

SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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Revelations of Nature.

RUDIMENTAL EDUCATION.

BY FRANCES H. GREEN.

"Culture's hand
Has scattered verdure o'er the land;
And smiles and fragrance rule serene,
Where barren wild usurped the scene.
And such is man—a soil which breeds
Or sweetest flowers, or vilest weeds;
Flowers lovely as the morning light,
Weeds deadly as an aconite,
Just as his heart is trained to bear
The poisonous weed, or floweret fair." BOWRING.

Any thing that deserves the name of a true and harmonious development, or education of the human being, must begin with the birth of the child, and in fact it should be said with the life of the mother; for unless her development has been favorable to the condition of a true maternity, it is in vain to expect the most happy results in the unfolding of character in the child. But my purpose is not now to paint this rare being, a truly and harmoniously developed mother, but to sketch the closest, sweetest, and most beautiful of all human relations, that of mother and child.

With the earliest life the process of development should begin, the care at first being confined chiefly to the wants of the physical system. Cleanliness, promoted by daily baths and friction of the whole body, entire freedom from all compression of the form and constraint in its positions, quiet sleep, gentle exercise, healthful food, and fresh air, are the best and chief means of administering to these.

Since the human infant has no power to attain without assistance what its nature yet unconsciously craves, we should seek to inform ourselves what it would choose, could its instincts be invested with the means of their own gratification, and make that the primal law of our management. Could this be done, little else would be necessary; for this would be a healthful and natural unfolding, and could require only slight modifications of the superior reason. Should we observe more carefully the demands of instinct in the child, we should see that they require ease of body, freedom of position and proper food; and to play with and in water is a universal determination of children, even when they rebel against the force and constraint of the bath. Let us study these important phenomena of the young life, and we shall gather truer wisdom from our observations than any artificial theory, or system of practice, ever could unfold.

Let it be remembered that very early—much earlier than most mothers have any idea of—moral and intellectual im-

pressions begin to be made. Doubtless, oftentimes, when we can perceive in the little sojourner no higher idea of happiness than that of eating, and no other consciousness than that of the simplest physical impressions, he may be looking from his Spirit-house, and gathering influences, which, whether good or bad, are wrought with the very cells that compose his young and tender life; for when no malformation intervenes, measure to measure, in the very form, aspect, and condition of the body, is the spirit fashioned. It is but reasonable to suppose that at a very early age, when the growth is most rapid, the excitability most active, and, compared with the whole amount of strength, the impressions are far more vivid than at any other time, whatever influences affect the character, must be more deeply imbedded—if not permanent and ineradicable in their effects—than those of any subsequent period of life.

Let it not be forgotten that long before speech, the form of every active and healthy child is a watch-tower, where a young Soul is stationed, to make such observations as he may, on the life and character about him—happy is he if these indelible impressions may give healthful and truthful predeterminations to his own.

If any one doubts the strength of this assertion, let him observe how early the faculty of Imitation is awakened in most children, while in others it seems almost preternaturally developed. I have myself seen, day after day, an infant of less than one month old, imitate very closely the act of coughing whenever he heard the sound; and sometimes the efforts he made to put himself in the right conditions to produce the sound, were extremely ludicrous—at least superficially. But as incontrovertible evidences of the truth and strength of the faculty, they become considerations of a very serious import; for will not the child who at one month old exhibits so remarkable a development of this faculty, a few months later, strike back when he is struck, get angry when he sees others angry, imitate profane or vulgar language, and, in fact, imitate all unworthy speech and action, which may come within the range of his observation? If he does not, he must be either seraph-born, or else his angel guardians are far more watchful, and adroit in their management, with a stronger hold on his impressibility, than his human parents or natural guardians.

The infant alluded to above was certainly an extreme case; but the observing faculties of children are awake and active, long before most people have any suspicion of what is going on in their little minds. And as Imitation is generally, if not always, one of the first determinations which follow these, the necessity of a continual guard being kept over all influences exterior to the child, is greatly heightened.

Let us, then, take it for granted that the mother, and all

persons having the care of children, should be just as careful as if in the most sacred presence, and under direct observation of the highest and divinest authority. No lapses of truth or temper—no injustice, unkindness, or want of charity, should be indulged, or permitted, either toward the child, or any other person, present or absent.

The range of mental vision in children is narrow, being necessarily adapted to a limited sphere of observation; but its want of scope is more than recompensed by the microscopic intensity of its power. They look into, and, as it were, *through* things, which they may scarcely seem to observe; for rapidity of action corresponds with the great excitability, and their perception penetrates, as with a shaft of light, whatever it seizes on. If we do not act in the presence of a child as if an angel dwelt in its little form, we can neither do justice to him, nor to ourselves. For if the mother does not come up to his idea of right—and this, as far as it goes, is a high and true one, being nothing short of absolute in its claims—she loses her proper place in his esteem; and with loss of character, authority, if maintained, must degenerate into a pure despotism—the law of brute violence—which can only develop in reaction, a brute force, and the brute nature.

Education, then, begins with the first impression that is made on the mind, and hence on the character of the child. In the early periods all the direct voluntary influence must consist in soothing and pleasing the child, for the most part leaving his development to work out its own results, under all healthful and necessary restrictions of propriety and good feeling in his presence. But when the intelligent principle is so far advanced as to act for itself, in the manifestation of individual traits, a new sphere opens, and a new work begins.

Human experience is first unfolded as a book of blank pages. Not even a single name is written there. Every thing is new, strange, wonderful. And thus naturally the first manifestations of overt intelligence, consist in questions. Many times these are so profound as to puzzle the philosopher; yet, as far as possible, the mother should be prepared to answer them. Names are necessarily first learned, and then objects should be *defined*—that is, the outlines should be given of the origin, structure, mode of growth, process of manufacture, design, end, and uses, of whatever objects may for the time interest the little stranger—whose mental activities, for the first two or three years of life, are generally absorbed by getting into a more or less intimate acquaintance with the forms around him, both natural and artificial.

It is very important that the origin, structure, composition, and uses of these objects should be unfolded as clearly as possible, and as soon as the young nature calls for their explanation. To do this truly, one should have no inconsiderable knowledge of Natural Science, Philosophy, and Mechanics. There is no child of common intelligence but would find out, and forever retain, the most important laws of life, growth, mechanics, the diurnal phenomena, and those of the seasons, if his first questions were answered, satisfactorily and truly.

But instead of this, the most common way of dealing is, when his little wisdom has become too importunate, to silence him, in some way or other. If he has a rich but mere animal mother, sweetmeats, confectionery, cakes, or something that will pamper his appetite, may divert him from his questions. But if his mother is poor and undeveloped, though she may have naturally strong sense, she will probably consider his

questions idle and foolish, as they are certainly troublesome; and then he may be put down by a sharp rebuke, or met with petulant impatience; or, what is worse, be made ashamed of his curiosity—the desire to know—which is the first and most healthful impulse of the human mind. In one case the excitability of the young Thought, being thus contravened, is perverted into the stimulant of a base appetite, and made to form the basis of a gross animal selfishness and a degrading sensuality. In the other case, the child may become sulky, sullen, revengeful, negligent, apathetic, or callous, according to existing conditions, or preëxisting determinations.

If the legitimate exercise of any faculty naturally gives pleasure, so a true development must always be attended with pleasurable emotions, corresponding with the particular conditions in every stage of progress. With all due respect for the great and true idea of mental discipline, I again assert, that this must be the right philosophy of all education; for when the mind unfolds naturally, its demands, being met and answered at every step, it craves only what it needs; and the acquisition of this must as truly give that satisfaction of the desire—that consciousness of agreeable relationship between the desire and the thing that gratifies it, which we denominate pleasure—as eating can do, when we are hungry, or drinking, when we are dry. It is very true that the solution of a problem in Euclid would give no pleasure to the young tyro in geography and grammar, were it possible to force his mind into the Herculean task: so neither could the child in leading-strings, or the tender boy of half a dozen years, enter at once into the zest of robust exercises, which to the strong and properly developed, are so inspiring and agreeable. It is precisely this process of *forcing* which involves the whole point at issue. There should be no forcing; and there *can* be none in any true process of education; for the best that we can do is to create no false appetites, but only so far to assist the mind as to furnish the nutriment it absolutely craves; and then all will be harmonious. The individual taste, feelings, and that preponderance of power in any given direction, which we denominate talent, or genius, must have due consideration and respect. We must try our best, by more judicious and sensible management in future, to neutralize such cutting satire as that of Hall, which is at present, it must be confessed, only too well deserved.

“The more politic sort
Of parents will to handicrafts resort:
If they observe their children to produce
Some flashings of a mounting ge-ni-us,
Then they must with all diligence invade
Some rising calling, or some gainful trade;
But if by chance one has a leaden soul,
Born for to number eggs, he must to school;
Specially if some patron will engage
The advowson of a neighboring vicarage;
Strange ledly medly! Who would make his swine
Turn greyhounds, or hunt foxes with his kine?”

In passing, I would merely remark, in reply to Mr. Hall, that under a truer system of development, there would be very few “leaden souls” born into the human body.

I imagine that the human being, to be unfolded in the happiest manner, should be surrounded by the benign aspects and influence of Nature. He should see the grass grow, the flowers bloom, and the waters flow. He should watch the unfolding corn, behold the sun rise and set, and the moon and stars come out. He should be familiar with the freshness of purple morning, with the sublime stillness of noon, and the

calm serene of evening. From all these a love of beauty, which is in itself one of the most purifying and exalting influences, would be incorporated into his system, as an element of growth, and a principle of progression. In such a sphere, the young mind would seek to investigate—to know—for precisely the same reason that the bird sings, or the flower blows—because it is a healthful and necessary impulse of nature. So long as the affections keep pace with the development, so long, and only so long, will it be natural and beneficial. It is when heart and mind are in perfect conjunction, that all those miracles of power are wrought, which we denominate works of Genius.

As the child advances in strength and intelligence, by and by will come deeper questions. "Mamma," said a boy of less than four years old, "why does the water come into my mouth when I suck my breath, so?"

That mother was acquainted with the principle; and she explained, while the little one almost held his breath to listen, how when he sucked he drew the air away; and then the water, which could not get in before, because the air was there, flowed into the space it had left. She then took some of his playthings of a more substantial form, to illustrate the idea that two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. He could perceive very readily, that when the tree stood in any given place, the cottage could not be there; and so on through the whole. Thus he came to understand very early that great philosophical principle, which has been most obviously *misnamed* as the Impenetrability of matter. So, day by day, and hour by hour, he came with his questions, while his mother patiently heard, and did her best to answer them; and now he is growing up to be, beyond a doubt, one of the finest scholars in the world. But suppose that these questions could not have been answered, till the little mind was worn and corroded by their unappeased and never-ceasing irritation, he might have sunk into worse than imbecility. Yet neither the boy, himself, nor most other people, can conceive how much he is indebted to his mother.

It would take but a glance to see, at least by these true lights, how incomparably worse than idle are the book-drillings, to which most of our little children are subjected; for "The bright morning of life, wasted in following sounds, hath tracked but little sense." And even after that, there is a foolish ambition in many parents to give their sons classical or collegiate educations, and to have them "Learn what none will be wiser for knowing, exploded errors in extinct tongues," as if the projected shadow of university walls could impart any dignity to manhood, unless there were interior light for its illumination. In fine, through every process of development, be circumspect and jealous of the popular authority and power of books. They may contain good digests of the law of Nature; but they should never supersede the law itself. They may furnish pointed and valuable commentaries on the text; but they should never be made to take its place—to set aside the original Scripture—the truly God-written Bible of Nature.

I can not sum up the merits of the whole subject better than in the pithy words of an ancient Botanist. "The Book of Nature is of more worth than all the volumes in the universe; and it lies open to all, too, though read or understood but by few; for a multitude of books is but a diverting distraction of the mind; whereas the treasury of Nature entertains us with an inexhaustible variety of matter."

LAWS AND PHENOMENA OF DREAMING.

That many of our ordinary dreams bear a direct relation to the condition of body and mind previous to slumber, is well known. The law which governs this relation is partially illustrated by the following example, which occurred in the writer's own experience:

I dreamed of a very *benevolent* woman, who by her enlarged charities was improving the condition of multitudes of the poor and destitute. Near by, there appeared to be a band of cruel and infuriate *assassins*, who, from sheer moral antagonism to the woman and her benevolent operations, had resolved upon the destruction of her life. I found myself presently in a place where an *innocent* man, being compelled by the assassins to serve their wishes, was making horrid preparations for the more horrid execution of the doomed philanthropist. I thought that for the purpose of avoiding an exposure of their crime by this involuntary agent of their designs, it was their intention also to destroy *his* life as soon as the preparations he was making for the execution were finished. It immediately occurred to me that such, for like reasons, would also be *my* fate, if I suffered myself to fall into the hands of the murderers. Under excited *cautiousness* and *terror*, I therefore precipitately fled in a direction in which I supposed by flight would be *concealed* from view by a building intervening between me and the assassins. I had not proceeded far, before I heard the assassins in hot pursuit of me, uttering the most frightful howls, and apparently gaining upon me at every step. I attempted to hide myself in various ways, but ineffectually; when just as I was on the point of being overtaken by my pursuers I awoke, satisfied to find myself in not the most frightful circumstances after all.

I then commenced speculating as to the cause of this exceedingly vivid mental illusion. I found the left side of my head, from the organs of Benevolence and Cautiousness, downward to Destructiveness, in a state of nervous excitement so violent as to be almost painful. This excitement I was enabled to trace directly to its origin. Before retiring to bed, I had sat for some time with my left side to a heated stove, and, leaning my head upon my left hand, so as to cover the organs of Alimentiveness, Acquisitiveness, Constructiveness, and Ideality, I imprudently fell asleep, leaving the other portions of the left side, and a part of the coronal region, of the head exposed to the heat. By this means the organs of Benevolence, Destructiveness, Cautiousness, and Secretiveness became unduly excited, and remaining in irregular action while the other faculties went to sleep, they projected forms of thought allied to their respective natural functions, and hence the dream. It was excited Benevolence that gave the idea of the philanthropist; it was excited Destructiveness that gave the idea of infuriated persons intending to destroy her, and of all the horrid preparations that were being made for the execution of that design; it was excited Cautiousness that impressed me with my own danger, and prompted an effort to escape; and it was excited Secretiveness that gave the idea of hiding myself from my pursuers, who desired to destroy me lest I should expose their wickedness.

Being thus enabled, with a good degree of certainty, to trace this dream to its legitimate cause, it struck me as a Psychological fact worth preserving, showing, as it does, the manner in which some dreams are produced or governed by

conditions existing in the Phrenological organs through which the mind manifests itself.

The influence which undigested food in the stomach often has in producing dreams of a vivid, inconsistent, and sometimes horrific nature, is well known; but *why* such effects should follow such a cause is not generally so well understood. It may be explained thus:—Between the stomach and the brain there is an intimate sympathy, consisting of a mutual action and reaction of the correlated spiritual essences which pervade them both. A disturbance in the one, therefore, often produces a corresponding disturbance in the other. Now when the stomach is clogged with food, especially if the latter is of such a character as to be digested with difficulty, its action is necessarily laborious and irregular, and this, by sympathy, produces laborious actions in the brain, whose mental manifestations, in that case, are incongruous, inconsistent, and for the most part disagreeable, dreams, and sometimes nightmare.

Concentrated and excited thought on any given subject during the day, or just previous to the hour of retiring, is apt to reproduce itself in the mental images of the dream state. Dreams produced in this way are but the subsiding undulations of previously excited thought or spiritual motion, even as the gentle ripples upon the bosom of the lake, in a dead calm, are the subsiding waves caused by the previous gale.

The physiological lesson constantly enforced in these considerations, is, "Strive, by obedience to all natural laws, to preserve the general equilibrium both of the external and internal organism, and of the two as related to each other: then the waking hours will be serene and happy; slumber will be sweet and refreshing; dreams will be peaceful and heavenly; and body and mind will be vigorous, healthy, and harmonious."

Having thus spoken mainly of the corporeal, we will now speak of the extra-corporeal laws and conditions which sometimes produce and govern dreams.

We have said, in a previous article, that dreams, and indeed all thoughts, normal and abnormal, consist of certain motions in the internal or spiritual organized essence, and especially of that portion of it which resides in the brain. We have said, also, that while the nerves and brain are closed up or torpid by slumber, the more refined portions of the spiritual essence exist in a comparatively independent state—a state which, in proportion to its degree of independence of the physical, may be supposed to be similar to the state of the spirit after its entire separation from the body. While in this state, therefore, it may form more immediate connections with other minds or spirits, or with their refined emanations, and also with the essences of internal principles of natural things, and may receive truthful impressions from them as by magnetic or spiritual influx. Admitting the principles we have laid down, it is, to say the least, not improbable, even at an *a priori* view, that the mind during the dream state, should sometimes receive impressions of facts and truths, and even of future events, entirely beyond the reach of the sensuous and reasoning powers, during the state of normal wakefulness. On the basis of these considerations, therefore, the reader will, we hope, be prepared to entertain, in candor, the following facts, as illustrating and demonstrating the supersensuous powers of the soul here supposed.

We will first relate a fact which seems transitional and intermediate between the class of mental phenomena caused by

corporeal and that caused by extra-corporeal influences, but which seems sufficiently remarkable. It was recently related to me by a physician, a man of unquestioned veracity, who is intimate with the parties to whom it occurred:

Several years ago, during a severe winter, the Schuylkill River, at Philadelphia, became thickly bridged over with ice, and thousands of persons resorted thither for the exercise of skating, sliding, &c. Among other inventions for the amusements of those who resorted to the place, there was a post sunk through the ice, at the top of which there was a pivot, and a horizontal, revolving arm or shaft attached to it. To the end of this the drag-ropes of sleds were attached, so that by pushing the shaft, the sleds, with persons on them, might be made to revolve swiftly in a circle upon the ice. Among the rest, a negro got upon the sled; and the persons in charge of the shaft caused it, for sport, to revolve so violently that the negro was thrown outward, by the centrifugal force, and striking violently against a large projecting piece of ice, was instantly killed. This occurrence was witnessed by a physician, a friend of my informant, who happened to be present. On that same evening, that physician had occasion to prepare a dose of pills for one of his patients, a lady extremely susceptible to magnetic influences. As he was mixing the ingredients of the pills, and rolling them in his fingers, he related, in all its particulars, to persons in his office, the occurrence he had witnessed on the river during the day. The pills were afterwards dispatched to the lady by another person.

The next day the physician, seeing one of the lady's family, inquired concerning her health. In the answer that was returned, it was stated among other things, that she had a singular dream the night previous. She dreamed that she was somewhere on the ice, where many people were sliding and skating: that she had there seen a negro thrown from a revolving sled against a cake of ice and instantly killed, &c. Her dream, as related, was an exact reproduction of all the essential statements of facts which had, without her knowledge, been given by the physician while he was preparing the pills, and concerning which fact she had received no information from any other quarter.

Now that there could have been so remarkable a coincidence between the lady's dream and the actual facts in the case, without an adequate cause connected in some way with the facts themselves, does not seem probable. As she had had not the slightest exterior intimation that the occurrences had taken place, we are left to look for the cause of her impression in some subtle and spiritual agency which addressed her mind while it was in a semi-spiritual state, attendant upon a favorable condition of bodily slumber. That spiritual agency doubtless consisted of a magnetic, psychical, or what some will better understand as a "psychometric" impression, which the physician had conveyed to the pills by manipulation while his mind was vividly occupied in relating the exciting occurrences he had so recently witnessed. The pills, receiving the impression of the physician's thoughts according to a law of psychical magnetism now well known to many investigators in this department, sympathetically conveyed the same impression to the lady who took them.

But the minds of susceptible persons, during physical slumber, frequently come into rapport with distant and even future occurrences, without any apparent intervention of human magnetic or "psychometric" agency. Of innumerable cases

of this kind which might be collected, the following are specimens:

Most of my readers will remember the tragedy of the murder of Mr. Adams, in New-York, several years ago, by J. C. Colt. Two days before that occurrence took place, the wife of Mr. A. dreamed *twice* that he was murdered, and that she saw his body, which was cut to pieces and packed away in a box. The dreams made a deep impression on her mind; and on the disappearance of her husband, and before he was found, she was inconsolable, fully believing that he had come to his end in the manner foreseen in her dream. Her impressions were verified, in every particular, by the facts.

Mrs. D., a lady of my intimate acquaintance, residing in Taunton, Mass., dreamed that she saw a steamboat on fire, having many passengers on board, whom she saw in the utmost terror and consternation, and casting themselves into the water. She awoke and related her dream to her husband, who, a day or two afterwards, found her story reproduced in all essential particulars, in the newspaper accounts of the burning of the Lexington, which happened on the same night on which the dream occurred.

A gentleman in Stouington also dreamed of the burning of the Lexington on the same night. From the strange anxiety which the dream produced upon his mind, he was induced to go to the wharf early the next morning, to see if the Lexington had arrived. Finding that she had not arrived, though due several hours previously, he told persons on the wharf that they need not expect her, for that she was lost.

A man in Brooklyn, an acquaintance of a friend of mine, being out of employment, and in needy circumstances, dreamed of performing all the duties of an undertaker with reference to a dead body—a business with which he was before totally unacquainted. The dream left a distinct impression upon his mind that *that was to be his future business, and that that was the way he was to perform it.* He commenced the business forthwith; and following the instruction he had received on that subject, he from the first discharged the duties of his new calling with perfect correctness, and without embarrassment. He afterwards acknowledged that he was fit for no other business.

The wife of the writer dreamed vividly that she saw one of our children in a frightful spasm, which threw her into unconsciousness, and it was doubtful whether she would ever recover. She did not see the ultimate of the attack, being, by the fright it caused her, aroused to wakefulness. More than a year afterwards, an event happened to the little girl which the mother recognized as a precise fulfillment of her dream in all its particulars, including all the various and singular expressions of countenance, motions of the head, &c. By energetic efforts, however, the child was restored, though with difficulty. This dream could not have been caused by any exterior memories or anticipations, as the child was perfectly healthy, and had not experienced such an attack before, and has not since.

A gentleman in whose veracity I have perfect confidence, related to me the following fact, which came under his personal knowledge:—A lady residing with her son in an Eastern State, dreamed that her daughter, who lived in New-York, was taken suddenly and dangerously ill. *Her son dreamed the same dream on the same night.* Though neither of them had previously had any faith in dreams, in this instance their dreams made a deep impression upon their minds,

and they mutually related and compared them on the next morning. Shortly afterwards the telegraph announced that the daughter was severely and dangerously ill. The mother set off for New-York with the first conveyance, and found her daughter in a condition precisely as represented in the dreams of herself and son.

In all these instances, the dreams (admitting, what it seems difficult to doubt, that they had any connection with the facts which fulfilled them) must have been produced by causes decidedly extra-corporeal, and independent of any previous mental exercises or normal tendencies of thought. They bear an analogy to some of the phenomena of magnetic clairvoyance, and are evidently caused by the impulsions of subtle magnetic forces, which, if explicable at all, would require more time and space for their full elucidation than we have now at our disposal. Dreams of this kind, however, have been too numerous and too well attested, as occurring in all ages, and especially in our own days, to be much longer passed by as idle vagaries of the imagination, or to be set down as mere remarkable coincidences. The subject, in any point of view, is one of intense interest, and demands a thorough investigation.

W. F.

—[Phrenological Journal.]

TEACHINGS OF THE SPRING-TIME.

BY H. T. CHEEVER.

The moral teachings of all Nature may be regarded as beginning with the Spring. The touch of vernal light, and the kisses of the south wind, wake the earth and its living energies from their winter's slumber. There has been no death, and yet there is a mighty resurrection into life. It is a gradual awakening from sleep, so gradual, that without a watchful effort in the mind, the whole process may pass, and no new admiration as of a new exercise of Almighty Power, be produced in the soul of the observer. This mighty impression of Creative energy is the first out-shining lesson of the Spring, but it shines increasingly, not suddenly, nor all at once. Such indeed is Nature's custom in all her lessons. What an awakening from death! What resurrection into life! Like most of those teachings, which appeal to the deepest beliefs of our being, they come with the still, small voice, so gradually, so quietly, so gently stealing on the soul, like the passing of the dawn into the sunrise, that gross and careless natures seldom take note of them, and never experience the full sense of their power and meaning. There is often a poetic sense of their passing beauty, where there is no excitement, invigoration, or expansion of the mind, by their vast and glorious suggestions. The various seasons are like an Anthem, which few souls are musical enough to appreciate as a whole, though many may be touched by separate parts, from strain to strain successively. In the Anthem of Nature the changes pass into one another so imperceptibly, that what would be as the sound of many waters, if it came suddenly and without gradual preparation, is diminished and softened, is as the sound of a waterfall buried in a deep valley among old trees, and heard at a distance.

The change from mid-winter to the depth of Spring requires an abstracting effort of the mind to realize; for we are occupied with each day's gliding advancement, and we watch the indications of change, and the stealing steps of its progress,

almost with impatience. The idea of the bursting bud enlivens the forest before the sap has begun its journey in the branches, and the opening leaf is present to the mind beyond the bud, and the first May flowers are anticipated, and the green grass carries us into visions of Summer. So although sometimes we gather the red ivy-plums on a tuft of mossy green, above the melting snow, and bring home, now and then, a flower from the woods before the river opens, yet the great contrast has to be imagined, not seen. And therefore, when the fullness of time and change has come, the grandeur and glory of the process are forgotten.

* * * * *

The Spring time has opened, and all human and material agencies are busy, with a restless and never-ending activity. Life and death are busy, death beginning life, and life springing out of death; and the germs, whether of good or evil, are no sooner committed to the bosom of the soil, be it physical or immortal, than they begin to work out what is in them. Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. The Spring time is this season of dying into life. Here and there the seed may fall, and merely go into the soil as compost, and so abide alone; but the rule is that of an indestructible germinating power both in man and nature.

This is our plot of ground, our time-acre, which, according as we cultivate it here, is to prove our vast reversionary inheritance in eternity. Of what nature, we ourselves must determine, as being the husbandmen; for we are all agriculturists, we are all landowners, we are all sowers. And our farms lying contiguous, we are all subject to reciprocal influences. No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; it is quite impossible. If I sow my field with white seed, then the next season, my neighbor's field is sure to suffer for it. Thus we are not only sowers for ourselves, but for others. Neighbors sow for neighbors, friends for friends, enemies for enemies, parents for children, children for parents, servants for their masters, masters for their servants; and the different classes, professions, and grades in life affect one another. The involvement or entanglement of responsibility is indissoluble and inextricable. It began with Adam and Eve, Cain and Seth, Enoch and Enos, and can never stop, but runs on multiplying. The hand of Tubal-Cain is in the building of the ark, and Noah's husbandry prepares the graves for the nephews of Moses in the wilderness. Who can trace the vast, interminable, innumerable ramifications of influence and example, of second causes and consequences, of remote side-agencies with direct and illimitable results?

The airs that breathe over our own homesteads, gardens, farms, carry upon downy wings the germs of what we have sown for ourselves into the germinant domains of others. And the winds that blow across our neighbors' grounds bear into our own inclosures, and drop unseen, a reciprocal measure of others' living and characteristic agencies. The elements evaporated from the farm-yards and forests a thousand miles off, may come down with the rain upon the slopes of our native mountains. Nay, visible or invisible, across the ocean they may come. In this mighty moral connection that makes our world one world, and the human family one, what a man plants in Europe may tell in America, though he never dreamed of it, and what we plant in America may be found growing from the seed in Europe, before we are aware of it. And all things throw their branches and their fruits into eternity.

How often a winged word is dropped without a purpose, yet goes down into an immortal soul, and will be found a thousand times re-duplicated in eternity! How often a careless listener has received a life-long impression from a still more careless speaker! Words are dropped, and forgotten, and seen no more; even as a farmer scatters seed not only from his hand, but unknowingly from the basket, and goes his way, and sleeps and wakes; seen, no more than the seeds are seen when the earth has covered them, or than the forms of the uttered syllables are seen, upon the air that is stirred by them. Yet they may be everlasting. And the seed that the very fowls of the air seem to steal from the farmer's wheat-field, they may sow somewhere else. A bird upon the wing may carry a seed that shall add a new species to the vegetable family of a continent; and just so, a word, a thought, from a flying soul, may have results immeasurable, eternal. You may not be able to follow them now, but they may follow you, hereafter; nor to trace them now, but you may reap the harvest hereafter.

Think not because things do not spring up now, to sight, they are therefore necessarily gone, or dying, or inactive. Impressions may be piled upon impressions, and whole beds of seeds on seeds, and layers of leaves mingled with them. Then afterwards you know not what the stirring of the soil may produce, nor at what period. For as sometimes it may happen that when you cut down a growth of oaks, there will spring up a forest of young pines, or when you burn over an inclosure of birch woods, you may see afterwards a wilderness of maple in its place, so you know not what forests of germs may lie in the heart-soil of man's nature and affections. There may be seeds of things unseen, inactive, and unknown; for the present, merely because another growth has prevented them, and keeps them down. And even if all should be changed into fossils, who knows what influence they may have upon the life of future generations? How many coal-fires may be kindled, how many steam-engines driven, by the discovered mineral beds of past opinions. Nearly half the world, even now, are living by or upon the fossil vices of past generations. Old errors are dug up, and brought into use again. The wheat buried three thousand years ago in Egyptian tombs may sprout in European gardens, and the fashions and luxuries of a sepulchral world may be reproduced in American drawing-rooms. Indeed, if the pitch of Sodom and Gomorrah, both physical and moral, could be disinterred, it would become merchaudize. And so it is with opinion.

The thing that hath been, it is that which shall be; and that which is done, it is that which shall be done. The moral habits of a man's life may be reproduced out of the jewels buried with his mummy.—[Voices of Nature.]

IGNORANCE THE CAUSE OF UNHAPPINESS.

This world is beautiful. The sun pours down his flood of golden light by day, and the pale moon sheds her gentle radiance by night, and far back in heaven's blue vault seas of gems dart their trembling scintillations upon the earth. Flowers bloom and breathe sweet fragrance. The swift winged songsters of the wood chant their glad praises, and pebbly streams burst from their mountain sources and babble along their meandering channels. We find the external world all beauty and order; but turning to the moral world we see all disorder and confusion—man an anomaly to himself and ap-

parently at variance with all nature. Are sorrow and misery the destined lot of man? Shall our world always be a valley of tears? Can it be that God has endowed us with capabilities of happiness that we may be miserable? The innocent are sacrificed and the guilty prosper. Thousands despair in gloomy, loathsome prisons, and millions mourn in heavy bondage. Pain, suffering, and sorrow rise in one universal sigh from earth's groaning surface. The poor man with starving intellect and soul embittered with unremitting toil, cringes before his brother corrupted with luxury and enervated with idleness; the one eaten up with envy and bending his neck with servile humility, and the other fired with pride and ruling with arbitrary insolence. By thousands are earth's noblest sons cut down by war's ungodly sword, and by tens of thousands are mankind tortured by painful disease, and by thousands innumerable are the fairest buds of childhood and half developed youth consigned to new made graves.

All nature is governed by laws—as far as known these laws are benevolent in their design—their observance renders man happy, and their violation miserable; pain and misery being the consequences of such infringement. And as every one desires happiness, we are compelled to refer all suffering or negative happiness to ignorance of what happiness consists in, or imperfect judgment of the manner of obtaining such happiness; and this inability to discriminate and choose the highest good, we are compelled to refer to the infant stage of development which the race has yet attained; unhappiness, therefore, becomes a necessity consequent upon the inexperience of man in the art of living.

Knowledge is the necessary means used to attain a certain result, which is always the happiness of the individual; ignorance being the want of this necessary means to gain this object. Then as knowledge is the result of experience and observation, before man can acquire it he must necessarily suffer much while ignorant, while experimenting.

How full of hope and consolation the thought that as each item of wisdom and information is added to the world's stock of knowledge, so is the happiness of the race augmented. With joy we welcome every useful invention, every discovery; every thought tending to the moral and intellectual elevation of man, being all calculated to promote the advancement of the race, and make man better and wiser until he attains that for which he was created—happiness.

Gladsome day, when all nations shall meet in friendship; when all men shall be gathered under the wide spread branches of the tree of universal benevolence; when hunger shall be appeased, and the orphan educated; when the sword shall rust in its scabbard, and the peal of death-telling artillery shall no longer reverberate and reëcho with the groans of dying men; when man shall know, respect and practice the laws of equity; when the turbulent waters of discord, bitterness and sorrow shall stagnate and dry up, and man shall drink long, deep, satisfying draughts from the fountain of harmony, peace and love; when class, caste, creed and sect shall be swallowed up in that higher, purer life which recognizes ALL MEN AS BROTHERS.—[*The Token*.]

He who thinks no man above him but for his virtue, none below him but for his vice, can never be obsequious or assuming in a wrong place; but will frequently emulate men in rank below him, and pity those above him.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

Nature, through all her depths is replete with music, varied in its tones and rich in its melody. There is music in the stillness of the twilight hour—in the voices of the balmy breeze as it sighs amid the stirring leaves of the starlit groves, or sleeps upon the calm bosom of the reposing waters; in the bubbling of the inland fountain and the thunderings of the foaming cataract; in the ripplings of the mountain rill and the majestic voice of the storm stirred sea. There is music in the joyous symphonies of the glad songsters of the grove beneath, and the muttering of the pealing thunder above. In heaven, on earth, in the outspread skies and the invisible air; in the solitary dell and on the high mountain's cloud-veiled top where human footsteps have never left an echo; in the deepest cells of the human heart, and the inanimate depths of the material world, in the dim rays of earth and the beam of those celestial lights which gem the highest firmament, and light the Angels to their evening orisons; in the tones of woman's voice on earth and the devotions of the pure spirits of the better lands; in all, through all, and over all, and forever vibrating the rich music of universal harmony and the deep tones of undying melody! Thousands of invisible harps are pouring their united melody through the depths of air and earth, millions of Archangels touch their heaven-strung lyres and send celestial harmony through the vast halls of the temple of the living God up to the burning throne of the Great Eternal One! It is the air of earth; it is the atmosphere of heaven! The unbounded universe is one sleepless lyre, whose chords of love, and hope, and purity and peace, are fanned into a dreamy and mystic melody by the breath of the invisible God!

THE OCEAN.

The soul and nature are attuned together. Something within answers to all we witness without. When I look on the ocean in its might and tumult, my spirit is stirred, swelled. When it spreads out in peaceful blue waves, under a bright sky, it is dilated, yet composed. I enter into the spirit of the earth, and this is always good. Nature breathes nothing unkind. It expands, or calms, or softens us. Let us open our souls to its influences. . . .

The ocean is said to rage, but never so to me. I see life, joy, in its wild billows, rather than rage. It is full of spirit, eagerness. In a storm we are not free to look at the ocean as an object of sentiment. Danger then locks up the soul to its true influence. At a distance from it, we might contemplate it as a solemn minister of Divine justice and witness of God's power to a thoughtless world; but we could associate with it only moral ideas,—not a blind rage. At least, I have seen nothing which gives nature an unkind expression. . . .

We talk of old ocean, hoary ocean; I can not associate age with it. It is too buoyant, animated, living. Its crest of foam is not hoariness, but the breaking forth of life. Ocean is perpetual youth. . . . —[*Channing*.]

THE HEART.—Dr. Watson, in the *Medical Gazette*, says: "The heart is a living forcing pump; a hollow muscular engine, with its cavities and their outlets, its contractile walls, and their strength and thickness so admirably adjusted, that the healthy balance of the circulation is continually maintained under many untoward influences and inward emotions which tend to destroy it"

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 9, 1853.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

The subject of spiritual manifestations has been contemplated and studied by the public for the space of several years; and during this time much, very much, has been accomplished in the work of removing the ignorance and prejudice of the people, and establishing a basis for the revelation of more important truths. There has been a growing disposition to search for truth for the truth's sake—a withdrawal from the platform of time-honored authority, and a gradual expansion of the thoughts and aspirations of the world toward the sphere of celestial realities. These are signs of encouragement which must be a source of strength and comfort to every philanthropic soul; and with these there comes an incentive to labor in the cause of human redemption which the reformer has never had at any previous period.

From the lesson of my own experience as an individual, I have been led to deeply realize and appreciate the important object which spirits are laboring to accomplish. I find that this object does not consist merely in the furnishing of external evidence to the mind, nor yet in the temporary gratification which such evidence may afford; but that it has reference to an ultimate which is far more glorious than that which can be conceived by the senses—even the development, expansion, and enlightenment of the human soul. Wise and progressed spirits, I feel sure, will labor for this as a final end in the development of mediums. The moving of the hand and the writing of sentences comprehend but a small part of spiritual unfolding. And so beneath all these manifestations of spiritual presence and power, there exists a reality which the sensuous eye may not perceive. It is the development of the inner truth connected with the manifestations, that constitutes the chief blessing to be derived; and to me it is one of the prominent evidences of the wisdom of spirits, that through their influence the senses of the soul are quickened—that the internal consciousness is unfolded—that the individuality is increased and intensified, and that the spiritual understanding is opened to the knowledge of expansive truths.

Therefore the sphere which I feel moved to occupy, is that which has special relation to the principles, rather than to the external facts, of spiritual intercourse. And these principles I would view in their connection with the sublime realities of the Universe—not as being confined simply to an isolated fact, but as related to the wide realm of the universal Truth. In saying this I would not undervalue the fact of spiritual communion.

Of this fact I am made deeply and personally conscious almost every hour of my existence, and when viewed in its practical influence on the world, it must be recognized as a powerful instrumentality in enlightening the human mind with respect to the great subjects of immortality and spiritual existence. But I would not accept this fact, valuable and precious as it is, as the sole basis of interior thought; but with the principles of which this is an appropriate illustration, I would allow the spirit to expand into the illimitable sphere which comprehends every department of truth, whether of a moral, social, spiritual, or philosophical nature.

If this position be correct, it is easy to perceive the importance of establishing some medium through which the free and untrammelled thoughts of the soul may be expressed, to whatever particular department of truth they may relate; through which all social and theological error may be exposed, and all great realities pertaining to the interests of the race, may be freely, boldly, and independently unfolded. What the age is now demanding is not a creed or sect—not any one idea, however important in itself, but Truth—truth free, expansive, and reformatory, that shall stand upon its own authority and make its appeal to the consciousness of the individual soul. Accordingly it has been designed that this paper shall be enlarged, placed in a wider sphere, and raised to a higher and more expansive plane of thought. As from the imperfect form of the chrysalis the beautiful butterfly arises to wing its way through the air and the sunlight, this journal shall come forth to a new life and become robed with a more spiritual beauty. And since it is proper that there should exist a correspondence between the name by which it is designated and the internal character which it is designed to bear, it has been decided to inscribe on the folds of the enlarged paper, this title—

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS.

This Journal will be published in the city of New-York by the Harmonial Association, and will be, as its name implies, a representative and exponent of progressive thought. Not being limited in its sphere by any one idea or sectarian creed, it will contain articles on all subjects that pertain to the interests of humanity presenting the pure unfoldings of the inner life, the beautiful revelations of Nature, the progress of Social Reform, and whatever may be useful and attractive in the principles of Science or the discoveries of Art. In short, it will be the design of the publishers to render this a PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE, in which shall be expressed those free-born and expansive truths for which the soul has an inherent attraction.

THE JOURNAL OF PROGRESS will be issued weekly on fine paper, and in a form suitable for binding, at \$2 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. A specimen number of the paper will be sent to all our present sub-

scribers, with the full assurance that all who are really attracted to its sphere and objects will be pleased to extend the term of their subscription. The editorial charge of the Journal will devolve on a committee of competent individuals selected for this purpose, and every arrangement will be made which is necessary to render it highly useful and attractive. Thanking now my friends for all their expressions of interest and sympathy, I must, for the present, bid them a kindly adieu.

R. P. A.

THE SPIRITUAL ASPECT OF THE AGE.

Mankind are prone to look too much on the outward and overlook the spiritual and inward world. Of a large portion of mankind it may be affirmed with far too much truth, that the immediate object of their life is to *get money*; the remote and final end sought is *physical enjoyment*. To eat, to drink and to be merry is the *summum bonum*. The young man, if his parents are poor, is early bound down to physical labor, and the only lesson of philosophy taught him is how to turn every thing into gold, or at least into silver. The incipient merchant at an early age is instructed in the mysteries, not of science or of the mind, but of sharp-trading; the ledger is his text book—the price of stocks his manual. Nor is the case entirely different with regard to the other sex. Now this is all to a great extent *wrong*; it is wrong to devote so entirely and exclusively the immortal energies of the mind to the acquisition of **that which is designed merely to procure the means of physical existence.**

We ought never to forget that the soul needs food as well as the body; and that those who pamper with luxury the material, and starve the spiritual part of their nature, are doing all in their power to reduce themselves to the level of the brute. The soul can derive no nourishment from account books or mechanical tools. It is as possible to check the growth of the soul and dwarf its noble powers, as it is to injure the bodily strength and vigor. Thousands—nay, millions in this country are at this moment injuring their soul by denial of its proper sustenance. It demands too, **vigorous exercise**—it would soar above the height of human vision,—it would grasp the mysteries of nature, and grapple with error in its most powerful form. But if—to continue the metaphor—you deny it proper food and exercise—if you seek to fill it with the transitory interests of your occupation alone; if you chain down those thoughts which can “wander through eternity,” and embrace all that is powerful and noble in the natural or spiritual world and even reach the throne of Deity itself, and there gaze with enraptured awe; if you stifle these aspirations and fasten the mind firmly on the petty cares and concerns of every-day life, and forbid it wider scope than the workshop, the counting-room,

or the professional office, you will gradually weaken its vigor, rob it of its highest hopes, and stint, if not destroy, its growth.

And are not a majority of mankind doing this? Have they not already shut out from the daily circle of their thoughts, truths and hopes the most sublime, purifying and soul-invigorating? How seldom do they turn from the din and bustle of the world and fix their thoughts inward, or hold communion with the beautiful and good. How seldom do they pause and consider the object and end of their creation, and the nature of that soul which is to live as long as the great Eternal himself. How many have an active, realizing confidence in this great truth so that they daily dwell on the thought so finely expressed by the Poet:

—“Ages pass away,
Thrones fall, and nations disappear, and worlds
Grow old and go to wreck; the soul alone
Endures, and what she chooseth for herself,
The arbiter of her own destiny,
That only shall be permanent.”

We do not mean to assert that the majority are wanting in mere assenting belief to the sublime truths of revelation and the teachings of reason, but we say that belief is not *heart-felt*, that it does not incorporate itself into the mind's very existence and become a part of our universal consciousness. S. T. Coleridge has a remark like the following: “It is not uncommon for truths at once the most sublime and important to lie bed-ridden in the dormitory of the soul, by the side of the most exploded dogmas of Fancy.” And how true **is it!** **It is one great fault of our Age that first principles and fundamental truths are over-looked in the rage for excitement and novelty.** This is indeed a natural consequence of the great multiplication of books and ephemeral literature. We read much but think little. Instead of crowding our minds with crude vagaries and novelties, we need a perpetual recurrence to those ideas which

“Uphold us,—cherish us, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence; truths that wake
To perish never.”

How few regard the present existence as but a preparation merely for one of boundless duration. How few consider the vast capabilities of the human mind—that it proceeded from the breath of the great Power of the Universe and that his image was stamped upon it; and recognize even in the most degraded human beings around them, a soul to the expansion of which the Deity has placed no finite limits, and that there may be a period in its existence when it will surpass in knowledge all that now is known by the angels of heaven! Yes, proud aristocrat, that poor, trembling outcast whom thou spurnest from thy presence, and upon whose neck thy foot is now—is an heir of this glorious inheritance—the future companion of angels!

Forget this truth if you please ; stifle it in your soul under the rubbish of earthly thoughts, but it will reappear again in terror to thy soul ! Remember that the Great Judge and Ruler of the Universe is no respecter of persons.

N. B.

MIDDLETOWN, Ct.

WORDS OF HOPE.

BY T. S. SHELDON.

The noontide of the nineteenth century seems to truthfully unfold the exalted mission of Man. In the unfolding processes of Nature have been shadowed a new dignity and destiny which have not been heretofore perceived. The laws of our being, though in themselves always as perfect as now, have not been viewed in the light of that interior investigation which develops the powers of the spirit. Taking a retrospect of the past, we see only the glimmerings of truth in their struggle to develop an increased degree of harmonious action on each succeeding page of traditional history. It is true that Science and Art in earlier ages exerted an important influence on the teachings and aspirations of the rulers and the ruled ; yet, though we may here seemingly find evidences of an exalted state of mentality as exhibited in the poetry, painting, and sculpture of ancient days, still when we take into consideration therewith the sensual and animal loves that predominated in the hearts of the people, we can not for a moment believe that there has been any age in the past that compares with the present in respect to mental and spiritual progress. To me even the halo of harmonic excellence that surrounded the life and name of Jesus, is not more attractive than the beautiful illuminations of the present era, ushering in the dawn of the millennial day. Spiritual truths, revealed through heavenly inspiration, form the germ of a moral revolution. The inner council chambers of Church and State must be cleansed and purified ; for behold the bridegroom cometh. Intellect has thrown off its infantile bonds, and strikes for freedom. Mind, the motor of all individual enterprise and of all scientific achievements, that has ever ministered to the physical wants and pleasures of Man, is about to claim its own exalted privileges and to assume its own rightful position.

Heretofore mind has been developed seemingly through mechanical and chemical agencies, and has moved onward as it were with slow and almost unwilling step. But now in the rapid progress of the world, we trace the most cheering evidences of a new and wonderful power unfolding in the soul. And this power is spreading and becoming universal. Clairvoyants are not the only revealers of the great truths developed in the laboratory of Nature. The mysterious agency that seems to be the gift of a favored few, belongs really to

all ; it exists in embryo within the bosom of every created intelligence, and it will unfold in every organization in proportion as the physical and spiritual powers are exercised in harmony with established laws. Man has yet scarcely read the title-page of his destiny. Revolving cycles of ages can alone reveal it to him as it expands in the future. The future alone can truly unfold the real power and dignity of mind. It is true that we may witness in the past many wonderful manifestations of its force, but these are mostly wild, irregular, and inharmonious. Even those powers of mind that have brought into subjection the elements of electricity and steam, harnessing them to the press and the locomotive, have not yet moved the social springs that produce and govern the souls of men. Mind has not yet revealed the Book of Nature universally, and we can not yet all realize that the letters, syllables, words and sentences of a higher wisdom, shall be spontaneously unfolded to the inner being.

Yet opening to the mental vision is a day when men shall perceive and realize these truths as they are revealed to the spirit. Such a day is even now breaking upon humanity, yet millions heed it not. Who shall speak to them—who shall arouse them—who should touch their hearts with the love and truth of Heaven ? In the centuries gone by History speaks of a Moses and Elias—an Isaiah and Jeremiah—yea, even a greater one than these, a Christ, whose mission was to awaken the spiritual energies of the world, and yet the nations have slumbered on. But the voice of the angelic host is speaking to humanity and touching the springs of its inward life. We need not the son of a prophet to foretell the result. The barriers that exist in the feeble senses of the body, having been overcome and removed ; divine revelations will be whispered by angels to the listening soul, and with these will be unfolded and harmonized all the beautiful relations that should exist between man and man, in which the spirit will be caused to bloom as the flower and perfection of created things.

Light and Love are already encircling us from the spheres above, and though mystery is connected therewith, if we will be true to ourselves and interior intuitions, being constantly within the pale of harmony, we shall soon enjoy even on earth a foretaste of those joys that fade not away, and drink from that fountain which never fails.

RANDOLPH, N. Y., Feb. 20, 1853.

THE ENLARGEMENT.

In the article headed "Address to our Readers," will be found a statement of the change contemplated in the form and appearance of this paper. It should be understood that the general character of the paper will remain the same as it now is, except that the increase of size will furnish an opportunity to introduce into its columns a greater variety of interesting topics,

which have been heretofore necessarily excluded. The facts and principles of spiritual intercourse will continue to receive that share of attention to which they are justly entitled, while the practical aim of the Journal will be to present in connection with these a still more extensive and important chain of realities, which will combine the temporary with the spiritual interests of mankind. In this work the result desired will be accomplished through the medium of different minds which are unfettered in their thoughts and pure in their aspirations. Suitable arrangements have been made of a financial character, to maintain the paper on a substantial and permanent basis; and we feel assured that none of those who have already subscribed for the coming year, will have occasion to regret the proposed enlargement.—[Ed.]

THE BETTER DAYS.

[The following is a spiritual communication given by a lady of Philadelphia, who is a very highly developed *Claire-voyante* Medium.]

There is about to be a great conflict between Truth and Error. The armies of Bigotry and Superstition are rapidly marshaling their forces.

Soldiers of Truth, arm for the conflict! and man the eternal battlements of Truth! Fear not! the great Father of Truth leads you on to victory. Victory shall surely be yours.

And now an angel presents a beautiful picture, in which the results are portrayed. He says: "I see persons with large canvas bags, who are distributing to long lines of people that are standing to receive, and as they give, they say—'it is more blessed to give than to receive.' The whole face of Nature seems changed. The sun shines more brightly, and people appear to view everything in a different light from what they did before. I see one or two houses where some one has just left the form; they do not call it dying now. I see a spirit as it were just leaving the window, and a group of persons, apparently relations, kissing their hands and waving their handkerchiefs, just as friends are wont to do on separating for a brief season. A large crowd stand around saying 'rejoice, for thus is another added to the throng of ministering spirits.' The relatives say 'we do indeed rejoice.' I see an inscription which reads 'Weeping and mourning are fled away.'"

And now the spirit who presented the picture says, "And is not this worth contending for?"

[The medium is now impressed with the following.]

"Be prepared for great and glorious results very soon."

They will not let me see now, for the brightness would be too great for me.

Read not books alone, but men—and chiefly thyself.

Those friends in different localities who feel a special interest in the advancement and promulgation of the Truth as it is unfolded in Nature and the Spirit-Spheres, are desired to act as agents in procuring subscriptions for the "*Journal of Progress*." The most liberal inducements will be offered to clubs, which will be stated fully in the initial number.

THE MESSENGER BOUND.—All the numbers of the current volume may be procured either separately or in binding, by application at this office. Bound volumes will be kept constantly on hand, and will be sent to any address in whatever style may be desired. Orders are solicited.

The second communication from T. S. S. has been duly received, and will be published in some "good time coming."

Correspondence.

THE TRUE ORDER OF SOCIETY.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER.

TO R. P. AMBLER:

Dear Friend—I have thought of you frequently, and of the movement to which you have so nobly devoted your time and talents. Truly, the angels are descending—the stagnant pools of sectarianism and superstition are being mightily troubled, and the souls of men are ascending therefrom, cured of their disease. It is encouraging to know that the principles of truth are working their way silently and surely, like the leaven hid in measures of meal. Go on, dear friend, and at last the little leaven shall leaven the whole lump. The fountain of truth is inexhaustible, and its flowings are irresistible as the immutable decrees of the Divine Mind. Clouds may at times overshadow your pathway, but if you are true to your principles and calling, these will only serve to deepen and widen the fountain within you, and soon will the beautiful interior sun burst forth in all its native splendor, while the dim, puny lights of the exterior will sink into comparative insignificance. Worldly difficulties and trials of the flesh will then be as a stimulus to the soul, serving to cleanse and purify the inner Temple, and prepare the mind for the reorganization of society. But

"O men with chains to the earth are bound
Chains of the body and of the mind—
Chains that link them to the dust, and of
The earth more earthly make their nature."

The chains that link men to the old order of society are numerous and subtle—they are soul-darkening and degrading. These are held in perpetuity by the accumulated mass of false principles in the social structure. The sustaining strength of the old society is made

up of individuals who live in physical comfort, ease and affluence; another class is struggling to attain to this position, and the other portion is subjected to these as hewers of wood and drawers of water, compelled to minister to their pleasure. Honors, selfishness, the desire to rule, an aspiration for wealth, a thirst for fame, fashion and pride with their gilded trappings,—all these are powerful chains that bind the soul in the dark and repulsive exterior. The idea of working with their hands in some productive employment, to feed, clothe, and shelter their own bodies, and so to become equal with their brethren and sisters, thus standing in the dignity of princes in the sight of God and all Heaven, is shocking and degrading in the extreme to those who now occupy a position in the circles of aristocracy; and so they knit themselves together the more strongly in order to maintain their false life and impel forward the Juggernaut of false society, crushing beneath its ponderous weight the very souls of its victims. How can the human spirit progress as it should do in such a state of things as this? It can not so progress. It may receive light which will reveal its position and uncover the chains which bind it; and with this light its duties may be pointed out, and the true order of society may be clearly seen; but the progress of the soul is in the severing of the chains by which it is bound, and in becoming united in a true brotherhood which binds soul with soul in love, in harmony, in obedience to the divine will, and in sweet communion with the host of angelic beings, that are now hovering over the earth to assist humanity to escape from its thralldom.

The day has now come in which men may begin to work out their salvation. The light has dawned and the true work of the day is manifest. But who sees it?—and where are the honest souls that have the courage to break off from the false, and begin to live in the true order, in harmony with the unchanging laws of nature? Angels may visit earth, and bless our souls with light, and explain all knowledge and mystery, but man must do his part in handling and arranging the material. The newly revealed order and harmonial principles of social life, must come in contact with the old existing system, like flint with steel, until the rubbish of ignorance and selfishness shall be burnt up and destroyed. Truth is invincible. The dark tides of error and evil shall be rolled back powerless and dispersed, and the newly freed souls will make a constant accession to the grand array of social redeemers, until the whole race shall become one harmonial brotherhood! I look forward with hope and confidence to this period. I have no fears that sectarian relics will remain in the mind, when the true basis of society has been worked out and established. Those relics will dissolve amid the rains of the past, and the fruits of knowledge and charity shall take their place. Thine truly,

D. R.

Facts and Phenomena.

SPIRITUALITY IN CINCINNATI.

We have taken careful notes of the present state of the movement, and the facts almost stagger belief. It has been quite impossible for us to obtain full information, for several circles were found embosomed entirely in private limits, and we learned of their existence by accident only, and many we have reason to suppose, are of this class. Our list however, reaches fifty-nine organized circles, and these figures may at least be doubled in arriving at the true number. This, however, does not include, perhaps, hundreds of circles which are held occasionally, or by those who have just commenced experimenting. The number of mediums whose names we could ascertain is three hundred and ten, which does not include those partially developed. If that class were added, from information we have obtained, the number of mediums in Cincinnati would not be less than twelve hundred.

The circles are not confined to any particular class of society, but are found on every street and square of the city. No particular religious sect is more interested than another, but Christians, Jews, and Infidels are earnest in their inquiries. The number of investigations here can be estimated only by tens of thousands.

So great has been the demand for the publications touching this subject, that one book concern, that of F. Bly, the blind phrenologist, has confined its business almost entirely to this class of books. The number which has been written referring directly to the spiritual phenomena, is thirty-five, and near a dozen newspapers and periodicals devoted to the investigation of this subject, are issued in different parts of the Union, all of which find many eager purchasers in our city. Another evidence of the interest which is felt in this matter is exhibited in the fact that the *Spiritual Beacon* commences its publication this week with one thousand city subscribers.

In the progress of this movement the old system of communicating by raps has been superseded by yet stranger processes. In the beginning of the excitement it took half an hour to obtain any thing like a complete sentence by the raps, but then it was said that in a few years mediums would be developed who would talk and write under spiritual influence, and that period it is alleged, as arrived. The raps are seldom heard, but physical demonstrations are frequently witnessed which seem to indicate that the power of making noises and moving matter has not been abandoned. Numerous unquestionably authenticated occurrences of this character have recently taken place, which have had a tendency to draw several distinguished minds within the arena of spiritual investigation. We will mention a few of the most boldly defined cases of this class.

At a private circle in the western part of the city, the editor of a morning paper was carried, together with a table upon which he sat, several times across the room, without there being any visible moving cause.

A lady residing on Seventh street, whose daughter, a young lady, was sick with fever, called upon the spirits to cure her child, and desired that, to fully convince her of their power, the fever should leave one side at a time. The lady affirms that the right side of her daughter's face became pale and cold, while the left was yet burning with a raging fever, but, after a few moments, it also was relieved.

An ex-Judge, on Fourth-street, who had been ridiculing his wife for convening circles at their house, was prevailed on one evening to remain in the circle. He had always considered the matter too foolish to investigate, and vauntingly remarked, during the evening, that if spirit-beings existed he would like to see them try their power on the center-table, around which the party were sitting. No sooner had the expression escaped his lips than the top of the table was twisted from the column and rolled across the floor. (This gentleman, in a recent private note from Washington city, where he is now visiting, says that this subject is agitating our Representatives. He writes of a circle which he attended the evening previous, where Senator Chase and Thomas Corwin were present, and also Preston King, of New-York, which latter gentleman was the medium.)

But to the communications. These are now generally made by the medium's arm being "spiritually magnetized," and becoming obedient to spiritual direction, in writing, or in pointing out letters on a large alphabet; or, as is more frequently the case, after a half hour's quiet sitting in a circle of eight or a dozen persons, who form a battery by uniting their hands, the medium is magnetized, and it is affirmed, taken possession of by the spirits, who use her organs of speech in talking to the company. These speeches are frequently of a most extraordinary character—representing, as they do, to come from the spirits of great men who have passed from earth. A blue-eyed girl of seventeen, for instance, rises and in a vigorous manner discusses politics or religion with the logic of Henry Clay or the pathos of James H. Perkins. And a man of forty speaks of John Wesley and Fourier, using accurately the manner of speech of those persons. Or, perhaps, the medium assumes the character of a near relative of some one in the circle, and although having been dead a great while, yet, by a familiar gesture, or may be an old by-word sentence, the idea of the loved one is brought vividly to mind.

These "revelations," through the mediums vary somewhat, yet all are of a radical character. They teach the overthrow of existing church organizations, and say

that vital changes must be made in the social and commercial world. The belief in the spiritual agency of these teachings being quite general, and becoming more so every day, the effect will be, as we previously stated, to form a great radical party, which will develop itself ere long, and astonish the world by its strength—[*Cincinnati Times*.]

Poetry.

THE POET'S DREAM OF SONG.

BY W. H. BRISTOL.

Not in the flash of day, when summer blooms,
Nor in the night when heaven's high orbs drop gems,
Doth that bright scene, which the fond bard beguiles,
Illume his eye; but in another sphere
Those beauties shine, and thence are fed his dreams.
There, Fancy rules—the goddess of his soul;
Her sprightly song trills from her golden lips,
And falls upon his ear, like flowery balm;
Her starry eye looks on his spirit, long
And tenderly, and thrills him through with light,
And her victorious smiles leave him confined
In holy languors, while her angel words,
Melodious as a seraph's harp of praise,
Bind the unconscious victim as her prize.

Steeped in the essence of this heavenly hour,
The poet sits, and, like a tuneful bird,
Warbles constrainless melodies, and lives
Bewitching joys, and breathes out thoughts and dreams
That sanctify the earth. His bosom shakes
From its still folds, songs dumb to mortal ear,
Yet felt by every nerve and fiber of the heart,
Soft creeping o'er his being, into joy.

Thus thus the bright expanse of song reposes;
A world of murmuring music, like a sun,
Mounts up Life's golden sky; its choral light
Falls on his spirit with a ravishing power,
And in his bosom rises softly up—
A seeming world responding to his joy.
His very limbs resound, like wind-touched chords;
Yea! his awaking fingers ache to strike
Unbidden harmonies, his ear doth catch
At whispers from those harps that cherubs strike;
His soul then swells within, and thought ascends,
Like song and fragrance from the summer earth.

Bright fields elysian dawn to his glad eye,
And wand'ring streams in silver beauty sing,
And birds, and breezes, gentle groves and flowers,
Charm ear and eye, in spells sublimely sweet.
Elysian sunlight flecks that fairy sky,
Uncerthly beings flit along the mellow air,
Breathing their language ever, which is song;
And all is harmony and love, to him
Who sees this future Life and Light,
And on the natural chords of impulse fling
The poet's deathless strain, fit music for
The land where Immortality resides,
And weaves angelic lays. The poet thus
Draws from the heavenly clime his gifted songs,
And earth thus hears heaven's melodies divine,
Inspired by love, essential to his lyre
Which yields no fruit, but by its potent power.

—[*Waverly Magazine*.]

The tear, down childhood's neck that flows,
Is like the dew-drop on the rose:
When next the summer's breeze comes by
And waves the bush the flower is dry.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE BRIDAL WINE-GLASS.

BY MRS. M. A. DENNISON.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with wine," cried the young and thoughtless Harvey Wood; "pledge with wine;" ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come. She pressed her hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow, her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge in a low tone, going towards his daughter, "the company expect it; do not so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette; in your own home act as you please; but in mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned towards the bridal pair. Marion's principles were well known. Henry had been a convivialist, but of late his friends noted the change in his manners, the difference in his habits—and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marion. She was still very pale, though more composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all thronging together; for she had slowly carried the glass at arms length, and was regarding it as though it was some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid—"a sight that beggars all description; and yet listen—I will paint it for you if I can. It is a lonely spot; tall mountains crowned with verdure arise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist, that the sun seeks vainly to pierce. Trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there—a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a manly form—but his cheek, how deathly, his eye wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him—nay, I should say kneels; for see, he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins—oh! the high, holy-looking brow! why should death mark it, and he so young? Look how he throws back the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name—see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell overpowered, upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever

rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently away, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride yet stood upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the edge of her eye lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled waves came slowly to the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct; she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine-cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and its beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister,—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him. His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly, so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner—that what she described, seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, and her lips quivering faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only, the idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered—"No, no, my child, in God's name—no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed in a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movement, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying, "let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine. No firmer are the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to whom I have given my hand—who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve—will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer. The Judge left the room, and when after an hour he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to banish the enemy at once, and forever, from his princely home.

Those who were present at that wedding, can never forget the impressions so solemnly made,—many from that hour foreswore the social glass.—[Olive Branch.]

Go slowly to the entertainment of thy friends but quickly to their misfortunes.

AND HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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