

# SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

## HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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### Revelations of Nature.

#### THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

##### A DISCOURSE;

DELIVERED UNDER SPIRITUAL INFLUENCE,

*At the Stuyvesant Institute, N. Y.*

BY S. J. FINNEY.

In the infancy and undeveloped condition of man, was conceived the idea of material punishment for spiritual wrongs. He was, when this idea was developed, yet living in the external. The spiritual had not yet unfolded to his external mind that grand truth, that violation of spiritual law was just as necessarily and as inevitably attended with moral and spiritual suffering, as violation of external physical law is attended with physical suffering. He conceived truly of the operation of physical law, for the effects of its violation carried it home directly to his consciousness that every such violation was subject to a physical punishment. He did not stop to think concerning the spiritual law, whether its violation was subjected to its peculiar mode of punishment, or whether it was punished materially; and living in, and drawing his ideas from the external, he developed this arbitrary doctrine, this theory of the judgment; which, perhaps, gathered force from the fact that he saw individuals who were struggling to be virtuous—struggling beneath the loads of wrong heaped upon them by others—and, although virtuous, yet suffering physically; therefore he concluded that it must be just that in the future there should be a judgment and a punishment of the wicked. The peculiar features of this law assumes the shape of the present theory of the theological judgment; and it reads about thus:—God has given men universally a law. That law has been violated, in view of this theology. That law is an arbitrary enactment, and, to be consistent, must have an arbitrary penalty attached to it; and hence an idea was conceived that there is a day of judgment afar off in the future, and in some distant corner of the universe, where the books are to be opened, in which a regular debt and credit account has been kept with every human being; and from these books each soul shall hear his judgment, whether it shall be salvation or condemnation. Spiritual sins are not to be punished to-day, in this theological idea. The violation of man's conception of moral rectitude is not to be punished to-day; but the violator is gathering up—as the books and creeds have it—wrath against the day of wrath; and that wrath is hoarded up for the day of punishment, and is to burst upon his defenseless head in some great coming day that is yet in the future.

Let us here carefully inquire—What is the effect of this theory upon the minds of men? Why, the effect is just this,—in connexion with another theory, which I shall incidentally notice—that the man whose animal passions are stronger than his moral powers (and there are many such,) conceives that the day of judgment is afar off; and, says he, “I can violate this moral principle, and disregard the voice of right and virtue which speaks faintly through my soul, and yet, some way or other, I shall escape the judgment.” In connection with this idea, there is another, an inseparable companion with it, which is this: that “regeneration, as it is popularly taught, secured by a few prayers and tears, will fit me for heaven.” The sacrifice and blood of another is to remove the whole weight of moral responsibility and make the man of sin, not three minutes before he removes from the terrestrial to the celestial sphere, as capable of living with those who have lived lives of virtue, as if goodness had spoken in every act of his life, and purity had breathed in every word, and animated all his movements. If there has been a theory developed in the human race, whose tendency is to blunt man's moral perceptions, it is that. If there is a single sentiment cherished in the human heart that has power to crush down and stifle the higher sentiments, it is that. What must its effect be upon individuals who are not so developed as to be entirely free from obedience to their lower appetites?—and these lower appetites are stronger in the most of men than the higher: hence the stronger tendency to gratify them. Now, preach up this theory, that a few prayers and tears will carry him through to salvation, and he will, of course, put off the day of repentance, and continue to follow his grosser appetites; and they, being stronger, he is moved irresistibly onward in the indulgence of their gratification. It is this veil, this garment that has been thrown over the soul, that has delayed the development of the true principle of rewards and punishments; and that principle is contained in this sentiment—by thy works shalt thou be justified, or by thy works condemned: but not by arbitrary law; not by an arbitrary being sitting in state, in some distant part of the universe, awaiting the approach of some future day for opening the book of accounts, so as to cancel them all at once.

The true principle of judgment is based upon the laws of the Great Positive Mind, as manifested in Nature; and by nature we mean, not merely the external forms which surround man, but we mean also man himself, for he is the highest form in nature, and constitutes a part of it—the most important, individualized part. We say, the ideas which we would unfold to you are based upon the eternity, the immutability and universality of God's laws. Man has seen that, in an external sense, the punishment follows right on the heel of the violation. He who opens a vein in his arm, loses his



life-blood. He who places his hand in the flames, suffers the instant penalty. The consequence of these violations follows immediately upon the heel of the violation itself. If a man severs a limb from his body, he may pray and repent for ages, but the detached limb will never grow fast again, and the only way for him to have saved that limb was not to have had it cut off. This is the physical law. It exists as a fact, a fixed and eternal fact, which can never be destroyed. Now, are not all the laws of God harmonious? Are the laws of man's moral nature less self-acting, less inflexible than the laws of external nature? What moves your physical form? Does it move of itself? Nay, for then the dead man's form could move. There is something interior which moves the external. That is the spirit. The outward is unfolded by virtue of the internal forces, and in accordance therewith. Hence the outward is the shadow of the inward. The outward movement is the type and reflection of the process which is going on within; so that external nature is the manifestation of internal nature. Let an individual violate a law of his physical existence. Why does he suffer? Because he violates the relations which he sustains to the forces which are acting in him or about him. Moral law is just as inflexible as physical law. Let the soul take its departure from its outward form; then you may sear and mangle the form as much as you choose, and it will suffer no pain. True, the parts will be violated; but of that it takes no cognizance. All capacity to feel pain is gone. There is no consciousness remaining. Where did that pain exist, then? It was stereotyped in the internal self; and this is what took cognizance, and tells the form to beware of such violations.

Now, God has not one law for man externally, and another for man internally. He has not one law for the granite rock, and another for the vegetable form; but all are governed by the same immutable law, only in a different plane of manifestation. It is so with man, externally and internally. The external, with all its movements and results, depends upon the internal. The external suffers violation and punishment, and the internal must necessarily feel the same effect. Man can no more violate an internal law and not suffer, than he can violate an external law and not suffer; and just in proportion to the extent of that violation will he suffer. Man must show that God has one law for his interior nature and another for his exterior nature, before he can get away from these conclusions. The moment any other view is taken, any other doctrine believed—especially the popular theological one—that moment injustice is done to the soul itself; and that deadening effect is a fixed and eternal fact, which will exist while the soul itself shall endure. We would not have you understand that the violation of moral law seems to make a gash in the moral constitution; but it prevents it from developing and expanding itself, and keeps it down in a lower scale of progressive development; and this is the punishment it suffers—not the old, material fire-and-brimstone theory. That might answer, if we started with the hypothesis of the old theology, that God made man with clay, and afterwards breathed his soul into him. But God does not thus create animated nature, any more than he creates the mighty oak without a limb, and then makes a limb and attaches it to the oak. The processes of nature are all harmonious, and God naturally unfolds the internal and external together, and makes them coöperate. There is an intimate connexion between them, which can never be separated nor destroyed

while the soul lives in the external. If a mind be falsely directed, falsely educated with regard to its views of right and wrong, there follows, every time a fancied wrong is done, a pang of what theologians term conscience. If he who falls down before the car of Juggernaut, should refuse to do so, when all his religious instruction taught him that God demanded it at his hands, and that God would damn him eternally if he did not fall down and be crushed, he would suffer the pangs of conscience for his disobedience. If the poor woman who had been taught, and believed the instruction, that God required her to throw her child into the Ganges, failed to act as instructed, she would feel the pain of conscience. If the Mahometan should violate what he had been taught from the Koran, he would suffer eternal disquietude, because he had not obeyed the mandate of Mahomet. He who worships God by falling under the car of Juggernaut, does it just as conscientiously as the Hindoo mother does, in throwing her child into the river Ganges; and both would feel just as much the sting of conscience in their souls as the Christian feels when he has neglected the duties which his church, his book, and his creed have taught him. These external ideas are all conventional with men. They have not their origin with the soul itself—that is, they are not in accordance with man's moral nature, but are developments of arbitrary laws. Who will blame the mother for refusing her child to the flood of the Ganges? Who will blame the follower of Mahomet for disobedience to his commands? Who will blame the worshipper of Juggernaut for neglecting self-immolation—who but he who taught him to worship the idol? Who will blame the Christian for not performing his duties at the Communion-table or baptismal font, but he who has taught him his duties as a Christian? Can it be possible that God has left the world to be the buffet of all these mere conventionalists? Can it be possible that he has given to you, my brethren, one law for the government of your religious faculties and powers, and another law to the poor Hindoo, and another to the Mahometan, and numberless others to other worshippers? Is God thus contradictory in his development of the soul of man? Oh, no!—nothing of all this is the work of God. These are the results of man's undeveloped conditions. These sentiments have been handed down for ages; and at this day they are still sought to be riveted upon those poor credulous souls whose internals are yet too undeveloped to examine and reflect upon what they believe. No! God's laws are immutable, universal, yet never contradictory. Hence we must look somewhere else than in books, creeds and theories, to find the law which governs man in his moral and spiritual relations.

Where shall we find this law? Shall we find it in the Avesta or in Swedenborg? Shall we find it in the Al-koran of Mahomet, in the Bible of the Christian, or in the mummery of the Catholic Church? No, certainly, in none of these, and among them all it is in vain to look. Where, then, can the soul find the law, by obedience to which, it is to be made happy, and by disobedience, miserable? This is the question, and men should begin to settle it for themselves; for the age of reason is dawning, and with it is approaching the death of dogmas, and superstitions and creeds. The great God writes not his laws in the language of the Persian, the Mahometan, the Jewish lawgiver, nor in any of those which are dead and almost forgotten. He does



not leave his revelations to be mutilated by changes in language, and to be subject to human councils, human authority, and consequently to human error. No, his book of laws is written in the language of universal nature; in language which all men can read, which is native to the soul itself and which needs no priest to explain it. Ay, each man is a book of law to himself. His external may be compared to the binding, and his internal faculties may be compared to the leaves on which are written the effects of every action. These effects are the necessary and inevitable results of such action. Hence, each man has his judgment-seat within his own soul. "What!" says one—"would you leave the heathen to be governed by his own conceptions of right?" But, let me ask, "Would you compel us to bow to your conceptions of right, my fellow-Christians?" Have not we received the Word of God? When you speak to the Mahometan, and tell him that his sentiments are low and false, he retorts by saying that *yours* are low and false. You tell him that *yours* are direct from heaven, and he replies, "So are mine." Thus you are fighting with each other, and thus the chieftains of old have quarrelled over the assumed revelations of God. Man, in the light of these external teachings, is rendered a creature of the external. He has sought his God amidst the works of material beings. He has deserted the interior sanctuary of the mind, and bowed to the teachings of Zoroaster, Mahomet, Swedenborg and others—thus worshipping the external creations of his fellows. In this way idolatry has been developed; the poor heathen has bowed before Juggernaut, and Mahometans bow to the teachings of the Koran. This is the feature which is the most revolting to spiritual vision. They have seen as it were the holy altar of man's interior nature forsaken. They have seen the windows of his spiritual being closed, almost sealed up, against the influence of divine truth. They have seen man turn from the Shekinah of his heart, and bow to the creations of his brother's hands; thus making himself an idolator.

If our teachers had at no time assumed to be infallible; if each man had occupied his true relation to his fellows; if none had bowed to a leader, then would they have looked *within* to behold the light, and thus they would have expanded their spiritual powers, and been enabled to see clearly the relations of their lives. But the reverse has been the fact. Men have been guilty of idolatry, in that they have worshipped the creations of other men. They have taken the law of Moses, Mahomet, or Zoroaster as the law of God; and these are at variance with the Divine law in the human soul; and hence they are in continual warfare between men's teachings and the teachings of the soul itself—between the conceptions of their brothers, and conceptions of their own internal nature. This external teaching has tended to dam up the outflow of true sentiment in the heart, life, and actions; and thus there are thousands of minds to-day chained to the conceptions of chieftains who lived ages ago; and hence thousands are guilty to-day of idolatry—honestly, no doubt; but yet guilty. Moses and his writings are an object of veneration with hundreds of thousands; so is Zoroaster with other hundreds of thousands; so is Mahomet; and so it is with the idolators of the heathen nations. It is a little singular that men have not discovered that they can be idolators to sentiments as well as to physical forms. Men have been guilty of moral and intellectual idolatry in worshipping names, thoughts, and sentiments which their brethren

ages ago have developed. It is thus that many of your brethren worship to-day in the temples of the Christian world. Has this idolatry no blinding effect upon the soul? Does it not stifle man's aspirations, and hold up God to his intellect as an arbitrary being? Does it teach that for every act of wrong or "sin" which he puts forth, he suffers to its full extent; and that that suffering follows immediately upon the evil work? No. It holds up indulgence in his sin, and indulgence, too, *purchased* by the blood of another. The whole theology of Protestantism is a system of indulgences, as much as that of the Catholics. One may be purchased with money, but to the other is superadded the payment of blood. You are thus led to distrust yourselves, and to try to ride into heaven upon the goodness of another, and to leave the true track of spiritual and mental development.

An idea of forgiveness necessarily attaches itself to the theory of indulgence. Man can live in sin a whole life-time, may violate every law of his spiritual and moral nature, if he will only come to the point at last, though it may be only a moment before he is ushered into the spiritual world—if he will only acknowledge the creed of this or that church, shed a few repentant tears, and pray a few traditional stereotyped prayers, all the wrong of his life-time is blotted out, and he is fitted at once for the society of the honest, upright, virtuous and holy in the superior world. This principle, extended to all the movements of creation, would annihilate the universe itself, and set one principle of God's truth at war with another.

But the assertors and believers of such errors have forgotten one thing, which is, that the man who lives in constant violation of the principles of his being, is fettering and cramping his own soul. It may be that he gives free course to his passions and appetites, and does not allow his superior nature to unfold those germs of spiritual purity which shine so preëminently in the lives of those who live in harmony with the spiritual powers. He causes his spiritual nature to feed his lower nature; and in this inverted position his physical nature becomes voracious, while his spiritual nature is starving. Think you the coarse and morbid demands of a physical nature, that for a whole life-time has been satiated with low gratification, can be silenced all at once, and a spiritual nature, refined and noble, grow up immediately into maturity? That would be to make God fickle, inconsistent, and unjust; and it is this idea which is working a deleterious effect upon the minds of men. Teach a man that he may violate purity and justice all his life, and that at the end of life, by acknowledging faith in the righteousness of another, he will be forgiven for all impurity and all injustice, and be just as happy as if he had been rigidly obedient to all God's requirements and do you not thus hold out to him an inducement to live in sin and to continue in iniquity? But, if you teach to him that there is no escape from the consequences of his actions, show him that the effect of wrong-doing is immediately and inevitably disastrous, unfold to him the laws of his being, and let him see that every time he violates these laws he is confining himself in a lower plane of existence, think you he would live a life of sin and repent at the close of it? Nay; he would repent now. To-day, he would say, is the day of repentance? But let him who is unjust on leaving this world, be unjust still! Let the effects of his daily conduct tell naturally upon his constitution, and he would cease to do evil, and learn to do well. This is the



sentiment we would have inculcated, instead of putting an arbitrary phase upon the natural laws of God, and rendering Him revengeful, unstable, and capricious.

But look at the idea of punishment, as held out by the sects. All its provisions and peculiarities are arbitrary. Every feature of it is whimsical, and unworthy of the Divine Author to whom it is attributed. God, it is said, gathers all the nations together at the sound of a trumpet; the dead of all ages are raised from their graves, and transported to some distant apartment of the universe to await their judgment—all arbitrary, just like man's own arbitrary enactments, and not like the unfolding of a flower, or the progressive development of any of the productions of nature! "Let every man be a liar, but God be true." God in Nature, the Soul of Man!

But what do you understand by leading a new life? John says, "The books were opened; and another book was opened, which was the book of life." Now, what are these books? Has not man for ages been blind to the effects of the violation of these moral principles of which I have spoken? Have these books taught him anything concerning them? Nay, but he has been dreaming, ever dreaming, that he was accumulating his sins until the day of wrath, when they would come upon him and crush him to the earth. He has not read his own book of life; but he has been reading the handwriting on the wall—the walls of churches and temples, and the pages of printed books—instead of looking upon his own internal nature. And this is why there is so much warfare in creeds, and sects, and religions. The only hope for man now is, that he will come down to the natural standard, read his own book of the soul, which can never be mistranslated nor effaced; and by thus unfolding the natural laws of his soul, he will acknowledge God and his justice. This old doctrine is entirely *super-natural* in the strict sense, though we might call it *sub*, or *under-natural*—not above nature, but beneath it, and in point-blank warfare with it.

But did not God make these books? we are asked. Has He not revealed in them who are the just, and who are the unjust?—who the righteous, and who the unrighteous? Nay; they are all man-made; and man has said to God, my books are true and yours are false; and the result has been antagonism with himself, and unhappiness and an undeveloped condition of the soul. This is precisely what we would counteract. Let us, then, cultivate the sentiment, that whatever effort we put forth, or act we perform, we will suffer the consequences, and that, too, in this life; and also the principle, that the soul shall suffer the consequences of the violation of moral principles.

There is no vicarious atonement for violated natural law; no prayer can destroy the effects, for they are fixed facts; and no tears can wash them away. The soul that sinneth, it shall be punished, and just in accordance with its works. This is the sentiment of nature, and it applies to us to-day, as well as to those who lived centuries ago. By thy works shalt thou be judged, and not by an arbitrary law administered in the indefinite future, and at some indefinite place. The work itself judges you, and keeps you in a low condition of development. If the work is to-day, the judgment is to-day; and the penalty or reward is to-day. Dream not that you can live in violation of the laws of your existence and think you can be bright and beautiful. This is working death among men, and clouding their minds with darkness, as regards this life and the life to come.

But let us track this theology into the celestial sphere, and see what are its effects there. It goes up there in idea, not in fact, my friends. It does not stay there long. It is assumed that when this judgment is past, the souls are divided. Those placed on the right hand are compared to the sheep; those on the left, to the goats. These are the ones elected to go eternally downward; the others are ushered into the immediate presence of God. Families are separated—the wife from her husband, the mother from her children, and brothers from sisters—an eternal separation between kindred and friends, the good to one side, the bad to the other; and the Great Judge says, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, sit on my right hand forever and ever;" and to the others, with a frown, he says, "Depart from me, and take your place with the devil and his angels;" and down they take their flight, rolling onward until they are lost in the black clouds of night. He was, before the judgment, a God of wrath, a God of vengeance; but now he is glad in their death, and they are satisfied. Upon this sentiment many of your laws are reared. They are arbitrary, unnatural, revengeful; and these are the principal elements which characterize their action.

Men naturally imitate their God, and when he smiles upon them they are benignant and kind; but when he frowns, they are wrathful and cruel. They think if they do not do just exactly as they conceive their God does, that he will damn them eternally. It is this sentiment which made the Jew cry out to all about him, "You are not the children of God; you can not enter into the strait gate!" This sentiment has lived in the soul for ages. The souls of but few, comparatively, however, have ever really believed this sentiment.

This theology has two points in the universe—one harmony and holiness, the other the extreme depth of misery and impurity. In one, his Satanic Majesty rules; in the other, the God of heaven. Let us see what would be the effect of this arrangement upon man universally, if it were true. We are told that God has done all he could do to save those to whom he said, "depart ye cursed." Those who descend and land in the infernal regions, with the eternal curse of divine vengeance upon them, follow in the train of his Satanic Majesty, and he leads them from God to himself. It is said that God has been warring with this principle of evil ever since the creation. But, notwithstanding this, the devil proves too much for him, in that he drags ninety-nine hundredths down with him, and God saves only the one-hundredth part; and yet you are told that God has done all he could, to save those who are lost! Why, where does this principle lead you, but to the ultimate destruction of the Universe itself, to utter annihilation, when Satan with his war-steeds shall ride triumphantly over the universe of God. What can be more blinding to the soul than such sentiments as these, or what more revolting? We pray you do not believe them. Look at them, and see if there is no higher conception of God, and no higher destiny for us his children, than that which has been thus so authoritatively unfolded to them.

Now let us look at the true idea of man's condition in the other sphere, (and we shall necessarily be very brief upon this point.) As we have assumed and attempted to show, that the laws of nature were self-acting; that each individual would be judged according to his works, and would either be gradually unfolded to a higher and higher progress, or kept in a lower condition, in consequence of the obedience or vio-



lation of the laws of his existence; and, as he receives the punishments of to-day for the sins of to-day, so, when he leaves this life, in that same condition the soul finds itself on entering the superior world. As the tree falleth, so it lieth. That is, as the body falls with the soul in a certain condition, so the soul enters its spiritual state in precisely the same condition. True, in point of means of progress, it stands a little higher—in point of perception, it occupies a grade of existence higher than its former self; but the same law guides it and governs it there. The same law that pervaded its lower sphere, governs its celestial sphere; and every act is rewarded just according to the work. If the soul has on earth violated nature's laws, it has stifled its natural dignity, and enters not that high state at death into which it might otherwise have gone. But still it goes into the state which precisely fits its condition. He who frequented gambling-shops, and spent his days in debauchery and crime, is not attracted to the society of the pure and noble. He would be in hell, if he were obliged to be associated with them, because he would not be fit to appreciate or enjoy their society. His soul commences its flight upward, in the spiritual state, from just that point which it left in the rudimental state. It can not blot out the violations or prevent the consequences while here. They are fixed facts, and it stands on a lower plane than it would have occupied had it obeyed the dictates of its higher nature. Hence the popular ideas of eternal punishment are in that sense true; and therefore it becomes the business of man to ask, first, what are the laws of human nature?—what kind of internals have I, which write their effects upon every page of my daily life? When his attention is directed to this, when the responsibility of wrong-doing is thrown upon his own head, and he learns that he must act and suffer for himself, then he will begin to inquire, what the laws are, and how they must be observed, to secure his happiness. In this system there is no indulgence, no calling upon God for especial favors, no fabled hell of material flames, no burst of fire from the vindictive wrath of the Deity, no conflagration of nature herself at the end of all things, and no eternal death; but there is one bright and unceasing smile from the Great Spirit Father shining forever upon the course of man's eternally progressive life! The bright forms which originate in the bosom of the Deity—the bright forms of peace and love—roll down man's spiral pathway, and lead the soul upward into a higher field of thought, where its comprehensive powers are more expanded, where its nature is more beautiful, and where at every step it drinks in more of divine truth, lives a better life, and bathes in the Divine waters which elevate and purify the soul.

In the light of this philosophy, then, the race is progressive. One of its members is not going to be damned eternally, and another eternally blessed. God smiles upon all; upon the hovel and upon the mansion; upon the rich man and upon the beggar; upon the tyrant and the slave. All are treated alike by his magnetic influence; for He bestows his light upon all spiritual beings just as He does upon us who are yet in the rudimental sphere. He is universal in external nature; therefore, He is so in internal nature. In the light of this philosophy, too, the whole of humanity is one universal brotherhood; and the electric chain which binds the whole shall shortly become bright, in the universal practice of that beautiful principle—"Do unto others, as you would that others should do unto you."

## Voices from the Spirit-land.

### COMMUNICATION,

PURPORTING TO BE GIVEN BY THOMAS PAINE,

*Through Mrs. S—, medium.*

CIRCLE OF HOPE, Dec. 17, 1852.

My errand here this evening is to speak a few reasonable words upon the subject which is exciting so much attention, and calling into action the reasoning powers of many minds. It is greatly to be regretted that men have not hitherto used this gift (reason) to as great an extent as they might have done in regard to this subject, which above all others, demands a clear and unflinching scrutiny. But it has ever been the case with the many, to either hoot at that which they could not understand, or put it from their minds and leave their neighbors to search into the depths of the mysteries for them; and when they have failed to elucidate the problem, it has been laid aside as one of the numerous wonders of the age. And the inquirers have satisfied themselves with the old saying that, "time will unfold all things." But mind may have much to do with the time, as well as the things which are to be revealed. For if men were but conscious of the mighty thoughts which are capable of being discovered within themselves, they would be ready to receive the book of revelation to their own hearts and understanding at the present time, nor wish to tarry for the future. If they would but rouse up out of their lethargy and ask for new light and revealed wisdom from the Spirit-world, they would not receive a stone instead of a loaf. Let men look back upon their past lives and experience in a spiritual point of view; and in so doing, let them ask themselves to how great an extent their perceptions of spiritual enjoyment have been opened or made brighter and stronger in all those delightful moments of which they have been conscious, and as a reason they will assign it to the presence of God—the love of God shed abroad in their hearts. And after making this declaration of feeling the presence of the Most High, or his angels of light, when you speak of spirits communing with them, they start back with affright and gaze at you with looks of mistrust and suspicion, and almost think you are profane in so speaking.

And now which would be most natural to suppose, that mortals experience the real presence of their Maker, or to suppose that some bright and joyful spirit came near them, whose being glowed with the heavenly warmth it received from the shining atmosphere which it inhabited in the pure and unclouded light of Heaven, where it felt the serene happiness which emanated from the Father's smile, and that it drew near as a messenger of love when the heart was open to receive the celestial visitor? And yet men deny the presence of their spirit-friends, while they are willing to believe in the



presence of God overshadowing their being while communing with their own hearts and tasting of the nectar which flows from regions of immortal light. And when spirits return and make their presence known by the demonstrations which they are able to give, or which they are obliged to make, owing to the ignorance of your minds in regard to the natural laws which govern the conditions of the modes in use, and which are so slightly known as to be in a state of infancy, in many cases they naturally appeal to the lower or more material senses of the beholder; since many refuse to believe a truth, be it ever so beautiful, unless it is palpably demonstrated to their outer senses, so that they may behold with their eyes, hear with their ears, and touch with their hands. Then, having been so satisfied, men are willing to look inwardly for something purer, more refined, and more spiritual than the grosser manifestations.

And when men first seek to know *how* these things may be so, they are disappointed and say, "If our friends in Heaven are happy—if it is the pure and lovely abode which we have ever believed it to be—we can not conceive that they will return, and through these ridiculous and foolish-appearing modes, make their presence known. We expected our friends, if they could approach us, to come in a different manner, and appeal to our higher and better sense—to impress us with the truth of their return from that happy abode which we believe they inhabit—not coming to speak through strangers and all manner of people, of whom we know nothing. Why can they not approach us, if they are what they purport to be, and allow us to judge for ourselves and by ourselves of the reality." And thus many minds reason—willing to believe it may be so, and yet afraid to think it so—and saying did it proceed from any high and elevated source, such as we have been accustomed to look to for spiritual food, we should not scruple to believe it; but the manner offends our sense of dignity, in appealing to our intellects through the weak and ignorant persons of the world.

Again, if these are spiritual communings, as they purport to be, why have we not received them sooner?—why have not the men whose minds have for years been directed to the beauties of the higher spheres, discovered this mode before?—they whose pure minds and lives would lead us to think that they were the proper recipients of such a boon of heaven? Are the mighty and expanded intellects of our wisest and most enlightened men to be slighted and thought of no value in this development?—why have they failed to discover this mighty thing sooner? And many more such questions men are constantly asking themselves and each other. But the reasons are simple, and the questions easily answered.

The world has ever, from the first intellectual developments in man, been progressing from the grosser and

material form, to the finer and more spiritual senses of the soul. It has ever been the aim of men to reach higher than the plane upon which they stood. And the arts and sciences will show to how great an extent the outer development has acted upon the outer state of progression; and the inner state, or progression of the soul, has much depended upon the physical formation of individuals. In some it has been highly developed, and in some it has been completely absorbed by the outward or animal faculties, which engrossed the material sense. Thus has the race continued to change from the grosser to the finer as their spiritual faculties have been developed and enlarged. And where the spiritual development has been greater, it has taken its tone from by-gone ages which have left their image stamped upon the monuments of time; and these have been searched into and reflected upon as the immutable laws of the Ruler of the universe. And men of differently unfolded minds have left *their* impress also upon their teachings, which they have given to the world, as an outbirth of the spiritual development to which they have attained.

Thus men have lived and labored, and all have given more or less new light to the race. Some have been developed to such a degree of spirituality as to cause them to be persecuted, and the world has said they were mad, merely because their minds had soared a little higher into the regions of spiritual light than those who had been content to plod along in the beaten path. But there have ever been some who were at all times aware of the presence of an unseen guardian or teacher, whose directing hand has led them higher up, or opened to their souls more beautiful fields for them to explore; but were they to have spoken this truth to the world, they would have been mocked, and so they kept it locked in their own breasts, as a treasure which they alone could feast on, without daring to let others partake. And the pure and holy aspirations of men have ever attracted around them ministering spirits, who made them seem as men whose thoughts breathed inspiration upon their hearers.

But the mass of humanity—the common mind—has never yet been prepared to receive this thing as a truth; they have never conceived of the beauty of spiritual companionship for all and each, but they have looked up to others for spiritual instruction and depended upon their teachers as truthful mediums for spiritual food. And where so many teachers have been so differently and inharmoniously developed with respect to their reasoning faculties or education, or that which pertained to their phrenological structure, inharmony is more naturally produced than spirituality.

To many thinking minds which have been struck with the great inconsistency which was held forth and called the true religion, it has seemed such a heterogeneous mass that they have become disgusted with the



whole, and will be responsible to no teacher for their spiritual food. And now in looking abroad upon the many minds which have no sure compass to direct their course—no teacher whose food they can digest, I see that to them true spiritual teaching will be acceptable ; as it embraces in its wide-spread folds no sectarian dogmas, or forms to live by, or creeds to think by, or minds to be measured by ; but presents a universal religion, whose forms are so broad that they will embrace the whole human family, and whose creeds are so simple that every heart may be made wise in the doctrines of love and goodwill to their fellow man.

It is not the few among you who shall become teachers of the people ; but the unfolding of Spiritualism shall make all teachers and all learners. All, however highly talented by Nature, or made brilliant by having their qualities drawn forth by culture, shall find that there is much to be learned above their most elevated imaginings, even in this sphere of being. And men may not always plume themselves upon their superior knowledge or attainments above their fellow men, for they shall be brought to see that their discernment, however profound it may have been, has not yet discovered the glories which are to be revealed on Earth—not only to the learned and eloquent shall these things be made known, but to the unlearned and ignorant will the matchless wisdom and goodness of God to his children be made manifest. The world has arrived at a point when the mere thoughts or sentiments of men concerning the future will not satisfy ; and from reaching to the greatest point of human experience in spiritual matters, they must either progress to a higher elevation than they have ever yet attained, or else go back to the extreme of materialism—asking for more than they have yet received—or refusing to be satisfied with that which has been sufficient for their forefathers.

Would many speak the thoughts of their hearts aloud, they would tell you they had long been conscious of this revelation—that spirits have never ceased since their entrance into their immortal homes, to come back and assist in developing, and aiding in the work of progressing their friends who are still in the form. And when the means could be made use of without subjecting the persons in whose presence manifestations were, to be called witches and possessors of evil spirits as in times gone by, spirits have availed themselves of this mode, appealing to the outward senses of man, and so first through his material feelings opening wide a door whereby the cause and effect might be investigated. But because of the undignified manner in which this thing has been presented, it has been a stumbling-block to many, and will be to many more, for the world shall yet see that it is not to the wise and learned of the day alone that the power of God is made manifest—that it is not through the most highly developed in wordly wisdom that he makes the commands of his will shine

forth, but that the love which he bears to all shall be made known through the lowly as well as the mighty. And where words of command and fear are held forth to arrest the wanderer from the path of duty and fail in the desired effect, the gentle voice of affection and love breathed from a spirit will do more to call back the prodigal than all the terrors of the law. Love is a mighty instrument of power when wielded by a sympathizing heart. How vast is the good to be accomplished, and how many are the hearts which shall be reached, through the love of their friends who are in the Spirit-world !—and the words which would otherwise fall cheerless upon the oppressed heart, when breathed by spirit-lips shall fall as gently as dew on the thirsty ground, bringing peace and hope to many who had refused to believe or hope for happiness beyond the grave. Therefore do not wonder at the coarseness or grossness, or seemingly undignified manifestations of spirit-presence, for the mode of communicating between your sphere and ours is yet imperfect—is yet in its infancy ; the dawn is only approaching, but the day is opening, and we shall yet behold it in its full glory. Spirits are but the mortals who one day inhabited your sphere, and have only put off the covering which belongs to your sphere and put on another ; therefore do not expect perfection for this or that communication. Some who have long dwelt in the boundless arcana of never-fading wisdom and of ever-unfolding joy and beauty, are but preparing the way to approach your sphere ; and those spirits who more nearly approach your own plane of development, are those who can come to you first, and the law of love will naturally first attract them to those whose hearts are opened to receive their affectionate greetings.

You complain of contradictions, and imperfections, and untruthfulness in this new mode of teaching ; but were your different modes of teaching presented to your view in all their deformities, you would turn from them and be content to wait patiently for the full growth and development of that which has only begun. Your mediums are imperfect, you say, and your spiritual teachers whom you have listened to from year to year are also imperfect, I say. You say that their minds color the communications, and I ask you where under heaven is the man who speaks on any subject whose mind does not color the communication ? Are not your books of ancient records colored with divers colors of divers minds ? and are not the messages which you receive, whether from books or from men, colored by the source from which they are received by you ? You should bear in mind that those who communicate with you are but progressing as you are in the elucidation of new truths, and that however anxious they may be to converse with you, they can not express to you everything which they would, because you are not advanced enough in this path to receive it.



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, JANUARY 1, 1853.

## THE SANCTUARY OF NATURE.

The Universe has been the effect of causes whose sphere and action lie within and beyond the processes of external reasoning. In all the wide expanse whose length, and breadth, and depth the mind is unable to conceive, exist even at this time the forces, essences, and elements from which the visible and invisible forms of creation have had their birth. It is a truth which should be deeply impressed, that the existing constitution of the Universe contains within itself that inherent and interior substance with which the process of creation was originally commenced, and by which are now formed the soul and sanctuary of Nature. To the profound and reasoning mind, it will be evident that that external substance which is termed matter, comprehends but a small and comparatively unimportant department of the Universal Temple, the very existence of which must have been essentially preceded by the outflowing life and creative energy of some interior, refined and spiritual substance, which is the only real and imperishable reality.

It is not required that the existence of this interior substance which constitutes the sanctuary of Nature, should be admitted without appropriate demonstration; and since this fact is necessary to the perfect elucidation of the present subject, this demonstration will be furnished in this place. The external portions of the earth are the outward and visible embodiments of the unseen power, by and from which these sensible manifestations have proceeded. As a principle of reason, it will be admitted that effects which are visible have sprung from some cause either seen or unseen; and if the cause is not seen, then the effects clearly and infallibly point to the action of an interior power. Now, the most superficial observer will perceive that the external forms of Nature are moved, animated, and governed by some invisible cause; and if the mind is left to follow the dictates of its own reason, it will at once discover that this cause must be contained within their own being as their living and operative soul. For illustration, the gross mineral which, to the great mass of mind, has seemed the most real and substantial of all things, has been found, by means of geological researches, to have undergone important changes, and to have been actuated, through the whole period of its existence, by the principle of motion. Now, if the solid rock is subject to constant, though insensible transformations, by the force of an inherent motion, then it is evident that it must contain beneath its visible surface some hidden elements or essences which are moved;

for motion can not exist without the presence of some substance which is to be thereby affected. Therefore, when the mind realizes the external effects which are produced everywhere in the material world, let it be sufficiently wise to seek the interior cause from which these effects proceed—viewing beneath the changing and perishable forms of the visible creation, the deep, expanded and eternal soul, of which these are the material embodiments. When life sparkles in the rising plant—when beauty glows in the verdure of the spring-time, and when the flower sends forth its fragrance on the air, the soul may see in all these effects the manifestation of a beautiful internal essence which thus gleams faintly through the veil of matter.

If, therefore, it can be truly said, that the great body of the physical Universe is pervaded by an internal, and to mortal eyes, invisible substance, which operates as the immediate cause of those external manifestations which are sensibly recognized, then the important truth may be revealed, that this invisible substance is the atmosphere and emanation of the Divine Soul. The Deity resides in the most interior and spiritual portions of all material things. It would be impossible for the Spirit of the Universe to blend with the gross matter of which this is composed, without the presence of those connecting links which naturally extend from the most unrefined substances to the sphere of the Infinite Sun. Therefore while God maintains his seat and dwelling-place in the inmost heart of existing matter, there is a beautiful and refined atmosphere of light which flows out from his central Soul into the dark realm of physical nature, extending through the most secret and profound cells of creation—flowing over the illimitable expanse of space, and illuminating all things with its breathing beauty. Thus the emanation which flows from the heart of the Divine Spirit, as life and fragrance are breathed from the germ of the flower, forms the internal, unseen, and immortal essence from whose presence and action the principles of motion, life, sensation, and intelligence have been derived. It is indeed the fountain from which are ever issuing the streams of beautiful and divine light; and this light gives birth and being to the forms that rise in the ascending scale of creation from the mineral to man. In short, the human mind may recognize this spiritual atmosphere as the germinal and creative soul of the external world—developing from its own nature the powers, principles, and forces which dwell in the bosom of God and are manifested in his Universe. So it appears that the original substance of which the surrounding forms of Nature were created, is contained in the very heart of the material world as the essence of life and motion and the atmosphere of the Divine Spirit. R. P. A.

— A new bud is to-day put forth on the tree of Time.



INTUITION.

Intuition is the light of the human soul. It is the flower and perfection of Reason, presenting in its keen and powerful scrutiny the unitized and concentrated powers of interior perception. The basis from which this power is derived is the faculty of instinct manifested in the animal creation. When the brute perceives the approach of danger, or seeks the nutriment which is necessary to sustain physical life, it simply exercises its instinctive faculty, which consists in the magnetic relations that are sustained to those objects from which it is repelled or to which it is attracted. In the human being, this faculty is sublimated and refined in such a manner as to create the power of Reason, by which power Man is distinguished from the inferior orders of creation, and is enabled to exercise control over all less perfect existents. This power may be properly exercised as the guide and monitor of the earthly mind. It is that faculty by which the laws of the Universe have been perceived and recognized—by which the movements and changes of external nature are known—by which existing effects are traced to their primitive causes, and the beauties of the divine order and harmony are measurably disclosed. Hence Reason is the proper oracle to be consulted, with relation to all matters of faith and practice; and it is only when this is clogged in its action, or perverted from its true course, that the human understanding becomes weak, blind and dormant.

But, as has been intimated, there exists in the soul the germ of a still higher faculty than Reason. From this, as the spirit becomes expanded and matured, is unfolded the flower of Intuition. And this power is simply the result of those relations which subsist between the soul in its sublimated state, and the divine realities which dwell in the celestial universe,—as instinct in the animal is only the correspondence existing between those elements that constitute its most interior being and the inherent qualities of external things. By intuition, therefore, the spirit arrives almost instantaneously at the truths which it is enabled to grasp, without pausing to trace the details of circumstance and influence which lead to the perceived result. It is indeed a spiritual instinct developed in the human soul, as animal instinct is created in the organization of the brute. Consequently, while Reason travels more slowly along the line of cause and effect, this power soars with electric speed to the most distant recesses of the Universe, and brings to the passive spirit a store of truth and wisdom.

Since, however, the intuitional powers of the spirit are developed from its inmost germ, and are graduated by the unfoldings of the inner consciousness, these can only be fully exercised and enjoyed when the soul is freed from the disturbing influences of the outer world

and dwells in the hallowed silence of its own interior temple. Hence it may be observed, that the seers and prophets of all ages have been susceptible to great mental abstraction—have beheld visions when deep sleep had fallen upon them, and have received messages from the angels while they were “in the spirit,” or in other words, in the spiritual state. In that condition of the human system in which the body sleeps and the consciousness of the soul is opened, the intuitive perceptions are naturally unfolded in such a manner as to grasp the realities which are concealed from the external mind in the deep heart of Nature. It is in this sanctuary of the spirit that the flower of Intuition blooms, and sends forth a sweet fragrance to delight the opening sense of the immortal being. Therefore it is well to retire from the discordant sounds of the outward world, and, in the hallowed light which flows from the spheres of celestial life, to exercise and cultivate that faculty which gives the true consciousness of power and attracts the sweetest blessings of existence.

R. P. A.

PROFESSOR BUSH ON SPIRITUALISM.

PROFESSOR BUSH, in the December number of the *New Church Repository*, which, in a certain worldly sense, he ably and industriously edits, has undertaken to furnish some evidences of the justness of the position assumed by him, with respect to spiritual manifestations. In the plenitude of his satisfaction and of his assurances, derived from his peculiar mode of reasoning, and from the ingenious system of that good and great man, EMANUEL SWEDENBORG, he is perfectly prepared, from what he has seen and read, to assert and to prove, as far as he can, that the spiritualism of the day is only a “pseudo-spiritualism.”

To this point the learned gentleman has arrived. He puts his mind upon this pivot, and is not disposed to move it either to the right or left—to ascend an upward spiral, or to descend by a downward spiral. His faith pins him to the system of his theological father; and he seems, for the present hour at least, to be determined to hold that ground as scrupulously as other churchmen hold to their views, tenets, and creeds. Professor BUSH may be right in so doing. It is quite possible, however, that he may be wrong. If EMANUEL SWEDENBORG's system is perfect—if the principles upon which he based his system were derived directly from God, as that great writer believed while on the earth, then it is not to be disputed that Professor BUSH is relatively correct, both in assuming his present position, and in attempting to maintain it against the new evidences which are presented for the consideration of independent minds.

It is, however, quite important that any one who would be a recipient of truth, should keep his mind open to invite its operation; and that he should put



aside all the pride of intellect, and all the sarcasm that springs from dogmatism, if he would be a sound teacher of spiritual wisdom. We regret to perceive that Professor BURN, with all his apparent fairness, does not seem to be in either of these happy conditions. The simple language of unpretending spirits, addressed to earthly relatives, excites *sarcasm*, because it does not come loaded with the theological technology of the favorite teacher of the New Church—though human reason might well suggest that the “sentimentality” so scorned by the learned gentleman, is precisely the *kind of truth* that is most likely to make an impression where it is directed.

The labored system of SWEDENBORG, beautiful as it seems to a clear intellect and a persevering student, (though no mortal, probably, has fully comprehended either its truths or its errors,) is not such as would have an effect upon ordinary minds. The language that unfolds it is not easily comprehended without deep study; and hence it never can have any very vital effect, till something has prepared the way for its appreciation. If all that SWEDENBORG wrote is true, the very manner in which it is presented is repulsive, except to closely inquiring students. Indeed, a lifetime is scarcely sufficient to permit even a scholar to examine it thoroughly. This in itself may be no objection of any importance to the *truth*; but truth is so simple, that children may comprehend it; and no scholar should scorn it, or gloat with sarcasm over it, even if it come clothed in rags.

EMANUEL SWEDENBORG was some twenty-seven or thirty years in making his system perfect; and it may be, with the gross materials now in use by spirits, that in a far shorter period they may establish and perfect a system of which they may have given, perhaps, only the first simple rudiments. As we can not perceive that men are made worse citizens, or worse Christians, but that they are far more pure, and far better, and far more useful with the little they have received from the spirits, we shall be quite willing to rest the cause upon the effects resulting from it; fully assured that even Professor BURN will have ample opportunities for revising his opinions, and for giving freedom even to the New Church—which has already exhibited its self-satisfied struggles to imitate its sectarian predecessors. The New Church will not be built in a day; and we can not believe that SWEDENBORG perfected the materials for its complete establishment. With hopeful patience we anticipate that a day is not distant when the spirit of SWEDENBORG will protect all that is truthful in his writings, and erase all that is erroneous.

It is neither our purpose nor intention to enter into an examination of the materials which Professor BURN has used to build a fortress in which to entrench himself and error. We think that even he himself may perceive wherein he has departed from strict justice—from reason; and how he has subjected himself to the faith of

authority, after having deluded his own mind with the belief that he has thoroughly examined the doctrine of spiritualism. However, he may find that even the text of SWEDENBORG is no better comprehended by his thoughts than the vital evidences of the spiritual manifestations of the day.

In conclusion, we think we are safe in saying that religion is not a question of theological accomplishments and learning. Man should receive with love and grateful joy the discoveries which have been made. It may be a matter of serious importance whether or not he despises a *noble spiritual* enjoyment, for the gratification received from it is unquestionably an approach to God.

P.

### THE BIBLE.

Among the more recent manifestations of that spiritual liberty which is struggling for birth in the hearts of the people, the Bible Convention held at Salem, Ohio, stands forth bold and prominent. The proceedings of this Convention show that the fetters of authority and superstition which have so long bound the human soul, are dissolving beneath the keen scrutiny of Reason, and that the fields of thought and truth which it has been deemed sacrilegious to explore, are being searched with the energies of the free-born spirit. In concluding a report of the Convention referred to, the writer says:

This is but the beginning of an energetic system of propaganda for rational theology. Naturalism against Supernaturalism are the parties to the suit now pending in the Court of Reason in the State of Ohio.

The following are the resolutions discussed and laid over to the next meeting:

#### BIBLE RESOLUTIONS.

*Resolved*, That the origin of the Bible is enwrapped in darkness—that we know little or nothing either of the persons who wrote the different portions of the book, or of the time when they were written.

*Resolved*, That we know of no facts on which the common notion respecting the divine and supernatural origin of the Bible can be reasonably rested.

*Resolved*, That the Bible itself bears no sure signs of a divine or supernatural origin, but, on the contrary, carries on its very face the marks of human imperfection.

*Resolved*, That the Bible is therefore, not a book of divine authority—that its testimony is not decisive as to the truth or falsehood of any principle, or the goodness or badness of any practice.

*Resolved*, That the prevalent belief that the Bible is a book of divine authority; the belief that it is a perfect rule of faith and practice; that everything which it teaches is true and everything which it enjoins or sanctions is right and good, and that we need no other guide to truth and duty, is not only altogether erroneous but exceedingly mischievous.

*Resolved*, That man has an infallible rule of life, on his knowledge of and obedience to which depend the progress, perfection and happiness of his nature in all states of his existence.

*Resolved*, That this rule is found not in the Bible, the Ko-



ran, the Shastra, nor in any other supposed arbitrary revelation, but is engraven on the nature of each human being by the hand of his Creator.

### Singing Book for Circles.

SPIRIT VOICES : ODES, DICTATED BY SPIRITS OF THE SECOND SPHERE, FOR THE USE OF HARMONIAL CIRCLES.  
E. C. HENCK, Medium.

The above is the title of a book recently published at Philadelphia, and designed for the use of Circles. It contains a fine collection of original odes on spiritual subjects, which are in most cases adapted to familiar airs; and since singing is now generally recognized as an important aid to harmony, the work may be regarded as one which is much needed by spiritual believers. We are pleased that the demand which has long been made for a book of this character, has at length been supplied by the spirits of the Second Sphere. Perhaps the addition of written music would have been an improvement to the work; but still it is doubtless the adaptation of suitable words to airs that are already familiar, that Circles now chiefly require. Price—Muslin, 37 cents; Gilt, 50 cents. For sale at this office.

## Correspondence.

### CHINESE ETHICS.

MR. EDITOR :—As being appropriate to the sphere of the MESSENGER, I have taken the liberty to extract the following from a book, for the consideration of your readers; as it represents the sublime sentiments promulgated by the great Chinese philosopher, CONFUCIUS, who flourished some five hundred years before the commencement of the Christian era.

The volume is entitled, "ESSAYS : AND A DRAMA IN FIVE ACTS. By E. G. HOLLAND. Boston : Philips, Sampson & Co. 1852." (New-York ; Fowlers & Wells.)

"Confucius is the summit of Chinese morality, though Menicus and other writers abound in great truths. He has no idiosyncrasy, but is China in colossal representation. The moral element in his character and teaching absorbs every other. Born five hundred and fifty years before the dawn of the Christian era, he shed his radiance on this vast portion of the race not far from the time that Pythagoras kindled such ennobling fires of light in Athens, and Zoroaster in Persia. Three self-luminous suns! And whatever superiority, in purely intellectual power, may be accorded to the glorious Hellenic sage, Confucius is first of the three in effective moral splendor, for his influences have gone farther, and awakened more virtue in all classes, than may be claimed for the works of both of his illustrious rivals.

— "Confucius did not announce himself in dogmas.

Hence no narrowing creed belongs to his thoughts, and none, through any subsequent folly of his disciples, has yet sprung out of his writings. He was the grand expounder of duty, of the eternal ethics sown in the soul, and everywhere somewhat developed. He claimed no inspiration; yet there is a steady moral brilliancy constantly falling upon his theme. He claimed no originality, but professedly drew from the remote wisdom of an ancient paradise of rulers, sages, and people. But there was central light in him; he was the man of fine nature and culture. His sentiments are now styled *Joo-kiau*, the religion of scholars. Though in a nation of local tendency and prejudice, he taught universal doctrines. Many were the disciples that attended him when living, but the chief power he has wielded has been through his written words, as set in order by his learners. How true is this latter fact of the world's most immortal teachers! Jesus, Socrates, Confucius, are of this number.

"This teacher put mighty stress upon sincerity, as being the very 'origin and consummation' of things, as that without which nothing could exist. He says that, but for sincerity, the universe would be empty nothingness! And why not? It is real, and exists for truth; all its purposes are earnest; and what less than the heart of creation is lost in the total absence of sincerity? 'One sincere wish,' affirms the Confucius wisdom, 'would move heaven and earth.' Add to this the sincere DEED, and heaven and earth are moved.

"He builds upon the filial relation, carries a deep reverence into every family, unites brother and brother, parent and child, in loving, reverential concord. Finally, the state is a family, and all mankind are brothers. Deeply has this nation drunk of the reverence which elsewhere has said, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee." And have not their days been long? For a nation, I say, wonderfully long. Do we feel the width and ethical greatness of this relation? Nature and education have much to say of it, through the constitutional indebtedness of soul, body, condition, and culture of all persons to their paternal sources. Wise government is necessarily paternal. The earth is our mother, and heaven our father, in the use of appropriate symbols. The universe is a revelation of masculine force and feminine loveliness, and these unite in the blessing of all spirits. What is religion in its last and finite expression? It is reverence to the infinite Father; the homeward movement of heart-sick prodigals. Then had not the sage some eternal rock to stand on, when unfolding his truth and duty under this social symbol? Evidently he stood on a God-appointed and eternity-enduring basis, although the sage did not behold this human bond as the image of a higher and an eternal relationship.

"What is most beautifully worthy in these ethics is



the reverence that pervades them; and without reverence there is no profound beauty of character, no sacredness, no deep worth. It is right to honor the superior, and it is wrong to withhold deference. The superior man, in the eye of Confucius, has sincerity and benevolence; he practises his words before he speaks them!

"Asked once if any *one word* could express what is most fitting a whole life, he answered, "Will not the word *shu* serve?" which he explains by saying, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you." Some have said Confucius only announced this grand law of religion in its negative forms, merely prohibiting the doing of that to others which we would not wish that others should do to us. Be it even so: the negative precept implies the perception of the positive law. This is a great truth; and many have seen and felt it originally, and from within. The very relations of life impose the thought on us; and it bottoms the complaints even which men bring against each other. "You would not wish me to have dealt with you thus." How often is this said! And what bases the plea? In substance, the golden rule. When it is remembered that the golden rule is social wholly, and that the fundamental faith of the Chinese mind is good government and society, it is plain that a gifted moralist would be aided in its discovery by the whole tendency and striving of their deep national impulse. Attraction as a law rests in nature, not in Newton. So this princely truth of ethics depends not on personal authorities, nor can it lose in force because several may have, either intuitively or logically, discovered its being and its beauty.

"The perfect man," said the sage, 'loves all men; he is not governed by private affection or interest, but only regards the public good or right reason.' Retribution is certain. 'How can a man be concealed?' We say, how can he? Who can divorce cause and effect? The deepest secret shall see the light. 'The perfect man is never satisfied with himself.' 'Knowledge produces pleasure clear as water.' 'Complete virtue brings happiness solid as a mountain.' 'Without virtue, both riches and honor seem to me like a passing cloud.' As a whole, he is elaborate, and his high ideals of character are beautifully wrought. He had a noble public zeal, though conscious of the derision and ingratitude that came to reward his large solicitude. In some of his life-jeopardies he compared himself to a dog driven from his home. 'I have the fidelity of that animal, and I am treated like it; but what matters the ingratitude of men? They can not hinder me from doing all the good that has been appointed me.' The same nation now chants the following psalm:

"Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius! Before Confucius there never was a Confucius! Since

Confucius there never has been a Confucius! Confucius! Confucius! How great is Confucius!"

All that I can say of Mr. HOLLAND's book, is that each essay is treated with the same beauty and interest perceivable in the above extract; and that is sufficient. The titles of the essays are:—Nature—American Scenery—The Central Nation—Mystery—Language—Symbolism—Inspiration. The drama, entitled, *The Highland Treason*, I have had time only to glance at; but have observed sufficient to indicate to me that the interesting events connected with Arnold's treason, are pictured beautifully and feelingly.

I. S. H.

## Facts and Phenomena.

### SPIRITUAL CARE.

One of the fruitful sources of joy to us who believe in spiritual presence, communion and manifestation, is the continual evidences we receive of spiritual agencies in contributing to our *temporal* as well as spiritual necessities. We are often advised by the spirits of our departed kinsmen or friends, relative to our duty or advantage in the commencement and prosecution of enterprises with which we are not acquainted in all their associations or tendencies; and by such means have been preserved from disasters which we could not otherwise have avoided, and have had our labors crowned with success. We are indeed blessed in counselling with those, whose external forms are removed from our sight, who look upon our woes with a pitying eye, and who, enabled to clearly comprehend our exigencies and inability, are happy in removing our difficulties and enhancing our joys; because we feel that their sympathy is stronger for us than while they were, like ourselves, struggling to comfort and support a fleshly and corruptible form.

One instance of their interposition we feel called upon to relate; as it exhibits sympathy and calculation to a remarkable extent.

On the 1st inst., a female medium in this city, whose name we are not at liberty to announce, while walking in the streets, in her usual physical and mental mood, was approached and controlled by a spirit, caused to enter a bakery and purchase some victuals, thence led out of the city by a circuitous route into the suburbs, where she met a colored woman sitting by the roadside weeping, with a small child by her side. She was traveling to find friends, and, destitute and exhausted, she had sunk despondingly down to bewail her condition. Using the organs of the medium, the spirit said to the sufferer, "Sister, why weepst thou?" The reply in substance was, that she was away from friends, and had no means of procuring food for her famishing child,—



making no mention of her own privations. She said she had knocked at the doors of those who appeared abundantly able to bless, but had been refused even the morsels that fell from their tables, and now disappointed of succor. The spirit then gave her the bread, telling her that her afflictions were known, and that he was an angel sent to minister to her wants. Overjoyed, the poor woman fell upon her knees, essaying to offer the spirit a prayer of thanksgiving. But he said, "Thank not me, but God that sent me."

The medium was then conducted home, having been unconscious during most of the transaction, and retaining only an indistinct recollection of the bakery, one or two points in her road, and the meeting with the woman.

Let the reader, for a few moments, consider the reflections which this circumstance induces; and, while giving thanks to him who is Father to the fatherless and a Friend to the needy, observe that such are among the manifestations which bind so strongly our love to the cause we advocate.—[*Spiritual and Moral Instructor.*]

## Poetry.

### Little at first, but Mighty at last.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

A traveler through a dusty road  
Strewed acorns on the lea,  
And one took root and sprouted up,  
And grew into a tree.  
Love sought its shade at evening time,  
To breathe its early vows;  
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,  
To bask beneath its boughs;  
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs;  
The birds sweet music bore:  
It stood a glory in its place—  
A blessing evermore!

A little spring had lost its way  
Among the grass and fern;  
A passing stranger scooped a well,  
Where weary men might turn.  
He walled it in, and hung with care  
A ladle at the brink—  
He thought not of the deed he did,  
But judged that toil might drink.  
He passed again—and lo! the well,  
By summers never dried,  
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,  
And saved a life beside!

A dreamer dropped a random thought;  
'Twas old, and yet 'twas new—  
A simple fancy of the brain,  
But strong in being true;  
It shone upon a genial mind,  
And lo! its light became  
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,  
A monitory flame.  
The thought was small—its issue great;  
A watch-fire on the hill,

It shed its radiance far adown,  
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid a crowd  
That thronged the daily mart,  
Let fall the word of hope and love,  
Unstudied from the heart;  
A whisper on the tumult thrown—  
A transitory breath—  
It raised a brother from the dust,  
It saved a soul from death.  
O germ! O fount! O word of Love!  
O thought at random cast!  
Ye were but little at the first,  
But mighty at the last!

### The three Homes.

"Where is thy home?" I asked a child,  
Who, in the morning air,  
Was twining flowers most sweet and wild,  
In garlands for her hair.  
"My home," the happy child replied,  
And smiled in childish glee,  
"Is on the sunny mountain's side,  
Where soft winds wander free."  
Oh, blessings fall on artless youth,  
And all its rosy hours,  
When every word is joy and truth,  
And treasures live in flowers!

"Where is thy home?" I asked of one,  
Who bent with flushing face,  
To hear a warrior's tender tone,  
In the wild wood's secret place.  
She spoke not, but her varying cheek  
The tale well might impart:  
The home of that young spirit meek  
Was in a kindred heart.  
Ah, souls that well might soar above,  
To earth will fondly cling,  
And build their hopes on human love,  
That light and fragile thing.

"Where is thy home, thou lonely man?"  
I asked a pilgrim gray,  
Who came with furrowed brow and wan,  
Slow moving on his way.  
He paused, and with a solemn mien  
Upturned his holy eyes;  
"The land I seek thou ne'er hast seen—  
My house is in the skies!"  
Oh, blest—thrice blest—the heart must be,  
To whom such thoughts are given;  
That walks from worldly fetters free—  
His only home in heaven!

### Fading.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

Ay, thou art for the grave; thy glances shine  
Too brightly to shine long; another spring  
Shall deck her for men's eyes—but not for thine—  
Sealed in a sleep which knows no wakening.  
The fields for thee have no medicinal leaf,  
And the vexed ore no mineral of power:  
And they who love thee wait in anxious grief  
Till the slow plague shall bring the fatal hour.  
Glide softly to thy rest, then: death should come  
Gently, to one of gentle mould like thee.  
As light winds, wandering through groves of bloom,  
Detach the delicate blossom from the tree.  
Close thy sweet eyes, calmly, and without pain;  
And we will trust in God to see thee yet again.



## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE SEER GIFT.

I proceed to mention a physical phenomenon, which from time to time occurred to the late historian and novelist, Heinrich Zschokke. It is described by him in a sort of autobiography, entitled *Selbstschau*, which he published a few years ago. It was only last year that Zschokke died, having attained a good old age. Early brought into public life in the troubles of Switzerland, and afterwards maintaining his place in public consideration by his numerous writings, he was personally widely known: he was universally esteemed a man of strict veracity and integrity. He writes thus of himself:

"If the reception of so many visitors was sometimes troublesome, it repaid itself occasionally either by making me acquainted with remarkable personages, or by bringing out a wonderful sort of seer-gift, which I called my inward vision, and which has always remained an enigma to me. I am almost afraid to say a word upon this subject; not for fear of the imputation of being superstitious, but lest I should encourage that disposition in others; and yet it forms a contribution to psychology. So to confess.

"It is acknowledged that the judgment which we form of strangers, on first meeting them, is frequently more correct than that which we adopt upon a longer acquaintance with them. The first impression which, through an instinct of the soul, attracts one toward, or repels one from, another, becomes, after a time, more dim, and is weakened, either through his appearing other than at first, or through our becoming accustomed to him. People speak, too in reference to such cases of involuntary sympathies and aversions, and attach a special certainty to such manifestations in children, in whom knowledge of mankind by experience is wanting. Others, again, are incredulous, and attribute all to physiognomical skill. But of myself.

"It has happened to me occasionally, at the first meeting with a total stranger, when I have been listening in silence to his conversation, that his past life, up to the present moment, with many minute circumstances belonging to one or other particular scene in it, has come across me like a dream, but distinctly, entirely, involuntarily, and unsought, occupying in duration a few minutes. During this period I am usually so plunged into the representation of the stranger's life, that at last I neither continue to see distinctly his face, on which I was idly speculating, nor to hear intelligently his voice, which at first I was using as a commentary to the text of his physiognomy. For a long time I was disposed to consider these fleeting visions as a trick of the fancy: the more so that my dream-vision displayed to me the dress and movements of the actors, the appearance of the room, the furniture, and other incidents of the scene, till, on one occasion, in a gamesome mood, I narrated to my family the secret history of a sempstress who had just before quitted the room. I had never seen the person before. Nevertheless the hearers were astonished, and laughed, and would not be persuaded but that I had a previous acquaintance with the former life of the person, inasmuch as what I had stated was perfectly true. I was not less astonished to find that my dream-vision agreed with reality. I then gave more attention to the subject, and, often as propriety allowed of it, I related to those whose lives

had so passed before me the substance of my dream-vision, to obtain from them its contradiction or confirmation. On every occasion its confirmation followed, and not without amazement on the part of those who gave it.

"Least of all could I myself give faith to these conjuring tricks of my mind. Every time that I described to any one my dream-vision respecting him, I confidently expected him to answer it was not so. A secret thrill always came over me when the listener replied, 'It happened as you say;' or when, before he spoke, his astonishment betrayed that I was not wrong. Instead of recording many instances, I will give one which, at the time, made a strong impression upon me.

"On a fair day, I went into the town of Waldshut, accompanied by two young foresters who are still alive. It was evening, and, tired with our walk, we went into an inn called the Vine. We took our supper with a numerous company at the public table; when it happened that they made themselves merry over the peculiarities and simplicity of the Swiss, in connexion with the belief in Mesmerism, Lavater's physiognomical system, and the like. One of my companions, whose national pride was touched by their raillery, begged me to make some reply, particularly in answer to a young man of superior appearance, who sat opposite, and had indulged in unrestrained ridicule. It happened that the events of this very person's life had just previously passed before my mind. I turned to him with the question, whether he would reply to me with truth and candor, if I narrated to him the most secret passages of his history, he being as little known to me as I to him? That would, I suggested, go something beyond Lavater's physiognomical skill. He promised, if I told the truth, to admit it openly. Then I narrated the events with which my dream-vision had furnished me, and the table learnt the history of the young tradesman's life, of his school years, his peccadilloes, and, finally, of a little act of roguery committed by him on the strong box of his employer. I described the uninhabited room with its white walls, where, to the right of the brown door, there had stood upon the table the small black money-chest, &c. A dead silence reigned in the company during this recital, interrupted only when I occasionally asked if I spoke the truth. The man, much struck, admitted the correctness of each circumstance—even, which I could not expect, of the last. Touched with his frankness, I reached my hand to him across the table, and closed my narrative. He asked my name, which I gave him. We sat up late in the night conversing. He may be alive yet.

"Now I can well imagine how a lively imagination could picture, romance-fashion, from the obvious character of a person, how he would conduct himself under given circumstances. But whence came to me the involuntary knowledge of accessory details, which were without any sort of interest, and respected people who for the most part were utterly indifferent to me, with whom I never had, nor wished to have, the slightest association? Or was it in each case mere coincidence? Or had the listener, to whom I described his history, each time other images in his mind than the accessory ones of my story, but, in surprise at the essential resemblance of my story to truth, lost sight of the points of difference? Yet, I have, in consideration of this possible source of error, several times taken pains to describe the most trivial circumstances that my dream-vision has shown me.

"Not another word about this strange seer-gift, which I can aver was of no use to me in a single instance, which man-



ifested itself occasionally only, and quite independently of any volition, and often in relation to persons in whose history I took not the slightest interest. Nor am I the only one in possession of this faculty. In a journey with two of my sons, I fell in with an old Tyrolese, who traveled about selling oranges and lemons, at the inn at Unterhauerstein, in one of the Jura passes. He fixed his eyes for some time upon me, joined in our conversation, observed that though I did not know him he knew me, and began to describe my acts and deeds, to the no little amusement of the peasants and astonishment of my children, whom it interested to learn that another possessed the same gift as their father. How the old lemon-merchant acquired his knowledge, he was not able to explain to himself nor to me. But he seemed to attach great importance to his hidden wisdom. Zschokke told a friend of mine at Frankfort, in 1847, shortly before his death, which took place at an advanced age, that in the latter years of his life his seer-gift had never manifested itself."

—[*Mayo's Popular Superstitions.*]

### HEART-SHADOWS.

BY MEETA.

It was a cold night—quite cold, the snow fleecing down, and the hail rattling against the windows. The wild storming was out with the blast, intent on mirthful mischief. The old clock ticked cheerily, and the fitful shadows waved unsteadily on the wall. The winter was without, but the summer of peace rested in my heart.

I sat in the great arm-chair, in the fire-twilight, alone, and in a reverie, half dreaming, as it were, my past life over again. The golden book of Memory lay unclasped before me—every thought, every feeling of by-gone hours traced ineffaceably there. All sorrows, all joys, intermingling and forming link in link, a beautiful chain, without which life would be incomplete. We were friends, Alice and I, early friends and true ones: she was older and far gentler, with mild, loving eyes, and soft, shadowy, dark hair. I was young and thoughtless, and I treasured up in my heart an idol, one worshiped and adored. I dwelt in a beautiful dream, waking and sleeping, and my guardian spirit was ever Alice. Alas! how rudely was that dream broken; how inexpressible sad the knowledge that it could never come again; and yet all life is but a dream.

Beautiful in soul was she, and they called her Alice Faye, but to me she was only Alice—darling Alice. We were wandering, two hearts in one, through the beautiful Present, seeking not to unveil the rugged world of Futurity, and knowing and believing that to the Past were confided all estimable things.

Oh, our Father! Thou who knowest the frailty of all earth's flowers, lend! oh, lend, us Thy aid to withstand the frosts of adversity, the chilly, wintry winds that crush the already bruised and broken reed.

How vivid is that memory rising before me now—the memory of our parting. It was a beautiful, radiant day, late in the summer. Alice and I had been in company with some youthful friends, and now, arm-in-arm, were returning through the wood. We bent our steps toward our favorite haunt—a hushed, sweet spot, where the grass grew long and luxuriant, and the wild vine trailed its crimson bloom-flowers, dark, yet bright amid the flowers that begemmed the earth. Our accustomed seat was beside a shelving rock, overhung with the

graceful honey-suckle and clambering roses, its rude face half hidden by the beautiful objects clinging around it. The wild-locust, laden with its pure blossoms, and the poplar, silver-limbed, threw a pleasant shade over it.

Here, the earth seemed more kind and smiling, and among all fond memories, this is to me the holiest and best-beloved.

We sat silently—Alice's hand clasped fast in mine, and her head leaning down upon my shoulder so confidently, so caressingly. The sun-light was glimmering through the glossy leaves, and the rich snowy blossoms of the locust were dropping softly—softly down around us.

It was then that we first awakened from our happy dream-life—for the first time ventured to peep into the unknown futurity. I felt that life was, indeed, but a "walking shadow," and bursting into tears, hid my face amid Alice's bright tresses.

"Don't cry, Ruby, darling," whispered Alice, very soft, calling me by an endearing name of childhood; "don't cry, it will not be for a long time—not very long."

Her own voice trembled a little, although she tried hard that it should not.

"Ah, Alice," said I, sadly, "a dim forshadowing of the future is twining itself around my spirit—that great future, which is a strange world to us. Perhaps we may never meet in friendship again, Alice; perhaps we may doubt each other's sincerity."

"No, no, Ruby, dear Ruby," replied Alice winding her arms closer around me, "we'll never doubt each other. Our dearest hopes are anchored in the great sea of the world; but they will remain steadfast. Oh! we'll never be estranged, Ruby."

"Never!" I echoed, and, yet through the mazes of the forest there seemed to float a voice, strangely mournful, repeating that vow of eternal friendship, breathing a warning for our sanguine hopes, a knell for our parting hour.

Alas! how slowly, how sadly, have the years passed since then, for doubt and mistrust gliding in, severed that sacred chain where we thought it was strongest. We met again in after years, but the world—the world had taught us how to crush the wild, wayward throbbings of our hearts. We were living—and yet dead; living as the breath giveth life; yet dead to all the gentler influences, the holier emotions of that love once so dear to us. And the youthful years that had shadowed us so kindly with their wings, withdrew to weep over the ashes of our former friendship.

The fire was gleaming faintly in the chimney, my reverie was over—and yet I felt so sad, so lonely sitting there. I thought I felt a soft touch upon my shoulder—heard a gentle voice whispering a name of other years—Ruby? I was glad some one had said it: it was a sweet remembrance in a time of sorrow. Somebody whispered loving words, somebody knelt beside me and pressed a soft cheek to mine. I returned the pressure—I wept, yet I knew not why. I only remember that Alice was kneeling there beside me, my own Alice, and that we were friends again.

It was so sweet, so strangely sweet, to have her there as of old, the same love-light in those kindly eyes, the same holy beauty resting on that placid brow, I fancied that it was all a dream, and I dared not move, lest the entrancing spell should break.

That joyous meeting is marked forever with a "morning star" in the heaven of my existence. And now, each bud-



ding hope, each undefined fear, give I henceforth to the sacred keeping of our Father, our Protector, and our God.

In the hushed and holy stillness of the night, when the stars and flowers keep watch over earth, and every soul ascends on trembling wings to the Throne of Him above, I fall asleep quietly to dream of the angels and of Alice Faye.

Even so hath He ordained, that we shall give a smile for every new sunbeam born to the earth, a tear for every blossom untimely withered.

For every heart hath a sunlight, every soul a shadow.—  
[Home Magazine.]

### Human Affections.

Now the truth is, brethren! so wholly are we framed for the eternal world, that we must make a heaven of earth before we can fully enjoy it; that is to say, we must ideally, and in the dreams of hope and fancy, invest this world with those very characteristics which are the exclusive property of the world to come—its abundance, its dignity, above all, its unfading permanence—before we can, with full content of heart, sit down to the feast it offers to sense and soul. God has so interwoven, in the innermost texture of our nature, the title and testimonies of the immortal state for which he made us, that, mingled with the perishable elements of earth, it is even now forever around us; it rises in all our dreams, it colors all our thoughts, it haunts us with longings we can not repel; in our very *vices* it reveals itself, for they can not charm us till they have more or less counterfeited it; and thus, not merely "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings," but, if you will receive it, out of the mouth of the voluptuary himself, has God "ordained praise," the praise of those undying enjoyments, in search of which the wretch has gone astray among shadows! Our miseries are still the sublime discontent of a being too mighty for the perishable world he dwells in; a deathless spirit is impatient for its native eternity.

There are aspirations turned astray, that, even in their distortion, attest their origin and purpose. There are warped, and crippled, and polluted hopes that, even from their dungeon of flesh, still cry to heaven. There are desires that, cursed with the frenzy of sin, run mad through the thronged and heated highways of the world: yea, that are evolved in all the hideous forms of vice, and intemperance, and blood. But vice itself is not objectless; this insanity is superinduced upon sound faculties; these fires are the fires of conflagration and ruin, but they do not less than others, *point to the skies!*—[Butler.]

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