









## Letter from Bro. Simmons.

Bro. Hewitt:—If it is not too assuming, allow me once more to make my mark upon your sheet. Were it possible for me to give you an outline of what has taken place in divers places, without using the letter "I," it would please me; but to escape the look of egotism, your servant would not attempt to write a sermon. So, with truth, rather than the fear of man before me, I commence a narrative of things as they are.

During the last six months, I have been into many of the by-places of Vermont and New Hampshire, and also into many of the public places. And the universal theme is "Spiritualism." There is no question but that the truth is spreading as fast as safety will warrant. There are, however, some things which I find, venomously crawling around our altar, which our faith and knowledge must repel. There is a disposition abroad to have Spiritualism triumph in a day. Some of the most ardent of the million are, with a sickly eye, watching for miracles, rather than enjoying the light which they have received. Such, it seems, must consider immortality of no consequence whatever, unless they become the conspicuous managers in the eye of the world; or, at least, unless the world comes to them upon bended knee to ask their forgiveness.

I believe there will be insanity, and an easy slide into "sleep," where this inaction exists. I meet thousands, however, of the consistent students of our faith who practice our faith, nevertheless. There are scores who have great faith in prayer; so much so, that, at divers times and places, they have taken grain out of their barns, and money out of their purses to bestow upon the needy.

Some share homes with orphans; and some find homes. One, with whom I am acquainted, took an old man out of the poor-house to lower his body more gently into its grave. One, with whom I was once staying, got up in the morning, and told us he was going to pray with the poor, and then went to a sick man, near by, with a bag of grain. The aforesaid sick man was visited by a priest, a few days before, who asked him if he had made his "peace with God." Thus I find many are enjoying the faith, by attending to the common matters of the social compact.

I have formed friendships with thousands who believe that they shall live forever, because they believe in spirit manifestations. And I am bold to state, that I never saw but four crazy Spiritualists—(a small number compared with the ratio of any other faith.) One of these claimed to be a medium for impressions—said that he was going to be the "Head;" that Jesus Christ and himself were going to decide upon the future course of Truth. He had large self-esteem and marvellousness, and dwelt day after day upon his future greatness. One was too deep a student; he often did not allow himself to sleep, so great was his thirst for the philosophy of human existence. This last unwise step was caused by his wife, who would not let him have peace to read when she was awake.

A third, was a lady who was sick with a fever, and was very naturally "out of her head" for a few days. Her relatives raved and rode and talked fiercely. Her neighbors assisted a doctor to "visit" her, until nature triumphed; and with her fever, her insanity departed. She is as sane now as ever she was. The last of the four is a fine lady who, heretofore, (as her mother died in an insane hospital,) is disposed to insanity; yet she attends to her household duties, and her noble husband thinks her case is no worse than it was long before Spiritualism was spoken or thought of. Only one of these was crazy enough to go to the asylum.

Secularists enough have been crazy, in my immediate vicinity, to make this number appear small, as I am obliged to go over the State to find the four. But a few days ago, a man near us, was crazy enough to cut his throat. I am told that he was a Methodist. It is but a few days since a member of the Christian Church in Woodstock was carried to the insane asylum, in Brattleborough; and while I am penning this, I have heard of the death of one of my neighbors by poison, who was oppressed in many ways, and was thus insane enough to be a suicide. I might fill out a long list of the insane in Woodstock, during the past few years, who were members of the different churches; but I forbear.

Among all those whom I have met, I have not found one who is a believer in "free love." I make this statement with due reflection. Even those who believe that the marriage rite, as formed and performed by man, is wrong, are not disposed to call down just censure upon their heads by recklessly breaking up their families,—thus doing no good to the world, but much hurt to themselves, and bringing undue odium upon reform.

I thank God that the believers in this glorious faith are mostly working people; that they are not loafers or misers; that they are not beggars, but actors. I have met with the friends every Sunday except one, since I wrote you last, and have had meetings often, evenings; and although we have no church organization, we almost always have a church to hold our meetings in, and generally four times as many to fill our houses as attend the "old line" meetings. These things I name not boastingly, but to show the triumph of truth.

There is among us, as elsewhere, a difference in opinion. Some are disposed to patch old garments in honor of their age; while others wear new garments, fitted by the experience of the past and the wisdom of the present. Thus, you perceive, we are much like the world in general.

Allow me to speak of the cause in my town, and I will close. As I can not be at home, and as it is true that a foreign speaker is far more acceptable than a home speaker, I do not often meet with the friends in W., for a public purpose; yet, last Thursday evening, we had a meeting which was fully attended. It was attended by the gentlemen of the bar, as the court is in session. I would

not be away from "home," and from my earlier friends, if it were mine to choose; but so it is not. It is possible that "organization" would give us much aid, for we have numbers enough to present a bold and united front to the world.

Broa. Randall and Winn are not in our place now, and we miss them greatly. Their office was our depot, until they were called away. There is one church in our town which is open to our faith; and now and then we enter it.

Much is now said against us, by the prejudiced, on the score of "polygamy," while it unfortunately happens, (for this accusation,) that it does not exist to an extent that can fasten its charge upon us. Spiritualists are not perfect, and some may shamefully err. It is not our faith that does this, but the want of it. When we ask for evidence, that we are "easy" upon the point of "free love," they refer us to a case in Boston. I sincerely hope that our enemies may ever be obliged to go as far for authority. It is strange how some wild rumor, like the above, travels. From Vermont to California, this unmusical key-note does out its suspicion, which was born in our camp, and we must all be suspected because forewarned. In grace, had some kind spirit forewarned the rotaries of the churches around us, in the years that are gone, methinks their scores of priests and hundreds of laymen might have been more pure than at present, for we have had some sickening cases of adultery in the sterner churches of our place.

Please excuse my style, brother, for my training has been behind the plough. May holy angels guard you.

Yours truly, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.

Woodstock, Dec. 25, 1854.

We are very happy to hear as above, from our old friend again. He says many good and true things—sometimes a little quaintly, it is true, but none the worse for that. We should be glad to hear from him often.

## Is the Soul Material?

BROTHER HEWITT:—The world of thought is in motion—false and sectarian dogmas are giving way to more truthful ideas; and the time is rapidly approaching, when a better state of things, universally, will prevail. Let us labor to hasten the day.

We are told by superior intelligences that "all is matter, and matter is all." Are love, benevolence, etc., matter? If so, how are they produced? It is a known law, that when a substance passes from a rarer to a denser medium, heat, which was before latent, is set free. If "all is matter," heat is matter.

Now, I know not why this law does not obtain in the evolution of other substances also. It is believed that the earth once existed in a gaseous form—that by continual condensation and combination, the particles have been brought to their present state. Why may we not suppose, that the fragrance of flowers, etc., is set free by a similar process—and if true in these cases, why may it not be a general law, that the finer, or more ethereal particles are evolved by the condensation of the coarser? Of course, they occupy less space than before; and why may not the emotions, called love, benevolence,—and, in fact, those of all our faculties,—be set free by this action? I cannot see.

We believe there is constant motion among the atoms of matter throughout the universe. Emanations are continually sent forth from everything. And if the atoms of which my soul is composed, are sent forth and unite with those of which another soul is made, and love is set free by the combination, why may not other atoms of my soul unite with those of another soul, and produce love also, in every case, when they meet with those of similar refinement? The more refined they are, the more easily can they permeate space—can they not?—and thus form connections with distant objects? For my part, I can see no good reason for disbelieving an assertion in Nichols' Journal, by S. P. Andrews, that "development tends towards expansion and diffusion of the affections—not, as the world believes—towards concentration and intensification." Dr. Buchanan locates the seat of love near the summit of the brain, and the seat of passion at the base. The latter should not be mistaken for the former. We frequently meet with those in whom the organ of love seems to be almost entirely absent, and they, of course, judge those in whom it is developed, by their own condition.

"In Heaven, they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" but is there not love among the inhabitants of that place? and do we not wish for heaven upon earth? Is an angel's love limited to one other angel? Surely we must love one before we can love two; but because we love one, does it necessarily follow that we cannot love more?

Yours, for Truth, L. A.

The above seems not a little suggestive of thought on the substantive nature of the soul, and of the love-principle of our nature. Now, it matters not whether we call the soul matter or spirit, if so be, that we get the idea—that is the main point. That the soul is substance, seems self-evident; and to deny it, is to think of it as of nothing! and therefore to make nothing of it. And the common idea amounts to this, and this only. It is, therefore, "good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men," like the "salt" that had "lost its savor."

As to the conclusion at which the writer finally arrives, we only disagree—not in the idea of freedom for the affections, so that one angel may love many, and many love one; and so also, of mortals, in the more general and elevated sense of the term, love—but in

the possibility and true naturalness of conjugal love being various. This doctrine of variety, we do not see as applicable to conjugal love, which, in view of it, seems a misnomer, in as much as the very idea of conjugal love, is that of *unity*. But even this, in a true union of souls, is truly free, and only free in the truly spiritual and dual marriage.

We have received the following glowing and hopeful document, (from Robert Owen, we suppose,) and lay it before our readers, that they may know what propositions are being made for the good of man. The churches may be still disposed to call Robert Owen an infidel; but if so, we say, give us his infidelity, in preference to their Christianity.

## THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR, THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM IN 1855.

All Governments, Religions, Classes, Sects and Parties, in all Countries, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a meeting to be held in the metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 15th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And, as a preliminary measure, the Trades of this metropolis are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1, 1855, at 7 P. M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held, as stated, on the 15th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and with a right good-will to aid, and benefit them, regardless of their class, creed, country, or color.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings; but the whole will be conducted with "truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, 25th November, 1854.

## Record of Phenomena.

For the New Era.

A Week in New York.

FRIEND HEWITT:—I won't trouble you with the particulars of my passage, for it was second class, and might put me down a peg in the eyes of the nobler ones. But I arrived on the morning of the 7th, in good order to walk to the hotel, with no further disgrace. It was a humble place, but convenient and good for the price. I believe it to be the best in New York, for "short" people, like myself. It is Savery's Hotel, 14 Beekman street, kept on the European plan. But I soon found my good friend, Toohy, ready to take me into his family as a brother.

Last evening, with him, I attended a private circle at Mrs. Brown's. The manifestations were worth relating. First, the raps were loud, like the sound of a good sized hammer, made in several places about the table, and by request, on the ceiling and door.

When my turn came, the spirit picked out a name, which I had written among several others, as its own, claiming to be a half-brother. Truly, I had a half-brother by that name, who is now in the spirit-world. Still I placed but little confidence in the "test," but asked for nothing further. The spirit then spelled out a beautiful sentence about faith. But one can't have faith till faith comes,—at least, I can't, desirable as it may be.

Soon the bells were put under the table by myself, after a very close scrutiny for the machinery which was to be employed in ringing them; but though I saw none, they were repeatedly rung, while all hands were on the table. Then I took a clean sheet of paper, tore it open, kept one part in my hand, passed the other to a gentleman by my side, with the request that he should place it under the table with the pencil. He did so under my inspection. All hands were then placed upon the table, the medium's feet being on those of a gentleman by her side. In a few moments, by the raps, we were requested to take up the paper. This we did, and found two names written upon it, which we could not make out. Again, the paper was replaced in the same careful manner, and another name distinctly written. Again the experiment was repeated, and the name of my half-brother was written on the other half-sheet. Every person present then signed a certificate, that they did not do the writing, or believe any one in the circle could do it; but that they believed spirits did it.

I would give you this certificate, and the names; but strange to say, these firm believers in Spiritualism would not allow their names to come before the public, because they had other responsibilities resting upon them. There are hundreds of these secret believers in New York; but like the present company, they belong to Wall street, or respectable families, and so their testimony must be suppressed. But I have those names

for private use, and will give them to any one who doubts. I was also touched many times by spirit power at this circle, and also at another on a subsequent evening at the same place.

There are many noble, daring Spiritualists in New York,—not only daring, but generous and devoted. They support a "ragged school," and engage heartily in other practical reforms.

On Sunday, I had the pleasure of meeting Gov. Talmadge, Gen. Bullard, and several others, at Judge Edmonds'. Here I listened to the reading of Gov. Talmadge's very excellent introduction to "The Healing of the Nations," a book written through the mediumship of a young man in Philadelphia, who has had very limited means of literary education, and made no attempt to write his own thoughts. The book will be about the size of Judge Edmonds', and if like the chapter I heard, will create a new era in the literature of Spiritualism. I have seen nothing that begins to approach it, in thought, or in beauty, clearness, brevity, and force of expression. But the book will commend itself, and the Emersonian School would gladly read it. I understood it will be out in about five weeks. The best thing I saw in New York, was the effort to unite the reformers of the various schools, on some practical measure for the amelioration of labor.

A movement is undertaken, which promises to do a great work in this direction. It is not for me to speak of its nature at this time; but I may say, I have seen nothing so practical, and yet so extensive and radical, as this contemplated movement. God grant it may succeed, for this is the real problem before the reformer,—"How to emancipate and elevate labor." I hope I shall be able to say more of this in the future.

Last Wednesday I came to this place where I have found a noble band of noble brothers and sisters—of the warmest hearts, and liberal and united hands. I have spoken to them several times, and shall soon leave them with much reluctance, but with deep joy at having become acquainted with them.

I have witnessed some conclusive evidence of "identity,"—conclusive to one who can see that "it is absolutely impossible to establish identity." This is afforded by a medium who first describes, then personifies the spirit, and finally mentions facts in its earthly history. I would relate the facts in one or two cases, could I do them justice; but those who know me will know that I cannot be satisfied of the identity of a spirit friend by a simple "test," or any ordinary amount of evidence. In these cases, I am fully satisfied upon this point. The medium is Mrs. Babcock, formerly of Roxbury.

A. J. Davis speaks in this place next Sunday. I proceed West soon.

Yours, Dec. 28th, '54 J. H. FOWLER.

"THE UNA."—We call the attention of our readers to the "Prospectus of the UNA" in another column. This monthly periodical has now been before the public two years—is devoted principally to the advancement, rights and elevation of WOMAN, and is afforded to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR a year in advance, as will be seen. All those wishing the paper, can have it sent to them from this office, together with the "New Era," for one year, for two DOLLARS. (postage pre-paid), thus saving 50 cents on both.

## Special Notices.

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 Yorkshire, N. Y.

## 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.

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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. 14tf

## 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.  
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## Advertisements.

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DIOPTRIC VIEWS.

Consisting of Mystical Writings in Greek, Hebrew, Bengali, Chinese, and also in unknown languages.—Portraits of Eminent Philosophers, Poets, Seers and Saints. Some of these heads have been pronounced by well known Artists, to be remarkable productions of artistic merit.

Besides the above, are various kinds of flowers and scenery of the spirit land, and many other beautiful specimens of spirit skill and power.

The drawings are perfect Facsimiles of the original, and as a whole will form one of the most unique, classic and extraordinary Exhibitions ever presented to the public, and cannot fail to deeply interest both the believer and the skeptic.

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Dr. Hayden having made an agreement with Professor Britton to answer all calls to lecture with the drawings in New England, except Connecticut, will be most happy to lecture in public or private for a moderate compensation. The Exhibition will be ready about the 15th of the present month.

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## 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.

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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 PAPER.

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 farther than he voluntarily and willingly commits himself, independently 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 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 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 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.

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The Woman's Rights movement having become one of so much importance as to enlist almost every variety of character, and shade of opinion, it has been deemed needful, in order that a correct history of its progress might be preserved, its tenets truthfully presented, and its philosophy thoroughly treated, that there should be one periodical through which those most deeply interested could have utterance.

Political parties, or those devoted to special reforms, are unlike admitted to present a question involving so much of truth to this—of which needs the fairest, the most candid and careful examination and consideration.

THE UNA has been free in its character, admitting almost every variety of opinion, and the treatment of almost every subject that might, with propriety, come within its province to investigate and discuss. Such it will continue to be. Art, Science, Literature, Philosophy—both spiritual and natural—the science of Association, or the Re-organization of Society, and individual development, will each receive their due share of attention.

Our contributors, a few of whose names we give, will be warmly greeted by our readers. These are, Mrs. D. H. M. P. OAKES SMITH, Mrs. F. D. GAGE, Mrs. E. CHENEY, (now in Paris), Mrs. PETER, and LIZZIE LINN, whose story of "Marriage the only Alternative" opens with the first number of the new year, and is quite worth the price of the volume.

The business department of the paper having passed into other hands, with every prospect of permanence, we feel much confidence in pressing its claims for support and attention.

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TO THE SUFFERING. STEPHEN CUTLER, of Woburn, Mass., is induced again to offer his services as a Healing Medium



## Poetry.

For the New Era.

## THE REFORMER.

First, thoughtful, still in early youth,  
Contemplating life and love;  
"What meaneth this?" "What part is thine?"  
Asking his soul.

Girdling the round earth with his thought,  
He measures calmly o'er  
Its wrongs, its wretchedness, its wants,—  
Soon, still no more.

All unexpressed, some mission high  
New prophecies within;  
Sweeteth his heart, kindleth his eye  
At passing sin—  
Telling the sympathetic few,  
What yet he knoweth not;  
That one more free, in embryo yet,  
World-wrong hath got.

And sorrows try him in their frow,  
White with a heavenly glow;  
Anvil of labor teach the art  
Of bending low—  
Low before God—whilst, facing man,  
Upright he learns to grow;  
As idols, false ambitious die  
With every blow.

Last born, upheaved from innermost want,  
Arieth earnest prayer;  
Sin loometh fast;—God grant him strength  
To do and dare.  
And then to morrow, e'en when Hope  
Is faint, or we are cold,  
He, who that mighty arm invoked,  
Will face the world.

Now, man of action; better now  
That thy brave body break;  
In wearying, wrestling tug of war,  
Than Right forsake.  
All day, all night, from morn till eve,  
From eve till morn again,  
A drawn-out barrier is he  
Against wicked men.

"The Right eternal, clear and fair  
For earth's down-trodden thralls;  
Right! though each castle in the air  
Totters and falls."  
He cannot stay it—God hath sent  
That message to his soul;  
Padlock nor prison, bribe nor chain,  
That voice controls.

A new man is that earnest soul,  
Unworld-schooled, native, high;  
Think! at him, quite simple, easy thrown!  
Stretch out and try!  
I tell thee, braggart, e'en to-day,  
Fresh-born, he'll cast thy world,  
And soon—with struggling strong—will get  
Gigantic mould.

God multiply and send him forth,  
The thoughtful, prayerful, just;  
This man of action, reader far  
To break, than rust,  
And when grim Wrong beneath his feet,  
Has numbered all his days;  
Again may't find him humble, meek,  
Bending in praise.

D. F. GODDARD.

From the Ladies' (Methodist) Repository.  
ANGELS.  
"Are they not ministering spirits?"—Heb. i. 14.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings  
Of the being yet to be,  
Bands of spirits hover round us,  
Like the shore-birds on the sea.

Shore-birds, how they set hearts longing  
For the happiness of home!  
As around the weary vessel  
They in flocks of beauty come;  
They utter venture far and farther  
In the calm of sea and sky,  
Singing glad; but when the tempest  
Threatens, and the rocks are nigh,  
Then they, landward wildly winging,  
Screaming on the gale,  
Of a shock among the breakers,  
To the ruin rushing sail.

So those spirits from your bright shore,  
Golden with the sand of stars,  
When God's truth has calmed the billows  
Of our being's passion wars—  
Then these spirits come to visit,  
Come to visit and console,  
Dipping angel pinions round us  
In the earthly sea of soul—  
Cheering onward, or else warning  
Of some thundering tempest nigh,  
Or some secret rock of ruin  
On the voyage to the sky.

They are round us—round us ever;  
'Tis their presence in the soul,  
When affections, like full fountains,  
Gush from the heart's deep well;  
When the thrilling heart-strings quiver  
As a harp's air-melting strings,  
Is their sweeping angel fingers,  
Or their bruising angel wings;  
When the soul of earth takes pinion  
For a heavenward flight far,  
Upward through the awful nothing  
Beckon they from star to star.

Oh! they glide down on our slumbers—  
Those whom on the earth we knew—  
And those who have lived before us—  
And who wake to live anew;  
For their voices, sweet and solemn,  
Though but ripples of the tone  
Which upbushes, music's ocean,  
Ever round the Great White Throne;  
Yet inspire us with more longing  
For the glory in the sky—  
For the happy life immortal  
Of these angels hovering nigh.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings  
Of the being yet to be,  
Bands of spirits hover round us,  
Like the shore-birds on the sea.  
COATES KINNEY.

TRUE WORSHIP AND UNDEFILED.  
O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!  
The holier worship which God deigns to bless,  
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent step, the great example  
Of him whose holy work was doing good;  
So shall the wide earth see our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Thus shall all shackles fall, the stormy danger  
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease;  
Love shall tread out the baleful fires of anger,  
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace.  
WHITTIER.

INFANT VOICES.  
Oh! if there still be melody on earth,  
Worthy the sacred words where man drew birth,  
When angel steps their paths rejoicing trod;  
And the air trembles with the breath of God;  
It lives in those soft accents, to the sky,  
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy.  
HEMANS.

## Miscellany.

## The Immortal Fountain.

[Continued.]

Aucune had noticed a strange peculiarity in the circumstances of the persons of the angels, and the scenery of heaven, becoming more beautiful and interesting at each succeeding visit. On a little reflection, however, she perceived that the change was in herself; for in that spirit-world all things have an immediate correspondence with its inhabitants. Every thought and affection of angels takes up an external objective form; and thus, all that is seen in heaven is the outbirth and reflex of angelic minds. Each angel, therefore, sees himself portrayed upon all that surrounds him. Every beast and every bird, yea, every object that is beheld, is thus made a mirror to reflect the inward souls of the angels upon their external senses, so that they possibly cannot mistake their quality!

This is one reason why angels are so singularly happy; for there is a continual harmony and correspondence between their state and external objects. No annoyances, or difficulties, or troubles can possibly take place with them; for the desires of the mind flow forth into external objects, and provide, as it were, for their own wants. Here is the reason, too, why heaven is so glorious, and hell so monstrous; for goodness and virtue are the soul of real beauty, so that the beauty of heaven is the reflection of the goodness of angels. And wickedness and vice are the essence of all deformity and misery; so that the dreadfulness of hell is the outbirth of the wickedness of the sinner.

Just, therefore, as Aucune's state improved, did all that she beheld become more beautiful and delightful. She was gradually brought into a pure, angelic state, and then she could breathe the air of heaven, and associate with its purer inhabitants. And, as they journeyed on, they beheld each other's states, and wish, and life, and glory, reflected before their eyes; so that each enjoyed his own and others' pleasure; and, in blessing others, they became blessed altogether.

They saw beautiful palaces on their way; some were of polished marble, with steps of alabaster in front, and at the sides were pillars of jasper, supporting rainbow roofs. Within these colonnades were angels, walking two and two, with long flowing robes of shining white, like those that the women saw the angels clothed with at the sepulchre of the Lord. The companions of Aucune told her that those, and all angels, had once been inhabitants of the natural world; but, having made their spirit perfect by the divine assistance, they were transplanted from earth to heaven, to live in everlasting bliss.

Aucune was walking on in silence, contemplating the remarkable instruction of the angels, when she heard the faint notes of distant music. It came nearer and nearer, and gradually it seemed to emanate from every palace and every angel in heaven! It was a hymn of praise to the Great Creator, and the song was this:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
Which was, and is, and is to come!  
Thou art worthy, O Lord,  
To receive glory, and honor, and power;  
For thou hast created all things,  
And for thy pleasure they are and were created!"

Aucune, almost unconsciously, echoed the loud-sounding song; for it was in unison with the chord that was most awakened in her heart. As soon as the music had ceased, and she had, in some measure, recovered from her surprise, she asked the meaning of such general praise.

"These are glorifications," said the angels. "They are frequently heard in heaven, and are indications of the strong perceptions of the goodness of the Lord, which the angels sometimes feel. We are made sensible of the benevolence and mercy of God, and, in humble thankfulness for all His mercies, we simultaneously burst into songs of adoration and gratitude. Heaven then rings with the praises of God."

They still progressed, and talked about these wonderful things; and at every step new wonders appeared. At last they arrived at another gate, still more beautiful than either of the others, and made of solid gold. Over the top was written, in letters of shining gold, "The Gate of Love." As soon as Aucune saw it, she felt a presentiment that she would not be able to pass, and involuntarily cried:

"Not yet!"  
"Not yet!" was echoed from the within the portal. "Not yet."

She started, and was turning away, sadly dejected with her repeated failures, when the gate was opened, and a company of the sweetest beings ever mortal saw, clad in rich white robes, appeared, and invited her to them. As she was approaching, another company in the gate sang a song of condolence; and all the music she had ever heard was as nothing to it. The words were as follows:

"Young immortal, never fear;  
Courage take, and go  
Fill thy soul with love sincere,  
While on earth below.

"Then, through this gate of glory,  
Thou shalt enter in  
To realms of joy so holy,  
Pure and free from sin!"

Aucune felt inwardly delighted with this assurance of yet seeing the Fountain of Beauty, and felt that it would, indeed, be a fountain of joy to her. The angels all kissed her, and, emboldened by their kindness, she entered the gate to proceed through their land to the Fountain.

"Thou must know, sweet immortal," said one, who seemed to be the personation of love itself, "that ours is the land of love. Here we do every thing from love, and not from a mere sense of duty; for in motives of duty we perceive something of constraint and servitude. They, therefore, who are in this state look upon God as a good Master, and themselves as His servants; but we love to regard Him as our Father, and ourselves as His children. Thou must go to thy immortal," continued the angel, "to thy world again, and make what has hitherto been a duty a delight and a pleasure. Thou must learn to hate evil, and shun it, because it is learn to love God and the good of thy fellows; contrary to duty because it is good, and thou must do good because it is good, and of God and the unconstrained choice of thy soul. Thou must neither let fear drive thee from evil, nor the hope of reward, either in the life of the body or in that of the spirit, cause thee to do good; but thou must do it from the sincere and pure love of virtue itself; so shalt thou, in time, return to us, and pass on to the Fountain of Beauty."

The angels walked down the steps with her, and gave her the usual kiss, and bid her be of good courage. They stood affectionately gazing after her, and waving their handkerchiefs in the breeze, by way of encouragement, until they were closed from her view. Aucune returned to the world, almost afraid that, after all, she would not be able to bathe in the Fountain.

"Hope not for the Fountain!" said the same mysterious still small voice, that had, more than once, taught her what to do in cases of trouble.

She felt that it was a warning from Heaven, but she was at a loss to understand it. "Hope not for the Fountain!" said she to herself, with surprise; and thus she kept pondering and turning it over for many days. In great distress of mind she wandered to the shady-grotto, and prayed to be enlightened; and, while she prayed, the heavens opened, and an angel descended and stood before her.

"Let not thy soul be disturbed," said he, "but rather rejoice that thou art able to see this difficulty; for it is one that eludes the sight of thousands. Thou must henceforth cease to hope for the Fountain as an end of life, and go to Chaucune, and she will instruct thee further."

And, as he thus said, he suddenly departed out of her sight. Aucune still felt disturbed, and immediately sought Chaucune, and told her all that had occurred, and implored her to tell her what to do.

"Dear sister," said Chaucune, "you have followed goodness, hitherto, merely to prepare you to go to the Fountain of Beauty; now you must hereafter desire the Fountain for the purpose of leading you to goodness. What you have, up to this time, made the end, you must now regard as the means, and the means must hereafter be the end. Goodness and virtue should be the end of every endeavor. Truth may be the principal end up to a certain period of regeneration, but afterwards it must become merely the means to a higher and holier one, which is goodness. Learn, then, my dear sister, to understand well the true ends of human life, and, without hoping for, you shall have blessings. Endeavor to make this change in your mind, and the barrier will become an assistance to the higher object you shall have in view."

The sisters walked, in a meditative mood, into their father's beautiful garden. One was wrapped in profound thought concerning the interior wisdom that the angel and her sister had taught her; the other was hoping for the ultimate success of her sister, and meditating on the means she should adopt to assist her. In a short time they were aroused from their thoughts by the approach of their father, who informed them that the Wise Alan of the Hill had come, and wished to see them.

"Run and welcome him," said Aucune, "and I will go and gather a little fruit, for he will be fatigued with the journey." And away she bounded to the orchard, and plucked the finest fruit she could find, while Chaucune and her father went to entertain their visitor.

As soon as Aucune entered, the old gentleman informed them of a dreadful occurrence that had taken place. He said:

"As I was riding, with my servants, not far from the district where we found you in the forest, Aucune, we met a boy, shivering with cold, and his face covered with blood. On inquiry, we found that his father, and mother, and two sisters, and himself had mistaken their way; and, while in the act of retracing their steps, they were met by a woman, probably the same that led you astray, who told them to follow her, and she would lead them to a place of safety. Little thinking whom they were following, they cheerfully obeyed, and were led on from one place to another until night set in, when a storm arose; and, while in the midst of it, a faint light appeared, which they followed, and found it led to a cave, from which proceeded the noise of revelry and boisterous joy."

"The man refused, at first, to enter; but the storm was raging with awful fury, the lightning flashed with among the trees, and the thunder rolled, and the wind roared, and the rain fell in torrents; and, looking round upon his shivering and fatigued family, he at last consented. It so happened that the boy had carried a little behind, from weariness; and, before he could arrive, a massive gate was drawn across the mouth of the cave, and shut him out. As soon as the gate was drawn, an infernal shout of delight proceeded from thousands of voices, and the noise and revelry increased. The youth was terrified, and fled from the place, not knowing whither, and wandered about in the forest, and more than once was struck with falling trees, that caused the blood to flow down his innocent face, and filled his soul with terror."

"As soon as we found him, and heard his story, we judged that it would be an ill omen; and we hastened thither, peradventure we might rescue them. On our arrival, we heard moans proceeding from within, which was an indication that some one was still living. We sounded our trumpet of Truth, that they might know that help was at hand, and, setting ourselves vigorously to work, we very soon found out a crevice in the rock, through which we all entered as quickly as possible. But it was not before the furies had taken alarm. Before we had all got fairly into the cave, we were obliged to draw our swords and fight the infernal hosts!"

"The contest was severe at first, but not long; for, when manfully assailed, the furies are complete cowards! and we drove them before us, and finally they descended through the ears, and fled by a subterranean passage, and left us in entire possession of the cave. We were directed to the man and his family by their moans; and, to our joy, we found they were still living, but much more dead. We broke down the gate, and endeavored to destroy the creatures, and brought the unfortunate creatures to the light, and examined their wounds, and poured in oil and wine, and set them on our horses; and now, I am happy to say, they are at my house, doing well."

The two sisters and their father were well pleased with the success of the Wise Man, and desired to return with him, that they might see the family.

On their arrival, Aucune was filled with anxiety to render them some assistance; for she remembered the night of horror she had passed under similar circumstances. She staid a whole week, and never left them, they were so far recovered as to be able to go on their way towards the city of Contentment, where they soon arrived, thankful to God for having raised up so great a deliverance from so great a danger into which they had fallen.

Well prepared for heaven by these acts of kindness, she was admitted into the association of angels; and, as she approached the magnificent Gate of Gold, a company of glorious beings came out and met her, and fell upon her neck, and embraced her, and kissed her. Their countenances bespoke incessant love, and they were evidently filled with extreme joy, which strongly reminded me of the joy which the Lord declares there is in heaven over every repentant sinner.

The robes of the angels were so beautiful as almost to surpass even a faint description. They were white as the purest light, and shone as if some brilliant flame burned within.

in, and all were bound together by a girdle of rich purple velvet. So perfectly did they fit their bodies, that there seemed not a single fold out of its place. Around their heads were wreaths of fragrant, delicate flowers, which never lost their odors, and here and there a ruby set forth its beautiful reflected light; and behind each ear every one had an olive leaf.

As Aucune entered, every angel manifested the utmost delight, and welcomed her as a sister; and a choir of voices from within raised their harmonious notes, and sung,—

"Enter, enter, young immortal,  
Through celestial golden portals;  
Welcome to our land of love,  
Welcome to the realms above!

"Sweetly shall the Fountain flow,  
On thee rich blessings bestow;  
Beauty, goodness, joy and peace,  
Shall within thy soul increase!"

"Sister angel, pass on, pass on!"

She was immediately clad with similar robes; and one tall, majestic, glorious being, who seemed to be the prince of the company, came to her, and placed behind her ear the olive leaf, and said:

"This is the badge of our heaven, and by it we acknowledge you as our sister. Come, now, to the Immortal Fountain, for the barriers are all passed; peace and tranquility shall henceforth be your companions, joy and gladness shall forever attend you, and we will be your protecting friends."

They all departed, and it is impossible to describe the beauty of the flowers, and the sweetness of their odors, and the glory of the light, and the purity of the atmosphere, and the happiness of that heaven, for, to mortals, they are ineffable! There was one object, however, the most wonderful and glorious of any she had yet seen. It was God, clothed as it were, with the sun, and from whom proceeded light which illuminated all heaven with its glory. (Psalm 104: 2. Rev. 19: 17, 22: 5.) And, on the appearance of His Divine Majesty, all angels prostrated themselves in humble adoration.

As they travelled, in a little time the murmuring of the waters were heard, and a thrill of delight passed through the soul of Aucune. She ascended the beautiful Mount of Innocence, on which it stood, and there before her lay the waters, in the form of a lake, from the centre of which they rose high up into the air, and fell gently upon the surface. Angels were bathing their beautiful forms, and Aucune ran up and looked in, and saw the face of one beaming with joy and beauty, which seemed to be looking at her from within the water! And, as she continued to admire this lovely countenance, her sister Chaucune came joyfully up and kissed her, and, in tones of exultation and pleasure, said:

"O my beloved Aucune! long, long have I wished to behold you standing upon the brink of these blessed waters, so that I could show you how sweet and beautiful you are! Look there," said she, pointing to the face in the water; "look there, and behold the beauty of your own countenance!"

Aucune looked, and was astonished to find that it was her own face, the countenance of her own purified soul, so infinitely more beautiful than that of her body, that she did not recognize it.

"But I have not bathed yet!" said she, with surprise.

"True, you have not yet bathed in this type of the Holy Water," said Chaucune, "but the true water of purifying, living truth, from the River of Life, has been flowing in your soul since the time you first set out to reach the Fountain. Remember how your heart was once filled with the spiritual filth of sin, and then think of the holy commands and wise instruction that were given you by angels to make you pure and fit you for heaven. These were the waters of the true Fountain of Beauty!"

"O Chaucune, Chaucune!" said Aucune, "I understand it all!" and falling upon her neck, the two sisters embraced each other with the ardency of angelic love, and then fell upon their knees, and, with eyes and hands uplifted, they uttered in unison a holy and solemn prayer, which I heard as if ascending to the throne of the Majesty on high, blessing and praising God for all His mercies, and His wonderful works to the children of men!

After this, I awoke.

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# THE NEW ERA.

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

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WHOLE NO., 113.

## Thoughts of the Age.

### No Man can be a Christian.

BY A. M. POTTER.

A startling, repelling, it may be, kind of assertion this, that *no man* can be a Christian. Sufficiently sweeping, and prospectively full enough of infidelity, to suit even this day of questions and doubtings. Nor is this assertion thrown out as simply one way, or as a snare, to get a reader, to see how easy any one can be a Christian. It stands as open and forbidding, as possibly it can, an *assertion*. It is needless for me to say in this place, let no one accept it as already proved. No, nor disprove either.

If I can only have the attentive mind for a little, with a certain condition of it, that in some sense, would be an oblivion to all previous commitments, opinions, beliefs, or pre-delections, fondly holding fast to present positions or principles; with the reason fully in action; with a love of what seems the highest perception of truth, seeking yet higher still; if I can have such a state of mind, to go with me into this question, I shall have some hope of closing this article with a feeling of use, as if I had not vainly given expression to my later thoughts.

I know well enough—and it is a crushing, chilling experience—that no man is so often condemned in the very thing which he allows, as the so-called Christian; yet in this day of searchings and judgments, I am not without hope of a reader, and a thinking reader too; still it is quite too true, that the religionists of to-day, read, think, and hear, only within their own fortress. They sincerely deplore the darkening effects of prejudice and bigotry, in others, un mindful of the sickening fact, that they themselves are in the same condemnation. Happy that mind, that can forget it ever had a favorite theory or belief, and can open its gates to the incomings of strangers, thereby often entertaining angels; ever ready to examine the credentials of any or every new thought. Such a mind is ever growing. It seems to me now, that I never had a thought, that came with a wanton smile upon its face, but it proved a wanton, nor a serene, truthful-looking, sober, it may be forbidding one, and which, perhaps, I repelled at first, but upon better acquaintance, had a value, and became valued. This negation of mine, coming pat as it does in the face of reverend and grave systems, that have stood for ages, of the character I have last described. I shrink from it at first. But remembering my resolution to reject not the stranger thoughts, I gave it a willing hearing, and am glad I did. But my reader must accept, reject, crucify, or investigate it, as if I had never so done, if he would be safe.

There is an exception to my assertion—one only, and alone, exception. That exception, is Jesus, the Nazarene, who lived some eighteen hundred or more years ago. To him was accorded the name of Christ, from which has arisen, the word Christian. Thus much being premised, I repeat that no man can be a Christian:—

1. Because no man has ever had, or can have, the entire manifestation of the powers, faculties, conditions, influences, and experience of that one Christian,—Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus was just sufficient to the ability of being a Christian, no more, no less. If the name "Christ" attaches to the being, known as Jesus of Nazareth, then is my position provable. If "Christ" or "Savior" is applicable to any one who saves in any sense, or by any means, a fellow-man from anything either wrong in fact, or seeming, then, of course, I am out of joint with my subject, and would say, that every man, not only can be, but is a Christian—of which more in time. My negation, then, is based upon the ground that Jesus the Son of Joseph, the carpenter, who was a Nazarene, was Christ, or the Christ. It matters not so much what is claimed as the definition of Christ, whether it be the Messiah, the Anointed, or Savior of the world; for whatever be the definition, and this Jesus be admitted or granted as being the Christ, I say as before, that no man can be a Christian, if the exception be in memory, and which must stand as a granted exception, that Jesus was this Christian, this one exception.

Has my reader ever stopped, and for a moment, given the rein to his imagination, or it may be to a better course, his intuition, in pursuit of what it is to be this Christ? If he has not, I only wish, for a moment, that article were faded, as by magic, from the external vision, till you could catch some faint idea of what it was to be Christ—of what it is to be yourself, even. For, let me say here, lest it slip me, that it is as impossible for any man to be a Christian as to be a Washington, or a Nero, or a Fulton; and no more impossible. Hence I may be at once understood as ascribing no force, *per se*, to the office-work usually granted to Christ, as being the Savior of the world, in the sense generally held, in the Catholic, Calvinistic, or Trinitarian dogma of the Vicarious Atonement. So let such reader disabuse his mind in this direction, as we should soon come to loggerheads otherwise; and besides, I have, as I hope, gone beyond this mythological notion of sacrifices and scape-goats, for my own sins, or yours either. Hence, I say, no man can be a Christian, in the same sense I

would say, no man can be a Jackson, a Webster, or any man but himself.

2. If I am accused of perverting or misusing the term Christian, then let me say in this place, that the word Christian is a name, bearing, by our philologists and theologians, (I came near saying, falsely so called), and the conventional use of the word, very many and widely different significations. Indeed, so wonderful is the word in its general use, that it fits altogether opposite and unlike characters, or even a citizen, only, of a country called Christian, in distinction from that of Mohammedan, or Mormon, or other religion. Hence, if I choose to carve, or simply select a definition for myself, the reader must bear in mind, that the negation is based upon the definition. For it must be seen at once, that no man can be another man; and to talk more of this were futile.

My definition, then, is this,—No man can be a Christian,—can be like Christ.

I say not, that a man can be like Christ in some things; for this again, would be, to say every man, not only can be, but is, a Christian. For Christ had eyes, did eat, slept, did talk, did many good things, lived, died, rose again; and surely what man is there, but has some one or more of these qualities, and is therefore like Christ in those qualities? But this I say, that to be like Christ, a man should have the hereditary descent, the moral and physical conditions of his parents,—should have the same influences bearing upon his germinal conditions, the organization, the entire quota of conditions, and the full effect of his educational influences. He should look like, live like, be like, die like, and rise like Christ, if he would be a Christian; and more, he should pursue just that course from the very beginning of the Christ, till eternity is finished, and the Human Drama closed.

Does any one say, of course, no man can be a Christian, according to such a definition! Well, glad am I for the admission, so in advance of any proof. But if I allow some other meaning, then I too might say, a man can, or can not be a Christian, according to the definition. Hence there are such diverse and absurd, often ludicrous things called Christian, since they are so, by virtue of the definition, and not by the reality.

3. Individuality is the pivotal stand of my assertion. Jesus of Nazareth, who was called the Christ, and who is often known by the combined words Jesus Christ, was an individual, having traits in common with his Father in heaven and every being of his kind, or every member of the human family; yet who would expect me to show him as leaving that in his being, or character, which constituted him other than an individual?

4. It is wholly impossible, in all the Universe of God, to find two things or beings alike, or of exact resemblance, one to the other. This, if possible, would bring anarchy, injustice and discord into the whole fabric of God's creation. Two men alike, would forever confuse all other men, and even God. Individuality is as clearly an attribute of God, as Wisdom or Power, for it is one universal, unvarying, infinite law. Not two grains of corn, or trees in the forest, nor snow-flakes, nor stars, nor systems of stars, known as planetary systems, are found or can be, one the exact counterpart or likeness of the other. And this principle gives many, and interesting, and distinctively important themes of thought, but which I have not time now to indulge or extend. If any where Infinite Wisdom is pre-eminently manifest, it is in the infinitude of dissimilarities and similarities combined, as well in races of beings, as in the material objects of nature.

5. Jesus Christ being endowed with that necessity of his being, individuality, was also endowed with the fitting laws of his being. To him those laws were absolute and governing; and inasmuch as my being has anything in common with his, in so far and no more, are our laws the same; and yet, not the same, even there; for I should have all his relations, to have any law applicable, to him and me alike. Most cheerfully do I accord to him an individuality, whose endowments were, in much, transcendently brilliant and desirable, and that were made more brilliant and desirable, by the largeness of their measure and the perfection of their relations, one to another. And in just so much as he rises above me in that, his individuality, in so much is he beyond me, or any man to attain. Much as I may love and adore his Benevolence and Love, it were not my ability to so fully develop those God-given qualities, as he did, in that I have not his whole property of mind and matter to do with. I may in my love of his love, seek to make it mine, and in part attain to the mark, but in part only. As well might the pine-tree seek to attain the strength and dignity of the oak, because the pine is a tree, as well as the oak. As well might the Ethiopian desire to attain the beauty of the Circassian's complexion. And if complexion were the standard of worth, the Circassian's being the perfection, what hope, what but condemnation were the Ethiopian's! When God, the Author of my individuality, as of that of Jesus of Nazareth, makes every man alike, and then says, "Be ye like each other;"—then, and not before, can I be like Jesus, or be condemned, if I am not. As surely may I conclude that Jesus should assume myself, as a standard, as I him; for each is alike, the offspring and Son of God. Jesus the Nazarene had his destiny, his "cup;" and it

were impossible it should pass from him. Had he drank not, of what his historians have given us as his sufferings; had he failed in one jot or tittle of all that his Mission demanded, the Universe were a shapeless chaos. He finished his Earth-mission, or life, and kept his estate, losing nothing of all his Father had given into his hands. He continues still the same line of action, the development and perfecting of his being. He recognized his individuality, he lived it, was faithful to it, even unto death, and rose to its inheritance.

6. From the same point of observation, that I just held in speaking of the results of the Life and Death of the Nazarene, I would say the same of every Son of God, that has, or does, or will exist. Not that each, or any can fill the measure of the destiny of that Nazarene; but as he filled his, so will each and every one fill theirs. If Jesus Christ had been a Napoleon, could he have acted as the Nazarene? Or could Swedenborg have been a Washington? Jesus Christ, being Jesus Christ; Napoleon, being Napoleon; and Swedenborg, being Swedenborg; and not Washington, while Washington was himself, we see each making a distinctive, unlike, individual destiny. Does the elm-tree ever bear apples? Were the elm an apple-tree, would it bear roses, and still be an elm?

7. Having shown as I think, that by the very laws of God, in all the Universe,—as well also in the race of man, a part of God's Universe,—that individuality is a law; and that it makes an impossibility of what is demanded of all men according to the teachings of some, that all should be Christians; whereas no man can be a Christian, since it would wreck the very Being of God;—I am free to remark,

1st. That such are the laws of man, that while he must, as a necessity, preserve his own identity, and must work with such means as are the bestowment of God to him, yet that every man may, and can, in degree, approximate to the character of such as seem worthy. I may seek to make the benevolence and self-sacrificing disposition of Jesus, the Nazarene, my pattern,—and may also aspire to the imposing greatness of a Napoleon, or cultivate the spiritual perceptions of a Swedenborg, or the moral grandeur of a Washington's character,—and may, in a degree, be successful; while I may or may not be benefitted in so doing. To me, it is easy to see, how Jesus had soiled, forever, his whole being, in seeking after the traits of any other man.

2d. If to be like Jesus, in some respects as before mentioned, is to be a Christian; then who is there that may not be a Christian of some cloth or caste? Indeed, so much is this ability to become a Christian diluted, that the man must be a lone instance of our deepest commiseration, that is not, or may not be a Christian, so easy is it. For who is there that lives, and does not, and thinks not in some way, as did Jesus? Who is there that does not somebody, perhaps many? Who does not, in some ways, as they would others should do to them? Who does not sometimes go about doing good? Who does not, at times, recognise the controlling power of God? I know that some may combine more of the qualities of Christ in their characters, and thereby, in some sense, displace some more of their own, than do others, but if to do this, is to be a Christian, it seems not difficult.

3d. In what has been said, no wish has had a place in my heart, to do Jesus, the Christ, anything but that justice his individuality demands. I have no will to detract from his character, anything belonging to it. Nor could I, if I would. And while it seems to me, the world has ever made a fatal mistake, in setting up for imitation, "any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water, under the earth;" and that the history of man has demonstrated this also, that God will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, I also would add, that no man can do violence to his own being, except he suffer loss.

4th. All men love what, to their comprehension and idiosyncrasy of mind, is just, good, lovely, beautiful; and they seem ever inclined to possess, in themselves, what is esteemed valuable in others. Perhaps no man has lived whose excellence of character, has been more eulogized, or made so much a model of goodness, as that of Jesus. Having, as before said, not a wish to make one virtue less, or his perfections, imperfections,—yet it seems plain to me, and is of itself a virtue in my esteem, that he rose in good degree to the moral grandeur of such a pattern as is so generally accorded to him, by the cultivation of his own powers, calling no man master, or model, and thereby showed his faithfulness to his individuality. Equally plain is it, that this day had been ignorant of his existence, had he too, sought to make some other man's merits a covering or possession.

If to be a Christian, is to do as he did, in this respect—that is, to labor wholly to develop the gifts of God to me, then I am desirous of being a Christian, and have hope of so being. But if to be a Christian, is to make the gifts or merits of the Nazarene mine, and to attain to his full measure in

them; and if I must do this, or be lost, then, of all men, I am most miserable; for *despair*, not doubt alone, is mine. So again I say, in this sense, at least, no man can be a Christian.

Of a bird, every one would say, it were more fitting it should wear its own plumage, and act upon its own laws, than to seek a mixed plumage, or to blend the notes of its own and such as it can but poorly copy, thereby striving to become what it cannot. If this be true in Nature, man is but a higher order of being, yet subject to the same general laws. So whether eagle or dove, owl or linnet, swan or crow, let each be as much itself, as God has given the ability. Success, greatness, goodness, wisdom, are seldom borrowed virtues.

ELMHURST, Dec. 22d, 1854.

For the New Era.

### Time in Reference to God.

There is an idea prevailing, that time as it is applied to the deity, has no meaning. It is said, that with God, there is no past and no future, but only the present time. It is said, that with Him, it is one eternal now. But that this notion is altogether unphilosophical and untrue, it will not be difficult to prove. Time is occupied by a succession of events. Take, for instance, the seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Now these following in succession, it is impossible that with any being, they can all be present at the same time, for they do not exist at the same time. One must be present, and the others either past, or future with all beings. To suppose that they are all present to God at once, is to suppose that Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, can all exist together, which is a contradiction, and therefore an absurdity.

Take, again, a tree. At one time it is covered with blossoms, then with fruit, and then again it is without either. Now it is impossible that the blossoms and the fruit should both of them be present with him, at one and the same time, for the latter do not appear till the former are gone.

It is said that time consists of a succession of ideas, and that with God there is no succession of ideas. But even supposing this definition of time to be correct—which I should dispute—how does it appear that there is no succession of ideas with God? On the contrary, I contend that there must be a succession of ideas with Him, as well as with other beings. A succession of events must produce a succession of ideas. For the ideas corresponding to the events, as being present, cannot exist with Him until the events occur. The other supposition would involve a perfect absurdity.

It is said, that in Scripture it is declared, that with God "a thousand years are as one day." But this evidently does not mean that the thousand years are at the same time present with Him. It undoubtedly means, in comparison with the whole period of His existence, or eternity, a thousand years are a very brief period, as a day is a brief period. It can mean nothing else.

That all future events may be foreknown to God, I do not dispute. But that these events are actually present to Him, until they happen, is an absolute impossibility, and an absurdity.

It would seem hardly necessary to reason out a proposition so clear and self-evident, as that there must be a *past* and *future* time with God, as well as with men. But still, surprising as it may seem, this idea is entertained by a large number, and perhaps generally by mankind.

W. S. A.

### Gems of Thought from Confucius.

I come, ye children of Earth, I come to impress you with those truths, which were made known to me in other ages, in part. I come to make known to you the higher realities of the spirit-life, to impress the minds of Earth's children, and teach them the lessons of love and wisdom—that one great truth which has been taught for ages past; which has been proclaimed by angel bands, in different periods of the earth's history—the ruling power which shall unfold the race. Knowest thou not that love is the only element which expands the universal mind?—that the elements of all truth are garnered in this mighty embryo of eternal progression! Oh! knowest thou not that love is the ascending element, which will bear the soul onward and upward forever! Wisdom is born of her mighty resources; and the jewels of truth are her treasures. Around all existence she throws her loving arms. Her circumference embraces all life, and her highest gems are human souls. Existing in all spheres of being, and decking every plane of immortality with the clear bright crystals of divine goodness, wherein is reflected the Soul of the Universe, whose streaming rays diffuse an eternal sunshine over universal nature: brighter, brighter far, than all the dazzling glories of earth.

There exists on the earth, yet not of it, the immortal spirit, whose crystal streams are murmuring waters, sent forth from the eternal spring of uncreated light. Though the channels through which they pass may bear the marks of imperfection and decay, yet the living stream goes forth, bidding defiance to the obstructions of human ignorance—leaping forth like an angel of light, and commissioned by its Great Author, to elevate itself,

and soar on its own pinions of light, and travel upward in its eternal circle of progress. No power shall stay the mighty currents as they flow to mingle their eternal harmonies with their primal source. Ever rising into brighter light shall man go forth a spiritual sun, undimmed by the revolution of ages, undiminished by the constant issuing forth from its bosom, streams of undying affection.—Ever expanding into a wider circumference; ever measuring a larger circle: ever feasting on higher fruit; ever drinking from purer waters; ever living in greater freedom—the human soul shall rise forever. The intellect of Jehovah hath set no bounds to the superior nature of unfolding humanity. Immensity—untravelling by any thought, but the sunbeams of Divinity's mind, the only girdle that can limit its attainment.

As mighty waves in mighty oceans roll, So human thought shall move from pole to pole: No thought can send its beamings forth, Beyond that light which gave it birth; So undivided nature asks no bands, But, grasps the whole in its Great Father's hands. These thoughts, dear friends, you cannot trace—The mind is limited to its own space; 'Tis only as it strength obtains, Its power is borne to greater gains. The treasures which the soul doth know, Are bright and beautiful below; But into depths of inner life— The soul knows not what there is life: Immortal seeds within it grow, Which man shall never fully know: Though thoughts may perish in their birth, And life pass quickly from the earth, Yet man, immortal as his God, Shall know no death—shall fear no rod.

### The Last Incarnation. SECOND LEGEND.

THE SAME CHILD AND THE SAME PRIESTS, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS.

The Christ appeared to sleep in the house of the poor widow: but during the hours of night, his soul returned to heaven, in order not to see the crimes of earth.

He revisited the paradise of innocence, and caressed his new brother, the widow's son, to whom he spoke of his poor mother, now less desolate; the soul of the Christ loves to rest in heaven among little children, and to resume all the infantile graces which filled the soul of Mary with so sorrowful a happiness, when, in the midst of the carresses of her well-beloved son, she had a presentiment of the anguish of Calvary! Now the celestial virgin no longer fears that her tender child may die a second time, and she knows that henceforth he will no more be taken from her; nevertheless, the ecstasy of her happiness is still imbued with a remembrance full of melancholy; and the joy of the formerly sorrowful mother (Mater dolorosa) remains in a concentration which resembles sadness.

"Mother," said Jesus to her, "now that I am no longer a mortal man, but a human form of the divine idea, I can descend upon the earth without suffering there, and without ceasing to be near you! I will assume, to instruct men, the appearance of childhood, of weakness, of suffering; I have already begun to appear to them under the figure of a child, only they will no longer see either my birth or my death. I shall go through all the phases of life in my appearances, and will transfigure myself, as my doctrine must be transfigured; will you, O my mother, also be willing to speak sometimes to those who are likewise your children?"

"It shall be done according to your will, my sweet lord and son," said Mary, kissing him on the forehead. "I know that if you are the type of the perfect man, I must serve as a model of the woman and the mother: my heart never leaves you, O my son! I shall be near you when you again traverse the earth; if it be necessary to manifest to men my symbolical form, you have only to will, and I shall appear to them. Go, therefore, and do according to your desire; for already the sun has re-appeared upon the earth, where your human appearance now rests asleep: the hours pass quickly in heavenly conversations, and do you go now and wake again upon the earth, my beautiful beloved child!"

The sun began to raise the greyish veil which covered the black bell-towers, the bluish domes, and the moist roofs of the city in which the divine child slept.

The poor widow had already risen, and, looking upon the Son of God as he slept, she thought she again saw her child for whom she had wept so much.

He rose; and both together prayed to our Father who is in heaven.

Then the Savior said to the woman:—"Mother, I am going now where the service of my father calls me. I shall come back this evening, therefore weep no more!"

The widow fell upon her knees, and Jesus having gone out, walked through the streets of the city.

Then the children of the people, seeing his beauty, his gentleness, and his strange dress, began to follow after him, mocking him; and Jesus continued on his way without looking at them and without uttering a word.

But he groaned in himself, and he prayed while he said:—"How shall these arrive at the knowledge of their rights, if they grow up thus in insolence, and in the forgetfulness of fraternity! Poor children of the people, your greatest misfortune is not poverty, it is

ignorance and brutishness! Happy will he be who shall teach you your duties, and shall make you love them. For you will then know your rights, and virtue will make you free."

Then one of those children, more wicked than the others, and irritated because Jesus answered nothing, approached him with an insolent air, and struck him.

Jesus stopped him, and said to him with gentleness:—

"What have I done to you? It is not I who will return to you evil that you do to me, but others will return it to you. For you are wicked, and the world, which is wicked like you, will return to you evil for evil."

Having said these words, the child Jesus disappeared from the midst of the children of the people, and all searched for him with astonished eyes.

Now, in the porch of a neighboring temple, other children were seated, and a priest, standing in the midst, instructing them.

Jesus came and took a seat among the children, and listened to the priest.

Then, when the priest had finished speaking, he questioned the children; and having come to Jesus, he asked him: "What is God?"

"God alone can himself say what he is," replied the child, "but you could not understand his words, for they would be infinite and eternal."

"That is not rightly answered," said the priest; "you should say, God is a spirit, eternal, independent, unchangeable and infinite, who is present everywhere, who sees everything, who can do everything, who has created all things, and who governs all things."

"I do not understand," said the child Jesus. "You say that God is a spirit; are there then several spirits like unto God? Why do you not say that God is spirit? And then I should ask you if God is spirit only? is he not love and power?"

"I do not understand in my turn," said the priest.

"Why then do you endeavor to explain what you cannot understand? What is God for us? He is our father who is in heaven; we know nothing more of him. Look at the world, and you will not doubt his being; but do not endeavor to define it; for how will you express by human words him whom immensity cannot contain! him who, in producing by his word millions of suns and of worlds, has hardly pronounced for us the first letter of his name!"

"Do you come here to insult your pastor?" replied the old priest, with bitterness. "Since you are so wise and have learnt your lesson so well, you need not come here again, begone!"

"And why should I go out from the house of prayer? are you here to drive away the little children whom your master called around him? You are more proud and more harsh than the doctors of Jerusalem, for, when the child Jesus came to converse with them in the temple, they questioned him and replied to him, being astonished at the wisdom of his words; but it is not said that they wished to drive him away."

At these words, the priest became red with anger. He opened his mouth to speak, but he found no voice; in vain did he move his lips and his tongue, while he rolled his eyes, his power of speech had been taken from him, and he could no longer articulate any sound.

Then Jesus ascended slowly towards the altar, took the priest's chair, and seating himself in his presence, he began to teach.

"My brothers and my sisters," said he to the children, "do not try to know what God is; you could not comprehend him; but endeavor to love him by thinking that he is good and that he loves you. Do not repeat at hazard that he is a spirit, for you cannot understand what a spirit is; but obey him as you obey your father and your mother. For it is he who wishes your mother to love you, and your father to work for you. And if your father should die, and if your mother were taken from you, think that you have always a father in heaven, and that God will always love you as your mother had loved you."

"You are all brothers, because God is the father of you all; and he loves you all, the poor as well as the rich, but more particularly the poor, because they have more to suffer. Be therefore like God your father; love each other all of you without distinction; but love most those who are the weakest, the smallest and the poorest, in order that you may be like your good father, who will see it and who will bless you."

"You are glad when people love you and when they do good to you. You do not like to have them take away what is yours, to have them insult you, strike you or prevent you without good reason from doing what you wish. Those who do not love you and who do you harm, you say that they are wicked; and those who love you and are kind to you, you say they are good."

"Well! if you wish to be the children of God and to obey him, never be wicked, for God is not wicked. On the contrary be always good, and do as much good to the world as you can; for God is good and can do only good."

"Pray to your Father that he may make you good; it is his will and his desire; but







## Letter from Bro. Simmons.

BRO. HENRY:—If it is not too assuming, allow me once more to make my mark upon your sheet. Were it possible for me to give you an outline of what has taken place in divers places, without using the letter "I," it would please me; but to escape the look of egotism, your servant would not attempt to write a sermon. So, with truth, rather than the fear of man before me, I commence a narrative of things as they are.

During the last six months, I have been into many of the by-places of Vermont and New Hampshire, and also into many of the public places. And the universal theme is "Spiritualism." There is no question but that the truth is spreading as fast as safety will warrant. There are, however, some things which I find, venomously crawling around our altar, which our faith and knowledge must repel. There is a disposition abroad to have Spiritualism triumph in a day. Some of the most ardent of the million are, with a sickly eye, watching for miracles, rather than enjoying the light which they have received. Such, it seems, must consider immortality of no consequence whatever, unless they become the conspicuous managers in the eye of the world; or, at least, unless the world comes to them upon bended knee to ask their forgiveness.

I believe there will be insanity, and an easy slide into "sleep," where this inaction exists. I meet thousands, however, of the consistent students of our faith who practice our faith, nevertheless. There are scores who have great faith in prayer; so much so, that, at divers times and places, they have taken grain out of their barns, and money out of their purses to bestow upon the needy. Some share homes with orphans; and some find homes. One, with whom I am acquainted, took an old man out of the poor-house to lower his body more gently into its grave. One, with whom I was once staying, got up in the morning, and told us he was going to pray with the poor, and then went to a sick man, near by, with a bag of grain. The aforesaid sick man was visited by a priest, a few days before, who asked him if he had made his "peace with God." Thus I find many are enjoying the faith, by attending to the common matters of the social compact.

I have formed friendships with thousands who believe that they shall live forever, because they believe in spirit manifestations. And I am bold to state, that I never saw but four crazy Spiritualists—(a small number compared with the ratio of any other faith.) One of these claimed to be a medium for impressions—said that he was going to be the "Head," that Jesus Christ and himself were going to decide upon the future course of Truth. He had large self-esteem and marvellousness, and dwelt day after day upon his future greatness. One was too deep a student; he often did not allow himself to sleep, so great was his thirst for the philosophy of human existence. This last unwise step was caused by his wife, who would not let him have peace to read when she was awake. A third, was a lady who was sick with a fever, and was very naturally "out of her head" for a few days. Her relatives raved and rode and talked fiercely. Her neighbors assisted a doctor to "visit" her, until nature triumphed; and with her fever, her insanity departed. She is as sane now as ever she was.—The last of the four is a fine lady who, heretofore, (as her mother died in an insane hospital,) is disposed to insanity; yet she attends to her household duties, and her noble husband thinks her case is no worse than it was long before Spiritualism was spoken or thought of. Only one of these was crazy enough to go to the asylum.

Sectarians enough have been crazy, in my immediate vicinity, to make this number appear small, as I am obliged to go over the State to find the four. But a few days ago, a man near us, was crazy enough to cut his throat. I am told that he was a Methodist. It is but a few days since a member of the Christian church in Woodstock was carried to the insane asylum, in Brattleborough; and while I am penning this, I have heard of the death of one of my neighbors by poison, who was oppressed in many ways, and was thus insane enough to be a suicide. I might fill out a long list of the insane in Woodstock, during the past few years, who were members of the different churches; but I forbear.

Among all those whom I have met, I have not found one who is a believer in "free love." I make this statement with due reflection. Even those who believe that the marriage rite, as formed and performed by man, is wrong, are not disposed to call down just censure upon their heads by recklessly breaking up their families,—thus doing no good to the world, but much hurt to themselves, and bringing undue odium upon reform.

I thank God that the believers in this glorious faith are mostly working people; that they are not loafers or misers; that they are not beggars, but actors. I have met with the friends every Sunday except one, since I wrote you last, and have had meetings often, evenings; and although we have no church organization, we almost always have a church to hold our meetings in, and generally four times as many to fill our houses as attend the "old line" meetings. These things I name not boastfully, but to show the triumph of truth.

There is among us, as elsewhere, a difference in opinion. Some are disposed to patch old garments in honor of their age; while others wear new garments, fitted by the experience of the past and the wisdom of the present. Thus, you perceive, we are much like the world in general.

Allow me to speak of the cause in my town, and I will close. As I can not be at home, and as it is true that a foreign speaker is far more acceptable than a home speaker, I do not often meet with the friends in W., for a public purpose; yet, last Thursday evening, we had a meeting which was fully attended. It was attended by the gentlemen of the bar, as the court is in session. I would

not be away from "home," and from my earlier friends, if it were mine to choose; but so it is not. It is possible that "organization" would give us much aid, for we have numbers enough to present a bold and united front to the world.

Bros. Randall and Winn are not in our place now, and we miss them greatly. Their office was our depot, until they were called away. There is one church in our town which is open to our faith; and now and then we enter it.

Much is now said against us, by the prejudiced, on the score of "polygamy," while it unfortunately happens, (for this accusation,) that it does not exist to an extent that can fasten its charge upon us. Spiritualists are not perfect, and some may shamefully err. It is not our faith that does this, but the want of it. When we ask for evidence, that we are "easy" upon the point of "free love," they refer us to a case in Boston. I sincerely hope that our enemies may ever be obliged to go as far for authority. It is strange how some wild rumor, like the above, travels.—From Vermont to California, this unmeaning key-note dots out its suspicion, which was born in our camp, and we must all be suspected because forewarned. In grace, had some kind spirit forewarned the votaries of the churches around us, in the years that are gone, methinks their scores of priests and hundreds of laymen might have been more pure than at present, for we have had some sickening cases of adultery in the sternest churches of our place.

Please excuse my style, brother, for my training has been behind the plough. May holy angels guard you.

Yours truly, AUSTIN E. SIMMONS.  
Woodstock, Dec. 25, 1854.

We are very happy to hear as above, from our old friend again. He says many good and true things—sometimes a little quaintly, it is true, but none the worse for that. We should be glad to hear from him oftener.

## Is the Soul Material?

BROTHER HENRY:—The world of thought is in motion—false and sectarian dogmas are giving way to more truthful ideas; and the time is rapidly approaching, when a better state of things, universally, will prevail. Let us labor to hasten the day.

We are told by superior intelligences that "all is matter, and matter is all." Are love, benevolence, etc., matter? If so, how are they produced? It is a known law, that when a substance passes from a rarer to a denser medium, heat, which was before latent, is set free. If "all is matter," heat is matter.

Now, I know not why this law does not obtain in the evolution of other substances also. It is believed that the earth once existed in a gaseous form—that by continual condensation and combination, the particles have been brought to their present state. Why may we not suppose, that the fragrance of flowers, etc., is set free by a similar process?—and if true in these cases, why may it not be a general law, that the finer, or more ethereal particles are evolved by the condensation of the coarser? and why may not this be the case in the human form, which is considered a type of all below it?

There is a belief, that the more ethereal portions of the human mind are the result of the sublimation, or crystallization of the rarer particles of the body. Of course, they occupy less space than before; and why may not the emotions, called love, benevolence,—and, in fact, those of all our faculties,—be set free by this action? I cannot see.

We believe there is constant motion among the atoms of matter throughout the universe. Emanations are continually sent forth from everything. And if the atoms of which my soul is composed, are sent forth and on to those of which another soul is made, and love is set free by the combination, why may not other atoms of my soul unite with those of another soul, and produce love also, in every case, when they meet with those of similar refinement? The more refined they are, the more easily can they permeate space—can they not?—and thus form connections with distant objects? For my part, I can see no good reason for disbelieving an assertion in Nichols' Journal, by S. P. Andrews, that "development tends towards expansion and diffusion of the affections—not, as the world believes—towards concentration and intensification." Dr. Buchanan locates the seat of love near the summit of the brain, and the seat of passion at the base. The latter should not be mistaken for the former. We frequently meet with those in whom the organ of love seems to be almost entirely absent, and they, of course, judge those in whom it is developed, by their own condition.

"In Heaven, they neither marry nor are given in marriage," but is there not love among the inhabitants of that place? and do we not wish for heaven upon earth? Is an angel's love limited to one other angel? Surely we must love one before we can love two; but because we love one, does it necessarily follow that we cannot love more?

Yours, for Truth, L. A.

The above seems not a little suggestive of thought on the substantive nature of the soul, and of the love-principle of our nature. Now, it matters not whether we call the soul matter or spirit, if so be, that we get the idea—that is the main point. That the soul is substance, seems self-evident; and to deny it, is to think of it as of nothing! and therefore to make nothing of it. And the common idea amounts to this, and this only. It is, therefore, "good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men," like the "salt" that had "lost its savor." As to the conclusion at which the writer finally arrives, we only disagree—not in the idea of freedom for the affections, so that one angel may love many, and many love one; and so also, of mortals, in the more general and elevated sense of the term, love—but in

the possibility and true naturalness of conjugal love being various. This doctrine of variety, we do not see as applicable to conjugal love, which, in view of it, seems a misnomer, in as much as the very idea of conjugal love, is that of duality. But even this, in a true union of souls, is truly free, and only free in the truly spiritual and dual marriage.

We have received the following glowing and hopeful document, (from Robert Owen, we suppose,) and lay it before our readers, that they may know what propositions are being made for the good of man. The churches may be still disposed to call Robert Owen an infidel; but if so, we say, give us his infidelity, in preference to their Christianity.

## THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR, THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM IN 1855.

All Governments, Religions, Classes, Sects and Parties, in all Countries, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a meeting to be held in the metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 15th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And, as a preliminary measure, the Trades of this metropolis are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1, 1855, at 7 P. M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held, as stated, on the 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and with a right good-will to aid, and benefit them, regardless of their class, creed, country, or color. There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings; but the whole will be conducted with "truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be done to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

ROBERT OWEN.  
LONDON, 25th November, 1854.

## Record of Phenomena.

For the New Era.

## A Week in New York.

FRIEND HENRY:—I went trouble you with the particulars of my passage, for it was second class, and might put me down a peg in the eyes of the nobler ones. But I arrived on the morning of the 7th, in good order to walk to the hotel, with no further disgrace. It was a humble place, but convenient and good for the price. I believe it to be the best in New York, for "short" people, like myself. It is Savory's Hotel, 14 Beekman street, kept on the European plan. But I soon found my good friend, Tooley, ready to take me into his family as a brother.

Last evening, with him, I attended a private circle at Mrs. Brown's. The manifestations were worth relating. First, the raps were loud, like the sound of a good sized hammer, made in several places about the table, and by request, on the ceiling and door.

When my turn came, the spirit picked out a name, which I had written among several others, as its own, claiming to be a half-brother. Truly, I had a half-brother by that name, who is now in the spirit-world. Still I placed but little confidence in the "test," but asked for nothing further. The spirit then spelled out a beautiful sentence about faith. But one can't have faith till faith comes,—at least, I can't, desirable as it may be.

Soon the bells were put under the table by myself, after a very close scrutiny for the machinery which was to be employed in ringing them; but though I saw none, they were repeatedly rung, while all hands were on the table. Then I took a clean sheet of paper, tore it open, kept one part in my hand, passed the other to a gentleman by my side, with the request that he should place it under the table with the pencil. He did so under my inspection. All hands were then placed upon the table, the medium's feet being on those of a gentleman by her side. In a few moments, by the raps, we were requested to take up the paper. This we did, and found two names written upon it, which we could not make out. Again, the paper was replaced in the same careful manner, and another name distinctly written. Again the experiment was repeated, and the name of my half-brother was written on the other half-sheet. Every person present then signed a certificate, that they did not do the writing, or believe any one in the circle could do it; but that they believed spirits did it.

I would give you this certificate, and the names; but strange to say, these firm believers in Spiritualism would not allow their names to come before the public, because they had other responsibilities resting upon them. There are hundreds of these secret believers in New York; but like the present company, they belong to Wall street, or respectable families, and so their testimony must be suppressed. But I have those names

for private use, and will give them to any one who doubts. I was also touched many times by spirit power at this circle, and also at another on a subsequent evening at the same place.

There are many noble, daring Spiritualists in New York,—not only daring, but generous and devoted. They support a "ragged school," and engage heartily in other practical reforms.

On Sunday, I had the pleasure of meeting Gov. Talmadge, Gen. Bullard, and several others, at Judge Edmonds'. Here I listened to the reading of Gov. Talmadge's very excellent introduction to "The Healing of the Nations," a book written through the mediumship of a young man in Philadelphia, who has had very limited means of literary education, and made no attempt to write his own thoughts. The book will be about the size of Judge Edmonds', and if like the chapter I heard, will create a new era in the literature of Spiritualism. I have seen nothing that begins to approach it, in thought, or in beauty, clearness, brevity, and force of expression. But the book will commend itself, and the Emersonian School would gladly read it. I understood it will be out in about five weeks. The best thing I saw in New York, was the effort to unite the reformers of the various schools, on some practical measure for the amelioration of labor.

A movement is undertaken, which promises to do a great work in this direction. It is not for me to speak of its nature at this time; but I may say, I have seen nothing so practical, and yet so extensive and radical, as this contemplated movement. God grant it may succeed, for this is the real problem before the reformer.—"How to emancipate and elevate labor." I hope I shall be able to say more of this in the future.

Last Wednesday I came to this place where I have found a noble band of noble brothers and sisters—of the warmest hearts, and liberal and united hands. I have spoken to them several times, and shall soon leave them with much reluctance, but with deep joy at having become acquainted with them.

I have witnessed some conclusive evidence of "identity,"—conclusive to one who can't see that "it is absolutely impossible to establish identity." This is afforded by a medium who first describes, then personifies the spirit, and finally mentions facts in its earthly history. I would relate the facts in one or two cases, could I do them justice; but those who know me will know that I cannot be satisfied of the identity of a spirit friend by a simple "test," or any ordinary amount of evidence. In these cases, I am fully satisfied upon this point. The medium is Mrs. Babcock, formerly of Roxbury.

A. J. Davis speaks in this place next Sunday. I proceed West soon.

THOS. DEC. 28th, '54 J. H. FOWLER.

"THE UNA."—We call the attention of our readers to the "Prospectus of the Una" in another column. This monthly periodical has now been before the public two years—it is devoted principally to the advancement, rights and elevation of WOMAN, and is afforded to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR a year in advance, as will be seen. All those wishing the paper, can have it sent to them from this office, together with the "New Era," for one year, for two DOLLARS. (postage pre-paid,) thus saving 50 cents on both.

## 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 Yorkshire, N. Y.

## 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.

J. S. LOVELAND, A. E. NEWTON, R. P. WILSON, S. C. HEVITT, J. H. FOWLER, JOHN ONYX.

## 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. 14tf

## 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, Psychometric, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours. J. S. LOVELAND, GEORGE ATKINS. 14tf

## THE DIAL ALPHABET.

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

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DR. T. H. PINKERTON, Office, 80 Cambridge St., Boston. Office hours, from 8 to 11 A. M., daily. 14tf

## A. B. CHILD, N. D., DENTIST;

15 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON. 14tf

## ADIN 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.

## Advertisements.

## NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Wonders of the Spirit World. BY R. W. HAYDEN, of Boston, has purchased the duplicates of PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON'S Beautiful and Novel Collection of SPIRIT DRAWINGS, TALBOTYPED ON GLASS, AND SHOWN ON CANVAS, GREATLY MAGNIFIED AND ILLUMINATED AS

## DIOPTRIC VIEWS.

Consisting of Mystical Writings in Greek, Hebrew, Bengali, Chinese, and also in unknown languages;—Portraits of Eminent Philosophers, Poets, Seers and Saints. Some of these heads have been pronounced by well known Artists, to be remarkable productions of artistic merit. Besides the above, are various kinds of flowers and scenery of the spirit land, and many other beautiful specimens of spirit skill and power.

The drawings are perfect facsimiles of the original, and as a whole will form one of the most unique, chaste and extraordinary Exhibitions ever presented to the public, and cannot fail to deeply interest both the believer and the skeptic. Each Exhibition will be prefaced with a lecture on the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, by Dr. Hayden, who will also give a brief history and explanation of each drawing, presented.

Dr. Hayden having made an agreement with Professor Britton to answer all calls to lecture with drawings in New England, except Connecticut, will be most happy to lecture in public or private for a moderate compensation. The Exhibition will be ready about the 15th of the present month.

Address W. R. HAYDEN, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass. 15tf

## Wonderful Discovery.

THE NERVE SOOTHING VITAL FLUIDS; prepared expressly by Spirit direction through Mrs. E. J. FRENCH, Medium, Pittsburgh, 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, Tic Douloureux, Neuralgia, Rheumatism in all its varied forms, Locked Jaw, Epilepsy or Fallig Sicknes, Palsy, Nervous and Sick Headache, Dyspepsia, Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver, Diarrhea, Irregularities of the female system, Tetters and all Cutaneous 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.

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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, indigestion, 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. 14tf

A PORTRAIT OF REV. THEODORE PARKER, executed in the highest style of the art by Grotzler: price \$1.00. Also A PORTRAIT OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, by the same artist: price \$1.00. For sale by Bela Marsh, No. 15 Franklin street. 12tf

## 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 tf

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.

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.

Desires and others can address PARTRIDGE & BRITTON, New York, 14tf BELA MARSH, Boston.

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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 other currency, (postage paid,) to EMILY GAY, Hope-land, 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.

## 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 psychometric readings at my room at the GEORGE HOUSE, No. 10 Sudbury street, by the autograph enclosed in an envelope. Terms, \$1.00. Address R. P. WILSON, Boston, Mass. 14tf

## 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

## 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, 60 cts. each person.

## 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.

He also wishes it to be distinctly understood, that no subscriber, writer, or reader of this journal will be considered as committing to its principles, views, and measures, any farther than he voluntarily and willingly commits himself, independently of his subscription or his reading. Life 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, by its ever 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 Number 5 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.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE UNA.

In announcing a new volume of this periodical, we deem it essential to call the attention of the reading public to the claims it may have upon their attention and patronage.

The Woman's Rights movement having become one of so much importance as to enlist almost every variety of character, and shade of opinion, it has been deemed needful, in order that a correct history of its progress might be preserved, its demands truthfully presented, and its philosophy thoroughly treated, that there should be one periodical through which those most deeply interested could have utterance.

Political papers, or those devoted to special reforms, are unlike unsuited to present a question involving so much of this as this one which needs the fairest, the most candid and careful examination and consideration.

THE UNA has been free in its character, admitting almost every variety of opinion, and the treatment of almost every subject that might, with propriety, come within its province to investigate and discuss. Such it will continue to be. Art, Science, Literature, Philosophy,—both spiritual and natural—the science of Association, or the Re-organization of Society, and individual developments will each receive their due share of attention.

Our contributors, a few of whose names we give, will be warmly greeted by our readers. Among them, Mrs. DALY, Mrs. E. OAKES SMITH, Mrs. F. D. GAGE, Mrs. E. CHENEY, (now in Paris), Mrs. PETER, and LIZZIE LINN, whose story of "Marriage the only Alternative" opens with the first number of the new year, and is quite worth the price of the volume.

The business management of the paper having passed into other hands, with every prospect of permanence, we feel much confidence in pressing its claims for support and attention.

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## Poetry.

## THE REFORMER.

First, thoughtful, still in early youth,  
Contemplative and lone;  
"What manhood life," "what part is thine?"  
Asking his soul.

Girdling the round earth with his thought,  
He measures calmly o'er  
Its wrongs, its wretchedness, its wants—  
Soon, still no more.

All unexpressed, some mission high  
Now prophesies within;  
Swells his heart, kindles his eye  
At passing sin—

Telling the sympathetic few,  
What yet he knoweth not;  
That one more, for in embryo yet,  
World-wrong hath got.

And sorrows try him in their fires,  
White with a heavenly glow;  
Anvil of labor teach the art  
Of bending low.

Low before God—whilst, facing man,  
Upright he learns to grow;  
As idols, false ambitious die  
With every blow.

Last born, upheaved from inmost want,  
Arise! earnest prayer;  
Sin loosed fast;—God grant him strength  
To do and dare.

And then to morrow, 'e'en when Hope  
Is faint, or we are cold,  
He, who that mighty arm invoked,  
Will face the world.

Now, man of action; better now  
That thy brave body break,  
In wearying, wrestling tug of war,  
Than Right forsake.

All day, all night, from morn till eve,  
From eve till morn again,  
A drawn-out barrier is he  
Against wicked men.

"The Right eternal, clear and fair  
For earth's down-trodden thralls;  
Right! though each castle in the air  
Tatters and falls."

He cannot stay it—God hath sent  
That message to his soul;  
Padlock nor prison, bribe nor chain,  
That voice controls.

A new man is that earnest soul,  
Unworld-schooled, native, high;  
Think! 'till him quite simple, easy thrown?  
Stretch out and try!

I tell thee, braggart, 'e'en to-day,  
Fresh-born, he'll cast thy word,  
And soon with struggling strong—will get  
Gigantic mould.

God multiply and send him forth,  
The thoughtful, prayerful, just;  
This man of action, redoubt far  
To break, than rust.

And when grim Wrong beneath his feet,  
Has numbered all his days;  
Again may 'till him humble, meek,  
Bending in praise.

D. F. GODDARD.

From the Ladies' (Methodist) Repository.

## ANGELS.

"Are they not ministering spirits?"—Heb. i. 14.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings  
Of the being yet to be,  
Bands of spirits hover round us,  
Like the shore-birds on the sea.

Shore-birds, who they set hearts longing  
For the happiness of home;  
As around the weary vessel  
They in flocks of beauty come;

They out venture far and farther  
In the calm of sea and sky,  
Singing glad; but when the tempest  
Threatens, and the rocks are high,  
Then they, loud and wildly winged,  
Screaming on the gale,  
Of a shock among the breakers,  
To the ruin rushing sail.

So these spirits from thy bright shore,  
Golden with the sand of stars—  
When God's truth has calmed the billows  
Of our being's passion wars—  
Then these spirits come to visit,  
Come to visit and console,  
Dipping angel pinions round us  
In the earthly sea of soul.

Cheering onward, or else warning  
Of some thundering tempest nigh,  
Or some secret rock of ruin  
On the voyage to the sky.

They are round us—round us ever;  
'Tis their province in the soul,  
When affections, like full fountains,  
Gush from thence without control;  
When the thrilling heart-strings quiver  
As a harp's air-susit strings,  
'Tis their sweet angel fingers,  
Or their low long angel wings;

When the soul of earth takes pinion  
For a heavenly faith-flight far,  
Upward through the awful nothing  
Beckon they from star to star.

Off they glide down in our slumbers—  
Those whom on the earth we know—  
And those who have lived before us—  
And we wake to live anew;  
For their voices, sweet and solemn,  
Though but ripples of the tone  
Which upbushes, music's ocean,  
Ever round the Great White Throne;

Yet inspire us with more longing  
For the glory in the sky—  
For the happy life immortal  
Of these angels hovering nigh.

With sweet voices, solemn warnings  
Of the being yet to be,  
Bands of spirits hover round us,  
Like the shore-birds on the sea.

COATES KINNEY.

## TRUE WORSHIP AND UNDEFILED.

O, he whom Jesus loved has truly spoken!  
The holier worship which God deigns to bless,  
Restores the lost, and heals the spirit-broken,  
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

Then, brother man, fold to thy heart thy brother!  
For where love dwells, the peace of God is there;  
To worship rightly is to love each other;  
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow, with reverent steps, the great example  
Of him whose holy work was doing good:  
So shall the wide earth see our Father's temple,  
Each loving life a palm of gratitude.

WHITTIER.

## INFANT VOICES.

Oh! if there still be melody on earth,  
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth,  
When angel steps their paths rejoicing tread,  
And the air trembled with the breath of God;  
It lives in those soft accents, to the sky,  
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy.

HUMANS.

## Miscellany.

## The Immortal Fountain.

[Concluded.]

Aucune had noticed a strange peculiarity in the circumstances of the persons of the angels, and the scenery of heaven, becoming more beautiful and interesting at each succeeding visit. On a little reflection, however, she perceived that the change was in herself; for in that spirit-world all things have an immediate correspondence with its inhabitants. Every thought and affection of angels takes up an external objective form; and thus, all that is seen in heaven is the outbirth and reflex of angelic minds. Each angel, therefore, sees himself portrayed upon all that surrounds him. Every beast and every bird, yea, every object that is beheld, is thus made a mirror to reflect the inward souls of the angels upon their external senses, so that they possibly cannot mistake their quality!

This is one reason why angels are so singularly happy; for there is a continual harmony and correspondence between their state and external objects. No annoyances, or difficulties, or troubles can possibly take place with them; for the desires of the mind flow forth into external objects, and provide, as it were, for their own wants. Here is the reason, too, why heaven is so glorious, and hell so monstrous; for goodness and virtue are the soul of real beauty, so that the beauty of heaven is the reflection of the goodness of angels. And wickedness and vice are the essence of all deformity and misery, so that the dreadfulness of hell is the outbirth of the wickedness of the sinner.

Just, therefore, as Aucune's state improved, did all that she beheld become more beautiful and delightful. She was gradually brought into a pure, angelic state, and then she could breathe the air of heaven, and associate with its purer inhabitants. And, as they journeyed on, they beheld each other's states, and wish, and life, and glory, reflected before their eyes; so that each enjoyed his own and others' pleasure; and, in blessing others, they became blessed altogether.

They saw beautiful palaces on their way; some were of polished marble, with steps of alabaster in front, and at the sides were pillars of jasper, supporting rainbow roofs. Within these colonnades were angels, walking two and two, with long flowing robes of shining white, like those that the women saw the angels clothed with at the sepulchre of the Lord. The companions of Aucune told her that those, and all angels, had once been inhabitants of the natural world; but, having made their spirit perfect by the divine assistance, they were transplanted from earth to heaven, to live in everlasting bliss.

Aucune was walking on in silence, contemplating the remarkable instruction of the angels, when she heard the faint notes of distant music. It came nearer and nearer, and gradually it seemed to emanate from every palace and every angel in heaven! It was a hymn of praise to the Great Creator, and the song was this:

"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty,  
Thou art, and is, and is to come!  
Thou art worthy, O Lord,  
To receive glory, and honor, and power;  
For thou hast created all things,  
And for thy pleasure they are and were created!"

Aucune, almost unconsciously, echoed the loud-sounding song; for it was in unison with the chord that was most awakened in her heart. As soon as the music had ceased, and she had, in some measure, recovered from her surprise, she asked the meaning of such general praise.

"These are glorifications," said the angels. "They are frequently heard in heaven, and are indications of the strong perceptions of the goodness of the Lord, which the angels sometimes feel. We are made sensible of the benevolence and mercy of God, and, in humble thankfulness for all His mercies, we simultaneously burst into songs of adoration and gratitude. Heaven then rings with the praises of God."

They still progressed, and talked about these wonderful things; and at every step new wonders appeared. At last they arrived at another gate, still more beautiful than either of the others, and made of solid gold. Over the top was written, in letters of shining gold, "The Gate of Love." As soon as Aucune saw it, she felt a presentiment that she would not be able to pass, and involuntarily cried:

"Not yet!"  
"Not yet," was echoed from the within the portal, "Not yet."

She started, and was turning away, sadly dejected with her repeated failures, when the gate was opened, and a company of the sweetest beings ever mortal saw, clad in rich white robes, appeared, and invited her to enter. As she was approaching, another company in the gate sang a song of condolence; and all the music she had ever heard was as nothing to it. The words were as follows:

"Young immortal, never fear;  
Courage take and go;  
Fill thy soul with love sincere,  
While on earth below."

"Then, through this gate of glory,  
Thou shalt enter in  
To realms of joy so holy,  
Pure and free from sin!"

Aucune felt inwardly delighted with this assurance of yet seeing the Fountain of Beauty, and felt that it would, indeed, be a fountain of joy to her. The angels all kissed her, and, emboldened by their kindness, she entered, and endeavored to say what she yet lacked, to fit her to proceed through their land to the Fountain.

"Thou must know, sweet immortal," said one, who seemed to be the personation of love itself, "that ours is the land of love. Here we do every thing from love, and not from a mere sense of duty; for in motives of duty we perceive something of constraint and servitude. They, therefore, who are in this state look upon God as a good Master, and themselves as His servants; but we love to regard Him as our Father, and ourselves as His children. Thou must go, then, immortal," continued the angel, "to thy world again, and make what has hitherto been a duty a delight and a pleasure. Thou must learn to hate evil, and shun it, because it is contrary to God and the good of thy fellows; and thou must do good because it is good, and of God and the unconstrained choice of thy soul. Thou must neither let fear drive thee from evil, nor the hope of reward, either in the life of the body or in that of the spirit, cause thee to do good; but thou must do it from the sincere and pure love of virtue itself; so shalt thou, in time, return to us, and pass on to the Fountain of Beauty."

The angels walked down the steps and bid her, and gave her the usual kiss, and bid her be of good courage. They stood affectionately gazing after her, and waving their handkerchiefs in the breeze, by way of encouragement, until they were closed from her view. Aucune returned to the world, almost afraid that, after all, she would not be able to bathe in the Fountain.

"Hope not for the Fountain!" said the same mysterious still small voice, that had, more than once, taught her what to do in cases of trouble.

She felt that it was a warning from Heaven, but she was at a loss to understand it. "Hope not for the Fountain!" said she to herself, with surprise; and thus she kept pondering and turning it over for many days. In great distress of mind she wandered to the shady grove, and prayed to be enlightened; and, while she prayed, the heavens opened, and an angel descended and stood before her.

"Let not thy soul be disturbed," said he, "but rather rejoice that thou art able to see this difficulty; for it is one that eludes the sight of thousands. Thou must henceforth cease to hope for the Fountain as an end of life, and go to Aucune, and she will instruct thee further."

And, as he thus said, he suddenly departed out of her sight. Aucune still felt disturbed, and immediately sought Aucune, and told her all that had occurred, and implored her to tell her what to do.

"Dear sister," said Aucune, "you have followed goodness, hitherto, merely to prepare you to go to the Fountain of Beauty; now you must hereafter desire the Fountain for the purpose of leading you to goodness. What you have, up to this time, made the end, you must now regard as the means, and the means must hereafter be the end. Goodness and virtue should be the end of every endeavor. Truth may be the principal end up to a certain period of regeneration, but afterwards it must become merely the means to a higher and holier one, which is goodness. Learn, then, my dear sister, to understand well the true ends of human life, and, without hoping for, you shall have blessings. Endeavor to make this change in your mind, and the barrier will become an assistance to the higher object you shall have in view."

The sisters walked, in a meditative mood, into their father's beautiful garden. One was wrapped in profound thought concerning the interior wisdom that the angel and her sister had taught her; the other was hoping for the ultimate success of her sister, and meditating on the means she should adopt to assist her. In a short time they were aroused from their thoughts by the approach of their father, who informed them that the Wise Man of the Hill had come, and wished to see them.

"Run and welcome him," said Aucune, "and I will go and gather a little fruit, for he will be fatigued with the journey." And away she bounded to the orchard, and plucked the finest fruit she could find, while Aucune and her father went to entertain their visitor.

As soon as Aucune entered, the old gentleman informed them of a dreadful occurrence that had taken place. He said:

"As I was riding, with my servants, not far from the district where we found you in the forest, Aucune, we met a boy, shivering with cold, and his face covered with blood. On inquiry, we found that his father, and mother, and two sisters, and himself, had mistaken their way; and, while in the act of retracing their steps, they were met by a woman, probably the same that led you astray, who told them to follow her, and she would lead them to a place of safety. Little thinking whom they were following, they cheerfully obeyed, and were led on from one place to another until night set in, when a storm arose; and, while in the midst of it, a faint light appeared, which they followed, and found it led to a cave, from which proceeded the noise of revelry and boisterous joy."

"The man refused, at first, to enter; but the storm was raging with awful fury, the lightning flashed with among the trees, and the thunder rolled, and the wind roared, and the rain fell in torrents; and, looking round upon his shivering and fatigued family, he at last consented. It so happened that the boy had tarried a little behind, from weariness; and, before he could arrive, a massive gate was drawn across the mouth of the cave, and shut him out. As soon as the gate was drawn, an infernal shout of delight proceeded from thousands of voices, and the noise and revelry increased. The youth was terrified, and fled from the place, nor knowing whither, and wandered about in the forest, and more than once was struck with falling trees, that caused the blood to flow down his innocent face, and filled his soul with terror."

"As soon as we found him, and heard his story, we judged that it would be the cave of the furies into which they had been allured; and we hastened thither, peradventure we might rescue them. On our arrival, we heard moans proceeding from within, which was an indication that some one was still living. We sounded our trumpet of Truth, that they might know that help was at hand, and, setting ourselves vigorously to work, we very soon found out a crevice in the rock, through which we all entered as quickly as possible. But it was not before the furies had taken alarm. Before we had all got fairly into the cave, we were obliged to draw our swords and fight the infernal hosts!"

"The contest was severe at first, but not long; for, when manfully assailed, the furies are complete cowards! and we drove them before us, and finally they descended through the earth, and fled by a subterranean passage, and left us in entire possession of the cave. We were directed to the man and his family by their moans; and, to our joy, we found they were still living, but much more than half dead. We broke down the gate, and endeavored to destroy the cave, and brought the unfortunate creatures to the light, and examined their wounds, and poured in oil and wine, and set them on our horses; and now, I am happy to say, they are at my house, doing well."

The two sisters and their father were well pleased with the success of the Wise Man, and desired to return with him; that they might see the family.

On their arrival, Aucune was filled with anxiety to render them some assistance; for she remembered the night of horror she had passed under similar circumstances. She staid a whole week, and never left them, night or day. At the end of that time, they were so far recovered as to be able to go on their way towards the city of Contentment, where they soon arrived, thankful to God for having raised up so great a deliverance from so great a danger into which they had fallen.

Well prepared for heaven by these acts of kindness, she was admitted into the association of angels; and, as she approached the magnificent Gate of Gold, a company of glorious beings came out and met her, and gloriously her neck, and embraced her, and kissed her. Their countenances beamed with extreme joy, which strongly reminded me of the joy which the Lord declares there is in heaven over every repentant sinner.

The robes of the angels were so beautiful as almost to surpass even a faint description. They were white as the purest light, and shone as if some brilliant flame burned within, and all were bound together by a girdle of rich purple velvet. So perfectly did they fit their bodies, that there seemed not a single fold out of its place. Around their heads were wreaths of fragrant, delicate flowers, which never lost their odors, and here and there a ruby sent forth its beautiful reflected light; and behind each ear every one had an olive leaf.

As Aucune entered, every angel manifested the utmost delight, and welcomed her as a sister; and a choir of voices from within raised their harmonious notes, and sung—

"Enter, enter, young immortal,  
Through celestial golden portals;  
Welcome to our land of love,  
Welcome to the realms above!"

"Sweetly shall the Fountain flow,  
On thee rich blessings bestow;  
Beauty, goodness, joy and peace,  
Shall within thy soul increase!"

"Sister angel, pass on, pass on!"

She was immediately clad with similar robes; and one tall, majestic, glorious being, who seemed to be the prince of the company, came to her, and placed behind her ear the olive leaf, and said:

"This is the badge of our heaven, and by it we acknowledge you as our sister. Come, now, to the Immortal Fountain, for the barriers are all passed; peace and tranquility shall henceforth be your companions, joy and gladness shall forever attend you, and we will be your protecting friends."

They all departed, and it is impossible to describe the beauty of the flowers, and the sweetness of their odors, and the glory of the light, and the purity of the atmosphere, and the happiness of that heaven, for, to mortals, they are ineffable. There was one object, however, the most wonderful and glorious of any she had yet seen. It was God, clothed as it were, with the sun, and from whom proceeded light which illuminated all heaven with its glory. (Psalm 104: 2. Rev. 19: 17, 22: 5.) And, on the appearance of His Divine Majesty, all angels prostrated themselves in humble adoration.

As they travelled, in a little time the murmuring of the waters were heard, and a thrill of delight passed through the soul of Aucune. She ascended the beautiful Mount of Innocence, on which it stood, and there before her lay the waters, in the form of a lake, from the centre of which they rose high up into the air, and fell gently upon the surface. Angels were bathing their beautiful forms, and Aucune ran up and looked in, and saw the face of one beaming with joy and beauty, which seemed to be looking at her from within the water! And, as she continued to admire this lovely countenance, her sister Aucune came joyfully up and kissed her, and, in tones of exultation and pleasure, said:

"O my beloved Aucune! long, long have I wished to behold you standing upon the brink of these blessed waters, so that I could show you how sweet and beautiful you are! Look there," said she, pointing to the face in the water; "look there, and behold the beauty of your own countenance!"

Aucune looked, and was astonished to find that it was her own face, the countenance of her own purified soul, so infinitely more beautiful than that of her body, that she did not recognize it.

"But I have not bathed yet!" said she.

"True, you have not yet bathed in this type of the Holy Water," said Aucune, "but the true water of purifying, living truth, from the River of Life, has been flowing in your soul since the time you first set out to reach the Fountain. Remember how your heart was once filled with the spiritual filth of sin, and then think of the holy commands and wise instruction that were given you by angels to make you pure and fit you for heaven. These were the waters of the true Fountain of Beauty!"

"O Aucune, Aucune!" said Aucune, "I understand it all!" and falling upon her neck, the two sisters embraced each other with the ardency of angelic love, and then fell upon their knees, and with eyes and hands uplifted, they uttered in unison a holy and solemn prayer, which I heard as if ascending to the throne of the Majesty on high, blessing and praising God for all His mercies, and His wonderful works to the children of men!

After this, I awoke.

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# 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. 15.

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WHOLE NO., 113.

## Thoughts of the Age.

### No Man can be a Christian.

BY A. M. POTTER.

A startling, repelling, it may be, kind of assertion this, that *no man* can be a Christian. Sufficiently sweeping, and prospectively full enough of infidelity, to suit even this day of questions and doubtings. Nor is this assertion thrown out as simply one way, or as a snare, to get a reader, to see how easy one can be a Christian. It stands as an open and forbidding, as possibly it can, an *assertion*. It is needless for me to say in this place, let no one accept it as already proved. No, nor disproved either.

If I can only have the attentive mind for a little, with a certain condition of it, that in some sense, would be an oblivion to all previous commitments, opinions, beliefs, or predilections, fondly holding fast to present positions or principles; with the reason fully in action; with a love of what seems the highest perception of truth, seeking yet higher still; if I can have such a state of mind, to go with me into this question, I shall have some hope of closing this article with a feeling of use, as if I had not vainly given expression to my later thoughts.

I know well enough—and it is a crushing, chilling experience—that no man is so often condemned in the very thing which he allows, as the so-called Christian; yet in this day of searchings and judgments, I am not without hope of a reader, and a thinking reader too; still it is quite too true, that the religionists of to-day, read, think, and hear, only with in their own fortress. They sincerely deplore the darkening effects of prejudice and bigotry, in others, unimpaired of the sickening fact, that they themselves are in the same condemnation. Happy that mind, that can forget it ever had a favorite theory or belief, and can open its gates to the incomings of strangers, thereby often entertaining angels; ever ready to examine the credentials of any or every new thought. Such a mind is ever growing. It seems to me now, that I never had a thought, that came with a wanton smile upon its face, but it proved a wanton, nor a serene, truthful-looking, sober, it may be forbidding one, and which, perhaps, I repelled at first, but upon better acquaintance, had a value, and became valued. This negation of mine, coming pat as it does in the face of reverend and grave systems, that have stood for ages, was of the character I have last described. I shrink from it at first. But remembering my resolution to reject not the stranger thoughts, I gave it a willing hearing, and am glad I did. But my reader must accept, reject, crucify, or investigate it, as if I had never so done, if he would be safe.

There is an exception to my assertion—one only, and alone, exception. That exception, is Jesus, the Nazarene, who lived some eighteen hundred or more years ago. To him was accorded the name of Christ, from which has arisen, the word Christian. Thus much being premised, I repeat that no man can be a Christian—

1. Because no man has ever had, or can have, the entire manifestation of the powers, faculties, conditions, influences, and experience of that one Christian—Jesus of Nazareth. Jesus was just sufficient to the ability of being a Christian, no more, no less. If the name "Christ" attaches to the being, known as Jesus of Nazareth, then is my position provable. If "Christ" or "Savior" is applicable to any one who saves in any sense, or by any means, a fellow-man from anything either wrong in fact, or seeming, then, of course, I am out of joint with my subject, and would say, that every man, not only can be, but is a Christian—of which more in time. My negation, then, is based upon the ground that Jesus the Son of Joseph, the carpenter, who was a Nazarene, was Christ, or the Christ. It matters not so much what is claimed as the definition of Christ, whether it be the Messiah, the Anointed, or Savior of the world; for whatever be the definition, and this Jesus be admitted or granted as being the Christ, I say as before, that no man can be a Christian, if the exception be in memory, and which must stand as a granted exception, that Jesus was this Christian, this one exception.

Has my reader ever stopped, and for a moment, given the rein to his imagination, or it may be to a better course, his intuition, in pursuit of what it is to be this Christ? If he has not, I only wish, for a moment, this article were faded, as by magic, from the external vision, till you could catch some faint idea of what it was to be Christ—of what it is to be yourself, even. For, let me say here, lest it slip me, that it is as impossible for any man to be a Christian as to be a Washington, or a Nero, or a Fulton; and no more impossible. Hence I may be at once understood as ascribing no force, *per se*, to the office-work usually granted to Christ, as being the Savior of the world, in the sense generally held, in the Catholic, Calvinistic, or Trinitarian dogmas of the Vicarious Atonement. So let such reader dismiss his mind in this direction, as we should soon come to loggerheads otherwise; and besides, I have, as I hope, gone beyond this mythological notion of sacrifices and scape-goats, for my own sins, or yours either. Hence, I say, no man can be a Christian, in the same sense I

would say, no man can be a Jackson, a Webster, or any man but himself.

2. If I am accused of perverting or misusing the term Christian, then let me say in this place, that the word Christian is a name, bearing, by our philologists and theologians, (I came near saying, falsely so called), and the conventional use of the word, very many and widely different significations. Indeed, so wonderful is the word in its general use, that it fits altogether opposite and unlike characters, or even a citizen, only, of a country called Christian, in distinction from that of Mohammedan, or Mormon, or other religion. Hence, if I choose to carve, or simply select a definition for myself, the reader must bear in mind, that the negation is based upon the definition. For it must be seen at once, that no man can be another man; and to talk more of this were puerile.

My definition, then, is this,—No man can be a Christian,—can be like Christ.

I say not, that a man can be like Christ in some things; for this again, would be, to say every man, not only can be, but is, a Christian. For Christ had eyes, did eat, slept, did talk, did many good things, lived, died, rose again; and surely what man is there, but has some one or more of these qualities, and is therefore like Christ in those qualities! But this I say, that to be like Christ, a man should have the hereditary descent, the moral and physical conditions of his parents,—should have the same influences bearing upon his germinal conditions, the organization, the entire quota of conditions, and the full effect of his educational influences. He should look like, live like, be like, die like, and rise like Christ, if he would be a Christian; and more, he should pursue just that course from the very beginning of the Christ, till eternity is finished, and the Human Drama closed.

Does any one say, of course, no man can be a Christian, according to such a definition! Well, glad am I for the admission, so in advance of any proof. But if I allow some other meaning, then I too might say, a man can, or can not be a Christian, according to the definition. Hence there are such diverse and absurd, often ludicrous things called Christian, since they are so, by virtue of the definition, and not by the reality.

3. Individuality is the pivotal stand of my assertion. Jesus of Nazareth, who was called the Christ, and who is often known by the combined words Jesus Christ, was an individual, having traits in common with his Father in heaven and every being of his kind, or every member of the human family; yet who would expect me to show him as leaving that in his being, or character, which constituted him other than an individual!

4. It is wholly impossible, in all the Universe of God, to find two things or beings alike, or of exact resemblance, one to the other. This, if possible, would bring anarchy, injustice and discord into the whole fabric of God's creation. Two men alike, would forever confuse all other men, and even God. Individuality is as clearly an attribute of God, as Wisdom or Power, for it is one universal, unvarying, infinite law. Not two grains of corn, or trees in the forest, nor snow-flakes, nor stars, nor systems of stars, known as planetary systems, are found or can be, one the exact counterpart or likeness of the other. And this principle gives many, and interesting, and distinctively important themes of thought, but which I have not time now to indulge or extend. If any where Infinite Wisdom is pre-eminently manifest, it is in the infinitude of dissimilarities and similarities combined, as well in races of beings, as in the material objects of nature.

5. Jesus Christ being endowed with that necessity of his being, individuality, was also endowed with the fitting laws of his being. To him those laws were absolute and governing; and inasmuch as my being has anything in common with his, in so far and no more, are our laws the same; and yet, not the same, even there; for I should have all his relations, to have any law applicable, to him and me alike. Most cheerfully do I accord to him an individuality, whose endowments were, in much, transcendently brilliant and desirable, and that were made more brilliant and desirable, by the largeness of their measure and the perfections of their relations, one to another. And in just so much as he rises above me in that, his individuality, in so much is he beyond me, or any man to attain. Much as I may love and adore his Benevolence and Love, it were not my ability to so fully develop those God-given qualities, as he did, in that I have not his whole property of mind and matter to do with. I may in my love of his love, seek to make it mine, and in part attain to the mark, but in part only. As well might the pine-tree seek to attain the strength and dignity of the oak, because the pine is a tree, as well as the oak. As well might the Ethiopian desire to attain the beauty of the Circassian's complexion. And if complexion were the standard of worth, the Circassian's being the perfection, what hope, what but condemnation were the Ethiopian's! When God, the Author of my individuality, as of that of Jesus of Nazareth, makes every man alike, and then says, "Be ye like each other!"—then, and not before, can I be like Jesus, or be condemned, if I am not. As surely may I conclude that Jesus should assume myself, as a standard, as I him; for each is alike, the offspring and Son of God. Jesus the Nazarene had his destiny, his "cup;" and it

were impossible it should pass from him. Had he drank not, of what his historians have given us as his sufferings; had he failed in one jot or tittle of all that his Mission demanded, the Universe were a shapeless chaos. He finished his Earth-mission, or life, and kept his estate, losing nothing of all his Father had given into his hands. He continues still the same line of action, the development and perfecting of his being. He recognized his individuality, he lived it, was faithful to it, even unto death, and rose to its inheritance.

6. From the same point of observation, that I just held in speaking of the results of the Life and Death of the Nazarene, I would say the same of every Son of God, that has, or does, or will exist. Not that each, or any can fill the measure of the destiny of that Nazarene; but as he filled his, so will each and every one fill theirs. If Jesus Christ had been a Napoleon, could he have acted as the Nazarene? Or could Swedenborg have been a Washington? Jesus Christ, being Jesus Christ; Napoleon, being Napoleon; and Swedenborg, being Swedenborg; and not Washington, while Washington was himself, we see each making a distinctive, unlike, individual destiny. Does the elm-tree ever bear apples? Were the elm an apple-tree, would it bear roses, and still be an elm?

7. Having shown as I think, that by the very laws of God, in all the Universe,—as well also in the race of man, a part of God's Universe,—that individuality is a law; and that it makes an impossibility of what is demanded of all men according to the teachings of some, that all should be Christians; whereas no man can be a Christian, since it would wreck the very Being of God;—I am free to remark,

1st. That such are the laws of man, that while he must, as a necessity, preserve his own identity, and must work with such means as are the bestowment of God to him, yet that every man may, and can, in degree, approximate to the character of such as seem worthy. I may seek to make the benevolence and self-sacrificing disposition of Jesus, the Nazarene, my pattern,—and may also aspire to the imposing greatness of a Napoleon, or cultivate the spiritual perceptions of a Swedenborg, or the moral grandeur of a Washington's character,—and may, in a degree, be successful; while I may or may not be benefitted in so doing. To me, it is easy to see, how Jesus had soiled, forever, his whole being, in seeking after the traits of any other man.

2d. If to be like Jesus, in some respects as before mentioned, is to be a Christian; then who is there that may not be a Christian of some cloth or caste? Indeed, so much is this ability to become a Christian diluted, that the man must be a lone instance of our deepest commiseration, that is not, or may not be a Christian, so easy is it. For who is there that lives, and does not, and thinks not in some way, as did Jesus? Who, is there that does not somebody, perhaps many? Who does not, in some ways, as they would others should do to them? Who does not sometimes go about doing good? Who does not, at times, recognise the controlling power of God? I know that some may combine more of the qualities of Christ in their characters, and thereby, in some sense, displace some more of their own, than do others, but if to do this, is to be a Christian, it seems not difficult.

3d. In what has been said, no wish has had a place in my heart, to do Jesus, the Christ, anything but that justice his individuality demands. I have no will to detract from his character, anything belonging to it. Nor could I, if I would. And while it seems to me, the world has ever made a fatal mistake, in setting up for imitation, "any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water, under the earth;" and that the history of man has demonstrated this also, that God will visit the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate Him, I also would add, that no man can do violence to his own being, except he suffer loss.

4th. All men love what, to their comprehension and idiosyncrasy of mind, is just, good, lovely, beautiful; and they seem ever inclined to possess, in themselves, what is esteemed valuable in others. Perhaps no man has lived whose excellence of character, has been more eulogized, or made so much a model of goodness, as that of Jesus. Having, as before said, not a wish to make one virtue less, or his perfections, imperfections,—yet it seems plain to me, and is of itself a virtue in my esteem, that he rose in good degree to the moral grandeur of such a pattern as is so generally accorded to him, by the cultivation of his own powers, calling no man master, or model, and thereby showed his faithfulness to his individuality. Equally plain is it, that this day had been ignorant of his existence, had he too, sought to make some other man's merits a covering or possession.

If to be a Christian, is to do as he did, in this respect,—that is, to labor wholly to develop the gifts of God to me, then I am desirous of being a Christian, and have hope of so being. But if to be a Christian, is to make the gifts or merits of the Nazarene mine, and to attain to his full measure in

them; and if I must do this, or be lost, then, of all men, I am most miserable; for *despair*, not doubt alone, is mine. So again I say, in this sense, at least, no man can be a Christian.

Of a bird, every one would say, it were more fitting it should wear its own plumage, and act upon its own laws, than to seek a mixed plumage, or to blend the notes of its own and such as it can but poorly copy, thereby striving to become what it cannot. If this be true in Nature, man is but a higher order of being, yet subject to the same general laws. So whether eagle or dove, owl or linnet, swan or crow, let each be as much itself, as God has given the ability. Success, greatness, goodness, wisdom, are seldom borned virtues.

ELMHRA, Dec. 22rd, 1854.

For the New Era.

### Time in Reference to God.

There is an idea prevailing, that time as it is applied to the deity, has no meaning. It is said, that with God, there is no past and no future, but only the present time. It is said, that with Him, it is one eternal now. But that this notion is altogether unphilosophical and untrue, it will not be difficult to prove. Time is occupied by a succession of events. Take, for instance, the seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter. Now these following in succession, it is impossible that with any being, they can all be present at the same time, for they do not exist at the same time. One must be present, and the others either past, or future with all beings. To suppose that they are all present to God at once, is to suppose that Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, can all exist together, which is a contradiction, and therefore an absurdity.

Take, again, a tree. At one time it is covered with blossoms, then with fruit, and then again it is without either. Now it is impossible that the blossoms and the fruit should both of them be present with him, at at one and the same time, for the latter do not appear till the former are gone.

It is said that time consists of a succession of ideas, and that with God there is no succession of ideas. But even supposing this definition of time to be correct—which I should dispute—how does it appear that there is no succession of ideas with God? On the contrary, I contend that there must be a succession of ideas with Him, as well as with other beings. A succession of events must produce a succession of ideas. For the ideas corresponding to the events, as being present, cannot exist with Him until the events occur. The other supposition would involve a perfect absurdity.

It is said, that in Scripture it is declared, that with God "a thousand years are as one day." But this evidently does not mean that the thousand years are at the same time present with Him. It undoubtedly means, in comparison with the whole period of His existence, or eternity, a thousand years are a very brief period, as a day is a brief period. It can mean nothing else.

That all future events may be foreknown to God, I do not dispute. But that these events are actually present to Him, until they happen, is an absolute impossibility, and an absurdity.

It would seem hardly necessary to reason out a proposition so clear and self-evident, as that there must be a past and future time with God, as well as with men. But still, surprising as it may seem, this idea is entertained by a large number, and perhaps generally by mankind.

W. S. A.

(Spiritual Communication.)

### Gems of Thought from Confucius.

I come, ye children of Earth, I come to impress you with those truths, which were made known to me in other ages, in part. I come to make known to you the higher realities of the spirit-life, to impress the minds of Earth's children, and teach them the lessons of love and wisdom—that one great truth which has been taught for ages past; which has been proclaimed by angel bands, in different periods of the earth's history—the ruling power which shall unfold the race. Knowest thou not that love is the only element which expands the universal mind?—that the elements of all truth are garnered in this mighty embryo of eternal progression! Oh! knowest thou not that love is the ascending element, which will bear the soul onward and upward forever! Wisdom is born of her mighty resources, and the jewels of truth are her treasures. Around all existence she throws her loving arms. Her circumference embraces all life, and her highest genius are human souls. Existing in all spheres of being, and decking every plane of immortality with the clear bright crystals of divine goodness, wherein is reflected the Soul of the Universe, whose streaming rays diffuse an eternal sunshine over universal nature; brighter, brighter far, than all the dazzling glories of earth.

There exists on the earth, yet not of it, the immortal spirit, whose crystal streams are murmuring waters, sent forth from the eternal spring of uncreated light. Though the channels through which they pass may bear the marks of imperfection and decay, yet the living stream goes forth, bidding defiance to the obstructions of human ignorance—leaping forth like an angel of light, and commissioned by its Great Author, to elevate itself,

and soar on its own pinions of light, and travel upward in its eternal circle of progress. No power shall stay the mighty currents as they flow to mingle their eternal harmonies with their primal source. Ever rising into brighter light shall man go forth a spiritual sun, undimmed by the revolution of ages, undiminished by the constant issuing forth from its bosom, streams of undying affection.—Ever expanding into a wider circumference; ever measuring a larger circle; ever feasting on higher fruit; ever drinking from purer waters; ever living in greater freedom—the human soul shall rise forever. The intellect of Jehovah hath set no bounds to the superior nature of unfolding humanity. Immensity—untravelling by any thought, but the sunbeams of Divinity's mind, the only girdle that can limit its attainment.

As mighty waves in mighty oceans roll, So human thought shall move from pole to pole; No thought can send its beamings forth, Beyond that light which gave it birth; So undivided nature asks no hands, But, grasps the whole in its Great Father's hands. These thoughts, dear friends, you cannot trace—The mind is limited to its own space; 'Tis only as its strength obtains, Its power is borne to greater gains. The treasures which the soul doth know, Are bright and beautiful below; But into depths of inner life,—The soul knows not what there is life: Immortal seeds within it grow, Which man shall never fully know: Though thoughts may perish in their birth, And life pass quickly from the earth, Yet man, immortal as his God, Shall know no death—shall fear no rod.

### The Last Incarnation.

#### SECOND LEGEND.

THE SAME CHILD AND THE SAME PRIEST, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND FORTY YEARS.

The Christ appeared to sleep in the house of the poor widow; but during the hours of night, his soul returned to heaven, in order not to see the crimes of earth.

He revisited the paradise of innocence, and caressed his new brother, the widow's son, to whom he spoke of his poor mother, now less desolate; the soul of the Christ loves to rest in heaven among little children, and to resume all the infantile graces which filled the soul of Mary with so sorrowful a happiness, when, in the midst of the caresses of her well-beloved son, she had a presentiment of the anguish of Calvary! Now the celestial virgin no longer fears that her tender child may die a second time, and she knows that henceforth he will no more be taken from her; nevertheless, the ecstasy of her happiness is still imbued with a remembrance full of melancholy; and the joy of the formerly sorrowful mother (*Mater dolorosa*) remains in a concentration which resembles sadness.

"Mother," said Jesus to her, "now that I am no longer a mortal man, but a human form of the divine idea, I can descend upon the earth without suffering there, and without ceasing to be near you! I will assume, to instruct men, the appearance of childhood, of weakness, of suffering; I have already begun to appear to them under the figure of a child, only they will no longer see either my birth or my death. I shall go through all the phases of life in my appearances, and will transfigure myself, as my doctrine must be transfigured; will you, O my mother, also be willing to speak sometimes to those who are likewise your children?"

"It shall be done according to your will, my sweet lord and son," said Mary, kissing him on the forehead. "I know that if you are the type of the perfect man, I must serve as a model of the woman and the mother: my heart never leaves you, O my son! I shall be near you when you again traverse the earth; if it be necessary to manifest to men my symbolical form, you have only to will, and I shall appear to them. Go, therefore, and do according to your desire; for already the sun has re-appeared upon the earth, where your human appearance now rests asleep; the hours pass quickly in heavenly conversations, and do you go now and wake again upon the earth, my beautiful beloved child!"

The sun began to raise the greyish veil which covered the black bell-towers, the bluish domes, and the moist roofs of the city in which the divine child slept.

The poor widow had already risen, and, looking upon the Son of God as he slept, she thought she again saw her child for whom she had wept so much.

He rose; and both together prayed to our Father who is in heaven.

Then the Savior said to the woman:—"Mother, I am going now where the service of my father calls me. I shall come back this evening, therefore weep no more!"

The widow fell upon her knees, and dared not retain him. It was now broad daylight, and Jesus having gone out, walked through the streets of the city.

Then the children of the people, seeing his beauty, his gentleness, and his strange dress, began to follow after him, mocking him; and Jesus continued on his way without looking at them and without uttering a word.

But he groaned in himself, and he prayed while he said:—"How shall these arrive at the knowledge of their rights, if they grow up thus in insensibility, and in the forgetfulness of fraternity! Poor children of the people, your greatest misfortune is not poverty, it is

ignorance and brutishness! Happy will he be who shall teach you your duties, and shall make you love them. For you will then know your rights, and virtue will make you free."

Then one of those children, more wicked than the others, and irritated because Jesus answered nothing, approached him with an insolent air, and struck him.

Jesus stopped him, and said to him with gentleness:—

"What have I done to you? It is not I who will return to you evil that you do to me, but others will return it to you. For you are wicked, and the world, which is wicked like you, will return to you evil for evil."

Having said these words, the child Jesus disappeared from the midst of the children of the people, and all searched for him with astonished eyes.

Now, in the porch of a neighboring temple, other children were seated, and a priest, standing in the midst, instructing them.

Jesus came and took a seat among the children, and listened to the priest.

Then, when the priest had finished speaking, he questioned the children; and having come to Jesus, he asked him: "What is God?"

"God alone can himself say what he is," replied the child, "but you could not understand his words, for they would be infinite and eternal."

"That is not rightly answered," said the priest; "you should say, God is a spirit, eternal, independent, unchangeable and infinite, who is present everywhere, who sees everything, who can do everything, who has created all things, and who governs all things."

"I do not understand," said the child Jesus. "You say that God is a spirit; are there then several spirits like unto God? Why do you not say that God is spirit? And then I should ask you if God is spirit only? is he not love and power?"

"I do not understand in my turn," said the priest.

"Why then do you endeavor to explain what you cannot understand? What is God for us? He is our father who is in heaven; we know nothing more of him. Look at the world, and you will not doubt his being; but do not endeavor to define it; for how will you express by human words him whom immensity cannot contain? Him who, in producing by his word millions of suns and of worlds, has hardly pronounced for us the first letter of his name!"

"Do you come here to insult your pastor?" replied the old priest, with bitterness. "Since you are so wise and have learnt your lesson so well, you need not come here again, begone!"

"And why should I go out from the house of prayer? are you here to drive away the little children whom your master called around him? You are more proud and more harsh than the doctors of Jerusalem, for, when the child Jesus came to converse with them in the temple, they questioned him and replied to him, being astonished at the wisdom of his words; but it is not said that they wished to drive him away."

At these words, the priest became red with anger. He opened his mouth to speak, but he found no voice; in vain did he move his lips and his tongue, while he rolled his eyes, his power of speech had been taken from him, and he could no longer articulate any sound.

Then Jesus ascended slowly towards the altar, took the priest's chair, and seating himself in his presence, he began to teach.

"My brothers and my sisters," said he to the children, "do not try to know what God is; you could not comprehend him; but endeavor to love him by thinking that he is good and that he loves you. Do not repeat at hazard that he is a spirit, for you cannot understand what a spirit is; but obey him as you obey your father and your mother. For it is he who wishes your mother to love you, and your father to work for you. And if your father should die, and if your mother were taken from you, think that you have always a father in heaven, and that God will always love you as your mother had loved you."

"You are all brothers, because God is the father of you all; and he loves you all, the poor as well as the rich, but more particularly the poor, because they have more to suffer. Be therefore like God your father; love each other all of you without distinction; but love most those who are the weakest, the smallest and the poorest, in order that you may be like your good father, who will see it and who will bless you."

"You are glad when people love you and when they do good to you. You do not like to have them take away what is yours, to have them insult you, strike you or prevent you without good reason from doing what you wish. These who do not love you and who do you harm, you say that they are wicked; and those who love you and are kind to you, you say they are good."

"Well! if you wish to be the children of God and to obey him, never be wicked, for God is not wicked. On the contrary be always good, and do as much good to the world as you can; for God is good and can do only good."

"Pray to your Father that he may make you good; it is his will and his desire; but



It must also be your desire and your will; and the more you are accustomed to pray, the more you will be accustomed to desire what is good. Now, when you often desire to be good, by degrees you become better. "Pray, because prayer makes you think of God; and the thought of God is a good and salutary thought. Pray often; because your youth distracts you, and you have frequent need to be recalled to wisdom."

When the child Jesus had finished speaking, the old priest who had again come to himself, fell at his feet, and suddenly recovering the power of speech, said to him, "Lord, forgive me, for I could not at first believe that it was thou. The words which thou hast uttered are those of the Savior of the world; and I was deprived of voice, because thou alone hast the words of eternal truth."

Jesus said to him, "You know not how to understand, because for too long a time you have ceased to love. Still it is not you who are culpable, but those who have brought you up thus. I know your uprightness and the purity of your morals, according to the world; but know that, before my Father, it is charity which purifies."

"Therefore, old man, if you wish to enter into life, become again a little child and ask God to grant you a little simplicity and love. Fill no longer with empty words the flock which I have intrusted to you; love children in order that they may understand, for their understanding is in the heart."

And rising, Jesus went out from the temple.

At the door he found a woman who was waiting for him and who said, "Good Savior, divine child of all desolate mothers, brother of all orphans, forgive me for having approached this temple at the sound of thy voice. How could I remain alone in my dwelling after having received thee there; and whither can I go henceforth except in the traces of thy blessed feet?"

Jesus answered her:—"Mother, you know well that I love you, why then should you fear to be left alone? Do not attach yourself so much to the form which passes. To-day I appear under the figure of a child; and to-morrow under another appearance; but my spirit is always the same."

"My spirit is that of God living in humanity; and if all understood that spirit, there would be no more death, for humanity does not die."

"The mother who has lost her child, and the child who has lost its mother, are they not made to come together and be united? Can you say that you are alone in the world, and have you not always the means of loving?"

"Woman, I shall return this evening to your humble dwelling in order to drive away the remembrance of death and to bless it; but to-morrow, if you seek me again under the form which I have to-day, you will no longer find me."

"Then, if you wish to find me, search among the children who are deserted and who weep. And if you find one who, at night, knows not where to lay his head, and who will be thrown into prison, with the malefactors, because he is an orphan and forsaken, woman, take him by the hand, for I tell you in truth that he is your son, and that all the good which you shall do him, you will have done to me."

On finishing these words, the child was carried elsewhere by the spirit of God, and the woman resumed the road to her house, meditating upon the words of Jesus in the bottom of her heart.

The following modest remarks have reference, as will be seen to a communication we lately gave our readers, from a Lynn correspondent, and in relation to which we made a few observations for the purpose of putting the reader on his guard against supposing the writer taught that spiritual manifestations were purely the result of natural laws, without the aid of foreign intelligence, and of foreign power directed by that intelligence. We thank our friend for his notice of this matter again, in the brief way he does, and so much to the point.

LYNN, Dec. 30th, 1854.

MY DEAR SIR:—I am not at all surprised that you should think there was a confusion of ideas, when I wrote the piece which you have condescended to publish: but I do not apprehend there was any confusion of ideas, but a most confused mode of expressing them, as I am wholly unused to writing. I had supposed that a spirit intelligence had entered the circle, and by operating by and through the natural laws of magnetism, or electricity, were enabled to communicate intelligence to the circles,—a thing I most fully believe, for I have received a number of most interesting and soul-inspiring communications, from dear departed ones, so characteristic of each, so truthful in reference to former scenes and feelings, that it is utterly impossible for me to suppose that they came from any other source than the spirit-minds which purported to communicate. Believing with joy unspeakable, I am anxious that others may also believe, and not grieve away the many anxious spirits who are waiting to communicate to their earthly friends, by saying, "It is the work of the devil. It is nothing but electricity; but by giving their attention to the subject they may come to a rational, if not a scientific conclusion, concerning the modes which our spirit-friends are compelled to adopt, to enable them to communicate to us, their earthly friends."

Most truly yours, B.—S.

ONE KIND OF PREACHING.—An Indian being asked what he did for a living, replied—"Oh, me preach." "Preach!" said a bystander, "and do you get paid for it?" "Sometimes me get a shilling, sometimes two shillings." "And isn't that mighty poor pay?" "Oh, yes; but it's mighty poor preaching."

## THE NEW ERA.

"REHOLD! I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

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### Man's Vital Connexion with Deity.

Is man an independent being? And if not, what is the secret of his dependence? Does he "live, move and have his being," simply and only by virtue of mere abstract laws, which the Creator has established, and by which alone He causes the evolution of constant life? We think not. Neither can we allow that he has life in himself, in any proper and primary sense. There is, as we see it, a constant inflow of life into man from God, and as constant an efflux of the same life back again to its source; and this operation goes on in accordance with the positive and negative laws of the universe, of all substances and elements, and of the human organism, in its three degrees of body, soul and spirit. In other words, man is constantly supported by INFLUX.

But what is influx? and into what parts of the organism does it enter? Influx is both spiritual and material. The spiritual influx, in its inmost nature and substance, is divine, or the most interior spirit-substance—that which composes the substantive nature of Deity. The material influx is composed of those subtle elements of nature, such as ether, electricity, or the like, which form the vehicle or clothing of the divine spirit-substance, and in which the latter inheres, as water inheres in a sponge, or in anything that absorbs it, or as electricity inheres in oxygen. These two kinds of influx—the spiritual and the material—united by an intermediate, or mediatorial element, which links the two extremes together, flow constantly into the brain at the fontanelle, or where one sees the constant beating in the coronal region of the infant's head—about where, in other words, the Phrenologists locate the organ of Reverence. This influx is positive. But as all the operations of the universe go on through both positive and negative laws, there must also be a negative influx to complete the duality which is necessary to this end. And now what is this negative influx? and into what part of the organization does it enter? It is simply atmospheric air and all the elements it contains; and it enters, of course, at the lungs. The lungs are negative to the brain; and therefore, the influx which enters by respiration, is negative to that which enters by the brain.

But why do we breathe? Why does atmospheric air enter the lungs? Simply because they are negative to the air. All positives flow into negatives and fill them, for they are natural and legitimate vacuums for the positives. The same reason may be given, why the positive influx flows into the brain—it is a natural receptacle or container of such inflow—distributing in turn to the heart, and that to other vital organs and parts, so that the whole organism is filled with life from God, through nature. These observations may afford some few hints, if nothing more, concerning man's vital connexion with Deity. On some future occasion, we may resume the subject.

### Spiritualism Endorsed by Zion's Herald.

We have more than once had occasion to call the attention of our readers to recognitions of the fundamental idea of modern Spiritualism, in the columns of *Zion's Herald*, the organ of the Methodist denomination of New England. The following, from the New Year's address of the editor of that paper, is a beautiful, though probably unintended, testimony in the same direction. Somewhat or other, this glorious truth will occasionally slip from the pens and tongues of even its bitterest opponents. We have taken the liberty to italicize one significant expression, to which we call the special attention of all our Methodist friends, who are wont to pay any regard to the teachings of the authorized organ of their denomination. We hope that, having the permission and advice of the editor of the *Herald*, to hold communion with departed spirits, they will no longer consider it wicked and impious to do so. The following is his language:—

"Such, O man, is the voice of the old year. Heed it well. If you have suffered, give it special attention. If the grave or the sea has opened to receive the form you loved; you, of all others, need to follow its teachings, to lift your eyes from the sepulchre which holds those loved remains, to the heaven which sheds its brightness over the immortal mind of the departed. Your dead! what have they lost by dying? Surely their sleep is quiet in the grave. The cares which gnawed the roots of their peace, while living, do not distress them now. Grief, that unfeeling sculptor, who cut such deep furrows in their brows, gives them pain no longer. Evident and malicious men shoot no envenomed arrows at their corpses. What have they lost then by death? Was not the grave their liberator? Did not death lead them from captivity to freedom! from pain to ease from sorrow to joy! from earth to heaven? Why mourn then? Nay, it were better to hold communion with their happy spirits—to live in anticipation of re-union, to hail the flight of months and years with the gladness of hope, to look upon the grave with joy; for as saith the poet:—

"To gaze on the faces  
Of lost ones anew—  
To look in embraces  
The loved and the true  
Were a rapture to make even paradise brighter;  
The grave! the grave is the great re-uniter."

THE FESTIVAL.—A goodly number of Spiritualists assembled at Chapman Hall, on Thursday evening last, and, as far as we can learn, had a very pleasant time. Another gathering of this kind is appointed on Thursday evening, January 18th, which no doubt will be of as great interest as any of the pre-

vious ones have been. Tickets may be had at the same places which have been heretofore named.

The reader will find in the following well written article, many thoughts well worth his careful attention. We should be glad to see a continuance of these reflections in the line suggested at the close of our friend's observations:

For the New Era.

### "The Asteroids—Something New" Again.

BRO. HEWITT:—I see an article in the *Era* of 9th Dec., under the above caption, which presents some ideas for philosophical contemplation. I propose to offer a few thoughts thereon, in my own humble way.

The mere statement of any one, whether in the form of an opinion, on any point of natural law, doctrine or philosophy. It should be viewed in all cases, according to its intrinsic merits, regardless of who makes the statement or communication, or under what circumstances,—whether in the ordinary conditions of man, clairvoyant, spiritual, or really, tangibly and demonstrably an inhabitant of the spirit-world. In this general opinion, I presume we shall not materially disagree. But with many, it is far different. And it is only because of the habits, customs, and educational predisposition of the masses to venerate authority—to believe because of the wonderful, or uncommon mode in which the communication may be presented, or by whom presented,—that I reiterate what otherwise would be superfluous. I would have the principle reiterated over and over again, till it becomes a maxim with all. If a statement comes home to our own individual comprehension, it becomes useful, according to its magnitude, or its adaptation to our intellectual, moral or physical condition, and no farther. Each must make the pilgrimage to the mountains of truth and wisdom for himself.—Then laying aside all idea of its source, let us begin by regarding the prediction of a new planet, and all connected therewith, as a fanciful speculation; and see what are the probabilities of its truth.

For my present purpose, it does not materially matter how the asteroids came in their present position; or whether there are four, thirty-three, or thirty-three hundred. Nor is their destiny essential; nor whether the sun has "three elements,"—more, or less—"revolving unequally,"—as I wish to pursue the subject in another direction.

1. It must be evident to every one, that there can be no real "heaven upon earth," as long as there is disease, pain or malaria; that there must be pain, as long as man is subject to the influence of such immense changes in the elements, as there are at present; from heat to cold, and vice versa; terrific storms, long droughts, dense fogs, &c.; and that these must continue till some great physical change occurs upon the earth. Let society be as well constructed as possible, these immense and frequently sudden changes must, necessarily, produce more or less physical inharmonies in man; and to talk of spiritual harmony, without physical, is to me paradoxical. Suppose, however, all men united in one harmonious whole; the soil brought to its highest state of agricultural improvement it were possible to attain, with our change of seasons; that we were able to control the elements, so as to "produce rain when desired;" still so long as the earth holds its present position to the sun, and revolves elliptically around it—giving to some "beautiful changes of seasons"—at one time extreme heat, at another, extreme cold, in the same latitude—thus, rarefying the atmosphere in one place, while it is rendered dense in another,—winds, storms, and all sorts of inharmonies must occur. While the earth revolves inharmoniously around its great centre, more or less inharmonies must be experienced among its productions—of which man is the ultimate, and most sensitive. The earth being the mother, at least, of our physical forms, how can she give birth to harmonious beings! How can inharmonies produce harmony! Do not the mental irregularities of man—enthusiastic joy, and heart-breaking grief, ecstatic love and violent anger, benevolence, selfishness, etc.—correspond to the calm, clear spring morn and the violent storm, the summer zephyrs and the winter's blast, and so on to the end! Then some great change must come over the earth itself. Our solar system is incomplete. Not a planet revolves in a perfectly harmonious circle; and none less so, perhaps, than our earth—save the asteroids themselves.

2. All advanced philosophical minds agree, I believe, that the sun is the parent of our planets; that they have been thrown off, therefrom, from time to time, during the endless ages of the past, one by one, some being, as planets, much older than others; that creation never began, in the common acceptance of the term, and consequently, will never end. Eternal progression covers the past, as well as the future—applying to worlds, as well as individuals;—(here a doubt will rise in the minds of many, believing they had a beginning. I cannot stop to discuss that subject here, but will remark, that any thing which has one end, has two; a beginning necessarily implies an ending, and hence, their belief in eternal life is not well founded;—consequently, worlds are being constantly eliminated, and ever will be, throughout the endless and innumerable universes. If this be so, a "new planet" in our solar system, should not be thought impossible, or wonderful, but rather—seeing the inharmonies and incompleteness of our solar system, and recognizing the great law of progression—expected.

3. What effect would a new planet have upon our earth? That would depend upon its magnitude and position. Were I a Leverrier, Adams, or Herschell, who located Neptune by the variation of other planets, I could calculate something of the effect of one, the size of our earth, in the position of the asteroids; but being what I am, I must for the time being, rest on the probabilities. It

certainly must be great, in so close proximity to the earth. Whether it would cause it to take a "perpendicular position," and thus present a direct equatorial surface to the sun, and assume a perfectly circular revolution round its centre, or render it more elliptical, I can not mathematically determine; but, philosophically, I can. As all nature is progressing from imperfection towards perfection—all imperfection being but perfection in its degree of development—and all great changes but steps on the ladder upwards; it must be advanced and improved; hence, cannot render it more elliptical, as that would be opposed to the plainest law of nature.

4. Were such a planet to take up its position among the asteroids, so as to bring them into its immediate sphere of influence, they would necessarily fall into it, as a rock in our atmosphere, would fall to the earth—or if beyond a certain point, would revolve around it, and thus become its moons.

5. Suppose it to bring the earth to a "perpendicular position," so that the plane of the ecliptic and the earth's axis shall agree, "day and night" would necessarily become "equal—the elements harmonious, and" earth, at least, "an Eden." Apparently, "a new heaven and a new earth," would be the unavoidable result. The earth harmonious, man would soon become so. Perpetual and eternal "spring-time and harvest" would reign, with all their enchanting accompaniments. All storms, irregularities and vicissitudes in the elements, would cease forever. There being a regular, circular motion—the earth always the same distance from the sun, and in the same position to it—the temperature would be always the same in any given latitude; and thus no rarefying and condensing of atmospheric air to cause storms, etc., with the exception of night, which would be just sufficient to give a constant and gentle breeze. Evaporation of water would be constant, till the atmosphere had become sufficiently charged to form drops, when it would again fall to the earth in gentle showers, and at equal intervals, thus keeping all beautifully equalized, harmonious and fruitful.

So far Nature, as it appears to my reason and intuition, at the present time, renders the prediction altogether likely; but, as to "sinking mountains nearly to a level with the plains," and "upheaving new continents from the beds of the ocean," I must be incredulous. I can see no reasonable probability of such a result, but much against it. More wisdom might convince me. As I do not know but that would be the case, I do not pretend to decide; yet, until the new planet appears—which I confidently expect, at no very great distance in the future—and I see, as it were, the foundations of the earth thus broken up—old Noah fashion—or have my intellect sufficiently expanded to see a reasonable probability of its being so, I shall remain a skeptic, to that part of the prophecy.

The belief of a "new planet," yet to appear in our solar system, to harmonize those already in existence, would have an immense influence upon the mind of man, in elevating him from his present position, to a higher plane of thought. I would gladly pursue its philosophical bearings, morally and intellectually, but your well-filled columns admonish me that able heads are in the field.

Yours for truth, A. KENDALL.

BATTLE CREEK, Dec. 18, 1854.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PAST AND PRESENT INFLUENCE OF THE BIBLE, on the Individual and Social Development of Man. A Lecture delivered at Union Hall, Warwick, Mass., Sunday, Oct. 29, 1854. By W. L. Manning. Published by request. Boston: Bela Marsh, 15 Franklin street, 1854. Price 6 cents.

The above is a pamphlet of 16 pages, and seems to be a hard drive at the "dark side" of the Bible, without looking at all at its light side. The author seems to have been in the purely critical mode when he wrote this "lecture." This was well enough, perhaps, all things considered, because one cannot very well look at more than one side of a thing at a time. But at the same time, the true critic will always betray the fact, to say the least, that he sees another side, if he does not say much about it.—*on the supposition that the matter under criticism has more sides than one.* Such, however, in our hasty glance at this pamphlet, we do not perceive. Nevertheless, in connexion with the author's merely critical remarks on the Bible, we observe much positive truth, very happily expressed, on matters which Nature, Reason, and never-ceasing Revelation must unfold and finally settle. The reader will find it a spicy little thing, and doubtless gather from it, much suggestive thought.

PERIODICAL LETTER, on the Principles and Progress of the Equity Movement, to those who have not lost all hope of justice, order and peace on Earth.

Well, we are one of those, and therefore, consider this "Letter" addressed to us, as well as (perhaps) many others. The author of this little work, we are told, is Josiah Warren, of Modern Times, L. I., though that fact does not appear in the work itself, except we might, perhaps, infer it from a business paragraph on the last page.

There is a great deal in this "Equity Movement," as it is called; but we are inclined to think not quite so much in it as its more devoted friends seem to think. In other words, it is very far from covering the whole ground of the questions it attempts to deal with. Like almost everything else, it is one-sided—necessarily so, yet one-sided, nevertheless. Ideas, for the most part, must be one-sided, till the Age of Harmony is fairly begun, to say the least. And the movement, therefore, of which Josiah Warren is the champion, is no exception to this rule. If we get any just clue to his system, it is pure Individualism in opposition to Socialism. If so, it is only half the truth on the great question of human society. That, however, is doing better than most do who attempt to grapple with the great questions of this general nature. And we had certainly rather see one have "half" the truth than

one quarter or less. But we go for duality in all things. Individualism and Socialism, together, make the complete unity. Either alone, however great and good, is but a fragment, and all fragments have sharp corners! "The Periodical Letter," now before us, is Vol. I, No. 5. Our readers may obtain it by addressing Josiah Warren, Thompson's P. O., Long Island, N. Y., by remitting from twenty cents to one dollar.

THE NEW EXISTENCE OF MAN UPON THE EARTH. Part fifth, in which is contained the outline of Mr. Owen's Life, etc. By Robert Owen. Published by Edinham Wilson, London: Royal Exchange, 1854.

Robert Owen, the "Great Infidel," as the Orthodoxy of Christendom has consented, or rather determined to call him, gives that same Christendom some practical problems in this work, which will demand all its ingenuity to solve. Indeed, we have no idea, that it will even attempt that work. It is generally content with a sneer, on subjects of this general nature.

It will be remembered, by many of our readers, that the person here referred to, was converted to Spiritualism, and therefore, to essential Christianity, some time ago. That was a work which dogmatic Christianity had long tried, in vain, to accomplish, and never knew the reason why. But when its votaries get out of their creed-prisons, they will then apprehend the matter at a glance. They will then realize that "sneers" never convert souls, or anything else, worth converting. But Spiritualism, in Mr. Owen, seems to have awakened all his old zeal for the New Life on earth; and hence the appearance of this publication at the present time. Some of his views seem to us quite truthful; others, wide of the mark. But all of them tend to unfold thought in a practical way, which is the great desideratum.

### "Marringe; a Lyric of the Golden Age."

In the "Finale" of the "Lyric of the Morning Land," which we publish below, it will be seen that another Poem through Bro. Harris is very modestly, quietly, and beautifully announced under the significant title which stands at the head of this article. The "Epic of the Starry Heaven" was, to us, a most thrilling utterance of poetic inspiration; and the "Lyric of the Morning Land" came to us as a sweet and soothing songster from the Land of Light and Joy; and now we shall look forward with no small degree of pleasure, for the next Heavenly Poem which shall complete the triune, and sweetly, truly tell the story of the heart's Inner Life and longings. They who have read the "Epic" cannot fail to find in the "Lyric," and especially in the closing parts of that work, a surpassing sweetness and tenderness of melody, which draws, at least, one step nearer the heart than the former, and is only to be eclipsed by the third grand angel-voice the millions are anxiously, yet hopefully waiting for. The following is the conclusion of the "Lyric":—

Here ends the Song of Morning Land.

Alas! alas!

Shall mind's translucent glass  
No more reflect the beauteous angel-band?  
Are gleams of fields elysian  
No more to thrill mine eyes?

Oh, Angel-harmonies,  
Pass ye so soon? Why cease, O Lovely Vision!

Hark! still, through clouds, through night,  
Heaven pours divine delight,  
Through Earth's deep mystery,  
Through Earth's varied history,  
Through Earth's dark realm of strife and pain descending,  
A Choral Multitude  
Chant through the solitude,  
Earth's mournful sleep in heavenly waking ending.

What means, what means that splendid page unrolled  
Before my spirit-sight! Oh, Soul, behold  
The victory-bringing angel once again.

-He holds a burning pen.  
"Write, write," he says, "when thou to earth returnest,  
The glowing thought for which in heart thou yearnest."

Write it, a Lyric Story, that shall make  
Gladness renew the hearts that idly ache.  
The Lily Maid beside shall stand  
Always to guide thee angel hand,  
And Angel matrons round thee throng  
As chorists of that sweet song."

"I cannot write thy page,  
Oh, Mighty One!" I cry.

"I faint and fall in manhood's primal age,  
I tremble at the cold wind passing by.  
The cares of life, like serpents, sting my heart,  
The sweet, celestial art

To sing thy truth, heart-anguished, I resign;  
Grief, grief and tears are mine.

"Yet write it, write it! give thy life to Love;  
Thy heart-rent draweth nearer day by day;  
Yes, write it, heaven desires thee from above,  
And angels bless thee on thy painful way."

The scroll grows brighter as I gaze, and there  
These words I read in letters glorious fair,  
As if upon a beauteous title-page,  
"Marringe; a Lyric of the Golden Age."

"This book contains, yet hid from thee,  
A page of angel history;  
A leaf inscribed with words divine;  
A golden cup of angel wine,  
Write it!" "Nay," I cry, "not mine,  
Joy like this; from clime to clime,  
In the path of mystery led,  
Fortune's gifts not on me shed—  
Close that blessed history;  
Angel voice I cannot be."

The vision ended. In its place  
A little child drew near. His face  
As if each atom were a star,  
Shone glimmering at first afar;  
And as he drew more near he grew  
More beautiful. The south wind blew  
Fragrance divine from him to me.

He folded up his fairy wings,  
And said, "The lily bade me be  
Thy bosom guest; not earthly kings  
Such honor boast; I am not fed  
With earthly food; I ask not bread,  
But only in thy bosom-shrine  
To sleep, and breathe my life through thine."  
Strange pang shot through me, and I felt  
Thrilled as the bright snows on me melt.  
The warmth of love filled all my breast,  
And there I bade the Infant rest.

"Another Lyric sleeps within  
Thy bosom now; ere snows begin  
To rob the world, he'll wake again,  
And sing of love to mortal men."  
"Sing, Joy awaits the world," we cry,  
"Sweet joy that comes from Heaven on high,  
Love is come,  
Maketh home

In Poet's heart below;  
Ere hath fallen Winter snow,  
Love shall sing, Love shall wake,  
Poet's heart an Eden make."

For the New Era.

### The Art of Happiness.

[Spiritual Communication.]

Happiness is so generally sought, so universally desired, and yet so rarely secured, that he who can successfully teach men the Art of Happiness must be regarded as his benefactor. Perhaps there are few arts more difficult to teach than the art of happiness. It is so generally overlooked, so little understood, that very few persons are willing and prepared to be instructed of this art. It lies in places where few persons travel, and it is found in positions where it is least expected. One in a former age said, "give me neither poverty nor riches, lest I be poor and steal, or proud and deny thee." There is a middle path between great riches and much want, where happiness may frequently be secured.

In this discourse it is proposed to present a few brief considerations, which, as they are regarded, may in some slight degree tend to promote a knowledge of this important art, and may, peradventure, increase the sum total of human happiness.

A very large number of persons truly believe that were they possessed of wealth, that would very materially tend to the promotion of their happiness. Truly, it may be so. Wealth may contribute much in promoting the happiness of man; but if the gains were unrighteous, if the gold were flched from the hard hand of poverty, if the widows' tears are made to flow, if a fellow-man is oppressed in accumulating wealth, unrighteousness will appear with its varied forms before the mind; squalid want will fit before the possessor, the widows' tears will be pictured to his vision, and the chains of the oppressor will ring in his discordant ear; so that there is a large degree of uncertainty whether wealth will tend to increase the sum of the possessor's happiness.

Others have expected to find happiness in the pursuit of knowledge. But history is full of oppressions, wrongs:

"Man's inhumanity to man has made  
Countless thousands mourn."

so that a knowledge of the past may produce despondency, poison man's enjoyments and render life itself bitter.

Another class of persons have expected to secure happiness by a knowledge of the sciences and the arts; but not a few have arisen from the contemplation sad and disappointed that no more has been learned and that so little has been accomplished for the improvement and in the behalf of man. It is then quite uncertain whether in either of these three avenues that which is sought—happiness—is found.

But if one acquires wealth by justice, by employing the poor, by encouraging the widow, by elevating the oppressed, every penny which is thus acquired adds to the stock of the possessor's happiness. If one reads the history of the past to gather strength, knowledge, wisdom for the present and faith and hope for the future, that study becomes deeply interesting, highly useful, and adds greatly to the stock of human happiness. If one enters into the vast field of the sciences and the arts, having a desire to acquire a knowledge of the same that he may promote the individual and collective good of man, his researches are most agreeable, and greatly add to the stock of the seeker's happiness.

These three considerations lead the reflective mind at once to the knowledge of a useful lesson, namely, Whatever man enters into, whatever may be his pursuits, whatever his employment, he should have constantly in view high, lofty, pure, divine ends. Failing to keep these in view, the instant he expects to take the shy nymph, happiness, by the hand, she eludes his grasp. Disappointed in his expectations, he makes another effort, calls his associates together, makes a Bacchanalian feast, sends a card of invitation to the nymph to be one of the guests at the heavily laden table, invites her to partake of richest viands, but alas! luxury, voluptuousness take their seats at the feast and happiness disappears. But he who so prepares the frugal meal, who invites the poor, the hungry, the needy to be seated at the board, need not send a card of invitation to happiness. With smiling countenance, with pleasant voice, she mingles with the guests, and gives rest to every rational enjoyment.

Has one heard of religion's power to soothe and calm, to impart happiness to its possessor? The seeker enters the richly carved temple, listens to the paid songsters, waits for speech from him who enters the pulpit with light step but unoccupied mind. He listens to the cold, formal ceremony, retires from the temple disappointed, sad. On his way he meets a beggar, and opens his hand to the supplicant. On his bended knee the recipient calls down blessings on his head, and happiness falls upon the neck of the benefactor, humanity and happiness kiss each other. The religion of humanity he found unsought in Nature's vast, free, holy temple.

The student who shall wisely ponder these teachings, comprehend their length, breadth, depth and height, will have learned the Art of Happiness.

NEW FLYING MACHINE.—The Earl of Aldborough, Ireland, has taken out a patent for navigating the air. It consists mainly in the construction of wings to be used for the propelling of aerial machines, in such a manner that the wings compress the air by percussion, under the concave part of each wing, like that of a bird.



For the New Era.

## Letter from Bro. Simmons.

BRO. HEWITT:—If it is not too assuming, allow me once more to make my mark upon your sheet. Were it possible for me to give you an outline of what has taken place in divers places, without using the letter "I," it would please me; but to escape the look of egotism, your servant would not attempt to write a sermon. So, with truth, rather than the fear of man before me, I commence a narrative of things as they are.

During the last six months, I have been into many of the by-places of Vermont and New Hampshire, and also into many of the public places. And the universal theme is "Spiritualism." There is no question but that the truth is spreading as fast as safety will warrant. There are, however, some things which I find, venomously crawling around our altar, which our faith and knowledge must repel. There is a disposition abroad to have Spiritualism triumph in a day. Some of the most ardent of the million are, with a sickly eye, watching for miracles, rather than enjoying the light which they have received. Such, it seems, must consider immortality of no consequence whatever, unless they become the conspicuous managers in the eye of the world; or, at least, unless the world comes to them upon bended knee to ask their forgiveness.

I believe there will be insanity, and an easy slide into "sleep," where this inaction exists. I meet thousands, however, of the consistent students of our faith who practice our faith, nevertheless. There are scores who have great faith in prayer; so much so, that, at divers times and places, they have taken grain out of their barns, and money out of their purses to bestow upon the needy. Some share homes with orphans; and some find homes. One, with whom I am acquainted, took an old man out of the poor-house to lower his body more gently into its grave. One, with whom I was once staying, got up in the morning, and told us he was going to pray with the poor, and then went to a sick man, near by, with a bag of grain. The aforesaid sick man was visited by a priest, a few days before, who asked him if he had made his "peace with God!" Thus I find many are enjoying the faith, by attending to the common matters of the social compact.

I have formed friendships with thousands who believe that they shall live forever, because they believe in spirit manifestations. And I am bold to state, that I never saw but four crazy Spiritualists—(a small number compared with the ratio of any other faith.) One of these claimed to be a medium for impressions—said that he was going to be the "Head;" that Jesus Christ and himself were going to decide upon the future course of Truth. He had large self-esteem and marvellousness, and dwelt day upon his future greatness. One was too deep a student; he often did not allow himself to sleep, so great was his thirst for the philosophy of human existence. This last unwise step was caused by his wife, who would not let him have peace to read when she was awake. A third, was a lady who was sick with a fever, and was very naturally "out of her head" for a few days. Her relatives raved and rode and talked fiercely. Her neighbors assisted a doctor to "visit" her, until insanity triumphed; and with her fever, her insanity departed. She is as sane now as ever she was. The last of the four is a fine lady who, heretofore, (as her mother died in an insane hospital,) is disposed to insanity; yet she attends to her household duties, and her noble husband thinks her case is no worse than it was before Spiritualism was spoken or thought of. Only one of these was crazy enough to go to the asylum.

Sectarians enough have been crazy, in my immediate vicinity, to make this number appear small, as I am obliged to go over the State to find the four. But a few days ago, a man near us, was crazy enough to cut his throat. I am told that he was a Methodist. It is but a few days since a member of the Christian church in Woodstock was carried to the insane asylum, in Brattleborough; and while I am penning this, I have heard of the death of one of my neighbors by poison, who was oppressed in many ways, and was thus insane enough to be a suicide. I might fill out a long list of the insane in Woodstock, during the past few years; who were members of the different churches; but I forbear.

Among all those whom I have met, I have not found one who is a believer in "free love." I make this statement with due reflection. Even those who believe that the marriage rite, as formed and performed by man, is wrong, are not disposed to cut down justly upon their families,—thus doing no good to the world, but much hurt to themselves, and bringing undue odium upon reform.

I thank God that the believers in this glorious faith are mostly working people; that they are not loafers or misers; that they are not beggars, but actors. I have met with the friends every Sunday except one, since I wrote you last, and have had meetings often, evenings; and although we have no church organization, we almost always have a church to hold our meetings in, and generally four times as many to fill our houses as attend the "old line" meetings. These things I name not boastfully, but to show the triumph of truth.

There is among us, as elsewhere, a difference in opinion. Some are disposed to patch old garments in honor of their age; while others wear new garments, fitted by the experience of the past and the wisdom of the present. Thus, you perceive, we are much like the world in general.

Allow me to speak of the cause in my town, and I will close. As I can not be at home, and as it is true that a foreign speaker is far more acceptable than a home speaker, I do not often meet with the friends in W., for a public purpose; yet, last Thursday evening, we had a meeting which was fully attended. It was attended by the gentlemen of the bar, as the court is in session. I would

not be away from "home," and from my earlier friends, if it were mine to choose; but so it is not. It is possible that "organization" would give us much aid, for we have numbers enough to present a bold and united front to the world.

Bros. Randall and Winn are not in our place now, and we miss them greatly. Their office was our depot, until they were called away. There is one church in our town which is open to our faith; and now and then we enter it.

Much is now said against us, by the prejudiced, on the score of "polygamy," while it unfortunately happens, (for this accusation,) that it does not exist to an extent that can fasten its charge upon us. Spiritualists are not perfect, and some may shamefully err. It is not our faith that does this, but the want of it. When we ask for evidence, that we are "easy" upon the point of "free love," they refer us to a case in Boston. I sincerely hope that our enemies may ever be obliged to go as far for authority. It is strange how some wild rumor, like the above, travels.—From Vermont to California, this unusual key-note dots out its suspicion, which was born in our camp, and we must all be suspected because forewarned. In grace, had some kind spirit forewarned the votaries of the churches around us, in the years that are gone, methinks their scores of priests and hundreds of laymen might have been more pure than at present, for we have had some sickening cases of adultery in the sternest churches of our place.

Please excuse my style, brother, for my training has been behind the plough. May holy angels guard you.

Yours truly, ASTIN E. SIMMONS.  
Woodstock, Dec. 25, 1854.

We are very happy to hear as above, from our old friend again. He says many good and true things—sometimes a little quaintly, it is true, but none the worse for that. We should be glad to hear from him often.

For the New Era.

## Is the Soul Material?

BROTHER HEWITT:—The world of thought is in motion—false and sectarian dogmas are giving way to more truthful ideas; and the time is rapidly approaching, when a better state of things, universally, will prevail. Let us labor to hasten the day.

We are told by superior intelligences that "all is matter, and matter is all." Are love, benevolence, etc., matter? If so, how are they produced? It is a known law, that when a substance passes from a rarer to a denser medium, heat, which was before latent, is set free. If "all is matter," heat is matter.

Now, I know not why this law does not obtain in the evolution of other substances also. It is believed that the earth once existed in a gaseous form—that by continual condensation and combination, the particles have been brought to their present state. Why may we not suppose, that the fragrance of flowers, etc., is set free by a similar process?—and if true in these cases, why may it not be a general law, that the finer, or more ethereal particles are evolved by the condensation of the coarser? and why may not this be the case in the human form, which is considered a type of all below it?

There is a belief, that the more ethereal portions of the human mind are the result of the sublimation, or crystallization of the rarer particles of the body. Of course, they occupy less space than before; and why may not the emotions, called love, benevolence,—and, in fact, those of all our faculties,—be set free by this action? I cannot see.

We believe there is constant motion among the atoms of matter throughout the universe. Emanations are continually sent forth from everything. And if the atoms of which my soul is composed, are sent forth and unite with those of which another soul is made, and love is set free by the combination, why may not other atoms of my soul unite with those of another soul, and produce love also, in every case, when they meet with those of similar refinement? The more refined they are, the more easily can they permeate space—can they not?—and thus form connections with distant objects? For my part, I can see no good reason for disbelieving an assertion in Nichols' Journal, by S. P. Andrews, that "development tends towards expansion and diffusion of the affections"—not, as the world believes—towards concentration and intensification." Dr. Buchanan locates the seat of love near the summit of the brain, and the seat of passion at the base. The latter should not be mistaken for the former. We frequently meet with those in whom the organ of love seems to be almost entirely absent, and they, of course, judge those in whom it is developed, by their own condition.

"In Heaven, they neither marry nor are given in marriage;" but is there not love among the inhabitants of that place? Is an angel's love limited to one other angel? Surely we must love one before we can love two; but because we love one, does it necessarily follow that we cannot love more?

Yours, for Truth, L. A.

The above seems not a little suggestive of thought on the substantive nature of the soul, and of the love-principle of our nature. Now, it matters not whether we call the soul matter or spirit, if so be, that we get the idea—that is the main point. That the soul is substance, seems self-evident; and to deny it, is to think of it as of nothing; and therefore to make nothing of it. And the common idea amounts to this, and this only. It is, therefore, "good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men," like the "salt" that had "lost its savor."

As to the conclusion at which the writer finally arrives, we only disagree—not in the idea of freedom for the affections, so that one angel may love many, and many love one; and so also, of mortals, in the more general and elevated sense of the term, love—but in

the possibility and true naturalness of conjugal love being various. This doctrine of variety, we do not see as applicable to conjugal love, which, in view of it, seems a misnomer, in as much as the very idea of conjugal love, is that of duality. But even this, in a true union of souls, is truly free, and only free in the truly spiritual and dual marriage.

We have received the following glowing and hopeful document, (from Robert Owen, we suppose,) and lay it before our readers, that they may know what propositions are being made for the good of man. The churches may be still disposed to call Robert Owen an infidel; but if so, we say, give us his infidelity, in preference to their Christianity.

## THE PERMANENT HAPPY EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN RACE, OR, THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE MILLENNIUM IN 1855.

All Governments, Religions, Classes, Sects and Parties, in all Countries, are invited to appoint and send delegates to a meeting to be held in the metropolis of the British Empire, on Monday, 15th May next, in St. Martin's Hall, to hear explained "Glad Tidings of Great Joy to all Mankind," which will include the principles and the plain and easy practice by which all governments may make, with the aid of their respective religions, every one from birth, good, intelligent, wise, united to all, and permanently prosperous and happy.

And, as a preliminary measure, the Trades of this metropolis are invited to elect and send delegates to a meeting to be held in St. Martin's Hall, on Monday, January 1, 1855, at 7 P. M., to have explained to them, that they may explain to their constituents in London, and to their fellow workmen over Great Britain and Ireland, the course which they will be recommended to adopt at the Great Meeting of Universal Delegates to be held, as stated, on the 14th May, on which day will be declared a coming change in the condition of the human race, without revolution or violence, to be effected in peace, with order and wise foresight, and without injury to any one of any class in any country, but with high lasting benefit to all who shall from birth be placed within the new conditions.

Let all who shall attend these two meetings, come in the spirit of pure charity for all men, and with a right good-will to aid, and benefit them, regardless of their class, creed, country, or color.

There will be no deception or secrecy in these proceedings; but the whole will be conducted with "truth without mystery, mixture of error, or fear of man." And the glory of this elevation of mankind to a new phase in their condition will be alone to the God of the Universe, who evidently worketh all things in regular progress for the ultimate good and happiness of man.

ROBERT OWEN.

LONDON, 25th November, 1854.

## Record of Phenomena.

For the New Era.

## A Week in New York.

FRIEND HEWITT:—I want trouble you with the particulars of my passage, for it was second class, and might put me down a peg in the eyes of the nobler ones. But I arrived on the morning of the 7th, in good order to walk to the hotel, with no further disgrace. It was a humble place, but convenient and good for the price. I believe it to be the best in New York, for "short" people, like myself. It is Savery's Hotel, 14 Beekman street, kept on the European plan. But I soon found my good friend, Toohy, ready to take me into his family as a brother.

Last evening, with him, I attended a private circle at Mrs. Brown's. The manifestations were worth relating. First, the raps were loud, like the sound of a good sized hammer, made in several places about the table, and by request, on the ceiling and door.

When my turn came, the spirit picked out a name, which I had written among several others, as its own, claiming to be a half-brother. Truly, I had a half-brother by that name, who is now in the spirit-world. Still I placed but little confidence in the "test," but asked for nothing further. The spirit then spelled out a beautiful sentence about faith. But one can't have faith till faith comes,—at least, I can't, desirable as it may be.

Soon the bells were put under the table by myself, after a very close scrutiny for the machinery which was to be employed in ringing them; but though I saw none, they were repeatedly rung, while all hands were on the table. Then I took a clean sheet of paper, tore it open, kept one part in my hand, passed the other to a gentleman by my side, with the request that he should place it under the table with the pencil. He did so under my inspection. All hands were then placed upon the table, the medium's feet being on those of a gentleman by her side. In a few moments, by the raps, we were requested to take up the paper. This we did, and found two names written upon it, which we could not make out. Again, the paper was replaced in the same careful manner, and another name distinctly written. Again the experiment was repeated, and the name of my half-brother was written on the other half-sheet. Every person present then signed a certificate, that they did not do the writing, or believe any one in the circle could do it; but that they believed spirits did it.

I would give you this certificate, and the names; but strange to say, these firm believers in Spiritualism would not allow their names to come before the public, because they had other responsibilities resting upon them. There are hundreds of these secret believers in New York; but like the present company, they belong to Wall street, or respectable families, and so their testimony must be suppressed. But I have those names

for private use, and will give them to any one who doubts. I was also touched many times by spirit power at this circle, and also at another on a subsequent evening at the same place.

There are many noble, daring Spiritualists in New York,—not only daring, but generous and devoted. They support a "ragged school," and engage heartily in other practical reforms.

On Sunday, I had the pleasure of meeting Gov. Talmadge, Gen. Bullard, and several others, at Judge Edmonds'. Here I listened to the reading of Gov. Talmadge's very excellent introduction to "The Healing of the Nations," a book written through the the mediumship of a young man in Philadelphia, who has had very limited means of literary education, and made no attempt to write his own thoughts. The book will be about the size of Judge Edmonds', and if like the chapter I heard, will create a new era in the literature of Spiritualism. I have seen nothing that begins to approach it, in thought, or in beauty, clearness, brevity, and force of expression. But the book will commend itself, and the Emersonian School would gladly read it. I understood it will be out in about five weeks. The best thing I saw in New York, was the effort to unite the reformers of the various schools, on some practical measure for the amelioration of labor.

A movement is undertaken, which promises to do a great work in this direction. It is not for me to speak of its nature at this time; but I may say, I have seen nothing so practical, and yet so extensive and radical, as this contemplated movement. God grant it may succeed, for this is the real problem before the reformer,—"How to emancipate and elevate labor." I hope I shall be able to say more of this in the future.

Last Wednesday I came to this place where I have found a noble band of noble brothers and sisters—of the warmest hearts, and liberal and united hands. I have spoken to them several times, and shall soon leave them with much reluctance, but with deep joy at having become acquainted with them.

I have witnessed some conclusive evidence of "identity,"—conclusive to one who can't see that "it is absolutely impossible to establish identity." This is afforded by a medium who first describes, then personifies the spirit, and finally mentions facts in its earthly history. I would relate the facts in one or two cases, could I do them justice; but those who know me will know that I cannot be satisfied of the identity of a spirit friend by a simple "test," or any ordinary amount of evidence. In these cases, I am fully satisfied upon this point. The medium is Mrs. Babcock, formerly of Roxbury.

A. J. Davis speaks in this place next Sunday. I proceed West soon.

TROY, Dec. 28th, '54 J. H. FOWLER.

"THE UNA."—We call the attention of our readers to the "Prospectus of the Una" in another column. This monthly periodical has now been before the public two years—devoted principally to the advancement, rights and elevation of WOMAN, and is afforded to subscribers at ONE DOLLAR a year in advance, as will be seen. All those wishing the paper, can have it sent to them from this office, together with the "New Era," for one year, for two DOLLARS. (postage pre-paid,) thus saving 50 cents on both.

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## 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 Yorkshire, N. Y.

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 OWEN.

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. 14tf

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, Psychometric, and Medical examinations made during any of the above hours.  
J. S. LOVELAND,  
GEORGE ATKINS. 14tf

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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.

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

## Advertisements.

## NOTICE TO SPIRITUALISTS.

The Wonders of the Spirit World.  
By W. R. HAYDEN, of Boston, has purchased the duplicates of  
PROFESSOR S. B. BRITTON'S  
Beautiful and Novel Collection of  
SPIRIT DRAWINGS,  
TALBOTYPED ON GLASS,  
AND SHOWN ON CANVAS, GREATLY  
MAGNIFIED AND ILLUMINATED  
AS  
DIOPTRIC VIEWS.

Consisting of Mystical Writings in Greek, Hebrew, Bengali, Chinese, and also in unknown languages;—Portraits of Eminent Philosophers, Poets, Seers and Saints. Some of these heads have been pronounced by well known Artists, to be remarkable productions of artistic merit.

Besides the above, are various kinds of flowers and scenery of the spirit land, and many other beautiful specimens of spirit skill and power.

The drawings are perfect Facsimiles of the original, and as a whole will form one of the most unique, chaste and extraordinary Exhibitions ever presented to the public, and cannot fail to deeply interest both the believer and the skeptic.

Each Exhibition will be prefaced with a lecture on the phenomena and philosophy of Spiritualism, by Dr. Hayden, who will also give a brief history and explanation of each drawing, presented.

Dr. Hayden having made an agreement with Professor Britton to answer all calls to lecture with the drawings in New England, except Connecticut, will be most happy to lecture in public or private for a moderate compensation. The Exhibition will be ready about the 15th of the present month.

Address W. R. HAYDEN, No. 5 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass. 15tf

## Wonderful Discovery.

THE NERVE SOOTHING VITAL FLUIDS; prepared expressly by Spirit direction through Mrs. E. J. FRENCH, 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 Cutaneous 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.

Price per bottle, 6 bottles for \$5. Sold by Fotherden & Co., 9 and 13 Court street, Boston, Agents for New England, to whom all orders must be addressed. 15tf

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. 14tf

A PORTRAIT OF REV. THEODORE PARKER—executed in the highest style of the Gröszler—price \$1.00. Also A PORTRAIT OF WENDELL PHILLIPS by the same artist: price \$1.00. For sale by Bela Marsh, No. 15 Franklin street. 12tf

## 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 w

## 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

OR  
SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

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

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