

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

VOL. I.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

NO. 18.

Revelations of Nature.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

AN ABSTRACT OF LECTURES.

BY A. J. DAVIS.

The great original, ever existing, omniscient, omnipotent, and omnipresent creative power—the soul of all existences, is a central sphere, the circumference of which is the boundless universe, and around which solar, sidereal, and stellar systems revolve, in silent, majestic sublimity and harmony! This power is Deity, whose creative attributes are love and wisdom, corresponding with the principles of male and female, positive and negative, creative and sustaining. The first goings forth or out-births from this great celestial center, are spiritual or vital suns. These, after due elaboration or gestation, give birth to natural suns, (those that become cognizable to the outward or natural senses of man.) These again become centers, or mothers, from which earths are born, with all the elements of matter, and each minutest particle infused with the vivifying, vitalizing spirit of the parent creator. Caloric—the essence of heat or fire—electricity, galvanism, magnetism, are all the natural or outward manifestations of the creative energy, the vitalizing cause of all existences. It pervades all substances and animates all forms. *THE PROGRESS OF CREATION* is from the lower to the higher, from the crude to the refined, from the simple to the complicated, from the imperfect to the perfect,—but in distinct degrees or congeries. That is, the lower must first be developed, to elaborate the materials, and prepare the way for the higher. Thus, after the sun gave birth to the earth, (and the same of all other planets,) the action of the vitality within the particles of matter, and its constant emanation in the form of heat, light, electricity, &c., first from the great central sphere to the sun, and thence to the earth, acting upon the granite and other rocks, with the atmosphere, the water, and other compound and simple elements, new compounds were formed, possessing this vital principle in sufficient quantities to give definite forms, as crystallization, organization, motion, life, sensation, intelligence, which is the highest or ultimate attribute of creation on our earth, and possessed or reached to perfection only by man. A glance at the progress of creation in the production of our earth and its inhabitants, will serve as an illustration of the same process and progress of worlds in the vast expanse of the universe, that are perpetually and continually being brought into existence, and ultimating the grand object of creation, namely, to develop and perfect individualized, self-conscious, ever ex-

isting, immortal spirits, that shall be in the “image and likeness of their Creator.”

Within the circumference of the sun, elementary particles of matter gather around a nucleus, which continues to aggregate and increase in dimension and variety of parts, in its perpetual and endless revolutions and evolutions, gradually advancing towards the outer surface of this fiery orb, as it increases in complexity and density, until it approaches the extreme verge of the sun, when, by the impetus or centrifugal force it has attained, from its more compact structure and consequent increase of specific gravity, it breaks loose from its parent and flies off at a tangent into illimitable space. If a ball of lead and another of cotton, of the same size, be tied each to a string and whirled violently around until the strings break, the lead ball will fly off in almost a straight line, for a long distance before it makes a curve towards the earth; while the cotton ball will perform a graceful curve from the moment it breaks loose, and soon falls to the ground. This will illustrate the movements of a planet, when first thrown off from the sun, (being much more dense,) or in other words will account for the eccentric movement of comets, which in fact are new-born earths or planets. The extreme tenuity, fluidity and rarefaction of its particles, and its consequent feeble cohesive attraction, and its irregular orbituary and axillary movements, gives the new earth elongated, attenuated, and many various forms, as presented to the beholder on another planet. Sometimes it happens that the caudal extremity gets so “long drawn out,” and so far from the center of gravity—the proper polarity or axis not being yet fully established—that a part or parts become detached or broken off. These detached parts become satellites or moons, which continue to revolve around and within the orbit of the new earth. Our earth has one of these *parasites!*

In the lapse of ages, the attractive and repulsive, or the centripetal and centrifugal forces, become equalized, the particles of matter have formed more intimate associations, the outer surfaces have locked up a large portion of the free caloric within the embrace of their own substance, and have consequently condensed and hardened, a globular form has succeeded the oblate sphere with its spinal extremity, and a regular orbit is defined and maintained. Oxygen and nitrogen have united in the proper proportions to form the atmosphere, oxygen and hydrogen have combined to form water, oxygen and silicon have entered into an adamantine embrace to form quartz rock, oxygen and carbon have formed a tripartite union with calcium, producing immense beds of carboniferous lime stone. Numerous other combinations of oxygen with gases, metals, and other elements, and these again combining with other simple or compound substances, have brought out of this vast amorphous mass of elementary materials, as they

existed in an intensely heated and rarefied state, when first thrown off from the sun, new, and more solid and permanent forms. In all this beautiful, harmonious and ever progressive play of affinities, oxygen plays a very conspicuous part, as a positive, energizing, vitalizing principle,—electricity, galvanism, and magnetism being different developments of the same principle. It appears to have grasped and held fast within its embrace, the very germs of vitality. Phosphorus is another form of its tangible development, not yet understood by chemists or physiologists. No living plant or animal can exist without it. It is always found in the seeds and germinal principles, and in the substances of the brain and nerves, but in no other part of vegetables or animals, as entering into an organic compound. In the course of time, when "the waters had subsided," the heat and light emanating continually from the sun, the waters of the seas, and in rain, and mist, and dew, acted upon the surfaces of the granite and other rocks, abrading, decomposing, and uniting with their elements to produce other new compounds of a more refined and perfect nature. Thus, large beds of gelatinous matter were formed in shallow pools beneath the water level, and a slimy coating upon the surfaces of rocks above the water. Thus soil was first formed; or a preparation, elaboration, and combination of material, susceptible of developing vegetable life, marine, and terrestrial. The first vegetable forms springing from these slimy rocks, were simple and not defined in their structure, being lichens, or cryptogamous plants, about seventy per cent. of whose substances is gelatin. As one forcible evidence of the fact of vegetables first originating from the elements of the rock on which they germinate, and the heat, light, atmosphere, and moisture, is that each rock of different chemical composition, when exposed to these influences, will produce a moss peculiar to itself, and the same rock in any latitude where it can grow, will always produce a plant of the same species, and each plant in its turn, of the thousands of classes, orders, genera, species, and varieties now in existence, will invariably produce an animalcule, or insect peculiar to itself. These are facts that have been abundantly substantiated by the most scientific naturalists of the age.

After the first forms of vegetation were brought into being, and perfected in their kind, elaborating from their own substance a germ or nucleus of vitality with the impress of its own individuality inclosed within a receptacle capable of preserving and sustaining it till the favorable action of the elements in heat, light, moisture and soil, shall again bring forth from this germ or seed "an image or likeness" of its parent, the organized substance or body of the original plant, having performed the ultimate object of its existence, dies, and the elements of which it is composed mingle with the thin soil on the surface of the rocks, adding to its substance, increasing its complexity, and refining its particles, so that with the return of the vernal equinox, and the genial rays of the sun, not only the seeds of the old lichen unfold and expand into the same species, but a new and more complicated plant, with distinct and marked differences, (perhaps a fern,) makes its appearance, and rears its graceful stem, and spreads its glossy foliage above the lowly moss. Thus with the ever-present, and ever active principle of vitality and creative energy, acting and reacting upon the materials of our globe, was "creation first begun," and has, and will ever continue to progress—from the simple to the more complicated vegetable forms—animalcula, infusua, radiata, molusca, vertebrata,

and man as the ultimate. The lowest and most imperfect first, and the more complex and perfect after, in regular progression, but in distinct degrees. Each new type being dependent upon all that preceded it, for its existence, but distinct and different from its predecessors. Thus it requires certain conditions, proportions and combinations of elementary inorganic substances to produce a vegetable,—and vegetable growth is dependent entirely upon elementary regimen—while animals can not be produced, or sustained in their existence by inorganic or elementary matter. The organic compounds of the blood, muscular fiber, gelatin, skin, hair, nails, or horns, &c., are all formed in exact constituents or proportions from the elementary particles that enter into their composition by the vegetable. The vegetable kingdom must therefore have existed before the animal, and is the stepping stone, or connecting link, between the elementary or mineral kingdom, and the animal. Hence, if the vegetable kingdom should by any cause be blotted out from the face of the earth; the animal would soon be annihilated. Each type of the endless variety of inorganic and organized substances, are but links in the great chain of cause and effect, and each type or species is so marked and distinct as easily to be distinguished, and each variety and unity of the human species is so indelibly stamped with its own perfected individuality, as to be recognized from the myriads of the same species. Thus, fixed, unvarying and universal laws of the Creator govern and regulate all his works. From the first fiat that was sent forth throughout all the ramifications of the Universe, spiritual, physical and celestial, eternal unity, order, and harmony reigns—conception, development, progression and perfection, mark all his work, and all point with irresistible force of reason and demonstration to the immortality of the soul. In taking this comprehensive view of the plan and progress of creation, and the works of the Creator, how grand, how sublime, how comprehensive, how rational and satisfactory, to the independent thinking and inquiring mind, who wishes "to have a reason for the faith that is within him," are the love and wisdom and justice of such a God displayed. And how real, conclusive, and overwhelming the evidence appealing directly to the senses, the intellect, and the affections of the self-conscious immortal existence, and progressive happiness of the spirit that is within us. The human species being the last and highest type of creation upon our earth, and the only one possessing reason and intelligence, that examines and investigates all that is beneath and around itself, and that has a consciousness of the future, and endeavors to raise or draw aside the thin semi-transparent veil that hangs suspended between his physical and spiritual existence, analogy, "reasoning from what we know," points directly, not only to the probability, but to the absolute *certainty and necessity* of a future existence. All organic forms below man, not only produce their like, but the substances of their material forms mingle with previously formed compounds, to produce a new and distinct type superior to itself. But the human type has no superior development on earth, and there is no retrogression in the works of creation. Each new unfolding is superior to the preceding. Man, then, is destined for another and higher sphere, and in that sphere, or new state of existence, must present not only an image and likeness of himself, but a consciousness of that identity and individual selfhood. Feeling and knowing this, he should so live while in this rudimentary and preparatory state of existence, that all his

physical, intellectual, moral, and spiritual structure, formation, growth and maturity, be fully developed, cultivated, and perfected, so that when the "mortal puts on immortality," and seeks "a home in the heavens," it can expand into a celestial being without spot or blemish to mar its beauty, or impede its progress in immortal's bliss and glory.—[*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

NATURE AND THEOLOGY.

It is the perfect union of natural and revealed religion, in the rational principle, that gives a well balanced mind, and qualifies us for a development of all the faculties of our being. Let us, therefore, give attention to that *naturalism* which pervades the religious mind of our time, and unites itself with the current theological notions which have prevailed for some centuries back, and we shall behold a mass of mere inertia, which is yet to be powerfully acted upon by the all-potent spirit of which we have spoken.

The leading characteristic of the prevailing naturalism in religion is, that while it acknowledges a God with the lips and a devout exterior, or ritual sanctity, it denies or falsifies the true Divine character to the rational understanding. It separates man from his creative source, by giving to the Divine Being an existence outside of man, and so destroys, in effect, all *ratio*, between the human and Divine. It completely denies the Divine Humanity. It places man in the attitude of a perpetual mendicant before God, begging for divine favor, and gives to the Divine Being the character of a stingy withholder of His gifts, who is pleased to keep His suffering and supplicating subjects at starvation point while in this life, but who promises them, or such as subscribe to its insanities, a fullness of satisfaction in a world to come. This promised fullness of satisfaction, be it known, bears no ratio to the subject's capacity to enjoy it, for it comes to them by "Imputation." They persuade themselves that there is no occasion for acquiring a love of righteousness or justice by a practical life of right relations with their fellow man, for they insist that the righteousness of Christ is "imputed" to them. Thus does the naturalism above described separate itself from every truly rational thought by holding in utter contempt the demands of the scientific understanding.

Let us suppose for a moment, that it were possible for man, while in this attitude of a supplicating mendicant, to have his prayers granted. Suppose that he could receive all the good he desired, in immediate answer to his hungry petitions, would not both he and the Creator become infinitely degraded thereby? Assuredly so, because in that case, man would be a perpetual beggar, and God an infinite miser, whose benefits could only be wrung from Him by ceaseless importunity, or, as the ablest of modern writers has it, "by the irresistible *forceps* of prayer." Thus we see our natural religionist always abounding in prayer, or rather in its forms, and is over-solicitous in enjoining the same as a *duty* upon all within his influence.

But all this is supererogatory. Man needs no compulsion or exhortation on this head; for so soon as he has arrived at a state of development in which he *can* pray, his petition wings itself forth with such an agony of earnestness as to make all formal prayer appear to him as the merest stage play. No: the unsophisticated natural mind, whose reason

has not been turned out of doors to make room for the insanities of a false theology, needs no such admonitions to prayer. Prayer is the first voice he really utters. It is the as yet unrecognized prompting of the indwelling divinity in his soul, urging him to seek a life superior to that which is found in nature—a life to which no amount of this world's wealth or social approbation can possibly contribute the least degree of satisfaction. His deep-felt want is infinite, and nothing short of the Infinite One can satisfy his immortal longings. Thus does the unsophisticated natural man, become truly devout, abhorring everything in the shape of religious cant, as he would shun the venom of an adder. Every aspiration of his breath becomes a prayer, and soon he finds his every inspiration drawn from his inmost soul, the hitherto secret dwelling-place of the Most High. Thus from natural he becomes spiritual, and seeks continually the "bread of life" for his soul's sustenance, more eagerly than he ever did his daily food for the refreshment of his body.

Having attained to this state, his life becomes really earnest, and for the first time he begins to entertain a genuine self-respect. For the first time he finds within himself a true standard whereby to judge correctly of all things within the circuit of his knowledge. His judgment is now no longer formed from "the appearance," but he learns to "judge righteous judgment." He now clearly perceives that mere natural life is in reality death—spiritual death—from which the process of a veritable resurrection alone can extricate him. This process the truly living man undergoes while here in the body. He attains to a resurrection in spirit, and becomes profoundly conscious of a *present* immortality. He is rationally convinced that God is the sole fountain and ever-present source of his being, and hastens accordingly to put far away from him every habit, word and thought which conflicts with this newly revealed truth. Thus commences with him a truly divine life. All things become new to him, and a constant freshness springing from his inmost self, is poured forth upon every subject within the range of his senses, bathing the whole world with joy and gladness.

This transformation of the entire man, by the birth of a new spirit within him, transforms of course, all his former views. Hitherto he felt himself under condemnation. Every divine law was to him a terrible mandate, backed by an omnipotent power to punish his short comings; and every precept of the Gospel was a harsh, if not an impossible prescription. But now all are transfigured into the most gracious promises. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself," is now a divine assurance that such shall be the state of his maturity, a foretaste of which he has already experienced, and accordingly he is filled with hope and the most abundant good cheer. All sadness and moroseness flee from him like frost before a summer's sun. He reads the Divine Word, and realizes that "the letter kills, but the Spirit gives life." His former conscience of sin is now silenced, and the law and gospel are fulfilled in the new life which animates every emotion of his soul and mind. He has passed from death into life.

The man thus resuscitated imparts new life to all within his influence. The exalted hope and faith with which he is inspired are exhibited in a genuine charity toward the whole human race. Although his discrimination between good and evil, or right and wrong, is sharpened to the keenest edge of a just and impartial criticism, yet he invariably separates sin

from the sinner, and while reproving and condemning the former. He becomes the ablest and truest advocate of the latter. He knows that all evil has its origin in man's immaturity, and therefore no more attaches itself to his true manhood than do the mistakes and frivolities of our childhood attach to us when we are full grown men. He beholds in himself an epitome of the whole race. He reviews his own life, and finds therein a miniature of the entire history of man. He recognizes the great law which requires that the whole shall be in each of its parts, and that thus each part shall be an image of the whole. He looks with scientific eye into natural things, and there he finds this spiritual law repeated in nature. He examines a simple leaf, and finds it an exact image of the tree on which it grew. He submits the smallest possible part of the leaf to the magnifying powers of the microscope, and there again he finds the full image of the tree. Thus does all nature shadow forth the spiritual laws of inner life, and he is enabled to identify himself with universal man. His hope is the hope of all men, and he harbors no wish or desire for any good, either natural or spiritual, which shall not descend upon every individual of the vast family of man.

This immense enlargement of his sympathies must of course find appropriate expression and gratification. He searches into the actual condition of the human race, and finds nations and tribes of every degree of elevation and degradation, just as we find individuals in our own city and surrounding country. But the difference he discovers among nations and individuals do not confuse or disturb him; for, having found the origin of all in the one God now revealed to him, he includes them all in the one grand destiny now unfolded to his divinely annointed vision. He clearly perceives that the unity which man has in God necessitates a final unity of man with man, and consequently all his hopes and aspirations go forth in that direction. He has found the key-note of creation, and hence every sound throughout the whole universe combines to form one grand diapason of supreme and eternal harmony. All the myriad creations beneath the vast canopy of heaven speak to him of the present power which produces them, and all the stellar hosts which adorn the blue vault above are to him

"Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine."

A chord has been touched in his inmost soul, whose vibrations are essential and eternal harmonics, so that, henceforth, whatever is of discordant tendency gives intensest pain. Having heard the music of heaven, he can not listen unmoved to the discords of earth.

But of all discordant sounds, that which grates most horribly upon his ear, proceeds from the current false theology, wherein the Divine character is blasphemed, and an infernal destiny is awarded to such as refuse to participate in the blasphemy. The practical result of this theology, he clearly perceives, is division and not unity, through the multiplication of sects, or religious institutions, whose only work seems to be to divorce true religion from actual life, and to completely bewilder the human understanding in everything pertaining to the real relation of the human with the Divine. It is this theology that forms the greatest obstacle in the way of elevation out of merely natural into truly spiritual life—for, as its fundamental doctrines deny the unity of God, so its logical offspring can be nothing but division and discord. It has

its origin in grossest sensualism of the merely natural mind unilluminated by a single ray of spiritual light, as is evident from the tenacity with which it clings to the mere *literal* text of Scripture, and the perverse obstinacy with which it rejects all spiritual interpretations thereof. Its hideous form may be briefly sketched in few words, as follows:

Said theology holds forth, that in consequence of original sin in Adam, the whole human race fell under the wrath and curse of God; that the Son of God, born from eternity, came into the world and suffered an ignominious death to redeem mankind from said curse of God the Father; that the Son thereby became an intercessor and mediator between God and man, and actually makes intercession for such, and only such, as believe this—to whom he imputes his own merit, notwithstanding the filthiness of their lives, through agency of the Holy Spirit or third person of this monstrous Trinity.

This "abomination of desolation," which has so long stood in holy places, has so bewildered and destroyed the rational powers of those who teach and those who receive it, that all knowledge of the divine life in man is wholly ignored by them, and religion has in consequence been turned into a mere Sunday pastime, or a routine of meaningless ceremonies. Innumerable deadly fallacies, flowing from the fundamental errors above recited, have been propagated from pulpit and press, until the whole land swarms with them as did the land of Egypt once swarm with locusts, frogs and lice, so that they came into the houses, beds, and even the kneeding troughs of the people. By those plagues of Egypt are represented the fallacies of a false theology and the direful lusts and concupiscences which invariably accompany them; for they destroy everything of truth which serves as nourishment for the soul, as the locusts destroyed every green thing in the fields; while, like crawling vermin they cover with the most loathsome self-conceit all who imbibe the unclean and polluting stuff of which most sermons and religious tracts are made up, which fly like locust-swarms all over the land. But, doubtless, even this is permitted for a good purpose. It may serve as a very dark back-ground before which may be more distinctly defined the pure and radiant splendors of a truly divine life which is now dawning upon the souls and minds of all earnest people.

The Trinity, as set forth by the pseudo-theology of which we have spoken, admits of no scientific exposition or application to any solitary fact in creation. It stands alone, a naked and ghastly *tri-personality*, proclaiming the falsehood that the Divine attributes are distributed between three persons, who, by some legerdemain, are united in one, but how, or in what manner, no one can know. It is cherished as a sacred mystery. However, the idea of three persons is clearly insisted upon in every dogma of the "orthodox" theology. The doctrine of "original sin," or "the fall," that of a "vicarious atonement," or the substitution of Christ's sufferings instead of that of the sinner; and that of "imputation" of innocence to the guilty, as the divinely appointed means of man's purification for a heavenly life;—all are based upon the idea of three Gods. Thus do all the streams of intelligence which flow from this theological fountain of a *tri-personality*, become polluted at their very source, and minister only to the death of every rational thought concerning God and the divine life in the human soul. Hence is that widespread "flood" of fallacies which now inundates the earth, even as in the days of Noah.—[*Sunday Dispatch*.

Correspondence of the Soul with existing Realities.

The faculties which relate us to supernatural beings, give us our properly religious ideas and conceptions, but the intellect, with the moral feelings and the propensities, modifies and forms them in particulars. Our Divinity will take the character of everything in our humanity. The God of a just, benevolent, and affectionate man is a very different being from that of a revengeful, austere religionist. Oracles and sacred books, however reverently received, will not secure uniformity of apprehension; they will more or less modify the conception, but under the general law, every creature brings forth after his own kind, and the intellect is so little adequate to the original production of this great idea, that it has, in fact, less influence upon it than any passion or propensity of our animal nature. The impulses which generated the mythology of Greece are active in every age and under every form of faith.

The necessity, and, therefore, the existence of such *a priori* general ideas, in the intellectual and higher moral and religious faculties as our theory assumes and affirms, is further apparent from these considerations;—

Human nature is put under the law of indefinite development. The mind is not brought into being in the full maturity of its powers; its end and beginning are not joined in stereotyped perfectness of capacity and action—it has a future stretching ever forward into the infinite; and it claims eternity and the universe for its sphere and range. In the boundless unknown it must be directed by the light of such knowledge and such tendencies of affection as rule in the system to which it belongs. It must have capacities adapted, and activities correspondent to the scheme of things which lies in the scope of its relations and experiences; and it must carry with it for direction as much of the universal truth and eternal life as will ultimately achieve its own destiny; or else, the highest parts of the creation are left to organize lawless confusion into order, without light, power, or determinate drift,—a state of things conceivable only of a chaos, but absolutely impossible in a creation.

Unity of supreme power—of the general system of existence, imply impulses and attractions in every atom and every agent which shall at all events achieve the grand design of the universe. If the animal must be born fully provided for the limited range of its routine life; if the faculties which are conversant only with the facts of physical being that lie within the immediate reach of the sensitive organs need to be furnished with powers and appetencies whose apprehensions answer truly, without previous instruction or experience, to the facts of their existence; much more do those powers and tendencies of high humanity need to be furnished with divine instinct, impulse and guidance, whose appointed office it is to comprehend all the truth of fact and principle in nature, and to feel the sympathies and reciprocate the loves of the whole conscious creation, and know and enjoy the Creator forever. The understanding must be fitted to apprehend causes and relations just as they stand in the omniscient philosophy; and the affections and sentiments must go out after their objects with the regards which the creative purpose assigns to them by the laws of universal harmony. And how else than by such previous adjustment even in the constitution of the individual could the demands of selfishness be balanced by the concessions of benevolence—the instincts which cherish the life, with the

impulses which devote it to the race—and the relishes of appetite with the luxuries of the soul, in such symmetry, self-adjustment, and unity of action and end?

The harmonies of relation which traverse the whole creation and accomplish its unity are effected by the correspondences distributed throughout the various orders of being. Each class or kind is adapted and adjusted to all that is below and around and above it by characters common to all. Our union with our own race is in possibility exact and perfect. The less nobly endowed species are associated and harmonized with us in those things in which they have likeness of nature. To the extent of the parallelism and correspondence unity is secured, and there is no antagonism in that in which we transcend them: we only depart from and do not conflict with them, for all in us which excels them is at harmony with all in us which resembles them, and therefore with them also. In like manner our union with all that is higher than we, is limited to the points in which we resemble them, and beyond, there is no conflict, for there is nothing to oppose.

For all the purposes of coherence in the general system of being—for all the necessities of the general government, and to effect that ultimate harmony which the completed plan of Divine Wisdom supposes, our intellectual action must be determined in essential correspondence with the universal truth, and our affections impelled into substantial conformity with the all-pervading goodness. Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, good and evil, must be recognized in all worlds. From center to circumference of sentient being, thought must answer to the attraction of Divine truth, and feeling have polarity to the Divine goodness—the broad basis of all knowledge must be laid in intuitive truths interwoven with the very texture of the intellect, and emotion must be trained upon the frame-work of the universal loves.

Right may be confused with wrong in form and ultimate fact, but in essence it must be, and be felt to be, antagonistic, else all appeals to it must be unavailing for development and for duty; and good must be distinguished from evil and have constancy of character, or all discipline of reward and punishment must utterly fail; and there could be no reliance in legislation, no calculation in conduct, no science of character. The mental and moral constitution, to be the subject of a uniform and permanent moral law must be as stable and constant as the organic anatomy, which is found to be identically in the Egyptian mummy and the latest born individual of the race. This can be obtained in detail only by ideas and feelings fundamentally alike in all, and the actual uniformity seems explicable only by the assumption that they are imbued by creation into the functions of the soul and are so far the transcript and image of the Divine wisdom and love. All of which is only saying that the Infinite Providence has not taken care to feed the birds and clothe the lilies, and utterly abandoned the noblest part of all his works to the blind hazards of chance.—[*Phrenological Journal*.]

Down through all subordinate gradations of being the human mind is enabled to pursue the chain that connects it with the realms of materiality; and here it has lived and labored for centuries, until the relations of the soul to superior existences—relations not less intimate than those which unite us to all terrestrial creations—have been veiled and forgotten.—[*Shetinah*.]

Voices from the Spirit-land.

THE MYSTIC WHEEL.

A VISION.

J. W. HURLBUT, MEDIUM.

I stood on an eminence which commanded a view of North and South country. The land at the north was broken, uneven, and barren. It was entirely void of vegetation, and impressed upon the mind waste and desolation. Some distance from where I was standing, I saw a multitude of the inhabitants of earth; they were noisy and discordant. Every few minutes there would ascend from this multitude a tremendous shout, as if in triumph of victory. I was somewhat curious to know the cause of the shouting, and after watching them closely for some time, I discovered that it arose from accessions to their number. The manner in which these accessions were made somewhat puzzled me; but after a while the multitude in the center gave way to admit some illustrious comer; then I perceived an opening in the earth, through which there was a constant pouring of creation. All that came through were known by some one present. They were no sooner through than their presence was announced, and then the shout went up. On the arrival of every distinguished character, the exultations were loud and strong. The multitude, I observed, were dressed and decorated in every costume of the earth. There were specimens of character from the highest refinement of society, down to the barbarous and naked savage of the wild. They were actuated and governed by the spirit of Selfishness; each seemed bent on securing the treasure he had brought with him. There appeared a mutual fear and distrust of each other, yet all were inclined to combine their strength, as a greater security against an approaching calamity, under which they were in constant dread. Numbers seemed their only security. All comers were welcome; it made no difference from what nation or kindred they came—Egyptian, Jew, or Hottentot, civilized, barbarian, or savage; all were welcome, and for each there was a shout as they joined the throng.

I beheld between me and the multitude—but near to where I stood—the rim of a Wheel, some twenty feet in diameter, covered with a bright flame, turning rapidly in the air on an invisible center.

I now turned my attention to the Southern part of this plain. How different, O how different! was the scene I there beheld from that which I had witnessed in the North country! Here was beauty and happiness in all purity and love. The scene was lovely beyond description. As far as the eye could reach, it embraced a country whose vegetation was the beauty of perfection, and as varied as perfect. Flowers of the

most brilliant hues, and of every variety of form; fountains presenting the most curious devices, jetting forth sprays of sweet-scented water, which loaded the air with incense. There were birds of varied and gorgeous plumage, flying from branch to branch, and caroling their sweet songs with delight. Angels and spirits of the just, robed with light and sparkling with the most radiant beauty, were there. All was love, happiness, and harmony. The life of their happiness seemed to mingle in the atmosphere they breathed; the joy of one was the joy of the whole.

After watching this happy throng for a while, I saw one of their number girding himself, as if preparing for a journey; he was surrounded by his fellow-spirits; each seemed anxious to communicate, and to add a token of his love, to cheer their companion in his mission. This beautiful being was soon conducted, by the angelic throng, to the gate which opened toward the North country; there they bowed their heads in silence, and he was permitted to depart. I saw that he directed his flight toward the North, and soon came near the mixed multitude, and began whispering in the ears of those nearest the South. Soon one of them left the throng, under the influence of the beautiful Spirit, and made direct for the Wheel, which guarded the only passage from the North to the South country. When he came within a few yards of the Wheel, he stood still and cast his eyes toward the Mansions of the Blest, and appeared to be considering whether he should attempt the passage of the Wheel, or turn again to his companions in the North. I then saw that the man left this passage and examined the country, hoping to find another passage leading South, that he might escape the power of the Wheel. After he became satisfied that his only hope of reaching the happy vale was through the passage guarded by the Wheel, he returned. I saw the man again before the Wheel preparing for the trial. He offered his right shoulder to the Wheel, and as soon as it came in contact with it, every particle of covering was stripped from the arm and thrown as dust to the wind. The man became alarmed, and gathered his treasure, and seemed to consider some time where he should conceal it. At length I perceived that the man made an opening in his body near his heart; in this opening he forced his treasure, and smoothed down the skin to make it perfectly secure, that he might take it with him to the South country. After all was secure, he surveyed the altered appearance of his arm, and again approached the Wheel. I observed that this time he drew near with more confidence; the consequence was, ere he was aware, his whole body was completely under the control of the Wheel. In an instant the atmosphere was filled with dust, so as to obscure him from my vision. When the dust had disappeared, I saw the man whirling rapidly on his feet before the Wheel, exposing every part of his body to the cleansing

influence of its power. This motion continued until his whole body was covered with light flames. He stopped suddenly, a stream of fire poured from the Wheel against that part of his body where his treasure was concealed. At first, the man was in perfect agony for fear of losing his treasure. The flame penetrated his side, and the treasure was scattered to the wind. It was wonderful to see what a singular effect this had upon the man. As soon as it was torn from him, joy took possession of his countenance, and that which he had bound to his heart and esteemed as a priceless possession, he now regarded as worthless and even ruinous. When all was gone, the shining one came near; then I saw that the man's eyes were opened, and he could see this inhabitant of heaven. The Angel whispered in his ear, and pointing South, they passed from my view. I turned my eyes North, all was dark, dreary, and forbidding; the discordant yells of the multitude told too truly they regarded the renovated one as a deserter from their band, deceived and deceiving. Again a melodious shout came from the South; the angelic throng had caught a glimpse of their companion returning with the redeemed one, and as they approached the gate, all Heaven rang with the shout, "There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth."—[*Shekinah.*]

Given at Troy, N. Y.

Consoling Information.

FRIEND MANTZ: At a circle in this city some time since, the following facts were elicited through the lady of a highly esteemed citizen of St. Louis:

Many years ago, a brother of Capt. Edward Saltmarsh died in this city; and none has been able to learn precisely where his remains were placed. Capt. S. had often expressed a desire to ascertain, in order to remove them to a favorite cemetery.

At the circle above mentioned, the lady of Capt. S. was present—he being absent from the city. The disembodied brother made known his presence, by the raps,—nor did he cease until fully identifying himself—answering all manner of test questions, giving the name of him in whose house he died &c., &c. The facts and incidents received were all strictly noted down for the inspection and decision of Capt. S., no one present having the least knowledge of their truth or falsity.

On his return to the city, the Captain was placed in possession of the communication; he was astonished at finding them, after reflection and inquiry, so minutely correct. He was curious to learn more, and, if possible, ascertain where the body was placed. Accordingly, another circle convened—himself, friends and relatives, present. As before, his deceased brother announced himself by the raps, and answered many questions concerning the first communication. Being interrogated in regard to the fact, the spirit stated that the body

was deposited in a small grave-yard, attached to "Grace Church," North St. Louis; that it was in a certain corner of the yard; that it was marked by a small piece of plank at the head; and that they could easily recognize the spot—there being no other grave within several feet.

The disclosure to all present, was both interesting and astounding. The following morning Capt. S., in company with his brother, Mr. Chas. Saltmarsh, visited the ground, and found everything as described. Whilst there Capt. S. with his pencil wrote in full, on the head board of the grave, the name of his deceased brother.

At another sitting Capt. S. enquired whether he had found the spot? The spirit answered in the affirmative, and related what had been done.

These, Mr. Editor, are plain facts; these, too, are names well and favorably known as being above deception or humbuggery, of any kind. Take them, all together, and if you think proper, cast them among the skeptical world. My own connection with and investigation of this circumstance, if I had seen no other, would make me a spiritualist. Yours, truly,

J * * * *

—[*Light from the Spirit-world.*]

The Community of Peace.

The following message was given by spirits through C. HAMMOND, in reply to a letter of inquiry with regard to a social community:

No community has yet been established under the direction of spirits. All we have done is to prepare the way for a community of peace. The door is not open wide enough to work the change which is contemplated in regard to society and social reform. Neither are the friends prepared for the improvement which is designed. Spirits must do as they can, and it will require time to change and prepare minds to act harmoniously as we wish. The reform is just begun. All is yet in nearly a fragmentary condition. Sectarianism is a power against the truth. We design to commence, and we have commenced a new state of things. But the conclusion of spirit-manifestations is not closed. There are errors to be eradicated even among the friends of spirits. The coming year will disclose many important events. The principles of our book (*Light from the Spirit-world*) must have time to operate. The book will do its work, but the work is not all laid out in it. When we work minds into harmony with the main principles of that book which we have written, we shall recommend a community who will be controlled by spirits, and who will live in peace and harmony with each other. The laws which will govern the community will be obeyed because no one can disobey them. The community will love each other without a difference or selfish desire; and all things will be perfectly satisfactory to every member.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, FEBRUARY 12, 1853.

WORDS OF REASON.

To the Priesthood in particular, and Church-members generally, throughout the United States.

LETTER NUMBER ONE.

RESPECTED FRIENDS: In taking an extended view of human nature, we discover ourselves to be all members of one great family—all brethren and sisters, brought into being by a common Power—Cause—God, or whatever other term may be applied to the Great Fount of Essence, from which all things have received their being. As a race of beings, we are evidently very much subject to change, both in conditions external, and in opinions, thoughts, and belief internal. We are as yet very much divided in opinion respecting many things; from which fact it is plainly evident that the TRUTH is not yet clearly and satisfactorily discovered by the minds of the disputing parties. Learned men always harmonize respecting all things which are proved by science to be true. There is seldom any disputing, or differing in feeling touching the things which are *known*. Religious opinions have generally been thought to be entirely remote from science; and hence, while men have used their reason in all scientific researches, they have failed to do this in the investigation of spiritual truth, as spirituality has not been believed to belong to the vast and beautiful chain of natural causation. Accordingly, reason has always been thought to do much more harm than good, in the settling of religious questions, and the discovery of things of a spiritual character in general. Hence in the absence of reason, as might be well anticipated, very *unreasonable* opinions and practices have become common and familiar in almost every religious denomination in the land.

The mass of mankind in the past undeveloped condition of their perceptive and reflective reasoning powers, have, like the Jews of old, required a king, in spiritual matters; and the custom has long been common of taking boys (who are only human) and "educating" them for the ministry, after which they have been called "divines," and our reason has been thrown at their feet, but it has been scornfully trampled upon, mocked, scoffed, sneered at, and spit upon, by these "divine" men. Many years ago, one man wrote a very sensible and useful book, under the title of "The Age of Reason." For this act, the unreasonable and unreasoning screamed and screeched after him like panthers and wild catamounts. In our own day, at the present time, the human family on this part of earth has arrived at

a new epoch in the history of the human race. The spiritual nature of man is now becoming so fully developed, that what has been called the "immortal," "invisible," or "spiritual world," is really manifested to many who yet live here in the rudimental or earth-life; and also the spirits who have experienced the "change" —or step of progress—commonly called "death," do really begin to manifest their presence to those yet in the flesh. The news of these things of course must create more or less interest or excitement. Thousands of the enlightened among earth's inhabitants are already rejoicing in the flood of this refining and purifying light from Heaven. And, as a natural result of their education and position, a large number of those men called and claiming to be "divines," are now as zealously engaged in making war upon this revealed truth, as the Jewish priesthood were on the gospel, in the days when Jesus Christ lived on earth, and offered to the people his thoughts and his knowledge of spiritual things.

But it is observed that there is a very great diversity of opinion among you who are offering your services as soul-saving mediators between God and man—I mean you who perform the office of the Priesthood. A portion of your number are declaring from your platforms, that there is no such thing at all possible as that the spirit can return and manifest itself again on earth after leaving the body, and that all of the talking, and writing, and printing, of such things, is delusion. Another portion of you are declaring that spirits *can*, and *do*, manifest themselves on earth, and declare that it is *true*, that spirits are now in our day making themselves known to men by sounds and signs of various kinds, but say they are "evil spirits," and it is "all the work of the Devil," &c. Thus you arraign the friends of the spiritual philosophy for trial, and you become at once the accusers, the witnesses, and the judges, in the case. Your anathemas are hurled from what you regard as "sacred desks"—so sacred, indeed, that the accused are never permitted to reply, or make any defense. As a matter of course we are found guilty—guilty of using our "human reason," and bringing it to bear upon your "divine" assertions. We are called "infidels;" we are said to be given over "to a strong delusion that we may believe a lie and be damned." Well, well, preachers, we will not stop to dispute with you at this point. We go further back, and deny the right of the whole order of the Priesthood to sit in judgment on their fellow man. You have no business up there looking down upon the people and claiming them as your "flock," from the fleece of which you boldly assume to live. I say you must come down, and be willing to be called human, as the rest of us are.

My dear friends in the Pulpit, you had better begin to cultivate your reason, and encourage the people all

around you to do the same. Reason must settle all human opinions on one general basis; and when this is exercised as it should be, theologians will not be able to palm what may be termed "heathen mythology," upon the world as the doctrine of Jesus Christ. The accusations which you have made have been borne mostly in silence; but "fashions change," and we are now going to reason with you, "whether you will bear or forbear." Here is a beautiful little "SPIRIT MESSENGER," full of the spirit of kindness and love toward all the race. It is free, as a medium through which all reasonable minds may utter their highest and deepest thoughts. Though you may not wish this paper to come to you, perhaps some of your neighbors may take it and loan it to you, or place it where you may dare to peruse its pages.

New thoughts are flowing abroad; some of them will reach you. *Fear them not!* but try them by the light of reason. It has been said long since, "Brethren, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they be of God." This was excellent counsel; it remains good to this day. You are welcome to try *our* spirits, and see whether they be of God; you must also submit to have *your* spirits tried, for a similar object.

In another letter I purpose to glance briefly at some things, which to me appear very unreasonable, in the theology which you preach. I shall speak calmly and kindly, and yet I may shock some of you, because *words* are sometimes capable of giving motion to the nerves, equal to electric currents. Many times have I sat beneath your pulpit ministrations, and have borne the sound of your unmeaning traditions in my ears, until your very *voices* seemed to "saw across my nerves." Hundreds of others can testify to the same in their own cases. We think it right to "take turns" in speaking and listening. Will you please be so kind as to try to coincide with us in this opinion?

A kind farewell, this week. I have other thoughts in store, and will endeavor to offer them soon.

V. N.

Harrisburgh, Ohio.

WHAT AND WHERE IS TRUTH?

Among the conflicting elements of the social and religious world, the reasoning and reflective mind finds but little to satisfy the native and heaven-born aspirations which reach forth toward ever-higher attainments of truth and wisdom. Truth has been located in various positions—has been identified with many systems, and has been made the end toward which the efforts of all minds are tending, but when the reality of the case is known, it is found that all this has been simply a profession on the part of all sects, and not a reality which can satisfy the reason. The fact is, as may be easily demonstrated, that Truth has never, and can

never, be completely embodied in any human system—in any creed—in any book; and we shall not surely be likely to ascertain what the truth is on any subject, by resorting to authorities which are contradictory and inconsistent in themselves, and produce only darkness and confusion in the minds of such as rely upon their teachings.

That there is truth *somewhere* is a fact which the soul feels; but it seems to be so buried in mystery or concealed by the mantle of superstition, as to be almost beyond the grasp of the mental perceptions. How little has the human mind conceived of the real grandeur and majesty of Truth! With fanciful and mistaken views, men have even sought to appropriate this beautiful angel to their own low and selfish uses. Each sect has claimed the exclusive right to her smile; and the Priesthood, with assuming arrogance, have supposed, in mistaking a shadow for the reality, that she has been fairly caught and confined within the temples of Religion. But the world is rapidly discovering the mistake. The soul which sighed for truth and longed to bask in its radiant presence, has not found it where the throngs gather in temples made with hands and the voice of prayer goes up from thankless hearts.

But what and where is Truth? Is it a mere form of fancy lingering in the chambers of the Ideal?—or is it a stern and misshaped dogma, which crouches at the altar of Ignorance, and glares into the soul with chilling power? Nay. Not such is Truth. It is angel of the Divinity, reflecting His own glorious and infinite likeness, and shedding its peaceful light on all that is. The sanctuary of Truth is the expanded Universe. It can not be confined within any external temple—it can not be embodied within any written or printed book—it can not even be all grasped or comprehended by the human mind. Truth being an essential principle of the Divine Mind can only be found where that Mind has its full expression—which expression is seen in the universal works of Nature. It is therefore in the things which are made as the offspring of the creative Soul, that truth has its natural embodiment. And so we shall know more of truth as we study the works of God, and through these draw nearer to the Source of being. Apart from all fragmentary conceptions—aside from all arbitrary and imperfect dogmas, Truth is presented in the realms of Nature, as a divine, infinite and eternal principle—a principle which constitutes the one grand Law of the Supreme Being. The light of Truth will therefore fall upon the mind, as the mind progresses within its sphere and becomes unfolded to receive its influence; and ever, as the soul soars higher and still higher into the regions of the celestial life, shall this principle be revealed in increased perfection and beauty, forming in itself the pathway of progressive unfolding, which grows brighter and clearer as the ages roll.

R. P. A.

Mrs. Mettler, the Clairvoyant.

From a personal acquaintance with this lady, we can appreciate the truth of the remarks which are offered by the *Hartford Times* in the extract which we present below. We deem it a real service to mankind to make known to the public the remarkable clairvoyant powers which are exercised by Mrs. METTLER in the examination and treatment of disease. The *Times* says :

This excellent lady is undoubtedly the most powerful medical clairvoyant in this country. She has examined between 2 and 3,000 persons, and we presume more than that number, during the past 4 years, and it is not known that she has ever failed to give a correct description of the disease in each case. She never asks for an intimation of the nature of the disease nor is it desirable that she should be told anything in relation to it. She sees it all, and describes with minuteness when in the clairvoyant state. We witnessed one of her examination a few days since. A young man who appeared well to the ordinary observer, but who had a fever-sore upon his leg, of several years standing, was taken to her by an unbeliever in clairvoyance, rather as a test than otherwise. Mrs. Mettler had never seen or heard of this young man, nor had she ever seen the gentleman who accompanied him. She was not made acquainted in the least degree with the difficulty, but was merely requested to examine and ascertain whether he had any bodily disease. She was magnetized by Mr. Mettler, and examined the young man, telling him minutely of his sufferings, the cause of them, &c. Placing her hand directly over the fever-sore, she said, "here is a fever-sore, the outlet of the eruptive fever with which your blood is filled." The young man said, after the examination, that she had told him some things that no one, except himself, ever before knew of.

Usually, those who apply to her have complaints of the most desperate character, which have been pronounced hopeless by physicians, and still she has evidence of many cases which she has greatly benefitted or cured. We presume there is no case that has been injured by her prescriptions, or in which she has failed to give an accurate description of the disease, or the peculiar pains and feelings of the patient. Mrs. M. is a worthy, conscientious lady, and she has never made pretensions which she has not more than fulfilled.

The Lectures of Mr. Davis.

In the first department of the present number of the MESSENGER will be found an abstract report of the lectures delivered by A. J. DAVIS, at the Mechanics' Institute Hall, Cincinnati. These lectures had reference to "the origin and beginning of organic life, the gradual and progressive development of vitality, or vitalized matter, from the simple germs of vegetative existence to the highest organization on our globe, namely, the human species; and the final, eternal, spiritual destiny of man." The reporter, in addressing the Editor of the *Plain Dealer*, says: "I had the pleasure of listening

to the last three lectures of the course, and will say that I have seldom or never been more interested or instructed in so short a time. As I did not hear the beginning of the lectures, I must draw largely on my own 'preconceived notions' to get a start. I do not pretend to give the language of the lecturer, nor but a mere skeleton of the thought. The first was chaste, appropriate, forcible, and beautiful, and the latter sublime beyond description or even comprehension without much deep, analytical study and meditation." Our desire to present our readers with some abstract of the lectures of the distinguished seer, has prompted us to make use of the best report we have, which is conceded to be imperfect.

Permanency of this Journal.

The editor has the satisfaction to announce, and would hereby assure the public, that the SPIRIT MESSENGER is now placed on a permanent basis and will continue to make its appearance regularly and promptly, in accordance with a long-standing prophecy of its spiritual supervisors. It may be properly stated that arrangements have been made and results accomplished with reference to the business management of the paper, which were foreseen and promised by spirits nearly one year since. The MESSENGER is now issued by the HARMONIAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION—a spiritual brotherhood which has been formed in the most remarkable manner under the influence of an invisible power, and whose purpose is to issue, from time to time, valuable and standard works which serve to unfold the principles of the material and spiritual Universe. Relieved thus entirely from the burden of business cares, the editor is now prepared to commence the writing of the books which have been previously foretold in his intercourse with spirits.

THE INTERIOR LIFE.

It is a power which belongs to a refined and sublimated state of the soul, that gives the consciousness of a spiritual, indwelling life, which is independent of the vitality of the body. Yet such a power is real, because it is inherent in the soul. There is an inner as well as an external consciousness, by virtue of which the spirit becomes sensible of its own separate existence, and is possessed of power to gaze beyond the realm of the outward into the hidden life of things. In this condition, immortality is revealed to the soul as a present reality. It waits no more with anxious longing for the approach of physical dissolution, for it already realizes the fact of its eternal life through the medium of its own interior consciousness. This is a revelation which is far more real and valuable than all the testimony which can ever be furnished in mere external facts.

Correspondence.

SPIRIT INTERPOSITION.

DISCOVERY OF A MEDICAL SPRING.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., Jan. 30, 1853.

BRO. R. P. AMBLER: For several weeks it has been my intention to communicate to you a brief history of the discovery of a medical spring through the agency and direction of spirits.

Some fifteen years since, a man named JOHN CHASE bought thirty-six acres of land in Pine Grove township, Warren County, Pa. At that time he was a hard working, industrious blacksmith, in the village of Carroll, Chataque County, about three miles from this since discovered treasure, if such it may be called. A few weeks previous to the purchase of the land on which this spring is situated, Mrs. CHASE left Carroll to visit some friends at Meadville, Pa., intending to be absent about four weeks, and at the expiration of that time her husband was expected to come for her. Day after day passing, and receiving no tidings from home, she became somewhat discontented, and, at the suggestion of a relative, was easily induced to go with her to see an old lady—a fortune teller—for the purpose of learning what she might have to say of her husband, &c. She was told, among many other incidents, what had happened in her absence from home—that her husband had bought a farm and was intending to use the water privilege upon it for certain purposes, but would eventually give up that idea, become sick of his purchase, and try to dispose of it. She enjoined upon her that in that case she must interfere and under no circumstances allow him to dispose of it—insisting upon it that there was a treasure upon the farm that could not be valued and that at a proper time it would be developed to him. To corroborate this, she stated to her that her husband would not come after her, but provide some other way; also that she would receive a letter from him the next day. She farther stated that there would be a certain number accompany her home, and she would not reach home as soon as she expected, though she would get in sight of home. These little incidents, with many more, took place exactly as foretold by the fortune teller in the early part of this history.

Passing from that time, without noticing several as wonderfully marked instances of spirit interpositions in the whole history when written out in detail, I bring you to the incidents of the last few months. In the month of May, spirits through rapping, writing, and clairvoyant mediums, commenced urging upon JOHN CHASE and WILLIAM A. BRITTINGHAM the opening of a salt spring. In pursuance of this direction, they located the spot, gave the dimensions and depth of the pit to be settled, described the soil for the first twenty-five feet,

stated precisely as to the finding of the bed of a former creek twenty-five feet under the surface—the number of feet of rock, and the distance to be drilled to reach the salt spring, which in all was about forty feet below the surface. They further communicated that in the same pit would be discovered another spring, the value of which could not be estimated, but was infinitely beyond that of the salt spring. The salt spring was found exactly as indicated from the first; the water has been boiled and salt actually made from it. The other spring was also found as indicated, and, as far as yet used as a remedial agent under spiritual direction, has astonished and astounded all. Thus far it has been very successful where used as a remedy for bronchitis, asthma and weakness of lungs, also in some cases of typhoid fever. Dr. GREVES of Milwaukie and Dr. UNDERHILL of Cleaveland, have visited this spring within a few days past, and will undoubtedly write out for the public and our spiritual friends, a more detailed account; and also give, as far as possible, the chemical components of this water which spirits have given a latin name signifying, in substance, Rock Water of Life. Messrs. CHASE and BRITTINGHAM are both spiritualists, and will devoutly follow spiritual direction and instruction in the use and disposal of it through agents. They understand fully that it has been developed to them for the benefit of suffering and physically diseased humanity. May we not hope that there is now opened to us a Panacea that shall cure the diseases of the body, when applied by the same instrumentalities that have thus singularly brought it to light. In conclusion I will say that I have personally visited this spring—am well acquainted with the parties that have meekly faced the opprobrium of their neighbors, and think few persons could be induced to spare six months of time, besides their money in digging forty-six feet through earth, including sixteen feet of solid rock, at the instigation of invisible spirits, in the wilds of Warren County, Pa. Facts are worth more than fiction.

Should any one desire to touch, taste and examine for themselves, they can do so by calling on Dr. GREVES of Milwaukie, Dr. UNDERHILL of Cleaveland, Ohio, or Dr. GRAY in New-York. The route to the spring is via Erie Railroad to Dunkirk, and a stage to Carroll, where a private conveyance can be procured to take passengers to Mr. CHASE's residence.

I have not touched upon the most wonderful part of the history of this spring, as your readers will learn in a day not far distant. Realities are connected in its history more interesting in the unfolding of spiritual science, than as yet have been given to the world.

Truly yours, T. S. SHELDON.

[Facts like the above are both interesting in themselves and valuable for the light which they reflect on spiritual intercourse. We trust that a more extended statement of them will be given soon.—Ed.]

Facts and Phenomena.

SPIRIT HEALING.

DEAR BRO. HEWITT: Please insert in the Era the following remarkable fact. A few days since, my friend Marcus C. Wilcox, of Lower Canada Village, Blackstone, Mass., while engaged in the adjustment of some machinery at a neighboring mill, accidentally received a stunning blow across the right eye. He was rendered senseless for a few moments and entirely deprived of sight, (his left eye having long been sightless.) As soon as he had sufficiently recovered his consciousness to realize his condition, he felt that his eye had been destroyed, and that he was a hopelessly blind man, and that he had rather die than live.

The friend who was at work with him had the same impression—that his eye was ruined. With difficulty he was assisted home. The pain was more intense and unendurable than he had ever before experienced. The whole cavity of the eye was swollen and bloody to a frightful extent. His wife, on seeing him aided into the house faint, staggering and almost terrified with anguish, was deeply alarmed, but did the best she could for him in such a state of terror. At this moment, (she being a Spirit Medium,) distinct rappings commenced all about the room, particularly on the floor; and Mr. Wilcox received a strong impression, to ask his wife to lay her hand across the agonizing wound. She did so; and in an instant his pain departed entirely. He had not another particle of it from that time forth. His eye remained swollen for two days, and was partially blood-shotten when I saw it a week later. But he slept soundly at night, and his recovery was soon complete. The spirits have since declared that they wrought the relief through the medium, and that she will henceforth be a healing medium. A more thankful man I never saw than Mr. W. This is no fiction, nor exaggeration. I had it from friend Wilcox's own lips, and the corroborations of it are unquestionable. God be praised.

Respectfully yours,

ADIN BALLOU.

Hopedale, Jan. 26, 1853.—[*New Era*.]

A Case of Clairvoyance.

As it is the fashion for newspapers to chronicle every thing pertaining to the marvelous, we feel bound to give the particulars, as related to us, of a singular discovery of stolen money, and said to have occurred lately in this city:

Soon after the recent burglaries were committed upon the premises of Mr. Morrill and Mr. Mulken, a watch and some money were missed from a chamber in one of our boarding houses, and it was at first supposed that the house had been entered in the same manner as

the others. The landlady, however, suspected one of her own boarders as the thief, but could obtain no evidence against him. Having had some faith in mesmerism, and feeling anxious for the elucidation of the mystery, she finally determined upon applying to a clairvoyant subject, resident in town, a boy of seventeen, who had the reputation of being able to find out hidden things. The mesmerizer was absent, but the subject undertook to put himself to sleep, and having done so, his wonderful second sight immediately enabled him to give all the particulars of the robbery, the name of the thief, and to describe the place where the property was then concealed—viz: the mouth of a drain which is carried through the stone foundation-wall of the block of stores above the bridge on the river side. The opening is about ten feet above the foot of the wall, and on search being made, the money and watch were found, rolled up in a piece of cloth according to the clairvoyant's description.

Disbelievers in the science of mesmerism will conclude that there was collusion in the case, but we are told there is nothing to warrant that suspicion, and furthermore he has made many other discoveries, equally surprising.—[*Kennebec Journal*.]

Spiritual Demonstrations.

At Palmyra, a week or two since, by the request of a medium, the invisibles turned over a large dining table. The leaves did not fall, but adhered to the legs, making a kind of box, in which three ladies seated themselves, and then the medium, laying her hand on the table was followed by it around the room pretty rapidly, several times, rather seriously damaging the table by scratching the surface on nails in the uncarpeted floor. By request of one of the ladies the table started out of doors, but was stopped by the "carpet strip." No person touched the table except as above mentioned. The medium is a delicate little girl, about twelve or thirteen years of age. The full strength of four would be required to accomplish the feat described. The respectability and correctness of our information, and well known high standing of those who took "the trip," leave no room to doubt the correctness of the above facts.—[*Hannibal Register*.]

Premonitions.

Mr. Butterfield, who was killed by the late unfortunate accident upon the Passumpsic Railroad, for a week or two before it occurred, seemed impressed with the idea of some impending evil. He mentioned his impression to his friends, appeared downcast, and did not wish to run an engine any more. Indeed, he had gone so far as to say that after that week he should leave the place he occupied on the road. He was ready to do anything else but to act as an engineer.

In passing up a few days previous to that on which the accident took place, before it was full daylight, he whistled for the train to "break up," insisting that the fireman should go forward and examine the track, for he plainly saw the figure of a man moving slowly along. He also stopped at another, and about the same time, believing there was a man on the track. It turned out in both cases to be an illusion. If Mr. B. had been a timid and nervous man, these impressions would readily be accounted for, perhaps, but he was just the contrary—cheerful, cool, deliberate and fearless—so far even as to be remarkable for these qualities. His impressions, viewed in connection with his well known character and melancholy end, are certainly mysterious, and we do not know how they are to be accounted for, unless it be that evil is sometime portended to man by a superior intelligence.—[*Caledonian*.]

Poetry.

TRUST TO THE FUTURE.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

Trust to the future—though gloomy and cheerless
Prowls the dark past like a ghost at thy back,
Look not behind thee—be hopeful and fearless;
Steer for the right way, and keep to the track!
Fling off despair—it has strength like a giant;
Shoulder the purpose, and boldly defiant,
Save to the right, stand unmoved and unpliant;
Faith and God's promise the brave never lack.

Trust to the future—the present may fright thee,
Scowling so fearfully close at thy side;
Face it unmoved, and no present can blight thee—
He who stands boldly each blast can abide.
Never a storm but the tainted air needs it,
Never a storm but the sunshine succeeds it;
Each has a lesson, and he alone reads it
Rightly who takes it and makes it his guide.

Trust to the future—it stands like an angel
Waiting to lead thee, to bless and to cheer:
Singing of home like some blessed evangel,
Luring thee on to a brighter career.
Why should the past or the present oppress thee?
Stamp on the coils, for, with arms to caress thee,
See the great future stands yearning to bless thee:
Press boldly forward, nor yield to a fear!

Trust to the future—it will not deceive thee,
So thou but meet it with brave heart and strong;
Now begin living anew, and believe me,
Gladness and triumph will follow ere long.
Never a night but there cometh a morrow,
Never a grief but the hopeful will borrow
Something of gladness to lighten the sorrow;
Life unto such is a conquerer's song!

Trust to the future, then—cease from your weeping;
Faith and a firm heart are all that you need;
God and his angels have yet in their keeping
Harvests of joy if we'll sow but the seed!
Trust to the future—all life will be glorious;
Trust—for in trusting the soul is victorious;
Trust—and in trusting be strong and laborious;
Up and be doing, and give God the meed!

—[*The Token*.]

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

BY T. BUCHANAN REED.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still!

To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a bark.

And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle flowers are springing near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around,
Countless voices rise to cheer me,
From the ground.

And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;

There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Now the moon hath floated to me,
On the stream I see it sway,
Swinging boat like, as 'twould woo me
Far away—;

And the stars bend from the azure,
I could reach them where I lie,
And they whisper all the pleasure
Of the sky

There they hang and smile above me
Till I think some things there be
In the very heavens that love me,
Even me!

LIFE PHILOSOPHY.

BY R. NATALIE CROMWELL.

Life's a round of golden hours—
Let the bright sand run;
Gather the bloom of the early flowers
Ere the day be done:
Weave thy garland fresh with roses—
Let the red leaves cast
O'er the bower where Love reposes
Fragrance to the last.

Life's a stream where all must lave—
Would'st thou dip so deep?
Jewels lie beneath the wave—
Soon we sink to sleep.
Freight thy bark with joy and pleasure;
Let the rude winds play;
Hope's sweet breath shall waft the treasure
O'er the trackless way.

Life's a dream whose outward seeming
Yields a smile or sigh;
He who looks for hidden meaning
Nothing learns but—all must die!
Standing then upon the portal,
Faith the guiding star,
Whispering of a soul immortal,
Points to worlds afar.

—[*American Artisan*.]

Miscellaneous Department.

A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE

ON THE PATH OF A MONEY-LENDER.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Edgar was a money-lender, and scrupled not in exacting the highest "street rates" of interest that could be obtained. If good paper were offered, and he could buy it from the needy seeker of cash at two or even three per cent. a month, he did not hesitate about the transaction on any scruples of justice between man and man. Below one per cent. a month, he rarely made loans. He had nothing to do with the question as to whether the holder of bills could afford the sacrifice. The circle of his thoughts went not beyond gain to himself.

Few days closed with Mr. Edgar, that he was not able to count up gains as high as from thirty to one hundred dollars. Not acquired in trade; not coming back to him as the reward of productive industry; but the simple accumulation of large clippings from the anticipated reward of other's industry. Always with a good balance in the bank, he had but to sign his name to a check, and the slight effort was repaid by a gain of from ten to fifty dollars, according to the size and time of the note he had agreed to discount. A shrewd man, and well acquainted with the business standing of all around him, Mr. Edgar rarely made mistakes in money transactions. There was always plenty of good paper offering, and he never touched anything regarded as doubtful.

Was Mr. Edgar a happy man? Ah! that is a home-question. But, we answer, frankly, no. During his office hours, while his love of gain was active—while good customers were coming and going, and good operations being effected—his mind was in a pleasurable glow. But, at other times, he suffered greatly from a pressure on his feelings, the cause of which he did not clearly understand. Wealth he had always regarded as the greatest good in life. And now, he not only had wealth, but the income therefrom was a great deal more than he had any desire to spend. And yet he was not happy—no, not even in the thought of his large possessions. Only in the mental activity through which more was obtained, did he really find satisfaction; but this state was only of short duration.

Positive unhappiness, Mr. Edgar often experienced. Occasional losses, careful and shrewd as he always was, were inevitable. These fretted him greatly. To lose a thousand dollars, instead of gaining, as was pleasantly believed, some sixty or seventy, was a shower of cold water upon his ardent love of accumulation; and he shivered painfully under the infliction. The importunities of friends, who needed money, and to whom it was unsafe to lend it, were also a source of no small annoyance. And, moreover, there was little of the heart's warm sunshine at home. As Mr. Edgar had thought more of laying up wealth for his children, than giving them the true riches of intellect and heart, ill weeds had sprung up in their minds. He had not loved them with an unselfish love, and he received not a higher affection than he had bestowed. Their prominent thought in regard to him, seemed ever to be the obtaining of some concession to their real or

imaginary wants; and, if denied these, they reacted upon him in anger, sullenness or complaint.

O, no; Mr. Edgar was not happy. Few gleams of sunshine lay across his path. Life, to him, in his own bitter words, uttered after some keen disappointment, had "proved a failure." And yet he continued eager for gain; would cut as deep, exact as much, from those who had need of his money in their business, as ever. The measure of per centage was the measure of his satisfaction.

One day, a gentleman said to him:

"Mr. Edgar, I advised a young mechanic, who has been in business for a short time, and who has to take notes for his work, to call on you to get them cashed. He has no credit in bank, and is, therefore, compelled to go upon the street for money. Most of his work is taken by one of the safest houses in the city; his paper is, therefore, as good as any in market. Deal as moderately with him as you can. He knows little about these matters, or where to go for the accommodations he needs."

"Is he an industrious and prudent young man?" inquired Mr. Edgar, caution and cupidity at once excited.

"He is."

"What's his name?"

"Blakewell."

"O, I know him. Very well; send him along, and if his paper is good, I'll discount it."

"You'll find it first-rate," said the gentleman.

"How much shall I charge him?" This was Mr. Edgar's first thought, so soon as he was alone. Even as he asked himself the question, the young mechanic entered.

"You take good paper, sometimes?" said the latter, in a hesitating manner.

The countenance of Mr. Edgar became, instantly, very grave.

"Sometimes I do," he answered, with assumed indifference.

"I have a note of Leyden & Co.'s that I wish discounted," said Blakewell.

"For how much?"

"Three hundred dollars—six months;" and he handed Mr. Edgar the note.

"I don't like over four months' notes," remarked the money-lender, coldly. Then he asked—"What rate of interest do you expect to pay?"

"Whatever is usual. Of course, I wish to get it done as low as possible. My profits are not large, and every dollar I pay in discounts is so much taken from the growth of my business and the comfort of my family."

"You have a family?"

"Yes, sir: a wife and four children."

Mr. Edgar mused for a moment or two. An unselfish thought was struggling to get into his mind.

"What have you usually paid on this paper?" he asked.

"The last I had discounted cost me one and a half per cent. a month."

"Notes of this kind are rarely marketable below that rate," said Mr. Edgar. He had thought of exacting two per cent. "If you will leave the note, and call around in half an hour, I will see what can be done."

"Very well," returned the mechanic. "Be as moderate with me as you can."

For the half hour that went by during the young man's absence, Mr. Edgar walked the floor of his counting-room, trying to come to some decision in regard to the note. Love of gain demanded two per cent. a month, while a feeble voice, scarcely heard, so far away did it seem, pleaded for a generous regard to the young man's necessities. The conflict taking place in his mind was a new one for the money-lender. In no instance, before, had he experienced any hesitation on the score of a large discount. Love of gain continued clamorous for two per cent. on the note: yet, ever and anon, the low voice stole, in pleading accents, to his ears.

"I'll do it for one and a half," said Mr. Edgar, yielding slightly to the claim of humanity, urged by the voice, that seemed to be coming nearer.

Love of gain, after slight opposition, was satisfied. But the low, penetrating voice asked for something better still.

"Weakness! Folly!" exclaimed Mr. Edgar. "I'd better make him a present of the money at once."

It availed nothing. The voice could not be hushed.

"One per cent.! He couldn't get it done as low as that in the city."

"He is a poor young man, and has a wife and four little children," said the voice. "Even the abstraction of legal interest from his hard earnings is defect enough; to lose twice that sum will make a heavy draught on his profits, which, under the present competition in trade, are not large. He is honest and industrious, and by his useful labor is aiding the social well-being. Is it right for you to get his reward?—to take his profits, and add them to your already rich accumulations?"

Mr. Edgar did not like these home questions, and tried to stop his ears, so that the voice could not find an entrance. But he tried in vain.

"Bank rates on this note," continued the inward voice, "would not exceed nine dollars. Even this is a large sum for a poor man to lose. Double the rate of interest, and the loss becomes an injury to his business, or the cause of seriously abridging his home comforts. And how much will nine dollars contribute to your happiness? Not so much as a jot or a tittle. You are unable, now to spend your income."

The young mechanic entered at this favorable moment. The money-lender pointed to a chair; then turned to his desk, and filled up, hurriedly, a check. Blakewell glanced at the amount thereof, as it was handed to him, and an instant flush of surprise came into his face.

"Havn't you made a mistake, Mr. Edgar?" said he.

"In what respect?"

"The note was for three hundred dollars, six months, and you have given me a check for two hundred and ninety dollars, forty-three cents."

"I've charged you bank interest," said Mr. Edgar, with a feeling of pleasure at his heart so new, that it sent a glow along every nerve and fiber of his being.

"Bank interest! I did not expect this, sir," replied the young man, visibly moved. "For less than one and a half per cent. a month, I have not been able to obtain money. One per cent. I would have paid you cheerfully. Eighteen dollars saved. How much good that sum will do me! I could not have saved it—or, I might say, have received it—more opportunely. This is a kindness for which I shall ever remember you, gratefully."

Grasping the money-lender's hand, he shook it warmly; then turned and hurried away.

Only one previous transaction had, that day, been made by Mr. Edgar. In that transaction his gain was fifty dollars, and much pleasure had it given him. But the delight experienced was not to be compared with what he now felt. It was to him a new experience in life—a realization of that beautiful truth, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Once or twice, during the day, as Mr. Edgar dwelt on the little circumstance, his natural love of gain caused regret for the loss of money involved in the transaction, to enter his mind. How cold, moody, and uncomfortable, he instantly became! Self-love was seeking to rob the money-lender of the just reward of a good deed. But the voice which had prompted the generous act was heard, clear and sweet, and again his heart beat to a gladder measure.

Evening was closing in on the day following. It was late in December, and winter had commenced in real earnest. Snow had fallen for some hours. Now, however, the sky was clear, but the air keen and frosty. The day, to Mr. Edgar, was one in which more than the usual number of "good transactions" had been made. On one perfectly safe note he had been able to charge as high as three per cent. per month. Full of pleasurable excitement had his mind been, while thus gathering in gain; but now, the excitement being over, he was oppressed. From whence the pressure came, he did not know. A cloud usually fell upon his spirits with the closing day; and there was not sunshine enough at home to chase it from his sky.

As Mr. Edgar walked along, with his eyes upon the pavement, his name was called. Looking up, he saw, standing at the open door of a small house, the mechanic he had befriended on the day before.

"Step in here just one moment," said the young man. The request was made in a way that left Mr. Edgar no alternative but compliance. So, he entered the humble dwelling. He found himself in a small, unlighted room, adjoining one in which a lamp was burning, and in which was a young woman, plainly but neatly dressed, and four children; the youngest lying in a cradle. The woman held in her hand a warm Bay State shawl, which, after examining a few moments, with a pleased expression of countenance, she threw over her shoulders, and glanced at herself in a looking-glass. The oldest of the children, a boy, was trying on a new overcoat; and his sister, two years younger, had a white muff, and a woollen shawl, in which her attention was completely absorbed. A smaller child had a new cap, and he was the most pleased of any.

"O, isn't father good to buy us all these; and we wanted them so much," said the oldest of the children. "Yesterday morning, when I told him how cold I was going to school, he said he was sorry, but that I must try and do without a coat this winter, for he had not money enough to get us all we wanted. How did he get more money, mother?"

"To a kind gentleman, who helped your father, we are indebted for these needed comforts," replied the mother.

"He must be a good man," said the boy. "What's his name?"

"His name is Mr. Edgar."

"I will ask God to bless him to-night, when I say my prayers," innocently spoke out the youngest of the three children.

"What does all this mean?" asked the money-lender, as he hastily retired from the room he had entered.

"If you had charged me one per cent. on my note, this scene would never have occurred," answered the mechanic. "With the sum you generously saved me, I was able to buy these comforts. My heart blesses you for the deed; and if the good wishes of my happy family can throw sunshine across your path, it will be full of brightness."

Too much affected to reply, Mr. Edgar returned the warm pressure of the hand which had grasped his, and glided away.

A gleam of sunshine had indeed fallen along the pathway of the money-lender. Home had a brighter look, as he passed his own threshold. He felt kinder and more cheerful; and kindness and cheerfulness flowed back to him from all the inmates of his dwelling. He half wondered at the changed aspect worn by everything. His dreams that night were not of losses, fires, and the wreck of dearly cherished hopes; but of the humble home made glad by his generous kindness. Again the happy mother, the pleased children, and the grateful father, were before him, and his own heart leaped with a new delight.

"It was a small act; a very light sacrifice on my part," said Mr. Edgar to himself, as he walked, in a musing mood, towards his office on the next morning. "And yet, of how much real happiness has it been the occasion! So much that a portion thereof has flowed back upon my own heart."

"A good act is twice blessed." It seemed as if the words were spoken aloud, so distinctly and so suddenly were they presented to the mind of Mr. Edgar.

Ah, if he will only heed that suggestion, made by some pure spirit, brought near to him by the stirring of good affections in his mind! In it lies the secret of true happiness. Let him but act therefrom, and the sunshine will never be absent from his pathway.—[*Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion.*]

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

There is one way of attaining what we may term, if not utter, at least moral happiness. It is this—a sincere and unrelaxing activity for the happiness of others. In that one maxim is concentrated whatever is noble in morality, sublime in religion, or unanswerable in truth. In that pursuit we have all scope for whatever is excellent in our hearts, and none for the petty passions which our nature is heir to. Thus engaged, whatever be our errors, there will be nobility, not weakness, in our remorse; whatever be our failure, virtue, not selfishness, in our regret; and in success, vanity itself will become holy, and triumph eternal.

A man's dealings must be honest and upright. Let his yea be yea, and his nay be nay. Let him be rigidly exact when he has to pay, and forbearing when he has to receive. He must not at all delay just payments; and is he has been obliged to sue another, and has obtained judgment in his favor, let him be merciful, patient, and forbearing.

Unnecessarily deliver not your opinion; but when you do, let it be just, well considered, and plain. Be charitable in all thought, word, and deed, and ever ready to forgive injuries done to yourself; and be more pleased to do good than to receive good.

Ten friends are dearly purchased at the expense of a single enemy; for the latter will take ten times more pains to injure you than the former will take to do you a service.

Think nought a trifle, though it small appear:
Sands make a mountain, moments make the year.
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learnt to live.

A man improves more by reading the story of a person eminent for prudence and virtue, than by the finest rules and precepts of morality.

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

This Journal, under the care and protection of ministering spirits, may now justly assume a prominent position among the various instrumentalities of human progress. It is devoted to an elucidation of the important subjects comprehended in Spiritual Science and Social Reform, and will embrace in its sphere the realities which are disclosed in the principles of Nature and the instructions of the celestial world. As prominent and distinctive features of this Journal, may be mentioned,

1. REVELATIONS OF NATURE; embracing expositions of philosophical principles disclosed through the medium of Reason, Intuition, or the Interior Perceptions.

2. VOICES FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND; containing messages from spirits through different mediums, having relation to the philosophy of human progress and the realities of the Second Sphere.

3. EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT; devoted chiefly to subjects relating to the mission of Spiritualism, the practical operation of its principles, and the reorganization of Society.

4. CORRESPONDENCE; consisting of letters on matters of a spiritual nature, addressed to the editor by persons in different parts of the country.

5. FACTS AND PHENOMENA; comprehending statements of experience, experiments, and discoveries, bearing on the subject of human development, whether of a philosophical, psychological, or spiritual character.

6. POETRY.

7. MISCELLANEOUS DEPARTMENT; in which will be presented choice articles, original and selected, on subjects connected with the enlightenment and progress of mind.

TERMS:—THE SPIRIT MESSENGER will be issued weekly, by the HARMONIAL PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION, located in New-York. Price of subscription \$2.00, per annum, PAYABLE IN ALL CASES IN ADVANCE. No papers will be sent after the term of subscription has expired, unless renewed. Address,

R. P. AMBLER, Editor,
No. 80 Nassau St. New York.

SPIRITUAL WORKS.

THE SPIRITUAL TEACHER: comprising a Series of Twelve Lectures on the Nature and Development of the Spirit. Written by Spirits of the Sixth Circle. R. P. Ambler, Medium. This work, dictated by an unseen intelligence in the presence of responsible witnesses, was written in precisely forty-three hours and forty-three minutes. The subjects of which it treats are possessed of intrinsic interest, and have an important bearing on the welfare of the race. Muslin, 50 cents. Postage 8 cents.

ELEMENTS OF SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY, being an Exposition of Interior Principles. Written by Spirits of the Sixth Circle. R. P. Ambler, Medium. The design of this work is to unfold the prominent principles of the Spiritual Philosophy in a condensed form, and elucidate the mysteries connected with evil spirits and contradictory communications. Paper, 25 cents. Postage, 4 cents.