

# 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.

#### PHILOSOPHY OF GOOD AND EVIL.

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The ancient religion of Persia, and other Oriental nations, maintained the existence of two opposite eternal principles—*Good* and *Evil*. Light was deemed the most appropriate symbol of the good principle or Deity, and hence he was worshiped by Fire; whereas, Darkness was viewed as the proper representative of evil. From these two coeternal and independent causes, all things were supposed to emanate. This system was modified, and perhaps essentially improved, by Zoroaster, who taught the supremacy of one independent Being, and the existence of two subordinate deities—one the angel of Light and Goodness, and the other of all Darkness and Evil. One of these powers was supposed to preside over the regions of Light and Happiness, and the other over the realms of Obscurity and Misery. These were represented as engaged in a perpetual struggle for the mastery, without, perhaps, the certain prospect that either would effectually subdue the other. According to this system, man was left to yield to the direction, and submit to the government of either one or the other of these principles, as his inclination might determine. Those who followed the good, were to be blessed with perpetual enjoyment in the world of Light—while the votaries of the opposite principle were destined to remain under the dominion of evil, and as a certain consequence to be miserable forever. It appears that the philosophers who were converted from the religion of Zoroaster to Christianity, attempted, with some degree of success, to blend the two systems into one. Thus the religion of Jesus Christ was rendered corrupt, by those who had been indoctrinated in the schools of the Magi.

There can be but one great First Cause of all things. The very idea of a Supreme Being forbids the existence of any other power, which is not inferior to, and dependent upon, his own. The supreme Power is the highest power. It admits no equal, but controls and governs all others. All agree in ascribing infinite power to God. If He is indeed omnipotent, it must follow of necessity, that no other being in the Universe can possess this power. Omnipotency is power without limitation, and can only be ascribed to the Supreme Deity. But if we admit the possibility of an opposite principle or power possessing an independent existence, with the ability to oppose the authority and to defeat the purposes of Jehovah, then, as we fix a limit to the power of God, we deny this essential attribute of his nature.

If two powers or principles were exactly equal, it would be

improper to say that one was greater or higher than the other. That which admits of *no equal*, which is superior to *all others*, and that only, is the supreme power. If God is the great First Cause, then this independent power must belong to him. It follows, therefore, that every other power in the Universe—all other beings and principles, must derive their existence from Him, and be subject to his control. Thus we trace all things to the same original cause; and we say with Dr. Clark, "that those powers whom the Persians held to be the original authors of good and evil to mankind, representing them by *Light* and *Darkness*, as their proper emblems, are no other than creatures of God, the instruments which he employs in his government of the world, ordained or permitted by him in order to execute his wise and just decrees; and there is no power, either of good or evil, independent of the one Supreme God, infinite in power and in goodness."

We are now to inquire into the nature of Good and Evil, and from these to argue the results of the Divine government and the destiny of man.

Jesus said, "there is none good but one, that is God." The goodness of God may be defined to be that essential excellence of his nature which consists in the infinite perfection of all his attributes. This is peculiar to the Supreme Being, and must be eternal as the Divine existence. If goodness belongs essentially to God, and if all his attributes and perfections are infinite and eternal, it is certain that He will, in the end, overcome and remove everything inconsistent with his own nature.

But while *Good*, in the highest possible sense, appertains to the being of God, *Evil* is, and must of necessity be, restricted to inferior natures. It does not affect the Divine Being;—it can not mar the beauty and harmony of his nature, or tarnish the glory of his name. It is certain, therefore, that nothing which we denominate evil, can possibly exist in God. On the contrary, evil of every name and form, is only an imperfect condition of his creatures. Evil is either natural or moral. Natural evil is an *imperfect natural condition*. Moral evil is an *imperfect moral condition*. Or, in other words, moral evil implies that imperfect condition of man in which his volitions and his actions are opposed to the Divine requirements.

I would be distinctly understood in the premises. When I speak of Good and Evil, in contradistinction, I mean by the one a *positive Principle*, which, from its Divine origin, must be strictly *eternal*. By the other, (*i. e.* Evil,) I understand a *peculiar Condition*, which, from its very nature, must be *temporary*. If this definition be correct, the reader will perceive that the difference between good and evil is not restricted to moral qualities; but while one is an *indestructible and immutable principle*, the other is a *mere condition*, susceptible of modi-



fication, and may be wholly removed or destroyed. The first proposition may be definitely stated thus:—Good, in the most exalted sense, is not an effect, but a cause. It does not, therefore, consist in kind words, actions or dispositions, but it is the Divine principle—the invisible Spirit, of which these are external manifestations. This peculiar excellence is of God, and will exist forever, because his nature is eternal. This must be sufficiently evident. The second proposition relates to the nature of Evil, and will require further elucidation. We will first endeavor to account for the existence of Evil, natural and moral, and then proceed to a more particular illustration of its nature. Here it may be necessary to make another distinction, and to speak of what we may denominate the evil of *imperfection*.

Absolute perfection is the peculiar characteristic of Deity. No being can be absolutely perfect that does not possess an independent existence. Man does not exist of himself. His being and all his faculties are derived from another. He is therefore dependent, and consequently imperfect. It is true, we sometimes speak of men, and frequently of inanimate objects, as being perfect; but the term, when thus applied, is always used in a relative sense. One of a species may be distinguished for superior qualities; another may be greatly inferior—comparing one with the other, this term may be applied. But to say that a *creature* may possess *absolute perfection*, involves a contradiction. It is virtually assuming that one may be created, and yet self-existent—that he may derive all the powers of his being from another, and at the same time be independent, which is impossible. It is not in the power of the Creator to produce such a being, for the plain and obvious reason, that no one can possess the powers and attributes of both the finite and the Infinite. We ascribe infinite power to Jehovah; but we are not to understand that he can do that which is contrary to Himself, or incompatible with the principles of his government. For example, God can not do wrong, because this would be opposed to his nature. He can not invest one of his earthly creatures with his own attributes, in all their original greatness and glory, because this is impossible in the nature of things. We conclude, therefore, that the most perfect man on earth is, from the constitution of his nature, separated by an infinite distance from that absolute perfection which we ascribe alone to God. Thus we see that man was originally and necessarily imperfect. *Imperfection is an evil*—and as it is an essential characteristic of created being, it follows that this form of evil must exist, or there could be no creation.

We are now to speak briefly, of the *origin of moral evil*. On a subject which has so long engaged the attention of the Christian philosopher, it becomes every man to be modest in the expression of his opinion. We must, however, speak with that confidence which springs from an honest conviction.

We have had occasion to observe, that absolute perfection is the great characteristic of the Divine Being; also that the *creature* was, of necessity, imperfect from the beginning. Man was, therefore, liable to fall from his integrity, in consequence of this original imperfection of his nature. It can hardly be necessary to argue this point for a single moment. Indeed, the simple fact that man is a *transgressor*, proves his original liability to sin. The evidence of the truth of this proposition may be drawn from the present condition of the whole race. Every sinner on earth is a living witness that man was not originally free from all tendency to evil—that

the evil of imperfection existed in, and was inseparable from, his nature. In a comprehensive sense, evil is *any derangement* in the general economy. Its distinctive character is to be determined by the immediate causes that operate in its production. When pain, or temporary derangement, is the result of natural causes, it is termed natural evil. If it proceeds from wrong volitions, it is moral evil. These are closely identified, and both are consequent upon the original evil of imperfection. There are many cases in which the connection between natural and moral evil is plainly discernible. The pain occasioned by hunger, thirst and cold, is included in the train of natural evils. This may prompt an individual to take unlawful possession of his neighbor's goods, and appropriate them to his own use. Thus the existence, or the apprehension of natural evil, may lead to actual transgression, which is moral evil. We may therefore conclude that all evil, whether natural or moral, is the legitimate consequence of that original imperfection, which was inseparable from the nature of man. While we view it as the immediate result of second causes, we must of necessity trace the whole vast chain of causation, and the entire system of things, to one independent Cause—even to God. He is the sovereign Author of all things—of Good and Evil—of the darkness which is the habitation of his throne; and the light that is inaccessible, and full of glory. This conclusion is confirmed by the testimony of the Prophet.

"I am JEHOVAH, and none else,  
Forming light, and creating darkness;  
Making peace, and creating evil;  
I JEHOVAH am the Author of all these things."

Evil, natural or moral, considered as an *End*, would furnish an objection to the Divine goodness. But if it be necessarily temporary, and restricted to the sphere of our imperfect existence, it may be overruled for wise and benevolent purposes. We should remember that with reference to man, the present existence is not the ultimate design. That remains to be developed in the future. Could we comprehend the whole plan of the Divine government, we should find it in harmony with the infinite wisdom and benevolence of God. We should trace each dark and bending line to the great centre of His love; see Him bringing light out of darkness:

"Out of seeming evil, still educing good,  
And better still, in infinite progression."

Having spoken of the *origin* of Evil, we will now proceed to a further illustration of its *nature*. Let the proposition be distinctly understood. When we speak of Good and Evil, we intend by one a Divine Principle which, from its nature, must exist forever. The other term we employ, not to represent an opposite principle, but merely the *absence of the first*. It implies only a negative state, or an imperfect condition, which, in the nature of things, must come to an end. The correctness of this position will be admitted on a moment's reflection. Good, in the highest possible sense, is not a condition of man—it is the nature of God. It is not a peculiar state of a moral agent with reference to the Divine requirements—but it is an eternal principle—not an *effect*, chiefly visible within the sphere of human nature and earthly relations, in this little corner of the Universe—but it is the GREAT FIRST CAUSE, and it exists through all space and in all worlds.

Evil, is only an effect produced by the operation of secondary causes. It does not exist in God. It is not a con-



stituent principle or element of his nature; but only an imperfect condition of his creatures. With this view of the nature of Good and Evil, it can hardly be a question, with a rational man, which of the two will triumph. One is of God—it fills immensity and must exist forever. The other appertains to man and is circumscribed by the narrow sphere of his imperfect conditions. One contains that which is essential to perpetuity of being, while the other is in its nature, *self-destructive*.

The idea that evil contains the essential elements of its own destruction may require further elucidation. The arguments and illustrations, which might be employed in the discussion of this point, are numerous and conclusive. The subversion of governments and the fall of empires, kingdoms and states, furnish many striking proofs of the self-destructive power of Evil. The voice of History and the lessons of experience prove that, the national existence can never long survive the national virtue. When the powers of government are made subservient to a corrupt and unhallowed ambition, the sceptre is easily broken. When a moral poison is transfused through every vein and artery of the great heart, and corruption like an insidious disease fastens upon the vitals of the nation; then, when the evil has gained its greatest magnitude, it is invariably destroyed by the dissolution of the system. If the government be corrupt, it will—it *must*—be dissolved, and thus the corruptions of the systems end with the system itself. It must be evident, that while these evils waste the energies of a people and destroy the nation, they have also a *self-destructive* power. The national evils can exist no longer than the nation. They perish together, and are buried in a common sepulcher.

We have discovered a law which is by no means restricted to the political world. We may trace its operations in the empire of Nature. If the germ of the plant be defective, it will speedily wither and die. When the vine is no longer beautiful and fruitful, by reason of the omnivorous worm at its root, it is decomposed, and enters into other and more perfect forms of vegetable life. If the mountain oak be unsound, it will fall; the progress of dissolution may be slow, but just in proportion as the evil prevails, the elements which sustain it are diminished. When the whole is resolved into its original elements, the work of decay is of necessity arrested—the preëxisting evil is at an end, and new forms of life and beauty spring up out of the dust.

If we turn our attention to the animal kingdom, we shall find further confirmation of the correctness of our position. The proofs of the self-destructive nature of Evil, which may be drawn from this source, are if possible, more convincing than those already noticed. Let us briefly consider some of these: The want of food may occasion severe pain. This pain is an evil, but it can only exist for a very brief period. If not otherwise relieved, it will soon terminate in the dissolution of the body. Thus the evil destroys itself. Extreme heat and cold produce suffering. When pain is the result of these, or indeed of any other natural cause, it is termed *natural evil*. It is true that pain, in itself considered, is always an evil; yet it is easy to see that in these and all similar cases, it is employed for a benevolent purpose. Man, when deprived of sufficient sustenance, exposed to frost, the fire, and the various forms of disease to which the human system is liable, would be utterly incapable of self-preservation. But pain, like a trusty sentinel, gives the alarm at the approach of the enemy.

It never ceases to warn us of danger while there is a hope of escape. When it is no longer possible to resist the foe, it destroys the citadel, and dies amid the ruins. The pain occasioned by the ravages of disease, when not alleviated by remedial agents, is usually of short continuance. When the evil becomes intolerable, it ends in the separation of the vital principle. When life is extinct, there can be no more pain; hence the evil is effectually destroyed. When the animal economy is injured beyond the possibility of recovery, death comes to put an end to the evil, by a dissolution of the system. Whether from accident, disease, or the infirmities of age, the organic structure is rendered too imperfect to answer a benevolent design, it is reduced to its constituent elements. This is certainly a wise and merciful arrangement. The evil destroys itself, and removes the bodies that are diseased and mutilated, only to repeople the earth with forms of youth and beauty.

Not only is natural evil self-destructive; but every modification of evil of which it is possible to conceive, tends to the same ultimate. The difference between natural and moral evils is confined to the separate causes which operate in their production. In their nature and effects, they are substantially the same. They all have their origin and their end in the inferior spheres, and in no case can they extend beyond the limits of human weakness and imperfection.

Thus we see that Evil invariably carries with it, a self-destructive power. If the body of earth be destroyed, it is that we may inherit the immortal—it terminates the present imperfect mode of being, only that we may enter on a higher life and a more exalted destiny.

These views of the nature of Good and Evil, leave no room to doubt the final issue, as it relates to the destiny of man. While one is the GREAT POSITIVE PRINCIPLE from which all things proceed, and to which they are all tending at last, the other is a *mere condition* of some of those things, in the incipient stages of their progress, when not sufficiently unfolded to disclose the ultimate design. The objects to which we ascribe Evil, will, in their progressive development, arrive at a more perfect condition, in which this characteristic will no longer exist. Evil, then, is only that condition of things, in which the good is not yet perceptible. It is the absence of that higher excellence, which is not only to pervade the Universe, but to exalt and dignify every child of God. As in the natural world, darkness is merely the absence of light; so, also, moral darkness, or *Evil*, is, at most, but the absence of that higher light which reveals the perfections of God and the deep things of the Spirit. When the light of the sun is diffused abroad over the face of creation, the shadows of night are no longer perceptible; even so, when the superior light of the Spiritual World shall shine everywhere, and in all hearts—when 'GOD SHALL BE ALL IN ALL,' moral darkness, or evil, will no longer exist. Let it be remembered, that Good is the perfection of Deity—that which is *evil*, is the present *imperfection* of his creatures. God is essentially eternal in all his attributes and perfections, while all that pertains to the *present* condition of man is transient and momentary. As, therefore, the unalterable nature of Jehovah will outlive the fleeting forms and phases of human imperfection; so true it is that, Good will triumph over Evil, and the creation be delivered from bondage into the glorious light and "liberty of the children of God!"



## ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

The practice of Animal Magnetism seems to have existed in the earliest ages, and, more or less, among all nations with whose ancient history we are familiar. But in those ages it was made a mystery of, its secrets were jealously kept from the mass of the people, and served to invest its adepts (generally the higher class of the priesthood) with a character and attributes seemingly divine. This appears to have been especially the case in ancient Egypt. In later times—as among the Rosicrucians of mediæval Germany—the same mystery was kept up, but from a different reason. The age that burned witches, and imprisoned Galileo for maintaining that the earth revolved, was obviously not a tolerant one. The researches of science it denounced as profane; and powers which it could not account for were summarily ascribed to the devil. Hence the illuminati of the middle ages had to veil their discoveries from the public eye, only communicating them to a chosen few, banded by oath in Secret Societies.

In circumstances so unfavorable to its preservation, it is not surprising that, by the beginning of the last century, the knowledge of animal magnetism had become virtually extinct, or could only be gathered, dimly and in fragments, from the not very intelligible writings of the old mystics. The merits of its rediscovery is due to Mesmer; and accordingly the science of animal magnetism has very generally been called after his name.

Puységur subsequently discovered that the magnetic trance could be induced by a simpler method than that practised by Mesmer. The principal features of the process are too generally known to need any description here; suffice it to say, that the result can be obtained either by contact or *passes*—by the eye, or by the will. As a general rule, the mesmerizer should be stronger than the person he operates on. From their weak diet and apathetic temperament, Dr. Esdaile found the natives of Bengal very susceptible to the magnetic treatment; but the case is different with Europeans. With us a person in health succumbs only to a skilled operator, remarkable for mesmeric power; and if he be robust in body, as well as in health, it is almost impossible to affect him. The lymphatic temperament is the most easily subdued; while a restless, energetic mind is least so. Trance is ordinarily induced in from five minutes to half an hour; but sometimes more than half-a-dozen sittings are required ere this takes place. Among French patients, the mesmeric powers are more rapidly developed than with the English or Germans. The English especially, says Dr. Mayo, for the most part require a long course of education, many sittings, to have their powers drawn out: but “these are by far the most interesting cases.” Let us see now what are the principal stages in the development of the mesmeric powers—premising that very few persons are capable of reaching the clairvoyant degree, and that the progression is not always regular from stage to stage, but varies with different persons, and even with the same persons at different times, both in order and extent:—

1. As soon as the mesmeric process has taken effect, the patient falls into a profound trance. In some cases one or other of his senses is partially active, but in general he is totally insensible. You may cut off a leg or an arm, and he will not feel it; you may fire a gun at his ear, and he will not hear it.

2. After continuing thus for some time, or after being sev-

eral times entranced, the patient awakes within himself. He can not see anything; but he hears and pertinently answers his mesmerizer, and sometimes others also.

3. By and by a new phenomenon appears. Without seeing, he sympathetically adopts the voluntary movements of the operator. He imitates what he says and does. He will sing a song after him, though the music be strange to him, and the words be in a foreign tongue; and will throw himself into any posture the operator may assume, however difficult to maintain, and will continue in it motionless as long as you please, or until he awake. Thus Dr. Esdaile made a native Bengalese, who knew not a word of English, sing “God save the Queen,” and others of our national ditties, in capital style. He gives a curious account also of the odd rigid postures which he made his patients assume; and mentions that any limb could be instantaneously *thawed* by directing against it a jet of cold water. Thus with a syringe, and from a distance, he shot down one limb after another of his living statues; while directing a *jet-d'eau* against the calf of the leg brought them at once to the ground.

4. A step further and the entranced person, who has no feeling, or taste, or smell of his own, feels, and smells every thing that is made to tell on the senses of the operator. If the most acrid substance be put in his own mouth, he is quite insensible to its presence; but if sugar or mustard be placed on the operator's tongue, the entranced person immediately expresses satisfaction or disgust. So, also, if you pluck a hair from the operator's head, the other complains of the pain you give him.

Dr. Mayo accounts for these sympathetic phenomena by supposing that the mind of the entranced person has interpenetrated the nervous system of the operator; that in the third stage, it is in relation with the anterior half of the cranio-spinal cord and its nerves, (by which the impulse to voluntary motion is originated and conveyed;) and in the fourth stage, with the posterior half also.

This interpenetration can extend farther; but before this happens, a phenomenon of an altogether different kind manifests itself; this is *transposed sensation*. The operator contrives to awake the entranced person to the knowledge that he possesses new organs of sensation. Comparatively few persons can be brought as far as this, but many make a tantalizing advance towards it, *thus*: They are asked, “Do you see anything?” and after some days they at length answer, “Yes!” “What?” “A light.” “Where is the light?” Then they intimate its place, which may be anywhere around or above them, and describe its color, which is usually yellowish. Each day it is pointed to in the same direction, and is seen equally whether the room be light or dark—their eyes meanwhile being shut. And here with many the phenomenon stops. Others now begin to discern objects held in the direction in which they see this light. In most of the persons in whom Mr. Williamson (of Whickham) brought out this transposed sensation, the faculty was located in a small surface of the scalp behind the left ear. The patients generally saw objects best when held five or six inches distant from and opposite to this spot; but with one the best distance was seven or eight feet, and behind her. Some can see to read with their finger-ends, others with the pit of the stomach: and in some rare cases this visual faculty is spread over the whole cutaneous membrane. Dr. Mayo mentions a curious case in which a girl, when entranced, saw with the knuckles



of one hand; and on smearing the back of that hand with ink, she could no longer see with it.

5. In the fifth stage, the entranced person reaches what has been called the state of self-intuition; he obtains a clear knowledge of his own internal, mental, and bodily state, and generally possesses a like power of internal inspection with regard to others who have been placed in magnetic connection (*en rapport*) with him. Thus such persons have frequently told the exact nature of their disease; have prescribed for themselves, in no recorded instance erroneously; if subject to fits, have predicted the precise hour of their recurrence, sometimes months beforehand, as well as the period of their own recovery. It is to this stage and the next that the term clairvoyance, or "lucid vision" has been applied.

6. The sixth degree is just an extension of the preceding one, and has been styled that of *universal lucidity*. When a person has reached this stage, if there be given him a lock of hair, letter, &c., belonging to an unknown and distant party, (and of course impregnated with his peculiar Od.) the clairvoyant will forthwith mentally go in search of him, and will tell where he is, what he is like, what he is doing—nay, even how he is both in body and mind.

To this stage belongs the remarkable phenomenon of *mental traveling* by entranced persons; the more complicated cases of which prove that the mind of the clairvoyant actually pays a visit to the scene in question, and can see things, or pass on to remote places, of which the fellow-traveler has no cognizance. Instances of this are stated. We quote one in illustration from Dr. Mayo's book:—"A young person whom Mr. Williamson mesmerized became clairvoyant. In this state she paid me a mental visit at Boppard; and Mr. Williamson, who had been a resident there, was satisfied that she realized the scene. Afterwards I removed to Weilbach, where Mr. Williamson had never been. Then he proposed to the clairvoyante to visit me again. She reached, accordingly, in mental traveling, my former room in Boppard, and expressed surprise and annoyance at not finding me there, and at observing others in its occupation. Mr. Williamson proposed that she should set out and try to find me. She said, 'You must help me.' Then Mr. Williamson said, 'We must go up the river some way till we come to a great town, (Mainz.)' The clairvoyante said she had got there. Then said Mr. Williamson, 'We must go up another river, (the Maine,) which joins our river at this town, and try to find Dr. Mayo on its banks somewhere.' Then the clairvoyante said, 'Oh, there is a large house, let us go and see it: no, there are two large houses—one white, the other red.' Upon this Mr. Williamson proposed that she should go into one of the two houses and look about; she quickly recognized my servant, went mentally into my room, and described a particular or two which were by no means likely to be guessed by her. When Mr. Williamson subsequently came to visit me at Weilbach, he was forcibly struck with the appearance of the two houses, which tallied with the account given beforehand by the mental traveler. I have not the smallest doubt she mentally realized my new abode. Then how did she do all this? . . . I can not help inclining to the belief, that in the ordinary perception of a place or person, the mind acts exoneurally, [beyond the body;] that in visiting new places the mind establishes a direct relation with the scenes or persons. Then, in the simplest case of mental visiting, where the scene

to be visited is familiar to the interrogator, I presume that the clairvoyante's mind being in communion with his, realizes scenes which he has previously exoneurally realized. Arriving thus at the scene itself, the clairvoyante observes for herself, and sees what may be new in it and unknown to her fellow-traveler: and in the same way may pursue (as in the mental visit made to myself at Weilbach) suggested features of the locality, and be thus helped to beat about in space for new objects, and at length to recognize among them, and mentally identify persons with whom she has already arrived at a mental mesmeric relation."

Such, in brief, are the mesmeric faculties, and the modes in which they manifest themselves. Wonderful they certainly are; but, unlike the more recondite facts of science, which yet readily obtain credence—unlike the velocity of light or the vibrations of the air—the verification of animal magnetism is within the power of all. It is the apparent impossibility of the thing that hinders belief in it; people think it is so opposed to the whole course of nature, that they will not waste time in examining the matter.—[*Edinburgh Journal*.]

### The Forest Tabernacle.

Who has not felt the renovating and purifying influence which breathes in the woods like a rarer atmosphere? Every fragrant leaf breathes out perfume like incense; and every expanding bud and blooming flower, is redolent with the altar-flame of its instinctive worship. Are not all these sensibly religious influences? And shall their lessons be in vain? Not if we go in the right spirit to the Forest Tabernacle; and bowing down with the tender heart of a little child, worship the Informing Presence, that is every where manifest in Nature.

Beautiful upon the sunny slopes, and along the verdant nooks and valleys, is all the waving grain; and the shorn carpet of the common pasture, and the swaying grass of the meadow, are sprinkled with white and shield-like daises, or enameled with butter-cups, brighter and richer than the burnished gold. O, the wide Earth, in its own ministrations, is but one Paradise—and there is nothing to regret but human misery—nothing to change, but human selfishness—nothing to hate, but human pride!

F. H. G.

### Shadows.

There is a mysterious, a spiritual beauty in shadows which we find in nothing else; and in the poetic mind they always awake and stir a yearning after the Unseen—a consciousness of the Infinite—thus filling a great want of the soul, as no other earthly ministration can. I know not how it is, but there is nothing touches me with such an exquisite sensibility to all that is lovely, and truthful, and divine, as the shadows of trees seen by moonlight. It seems to me that they are the connecting link between matter and mind—between sense and soul; and though unsubstantial and fleeting of themselves, yet they lie on the very borders of Eternity, reflecting on this sensual being, delicate images of the only great and REAL realities—the Spiritual and the Infinite. Contemplating them we lose all the painful consciousness of the present, all dire forebodings of the future, and soar away into the measureless beatitude of our native element, for which the imprisoned Soul should be ever making itself wings.



## Voices from the Spirit-land.

## THE SPIRIT ECHO.

GIVEN TO THE CIRCLE OF HOPE, MRS. S——. MEDIUM.

There is a lofty hight to be attained by the most unsophisticated mind. When the inward germ becomes reëminated by the warm beams which penetrate through the garb of materialism, the unthought-of fire which has long smoldered in silence and darkness, is suddenly aroused from its death-like sleep and comes forth to embrace a kindred life.

Mankind are only required to examine the pure instincts of their own nature which God has given; and then by these may they prove the truth that Nature will never deny Nature, whether in the human form or the vegetable kingdom, but that it is ever attracted and commingled together in its finer elements, though these may be unseen by the grosser sense which is unable to perceive the secret and hidden metamorphosis which all things are undergoing, both material and spiritual. Here is seen the great law of human nature. As the ties of affinity, more than kindred, attract individuals to each other while in the form, so the same law acts in like manner on spirits out of the form, attracting them to those with whom they have an affinity on earth;—and this too in cases where there is no apparent fitness between the individuals so attracted, even as in the animal kingdom the law of affinity brings together objects which are seemingly incongruous, from the want of an outer similarity to manifest the principle by which they are united.

Thus you may perceive by searching more deeply into the matter, that kindred sparks may be lodged in the most uncouth and ill-seeming coverings. One may have existed in some unknown corner of time and place, or may have lived its life on this stepping-stone to another state of transition, and mayhap when centuries have rolled away in the distance, the twain-born of that spark may have received a conscious being on the earth, and may have learned and unfolded in such a degree as to feel the need of its kindred heart, to which it is drawn by a deathless affinity. If this has long since passed from earth, it will seek long and earnestly for the answering voice—perhaps in books, perhaps in silent thought, and perhaps the channel of communion has been so closed up that the seeker returns in disappointment, and then searches again in another direction. Some have lived a life-time on the earth and have not been drawn to it until they have entered a higher state of existence, and others have felt its constant presence in their very hearts.

The spirit has also an echo of love, purity and wisdom answering to its deepest prayer. In this thought how much of human progress is involved! The echo—the

answer of the soul—has been sought by some in the dawn of life, when hopes are bright and imagination ardent; and to such it comes warm and glowing with a sense of inward light and joy. Others have felt a craving for their spirit-echo, but have allowed the attraction to be overcome by the appetites of the outward man; but oh, this desire will come back at a future time with renewed power, and then the soul asks itself, can I now receive the kindred which I have put so far from me—which I have repelled by my earthly desires?—but yes, that kindred knows me, it speaks to me, and with a deep-toned voice bids me seek for the food which has been denied by the gluttony of the body. Some have gathered a little here and a little there, and have made for themselves a compound of fragments without shape or beauty, which they have gazed upon and worshiped in the vain belief that their inward echo has received its demand. Ah! self-deceived mortals, why so easily satisfied with the gaze of the eye and the opinion of the many? The deep of the heart hath not answered to the shallowness of this thing!—else not so cold and heartless would seem the treasured idol, but a pure and holy joy would gush forth as from a mighty deep to answer the rising prayer of the spirit. Ask thy heart truly, O man, if thou hast found thy echo, and truly thy heart will answer, I hunger still; not in outward seeming—not in shadowy forms—not in off-told tales—not by gazing at other hearts, shall mine be satisfied; O, I hunger, hunger still!

Another goes forth clad as with a raiment of strength and with a heart which is ever open to receive an answer to its yearning. He wanders in the beautiful fields of Nature, and there his spirit-echo meets him. O how joyfully the soul welcomes its answering voice!—with what deep rejoicing the spirit meets its kindred! The soul says, behold the flower! how glorious in its simple beauty!—and the echo says, how beautiful are all things!—are they not shining with the light of God, and ever radiant with his smile? And thus the sparks—the kindred sparks, the soul and the echo, mingle together; and that man returns to the busy haunts of men, and to the turmoil of life, as a giant refreshed with new wine. The echo has given him new strength—it has opened his heart to receive new thoughts—it has inspired him with new life and hope, and has given him, mayhap, a new glimpse of heavenly beauty; and now it has gone for a season that it may return with a brighter gift when again it shall be required. That man has found his answering echo here, and it is ever opening, enlightening, and beautifying his soul. Ah! they will not be strangers, but old friends, when they meet each other in the land of joy.

Still another is ever-wishing and ever-seeking for his kindred echo, and he cannot find it because he will not seek for it where it may be found. He would descend to the depths of the ocean; he would explore the dark



corners of the earth ; he would seek afar off where eye hath not seen ; he would weary himself with long research and subtle reasoning, and behold all places are barren and he comes back with an empty hand ; he finds no flower in the forest—no rose in the bowers of beauty, and no pearl in the deep sea. These researches do not satisfy him. Oh, no ! he is seeking for what mortals have not possessed—for something which transcends their highest wisdom ; and that man has constantly driven his echo away—he has driven it down into the dark depths where he has earnestly sought it, but where it may not be grasped ; and while it has ever struggled to approach him, it has been repelled by a too low desire.

And yet another seeks his echo, and it is a child. Because of an undisturbed affinity, the echo has been ever received as a guest in that mansion ; naturally and harmoniously it mingles with its sister-spirit ; and as that soul matures, the echo strengthens its voice ; and no vain hunger is there felt, because the heart has found the food which satisfies its inmost cravings, and which makes it ever joyful in viewing all things beautiful and good. Now it seeks not for mysteries, for Nature hath no mysteries but those which she herself unfolds, and the works of God are all grandly and majestically simple ; and so that child-spirit which seems so untutored is Nature's child, and hath an echo of love and wisdom. Therefore shall it drink in all beauty and revel in all joy even here, because it has listened to the divine voice ; and oh, how chaste, how pure, how beautiful it looks in the sweet light of love !

O, children of earth, cast down your lofty structures erected for the worship of the Most High, and go forth beneath the star-lit canopy to receive with inward joy the echo—the spirit-echo, which shall respond, "How glorious art thou in thy majesty, O God !"

### INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

It has been supposed by many individuals, that to yield wholly to the influence of spiritual beings, allowing a foreign power to control the movements of the body and mind, is to lose in a great measure that individuality of being which renders man the crowning work of creation. This subject was to me for a long time a source of painful reflection, since it seemed impossible to reconcile an arbitrary control of my system with the rights and privileges which belong to the individualized intelligence. But at last I received an answer to my anxious thoughts which at once appealed to my reason and consciousness as involving an important truth ; and this answer is here presented as a source of encouragement to other mediums, who are subject in a similar manner to the influence of spirits.

Breathing gently on the inner sense, a voice whispered as follows : "Look around thee in the works of creation, and see how all things stand as links in the

endless chain. Every form which you behold is connected with some other form, and through all the regions of infinity not one particle could be spared from its appropriate place. Are, then, all things free in their movements ? or rather, are not all, being as parts of one perfect system, governed by laws and influences which extend throughout the entire universe ? Look now at thine own body. Is not this also a part of the universal whole ? and being so, is it not subject to laws—laws fixed and unalterable—which govern its movements and produce changes in its condition ! Is then the body free ? And now look at the human mind. Do you not see that it is constantly governed by foreign and arbitrary powers ? Even while it imagines itself most free, it is in the most absolute sense a slave—a slave to its own perverted thoughts, the influence of surrounding circumstances, and the operations of foreign minds. If, therefore, neither the body nor mind in their natural state are in a literal sense free, have you become more a slave by yielding to the influence of spirits ?—and which condition will you choose, to be governed arbitrarily by the perverting influences of the world—to be tossed about on the ocean of time by winds and storms, or to be under the guidance of a higher wisdom which can lead you in the pathway of happiness and save you from surrounding evil ?

"But you complain that spirits by their control destroy your individuality. In what does your individuality consist ? Does it lie merely in the structure of the body ? If so, then have you no more individuality than the brute. But no—the individuality of man lies in the inward germ of the soul ; it lies in the conscious and eternalized intelligence which resides in the inmost spirit. And have spirits destroyed this individuality ? Have they not rather strengthened and unfolded the germ of being, cultivating the reason, deepening the inner consciousness, and expanding the spiritual vision ? Let it be known to thy soul that it is the labor of spirits to heighten and perfect the individuality of man, by unfolding the essence of being that resides within him ; and in accomplishing this work, they will exercise only that control which is necessary to lift him up from the abyss of darkness and the shadow of death."

The voice ceased, but a deep and permanent impression was produced on my mind by the lesson which I had received, and day by day, as the designs of spirits become more apparent, do I realize the force of their instruction.

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## Voices from the Spirit-land.

## THE SPIRIT ECHO.

GIVEN TO THE CIRCLE OF HOPE, MRS. S——. MEDIUM.

There is a lofty height to be attained by the most unsophisticated mind. When the inward germ becomes reanimated by the warm beams which penetrate through the garb of materialism, the unthought-of fire which has long smoldered in silence and darkness, is suddenly aroused from its death-like sleep and comes forth to embrace a kindred life.

Mankind are only required to examine the pure instincts of their own nature which God has given; and then by these may they prove the truth that Nature will never deny Nature, whether in the human form or the vegetable kingdom, but that it is ever attracted and commingled together in its finer elements, though these may be unseen by the grosser sense which is unable to perceive the secret and hidden metamorphosis which all things are undergoing, both material and spiritual. Here is seen the great law of human nature. As the ties of affinity, more than kindred, attract individuals to each other while in the form, so the same law acts in like manner on spirits out of the form, attracting them to those with whom they have an affinity on earth;—and this too in cases where there is no apparent fitness between the individuals so attracted, even as in the animal kingdom the law of affinity brings together objects which are seemingly incongruous, from the want of an outer similarity to manifest the principle by which they are united.

Thus you may perceive by searching more deeply into the matter, that kindred sparks may be lodged in the most uncouth and ill-seeming coverings. One may have existed in some unknown corner of time and place, or may have lived its life on this stepping-stone to another state of transition, and mayhap when centuries have rolled away in the distance, the twain-born of that spark may have received a conscious being on the earth, and may have learned and unfolded in such a degree as to feel the need of its kindred heart, to which it is drawn by a deathless affinity. If this has long since passed from earth, it will seek long and earnestly for the answering voice—perhaps in books, perhaps in silent thought, and perhaps the channel of communion has been so closed up that the seeker returns in disappointment, and then searches again in another direction. Some have lived a life-time on the earth and have not been drawn to it until they have entered a higher state of existence, and others have felt its constant presence in their very hearts.

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## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 23, 1852.

## PROGRESS OF TRUTH.

The flow of many centuries has borne with it the records of human progress and the tokens of spiritual unfolding. Beginning far back in the ages of unbroken darkness, the stream of time has grown more clear, more bright and beautiful, until as it emerges into the sphere of the present, it reflects the glory of the opened heavens. A voice from the interior would reveal the progress of truth, and its whisperings shall be written.

Long have the angels of heaven waited for this day. In the depths of distant ages was formed the great design by which humanity shall be redeemed. Spirits, surrounded by the atmosphere of wisdom and impressed with the breathings of celestial love, looked down from their lofty home on the shadowed earth; and when they saw that man was lost in the wilderness of error—that he was bowed beneath the weight of corruption—that he was groping amid the gloom of mystery, and that the holy germ of being that dwelt within him was all crushed and weakened, they heard a voice which thrilled through all the expanse of heaven, saying, “the lost shall be saved”!—and then from the bosom of the angel-world there gushed forth a flood of sympathy and love, which reached down into the deep of earthly darkness, and then there flowed into the human heart that holy and attractive energy by which the race was moved onward and upward in the course of eternal progress.

The bards and prophets of the olden time were prepared and inspired as the primary instruments in the accomplishment of the great result. The life which dwelt within them was unfolded in its divine beauty, and from this as a living spring flowed out the streams of wisdom to the race. Light from heaven shone into the unfolded soul, and being thus illuminated it could look out from the temple of the material body, gazing far away into the illimitable distance; and in this manner was revealed to the vision of the ancient seer the blessing of this present era. At last a greater prophet was born on earth, and behold! angels came and ministered unto him. A mission vast and glorious was to be performed—a mission in which sorrow and suffering tried the inmost soul as with a searching fire; and this was a mission in which great truths and eternal principles were to be revealed to the world—truths and principles which should live through all time and light up the borders of eternity. In that mission the world received the first elements of spiritual life. Hitherto men had been taught by signs and symbols. The divine laws had been written on tablets of stone—forms

and ceremonies had been made the only essence of religion, and the footsteps of a wandering people were guided by the cloud and fire. But now a diviner and more beautiful revelation came to earth in the ministry of Jesus. Man was taught to look not in the outward world for the true reality—to lean not on the change-ful realm of matter—to seek not beauty alone in the fading flowers, but to look rather within the depths of his own spirit, to see there the germ of being which can never die—to see there the living beauty which no frost of earth can wither—to see there the holy and unfading wisdom which expands through the measure of endless years. Thus was humanity caused to progress from the gross darkness of materiality to the shadows of the approaching dawn. And how the hearts of angels thrilled with joy when that dawn appeared, and how their tongues gave utterance to the anthem of praise when the glories of heaven were reflected on the earthly soul!

Yet the spark of life and truth thus born in the human breast, seemed frail and flickering. Ignorance and superstition still lingered on the earth as a dark and repelling mantle. The deep slumber of ages had not yet passed away from the soul, and humanity had not fully risen from its lethargy to embrace the celestial life. And still the eyes of spirits gazed down amid the darkness; still their hearts longed and sighed for human happiness, and still their efforts were unwearied and never-tiring in the mighty work which had been commenced. At last humanity entered on a higher stage of progress. The advancing and unfolded spirits of men caught a glimpse of the heavenly glory. Life and immortality were brought to light through the sensuous demonstrations of spiritual power, and thus that which men had hoped for, and prayed for, and sought in vain, became at last a tangible reality. Then were felt amid the confused sounds of the world, the echoings of immortal minds; and reaching down into the deep sanctuary of the soul, came that still and impressive voice whose whisperings were heard above the din of earth. How holy and peaceful was that voice to the crushed and bleeding heart!—how it bound up the wounds of grief—how it filled the dreary blank of desolation—how it lighted up the darkness of despair, and how it strengthened the weak and downcast spirit as with the elixir of life! That voice thrilled through the heart of humanity. It went down among the slumbering elements of the social world, and shook the foundations of existing institutions; and now it is seen by spirits that those earthly fabrics which have been reared on the basis of superstition tremble and totter—it is seen that the temples erected by human wisdom, whose erection has occupied the long ages of the past, will soon crumble and perish beneath the breath of Heaven. Behold, this is the age of light, and life, and freedom. Now shall the chains be loosened from the soul—now shall those



dungeon walls within which the poor captive has prayed for liberty, be demolished ; and where the temples of the past once stood in their ancient grandeur, shall be erected a building not made with hands, whose foundations shall rest on the immutable principles of Nature and whose altar shall be hallowed with the glory of the Shekinah !

How vast—how high—how deep, is the mission of heavenly truth ! This is not like creeds and theories which appeal only to distinctive qualities of the human mind—which generate only those perverted thoughts and emotions that rise up as barriers to the inward aspiration, but it reaches down to the inmost soul—flows through all its most hidden avenues—brings forth and unfolds its inward life, thus leading man up from the state of degradation and darkness to the sphere of light and glory. See you not how silently flows the stream of truth ?—see you not how it penetrates the recesses of human society—how it goes down into the very depths of filth and corruption, and how it cleanses, purifies, and brightens the inward germ, bringing it forth as a neglected flower into that heavenly beauty which reflects the very image of God ? Therefore has this truth a higher mission than all earthly theories. The systems of men have served only as stepping stones leading to a more sublime and truthful revelation ; and hence it appears from the history of the world that system after system—each claiming in its turn to be the embodiment of truth—has been established, performed its mission, and passed away. These could accomplish but a small portion of the work in which the interests of the world are involved. They could not reach the springs of the immortal nature ; they could not satisfy all those profound yearnings which gush up as living streams from the fountain of the spiritual being ; and thus they were erected simply as a platform which men might rest upon for a season, in their passage to a higher stage of thought and action.

And now in looking around on the existing doctrines and theories of the world, it may be seen that these too, in accordance with the principle which has been stated, are ready to vanish away. The seeds of corruption are implanted in their very heart ; the life by which they were once feebly animated has now become exhausted, and they stand forth, in the light of this era, as dead and crumbling frame-works whose glory has departed forever. But in the mission of spiritual truth—truth which knows not the boundaries of sect and creed—truth which is filled with the very life and essence of the Divinity, may be recognized the ultimate results which spirits have endeavored to accomplish ; for herein is developed an energy that expands and illuminates the inner man—that quickens and strengthens his most godlike faculties—that draws forth in its sublime action that reason which penetrates into the secrets of creation and that vision which searches the hidden life of Nature.

The prayer which, long ages since, went up from the bosom of the immortal throng, is about to be answered. Nevermore shall the dark and deathlike mantle of the past rest upon humanity ; but up the radiant pathway which angels have prepared, shall the race move on towards that high and glorious Sun, whose glory dazzles the kneeling seraph and sparkles throughout the ocean of boundless life !

### SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

To minds which are open to the influx of truth, the spiritual phenomena of the present age will appear in strict accordance with the analogies of Nature and the principles of reason. There is nothing in these phenomena which is either supernatural or irrational, when Nature is considered as embracing the higher realm of spiritual substance, and when reason is released from the chains of earthly theories and is allowed to soar into the regions of infinitude.

The universe must be considered as one vast united system of things, whose parts bear a definite and necessary connection with each other. There is no absolute void by which one realm of being is separated from another, but a medium perchance so refined as to be invisible to the outward eye, unites all forms and substances throughout the universal whole. As a conclusion from these premises, it may be affirmed that the spiritual world bears a certain relation to the physical—a relation, too, as natural as that which must necessarily exist between higher and lower forms of matter. Were the senses sufficiently refined, men might behold everywhere around them an atmosphere of exceeding brightness, extending from the surface of the earth to the Second Sphere ; and could they gaze within this atmosphere, they would see radiant and beautiful beings which seem as light in human form, ascending and descending through this refined medium to and from the celestial world. And is this unnatural ?—more unnatural indeed than that light should flow down to earth from the distant worlds ? Let it be remembered that the spiritual sphere is but a natural unfolding from the material world—an outbirth or emanation from the realm of physical being. On the same principle therefore by which the common atmosphere is connected with the earth as an emanation of material substance, the spiritual world is connected with this atmosphere as an emanation of spiritual substance. Thus the realm of spirit sustains an intimate and necessary connection with the sphere of earth ; and by virtue of this relation, the inhabitants of that realm, drawn by the strong ties of affinity, may descend through the refined medium of spiritual magnetism, into sensible association with earthly minds.

But let us look at this subject in the light of reason. Have spirits lost the deep affections and benevolent de-



sires which became on earth almost a part of the immortal nature?—and will they thirst no more for that sweet and holy communion of hearts which seemed to robe life itself with a beautiful halo of joy? No. The holy attractions of the soul to kindred beings must forever remain. Love can never be banished from the angel-heart, and those pure sympathies which well up spontaneously from the soul, will ever flow forth as streams of light to freshen the flowers of purity in heaven. Hence spirits will be naturally and irresistibly attracted to kindred souls on earth. Memory and affection will constitute the deathless ties which unite angels with mortals. And then, are not spirits the teachers and guardians of the world? They have passed away into a higher and purer atmosphere; they are receiving the lessons of divine wisdom; they are basking in the beamings of celestial truth; and is it not, therefore, their mission to impart to mortals the language of instruction? Yes. There is a ruling power which governs the destinies of men; there is a voice which whispers to the thirsting heart, and an arm which guards and guides the footsteps of mortals; and where is that power—that voice—that arm, but in the regions of angelic being? God operates through means—He manifests his power and wisdom in the constant workings of inferior agencies; and as in the material universe He acts on the grossest substances through the influence of refined and subtle essences, so in the higher realm of mind he maketh spirits his chosen ministers, whose mission is to unfold and strengthen the immortal soul. Therefore in accordance with that beautiful law of adaptation by which the wise instruct the less wise, and the developed assist those which are undeveloped, the dwellers of the Second Sphere are attracted to the labor of teaching and elevating the inhabitants of earth. Is it unreasonable, then, to suppose that spirits should speak to mortals? Is it irrational to affirm that the phenomena of the present day which demonstrate so clearly the presence of an unseen intelligence, are the external and sensuous evidences of spiritual intercourse? When the human mind penetrates more deeply into the secrets of Nature, and comprehends the relations and dependencies of all existing things, it will be prepared for the revelation of even greater mysteries than that in which kindred spirits meet together and commune on the borders of the invisible.

R. P. A.

#### AUTHORITY.

Authority has been the bane of the world in all ages, and this evil has been incident to the imperfection of the race. Men have leaned on an arbitrary standard of thought because their own souls were weak; and they have trusted to the dogmatic affirmations of popes and priests, because the interior reason has not been sufficiently developed to assert its supremacy over mere outward claims. It will be the mission of spirits to cast

down the ancient standards of authority around which men have long gathered and worshiped, and to strengthen those powers of the soul by which truth is innately perceived, recognized and digested. The only authority on which man can profitably rely, is the authority of truth—and that authority is forever divine and immutable. When truth makes its appeal to the inner consciousness and is grasped by the perceptions of reason, it brings with it those high credentials that commend it to the earnest welcome of the soul, in whatever form or through whatever channel it may be given.

R. P. A.

#### ORGANIZATION.

The friends of the Spiritual Philosophy, in all parts of the country, seem to be attracted to the subject of social organization as a means of spreading and strengthening the principles of the angelic revelation. A common impulse which it is impossible to resist is leading the mass directly towards this end; and accordingly circles of believers are being formed in almost every neighborhood, convocations are held at different localities which serve to unite and strengthen the efforts of the friends, and in many places permanent societies have been established for the purpose of sustaining regular lectures on spiritual subjects. From the statements of a friend residing in the West, we learn that quite a general tendency is there manifested towards organization, circles and societies becoming rapidly more numerous, and the demand for lectures being constantly increased. It may be also properly mentioned that the subject of a more definite organization is exciting much interest among the friends in this city; and we have reason to anticipate that the result of their deliberations will be expressed in some important movement which will have a direct bearing on the progress of the spiritual cause. [Ed.]

✍ The Poem in the present number entitled "The Angel-Land," was spoken, line for line, to the inner sense of the Editor, and purported to be given by Mary, Queen of Scots. As an introduction to this poem, the spirit said, "Dear Constance, I approach thee again with emotions of serene joy, and I come to fulfill in part the mission on which I have been sent. Poetry is the eloquence of thought and feeling that gushes from the soul attuned to the harmonies of Nature. This eloquence has stirred my own soul in its flow from the fount of divine love, and it will be my delightful labor to breathe down into thine own spirit a portion of the inspiration which fills my own."

✍ The poem, "An Ode to Deity," in our last, should have been credited to the Russian Poet "DERZHAVIN." Other errors were also overlooked in the poem, owing to the imperfect copy which we were obliged to use.



## To Correspondents.

We take this opportunity of saying to our numerous friends and correspondents, that the columns of the *Messenger* will be open to receive such contributions as may be suited to the general objects of this Journal. Articles illustrative of spiritual principles or containing interesting facts, will be acceptable; also, letters representing the progress of our philosophy in different localities. It is at all times a source of pleasure to hold communion with our friends through the medium of correspondence, though we may not be able from the demands of other duties to return a personal reply.

We learn with pleasure that Mr. A. J. Davis, in obedience to a spiritual direction, is about to commence lecturing in different places as he may be impressed. He is expected to visit this city at some time during the coming winter.

## Correspondence.

## PRACTICAL REFORM.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is an objection with some minds which are looking forward to the ultimate results to be accomplished by the revelations of the present, that the teachings received from spirits have been thus far too general and indefinite on the subject of social reform. Viewing this objection superficially, it seems to be possessed of some force, especially when we consider that many and indeed most of the communications of spirits have referred rather to what will be done in the future, than to the immediate means by which the work is to be accomplished. Still there may be a philosophy and a wisdom in the withholding for a time of any definite plan for the reorganization of society. Possibly the elements of the social world are not yet suitably prepared for the change which has been so long and frequently prophesied; and then it may be that the world needs to receive some primary lessons of instruction—some wholesome discipline or interior preparation, in advance of the revolution which will doubtless ultimately take place. However this may be, it may be rationally presumed that the power which controls the communications given by spirits, will order all things wisely and for the best; and if the social changes for which the true philanthropist must ever pray, are delayed longer than may seem consistent with the true welfare of man, we may rest satisfied in the conviction that this delay is in accordance with some hidden necessity which is not seen or understood by the earthly mind.

In witnessing the changes which are constantly taking place in the feelings and opinions of world, we may find an abundant source of hope and encouragement.

Every great movement of the public mind gives an indication of the fact that humanity is rapidly progressing—that it is learning constantly higher lessons of truth and duty, and is indeed rapidly *outgrowing* the evils with which it has been burdened for centuries. Perhaps the impulse given to human progress by the revelations of spirits, has been sufficient for a time; and yet as it seems to me, this impulse will be constantly increased with the unfolding of higher revelations, until the agitation which has been already created in the very heart of society, shall result in a complete and thorough reformation. I cannot believe that the teachings which have been received from spirits are aimless or fruitless. There must be an object in these teachings which comprehends more than the mere temporary gratification which they impart; and this object, if it be high and holy as we might be led to expect, will refer to no less than the true welfare of the race, as connected with a more perfect organization of the social structure. In other words, practical reform besides theoretical teaching, must be the grand end to be attained.

Well, how know we that the time has not already come for the practical exemplification of spiritual principles? Surely, the great truths revealed from heaven can be only the pioneers of noble deeds; and if these truths are to be of real service to mankind, they must be carried out in action. To my mind it appears that there have been already sufficient principles disclosed to form the basis of a complete social system, and I think that we have only to make a proper use of these principles—to follow out the deductions to which they lead, and render them practical in an earnest effort for the elevation of the race, to rear a superstructure which *shall be glorious on the earth, and which shall elevate man into a communion with heaven.* It is an important matter to inwardly digest, and outwardly perform, that which we have already received from spirits. The great demand of the present time seems to be, not less of thought, but more of action; and when those individuals who are willing to seek for truth and suffer in its defense, are willing also to embody it in their lives, there will be almost immediately introduced that change in society which the signs of the times seem now to clearly indicate.

It is to be hoped that the necessity of a practical reform will be more fully seen and felt by the mass. There is a great work to be done, as well as a great thought to be unfolded. Let, therefore, thinkers become actors—let none aspire to be leaders, but all to be *followers* of the good and true; and thus shall the *lofty summit* towards which Hope and Faith are ever aspiring, be reached by positive and noble exertion, and so also shall the temple of humanity, reared by human labor, become the sanctuary of the worshipping soul.

Thine truly,

C.



## Facts and Phenomena.

### CLAIRVOYANCE.

The following facts illustrative of the clairvoyant faculty, are possessed of much interest :—

Mademoiselle W——, a natural clairvoyante, whose case is minutely detailed by Dr. Klein, her physician, being on a visit at the house of M. St.——, was asked by that gentleman to turn her clairvoyant powers towards his son, then serving with the French army in Russia. From that moment Mademoiselle W—— directed her thoughts towards the young officer, and in all her paroxysms, although she had never seen him, she described him exactly as if she had him before her eyes. She frequently asked his sister if she did not see him in a corner of the room; and one day, upon receiving a negative answer, she said, "Well then, ask him any questions you please, and I shall return his answer." The sister then asked all sorts of questions relative to family matters, which were quite unknown to the somnambulist, who answered them all in a manner so precise and accurate, that the interrogator afterwards declared than she felt herself seized with a cold perspiration, and was several times on the point of fainting with fright, during what she called the Dialogue of the Spirits. On another occasion the somnambulist declared to the father that she saw his son at the hospital, with a piece of white linen wrapt round his chin—that he was wounded in the face—that he was unable to eat, but was in no danger. Some days later she said that he was now able to eat, and was much better. Some weeks afterward a courier arrived from the army. M. St.—— immediately went to Count Th—— to inquire what news he had received; and the latter set his mind completely at rest, by informing him that his son's name was not in the list of the wounded. Transported with joy, he returned home, and said to Mademoiselle W——, who was at that time in her somnambuletic sleep, that for once she had not divined correctly, and that, fortunately for his son and himself, she had been completely deceived. At these words the young lady felt much offended; and in an angry and energetic tone assured him that she was quite certain of the truth of her statement—that, at the very moment, she saw his son at the hospital with his chin wrapt in white linen, and that, in the state in which she then was, it was quite impossible she could be deceived. Soon afterwards there came a note from Count Th——; which, after some expressions of politeness and condolence, announced that a second list of the wounded had arrived, containing the name of his son, who had been struck by a musket-ball on the chin, and was under medical treatment in the hospital, &c.

These facts are related in the third volume of the "Bibliothèque on Magnetisme Animal," and the authority on which they are given is deemed unimpeachable.

### Fulfillment of a Dream.

BRO. AMBLER :—Should you deem the following fact worthy of publication, please give it a place in your valuable Journal, as it will illustrate the truth that persons are not unfrequently warned of the separation of the spirit from the body. It was related to me by my aged grandfather, who is not at all a believer in the New Philosophy, but who still believes that he was warned of the death of my mother, in a dream. I give the circumstance as near as possible in his own words.

It was in the last part of the winter of 1834, that your mother came to make me a visit from H——, some ten miles distant. She seemed full of happiness as was her wont to be during her short visit; but on the morning in which she took leave of her parental home, there were indications of sadness in her features. A thought stole over me that I had seen her in health for the last time; but this circumstance passed from my mind, until, one night nearly a week after, I dreamed that I was called to her bedside to witness the struggles of death. I saw her die, attended her funeral, saw her in the coffin, followed her remains to the grave, which appeared to be nearly filled with water, and saw the sexton fill the grave, which shut from my sight the dissolving body. In my dream I returned to the desolate home of the bereaved husband and children, and saw two orphans clinging to me with tears rolling down their cheeks, and begging of me to take them to my home. The next morning I related this dream to my family, with an impression which had fixed itself upon me, that all which I had seen would come to pass. At about eleven o'clock the same day, a messenger came and announced the departure of your mother to the land of spirits. The next day I attended her funeral—the grave was nearly filled with water; and I took you and your brother home with me, thus realizing the exact fulfillment of my singular dream. B.

### Spiritual Sight.

From personal experience I have been made acquainted with the truth that the powers of the invisible world are made manifest to mortals, having received frequent evidences of a spiritual intelligence which extends entirely beyond the sphere of my own mind. Among numerous facts of this nature which might be mentioned, I will relate the following :—Several months since, as I was seated one morning at my writing desk, my hand was moved by an invisible power, and I was informed in writing that I should, by the evening mail, receive a letter from a much esteemed friend, whose name was given. When evening came I received several letters from different persons, but none from the friend which had been referred to by the spirits. At this I was somewhat disappointed, and was indulging some emotions of sorrow, when my attention was attracted by



the moving of the hand, and it was written, "Go to the Post Office, and ask for the letter which has not been given you." In accordance with this direction I returned to the office, and in answer to my request I received the letter whose arrival had been previously announced in the morning,—thus receiving a double test of spiritual sight.

R. P. A.

## Poetry.

### THE ANGEL-LAND.

BY A DWELLER IN THE SPHERES.

List, mortal ears, the harmonies of heaven !  
Let earthly harps be silent and unstrung,  
While to the enrapt sense those sounds are given  
Which through the spheres celestial rung,  
When first the voice that angels breathed to earth,  
Awaked the soul to its immortal birth.

Peace, troubled spirit ! sighs and tears no more  
Shall haunt the silence of thy hallowed breast ;  
No fierce and angry waves shall wash the shore  
On which are reared the mansions of the blest—  
For here no mortal agony and strife  
Shall cloud the glory of thy inner life.

O bright are fields which forms immortal tread,  
And peaceful as the flow of gentle streams,  
Is the pure and breathing influence shed  
In the spirit's all-blissful bower of dreams.  
Shall not the ages endless roll away  
Amid the changeless glory of this day ?

Yes ! far beyond the shining arch on high  
Which e'er is gleaming with soft angel-eyes,  
There whispers sweetly from a higher sky  
That gladsome message—the soul never dies !  
And thus for aye on wings of silent prayer  
The angel soars to mansions e'er more fair.

My soul, adore the power which doth create  
This beautiful and flowing sea of joy,  
And which amid the sway of earthly fate,  
Did deck my brow with gems which no alloy  
Of time and sense may ever rust or dim,  
Amid the glories of the seraphim.

### THE STREAM OF PROGRESS.

On through time there rolls a river,  
Fed with thought's eternal dew—  
Rolls for ever, resting never,  
Toward the perfect and the true :  
Barriers broken, checks defeated,  
Darkness scattered, lets down-hurled,  
Truth and freedom, firmler seated,  
Mark its progress through the world.

Wave by wave for aye increasing,  
Still victorious, still sublime,  
With an impulse never ceasing,  
O'er the rocks and shoals of time—  
Toward the vanward hurrying onward,  
From the old unto the new—  
Rolls it ever, resting never,  
Toward the perfect and the true.

Woe to them that, idly rearing  
Old obstructions in its track,  
Taught by all the past no fearing,  
Fain would turn its current back !  
They but tempt their own undoing ;

Like a giant in his wrath,  
O'er their barriers, rent to ruin,  
It will thunder on its path.

For it rolls resistless onward,  
Deepening, widening on its way ;  
Pressing stronglier toward the vanward,  
Stronglier toward the perfect day—  
Lit with light from heaven, and aided  
By the earnest hearts and true—  
By the soul and God that made it,  
Struggling on from old to new.

Sigh not, then, for the departed—  
It hath passed and gone for aye ;  
But, with impulse nobler-hearted,  
For the Future clear the way.  
Help to flow this mighty river,  
Fed with thought's eternal dew ;  
Till it merge at last for ever,  
In the perfect and the true.

[London Paper.]

### WHITHER GOETH THE SPIRIT ?

BY MRS SARAH BROUGHTON.

MOONLIGHT on the stream is glancing  
With its soft and silvery rays,  
And the dimpled waves are dancing  
To their own bewildering lays.  
Stars their glorious watch are keeping  
On the high and holy hills,  
But my eyes and soul are weeping,  
And strange awe my bosom thrills.

Fearful shadows now are stealing  
O'er those soft and soul-lit eyes,  
Where high thought and holy feeling  
Beamed like stars in summer skies.  
Bright as life, those sunny tresses  
Cluster o'er the forehead fair,  
But chill death his seal impresses,  
And strange quiet settles there.

When those radiant orbs were closing,  
When the spirit rent its chain,  
And on faith's strong arm reposing,  
Calmly launched on death's dark main,  
Where, amid the vast dominion  
Of the All-Creating One,  
Did the spirit furl its pinion,  
When life's weary voyage was done ?

Where the seraph-song is ringing  
On the pure and ambient air,  
And the stainless flowers are springing  
By the waters bright and clear,—  
Where the cherub-pinions waving,  
Circle round the burning throne,  
Thither, in life's fountain laving,  
Thither the redeemed hath flown !

### ETERNITY.

One drop upon the ocean's crest,  
One sand upon the earth's broad breast,  
One instant to  
A thousand years, all time, compared,—  
A pathway to the sun upreared,—  
A speck to view  
Unknown upon the field of heaven,  
An atom on the tempest driven,  
And immensity,  
Are all but feeble types to bear  
The thoughts to man, or to compare  
Time and eternity ;  
Unequal to the task, man's mind is taught  
Its nothingness, utterly lost in thought.

F. CHILDE HAROLD.



## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE GOLDEN BOOK.

In the province of Me-tac, there lived a great mandarin, named Pouti-souc, who, though blest with all that fortune could bestow, still felt the want of contentment; he had been married ten years, and to as many wives, without ever having had a child.

At last an old talapoin, who had frequently been consulted, desired him, according to the custom of that country, to set apart a day for sacred prayer, which was done. Accordingly, as soon as the sun rose, two large incense pots were placed in the outer yard, and a fire kindled at the entrance to prevent strangers from obtruding. Pouti-souc, attended by the old talapoin, now presented his petition to heaven for a son, at the same time acknowledging all that God had blessed him with already, as health, riches, honor and long life.

The old talapoin read the petition with his face to the ground, and when he had done, threw it among some burning rushes in the incense pot, where it was presently consumed; he then threw in three or four little bundles of sacred paper, very fine and gilded, on which certain characters were written; a fine blue flame now ascended towards heaven, which was considered as a favorable omen.

A few months after the ceremony, the chief favorite of the mandarin was found to be *enciente*, and was soon afterwards delivered of the most beautiful infant perhaps ever seen. Nothing could equal the joy of the mandarin at this event; he immediately retired to the temple, and returned thanks to heaven, and in due time the child was named Kelong, which signified in the Balic language, a wise child. Another day was set apart for sacred prayer, when the old talapoin again attended to perform the rites; he threw the sacred paper into the pots of burning incense, but instead of their being consumed, he took from amidst the flames, a little book with many golden leaves, clasped, on the outside of which was written in the Balic language, the word, *Soaung*, which signifies truth. "Upon the observance of the precepts contained in this little volume," cried the talapoin, "will depend the happiness of the child; it must be preserved for him with the greatest care, and when he is of sufficient age he must be sent to the mountain of Cachon, where the Genius of Wisdom resides, who will open the book, and explain the mysteries it contains.

Kelong, who was educated under the care of the old talapoin, grew handsomer every day; his mind was humble, his manners unaffected, his disposition generous and humane, and his understanding clear and enlightened. The time was now arrived when the old talapoin thought proper to send young Kelong to the mountain of Cachon. "My dear son," cried he, presenting to him the Golden Book with many leaves, "it is now fit that you should set out on your journey to the Genius of Wisdom, who will unfold the sacred pages of this little volume to your observation, and instruct you from its precepts, whence the unhappiness of the sons of men proceeds. Mayst thou learn to avoid their errors, and the great Sommona Codom direct you on your way."

Kelong looked with delight upon the book, but a tear of gratitude and love fell from his eyes at parting with the old talapoin.

Kelong had not traveled far, before his attention was enga-

ged by two young men fishing on the side of a river; one of them caught a great number of small fish, but as fast as he caught them, he threw them into the river again, and went to different parts of the river, where he was more or less successful, but still threw all he got into the river again. The other did not seem to give himself that trouble, for he laid himself upon the grass and waited for a bite, but before he could take in the line, they constantly escaped from the hook. Kelong diverted himself very much for sometime looking at them, and then went on a little farther, till he came to a beautiful spot, where he sat down to rest. He was presently accosted by a young man dressed in a blue robe, who inquired whither he was going? Kelong answered, to the mountain of Cachon, at which the young man smiled.

"Are you mighty desirous," said he, "to go that tiresome and unpleasant road?"

Kelong answered he was.

"Well," cried the young stranger, "since it is so, you had better take some refreshment before you go any further."

Kelong at first refused the offer the young man made him, but he renewed his invitation with such courtesy and friendship, that Kelong, who was captivated with his manners, at last accepted the invitation.

The young man now led Kelong to a beautiful palace of white marble, where they were received by a number of attendants, and led into a handsome saloon, where a table was spread with the greatest delicacies the season could afford. The stranger made Kelong sit down with him, and helped him very plentifully to fruit and wine. During the repast, he endeavored to ridicule him on his intentions to go to the mountain of Cachon, and invited him to stay in the palace, where he might possess all the luxuries of life, without danger or fatigue.

Kelong was too much delighted with the conversation and manner of his companion to leave him abruptly; they therefore sat together drinking wine till late, and then retired to rest, when Kelong indulged some very pleasing reflections on the character of his host, whose complaisance and good humor had been kept up to the last moment; but as he was amusing himself with ideas of the happiness of his companion, he was alarmed by some dreadful screams which he found proceeded from the young man's room, and which engaged him to listen more attentively, when he heard the most dismal groans repeated, and the following words: "Alas! what an unhappy wretch I am, and how little does it signify that I have riches, when I am incapable of enjoying them; my conscience accuses me of the greatest excesses; I have indulged my sensuality at the expense of innocence and truth, and feel the bitterness of reproach; my crimes have planted anguish and sorrow in the breasts of many, and my extravagancies have nearly consumed my estate; no wonder then that my sleep is unquiet, and the night long and weary.

The morning which gives spirits to the poor wretch to renew his labor, only offends me by its brightness! O that I could but fly from myself to shun the secret accusations of conscience! or that I could be constantly engaged in novelty and dissipation!"

Kelong was astonished at these words, and went to rest a little less pleased with the situation of the stranger than he was before. When the morning came, he was, however, received by his host with the same complacency and gaiety; he helped him as before to what was best, and entertained him with the most pleasant stories he had ever heard. Kelong



now expressed a wish to go forward on his journey, at which the young man changed countenance, and used the greatest persuasion he was master of to engage him to stop a little longer, but in vain. Kelong bid him farewell, and left the palace.

Kelong now pursued his journey, and soon came up with a youth who had been running with great eagerness in pursuit of butterflies, through the most difficult paths and turnings; but being near a hut where a talapoin lived, they both went in to get some refreshment, when he observed the figure of the stranger, who seemed quite spent with fatigue.

The talapoin, like all of that sect, was very charitable, and as it was late, invited them to stay in the hut all night, and prepared them a bed. Kelong had not been laid down long, before he heard his companion talking in his sleep, and listening to his words, heard him say, "how long will it be before I shall be chief mandarin of Siam, and before I shall wear the pagne?" After this all was quiet, and Kelong fell fast asleep; but what was his surprise in the morning, when he found his companion gone, and looking at the widow, saw him running along the hills after a butterfly, which he pursued with unremitting alacrity.

Kelong after breakfast, continued his journey to the mountain of Cachon; but his attention was again attracted by an old man, who was industriously seeking for small white pebbles, which he put into a bag, but loaded himself so much with them that he could scarcely crawl along. Kelong was engaged in reflecting on what he saw, when he was interrupted by a man leading a beautiful fawn, which he caressed very much; but what was Kelong's surprise when presently he saw him take a knife out of his pocket, and cut its throat, after which he bewailed over it with the most piteous lamentations. "How mysterious," cried Kelong, "are the actions of men!" But his attention was now diverted to a pale, sickly figure who was looking up steadfastly at the sun.

"Are you not afraid," cried Kelong, "of hurting your eyes by looking so steadily at so bright an object?"

"I have been endeavoring," cried the stranger, "for many weeks to find a spot in its disk, but without success."

Kelong traveled about a mile further, when he saw another man, who was sitting by the side of a river murmuring to himself.

He inquired what ailed him, when the stranger replied—

"I am mourning after a small piece of silver, which I have, by accident, let fall among the sand."

"Have you searched for it," cried Kelong.

"No," answered the stranger, "it is in vain, all I have to do is to complain of my ill luck."

Kelong however persuaded him to look for it, which he did for a long time, but without success; but at last, when he had nearly given it over, he picked up a fine pearl, worth an hundred tical, and went away quite overjoyed with his good fortune.

Kelong now arrived at the mountain of Cachon, where his senses were regaled by the most delightful perfumes, which came from different parts of it.

The palace of the Genius was all of white ivory, and a row of beautiful palms were in the hall. The Genius was seated upon a prassat or throne of rich silk, and before him ascended a small white cloud from a pot of incense, which almost hid him from the sight. Kelong prostrated himself to the ground, and presented the Golden Book with many leaves.

"Approach, my son," cried the Genius, "you have done well; prepare to receive the reward your perseverance in virtue merits. But first, said the Genius, it is fit that the mystery of the Golden Book with many leaves should be explained." At these words he opened the clasp, when a distant sound of thunder was heard. "Read!" cried the Genius, "you will now see how much good may be collected from the common incidents of life. The two young men fishing show you the effects of inconstancy and idleness; the first neglected his success, and lost continually all he gained; and the last never caught anything, being too indolent to attend to what he was about. Thus it is, men forfeit the blessings Providence designs them by their weakness or perverseness.

The young man who so politely invited you to his house, is a striking instance of the melancholy state to which an inordinate love of pleasure debases the mind. Avoid, my son, the danger, and learn to know that there is an end of peace, when there is an end of virtue.

The youth pursuing the butterflies shows the strength of human vanity; such are the empty pursuits of pride and ambition.

The man leading the fawn is a picture of jealousy. He caressed his favorite for a time, but at last seeing his own shadow fondling it also, and taking it for a reality, cut its throat. Equally weak and unfounded is, sometimes, the jealousy of men.

The sickly figure who was looking to find a spot in the sun, is also a picture of envy. Beware of its baneful influence; it debases the mind, and destroys happiness.

The man at the river side, who lost the piece of silver money, and in searching for it picked up a pearl, shows how ungrateful it is to be discontented, and the necessity and usefulness of exertion and perseverance in misfortune.

"Such," cried the Genius, "are the examples you have met with in your journey to the Mountain of Wisdom; continue to make observations on the common incidents you meet with through life, and when you are involved in doubt, seek the explanation in the Golden Book with many leaves."

Nang-sa seemed very much pleased during this story; and as he had a great deal of natural good sense, seemed to forsake his levity, and attend very seriously to the instruction it afforded.

## THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him, and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them—he injures them by his presence—he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not "too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for soothing it and purifying it from dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful—never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity; its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry



of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it, we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations. We look upon all by which it speaks to us, more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew that we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accident, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who among the whole clattering crowd can tell me of the forms and the precipices, of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds when sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen; or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is extraordinary. And yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not always so eloquent in the earthquake, nor in the fire, as in "the still, small voice." They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature which can only be addressed through lamp-black and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty, the deep, the calm and the perpetual—that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood—things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never wanting and never repeated, which are to be found always yet each found but once; it is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught, and the blessing of beauty given.—[John Ruskin.]

### The Silent Speech.

Words are not the most eloquent expressions of the Soul. There is no joy so intense as that which sparkles in the eye and crimson the cheek, yet refuses the aid of the voice; there is also "no grief like that which does not speak." Where the heart has a tale to tell, how poor are the utterances of the lips! Need we these ever to tell us that we are loved? Is there not something in arbitrary signs that breaks the spell of our sweetest feelings? There is a mental electricity more mysterious far than that subtle fluid that thrills through material substances. Its conductors are the soft light of the human eye, the smile of the human lip, the tone of a subdued and earnest voice. Pleasant, indeed, is the solitude that is broken only by this silent speech.

This is the philosophy most instructive and elevating: that afflictions have their place in the administration of Heaven, with all its other dispensations; that every grief is fraught with lessons of truth; and that death is only one among many myriads of manifestations of Infinite Wisdom and Love. While our old world turns on its axis, it will never be blessed with the revelation of a better divinity.

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AND

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