand and the healing draught, and rise and master the disease, and rush out into the field of labor, only hinders recovery. What then is needed? What is not only the great duty, but the true policy? Why, simple, obedient endurance.

Or, again, business does not go well with you. A venture fails, or some sharp disappointment intrudes, and lo! your flattering promise is spoiled. Your confidence has been betrayed. The resource you looked to has not met your expectation. The season is backward. The sunshine and the rain do not fall propitiously. In short, your skill is baffled, your strength is impotent, your action is all in vain. But you still possess a marvellous power; for, if you cannot do, you can endure. A patient spirit will enable you to bear, to hope serenely, believing that One wiser and better than yourself holds the balance of nature and the vicissitudes of human effort.

And there are trials of a sterner kind than these! trials that cover existence with a veil of mystery. For some, dispensations of pain that are life-long. They have been called to

endure the most extreme suffering—disease of body, distress of mind. Years of sickness they have known, dragged out under all the ills of poverty—as it were a lingering death of ages, infusing slow torture into every limb and organ, yet leaving the spirit conscious of all. Poor, emaciated beings, they have set down in their desolate homes, to hear the vigorous sounds of life pass by them, to see the pleasant sunshine on all the face of nature, and yet to feel that every hour brings some new pang. And when we have looked upon such, and seen how they could bear: heard them through those bars of living death singing hymns of celestial sweetness; and seen by the light on their faces, in what a calm atmosphere their spirits dwelt; and have borne witness to that great patience springing from their lips—"Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"—have we not felt that there is a power in endurance, greater than in action, and that men who can wield armies are not so strong!

There are those whom, as it were, Death has haunted. His shadow has lain unmoving upon their path. Their cherished objects have been claimed by him. He has said of this, and of that bright flower opening to existence, and to love—he has said, as though an inexorable fate spoke through the mouth of doom—"It is mine; mine to blight, and to gather; it is yours to mourn!" They have bent around the graves of their dead, again and again. They have put on the sackcloth of lamentation, and sat down in the ashes of their hopes. And, as we have beheld the widow's calm face, and the clasped hands, that say—"I trust in God!"—as we have seen that bereaved mother with all the agony of her heart transfused into resignation, have we not learned

"how sublime it is
To suffer and be strong!"

In fine, there is no quality which is more frequently needed in our daily life, than Endurance; and none which more profoundly involves a Religious spirit. Our entire existence, even in its most insignificant actions and disconnected incidents, is enclosed in a net-work of *Lines*. There is not anything which, in the highest analysis, can be termed an "accident." It either bears the stamp of human responsibility, or of Divine Intention. And when events do occur outside the circle of our own free will—events that we can neither prevent nor control—it becomes us to ask, Why are they introduced? What is their Providential significance? The answer is—they are parts of the scheme of life; parts of that two-fold operation by which the human soul is educated and carried towards the end of its being. We are placed in this world to act; we are placed in it to endure; and when these disappointments and troubles which we cannot help, occur, this is their meaning—to inspire us with endurance. It is no minor virtue, therefore—it is no superficial grace of character. It involves the profoundest elements of spiritual life. Other qualities may be mistaken for it. It must not be confounded with that sulky hardness which accept and defies fate; which moves a man to say—"Well, life goes hard with me, and I don't care how it goes. Fortune seems to have marked me out as a butt for its arrows, and if I can't control it, it shall not overcome me. Like the chained Prometheus, I will bear it." An inflexible stoicism is not Christian Endurance; nor need I say it has no affinity with despair; for, in yielding to that sentiment, we surrender Patience. Many are the qualities which must combine to make up the forces of Endurance, and therefore it is so sweet and rich. It blends submissiveness and hope—the humble trust that leans on God—the clear, large vision that sees away beyond the present trouble; faith in the right that no sharp casualty can deaden; and a harmony with the Divine Will, the consciousness of which is the ingathering and fruition of all moral forces. And it requires exceeding tenderness, as well as fortitude, to make up this element of power. The soul possessed with it, appears as we have seen the moon on a quiet night—gliding amidst rack and shadow, yet brightening the clouds through which it passes, and ever and anon sailing upward, with a calm sorrow on its face, into clear spaces of the sky.

A great virtue—one much needed in our day and generation, in public and private experience—is this sum of silent forces,—this virtue of endurance. It is not a superficial grace, a husky morality; but a grand element of Religious vitality. Life is not merely a field of battle, a work-shop of strenuous toil, a school for eager curiosity; but, often, it is a reservoir of tears, a niche of endurance, a vestibule of mystery; where we have nothing to do but stand still, and take what God sends us. Let us cherish this silent patience, then, for it is a spring of grandest issues. It imparts superhuman strength to the breast. It sets angelic beauty on the face. It also is achievement, and in the silent quarries of the soul accomplishes a "perfect work."

To him who has cultivated only the lower faculties of his being, the glories of the universe are perceived only in the most superficial manner, while to the spiritual mind, in whom the inward senses are unfolded, all Nature is seen as the embodiment of a beautiful and divine spirit.

Practical Phrenology.

Our readers will all be deeply interested in the following narration, and will doubtless esteem it, at least, as one of the "happy hits" of Phrenology, if nothing else. If that science, in the hands of the intelligent and skillful practitioner, can do what is here represented, it is a matter of great practical moment, and demands wise attention. We take the article from the American Phrenological Journal.

Some three years ago, a manufacturer of jewelry, in New York, was robbed of a considerable amount of goods by an errand-boy employed in his office. The boy's duties were handling and packing goods, when not on the streets, and the only security the master had was the integrity of the boy; for no common scrutiny, or oversight, could prevent theft, if the boy had the disposition. The employer trusted him and was deceived. He then cast about him for another, but dared not depend on any knowledge he possessed of human character, to make the selection. He knew the claims of Phrenology, and resolved to invoke its aid, while, at the same time, he would retain and exercise all his own sagacity with reference to the selection. He accordingly advertised in the morning papers for a boy of a certain age to serve in the capacity required, and directed that application should be made at such an hour at his store. In the meantime he called at our office and engaged the writer to visit the store an hour later than the one appointed for applicants, and stated to us what he wanted; a capable boy, but, at all events, an honest one—a boy that could resist the necessary temptations of the position.

At the hour appointed, he had seventeen boys on the spot, each eager for the post, nothing doubting his own qualifications. Five of the least promising of the party were interrogated, asked to write their name and address, and, being told that the one who should be selected would be informed by note the next day, were dismissed. The balance of the hour was devoted to the same process with the twelve remaining, and when I arrived, as if by accident, he had them all before him, like a "second class to read." He and his partners had exhausted their skill in sifting them, but fearing that among that twelve a Judas, too, might lurk, yet having, all things considered, formed a preference for four, were waiting for the test of Phrenology to seal their choice.

Reader, would you like to have a rich firm intrust goods of untold value to a stranger's hands, and that stranger selected by you? Would you feel quite easy to decide the fate of twelve anxious, bright-eyed boys, perhaps needy widows' sons? It was a trying place; but remember, only one could have it, and why not give it to him who could fill it best—best for himself and best for his employer? If we were to allot it to one who was merely honest, and not capable, he could not long hold it, or if he did, would never rise—besides, it would be doing the employer injustice. If one were honest enough for ordinary pursuits, in which temptation to wrong were less than in this, though highly endowed with taste and talent for the place, we would have done the boy a wrong to give him an ordeal through which he could not pass and retain his morality unsullied.

We had our thoughts and our sympathies, but we leaned on the old stuff that had steadied our steps through many such a trying way.

In passing through the "class," we came to one boy—one of the favorites of the firm—who had a strong, enduring temperament, a broad chest and a robust frame, but who was hardly sprightly enough, nor had he the taste requisite for the jewelry business. We told him he ought not to come if they selected him, for he could do better for himself in another business in which he could become a lead-workman, and be much more happy than in this—that he had first rate mechanical talent, but he never would be contented with anything smaller than a steam-engine; and we advised him, by all means, to seek a position in a machine-shop, as he had just the talent, energy, and bodily vigor, necessary to eminence in that pursuit. But his cup of hope was dashed to the ground, and the poor boy's tears followed it. We felt badly, too, just as you would have done, but we came there to tell the truth for the benefit of both parties, and leave the event with the boy's good angel. But that good angel was at hand—much nearer than our eye of faith had discovered. The head man of the firm, with moist eyes, approached the boy, and, as he kindly patted him on the head, bade him cheer up, and call on him the next Saturday at the same hour, and in the meantime he would try what he could do for him. He promised to call, as requested, and, smiling thankfulness through his tears, departed, to tell his widowed mother that he had not obtained this place, but felt sure of another and a better one.

From the eleven which remained, we selected two, and after they were all dismissed, each hoping to be the favored one, and expecting a note to that effect the next day—we disclosed our opinion. One would be the smartest as a boy, and for three years do them the most service; but, if they had the interest of the boy, as well as their own, at heart, and were willing to train up a boy in their business to become a man, and a partner, and perhaps a son-in-law, this was not

the one. If they wanted him as a helper for three years, to be then turned off, for cheaper help, to shift for himself and began anew, this was just the boy. The other, we said, was steady, high-minded, honest, and would ripen into capability and make just such a man as a good man would be willing to see succeed to his business, his domestic circle and his inheritance; he would not be so servicable a boy, but was of the right material to ripen into a man.

This boy was the chosen one, and still fills his place, and gives promise to become all we predicted: and his employers think there is "value in practical Phrenology."

But to return to the widow's son who left with the light of hope illuminating a tear. Just as you thought he would do, he returned at the time promised, and was told that they had obtained a situation for him, by relating all the facts as I have told them to you, in one of the best machine-shops in New York, over the heads of more than fifty standing applications. The machinists wanted first-rate apprentices, and were willing to test "the value of practical Phrenology."

The boy took his position at once, and occupies it still, with the very brightest promise for the fulfillment of our prediction when he felt that we had crushed his hopes; and both he and his master, and his poor mother likewise, appreciated with thankfulness, "THE VALUE OF PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY."

Re-Action against Orthodoxy.

We learn from the New Covenant that the question, What is the cause of the growing indifference in religion? is becoming a serious question among all sects, and is suggesting anxious inquiries. The New York Independent offers the only probable solution; a solution which suggests the remedy at the same time that it explains the cause. The Independent's explanation is this,—The indifference to religion so alarmingly prevalent and increasing at the present day, is a reaction against a severe form of religion on the one side, and our excessive materialism on another.

We would amend the statement by including materialism among the results of the reaction; for, in proportion as religion loses its hold upon the mind, it sinks, by its own tendencies, into materialism.

We are glad, however, to see this emphatic declaration against the old Theology, coming, as it does, for the side of that theology itself. It shows that not all its quasi supporters are blind to its inherent defects, and that there is a disposition to tone down something of its severity, and to breathe into its stiffened members a little of the genial warmth and energy of vital Christianity. The Independent states a case in illustration of what it means by reaction against the old and exacting forms of Orthodoxy:

"A young man from a wealthy, high-bred family, known by many of us, has lately passed through one of our New England Colleges. His mind was naturally serious and reflective, and while at his studies, he supposed himself to have undergone a great religious change. His life, so pure, and solemn, and devoted, while in College, will long be remembered by those who knew him. Yet was his piety too strict, and ascetic, and unsocial, to be healthful. It was founded in unnatural moods, and in habits doing violence to his nature. At least that is the only explanation to myself of his subsequent career.

"When I heard of him in America, he was the 'saint' of the college. A few years later, a classmate met him in Italy—a blasé, hopeless, indifferent, unhappy skeptic, hunting some new variety of pleasure, which he did not care for when it came; seeking rest in every path, even in vice.

"He spoke of his college religion with loathing; of his hopes, and ecstasies, and penances as 'humbug'; of the religious teaching in our pulpits as a miserable canting falsehood. All this was said without bitterness, but with a settled gloomy conviction of utter unbelief and indifference. He had wealth, friends, was gifted with talents and good powers, yet he professed to have not a single object or interest in life. Pleasure itself was a bore to him. He was totally purposeless and infidel. I have not heard of him since. Returning home, I hear of his death.

"Sad, unpeppably sad, such lives. There seems no compensation. A miserable, hopeless, useless dragging one's self down into the mire, to suffocate without a struggle, or a regret from the world the man was sent to bless."

There is no want of similar cases to demonstrate with sufficient clearness, that at least two thirds of the skepticism of the present age results from the cause here set forth. Religion, as it has been preached, is against nature. The frame of feeling it has demanded is as repulsive to the best promptings of the affections, as its dogmas are to the best judgment of the understanding. The mind cannot surrender itself to its control, without foregoing the best parts of the real end of existence. It feels itself in chains, against which it instinctively struggles. Its bonds once broken, it looks upon them with the loathing with which the slave regards the fetters that held him to his daily tasks. It regards all religion as a "humbug." It will take at least one century of penitence, for Orthodoxy to undo the evil with which it has scourged the world.

The Last Incarnation.

FIRST LEGEND.
THE LITTLE CHILD WHO SEEKS HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER.

At that time there was a little child that walked all alone in the country, and who seated himself by the side of the road and cried.

His poor bare little feet were swollen and sore; his shivering little hands were blue with cold; for it was at the end of autumn, and the north wind whirled about the last yellow leaves of the stripped trees.

He was barely covered by a poor little dress of thin white woolen stuff, and the frost of the morning had been melted from the trees by the pale sun, had wet the curls of his blond hair with a freezing rain.

There was an inexpressible sweetness in his eyes full of tears; and while his eyes wept, his little shivering mouth seemed to try to smile.

He rested a moment, then he clasped his hands as if in prayer, and courageously resumed his walk.

And to all those who passed and who asked him why he cried, the poor child answered: "I am seeking my father and my mother."

Now, on that day a young and rich lady was returning in her carriage from her beautiful country seat.

She was magnificently arrayed and voluptuously perfumed; seated upon soft cushions covered with silk, she was sad and disgusted with life; for God had not made her a mother.

She saw the little child who was walking with bare feet and who was cold, and she felt her heart moved at the sight of his wonderful beauty.

Then she stopped her carriage, and having called the poor little traveler, she said to him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my father and my mother," replied the little child.

"And where will you find your father and your mother? Are they very far from here?"

"They are travelers like me upon the earth; and while I seek them here, perhaps they are seeking me further off, with much anxiety and sorrow."

"How long since did you leave them?"

"I did not leave them, they went away from me to work, in order that they might get food for me. But, perhaps they may not have been able to find bread for their work, and have gone still further; then perhaps still further off, and I have remained an orphan because my parents were poor."

"Well! I am rich, and I wish to be a mother to you in order to help you to find yours. Get up into my carriage and you will be sheltered from the cold wind which freezes your hands, and you will rest your poor bruised feet."

"Thank you, madam, but you cannot be a mother to me unless you are like my mother, and unless you do in her place what she would do in yours. For to fulfil the duties of a mother it is necessary to have the heart of a mother: and for that you must be very pure before God and before men."

Your face is beautiful like my mother's, and your voice is sweet like hers, but tell me if your heart is like hers, and if your works are such as she would do if she were fortunate and rich like you."

"Child, your language astonishes me; who can have suggested such words to you? I do not know your mother, and I cannot tell you if my heart is like hers. But get up beside me and then you shall tell me what I ought to do in order to resemble her."

"A mother does not say to the little forsaken child at her feet, Come to me; for perhaps the child cannot climb up to her. She descends and inclines herself towards him, as our Father who is in heaven inclines himself towards his smallest creatures; the heart of mothers is like the heart of God."

"Little child, your words have something which offends me: I have never been a mother because I am rich and because I wait for a husband who can give me a fortune equal to my own. I offer you a place by my side, and I am very willing to extend my hand to you to help you to climb up here: why do you wish me to get down and to soil my feet in the damp sand?"

"Because you spoke to me of taking the place of my mother, and my mother, in order to take me in her arms, was never afraid of soiling her feet. When my mother made me sit by her side it was not from pity, it was with the joy of a tender love. I pity you because you are rich, and because you are afraid of the dampness of the road, for the rich cushions on which you sit are perhaps wet with the tears of the poor man and the sweat of the workman. I prefer to continue my painful journey rather than to take a seat by your side."

The young woman blushed, and, without replying, made a sign to her servants to go on. The carriage soon left the child far behind. The woman had her heart oppressed, and regretted that she had thus abandoned him; but her pride had been wounded. She asked herself who that extraordinary child could be; then she fell into a great sadness and wept.

But soon she dried her tears at the thought that they might injure the beauty of her eyes, and in order to distract her mind she began to dream of balls and brilliant parties.

Still the little child had remained upon the road and walked on.

After the beautiful lady, it was a rich cavalier who passed. He did not even look at the young pilgrim, whom his horse almost ran over, and he continued his course.

Then came an old man clothed in black, who walked slowly, moving his lips and looking upon the pages of a book. It was a priest much respected in the neighborhood and scrupulously attached to the duties of his profession. He did not love children much, because he had no family, having grown old in the austerity of his holy ministry. He stopped, and looking at the little traveler, said to him:

"To what parish do you belong?"

"To all parishes," replied the child, "for I have no fixed abode. I seek my parents, and like them I am a wanderer upon the earth."

"Your parents are vagabonds," said the old priest with a gesture of disdain.

"My parents are poor."

"Here," said the priest, and he threw a piece of money upon the road.

"Thank you," said the child, "I did not ask you for alms. I seek my father."

"I do not know him," said the pastor.

"I know that very well, for you cannot know what a father is. Keep your alms, and may the feeling of compassion which you have had towards me soften your heart, and make you understand why you say in the prayer, 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

"Child, with what pride do you presume to give lessons to an old man, and a pastor? You have doubtless been brought up in impiety, and your parents are not Christians."

"You ought not to speak to me so of my parents, you ought to teach me to respect them. They have brought me up in the love and in the thought of the Lord. I do not give lessons to an old man, and I answer him because he spoke to me. You are a priest, and by that title you are the guide of children; nevertheless, instead of assisting me to find the parents whom I seek, you insult them before me by a shameful suspicion in supposing that they have brought me up in impiety: can I approve what you say when you speak neither according to charity nor according to justice?"

"Where are we?" cried the terrified priest: "this child is doubtless possessed by a demon, and it is on this account that he answers with so much audacity and malice."

"I am not possessed by a demon, but God permits a child to speak with the facility and the boldness of a man: can a special gift of God be a crime?"

"It is the child of some hardened heretic, and he repeats what he has heard," said the old pastor, shaking his head, as if he talked to himself.

"Yes, I repeat what I have heard from the very mouth of my father."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Tell me what is the name of our Father who is in heaven?"

"In that case then you would be the child of God?"

"It is you who say it and who teach children to say it when you make them repeat: 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

"My little friend, you are a reasoner, and that does not become childhood."

"Reason becomes every age; but old age gives no right to impose silence on a child when he says nothing but what is respectful and just, in order to reply when he is questioned."

"All is lost," murmured the old priest to himself, "the country children dispute with us. All belief is departing."

And resuming the absent reading of his book, he again moved his lips, continued his route, and forgot the travelling child.

Still the night was near, and the little child remaining upon the road, walked, wept, and prayed always.

Then a poor woman, dragging faggots of bushes, was going towards her hovel; she saw the child and had compassion on him, for she was a mother; she questioned him and took him by the hand, then she said to him:

"Come to my hut, you shall warm yourself with my children, and you shall share with them the bread which I will give them; to-morrow I will lead you to the neighboring city, and we will look for your parents."

The child, looking then at the poor woman, loved her; because she was bent under a burden, and because she had said to him, "Come, and you shall be as one of my own children."

"Let us go," said he to her; "and for the bread which you shall give me, I will give you the food which preserves the soul for eternal life."

But the woman of the people did not understand what he said to her, and they arrived together at the hovel.

The children of the poor woman were seated round the fire; they did not rise to go and meet their mother, neither did they make a place for the unknown child.

Then their mother, raising her hand upon them, struck them; but the newly come child began to weep, and said to the mother:

"You do not know how to be a mother, and yet you had bowels of compassion for the child who suffered. Therefore you shall be saved on account of the visit I make to this house, but your children will be the affliction of your old age."

"If that be so," said the woman, "I should like it as well if God would take them out of the world."

Hardly had she uttered these words, when the oldest of her children breathed a sigh and died; then she rushed to him, and took him in her arms, sobbing.

Then she said to the unknown child:

"Go away! go away! Have you come here to make my children die?"

"Woman, learn to bring them up better, if you wish them to live! However, I have pity on your grief: be consoled, your son is living."

The young boy who had just died then opened his eyes, as if he woke out of sleep, and the terrified mother cast herself on her knees, for she knew that the travelling child must be Jesus Christ himself.

The divine little child then smiled upon her, drew from his bosom a little cross which he gave to her, again advised her to bring up her children better, and disappeared.

That evening he was seen a short distance from there, upon the bank of a stream which was crossed by a plank on two stones; the child was seated in the moonlight, the wind raised his blond hair, and he pressed his two little arms crossed upon his breast, as if to warm himself. Some one asked him in passing what he was waiting for. He replied:

"I am waiting for my father."

Soon afterwards, a poor blind man came to cross, and he directed his steps towards the bridge of the stream, by feeling with his stick along the rough and stony ground.

Then the child rose, and running to meet the poor blind man, he took him by the hand and led him, for the road in that place was dangerous and broken.

Then placing the hand of the old man on his shoulder, he served him for a support as far as the neighboring city, which they entered without being seen.

The child conducted the old man to his dwelling, but he was not willing to enter, for he said to him:

"My mother is waiting for me."

And in one of the most retired suburbs of the city he went and rapped softly at the door of a house which was carefully closed.

"Who is there?" asked a woman's voice, the accent of which was profoundly desolate.

"It is your son; open," said the little child.

"My son will not come back again," said the voice, "he died yesterday, and to-day he was put into the ground."

"Open to me," said the child, "I am Jesus, the friend of those who weep, and I have made myself once more a little child, in order to restore to you him whom you think you have lost! Open to me! For Mary, my celestial mother, holds your little child upon her knees, in the paradise of innocence; and she sends her to you that you may be very sure that he whom you love is very happy."

Then the door opened softly and the child entered; he seated himself on the knees of the poor mother, and related to her how he had come, and how he had tried the hearts of those whom he had met on the road.

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

"The Cause in Springfield."

The following letter should have appeared earlier, but was mislaid. We will try and serve our friend better next time.

SPRINGFIELD, Nov. 12, 1854.

FRIEND HEWITT:—It is with great pleasure, and I trust, some profit, that I welcome your sheet, weekly, to my own fireside. I welcome it, first, because the principle it advocates are based on a platform that is long enough and broad enough to hold the whole brotherhood of man.

The friends of truth and progress here have been lately favored with the privilege of listening to a number of lectures from that champion of the Harmonical Philosophy, A. J. Davis. I will not attempt to give even an outline of his lectures, for I know that I am not qualified to undertake that task. But I must say, that the whole wide field of history, from the mythologic fables of humanity's infancy, to the more sober narrations of modern times seems clearly open to his view.

We have some true friends here; and they are workers too, in the cause of Spiritualism. We have our enemies also; but in spite of all our foes, the car of progress is rolling on; and I have no doubt it will continue to roll on, until all shall mount the hilltop of a nobler life, from which all may view the glories of a distant future.

I do believe there is some "saving grace," even here in old Springfield. Some are willing to hear, and see, and judge for themselves. The way is becoming paved for the advancement of the Harmonical Philosophy; and the crust of Secularism is fast breaking up, by open and free discussion. The churches here are "mum" on the phenomena of Spiritualism. Some of the "divines," so called, say that Spirit-Manifestations are the result of some normal forces not yet comprehended; while others say they can find no other solution than the remarkable power of his Satanic Majesty. I will only say that if the Devil preaches such doctrine as has been preached to me, at my own table and fireside, I would make this same Devil a missionary, and entreat him to take up his

abode in the hearts of all who bear the title, "Doctor of Divinity." Priest, or Deacon, and also that profess to give the bread of life to a famishing world.

Yours, in the cause of Truth and Progress.

W. B. HASTINGS.

THE NEW ERA.

"BEHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

TERMS, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

The New Spiritual Creation.

That there is to be an entire New SPIRITUAL CREATION on this earth, perhaps only a few thoroughly and deeply believe: many others wish it might be so, but have little or no faith in it—it is too good to be true!—while very much the largest class is too material to have any other thought of the matter than that of a laugh, or a sneer.

Well, so goes the world, and so it must go, we suppose, till it gets high enough to see the matter with other and better eyes, and in a far different light. We do not so much blame the world in this matter, while its condition is what it is; we would rather pity than blame, while, at the same time, we would not overlook the real fact of its present material condition.

The world evidently needs to be regenerated—not exactly in the old theologic sense, (albeit there is a truth, even at the bottom of that,) but in a true and substantial sense—in body, soul, and spirit. Any regeneration less than this, amounts to just about nothing at all, except to teach us the folly of creeds and of creed-religion. Any one who expects salvation this side of a THREE-FOLD HARMONY, will find himself or herself very much mistaken.

Man, like God—like all Nature, is a TRINITY—a TRINITY IN UNITY, in the very nature of his being. He is body, soul, and spirit—love, wisdom, and life—external, internal, and immanent. View him in any light we will, it is all the same, for he is primarily THREEFOLD, in any and every aspect of his existence.

Now, then, if man needs regeneration at all, he needs it wholly and fully—in one respect, as well as another—in all respects—in every department of his being and his life.

Old theology has failed, both in its idea of regeneration, and also, in a parallel degree, in its attempts at practical realization, simply because it had no correct philosophy of man's nature, or next to none. It aimed, in a rude way, at a sort of spiritual regeneration, and that, too, of an awfully cramping kind, while it left the material nature to take care of itself; or, what was worse, it taught the crucifixion of the latter—the torture of the body for the good of the spirit.

Besides all this, it had no possible conception of a soul, or intermediate entity, between the external organism and the interior spirit, governed as really by laws, and having wants to be provided for, as much as any other department of human nature. It could talk forever of its abstract and dogmatic Trinity, which in itself had, and could have, no possible bearing on life, while it never once dreamed that man, though made in the "image of God," was himself a trinity. The difficulty lay in the fact, that the theologic trinity was not philosophical; and being merely theologic, there could, of course, be no transfer of the idea to nature, or to man, and hence, both nature and man were left entirely out of the account, in all the old schemes of regeneration. They were merely childish schemes, which answered very well for their time, as a sort of spiritual toys, for the amusement of spiritual childhood, till the race should approach its manhood state, and be able to take more comprehensive views of the matter, and to act more effectually for good, on a broader basis of truth.

Man is body, soul, and spirit; and in each and all, he must be formed anew, for each of these departments acts and reacts upon the others.

But how is such regeneration synonymous with a New Spiritual Creation? Why is not a "spiritual" creation simply and only spiritual? Our answer is, it would be so if man were only a spirit, and nothing more; but being more than that, and his spiritual part having an intimate connection with all other departments of his being, each and all are affected by the condition of the rest. If man is unbalanced in spirit, the soul is first affected, and through that, the body. If "out of joint" in body, the spirit feels the disorder and the ill of it, through the same intermediate agency. Now, although the immanent, or spiritual, is highest, and therefore first in importance, yet, by virtue of the relation of the external to the internal, the latter can not be saved, unless the former is. The maxim, a "pure mind in a pure body," embodies no mere unmeaning thought. It has in it, too, a world of far-reaching, practical philosophy—a philosophy which not only connects the soul and the body in this life, and makes them mutually affect each other, but also connects this life with the next, and makes the second, organically, as well as morally and spiritually, to be more or less affected by our organic, moral and spiritual conditions in this world. Our spiritual bodies, as well as our spiritual affections and characters, are being formed now, within our natural bodies; and as are the qualities and conditions of these bodies, such will be those of our spiritual forms, both here, and in the second sphere. The more we perfect our natural organisms—the more truly healthy they are—the more symmetrical, vigorous and truly executive, in all the true, and especially, the more elevated functions which belong to them, the more perfectly do we form and the more do we exalt the symmetry, beauty and use of the spiritual organism; so that, when we enter upon the immortal state, we enter it with a better organic basis for progress there, than if we had

constantly transgressed the organic laws here, and had thereby rendered both our external and our internal forms weak and inefficient.—But our space is already filled, and we must therefore defer farther remarks for other opportunities.

Synopsis of Correspondence.

Dr. BARDEN, of Penn Yan, New York, writes us as follows:—

"This is an excellent location for a Clairvoyant Physician, or Healing Medium. Penn Yan is a county seat; a thrifty, enterprising business place, containing about two thousand inhabitants, and enjoys the advantages of plank and railroad, telegraphs, canals, rivers and lakes, and is backed up by a fertile country, and flourishing farmers. We need such a physician here; and from the great number developed in your highly favored portion of the Lord's Vineyard, can you not induce one to come out even into this village?"

We will do our best, Dr., to aid you and your fellows, in the respect named. In the meantime, those who have the "gift" required, and feel attracted to Penn Yan, need not wait for us, but either go and see for themselves, or write our good friend Dr. BARDEN.

THOMAS CARPENTER, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes that the friends of Spiritualism are numerous in that place, and that they are daily increasing. Speaking Mediums are numerous, and exert a good effect. He speaks of one in particular, who seemed to be in the way of doing much good, till recently, by her public efforts in speaking. But in consequence of some remarks, dropped by our friend and brother, WARREN CHASE, who recently lectured in that place, to very good acceptance, the medium referred to has come to consider herself unworthy, or poorly qualified to address the public. And so the public loses the good that might otherwise be done, through her instrumentality. No one blames friend Chase at all; but our friend Carpenter thinks the remark referred to was both untrue and unwise, and therefore deleterious in its results. The remark referred to, was, "that nothing reliable can be expected from a medium whose physical system is unhealthy." Now, our friend Carpenter argues the contrary, and we should agree with him in part, but not wholly. Bro. Chase was partly right, also; but he might have stated, with far greater force, that those mediums whose moral constitutions are diseased, are far less to be trusted, than those who are physically deranged. But where speaking mediumship is concerned, we cannot see as reliability has anything essential to do in the premises. Reliability has to do with tests—not with principles and instruction. The latter appeal to one's own judgment and reason, and are not to be taken "on trust." We have had enough such preaching already, under Old Theology; and Spiritualism and Spiritualists can afford, we think, to dispense with it, or rather, they cannot afford to put up with such a "lame and still limping" course of procedure any longer. Let all think for themselves, hereafter, and there will be, at least, far less trouble than if they "pin their faith to their minister's sleeve."

We have to beg our friend Carpenter's pardon for delaying his suggestions so long; but our labors are arduous, and he will therefore excuse us. The communication he sends us, purporting to come from "Daniel Webster," we will attend to, as soon as we can possibly spare the time. He has our hearty thanks for the interest he takes in our journal; and any aid he may feel disposed to contribute, in the way of its further circulation, will be esteemed a great favor, and will aid the cause in which we are mutually engaged.

MARTHA WAKEFIELD, of Claremont, N. H., gives her testimony, from her own experience, to the clairvoyant and healing power of C. C. York, of that place. The following is the substance of her letter on the subject:

"I was taken with a severe attack of the cholera morbus, as also with bilious fever, being unable to sit a minute without vomiting and fainting. I applied to Mr. York; and he, by laying his hands on my head and stomach, relieved me in a few minutes. He visited me three times in thirty-six hours; and in that time, I was perfectly restored to my former health, and was able to perform my usual labors in fifteen hours after his first visit."

Mrs. W. further remarks that she has been acquainted with Mr. York for the space of thirty years—has known of many exorcisms and cures; and she therefore considers it a duty to say the same to a suffering world, that others may have the benefit of his healing power.

Dr. HARLOW, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes that the "Harmonical School" is about going into operation in that thriving little village, under a thorough and competent teacher, assisted by Mrs. Love, of whom, as a lecturer on the elevation of the Marriage Institution, we have heretofore spoken. With such teachers, backed up by money and wise and hearty zeal, success is sure.

Jonathan Koons.

This friend whose name has been quite prominently connected with Spiritualism in the West, will soon be in Boston. So we are informed. The friends of Spiritualism in this city, will, of course, be glad to hear the story of wonders at his celebrated room, in Ohio, from his own mouth.

WARREN CHASE, of Wisconsin, will remain in Boston and vicinity, for a few weeks, and is prepared to give addresses on the subject of Spiritualism whenever desired. He may be found during his stay at the "Spiritualists' Home," Fountain House, corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, where all applications for Lectures, &c., may be left.

Ex-Gov. Dorr died on the morning of the 27th ult., about 8 o'clock, at the residence of his father, in Benefit Street, Providence.

The Cause in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell have been holding Sunday meetings every Sunday, for several months past, and the result is, that they now feel able to go forward in the same direction for the year to come. For this purpose, they have engaged for one year, and had fitted up for their use, Wells' Hall, near the Depot on Merrimack street, where from Sunday to Sunday they, and all interested, will gather for the investigation of Spiritualism, which with them, means a *Philosophy and a Life*, as well as a *Phenomenon*.

We have just received a note from a friend in Lowell, giving the result of the late action of the friends there, in relation to their public meetings. They have a board of officers, for merely executive purposes, consisting of an executive committee of five, a Treasurer, Secretary and Steward. This board is chosen for one quarter, only, commencing their duties Jan. 1st, 1855. To meet a part of the necessary expenses, they will rent seats, at a small price to be paid quarterly; the Hall will also be rented during the week, to aid in furthering the great object in view. All who are friendly to this movement, in Lowell and vicinity, are cordially invited to lend their influence and aid to that end.

Errata.

Several bad mistakes occurred in our last paper, for which our "proof reader" is really responsible. In the notices of "New Publications," our old friend A. Tompkins of Nos. 38 & 40 Cornhill, was printed "C. Tompkins" in two instances. In the article entitled "The Spirits Brought them a Dove," "F. Wells," at the close, should have been "T. Wells," and "I. Wells," the same. Several other "errors" occurred, for which we have to beg the indulgence of all concerned.

APPOINTMENT.—The Editor of this paper will speak in Lowell, next Sunday. Circumstances prevented our being there last Sunday, so Bro. Wilson occupied our place.

G. G. PIERCE, Blackstone, Mass. Your subscription does not expire till No. 33, present volume.

Communications.

The following letter of Jonathan Koons, should have appeared earlier; but in our hurry, it has been overlooked. The "communication" to which this letter has reference, has already been proved to be, ostensibly at least, the intellectual property of De Witt Clinton; but, at the same time, it seems clear, from all the evidence in the case, that it was written out in the manner designated, both by our Philadelphia correspondent, who placed it in our keeping, and by Mr. Koons, in the letter below. How, then, shall this mysterious matter be disposed of? Some, who might be ever so ready to accept the statement of Mr. K., so far as the circumstances under which the said writing was made, are concerned, will, perhaps, be just as ready to accuse the "spirit" of "plagiarism," as did our "anonymous" correspondent, a brief time since. But are they sure it was plagiarism? Poor human nature too often "jumps at conclusions;" and it may be so in this case. We do not say it is so; but we say it may be so. We could, as we think, suppose several very reasonable methods, whereby to account for that production without making plagiarism to have anything at all to do with it. But we have not the opportunity now to do the subject justice; and we, therefore, leave the matter in the hands of friend K. and our readers. We cannot, however, help cautioning all concerned, about being too hasty in drawing their conclusions from mere appearances. By patient investigation of spiritual laws—particularly those which relate to the connection of the natural and spiritual worlds—we shall all find that many of our first conclusions, were entirely premature; and that the difficulty was mostly, if not entirely, on our own part. With these observations, we introduce the reader directly to the letter referred to:

That Communication Signed "Jesus Christ."

MILLFIELD, Athens Co. }
Ohio, Dec. 4, 1854. }

KIND EDITOR OF THE NEW ERA:

It appears necessary, under existing apprehensions, and manifested fears, that an explanation should be given, respecting the circumstances under which the communication was given, which appeared in the *New Era*, some little time ago, in connection with a letter of correspondence from A. K. Pierce, of Philadelphia—in order to relieve the jealous fears of your "anonymous" correspondent.

The communication referred to has been shown to a great many persons, to whom the conditions were made known under which it was given; and also a reference to the fact, that it was borrowed from the writings of De Witt Clinton—(as soon as this was known to be the fact)—of which, we ourselves were ignorant at the time it was written. Of this fact, we were first apprised, by Joseph Taylor, a professional school teacher of this vicinity, who was in possession of the only work, of which we have any knowledge, in the whole neighborhood, containing the same. And no pains were spared, on our part, in examining all the Readers in our possession, to see if any such article was about the house, to which the spirits could have access, but none was to be found, except the one in possession of Mr. Taylor, at the distance of four miles from this place, where the said article was written, in the Spirit Room, in the absence of any person, when the door of said room was closed, and myself and family were engaged at labor in the garden, in the month of April last.

We wish to inform your correspondent, that we have no interest in forging spirit-communications, and palming them off upon the public,—and much less, in copying from public documents, and school books, under

the same claims; for even any school boy would be able to detect the fraud.

The communication in question, has been copied by different persons, since it was written; and fearing another similar result, I took pains to preface said communication with all the connecting circumstances, as herein enumerated, for the sake of avoiding censure.—And the subject, and conditional circumstances attending said production, were duly considered, before I could consent to give copies of it.

Some persons with whom we conversed on the subject of said communication, inclined to believe that De Witt Clinton (or whoever the first author of the article might be,) was, what we now term, an impressed medium; and that the same spirit that executed the present article, had (according to promise,) condescended, from time to time, to impress reformers, and other noted writers, with his own views and sentiments, in accordance with the promise of the assigned spirit, which stands out in bold relief in the following terms: "Where two or three are assembled in my name, behold I will be in their midst."

Others inclined to believe that the article was borrowed, and re-written by said spirit. And as far as the authority of the present production concerns ourselves, who belong to this circle of mediums, we have just as much reason to believe that it was executed by the assigned spirit, as we have cause to believe in the existence of spirits at all; for if we are deceived in our own senses in one respect, it may be inferred that we are deceived in other respects; and it is true that we, at least, fancy ourselves to be favored with the sight of myriads of spirits, as well as having correspondence with them in various ways, in which we consider the facts entirely unmistakable. And it is also true, that we received notice, from what we consider the spirits of the departed, twelve months since, that we should have a sixty days visitation from the spirit of Christ—during which time, we were favored with a view of one of those angelic forms, which was very bright in appearance, holding an emblem of a cross in his hand. And when the disputed communication was written, as before stated, it had that emblem attached to the signature.

But these remarks, together with the article, are consigned to the judgment of the reader, together with the doubted veracity of the subscriber. And if your correspondent will compare the present article of criticism with the former, to which he made reference, he will find that the latter is not *verbatim* with the one referred to.

Some may incline to think that the promise of Christ's presence is only extended to assemblies; but if he is denied the privilege of visiting single individuals, we must, then, necessarily, also have to deny him the privilege of visiting assemblies, which are composed of more than "two or three" members.

I have now given you the facts pertaining to this matter without exaggeration. And if you will do myself and your readers the justice to give my statements publicity in your valuable and (as we have reason to believe,) impartial paper, we will then rest satisfied, and willing to submit to the decision of the candid judgment of its numerous readers. I should probably hesitate, and shrink from any attempt to answer the implication, had we not the testimony of multitudes in our favor, who have not only witnessed, *en passant*, the wonderful operation of spirits at this room. We have also the testimony of those who have tarried with us weeks, and months,—during which time the key of said room was in the care and charge of those who, for aught we know, continued their stay for the express purpose of detecting the perpetration of frauds, if any, on our own part. Hence, your readers are left to fight out the matter the best way they can with the different spirits who are executing these wonderful things. As for our own part, we have concluded to receive and judge them for ourselves, as they are brought forth; and we, at the same time, grant others the same privilege, since we do not claim to vindicate what the spirits indite,—finding that we have enough to do, in guarding against the misrepresentations of the spirits in the flesh, in defence of the cause of truth.

JONATHAN KOONS.

For the New Era.

Love and Wisdom.

"God is Love;" but it would seem that His Wisdom is a contemporary and co-eternal projection of the same. Infinite Love must needs be infinitely wise. It is said "Love has eyes." This is true of all true affection; and infinite love must necessarily, therefore, see all that is good for, and pertains to, the vast cycle of its range. In proportion then as affection is genuine, we argue that it will be wise—that is—wise as between itself and the object of its expenditure. In proportion as it is false—seeking its own happiness alone, through and by and at the expense of another, it is necessarily unwise,—more than that, self-destructive, and soon to be utterly lost, or exchanged for hatred and disgust. And if love cannot continuously exist without wisdom, so the latter cannot rise to the rarer regions of higher truths without the former. As passionate abuse springs from lack of wisdom in love, thus making it no love; so, mental dwarfishness, one-sidedness, lumbering materialism, and narrowness of intellect, are attendant upon an inferior development of the affectional, which is the basis of the intuitional. Not until these elements are more closely married in our humanity, can we have redemption—not until more united in individual souls, can we approximate unto freedom and spontaneity, with purity and in safety. Without wisdom, all that we call "love," and all that possibly can come beneath that title, tends to exhaustion and the loss of enjoyment in ultimations. Thus the instinct of self-preservation expresses itself in one direction, in the appetite for food, etc.—what Fourier, in a good sense, calls "Gormandism;" but without wisdom, this ultimatum ceases to be pleasant—the keen edge

of appetite is gone—soon altogether diseased and destroyed. So the love of others, fraternal and congenial, without a normal development of the soul, bringing wisdom, is soon no more; indeed, proves itself to have been but "self in disguise." Here, especially, men and women sin against themselves; they are enslaved to distrusts and formalities, and starve for want of expression in affection, because themselves and those before them have not been harmonious and wise. Conjugal love ultimately itself in reproduction of the loved one; but here, too, that only is proved to be true which is wise, which considers all circumstances, and is bounded within the circumference of healthful obedience unto law. Let every man marry more of the genuine affection into his masculinity, and every woman more of wisdom into her femininity, and more shall love spring up on our earth, and be guarded by virtue, and know no other rule than its own truth, and flow down and bless and redeem the ages.

D. F. G.

A New Scheme—Quite Suggestive.

The following observations, from a new correspondent, may prove valuable to many of our readers, in the way of exciting thought, at least. And if any of our kind friends find anything there, they do not exactly relish, why, perhaps they will be able to pick out enough that they do fancy, to make the reading valuable to them. We should be happy to hear from the writer again in the way he suggests in his private note.

For the New Era.

Mr. Editor:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I have witnessed in your paper the general interest manifested for the improvement of humanity, by the formation of associations, well adapted to the physical and spiritual development of our race; model associations, teaching how we should live to be happy. Last year, I formed a plan calculated for the nation, as the recent plans are adapted for smaller bodies; of which, in the compass of a newspaper article, I can give but a faint idea.

When we consider the state of our country, we must deplore the departure of our statesmen from the patriotic devotion and honest integrity of the founders of our so called republic. We still possess its constitutional form, but it has almost imperceptibly passed into an oligarchy—partisan demagogues have taken the place of men of principle—and official salaries the place of patriotic zeal. Our republican form is entirely dead—nothing can breathe the breath of life into it—the spirit of the age has outgrown it—the time has arrived when the public mind should be prepared for something new and superior to all former governments—one in which every temptation should be thrown on the side of virtue, as it now is on the side of vice—one having for its aim a universal brotherhood, founded on the love principle, when justice in its purity would be equally distributed. Our government, like all others, has sought to restrain vice, by operating upon the fears of the people. In that they have followed the ancient churches; it is wrong in theory and degrading in practice. A hell with an all-tormenting devil were constantly held before the ignorant and deluded people by the priesthood, for the purpose of driving them into the church, and making them fit subjects for their control. The lake of fire and brimstone has nearly disappeared, but all its pangs are condensed into a mental condition, and a place still assigned for its unfortunate victims; leaving still the crafty and potent Devil.

Notwithstanding we are told in the bible, that if we resist him we will flee from us, the church has made him a being second only to the Great Creator in power, which includes the wisdom to execute.

But to rid society of evil, we must learn who or what the devil is. Let us refer to the IV. Chapter of Matthew, when he presents himself to Jesus in his greatest power and most natural character. Jesus is there represented as being "led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil;" as having "fasted forty days and forty nights;" and "was afterwards a hungered." And when the tempter came, he said to Jesus, "if thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But he answered, "it is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Now let us suppose a conversation to have taken place between the thinking man, and the animal man. Jesus had been fasting, and his body demanded food; the craving body suggested to the mind its wants, the mind sees its utter destitution of supply; the animal faculties address the higher, and say, "if thou art the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The higher reply, that "man shall not live by bread alone," etc.

The devil then takes him up into the Holy City, and sets him on a pinnacle of the temple, and says to him, "if thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written he shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here is evidently a temptation to commit suicide; but reason majestically mounts the throne, and replies, "it is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil takes him up into an "exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and says, 'all these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" Jesus replies, "get thee hence Satan; it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." The devil left, and "angels came and ministered unto him." In all this we see, that Christ was tempted in all respects as we are. In the first temptation the animal man wanted bread; failed in that, it sought relief in death; failed in that likewise, its wounded vanity sought a shelter in the demand of admiration

and worship. Christ saw his own superiority over all his predecessors; he was truly the King of the Jews; he knew the Jews were looking for a temporal king of great power and glory; he knew he possessed that power; and as the different kingdoms revolved through his mind, he saw their kings reveling in sumptuous plenty, while he, the king of kings, was a hungered in the wilderness; and should his reason fall down and worship the animal man, the passions, the devil, they really could be his.

That it may appear still plainer, Jesus, once upon a time, says to Peter, "get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offence unto me." Just previous to the above expression, Jesus called Peter a Rock, on which he should found his church; on account of Peter's impressibility. But Peter was an impulsive man; who loved his Lord dearly; and when Jesus told him that he must suffer death for the sake of his teachings, Peter's love grew warm, and he said, "these things must never be, Lord." Here the excess of Peter's love was a temptation to Christ, to desert from teaching; but truth was dearer to him than earth-life, and its establishment among mankind, a greater consideration than his body.

Hence, we may clearly see, that whatever in us or in others works our hurt, is the devil to us. You have the idea and the key to what I am impressed is the devil, and I know of no other.

Few men have the will-power to withstand such temptations; hence, if we would materially benefit mankind, the necessity of removing every temptation to do wrong.

Political bodies have acted upon the same false principle, the fears of the people. Hence we see governmental prisons for the violators of unjust laws,—governmental murders, governmental robberies. Among the people, some are wealthy, many poor, some are learned in the art of defrauding their neighbors, and many are the victims of their robberies. Some are glittering in their wealth, many in tattered garments, with tearful eyes are begging at their doors for bread, and go away unrelieved. This is all wrong. God, in all His works, shows Himself good, merciful, charitable. Man can only be in the likeness of God, when he lives in the daily exercise of His divine attributes. He has given us an abundance of soil, given it to all of us; but covetous man in the barbarous ages commenced appropriating to himself, individually, until it became a custom, and that custom sanctioned by legislative enactments, to make an artificial right, antagonistic to divine, national right.

The question then arises, how shall we reform? where shall we commence? First, by operating on the love principle. As the government assumes to be the parent, it is its duty to liberally educate its children, in all matters pertaining to natural science,—particularly of man in his mental and physical organization, the laws of health, etc. That would give to the world a flood of light, and prepare all for a meet companionship of one another. It would establish a greater mental congeniality, a greater spiritual affinity.

To accomplish this, let one square mile in each township be set apart for educational purposes, where the youth, by tilling the soil and cultivating the mind, might be harmoniously developed in body and mind. Then do away with all money. As ignorance is the bottomless pit, so money is the Arch-Tempter there worshipped. Place it on deposit in foreign countries, where it is still used as a medium of exchange, well secured, for the benefit of brothers who desire to travel there. Let all the lands belong to government; and make that government the people. Do away with cities, those sinks of iniquity, and generators of disease; and in their stead, divide the country into square miles, surrounding them with streets and commodious dwellings, at government expense. Let each person capable of laboring, labor six hours per day, and spend the rest of the time in mental culture, or in social visitings with friends. Then will the body and mind be harmoniously developed. Let those unable to work, be supported at government expense, as if actual producers; it is their misfortune. As the productions, as well as the soil, will belong to government, the government will be abundantly able to do it. Let the tradesman work for the government and be supported by it, so that all can live by the reciprocity of labor.

But you ask, where is your incentive to action, when you take away money? We will form circles one above another, to the height of which each must ascend by kind offices one to another, by teachings and inventions calculated to advance the race. Does any department lack aid? do forests want leveling? canals and railroads want constructing and manning? Elevate those who will volunteer, to a circle that will reward their deprivations and labor. Let every child, without regard to sex or parentage, rise upon its own merit, from the lowest to the highest circle, and you would produce an incentive beyond the power of money to beget. In its stead give a government check which can be received from the town officer giving him credit as he or she has done well; which will give ample opportunity to visit friends. This check should not be transferable, lest a door be opened to fraud, but wherever its holder goes, the brotherhood will supply his wants until the time expires. Should crime be committed, let healthful influences surround the perpetrator, let kind instructions be given, do not debase or confine the person or spirit. Soothing words, spoken in love, will be as great a punishment as the human spirit can bear; and government will not be outraged by a repetition in the same person.

From what is above stated, you can see a part of the plan in view; by doing away with ignorance and money, you do away with all the causes of woe that make our earth a hell. And founding a government on universal love, composing a universal brotherhood of cultivated minds, where universal justice shall be administered, you will invite the

angels from their spheres to walk the earth with us, as with the "holy men of old."

M. VAN EVERY.

Record of Phenomena.

More Wonders.

The following wonderful facts are communicated by a young friend of ours, with whom we are very well acquainted; whom we know to be perfectly reliable in matters of this nature, and from whom we would be happy to hear often. We extend him our hearty welcome to our columns, and thank him for his favor, and all the more for his modesty, so natural to him, and so well expressed, in his introductory observations:

Hopedale, Dec. 30th, 1854.

Mr. Editor:—You will please excuse this intrusion upon the columns of your paper, and the patience of your readers, by a stranger, who wishes to relate a few facts, which came under his observation but a short time since. About the first of September last, I was visiting various parts of New Hampshire, and among other places, stopped at Portsmouth. While there, I was kindly invited by an old acquaintance, to join a circle of friends that evening, (Sunday, Sept. 10.) for the purpose of witnessing Spiritual Manifestations. Gladly did I accept the invitation, notwithstanding the anxious entreaties of my superstitious sectarian friends not to go,—who said—"If you go, you will be damned; for it is all the work of the devil!" Wishing to see how this "Devil" operated, and to hear some of the delusive doctrines of this powerful, cloven-footed, theological monster, I started, with a few advocates of "Spiritual Communion," for the house in which the circle was to be held. Arriving there at about seven o'clock, we found quite a large company of persons assembled, the greater part of whom appeared to be skeptics. There was nothing about the room that needs particular description,—suffice it to say, it was a plainly furnished, common-sized sitting room, unprovided with anything that could produce illusion or deception. The inmates of the house, also, bore upon their features the impress of truth, and in all their movements was the frankness of honesty. The mediums were two young ladies; one of them about sixteen years of age, and the other, I should think, somewhat older. They sat before a common table, with no covering upon it, and placed in one corner of the room.

After all had become quieted, and in some degree harmonized, the spirits directed the lights to be extinguished, and the room darkened. After sitting a few moments in anxious silence, bright lights—each one surrounded by a luminous halo—suddenly appeared in various parts of the room, and floated gently to and fro, up and down, as if "upborne on angels' wings."—More beautiful were they than the sparkling meteor—more brilliant than the flashings of the aurora borealis; for like the star of Bethlehem, they spoke of a new unfolding for which man might praise his Creator "with exceeding great joy."

During this time, while the lights were floating around us, hands were shaken, aprons untied and thrown across the room, shoes unlaced, persons kissed and patted gently on the face, by spirits who had long since left the earth-life. These tokens of spiritual presence, given as they were to convince the unbelieving, seemed to be powerfully convincing to each and every person present; and some were affected to tears. A heavy paper weight, with a roll of paper, was then taken from the mantel shelf, and carried first to the ceiling, then to the floor, several times in rapid succession. A door, which none of the family could lock, although they had tried many times, was locked and unlocked several times very quickly, and the key thrown on the floor, where it was found the next day.

After this joyous greeting had somewhat subsided, what purported to be the spirit of my mother, called me in an audible voice, saying, "Come, Charlie!" Neither the mediums, nor any person in the room, (excepting the friends who invited me) knew who "Charlie" was, until my friends told them it was me. I advanced to the table and laid my hand upon it, when the spirits

"Laid their gentle hands in mine," and touched me with so indescribably pleasant a touch, that the emotions thereof I shall never forget. The rest of the circle were touched in the same manner, and shook hands with the dear departed, causing memories to rise up from the past, that, like the strains of the Aeolian, are sad though pleasant to the soul.

Again we were quieted, and again those beautiful lights appeared, like bright shuttles from the angel world, weaving into the dark web of our earth-life, the golden threads of immortality. The spirits now played on the piano, when no one was near it; but not succeeding as well as they wished, they caused one of the mediums to be entranced, and they played and sang through her with fascinating sweetness. Many persons in the room said they heard two spirit voices singing with her; but this I was not privileged to hear, though the rich melody of the music, and the singing performed through the medium, was delightful. Several times during this evening, the spirits spoke audibly, in tones different from any human voice I ever heard.

The next evening, (Sept. 11), we again assembled at the same place, for the purpose of witnessing more of these manifestations of his "satanic majesty." The company numbered about the same as before, and was composed of nearly the same persons. The lights were again shown,—again did the invisibles touch and shake hands with us; but we were favored with two manifestations that we were not favored with the evening previous. One of these was this:—A large glass fluid lamp was placed on the table, filled with burning fluid, and lighted; and the table was

then tipped up to an angle of more than 45 degrees, without moving the lamp or spilling the fluid, being held fast to the table by spirit power. The other manifestation was this:—The light was removed from the table, and the mediums placed the tips of their fingers on the table as before. I then asked the spirits to hold it down, and it was with great difficulty I could raise it. I then requested them to remove their power from it, when I easily raised it with but two fingers. Again and again this was repeated, not only with myself, but with many others in the circle, who could not raise it from the floor when the spirits were requested to hold it. Another of the "works of the devil" consisted in speaking through some of the mediums present, and causing them to reiterate the same truths uttered by Jesus on the hill tops of Judea, eighteen centuries ago.

Perhaps our "toe-joint," "odde-force," and "knee-pan" philosophers can explain these seeming mysteries by their respective scientific (?) theories. But it is extremely wonderful to me, how the "toe-joint" can lock and unlock doors, or produce lights that equal the splendor of the noon-day sun. It is also as wonderful how the newly discovered "odde-force" can "shake the friendly hand," and speak in audible tones; or how the clumsy "knee-pan" can play on the piano, and even suspend the laws of gravitation. More wonderful, indeed, are they all than the famous "learned pig," or the oriental tales of powerful geni. "Oh!" says one, "you were deluded! These things you saw were phantasies, or illusions of the brain! Hindoo Jugglery, Mesmerism, and diseased retinas have performed these things before!" Indeed! how happened it that eighteen or twenty persons should, on entering a common room, be suddenly troubled with a diseased retina, which became perfectly sound on leaving the room? Who mesmerized the whole audience at once? and how happens it, that suddenly, in this 19th century, so many "Hindoo Jugglers" have risen up in almost every city, town, and hamlet in the land? Verily, the fool "is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

Those, and those only, who have been favored with such revelations from the inner life, know what deep and stirring emotions of the soul they awaken, and what sad, yet pleasant memories they recall. They are like mile-stones in the dark journey of life, to the weary traveler, pointing him onward to the bright land that lies just before. May we so live, that the ministering angels shall, at the close of our earthly pilgrimage, welcome us with the plaudits of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

C. WALKER.

EMERSON.—The Boston correspondent of Portland State of Maine, writes that Mr. Emerson lives at Concord, in a "large old-fashioned, white, green-blinded house," among the trees, just "as a transcendental philosopher should, fashioning in quiet those strange thoughts which delight those who can't understand them, and confound those who do." Mr. E. has not a large family—himself, wife and three children. He is exceedingly affable and engaging in conversation, and is a great favorite with the townspeople.

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

Meetings are held at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, to discuss the principles of Equitable Commerce and Individual Sovereignty. Information will be given of the progress of the movement at Modern Times, N. Y.

PROF. J. W. MARKS and Lady, (late Mrs. B. G. Bushnell) have left the city of New York for their residence in Wyoming Co., to spend the Winter. Persons desiring examinations and prescriptions through Clairvoyance will receive prompt attention by addressing them, post-paid, at Yorkville, N. Y.

SECOND SPIRITUALISTS' FESTIVAL.

In accordance with a previous notice given at Chapman Hall, another Festival will be held at that place on Thursday evening, Jan. 4th. The Hall is engaged for the purpose of holding a series of Festivals. No efforts will be spared to make these gatherings both beneficial and agreeable. Tickets 25 cents to be had at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street; Bela Marsh's, 15 Franklin street, and at the Fountain House.

GEORGE ATKINS, Manager.

A NEW MACHINE FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

A new pattern designed for writing or moving mediums, and found to be superior to any hitherto invented, for sale at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street. All orders for the same by mail to be directed to William P. Spear, 15 Franklin street, Boston: price 75 cts.

BARNARD'S SPIRIT-ROOM.

Every afternoon and evening, circles convene here for the physical demonstrations, which are often of the most remarkable character. Hours, 4-12, 7 and 8 P. M.

Boston, No. 13, Auburn Court.

REGULAR MEETINGS IN BOSTON.

Sunday meetings, at the Melodeon, afternoons and evenings at the usual hours.

Conference meetings on Wednesday evenings, at the Hall in Chapman Place, and at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street.

HARMONY HALL RE-OPENED.

This well known resort of Spiritualists is now open as a Reading Room, Book Store and Circulating Library.

The room will be open each day from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M.

Also Clairvoyant, Psychometrist, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours.

J. S. LOVELAND.

GEORGE ATKINS.

LIST OF LECTURERS.

The following persons are now prepared to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever and whenever their services may be desirable and circumstances permit. They may be addressed at this office, No. 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

J. S. LOVELAND. A. E. NEWTON.

R. P. WILSON. S. C. HEWITT.

J. H. FOWLER. JOHN ORVIS.

THE DIAL ALPHABET.

This unique and highly useful instrument for communicating readily with spirits, and which is very highly recommended by Prof. H. H. of Philadelphia, may be had of Bela Marsh. Price \$2.00. Sent only by express or private conveyance. Address Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

Advertisements.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, an efficacious remedy for all diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, ineffectuality of the liver, constipation of the bowels, and irritation of the mucous membrane, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Price per bottle, \$1.

Mrs. Mettler's celebrated Dysentery Cordial: Price 50 cents per bottle.

Mrs. Mettler's Cholera Elixir: price 50 cents per bottle.

For sale at wholesale or retail by Bela Marsh, Agent, No. 15 Franklin street.

DR. N. H. DILLINGHAM

Will endeavor to attend to all calls in and out of the city with fidelity and scientific skill.

We know we have a reputation for unqualified success, not only for the cure of all common diseases, but especially for all Female Diseases, all old sores, tumors, ulcers, &c.

Aside from my Medical profession, I intend to have the best Mesmeric or Clairvoyant subject in the country, who will examine for business, as well as the sick, at all hours of the day. Terms from \$1 to \$5.

Office and residence, No. 1 Barton street, corner of Leverett.

Boston, Mass., January, 1855. 14 2m

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

To be found at T. H. Peabody's, 54 Hudson street, a rapping, writing and test medium; also the best trance medium for the examination of diseases in Boston.

Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Private circles \$1 each person; public circles 50 cents each person.

13 6w

CHARLES MAIN,

CLAIRVOYANT and Healing Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place, Boston.

Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. 14 1f

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK

FOR

SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF TRUTH.

Will be published on or about the 15th of Dec.,

THE LILY WREATH

OF

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS.

By A. H. CHILDS, M. D.

Those who have read the manuscripts of this work, pronounce it unsurpassed in purity and elegance of diction, in beauty and simplicity of style, and in its correct and attractive presentation of truth.

THE LILY WREATH will be printed in a superior manner, equal to that of the finest annuals, bound in rich and durable binding, and in every way made in typographical and mechanical appearance, in keeping with the intrinsic value of its contents.

Dealers and others can address

PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York,

14 1f

BELA MARSH, Boston.

LIDA'S TALES OF RURAL HOME.

Here is a series of books for the young, of the very first order. They are full of moral and sentimental, written in a chaste, pleasing style, and well adapted to children. Lida understands young human nature, and has done abundantly well, in this series, to meet its mental wants. Success to Lida's Tales, for they are full of Spiritualism—therefore full of truth. All our readers who have children, and wish to put the best books into their hands, should send 36 cents, in postage stamps, or their currency, (postage paid,) to EMILY GAY, Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and she will return them the whole series of Tales, (7 books in all,) pre-paying postage on them—so that 36 cents is all they cost the buyer.

14 1f

KNOW THYSELF.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is of more importance than any other, because it is the index to the vast volume of wisdom and knowledge which exists in other minds, and in the external world around us. You can obtain this knowledge of your character and capabilities through the science of Psychometry. Having located myself for the present in Boston, I am prepared to give psychometrical readings at my room at the GOROX HOUSE, No. 10 Sudbury street, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope.

Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.

N. B. Persons desiring their ideal of the conjugal relation, in mental and spiritual adaptations, will please make it known.

14 1f

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, having postponed her return to England for the present, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place, near the Adams House, and will be happy to wait upon those who may desire to investigate the subject of Spiritualism.

Hours at home, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Public circles only in the evening.

Private seances \$1 each person; public, 50 cts. each person.

14 1f

MEDICAL NOTICE.

MRS. H. JENNESS, a superior Clairvoyant for Medical examinations and prescriptions, can be consulted at Harmony Hall every day from 1 to 5 P. M.

Special attention given to Chronic diseases.

Boston, Dec. 10, 1854. 14 1f

A. B. CHILD, M. D.,

DENTIST,

15 TREMONT STREET,

BOSTON. 14 1f

A. B. CHILD'S NEW WORK ON SO-

CIALISM, 650 pages, large octavo. Price \$1.75. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

14 1f

HEALING MEDIUM.

DR. T. H. PINKERTON,

Office, 50 Cambridge St., Boston.

Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily. 14 1f

TO THE AFFLICTED.

CHARLES C. YORK, Healing and Clairvoyant Medium, can receive an examination and prescription by sending your name, age, and place of residence. Price \$2.00, post paid. Address C. C. York, Claremont, N. H.

14 1f

GREAT STOCK OF

Fall and Winter Clothing.

Manufactured expressly for

THE NEW ENGLAND TRADE,

Comprising every variety of style and quality adapted to the tastes and wants of all classes of customers.

Also, a very Extensive Assortment of

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS,

WINTER UNDER GARMENTS, &c., &c.

Together with the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of

YOUTHS' AND LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

To be found in this or any other city, all of which are offered upon the most favorable terms, at wholesale and retail.

OAK HALL,

28, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38, NORTH STREET,

BOSTON, MASS.

10-4w

BATHING ROOMS.

MEDICATED, Sulphur, Iodine, and plain vapor Baths; warm, cold, and shower baths; administered from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at 233 Washington street, rear of Marlboro' Hotel.

8 1f

C. BLODGETT,

THE NEW ERA.

The Third Volume of this Journal has now commenced. It will still be the advocate of SPIRITUALISM in its broadest, most comprehensive, and most tolerant sense, according to the best understanding and conviction of its Editor and Proprietor, who, while he recognizes his own proper individual responsibility to the Public for what he may utter through its

Poetry.

DROPS OF A CHILD.

No little tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed one!
Whose earthly life, a rosy ray,
Blushed into dawn, and passed away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub soul and form,
Closed in the soft ephemeral flower
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the sophy's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That Heaven benignly called thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence!
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art passed with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remained,
Vision of beauty, fair as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stained
With passion or with grief!
Now not a ruffling breath can rise,
To dim thy glory in the skies.

We rear no marble o'er thy tomb,
No sculptured image there shall mourn;
Altho' the earth the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews must be
The only emblems meet for thee.

Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorned with Nature's brightest breath,
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe;
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall wailing harps be murmuring there.

And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose,
And bear from this own world of rest,
Some balm or human voice!
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine, to messenger of heaven!

TEARS.

O ye tears! O ye tears! that have long refused to
flow,
Ye are welcome to my heart, thawing, thawing,
like the snow;
I feel the hard old fountains, and the early snow-
drops spring.

O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye
run,
Though ye trickle in the darkness, ye shall glisten
in the sun.
The rainbow cannot shine, if the drops refuse to
fall,
And the eyes that cannot weep are the saddest eyes
of all.

O ye tears! O ye tears! till I felt ye on my cheek,
I was selfish in my sorrow; I was stubborn, I was
weak,
Ye have given me strength to conquer, and I stand
crest and free,
And know that I am human, by the light of sym-
pathy.

O ye tears! O ye tears! ye relieve me of my pain;
The barren rock of pride has been stricken once
again:
Like the rock that Moses smote amid Horeb's
burning sand,
It yields the flowing water to make gladness in the
land.

There is light upon my path; there is sunshine in
my heart!
And the leaf and fruit of life shall not utterly de-
part.
To restore me to the freshness and the bloom of
long ago—
O ye tears! O ye tears! I am thankful that ye
flow!

TO THE FLOWERS.

Day stars; that ope your flowerless eyes, to twinkle
From rainbow galaxies of earth's creation,
And dew-drops on her holy altars sprinkle
As a libation!

Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers,
Each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book,
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook!

"Thou wast not, Solomon, in all thy glory,
Arrayed," the lilies say, "in robes like ours!
How vain your gladiolus, ah, how transitory
Are human flowers!"

Ephemeral eagles! what instructors hoary,
For such a world of thought could furnish scope?
Each fading calyx a memento mori,
Yet faint of hope!

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from bulb or seed interred in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection,
And second birth.

Were I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all teachers and from all divines,
My soul would find in flowers of Thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines!

SOME GOOD IN ALL.

In every breast there is a well of feeling,
Whose depths are moved at an appointed time,
Disclosing precious jewels, and revealing
Love, hope, and Faith, or Energy sublime.

The heart of every sinful man containeth
A hallowed spot, as pure as childhood's dream;
Which, 'mid the poison round it, still retaineth
Some crystal drop from Truth's eternal stream.

The tear of penitence, the sigh of sorrow,
The agony soul for time's night,
The promise of improvement for the morrow,
Are all to Heaven, on Mercy's pinion sent.

The heart beneath a smiling mask may smother
Its anguish, though by forest trials torn;
Then judge not harshly of thy erring brother,
God only knows the sorrows he has borne.

STILL ONWARD.

No boxes temerous, o peregrino,
Pause not with lingering feet, O pilgrim, here;
Pierce the deep shadows of the mountain-side;
Firm be thy step, thy heart unknown to fear,
To brighter worlds this thorny path will guide.

Soon shall thy feet approach the calm abode,
So near the mansions of supreme delight;
Pursue not, but tread this consecrated road,
'Till the dark bars of the heavenly light.

Behold, to cheer thee on the toilsome way,
How many a fountain glitters down the hill!
Pure gales, invigorating, softly round thee play,
Bright sunshine guides—and wilt thou linger
still!

Oh! enter there, where, freed from human strife,
Hope is reality, and time is life.

LOOK ON ME.

It is thy love that makes me weep,
My soul was strong before;
Silent, yet strong thy graces keep
From vainly gushing o'er!
Turn from me, turn this tendered eye—
In thy fond gaze my spirit dies.

Miscellaneous.

The Immortal Fountain.

(Continued.)

The Wise Man and Chaucue had walked on, expecting Aucune would follow every minute; but, as she did not appear, they thought she was staying to gather a bouquet of wild flowers, of which she was exceedingly fond, and would follow them soon. So they went on and left her, thinking she would arrive at home, at least, in time for dinner. But dinner time came, and no Aucune appeared. But it was not unusual for Aucune to stay from dinner, for very frequently the neighbors would invite her to stay with them, and therefore her absence caused but little uneasiness; and in the afternoon the Wise Man and Chaucue went to visit a friend, and did not return until evening.

In the mean time Venus led poor Aucune along, and in the most winning manner, told her all kinds of tales, some of which shocked her at first, but in a little time she entered into them with delight. The road was altogether shaded; indeed, so much so, that the light was almost excluded. It was easy and cool; and, being a gradual descent, the walk was delightful and interesting. The fountain, however, did not appear so soon as she expected. She had heard what Venus called the murmuring of its waters, for an hour or two, but it did not come in sight; and at last she began to be anxious lest she should not be able to return home that night.

"Never fear," said Venus, "for I have fairy legions at my command, who can transport you back in a moment."

"If this be so," thought Aucune, "they can as easily transport me to the fountain at once, and thus save any further trouble."

But when she named this to her conductor, who was always ready with some specious put-off, she said:

"The day is fine, and the way beautiful, and as the distance is so short, it will be more delightful to walk."

Thus Aucune traveled on; but, in spite of all the stories and artful smiles of Venus, she gradually became anxious and uneasy, particularly as the sun was setting, and thick clouds were gathering in all directions. To add still more to her anxiety, they began to enter into a dense forest, in the midst of which Venus declared the fountain was. The shades of evening closed rapidly upon them; and, before they had proceeded far, the night became black and dreadful, and every star disappeared. The wind moaned amongst the trees, and at every succeeding blast it was loud and louder. Great drops of rain began to fall upon the leaves, and by and by they fell upon the travellers, who were drenched to the skin. Flashes of lightning followed in quick succession, accompanied with loud and terrible thunder. Trees were struck down, and hurled about by the fury of the wind, which now blew a complete hurricane.

Aucune covered her face with her hands, and ran hither and thither, striving to find a place of safety; but every where was under the influence of the storm. She besought her companion to protect her, and lead her back; but the true character of Venus now began to exhibit itself. Aucune was now within her power, and it was seen that she was the demon of the storm, and had allured the poor girl into the forest to torment, and, if possible, to destroy her. As the awful flashes of lightning rapidly followed each other, and shivered the trees to atoms, and struck Aucune almost dead with terror, Venus laughed, and rent the air with the noise of her wild, unearthly joys; and as she sung, in boisterous song, in derision to the pining supplicants for protection of Aucune, the infernal notes joined in unison with the dreadful howling of the tempest.

Poor Aucune now saw the error she had committed, and vowed that, if God delivered her from the dangers that surrounded her, and gave her light and truth to understand, she would never suffer evil in disguise to lead her astray from the plain path of duty.

And, turning from the wild vagaries of the demon, she covered her face with her mantle, and fell upon her knees, and prayed, and said:

"O Father of heaven and earth, the God of all children, and the comforter and protector of the distressed, look down, with pitying eye, upon the lost and awful condition of thy child, and deliver me out of all my distresses. I have erred in forsaking thy paths, and I am now beset with all the miseries of sin; but with Thee, Almighty Father, there is mercy and forgiveness. Extend, therefore, Thy Omnipotent aid, and lead me to the abodes of safety."

She arose from that prayer internally comforted, and, on looking round, she beheld Venus fleeing away, as if hastening from some dreaded object; for

"Infernal tremble, when they see
The contrite heart and bended knee."

The storm gradually abated; and the twilight breaking through the trees, told her that morning was approaching. But what was she to do? In a dreary forest, with no path to direct to any human habitation, she began to fear that she should die of hunger.

"Fear not," said a voice; "thy prayer is heard, and thy guardian angel shall conduct thee to the abode of thy father."

Aucune started at the voice of the mysterious messenger of consolation, and looked round, but saw no one. Angelic beings, however, were ministering to her; and, as they directed Hagar, in the wilderness, to the blessed land she wanted, so they led Aucune out of all her dangers. While she yet was almost bewildered with astonishment at the strange flight of Venus, and the abatement of the storm, and the mysterious voice, the silver notes of a trumpet struck upon her ear. She followed swiftly in the direction from which they seemed to come, and gradually they became louder and louder; and at last she distinctly heard the sound of voices, one of which she recognized as Chaucue's. She raised her voice, and called:

"Chaucue! Chaucue! help, dear Chaucue!"

Chaucue heard the cry, and turned her beautiful pony's head, which had been provided for her by the Wise Man, towards her lost sister, and in a few moments she was embracing Aucune. Both sobbed for very joy that they had met each other once again; and Chaucue said, in gentle rebuke:

"O sister, why did you stray? I have been seeking you all night, and our hearts have been sorely troubled on your account."

"Forgive me, sister!" Aucune exclaimed, "and you shall know all."

The Wise Man rode up, soon after, followed by several servants, one of whom dismounted, and after all had congratulated Aucune upon her deliverance, she was assisted upon the horse, and they hastened away, and very soon they had left the forest behind them.

As they travelled along, Aucune related the adventure, and told how she had been deceived, and what an awful night she had passed, and how she was delivered, and how

the notes of the silver trumpet had directed her to them.

"I know," said the Wise Man, with exultation, "that my trumpet of Truth would bring her to us if I could cause the sounds to be heard by her. She is not the first poor soul that it has saved; and, by the blessing of God, it shall always be exercised in behalf of such lost and erring creatures."

In a short time they arrived at the Wise Man's; and, after partaking of a feast that had been provided to commemorate the happy deliverance of Aucune, the sisters departed to the morrow to their father's, who was astonished at the adventure, and thankful for the safety of his daughter.

When the circumstances were known, all the neighborhood were filled with gratitude to the Lord, that He had so mercifully preserved Aucune; for they all now began to look upon her as a pleasant and good sister, and she, as may be supposed, was delighted to perceive the estimation in which she was held by those who, previously, had shunned her.

Her time passed happily on, and the six months were soon over. And as she was reflecting upon what had passed since she was in the spiritual world, the Lord again opened the eyes of her spirit, and the same good angel stood before her, and with a smile of welcome, led the way to the Gate of Obedience. The angels there congratulated her with a kiss; and, to the astonishment of Aucune, they seemed more lovely, and their robes more beautiful, than ever. As she went into the lofty hall, she was still more powerfully impressed with the beauty and elegance of everything she saw. The walls were of pure alabaster, and numerous figures of gentle beasts and birds curiously wrought upon them. The roof was of cedar wood, richly carved, and supported by pillars of porphyry. The light descended through a dome, and had a rich mellowness; and, what was very remarkable, it seemed to be living, and looked like playing golden light; and, as its beautiful rays played upon the walls, it created wonderful images, that portrayed the state and character of the affections and thoughts of the angels.

"Astonishing!" exclaimed Aucune, in her first surprise. And, turning to the angels, she inquired, "why all things were so beautiful to-day?"

"O," said they, "we enjoy all these wonderful and beautiful sights every day."

"But," said Aucune, "they are very different from what they were when I last saw them."

"Very likely," said the angels; "but then, you know, you did not love your sister. Now, that was wicked; and wickedness causes a dense mist to rise over the mind, which distorts and perverts the loveliest of objects, and thus true beauty becomes complete ugliness to the wicked."

"O, how many glorious sights I must have lost by my wickedness and folly!" thought Aucune. And, with this conviction, she determined henceforth to avoid all evil, and particularly all desire to injure her sister.

In a short time she was clothed with heavenly garments; and, to her surprise, they were as beautiful as any of those which the angels had on. The black spots and filthy appearance were entirely gone; and, in addition to what she was before clothed with, there was given to her a garland of sweet flowers, which was placed upon her head by a tall, majestic being, of superlative beauty and glory, who informed her that that was a symbol of the crown of life, and the badge of sisterhood of that heaven. And, thus robed, she proceeded on the path of Beauty.

It seemed as if there was no necessity for a guide, for the way appeared perfectly familiar; but, notwithstanding, an angelic band bore her company, and, directed by the star of knowledge, they rapidly proceeded with their journey.

They travelled on, delighted with each other, and every thing they saw, until they came to a river gate, composed of solid, shining silver, so brilliant that they could scarcely look upon it, and over the top was written, "Gate of Duty."

"Here we must part with you," said the angels; "we cannot live in that land, for it is much more glorious and more holy than ours. In our own land we are happy, and our cup even runneth over with blessings, but our spirits are not fit to breathe that purer air; and so, for the present, we must bid you adieu."

Aucune was surprised at this, but said nothing, for she was anxious to get to the Fountain. The angels then gave an affectionate kiss, and turned away; while Aucune boldly ran up the steps and knocked loudly at the Gate. Almost instantly it was opened by a glorious being in shining white, and Aucune entered. She told her errand, and the angel said:

"You shall proceed immediately."

And in a little time a company of heavenly beings came to her and signified that they were ready. Aucune soon accompanied them; but they had not proceeded far before she felt a similar oppression upon her head to that she felt when she was obliged to return before. She knew its meaning, and, bursting into tears, said:

"Am I not pure enough to go to the Immortal Fountain?"

"We would gladly take you, dear sister," said an angel, "but it would destroy you if we did, until you can breathe, with pleasure, the air of our heaven."

"What must I now do?" asked Aucune, almost in despair.

"You must again change your motives," said the angels; "hitherto you have done good and avoided evil, not from a sense that it is a duty you owe to God and to your fellow-mortals, but that you might acquire some selfish good. At first you wished to be beautiful that you might deprive Chaucue of her neighbors' love and praise, and then you wished to be beautiful that you might share them with her. Now, cannot you see that, in both these motives, there is something very selfish, particularly in the first? You must, therefore, return to your world, and do no evil, not simply because it has been commanded, nor yet to avoid any misery or punishment; for the one is but blind obedience, and the other selfish fear; but you must cease to do evil, because it is a sin against God, and an injury to your brethren. You will thus gradually lose sight of self in your inward motives, and do good because it is of God, and for your neighbors' benefit."

They then bid her be of good cheer, and trust in the Lord, and all the difficulties of the task would, in time, be overcome.

"Return to the world for twelve months, and, at the end of that time, you shall come to us again," said they; and parted with the usual kiss.

At first Aucune felt great difficulty in banishing all idea of reward from her mind. But, in time, by constant attention to her motives, she found it was possible to "do good, hoping for nothing again." She ceased to make any more bargains with God, by saying that, if He would make her beautiful by permitting her to bathe in the Immortal Fountain, she would be kind to Chaucue, and good to all. She was gradually led to see that it

was a right, a duty that we owe to each other, to do no evil either in thought, affection, or deed; and thus that we are placed in this world to learn to contribute our mite to the treasury of human usefulness and human good, so that we may all have a common right to human happiness.

After repeated trials, the good providence of God once again opened her spiritual sight, and she was conducted through the Gate of Obedience to the Gate of Duty; and on this occasion its grandeur and magnificence had become heightened to a wonderful degree. It shone as if ten thousand rays of the noon-day sun had concentrated themselves, and were consolidated into the form of a gate.

Aucune knocked, and, at the solicitation of the angel in shining white, entered; and, as she looked round and beheld the astonishing grandeur of the place, she trembled, lest any thing should be injured by contact with her. She was first struck with the mighty intensity of the light; for it seemed to her as if she was placed in the midst of a diamond, on which all the glittering rays of a thousand suns were shining. And, strange as it may seem, it was not painful, but wonderfully exhilarating and delightful! And the heat that was with it elevated and sanctified her whole soul; for it was spiritual heat, that could warm the heart, and kindle up the best affections, and produce a reverence and veneration for every thing around. The angels robed her in pure, shining white garments, and set out upon their journey.

[To be continued.]

The Lifetime of a Man.

When the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their lifetime appointed, the ass first advanced and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature; "will they be agreeable to thee?"

"Alas!" answered the ass, "it is a long while. Remember what a wearisome existence will be mine—from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn sacks to mill that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement not to be refreshed by anything but blows and kicks. Give but a portion of that time, I pray."

Nature was moved by compassion, and gave but eighteen years. The ass went away comforted and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked Nature. "Thirty years were too many for the ass, but wilt thou be content with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" asked the dog. "Think of how much I have to run about; my feet will not last for so long a time, and when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in the corner and growl?" Nature thought he was right, and gave twelve years.

The ape then appeared.

"Thou wilt doubtless live willingly the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the ass and dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be. Should puddings rain down, I shall excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years."

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

At last came man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of his days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man.

"When I shall have built my house and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees shall bear fruit—when life shall seem most desirable, I shall die. O, Nature, grant me a longer period."

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of thine besides."

"That's not enough," replied man.

"Take, likewise, the twelve years of the dog."

"It is not yet sufficient," reiterated man, "give me more."

"I will give thee, then, the ten years of the ape; in vain wilt thou claim more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by. He is then healthy and happy. He labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence. The eighteen years of the ass come next; burden upon burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is fed to others; blows and kicks are the reward of his faithful services. The twelve years of the dog follow, and he loses his teeth and lies down in the corner and growls. When these are gone the ape's ten years form the conclusion. The man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.—From the German.

Advertisements.

A PORTRAIT OF REV. THEODORE PARKE—executed in the highest style of the art by G. W. H. Phillips, by the same artist: Price \$1.00. For sale by Bela Marsh, No. 13 Franklin street.

Wonderful Discovery.

THE NERVE SOOTHING VITAL FLUIDS; prepared expressly by Spirit direction through Mrs. E. J. Fennell, Medium, Pittsburg, Pa. These Medicines are purely vegetable, containing nothing injurious to the system, and are a certain cure for all Nervous Diseases, as St. Vitus' Dance, The Doloreux, Neuralgia, Rheumatism in all its varied forms, Locked Jaw, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness, Palsy, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, Diarrhea, Irregularities of the female system, Tetters and all Outaneous Diseases, Chills and Fever, Cramp, Cholera Morbus, Cholera, Quinsy, Croup, Influenza, Bronchitis, and all Acute Pains and Nervous Diseases with which the human family are afflicted, and which for ages have baffled the skill of the learned. These Fluids have not failed to give relief in any of the above cases where they have been fairly tested, and we have now a number of living witnesses to whom we can refer.

For further particulars address T. Calbertson, Agent, Pittsburg, Pa.

Sold by H. F. Gardner, M. D., General Agent for Boston and vicinity, 654 Washington st.; B. Wood, No. 391 Broadway, New York; Frederick & Co., No. 9 Court street, Boston; W. M. Loring, No. 76 Baltimore st., Baltimore; Henry Stagg, No. 43 Main st., St. Louis.

Mrs. French will continue to make clairvoyant examinations. Examination and prescription when the parties are present, \$5; if absent, \$10. No charge when parties have not the means to pay.

LADIES' REPOSITORY.

The Ladies' Repository is published regularly on the first day of every month on the following terms: Single copies, per annum, in advance, \$2; six copies for one year, \$12. Twelve copies for one year, \$24; which will be added twenty-five cents for every three months' delay. Letters and communications, post paid, must be directed to A. Tompkins, 38 Cornhill, Boston, Mass. No subscription received for less than one year, and persons subscribing during the volume will be considered as taking the back number, and we print an equal number of copies each month. Volume begins in July of each year.

LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

FOR SALE BY BELA MARSH,

No. 15 Franklin Street, Boston.

(OFFICE OF THE NEW ERA.)

The following list embraces all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by BELA MARSH or Messrs. PATRIDGE & BRITTON and others; the prices of the same being annexed, together with the rates of postage. All new publications received as soon as issued. The Trade supplied at publishers' prices.

Works by Andrew J. Davis.

The Present Age and Inner Life: A Sequel to Spiritual Intercourse. Modern Mysteries classified and explained. Illustrated with engravings. Price \$1.00. Postage 28 cents.

The Harmonical Man; or Thoughts for the age. Price 30 c.; postage 5 c.

Nature's Divine Revelations, &c. Price \$2.00; postage 42 c.

The Great Harmonia, Vol. I.—The Physician. Price \$1.25; postage 20 c.; Vol. II, The Teacher, price \$1.00; postage 19 c.; Vol. III, The Seer, price \$1.00; postage 19 c.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse. Price 50 c.; postage 9 c.

Free Thoughts concerning Religion; or Nature versus Theology.

The Philosophy of Special Providence.—A Vision. Price 15 c.; postage 3 c.

The Approaching Crisis; being a Review of Dr. Bushnell's recent Lectures on Supernaturalism. Price 50 c.; postage 12 c.

A Chart exhibiting the Outline of Progressive History and Approaching Destiny of the Race. Cannot be sent by mail. Price \$1.75.

Works by John S. Adams.

Answers to Seventeen Objections against Spiritual Intercourse, and Inquiries relating to the Manifestations of the Present Time. Price 25 c. in paper—35 c. in cloth; postage 5 and 7 c.

A Letter to the Chestnut street Congregational Church, Chelsea, Mass. Price 15 c.

An Intensely Interesting Work! A Rival to the Ocean of Truth, an authentic and intensely interesting narrative of the advancement of a Spirit from darkness into light; proving in an actual instance the influence of man on Earth over the departed. With Introductory and incidental remarks by John S. Adams. "God's mercy is eternal and complete." Price 25 c.; postage 3 c.

Works by A. E. Newton.

The Ministry of Angels Realized. A Letter to the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. Price 10 c.; postage 1 c.

A Review of the Criticisms of the Congregationalist on the Letter to the Edwards Church. Price 10 c.; postage 1 c.

Answer to Charges of belief in Modern Revelations, &c., given before the Edwards Congregational Church, Boston. Price 13 c.; postage 1 c.

Works by various Authors.

THE LILY WREATH of Spiritual communications; received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. Adams. By A. B. Child, M. D. In extra gilt binding, suitable for an annual, \$1.50; plain 75 cts.

An Epic of the Starry Heaven. Thomas L. Harris. "Hereafter ye shall see Heaven opened." Price 75 c.; postage 10 c.

A Lyric of the Morning Land. Thomas L. Harris. "In my Father's House are many mansions." Price 75 cts.; postage 10 cts.

Henry C. Wright on Marriage and Parentage. Price 75 cts.

Epitome of Spiritual Intercourse: A Condensed view of Spiritualism in its Scriptural, Historical, Actual, and Scientific aspects; its relations to Christianity, Insanity, Psychometry, and Social Reform. Manifestations in Nova Scotia; Important Communications from the Spirits of Sir John Franklin, and Rev. William Wislart, St. Louis, N. B., with Evidence of Identity and Directions for Developing Mediums. By Alfred Cridge, of Canada; Writing Medium. Price 38 c.; postage 5 c.

Nichols' Monthly, a Magazine of Science and Progressive Literature. By T. L. Nichols and Mary S. Gove Nichols. Price 12 cents, single; \$1 per annum.

The Shekinah, edited by S. B. Brittan, in three vols. or single. In plain or elegant binding, from \$1.75 to \$3.00 per vol.

A Review of Dr. Dods' In

THE NEW ERA.

DEVOTED TO THE NEW DISPENSATION, OR THE INAUGURATION OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN UPON EARTH, THROUGH THE AID OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

VOL. III.—NO. 14.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

WHOLE NO., 112.

Thoughts of the Age.

From the House of Slaves.
SILENT FORCES.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

In the material universe there are two kinds of power. The one exhibits itself as active and salient force, the other as endurance. We find the most general illustration of these in the phenomena of motion and rest; or in the conditions of growth and of ripeness. By their opposition the entire mechanism of nature is moved and balanced. The one is essential to all advancement; the other to conservation. This is the travail of change; that the repose of equilibrium. The first is the vital energy of nature; the other is the basis as well as the recipient of that energy.

And the power which pertains to this condition of endurance, is a kind of power we are apt to overlook. Wondering at those great forces of nature which dash through all its channels, and play in convulsion and revolution, let us likewise admire that majestic strength which resists and bounds them. If the energy that reaches to the limits of the universe is potent; that power which girdles it, and says, "thus far and no farther," is omnipotent. The sea in its wrath is mighty; but so is the rocky shore that confronts it and leaves it back. Terrible is the electric force which thunders through space and blasts all opposition; but stronger still is that affectionate magnetism—that unseen heart of nature—whose pulses mix with all things, and that draws all things into beautiful obedience to its law. It is an overwhelming energy with which a comet sweeps along its track; but it is not so great as that which holds the planets to their centre, and binds them in glittering harmony forever. And this is the ultimate power—the power of being rather than of doing. A majestic repose, a silent strength, is the highest mood of nature.

Although the analogies of the natural world cannot always be carried into that department of human life which involves moral sanctions and the operation of free will, still, the illustration holds good in this instance. For the highest spiritual power, also, is that of endurance rather than action—is in being rather than in doing. And, as in the natural world so here, in our attention to more intrusive and dazzling characteristics, we may not sufficiently recognize the sublimity of that passive—not negative, but passive, order of virtues—that magazine of silent forces,—which can be comprehended under the general name of endurance.

To a superficial, or what is the same thing, an unsympathetic mind, the perfection of character according to the standard of Jesus may seem to lack tone and power. There may be those who are ready to say, "such a character as this—a character made up of meekness, forgiveness, long-suffering, or in one word, Patience; must be a very feeble and unimpassioned character—a character of watery mildness and thin sentimentalism, unfitted for the enterprise of this world, and which ought to be translated to some gentle sphere out of the way of these hard and eager forces." It seems to be thought that the essential quality which constitutes a Christian is a kind of phantom excellence, which keeps in the background of life or glides timidly among its realities, and that if a man is going to grapple with this tough, old, dusty world, and hammer his way through it, and get anything out of it, he must do it by dint of the earth-spirit, that is in him. This is all a mistake. On the contrary, the fibres of all real manliness are in Christian discipline, and a good deal which passes for power in the world—this blustering, passionate energy—is essentially weakness. It may be observed, by the way, that these passive virtues are not the only qualities inculcated by Christianity; but even these require and indicate the utmost degree of energy. For there is always a greater mastery evinced in the control than in the exercise of power. Recurring to nature for an illustration, we see that chaos is a condition of unrestrained forces; order is a condition of forces held in obedience to law. And so it is with that world which every man carries within himself—his own moral or spiritual nature. The angry man may evince more energy than he who keeps calm in the heat of provocation; but evidently the latter, who gives no way to passion—who controls it—is the man of most power. Again, we may call that man a master-spirit, in his age who rides on the whirlwind of popular sentiment, and even directs it; but he is stronger who resists the spirit of his time; who stands up and steadily bears against it; and who, firm in his conviction of principle, cannot be carried away by all the tides of faction. The one merely yields to pressing facilities; the other has to exert moral nerve and resist them. Indeed, all vehemence and impetuosity is a quality of crudeness, and a sign of imperfection. It belongs to anarchy rather than to authority, to declamation instead of argument. As illustrated in individual life, it pertains to the period of the passions, and to the lower development of character. Boisterous activity is the fitting expression of childhood; the demand of predominating and unfolding nature; and the control of sensual impressions is evident in hot energy and emphatic ges-

culature. But the strength of true manhood, when deep springs of experience have opened within, when wisdom has bound its cincture about the forehead, and when the soul has the clear vision of faith and prayer; is indicated by a majestic repose. And this is the idea of power, expressed in the highest art—not the awful front of Jupiter, nor the exuberance of Apollo, nor in any salient virtue even; but the calm rapture of the martyr looking from the fire; the face of Jesus crowned with thorns. And when one has reached that degree of spiritual attainment in which appetite is chained and passion controlled—when love, which is the highest attribute, the very essence of God, has become transfused through one's being, so that he can forbear, and forgive, yea, even pray for an enemy; when his vision has become so steady and clear as to God's workings and his Providence, that he can meet all the stings and sorrows of life with submission, and overcome them with trust; it is only through labor—through long conflict and great spiritual energy—and there is no higher manifestation of human power.

For not only is there this intrinsic power in endurance, but it is the source of the most active energies. Thus it is essential to all intellectual achievement. Only through patience do men acquire knowledge. Though the apprehension of genius may be marvelously quick, the great fundamental truths of science are the results of the virtue. God does not make man acquainted with nature by inspiration. He has not opened the glittering volume of the universe for him to read at a glance. But he is permitted to learn something of its fullness only through the discipline of severe induction. Long must Cuvier study the crumbling fossil and the broken bone, ere he can re-construct the giant forms of vanished epochs. Long must Newton "pace the solar track, and toil in the twilight confines of the system," ere he can detect the law that binds atom to atom, and the universe to its centre. Long must Leverrier swing the pendulum of calculation, ere he can measure the march of the unseen star. So in the intellectual field they have been most distinguished who have meditated most—who have projected their plans from silent depths of the soul.

And so with those who have moved the world's heart, and changed the aspects of humanity—the Apostles of Truth and of Love. They have acted strenuously, yet their real life was not in action, but endurance. They learned to overcome themselves; to endure as well as to hope all things; and thus were enabled to act powerfully upon others. Within themselves they nourished the still seeds of thought in the sunshine of reason, and with the dew of prayer.

But let us consider Endurance as a power in itself; as an attainment of the highest practical excellence. In the common circumstances of life, in the issues of every day, it not only becomes us to act, and to act lawfully—but to bear, and even to suffer; and this is as much a test of virtue as the other. How many things there are in our sphere of labor and of duty, which we cannot help! In physical accident and pain; in our social relations, in our spiritual wants, woes, trials; how much that we can neither retain nor hinder. But as these bear down upon us, harshly and heavily it may be, there comes a voice which says—"Be patient! Action will not avail you anything. Your strength, so impetuous and so confident, will fail you here. You cannot change these things; they come upon you and surround you with a power greater than your own."

You are stretched upon a sick-bed. The business of life summons you to be up and doing. The springing year with all its plans and possibilities, awaits you. Various interests demand your utmost attention. Yet in the midst of all, you are stricken down by the dull hand of disease. You are prostrate, you are helpless, you must give up. The tangled web of business must drop from your hot and nervous hands. You must lie down under the pleasant sky, with the solicitous cares and the turmoil of active life murmuring by you; you must lie for weary days and long nights, inactive and suffering. Now what is it that you need! Evidently, action is impossible. Nay, this peevish striving to forestall nature; to put by the nursing hand and the healing draught, and rise and master the disease, and rush out into the field of labor, only hinders recovery. What then is needed! What is not only the great duty, but the true policy? Why, simple, obedient endurance.

Or, again, business does not go well with you. A venture fails, or some sharp disappointment intrudes, and lo! your flattering promise is spoiled. Your confidence has been betrayed. The resource you looked to has not met your expectation. The season is backward. The sunshine and the rain do not fall propitiously. In short, your skill is baffled, your strength is impotent, your action is all in vain. But you still possess a marvellous power; for, if you cannot do, you can endure. A patient spirit will enable you to bear, to hope serenely, believing that One wiser and better than yourself holds the balance of nature and the vicissitudes of human effort.

And there are trials of a sterner kind than these! trials that cover existence with a veil of mystery. For some, dispensations of pain that are life-long. They have been called to

endure the most extreme suffering—disease of body, distress of mind. Years of sickness they have known, dragged out under all the ills of poverty—as it were a lingering death of ages, infusing slow torture into every limb and organ, yet leaving the spirit conscious of all. Poor, emaciated beings, they have set down in their desolate homes, to hear the vigorous sounds of life pass by them, to see the pleasant sunshine on all the face of nature, and yet to feel that every hour brings some new pang. And when we have looked upon such, and seen how they could bear: heard them through those bars of living death singing hymns of celestial sweetness; and seen by the light on their faces, in what a calm atmosphere their spirits dwelt; and have borne witness to that great patience springing from their lips—"Father, not my will, but Thine be done!"—have we not felt that there is a power in endurance, greater than in action, and that men who can wield armies are not so strong!

There are those whom, as it were, Death has haunted. His shadow has lain unmoving upon their path. Their cherished objects have been claimed by him. He has said of this and of that bright flower opening to existence and to love—he has said, as though an inexorable fate spoke through the mouth of doom—"It is mine; mine to blight, and to gather; it is yours to mourn!" They have bent around the graves of their dead, again and again. They have put on the sackcloth of lamentation, and sat down in the ashes of their hopes. And, as we have beheld the widow's calm face, and the clasped hands, that say—"I trust in God!"—as we have seen that bereaved mother with all the agony of her heart transfused into resignation, have we not learned

"how sublime it is
To suffer and be strong!"

In fine, there is no quality which is more frequently needed in our daily life, than Endurance; and none which more profoundly involves a Religious spirit. Our entire existence, even in its most insignificant actions and disconnected incidents, is enclosed in a network of *Lines*. There is not anything which, in the highest analysis, can be termed an "accident." It either bears the stamp of human responsibility, or of Divine Intention. And when events do occur outside the circle of our own free will—events that we can neither prevent nor control—it becomes us to ask, Why are they introduced? What is their Providential significance! The answer is—they are parts of the scheme of life; parts of that two-fold operation by which the human soul is educated and carried towards the end of its being. We are placed in this world to act; we are placed in it to endure; and when these disappointments and troubles which we cannot help, occur, this is their meaning—to inspire us with endurance. It is no minor virtue, therefore—it is one of the profoundest elements of spiritual life. Other qualities may be mistaken for it. It must not be confounded with that sulky hardness which accept and defies fate; which moves a man to say—"Well, life goes hard with me, and I don't care how it goes. Fortune seems to have marked me out as a butt for its arrows, and if I can't control it, I shall not overcome me. Like the chained Prometheus, I will bear it." An inflexible stoicism is not Christian Endurance; nor need I say it has no affinity with despair; for, in yielding to that sentiment, we surrender Patience. Many are the qualities which must combine to make up the forces of Endurance, and therefore it is so sweet and rich. It blends submissiveness and hope—the humble trust that leans on God—the clear, large vision that sees away beyond the present trouble; faith in the right that no sharp casualty can deaden; and a harmony with the Divine Will, the consciousness of which is the ingathering and fruition of all moral forces. And it requires exceeding tenderness, as well as fortitude, to make up this element of power. The soul possessed with it, appears as we have seen the moon on a gusty night—gliding amidst rack and shadow, yet brightening the clouds through which it passes, and ever and anon sailing upward, with a calm sorrow on its face, into clear spaces of the sky.

A great virtue—one much needed in our day and generation, in public and private experience—is this sum of silent forces,—this virtue of endurance. It is not a superficial grace, a husky morality; but a grand element of Religious vitality. Life is not merely a field of battle, a work-shop of strenuous toil, a school for eager curiosity; but, often, it is a reservoir of tears, a niche of endurance, a vestibule of mystery; where we have nothing to do but stand still, and take what God sends us. Let us cherish this silent patience, then, for it is a spring of grandest issues. It imparts superhuman strength to the breast. It sets angelic beauty on the face. It is also achievement, and in the silent quarries of the soul accomplishes a "perfect work."

To him who has cultivated only the lower faculties of his being, the glories of the universe are perceived only in the most superficial manner, while to the spiritual mind, in whom the inward senses are unfolded, all Nature is seen as the embodiment of a beautiful and divine spirit.

Practical Phrenology.

Our readers will all be deeply interested in the following narration, and will doubtless esteem it, at least, as one of the "happy hits" of Phrenology, if nothing else. If that science, in the hands of the intelligent and skillful practitioner, can do what is here represented, it is a matter of great practical moment, and demands wise attention. We take the article from the American Phrenological Journal.

Some three years ago, a manufacturer of jewelry, in New York, was robbed of a considerable amount of goods by an errand-boy employed in his office. The boy's duties were handling and packing goods, when not on the streets, and the only security the master had was the integrity of the boy; for no common scrutiny, or oversight, could prevent theft, if the boy had the disposition. The employer trusted him and was deceived. He then cast about him for another, but dared not depend on any knowledge he possessed of human character, to make the selection. He knew the claims of Phrenology, and resolved to invoke its aid, while, at the same time, he would retain and exercise all his own sagacity with reference to the selection. He accordingly advertised in the morning papers for a boy of a certain age to serve in the capacity required, and directed that application should be made at such an hour at his store. In the meantime he called at our office and engaged the writer to visit the store an hour later than the one appointed for applicants, and stated to us what he wanted; a capable boy, but, at all events, an honest one—a boy that could resist the necessary temptations of the position.

At the hour appointed, he had seventeen boys on the spot, each eager for the post, nothing doubting his own qualifications. Five of the least promising of the party were interrogated, asked to write their name and address, and, being told that the one who should be selected would be informed by note the next day, were dismissed. The balance of the hour was devoted to the same process with the twelve remaining, and when I arrived, as if by accident, he had them all before him, like a "second class to read." He and his partners had exhausted their skill in sifting them, but fearing that among that twelve a Judas, too, might lurk, yet having, all things considered, formed a preference for four, were waiting for the test of Phrenology to seal their choice.

Reader, would you like to have a rich firm intrust goods of untold value to a stranger's hands, and that stranger selected by you? Would you feel quite easy to decide the fate of twelve anxious, bright-eyed boys, perhaps needy widows' sons? It was a trying place; but remember, only one could have it, and why not give it to him who could fill it best—best for himself and best for his employer? If we were to allot it to one who was merely honest, and not capable, he could not long hold it, or if he did, would never rise—besides, it would be doing the employer injustice. If one were honest enough for ordinary pursuits, in which temptation to wrong were less than in this, though highly endowed with taste and talent for the place, we would have done the boy a wrong to give him an ordeal through which he could not pass and retain his morality unsullied.

We had our thoughts and our sympathies, but we leaned on the old staff that had steadied our steps through many such a trying way.

In passing through the "class," we came to one boy—one of the favorites of the firm—who had a strong, enduring temperament, a broad chest and a robust frame, but who was hardly sprightly enough, nor had he the taste requisite for the jewelry business. We told him he ought not to come if they selected him, for he could do better for himself in another business in which he could become a lead-workman, and be much more happy than in this—that he had first rate mechanical talent, but he never would be contented with anything smaller than a steam-engine; and we advised him, by all means, to seek a position in a machine-shop, as he had just the talent, energy, and bodily vigor, necessary to eminence in that pursuit. But his cup of hope was dashed to the ground, and the poor boy's tears followed it. We felt badly, too, just as you would have done, but we came there to tell the truth for the benefit of both parties, and leave the event with the boy's good angel. But that good angel was at hand—much nearer than our eye of faith had discovered. The head man of the firm, with moist eyes, approached the boy, and, as he kindly patted him on the head, bade him cheer up, and call on him the next Saturday at the same hour, and in the meantime he would try what he could do for him. He promised to call, as requested, and, smiling thankfully through his tears, departed, to tell his widowed mother that he had not obtained this place, but felt sure of another and a better one.

From the eleven which remained, we selected two, and after they were all dismissed, each hoping to be the favored one, and expecting a note to that effect the next day—we disclosed our opinion. One would be the smartest as a boy, and for three years do them the most service; but, if they had the interest of the boy, as well as their own, at heart, and were willing to train up a boy in their business to become a man, and a partner, and perhaps a son-in-law, this was not

the one. If they wanted him as a helper for three years, to be then turned off, for cheaper help, to shift for himself and began anew, this was just the boy. The other, we said, was steady, high-minded, honest, and would ripen into capability and make just such a man as a good man would be willing to see succeed to his business, his domestic circle and his inheritance; he would not be so serviceable a boy, but was of the right material to ripen into a man.

This boy was the chosen one, and still fills his place, and gives promise to become all we predicted: and his employers think there is "value in practical Phrenology."

But to return to the widow's son who left with the light of hope illuminating a tear. Just as you thought he would do, he returned at the time promised, and was told that they had obtained a situation for him, by relating all the facts as I have told them to you, in one of the best machine-shops in New York, over the heads of more than fifty standing applications. The machinists wanted first-rate apprentices, and were willing to test "the value of practical Phrenology."

The boy took his position at once, and occupies it still, with the very brightest promise for the fulfillment of our prediction when he felt that we had crushed his hopes; and both he and his master, and his poor mother likewise, appreciated with thankfulness, "THE VALUE OF PRACTICAL PHRENOLOGY."

Re-Action against Orthodoxy.

We learn from the *New Covenant* that the question, What is the cause of the growing indifference in religion? is becoming a serious question among all sects, and is suggesting anxious inquiries. The *New York Independent* offers the only probable solution; a solution which suggests the remedy at the same time that it explains the cause. The *Independent's* explanation is this.—The indifference to religion so alarmingly prevalent and increasing at the present day, is a reaction against a severe form of religion on the one side, and our excessive materialism on another.

We would amend the statement by including materialism among the results of the reaction; for, in proportion as religion loses its hold upon the mind, it sinks, by its own tendencies, into materialism.

We are glad, however, to see this emphatic declaration against the old Theology, coming, as it does, for the side of that theology itself. It shows that not all its *quasi* supporters are blind to its inherent defects, and that there is a disposition to tone down something of its severity, and to breathe into its stiffened members a little of the genial warmth and energy of vital Christianity. The *Independent* states a case in illustration of what it means by reaction against the old and exacting forms of Orthodoxy:

"A young man from a wealthy, high-bred family, known by many of us, has lately passed through one of our New England Colleges. His mind was naturally serious and reflective, and while at his studies, he supposed himself to have undergone a great religious change. His life, so pure, and solemn, and devoted, while in College, will long be remembered by those who knew him. Yet was his piety too strict, and ascetic, and unsocial, to be healthful. It was founded in unnatural moods, and in habits doing violence to his nature. At least that is the only explanation to myself of his subsequent career."

"When I heard of him in America, he was the 'saint' of the college. A few years later, a classmate met him in Italy—a *blasé*, hopeless, indifferent, unhappy skeptic, hunting some new variety of pleasure, which he did not care for when it came; seeking rest in every path, even in vice."

"He spoke of his college religion with loathing; of his hopes, and ecstasies, and penances as 'humbug,' of the religious teaching in our pulpits as a miserable canting falsehood. All this was said without bitterness, but with a settled gloomy conviction of utter unbelief and indifference. He had wealth, friends, was gifted with talents and good powers, yet he professed to have not a single object or interest in life. Pleasure itself was a bore to him. He was totally purposeless and infidel. I have not heard of him since. Returning now, I hear of his death."

"Sad, unexpectably sad, such lives. There seems no compensation. A miserable, hopeless, useless dragging one's self down into the mire, to submerge without a struggle, or a regret from the world the man was sent to bless."

There is no want of similar cases to demonstrate with sufficient clearness, that at least two thirds of the skepticism of the present age results from the cause here set forth. Religion, as it has been preached, is against nature. The frame of feeling it has demanded is as repulsive to the best promptings of the affections, as its dogmas are to the best judgment of the understanding. The mind cannot surrender itself to its control, without foregoing the best parts of the real end of existence. It feels itself in chains, against which it instinctively struggles. Its bonds once broken, it looks upon them with the loathing with which the slave regards the fetters that held him to his daily tasks. It regards all religion as a "humbug." It will take at least one century of penitence, for Orthodoxy to undo the evil with which it has scourged the world.

The Last Incarnation. FIRST LEGEND.

THE LITTLE CHILD WHO SEEKS HIS FATHER AND HIS MOTHER.

At that time there was a little child that walked all alone in the country, and who seated himself by the side of the road and cried.

His poor bare little feet were swollen and sore; his shivering little hands were blue with cold; for it was at the end of autumn, and the north wind whirled about the last yellow leaves of the stripped trees.

He was barely covered by a poor little dress of thin white woolen stuff, and the frost of the morning which had been melted from the trees by the pale sun, had wet the curls of his blond hair with a freezing rain.

There was an inexpressible sweetness in his eyes full of tears; and while his eyes wept, his little shivering mouth seemed to try to smile.

He rested a moment, then he clasped his hands as if in prayer, and courageously resumed his walk.

And to all those who passed and who asked him why he cried, the poor child answered: "I am seeking my father and my mother."

Now, on that day a young and rich lady was returning in her carriage from her beautiful country seat.

She was magnificently arrayed and voluptuously perfumed; seated upon soft cushions covered with silk; she was sad and disgusted with life; for God had not made her a mother.

She saw the little child who was walking with bare feet and who was cold, and she felt her heart moved at the sight of his wonderful beauty.

Then she stopped her carriage, and having called the poor little traveler, she said to him:

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to seek my father and my mother," replied the little child.

"And where will you find your father and your mother? Are they very far from here?"

"They are travelers like me upon the earth; and while I seek them here, perhaps they are seeking me further off, with much anxiety and sorrow."

"How long since did you leave them?"

"I did not leave them, they went away from me to work, in order that they might get food for me. But, perhaps they may not have been able to find bread for their work, and have gone still further; then perhaps still further off, and I have remained an orphan because my parents were poor."

"Well! I am rich, and I wish to be a mother to you in order to help you to find yours. Get up into my carriage and you will be sheltered from the cold wind which freezes your hands, and you will rest your poor bruised feet."

"Thank you, madam, but you cannot be a mother to me unless you are like my mother, and unless you do in her place what she would do in yours. For to fulfil the duties of a mother it is necessary to have the heart of a mother: and for that you must be very pure before God and before men."

Your face is beautiful like my mother's, and your voice is sweet like hers, but tell me if your heart is like hers, and if your works are such as she would do if she were fortunate and rich like you."

"Child, your language astonishes me; who can have suggested such words to you! I do not know your mother, and I cannot tell you if my heart is like hers. But get up beside me and then you shall tell me what I ought to do in order to resemble her."

"A mother does not say to the little forsaken child at her feet, Come to me; for perhaps the child cannot climb up to her. She descends and inclines herself towards him, as our Father who is in heaven inclines himself towards his smallest creatures; the heart of mothers is like the heart of God."

"Little child, your words have something which offends me: I have never been a mother because I am rich and because I wait for a husband who can give me a fortune equal to my own. I offer you a place by my side, and I am very willing to extend my hand to you to help you to climb up here: why do you wish me to get down and to soil my feet in the damp sand?"

"Because you spoke to me of taking the place of my mother, and my mother, in order to take me in her arms, was never afraid of soiling her feet. When my mother made me sit by her side it was not from pity, it was with the joy of a tender love. I pity you because you are rich, and because you are afraid of the dampness of the road, for the rich cushions on which you sit are perhaps wet with the tears of the poor man and the sweat of the workman. I prefer to continue my painful journey rather than to take a seat by your side."

The young woman blushed, and, without replying, made a sign to her servants to go on. The carriage soon left the child far behind. The woman had her heart oppressed, and regretted that she had thus abandoned him; but her pride had been wounded. She asked herself who that extraordinary child could be; then she fell into a great sadness and wept.

But soon she dried her tears at the thought that they might injure the beauty of her eyes, and in order to distract her mind she began to dream of balls and brilliant parties.

Still the little child had remained upon the road and walked on.

After the beautiful lady, it was a rich cavalier who passed. He did not even look at the young pilgrim, whom his horse almost ran over, and he continued his course.

Then came an old man clothed in black, who walked slowly, moving his lips and looking upon the pages of a book. It was a priest much respected in the neighborhood and scrupulously attached to the duties of his profession. He did not love children much, because he had no family, having grown old in the austerity of his holy ministry. He stopped, and looking at the little traveler, said to him:

"To what parish do you belong?"

"To all parishes," replied the child, "for I have no fixed abode. I seek my parents, and like them I am a wanderer upon the earth."

"Your parents are vagabonds," said the old priest with a gesture of disdain.

"My parents are poor."

"Here," said the priest, and he threw a piece of money upon the road.

"Thank you," said the child, "I did not ask you for alms. I seek my father."

"I do not know him," said the pastor.

"I know that very well, for you cannot know what a father is. Keep your alms, and may the feeling of compassion which you have had towards me soften your heart, and make you understand why your son is in the prayer, 'Our Father who art in Heaven!'"

"Child, with what pride do you presume to give lessons to an old man and a pastor! You have doubtless been brought up in impiety, and your parents are not Christians."

"You ought not to speak to me so of my parents, you ought to teach me to respect them. They have brought me up in the love and in the thought of the Lord. I do not give lessons to an old man, and I answer him because he spoke to me. You are a priest, and by that title you are the guide of children; nevertheless, instead of assisting me to find the parents whom I seek, you insult them before me by a shameful suspicion in supposing that they have brought me up in impiety: can I approve what you say when you speak neither according to charity nor according to justice?"

"Where are we?" cried the terrified priest: "this child is doubtless possessed by a demon, and it is on this account that he answers with so much audacity and malice."

"I am not possessed by a demon, but God permits a child to speak with the facility and the boldness of a man: can a special gift of God be a crime?"

"It is the child of some hardened heretic, and he repeats what he has heard," said the old pastor, shaking his head, as if he talked to himself.

"Yes, I repeat what I have heard from the very mouth of my father."

"And what is your father's name?"

"Tell me what is the name of our Father who is in heaven."

"In that case then you would be the child of God?"

"It is you who say it and who teach children to say it when you make them repeat; 'Our Father who art in heaven.'"

"My little friend, you are a reasoner, and that does not become childhood."

"Reason becomes every age; but old age gives no right to impose silence on a child when he says nothing but what is respectful and just, in order to reply when he is questioned."

"All is lost," murmured the old priest to himself, "the country children dispute with us. All belief is departing."

And resuming the absent reading of his book, he again moved his lips, continued his route, and forgot the travelling child.

Still the night was near, and the little child remaining upon the road, walked, wept, and prayed always.

Then a poor woman, dragging faggots of brush, was going towards her hovel; she saw the child and had compassion on him, for she was a mother; she questioned him and took him by the hand, then she said to him:

"Come to my hut, you shall warm yourself with my children, and you shall share with them the bread which I will give them; to-morrow I will lead you to the neighboring city, and we will look for your parents."

The child, looking then at the poor woman, loved her; because she was bent under a burden, and because she had said to him, "Come, and you shall be as one of my own children."

"Let us go," said he to her; "and for the bread which you shall give me, I will give you the food which preserves the soul for eternal life."

But the woman of the people did not understand what he said to her, and they arrived together at the hovel.

The children of the poor woman were seated round the fire; they did not rise to go and meet their mother, neither did they make a place for the unknown child.

Then their mother, raising her hand upon them, struck them; but the newly come child began to weep, and said to the mother:

"You do not know how to be a mother, and yet you had bowls of compassion for the child who suffered. Therefore you shall be saved on account of the visit I make to this house, but your children will be the affliction of your old age."

"If that be so," said the woman, "I should like it as well if God would take them out of the world."

Hardly had she uttered these words, when the oldest of her children breathed a sigh and died; then she rushed to him, and took him in her arms, sobbing.

Then she said to the unknown child:

"Go away! go away! Have you come here to make my children die?"

"Woman, learn to bring them up better, if you wish them to live! However, I have pity on your grief: be consoled, your son is living."

The young boy who had just died then opened his eyes, as if he woke out of sleep, and the terrified mother cast herself on her knees, for she knew that the travelling child must be Jesus Christ himself.

The divine little child then smiled upon her, drew from his bosom a little cross which he gave to her, again advised her to bring up her children better, and disappeared.

That evening he was seen a short distance from there, upon the bank of a stream which was crossed by a plank on two stones; the child was seated in the moonlight, the wind raised his blond hair, and he pressed his two little arms crossed upon his breast, as if to warm himself. Some one asked him in passing what he was waiting for. He replied:

"I am waiting for my father."

Soon afterwards, a poor blind man came to cross, and he directed his steps towards the bridge of the stream, by feeling with his stick along the rough and stony ground.

Then the child rose, and running to meet the poor blind man, he took him by the hand and led him, for the road in that place was dangerous and broken.

Then placing the hand of the old man on his shoulder, he served him for a support as far as the neighboring city, which they entered without being seen.

The child conducted the old man to his dwelling, but he was not willing to enter, for he said to him:

"My mother is waiting for me."

And in one of the most retired suburbs of the city he went and rapped softly at the door of a house which was carefully closed.

"Who is there?" asked a woman's voice, the accent of which was profoundly desolate.

"It is your son; open," said the little child.

"My son will not come back again," said the voice, "he died yesterday, and to-day he was put into the ground."

"Open to me," said the child, "I am Jesus, the friend of those who weep, and I have made myself once more a little child, in order to restore to you him whom you think you have lost! Open to me! For Mary, my celestial mother, holds your little child upon her knees, in the paradise of innocence; and she sends her to you that you may be very sure that he whom you love is very happy."

Then the door opened softly and the child entered; he seated himself on the knees of the poor mother, and related to her how he had come, and how he had tried the hearts of those whom he had met on the road.

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

Then the mother having ceased weeping, asked him if those who had met him without knowing him would be punished for not having assisted him.

"They will be sufficiently punished when they shall know that it was I," replied Jesus.

"And they will know it when they begin to become better; for the regret of a good deed is the greatest punishment for not having done it. I revisit the earth to try and to console. So long as I still retain the form of a child, I shall seek my father and my mother. But as perhaps no one yet knows how to accomplish all his duties towards a child, I shall first give the example of accomplishing those of a child. I shall not again find my father and my mother here below; but I will choose them from among those who have need of a child to love him. The blind man whom I can guide to prevent him from stumbling over the stones of the road shall be my father, the poor widow who weeps, and whom I can console, shall be my mother, and the deserted orphans who have no one to love them shall be my brothers and my sisters."

abode in the hearts of all who bear the title, "Doctor of Divinity," Priest, or Deacon, and also that profess to give the bread of life to a famishing world.

Yours, in the cause of Truth and Progress.

THE NEW ERA.

"BEHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

TERMS, \$1.50 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

BOSTON: SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

The New Spiritual Creation.

That there is to be an entire NEW SPIRITUAL CREATION on this earth, perhaps only a few thoroughly and deeply believe: many others wish it might be so, but have little or no faith in it—it is too good to be true!—while very much the largest class is too material to have any other thought of the matter than that of a laugh, or a sneer.

Well, so goes the world, and so it must go, we suppose, till it gets high enough to see the matter with other and better eyes, and in a far different light. We do not so much blame the world in this matter, while its condition is what it is; we would rather pity than blame, while, at the same time, we would not overlook the real fact of its present material condition.

The world evidently needs to be regenerated—not exactly in the old theologic sense, (altho' there is a truth, even at the bottom of that,) but in a true and substantial sense—in body, soul, and spirit. Any regeneration less than this, amounts to just about nothing at all, except to teach us the folly of creeds and of creed-religion. Any one who expects salvation this side of a THREE-FOLD HARMONY, will find himself or herself very much mistaken.

Man, like God—like all Nature, is a TRINITY—a TRINITY IN UNITY, in the very nature of his being. He is body, soul, and spirit—love, wisdom, and life—external, internal, and inmost. View him in any light we will, it is all the same, for he is primarily THREEFOLD, in any and every aspect of his existence.

Now, then, if man needs regeneration at all, he needs it wholly and fully—in one respect, as well as another—in all respects—in every department of his being and his life.

Old theology has failed, both in its idea of regeneration, and also, and in a parallel degree, in its attempts at practical realization, simply because it had no correct philosophy of man's nature, or next to none. It aimed, in a rude way, at a sort of spiritual regeneration, and that, too, of an awfully cramping kind, while it left the material nature to take care of itself; or, what was worse, it taught the crucifixion of the latter—the torture of the body for the good of the spirit. And besides all this, it had no possible conception of a soul, or intermediate entity, between the external organism and the interior spirit, governed as really by laws, and having wants to be provided for, as much as any other department of human nature. It could talk forever of its abstract and dogmatic Trinity, which in itself had, and could have, no possible bearing on life, while it never once dreamed that man, though made in the "image of God," was himself a trinity. The difficulty lay in the fact, that the theologic trinity was not philosophical; and being merely theologic, there could, of course, be no transfer of the idea to nature, or to man, and hence, both nature and man were left entirely out of the account, in all the old schemes of regeneration. They were merely childish schemes, which answered very well for their time, as a sort of spiritual toys, for the amusement of spiritual childhood, till the race should approach its manhood state, and be able to take more comprehensive views of the matter, and to act more effectually for good, on a broader basis of truth.

Man is body, soul, and spirit; and in each and all, he must be formed anew, for each of these departments acts and reacts upon the others.

But how is such regeneration synonymous with a New Spiritual Creation? Why is not a "spiritual" creation simply and only spiritual? Our answer is, it would be so if man were only a spirit, and nothing more; but being more than that, and his spiritual part having an intimate connection with all other departments of his being, each and all are affected by the condition of the rest. If man is unbalanced in spirit, the soul is first affected, and through that, the body. If "out of joint" in body, the spirit feels the disorder and the ill of it, through the same intermediate agency. Now, although the inmost, or spiritual, is highest, and therefore first in importance, yet, by virtue of the relation of the external to the internal, the latter can not be saved, unless the former is. The maxim, a "pure mind in a pure body," embodies no mere unmeaning thought. It has in it, too, a world of far-reaching, practical philosophy—a philosophy which not only connects the soul and the body in this life, and makes them mutually affect each other, but also connects this life with the next, and makes the second, organically, as well as morally and spiritually, to be more or less affected by our organic, moral and spiritual conditions in this world. Our spiritual bodies, as well as our spiritual affections and characters, are being formed now, within our natural bodies; and as are the qualities and conditions of these bodies, such will be those of our spiritual forms, both here, and in the second sphere. The more we perfect our natural organisms—the more truly healthy they are—the more symmetrical, vigorous and truly executive, in all the true, and especially, the more elevated functions which belong to them, the more perfectly do we form and the more do we exalt the symmetry, beauty and use of the spiritual organism; so that, when we enter upon the immortal state, we enter it with a better organic basis for progress there, than if we had

constantly transgressed the organic laws here, and had thereby rendered both our external and our internal forms weak and inefficient.—But our space is already filled, and we must therefore defer farther remarks for other opportunities.

Synopsis of Correspondence.

Dr. BARDEN, of Penn Yan, New York, writes us as follows:—

"This is an excellent location for a Clairvoyant Physician, or Healing Medium. Penn Yan is a county seat; a thrifty, enterprising business place, containing about two thousand inhabitants, and enjoys the advantages of plank and railroad, telegraphs, canals, rivers and lakes, and is backed up by a fertile country, and flourishing farmers. We need such a physician here; and from the great number developed in your highly favored portion of the Lord's Vineyard, can you not induce one to come out even into this village?"

We will do our best, Dr., to aid you and your fellows, in the respect named. In the meantime, those who have the "gift" required, and feel attracted to Penn Yan, need not wait for us, but either go and see for themselves, or write our good friend Dr. BARDEN.

THOMAS CARPENTER, of Battle Creek, Mich., writes that the friends of Spiritualism are numerous in that place, and that they are daily increasing. Speaking Mediums are numerous, and exert a good effect. He speaks of one in particular, who seemed to be in the way of doing much good, till recently, by her public efforts in speaking. But in consequence of some remarks, dropped by our friend and brother, WARREN CHASE, who recently lectured in that place, to very good acceptance, the medium referred to has come to consider herself unworthy, or poorly qualified to address the public. And so the public loses the good that might otherwise be done, through her instrumentality. No one blames friend Chase at all; but our friend Carpenter thinks the remark referred to was both untrue and unwise, and therefore deleterious in its results. The remark referred to, was, "that nothing reliable can be expected from a medium whose physical system is unhealthy." Now, our friend Carpenter argues the contrary, and we should agree with him in part, but not wholly. Bro. Chase was partly right, also; but he might have stated, with far greater force, that those mediums whose moral constitutions are diseased, are far less to be trusted, than those who are physically deranged. But where speaking mediumship is concerned, we cannot see as reliability has anything essential to do in the premises. Reliability has to do with tests—not with principles and instruction. The latter appeal to one's own judgment and reason, and are not to be taken "on trust." We have had enough such preaching already, under Old Theology; and Spiritualism and Spiritualists can afford, we think, to dispense with it, or rather, they cannot afford to put up with such a "lame and still limping" course of procedure any longer. Let all think for themselves, hereafter, and they will be, at least, far less trouble than if they "pin their faith to their minister's sleeve."

We have to beg our friend Carpenter's pardon for delaying his suggestions so long; but our labors are arduous, and he will therefore excuse us. The communication he sends us, purporting to come from "Daniel Webster," we will attend to, as soon as we can possibly spare the time. He has our hearty thanks for the interest he takes in our journal; and any aid he may feel disposed to contribute, in the way of its farther circulation, will be esteemed a great favor, and will aid the cause in which we are mutually engaged.

MARTHA WAKEFIELD, of Claremont, N. H., gives her testimony, from her own experience, to the clairvoyant and healing power of C. C. YORK, of that place. The following is the substance of her letter on the subject:

"I was taken with a severe attack of the cholera morbus, as also with bilious fever, being unable to sit a minute without vomiting and fainting. I applied to Mr. York; and he, by laying his hands on my head and stomach, relieved me in a few minutes. He visited me three times in thirty-six hours; and in that time, I was perfectly restored to my former health, and was able to perform my usual labors in fifteen hours after his first visit."

Mrs. W. further remarks that she has been acquainted with Mr. York for the space of thirty years—has known of many examinations and cures; and she therefore considers it a duty to say the same to a suffering world, that others may have the benefit of his healing power.

Dr. HARLOW, of Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes that the "Harmonical School" is about going into operation in that thriving little village, under a thorough and competent teacher, assisted by Mrs. Love, of whom, as a lecturer on the elevation of the Marriage Institution, we have heretofore spoken. With such teachers, backed up by money and wise and hearty zeal, success is sure.

Jonathan Koons.

This friend whose name has been quite prominently connected with Spiritualism in the West, will soon be in Boston. So we are informed. The friends of Spiritualism in this city, will, of course, be glad to hear the story of wonders at his celebrated room, in Ohio, from his own mouth.

WARREN CHASE, of Wisconsin, will remain in Boston and vicinity, for a few weeks, and is prepared to give addresses on the subject of Spiritualism whenever desired. He may be found during his stay at the "Spiritualists' Home," Fountain House, corner of Beach street and Harrison Avenue, where all applications for Lectures, &c., may be left.

Ex-Gov. Dorr died on the morning of the 27th ult., about 8 o'clock, at the residence of his father, in Benefit Street, Providence.

The Cause in Lowell.

The friends of Spiritualism in Lowell have been holding Sunday meetings every Sunday, for several months past, and the result is, that they now feel able to go forward in the same direction for the year to come. For this purpose, they have engaged for one year, and had fitted up for their use, Wells' Hall, near the Depot on Merrimack street, where from Sunday to Sunday they, and all interested, will gather for the investigation of Spiritualism, which with them, means a Philosophy and a Life, as well as a Phenomenon.

We have just received a note from a friend in Lowell, giving the result of the late action of the friends there, in relation to their public meetings. They have a board of officers, for merely executive purposes, consisting of an executive committee of five, a Treasurer, Secretary and Steward. This board is chosen for one quarter, only, commencing their duties Jan. 1st, 1855. To meet a part of the necessary expenses, they will rent seats, at a small price to be paid quarterly; the Hall will also be rented during the week, to aid in furthering the great object in view. All who are friendly to this movement, in Lowell and vicinity, are cordially invited to lend their influence and aid to that end.

Errata.

Several bad mistakes occurred in our last paper, for which our "proof reader" is really responsible. In the notices of "New Publications," our old friend A. Tompkins of Nos. 38 & 40 Cornhill, was printed "C. Tompkins" in two instances. In the article entitled "The Spirits Brought them a Dove," "F. Wells," at the close, should have been "T. Wells," and "I. Wells," the same. Several other "errors" occurred, for which we have to beg the indulgence of all concerned.

APPOINTMENT.—The Editor of this paper will speak in Lowell, next Sunday. Circumstances prevented our being there last Sunday, so Bro. Wilson occupied our place.

G. G. PIERCE, Blackstone, Mass. Your subscription does not expire till No. 33, present volume.

Communications.

The following letter of Jonathan Koons, should have appeared earlier; but in our hurry, it has been overlooked. The "communication" to which this letter has reference, has already been proved to be, ostensibly at least, the intellectual property of De Witt Clinton; but, at the same time, it seems clear, from all the evidence in the case, that it was written out in the manner designated, both by our Philadelphia correspondent, who placed it in our keeping, and by Mr. Koons, in the letter below. How, then, shall this mysterious matter be disposed of? Some, who might be ever so ready to accept the statement of Mr. K., so far as the circumstances under which the said writing was made, are concerned, will, perhaps, be just as ready to accuse the "spirit" of "plagiarism," as did our "anonymous" correspondent, a brief time since. But are they sure it was plagiarism? Poor human nature too often "jumps at conclusions;" and it may be so in this case. We do not say it is so; but we say it may be so. We could, as we think, suppose several very reasonable methods, whereby to account for that production without making plagiarism to have anything at all to do with it. But we have not the opportunity now to do the subject justice; and we, therefore, leave the matter in the hands of our friends and our readers. We cannot, however, help cautioning all concerned, about being too hasty in drawing their conclusions from mere appearances. By patient investigation of spiritual laws—particularly those which relate to the connection of the natural and spiritual worlds—we shall all find that many of our first conclusions, were entirely premature; and that the difficulty was mostly, if not entirely, on our own part. With these observations, we introduce the reader directly to the letter referred to:

That Communication Signed "Jesus Christ."

MILLFIELD, Athens Co. }
Ohio, Dec. 4, 1854. }

KIND EDITOR OF THE NEW ERA:

It appears necessary, under existing apprehensions, and manifested fears, that an explanation should be given, respecting the circumstances under which the communication was given, which appeared in the *New Era*, some little time ago, in connection with a letter of correspondence from A. K. PIERCE, of Philadelphia—in order to relieve the jealous fears of your "anonymous" correspondent.

The communication referred to has been shown to a great many persons, to whom the conditions were made known under which it was given; and also a reference to the fact, that it was borrowed from the writings of De Witt Clinton—(as soon as this was known to be the fact.)—of which, we ourselves were ignorant at the time it was written. Of this fact, we were first apprised, by Joseph Taylor, a professional school teacher of this vicinity, who was in possession of the only work, of which we have any knowledge, in the whole neighborhood, containing the same. And no pains were spared, on our part, in examining all the Readers in our possession, to see if any such article was about the house, to which the spirits could have access, but none was to be found, except the one in possession of Mr. Taylor, at the distance of four miles from this place where the said article was written, in the Spirit Room, in the absence of any person, when the door of said room was closed, and myself and family were engaged at labor in the garden, in the month of April last.

We wish to inform your correspondent, that we have no interest in forging spirit-communications, and palming them off upon the public,—and much less, in copying from public documents, and school books, under

the same claims; for even any school boy would be able to detect the fraud.

The communication in question, has been copied by different persons, since it was written; and fearing another similar result, I took pains to preface said communication with the connecting circumstances, as herein enumerated, for the sake of avoiding censure.—And the subject, and conditional circumstances attending said production, were duly considered, before I could consent to give copies of it.

Some persons with whom we conversed on the subject of said communication, inclined to believe that De Witt Clinton (or whoever the first author of the article might be,) was, what we now term, an impressed medium; and that the same spirit that executed the present article, had (according to promise,) condescended, from time to time, to impress reformers, and other noted writers, with his own views and sentiments, in accordance with the promise of the assigned spirit, which stands out in bold relief in the following terms: "Where two or three are assembled in my name, behold I will be in their midst."

Others inclined to believe that the article was borrowed, and re

of appetite is gone—soon altogether diseased and destroyed. So the love of others, fraternal and congenial, without a normal development of the soul, bringing wisdom, is soon no more; indeed, proves itself to have been but "self in disguise." Here, especially, men and women sin against themselves; they are enslaved to distrust and formalities, and starve for want of expression in affection, because themselves and those before them have not been harmonious and wise. Conjugal love ultimately itself in reproduction of the loved one; but here, too, that only is proved to be true which is wise, which considers all circumstances, and is bounded within the circumference of healthful obedience unto law. Let every man marry more of the genuine affection into his masculinity, and every woman more of wisdom into her femininity, and more and more shall love spring up on our earth, and be guarded by virtue, and know no other rule than its own truth, and flow down and bless and redeem the ages.

D. F. G.

A New Scheme—Quite Suggestive.

The following observations, from a new correspondent, may prove valuable to many of our readers. In the way of exciting thought, at least. And if any of our kind friends find anything there, they do not exactly relish, why, perhaps they will be able to pick out enough that they do fancy, to make the reading valuable to them. We should be happy to hear from the writer again in the way he suggests in his private note.

For the New Era.

MR. EDITOR:—It is with the greatest pleasure that I have witnessed in your paper the general interest manifested for the improvement of humanity, by the formation of associations, well adapted to the physical and spiritual development of our race; model associations, teaching how we should live to be happy. Last year, I formed a plan calculated for the nation, as the recent plans are adapted for smaller bodies; of which, in the compass of a newspaper article, I can give but a faint idea.

When we consider the state of our country, we must deplore the departure of our statesmen from the patriotic devotion and honest integrity of the founders of our so-called republic. We still possess its constitutional form, but it has almost imperceptibly passed into an oligarchy—partisan demagogues have taken the place of men of principle—and official salaries the place of patriotic zeal. Our republican form is entirely dead—nothing can breathe the breath of life into it—the spirit of the age has outgrown it—the time has arrived when the public mind should be prepared for something new and superior to all former governments—one in which every temptation should be thrown on the side of virtue, as it now is on the side of vice—one having for its aim a universal brotherhood, founded on the love principle, when justice in its purity would be equally distributed. Our government, like all others, has sought to restrain vice, by operating upon the fears of the people. In that they have followed the ancient churches; it is wrong in theory and degrading in practice. A hell with an all-tormenting devil were constantly held before the ignorant and deluded people by the priesthood, for the purpose of driving them into the church, and making them fit subjects for their control. The lake of fire and brimstone has nearly disappeared, but all its pangs are condensed into a mental condition, and a place still assigned for its unfortunate victims; leaving still the crafty and potent Devil.

Notwithstanding we are told in the bible, that if we resist him he will flee from us, the church has made him a being second only to the Great Creator in power, which includes the wisdom to execute.

But to rid society of evil, we must learn who or what the devil is. Let us refer to the IV. Chapter of Matthew, when he presents himself to Jesus in his greatest power and most natural character. Jesus is there represented as being "led up of the spirit into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil;" as having "fasted forty days and forty nights," and "was afterwards a hungered." And when the tempter came, he said to Jesus, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." But he answered, "It is written, man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

Now let us suppose a conversation to have taken place between the thinking man, and the animal man. Jesus had been fasting, and his body demanded food; the craving body suggested to the mind its wants, the mind sees its utter destitution of supply; the animal faculties address the higher, and say, "If thou art the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." The higher reply, that "man shall not live by bread alone," etc.

The devil then takes him up into the Holy City, and sets him on a pinnacle of the temple, and says to him, "If thou be the Son of God, cast thyself down, for it is written he shall give his angels charge concerning thee; and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." Here is evidently a temptation to commit suicide; but reason majestically mounts the throne, and replies, "It is written again, thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God." Then the devil takes him up into an "exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them, and says, 'All these will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'" Jesus replies, "Get thee hence Satan; it is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." The devil left, and "angels came and ministered unto him." In all this we see, that Christ was tempted in all respects as we are. In the first temptation the animal man wanted bread; failed in that, it sought relief in death; failed in that likewise, its wounded vanity sought a shelter in the demand of admiration

and worship. Christ saw his own superiority over all his predecessors; he was truly the King of the Jews; he knew the Jews were looking for a temporal king of great power and glory; he knew he possessed that power; and as the different kingdoms revolved through his mind, he saw their kings reveling in sumptuous plenty, while he, the king of kings, was a hungered in the wilderness; and should his reason fall down and worship the animal man, the passions, the devil, they really could be his.

That it may appear still plainer, Jesus, once upon a time, says to Peter, "Get thee behind me Satan; thou art an offence unto me." Just previous to the above expression, Jesus called Peter a Rock, on which he should found his church; on account of Peter's impressibility. But Peter was an impulsive man, who loved the Lord dearly; and when Jesus told him that he must suffer death for the sake of his teachings, Peter's love grew warm, and he said, "These things must never be, Lord." Here the excess of Peter's love was a temptation to Christ, to desist from teaching; but truth was dearer to him than earth-life, and its establishment among mankind, a greater consideration than his body.

Hence, we may clearly see, that whatever in us or in others works our hurt, is the devil to us. You have the idea and the key to what I am impressed is the devil, and I know of no other.

Few men have the will-power to withstand such temptations; hence, if we would materially benefit mankind, the necessity of removing every temptation to do wrong.

Political bodies have acted upon the same false principle, the fears of the people. Hence we see governmental prisons for the violators of unjust laws,—governmental murders, governmental robberies. Among the people, some are wealthy, many poor, some are learned in the art of defrauding their neighbors, and many are the victims of their robberies. Some are glittering in their wealth, many in tattered garments, with fearful eyes are begging at their doors for bread, and go away unrelieved. This is all wrong. God, in all His works, shows Himself good, merciful, charitable. Man can only be in the likeness of God, when he lives in the daily exercise of His divine attributes. He has given us an abundance of soil, given it to all of us; but covetous man in the barbarous ages commenced appropriating to himself, individually, until it became a custom, and that custom sanctioned by legislative enactments, to make an artificial right, antagonistic to divine, national right.

The question then arises, how shall we reform? where shall we commence? First, by operating on the love principle. As the government assumes to be the parent, it is its duty to liberally educate its children, in all matters pertaining to natural science,—particularly of man in his mental and physical organization, the laws of health, etc. That would give to the world a flood of light, and prepare all for a meet companionship of one another. It would establish a greater mental congeniality, a greater spiritual affinity.

To accomplish this, let one square mile in each township be set apart for educational purposes, where the youth, by tilling the soil and cultivating the mind, might be harmoniously developed in body and mind. Then do away with all money. As ignorance is the bottomless pit, so money is the Arch-Tempter to foreign countries, where it is still used as a medium of exchange, well secured, for the benefit of brothers who desire to travel there. Let all the lands belong to government; and make that government the people. Do away with cities, those sinks of iniquity, and generators of disease; and in their stead, divide the country into square miles, surrounding them with streets and commodious dwellings, at government expense. Let each person capable of laboring, labor six hours per day, and spend the rest of the time in mental culture, or in social visitings with friends. Then will the body and mind be harmoniously developed. Let those unable to work, be supported at government expense, as if actual producers; it is their misfortune. As the productions, as well as the soil, will belong to government, the government will be abundantly able to do it. Let the tradesman work for the government and be supported by it, so that all can live by the reciprocity of labor.

But you ask, where is your incentive to action, when you take away money? We will form circles one above another, to the height of which each must ascend by kind offices one to another, by teachings and inventions calculated to advance the race. Does any department lack aid? do forests want leveling? canals and railroads want constructing and manning? Elevate those who will volunteer, to a circle that will reward their deprivations and labor. Let every child, without regard to sex or parentage, rise upon its own merit, from the lowest to the highest circle, and you would produce an incentive beyond the power of money to beguile. In its stead give a government check which can be received from the town officer giving him credit as he or she has done well; which will give ample opportunity to visit friends. This check should not be transferable, lest a door be opened to fraud, but wherever its holder goes, the brotherhood will supply his wants until the time expires. Should crime be committed, let healthful influences surround the perpetrator, let kind instructions be given, do not debase or confine the person or spirit. Soothing words, spoken in love, will be as great a punishment as the human spirit can bear; and government will not be outraged by a repetition in the same person.

From what is above stated, you can see a part of the plan in view; by doing away with ignorance and money, you do away with all the causes of woe that make our earth a hell. And founding a government on universal love, composing a universal brotherhood of cultivated minds, where universal justice shall be administered, you will invite the

angels from their spheres to walk the earth with us, as with the "holy men of old."

M. VAN EVERY.

Record of Phenomena.

More Wonders.

The following wonderful facts are communicated by a young friend of ours, with whom we are very well acquainted; whom we know to be perfectly reliable in matters of this nature, and from whom we would be happy to hear often. We extend him our hearty welcome to our columns, and thank him for his favor, and all the more for his modesty, so natural to him, and so well expressed, in his introductory observations:

Hopedale, Dec. 30th, 1854.

MR. EDITOR:—You will please excuse this intrusion upon the columns of your paper, and the patience of your readers, by a stranger, who wishes to relate a few facts, which came under his observation but a short time since. About the first of September last, I was visiting various parts of New Hampshire, and among other places, stopped at Portsmouth. While there, I was kindly invited by an old acquaintance, to join a circle of friends that evening, (Sunday, Sept. 10.) for the purpose of witnessing Spiritual Manifestations. Gladly did I accept the invitation, notwithstanding the anxious entreaties of my superstitious sectarian friends not to go,—who said:—"If you go, you will be damned; for it is all the work of the devil!" Wishing to see how this "Devil" operated, and to hear some of the delusive doctrines of this powerful, cloven-footed, theological monster, I started, with a few advocates of "Spiritual Communion," for the house in which the circle was to be held. Arriving there at about seven o'clock, we found quite a large company of persons assembled, the greater part of whom appeared to be skeptics. There was nothing about the room that needs particular description,—suffice it to say, it was a plainly furnished, common-sized sitting room, unprovided with anything that could produce illusion or deception. The inmates of the house, also, bore upon their features the impress of truth, and in all their movements was the frankness of honesty. The mediums were two young ladies; one of them about sixteen years of age, and the other, I should think, somewhat older. They sat before a common table, with no covering upon it, and placed in one corner of the room.

After all had become quieted, and in some degree harmonized, the spirits directed the lights to be extinguished, and the room darkened. After sitting a few moments in anxious silence, bright lights—each one surrounded by a luminous halo—suddenly appeared in various parts of the room, and floated gently to and fro, up and down, as if "upborne on angels' wings;"—more beautiful were they than the sparkling meteor—more brilliant than the flashings of the aurora borealis; for like the star of Bethlehem, they spoke of a new unfolding for which man might praise his Creator "with exceeding great joy."

During this time, while the lights were floating around us, hands were shaken, aprons untied and thrown across the room, shoes unlaced, persons kissed and patted gently on the face, by spirits who had long since left the earth-life. These tokens of spiritual presence, given as they were to convince the unbelieving, seemed to be powerfully convincing to each and every person present; and some were affected to tears. A heavy paper weight, with a roll of paper, was then taken from the mantel shelf, and carried first to the ceiling, then to the floor, several times in rapid succession. A door, which none of the family could lock, although they had tried many times, was locked and unlocked several times very quickly, and the key thrown on the floor, where it was found the next day.

After this joyous greeting had somewhat subsided, what purported to be the spirit of my mother, called me in an audible voice, saying, "Come, Charlie!" Neither the mediums, nor any person in the room, (excepting the friends who invited me) knew who "Charlie" was, until my friends told them it was me. I advanced to the table and laid my hand upon it, when the spirits

"Laid their gentle hands in mine," and touched me with so indescribably pleasant a touch, that the emotions thereof I shall never forget. The rest of the circle were touched in the same manner, and shook hands with the dear departed, causing memories to rise up from the past, that, like the strains of the Æolian, are sad though pleasant to the soul.

Again we were quieted, and again those beautiful lights appeared, like bright shuttles from the angel world, weaving into the dark web of our earth-life, the golden threads of immortality. The spirits now played on the piano, when no one was near it; but succeeding as well as they wished, they caused one of the mediums to be entranced, and they played and sang through her with fascinating sweetness. Many persons in the room said they heard two spirit voices singing with her; but this I was not privileged to hear, though the rich melody of the music, and the singing performed through the medium, was delightful. Several times during this evening, the spirits spoke audibly, in tones different from any human voice I ever heard.

The next evening, (Sept. 11), we again assembled at the same place, for the purpose of witnessing more of these manifestations of his "satanic majesty." The company numbered about the same as before, and was composed of nearly the same persons. The lights were again shown,—again did the invisible touch and shake hands with us; but we were favored with two manifestations that we were not favored with the evening previous. One of these was this:—A large glass fluid lamp was placed on the table, filled with burning fluid, and lighted; and the table was

then tipped up to an angle of more than 45 degrees, without moving the lamp or spilling the fluid, being held fast to the table by spirit power. The other manifestation was this:—The light was removed from the table, and the mediums placed the tips of their fingers on the table as before. I then asked the spirits to hold it down, and it was with great difficulty I could raise it. I then requested them to remove their power from it, when I easily raised it with but two fingers. Again and again this was repeated, not only with myself, but with many others in the circle, who could not raise it from the floor when the spirits were requested to hold it. Another of the "works of the devil" consisted in speaking through some of the mediums present, and causing them to reiterate the same truths uttered by Jesus on the hill tops of Judea, eighteen centuries ago.

Perhaps our "toe-joint," "odde-force," and "knee pan" philosophers can explain these seeming mysteries by their respective scientific (?) theories. But it is extremely wonderful to me, how the "toe-joint" can lock and unlock doors, or produce lights that equal the splendor of the noon-day sun. It is also as wonderful how the newly discovered "odde-force" can "shake the friendly hand," and speak in audible tones; or how the clumsy "knee-pan" can play on the piano, and even suspend the laws of gravitation. More wonderful, indeed, are they all than the famous "learned pig," or the oriental tales of powerful geni. "Oh!" says one, "you were deluded! These things you saw were phantasies, or illusions of the brain! Hindoo Jugglery, Mesmerism, and diseased retinas have performed these things before!" Indeed! how happened it that eighteen or twenty persons should, on entering a common room, be suddenly troubled with a diseased retina, which became perfectly sound on leaving the room? Who mesmerized the whole audience at once? and how happens it, that suddenly, in this 19th century, so many "Hindoo Jugglers" have risen up in almost every city, town, and hamlet in the land? Verily, the fool "is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason."

Those, and those only, who have been favored with such revelations from the inner life, know what deep and stirring emotions of the soul they awaken, and what sad, yet pleasant memories they recall. They are like mile-stones in the dark journey of life, to the weary traveler, pointing him onward to the bright land that lies just before. May we so live, that the ministering angels shall, at the close of our earthly pilgrimage, welcome us with the plaudits of "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

C. WALKER.

EMERSON.—The Boston correspondent of Portland State of Maine, writes that Mr. Emerson lives at Concord, in a "large old-fashioned, white, green-blinded house," among the trees, just "as a transcendental philosopher should, fashioning in quiet those strange thoughts which delight those who can't understand them, and confound those who do. Mr. E. has not a large family—himself, wife and three children. He is exceedingly affable and engaging in conversation, and is a great favorite with the townspeople."

Special Notices.

NOTICE.

Meetings are held at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, to discuss the principles of Equitable Commerce and Individual Sovereignty. Information will be given of the progress of the movement at Modern Times, N. Y.

PROF. J. W. MARKS and Lady, (late Mrs. B. G. Boston) have left the city of New York for their residence in Wyoming Co., to spend the Winter. Persons desiring examinations and prescriptions through Clairvoyance will receive prompt attention by addressing them, post-paid, at Yorkshire, N. Y.

SECOND SPIRITUALISTS' FESTIVAL. In accordance with a previous notice given at Chapman Hall, another Festival will be held at that place on Thursday evening, Jan. 4th. The Hall is engaged for the purpose of holding a series of Festivals. No efforts will be spared to make these gatherings both beneficial and agreeable. Tickets 25 cents; to be had at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street; Bela Marsh's, 15 Franklin street, and at the Fountain House.

GEORGE ATKINS, Manager.

A NEW MACHINE FOR SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

A new pattern designed for writing or moving mediums, and found to be superior to any hitherto invented, for sale at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street. All orders for the same by mail to be directed to William P. Spear, 15 Franklin street, Boston: price 75 cts.

BARNARD'S SPIRIT-ROOM. Every afternoon and evening, circles convene here for the physical demonstrations, which are often of the most remarkable character. Hours, 4-1-2, 7 and 8, P. M. Boston, No. 13, Auburn Court.

REGULAR MEETINGS IN BOSTON. Sunday meetings at the Melodeon, afternoons and evenings at the usual hour. Conference meetings on Wednesday evenings, at the Hall in Chapman Place, and at Harmony Hall, 103 Court street.

HARMONY HALL RE-OPENED. This well known resort of Spiritualists is now open as a Reading Room, Book Store and Circulating Library. The room will be open each day from 9 o'clock A. M. to 6 P. M. Also, Clairvoyant, Psychometrist, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours.

LIST OF LECTURERS. The following persons are now prepared to lecture on the subject of Spiritualism wherever and whenever their services may be desirable and circumstances permit. They may be addressed at this office, No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass. R. P. WILSON, A. R. NEWTON, E. C. HEWITT, J. H. FOWLER.

THE DIAL ALPHABET. This unique and highly useful instrument for communicating readily with spirits, and which is very highly recommended by Prof. Hare of Philadelphia, may be had of BELA MARSH, Price \$2.00. Sent only by express or private conveyance. Address, Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston, Mass.

Advertisements.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, an efficacious remedy for all diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, and irritation of the mucous membrane, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Price per bottle, \$1. Mrs. Mettler's celebrated Dysentery Cordial: price 50 cents per bottle. Mrs. Mettler's Cholera Elixir: price 50 cents per bottle. For sale at wholesale or retail by Bela Marsh, Agent, No. 15 Franklin street.

DR. H. H. DILLINGHAM WILL endeavor to attend to all calls in and out of the city with fidelity and scientific skill. We know we have a reputation for unequalled success, not only for the cure of all common diseases, but especially for all Female Diseases, all old sores, tumors, ulcers, &c. Aside from my Medical profession, I intend to have the best Mesmeric or Clairvoyant subject in the country, who will examine for business, as well as the sick, at all hours of the day. Terms from \$1 to \$5. Office and residence, No. 1 Barton street, corner of Leverett. Boston, Mass., January, 1855.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. To be found at T. H. Peabody's, 54 Hudson street, a rapping, writing and test medium; also the best trance medium for the examination of diseases in Boston. Hours from 9 to 12 A. M., 2 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Private circles \$1 each person; public circles 50 cents each person.

CHARLES MAIN, CLAIRVOYANT and Healing Medium, No. 5, Hayward Place, Boston. Office hours from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M.

AN ELEGANT GIFT BOOK FOR SPIRITUALISTS AND FRIENDS OF TRUTH. Will be published on or about the 15th of Dec.,

THE LILY WREATH OF SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS. Received chiefly through the mediumship of Mrs. J. S. ADAMS.

By A. B. CHILDS, M. D. THOSE who have read the manuscripts of this work, pronounce it unsurpassed in purity and elegance of diction, in beauty and simplicity of style, and in its correct and attractive presentation of truth.

The LILY WREATH will be printed in a superior manner, equal to that of the finest annuals, bound in rich and durable binding, and in every way made in typographical and mechanical appearance, in keeping with the intrinsic value of its contents. Dealers and others can address PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York, 144t BELLA MARSH, Boston.

LIDA'S TALES OF RURAL HOME. Here is a series of books for the young, of the very first order. They are full of good moral sentiment, written in a chaste, pleasing style, and well adapted to children. LIDA understands young human nature, and has done abundantly well, in this series, to meet its mental wants. Success to Lida's Tales, for they are full of Spiritualism—therefore full of truth. All our readers who have children, and wish to put the best books into their hands, should send 36 cents, in postage stamps, or their currency, (postage paid,) to EMILY GAY, Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and she will return them the whole series of Tales, (7 books in all,) pre-paying postage on them—so that 36 cents is all they cost no buyer.

KNOW THYSELF. SELF-KNOWLEDGE is of more importance than any other, because it is the index to the vast volume of wisdom and knowledge which exists in other minds, and in the external world around us. You can obtain this knowledge of your character and capabilities through the science of Psychometry. Having located myself for the present in Boston, I am prepared to give psychometrical readings at my room at the Gray Horse, No. 10 Sudbury street, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope. Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass.

N. B. Persons desiring their ideal of the conjugal relation, in mental and spiritual adaptations, will please make it known.

SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA. MRS. W. R. HAYDEN, having postponed her return to England for the present, has taken rooms at No. 5 Hayward Place, near the Adams House, and will be happy to wait upon those who may desire to investigate the subject of spiritualism. Hours at home, from 10 A. M. to 1 P. M.; from 3 to 5 and 7 to 9 P. M. Public circles only in the evening. Private sittings \$1 each person; public, 50 cts. each person.

MEDICAL NOTICE. MRS. H. JENNESS, a superior Clairvoyant for Medical examinations and prescriptions, may be consulted at Harmony Hall every day from 1 to 5 P. M. Special attention given to Chronic diseases. Boston, Dec. 10, 1854.

A. B. CHILD, M. D., DENTIST, 15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

ADIN BALLOU'S NEW WORK ON SO-CALLED, 650 pages large octavo. Price \$1.75. Just published and for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street.

HEALING MEDIUM. DR. T. H. PINKERTON, Office, 80 Cambridge St., Boston. Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily.

TO THE AFFLICTED. CHARLES C. YORK, Healing and Clairvoyant Medium. You can receive an examination and prescription by sending your name, age, and place of residence. Price \$2.00, post paid. Address C. C. York, Claremont, N. H.

GREAT STOCK OF Fall and Winter Clothing. Manufactured expressly for THE NEW ENGLAND TRADE, comprising every variety of style and quality adapted to the tastes and wants of all classes of customers. Also, a very extensive assortment of GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, WINTER UNDER GARMENTS, &c., &c. Together with the Largest Stock and Greatest Variety of YOUTHS' and LITTLE CHILDREN'S CLOTHING.

To be found in this or any other city, all of which are offered upon the most favorable terms, at wholesale and retail. OAK HALL, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 & 38, NORTH STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

BATHING ROOMS. MEDICATED, Sulphur, Iodine, and plain vapor Baths; warm, cold, and shower bath; administered from 8 A. M. to 10 P. M., at 253 Washington street, rear of Marlboro's Court. C. BLODGETT.

THE NEW ERA. The Third Volume of this Journal has now commenced. It will still be the advocate of SPIRITUALISM in its broadest, most comprehensive, and most tolerant sense, according to the best understanding and conviction of its Editor and Proprietor, who, while he recognizes his own proper individual responsibility to the Public for what he may utter through its columns, and for the general character and tone of the paper, at the same time wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is not responsible for many individual convictions and statements they may feel free to publish from others, in accordance with the obviously just demands of a truly FREE PRESS.

He also wishes it to be distinctly understood, that no subscriber, writer, or reader of this Journal will be considered as committed to its principles, views, and measures, any further than he voluntarily and willingly commits himself, independent of his subscription or his reading. He wishes it to be constantly borne in mind that this is the AGE OF FREE THOUGHT, and of Individual Responsibility; and that in connection with what for the time being is, perhaps, somewhat peculiarly denominated Spiritualism, the Era will be, as it ever has been, the uncompromising advocate of free thought,—and the free expression of thought,—for in that way only, as one essential element of advancement, can any true progress be made.

The Era will still be the vehicle of the prominent Facts of the Spiritual Movement, of the various phases of its PHILOSOPHY, and of such suggestions of a PRACTICAL nature as may with justice and propriety come within its own province to present and discuss. In short, while it will ever earnestly strive to be true to its own convictions, it will as truly try to do its whole duty to the Public.

The New Volume begins with entire New Type and a New HEAD,—and will contain from week to week about one third more reading matter than it ever has before. And yet for this, among other additions to its expenses, there will be no addition to the price of the paper. Thankful for the past efforts of its many friends in its behalf, it may be said the Era still needs, *desires*, and confidently expects the continuance of those efforts in the future, that it may not only be enabled to live, but to appear from week to week in the most attractive garb of Truth itself, and thereby exert an influence for good which otherwise it would be greatly incapable of doing.

TERMS: Single Copy for one year \$1 50. Seven Copies \$9 00. Ten " \$12 00. One Copy Eight Months \$1 00. Single Numbers 3 cts. ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

ADDRESS: "NEW ERA," No. 15 Franklin st., Boston, Mass.

To the Newspaper and Periodical Press.—Any paper giving the substance of the above (including terms, of course) in its editorial columns, and sending a marked copy to this office, shall be entitled to the current vol. entire, either with or without an exchange.

TO THE SUFFERING. STEPHEN CUTLER, of Woburn, Mass., is induced again to offer his services as a Healing Medium to those who may be suffering under any form of disease. He is located at Central Square, about a mile from the City Centre, and has accommodations for a limited number of patients at his house. He has the assistance of other Healing Mediums in his family, and avails himself of the remedial virtues of the magnetic machine, water, etc., and has been very successful in the treatment of rheumatism, fevers, and inflammatory diseases generally. Refers to Capt. Oliver Bacon, Ebenezer Dow, George W. Allen, and Gideon Chellis of Woburn Centre; John Howlett, of Saugus, and others.

MRS. METTLER'S RESTORATIVE SYRUP, though not a universal panacea, is one of the most efficacious remedies for all those diseases which originate in an impure state of the blood, derangement of the secretions, and bilious obstructions. Those who are troubled with unequal circulation, sick and nervous headache, inactivity of the liver, constipation of the bowels, and irritation of the mucous membrane, together with their various sympathetic effects, will find this syrup invaluable. Also constantly on hand MRS. METTLER'S CELEBRATED DYSENTERY CORDIAL. A new supply of her CHOLERA ELIXIR received.

FEDERHEN & CO., 9 and 13, Court street, Boston, agents for New England, to whom all orders must be addressed.

DR. CUTLER'S PSYCHOLOGICAL AND MEDICAL OFFICE, No. 292 Washington St., Boston. Corner of Bedford St., Room No. 4, over J. T. Brown's Drug Store.

A NEW and valuable remedy for SCROFULA, recently discovered by a Clairvoyant, is now ready and for sale at the above office.

WILLIAM D. EMERSON. The Medium Clairvoyant, or Seer, will attend to the examination of the Sick, as above. Office hours, from 9 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 5 P. M. August 16.

HEALING OINTMENT. PREPARED true to directions received from the Spirit Land. It will be useful for Burns, Scalds, Ulcers, external injuries, also for Chapped Hands, Chills, and all Humors and Skin Diseases. It is cooling, soothing, and removes inflammation; exciting healthy action on diseased surfaces, and removing pain. Prepared by William E. Rice; for sale by Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, Boston. Price 25 cents per box.

A. C. STILES, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, East Bridgeport, Conn. Dealer in Drugs and Medicines, Perfumery and Fancy Articles. The sick attended at all hours of day or night. No mineral poison used.

Dr. S. has become developed as a Clairvoyant Medium, and can perfectly describe the local of disease, also the feelings experienced by the patient. Letters post paid, strictly attended to. Consultation fee, \$1.

Series for 1855. THE HOME JOURNAL. MORRIS AND WILLIS, EDITORS.

The first number of the new series will be issued on the first of January next. New subscribers can be supplied from that date; but immediate application will be necessary for such as desire to begin with the beginning. A home is hardly complete, we think, if we may ask the Creator, without the *Home Journal*, which, besides being a chronicle of the times, abounds in intelligence tending to enliven an American Home. Its editors (Geo. P. Morris and N. P. Willis) devote their entire time, skill and experience to the task of giving each week everything worth knowing. They particularly keep their eye on all the whims and novelties of the day. The outmost pains are taken to present the facts and outlines of all news. In the literary department we aim at sketches and readable criticism, and in our condensations of the productions of the vast newspaper world of Europe, we endeavor to avoid the tiresome and the local, and transfer to our columns the pick of English information and brilliancy, while we endeavor to select with a true sense of pure moral, the true wit, and genuine humor. In addition to the above, Mr. Willis will give the gossip of the day in a series of articles in *digests*, to be called "CHATS IN TOWN." These he will alternate with "LETTERS FROM THE COUNTRY." The graphic and highly-finished sketches by "The Lady of Shalott," "Timothy Quave," and others, will be continued. We have also new correspondents in London and Paris, who will send us much that could never reach us through foreign journals. Terms.—For one copy, \$2; for three copies, \$5, or for one copy for three years, \$5—always in advance. Subscribe without delay. Address MORRIS & WILLIS, 101 Fulton street, New York.

