

624.

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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Rebelations of Nature.

THE SCIENCE OF THE SOUL; ITS UNFOLDINGS AND RESULTS.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

The science which pertains to the spiritual being has not been understood by the philosophers of former dispensations. In the darkness of past ages the world obtained but an imperfect knowledge of that interior principle which dwells in the human form. The exploring eye of Science could not penetrate the misty veil which overshadowed the sanctuary of the soul; and through the long and doleful night of superstition, only dim and unstable fancies could irradiate the gloom which rested like the pall of death upon humanity. During the infancy of the race, man was enabled to understand but little of his own nature. While the glory of the surrounding universe was disclosed to his view—while even to his material senses were revealed the living evidences of the Divine presence, he was not made fully conscious of that immortal germ within, which exalts him above the shining stars and allies him to the Creator of the worlds. The realm of physical being formed the primary sphere that was opened to the human mind. Forms of beauty which adorn the bosom of earth called for an analysis of their life and structure; gems of light that glitter on the brow of heaven attracted the investigation of the reverent mind, and the deep strata of this rolling globe—exciting the impulse of curiosity and wonder—led down the researches of the geologist towards its central heart. Thus physical science became the first object of investigation and study. The world of matter was revealed to the undeveloped mind as the only world; and while the expanse of life and being reaches ever out into an immeasurable deep, the universe which the infant man could alone appreciate, was confined within the narrow sphere of sense. What beauty—what life—what glory, was lost in this imperfect conception! How little has man realized that he stands on the very confines of the visible creation, ready to look out on the great immensity of being which the mortal eye may not behold!—how little has he recognized the breathing spirit that animates each moving limb, before whose vision earth grows dim and dark, and heaven in its radiance stands revealed!

But from the well-springs of the inward life have flowed up the streams of a sublime wisdom. A glorious thought, rising from the depths of the soul, has been born into the world of mind. The inner, spiritual nature of man is beginning to be perceived and appreciated. Retiring from the glare of the outward world, the mortal has looked in wonder within him-

self; and in the whispering consciousness of the immortal being—in the voiceful silence of the spirit-temple, he has felt the hallowed presence of his own divinity, while he has listened to the messages of angelic love. In the advancement of humanity through successive stages of unfolding, the spiritual powers have been the last to be exercised and developed; and accordingly the stream of time has rolled on through the channel of ages, bearing on its bosom the records of human ignorance and error, while the gems of beauty that dwell beneath its surface were not sought or known, until it emerged from the dark shadows of the past into the glorious light of the new era.

It is true that certain speculations have been long indulged with respect to the existence and nature of the soul. Philosophers of the olden time, imbued with holy intuitions and sublime hopes, have endeavored to analyze the interior being of man; and with the key which they have derived from their labored researches, they have essayed to unlock the gloomy portals of the tomb and open the gateway of immortal life. But the same dense cloud of materialism which has rested on humanity from its birth, obscured the light which flowed dimly into the searching mind; and thus the most exalted aspirations for truth and knowledge—the deepest and holiest desires for the revelation of the spirit-life, were suppressed and buried. It is only in the present age that the revelation for which man has thirsted has been received. The beaming of a new light on the world—the rising sun of celestial wisdom—the outpouring life and glory of heavenly spheres, have disclosed the true science of the soul as a bright and substantial reality. To this source is the world indebted for the establishment of a profound and mighty system of truth. Theory could never satisfy the awakened aspirations of man; fancy could never grasp the deep realities of spiritual life; for it is only amid the effulgence of a divine philosophy and with a clear view of the eternal principles of Nature, that the mind can fully realize its security on the foundations of eternal wisdom.

No subject has been presented to the contemplations of the human mind, which has a deeper and more important significance than that which pertains to the science of the soul. The body with all its variety of organs, nerves and sinews may be examined and understood, but this is simply the combination of material elements which lives for a brief season and returns to dust. But the soul—the being which resides within the body—which pours the current of life through all its arteries, can never die; and within the depths of this imperishable substance where only angels and God may gaze, is mirrored the unfading light which flows from the immeasurable Vortex of the Universe. Hence in the immortal being is opened a sphere of thought which is vast and beautiful as the

researches of angels. The mind is not here confined to the limits of earth and time; but far away in the deep expanse of heaven—in fields where spirits cull the bright flowers of love, it may follow the soarings of the undying thought. The science of the soul has thus a tendency to expand and elevate the interior perceptions. It serves to reveal the powers, tendencies, and destiny of the inward being, and to illumine the pathway of the future with visions of ever-expanding bliss. Let it therefore be the aim of the present investigation to present the beautiful unfoldings and important results which attend the progress of spiritual science.

Lying at the foundation of the science to which reference has been made, is the existence of an intelligent Principle in the universe. Conceptions of this Principle, more or less feeble, have been entertained in all ages; but the nature and philosophy of the Divine existence have been as far removed from the sphere of earthly thought as are distant and unknown planets from human vision. The Deity has been worshiped, but has not been understood. He has been adored in the sun, the moon, and the stars, but has not been recognized as the living Essence which dwells within this outward veil of glory. So likewise has He been revered as a Father looking down from some lofty and unapproachable throne upon his earthly children, but has not been comprehended as the pervading Soul of the universe, whose presence fills the minutest portions of the infinite whole. There is a vast and beautiful thought in the truthful comprehension of Deity which needs to be impressed on the minds of men. In the deep heart of Nature where the vision of the earthly eye may not extend, there resides a refined and radiant substance which is known by the inhabitants of the spiritual world as magnetism. This substance is presented to the vision of the spirit as an element of perfect and attractive light; and extending as it does throughout the vast domain of creation, it appears as a mighty ocean of brilliancy which illumines the boundless temple of God. It is this substance which constitutes the light of the spiritual spheres, and which renders the saying appropriate and truthful—"there shall be no night there;" and it is this also which penetrates through all the recesses of the physical universe, forming the universal and luminous medium through which the eyes of angels may gaze down into the depths of matter. Within the most interior portions of this element, which is thus infinitely extended, resides the germ of life and intelligence that constitutes the soul of Deity. This germ is the eternal and self-existent principle of wisdom, which is the essence of all being. It is matter, subject to regular and harmonious movements in accordance with the law existing in its nature, but matter so refined—so far beyond the reach of all human conception, that it can be only fancied in the distance as an ever-active and infinitely-sublimated principle. This principle, which is the life of the Divine Mind, is both uncreated and indestructible in its nature, since it is itself the very germ of all existence, and is as a necessity of being. Therefore the principle of wisdom is the original, supreme, and positive power of the universe, whose very refinement and sublimation render it omnipotent; and it is seen by those who are beyond the darkness of earth, that this is the living and exhaustless Source from which the majestic flower of creation was unfolded.

The view which is here presented of God is the most interior and spiritual, and therefore the most real. Yet is it true that in the Divine nature are successive gradations

of refinement, by which the central essence of intelligence is connected with the gross substances of Nature. The great Soul does not reside apart from creation as an isolated and independent being, but pervades and permeates the whole of matter, as the human spirit extends through the physical organism. Hence the visible universe may be regarded as the body of God, while the interior principle of wisdom is recognized as the animating soul. The soul is not the body and the body is not the soul, but both are united in one perfect and harmonious constitution which forms the indivisible substance of being. In the great heart of the universe is the sun of Divine Wisdom—a sun so dazzling that even seraphic eyes may not gaze thereon; emanating from this, as an infinite clothing, is an expanded atmosphere of light which forms the living radiance of Heaven; encircling this is an element of more feeble luster which unites the sphere of spirit with the world of matter; and then beyond the last, as a more outward realm, extends the shadowy sphere of gross and tangible substance. Yet the rays of the central Sun penetrate even to the lowest depths of the material world; and there is no place throughout the immensity of creation, which does not receive some faint reflection of celestial light. And that light is the smile of God; and when it reaches down to those portions of matter which are comparatively cold and dark, it implants there a germ of life which expands into a flower—it establishes a principle of attraction by which all substance is moved outward in the pathway of progression, and it breathes a reviving influence which freshens the beauty of all living things and draws them in perfected being towards the atmosphere of God. Thus is it seen as a primary principle of spiritual science, that God exists by necessity—that He comprehends both the soul and body of the universe—that He pervades every part of the inconceivable whole, and forever attracts the essence of all substance to the perfection of his interior life.

It has been stated that the Divine Essence permeates every substance in being. This essence therefore constitutes the most interior portion of all matter; and, according to the nature of things, it manifests itself in a manner and degree corresponding to the refinement of different substances. In the mineral this essence is manifested simply as motion; in the vegetable it is the principle of life; in the animal it is sensation, and in the human form intelligence. The tendency of this essence in its various outward embodiments, is constantly in the direction of a perfect individualization. Man being the highest and most complete organization in Nature, in him the divine essence attains to its concentrated and eternalized form as presented in the human soul. Within the depths of the inward being is felt that profound consciousness of identity, which demonstrates to the interior sense that the refined elements of the spirit are united in one individual and undying structure. While the materials of the outward world are all employed in the formation of the physical organism, the soul-like essences of Nature which dwell within these materials, are concentrated in the structure of the inward man. Thus the soul of the human being forms the perfected flower of creation and the immortal child of the Divinity; it is the beautiful form in whose production the energies and processes of the whole universe are employed, and for whose development and perfection the power of the Positive Mind extends through all the avenues of being.

To demonstrate the existence and immortality of the soul, it is only necessary to refer to the established principles of

Nature. It is only because Nature has not been consulted—because her operations and processes have not been studied—because a gross materiality has been suffered to stifle the whisperings of Reason and Intuition, that a dark and fearful skepticism has existed on this subject. Let the voice of Wisdom be heard, and Faith with angelic glory shall descend to earth. It is a truth demonstrated by philosophical researches, that *motion* pervades every portion of the material world. Now this motion evidently does not consist in a change of the external particles of matter, since this matter, as in the rock or mineral, may be in a state of perfect quiescence. But the motion by which changes are being constantly produced even in the most solid substances, must be dependent on some interior fluid or essence which permeates the secret recesses of Nature. This fluid is revealed to the vision of the spirit as *electricity*; and this revelation is in perfect correspondence with the truth which Science has demonstrated, that this subtle element pervades the interior portions of matter, sustains the life and growth of the vegetable, and forms the agent of motion in the human system. Here, then, the mind is forced to recognize in the heart of matter the presence of an invisible fluid which constitutes the principle of motion. Ascending the scale of progression, this fluid in undergoing the process of refinement assumes a more subtle form, and becomes outwardly manifested in vegetable life; and so all the phenomena presented by the plant are dependent on this interior force. Again, at that point in the refinement of matter where the vegetable merges into the animal creation, the same internal element by which life and motion are produced, is sublimated into the still higher essence known as *magnetism*, through whose silent movements in the organic structure is produced the sublime quality of sensation. Now in the elements already named (*i. e.* magnetism and electricity) may be recognized the outward clothing of the soul, as these are the atmosphere of the Divine Mind. Accordingly these elements in their perfected state are introduced into the human system, manifesting all the phenomena of motion, life, and sensation; and here in the crowning structure of Nature, having attained to the likeness of the Divine Essence, they unite to develop the central and immortal principle of intelligence, which is the germ of the human spirit. Hence it appears that the inward being is a real and living substance, unfolded from the refined essences of creation. The most external portion of the spirit being electricity, is the agent of life and motion; the next interior portion being magnetism, is the agent of the sensational power; and the inmost germ, which is properly the soul itself, being the divine principle of intelligence, is the expansive receptacle of celestial wisdom. Such therefore is the very constitution of the human spirit that it cannot be dissolved; inasmuch as the attraction of its component essences is not outward towards material elements, but inward towards the intelligent germ which makes the identity and consciousness of the individual, that constituting the essence of Deity which can never be destroyed. While then the physical body returns to its primitive elements by the power of an innate attraction, the spiritual organism from its affinity with an indestructible principle, can never be dissolved; even as God, though shining worlds be born and disappear, remains the same forever.

As another prominent principle of spiritual science, may be recognized the endless progress of the soul in the pathway of immortal life. If the principle of progression is established

in the physical world—causing the forms of earth to rise, expand, and bloom in their perfection; if it is manifested in the opening bud that gradually unfolds the fragrant flower, or in the swelling seed that rises from its dusty bed as a majestic tree, this is also preëminently exhibited in the growth, expansion, and development of the interior man. The soul can never rest, since it is the perfection of motion; and when it leaves the perishing structure to which it is attracted on earth, it soars away amid the light of a higher sphere, to gather the ever-increasing treasures of wisdom towards which it is inwardly attracted. There is no cessation and no end to the advancement of the spirit. Through the dim vistas of ages it wings its rapid flight, learning ever more of the realities which cluster around its way, receiving ever more of the light which flows from the Sun of the universe, and drinking still deeper draughts of the unspeakable joy which thrills the bosom of angels. And there is a beautiful philosophy in this thought of progression. Let the mind look beyond the dark sphere of matter into the depths of the spiritual universe, and let it recognize there the presence of an infinite and eternal Magnet—a positive and attractive Power from which the life-tides of all creation flow, and then will it realize that the soul in its relation and affinity with this power, must be moved onward and upward by an impulse which it cannot resist, towards the Vortex of uncreated light. Glorious beyond all expression is the destiny of the spirit! Earth and time are lost in the measure of its progress, and eternity with its unending cycles can alone embrace its expansive powers. O spirit! thou art the child of the infinite! Thy life is the measure of endless years!—thy labor is the search for unmeasured wisdom!—thy destiny is the joy, and love, and beauty of the angels!

But we are not to confine our attention wholly to the unfoldings of spiritual science. This science is attended with results which are of the highest importance to the human race; and these results are even now widely and deeply felt through the avenues of society. As the science of the soul is disclosed and established, humanity receives a new impulse in its progress; reason is delivered from the shackles of its ancient thralldom, and human faith grows stronger in the bright truths of Nature. With the unfoldings of this science, a new era has dawned on the world. Man is awakening to a sense of his relations to angels and to God. Great questions pertaining to the vital interests of men, are thrilling through the public heart; and an aspiration—deep and almost universal—is going up from the bosom of the earthly soul for the revelation of immortal wisdom. Men are beginning to realize that there may be oracles more divine and truthful than the records of the past ages—that there is a higher philosophy to be revealed than that which the old schools have taught—that there is a broader and more substantial system of truth to be established, than that which rests on the basis of antiquated authority. And the prophecy which is thus born in the enlightened soul is even now receiving its fulfillment; as through the wide circle of thirsting hearts the welcome tidings spread that the gates of Heaven are opened, and that man may hold intercourse with angels.

Long has Materialism reigned over the minds of men; and beneath its chilling power the fairest flowers of hope and joy have been withered. This agent of doubt and fear has existed even in the established Church; it has lurked within the very

walls of the sanctuary, and crouched beside the consecrated altar. And when man would look up to heaven and cherish the deep realities of the soul, this power has thrown a veil of darkness over the most godlike thoughts. But lo! the deliverer has come. The science of the soul has brought the revelation of life and immortality to man. No longer shall he wander amid the gloom of the Past. Light as from the opened heavens streams upon his path, and waiting spirits lead him to the fount of wisdom.

ORIGIN OF MATTER.

BY WILLIAM FISHBROUGH.

Having traced the system of material creation through a series of anterior conditions, comprehending periods which, perhaps, no assemblage of arithmetical figures could express, to a state in which the materials of all worlds, systems, and firmaments, were in a condition of diffused attenuated vapor, with no definite or established motions, the inquiry next arises, Was even *this* the absolutely *primitive* state of material things? Did matter ever exist in any *form* or *forms* previous to this state of chaos? or, if not, was it, in this state, eternal? or, if not absolutely eternal either in the state of forms or of chaos, whence and how did it originate?

The idea that matter ever existed in any mundane forms previous to this, and became subsequently dissolved, not only has no analogy to support it, but seems to be contradicted by an established law of nature. I refer to that law by which amorphous or chaotic matter in motion has the general and predominant tendency to assume and multiply *forms*. It is not denied that motion of particles tends also to the *dissolution* of material forms, but that dissolution is always subservient to immediate and higher recombinations. The kingdoms of motion and forms, therefore, have ever been, and still are (and we may confidently believe ever will be,) making farther and farther encroachments upon the realms of chaos and inertia; and whatever is conquered by the former can never be *fully* reconquered by the latter. And this is because the former power is positive, and the latter is negative.

If matter, therefore, was ever in a state of mundane or organized forms previous to the chaotic state now under contemplation, it must have for ever continued in that same general state, and even to progressively unfold the tendencies by which its forms were assumed; and no natural power could have brought it back again to the formless state. The chaotic or nebulous state in which we have seen it must necessarily have existed at the beginning of the cosmical creation, may, therefore, be inferred to be its *primitive* state.

But that matter, even in this indefinite state, was absolutely *eternal*, is an idea which analogy, so far as it speaks upon the subject, distinctly contradicts. [Let it be remarked, once for all, that by "matter," I mean *physical substance* in contradistinction to *spiritual substance*.] The material of each form and kingdom in nature may be traced *backward* from highest to lowest developments, immediately beyond which latter it loses itself in a more rudimental creation, which serves as its groundwork. Thus the animal kingdom, traced downward to its lowest and simplest forms, finally loses its character as *animal*, and merges into the vegetable; the vegetable, in like manner, finally loses itself in the mineral; the mineral or crystalline forms pass downward into the general amorphous

mass of planetary matter; planetary matter may be traced downward through more rudimental geological conditions, and through igneous liquid, and aeriform fluid, until its distinction is lost in planetary nebula; this, in imagination, may be traced, in like manner, until it is lost in the general gaseous mass of the uncondensed sun; and so we may proceed, in retrograde steps, until we find the materials of all forms and kingdoms are lost in the great common mass of original chaotic matter.

But in thus tracing back all forms and kingdoms to their respective and immediate predecessors, we at the same time trace backward the one and analogous kingdom of *Universal Matter as such* (which includes all the other kingdoms,) from its highest to its lowest forms; and as there is a point beneath which all kingdoms lose their identity, and their essences are merged in an anterior kingdom, so analogy would seem to indicate that there is a prior point of attenuation and refinement at which the great kingdom of Matter also loses its character as matter or physical substance, and thus that it originated as matter, from a prior source, as did all its included sub-kingdoms.

If (contrary to an extreme probability, not to say absolute certainty, established in previous remarks) the hypothesis is still insisted upon, that the chaotic matter of which this universe is composed, consists of the dissolved elements of a previous material universe, the question will still arise, Whence originated the matter composing *that* universe? And so we may extend our inquiries back through a thousand imagined pre-existent universes; but the mind must come to a resting-place *somewhere*. It is logically just as certain that there was a *first* universe (if we are mistaken in supposing that *this* is the first,) as it is that there was a first vegetable form or class of forms, which latter proposition is positively demonstrated by facts in geology. And after we have gone back in imagination, to an absolutely *first* universe, the question will still return unanswered, Whence originated the physical substance composing *that* universe?

As the line of progression traced backward necessarily leads to a *beginning* of the system of developments to which it applies, so the line of causation, inversely traced, necessarily leads to a *First Cause*, which is itself *uncaused*, though containing in itself the elements of all causes, and hence all existences. And as the whole Animal Kingdom, for example, necessarily rests upon the basis of a prior and immediately correlated and correspondent Kingdom—the Kingdom of Vegetation—so the whole Kingdom of *universal materiality*, so to speak, as necessarily rests upon the basis of a prior and immediately correlated and correspondent Kingdom. This Kingdom, then, must be *ultra-physical*, in the same way as the Vegetable Kingdom is *ultra-animal*; and it must differ in nature and constitution from the whole Kingdom of physical substance, at least as much as the Vegetable Kingdom differs from the Animal, or as the impelling and moving essence of the human mind differs from the impelled and moved essence of the human body.

Now, unless we suppose this *ultra-physical* (and hence *unphysical*) Kingdom to be a Kingdom of *Spirituality*, there is no conceptive power corresponding to it in the human mind, and hence it is to the human mind a *nothing*, and can not even be an object of thought, much less of faith.

But it may be asked, "Whence originated this Kingdom of Spirituality, which it is here alleged must have served as the

basis of physical creation?" If we should answer that it originated in a higher and ulterior spirituality, and that *that* originated in a still higher, and *that* in a still higher; and if we could thus prolong our thoughts to an absolute eternity and in search of the Origin of origins, we would still have only *spirituality*—an INFINITE REALM of Spirituality, beyond the idea of which our thoughts could not possibly go. We may set it down, then, as a conclusion which all analogy affirms, and which there is no conceivable reason to doubt, that this whole realm of Materiality originated in this prior and correspondent realm of SPIRITUALITY.

Now, spirituality, in its interior nature, possesses the properties of *affection, thought, and volition*, and these again, are the attributes of *personality*. This ultimate, and hence infinite, realm of Spirituality, therefore, involves the idea which we mean to convey by the term God: and the infinite series of *degrees* of spirituality of which the mind has just conceived in its search after the Origin of origins, may be supposed to correspond to the infinite series of degrees of the harmonious faculties of the one Infinite God, as these may be supposed to be represented in their ascending scale, from the most exterior portion of the Divine nature which connects with Materiality, to the most interior portions of the Divine Soul, which projects, generates, and vitalizes all things.

In saying, therefore, that the whole Kingdom of Physical Substance as such, originated in a prior and corresponding Kingdom of Spirituality, we, in effect, say that it originated in a Source possessing affection, intelligence, volition, and hence *personality*—in a Being, who, without any restraint or constraint from outer and physical influences (which did not then exist,) could freely create, or abstain from creating, according to the internal promptings of his own Infinite Mind.

But let me not be understood as arguing that the matter of this universe was created by God out of *nothing*. The mind can not conceive of any such thing as nothing, or of something coming out of nothing; and therefore the idea may be at once dismissed from the mind as being itself a mental *nothing*. But if we suppose that spirit is an *essence*, and that matter, as such, was created out of this essence, there will at least in this be no violation of the laws of thought; and the reasons on which such suppositions may be grounded will incidentally and more distinctly appear as we proceed.

There is a philosophy extant which insists that matter has of *itself* an *inherent* power of *motion*, and that matter (or physical substance) is *eternal*. But that this assumption is untenable, is obvious from the following considerations: Motion in matter, as shown before, necessarily tends to bring matter into *forms*; and if motion was from eternity in eternal matter, then matter must from eternity have been brought into forms—nay, into the *ultimate and highest* forms which that motion is qualified to engender. But as it is sensibly certain that these highest forms did not exist forever, and rationally certain that they must have ultimately sprung from a state of primeval chaos, it follows, of necessity, that motion in matter could not have been from eternity.

Moreover, if motion is an inherent property of matter, that motion must be the result of a *force* adequate to produce it; and that force must be either *mechanical* or *chemical*. But that matter contains of itself, and in itself, no *mechanical force*, is self-evident. Conceive of any body of matter, whether an atom or a world, being in a state of perfect rest:

it is evident that that body has within itself no mechanical force adequate to move *itself*, much less to act upon kindred bodies. It is clear, therefore, that matter has within itself, and originally of itself, no mechanical force adequate to produce motion in any case; and, therefore, if a body at rest is not acted upon by an extraneous moving force, it will necessarily remain, for aught *mechanical* forces can do, in precisely the same place, and will possess the same bulk and constituents, to all eternity. This self-evident and generally recognized property of matter is called its *inertia*.

It is not denied that a *chemical* power—a power of expansion and condensation, or of altering the internal arrangements of particles—may be lodged in bodies of matter; but *this power is only the striving of particles for an equilibrium*. But unless there is a constantly active influence received from a *foreign* source, *the equilibrium must necessarily be finally attained*, and all action would then cease, never to be renewed by any inherent force, simply because such force is exhausted.

If we then consider the whole universal mass of physical substance, as the mass of particles supposed to be subject to this internal chemical action, that action, and its producing force, could not be eternal and unoriginated, because in that case it would manifestly, from eternity, have attained to an internal equilibrium, and all action would have ceased. These considerations show that even chemical action, and therefore chemical force, must have had a *beginning*, and therefore a *cause*, in some power or contriving agent *beyond* themselves, and outside of the matter in which they inhere. But as there was no other realm of physical matter from which they could be supplied, we are driven to the only other alternative of supposing that they were supplied from a *Spiritual* Source—from the personal Realm of affection, intelligence, and volition, which we have before proved to be unoriginated, and hence *infinite*.

If this reasoning is correct, then the conclusion is obvious, that all motion of whatever kind, as well as the physical substance acted upon by it, *must have had an ultimate origin in Spirit—in God!—The Macrocosm; or the Universe Without.*

The Beautiful.

The beautiful can never die. Amid the changes and revolutions of Nature, in which the tinted flowers are faded, and the sered leaves fall to the dust, there is an essence of beauty which rises invisibly from the depths of the withered form and delights the senses of the freed spirit. The beauty of outward form, proportion and color may change with the dissolving breath of Autumn; but the beauty of quality and essence which dwells beneath the external substance and flows out in an emanation of spiritual brightness, can never be destroyed. This is the beauty in which angels rejoice; and when they gaze upon the flowers of heaven which by this are made immortal, and bathe in the streams of *light* which flow from the Divine Essence, they realize the truth that Immortality presides over the changeable realm of matter and bears the soul upward in its eternal flight. R. P. A.

The universe is to be regarded as a complete whole, yet each part is perfect in itself, and all reflect and manifest the glory of the Creator.

Voices from the Spirit-land.

SPIRITUAL MESSAGE.

The following communication was given to the "Circle of Hope" in this city, through their medium, Mrs. S—, by a spirit purporting to be APOLLOS MUNN, whom many of our readers may recognize as having been associated with the editor in the publication of a spiritual Journal :

I perceive that I am at this time an unexpected visitor to you and to the medium also. But for some time past I have been waiting for an opportunity to make myself known, that I might be enabled at times to converse with my friends on earth in whom I am so much interested. My feelings have lately been attracted towards the happy little circle in which you weekly assemble, and where you attract around you a class of spirits whose influences encircle you as with a wall of fire, the light of which shall repel all inharmonious spirits that do not love the light because of their affinity for darkness. I see that this fire kindled by love and harmony, which constitutes brotherly love, will closely bind you as with a chain whose links shall become more immovable, as the desires of each shall fervently ascend to Heaven for strength to progress into the heaven on earth which you are all expecting to realize. And to attain this end, let each and all of you measure your own heaven by your own experience, extending your mind to no greater than that which you are able to grasp. Be content with the unfolding of the germ which in due time will become a bud, and which when the bud is sufficiently matured, will burst into a flower. But were the flower to unfold before it was sufficiently strengthened to receive the rays of light, it would shrink back within itself and be withered by the effulgence which it could not bear. My wish is that every soul may see its own heaven. O, do not measure your own experience by one another's, but look within your own hearts, and receive the draught of happiness in whatever measure it may be meted out to you, and be assured that you receive as much as you are able to bear, though it may seem to come slowly.

The spirits whose loving forms surround your dear circle, would fain fill you with their own gladness to a greater extent than they have been able to do; but the power, the will and the wisdom that direct for your ultimate good, will it to be as it is. My dear friends, none should have any cause for complaint while enjoying the privileges of spiritual intercourse; but you should receive all messages from spirits gladly, and with a pure desire for knowledge, and wisdom, and truth. And if you cannot behold the fruits of your labors now, you should remember that you have been advised to be as little children, and being as little children you will not ask the propriety of the lessons which you receive, when you

feel that your instructors are doing all in their power to prepare you for the state in which to perform your works of duty, in the several paths in which you will be called upon to tread. A great work to be greatly advanced, must be carried along slowly, continually and steadily, yet with an unwavering faith. The workmen must first lay a sure foundation, which must commence in their own minds; and when the foundation is sure, solid and unshrinking, then it is time to proceed swiftly with the rearing of the structure, the greatness of which will require many and all manner of laborers before it shall attain its perfection. And patience, hope, trusting, and long suffering will be requisite for each and all while this mighty work proceeds.

Will any murmur if even a life-time should be spent in endeavoring to cast a ray of light on the path of their fellow travelers, that they may also know and experience the beauties of the light which has been shed upon your way? And is not the enjoyment of this light richly worth seeking for? Does it not cast a gleam of joy upon your souls when they are heavy-laden?—and does it not come to you as a ray of sunshine when all looks dark in your material state? As ye seek so shall ye also find, and when the desire of your hearts shall knock at the door of the inner world, it shall be opened to fill you with the joy for which you are seeking. My soul was glad before it left the form in the knowledge of this truth, and it continues to rejoice with a joy unspeakable. And my researches in the things which eye hath not seen or ear heard in your earthly sphere, fills me continually with a glory which is the very essence of all joy. And they tell me that I am yet a very child in the enjoyment of the rest which is prepared for those who love truth; and spirits who do not love the truth are attracted towards its light by the power of the love which doeth all things well. Be ye dwellers in the green and shady valley, and listen to the quiet murmur of the stream whose waters are as a deep flow of joy. Seek not to climb the mountain while you are yet feeble, but enjoy the beauties within your reach, and let the mountain come to you. When you have become sufficiently strong you will not be overcome by the brightness of the light. My desire is that your circle may be one of love, harmony, and usefulness.

A. MUNN.

The Inward Voice.

Listen, O man, to the voice of Nature and thy own soul; for in these comes a revelation from the Divinity. It is not what is written in books by which thou shalt be saved, but it is the echo of the celestial harmonies in the silence of the inner temple. Angels are waiting to breathe their love and wisdom to the human heart. Learn to refuse no more the lessons which they would kindly impress; for through the obedience of the soul to the inward voice, shall humanity be redeemed.

VISITATION FROM A SPIRIT.

A VISION.

A few days since, having been physically wearied with previous labor, I reclined to rest, with a view of seeking for the passing hour the influence of balmy sleep. But soon, instead of the mental oblivion into which I had thought to pass, I perceived a gentle and soothing sensation pervading my entire system, which I recognized as the action of a disembodied mind; and beneath this influence I passed easily and rapidly into the interior condition, where the inner senses became at once delightfully exercised. Floating around me and extending at a great distance was a beautiful atmosphere of light, which I find by analysis to be the interior portions of the outward atmosphere, or, in other words, the element of magnetism. As I was gazing upon this light, I saw afar off what seemed to be the figure of a female. As she approached I obtained a more distinct view of the lower portion of the form, while the head and countenance were concealed beneath a luminous cloud. But at last as she advanced within apparently a short distance, the cloudy veil was slowly removed from the face, and I saw revealed a being of angelic beauty. She approached, yet seemed not to see me; for her hands were raised and her eyes upturned to heaven, while a shade of pensive sadness rested on the illumined features. After remaining for a few moments in this position, she moved majestically away, and was lost to my view in a cloud of light; yet as she disappeared apparently directly over my head, I heard the words uttered in a distinct voice, "Mary, queen of Scots."

Subsequently, at a meeting of the "Circle of Hope," I was visited by the same spirit, who came to announce her mission to earth. The interior state having been induced by the agency of another medium present, the spirit approached with a sweet smile, and in a voice, which penetrated my inmost soul, whispered as follows:—"Descending from the heights of my sublime abode—purified from the corruptions of earth through suffering—instructed in the truth and wisdom of heaven by celestial teachers, I come to aid in the great work of human redemption. Behold! the foundations of the divine temple are already laid; the beautiful structure is rising in silent grandeur, and soon the aspiring dome shall reach up to heaven, that through this angels may gaze down on earth, and breathe the pure afflatus of love and wisdom. Hark! the angels sing;—a song of melody floats through this great expanse, and echoes in the sphere of earth. They sing:—

Begin the work, ye sons of light;
Join now your hands with angel-hearts;
And thus shall pass earth's doleful night,
Beneath the ray which Heaven imparts."

The spirit then proceeded to inform me that, being a member of the Sixth Circle of the Second Sphere, she had been commissioned to make known her presence for the purpose of aiding in a certain department of the

labor which I should be called to perform. Then after bidding me adieu in the most kindly manner, the form departed.

It is by positive and express direction that I am induced to publish this vision; as otherwise this, like many other experiences of a similar nature, would doubtless have reposed in my own mind. R. P. A.

The Opening Revelation.

In the darkness of the world to which angels have extended their searching vision, there dwells the huge monuments of pride, ignorance, and error, which mortals in all past ages have been engaged in erecting. And now these monuments, which stand as the representatives of human misdirection, are dissolving beneath the light of the advancing day; for the elements of which they are composed and the foundation on which they rest, are gross and essential darkness. Dim and shadowy have become the forms which once seemed glorious, and structures of intellectual strength and grandeur are falling amid the ruins of time. Yet the fall and dissolution of the old shall be succeeded by the introduction of the new. A temple which rests on the foundations of the Universe, an altar at which the inmost soul shall bow, and a volume of pure and beautiful revelation, are presented to the world as the gift of its spiritual instructors. Even now the horizon of the future is gilded with a light more glorious than mortals have ever known, and far and wide through the dense mists of earth that light shall spread, as a vast and flowing sea whose waters shall ebb not again.

SPIRITS OF THE SIXTH CIRCLE.

Prophecy of a Spirit.

At a meeting of a circle in Williamsburgh a few evenings since, Mr B—having been carried into the magnetic state, delivered the following address as the prophecy of a spiritual intelligence:

Brethren; be of good cheer. The stone is not yet rolled from the sepulcher. There are many truths which will yet descend on the wings of angelic love, and there are many voices which will be heard above the din and strife of earth. A mighty spiritual flood will yet sweep over the bosom of the human world; a heavenly power shall descend, in whose presence the tongue of slander shall cease its whisperings, and the pen shall write no longer the things which are not true. Then shall the press be turned into a mountain of light, within whose glowing beauty the truths of angels shall find a dwelling-place. The theologian whose interest has been to reveal a smoking pit, will preach a new doctrine; and the physician that heals for gold will heal for gold no longer, when spirits act as physicians to the diseased body. Behold, the star of righteousness has arisen, and the truly wise men of earth have gone forth to welcome its rising!

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 16, 1852.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS.

Many centuries have rolled away since the idea was first introduced into the human world, that mortals may hold intercourse with celestial beings. Yet this idea, enshrouded as it has been with the clouds of superstition and error, has failed to make its full impression on the earthly mind, in such a manner as to work out the great results which it is destined to accomplish. Dimly and feebly has the light of the great reality shone upon the human race. In their attachment to external things, men have measurably lost sight of the inner sanctuary, through which alone the breathings of the Divine Mind are communicated to the soul. Surrounded by the grossness of materiality and groping in the blindness of sense, they have looked towards heaven "as through a glass darkly," and have but faintly heard the thrilling voices that echo in the upper world. But the time has now arrived when the reality of spiritual intercourse must be no longer regarded as a fancy or a fable. The inhabitants of earth are about to be introduced into a high and glorious department of the divine temple. Ascending from the sphere of physical results where only the senses form a medium of knowledge and consciousness, the mind is prepared to enter a more interior realm, where the hidden causes of all visible effects have their birth and being, and where the true reality that dwells not in outward forms claims its eternal seat.

With a view of aiding in the work of human progress and elevation, the Journal which now meets the eye of the reader has entered on its sublime mission. Doubtless to many individuals who are acquainted with the peculiar experience of the editor, the appearance of a paper of this character will be a welcome surprise. Truly, the great design of Heaven was not defeated in the discontinuance of a former periodical—the purposes of spirits were not destroyed by the clouds which passed over the vehicle of their revealments, but from the chaos of mystery has been unfolded a flower of wisdom—from the darkness of temporary trial and suffering has gleamed forth the light of angelic love. As an illustration of the changes which attend the progress of all outward forms, a smaller and much less attractive magazine has emerged into the form and size of this Journal, which, as an ultimate fulfillment of the prophecy of spirits, has been placed on a substantial basis. And here let it be understood, as it can be clearly demonstrated, that the arrangement by which this paper makes its appearance, was created by the direct interposition of spiritual power; which fact is mentioned

simply as confirmatory evidence of the authority of spirits in the accomplishment of their wise designs.

As a more explicit statement with regard to the financial position of this paper, it may be mentioned that, to secure the confidence of its patrons, the editor has entered into an association with other parties, whereby he is furnished with the "material aid" which will sustain its publication at least one year, whether it pays or not. Accordingly, the continuance of the paper during the period here specified, at once ceases to be a matter of speculation; and on this ground we solicit in its behalf the earnest coöperation of all friends of the Spiritual Philosophy, if indeed they should be attracted to the sphere of our humble labors. Moved by a pure desire to aid in the elevation of humanity and to enlighten the minds which have long dwelt in the shadow of spiritual death, the publishers of this paper design that it shall revolve in its own appropriate sphere, without encroaching, in an essential degree, within the orbit of any similar publication. To all who are engaged in the same great work they extend the cordial hand of fellowship, and towards all would they breathe the offering of fraternal sympathy, on the broad platform of harmonial union; for, "*behold! angels are the brothers of humanity, whose mission is to bring peace on earth.*"

It is deemed advisable, with the issue of the present number, to commence entirely anew, and declare our independence of all past embarrassments,—that thus we may establish as it were a starting point, at which in the time to come we may look back with an exalted pleasure. The future, with its golden hues, leads the soul far in the enchanted distance, and weaves the blissful dream that heaven alone makes real; yet the present constitutes the only time of real and profitable action—embraces the only opportunity for noble and earnest labor, and in this must be reared, if at all, those living monuments of hope and love whose glory sheds a halo on the past. With a realization of this sentiment must be felt the impressive weight of responsibility which rests upon the true reformer, in connection with the developments of the present age. If the night is far spent and the day is at hand—if indeed, as we may believe, the sun of truth has already arisen on the earth, then is it the mission of those who have seen the light to walk in the pathway it reveals;—learning constantly more of the realities of Nature, drinking deeper draughts from the fountain of wisdom, and advancing ever upward towards the atmosphere of heaven. Thus shall be fulfilled the great design of spirits in their intercourse with the human world; and the period of this fulfillment will hasten in its approach, as the truths breathed down from heaven are exemplified in the harmonization of society.

R. P. A.

The light of Heaven is the atmosphere of God.

THE WORK OF REDEMPTION.

A great work is to be accomplished. Who will enlist under the banner of human redemption, in the work of laying the foundation of that temple, to be completed in the future, in and around which all men may worship, each being a law unto himself in accordance with the experience and progress of the individual mind? This work must be carried on in such a manner as to equalize and harmonize the world. Why is it that we find in society the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the honored and the degraded? It is owing to the wrong—the unnatural state of the society in which we live; I say unnatural because it is not in accordance with Nature. God in his wisdom has created man lord over the plant, the forest and the beast; yet man can learn much from the types which have preceded him in the vegetable and animal kingdoms, by comparing his present position with the foundation to which he owes his existence. Does not the same Being rule over the plant and the beast which rules over man? and if so, are not the principles of government to be found in Nature which are best adapted to the world in its search after wisdom and happiness? O Humanity, how hast thou strayed from the path of truth and simplicity!—how hast thou been deceived by the selfishness of human wisdom, which has led thee on through the wilderness of superstition and error!

In discovering these truths we may see the necessity of a general and complete reorganization of society, which reorganization is to simplify what is now mystified, and make natural that which is now unnatural. This is the great work of the nineteenth century; and in commencing this work must be brought together in associative action, the friends of the new truths revealed by the light of Heaven, or rather of those old truths made glorious by human progress, expanding till they have reached the horizon of a higher sphere. You are only required to put in practice the truths which you see, and feel, and know; you are not expected to wage war against the society in which you live; you can not hope to succeed by trampling under your feet those laws which have been placed over you in good faith; but in the very heart of this society and within the sphere of those laws, must be repositied the leaven which will leaven the whole lump—side by side with the present selfish, material and superstitious form of worship, must be erected a temple whose dome shall reach to heaven, through which angels can descend to cheer and gladden the hearts of men. Oh, how great and glorious are the works of God!—and around the altars of his temple shall be gathered together the children of earth, step by step, until “all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest.” Thus, not out of society, but in its very midst must be carried on the work of reform; and side by side with the selfish

combinations of material interests, must be formed an association more natural, more spiritual, and more attractive, which will guaranty to all both the right to labor and the necessities of the temporal life, thereby securing to all a common interest and a common end.

Nature reveals to us the high and holy principles which are best adapted to redeem the race. Where indeed but in the laws of Nature, which are really and essentially the laws of God, can be found the principles of justice whereby man may be truly governed? And can you find in those principles anything which indicates the right of one or more individuals to establish creeds which will bear equally upon all? You can not find alike two blades of grass; neither can you find two leaves stamped with the same die; and so you can not find two human beings who think and feel precisely alike, or maintain the same inherent characteristics. Thus we see that the same law governs man which is found in the domain of Nature around him; and when we perceive that the earth yields in harmony the wheat and the tares, and that the same ground brings forth both the rose and the thorn, let us on a similar broad foundation erect the vast temple of truth, in which are united the temporal interests of man with his spiritual well-being.

In the highways and at the corners of the streets may be heard the voice of Poverty, Misery, and Degradation; and that voice calls for the united action of all who are sufficiently advanced to perceive the real wants of humanity. Great is the work to be accomplished, and great is the responsibility resting on those in whose hands is intrusted the formation of the new heavens and the new earth. Therefore, friends of the world, I bid ye awake! for man's redemption draweth nigh.

UNITY.

THE SPIRITUAL FOUNTAIN.

There have existed in the human mind too narrow conceptions of the Divine Being—too limited ideas of his greatness, glory, and wisdom. The children of earth have traveled but a short distance in that path which leads to the great Fountain of universal light. They have erected temples in which solemn prayers are offered to a Being whose existence has been but feebly comprehended; and on the altars of a merely speculative religion has been sacrificed that most exalted gift of Deity—the liberty which the soul aspires to enjoy and realize when freed from the chains of material bondage. In the temples which have been erected and dedicated to the worship of God, men have recognized only the beautiful workmanship of their own hands; and hence these have been decked and ornamented to please the outward eye, and not from the promptings of that interior principle from which the aspirations of the soul should flow. I am led to remark that the material from which these temples are erected, has been selected from the

these temples are erected, has been selected from the great wardrobe of the Divine Architect, since there is nothing which the eye can see, the hands touch or the mind conceive, but that came from the creative power of Deity; and yet man, in his imaginative superiority over a higher wisdom, has reared the fabrics of decaying beauty, and has said in the pride of his heart, "I have done this—it is my own invention," without pausing to trace back the line of material effects to the great First Cause. Behold, everything is of God. The ships that float on the bosom of the deep, defying the voice of the mountain waves; the majestic edifices which rear their high walls in the crowded city; the lofty spires of earthly cathedrals whose gilded tops would vie with the noon-day sun,—all may be said to be, in an ultimate sense, the workmanship of Deity; inasmuch as both the material from which these were formed and the inventive qualities of the human mind, had here their original source. Thus in tracing all things back to their primary origin, it is found that the wisdom of man, with all his scientific researches, is but as a small rivulet issuing from the great Spiritual Fountain, from which the streams of all life and beauty flow.

It is a matter of difficulty with many minds to realize that the most remarkable phenomena of the present age, result from a spiritual power. But let us learn a lesson of wisdom from Nature, in viewing here the grander manifestations that flow from a still higher energy. The lofty trees rise up towards heaven as though to drink from the vapory clouds; the flowers expand and bloom as living emblems of innocence and purity; the sun, the moon, the stars and the earth move onward in their trackless orbits; and the soul—that deathless gem which shines in heaven—reflects the radiance of a higher glory. Now the question arises, where is the source from which all these have derived their being and action?—where is the nourishment that sustains them—the law which governs them—the end towards which they are advancing? and the answer is, that this nourishment, this law, and this end are in *spirit*—in Deity; for in Him resides the all-sustaining principle of life that animates and moves creation. And this truth men are willing to confess; they will acknowledge that the orbs of heaven are moved by the Divine power; that the beautiful flowers and lofty trees are the result of the supreme wisdom, and that all the vast works of Nature are the tokens of a spiritual presence. Then let it be asked, and let the question rebuke the cavils of unbelief, are not these effects a far greater demonstration of a spirit's power than the moving of furniture and the audible vibrations of the atmosphere which have so greatly excited the wonder of the people?

All Nature is beautiful, as she points up to the Spiritual Fountain from which the streams of being issue. Her voice is sweet as the anthems of the seraph-choir;

her breath is ever voiceful with the song of freedom; her life-swelling bosom spreads through the vast expanse; her brow is decked with ever-radiant gems; and, amid the light which comes down to earth, she speaks to man to guide him in his darkened way towards the goal of eternal happiness. B.

Notice to Subscribers.

THE MESSENGER AND ADVOCATE will be published weekly on entirely new type, in royal octavo form suitable for binding. It will thus combine the advantages of both a newspaper and magazine, and will present in its several departments an agreeable variety of subjects connected with spiritual developments. To those who previously subscribed for the magazine form, the paper will be continued to the full amount of their subscription; but *from this time no papers will be sent after the subscription has expired until renewed*, and the receipt or non-receipt of the paper will be the only indication which we can give to subscribers of the state of their account. We send the present number to all our former patrons, in the hope that they will make special exertions to increase our list. Shall the encouraging prospects with which we enter on this new enterprise be substantially realized, through the combined energies of its friends?

R. P. AMBLER & Co.

A New Work.

THE MACROCOSM AND MICROCOSM: or the Universe Without and the Universe Within. By WILLIAM FISHBOUGH. Published by Fowlers & Wells. This work seems to be the result of much careful and profound research. The author has evidently been led in his investigations by a desire for truth; and though he has entered into a comparatively new field of thought, in which conclusions must be arrived at chiefly through the process of synthetical reasoning, he seems to have been eminently successful in arranging and classifying the operations of the Universe, in such a manner at least as to furnish some important *indices* to that general and complete system of truth which expands into infinity. We have only space to say farther, that the work contains many important suggestions which entitle it to a careful perusal,—as may be seen by reference to our extract in another department.

The Spiritual Telegraph.

With pleasure we call the attention of our readers to the above weekly Journal, published in this city by CHAS. PARTRIDGE, and edited by our esteemed friend, S. B. BRITTAN. The *Telegraph* is doing a good work for the cause of spiritual truth, and is an able expositor of the interesting facts and phenomena which are now attracting public attention. It is worthy of note that a discussion has recently commenced in the above paper

between the editor and Dr. B. W. RICHMOND on the general question of spiritual intercourse, which will doubtless be a source of much interest to investigating minds. Now is the time to subscribe.

Correspondence.

A Friendly Greeting.

BROTHER AMBLER :

I doubt not I shall express the feelings of the friends of truth and progress generally, when I congratulate you upon your undertaking of publishing a paper under the *guaranty* "that it will be continued *one year*, whether it *pays* or *not*." This course, in which brother Partridge set the worthy example, I am quite certain will give *ultimate* success to as many well-conducted publications in our cause, as its legitimate augmentation will demand. Perhaps, however, the moderation and timid cautiousness of some, may lead to the conclusion that another *weekly* organ of Spiritualism emanating from New-York, is a supererogation as yet ; whereas, when it is remembered with what unprecedented rapidity the cause is increasing, and that to meet this exegency a publication must incur the tedium of a *beginning* ; it will be seen, I think, that its commencement should not be unduly delayed.

In the various departments which your paper will comprise, permit me to say, I hope there will be, through spiritual instrumentality, an extensive particularization of certain points hitherto but partially disclosed, pertaining to the realities of spiritual life. Under this head, there is almost an infinite ramification of the details of psychological phenomena, the unfolding of which would afford the highest instruction to all inquirers after truth. Let us glance a moment at a few of the thoughts involved in a contemplation of this subject. Take the question : *What is the spiritual body?* Call it, if we choose, the *life-principle* of the individual ; but observe ! in sleep that life remains within the body, while the mind is hundreds of miles, in its ideal, away ; and wherever that mind conceives itself *to be*, it is always accompanied with an inseparable body. Now, one of two things seems to be the answer to this query ; either the mind can realize all that pertains to the ideal life *within* its physical body, or else the spiritual body which accompanies it in dreaming, is nothing more than a mental creation, derived from the habit of association, or of seeing its physical body during wakefulness. If only *will*, or *belief*, creates the objects seen in spiritual life, I see not why this might not also create in the same manner its own spiritual body ; in which case this would be a correspondence simply of its interiors. If, on the other hand, the spiritual body is actually composed of the life-principle, operative in the material

body ; then, unless these elements are almost infinitely eliminated beyond the nature of ordinary electricity or light, it could not, by any possibility, transport itself with the celerity which spirit-traveling exhibits. But the hypothesis of the spiritual body being only an out-birth or actualization of the interior conception of the mind, deduced from the effect of earthly association, would seem to be substantiated by the following principle of mental phenomena. In transferring my thoughts from Poughkeepsie to New York, there is an instant, as nearly as possible *inappreciable* however, in which I seem to be unmindful of my identity, but which returns the moment I seem to arrive at my destination ; when, in making my imaginary journey through the streets there, it appears as though I saw all the realities around me (as I *now* do in my room) from out of my bodily form. If this figure illustrates the reality of spirit-traveling, it will be seen that no conceivable distance would be appreciable to it in making such transition, which accords with the purported fact relative to spiritual locomotion ; it desires to pass from the sphere of our earth to the star Sirius, or the great Nebula in Orion, and the consummation of the desire is simultaneous with its formation, for spirits say that space is annihilated to them. Now we can not conceive of the possibility of a spiritual body even of a much finer texture than electricity, accomplishing such acts in an interval comparable with nothing ; and yet, whatever the nature of the spiritual body is, if we are to accept the statement from spirits, that they are unconscious of space, we must conclude that it imposes no hinderance to their flight, even to the remotest bounds of infinity.

The field of Spiritual Science is begemmed with themes for analytical research ; and since to the majority of those who have followed the subject of spiritual communication from its beginning, its original novelty is in a measure past, the *minutia* of the *arcana celestia* is the object now which would seem legitimately to invite their desires. In view, therefore, of the ground you have laid out as the sphere of your action in prosecuting the publication of your new paper, I see not why success will not crown your efforts. In the commercial world, it is a maxim, "if you would *do* business, go where business is *done*," and with equal pertinence may it be said of your paper, "to find *friends*, let it go forth to the world to *make* them," and surely if the present indications presage anything, it is certain that where there is *one* now, legions will be ere long numbered as the votaries of the new faith.

With sincere hope of success in your new undertaking, as one of the earliest espousers of the cause of truth, I remain

Truly yours,

V. C. TAYLOR.

Poughkeepsie, October 8th, 1852.

Facts and Phenomena.

CAN SPIRITS SEE MATERIAL OBJECTS?

In the early stages of my experience as a medium for spiritual intercourse, the question would often obtrude itself, whether spirits have a real and intimate knowledge of the affairs of men—whether they have a capacity to perceive material things, and to determine with accuracy the force of outward circumstances and conditions. This inquiry became the more important to me, as I discovered that the invisible powers were rapidly gaining a complete control of my entire system—both body and mind; and it may be confessed that I not unfrequently experienced doubts with respect to the propriety of yielding to this control, since I had received no positive assurance of the capacity of spirits to perceive and understand the important relations which we sustain to the physical world.

While my mind was in this state of uncertainty, I received a positive direction from my spiritual guides to visit the city of B—. This direction I proceeded to obey without knowing the special object that was held in view, the more readily perhaps as I had in connection with this, some business interests in the locality referred to which required attention. It should be remarked that I was entirely unacquainted with the localities of the place which I had been directed to visit, having never passed through the streets of the city but once previously, and then in a closed vehicle which conveyed me from the cars to the hotel. On arriving at my place of destination in obedience to the spiritual injunction, I was directed to give myself no uneasiness with respect to the course which I should take or the localities I should visit, being at the same time informed that spirits would move my limbs in a suitable direction, without any promptings from my own mind and independently of any knowledge on my part with regard to the arrangement of the streets and buildings. Accordingly my body commenced moving under the control of an unseen power, at first slowly and then quite rapidly, coursing through the avenues of the city without knowing whither I was going—turning the corners of streets with a sudden and impetuous movement—until at last I was stopped at the steps of a building which, on examination, I discovered to be the same public house that I had previously visited.

Astonished beyond measure at this evidence of spiritual sight, I mentally desired that I might receive a still further manifestation of the same power, by being led in a similar manner to the business-stand of a friend whom I desired to see, but with whose locality I was not acquainted. Immediately my body again commenced moving as before, and without will or choice of my own traversed numerous streets in which I was an entire stranger, when, after some little time had elapsed,

I was suddenly stopped at the very door of the shop which I had wished to visit, while I had not previously known even the direction in which my steps were bent. From this place I was led, or rather moved, by the same power to several of the most prominent and attractive localities of the city, of whose existence I had before only heard.

In these circumstances which are not theories but *facts*, may be found some evidence to show that spirits possess the power of perceiving, by some means, the position and relations of material objects; and, in an interior investigation of this subject, I have since discovered that they perceive these objects through the medium of the sphere or emanation by which they are surrounded, this being sufficient to indicate to them the nature and locality of the substance which is visible to the outward eye.

R. P. A.

SINGULAR IMPRESSION.

DEAR SIR :

At your request I here briefly relate in writing the details of a circumstance which is well authenticated, and which is possessed of an unusual interest.

Many years ago (perhaps between fifty and seventy-five) a couple of young gentlemen, who were room-mates, graduated at New-Haven College, and became ministers of the gospel. At an after period they settled in the ministry in different states, and carried on a friendly epistolary correspondence during a large portion of their lives. One of them was in the habit of receiving impressions upon his mind of that vivid character which usually constrained him to comply with the dictate of the moment, or suffer loss touching his wonted peace. And although he was seldom able to divine in advance what the result of his compliance would be, he was always obedient to the dictate, and afterward saw clearly that he had only done what duty or interest would have demanded.

Among the many occasions upon which he was called to act in obedience to this higher power, the following is singular and instructive, and shows, in the language of Cowper, after he had been foiled twice on the same day in his attempts at self-destruction, that "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform"—that He accomplishes his purposes by ways and means unthought of by man. A vivid impression came over his mind that he must without delay get upon the back of his horse, and with all possible speed reach New-Haven, a place which he had not seen since he left college, and one that was many miles distant. As had been his custom, he was obedient to the impulse, and reached the place at the midnight hour of a dark night; and finding it greatly altered from what he had ever before seen it, and not desecrating any suitable place to stop at, he was induced to ride to the door of a small house in which he discovered a dim light at the attic

window. After knocking and waiting a considerable length of time, he heard footsteps upon the stairway slowly advancing to the door; soon it opened, and a man with a lamp in his hand, and with a stern countenance and corresponding voice, demanded, "What do you want here at this unseasonable hour of the night?" The messenger of life, as he proved to be, replied, "I can scarcely inform you what I came for; I am a stranger here;" after which a short pause ensued, and the man with the lamp, in low and quivering accents, said, "I will tell you what you came for—it was to prevent me from committing the atrocious act of suicide! When you knocked at this door I was putting a rope around my neck to hang myself! Your knock broke the spell, and I have now neither desire nor power to destroy my life."

How passing strange is that wonderful and mysterious Providence, that so timed the movements, *in advance*, of this messenger of life, to the actions of the deluded man, that he should arrive at the *exact* moment in which his presence was needed, and stay the threatening hand of death! Truly may it be said, "our Keeper never slumbers, and angels shape the destinies of men."

D. H.

Poetry.

AN ODE TO DEITY.

BY DERZHANIR.

O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy; all motion guide;
All changed through Time's all-devastating flight,
Thou only God! There is no God beside.
Being above all things! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore!
Who fill'st existence with thyself alone:
Embracing all; supporting; ruling o'er;
Being whom we call God; and know no more!

In its sublime research, Philosophy
May measure out the Ocean deep; may count
The sands or the Sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure: none can mount
Up to thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness did'st call
First Chaos, then Existence. Lord, on thee
Eternity had its foundations; all
Sprung from Thee; of Light, Joy, Harmony,
Sole virgin; all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art and wast; and shall be glorious! great!
Life-giving, life-sustaining Potentate.

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled Life and Death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,

So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round, the silver snow, the pagantry
Of Heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise!

A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
A glorious company of golden streams?
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
Suns, lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But thou, to those, art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:
What are a thousand worlds, compared to Thee?
And what am I when Heaven's unnumbered host
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance, weighed
Against Thy greatness: is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I, then? Nought.

Nought, but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reached my bosom too;
Yes, in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on Hope's pinions fly,
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy Divinity!
I am, O God, and surely Thou must be!

Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding, then, to Thee:
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am fashioned by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt Heaven and Earth,
On the last verge of being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth—
Just on the boundary of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step in Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a God:
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived, unknown? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
From out itself alone it could not be.

Creator! Yes! Thy wisdom and Thy Word
Created me. Thou source of light and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy Light, Thy Love, in their bright plenitude,
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of Death, and bade it wear
The garments of Eternal Day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee.

O thought ineffable! O vision blest!
(Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee.)
Yet shall our shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence. Being! wise and good!
Midst thy vast works, admire, obey, adore;
And, when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

The isle of beauty, green and bright,
Unfolds to greet the spirit's sight
Amid the sea of endless light.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WATCHER.

In a dark room, in a ruined and wretched house, in one of the most filthy districts of a great city, a mother sat watching her sleeping babe. The infant was lying on a hard pallet on the floor, and the mother was sitting beside it on a broken chair, plying her needle with eager haste, and occasionally pausing to look down at her babe or to kiss it as it lay asleep. The child was pale and sickly, and in the close offensive air of the room it seemed to breathe painfully, and to inhale, with every pulse of its tender heart, the insidious principles of death and dissolution. But not less pale and wan was the mother, who sat there watching; her features wore that blanched, unearthly hue, and that strange upward light was playing in her eyes, which spoke but too plainly that death was breathing on her. The room was lonely—very lonely—for there were no pictures to adorn its walls, scarcely any article of common domestic use within it; it was bare, almost unfurnished, dismal, and cold. The mother was engaged in making shirts, and the price which she received for them averaged twopence-halfpenny each; and it is said that by extraordinary exertions for twenty hours out of twenty-four, the sum of three shillings may be earned weekly at such labor. Well, the pale, care-worn, suffering mother continued to stitch, stitch, anxiously from hour to hour, leaving off now and then to take her dying baby in her arms and to press it fondly to her breast, until the tide of her heart's affection came stealing forth in tears; and recollecting that the next meal for herself and child must be earned by the continued labor of her jaded hands, she placed the infant on its bed, and again resumed her work.

Thus many hours had passed in a silence broken only by the low moaning of the child, as it turned to and fro in the feeble expression of long-continued anguish, and the deep sighs of the mother as she gazed anxiously upon its fevered face, and saw the stamp of want and misery there in an expression akin to the imbecility of years. At length the babe awoke, and the mother took it tenderly into her arms; she pressed it to her breast and kissed the cold dew from its forehead. And now she began to prepare her humble meal, she placed a few sticks of wood in the stove and lighted them, and placed an old broken kettle half filled with water upon them; and then arranged two cups and saucers on a small tray, and took a portion of a loaf from a shelf above. While waiting for the water to boil she gave her child some food; and she had scarcely begun to do this when a heavy and unsteady step was heard upon the threshold. Her heart leaped with fear, and she trembled like a moonlight shadow. A creature somewhat in the semblance of a man staggered into the room, and threw himself down upon the pallet where the child had just been sleeping.

"Charles, Charles, do not, for God's sake, treat me thus," said the mother of the child, and sobbed loudly, and was steeped in tears.

The man scowled upon her from beneath the broken brim of a slouched hat, and in a low fiendish growl, cursed her. His clothes had been respectable in their time, but now were tattered and slovenly, and his face wore the savage wildness and vacancy of long-continued dissipation.

"I came home to ask for money, so give me what you've got, and let me go, for I haven't done drinking yet," said he, while the devil-like glare of his eyes seemed to pierce the poor mother to the soul.

"I spent my last penny to buy my child some food; I knew not where to get another; you have never wanted a meal while I could work, and my poor fingers are wasted to the bone by midnight labor and the want of bread, and my poor child is wasting away before my face, while you, forgetting all the ties that bind a father to his offspring, or a husband to his wife, take the very bread from me and my babe, to waste it in drunkenness; oh Charles, you loved me once, but you are killing me now, and my poor dear child."

"You howling, canting hypocrite, give me some money and let me go," bawled the intoxicated brute, and with a sweep of his hand, as he sat upon the child's bed, he overturned the table and scattered the miserable meal upon the floor. The heartbroken wife rushed with her babe to the opposite end of the room, and cowered down in fear. "Do you hear, or do you want me to murder you?" and he arose from where he sat and reeled towards her; shrinking and shivering as she bent over her babe, she pressed its almost lifeless body to her heart, and when he stood above her, she looked up in his face in the agony of despair, and implored in the mute utterance of her tear-worn eyes for mercy. But he did not strike her, although she was indeed well used to that, but he put out his hand and taking from her bosom a locket which had been a dear sister's gift, and the last thing left her but her babe and death, staggered to the door, and, after looking back with a menacing and brutal expression of his savage features, left her. Although he was gone she moved not, but sat wailing like a dove whose nest has been bereft of that which made life dear, and sobbing loudly in her grief she looked upon the child, and saw the tokens of pain and want upon its meagre face, and could feel the throbbing of its little heart becoming more and more feeble from hour to hour, as the shadow of its life was waning.

And night came, and she laid her child down to rest, and again sat working and watching. She kissed it when its low cry startled her in the midnight silence, and hushed it again to sleep, for it wanted food, and that she had not. The morning came, but it was still night to her, and the darkness of her woe sat hovering over her frail soul like the shadow of a great but silent misery. She hurried on, in the delirium of extreme weakness, that she might complete the wretched work she had, and get food for her famished child. Intense suffering, long watching, hunger, cold, and cruelty had blanched a cheek which had been more fair than snow, and had carved wrinkles like those of age upon a youthful brow; death hovered over her like a ghastly shadow, not to her—as to those in comfort—terrible, but welcome. And thus, from hour to hour, and from day to day, that mother labored for her lonely child, while he whose heart should have beat with the devotion of love for her whom he had sworn to cherish, and whose hand should have ever been ready to defend her, deeming nothing too severe, nothing too difficult, which could bring food and comfort to a woman's constant heart, came only to rob her of her last morsel, and to add fresh agonies to her almost withered soul by imprecations and curses.

One morning, after she had been toiling long in cold and hunger, she became too weak to labor more, and nature faltered. She stooped to kiss her babe, and to ask a blessing on its head

from Him whose benedictions come even to the sorrowful and needy, and as she bent down above its little shadowy form, her sorrows overwhelmed her as she fell down beside her child and fainted. With none to aid and soothe her—with none to nourish her in her distress of heart, and no kind hand to minister to the poor watcher in that hour of affliction, she lay in that sweet peace which comes to the aching heart when it can for a time forget its sorrows; and better too, perhaps, for her, for her babe was dying, and in the unconsciousness of temporary death, she knew it not.

She awoke at last, for even the forgetfulness so dear to the wounded spirit will have an end, and the grim bitter realities become palpable once more; and as consciousness returned, she was startled from her partial dream by the icy chill which fell upon her when she touched her child. She shrieked wildly, and fell upon her face in the maddening agony of despair,—“My child, my child, oh, my child!” she cried, and tore her hair in frenzy. Now she became more calm, and turned round to look upon the babe, whose soul had passed into that better sleep from which there is no waking. She kissed its cold wasted form, and bathed its little marble face with her scalding tears.

“Oh, my child!” she sobbed, “my poor child! murdered by its father’s hand, the victim of his cruelty; oh, Father of all, Father of the wicked and the good, take my poor babe to thy fostering bosom, and let me die too, for my last hope is gone, the last link of my heart’s affection is broken; Father of mercies, listen to the suplications of a childless mother!”

That step! and the blood goes back to her heart like an icy flood, and every pulse is withered, as with a bleak and desolating frost; she holds her breath, and with the dead child in her arms, crouches down in the corner on the floor, and in the silence of despair and terror asks her God to bless and protect her, and to soften his heart in such an awful moment as this. He came to the threshold of the room, and fell prostrate on the floor as he attempted to approach her; he was too much intoxicated to rise, and there he lay muttering, in broken and inarticulate words, the most horrible oaths and imprecations. The mother spake not, for although even then she could have prayed for him in her heart, and bless him with her tongue; ay, and still labor for him with her hands, if by such she could win back the old love which had made her youthful hours glad, and which had spread the rosy atmosphere of hope before her, but which was now a thing of silent memory, of sadness, and of tears.

Thus passed away the morning, and at noon the drunkard arose from where he lay, and again demanded what money she had; she gave him a few half-pence from her pocket, and he snatched them from her and departed.

To know that he had gone to procure the poison on which he fed, with this last remnant of midnight toil, and when his child lay dead within its mother’s arms; to know that for the veriest morsel she must toil again, sleepless and famished, and with the withered blossom of her heart’s broken hope beside her; to know that the last office of affection, the burial of the child, must be performed by those who cared for neither her nor it, and who would desecrate by the vile touch of parochial charity, that which had been more dear to her than her own life; to know that all her joys were wasted now, and that she still lived to hear him curse her in the very place where death had so lately been; and that although she sat before him with the sleeping infant in her arms, while he was too

brutalized by drink to know that that sleep was one from which it would never more awake, and that her own terror made her speechless when she would have told him;—all this was a torrent of sorrow, before whose overbearing force her wintered heart gave way, and she sank down upon the floor, with her dead babe in her arms, senseless.

Sleep came upon her like a poppy spell, and wafted her silent soul to sweeter worlds. Far away from her cold and solitary room; far away from hunger, wretchedness, and tears; far away from the keen tortures of maternal sorrow and the despair of withered love, her spirit wandered in that peaceful dream. From earth, as from a wilderness of ashes, her willing spirit went upon its upward flight, ascending and ascending. It neared the blue and shining arch above, and clapped its wings for joy, and felt within it the renovated bliss of innocent and unchanging beauty. It felt the calming influence of soft music swelling around it like sunbright waves upon a summer sea; it saw sweet spots and green peaceful valleys lying in the rosy light of heaven, as clouds at evening lie folded up in sleep. On and on her spirit went in calm and holy majesty, amid the shadowy beauty of that pleasant land. It seemed to bathe in bliss amid bright galaxies of living and rejoicing worlds, and to embrace happiness as its long-sought boon. Through flowery pastures, and falling waters, perfumed gardens, and starlighted solitudes, where the soul of music dwelt and lived amid the sweet echoes of her seraph songs, that mother’s new-born soul wandered in its freedom, forgetting all the pangs and tears it had so lately known. Now it passed floating islands of glittering beauty where troops of cherubim were worshiping their God; and from the midst of a soft bed of twilight flowers arose an angel host of babes, soaring in their wantonness of joy to higher regions of the azure air, and singing their simple songs in harmony together. From all the gleaming lights afar came dulcet harpings of angelic wings, and all things in that sweet dream-land of beauty told of the joy which falls upon the virtuous soul. The spirit of the mother, dazzled and amazed till now, awoke from its trance of wonder, and cried aloud—“My child, my child, and my husband, where, where are they?” and she sank upon a gleaming bed of purpled blooms, and from the odorous sighing of the lute-toned air the voice of her child came gladly in reply. And now a joyous troop of star-light seraphs sailed towards her, like a snowy cloud, and in the midst she sees her darling babe, clapping its little hands in laughing glee, and overjoyed once more to meet her. Oh, what bliss is like the feeling of a mother, when her trusting heart is gladdened by the return of a child whom she deemed was lost; and if such joy awake within the soul amid all the harsh realities of earth, how much more so in the spirit’s home, where nothing but the peaceful thought can live, and all earth’s grief is banished? It was her own babe, the bud of hope she nursed and tended in the dark winter of her earthly sorrow, now wearing the same smile which gladdened her amid the gloom, but holier, fairer, and freed from all the traces of want and suffering. The spirits of the mother and the babe embraced each other in the wild joy of this happy meeting, and the mother’s spirit knelt before the heaven-built temple of light which arched above, and offered the incense of its prayers for him whose wickedness of heart had steeped her earthly days in bitterness; but who was yet to her the token of a youthful hope, and the living memory of a trusting love. Her earnest

spirit, in the gush of its awakened affection for the child of her bosom, called upon its God to have mercy upon him, and to snatch his soul from the blackness of its guilt and the impending terrors of destruction.—And the prayer went upward, and the angels sung.

* * * * *

The drunkard staggered to the wretched home, and reeling into the silent room, gazed upon the wife and child. They spoke not, moved not; he stooped to touch, but recoiled in horror, for both of them were dead. The mother, in her sweet dream, had glided into the blissful evening land, and he, the destroyer of a wife and child, now felt in all the piercing agony of sin and shame, the scorpion stings of conscience. He fell upon his knees and prayed for mercy! His withering soul seemed struggling within him, and he gasped for breath. He had wandered into wicked paths, he had blighted a gentle heart by cruelty and neglect, he had wasted his own child's meal in drunkenness and villainy, while it lay on its mother's breast perishing for want of food. He felt all the terrors of remorse, and hell seemed gaping beneath him! He arose and wept, and the first tear he shed was carried by invisible hands upward to that world of peace, as a sacrifice of penitence to the kneeling spirit of a mother. He wandered away in silence, and where he went were the falling tears which spoke, in accents eloquent and true, the silent utterance of a repentant heart.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

A FRAGMENT.

The Blind Girl at the Grave of her Mother.

BY DEL MELVILLE.

THEY tell me, mother, that this turf-bed, on which I feel the grass grows fresh, and from which the fragrant perfume of violets ascends, is thy bed; that here thou art lowly laid. Thy couch is icy cold—thy pillow is hard and rough. I call thee, mother dear. I call thee with each new-returning morn. If thou art here, why dost thou not answer thy child? They tell me thou art dead. What is death? Is it sleep? If so, I wish that I might die too, and then I should see you and father; for you used to tell me that we should all meet one day, you and I, and father. You said father had gone to heaven but a little while before you, and you should soon rejoin him. Are you there now, and is there room for your poor blind child? And oh say, mother dear, do they see in heaven? For it is so dark, so dark and dreary here, mother. There are none to love me as you did. Some say, "it is nobody but the blind girl," and pass on; others pat my head, and say "poor Mary;" but oh! I long to hear your kind voice—to feel your kind, gentle touch. You were every thing to me, mother; why did you go, and leave me alone in the great wide world?

I remember once, when you held me in your arms, I felt the warm tears fall swiftly on my cheek, and you said, "When I am gone, Mary, you must be good and patient, so that you may come to heaven too." Oh mother, dear! I will be so good, so very good: and may I come to you, mother, to you and father? I will try to be very patient—I will not murmur—I will not once complain, if I may only come to you.

Each day I will come and sit here; and when I feel the warm sun shine, and hear the gladsome song of birds—when

I scent the perfume of flowers, and the breeze fans my burning cheeks—then, then I will call thee to take me hence! Every day I will call. Oh, come soon, dearest mother, and let us all go home to heaven!—*Waverly Magazine.*

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