

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. 18.

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WHOLE NO. 116.

Thoughts of the Age.

In No. 14, we gave our readers a communication, entitled "A New Scheme," etc. The following is a continuation of the same subject:

For the New Era.

Temptations to Virtue.

Mr. Editor:—Absence and labor have prevented me from fulfilling my promise to the extent desired. In obedience to your wish, as far as circumstances will permit, I am happy to explain, because it gives me the opportunity of assisting the reader of my former article in reasoning upon the suggestions there made.

It occurs to me, that the first idea calling for an explanation, is, how the plan proposed will throw every temptation on the side of virtue. We will suppose the rising generation, male and female, to be liberally educated in all the natural sciences. That would prepare them mentally for a congenial companionship—a fraternal union. An education in the laws of health, would then lead them to abstain from all things hurtful to body or mind. The mind is the actual wealth of the country. If that be so, then it is for the interest of the country, in order to increase its wealth, to increase or cultivate the collective mind. A field left to itself, will bring forth brambles, thistles and weeds; while a field properly cultivated, will bring forth food to the tiller, in proportion to its inherent capability. So with the mind, it must produce something. If not properly cultivated it will bring forth discordant and poisonous influences; if well developed, harmonious and healthful influences. Mind is the great motor within us; mind levels the forests; mind tills the soil; mind builds your houses, your canals, your railroads and all that appertain to them. Mind, with its own will, commands the elements to do its bidding—makes the lightning its messenger, the ocean its highway, and the land the place of its habitation and pleasure. Therefore reform should commence with a universal education. That education should be at government expense, because the Government assumes to be the parent and receives a corresponding benefit. It should be connected with manual labor, because labor strengthens the body, which in its turn sustains the energy of the mind.

Well, let us suppose for a moment, money to be out of use, and how much temptation to evil would be destroyed? If there is no money, there can be no counterfeiting the king's currency, no forgeries. There can be no robberies or thefts to procure it; no defrauding of neighbors to gain it; no manufacturing of ardent spirits to receive it; no disconsolate wives will weep over wasted embers, the absence of inebriate husbands; no famished children will raise a feeble cry for bread, whose fathers' means and energies have gone to buy the vendor's lands and splendid equipage; no human flesh will then be bought and sold for gold. Well, is not here a multitude of crime swept overboard? Would there not already be a New Heaven and a New Earth? Would it not be worthy of the sacrifice? or must sin still exist, that grace may abound? God forbid!

But to make the destruction of crime more complete, let us place all on an equality in regard to property, as we have already done as far as possible, in regard to education. Again, suppose we throw all our lands, together with their productions, into the hands of the Government, making it responsible for all the comforts of life; what then becomes of the remainder of the crimes that afflict and disgrace humanity, save prostitution?—And when the laws of health are understood, the passions will be brought under the subjection of an enlightened reason.

But, in order that the Government may supply these comforts, it must itself be supplied; that can only be done by every capable individual, male and female, contributing a certain number of hours each day, sabbath excepted, to some useful manual employment,—say six hours; that would leave six more for pleasure or mental improvement. And sixty days should be granted for visiting or travel. That, I think, would give the Government a greater abundance, than it now possesses, with its multitude of consumers, who are not producers.

The question may be asked, where are your orphans?—In the public schools provided for, by Government. Where are the decrepit beggars, who perhaps have wasted the pith of life in arduous toil, perhaps for public good?—In neat and commodious dwellings, comfortably supplied. Where is

the slave, now sweltering in his chains or stifled with the cold? beside his master—his equal, and no more. What then becomes of theft for food and clothing? There can be none, because it can avail them nothing; they are supplied by Government, beyond which supply, they can retain nothing.

Here, then, we find a society without a single temptation to commit a crime or do a wrong.

Now, let us create temptations to do good. In the first place, let us suppose circles to be formed, one above another, as expediency may indicate, through which each must ascend by individual merit. Has a youth been attentive to labor and assiduous in his studies? has he been kind and moral in his deportment while at school? Let him on leaving it, enter the first circle. Are those in the first circle attentive to labor, peaceable and kind to their neighbors? Elevate them to the second. Are those in the second kind to the sick? Do they administer to the wants and comfort of those in distress? Do they still practise the virtues of the circles through which they have passed? Elevate them to the third and so on through all the grades. Every invention, every discovery, every act or publication, calculated to advance or promote the happiness of mankind, should be rewarded by elevation in the circles, in proportion to the good received from the same, together with such credit of time as Government may direct. No superior circle should be exempt from the duties of an inferior circle. If any department lacks laborers, elevate those who will volunteer in the circles until the demand shall be supplied.

Here, I think we have every stimulant or temptation to do good, that can be brought to bear on the public mind.

Here the philanthropist can unloose the shackles of oppressed humanity; here the benevolent can find room for an active exercise of his charity. The man of peace can here find his cherished home. Here those who have waged war against "King Alcohol," can lay aside their weapons, for they have "conquered a peace." Here the earnest seeker for the Millennium, can find his heaven begun. Here the pilgrim to the "Holy Land" can find a new Jerusalem. Here the believer in Christ can find an opportunity to practise the teachings of his glorified Master. The spirit of His teachings is here—the triune is here—Love, Wisdom and Justice; Love to conceive, Wisdom to develop, and Justice to distribute.

But here no miser can satisfy his thirst for gold; no young man can hope for perfection by keeping the letter of the decalogue and still press to his heart, his great worldly possessions. He must go "away sorrowful."

Professed follower of Christ, do you want a test? Can you make the sacrifice that He demanded? If not, then you are none of His. Lovers of St. Paul, can you, like him, forego the meats that make your brother to offend? If so, the work is before you; if not, the place on which you stand is yet unhallowed ground.

[To be continued.]

M. VAN EVERY.

"Healing of the Nations."

The following extracts are taken from the work entitled as above, which was written through the hand of CHARLES LINTOX, of Newtown, Pa., and edited by Governor Tallmadge. We are informed by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that this work will be for sale about the first of March. The specimens below certainly breathe a very excellent spirit—a spirit without which there can be no "Healing of the Nations."

When about to write the book entitled "The Healing of the Nations," I felt descending upon me an influence whose holy sweetness words can never express.

Ere taking my pen to write, my whole being entered a calm and tranquil state, which was expressed to the Holy One in a devout prayer—such as this: "Oh, Father, if it so please Thee, let Thy servant write only that which shall glorify Thee."

And in answer I have written that which I felt to be truth, though at times my outward ignorance was much at a loss to substantiate the wisdom of that written.

I have never written without the influence of that unseen Power, for it has been my constant desire that I might never write one word of error, or of that which would not lead to man's highest good, and to the highest knowledge of God.

When writing I always preferred to be alone, though I have often written in the presence of my own family or friends, and sometimes in the presence of entire strangers.

During the writing of the book I scarcely read any, in any book, being conscious that I retained nothing at all of that which I attempted to read.

I never referred to any book before the

writing, during, or since having finished the writing of "The Healing of the Nations."

I never had any books by me save the one in which I wrote. How the contents of the book correspond with the contents of other books I do not know.

It was always sufficient inducement for me to write to feel the sweet influence enveloping me as a flood of light in which was all that I could imagine as necessary unto heavenly happiness.

I have written in all kinds of circumstances without any apparent diminution of the control of my system had by the unseen Power. The one thing necessary for the obtaining of this feeling—this holy influence—was calm, quiet PRAYER.

I know that prayers are answered; how, is explained in the book.

I have felt and seen all that I wrote. I have experienced most holy joy, most serene happiness; and again have felt the keen despair of the tortured spirit. I have viewed the operation of essences and principles, apparently seeing them as distinctly as any outward object. I have seen all the scenery as in the book described; and, in short, all that is there written at the time was felt by me as though it was then and there present.

I feel thankful unto God for the bestowal of so much happiness as I have experienced while writing, and since writing "The Healing of the Nations."

It has truly healed my spirit, and, I may add, that one other spirit, as dear unto mine as its own existence, hath found in the words flowing from my pen a balm most healing. It has driven hereditary darkness from our path, and opened a channel unto the Fountain of Light, whose outward flowing waters have nourished our love until it is as the rock of Eternal Truth.

The ideas seemed at times to enter my mind with a gleam of light, and were instantly before me waiting to be worded; at other times I could not see one word ahead of that which I was writing, and have written on one word at a time, that when the word was written it appeared disjointed and disconnected until the whole sentence was finished, and behold! I saw a great truth, builded, as it were, almost without my knowledge.

I have at times been conscious of an entire vacancy of what I should term my own mind; at other times my mind has been exercised violently on some outside subject, and still the writing would continue as though the mind were calm. This was after having commenced writing, as I never commenced except in the manner above described—calmly and quietly.

I have written from one half page to as high as ten or eleven pages daily. The book was commenced on the eleventh of the eleventh month, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and ended fourth month, ninth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. (Commenced Nov. 11th, 1853; ended April 9th, 1854.) I lost one month in writing, being away from the book at the time.

There are four hundred and thirty (430) pages of manuscript, closely written, and scarcely containing one mistake. I can positively say there is no mistake of any kind which did not arise from my own inattention during the writing; the dictating Power being always right, so far as my comprehension goes.

I have never felt but one Presence and but one Power, which is to me as distinct as my own animal feelings. I know the instant it approaches, and can instantly tell when it leaves me, at which time I have ceased writing, and commenced exercising in the open air.

Some will naturally ask, "What is that Power?" In answer to this question I must say, I do not positively know. I leave every reader to be his own judge; believing, as I do, in individual responsibility, I feel at liberty only to tell what I believe, namely, that it is from the highest spiritual source, leaving positive truths unto God, and all men to judge their own judgment. My belief concerning the source whence the book came can only be my own belief, and I do not want that to be adopted by any man unthinkingly.

I had not the faintest idea, at the commencement of "The Healing of the Nations," what the course would be of that which was being written; and I must say, that no person can be so much surprised as myself at the order and regularity of the course pursued, both in regard to the subjects, and the reasoning elucidating them.

I never planned, or attempted to plan, any thing ahead in writing; for beside of the Power dictating I felt truly as a little child in wisdom, and can now thank God that I was permitted to have a child's trustfulness—thus writing as dictated unto, unheeding the opinions of my own selfish nature.

I have frequently been asked, "Why do you reject the credit of composing 'The Healing of the Nations'?" I answer all such inquiries thus: "Common honesty bids me do it."

The only credit I desire to have, and that which I feel to be my due, arises from the fact that I HAVE DESIRED HUMBLY AND SINCERELY TO GLORIFY A LOVING FATHER AND BENEFIT MAN. Any man who honestly and openly reads "The Healing of the Nations" will give me this credit, and surely I need not ask more. True it is, that let men say and do as they will concerning that which is written, they can never reach that sweet place within my own spirit, wherein, morning and evening, and in the shady noon, I feel, "Well done," vibrating to THE VOICE OF HIM whose servant I am proud to be.

I have felt more peaceful happiness in this inward communion with the unseen Power whose scribe I seemed to be, than the voice of all mankind could in praising give. Hence do I speak of my work as though it was not my work, and give credit unto whom credit is due.

Following these extracts, the *Telegraph* has the following observations on Gov. TALLMADGE, and extracts from his introduction to the "Healing of the Nations":

Gov. Tallmadge is a member of the Episcopal Church, and while to some minds his language may occasionally seem to indicate that he attaches an undue importance to certain books and men, it must be evident to every candid reader that there is no dogmatism or theological hair-splitting in his Introduction to "The Healing of the Nations." Much less is there any attempt to bend Spiritualism to the support of his preconceived opinions, or to interpret its significant facts and inspired teachings by the light of the Thirty-nine Articles. The Governor employs no rhetorical drapery to cover up the truth, nor does he invest his subject with the theological second-hand clothing of his church, either out of respect to the "Apostolic Succession," or to render it fashionable. On the contrary, Spiritualism has found in our distinguished friend a fearless investigator who is not to be turned from his purpose, and a witness who need not be sworn to tell the truth. At the same time he treats the Scriptures and the Christian Religion with profound respect. On this point we cite the following brief expression of his views:

I have always maintained and still maintain, the Bible as the word of God; and I agree with that accomplished scholar and jurist, Sir William Jones, who declared that "The Scriptures contain, independently of their divine original, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, pure morality, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that ever were composed in any age or clime." And when we consider the sublime doctrine of Spiritualism as denying the truths of the Bible, I can only say, "they know not what they do." They might with greater propriety denounce all denominations of Christians except their own, because they differ from each other as to what are the truths of the Bible.

The writer insists that the current phenomena are not opposed to genuine Christianity, but that, while they demonstrate our immortality, they clearly and forcibly illustrate the divine principles of Christ, shedding at once a new and clearer light on the invisible laws involved in the marvellous displays of spiritual presence and energy which accompanied his dispensation. In confirmation of this general idea, and to illustrate the prevalence, among the purest and noblest minds, of faith in the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse, Mr. Tallmadge refers to the New Testament writers and to many eminent modern authors. Speaking of the manifestations, and of the presumption of those who treat them with derision and denunciation, he says:

If, then, these manifestations are according to God's laws, how great is the responsibility of those who undertake to denounce them, who undertake to set a limit to the power of the Almighty; and to proclaim that there is neither the necessity nor the power for further manifestations to elucidate the truths of the Bible—truths about which mankind cannot agree, and never will agree, until the light of the Spirit is shed upon them. This responsibility is great here, but it will be greater hereafter. And none will see it and feel it with such crushing weight as the clergy who have denounced it; who have shut out the light from their people, and caused them to walk in darkness, when the bright light of these manifestations has been shining around them. Let them take heed to themselves. This warning is founded on communications from a high spiritual source. And let them rest assured that, though they may stay for a brief season the mighty torrent of "Spiritualism," which is covering the earth as the waters cover the sea, they will not be able to check it in the world to which they go, but will there be held to an awful accountability! If they had but a small share of practical common sense, they would investigate it, and proclaim it from the pulpit as confirmed truths of the Bible, and reaffirming the doctrines which Christ taught and practised. Instead of attempting to resist it they would "take the tide at its flood," and endeavor to "direct the fury of the storm." If they do not, they will find the foundations of their antagonistic creeds washed from under them, and swept away by the resistless tide which is now setting.

"Like to the Pontic sea
Whence e'er the turbulent Euxine courses,
Ne'er eels retire, nor eels return."

They may as well attempt to stem the torrent of Niagara, and silence the thunders of the mighty cataract. The day for intimidation has gone by. Those liquid fires, whose torments have been so long used, have been quenched by the pure waters of truth flowing from the fountain of Love; and the sun of righteousness, the brilliant light shed by the sun of righteousness which has risen with healing in its wings.

From the interesting narration of spiritual experiences contained in the Introduction to this book, we select the following striking example, in which the life of Gov. Tallmadge was preserved, as he now firmly believes, by the interposition of some guardian Spirit:

Of impressions which we receive, every one's own individual experience will bear me out in what I say. How often has it happened to me, almost every body that he or she has been impressed to do or not to do, to go or not to go, and by obeying that impression, has been saved from accident or danger? I could cite abundant authorities in proof of this, but I will only relate one instance in regard to myself. I was on board the steam-ship Princeton, in the Potomac river, in the year 1844, when the dreadful disaster occurred by the bursting of the "big gun," which sacrificed the lives of several of our most distinguished citizens. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Com. Stockton, the distinguished commander of the Princeton, to witness the movements of the steamer, and to witness the firing of the gun called the "Peace-maker," a gun of wrought iron, of immense weight and caliber. I had under my charge two ladies. It was announced that the gun would fire three times. When they were preparing for the first firing, I took my position at the breech of the gun. The vessel being in motion, the smoke, after firing, was immediately left behind, and in my position I could take the range of the shot of immense weight as it gracefully bounded over the water. I took this position at each fire. After dinner I went with the ladies on deck at the stern of the vessel, and soon discovered

the gun was again being loaded. I immediately went to the bow of the vessel, and learning that the commodore, and the President and his cabinet, and other gentlemen were momentarily expected to witness the last fire, I determined to remain, and took my position as before. I waited a minute or two, and was suddenly impressed to leave the gun, and was not to tell; I had no fear of the gun, for I supposed a wrought-iron gun could not burst. Yet, by an irresistible impulse, I was compelled to leave the gun. I went to the stern of the vessel, and was told the ladies had just gone below. I went down into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun; and in a moment came the news that two members of the cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen had been instantly killed by the bursting of the gun. I rushed on deck, saw the lifeless and mangled bodies, and found that the gun had burst at the very spot where I had stood at the three former fires, and where, if I had remained at the fourth fire, I should have been perfectly demolished! Here was a spiritual impression which I could not resist, and which saved my life. It is not for me to say why my life was saved and others sacrificed. We cannot fathom the mysterious ways of Providence, but we can derive benefit from the manifestations thus placed before us.

In the course of the Introduction we have a classification of media, and many interesting facts and communications are cited in illustration of the several phases of the phenomena. From among the examples of physical mediumship the Governor relates the following:

In June, 1853, after my return from New York, where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a drum would be developed that would be of great service. I asked who it would be. It was answered, a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I have four daughters. It was answered, Emily. I was then directed, when a circle should be formed at my house, to put Emily at the piano. I asked, "Will you teach her to play?" It was answered, "You will see." Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark that she never knew a note in music, and had never played a tune on the piano in her life. The reason is this. The country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself, or some member of the family. I soon formed a circle in my family, as directed. Emily took paper and pencil. Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to strike the table as if striking the keys of the piano. This reminded me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed it to her, and though she was diffident, she complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played "Beethoven's Grand Waltz," in a style that would do credit to one well advanced in music. I then played many familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Last Rose of Summer," "Hail to the Chief," "Old Folks at Home," "Lilly Dale," etc. She then played an air entirely new, and sang it with words improvised or winged for the occasion. New and beautiful airs continued to be sung for her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

Interesting Talk on Spiritualism, by Mrs. Gage, and what she saw. (From the Ohio Farmer.)

FRIEND BROWN:—

We had a talk some time since on the subject of Spiritualism, as it is now stirring the minds of the people; and I believe you gave it as your opinion that it was not worth talking much about, or looking into. Therein we somewhat differed, for even if it is all imagination or deception, surely it is well for the learned, the wise and good, if possible, to free their friends and neighbors of the enchantment, and let their senses free to float in the old channels of thought or will. It is every one's duty to forward truth, and retard error, and where thousands are being led away blindly, and our scientific men profess to be able to discover the cheat, and redeem the victims, it is right, nay, it is their duty to do it.

Some two weeks ago, I visited the town of Waukegan, on the shore of Lake Michigan. I became acquainted with persons who are strong believers in Spiritualism. I had several sittings with them, that developed some things startling and extraordinary, but yet not to me very convincing of the presence of any spirit from the unseen world. I was told there of a lady in the town, who would write letters on her flesh, by running her fingers on the outside of her garments, &c. I requested an interview, and was accompanied to her house. She was in her kitchen, busy with her morning work, but came in very soon, and took her seat, as with my friend, who was making a morning call. I told her the object of my mission, that I had heard much, and read much, of the operations of the spirits, but had seen nothing to convince me of spirit presence; that I wished earnestly to investigate the subject, and should not relinquish my doubts until ample testimony had been given me to compel me to do so.

We chatted a few moments—her breathing grew heavy, her nerves agitated, and then showed us her bare arms, which were covered by an open velvet sleeve which she pushed up. She covered them again, and with the fore-finger of her left hand, traced something like letters on the outside of her sleeve, barely touching the garment; then, after rubbing her hand quickly over her arm, outside her sleeve, some two or three times, from the shoulder down, she pushed back her sleeve and revealed to our astonished gaze, the traces of letters rising in the skin, which immediately became full and fair looking, as if the flesh had been raised by the stroke of a slender switch. The raised marks were as large round as a good sized knitting needle. The first name written was one of a neighbor recently deceased, and had been traced by her left hand, wrong side up, so that I, sitting at the right hand, should read it without rising from the chair. After some of the friends had conversed with the spirit of Dr. C—who it was said

was present—I asked if no friends of mine wished to confer with me. She replied a woman and child were present, and wrote the name "Mary," which read immediately as before. I could remember the name of that name. She said the child's name was Mary. I asked the name of the woman, and it was written distinctly. It was the name of a lady relative, who died many years ago, and whose name I am confident, neither she nor any of the company had ever known.

Our interview was short, as the lady was hurrying her work out of the way, to go to a dinner-party, it then being ten o'clock, A. M. The next day we met again. I saw the astonishing results, from simply moving the finger over the outside of the clothes.

The names of the woman and child were written for me. But when I told her that the woman had no child Mary, she signified her desire to write with a pencil—tied a handkerchief over her eyes (because she said the spirits wanted to convince me) and wrote legibly, "It is not her child, but Mrs. Gage's sister's child." I now remembered that a sister twenty-four years ago buried a little girl of that name, to whom I was then much attached.

The lady, whose name she wrote out, and the little girl, had not been in my mind that I recollected. The lady died when I was a child, 40 years ago.

These and many other startling things came before me. There was no collusion. She seemed impressed against her will because she was in haste. I was in no mood to be deceived, for I was intent at getting at the truth.

I do not, cannot now affirm this to be the work of spirits, nor would I dare say it was not. But what was it that impressed those letters upon her arms, raising up the flesh in ridges? making letters wrong side up, and spelling words backward and forward with equal facility. Who told her of things she had not heard of before?

How are these things to be accounted for? Some of the Christian world—"Beecher and others—have decided it spirits. And have bad spirits liberty to roam up and down the earth, doing these strange things; and have good spirits no power given to control them? Who will answer? Will the wise and learned explain this phenomenon?

FRANCES D. GAGE.

St. Louis, Dec. 28.

"God Made Him."

We extract the following gem from Fanny Fern's latest work, entitled "Ruth Hall:—

"Time for papa to come," said little Daisy, seating herself on the low doorstep; "the sun has crept way round to the big apple tree;" and Daisy shook back her hair, and settling her little elbows on her knees, sat with her chin in her palms, dreamingly watching the shifting clouds. A butterfly alights on a blade of grass near her; Daisy springs up, her long hair floating like a veil about her shoulders, and her tiny feet scarce bending the clover blossoms, and tip-toes carefully along in pursuit.

He's gone, Daisy, but never mind; like many other coveted treasures, he would lose his brilliancy if caught. Daisy has found something else; she closes her hands over it, and returns to her old watch-post on the doorstep. She seats herself again, and loosing her tiny hold, out creeps a great bushy caterpillar. Daisy places him carefully on the back of her little blue-veined hand, and he commences his travels up the polished arm to the little round shoulders. When he reaches the lace sleeve, Daisy's laugh rings out like a robin's carol; then she puts him back, to re-travel the same smooth road again.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy," said Ruth, stepping up behind her, "what an ugly fellow; put him down, darling, I cannot bear to see him on your arm."

"Why, God made him," said little Daisy, with sweet upturned eyes of wonder.

"True, darling," said Ruth, in a hushed whisper, kissing the child's brow with a strange feeling of awe.

"Keep him, Daisy, dear, if you like."

What could be purer or sweeter than this simple, touching sentence, "Why, God made him."

PATIENCE.

All precious things are slow of growth.
Beloved girls,
Be patient like the moaning sea
That waiteth ever patiently,
Till tears are pearls.
Believe me, there is not a star,
Nor e'en a flower,
But teacheth this blessed truth,
Comfort and hope for sorrowing youth,
And silent power.
Be patient, therefore—watch and pray;
The gems of earth,
Like those which burn o'er yonder skies,
And human hearts are silently
Prepared for birth.

—J. Neal.

His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel; for all the world in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable; and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers, and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.—Jeremy Taylor.

Excitement leads to enthusiasm, that moral intoxication, whose effects seem incredible, the sober, while the influence which produces the extravagance, appears more extraordinary than the act itself.

The New Era.

"BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."

S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.

TERMS, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.

Boston: Saturday, February 3, 1855.

In the Evil Spirits.

Many persons have been very much troubled, since the manifestations began, with what they are pleased to call "evil spirits;" and some seem to have no other manifestations except those which bear, oftentimes, the most unlovely and disagreeable characteristics. If such ask questions of the spirits, at circles, they get nothing but lies; and not unfrequently this kind of manifestation comes spontaneously, sometimes accompanied by exhibitions of great physical power, and almost violence. But we believe no real harm has yet been done to the persons of those, in connection with whom such exhibitions take place.

Now, the question arises, Do evil spirits cause even these manifestations, which seem so prominently to bear the marks of an evil genius? We answer, Not necessarily so. That there are multitudes of men, women and children in the spirit world, out of the flesh, whom we call spirits, and who retain, for the time, the same dispositions they cherished here, often perverted, and therefore evil ones, we have not the least doubt; but that these communicate so frequently as some seem to suppose, we have no faith at all. For special and wise purposes, the Higher Wisdom of the spiritual world, may permit the lower and more perverted spirit intelligences to make manifestations, and even instruct them, when necessary, of the method of doing so. But, for the most part, the manifestations alluded to, are from another source, and one, too, that is least suspected. What that is, we shall see in due season.

We have already said that low spirits may sometimes communicate; and our conclusion would be, that in all cases where it is absolutely certain that the medium and the members of the circle are pure and truthful, and yet these manifestations come, the Higher Wisdom has permitted them, for trial purposes, for the evolution of thought in new and important directions, and for such arduous discipline in spiritual experience, as may be necessary to give greater strength, vigor and clearness to the spiritual faculties. If an inferior spirit be personally present on such occasion, and if he be engaged in communicating in accordance with his own most predominant disposition, it may be, so far as his own consciousness of the matter is concerned, entirely as from himself—i. e., he may not be conscious of any higher intelligence, or any superior motive than his own, as having any possible concern in the exhibition; and yet there is "a power behind the throne" of his motives and his conscious power, which means only good, and sooner or later infallibly brings it;—where he, perhaps, means only mischief, or some other purely unworthy end.

But when it is certain, that either the medium, or some one or more members of the circle, or both, are lovers of low things, cherish impure and unworthy dispositions, and the low manifestations come, we should say, that for the most part, at least, the low medium, and others present of like disposition, were responsible for the manifestation, and that, too, although the spirit, or the circle of spirits communicating, might be even of the most elevated order. There is a principle involved here, which we could wish to have distinctly understood and faithfully applied,—it is this: as the light and heat of the sun, flowing into and being received by the earth, produces, not always, what is its nature and tendency to produce, but what is determined by the kind of reception which the earth gives to the sun, so the spiritual world, in flowing into the natural world, or into human beings who are a part and the crown of the natural world, ultimately itself, not always, as it would, but as it must, according to reception. If the natural sun shines upon a deep, rich soil, highly cultivated, it produces beautiful trees, plants, flowers; but the same sun shining upon a "Dismal Swamp," a filthy pool, or an arid desert, produces, not its like, but the like of the swamp, the pool, and the desert. Huge alligators, venomous serpents, noxious insects, miasmas of horrible stench, and deadly virus, and a dry, parching, feverish reflection of both light and heat, swarm in great abundance, and come into contact, oftentimes, in no very agreeable manner, with the sensitive nature of man. So it is precisely with the light and heat of the spiritual sun. The spiritual world, in the broadest sense of it, and in its highest definition, is that sun; and flowing, as it does, into human beings, it is a matter of necessity, that it should ultimately itself not like itself, unless that into which it shines, is like itself in character and condition, but like the state in which it finds the spiritual soil. If our souls are, spiritually,

"dismal swamps," filthy pools, and arid deserts, then we must expect such results as compare with the malignant and deadly creations of the imperfect conditions of the earth's surface, from the action of the sun.

And all this is very well, after all. The first step in the true and complete regeneration of Humanity, is to bring the hidden evil to the surface—expose it to the light—let it come out. The more you smother, cover up and hide it, the worse it is for you. And one great office of Spiritualism, ay, the great function, is to show exactly what human beings are—i. e., what they are in condition—in their perceptions, that these, when once fairly exposed, may pass away, as some hitherto concealed and enclosed stench, or filth, evaporates, and chemically unites with other elements, and thereby becomes of positive and beneficent use, when once exposed to the light and heat of the sun.

But let us not be misunderstood here. We do not make this method of explaining the phenomena of "evil spirits," so called, to cover the whole ground. Incidentally we allow and believe, morally inferior beings do communicate; but, as we see it, it is only incidentally that they are permitted to do so, while by far the greater number of so called evil manifestations bear the characteristics observed because of the conditions through which they flow. And if this be so, then Spiritualists have a work to do of no small magnitude—a work, however, which must be done, if they would get rid of the "evil spirits" which trouble them so much: it is that of SELF CULTURE: it is that of casting the devil out of ourselves! The Old Dispensation has not yet saved us from merely looking out of ourselves, to our neighbors, and probably never will. It is the province of the new one, however, to introvert this scanning criticism—to turn our search inward, and put the old hunter on the new track of the same old game, in quarters where he had scarcely dreamed of finding such game. And it is to be hoped, that he may not be unsuccessful, in at least driving the whole fell troop from their lurking places, for it is exceedingly probable, that the time has nearly arrived, when the principle that works with the absolute certainty of essential law is comprehensively operating TO MAKE KNOWN THE SECRETS OF ALL HEARTS!

A Sitting at Dr. Hayden's.

On several occasions lately we have attended sittings at Dr. Hayden's, No. 5 Hayward Place, and been highly gratified with the results. A few evenings since we called and sat an hour with the Dr. and his amiable wife, when the following unique and interesting phenomena transpired.

We had been sitting but a very short time, when we heard a peculiar sound, the precise character of which we did not at first recognize, and which the Dr. and his companion said was entirely new at their sittings. We soon listened more carefully and found the sounds to imitate very accurately the *sawing of wood*. The saw would go on regularly sawing off the stick, and then the stick would drop on the floor; and this was continued time after time, for some minutes. After a while we requested the spirit to bore a hole with an auger; and the almost instant result was the most perfect imitation of that sound. It was decidedly the most capital boring—so far as sound went—that we ever listened to. We then requested the spirit, successively, to give us the sound of the jack plane, the hammer striking a nail, the mallet and the mortising chisel, which were all very accurately done. But none of them quite equalled the sound of the auger.

The spirit who made these sounds was evidently a mechanic, we thought, when he lived in the flesh, and so we questioned him to that effect. He replied that he was. We then asked him if he was formerly acquainted with us? He said "yes." Where did we live at the time? "In the town of CHARLTON, Mass.," was his reply. What was your trade? said we. "Cabinet maker," he said. And what was ours? we queried again. "Wheelwright," he continued. Will you tell us what we used to do when boys together, in which I always came off victorious? "Wrestle," said he. Now please tell us your name, said we.—But he hesitated.—Will you impress our mind with it? "Yes," he replied. Here we had a few moments of silence; but although I remembered the person of the spirit as the facts came along, yet I could not remember his name. Neither did he succeed in impressing my mind with his name. So I asked him again, if he would spell it out, and he replied, "Think of Stephen." We then remembered that his Christian name was Stephen; but we could not, for the life of us, think of the last or surname. And so, at our request, he gave that as "Holmes." And now we had it all.

We assure the reader that all we have related above is plain matter-of-fact. When a boy we learned the trade named, in the town named, while that of "Stephen Holmes," acquired under the same roof, was the "cabinet maker's" trade. Like most

boys we were in the habit of wrestling frequently, but although our youthful friend "Holmes" was a third larger than ourself, he never could manage to get us on the floor! On the contrary he generally got thrown several times on every occasion of trial. It is nothing that we feel very proud of now, or that we have the least disposition to boast about; but we merely relate it as a matter of fact, which the spirit indicated, when he spelt out "wrestle."

Whether "Stephen Holmes" is yet gone from the earth-life, we have no means of information, other than those indicated above. We have not seen him for some twenty years, nor heard from him either, till he came as above. And if it were not he, that were a fact more singular and unexplainable, than if it were. We have given the facts, and if the curious and the doubting are not satisfied with them, they will doubtless be obliged to bear their own disappointment, which, we feel most fully balanced by the satisfaction which we were permitted to enjoy on that occasion, in our investigation of Spiritual Science.

Miss Emma Jay.

This lady spoke at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Jan. 21st, to universal satisfaction. We were not permitted to listen to her discourse in the afternoon,—having ourself an engagement to speak at Charlestown at the same hour—but were informed that the house was crowded in every part, and that her address was very superior. We attended in the evening, and listened to a well digested and well spoken discourse of over an hour's length, without notes, the lady being in the trance. Few who stand in our pulpits, we think, could do as well, though they even be men, either without, or with notes; and therefore Miss Jay must either be regarded as a woman of very extraordinary abilities as compared with the talent of the pulpit, or as having help from some living foreign power and intelligence, tantamount to what we call spirit influence.

We also had the privilege of hearing Miss Jay sing, at the close of her discourse, and to us it was very satisfactory, although we pretend to no very great appreciation or acuteness in the musical art. But we heard one good judge say, that it was more than equal to the music of some of the star singers of the day.

On Tuesday evening following the meeting at the Melodeon, a private circle was convened at Dr. Hayden's, when Miss Jay was enabled to speak in the most clear, logical and forcible manner desirable. She was influenced by two different spirits on this occasion—one of whom said his name was WM. ELLERY CHANNING, and the other, he said, was formerly a converted Jew—first converted to Presbyterianism, and afterwards to Universalism, "under whose banner," to use the language of the spirit, "he went out of the world." He was a lawyer by profession, it was said, and certainly the arguments he adduced, and his manner of answering questions that were put to him, showed him well versed in the art of logical reasoning, such as the superior lawyer always possesses. About forty persons were present on this occasion, and all were preeminently pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Miss Jay speaks again at the Melodeon, next Sunday, afternoon and evening. She will remain a short time in Boston, and speak in such places in New England, as may desire her services for that purpose. Address Dr. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward place.

Parental Counsel.

The following, although addressed to a young man in this city, by his careful and affectionate parents, seems to us so full of wise counsel, so methodically expressed, and the whole of it so much to the point, that we can hardly help giving it to our readers. There are many other sons of it to our readers, just entering that age when their loving parents, just entering that age when they are expected by all to depend on their own exertions for the position they may wish to occupy in society, and the ever-growing ability they may wish to acquire for executing life's task, both for their own good and that of others, who may be able to gather many valuable hints from this able to gather many valuable hints from this "Parental Counsel." We may say in conclusion that the parents of the son addressed in the following paper, are thorough Spiritualists. Both their counsel to their son, and their lives—their example—give the full practical denial to the oft repeated assertion of those who do not know what Spiritualism is, that the principles and influences of the New Faith are not favorable to morality. Let all such read the following, and then "judge righteous judgment."

BELOVED SON:—

This day, although you are but twenty years of age, your parents declare you to be free. They have no money to give you; but you are comfortably clad—are in the enjoyment of health, and have had some educational advantages. We have watched over you from earliest infancy with all that care and that interest which parental affection could command. We feel that you have been a most faithful child. Seldom, very seldom have we had occasion to reprimand you.

Starting now as you do this day in the world, to make your way as best you can, this favorable moment is improved to give a few words of parental counsel, not doubting that it will be wisely regarded, and that you will feel that it comes from hearts deeply interested in your present and your future welfare.

1. Resolve to be an individual. Lean not on the opinions or the practices of others, farther than they reach your own individual consciousness. Lean on principles. Men may fail, but principles are eternal. Listen to counsel with all due respect; but after all never give up your own individuality. You are a distinct individual being, and are to work out your own individual destiny. The following lines contain useful instruction:

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe;
Never though the winds may rave,
Falter or look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view;
And toward the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow man?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free light?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust,
All you will do to;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

2. Keep in mind that while you are an individual, you are also connected with others whose interests and happiness are bound up with your own. Besides your parents, your brother, and sisters, you are a part of a great whole. In promoting the good of others, you will thereby advance your own individual good.

3. At all times, in all places, and under whatever circumstances, seek to do right, at whatever cost of time, labor or money. Though a wrong act may promote temporary good, yet on the whole, it will not yield permanent satisfaction. The hour of reflection will sooner or later come, and if you have done right, your peace will be perpetual, like the flowing river, and your rewards will be constant, like the rolling sea. Some of the best years of your father's life have been devoted to the aid of the oppressed, the elevation of the sinful, and to the assistance of the poor. Retrospections of the past are now to him pleasant. He would not exchange them, if he could, for veins of silver, or mines of gold.

4. Remember, dear son, that there is a Being of Infinite Wisdom, Truth and Love, the grand Mind of all minds, and who bears to you the relation of Father and Mother. Forget not that you are an immortal being, and that you have but commenced one of a vast series of lives, and that a wrong act in a life will, to a greater or lesser extent, affect your condition in all the succeeding lives.

5. Be a free and careful searcher for truth. Let every thing be investigated, no matter how new or how unpopular it may be. Examine with all the care your circumstances will allow. Your father has ever made it a rule never to reject opinions until he had had ample time and opportunity to examine them. In this way his mind has been greatly enlarged in religion, in morals, in philanthropy, in philosophy, and he expects evermore to be an investigator. He who cannot investigate is a fool; and he who will not investigate is a bigot; and he who dare not investigate is a slave.

6. Be honest. When you have thoroughly examined a subject and are satisfied that it is founded in truth, declare your convictions at all hazards, at all proper times, both in public and in private. Let your motto be, "Without concealment and without compromise." Time was, when to be a friend of the slave and the colored man, was to be hated and rejected of men. At that time your father was the occupant of a pulpit. He examined that subject with care, saw the truth, declared his sentiments, lost his pulpit, but saved his manhood. Be honest, my son, in all things, and prosperity will attend you.

7. Be philanthropic. Many persons are ushered into being who are surrounded by circumstances most unfavorable to their development. They need a helping hand. Give them such counsel or direct aid, as they may need. For a long time to come the poor will be on this earth. Help them, my son, to the extent of your ability. Do not send them away empty. The philanthropic person will receive more than he gives.

"The quality of Mercy is not strained;
'Tis twice blessed; it blesses him who gives,
And him that takes."

8. Be industrious. Never pass an idle hour. The whole world is astray. Be always doing something for yourself or for

others. We do not mean that your hands should always be at work. Let your mind work for your own individual good, or for the common weal. The industrious man is truly wise. Your mother is a fine specimen of industry; imitate her example.

9. Be economical. Let nothing be wasted. While the Founder of the Christian System fed the hungry, he also directed that the crumbs be gathered up, that nothing might be lost. In this respect also your mother's example is worthy of imitation. By her rigid economy, as well as her industry, she has greatly aided in supporting our family. Franklin, who was one of the greatest men that ever lived on this earth, was a rigid economist; consequently was able to help many during his mortal life, and to leave a large estate to be used by others for philanthropic purposes.

10. Let your aims be high. You are, as it would now seem, destined to be a merchant. Be the first in the circle of your acquaintance. You are a member of the "Mercantile Library Association." Resolve to be its President. Aim at the sun. Excelsior should be your motto. Some do not excel because they do not aim high. Time was when your penmanship was poor, but by much effort you have acquired a plain, bold, mercantile hand, and are becoming a good letter-writer, which is an important accomplishment.

11. Study to be meek. You are now poor, but a few years of industry and of prosperity may change your condition. The Lawrences and the Appletons came to Boston poor, but they acquired great wealth. We earnestly beseech you to cultivate a meek spirit. It is said that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price, and we believe it.

12. Assist the struggling. You will meet persons of genius who will need encouragement. Among this class, inventors may be named. They may have thoughts which, if elaborated, may be of great service to the world; but such persons are usually found in humble life. Aid them, my son, aid them. The first person who proposed to use steam for propelling purposes was declared to be insane, and, being thrown into a lunatic asylum, was made crazy by the world which refused to listen to him, and which he might have greatly benefited. But in a later and more enlightened age, Fulton began his work, succeeded, and is now highly honored.

Thus, beloved son, have your parents given you a few words of valuable counsel. It is all they have to give, but it may be worth more to you than gold or silver. We are fully persuaded that in proportion as these words are regarded, you will be a wise and useful member of community. Go, then, out into the wide world, and do your whole duty honestly, faithfully, cheerfully; and while your parents remain in their mortal bodies, they will watch over you; and when they have passed on to higher and more perfected conditions, it will afford them happiness, should you be left behind, to return and aid you to the extent of their ability.

Record of Phenomena.

Another Hour with Miss Ellis.

Some few weeks ago, it will be remembered, we published a very interesting article from the writer of the following, entitled, "An Hour with Miss Ellis," and now we are favored with "another hour" with the same. We should be happy to hear from friend Minor oftener:

FRIENDS. You were so civil towards my first effort to lead others to investigate spiritualism, as I did, with candor—willing to know the truth, come from whatever source it might—that I am encouraged to offer the result of another hour at Miss Ellis's room on the 6th of October. My hour was immediately after dinner, or from 2 to 3 P. M., and you will see that I received a lesson, not soon to be forgotten by me, and it may be useful to others; therefore I give it entire, as it was received. I wish it distinctly understood, that I write my questions, which are not spoken, and are wholly unknown to the medium, when she writes the answer.

I wrote, Are any of my friends present? Answer, "Yes, Frances. It is with great difficulty that we come near, when the stomach is full of gross food; and it injures the medium."

I then wrote—But I came at this hour, because it was the only hour the medium could give me. Answer, "Then I will make an effort." It occurred to me here that perhaps some other friend might have more power, and I asked if Joseph was present? Answer, "Yes," and I wrote, Perhaps he can more readily communicate. Answer, "He has, indeed, more power." I wrote, Then let him go to work,—when the medium wrote—

"The opportunities for spiritual communication are very few, still your mind may improve; and in progressing in this life you may be advanced in the next; these reasons add to our happiness. I hope we shall meet often. You are wandering along the barren shores of time, picking up a few pebbles and sand grains, passing by the immortal jewels beneath the soil we would point out to you. The veil which separates us, is not so thick

but that our glad voices can penetrate its folds. You cannot see us face to face, till the voice of God's power has dispelled the veil; be contented then to listen to our teachings. Promulgate then this glorious, soul-inspiring reality, and, as you administer the balm of consolation to others, your own soul shall feel the soothing antidote.—JOSEPH."

I take the liberty to say here, that the writer purported to be, and was, I have no doubt, my early friend and school-mate, Joseph K. Maine, whose remains were deposited in a vault near the corner of Tremont and School streets; and whose name was in the Boston Directory from 1824 to 1834, or thereabouts—and that, when living, his word was appreciated; and I shall require good reasons for discrediting it now he has "advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits."

I wrote, Now I wish you to give me a description of your residence in the spiritual land. When the medium wrote

"I cannot give you a plan which you can carry out, as you are surrounded by contending influences. You can do much which we cannot perform for want of material hands. It will take too long to portray, in faint colors, the grandeur of the spirit land. Earth's language is too feeble in itself to create one pure thought of our beatitude and bliss."

I then wrote, How long after your departure from earth before you entered upon your present happiness? Answer—

"Six months. I entered the fourth sphere, where I, (in a measure) atoned for my sins. I then entered the Statute Hall in the fifth sphere, where laws are made. Many political men, whose fame on earth won them renown, congregated in this hall to make laws. It is a beautiful tower, formed of electric marble, with star-formed windows; and when filled with angels, the scene is grand and imposing; as each spirit is surrounded by a bright halo, emblem of its circle."

I wrote, But pray what are you doing among the lawyers and politicians? The response was,

"I also am interested in the affairs of this nation; and though I am but a flickering spark of genius among so many brilliant intellectual fires, I can do a little towards making perfect laws, which winged messengers bring to earth, and stereotype upon susceptible brains."

I then wrote, Are Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in the same Hall? "Yes." Will you tell me what Mr. Webster thinks of his course on the fugitive slave law? Answer—

"He would calm the troubled waters of his domestic life; add a lustre to his religious sentiments; eradicate his slavery notions; and act, on that point, from his soul, not from policy, as he did when here. Much to erase in the book of his earthly life, and much, very much to add."

And Mr. Clay, how does he feel in relation to his slavery habits? Answer—

"He adheres to his peculiar principles with the same tenacity you would cling to a cast off garment, for the good it has done; but when texture for a brighter and more substantial one is offered him, he will accept."

Who of our early friends are with you? Answer—"Strange, all have advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits. We often meet and dwell upon the past scenes of our life with much regret and some pleasure." I then wrote,

Now, do you see any particular duty or path for me to pursue to be most useful to others and to myself? Answer—

"It is not necessary to wear the garb of any church, still there is much good in all religion, as the true Christian worships God, but every individual adores him in his own manner. We would enlarge your liberal ideas of God; and bid you turn even to the preface of Nature's book, there to study his real character. I see you do not like to sit idle by the wayside. As you extend your hands, work will fall into them."

I then wrote, Shall I devote myself to extending a knowledge of this glorious truth to the unbelieving world? Answer—

"If you were divested of the clay I should immediately answer yes; but you have a material body to sustain. Bring spiritualism out into your daily walks of life, not shut it up, (as Christians do their Bible,) for Sunday."

But may I not give my efforts to the cause, and at the same time sustain the material body? Answer—

"Yes, act through reason, not soar above common free-thinkers as some are doing now."

I then wrote, There are thousands thirsting for these demonstrations, but cannot find a medium; is it not right then to furnish media for them, and let them pay a reasonable price for the opportunity, as I am now doing?

"Yes, we eagerly snatch every passive hand, or susceptible brain. The little medium powers you possess shall be developed. You shall not be a light under a bushel, but shine before men."

I here omit a portion of the manuscript, and give the closing paragraph. As my hour had expired, and others were waiting their turn, I rose from the table; but wishing to be courteous to my social friend

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. 18.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 116.

Thoughts of the Age.

In No. 14, we gave our readers a communication, entitled "A New Scheme," etc. The following is a continuation of the same subject:

For the New Era.

Temptations to Virtue.

Mr Editor:—Absence and labor have prevented me from fulfilling my promise to the extent desired. In obedience to your wish, as far as circumstances will permit, I am happy to explain, because it gives me the opportunity of assisting the reader of my former article in reasoning upon the suggestions there made.

It occurs to me, that the first idea calling for an explanation, is, how the plan proposed will throw every temptation on the side of virtue. We will suppose the rising generation, male and female, to be liberally educated in all the natural sciences. That would prepare them mentally for a congenial companionship—a fraternal union. An education in the laws of health, would then lead them to abstain from all things hurtful to body or mind. The mind is the actual wealth of the country. If that be so, then it is for the interest of the country, in order to increase its wealth, to increase or cultivate the collective mind. A field left to itself, will bring forth brambles, thistles and weeds: while a field properly cultivated, will bring forth the tiller, in proportion to its inherent capability. So with the mind, it must produce something. If not properly cultivated it will bring forth discordant and poisonous influences; if well developed, harmonious and healthful influences. Mind is the great motor within us; mind levels the forests; mind tills the soil; mind builds our houses, your canals, our railroads and all that appertain to them. Mind, with its own will, commands the elements to do its bidding—makes the lightning its messenger, the ocean its highway, and the land the place of its habitation and pleasure. Therefore reform should commence with a universal education. That education should be at government expense, because the Government assumes to be the parent and receives a corresponding benefit. It should be connected with manual labor, because labor strengthens the body, which in its turn sustains the energy of the mind.

Well, let us suppose for a moment, money to be out of use, and how much temptation to evil would be destroyed? If there is no money, there can be no counterfeiting the king's currency, no forgeries. There can be no robberies or thefts to procure it; no defrauding of neighbors to gain it; no manufacturing of ardent spirits to receive it; no disconsolate wives will weep over wasted embers, the absence of inebriate husbands; no famished children will raise a feeble cry for bread, whose fathers' means and energies have gone to buy the vender's lands and splendid equipage; no human flesh will then be bought and sold for gold. Well, is not here a multitude of crime swept overboard? Would there not already be a New Heaven and a New Earth? Would it not be worthy of the sacrifice? or must sin still exist, that grace may abound? God forbid!

But to make the destruction of crime more complete, let us place all on an equality in regard to property, as we have already done as far as possible, in regard to education. Again, suppose we throw all our lands, together with their productions, into the hands of the Government, making it responsible for all the comforts of life; what then becomes of the remainder of the crimes that afflict and disgrace humanity, save prostitution?—And when the laws of health are understood, the passions will be brought under the subjection of an enlightened reason.

But, in order that the Government may supply these comforts, it must itself be supplied; that can only be done by every capable individual, male and female, contributing a certain number of hours each day, sabbath excepted, to some useful manual employment,—say six hours; that would leave six more for pleasure or mental improvement. And sixty days should be granted for visiting or travel. That, I think, would give the Government a greater abundance, than it now possesses, with its multitude of consumers, who are not producers.

The question may be asked, where are your orphans?—In the public schools provided for, by Government. Where are the decrepit beggars, who perhaps have wasted the pith of life in arduous toil, perhaps for public good?—In neat and commodious dwellings, comfortably supplied. Where is

the slave, now sweltering in his chains or stifled with the cold? beside his master—his equal, and no more. What then becomes of theft for food and clothing? There can be none, because it can avail them nought; they are supplied by Government, beyond which supply, they can retain nothing.

Here, then, we find a society without a single temptation to commit a crime or do a wrong.

Now, let us create temptations to do good. In the first place, let us suppose circles to be formed, one above another, as expediency may indicate, through which each must ascend by individual merit. Has a youth been attentive to labor and assiduous in his studies? has he been kind and moral in his deportment while at school? Let him on leaving it, enter the first circle. Are those in the first circle attentive to labor, peaceable and kind to their neighbors? Elevate them to the second. Are those in the second kind to the sick? Do they administer to the wants and comfort of those in distress? Do they still practise the virtues of the circles through which they have passed? Elevate them to the third and so on through all the grades. Every invention, every discovery, every act or publication, calculated to advance or promote the happiness of mankind, should be rewarded by elevation in the circles, in proportion to the good received from the same, together with such credit of time as Government may direct. No superior circle should be exempt from the duties of an inferior circle. If any department lacks laborers, elevate those who will volunteer in the circles until the demand shall be supplied.

Here, I think we have every stimulant or temptation to do good, that can be brought to bear on the public mind.

Here the philanthropist can unloose the shackles of oppressed humanity; here the benevolent can find room for an active exercise of his charity. The man of peace can here find his cherished home. Here those who have waged war against "king Alcohol," can lay aside their weapons, for they have "conquered a peace." Here the earnest seeker for the Millennium, can find his heaven begun. Here the pilgrim to the "Holy Land" can find a new Jerusalem. Here the believer in Christ can find an opportunity to practise the teachings of his glorified Master. The spirit of His teachings is here—the triune is here—Love, Wisdom and Justice; Love to conceive, Wisdom to develop, and Justice to distribute.

But here no miser can satisfy his thirst for gold; no young man can hope for perfection by neglecting the letter of the decalogue and still press to his heart, his great worldly possessions. He must go "away sorrowful."

Professed follower of Christ, do you want a test? Can you make the sacrifice that He demanded? If not, then you are none of His. Lovers of St. Paul, can you, like him, forego the meats that make your brother to offend? If so, the work is before you; if not, the place on which you stand is yet unhallowed ground.

[To be continued.]

M. VAN EVERY.

"Healing of the Nations."

The following extracts are taken from the work entitled as above, which was written through the hand of CHARLES LINTON, of Newtown, Pa., and edited by Governor Tallmadge. We are informed by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that this work will be for sale about the first of March. The specimens below certainly breathe a very excellent spirit—a spirit without which there can be no "Healing of the Nations."

When about to write the book entitled "The Healing of the Nations," I felt descending upon me an influence whose holy sweetness words can never express.

Ere taking my pen to write, my whole being entered a calm and tranquil state, which was expressed to the Holy One in a devout prayer—such as this: "Oh, Father, if it please Thee, let Thy servant write only that which shall glorify Thee."

And in answer I have written that which I felt to be truth, though at times my outward ignorance was much at a loss to substantiate the wisdom of that written.

I have never written without the influence of that unseen Power, for it has been my constant desire that I might never write one word of error, or of that which would not lead to man's highest good, and to the highest knowledge of God.

When writing I always preferred to be alone, though I have often written in the presence of my own family or friends, and sometimes in the presence of entire strangers.

During the writing of the book I scarcely read any, in any book, being conscious that I retained nothing at all of that which I attempted to read.

I never referred to any book before the

writing, during, or since having finished the writing of "The Healing of the Nations."

I never had any books by me save the one in which I wrote. How the contents of the book correspond with the contents of other books I do not know.

It was always sufficient inducement for me to write to feel the sweet influence enveloping me as a flood of light in which was all that I could imagine as necessary unto heavenly happiness.

I have written in all kinds of circumstances without any apparent diminution of the control of my system had by the unseen Power. The one thing necessary for the obtaining of this feeling—this holy influence—was calm, quiet PRAYER.

I know that prayers are answered; how, I explained in the book.

I have felt and seen all that I wrote. I have experienced most holy joy, most serene happiness; and again have felt the keen despair of the tortured spirit. I have viewed the operation of essences and principles, apparently seeing them as distinctly as any outward object. I have seen all the scenery as in the book described; and, in short, all that is there written at the time was felt by me as though it was then and there present.

I feel thankful unto God for the bestowal of so much happiness as I have experienced while writing, and since writing "The Healing of the Nations."

It has truly healed my spirit, and, I may add, that one other spirit, as dear unto mine as its own existence, hath found in the words flowing from my pen a balm most healing. It has driven hereditary darkness from our path, and opened a channel unto the Fountain of Light, whose outward flowing waters have nourished our love until it is as the rock of Eternal Truth.

The ideas seemed at times to enter my mind with a gleam of light, and were instantly before me waiting to be worded; at other times I could not see one word ahead of that which I was writing, and have written on, one word at a time, that when the word was written it appeared disjointed and disconnected until the whole sentence was finished, and behold! I saw a great truth, builded, as it were, almost without my knowledge.

I have at times been conscious of an entire vacancy of what I should term my own mind; at other times my mind has been exercised violently on some outside subject, and still the writing would continue as though the mind were calm. This was after having commenced writing, as I never commenced except in the manner above described—calmly and quietly.

I have written from one half page to as high as ten or eleven pages daily. The book was commenced on the eleventh of the eleventh month, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and ended fourth month, ninth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. (Commenced Nov. 11th, 1853; ended April 9th, 1854.) I lost one month in writing, being away from the book at the time.

There are four hundred and thirty (430) pages of manuscript, closely written, and scarcely containing one mistake. I can positively say there is no mistake of any kind which did not arise from my own inattention during the writing; the dictating Power being always right, so far as my comprehension goes.

I have never felt but one Presence and but one Power, which is to me as distinct as my own animal feelings. I know the instant it approaches, and can instantly tell when it leaves me, at which time I have ceased writing, and commenced exercising in the open air.

Some will naturally ask, "What is that Power?" In answer to this question I must say, I do not positively know. I leave every reader to be his own judge; believing, as I do, in individual responsibility, I feel at liberty only to tell what I believe, namely, that it is from the highest spiritual source, leaving positive truths unto God, and all men to judge their own judgment. My belief concerning the source whence the book came can only be my own belief, and I do not want that to be adopted by any man unthinkingly.

I had not the faintest idea, at the commencement of "The Healing of the Nations," what the course would be of that which was being written; and I must say, that no person can be so much surprised as myself at the order and regularity of the course pursued, both in regard to the subjects, and the reasoning elucidating them.

I never planned, or attempted to plan, anything ahead in writing; for beside of the Power dictating I felt truly as a little child, in wisdom, and can now thank God that I was permitted to have a child's trustfulness—thus writing as dictated unto, unheeding the opinions of my own selfish nature.

I have frequently been asked, "Why do you reject the credit of composing 'The Healing of the Nations'?" I answer all such inquiries thus: "Common honesty bids me do it."

The only credit I desire to have, and that which I feel to be my due, arises from the fact that I HAVE DESIRED HUMBLY AND SINCERELY TO GLORIFY A LOVING FATHER AND BENEFIT MAN. Any man who honestly and openly reads "The Healing of the Nations" will give me this credit, and surely I need not ask more. True it is, that let men say and do as they will concerning that which is written, they can never reach that sweet place within my own spirit, wherein, morning and evening, and in the shady noon, I feel "Well done," vibrating to THE VOICE OF HIM whose servant I am proud to be.

I have felt more peaceful happiness in this inward communion with the unseen Power whose scribe I seemed to be, than the voice of all mankind could in praising give. Hence do I speak of my work as though it was not my work, and give credit unto whom credit is due.

Following these extracts, the *Telegraph* has the following observations on Gov. TALLMADGE, and extracts from his introduction to the "Healing of the Nations":

Gov. Tallmadge is a member of the Episcopal Church, and while to some minds his language may occasionally seem to indicate that he attaches an undue importance to certain books and men, it must be evident to every candid reader that there is no dogmatism or theological hair-splitting in his Introduction to "The Healing of the Nations." Much less is there any attempt to bend Spiritualism to the support of his preconceived opinions, or to interpret its significant facts and inspired teachings by the light of the Thirty-nine Articles. The Governor employs no rhetorical drapery to cover up the truth, nor does he invest his subject with the theological second-hand clothing of his church, either out of respect to the "Apostolic Succession," or to render it fashionable. On the contrary, Spiritualism has found in our distinguished friend a fearless investigator who is not to be turned from his purpose, and a witness who need not be sworn to tell the truth. At the same time he treats the Scriptures and the Christian Religion with profound respect. On this point we cite the following brief expression of his views:

I have always maintained and still maintain, the Bible as the word of God; and I am sure that every scholar and jurist, Sir William Jones, who declared that "The Scriptures contain, independently of their divine original, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, pure morality, and finer strains of both poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that ever were composed in any age or idiom." And when I hear clergymen denounce "Spiritualism" as denying the truths of the Bible, I can only say, "they know not what they do." They might as well deny the denunciations of Christians except their own, because they differ from each other as to what are the truths of the Bible.

The writer insists that the current phenomena are not opposed to genuine Christianity, but that, while they demonstrate our immortality, they clearly and forcibly illustrate the divine principles of Christ, shedding at once a new and clearer light on the invisible laws involved in the marvellous displays of spiritual presence and energy which accompanied his dispensation. In confirmation of this general idea, and to illustrate the prevalence, among the purest and noblest minds, of faith in the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse, Mr. Tallmadge refers to the New Testament writers and to many eminent modern authors. Speaking of the manifestations, and of the presumption of those who treat them with derision and denunciation, he says:

If, then, these manifestations are according to God, and great as the responsibility is upon those who undertake to denounce them; who undertake to set a limit to the power of the Almighty; and to proclaim that there is neither necessity nor power for further manifestations to elucidate the truths of the Bible—truths about which mankind cannot agree, and never will agree, till further light is shed upon them! This responsibility is great here, but it will be greater hereafter. And none will see it and feel it with such crushing weight as the clergy who have denounced it; who have shut out the light from their people, and caused them to walk in darkness, when the brightness of these manifestations has been shining around them. Let them take heed to themselves. This warning is founded on communications from a high spiritual source. And let them rest assured that, though they may stay for a while, the mighty torrent of "Spiritualism," which is covering the earth as the waters cover the sea, they will not be able to check it in the world to which they go, but will there be held to an awful accountability! If they had but a small share of practical common sense, they would investigate it, and not only so, but they would confirm the truths of the Bible, and reaffirm the doctrines which Christ taught and practised. Instead of attempting to resist it they would "take the tide at its flood," and endeavor to "direct the fury of the storm." They would find that the foundation of their antagonistic creed was from under them, and swept away by the resistless tide which is now setting.

"Like to the Pontic sea
Whence e'er the surge is summoned
Sho' or feels returning ebb."

They may as well attempt to stem the torrent of Niagara, and silence the thunders of the mighty cataract. The day for intimidation has gone by. Those liquid fires, whose terrors have so long used, have been quenched by the pure waters of truth flowing from the fountain of Love; and the bright shining of the brilliant light shed by the sun of righteousness which has risen with healing on its wings.

From the interesting narration of spiritual experiences contained in the Introduction to this book, we select the following striking example, in which the life of Gov. Tallmadge was preserved, as he now firmly believes, by the interposition of some guardian Spirit:

Of impressions which we receive, every one's own individual experience will bear me out in what I say. How often has it happened to almost every body that he or she has been impressed to do, to go, to do, or to go, or to do, and by obeying that impression, has been saved from accident or danger? I could cite abundant authorities in proof of this, but I will only relate one instance in regard to myself. I was on board the war-steamer Princeton, in the Potomac river, in the year 1844, when the dreadful disaster occurred by the bursting of the "big gun," which sacrificed the lives of several of our most distinguished citizens. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Com. Stockton, the distinguished commander of the Princeton, to take a trip down the Potomac to witness the movements of the steamer, as well as the firing of the gun called the "Peace-maker," a gun of wrought iron, of immense weight and caliber. I had under my charge two ladies. It was announced that the gun would fire three times. When they were preparing for the first fire, I took my position at the breech of the gun. The vessel being in motion, the smoke, after the firing of the gun called the "Peace-maker," I could take no longer the range of the shot of the water. I took this position at each fire. After dinner I went with the ladies on deck at the stern of the vessel, and soon discovered

ed the gun was again being loaded. I immediately went to the bow of the vessel, and learning that the commodore, and the President and his cabinet, and other persons were momentarily expected up to witness the last fire, I determined to remain, and took my position as before. I waited a minute or two, and was suddenly impressed to leave the gun—why, I could not tell; I had no fear of the gun, for I supposed it was a mere joke, and I was not to go. Yet, by an irresistible impulse, I was compelled to leave the gun. I went to the stern of the vessel, and was told the ladies had just gone below. I went down into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun; and in a moment came the news that two members of the cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen had been instantly killed by the bursting of the gun. I rushed on deck, saw the lifeless and mangled bodies, and found that the gun had burst at the very spot where I had stood at the three former fires, and where, if I had remained at the fourth fire, I should have been perfectly demolished! Here was a spiritual impression which I could not resist, and by obeying which my life was saved, and others sacrificed. We may fathom the mysterious ways of Providence, but we can derive benefit from the manifestations thus placed before us.

In the course of the Introduction we have a classification of media, and many interesting facts and communications are cited in illustration of the several phases of the phenomena. From among the examples of musical mediumship the Governor relates the following:

In June, 1853, after my return from New York, where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a medium would be developed that would be all I could desire. I asked who it would be. It was answered, a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I have four daughters. It was answered, Emily. I was then directed, when a circle should be formed at my house, to put Emily at the piano. I asked, "Will you teach her to play?" It was answered, "You will see." Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark that she never knew a note in music, and had never played a tune on the piano in her life. The reason is this. The country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself, or some member of the family. I soon formed a circle in my family, as directed. Emily took paper and pencil. Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to sing the tune as if striking the keys of the piano. This remained me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed it to her, and, though naturally diffident, she at once complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played "Beethoven's Grand Waltz," in a style that would do credit to one well advanced in music! She then played many familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Last Rose of Summer," "Hail to the Chief," "Old Folks at Home," "Jolly Dole," etc. She then played an air entirely new, and sang it with words improvised or impressed for the occasion. New and beautiful airs continued to be sung for her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

Interesting Talk on Spiritualism, by Mrs. Gage, and what she saw.

(From the Ohio Farmer.)

FRIEND BROWN:—

We had a talk some time since on the subject of Spiritualism, as it is now stirring the minds of the people; and I believe you gave it as your opinion that it was not worth talking much about, or looking into. Therein we somewhat differed, for even if it is all imagination or deception, surely it is well for the learned, the wise and good, if possible, to free their friends and neighbors of the enchantment, and let their senses free to float in the old channels of thought or will. It is every one's duty to forward truth, and retard error, and where thousands are being led away blindly, and our scientific men profess to be able to discover the cheat, and redeem the victims, it is right, nay, it is their duty to do it.

Some two weeks ago, I visited the town of Waukegan, on the shore of Lake Michigan. I became acquainted with persons who are strong believers in Spiritualism. I had several sittings with them, that developed some things startling and extraordinary, but yet not to me very convincing of the presence of any spirit from the unseen world. I was told there of a lady in the town, who would write letters on her flesh, by running her fingers on the outside of her garments, &c. I requested an interview, and was accompanied to her house. She was in her kitchen, busy with her morning work, but came in very soon, and took her seat, as with my friend, who was making a morning call. I told her the object of my mission, that I had heard much, and read much, of the operations of the spirits, but had seen nothing to convince me of spirit presence; that I wished earnestly to investigate the subject, and should not relinquish my doubts until ample testimony had been given me to compel me to do so.

We chatted a few moments—her breathing grew heavy, her nerves agitated, and then showed us her bare arms, which were covered by an open velvet sleeve which she pushed up. She covered them again, and with the fore-finger of her left hand, traced something like letters on the outside of her sleeve, barely touching the garment; then, after rubbing her hand quickly over her arm, outside her sleeve, some two or three times, from the shoulder down, she pushed back her sleeve and revealed to our astonished gaze, the traces of letters rising in the skin, which immediately became full and fair looking, as if the flesh had been raised by the stroke of a slender switch. The raised marks were as large round as a good sized knitting needle. The first name written was one of a neighbor recently deceased, and had been traced by her left hand, wrong side up, so that I, sitting at the right hand, should read it without rising from the chair. After some of the friends had conversed with the spirit of Dr. C—who it was said

was present—I asked if no friends of mine wished to confer with me. She replied a woman and child were present, and wrote the name "Mary," which read immediately as before. I could remember none of that name. She said the child's name was Mary. I asked the name of the woman, and it was written distinctly. It was the name of a lady relative, who died many years ago, and whose name I am confident, neither she nor any of the company had ever known.

Our interview was short, as the lady was hurrying her work out of the way, to go to a dinner-party, it then being ten o'clock, A. M. The next day we met again. I saw the astonishing results, from simply moving the finger over the outside of the clothes.

The names of the woman and child were written for me. But when I told her that the woman had no child Mary, she signified her desire to write with a pencil—tied a handkerchief over her eyes (because she said the spirits wanted to convince me) and wrote legibly, "It is not her child, but Mrs. Gage's sister's child." I now remembered that a sister twenty-four years ago buried a little girl of that name, to whom I was then much attached.

The lady, whose name she wrote out, and the little girl, had not been in my mind that I recollected. The lady died when I was a child, 40 years ago.

These and many other startling things came before me. There was no collusion. She seemed impressed against her will because she was in haste. I was in no mood to be deceived, for I was intent at getting at the truth.

I do not, cannot now affirm this to be the work of spirits, nor would I dare say it was not. But what was it that impressed those letters upon her arms, raising up the flesh in ridges? making letters wrong side up, and spelling words backward and forward with equal facility. Who told her of things she had not heard of before?

How are these things to be accounted for? Some of the Christian world—"Beecher and others—have decided it spirits. And have had spirits liberty to roam up and down the earth, doing these strange things; and have good spirits no power given to control them? Who will answer? Will the wise and learned explain this phenomenon?

FRANCES D. GAGE.

St. Louis, Dec. 28.

"God Made Him."

We extract the following gem from Fanny Fern's latest work, entitled "Ruth Hall":

"Time for papa to come," said little Daisy, seating herself on the low door-step; "the sun has crept way round to the big apple tree"; and Daisy shook back her hair, and settling her little elbows on her knees, sat with her chin in her palms, dreamingly watching the shifting clouds. A butterfly alights on a blade of grass near her; Daisy springs up, her long hair floating like a veil about her shoulders, and her tiny feet scarce bending the clover blossoms, and tip-toes carefully along in pursuit.

He's gone, Daisy, but never mind; like many other coveted treasures, he would lose his brilliancy if caught. Daisy has found something else; she closes her hands over it, and returns to her old watch-post on the door-step. She seats herself again, and loosing her tiny hold, out creeps a great bushy caterpillar. Daisy places him carefully on the back of her little blue-veined hand, and he commences his travels up the polished arm to the little round shoulders. When he reaches the lace sleeve, Daisy's laugh rings out like a robin's carol; then she puts him back, to re-travel the same smooth road again.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy," said Ruth, stepping up behind her, "what an ugly playfellow; put him down, darling, I cannot bear to see him on your arm."

"Why, God made him," said little Daisy, with sweet upturned eyes of wonder.

"True, darling," said Ruth, in a hushed whisper, kissing the child's brow with a strange feeling of awe.

"Keep him, Daisy, dear, if you like."

What could be purer or sweeter than this simple, touching sentence, "Why, God made him?"

PATIENCE.

All precious things are slow of growth.
Beloved girls,
Be patient like the moaning sea
That waiteth ever patiently,
Till tatters are pearls.
Believe me, there is not a star,
Nor e'en a flower,
But teacheth this blessed truth,
Comfort and hope for sorrowing youth,
And silent power.
Be patient, therefore—watch and pray;
The gems of earth,
Like those which burn o'er yonder skies,
And human hearts are silently
Prepared for birth. —J. Neal.

His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel; for all the world in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable; and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers, and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.—Jeremy Taylor.

Excitement leads to enthusiasm, that moral intoxication, whose effects seem incredible, the sober, while the influence which produces the extravagance, appears more extraordinary than the act itself.

The New Era.

"BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."
S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.
TERMS, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.
Boston: Saturday, February 3, 1855.

In the Evil Spirits.

Many persons have been very much troubled, since the manifestations began, with what they are pleased to call "evil spirits;" and some seem to have no other manifestations except those which bear, oftentimes, the most unlovely and disagreeable characteristics. If such ask questions of the spirits, at circles, they get nothing but lies; and not unfrequently this kind of manifestation comes spontaneously, sometimes accompanied by exhibitions of great physical power, and almost violence. But we believe no real harm has yet been done to the persons of those, in connection with whom such exhibitions take place.

Now, the question arises, Do evil spirits cause even these manifestations, which seem so prominently to bear the marks of an *evil genius*? We answer, Not necessarily so. That there are multitudes of men, women and children in the spirit world, out of the flesh, whom we call *spirits*, and who retain, for the time, the same dispositions they cherished here, often perverted, and therefore evil ones, we have not the least doubt; but that these communicate so frequently as some seem to suppose, we have no faith at all. For special and wise purposes, the Higher Wisdom of the spiritual world, may permit the lower and more perverted spirit intelligences to make manifestations, and even instruct them, when necessary, of the method of doing so. But, for the most part, the manifestations alluded to, are from another source, and one, too, that is least suspected. What that is, we shall see in due season.

We have already said that low spirits may sometimes communicate; and our conclusion would be, that in all cases where it is *absolutely certain* that the medium and the members of the circle are pure and truthful, and yet these manifestations come, the Higher Wisdom has permitted them, for *trial purposes*, for the evolution of thought in new and important directions, and for such arduous discipline in spiritual experience, as may be necessary to give greater strength, vigor and clearness to the spiritual faculties. If an inferior spirit be personally present on such occasion, and if he be engaged in communicating in accordance with his own most predominant disposition, it may be, so far as his own consciousness of the matter is concerned, entirely as from himself—i. e., he may not be conscious of any higher intelligence, or any superior motive than his own, as having any possible concern in the exhibition; and yet there is "a power behind the throne" of his motives and his conscious power, which means only good, and sooner or later infallibly brings it—where he, perhaps, means only mischief, or some other purely unworthy end.

But when it is certain, that either the medium, or some one or more members of the circle, or both, are lovers of low things, cherish impure and unworthy dispositions, and the low manifestations come, we should say, that for the most part, at least, the low medium, and others present of like disposition, were responsible for the manifestation, and that, too, although the spirit, or the circle of spirits communicating, might be even of the most elevated order. There is a principle involved here, which we could wish to have distinctly understood and faithfully applied,—it is this: as the light and heat of the sun, flowing into and being received by the earth, produces, not always, what is its nature and tendency to produce, but what is determined by the *kind of reception* which the earth gives to the sun, so the spiritual world, in flowing into the natural world, or into human beings who are a part and the crown of the natural world, *ultimates itself*; not always, as it would, but as it *must*, according to *reception*. If the natural sun shines upon a deep, rich soil, highly cultivated, it produces beautiful trees, plants, flowers; but the same sun shining upon a "Dismal Swamp," a filthy pool, or an arid desert, produces, not its like, but the like of the swamp, the pool, and the desert. Huge alligators, venomous serpents, noisome insects, miasmas of horrible stench, and deadly virus, and a dry, parching, feverish reflection of both light and heat, swarm in great abundance, and come into contact, oftentimes, in no very agreeable manner, with the sensitive nature of man. So is it precisely with the light and heat of the spiritual sun. The spiritual world, in the broadest sense of it, and in its highest definition, is that sun; and flowing, as it does, into human beings, it is a matter of necessity, that it should ultimate itself not like itself, unless that into which it shines, is like itself in character and condition, but like the state in which it finds the spiritual soil. If our souls are, spiritually,

"dismal swamps," filthy pools, and arid deserts, then we must expect such results as compare with the malignant and deadly creations of the imperfect conditions of the earth's surface, from the action of the sun.

And all this is very well, after all. The first step in the true and complete regeneration of Humanity, is to bring the hidden evil to the surface—expose it to the light—let it come out. The more you smother, cover up and hide it, the worse it is for you. And one great office of Spiritualism, *aye, the great function*, is to show *exactly what human beings are*—i. e., what they are in *condition*—in their perversions, that these, when once fairly exposed, may pass away, as some hitherto concealed and enclosed stench, or filth, evaporates, and chemically unites with other elements, and thereby becomes of positive and beneficent use, when once exposed to the light and heat of the sun.

But let us not be misunderstood here. We do not make this method of explaining the phenomena of "evil spirits," so called, to cover the whole ground. Incidentally we allow and believe, morally inferior beings do communicate; but, as we see it, it is *only incidentally* that they are permitted to do so, while by far the greater number of so called evil manifestations bear the characteristics observed because of the conditions through which they flow. And if this be so, then Spiritualists have a work to do of no small magnitude—a work, however, which *must be done*, if they would get rid of the "evil spirits" which trouble them so much: it is that of *SELF CULTURE*: it is that of *casting the devil out of ourselves*! The Old Dispensation has not yet saved us from merely looking out of ourselves, to our neighbors, and probably never will. It is the province of the new one, however, to introvert this scanning criticism—to turn our search *inward*, and put the old hunter on the new track of the same old game, in quarters where he had scarcely dreamed of finding such game. And it is to be hoped, that he may not be unsuccessful, in at least driving the whole fell troop from their lurking places, for it is exceedingly probable, that the time has nearly arrived, when the principle that works with the absolute certainty of essential law is comprehensively operating to MAKE KNOWN THE SECRETS OF ALL HEARTS!

A Sitting at Dr. Hayden's.

On several occasions lately we have attended sittings at Dr. Hayden's, No. 5 Hayward Place, and been highly gratified with the results. A few evenings since we called and sat an hour with the Dr. and his amiable wife, when the following unique and interesting phenomena transpired.

We had been sitting but a very short time, when we heard a peculiar sound, the precise character of which we did not at first recognize, and which the Dr. and his companion said was entirely new at their sittings. We soon listened more carefully and found the sounds to imitate very accurately the *sawing of wood*. The saw would go on regularly sawing off the stick, and then the stick would drop on the floor; and this was continued time after time, for some minutes. After a while we requested the spirit to *bore a hole with an auger*; and the almost instant result was the most perfect imitation of that sound. It was decidedly the most capital boring—so far as *sound* went—that we ever listened to. We then requested the spirit, successively, to give us the sound of the jack plane, the hammer striking a nail, the mallet and the mortising chisel, which were all very accurately done. But none of them quite equalled the sound of the auger.

The spirit who made these sounds was evidently a mechanic, we thought, when he lived in the flesh, and so we questioned him to that effect. He replied that he was. We then asked him if he was formerly acquainted with us? He said "yes." Where did we live at the time? "In the town of CHARLTON, MASS.," was his reply. What was your trade? said we. "Cabinet maker," he said. And what was ours? we queried again. "Wheelwright," he continued. Will you tell us what we used to do when boys together, in which I always came off victorious? "Wrestle," said he. Now please tell us your name, said we.—But he hesitated.—Will you impress our mind with it? "Yes," he replied. Here we had a few moments of silence; but although I remembered the person of the spirit as the *facts* came along, yet I could not remember his name. Neither did he succeed in impressing my mind with his name. So I asked him again, if he would spell it out, and he replied, "Think of Stephen." We then remembered that his Christian name was Stephen; but we could not, for the life of us, think of the last or surname. And so, at our request, he gave that as "Holmes." And now we had it all.

We assure the reader that all we have related above is plain *matter-of-fact*. When a boy we learned the trade named, in the town named, while that of "Stephen Holmes," acquired under the same roof, was the "cabinet maker's" trade. Like most

boys we were in the habit of *wrestling* frequently, but although our youthful friend "Holmes" was a third larger than ourself, *he never could manage to get us on the floor!* On the contrary he generally got thrown several times on every occasion of trial. It is nothing that we feel very proud of now, or that we have the least disposition to boast about; but we merely relate it as a matter of fact, which the spirit indicated, when he spelled out "wrestle."

Whether "Stephen Holmes" is yet gone from the earth-life, we have no means of information, other than those indicated above. We have not seen him for some twenty years, nor heard from him either, till he came as above. And if it were *not* he, that were a fact more singular and unexplainable, than if it were. We have given the *facts*, and if the curious and the doubting are not satisfied with them, they will doubtless be obliged to bear their own disappointment, which, we feel was most fully balanced by the satisfaction which we were permitted to enjoy on that occasion, in our investigation of Spiritual Science.

Miss Emma Jay.

This lady spoke at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Jan. 21st, to universal satisfaction. We were not permitted to listen to her discourse in the afternoon,—having ourself an engagement to speak at Charlestown at the same hour—but were informed that the house was crowded in every part, and that her address was very superior. We attended in the evening, and listened to a well digested and well spoken discourse of over an hour's length, *without notes*, the lady being in the *trance*. Few who stand in our pulpits, we think, could do as well, though they even be *men*, either without, or with notes; and therefore Miss Jay must either be regarded as a woman of very extraordinary abilities as compared with the talent of the pulpit, or as having help from some living foreign power and intelligence, tantamount to what we call spirit influence.

We also had the privilege of hearing Miss Jay sing, at the close of her discourse, and to us it was very satisfactory, although we pretend to no very great appreciation or acuteness in the musical art. But we heard one good judge say, that it was more than equal to the music of some of the *star* singers of the day.

On Tuesday evening following the meeting at the Melodeon, a private circle was convened at Dr. Hayden's, when Miss Jay was enabled to speak in the most clear, logical and forcible manner desirable. She was influenced by two different spirits on this occasion—one of whom said his name was WM. ELLERY CHANNING, and the other, he said, was formerly a converted Jew—first converted to Presbyterianism, and afterwards to Universalism, "under whose banner," to use the language of the spirit, "he went out of the world." He was a lawyer by profession, it was said, and certainly the arguments he adduced, and his manner of answering questions that were put to him, showed him well versed in the art of logical reasoning, such as the superior lawyer always possesses. About forty persons were present on this occasion, and all were preeminently pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Miss Jay speaks again at the Melodeon, next Sunday, afternoon and evening. She will remain a short time in Boston, and speak in such places in New England, as may desire her services for that purpose. Address Dr. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward place.

Parental Counsel.

The following, although addressed to a young man in this city, by his careful and affectionate parents, seems to us so full of wise counsel, so methodically expressed, and the whole of it so much to the point, that we can hardly help giving it to our readers. There are many other sons of loving parents, just entering that age when they are expected by all to depend on their own exertions for the position they may wish to occupy in society, and the ever-growing ability they may wish to acquire for executing life's task, both for their own good and that of others, who may be able to gather many valuable hints from this "Parental Counsel." We may say in conclusion that the parents of the son addressed in the following paper, are thorough Spiritualists. Both their counsel to their son, and their lives—their example—give the full practical denial to the oft repeated assertion of those who do not know what Spiritualism is, that the principles and influences of the New Faith are not favorable to morality. Let all such read the following, and then "judge righteous judgment!"

BELOVED SON:—

This day, although you are but twenty years of age, your parents declare you to be free. They have no money to give you; but you are comfortably clad—are in the enjoyment of health, and have had some educational advantages. We have watched over you from earliest infancy with all that care and that interest which parental affection could command. We feel that you have been a most faithful child. Seldom, very seldom have we had occasion to reprimand you.

Starting now as you do this day in the world, to make your way as best you can, this favorable moment is improved to give a few words of parental counsel, not doubting that it will be wisely regarded, and that you will feel that it comes from hearts deeply interested in your present and your future welfare.

1. Resolve to be an individual. Lean not on the opinions or the practices of others, farther than they reach your own individual consciousness. Lean on principles. Men may fail, but principles are eternal. Listen to counsel with all due respect; but after all never give up your own individuality. You are a distinct individual being, and are to work out your own individual destiny. The following lines contain useful instruction:

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe;
Never though the winds may rave,
Falter or look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view;
And toward the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow man?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free light?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right,
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust,
All you will to do;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

2. Keep in mind that while you are an individual, you are also connected with others whose interests and happiness are bound up with your own. Besides your parents, your brother, and sisters, you are a part of a great whole. In promoting the good of others, you will thereby advance your own individual good.

3. At all times, in all places, and under whatever circumstances, seek to do right, at whatever cost of time, labor or money. Though a wrong act may promote temporary good, yet on the whole, it will not yield permanent satisfaction. The hour of reflection will sooner or later come, and if you have done right, your peace will be perpetual, like the flowing river, and your rewards will be constant, like the rolling sea. Some of the best years of your father's life have been devoted to the aid of the oppressed, the elevation of the sinful, and to the assistance of the poor. Retrospections of the past are now to him pleasant. He would not exchange them, if he could, for veins of silver, or mines of gold.

4. Remember, dear son, that there is a Being of Infinite Wisdom, Truth and Love, the grand Mind of all minds, and who bears to you the relation of Father and Mother. Forget not that you are an immortal being, and that you have but commenced one of a vast series of lives, and that a wrong act in a life will, to a greater or lesser extent, affect your condition in all the succeeding lives.

5. Be a free and careful searcher for truth. Let every thing be investigated, no matter how new or how unpopular it may be. Examine with all the care your circumstances will allow. Your father has ever made it a rule never to reject opinions until he had had ample time and opportunity to examine them. In this way his mind has been greatly enlarged in religion, in morals, in philanthropy, in philosophy, and he expects evermore to be an investigator. He who cannot investigate is a fool; and he who dare not investigate is a slave.

6. Be honest. When you have thoroughly examined a subject and are satisfied that it is founded in truth, declare your convictions at all hazards, at all proper times, both in public and in private. Let your motto be, "Without concealment and without compromise." Time was, when to be a friend of the slave and the colored man, was to be hated and rejected of men. At that time your father was the occupant of a pulpit. He examined that subject with care, saw the truth, declared his sentiments, lost his pulpit, but saved his manhood. Be honest, my son, in all things, and prosperity will attend you.

7. Be philanthropic. Many persons are ushered into being who are surrounded by circumstances most unfavorable to their development. They need a helping hand. Give them such counsel or direct aid, as they may need. For a long time to come the poor will be on this earth. Help them, my son, to the extent of your ability. Do not send them away empty. The philanthropic person will receive more than he gives.

"The quality of Mercy is not strained;
'Tis twice blessed; it blesses him who gives,
And him that takes."

8. Be industrious. Never pass an idle hour. The whole world is astir. Be always doing something for yourself or for

others. We do not mean that your hands should always be at work. Let your mind work for your own individual good, or for the common weal. The industrious man is truly wise. Your mother is a fine specimen of industry; imitate her example.

9. Be economical. Let nothing be wasted. While the Founder of the Christian System fed the hungry, he also directed that the crumbs be gathered up, that nothing might be lost. In this respect also your mother's example is worthy of imitation. By her rigid economy, as well as her industry, she has greatly aided in supporting our family. Franklin, who was one of the greatest men that ever lived on this earth, was a rigid economist; consequently was able to help many during his mortal life, and to leave a large estate to be used by others for philanthropic purposes.

10. Let your aims be high. You are, as it would now seem, destined to be a merchant. Be the first in the circle of your acquaintance. You are a member of the "Mercantile Library Association." Resolve to be its President. Aim at the sun. Excelsior should be your motto. Some do not excel because they do not aim high. Time was when your penmanship was poor, but by much effort you have acquired a plain, bold, mercantile hand, and are becoming a good letter-writer, which is an important accomplishment.

11. Study to be meek. You are now poor, but a few years of industry and of prosperity may change your condition. The Lawrences and the Appletons came to Boston poor, but they acquired great wealth. We earnestly beseech you to cultivate a meek spirit. It is said that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price, and we believe it.

12. Assist the struggling. You will meet persons of genius who will need encouragement. Among this class, inventors may be named. They may have thoughts which, if elaborated, may be of great service to the world; but such persons are usually found in humble life. Aid them, my son, aid them. The first person who proposed to use steam for propelling purposes was declared to be insane, and, being thrown into a lunatic asylum, was made crazy by the world which refused to listen to him, and which he might have greatly benefited. But in a later and more enlightened age, Fulton began his work, succeeded, and is now highly honored.

Thus, beloved son, have your parents given you a few words of valuable counsel. It is all they have to give, but it may be worth more to you than gold or silver. We are fully persuaded that in proportion as these words are regarded, you will be a wise and useful member of community. Go, then, out into the wide world, and do your whole duty honestly, faithfully, cheerfully; and while your parents remain in their mortal bodies, they will watch over you; and when they have passed on to higher and more perfected conditions, it will afford them happiness, should you be left behind, to return and aid you to the extent of their ability.

Record of Phenomena.

Another Hour with Miss Ellis.

Some few weeks ago, it will be remembered, we published a very interesting article from the writer of the following, entitled, "An Hour with Miss Ellis," and now we are favored with "another hour" with the same. We should be happy to hear from friend Minor oftener.

FRIENDS. You were so civil towards my first effort to lead others to investigate spiritualism, as I did, with candor—willing to know the *truth*, come from whatever source it might—that I am encouraged to offer the result of another hour at Miss Ellis's room on the 6th of October. My hour was immediately after dinner, or from 2 to 3 P. M., and you will see that I received a *lesson*, not soon to be forgotten by me, and it may be useful to others; therefore I give it entire, as it was received. I wish it distinctly understood, that I *write* my questions, which are not spoken, and are *wholly* unknown to the medium, when she writes the answer.

I wrote, Are any of my friends present? Answer, "Yes, Frances. It is with great difficulty that we come near, when the stomach is full of gross food; and it injures the medium."

I then wrote—But I came at *this* hour, because it was the only hour the medium could give me. Answer, "Then I will make an effort." It occurred to me here that perhaps some other friend might have more power, and I asked if *Joseph* was present? Answer, "Yes," and I wrote, Perhaps he can more readily communicate. Answer, "He has, indeed, more power." I wrote, Then let him go to work,—when the medium wrote—

"The opportunities for spiritual communication are very few, still your mind may improve; and in progressing in this life you may be advanced in the next; these reasons add to our happiness. I hope we shall meet often. You are wandering along the barren shores of time, picking up a few pebbles and sand grains, passing by the immortal jewels beneath the soil we would point out to you. The veil which separates us, is not so thick

but that our glad voices can penetrate its folds. You cannot see us face to face, till the voice of God's power has dispelled the veil; be contented then to listen to our teachings. Promulgate then this glorious, soul-inspiring reality, and, as you administer the balm of consolation to others, your own soul shall feel the soothing antidote.—JOSEPH."

I take the liberty to say here, that the writer purported to be, and was, I have no doubt, my early friend and school-mate, Joseph K. Maine, whose remains were deposited in a vault near the corner of Tremont and School streets; and whose name was in the Boston Directory from 1824 to 1834, or thereabouts—and that, when *living*, his word was appreciated; and I shall require good reasons for discrediting it now he has "advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits."

I wrote, Now I wish you to give me a description of your residence in the spiritual land. When the medium wrote

"I cannot give you a plan which you can carry out, as you are surrounded by contending influences. You can do much which we cannot perform for want of material hands. It will take too long to portray, in faint colors, the grandeur of the spirit land. Earth's language is too feeble in itself to create one pure thought of our beatitude and bliss."

I then wrote, How long after your departure from earth before you entered upon your present happiness? Answer—

"Six months. I entered the fourth sphere, where I, (in a measure) atoned for my sins. I then entered the Statute Hall in the fifth sphere, where laws are made. Many political men, whose fame on earth won them renown, congregate in this hall to make laws. It is a beautiful tower, formed of electric marble, with star-formed windows; and when filled with angels, the scene is grand and imposing; as each spirit is surrounded by a bright halo, emblem of its circle."

I wrote, But pray what are you doing among the lawyers and politicians? The response was,

"I also am interested in the affairs of this nation; and though I am but a flickering spark of genius among so many brilliant intellectual fires, I can do a little towards making perfect laws, which winged messengers bring to earth, and stereotype upon susceptible brains."

I then wrote, Are Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in the same Hall? "Yes." Will you tell me what Mr. Webster thinks of his course on the fugitive slave law? Answer—

"He would calm the troubled waters of his domestic life; add a lustre to his religious sentiments; eradicate his slavery notions; and act, on that point, from his soul, not from *policy*, as he did when here. Much to erase in the book of his earthly life, and much, *very much* to add."

And Mr. Clay, how does he feel in relation to his slavery habits? Answer—

"He adheres to his peculiar principles with the same tenacity you would cling to a cast off garment, for the good it has done; but when texture for a brighter and more substantial one is offered him, he will accept."

Who of our early friends are with you? Answer—"Strange, *all have advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits*. We often meet and dwell upon the past scenes of our life with much regret and some pleasure." I then wrote,

Now, do you see any particular duty or path for me to pursue to be most useful to others and to myself? Answer—

"It is not necessary to wear the garb of any church, still there is much good in all religion, as the true Christian worships God, but *every individual adores him in his own manner*. We would enlarge your liberal ideas of God; and bid you turn even to the preface of Nature's book, there to study his real character. I see you do not like to sit idle by the wayside. As you extend your hands, work will fall into them."

I then wrote, Shall I devote myself to extending a knowledge of this glorious truth to the unbelieving world? Answer—

"If you were divested of the clay I should immediately answer yes; but you have a material body to sustain. Bring spiritualism out into your daily walks of life, not shut it up, (as Christians do their Bible,) for Sunday."

But may I not give my efforts to the cause, and at the same time sustain the material body? Answer—

"Yes, act through reason, not soar above common free-thinkers as some are doing now."

I then wrote, There are thousands thirsting for these demonstrations, but cannot find a medium; is it not right then to furnish media for them, and let them pay a reasonable price for the opportunity, as I am now doing? "Yes, we eagerly snatch every passive hand, or susceptible brain. The little medium powers you possess shall be developed. You shall not be a light under a bushel, but shine before men."

I here omit a portion of the manuscript, and give the closing paragraph. As my hour had expired, and others were waiting their turn, I rose from the table; but wishing to be courteous to my social friend

D. K. MINOR.

D. K. MINOR.

Musical Manifestations.

I am also informed, that, on Sunday evening, while some one sat at and played upon the piano, accurate time was kept by

[Continued.]

holy event.

lar planet, man is always the wiser, because older. The apparently younger may be often wiser than the more recent inhabitants of a planet. Connecting planet with planet

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18-

Poetry.

For the New Era.

My Angel Wife.

My angel wife, I come, I come,
My spirit wings to soar to thee,
To dwell in thy eternal home,
Where now thou art, forever free.

The dearest link that bound me here
Is missing in Love's golden chain,
And cheerless looks the world, and dream,
This world of care, and sin, and pain.

But heaven, that happy, happy place,
Since thou art there it nearer seems;
I soon shall see thee face to face,
And walk with thee by living streams.

And praises to His name we'll sing,
Who left for us the realms above,
Till heaven shall with the anthem ring,
The holy lay of joy and love.

My darling, thou art with me now;
Thy spirit mingles with mine own;
I feel thy breath upon my brow,
I listen to thy soft, low tone:

And words of holy peace and cheer
Thou breathest to my stricken heart;
Thou bid'st me check the rising tear,
And act with martyr-zeal my part;

And bid'st me trust in Him whose word
Is unto erring mortals given,
To hush the storm by passion stirred,
And guide us in the way to heaven:

Thou bid'st me think of her whose care
Watched o'er my childhood's tender years;
She hath o'er me of grief to bear,
Her path hath been bedewed with tears.

Mother, I stay! for thou art dear,
Dearest than aught on earth beside;
But, oh! once more to see her here—
My angel wife, my spirit bride.

Father in Heaven, to Thee I bow;
"Or life, or death," "Thy will be done!"
Thy hand lies heavy on me now,
And darkness veils the noon-day sun.

But well I know, though clouds obscure
His brightness, that it shineth still;
I know thy promises are sure,
And patiently I bide thy will.

J.

Souls, not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May belch the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vests could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever availing out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Of forgets his fellow then;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meanness haunts you men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-clad hills;
There are little inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
But God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly liffeth up his voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with love and light;
And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right;
And God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression with its titles
As the pebbles on the sea.

As an Indian Maiden

TO HER SPIRIT NEARED ITS HOME.

Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's heart aches;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter, thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear;
The corn-mountain's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird,
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls,—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one, thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou in the eyes thou lovest shall see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by,
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
Midst flowers not such as die.

But thou, my bright one, thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou in the eyes thou lovest shall see
No fear of parting more.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, thy light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide,
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
Go to the better land!

Miscellany.

The Last Incarnation.

THIRD LEGEND.

The Martyrdom of the Innocents.

After this, the Christ, by the divine power of the Spirit, translated himself into several places at once; for his love led him to visit the sufferings of children, and among so many poignant sufferings which called to him at the same time, he would not have known which to choose in order to visit first.

He saw, therefore, at the same time the thousand stations of this horrible industrial purgatory, in which are tortured the children of the people: there he saw meagre women, with cadaverous and fixed looks, working without respite and without repose to prolong for a few days the existence of their little children, who seemed, during that time, to sleep by their side.

But the poor innocents did not sleep, they were in a lethargy! For, to prevent them from suffering and crying during the long days of torture, their mothers themselves had made them take a poison which kills slowly and which deadens pain.

Other children, larger, but still more sad to look upon, were working like the wheels of the machines, which incessantly threatened them with a horrible death, if they allowed their attention to be distracted for a single moment. There prevailed the silence of death, only interrupted sometimes by words which seemed to come from hell.

The Child-God did not speak to them, for they could not have understood him; he did not manifest himself to their eyes, they did not have recognized him; only he went and came in the midst of those poor children, and touching their head and their chest he renewed their courage and prevented thought from being awakened in their mind.

His eyes were filled with tears, and in the presence of so much suffering, he again clothed himself with the bleeding remembrances of Calvary. The crown of thorns seemed to tear his brow afresh, the marks of the nails made his hands and his feet bloody, and his arms were sadly clasped around a cross.

And he began again to pray as he had prayed in the Garden of Olives, with a mortal sadness and inexpressible anguish. And he said: "My Father, take pity on the suffering of the innocents! touch the hearts of the rich, and bring about the deliverance of the poor!"

And he went thus, suffering, praying and weeping, from house to house, seeking the rich and the owners of the factories, looking upon them and passing before them, while he showed them his child's face torn by the horrible crown, and his little hands pierced, and his cross, and his blood, and his tears.

But those men, in consequence of loving and serving the idols of gold and of silver, had become like unto them; they had eyes and they saw not, they had ears and they did not wish to hear. Those among them who perceived the Christ, or who deigned to remark him, asked him with an ironical smile if he brought them any money.

Then the Christ gathered in his hand his tears and the blood which flowed from his heart, and every tear was changed into a piece of silver, and every drop of blood into a piece of gold. And he gave these to them in his indignation, saying to them: "You have made me change my tears into silver, and my blood into gold; but when my Father shall do justice, shudder and tremble! he silver shall again become tears for you, and the gold shall again become blood, and you will be compelled to repay with usury."

Then he left them and transported himself with the rapidity of thought into the houses where were taught the children of the rich. There it was no longer the prolonged agony of the body, it was the torture of the soul. The children, ranged in herds, were pent up within gloomy walls, and forced to apply their mind, suffering and repelled, to living only to rejoice, while the poor man's outraged freedom vainly liffeth up his voice.

But truth and justice are eternal, born with love and light; and sunset's wrongs shall never prosper while there is a sunny right; and God, whose world-wide voice is singing boundless love to you and me, will sink oppression with its titles as the pebbles on the sea.

Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side, and the hunter's heart aches; for the time of flowers, for the summer's pride, daughter, thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home, where the skies are ever clear; the corn-mountain's golden hours will come, but they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird, under our whispering pine; music shall midst the leaves be heard, but not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill, telling of winter gone, hath such sweet falls,—yet caught we still a farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one, thou shalt be where farewell sounds are o'er; thou in the eyes thou lovest shall see no fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet, and the wind's wild moanings by, thou with thy kindred shalt forget, midst flowers not such as die.

But thou, my bright one, thou shalt be where farewell sounds are o'er; thou in the eyes thou lovest shall see no fear of parting more.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone, when thou, thy light, art fled; yet hath thy step the pathway shown unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide, and join that shining band; thou'rt passing from the lake's green side, go to the better land!

Go to the better land!

corruption of all, and you make of them animals with rapacious instincts.

"You think you are the high priests of the sciences, and you are sacrificers to Moloch. You think you have the key of the doors of life, and you open only the gate of hell. You pretend to form men, and you know neither what a man is, nor what are his high destinies."

"And how shall you teach these children whom you know not how to love, and whose wants you do not comprehend? How can you make the young flower of their thought to bloom in the rays of the sun of God? You do not see the divine sun, and you tread heavily upon the flowers of life."

"But you cannot even understand my words, and to awaken your heart is required the sweet and insinuating voice of my mother. Come, O Mary! let your crown of gentle light dissipate by degrees the darkness of their hearts. Men do not know how to love children, it is for a woman to teach them. Come, O model of mothers, console all these poor orphans, instruct those who torment them!"

After these words, Jesus departed; and everywhere that he had been seen to pass, appeared, walking in his footsteps, the divine figure of Mary, beautiful with ineffable compassion and radiant with gentleness. She wiped the brow of the poor children of the people, condemned to the pitiless labor of the factories, and embraced them by turns, telling them to take courage and to hope. Then the poor little ones felt their hearts moved, their eyes again found some tears, and they felt themselves happy that they could weep.

Then Mary passed into the prisons where the education of the age enchains its sad captives, and a single smile of her mouth taught much more to those poor children than all the lessons of their masters, for they remembered their mothers, and they experienced the desire to be better on feeling re-awaken within them the necessity of loving.

The Church.

While the Roman Catholics are taking measures to settle the long mooted question as to whether original sin tainted the mother of Jesus, the residue of the Christian world, acting in an antipodal direction, are seriously asking the question whether theological dogmas, as such, form any part of the essence of Christianity. As, therefore, one extreme philosophically begets its opposite, we look for very great results from the convocation at Rome, which is to settle the disputed point to which we have alluded. Instead of reconciling the difficulties which exist in the *soi-disant* mother church, we think and hope it will open the eyes of Christians, generally, to the absurdity of those controversial points, and bring up for consideration the question whether the mission of Jesus, properly understood, was to found any visible church at all.

To our mind the whole tenor of Christian doctrine points to the advent of an era when in religious matters men shall neither say, lo here, or lo there, but will recognize the kingdom of heaven as existing within them, subject to no extraneous authority, and untrammelled with sacerdotal fetters. All that is essential in Christianity is comprised in a very few words—simply, to love one's Maker with all one's heart and his fellow beings as himself. This, practically carried out, makes the individual who practises it an heir to the kingdom of heaven—may more, wherever he acts upon these principles there is heaven to him. His acts produce valuable results upon others, and the reflex action thereof upon himself constitutes, internally, for him a state which is heaven of itself.

This point, so clear, so philosophical, and so much in accordance with the ends proposed by our Saviour, seems to be overlooked or neglected by almost all Christendom. Zealots of all denominations will wrangle and fight with each other, and generally with the more bitterness in proportion to the nearness with which their respective creeds approach each other. Witness the dissensions between the Calvinists and the Baptists and the peculiar ill will between the Roman Catholics and the Episcopalians. One would think from the controversies between these sects that there were some very essential differences between them, whereas the two latter mainly disagree as to which has the best claim to a lineal sacerdotal derivation from St. Peter, and the former as to whether a convert should be immersed or sprinkled. All this stuff is but the mint, anise and cummin which are made by a task more useless and more repugnant still. It was thus their minds were stupefied and their hearts obliterated in order to make of them machines for the production of money, and the deaf and dumb slaves of pitiless property.

Jesus comprehended all these distressing things, and saw several of those children, already made old by impurity and disgust, seek in shameful habits an often fatal distraction. And he said to himself that the children of the rich were not more happy than those of the poor; this is why, thought he, those are happy whom intelligence and love have freed from the servitude of riches! The true riches of man are the noble faculties of his soul, when God satisfies and animates them! The real treasures of man are those which he carries everywhere with him, and which no one can take from him; the joy of a good conscience, the dignity of a free will, and the noble love of God and of his creatures!

And Jesus passed through the midst of those children, who did not deign to speak to him, because he had the appearance of a child of the people. Others laughed at him as had done the children of the street, and a man who assumed the title of master did not impose silence on them, but approaching Jesus asked him who he was and how he had entered.

Jesus answered him: "I am the child who teaches masters, and I have come down from Heaven because you have closed your doors against me. I am the truth which judges your teachings, and which has found them to be lies. For, instead of bringing up the children of God for immortality, and of thinking to make them men, you bring them up slaves of the demon of riches for the corruption of all, and you make of them animals with rapacious instincts."

"You think you are the high priests of the sciences, and you are sacrificers to Moloch. You think you have the key of the doors of life, and you open only the gate of hell. You pretend to form men, and you know neither what a man is, nor what are his high destinies."

"And how shall you teach these children whom you know not how to love, and whose wants you do not comprehend? How can you make the young flower of their thought to bloom in the rays of the sun of God? You do not see the divine sun, and you tread heavily upon the flowers of life."

such from theological study. They become communists generally either because esteemed relatives or friends were so before them, or because, tired of an irreligious life, they accept that which the church professes, as a substitute. Hard as it is to obtain converts, the church finds it much harder to retain them. The new convert looks for that peace which passeth all understanding, and does not find it within the church. Instead thereof, he is told that certain abstract positions are of vital importance, and while this is said, he finds that the characters of those who assume to be guided by such positions are not at all in accordance with his preconceived notions of the fruits of Christianity.

Now, the church, to preserve her standing and influence, must reform in the respects we have named. Let her nurse her theological dogmas if she must, but let her beware how she substitutes these dogmas for the hearty and incessant practice of Christian ethics. The former she may neglect and preserve her influence—let her underestimate the latter, and she is lost! The attention of the Christian world is now strongly directed to the points we have discussed, and we are not without hopes that our religious sects will soon perceive that their duty and policy dictate a greater observance of the practical precepts, and less notice of the theological dogmas than have heretofore prevailed.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

Augur-suasion.

We take the following telling item from the "Prohibitionist," published at Albany, N. Y. It indicates what the enemies of the race may expect at the hands of the justice-loving masses, in reference to more things than those included in Temperance matters, when they fail to get justice at the hands of Government and Laws: The "Prohibitionist" says:

"A gentleman, sending the money for a club of subscribers, from Batavia, Kane County, Illinois, writes: 'I want you to understand that there is one other town in the State of Illinois, besides the one you quoted some time since in your paper, that has swept the destructive and hellish creature from its midst. And furthermore, be it known to you, that Batavia is where the 'augur-suasion' commenced. We have as set of boys in this town who carry the tools in their pockets: who they are, no one knows; but if any one wants to see the effect of their arguments, all they have to do is to stop at our depot, and take a look at the floor, and the thing is realized at once. They believe in casting the devil out at home, and then extending to other parts the same blessing.'"

The "augur-suasion" to which our correspondent alludes, is, if we mistake not, something of a bore to the liquor sellers.

The term originated in this wise: the good people of a certain town were greatly annoyed by sundry pestilential grog-shops in their midst, whose keepers neither feared God nor regarded man. Moral suasion was powerless with them, and they laughed at legal penalties to scorn. On one occasion, a quantity of liquor had been brought into the town for their use, and was stored temporarily in the depot. The next morning, the floor of the building was thoroughly saturated with whiskey, the casks empty, and an augur-hole in the head of each. Then the question arose—"What kind of suasion has done this?" Clearly, it was not legal: neither did it seem exactly moral; but whatever it was, it *augured* a very decided hostility to the liquor trade, and was not without its moral results. So it was called "augur-suasion." All such facts are significant: they indicate a determination, on the part of the people, to fall back upon their reserved rights. We approve of no lawlessness; but legislators will heed these things if they are wise. The people have a right, absolute and indefensible, to protect themselves from the desolations of the rum-devil.

FATHER BALLOU TURNED SWEDENBORGIAN.—A correspondent, writing from Massachusetts, says that in the town of Hanover, spirit meetings are regularly held in an old meeting house, which has not been occupied for fifteen years. The medium is a woman, and the spirit, who professes to preach through her is Father Balloou, the late highly esteemed Universalist preacher. The medium sits in a pew, until the spirit takes possession of her, and walks her up into the pulpit, where she speaks upon temperance, Christianity, or slavery. "When questioned on doctrinal points, the answer is that Swedenborg's doctrine is the nearest right." Sometimes the spirit leaves the medium suddenly in the pulpit, and when she opens her eyes, and finds herself standing before the people, she sinks into her seat as though she had fainted.—*Exchange.*

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VOL. III.—NO. 18.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

WHOLE NO. 116.

Thoughts of the Age.

In No. 14, we gave our readers a communication, entitled "A New Scheme," etc. The following is a continuation of the same subject:

For the New Era.

Temptations to Virtue.

Mr Editor:—Absence and labor have prevented me from fulfilling my promise to the extent desired. In obedience to your wish, as far as circumstances will permit, I am happy to explain, because it gives me the opportunity of assisting the reader of my former article in reasoning upon the suggestions there made.

It occurs to me, that the first idea calling for an explanation, is, how the plan proposed will throw every temptation on the side of virtue. We will suppose the rising generation, male and female, to be liberally educated in all the natural sciences. That would prepare them mentally for a congenial companionship—a fraternal union. An education in the laws of health, would then lead them to abstain from all things hurtful to body or mind. The mind is the actual wealth of the country. If that be so, then it is for the interest of the country, in order to increase its wealth, to increase or cultivate the collective mind. A field left to itself, will bring forth brambles, thistles and weeds; while a field properly cultivated, will bring forth food to the tiller, in proportion to its inherent capability. So with the mind, it must produce something. If not properly cultivated it will bring forth discordant and poisonous influences; if well developed, harmonious and healthful influences. Mind is the great motor within us; mind levels the forests; mind tills the soil; mind builds your houses, your canals, your railroads and all that appertain to them. Mind, with its own will, commands the elements to do its bidding—makes the lightning its messenger, the ocean its highway, and the land the place of its habitation and pleasure. Therefore reform should commence with a universal education. That education should be at government expense, because the Government assumes to be the parent and receives a corresponding benefit. It should be connected with manual labor, because labor strengthens the body, which in its turn sustains the energy of the mind.

Well, let us suppose for a moment, money to be out of use, and how much temptation to evil would be destroyed? If there is no money, there can be no counterfeiting the king's currency, no forgeries. There can be no robberies or thefts to procure it; no defrauding of neighbors to gain it; no manufacturing of ardent spirits to receive it; no disconsolate wives will weep over wasted embers, the absence of inebriate husbands; no famished children will raise a feeble cry for bread, whose fathers' means and energies have gone to buy the vender's lands and splendid equipage; no human flesh will then be bought and sold for gold. Well, is not here a multitude of crime swept overboard? Would there not already be a New Heaven and a New Earth? Would it not be worthy of the sacrifice? or must sin still exist, that grace may abound? God forbid!

But to make the destruction of crime more complete, let us place all on an equality in regard to property, as we have already done as far as possible, in regard to education. Again, suppose we throw all our lands, together with their productions, into the hands of the Government, making it responsible for all the comforts of life; what then becomes of the remainder of the crimes that afflict and disgrace humanity, save prostitution?—And when the laws of health are understood, the passions will be brought under the subjection of an enlightened reason.

But, in order that the Government may supply these comforts, it must itself be supplied; that can only be done by every capable individual, male and female, contributing a certain number of hours each day, sabbath excepted, to some useful manual employment,—say six hours; that would leave six more for pleasure or mental improvement. And sixty days should be granted for visiting or travel. That, I think, would give the Government a greater abundance, than it now possesses, with its multitude of consumers, who are not producers.

The question may be asked, where are your orphans?—In the public schools provided for, by Government. Where are the decrepit beggars, who perhaps have wasted the pith of life in arduous toil, perhaps for public good?—In neat and commodious dwellings, comfortably supplied. Where is

the slave, now sweltering in his chains or stifled with the cold? beside his master—his equal, and no more. What then becomes of theft for food and clothing? There can be none, because it can avail them nought; they are supplied by Government, beyond which supply, they can retain nothing.

Here, then, we find a society without a single temptation to commit a crime or do a wrong.

Now, let us create temptations to do good. In the first place, let us suppose circles to be formed, one above another, as expediency may indicate, through which each must ascend by individual merit. Has a youth been attentive to labor and assiduous in his studies? has he been kind and moral in his deportment while at school? Let him on leaving it, enter the first circle. Are those in the first circle attentive to labor, peaceable and kind to their neighbors? Elevate them to the second. Are those in the second kind to the sick? Do they administer to the wants and comfort of those in distress? Do they still practise the virtues of the circles through which they have passed? Elevate them to the third and so on through all the grades. Every invention, every discovery, every act or publication, calculated to advance or promote the happiness of mankind, should be rewarded by elevation in the circles, in proportion to the good received from the same, together with such credit of time as Government may direct. No superior circle should be exempt from the duties of an inferior circle. If any department lacks laborers, elevate those who will volunteer in the circles until the demand shall be supplied.

Here, I think we have every stimulant or temptation to do good, that can be brought to bear on the public mind.

Here the philanthropist can unloose the shackles of oppressed humanity; here the benevolent can find room for an active exercise of his charity. The man of peace can here find his cherished home. Here those who have waged war against "King Alcohol," can lay aside their weapons, for they have "conquered a peace." Here the earnest seeker for the Millennium, can find his heaven begun. Here the pilgrim to the "Holy Land" can find a new Jerusalem. Here the believer in Christ can find an opportunity to practise the teachings of his glorified Master. The spirit of His teachings is here—the triune is here—Love, Wisdom and Justice; Love to conceive, Wisdom to develop, and Justice to distribute.

But here no miser can satisfy his thirst for gold; no young man can hope for perfection by keeping the letter of the decalogue and still press to his heart, his great worldly possessions. He must go "away sorrowful."

Professed follower of Christ, do you want a test? Can you make the sacrifice that He demanded? If not, then you are none of His. Lovers of St. Paul, can you, like him, forego the meats that make your brother to offend? If so, the work is before you; if not, the place on which you stand is yet unhallowed ground.

[To be continued.]

M. VAN EVERY.

"Healing of the Nations."

The following extracts are taken from the work entitled as above, which was written through the hand of CHARLES LINTON, of Newtown, Pa., and edited by Governor Tallmadge. We are informed by the *Spiritual Telegraph*, that this work will be for sale about the first of March. The specimens below certainly breathe a very excellent spirit—a spirit without which there can be no "Healing of the Nations."

When about to write the book entitled "The Healing of the Nations," I felt descending upon me an influence whose holy sweetness words can never express.

Ere taking my pen to write, my whole being entered a calm and tranquil state, which was expressed to the Holy One in a devout prayer—such as this: "Oh, Father, if it so please Thee, let Thy servant write only that which shall glorify Thee."

And in answer I have written that which I felt to be truth, though at times my outward ignorance was much at a loss to substantiate the wisdom of that written.

I have never written without the influence of that unseen Power, for it has been my constant desire that I might never write one word of error, or of that which would not lead to man's highest good, and to the highest knowledge of God.

When writing I always preferred to be alone, though I have often written in the presence of my own family or friends, and sometimes in the presence of entire strangers.

During the writing of the book I scarcely read any, in any book, being conscious that I retained nothing at all of that which I attempted to read.

I never referred to any book before the

writing, during, or since having finished the writing of "The Healing of the Nations." I never had any books by me save the one in which I wrote. How the contents of the book correspond with the contents of other books I do not know.

It was always sufficient inducement for me to write to feel the sweet influence enveloping me as a flood of light in which was all that I could imagine as necessary unto heavenly happiness.

I have written in all kinds of circumstances without any apparent diminution of the control of my system had by the unseen Power. The one thing necessary for the obtaining of this feeling—this holy influence—was calm, quiet PRAYER.

I know that prayers are answered; how, I explained in the book.

I have felt and seen all that I wrote. I have experienced most holy joy, most serene happiness; and again have felt the keen despair of the tortured spirit. I have viewed the operation of essences and principles, apparently seeing them as distinctly as any outward object. I have seen all the scenery as in the book described; and, in short, all that is there written at the time was felt by me as though it was then and there present.

I feel thankful unto God for the bestowal of so much happiness as I have experienced while writing, and since writing "The Healing of the Nations."

It has truly healed my spirit, and, I may add, that one other spirit, as dear unto mine as its own existence, hath found in the words flowing from my pen a balm most healing. It has driven hereditary darkness from our path, and opened a channel unto the Fountain of Light, whose outward flowing waters have nourished our love until it is as the rock of Eternal Truth.

The ideas seemed at times to enter my mind with a gleam of light, and were instantly before me waiting to be worded; at other times I could not see one word ahead of that which I was writing, and have written on, one word at a time, that when the word was written it appeared disjointed and disconnected until the whole sentence was finished, and behold! I saw a great truth, builded, as it were, almost without my knowledge.

I have at times been conscious of an entire vacancy of what I should term my own mind; at other times my mind has been exercised violently on some outside subject, and still the writing would continue as though the mind were calm. This was after having commenced writing, as I never commenced except in the manner above described—calmly and quietly.

I have written from one half page to as high as ten or eleven pages daily. The book was commenced on the eleventh of the eleventh month, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, and ended fourth month, ninth, eighteen hundred and fifty-four. (Commenced Nov. 11th, 1853; ended April 9th, 1854.) I lost one month in writing, being away from the book at the time.

There are four hundred and thirty (430) pages of manuscript, closely written, and scarcely containing one mistake. I can positively say there is no mistake of any kind which did not arise from my own inattention during the writing; the dictating Power being always right, so far as my comprehension goes.

I have never felt but one Presence and but one Power, which is to me as distinct as my own animal feelings. I know the instant it approaches, and can instantly tell when it leaves me, at which time I have ceased writing, and commenced exercising in the open air.

Some will naturally ask, "What is that Power?" In answer to this question I must say, I do not positively know. I leave every reader to be his own judge; believing, as I do, in individual responsibility, I feel at liberty only to tell what I believe, namely, that it is from the highest spiritual source, leaving positive truths unto God, and all men to judge their own judgment. My belief concerning the source whence the book came can only be my own belief, and I do not want that to be adopted by any man unthinkingly.

I had not the faintest idea, at the commencement of "The Healing of the Nations," what the course would be of that which was being written; and I must say, that no person can be so much surprised as myself at the order and regularity of the course pursued, both in regard to the subjects, and the reasoning elucidating them.

I never planned, or attempted to plan, anything ahead in writing; for beside of the Power dictating I felt truly as a little child in wisdom, and can now thank God that I was permitted to have a child's trustfulness—thus writing as dictated unto, unheeding the opinions of my own selfish nature.

I have frequently been asked, "Why do you reject the credit of composing 'The Healing of the Nations'?" I answer all such inquiries thus: "Common honesty bids me do it."

The only credit I desire to have, and that which I feel to be my due, arises from the fact that I HAVE DESIRED HUMBLY AND SINCERELY TO GLORIFY A LOVING FATHER AND BENEFIT MAN. Any man who honestly and openly reads "The Healing of the Nations" will give me this credit, and surely I need not ask more. True it is, that let men say and do as they will concerning that which is written, they can never reach that sweet place within my own spirit, wherein, morning and evening, and in the shady noon, I feel "Well done" vibrating to the voice of Him whose servant I am proud to be.

I have felt more peaceful happiness in this inward communion with the unseen Power whose scribe I seemed to be, than the voice of all mankind could in praising give. Hence do I speak of my work as though it was not my work, and give credit unto whom credit is due.

Following these extracts, the *Telegraph* has the following observations on Gov. TALLMADGE, and extracts from his introduction to the "Healing of the Nations."

Gov. Tallmadge is a member of the Episcopal Church, and while to some minds his language may occasionally seem to indicate that he attaches an undue importance to certain books and men, it must be evident to every candid reader that there is no dogmatism or theological hair-splitting in his Introduction to "The Healing of the Nations." Much less is there any attempt to bend Spiritualism to the support of his preconceived opinions, or to interpret its significant facts and inspired teachings by the light of the Thirty-nine Articles. The Governor employs no rhetorical drapery to cover up the truth, nor does he invest his subject with the theological second-hand clothing of his church, either out of respect to the "Apostolic Succession," or to render it fashionable. On the contrary, Spiritualism has found in our distinguished friend a fearless investigator who is not to be turned from his purpose, and a witness who need not be sworn to tell the truth. At the same time he treats the Scriptures and the Christian Religion with profound respect. On this point we cite the following brief expression of his views:

I have always maintained and still maintain, the Bible as the word of God; and I agree with that accomplished scholar and jurist, Sir William Jones, who declared that "The Scriptures contain, independently of their divine original, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more important history, pure morality, and finer strains both of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected within the same compass from all other books that ever were composed in any age or idiom." And when I hear clergymen denounce "Spiritualism" as denying the truths of the Bible, I can only say, "they know not what they say." I might as well properly denounce all denominations of Christians except their own, because they differ from each other as to what are the truths of the Bible.

The writer insists that the current phenomena are not opposed to genuine Christianity, but that, while they demonstrate our immortality, they clearly and forcibly illustrate the divine principles of Christ, shedding at once a new and clearer light on the invisible laws involved in the marvellous displays of spiritual presence and energy which accompanied his dispensation. In confirmation of this general idea, and to illustrate the prevalence, among the purest and noblest minds, of faith in the doctrine of Spiritual Intercourse, Mr. Tallmadge refers to the New Testament writers and to many eminent modern authors. Speaking of the manifestations, and of the presumption of those who treat them with derision and denunciation, he says:

If, then, these manifestations are according to God's laws, how great is the responsibility of those who undertake to denounce them; who undertake to set a limit to the power of the Almighty; and to proclaim that there is neither the power nor the power for further manifestations to elucidate the truths of the Bible—truths about which mankind cannot agree, and never will agree, till further light is shed upon them! This responsibility is great here, but it will be greater hereafter. And none will see it and feel it with such crushing weight as the clergy who have denounced it; who have shut out the light from their people, and caused them to walk in darkness, when the brightness of these manifestations has been shining "arrayed in the light of the sun." This warning is founded on communications from a high spiritual source. And let them rest assured that, though they may stay for a brief season the mighty torrent of "Spiritualism," which is covering the earth as the waters cover the sea, they will not be able to check it in the world to which they go, but will there be held to an awful accountability! If they had but a small share of practical common sense, they would investigate it, and proclaim it from the pulpit as confirming the truths of the Bible, and as fulfilling the promises which Christ taught and practiced. Instead of attempting to resist it they would "take the tide at its flood," and endeavor to "direct the fury of the storm." If they do not, they will find the foundations of their antagonistic creeds washed from under them, and swept away by the resistless tide which is now setting.

"Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose ever current and compulsive course
No ebb or flow ebbing ebbeth."

They may as well attempt to stem the torrent of Niagara, as the founders of the mighty cathedrals. The day for intemperance has gone by. Those liquid fires, whose torrents have been so long used, have been quenched by the pure waters of truth flowing from the fountain of Love; and their lurid glare is lost in the brilliant light shed by the sun of righteousness which has risen with healing on its wings.

From the interesting narration of spiritual experiences contained in the Introduction to this book, we select the following striking example, in which the life of Gov. Tallmadge was preserved, as he now firmly believes, by the interposition of some guardian Spirit:

Of impressions which we receive, every one's own individual experience will bear me out in what I say. How often has it happened to almost every body that he or she has been impressed to do or not to do, to go or not to go, and by obeying that impression, has been saved from accident or danger? I could cite abundant authorities in proof of this, but I will only relate one instance in regard to myself. I was on board the war-steamer Princeton, in the Potomac river, in the year 1844, when the dread-ful disaster occurred by the bursting of the "big gun," which sacrificed the lives of several of our most distinguished citizens. A large party of ladies and gentlemen had been invited by Com. Stockton, the distinguished commander of the Princeton, to take a trip down the Potomac to witness the movements of the steamer, as well as the firing of the gun called the "Peace-maker," a gun of wrought iron, of immense weight and caliber. I had under my charge two ladies. It was announced that the gun would fire three times. When they were preparing for the first fire, I took my position at the breech of the gun. The vessel being in motion, the smoke, and in my position I could take the range of the shot, of immense weight as it gracefully bounded over the water. I took this position at each fire. After dinner I went with the ladies on deck at the stern of the vessel, and soon discovered

ed the gun was again being loaded. I immediately went to the bow of the vessel, and learning that the commodore, and the President and his cabinet, and other gentlemen were determined to remain, and took my position as before. I waited a minute or two, and was suddenly impelled to leave the gun—why, I could not tell; I had no fear of the gun, for I supposed a wrought-iron gun could not burst. Yet, by an irresistible impulse, I was compelled to leave the gun. I went to the stern of the vessel, and was told the ladies had just gone below. I went down into the cabin, and immediately heard the report of the gun; and in a moment came the news that two members of the cabinet and three other distinguished gentlemen had been instantly killed by the bursting of the gun. I rushed on deck, and saw the lifeless and mangled bodies, and found that the gun had burst at the very spot where I had stood at the three former fires, and where, if I had remained at the fourth fire, I should have been perfectly demolished! Here was a spiritual impression which I could not resist, and by obeying which my life was saved. It is not for me to say why my life was saved and others sacrificed. We must follow the mysterious ways of Providence, but we can derive benefit from the manifestations thus placed before us.

In the course of the Introduction we have a classification of media, and many interesting facts and communications are cited in illustration of the several phases of the phenomena. From among the examples of musical mediumship the Governor relates the following:

In June, 1843, after my return from New York where I had witnessed many manifestations, I called on a writing medium in my neighborhood. A communication came through her to me, directing me to form a circle in my own family, and that a medium would be developed that would be all I could desire. I asked who it would be. It was answered, a daughter. I asked which daughter, as I have four daughters. It was answered, Emily. I was then directed when a circle should be formed, to call on my mother, to call on my father, to call on my house, to call on the piano. It was answered, "Will you teach her to play?" It was answered, "You will see." Emily is my youngest daughter, and at that time about thirteen years of age. It is here proper to remark that she never knew a note in music, and had never played a tune on the piano in her life. The reason is this. The country was entirely new when we moved here, and there was no opportunity at that time for instruction in music. She was instructed in other branches of education at home by myself, or some member of the family. I soon formed a circle in my family, as directed. Emily took paper and pencil. Soon her hand was moved to draw straight lines across the paper till she made what is termed a staff in music. She then wrote notes upon it; then made all the different signs in music, about all which she knew nothing. She then threw down her pencil, and began to strike the table with her fingers, the keys of the piano. This reminded me that I had been directed to place her at the piano. I proposed to her, and, though naturally diffident, she at once complied, and took her seat with all the composure and confidence of an experienced performer. She struck the keys boldly, and played "Beethoven's Grand Waltz," in a style that would do credit to any well advanced in music. She then played many familiar airs, such as "Sweet Home," "Bonnie Doon," "Last Rose of Summer," "Hail to the Chief," "Old Folks at Home," "Lilly Dale," etc. She then played an air entirely new, and sang it with words improvised or impressed for the occasion. "New and beautiful lays, continued to be sung for her, the poetry and sentiment being given as before. She was also soon developed as a writing medium, and I have received many beautiful communications through her, and of the purest religious sentiment.

Interesting Talk on Spiritualism, by Mrs. Gage, and what she saw.

(From the Ohio Farmer.)

FRIEND BROWN:—

We had a talk some time since on the subject of Spiritualism, as it is now stirring the minds of the people; and I believe you gave it as your opinion that it was not worth talking much about, or looking into. Therein we somewhat differed, for even if it is all imagination or deception, surely it is well for the learned, the wise and good, if possible, to free their friends and neighbors of the enchantment, and let their senses free to float in the old channels of thought or will. It is every one's duty to forward truth, and retard error, and where thousands are being led away blindly, and our scientific men profess to be able to discover the cheat, and redeem the victims, it is right, nay, it is their duty to do it.

Some two weeks ago, I visited the town of Waukegan, on the shore of Lake Michigan. I became acquainted with persons who are strong believers in Spiritualism. I had several sittings with them, that developed some things startling and extraordinary, but yet not to me very convincing of the presence of any spirit from the unseen world. I was told there of a lady in the town, who would write letters on her flesh, by running her fingers on the outside of her garments, &c. I requested an interview, and was accompanied to her house. She was in her kitchen, busy with her morning work, but came in very soon, and took her seat, as with my friend, who was making a morning call. I told her the object of my mission, that I had heard much, and read much, of the operations of the spirits, but had seen nothing to convince me of spirit presence; that I wished earnestly to investigate the subject, and should not relinquish my doubts until ample testimony had been given me to compel me to do so.

We chatted a few moments—her breathing grew heavy, her nerves agitated, and then showed us her bare arms, which were covered by an open velvet sleeve which she pushed up. She covered them again, and with the fore-finger of her left hand, traced something like letters on the outside of her sleeve, barely touching the garment; then, after rubbing her hand quickly over her arm, outside her sleeve, some two or three times, from the shoulder down, she pushed back her sleeve and revealed to our astonished gaze, the traces of letters rising in the skin, which immediately became full and fair looking, as if the flesh had been raised by the stroke of a slender switch. The raised marks were as large round as a good sized knitting needle. The first name written was one of a neighbor recently deceased, and had been traced by her left hand, wrong side up, so that I, sitting at the right hand, should read it without rising from the chair. After some of the friends had conversed with the spirit of Dr. C—who it was said

was present—I asked if no friends of mine wished to confer with me. She replied a woman and child were present, and wrote the name "Mary," which read immediately as before. I could remember none of that name. She said the child's name was Mary. I asked the name of the woman, and it was written distinctly. It was the name of a lady relative, who died many years ago, and whose name I am confident, neither she nor any of the company had ever known.

Our interview was short, as the lady was hurrying her work out of the way, to go to a dinner-party, it then being ten o'clock, A. M. The next day we met again. I saw the astonishing results, from simply moving the finger over the outside of the clothes.

The names of the woman and child were written for me. But when I told her that the woman had no child Mary, she signified her desire to write with a pencil—tied a handkerchief over her eyes (because she said the spirits wanted to convince me) and wrote legibly, "It is not her child, but Mrs. Gage's sister's child." I now remembered that a sister twenty-four years ago buried a little girl of that name, to whom I was then much attached.

The lady, whose name she wrote out, and the little girl, had not been in my mind that I recollected. The lady died when I was a child, 40 years ago.

These and many other startling things came before me. There was no collusion. She seemed impressed against her will because she was in haste. I was in no mood to be deceived, for I was intent at getting at the truth.

I do not, cannot now affirm this to be the work of spirits, nor would I dare say it was not. But what was it that impressed those letters upon her arms, raising up the flesh in ridges? making letters wrong side up, and spelling words backward and forward with equal facility. Who told her of things she had not heard of before?

How are these things to be accounted for? Some of the Christian world—"Beecher and others—have decided it spirits. And have had spirits liberty to roam up and down the earth, doing these strange things; and have good spirits no power given to control them? Who will answer? Will the wise and learned explain this phenomenon?"

FRANCES D. GAGE.

St. Louis, Dec. 28.

"God Made Him."

We extract the following gem from Fanny Fern's latest work, entitled "Ruth Hall":

"Time for papa to come," said little Daisy, seating herself on the low doorstep; "the sun has crept way round to the big apple tree;" and Daisy shook back her hair, and settling her little elbows on her knees, sat with her chin in her palms, dreamingly watching the shifting clouds. A butterfly alights on a blade of grass near her; Daisy springs up, her long hair floating like a veil about her shoulders, and her tiny feet scarce bending the clover blossoms, and tip-toes carefully along in pursuit.

He's gone, Daisy, but never mind; like many other coveted treasures, he would lose his brilliancy if caught. Daisy has found something else; she closes her hands over it, and returns to her old watch-post on the doorstep. She seats herself again, and loosing her tiny hold, out creeps a great bushy caterpillar. Daisy places him carefully on the back of her little lace-veined hand, and he commences his travels up the polished arm to the little round shoulders. When he reaches the lace sleeve, Daisy's laugh rings out like a robin's carol; then she puts him back, to re-travel the same smooth road again.

"Oh, Daisy, Daisy," said Ruth, stepping up behind her, "what an ugly playfellow; put him down, darling, I cannot bear to see him on your arm."

"Why, God made him," said little Daisy, with sweet upturned eyes of wonder.

"True, darling," said Ruth, in a hushed whisper, kissing the child's brow with a strange feeling of awe.

"Keep him, Daisy, dear, if you like."

What could be purer or sweeter than this simple, touching sentence, "Why, God made him."

PATIENCE.

All precious things are slow of growth.
Beloved girls,
Be patient like the morning sea
That waiteth ever patiently,
Till tears are pearls.
Believe me, there is not a star,
Nor e'en a flower,
But teacheth this blessed truth,
Comfort and hope for sorrowing youth,
And silent power.
Be patient, therefore—watch and pray;
The gems of earth,
Like those which burn o'er yonder skies,
And human hearts are silently
Prepared for birth.

—J. Neal.

His mercies are more than we can tell, and they are more than we can feel; for all the world in the abyss of the Divine mercies, is like a man diving into the bottom of the sea, over whose head the waters run insensibly and unperceived, and yet the weight is vast, and the sum of them is immeasurable; and the man is not pressed with the burden, nor confounded with numbers, and no observation is able to recount, no sense sufficient to perceive, no memory large enough to retain, no understanding great enough to apprehend this infinity.—Jeremy Taylor.

Excitement leads to enthusiasm, that morbid intoxication, whose effects seem incredible to the sober, while the influence which produces the extravagance, appears more extraordinary than the act itself.

The New Era.

"REHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW."
S. C. HEWITT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
OFFICE, 15 FRANKLIN STREET.
TERMS, \$1.50 per Annum, in Advance.
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.
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Inward and Evil Spirits.

Many persons have been very much troubled, since the manifestations began, with what they are pleased to call "evil spirits;" and some seem to have no other manifestations except those which bear, oftentimes, the most unlovely and disagreeable characteristics. If such ask questions of the spirits, at circles, they get nothing but lies; and not unfrequently this kind of manifestation comes spontaneously, sometimes accompanied by exhibitions of great physical power, and almost violence. But we believe no real harm has yet been done to the persons of those, in connection with whom such exhibitions take place.

Now, the question arises, Do evil spirits cause even these manifestations, which seem so prominently to bear the marks of an *evil genius*? We answer, Not necessarily so. That there are multitudes of men, women and children in the spirit world, out of the flesh, whom we call *spirits*, and who retain, for the time, the same dispositions they cherished here, often perverted, and therefore evil ones, we have not the least doubt; but that these communicate so frequently as some seem to suppose, we have no faith at all. For special and wise purposes, the Higher Wisdom of the spiritual world, may permit the lower and more perverted spirit intelligences to make manifestations, and even instruct them, when necessary, of the method of doing so. But, for the most part, the manifestations alluded to, are from another source, and one, too, that is least suspected. What that is, we shall see in due season.

We have already said that low spirits may sometimes communicate; and our conclusion would be, that in all cases where it is *absolutely certain* that the medium and the members of the circle are pure and truthful, and yet these manifestations come, the Higher Wisdom has permitted them, for *trial purposes*, for the evolution of thought in new and important directions, and for such arduous discipline in spiritual experience, as may be necessary to give greater strength, vigor and clearness to the spiritual faculties. If an inferior spirit be personally present on such occasion, and if he be engaged in communicating in accordance with his own most predominant disposition, it may be, so far as his own consciousness of the matter is concerned, entirely as from himself—i. e., he may not be conscious of any higher intelligence, or any superior motive than his own, as having any possible concern in the exhibition; and yet there is "a power behind the throne" of his motives and his conscious power, which means only good, and sooner or later infallibly brings it;—where he, perhaps, means only mischief, or some other purely unworthy end.

But when it is certain, that either the medium, or some one or more members of the circle, or both, are lovers of low things, cherish impure and unworthy dispositions, and the low manifestations come, we should say, that for the most part, at least, the low medium, and others present of like disposition, were responsible for the manifestation, and that, too, although the spirit, or the circle of spirits communicating, might be even of the most elevated order. There is a *principle* involved here, which we could wish to have distinctly understood and faithfully applied,—it is this: as the light and heat of the sun, flowing into and being received by the earth, produces, not always, what is its nature and tendency to produce, but what is determined by the *kind of reception* which the earth gives to the sun, so the spiritual world, in flowing into the natural world, or into human beings who are a part and the crown of the natural world, *ultimates itself*, not always, as it *would*, but as it *must*, according to *reception*. If the natural sun shines upon a deep, rich soil, highly cultivated, it produces beautiful trees, plants, flowers; but the same sun shining upon a "Dismal Swamp," a filthy pool, or an arid desert, produces, not its like, but the like of the swamp, the pool, and the desert. Huge alligators, venomous serpents, noisome insects, miasmas of horrible stench, and deadly virus, and a dry, parching, feverish reflection of both light and heat, swarm in great abundance, and come into contact, oftentimes, in no very agreeable manner, with the sensitive nature of man. So it is precisely with the light and heat of the spiritual sun. The spiritual world, in the broadest sense of it, and in its highest definition, is that sun; and flowing, as it does, into human beings, it is a *matter of necessity*, that it should ultimate itself not like itself, unless that into which it shines, is like itself in character and condition, but like the state in which it finds the spiritual soil. If our souls are, spiritually,

"dismal swamps," filthy pools, and arid deserts, then we must expect such results as compare with the malignant and deadly creations of the imperfect conditions of the earth's surface, from the action of the sun.

And all this is very well, after all. The first step in the true and complete regeneration of Humanity, is to bring the hidden evil to the surface—expose it to the light—let it come out. The more you smother, cover up and hide it, the worse it is for you. And one great office of Spiritualism, *aye, the great function*, is to show *exactly what human beings are*—i. e., what they are in *condition*—in their perversions, that these, when once fairly exposed, may pass away, as some hitherto concealed and enclosed stench, or filth, evaporates, and chemically unites with other elements, and thereby becomes of positive and beneficent use, when once exposed to the light and heat of the sun.

But let us not be misunderstood here.

We do not make this method of explaining the phenomena of "evil spirits," so called, to cover the whole ground. Incidentally we allow and believe, morally inferior beings do communicate; but, as we see it, it is *only* incidentally that they are permitted to do so, while by far the greater number of so called evil manifestations bear the characteristics observed because of the conditions through which they flow. And if this be so, then Spiritualists have a work to do of no small magnitude—a work, however, which *must be done*, if they would get rid of the "evil spirits" which trouble them so much: it is that of *SELF CULTURE*: it is that of *casting the devil out of ourselves*! The Old Dispensation has not yet saved us from merely looking out of ourselves, to our neighbors, and probably never will. It is the province of the new one, however, to introvert this scanning criticism—to turn our search *inward*, and put the old hunter on the new track of the same old game, in quarters where he had scarcely dreamed of finding such game. And it is to be hoped, that he may not be unsuccessful, in at least driving the whole fell troop from their lurking places, for it is exceedingly probable, that the time has nearly arrived, when the principle that works with the absolute certainty of essential law is comprehensively operating to MAKE KNOWN THE SECRETS OF ALL HEARTS!

A Sitting at Dr. Hayden's.

On several occasions lately we have attended sittings at Dr. Hayden's, No. 5 Hayward Place, and been highly gratified with the results. A few evenings since we called and sat an hour with the Dr. and his amiable wife, when the following unique and interesting phenomena transpired.

We had been sitting but a very short time, when we heard a peculiar sound, the precise character of which we did not at first recognize, and which the Dr. and his companion said was entirely new at their sittings. We soon listened more carefully and found the sounds to imitate very accurately the *sawing of wood*. The saw would go on regularly sawing off the stick, and then the stick would drop on the floor; and this was continued time after time, for some minutes. After a while we requested the spirit to *bore a hole with an auger*; and the almost instant result was the most perfect imitation of that sound. It was decidedly the most capital boring—so far as *sound* went—that we ever listened to. We then requested the spirit, successively, to give us the sound of the jack plane, the hammer striking a nail, the mallet and the mortising chisel, which were all very accurately done. But none of them quite equalled the sound of the auger.

The spirit who made these sounds was evidently a mechanic, we thought, when he lived in the flesh, and so we questioned him to that effect. He replied that he was. We then asked him if he was formerly acquainted with us? He said "yes." Where did we live at the time? "In the town of CHARLTON, MASS.," was his reply. What was your trade? said we. "Cabinet maker," he said. And what was ours? we queried again. "Wheelwright," he continued. Will you tell us what we used to do when boys together, in which I always came off victorious? "Wrestle," said he. Now please tell us your name, said we.—But he hesitated.—Will you impress our mind with it? "Yes," he replied. Here we had a few moments of silence; but although I remembered the person of the spirit as the *facts* came along, yet I could not remember his name. Neither did he succeed in impressing my mind with his name. So I asked him again, if he would spell it out, and he replied, "Think of Stephen." We then remembered that his Christian name was Stephen; but we could not, for the life of us, think of the last or surname. And so, at our request, he gave that as "Holmes." And now we had it all.

We assure the reader that all we have related above is plain *matter-of-fact*. When a boy we learned the trade named, in the town named, while that of "Stephen Holmes," acquired under the same roof, was the "cabinet maker's" trade. Like most

boys we were in the habit of *wrestling* frequently, but although our youthful friend "Holmes" was a third larger than ourself, *he never could manage to get us on the floor!* On the contrary he generally got *tried*. It is nothing that we feel very proud of now, or that we have the least disposition to boast about; but we merely relate it as a matter of fact, which the spirit indicated, when he spelt out "wrestle."

Whether "Stephen Holmes" is yet gone from the earth-life, we have no means of information, other than those indicated above. We have not seen him for some twenty years, nor heard from him either, till he came as above. And if it were not he, that were a fact more singular and unexplainable, than if it were. We have given the *facts*, and if the curious and the doubting are not satisfied with them, they will doubtless be obliged to bear their own disappointment, which, we feel was most fully balanced by the satisfaction which we were permitted to enjoy on that occasion, in our investigation of Spiritual Science.

Miss Emma Jay.

This lady spoke at the Melodeon, on Sunday, Jan. 21st, to universal satisfaction. We were not permitted to listen to her discourse in the afternoon,—having ourself an engagement to speak at Charlestown at the same hour—but were informed that the house was crowded in every part, and that her address was very superior. We attended in the evening, and listened to a well digested and well spoken discourse of over an hour's length, *without notes*, the lady being in the *trance*. Few who stand in our pulpits, we think, could do as well, though they even be men, either without, or with notes; and therefore Miss Jay must either be regarded as a woman of very extraordinary abilities as compared with the talent of the pulpit, or as having help from some living foreign power and intelligence, tantamount to what we call spirit influence.

We also had the privilege of hearing Miss Jay sing, at the close of her discourse, and to us it was very satisfactory, although we pretend to no very great appreciation or acuteness in the musical art. But we heard one good judge say, that it was more than equal to the music of some of the *star* singers of the day.

On Tuesday evening following the meeting at the Melodeon, a private circle was convened at Dr. Hayden's, when Miss Jay was enabled to speak in the most clear, logical and forcible manner desirable. She was influenced by two different spirits on this occasion—one of whom said his name was WM. ELLERY CHANNING, and the other, he said, was formerly a converted Jew—first converted to Presbyterianism, and afterwards to Universalism, "under whose banner," to use the language of the spirit, "he went out of the world." He was a lawyer by profession, it was said, and certainly the arguments he adduced, and his manner of answering questions that were put to him, showed him well versed in the art of logical reasoning, such as the superior lawyer always possesses. About forty persons were present on this occasion, and all were preeminently pleased with the evening's entertainment.

Miss Jay speaks again at the Melodeon, next Sunday, afternoon and evening. She will remain a short time in Boston, and speak in such places in New England, as may desire her services for that purpose. Address Dr. Hayden, No. 5 Hayward place.

Parental Counsel.

The following, although addressed to a young man in this city, by his careful and affectionate parents, seems to us so full of wise counsel, so methodically expressed, and the whole of it so much to the point, that we can hardly help giving it to our readers. There are many other sons of loving parents, just entering that age when they are expected by all to depend on their own exertions for the position they may wish to occupy in society, and the ever-growing ability they may wish to acquire for executing life's task, both for their own good and that of others, who may be able to gather many valuable hints from this "Parental Counsel!" We may say in conclusion that the parents of the son addressed in the following paper, are thorough Spiritualists. Both their counsel to their son, and their lives—their example—give the full practical denial to the oft repeated assertion of those who do not know what *Spiritualism* is, that the principles and influences of the New Faith are not favorable to morality. Let all such read the following, and then "judge righteous judgment."

BELOVED SON:—

This day, although you are but twenty years of age, your parents declare you to be free. They have no money to give you; but you are comfortably clad—are in the enjoyment of health, and have had some educational advantages. We have watched over you from earliest infancy with all that care and that interest which parental affection could command. We feel that you have been a most faithful child. Seldom, very seldom have we had occasion to reprimand you.

Starting now as you do this day in the world, to make your way as best you can, this favorable moment is improved to give a few words of parental counsel, not doubting that it will be wisely regarded, and that you will feel that it comes from hearts deeply interested in your present and your future welfare.

1. Resolve to be an individual. Lean not on the opinions or the practices of others, farther than they reach your own individual consciousness. Lean on principles. Men may fail, but principles are eternal. Listen to counsel with all due respect; but after all never give up your own individuality. You are a distinct individual being, and are to work out your own individual destiny. The following lines contain useful instruction:

"Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true,
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe;
Never though the winds may rave,
Falter or look back;
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.

Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale;
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view;
And toward the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of fate?
Would you write a deathless name
With the good and great?
Would you bless your fellow man?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.

Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's free light?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the right.
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.

Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost;
Every good deed, nobly done,
Will repay the cost.
Leave to Heaven in humble trust,
All you will do to;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe."

2. Keep in mind that while you are an individual, you are also connected with others whose interests and happiness are bound up with your own. Besides your parents, your brother, and sisters, you are a part of a great whole. In promoting the good of others, you will thereby advance your own individual good.

3. At all times, in all places, and under whatever circumstances, seek to do right, at whatever cost of time, labor or money. Though a wrong act may promote temporary good, yet on the whole, it will not yield permanent satisfaction. The hour of reflection will sooner or later come, and if you have done right, your peace will be perpetual, like the flowing river, and your rewards will be constant, like the rolling sea. Some of the best years of your father's life have been devoted to the aid of the oppressed, the elevation of the sinful, and to the assistance of the poor. Retrospections of the past are now to him pleasant. He would not exchange them, if he could, for veins of silver, or mines of gold.

4. Remember, dear son, that there is a Being of Infinite Wisdom, Truth and Love, the grand Mind of all minds, and who bears to you the relation of Father and Mother. Forget not that you are an immortal being, and that you have but commenced one of a vast series of lives, and that a wrong act in a life will, to a greater or lesser extent, affect your condition in all the succeeding lives.

5. Be a free and careful searcher for truth. Let every thing be investigated, no matter how new or how unpopular it may be. Examine with all the care your circumstances will allow. Your father has ever made it a rule never to reject opinions until he had had ample time and opportunity to examine them. In this way his mind has been greatly enlarged in religion, in morals, in philanthropy, in philosophy, and he expects evermore to be an investigator. He who cannot investigate is a fool; and he who will not investigate is a bigot; and he who dares not investigate is a slave.

6. Be honest. When you have thoroughly examined a subject and are satisfied that it is founded in truth, declare your convictions at all hazards, at all proper times, both in public and in private. Let your motto be, "Without concealment and without compromise." Time was, when to be a friend of the slave and the colored man, was to be hated and rejected of men. At that time your father was the occupant of a pulpit. He examined that subject with care, saw the truth, declared his sentiments, lost his pulpit, but saved his manhood. Be honest, my son, in all things, and prosperity will attend you.

7. Be philanthropic. Many persons are ushered into being who are surrounded by circumstances most unfavorable to their development. They need a helping hand. Give them such counsel or direct aid, as they may need. For a long time to come the poor will be on this earth. Help them, my son, to the extent of your ability. Do not send them away empty. The philanthropic person will receive more than he gives.

"The quality of Mercy is not strained;
'T is twice blessed; it blesses him who gives,
And him that takes."

8. Be industrious. Never pass an idle hour. The whole world is astir. Be always doing something for yourself or for

others. We do not mean that your hands should always be at work. Let your mind work for your own individual good, or for the common weal. The industrious man is truly wise. Your mother is a fine specimen of industry; imitate her example.

9. Be economical. Let nothing be wasted. While the Founder of the Christian System fed the hungry, he also directed that the crumbs be gathered up, that nothing might be lost. In this respect also your mother's example is worthy of imitation. By her rigid economy, as well as her industry, she has greatly aided in supporting our family. Franklin, who was one of the greatest men that ever lived on this earth, was a rigid economist; consequently was able to help many during his mortal life, and to leave a large estate to be used by others for philanthropic purposes.

10. Let your aims be high. You are, as it would now seem, destined to be a merchant. Be the first in the circle of your acquaintance. You are a member of the "Mercantile Library Association." Resolve to be its President. Aim at the sun. Excelsior should be your motto. Some do not excel because they do not aim high. Time was when your penmanship was poor, but by much effort you have acquired a plain, bold, mercantile hand, and are becoming a good letter-writer, which is an important accomplishment.

11. Study to be meek. You are now poor, but a few years of industry and of prosperity may change your condition. The Lawrence and the Appletons came to Boston poor, but they acquired great wealth. We earnestly beseech you to cultivate a meek spirit. It is said that the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is, in the sight of God, of great price; and we believe it.

12. Assist the struggling. You will meet persons of genius who will need encouragement. Among this class, inventors may be named. They may have thoughts which, if elaborated, may be of great service to the world; but such persons are usually found in humble life. Aid them, my son, aid them. The first person who proposed to use steam for propelling purposes was declared to be insane, and, being thrown into a lunatic asylum, was made crazy by the world which refused to listen to him, and which he might have greatly benefited. But in a later and more enlightened age, Fulton began his work, succeeded, and is now highly honored.

Thus, beloved son, have your parents given you a few words of valuable counsel. It is all they have to give, but it may be worth more to you than gold or silver. We are fully persuaded that in proportion as these words are regarded, you will be a wise and useful member of community. Go, then, out into the wide world, and do your whole duty honestly, faithfully, cheerfully; and while your parents remain in their mortal bodies, they will watch over you; and when they have passed on to higher and more perfected conditions, it will afford them happiness, should you be left behind, to return and aid you to the extent of their ability.

Record of Phenomena.

Another Hour with Miss Ellis.

Some few weeks ago, it will be remembered, we published a very interesting article from the writer of the following, entitled, "An Hour with Miss Ellis," and now we are favored with "another hour" with the same. We should be happy to hear from friend Minor oftener:

FRIENDS. You were so civil towards my first effort to lead others to investigate spiritualism, as I did, with candor—willing to know the *truth*, come from whatever source it might—that I am encouraged to offer the result of another hour at Miss Ellis's room on the 6th of October. My hour was immediately after dinner, or from 2 to 3 P. M., and you will see that I received a *lesson*, not soon to be forgotten by me, and it may be useful to others; therefore I give it entire, as it was received. I wish it distinctly understood, that I *write* my questions, which are not spoken, and are *wholly* unknown to the medium, when she writes the answer.

I wrote, Are any of my friends present? Answer, "Yes, Frances. It is with great difficulty that we come near, when the stomach is full of gross food; and it injures the medium."

I then wrote—But I came at *this* hour, because it was the only hour the medium could give me. Answer, "Then I will make an effort." It occurred to me here that perhaps some other friend might have more power, and I asked if *Joseph* was present? Answer, "Yes," and I wrote, Perhaps he can more readily communicate. Answer, "He has, indeed, more power." I wrote, Then let him go to work,—when the medium wrote—

"The opportunities for spiritual communication are very few, still your mind may improve; and in progressing in this life you may be advanced in the next; these reasons add to our happiness. I hope we shall meet often. You are wandering along the barren shores of time, picking up a few pebbles and sand grains, passing by the immortal jewels beneath the soil we would point out to you. The veil which separates us, is not so thick

but that our glad voices can penetrate its folds. You cannot see us face to face, till the voice of God's power has dispelled the veil; be contented then to listen to our teachings. Promulgate then this glorious, soul-inspiring reality, and, as you administer the balm of consolation to others, your own soul shall feel the soothing antidote.—JOS. SEPH."

I take the liberty to say here, that the writer purported to be, and was, I have no doubt, my early friend and school-mate, Joseph K. Maine, whose remains were deposited in a vault near the corner of Tremont and School streets; and whose name was in the Boston Directory from 1824 to 1834, or thereabouts—and that, when *living*, his word was appreciated; and I shall require good reasons for discrediting it now he has "advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits."

I wrote, Now I wish you to give me a description of your residence in the spiritual land. When the medium wrote

"I cannot give you a plan which you can carry out, as you are surrounded by contending influences. You can do much which we cannot perform for want of material hands. It will take too long to portray, in faint colors, the grandeur of the spirit land. Earth's language is too feeble in itself to create one pure thought of our beatitude and bliss."

I then wrote, How long after your departure from earth before you entered upon your present happiness? Answer—

"Six months. I entered the fourth sphere, where I, (in a measure) atoned for my sins. I then entered the Statute Hall in the fifth sphere, where laws are made. Many political men, whose fame on earth won them renown, congregate in this hall to make laws. It is a beautiful tower, formed of electric marble, with star-formed windows; and when filled with angels, the scene is grand and imposing; as each spirit is surrounded by a bright halo, emblem of its circle."

I wrote, But pray what are you doing among the lawyers and politicians? The response was,

"I also am interested in the affairs of this nation; and though I am but a flickering spark of genius among so many brilliant intellectual fires, I can do a little towards making perfect laws, which winged messengers bring to earth, and stereotype upon susceptible brains."

I then wrote, Are Henry Clay and Daniel Webster in the same hall? "Yes." Will you tell me what Mr. Webster thinks of his course on the fugitive slave law? Answer—

"He would calm the troubled waters of his domestic life; add a lustre to his religious sentiments; eradicate his slavery notions; and act, on that point, from his soul, not from *policy*, as he did when here. Much to erase in the book of his earthly life, and much, *very much* to add."

And Mr. Clay, how does he feel in relation to his slavery habits? Answer—

"He adheres to his peculiar principles with the same tenacity you would cling to a cast off garment, for the good it has done; but when texture for a brighter and more substantial one is offered him, he will accept."

Who of our early friends are with you?

Answer—"Strange, *all have advanced to higher spheres of enjoyment and pursuits*. We often meet and dwell upon the past scenes of our life with much regret and some pleasure." I then wrote,

Now, do you see any particular duty or path for me to pursue to be most useful to others and to myself? Answer—

"It is not necessary to wear the garb of any church, still there is much good in all religion, as the true Christian worships God, but *every individual adores him in his own manner*. We would enlarge your liberal ideas of God; and bid you turn even to the preface of Nature's book, there to study his real character. I see you do not like to sit idle by the wayside. As you extend your hands, work will fall into them."

I then wrote, Shall I devote myself to extending a knowledge of this glorious truth to the unbelieving world? Answer—

"If you were directed of the clay I should immediately answer yes; but you have a material body to sustain. Bring spiritualism out into your daily walks of life, not shut it up, (as Christians do their Bible,) for Sunday."

But may I not give my efforts to the cause, and at the same time sustain the material body? Answer—

"Yes, act through reason, not soar above common free-thinkers as some are doing now."

I then wrote, There are thousands thirsting for these demonstrations, but cannot find a medium; is it not right then to furnish media for them, and let them pay a reasonable price for the opportunity, as I am now doing?

"Yes, we eagerly snatch every passive hand, or susceptible brain. The little medium powers you possess shall be developed. You shall not be a light under a bushel, but shine before men."

I here omit a portion of the manuscript, and give the closing paragraph. As my hour had expired, and others were waiting their turn, I rose from the table; but wishing to be courteous to my social friend

Poetry.

My Angel Wife.

My angel wife, I come, I come,
My spirit longs to soar to thee—
To dwell in thy eternal home,
Where none thou art, forever free.

The dearest link that bound me here
Is missing in Love's golden chain,
And cheerless looks the world, and dream,
This world of care, and sin, and pain.

But heaven, that happy, happy place,
Since thou art there it nearer seems;
I soon shall see thee face to face,
And walk with thee by living streams.

And praise to His name we'll sing,
Who left for us the realms above,
Till heaven shall with the anthem ring,
The holy lay of joy and love.

My darling, thou art with me now;
Thy spirit mingles with mine own;
I feel thy breath upon my brow,
I listen to thy soft, low tone:

And words of holy peace and cheer
Thou breathest to my stricken heart;
Thou bidst me check the rising tear,
And act with martyr-real zeal part;

And bidst me trust in Him whose word
Is unto erring mortals given,
To hush the storm by passion stirred,
And guide us in the way to heaven:

Thou bidst me think of her whose care
Watched o'er my childhood's tender years—
She hath had much of grief to bear,
Her path hath been bedewed with tears.

Mother, I stay! for thou art dear—
Dearest than aught on earth beside;
But, oh! once more to see her here—
My angel wife, my spirit bride.

Father in Heaven, to Thee I bow;
Or life, or death, "Thy will be done!"
Thy hand lies heavy on me now,
And darkness veils the noon-day sun.

But well I know, though clouds obscure
Its brightness, that it shineth still;
I know thy promises are sure,
And patiently I bide thy will.

Souls, not Stations.

Who shall judge a man from manners?
Who shall know him by his dress?
Paupers may be fit for princes,
Princes fit for something less.
Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
May beclothe the golden ore
Of the deepest thoughts and feelings—
Satin vest could do no more.

There are springs of crystal nectar
Ever swelling out of stone;
There are purple buds and golden,
Hidden, crushed, and overgrown;
God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
Loves and prospers you and me,
While he values thrones the highest,
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man upraised above his fellows,
Ofte forgets his fellow men;
Masters, rulers, lords, remember
That your meaneast hands are men!
Men by labor, men by feeling,
Men by thought, and men by fame,
Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobled name.

There are foam-embroidered oceans;
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are little inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills.
But God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me,
For to Him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Telling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of others' foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly liffeth up its voice.

But truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
And sunset's wrongs shall never prosper
While there is a sunny right.
And God, whose world-wide voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Will sink oppression with its titles
As the pebbles on the sea.

To an Indian Maiden

AS HER SPIRIT NEARED ITS HOME.
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter, thou canst not stay.

Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the sky is ever clear;
The corn-month's golden hours will come,
But they shall not find thee here.

And we shall miss thy voice, my bird,
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.

A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls,—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.

But thou, my bright one, thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou in the eyes thou lov'st shall see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moaning by,
Thou with thy kindred shall forget,
Midst flowers not such as die.

The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.

Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.

And we will follow thee, our guide,
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side;
Go to the better land!

Miscellany.

The Last Incarnation.

THIRD LEGEND.

The Martyrdom of the Innocents.

After this, the Christ, by the divine power of the Spirit, translated himself into several places at once; for his love led him to visit the sufferings of children, and among so many poignant sufferings which called to him at the same time, he would not have known which to choose in order to visit first.

He saw, therefore, at the same time the thousand stations of this horrible industrial purgatory, in which are tortured the children of the people; there he saw meagre women, with cadaverous and fixed looks, working without respite and without repose to prolong for a few days the existence of their little children, who seemed, during that time, to sleep by their side.

But the poor innocents did not sleep, they were in a lethargy! For, to prevent them from suffering and crying during the long days of torture, their mothers themselves had made them take a poison which kills slowly and which deadens pain.

Other children, larger, but still more sad to look upon, were working like the wheels of the machines, which incessantly threatened them with a horrible death, if they allowed their attention to be distracted for a single moment. There prevailed the silence of death, only interrupted sometimes by words which seemed to come from hell.

The Child-God did not speak to them, for they could not have understood him; he did not manifest himself to their eyes, they would not have recognized him; only he went and came in the midst of those poor children, and touching their head and their chest he renewed their courage and prevented thought from being awakened in their mind.

His eyes were filled with tears, and in the presence of so much suffering, he again clothed himself with the bleeding remembrances of Calvary. The crown of thorns seemed to tear his brow afresh, the marks of the nails made his hands and his feet bloody, and his arms were sadly clasped around a cross.

And he began again to pray as he had prayed in the Garden of Olives, with a mortal sadness and inexpressible anguish. And he said: "My Father, take pity on the suffering of the innocents! touch the hearts of the rich, and bring about the deliverance of the poor!"

And he went thus, suffering, praying and weeping, from house to house, seeking the rich and the owners of the factories, looking upon them and passing before them, while he showed them his child's face torn by the horrible crown, and his little hands pierced, and his cross, and his blood, and his tears.

But those men, in consequence of loving and serving the idols of gold and of silver, had become like unto them; they had eyes, and they saw not, they had ears and they did not wish to hear. Those among them who perceived the Christ, or who deigned to remark him, asked him with an ironical smile if he brought them any money.

Then the Christ gathered in his hand his tears and the blood which flowed from his heart, and every tear was changed into a piece of silver, and every drop of blood into a piece of gold. And he gave these to them in his indignation, saying to them: "You have made me change my tears into silver, and my blood into gold; but when my Father shall do justice, shudder and tremble! he silver shall again become tears for you, and the gold shall again become blood, and you will be compelled to repay with usury."

Then he left them and transported himself with the rapidity of thought into the houses where were taught the children of the rich. There it was no longer the prolonged agony of the body, it was the torture of the soul. The children, ranged in herds, were pent up within gloomy walls, and forced to apply their mind, suffering and repelled, to repugnant studies. Instead of the sweet teachings of their mother, they heard only the disagreeable and monotonous voice of a master hired to repeat to them always the same things. And the ennu which this caused them was punished in them as a fault.

If they had the good sense not to understand anything of that nonsense called wise, if their memory relieved itself by forgetting, they were deprived of air and food, they were refused some moments of that recreation which nature made imperiously necessary for them, and they were compelled to expiate their disgust of a repugnant and useless task, by a task more useless and more repugnant still. It was thus their minds were stupefied and their hearts obliterated in order to make of them machines for the production of money, and the deaf and dumb slaves of pitiless property.

Jesus comprehended all these distressing things, and saw several of those children, already made old by impiety and disgust, seek in shameful habits an often fatal distraction.

And he said to himself that the children of the rich were not more happy than those of the poor; this is why, thought he, those are happy whom intelligence and love have freed from the servitude of riches! The true riches of man are the noble faculties of his soul. The real treasures of man are those which he carries everywhere with him, and which no one can take from him; the joy of a good conscience, the dignity of a free will, and the noble love of God and of his creatures!

And Jesus passed through the midst of those children, who did not deign to speak to him, because he had the appearance of a child of the people. Others laughed at him as had done the children of the street, and a man who assumed the title of master did not impose silence on them, but approaching Jesus asked him who he was and how he had entered.

Jesus answered him: "I am the child who teaches masters, and I have come down from Heaven because you have closed your doors against me. I am the truth which judges your teachings, and which has found them to be lies. For, instead of bringing up the children of God for immortality, and of thinking to make them men, you bring them up slaves of the demon of riches for the

corruption of all, and you make of them animals with rapacious instincts.

"You think you are the high priests of the sciences, and you are sacrificers to Moloch. You think you have the key of the doors of life, and you open only the gate of hell. You pretend to form men, and you know neither what a man is, nor what are his high destinies.

"And how shall you teach these children whom you know not how to love, and whose wants you do not comprehend? How can you make the young flower of their thought to bloom in the rays of the sun of God? You do not see the divine sun, and you tread heavily upon the flowers of life.

"But you cannot even understand my words, and to awaken your heart is required the sweet and insinuating voice of my mother. Come, O Mary! let your crown of gentle light dissipate by degrees the darkness of their hearts. Men do not know how to love children, it is for a woman to teach them. Come, O model of mothers, console all these poor orphans, instruct those who torment them!"

After these words, Jesus departed; and everywhere that he had been seen to pass, appeared, walking in his footsteps, the divine figure of Mary, beautiful with ineffable compassion and radiant with gentleness. She wiped the brow of the poor children of the people, condemned to the pitiless labor of the factories, and embraced them by turns, telling them to take courage and to hope. Then the poor little ones felt their hearts moved, their eyes again found some tears, and they felt themselves happy that they could weep.

Then Mary passed into the prisons where the education of the age enchains its sad captives, and a single smile of her mouth taught much more to those poor children than all the lessons of their masters, for they remembered their mothers, and they experienced the desire to be better on feeling re-awaken within them the necessity of loving.

The Church.

While the Roman Catholics are taking measures to settle the long mooted question as to whether original sin tainted the mother of Jesus, the residue of the Christian world, acting in an antipodal direction, are seriously asking the question whether theological dogmas, as such, form any part of the essence of Christianity. As, therefore, one extreme philosophically begets its opposite, we look for very great results from the convocation at Rome, which is to settle the disputed point to which we have alluded. Instead of reconciling the difficulties which exist in the *soi-disant* mother church, we think and hope it will open the eyes of Christians, generally, to the absurdity of those controversial points, and bring up for consideration the question whether the mission of Jesus, properly understood, was to found any visible church at all.

To our mind the whole tenor of Christian doctrine points to the advent of an era when in religious matters men shall neither say, lo here, or lo there, but will recognize the kingdom of heaven as existing within them, subject to no extraneous authority, and trammelled with no sacerdotal fetters. All that is essential in Christianity is comprised in a very few words—simply, to love one's Maker with all one's heart and his fellow beings as himself. This, practically carried out, makes the individual who practises it an heir to the kingdom of heaven—nay more, wherever he acts upon these principles there is heaven to him. His acts produce valuable results upon others, and the reflex action thereof upon himself constitutes, internally, for him a state which is heaven of itself.

This point, so clear, so philosophical, and so much in accordance with the ends proposed by our Saviour, seems to be overlooked or neglected by almost all Christendom. Zealots of all denominations will wrangle and fight with each other, and generally with the more bitterness in proportion to the nearness with which their respective creeds approach each other. Witness the dissensions between the Calvinists and the Baptists and the peculiar ill will between the Roman Catholics and Episcopalians. One would think from the controversies between these sects that there were some very essential differences between them, whereas the two latter mainly disagree as to which has the best claim to a lineal sacerdotal derivation from St. Peter, and the former as to whether a convert should be immersed or sprinkled. All this stuff is but the mint, anise and cummin which are made the substitutes for the weightier matters of the law.

These controversies make a hundred un-believers in Christianity where there would be but one if our religious sects would exercise a little common sense. Outside the Church, an inquirer quickly discovers what is and what is not material to the development of Christianity. When he observes talent, influence, and even genius expended in trying to harmonize the Christian world upon matters of no moment whatever, and perceives that vital piety is stifled and strangled by these dogmatic controversies, he necessarily incurs a great dislike to Christianity—we mean, when he falls into the error of considering that the church truly represents what the Saviour came to introduce.

We believe that the time will come when men will catch a glimpse of the fact that Christ came to show mankind that the happiness, welfare and usefulness of each would be augmented by the earnest endeavors of every one to promote the welfare of others rather than his own. This lesson, taught more than eighteen centuries since, and repeated by the church ever since, is scarcely apprehended now by one quarter of Christendom, and not practically recognized by one-tenth of that quarter. This is the cause of so much dogmatism and so little practical piety—of so much blind zeal and so little charity—in a word, it is the cause of the decline of that vital piety which all Christian sects profess so loudly to lament.

Professors of religion are very much in the habit of saying that outsiders fail to come within the pale of the Church because they do not examine her dogmas. But they should recollect that not one convert in ten ever became

such from theological study. They become communicants generally either because esteemed relatives or friends were so before them, or because, tired of an irreligious life, they accept that which the church professes, as a substitute. Hard as it is to obtain converts, the church finds it much harder to retain them. The new convert looks for that peace which passeth all understanding, and does not find it within the church. Instead thereof, he is told that certain abstract positions are of vital importance, and while this is said, he finds that the characters of those who assume to be guided by such positions are not at all in accordance with his preconceived notions of the fruits of Christianity.

Now, the church, to preserve her standing and influence, must reform in the respects we have named. Let her nurse her theological dogmas if she must, but let her beware how she substitutes these dogmas for the hearty and incessant practice of Christian ethics. The former she may neglect and preserve her influence—let her underestimate the latter, and she is lost. The attention of the Christian world is now strongly directed to the points we have discussed, and we are not without hopes that our religious sects will soon perceive that their duty and policy dictate a greater observance of the practical precepts, and less notice of theological dogmas than have heretofore prevailed.—*Boston Daily Herald.*

Auger-Suasion.

We take the following telling item from the "Prohibitionist," published at Albany, N. Y. It indicates what the enemies of the race may expect at the hands of the justice-loving masses, in reference to more things than those included in Temperance matters, when they fail to get justice at the hands of Government and Laws. The "Prohibitionist" says:

"A gentleman, sending the money for a club of subscribers, from Batavia, Kane County, Illinois, writes: 'I want you to understand that there is one other town in the State of Illinois, besides the one you quoted some time since in your paper, that has swept the destructive and hellish creature from its midst. And furthermore, be it known to you, that Batavia is where the 'auger-suasion' commenced. We have as set of boys in this town who carry the tools in their pockets: who they are, no one knows; but if any one wants to see the effect of their arguments, all they have to do is to stop at our depot, and take a look at the floor, and the thing is realized at once. They believe in casting the devil out at home, and then extending to other parts the same blessing.'

The "auger-suasion" to which our correspondent alludes, is, if we mistake not, something of a bore to the liquor sellers.

The term originated in this wise: The good people of a certain town were greatly annoyed by sundry pestilent grog-shops in their midst, whose keepers neither feared God nor regarded man. Moral suasion was powerless with them, and they laughed all legal penalties to scorn. On one occasion, a quantity of liquor had been brought into the town for their use, and was stored temporarily in the depot. The next morning, the floor of the building was thoroughly saturated with whiskey, the casks empty, and an auger-hole in the head of each. Then the question arose—"What kind of suasion has done this?" Clearly, it was not legal: neither did it seem exactly moral; but whatever it was, it *augured* a very decided hostility to the liquor trade, and was not without its moral results. So it was called "auger-suasion." All such facts are significant: they indicate a determination, on the part of the people, to fall back upon their reserved rights. We approve of no lawlessness; but legislators will heed these things if they are wise. The people have a right, absolute and indefeasible, to protect themselves from the desolations of the rum-devil.

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A correspondent, writing from Massachusetts, says that in the town of Hanover, spirit meetings are regularly held in an old meeting house, which has not been occupied for fifteen years. The medium is a woman, and the spirit who professes to preach through her is Father Ballou, the late highly esteemed Universalist preacher. The medium sits in a pew, until the spirit takes possession of her, and walks her up into the pulpit, where she speaks upon temperance, Christianity, or slavery. "When questioned on doctrinal points, the answer is that Swedenborg's doctrine is the nearest right." Sometimes the spirit leaves the medium suddenly in the pulpit, and when she opens her eyes, and finds herself standing before the people, she sinks into her seat as though she had fainted.—*Exchange.*

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