

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

Behold! Angels are the brothers of humanity, whose mission is to bring peace on earth.

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

NO. 11.

Revelations of Nature.

THE MISSION OF CHRIST.

A DISCOURSE;

DELIVERED UNDER SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE,

At the Lecture-room of the Society Library, N. Y.

BY S. J. FINNEY.

Eighteen hundred years and more have rolled away in the past, bearing upon their resistless tides millions of events. In their rolling flood, and 'neath it, have been buried, as it were, nations, empires and cities. Great names have arisen in the course of that time, and have flourished and passed away. Many have been forgotten, but many are remembered. The doings of some stand out as beacon-lights along the track of time; the faint glimmering tapers of others seem to have been enveloped in the darkness and gloom of the past. But, borne through all these ages, comes to you in the nineteenth century, a Name that is written upon every church wall; that is deeply enstamped in every so-called Christian heart; that stands out boldly upon the page of every theological work. It is written, too, in all the books of infancy. The youthful mind at the mention of that name, almost unconsciously prostrates its form in adoration. Thus our descendants cherish veneration for a name interwoven into the very framework and mental operations of the child, and which grows with his growth and strengthens with his strength, until that child becomes a mature man. Then you find in his manifestations the full expression of that sentiment—the sentiment of veneration for that name—the name of an individual who lived more than eighteen hundred centuries ago; who lived and labored for the emancipation of his fellow man; whose soul, imbued with the divine and holy principle of universal love, caught and reflected the brightness of celestial harmony upon the dark and contorted features of his agonizing and down-trodden fellows.

Thus he who has been called Jesus of Nazareth, but, according to theology, the Christ himself, is the subject of our discourse. Some will start at the mention of the subject, and say, "How dare you take into contemplation that holy character, before a public assembly?" The mind seems to shrink from the idea. Why? We might very naturally inquire why; because, as we said before, with the mention of that name come the teachings of the nursery, the school-room and the church. These teachings fill the memory, which is stirred at the mention of that name. You will excuse us

if we speak plainly, for truth has no compromise with error, nor light with darkness.

We spoke to you last, of the Fall of Man—or, rather, the fall of Satan, and the consequent fall of man. We did not look at that fall in all its various features. It was reserved for this evening to take a hasty glance at the conditions which are said to have brought Jesus of Nazareth into the world;—for this very naturally is the basis upon which we must stand to examine his character. It was assumed, you know, that man fell in consequence of the temptation of Satan, and that Satan fell without a cause. But, having shown conclusively that Satan could never have fallen, it necessarily results that, if the fall of man depended upon his fall, man never fell. This is evident at a glance. If Satan fell not; if that great and holy archangel never left his high position and fell, then man never fell in consequence of Satan's temptation; and hence the idea of total depravity, or original sin, in the human race, is an absurdity, a relic of the past, developed in mythologic times. We will look at that for a moment; for it is assumed by theology that Jesus came to save man, by a bloody death, from the effects of that fall, which effects were spiritual death. Now, if man never fell, then, evidently, theology is at fault; for, if man did not fall, and is not a totally depraved being, then, of course, all the doctrine on that subject is a fallacy.

But let us look at the features of that matter somewhat more minutely. Man incurred the eternal displeasure of his God, by violating the law which forbade him a knowledge of good and evil. The penalty of that violation was death. "In the day in which thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Now, it is said that he did eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree; but it remains to be seen that he died. Some say it was not a physical death that God intended as a penalty, but a spiritual death; but how can they explain the nature of that death? How does a body live and move, except by the constant energetic action of the living, indwelling spirit? Does a form move itself? or, is there an internal force which moves it? Does your physical eye see? If so, why does not the dead man see? There is no destruction of any of the organic parts of the eye in the hour of death, and yet a man sees not after that hour. Open your eyes to behold an object, and see if you take cognizance of it. A dead thing can not see; hence that with which a man sees is alive, and the object is reflected upon the interior vision. Now, if man died spiritually "in the day" of that alleged violation, he must have died physically also; but since man is physically alive at this day, we say man did not die, either spiritually or physically; and the voice of the serpent was true, when he said, "thou shalt not surely die."

Friends, we perhaps owe many of you an apology for say-

ing these things, but we will give all due credit to you who entertain different ideas, for mind thinks as it is taught. It also believes upon evidence; but when no evidence of the falsity of a thing presents itself, then it becomes in the external mind an acknowledged truth, although it may be a real falsehood or error. But, says another, "this spiritual death was not the death of the spirit itself, but it is a sort of eternal punishment;" and thus they explain the idea of a spiritual death in that of an invisible burning hell, not situated in this world, but somewhere off in the unknown and unexplored regions of what they call the damned. They say, moreover, that the soul which goes there, dwells there *forever*; and thus they prove, point blank, that the first assumption is false—namely, that the man dies spiritually. Suppose this were so, then look at the consequences. Man must have been annihilated; or, says theology, he must have groaned forever—again, a contradiction—in the dark regions of the lost, but for the sacrifice of the innocent and lowly. God's vengeance was excited. He seized the sword of justice, and it gleamed over the head of fallen, defenseless man, who had not plunged himself into the depths of sin and degradation. He would suffer him to exist and move in misery, fallen, sadly and eternally fallen, were it not for the interposition of a vicarious sacrifice. Hence, to make God just, at last—to make good the penalty, "in the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die"—an innocent man must suffer death; to make God just, the innocent must suffer for the guilty, and that, too, some thousands of years after the violation, although it is said, "in the *day* thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Behold the contradiction, for it is as palpable as between light and darkness.

But, again, to follow it a little farther: God chooses to reveal this sentiment to a certain people whom he chose. He chooses to tell humanity, through the Jewish nation, that that same being who is to suffer for guilty man, is to come into the world some four thousand years ahead. He is not yet here; he has not yet suffered; but you must believe in the promise given, and you will be saved. But, again behold the inconsistency; for, as it is assumed that all the descendants of Adam were fallen, we would have supposed that he would have extended that salvation as far as the necessity for it reached. Why not give man a universal remedy, if the promise of a Savior was necessary to save him from the effects of violated law? But was it necessary or universal? Let us look at it calmly and considerately; for we tell you to-day that reason is the great high-priest of the soul, and theology itself will eventually be brought down to its bar as the true standard of judgment. Was that promise given to universal mankind? No. It was pent up in the bosom of the Jewish nation for four thousand years and more. There it was kept, and not a ray of its light penetrated the dark recesses of the heathen mind. They never heard of the magnificent promise which was held out to the Jewish nation for salvation; consequently, if that promise was necessary to save men, those must be lost who are overlooked, and by whom that promise is not received. But if such be the case, and the promise, or a belief in that promise, was necessary to save man, then where are all the Gentiles of the world? Where must they necessarily be, reasoning from that hypothesis? Buried in oblivion, in the land of annihilation; for, "in that day, in which thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die." Certainly, if faith in the promise only could save man, then

he who had it not must have died. Is not this consistent? But, did they die? Have they not lived, moved, built, and toiled, through all the long periods of past ages down to the present? Nay, are you not yourselves, according to the traditions, the very descendants of the Gentile race, while the Jewish race, to whom the promise was given, are now outcasts and wanderers.

But come later down, and approach the Christian era. Contemplate the character of that being who saved the world, as maintained in theology. Behold the city of Jerusalem. Imagine yourselves walking its paved streets. Approach that grandly magnificent temple, whose spire seems to lose itself in the very clouds of heaven. Gaze upon its stately proportions. See its nave of massive gold. See the Jews coming in to worship. It is the hour of sacred devotion. The priest in glittering robes and holy hands stands up to minister at the altar, with eyes uplifted to heaven, and utters a mysterious invocation. His tones magnetize the people. They seem, in their superstitious awe, to be overshadowed with the glory of the Infinite. Now, the sacrifice is burned; the smoke of incense ascends; the priest prays for the people; he lays his hands on their sacred traditions, and the people bow. The services close. A boy approaches the dignitaries, and propounds to them a question. One would think that, amid all this pomp and splendor, an innocent, simple boy would shrink from contact with these miraculously inspired teachers of the church. No so. His countenance gleamed with the fearlessness of the innocence and purity which inspired his thought, finding its bold expression in every feature, and gleaming in every sparkling word that flows from his lips, tinging his countenance with the mild rays of beauty, and gladdening life, and joy, and loveliness. These doctors start at the pertinent significance of his questions and answers. They look upon him and almost tremble with fear. A child propounds such momentous questions, so full of wisdom and thought, as to startle those dignitaries! They gather around him, he answers their questions, and they are astonished at him. His parents missing him from their company as they journeyed from Jerusalem, returned for him. "Why hast thou forsaken us?" say they. "Wist ye not that I must go about my Father's business?" he replies.

Friends, here is a scene to contemplate; one which should write itself indelibly on every heart—not falsely, however, but truly and wisely. Let us take no false view of it, but look at it with the calm eye of reason and intuition.

Then we hear no more of the child. Years roll on, and history (your history) gives you no account of the interim. Finally, one comes from the wilderness. He is coarsely clad and fed. The great ideal of Jewish faith and thought is about to be realized with them. "How say you, the day is coming, and the man is approaching to seize the temporal scepter of the Jewish power, and destroy the power and grandeur of the Jewish nation?" They go to their records and search them, and find the promises, and believe them true. And then they compare their traditions with the voice of him who says, "Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." They compare his coming with that of Elias, and find that it does not answer; for the former declares repentance and remission of sins. Do they believe him? Nay; they say "he hath a devil—he is mad." He says to them, "Oh, generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? And now also the axe is laid unto the root

of the tree, therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire." Does this portend the coming of the kingdom of heaven? Are these the sentiments that you dreamed to be the herald of its approach? Nay, they pierce him to the heart, and hurry him from the world. His head pays the forfeit for his freedom and fearlessness of expression; and John the Baptist is no more!

Then came Jesus. He came before John, in one sense; but John came to herald his active public life. When John leaves the stage of action, Jesus steps upon it. Now, thought the Jews, we certainly have him. Clad in coarse garment, he gives his hand to the poor and afflicted, heals the sick, reinvigorates the lifeless, goes into the by-ways and hedges opening the eyes of the blind, and says "love one another." One would have thought he would certainly have challenged their respect, for his works' sake, to say nothing of his being their acknowledged Savior. But not so. Now, mark it well! They were the chosen of God, according to theology; they had the traditions of their religion and race concerning him, but they rejected him—and why? Because he did not come according to their sensuous ideas of him. He clothed his ideas and teachings in allegorical language. They took the allegory for the fact, and did not find out their mistake till their power was scattered through the nations of the earth. But still the Jews cherish the traditions, and reject the claims of Christianity. We speak of this fact, not because we are happy that they rejected Jesus and his teachings, not that we are happy in that fact at all; but it shows in what light the Jewish world held that religion itself. Why did they reject him? We shall find why, by contrasting his teachings with the Jewish religion. In their religion we behold the law of revenge. It is embodied in their civil code. Nay, farther, it is the very soul of their religion. And thence comes the stern mandate to destroy those who do not believe. They would not admit a heathen dog into the sanctuary—it would bring a blight upon them. In the one tradition you read, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Jesus comes and says, "I say unto you, love your enemies"—a doctrine that completely contradicted the cruel features of the Jewish codes and customs. Then the Jews bring up the subject of polygamy and divorce. He says, "Moses"—not God, friend; some have mistaken and read, God—"Moses gave you *that* law; but from the beginning it was not so." This pricked them to the heart, and they said he was an impostor. He said he regarded all as his brethren, and his own soul throbbled with devotion for every daughter and son of the Heavenly Father; and they, in their narrow, contracted views of God and his care for themselves and the universe, spurned Jesus with contempt, because he dared to contradict their assumed infallible authority. This is why they cried, "Away with him, crucify him, crucify him!"

But let us look, in the light of this theology, at the explanation of these events. In the vicarious atonement, total depravity unfolds itself. Though he was rich in heaven—though he was God himself, yet he left his Father's glory, descended to earth, and died. He bled on the cross to save man from the effects of what he brought on man himself. Jesus died to save the world—committed suicide, to save man from the consequences of his own wrath! These are the plain and palpable features of the case; and we must speak plainly, for truth has no compromise with error.

Now look at a still more horrid feature, if possible. These

same high priests who drew his life-blood to complete the last sin in the great drama of redemption, were destined to do it; and Judas himself was chosen to be an apostle, for the express purpose of betraying Jesus to his enemies; and thus you have a most bloody picture of Christian mythology. And this is held up to the minds of youth, middle-aged and mature man, as his only hope of being happy in another world. Blood must appease God's mighty wrath: the innocent must suffer for the guilty; and that Innocent turns out to be God himself! Oh, ye with one spark of reason! can you longer permit this ghost of a departed religion to over-ride you?

Jesus moved in his appointed course through life; and wherever he moved, the sick were healed, the blind were made to see, and the lame leaped up and walked; and now the Christian world say, he was God. But do not start if we tell you, that the same events are transpiring among us every day; and do not startle if we tell you, that one year shall not roll away before evidence shall be presented that shall approve itself to every investigating mind. Have you not read of the man who, in the city of Auburn, performed an apparently miraculous cure, by the application of his own magnetic forces? Soon these miracles will be so numerous and so plain, that he who runs may read. Is Jesus therefore God? In the case of restoring the dead to life, he approached the grave of the slumbering Lazarus. He answers Mary's anxious solicitude, by assuring her that Lazarus was not yet dead. They insisted that he was dead. He intimated to them, "If you will have it that he is dead, why, so be it," and he left them to have their say. But he approached the grave of the slumbering but not inanimate form. He speaks to Lazarus, and recalls him from an inner to an outer life; and Lazarus walks forth in his grave-clothes, restored to his friends.

Now, you have the resurrection of Jesus himself from the grave. It is said his visible form arose. After the spears had drawn his life-blood, and he had given up the ghost, his body was laid in the sepulchre, and after three days he rose again. Let us look at that. We will look at the reasonableness of it, and we will give you what the spirits know and have seen fit to communicate on that subject. Is it to be supposed that his form itself arose from the dead, and found its way through physical obstacles among his disciples in an upper room? The doors were closed, and Jesus appeared in their midst and said, "Peace!" They were startled, and thought him a spirit—as truly he was. With their spirit-vision, they saw the form of Jesus of Nazareth. This corresponds to their experience by the way-side. He opened to them the scriptures; then suddenly he manifested himself to them and disappeared. Now, how was this done? Simply, according to the laws of the inner and outer life. These disciples were mediums, were clairvoyants. Their interiors were opened. They saw him walking by their sides, and truly, as he was, a spirit. He said to Mary, "Touch me not; I am not yet ascended to my Father." That is the tradition; but it is not full. It should have been added—"I have not yet left my disciples. My spirit is with them still, in order to manifest myself to them; but I shall soon leave them to go to the regions of the spirits proper." Then again he met them. Indeed he met them often; and it is a well-known fact, that he frequently held converse with them individually and collectively. They go to the mount: there they come under the magnetic influence of spirits; for we are told that angels came and ministered to them. It is an established law, tha

no physical vision can reach into the spirit-life, or penetrate the veil which divides this world from it; that external humanity can not gaze upon the beauties of the celestial sphere. Hence they saw Jesus in their superior condition. This is his ascension; and the world will know these truths ere long, though they do not yet appreciate them. The first seed is being sown with regard to them; and every seed of truth will fall upon soil where all the dews of heaven shall water it, until error dies and truth spreads its cooling shade over the arid desert of human thought and life.

Upon the point of Christ's divinity, we will ask you a few questions. Can you crowd the Infinite into a finite human form? It is assumed that Christ was God; that Jesus was the Father of himself. Says one, "God is a spirit." Very true; but is he not infinite also; and does he not pervade infinity itself. How then can this infinite power and life be concentrated in one human form? Where is the universe outside of that form? Where is the evidence that it could be done? Why, it is said that God is everywhere, and that the whole heavens can not contain him. So, too, they say that, when the animal and selfish nature is elevated and controlled by the internal and spiritual forces, that this is evidence of his divinity. If this is evidence, then were Pythagoras and Confucius divine. Though living long before Christ, they uttered many principles and sentiments equally as noble and elevated, and in equally as beautiful language as his.

Oh, then, my friends! not till the dark conceptions of the past shall be left to the ages that are gone—not till the human soul shall walk forth from the prison-houses of error, bathing itself in the calm, clear regions of celestial truth, elevated to the sublime and beautiful, with hearts overflowing with kindness, and hands filled with blessings to all around—not till then shall man become the REDEEMED. Then shall be born the Millennium upon earth; and only then. And may every true man, every reformer, join his hand and heart, and power, in trying to elevate humanity and to break up those huge and monstrous institutions, which only tend to darken his mind, to stifle the outgoings of his own nature, and to scatter death and destruction broad-cast in the land.

OUR TUTOR IS NATURE.

BY H. T. CHEEVER.

This beautiful creation, with all its glorious, lovely, and interesting forms, is rather to be regarded as a slate, a black-board which God has placed before us, in order that we may draw upon it those demonstrations in regard to himself, which in the very nature of our minds, he has made inevitable, than as a revelation to teach or read out those demonstrations. Nature is the great *diagram* presented to us, and the soul rejoices to meet it, and in its study to work out and evolve the demonstration. This is God's gracious method in educating us. If he had engraved the argument upon his works in letters, it had not been half so useful to us; there is all the difference that there is between the education of a boy in geometry by writing down the demonstration beneath the diagram, and merely setting him to read it, and on the other hand giving him the bare diagram, and making him evolve the demonstration from his own mind.

The world also is full of types; it is an education by types and analogies. Great mountains, vast oceans, the sky and the stormy world, are types of the Infinite. The reigning

constitutional ideas in the soul of man are counterparted, as it were, in the forms of nature. The constitution of our globe has been arranged for their development. As the Old Testament was a dispensation of types, foreshadowing the New and preparing for it, so this material globe, and the orbed heavens round about it, are a dispensation of types foreshadowing the eternal world, and preparing for it. Nature is ever looking onward to the future, and directing our care thither. The globe itself was arranged both with reference to the development and education of the individual soul, and also with reference to the position and progressive civilization, dominion, and power of races and of nations.

The interpretation of nature depends upon the discovery and study of the laws of nature. Our planet is a mass, not so much of matter, as of principles and laws. We open a watch of fine workmanship, and are struck with the skill, the art, the ingenuity. It is nothing in comparison with the laws and elementary principles, could we see *those* at work, which constitute the matter of the watch itself what it is. So it is in everything. As we meditate upon the laws, and by the discoveries of science are enabled more minutely to trace them, they manifest themselves so intricate, permeating and omnipresent, that we almost lose sight of material nature, and behold a transfiguration as if body should withdraw from the form of a man, and leave nothing but spirit in its place, beneath the same outlines. Our globe itself, when we begin to see something of the wondrous operation of living law in all nature, seems a spiritual body, for it is all compact, not of particles or elementary substances, but of principles and powers, working, transforming, changing, renovating, perpetually crossing, circling, and apparently entangled, yet, as the different combinations of harmony in a piece of music, all running on, in perfect unity, to the same close.

Now it is impossible to say how much of the "mysticism" of nature, the mysterious power of nature over the sensitive soul, may be owing to the working of these invisible laws. We have to live long in communion with nature, and in habits of attentive observation and patient analysis, before we can begin to understand nature. Generation after generation may do something, and our grand work is in the discovery of law, both past and present. We learn very little by external form and color merely, although it is by these mainly that the influences of nature are expressed.

In nature, as in human character, the elements that most plainly appear are not always the sign of those that are working within; the color of all substances is only the rays that are reflected, not those that are absorbed. As we can not tell the character of a man, till we have become thoroughly acquainted with him, as there may have been mysterious expressions upon his countenance, to which nothing but the history of his life and the knowledge of his habits will give the key; so there may be influences and expressions in nature unaccountable till her secret laws are more fully known. But the existence of these laws renders nature a visible Shekinah, a constant manifestation of the Deity. From the center to the circumference, these laws are in activity, pervading, animating, and making all things significant, as the laws of the Spirit of Life.

From the upheaving and formation of primordial mountain ranges, to the masses of soil hundreds of feet deep from the surface, impregnated with invisible seeds, that if ever turned up to the light, though after the progress of ages, may

rise in new forests of vegetation, what is there from the greatest to the least, that is not the action and expression of law? We trace it in the balancing of the clouds, the currents of the atmosphere, the production and distribution of vapor and rain, the conjunction, intermixture and separation of the elements of activity and power in the air, the presence and operation of heat, light, electricity, magnetism, the conversion of earth, air, and water into vegetable and animal life, the operation of instinct in birds and animals, the action and reaction of all forces and things in the universe.

Hence the grandeur of the science of geography, as an inquiry into the physiology of our globe, an endeavor in the words of Guyot, "to seize those incessant mutual actions of the different portions of physical nature upon each other, of inorganic nature upon organized beings, upon man in particular, and upon the successive development of human societies; studying the reciprocal action of all those forces, the perpetual play of which constitutes what might be called the life of the globe. . . . If, taking life in its most simple aspect, we define it as a *mutual exchange of relations*, we can not refuse this name to those lively actions and reactions, to that perpetual play of forces of matter, of which we are every day the witnesses. . . . It is life; the thousand voices of nature which make themselves heard around us, and which in so many ways betray that incessant and prodigious activity, proclaim it so loudly, that we can not shut our ears to their language."

"We must elevate ourselves to the moral world," the same writer continues, in a strain which we rejoice to see commanding the attention of philosophers, "to understand the physical world. It is in fact the universal law of all that exists in finite nature, not to have, in itself, either the reason or the entire aim of its own existence. Every being exists, not only for itself, but forms necessarily a portion of a great whole, of which the plan and the idea go infinitely beyond it, and in which it is destined to play a part. Thus inorganic nature exists, not only for itself, but to serve as a basis for the life of the plant and the animal; and in their service it performs functions of a kind greatly superior to those assigned to it by the laws which are purely physical and chemical. In the same manner, all nature, our globe, admirable as is its arrangement, is not the final end of creation; but it is the condition of the existence of man. It answers as an instrument by which his education is accomplished, and performs in his service functions more exalted and noble than its own nature, and for which it was made. The superior being thus solicits, so to speak, the creation of the inferior being, and associates it to his own functions; and it is correct to say that inorganic nature is made for organized nature, and the whole globe for man, as both are made for God, the origin and end of all things."

"For him who can embrace with a glance the great harmonies of nature and of history, there is here the most admirable plan to study; there are the past and future destinies of the nations to decipher, traced in ineffaceable characters by the finger of Him who governs the world. Admirable order of the Supreme Intelligence and Goodness, which has arranged all for the great purpose of the education of man, and the realization of the plans of Mercy for his sake."

In a higher strain still, in reference to Law, as an effluence from God, pervading all nature, and binding the natural universe in harmony, as Moral Law does the moral universe, that

great prophet and seer of nature, S. T. Coleridge, wrote near fifty years ago, as follows:

"The necessary tendency of all natural philosophy is from nature to intelligence; and this, and no other, is the true ground and occasion of the instinctive striving to introduce theory into our views of natural phenomena." The highest perfection of natural philosophy would consist in the perfect spiritualization of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect. The phenomena (*the material*) must wholly disappear, and the laws alone (*the formal*) must remain. Hence it comes that in nature itself, the more the principle of law breaks forth, the more does the *husk* drop off, the phenomena themselves become more spiritual, and at length cease altogether in our consciousness.

The optical phenomena are but a geometry, the lines of which are drawn by light, and the materiality of this light itself has already become matter of doubt. In the appearance of magnetism all trace of matter is lost, and of the phenomena of gravitation, which not a few among the most illustrious Newtonians have declared no otherwise comprehensible than as an immediate spiritual influence, there remains nothing but its law, the execution of which, on a vast scale, is the mechanism of the heavenly motions. The theory of natural philosophy would then be completed; when all nature was demonstrated to be identical in essence with that, which, in its highest known power, exists in man as an intelligence and self-consciousness; when the heavens and the earth shall declare not only the power of their Maker, but the glory and presence of their God.—[*Voices of Nature*.]

Influence of Departed Friends.

O, how elevating is this thought! In the fever of life, when the head is hot, and the heart beats fast, how good is it to pause a moment, and think of those who are removed from the contagion of our excitement; who are no longer jostled about by a society at war with itself and with nature! Without such meditations to cheer our distracted existence, I know not how we could live. The soul longs for a state full of activity, yet harmonious, lofty and calm. But few can attain to it here; yet we all have its promise in those rare moments, when lifted to the heights of our being by prayer, or enthusiasm, or quiet, ascending contemplation, we know the meaning of that word which expresses the last result of Christian discipline,—peace. At such times, the thought of those who have gone before us is seldom absent. How superior an influence like this, to that we exert upon each other in our every-day existence. Is it not true that our friends in the spiritual world are the only true ones; for never with them do we hold intercourse in our moments of weakness, but in our hours of lofty endeavor and virtuous elevation? As when the sun is resting below the horizon, we may climb to the mountain top, and, standing in the dazzling light, seem to those below us transfigured, so, upon the loftiest summits of our being rests a light from the spiritual world; and at times we are permitted to stand in it; then our souls are cheered and purified, and our faces become "like the faces of angels;" we are in the presence of God and the departed good, and those around us hang upon our words as utterances of inspiration! Blessed be those who in another world still think of us, and thus transport us as with their presence! We would not call them back, but by prayer and purification would go to them.—[*Extract—Rose of Sharon*.]

Voices from the Spirit-land.

A VISION.

WATERTOWN, October 25th, 1852.

MR. EDITOR :—While visiting at Mrs. Bassett's, in Worcester, a married sister of hers, Mrs. Watress, related to me a succinct account of a wonderful and remarkable vision, which she was favored with a few months previous to my visit.

One Sunday afternoon, feeling an irresistible and gentle influence stealing over her frame, and naturally supposing that she needed repose, she retired to her chamber to rest her weary limbs. About five minutes elapsed, when she was impressed that a spirit was standing in the doorway of the above-mentioned room. Her curiosity being excited, she endeavored to change her position, so as to be able to witness any demonstrations which might transpire ; but finding that she had lost all power of her limbs, she then tried the experiment of turning her eyes, but was also unsuccessful in this particular operation, and finally concluded that it was best to remain passive. A voice, heavenly in its tones, then requested her to observe the gradual unfolding of a magnificent flower, which appeared to be about the distance of two feet from the face of the recipient of this beneficent and fancy-like gift.

It was a rose, according to her statement, unequalled and unsurpassed in its innumerable and variegated colors, by any of Earth's Floral Creation ; and yet she was powerless ; and in fact could not turn or stretch forth a hand or even a finger. Conscious that she was controlled by a higher influence than walked on earth, she resigned herself entirely into the hands of her Angelic Protectors. While examining attentively the gorgeous and enchanting flower, which her spirit-friend had so kindly allowed her soul to contemplate in admiration and awe, the words "Inhale and Exhale" were gently spoken ; her lower jaw fell, accompanied with a slight spasmodic action, and then, to her pleasant and agreeable surprise, her breath seemed to grow shorter and shorter ! Oh ! so intoxicating, such a beautiful sensation pervading every nerve. And now, the celestial visitant speaks :

"This is Death ! There is no pain in Death, when the person is passive and devoid of fear ; suffering during the dissolution of the body, is caused by fear." As near as I can recollect, these were the words. She was soon restored to her natural state, and the spirit left. She says she was, apparently, in full possession of all her faculties, and whenever she was allowed to look, everything appeared correct. By permission, I propounded the following question, which was answered :—

"What were the precise feelings that you entertained during the partial withdrawal of your spirit from its tenement of clay ?"

Ans. "A heavenly ecstatic sensation, and I only regretted that the spirit did not take me home to the 'regions of the blest.'"

Our friend, Mrs. Watress, who was honored with the above vision, is one of the most respectable ladies of this State—one who despises a falsehood of any description ; and even the bitterest opposers of Worcester, who are acquainted with her, admit that there is no doubt in their minds but that she is sincere and thought she had a vision. But our cause is flourishing, and they will soon perceive their error. C. H. W.

—[*Star-Spangled Banner.*]

SENSATIONS WHILE LEAVING THE BODY.

H. CORNELL, MEDIUM, BEDFORD, MICH.

MY DEAR FRIENDS :—In accordance with my promise to you, the other evening, I now proceed to give you an account of my feelings, while lying on the bed of death. I felt an internal consciousness, from my first being taken sick, that that was my last sickness : nor did I wish to live, if it was my Heavenly Father's will to take me from earth. As my outward senses seemed to fail, my internal sight was opened ; and I felt that I was surrounded by spirits from another world. The terrors of death were gone, and I looked with joy to the time when my spirit should take its departure from earth. But then I had no idea that I should ever return to the sphere that I was about to leave, and converse with my friends. I knew my hour was rapidly approaching, and a joy unspeakable pervaded my whole being, for I felt that I should be far happier when safely moored on that better shore. My friends told me, after I had left the body, that they had impressed this on my mind while thus I lay.

Often times I did hear voices as from another world, speaking, as it were to my inmost being, saying, "Rejoice, rejoice, for the hour of thy redemption is near at hand. Soon thou wilt be relieved of that clay that now binds thee to earth a prisoner ; then thou wilt be free to go with us to our celestial homes, there to dwell forever." I felt that my departed friends were near, ready to conduct me to my new home when death should free me from my earthly shackles. As my hour approached, I felt my mortal frame growing weaker, failing rapidly ; while my spiritual perceptions strengthened every moment, my external senses were rapidly failing. I grew unconscious of things around me, and sank, as it were, into a slumber, from which I was suddenly aroused as if by an invisible hand touching me ; and, opening my eyes, I found I was still on earth, surrounded by friends, of whom I was permitted to take a farewell, and again I sank into unconsciousness. How long I lay thus I know not : but I finally awoke—I scarce knew where I was. How changed was all around me ! Bright forms were hovering near—I felt

most unutterably happy. I soon found, however, I was no longer in earth, but in the Spirit-land, among my friends who had gone before me, and whom I was rejoiced to meet. They soon pointed out to me the beauties by which I was surrounded. I was greatly delighted with my new home, nor would I exchange it for the loveliest spot on earth.

Your friend, EDWARD YOUNG.

—[*Spiritual Telegraph*.]

Spiritual Error.

BY SPIRITS.

Spirits of truth and light witness that until a more perfect communion with the Spirit World is understood by the inhabitants of Earth, their progress in the great work will be retarded.

List, mortals, while angels speak : Know that Error comes not from the home of the blest. Know that Error descends not in the breathings of redeemed souls. Know that Error exists not in the progressed intellect of a Spiritual Life.

Love Truth, then, and again hear. Study the beauties of the law upon which Nature and her Universe rests. Absorb, for a while your mind's contemplation into the ocean-depths of the eternal Heart, through which flows so unceasingly the immortal life-giving essence that is felt in the temple of Humanity. You there behold the eternal reality and loveliness of an external mystery. The law is Truth, and the truth is progression to the endless realms of eternal bliss.

The end and aim of Man, therefore, in using this privilege, should be Truth. And he must not expect to find it where it does not dwell. But seek the Love and Wisdom of Heaven, and God's messengers will bear it. Error is the foe of Truth, and with your aid will be vanquished. Join Spirits, then, under the glorious standard, and the triumph of Truth will be the result.—[*Light from the Spirit-World*.]

A Characteristic Sermon.

BY LORENZO DOW.

Go on in the cause boldly, uprightly, and hopefully : and the drops of joy, as they fall from heaven, will not become frozen on their way, and fall on your hearts like hailstones of ill.

Deal fairly with your fellow creatures. Show kindness to all. If your neighbor take anything without liberty, consider it an act of necessity on his part, and furnish him with funds to make him comfortable for the future.

Be not anxious about the world's goods, nor make yourselves unhappy because others are more prosperous. The best way to get along is to enjoy life like rational

beings, and bear up beneath its ills with all the composure and fortitude in your power.

You must not give up in despair when the storms of misfortune rage ; you must not rave and fret while you are visited with your respective portions of trouble ; but keep cool, and live low on the diet of patience and forbearance, and all will soon be right again.

When you look around on the great mass of mankind, and see the miseries they are heir to, then you will see you have only just your share of them. But if you fancy yourself particularly selected as a mark for the arrows of ill fortune, then you will have as much trouble as frail human nature can endure.

When the star of hope is hidden behind a dark cloud of despondency, you ought to trust that it will, in the nature of things, shine forth again with its wonted brightness.

All you want *now* is to persevere for the present, with full confidence for the future, and your big stumbling blocks will soon be removed out of your way. But O, you weak and sickly children of doubt, you lack strength of mind and determination of purpose to push your way through the briars, when you find yourselves in the midst of them. If love prevailed among earth's inhabitants, then would peace, harmony and happiness prevail on earth, and joy among the angels ; then would your thorn-covered ways be turned to flowery lawns, and the rank weeds of hatred put forth sweet blossoms of friendship.

There is too much spurious morality in the world. All outward show and improvement is of little use to man, or benefit to the world, unless the internal arrangement be improved also.—[*Polar Star*.]

Excellence of Spiritual Philosophy.

Years can never unfold the wisdom and depth of this Philosophy. Spirits could never write it, if the whole Universe were a blank. There would not be space enough to tell of this principle. It is a vast fathomless sea, without either bottom or shore. Mediums wonder—others wonder ; and their wonder is, whether spirits will not soon tell *all* ; so, as a matter of course, these communications must cease. We wonder also at their ignorance, as though infinity could ever be written—as though Nature would ever be so developed, as to arrive at its eternal ultimate :—as though the heaven-born soul of man could be satisfied with receiving and imparting. As well might you tell what God is, and what He is not, as ever to expect a period when knowledge shall cease to be imparted, from greater degrees of Wisdom to the lesser. We teach, as yet, the *first principles*. We talk of the outer works of God. We explain the simple effects of simple causes, but where is the Center ?

VOLNEY.

—[*New Era*.]

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, DECEMBER 25, 1852.

PROGRESSION.

[The following, as furnished us by the reporter, is an abstract of a discourse delivered by R. P. AMBLER, at the Stuyvesant Institute, N.Y., on the 28th ult.]

There is a great truth that needs to be impressed upon the human mind ! It is the truth involved in the principle of progressive development. This principle is the governing law of the whole universe. It is a truth written on every form that exists in the visible world. Progression is a philosophical principle. It is no plausible and fine-spun theory ; but it is the divine and living truth, which must be understood as acting in all the innumerable forms of creation. *Motion* pervades the vast universe ; it lives in every form ; it moves in the orbs of heaven, in their endless revolutions ; and from the depths of the interior earth, it brings forth forms of light and beauty to bless and adorn creation. Everything has motion. It is a firmly-established principle in Nature. Motion operating on every part of the vast universe, leads to *refinement*. Wherever there is motion, there is a tendency to refinement ; and this refinement is progression from one form and condition in nature to a higher. Thus the mineral gives birth to the vegetable creation ; and the vegetable, containing a still higher principle of life, gives birth to the animal creation, of which the human form constitutes the highest order. So we see this government of progression in everything. And now, on this established fact let us apply the principle to the human race. It is taught by the theologians of the present day, that man was originally a perfect creation ; and that instead of progression, there has been a retrogression in the human race. It is said that the first man was created perfect ; placed in a situation of happiness unalloyed ; a partaker in the all-pervading beauty and happiness of Eden's Garden, where the voice of God reached his ear : and yet it is said man fell from the summit of his perfection, and became a wretched and degraded being ! But here let the question be impressed on our minds—What caused him to fall ? He held communion with the Deity himself—was made in the likeness of God. What caused him, then, to fall ? And the answer comes, in strange, repelling accents, from the bosom of the Church—“He fell, because the whisperings of the serpent were more powerful than the voice of God !”

But a higher and nobler thought than this is revealed to us. Man, it is true, was created in the image and

likeness of God. But what was that image and likeness ? It was not in the mere external form, which is subjected to the gorgeous decorations of wealth. No : the image and likeness of God was stamped in the human soul. It lives in the depths of the immortal germ which forms the heart of the spiritual being. And this germ, though feeble in its first beginning, was never extinguished in the human breast. It burns in a living flame, and is expanding, and will continue to expand, unendingly. Though thick clouds have settled on the bosom of humanity, still, that germ has continued to grow more powerful, sending out brilliant scintillations of divine light, and swelling the heart with lofty aspirations after the divine and immortal.

And now let the truth be impressed, that revelations from God have been made to the soul, through all time, in proportion to its progression and demands. The Sun of Truth has not shone out full at once, like the sun at noonday ; but has risen gradually, and by the divine light which flows down through its rays, leads the soul ever upward in the pathway of progression. Thus we find, on referring to the history of the past, that truth has been revealed in every age, in progressive degrees. At first the soul was so undeveloped, that but diminished rays of the divine light could find place within it ; and hence man bowed down and worshiped idols. When the spirit of man had become still more expanded, another conception of the Deity was revealed. But still the thought of God was enshrined in the creeds and symbols of the Mosaic institution. Dark clouds were around His throne, and darkness still fell upon the human heart. In the Christian dispensation, still higher and grander conceptions of the Deity were revealed—in which he was regarded as the Great Spirit who governed the immensity of creation—who ought to be worshiped, not in any particular place, or according to sectarian forms, but in the inner sanctuary of the soul—“in spirit and in truth.” But yet even that conception, grand and glorious as it was, was imperfect. The Deity was still surrounded with a cloud of darkness—was a God of vengeance, who, while he blessed the seeming righteous of the earth, could visit his erring children with endless woe. And thus has truth, in every age, been accommodated to the degree of unfolding which the race has attained.

And now, at the opening of this New Dispensation, when the Divine Light is dawning—when man is emerging from the dark shadows of the past—there is a necessity for a higher revelation than has been hitherto given. Man's opening intelligence is not satisfied with the errors of the past, and he now begins to seek for the bread of life, and to thirst for the waters of salvation. He begins to listen to those whisperings which descend from the heavenly spheres and reveal a purer light.

In the past, the existence of the soul beyond the grave has been conceived as little more than an idle

dream ; and the yearning soul has cried out for more distinct revelations. True, the great doctrine of Immortality is insisted on by the church ; but the faith in that doctrine has been a dead faith. It has been but a simple assent of the man to doctrines taught him—an assent to ancient and uncertain testimony. It has not been a truth realized within the soul—made essentially a part thereof : and hence man wants a revelation which will be responded to by the divine consciousness which dwells in his inner spirit. And the mediums of this revelation are now manifesting their presence. Angels are descending to us as messengers of the divine truth.

The Bible has revealed much ; but it does not give us *all* the truth. I know I tread upon forbidden ground when saying this. I know the deep and often blind reverence paid to that book ; but nevertheless it is a finite work. And, as the capacity of the soul will expand through all the ages of eternity, no finite book can satisfy its increasing wants. The Bible, as a book, contains words which are but external representations of ideas ; and ideas are simply particles of truth—parts of the infinite whole. How can either parts or fragments of truth supply the wants of the soul, in its yearnings after a full development ?

But there is a book which God has written—on which the Divine Mind has stamped his own immortal thought ; and in that book is recorded the whole infinite truth ; not parts, nor fragments—but the full and eternal creative idea that pervades the vast immensity of the universe, and which endures throughout the illimitable ages of eternity. This book is the volume of the universe, in which God speaks to the soul. The voice is still, and small ; but it comes from every page, and descends even into the recesses of the inner being, calling from its depths the purest aspirations. But, oh ! think not to confine the infinity of Truth within the limits of any finite book, or within the boundaries of any church. Truth extends throughout the vast universe ; it is as eternal, as wide as the Great Parent Spirit ; and parts and fragments of this great truth will continue to be revealed in all ages, just in proportion as the soul of man expands. O Truth ! —Great and Glorious Father !—Thou sublime Majesty that hovers as an Angel of Light over this dark world ! —be revealed to us in the brightness of thy light ! Flow in thy rich abundance into the opening soul ! That voice will reach us through celestial spheres ; and that truth will fall like the gentle dew of heaven, until its glorious mission is completed in the heart of man ! Lo ! it is advancing with mighty power ! It is breaking down the barriers of progress, and opening the door to the imprisoned captive. As a mighty river, supplied in its course by a thousand tributaries, it is swelling and moving onward, till at last it shall sweep away the obstructions of mythology, and prepare for the institutions

of heaven. And thus the spirit of Humanity shall be raised from its night of gloom into the heaven of uncreated light. The voices of spirits unfold the glory of the future. And in that mighty and majestic temple where God dwells ; where his voice breathes in the silence, and sinks into the aspiring mind ; that “ temple not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” are the thrones of those gone up to worship the great Truth. There shall Humanity stand forth, robed in its garments of redemption.

MR. FINNEY AT HARTFORD.

The following account of interesting labors now being performed through the mediumship of Mr. FINNEY at Hartford, Ct., we find in the *Hartford Times*. We feel assured that this missionary medium, will be the instrument of incalculable good.

MR. FINNEY, of Ohio, has been lecturing at Union Hall for two weeks past, delivering four or five lectures each week. He has excited considerable interest, and his audiences have regularly increased, so that the Hall is now too small to hold all who desire to hear.

Mr. FINNEY claims to speak under the direction of Spirits, and he asserted last evening that he never premeditated what he said, that he was not liberally educated, and that he had read but very little ; he also said that he never spoke in public till about six months since, and that he was forced from the carpenter's bench, (he being then a journeyman joiner,) to take the stand before the public, by spiritual influences. Sometimes his subject is foreshadowed, and he announces it ; but what he says is as fresh to him when he speaks it, as it is to his audience. He sometimes uses Hebrew, Latin, and Chinese expressions, though he says he never studied either of those languages, and in his ordinary state can neither read, write, or speak either ! Last evening he spoke of the characteristics of Nations. It was not a religious discourse, but it was a remarkable one, in point of historical facts and incidents, and a most beautiful development of the characteristics of the Nations of the Earth. At the conclusion of the lecture, he asserted or replied to an inquiry, that he had never read the history of those nations, nor had he ever investigated, studied, or learned anything of consequence concerning them. He knew not what he should say till the words were uttered. Had the same lecture been delivered by Thackeray, or Parker, before an institute, it would have been pronounced a most extraordinary, learned, and brilliant effort.

Mr. Finney, in his lectures, passes high eulogiums upon the character and extraordinary powers of Christ, but denies the Trinity. He believes in a God or great controlling power ; but denies a God of special providences or partiality and vengeance ; nor does he believe in the divine inspiration of the bible ; he denounces slavery, and the slave law, and the use of alcoholic drinks. His discourses manifest much strength of mind, and often he strikes a vein of surpassing eloquence. His lectures are making an impression upon a considerable portion of the public mind. We state these facts, just as they are, that our readers may know of the prominent things, “ that are going on in Hartford.”

LOVE'S GREATEST WORK.

The following account from the *N. Y. Commercial Advertiser*, of the progress of reform at the 'Old Brewery' in this city, that hitherto den of vice, infamy and ruin; can not fail to interest deeply, every friend of the new philosophy, who is rightly imbued with the spirit of humanity; as it is plainly demonstrated that LOVE—the Alpha and Omega of our spiritual faith—is doing a work which has resisted all other means made use of, in reclaiming that unhappy and degraded class, who have so long infested the very center of the great American Metropolis. Surely the armies of heaven have marshaled their hosts over the city of New York, and have set on foot this great and glorious cause.

DEMOLITION OF THE OLD BREWERY.

The work of pulling down the Old Brewery, at the Five Points will be commenced this week. Such an event is not to be passed by unnoticed. A new impetus is thus given to the physical and moral regeneration of that locality from time immemorial considered as beyond the reach of Christian efforts, and almost out of the circle of Christian sympathy. The day of its demolition deserves to be distinguished as a red letter day in the annals of our city's history. The great landmark of vice and degradation, the haunt of crime and the home of misery, will soon be among the things that were—a remembrance, but no longer a fact. In its stead will rise a landmark for virtue and morality, and a home for the disconsolate and the desolate. The drunkard and the debased, and the stealthy murderer, will no more hie thither for concealment; but sobriety, and purity, and mercy, will stand with open arms to receive whomsoever will eschew vice and make fellowship with virtue.

What no legal enactment could accomplish—what no machinery of municipal government could effect—Christian women have brought about, quietly but thoroughly and triumphantly. From henceforth the Old Brewery is no more. Had any one predicted this ten, or even five years ago, the laugh of scorn or the smile of incredulity would have greeted his prophecy. The great problem of how to renovate the Five Points had engaged the attention of both the legislative and executive branches of the city government, and both had abandoned the task in despair. The evil was deemed incurable, and so seemed to be.

Nay even some Christian associations were scarcely more hopeful, and hesitated to employ their means on what seemed a Utopian enterprise. This may seem marvelous, but it is no less true, and is to be accounted for, we presume, by the sense of responsibility to the donors of the funds by which such associations are supported, which the members felt made it imperative upon them to employ their means in those undertakings only where the benefit would be obvious and certain. Only on this supposition can we account for the long delay in establishing a mission to the heathen at the Five Points. It is to the credit of the religious denomination known as the Methodist Episcopal Church, that they were the first to enter the then unpromising field; and it will be an imperishable honor to the Ladies' Home Missionary Society of that Church, that with them the idea originated and by them has so successfully been carried on.

In 1849, at their request, the Rev. L. M. Pease was appointed a missionary to labor among the unhappy residents of this famed locality; the society engaged to give him an adequate salary. Subsequently a change of agency seeming desirable; the Society applied for and obtained from the Bishop the appointment of the Rev. Mr. Luckey in Mr. Pease's stead. Under Mr. Luckey's active care the mission has so far prospered, and has met with such liberal pecuniary aid, that the crowning triumph has thus speedily been brought about, and the old Brewery is virtually no more. We opine that no readers of the *Commercial* will fail to appreciate the magnitude of this reform, of which it may be truly said that as yet but the initiatory steps are taken; and for ourselves we gladly turn aside from the usual newspaper topics to review this local history of New-York morals.

Some years ago the newspapers made partial revelations of the scenes daily and nightly enacted in the Old Brewery. Something more than personal courage was then needed for an exploration of those regions of that building. The aid of the police was essential, and of the most intelligent, shrewd, fearless and experienced of the department. Murderer's Alley was no romance; and if it had been, the interior of the building was yet full of all villainy and iniquity, and of wretchedness, which at any moment might become a temptation to the worst of crimes. It was a place of which all but the utterly degraded stood in fear. The entire locality swarmed with those who prey upon their fellows. Even in open day, citizens avoided the Five Points if possible, or if compelled to pass through it, hurried on in fear of their personal safety. By night none dared to traverse its dark labyrinths. It was a bye-word and a reproach to the city.

On Sunday afternoon we visited this ill-famed locality, and made a last inspection of the Old Brewery. Divine service was held at 3 o'clock in the large tent, pitched in Paradise Square. There were present boys in ragged clothes, and girls in tattered habiliments, and men and women uncouthly attired. But mingled with these, and evincing a lively but unpretending interest in their behalf, were those of high and recognized position, nobly giving countenance and support to the great work of reformation. A tent necessarily presents great temptation to disorder and unsettledness, yet a more attentive audience we have rarely seen; and the children conducted themselves, with but one or two exceptions, as well as the more favored youths of a regular Sabbath School. In one respect we certainly have not seen their superiors—their docility when kindly dealt with. In every instance where there was a disposition to become restless or unruly, we found a reproving smile—the reader will comprehend our meaning—all-sufficient to preserve quiet and restore order.

After the service we accompanied a sister of charity—say rather an angel of mercy—on her Sabbath afternoon inquiries after the welfare of the families housed in the Old Brewery. We dived into its cellars—for cellars they are, not "basements,"—and mounted into its attics, and peered into its dark chambers, and found that even there the mission had wrought a most salutary work, and sweeter music we never heard than the hopeful voice of our companion, as with woman's depth of feeling she asked after the welfare of each family calling all by name; and very pleasant, too, were the words of welcome which every where greeted the visitant.

But thanks, a thousand thanks, on behalf of morality and religion, to the noble generosity of our citizens, and thanks no

less to the Christian heroism and energy of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, that the dark and rickety old building is to be entirely removed. Few can comprehend what it has been; but it is bad enough as it is. There is probably not a stable in this city that is not a palace in comparison with it. For the honor of the city and of our common humanity, we rejoice that its days are numbered. Upon its site will soon be erected a mission house, with school-rooms, and preaching room, and light and clean and well-ventilated apartments for the poor at a cheaper rate than they have paid for the dark and filthy and confined apartments which the Old Brewery has contained. No one can over-estimate the physical and moral advantages of this change.

Lectures on Spiritualism.

W. FISHBOUGH will lecture in Hope Chapel, 720 Broadway, on the following subjects, and on the following evenings:

Next Monday evening, (27th inst.)—On the prominent facts in spiritual intercourse occurring in different ages and nations, from earliest times down to the days of CORTON MATHER.

Monday evening, Jan. 3—Continuance of the spiritual history to the present time, and definition of the present aspects of the spiritual question. (In these two discourses it will be shown that the present phenomena of spiritual intercourse are neither new, strange, nor incredible.)

Monday evening, Jan 10—The questions, what and where is the Spirit-world?—which will be discussed with a view to settle some of its relations to, and some of the laws which govern its intercourse with, this world.]

Lectures to commence at half past 7 o'clock. To defray expenses, 12 1-2 cents will be charged for admittance.

The interest and importance of these questions, together with the reputation of the lecturer, can not but urge the attendance of those who learn of the above notice. And for the benefit of spiritualists as well as the skeptic, we suggest that our readers in this city, should mention these lectures to their friends.

Spiritual Convention.

The next quarterly meeting of the Massachusetts Convention of Spiritualists will be held at Boston, on Wednesday and Thursday, the 29th and 30th of the present month. The place and hour of the meeting will be, the Masonic Temple, in Tremont-street, at 10 o'clock, A.M.

All Friends of Truth and of Spiritual Progress whether residing in Massachusetts or elsewhere, are most cordially invited to be present.—By order of the Com.

The article published in number nine of the MESSENGER, entitled, "*The Lesson of the Flower*," should have been credited to the *New Era*. The credit was omitted by mistake. Pardon us, Bro. HEWITT.

THE WORK IS PROGRESSING.

The course of Spiritualism is truly onward; and the work is now so far progressed, that not all the ignorance, prejudice, and sectarianism of the earth combined, can suffice to stop its career. The sensualist may scoff—the materialist may cry folly—and the sectarian may denounce and hurl anathemas; but a power stronger than all of these is impelling the movement, and the watchword is "ONWARD!" The invisible agents are silently and effectually fulfilling their mission; and ere long every country, every society, and every individual, will be forced to acknowledge the power which comes with a resistless energy, to sweep away the institutions of error. The light of the New Dispensation is dawning; its heavenly rays are fast chasing away the dark and gloomy clouds which envelop the soul of man; and all combinations of error, whether of Church or State, will be dissolved by the power of immortal truth.

As one indication of Spiritual progress is manifested by the increasing demand for spiritual publications, we are happy to announce the appearance of a new "Prospectus" for a paper to be entitled "*The Spiritual Era, and Harmonial Advocate*," and to be issued semi-monthly, at Peoria, Illinois. The following is a part of the prospectus:—

Truth demands of its votaries action, energy, and perseverance. To the believer in intellectual development and the unfolding of our "Inner Man," this demand now comes with peculiar force. Now is the time when the thirst for information should be gratified—when the friends of Spiritualism, in this section of the vineyard, should exert themselves to extend the arena of Truth. Now, should the Spirit have an organ, through which to instruct the dark and benighted Mind, and assist in the development of its progressive unfolding. Now is the time when radiant truths will be revealed to those who are passive in the plastic hands of Nature. For the mystery which has for ages veiled the future is being dissipated—the garb of sanctity thrown around sectarianism and priestcraft, no longer covers their deformity, and man learns to meet his fellow-man as his equal, and as his brother. The spirit, buoyant with love, is developing in a harmonial halo of glory—Reason is resuming its sway—Thought is agitated—Humanity is being harmonized, and the reign of peace approaches.

PROPOSITION.—We offer this "Prospectus," hoping that it will meet with a response from every friend of Spiritualism. And we pledge ourselves to commence the publication, as proposed, so soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are received to guarantee its issue. We wish to commence the publication of the *Era* by the 1st of January, 1853. To enable us to do this, immediate action is necessary: therefore send in your names immediately, that we may know how many are willing to "stay our hands" in this labor of love and work of humanity.

TERMS.—One Dollar a year (in advance,) payable on the receipt of the first number; or Fifty Cents for six months. Address the undersigned, at Peoria, Illinois.

Peoria, Ill., Nov. 1, 1852.

H. COUCH, Publisher.

Correspondence.

PUBLIC MEDIA.

NEW-YORK, December 16, 1852.

MR. EDITOR :—It has long been matter of sincere regret with me, that there are no reliable public mediums—but such as exact a sum that many are unable, and the majority unwilling to pay—to whom I could recommend the multitudes who have applied to me for an opportunity to witness spiritual manifestations. It affords me much gratification to be enabled to say, for the information of my friends and the public generally, that those who now desire to investigate the subject may be gratified, and on terms dictated by the spirits, as follows :—Admission free one day of each week : on other days twenty-five cents. The mediums are, Mr. SNYDER and family, of Astoria, who will ere long remove to this city.

This family after hearing me lecture in this city last winter, honored me with an invitation to address an assembly at their house in Astoria. On the occasion of my visit, I joined a circle that had been formed to obtain communications ; and for the first time, sounds were heard on the table not louder than might be produced by the snapping of finger nails. After an interval of twelve months, I was impressed to revisit the family ; when, to my astonishment, I found every member of the family developed as mediums, including an infant under two years of age ! I had abundant evidence of the fact in the case of Mr. SNYDER and his adopted daughter, Lydia, a child only eleven years of age.

Arriving in the afternoon, I had been seated but a few minutes, when Lydia placed her hands on the table and asked several questions, which were immediately responded to by loud raps on the table. She then requested her spirit-sister to move the table for me. This request was more than complied with, as, in addition to moving the table to the left and right, up and down, on one side and the other, it followed her as she removed backward with her chair against the folding doors of the apartment. This spirit appeared partial to music, and insisted that I should play on the piano-forte ; and when I did so, it accompanied me by rapping on the table.

In the course of the evening a circle was formed, Mr. SNYDER being medium. Communications, in answer to questions in English, French, and German, were spelled out. On this occasion the spirits were backward about communicating with me ; but on a subsequent occasion, when alone with the family, I received more satisfactory answers than I ever have in any other circle. In the afternoon, no one was present in the room but myself and the child. As a faithful record has been kept of every communication received, some of the facts may be presented for your future consideration.

Mrs. SNYDER's health was impaired with grief, occasioned by the loss of her offspring—two adopted children could not fill the void occasioned by this bereavement ; but she now realizes, as she then anticipated, an amount of consolation that words are inadequate to express while communing with the spirits of the departed ; and is willing to devote herself and family to a work, the importance of which can not be estimated too highly—which is, to *demonstrate* to a world sunken in the grossest sensuality and materialism, the future existence of the soul.

Some of the opposers speak, through the press, of frowning down spiritual manifestations. Suppose, instead of making faces at us, and attempting to flatter the public into the belief that there is omnipotence in their *frown*, they act like sensible men, and *investigate* the subject. They might then hope to escape a general public rebuke, which certainly awaits them, similar to that administered by Canute to his courtiers.

Yours, respectfully,

SAMUEL OWEN.

PEORIA, (Ill.) December 3d, 1852.

MR. EDITOR :—The "Far West" is rejoicing in the reception of the beautiful and eternal truths of NATURE, as presented by the spirit. Its benign influence is felt upon the minds of all. Those who oppose it *may deny* the influence—skeptics may scorn it—still, the march of mind is onward ; and we hope the time draweth nigh when it will be unnecessary to "raise the dead," in order to convince mankind of the omniscience of the Great Positive Mind. Yes, we believe, that, ere long, these broad prairies will blossom with a new flower, whose odoriferous fragrance shall pervade our moral and material atmosphere with a heavenly sweetness. O, may that heavenly time soon arrive !

Like every other truth, Spiritualism has its opposers. We had an anti-spiritual sermon in this city, a few days since ; and among the many absurd, or, rather, *amusing* ideas which the Reverend brother advanced were the following :—

That Geo. Washington, being a very "sober" man, he would not come back to *this* world, to amuse mankind. That if there is any case in which the "lynch law" would be beneficial, it would be in lynching these spirits, &c.

I thought to myself, that it would be a long time before his spirit would become so far developed as to be fitted to converse with souls of the departed.—
Yours, in the labors of truth, H. C.

MR. EDITOR :—It is a well-established fact, that one man can psychologically transmit his thought to another ; it is also a generally acknowledged fact that *the mind is the man* ; and it is further believed, almost universally, that this mind lives, when the body is dead : then, why can not this *mind*—the spirit—communicate ?
New-York, Dec. 20, 1852. REYNOLDS.

Facts and Phenomena.

SPIRITUAL LIGHT.

[We vouch for the truth of the following statements of remarkable and beautiful visions, as the subject of them, whom we know to be reliable, does not care about making his name public.—ED.]

NEW-YORK, December 16, 1852.

In the early part of an evening about the first of this month, while sitting in an arm-chair with my head resting on my hand and my eyes closed, (my daughter at the time playing upon the piano,) it appeared to me that I was surrounded by a bright light, which caused me to raise my head and open my eyes to see if such were the case. I then resumed my former position, when the same appearance was again presented to my view, with the addition of a form of brilliancy somewhat of the color of pure gold, but of a brighter and softer hue. This body was of a conical shape; and its exterior seemed to be made up of several successive circles, or rings, one upon another; the largest being at the base, which was overlayed by one smaller, and this in like manner by one less, and so on to the summit. This representation arose before me, and slowly ascended until it finally became lost to my view.

This evening, (the 16th,) I left my place of business in company with a friend, with whom I enjoyed a conversation upon the present condition of the race, and its future social and spiritual prospects. After separating with him, and reaching my home, I sat down in the basement to rest myself and wait for tea. I was alone in the room, and sitting with my elbow on the back of my chair, and my head resting upon my hand, I almost immediately felt a peculiar sensation about my eyes and saw a vapory atmosphere, in which was exhibited an appearance of the same yellow and beautiful brilliancy, as in the former vision, but of a different form. Ascending into me view from beneath, as previously, it assumed the perfect form of a heart, (perhaps less than an inch in length,) and rising through the vapor, it passed from my vision. The heart appeared in the atmosphere which surrounded it, somewhat as the sun does when partly obscured by a thin mist, only the outlines were distinctly visible. Whatever meanings should have been conveyed to me by these visions, I perceived a vivid contrast between the material appearances which are seen by the physical eye, and the spiritual things recognized by the interior perceptions.

"It's all the Work of the Devil."

Our Devil is a medium, and holding a pen loosely in his hand, it will, involuntarily on his part, write answers to questions—turning his eyes from the paper, he knows not what is written till he examines. Though sometimes correct in his replies, he frequently makes

mistakes. But he made our little writing table perform some most wonderful feats a few nights since. It went anywhere about our sanctum that it might be directed. It traveled about with a boy seated on the top of it, and when required to careen and slide him off, it did so, notwithstanding a youth of considerable strength tried to hold him on.

Now, these facts, which several of the best of our citizens can testify to, and who are still incredulous with regard to its spiritual origin. We know not what motive power caused the table to move about as it did. The youth could not have been in collusion with any other person, and that, to us, renders the whole thing so much the more mysterious. The youth inquired the name of the spirit, and to his utmost surprise, wrote down the name of his father, who died many years ago.—*Cape Girardeau (Mo.) Eagle.*

Poetry.

INTELLECTUAL LIGHT.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

'Let there be light!' said God;
And o'er the blooming sod
Broke forth the morn!
Glad Nature smiled in mirth,
While beauty filled the earth,
And flowers were born!

Let there be light within!
Then darkness, woe and sin,
Your night is riven!
Then in pale sorrow's eye,
The starting tear shall dry;
O speed it, Heaven.

Light o'er the Grecian sea,
Light for fair Italy,
The land of song;
Day breaks on India's shore
On Russia's mountains hoar,
In glory strong.

It comes—the glorious time,
When Freedom's flag sublime
Shall be unfurled;
Far over land and sea,
The voice of Liberty
Shall wake the world!

Hark! from each distant pole,
The shout of triumph roll;
The noble Mind
Hath burst its prison door,
Crouching in dust no more,
But, unconfined.

The nations start from sleep,
And, chainless as the deep,
Are girt with might;
With lightning force and glance,
They break oppression's lance;
The cry is "light!"

Its mighty flood rolls on,
Dark Tyranny is gone—
No chain can bind;
No despot lifts his rod
O'er that best gift of God—
The immortal Mind!

[The Flag of our Union.

Miscellaneous Department.

TWO HOURS OF MY LIFE.

"Do, Philip, order that insolent little pauper from the gate, I wonder what right a beggar can have to look at beautiful things?" There was a glance bestowed upon me all eloquent with hauteur and contempt, and the creature of floating curls and rich rustling garments swept down the broad steps of her father's proud mansion.

Thanks to my nimble extremities, they soon removed me from all danger of the hireling's executing his child-mistress's command, and the "insolent little pauper" stood still, very still upon the crowded thoroughfare, only his fingers twirled convulsively the tassel of his torn cap, and when the soft spring sunshine crept to his feet and looked up in his face with its bright loving smile, he would turn away slowly and mournfully as if its beauty were not meant for him.

I was a beggar! there was no denying that! That proud girl only had spoken the truth. Ever since the autumn time before, when they tumbled the dark clouds on my mother's pine coffin, I had been a beggar, and perhaps it was wrong, but I did not mean it, stopping to look at a cluster of early roses and the dark blue violets lifting their melancholy eyes to the sky and wishing I had one to plant on my mother's grave. But I was a beggar! What right had I to wish such a thing.

I remember with that thought how the shadows crept heavier and thicker over my child-spirit, until down among the pulses of my heart, it seemed that a voice had awakened and that every throb was a tongue breathing those cold, clear taunting words again. I thought the crowd of "passers by" must hear them too, and I wondered they did not spurn me from their path. It was fearful! it is fearful, as I recall it now—the paralyzing agony of that hour of my boyhood, many a year has seemed shorter.

Suddenly a thought, (I know it slipped from the white wing of some angel) like the sun-light—no, no, like the Heaven-light—crept in among the soul's shadows and they banished before it. That thought was, "I will be a beggar no longer." My soul had been stunned, paralyzed! That thought resuscitated it. Difficulties? no matter; I would brave and conquer them all. That hour, with the Great Father's help made me all I have ever been since. I was strong in purpose and in spirit when I lifted my head, and went on my way, fearlessly, resolved.

The angel looked down and saw that his mission was done; the seed he had planted would have its harvest time—he smiled and passed homeward.

II

"Please, sir, will you give me one of these pretty flowers for mamma? She is very ill and we don't have flowers now days," and the child-questioner raised his large dark eyes imploringly to mine. Thank God, the prosperity that was His gift had not chilled my heart; so I paused and gathered some of the fairest and most fragrant of the spring flowers and placed them in the eager little hand. It was touching, the quivering of the little fellow's lips and the choking of his voice as he tried to thank me, but there was something in the delicate tracery of the blue veins across his fair, pale brow, that arrested, fascinated my gaze. I knew not where, but I had seen a brow like that before.

"Will you take me to your mother?" I asked, for his threadbare garments suggested to me that my visit might be opportunely made. There was a glad and grateful assent.

It was a long walk, but at last it terminated before a dilapidated dwelling in the suburbs of the city.

"Mamma, mamma, I have brought you flowers, beautiful flowers!" and the child sprang to the bedside of his mother. She was propped up in her couch in that scantily furnished apartment, but a gleam of wild joy stole over the pallid features, and the wasted hand was stretched with trembling eagerness, as the boy placed the bouquet before her. There was a quick convulsive sob, and then other drops than the dew of night-time, lay among the crimson petals.

She was unconscious of my presence; it was well that she was so, for I could not have spoken. I had recognized her at the first glance. I should have recognized her had she been ten-fold more changed than she was. The pale high brow had lost much of the pride of its girlhood in the shadows that had supplanted it, and the pallid lips much of the scorn that lay around them in the by-gone-time, and the eyes that flashed in anger at the "insolent little pauper," whose wistful glance had rested for a moment upon the blooming *parterres* around her luxuriant home, had grown mournful and sunken.

I stood awed and silent in the presence of the woman whose word twenty years before had produced an entire change in my life and character, and who would have then regarded the "hem of her garment" contaminated, had it brushed across mine. How changed were our conditions. "Verily He putteth down one, and setteth up another."—[*Albany Herald*].

Recognition in Heaven.

There is in the mind of man a feeling of so pure a nature that it is beyond the power of mortals to define it. It is a vital spark of heavenly flame that the Creator has placed within the bosom of his creatures; it glows gently in the breast of childhood, and kindles to a holier light when the shadows of time gather about us; when tumultuous feelings of pride and ambition have lost their ardor, and the way-worn spirit faints on life's drear and rugged pathway. That feeling is the hope of meeting and recognizing the loved and lost in another state of existence.

Behold the cold skeptic who dreams not of the future, but whose heart is bound by a thousand tender ties to the fleeting things of earth; mark him when adversity comes and severs one by one those sacred bands, until he finds himself a lonely wanderer, the last frail link in that chain of golden association which once bound his spirit and lent a mysterious charm to his being. Watch him in the closing hour of his pilgrimage, when he knows too well that the breath of disease is silently wearing away the silver cord, and dimming the luster of the golden bowl; and when the faltering voice and trembling hand admonish him that death will soon hush that voice to stillness, and chill life's languid current. But why, why does a placid fitful smile sometime light those pale features, as though an angel's lips were whispering of seeming days gone by, and recalling in all their freshness and beauty forms long since mouldered in the sod? Think you that his spirit is exulting in the idea, which in hours of health he deigned to cherish, that his soul was stamped with the same seal of death and decay as the frail tabernacle that held it; that when they should lay him in the cold earth, "dust to dust, and ashes to

ashes" should be the requiem alike for the longing spirit and the lifeless form? Ah no! over the midnight of his soul a star arises with rays pure and gentle as those of the star of Bethlehem; it lights up the deep recesses of his mind and brings back to the care-worn features the smile he wore,

"When all life's sunny hours
Were freshened by the breath of Truth."

He hopes, he dares to hope that when he goes, he knows not where, he shall again see the forms the grave has long hid from his mortal vision—shall again listen to familiar voices, long since hushed in death, greeting him in tones of tenderness and joy.

Oh let us ever cherish such dear and holy thoughts! and so live that when our allotted time has come, we may be prepared to meet "the loved and lost amid the spheres of Heaven."

R. H.

—[*Waverly Magazine*.]

Night.

Glorious is day, lit up by rejoicing sunbeams, and vocal with the music of birds, the ringing laugh of merry children, and the mingling sounds of material life. Beauteous is day, with its tinted landscapes, its rainbows born of the sun, and its celestial scenery, where

"O'er the bright bosom of the western sky,
The radiant, gorgeous clouds of sunset lie;
(The drapery of heaven, which oft the sun
Puts on, when his diurnal race is run.)
And, with their rich and varied dyes display
Their luster, borrowed from the orb of day,
When dying rays reflected glory shed,
And beams still linger, though that orb has fled."

Lovely is day, and the spirit of the poet is kindled with enthusiasm amid its sunshine; but lovelier is night, adorned with jewels like an "Ethiop bride." Go forth, votary of the muses, on a calm Autumnal evening, and linger by some favorite haunt, where perchance a gentle current, remembered only in boyhood's dream, is disturbing by its murmurs the stillness of nature. In thy pensive mood, the moon, majestic queen of night, shall look down upon thee, and the presence of the stars so serene and spiritual, shall not be lacking. How propitious for poetic inspiration! Poet, repress not the thought that asks for utterance. If yours is the heritage of genius, let it develop itself in "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn." In the voiceless quietude of the noon of night, when no one beholdeth thee save the Supreme invisibly present, and perchance angels, on errands from the court of heaven, bid imagination lift its pinion, and speed to realms of light and beauty unvisited before.

"No zephyr stirs the evening air;
Fleetly glide on the hours of night,
And ere the poet is aware,
Streams on his view the morning light!
With aspect wan and sunken eye,
Dreamers, their evening visions tell,—
Its starry themes, conceptions high,
And Fancy's bright, enchanting spell,"

—[*Waverly Magazine*.]

When Sidney was told he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said—"When God hath brought me into a dilemma in which I assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Indian Eloquence!

The *Toronto Watchman* of the 30th ult. contains an earnest appeal from the Indians of Rice Lake to the whites, begging them to stay the plague of intemperance which has been communicated by them to the children of the forest. Some passages in the appeal are exceedingly eloquent and touching. It says:

The five villages, Alnwick, Rice Lake, Mud Lake, Schoogog and Credit, are all that is left of the Mississagau tribe of Indians. Save us! Our white brothers, save us!

Long ago you came to us and asked us for a place to build your wigwam; we gave you a country; say, was it not worth giving? We now ask you for deliverance from an enemy we ourselves can not overcome; like everything else of the white man, it is too strong for us. We love our homes, and we do fight this invader of their purity and being; but our ranks are getting thinner and weaker; our deadly foe is marching onward, wasting, destroying, crushing—a victor to the West!

My white brothers, could the souls of the dead Chippewas and Mohawks, killed by Fire-water, come from the Land of Shade, and camp by the door of the whiskey Trader, from the city of Rock, to the head waters of the Big Lake, town and village, would be crowded by the Pale Outcast: Red no more, scorched pale by the blue flame! Warriors no more, the Totems of their Fathers lost; Hopeless! The track of a canoe can not be seen upon the waters, nor the trail of an eagle in the clouds; so dies the poor drunken Indian! His canoe shoots down the stream, struck by the poison the White man brought, his spirit flies into a dark cloud!—he is gone! Who cares? In a few winters so will our race pass away? Scattered, weak, dumb, hopeless; who cares?

Give us back our woods and the deer! Give us back our bark wigwams and our Father's virtue!

Save us, our White Brothers, Save us! A dying race implores you! Put out the Blue Flame that is consuming us! Ye can!

Longevity of Quakers.

Quakerism is favorable to *longevity*, it seems according to late English census returns, the average age attained by members of this peaceful sect in Great Britain is fifty-one years, two months, and twenty-one days. Half of the population of the country, as is seen by the returns, die before reaching the age of twenty-one, and the average duration of human life the world over, is but thirty-three years; Quakers, therefore, live a third longer than the rest of us. The reasons are obvious enough. Quakers are temperate and prudent, are seldom in a hurry, and never in a passion. Quakers, in the very midst of the weak's business—on Wednesday morning—retire from the world, and spend an hour or two in silent meditation at the meeting-house. Quakers are diligent; they help one another, and the fear of want does not corrode their minds. The journey of life to them is a walk of peaceful meditation. They neither suffer nor enjoy intensity, but preserve a composed demeanor always. Is it suprising that their days should be long in the land?—*National Intelligencer*.

Anger is the most impotent passion that influences the mind of man: it effects nothing it undertakes, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the object against which it is directed.

The Atmosphere.

The Atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching toward the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like a "sea of glass like unto a crystal." So massive is it, that when it begins to stir, it tosses about ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes, to destruction, before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have to live years in it, before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid; its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and makes the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brace into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the gloaming, and the clouds that cradle near the setting sun.

But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog, diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tanned unshadowed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and, without warning, plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheath of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and the flowers have time to bow their heads, and each creature to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would, at one burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon: but the air watches for his coming, and sends, at first, but one little ray, to announce his approach, and then another, and by and by a handful: and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eyelids open, and, like man, she goes forth again to her labor until the evening—[*Illustrated N. E. Cul.*]

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