

# SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

## HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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

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### Revelations of Nature.

#### THE UNIVERSE.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

In contemplating the works of creation, extending as they do into the distant fields of immensity, and containing within their sphere the infinitude in which thought itself becomes lost in adoration, the human mind may well shrink from the task of investigating and comprehending the entire realm of being presented to the mental conception. Yet the Universe with all its sublime and inconceivable glory, is one of the principal mediums through which the Divinity speaks to the human spirit; and its infinite unfoldings, material and spiritual, are the treasures of celestial knowledge to which the mind on earth should ever earnestly aspire. To examine the Universe in a clear and rational light, it is necessary that the soul should attain not only an elevated, but an *interior* position, from which it can look forth on the operations of Nature as the external manifestations of divine principles which are seen and comprehended by the inward perceptions. It is impossible to reach the realities of the Universe by gazing on its vast expanse with the outward eye. In this manner only a feeble and exceedingly limited conception can be obtained of those realms of being which expand into infinity. Hence Science, with all its vast discoveries and important revelations, has thus far presented to the world but a small and insignificant portion of the temple of Nature; for while it could gather fragments of truth from the dark forms of earth, and search out some of the laws that govern the shining orbs of night, it could not extend beyond these into those ever-expanding fields of space which only the vision of the soul itself can visit, and it could not penetrate beneath them into the regions of the invisible world, where the life and light of God are hidden from the perceptions of sense.

The Universe must be considered in two aspects; the first giving a view of the realm of material substance as revealed to the outward organs of the mind—and the other presenting the realm of spiritual substance as comprehended by the vision of the soul. Both of these views unfold an infinity, but that of the former is the infinity of space or extent, and that of the latter is the infinity of life or depth. When, therefore, the mind has wearied itself in endeavoring to comprehend something of the immensity of the Universe in an external point of view, it has still to look within each particle of the worlds over which it has traveled, and find in this inner temple of the Divine Mind, another and still deeper Universe. That which sense could comprehend, though it could roam

over the infinity of material worlds, would be but the mere *surface* of creation which is bathed only with a transient light, and is decked with forms that change and die. The human mind, then, must endeavor to expand its conceptions into a still deeper sphere of thought than that embraced in the immensity of creation; it must penetrate the world of invisible life—invisible to the eye, but revealed gloriously to the soul; it must go down beneath the fading objects of the material Universe; it must contemplate the minute atoms—the refined elements of which these are composed, and then it must descend still farther into the arcana of Nature, and investigate the spiritual essences and divine principles by which the universal whole is sustained, animated, and moved.

Yet the great truth must now be impressed, that both the outward Universe and its interior life—the world of matter and the world of spirit, are, strictly and analytically speaking, *one* substance. This truth may scarcely be recognized by the superficial mind, since to the outward view the Universe seems to be composed of many different substances, while the realm of the spirit is supposed to be entirely diverse in its nature from all these. But to arrive at the truth which has been expressed, it is necessary to investigate the elementary constitution of existing forms. These forms in their organic state do not represent the ultimate of matter. The outward structure which is visible to the eye, does not manifest the primitive substance of which this is composed. All things may be resolved into their component elements; and when we look within the external organism, we find that it is composed of inconceivably minute particles—that these particles are formed from still more refined and subtle elements, and that these elements may be traced back to the spiritual essence which exists as the original source of all gross and visible matter. When, therefore, the mind would consider the nature of all existing substance, it must regard this not in the light of its outward appearance, but in the view which the soul may obtain of its primitive and constituent elements; and when these elements are contemplated in the light of their original source, flowing as they must from one great central essence, it will be seen that, since they proceed primarily from the same origin, the substances which may be formed from these, however diverse in their apparent and tangible form, are really and intrinsically one. Therefore does the Universe present a grand and beautiful unity even in its most diversified and complicated structures; and so the whole established system of things is one harmonious *Effect*, proceeding from one Cause, and tending towards one End.

The human mind can never comprehend the immensity of the revolving systems that roll in space. It can never entertain the shadow of the infinity which no finite thought and



embrace. Yet an expansive and comprehensive view of the Universe, will embrace the inconceivable whole as a sublime unity; and instead of parts and fragments—worlds and systems, may be beheld the perfect and united structure that enshrines the Infinite. So on the wings of the ideal the soul may soar away through the vast regions of matter, and with the strength of its expanded powers it may grasp the whole in one sublime conception, as the embodiment of a divine Principle. And this concentrated idea—this grasping as it were the whole of creation in one view, unfolds to the mind the great reality which it could not otherwise comprehend, that Nature is an infinite organism, comprehending in its constitution the innumerable parts which no thought can trace, and containing within its structure the essence of an organized Spirit which is the inmost soul of matter. It is impossible to obtain any suitable idea of creation by looking merely at the parts of which it is composed. The perceptions of the mind might extend from sun to sun—they might reach from system to system, and thence pass on through the realms of endless space, and the end would still be as far away as when the journey was commenced. But let the soul rest serene in its majesty; let it stretch forth its powers of thought and perception to grasp the complete organization of Nature in one view, and then shall it behold the infinite reality as a beautiful thought daguerreotyped on the soul.

What, then, is the Universe but the body of God?—what are all its refined essences but the atmosphere by which He is surrounded—what are all its subtle and vitalizing fluids but the medium through which He acts upon and moves the worlds, and what are all the visible substances that crowd the realm of matter but the most exterior portions of his vast organism? Therefore may we find God embodied in creation. Within the hidden regions of the invisible where the vision of the eye may not penetrate, his seat and throne are established; and from this deep center flow out the streams of the divine life through all the throbbing arteries of Nature. But the Deity is not to be confounded with the Universe. The one is the living and all-animating Soul; the other is the moved and ever-changeful Body. Connected, it is true, are God and Nature, as the human spirit with its physical organism; yet this relation presents the important reality, that creation is but the negative and passive production that moves beneath the will of the positive and eternal Soul. Hence to conceive truly of the Universe, it must be regarded as an entity under the control of the divine power, whose parts are governed and regulated in harmony, like the limbs of the human body, by the subtle instruments of the Supreme Will.

This view of the Universe is one which is grandly simple and truthfully sublime. Amid the diversity of surrounding forms and elements, it presents creation in the light of a beautiful and perfect unity—a unity which embraces the two-fold realms of matter and spirit, and which comprehends innumerable degrees of refinement and perfection, reaching from the outermost surface of the material world to the sphere of the animating and divine Soul. How grand, how glorious and majestic is this mighty harp of many strings! And how melodiously rolls the anthem of creation through the deep of space! God speaks to the soul in all his works. From the great temple which is not made with hands—where even silence itself is voiceful with divine love—there issues a never-ceasing revelation which falls as light on the listening spirit. Thus the Universe is the one perfect and living instrument, through

which the thoughts of the Divinity are breathed into the hearts of his children, and by which they are led up into a higher and purer sphere of spiritual communion.

## UNITY.

BY E. H. CHAPIN.

The profoundest fact in nature is that of *UNITY*—the fact that all things are comprehended in one, and, by virtue of this, that each is related to all. At first sight, nothing seems so diversified as this material universe. Solid and flowing, ponderous and subtle, perennial and ephemeral, revealing itself in the sudden might of the lightning, in the constant ebb and flow of the sea, in stormy geological epochs, and in the peaceful order of the planets, Nature presents the most vivid aspects of variety, and seems made up of diverse forces. But every investigation goes to confirm the fact that this is only *diversity in unity*—that this outward variety is the result of interior harmony.

As we come to understand the more abstruse elements of matter, we find them converging, and it will not startle us if, at length, it shall be found that these laws of light, heat, chimerical-affinity, electricity, gravity, are, in fact, but manifestations of one element. The grandest discoveries of our age go to confirm this idea. These discoveries make us acquainted with general laws, and every general law that we find out comprises a multitude of specific laws, that before its discovery seemed diverse, and even hostile. The tendency of these discoveries, is, evidently, to simplify. They show us the mazy threads of being that reach out all around us, drawn up and intertwining in sublime unity.

In beautiful accordance with this idea, the heavens seemed, to ancient sages, unrolled like a scroll of melody, and the stars stood in proportionate distances, like notes of music. *We*, also, find harmony among them, not in the speculations of fancy, but by the action of a profound law. The great truth that Newton discovered shows us that the most isolated world feels universal attraction, and the most enormous planet thrills to it as does the tiniest leaf. Even the comet, that plunges with mane of fire into unseen regions of the upper deep, comes back again upon "its old, worn track," driven and curbed by the infinite and beautiful law. And it is so throughout the universe. Harmony penetrates and buoys up the whole. The same law blooms and dies in the flower of a day, that expands in the dim nebula whose destiny is through ages and epochs. Lightning and rain-drop, wind and earthquake, sunshine and dew, are but the expressions of one intense design. The swelling of the sea, and the aspirations of the infant's sleep, are but the heavings of a common pulse.

But this principle of Unity is not observable in Nature only—it exists in the highest Art. True genius, like nature, throws out its myriad creations from a profound sentiment of harmony—from a comprehensive *wholeness*, if I may use the term—and in that they are embedded. An amateur may become enthusiastic over a beautiful detail—a commentator may illustrate a glorious passage. But only a synthetic critic can appreciate true genius—a critic who rises to its position, and looks out from its centre. The limb of a statue may seem coarse and unnatural, but the *spirit* and *meaning* of the whole—the one idea which the artist had in mind—determines the merit of his work. The coloring of the painter may be dashed



on by a careless pencil, but *character* harmonizes the piece. So with our great Poet. We see not merely individual phases of human character in his works—specific traits of real life. The identity of nature and genius runs through all. We see, everywhere, the same great Shakspeare,—when Shylock hates and Juliet loves, when Ophelia moans and Falstaff chuckles, when Lear raves and Hamlet reasons.

But a nobler fact than the unity of nature or of art, is breaking upon us in this age—THE UNITY OF HUMAN NATURE. In appearance, in physical and social conditions, there is diversity enough. Kings and beggars, slaves and nobles, wise and simple, good and bad. But man's true being is not outward—it is inward and spiritual, and this is the only point from which we can truly estimate him. In his outward circumstances one man is less than his neighbor, perhaps; but if we make outward circumstances the criterion of human value, all men are less than the material universe in which they live. Compare man as merely a material being with many of the forms of matter around him, and they far excel him—they overcome his strength—they drown his voice—he is lost in their vastness. But consider him in his spiritual relations, and they shrink beneath him, or appear but common veils, illuminated by that great Soul, of which he, in his essence, is an emanation. Stand by yon great ocean, as it swells and darkens in its stormy strength, or plays in foam and sunshine! Lift up your voice! What is it amid that thunder of waters? Number the days of your life! Compared with its years, they are as so many sands sprinkled in that hoary sea. Feel the beatings of your pulse! What are they to those mighty throbs that heave up from the briny heart of the earth, and tremble through its rocky arteries? Surround yourself with all the trophies of your wealth, be clothed in all the pomp and beauty of your art, and how mean will you look to that, with its garments mottled by all the hues of heaven, twining its weedy locks with the flashing wealth of kingdoms, wearing great navies as its crown, and tall ships as its sunlit baubles!

Impotent as man appears on the shores of that vast sea, so is he, if we view him only as a material thing in connection with material things. But circumstances change when once we consider him as a spiritual being, related to God. Then, in his inner world, he far surpasses that world of waters. It shall remain when they have passed away. It is more glorious, it more awful, this inner world, as it changes with the varying hues, or becomes serene under the calm light of its heaven; as it is stirred by storms of passion, or hallowed by the peace of prayer; as it becomes turbid with sin, or flows with the riches of love; as it reaches out into unknown regions of mystery, bounded by no horizon but the embrace of the Infinite God-Head!

But that very element which exalts man above material things, binds all men in one. It lies deeper than their opinions, stations, rank, wealth. It is this that reflects the starry thoughts of Newton—and yet dark as it slumbers in the Hottentot at the Cape, is full with the same great immortality. It is this that we offend by wrong—it is this that we benefit by right. And it is this that is pleading in the best movements of the age—peace, temperance, anti-slavery, charity. The unity of the race! This is the great fact that gives life and meaning to our reforms. In our selfishness, our wars, our sectarisms, we have not realized this fact as we should. But we are all one! From the lazar-houses of the sick, from dens where human beings made almost inhuman gnaw the offal and

bones of utter destitution—from cellars where they shiver in rags and seethe in sin—from mines that almost heave with a moral earthquake—from factories whose wheels grind upon naked hearts—from the home of poverty-stricken toil—from the cell of the maniac—from the rice-fields of the slave—from the dungeon of the criminal—from old, scarred fields of battle—there comes up a mighty cry; a cry that has sounded through all the ages, but has been unheeded. And each pale-faced brother passes us by, and points to the common image, and says, "We are all one!" Vast and mighty truth! Shall it triumph over all selfishness and all wrong in the earth? Love is at work. Faith is confident. Hope smiles on the work-day efforts of the present and trembles like a dawn on the horizon of the future. The Power and Blessing of God are over us.

### BREATHINGS FROM THE INVISIBLE.

Are there now no revelations? Now,—when the mind can make for its starting-point in philosophy the goal where wise and venerable men, satisfied with their triumphs, have lain down to die; and place at once as the foundation of the *moral* structure it would rear, principles that were sought for through long ages; now,—when this life, which was once considered by all but the scene of a fearful struggle for the joys of eternity, has become, in the apprehension of many, a sojourn in one of the dwelling-places of the universe of God, where the work which he gives us to do, is to make us like Him; and the light by which we labor is the smile of His inexhaustible love.

Far onward still, lies the progress of knowledge, and virtue, and the science of life; and can there be no new revelations? Not, perhaps, with the character of those that are past; not introduced with "thunderings, and lightnings, and the noise of a trumpet exceeding loud;" not uttered by angel-voices on the still air, nor taught with the authority of the Master, and his immediate followers; yet revelations still,—revelations from God through the medium of the human mind, making more and more manifest the beauty of his works, and the efficiency of his laws.

A perpetual priesthood has been appointed unto science. What need of names? Are they not known, those who, from age to age, find admittance into the secret councils of nature and art, and come forth and reveal to the people mysteries unknown before? Know we not those among us now, prophets and prophetesses, to whom the voice of truth "speaketh in visions," as to those of old, and who, unmindful of the want of present sympathy and favor, hail the spirits of the coming future, and live with them, as with friends? And the angel saith, "Seal not the sayings of the prophecy," for the time is coming, when by such as heed not now, they will be received as the true revelations of mind to mind.

There are yet other revelations. They may be rarer in the experience of a single life, but they are richer in the power to bless. The stray gale that finds its way through the sheltered valley, performs a more acceptable service than if it lingered still upon the breezy shore. And if one true sentiment shall make itself felt in an humble and needy heart, it leaveth there a richer gift than it would bring to the full soul of the Poet.

In the great city there are innumerable sounds, and they mingle, and die away, and swell again on the dulled ear; but sometimes a single tone among them all, finds a quick passage



to the heart; and to its echoes there, the life-beat keepeth true time. So, to the feeble in apprehension, to the gifted, to all alike, there are innumerable lessons. They are uttered by Nature from the mountain-top, and in lone and secret places; they are written "upon the heavens above, and on the earth beneath; we hear them from the lips of the wise, and read them upon the eloquent page; and as we listen and read, we learn, but we do not always heed. We admit, yet do not believe.

But sometimes, there cometh a truth that will search its way to the tablets of the soul, and trace itself there, as by electric force; and behold, "old things are passed away, and all things are become new" for there is not a passion, or a principle, or a feeling, but shall be modified or affected, by the vivid impression of a truth that was never felt before.

A spirit, once a dweller in humanity, sung to us before it passed away, of

"That blessed mood,

In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world,  
Is lightened:—that serene, and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until the breath of our corporeal frame,  
And even the motion of our human blood,  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul.  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things."

"A serene and blessed mood," indeed, but one that belongs most frequently to contemplative and gentle minds, and not to such alone, come these manifestations. We have been told of a proud and sinful man, who worshiped the outward beauty of this material world, and gathered around him magnificent and lovely things, in almost interminable profusion. Every day he walked in palace apartments, and through fragrant gardens, and feasted with fondest eye upon his treasures, yet with a heart bloated and base with human pride. For though he gloried in knowing how good and how beautiful those treasures were, he knew not the Giver, nor ever felt, "how great is His goodness, how great His beauty." Still, even to foreign lands he sought for more. One weary day, in this pursuit, he crossed a rock that lay bleached and sparkling in the sunlight, and verdureless as the sands of Sahara. Suddenly his footsteps are stayed. In the scanty mould of a small crevice beneath his eye, a little flower of most exquisite form and hue had rooted itself, and looked up lovingly to the summer sky. Wherefore that riveted gaze? Were there not hundreds as beautiful in his own rich parterres at home? O! but to be there,—there, so lonely, with no human hand to nurse it, no human eye to watch its growth, yet living on the sweet dews of Heaven, and rejoicing in its smile! The frame of the strong man bowed as a tree to the tempest, for with the whirlwind's rush there came to his soul his first convictions of Eternal power and Eternal beneficence. He prostrated himself upon the rock. Tears gushed to his eyes, words of prayer rose to his lips; and he went thence a happy worshiper of "our Father in Heaven."

Another has told us of a princess in whose nature there slumbered the soul of an artist. Brought up amid the mind-debasing splendors of a court, her life had no object, her ambition no aim beyond the gratification of luxurious desire. Such an impulse drew her from the wild North beneath the softer skies of Italy; and in beautiful Florence, with a gay and courtly party, she visited one of those famous galleries of

Art, where mightier than kings receive homage from truer subjects. It was a new scene, and faint gleams as of the early dawn broke at once upon her unilluminated mind. In a few moments she stood before the canvas of a great master, and gazed upon it with a strange intensity; and as she gazed, the mists rolled away from the world of thought and feeling within her, and the glory of the picture went down, clear and deep into her soul. "And I, too, am a painter," was the true expression of the knowledge then revealed to her, of her own genius and destiny.

Scarcely a volume but shall tell on some one of its pages a similar tale. But why search we books, for that which hath its record in the memory, or why refer to those we know not, when there are living examples among those we know? I cannot say how it may be with others, but very frequent, and most beautiful to me, in those with whom I have been best acquainted, have appeared the evidences of these revelations. Otherwise inexplicable passages in life have thus been made plain to me. Thus from time to time has faith in the bright destiny of the race been renewed, nor do I know that I should ever have understood what the poet meant by "the human face divine," had I not seen it in those moments when the soul which illumines it was crying out joyfully unto itself,—*Eureka! Eureka!*

There was one whose life, familiar to me almost as my own, had such unequal blending of light and shadow, as left neither to predominate, giving no particular coloring to a character which might otherwise have been distinctly marked. And with a heart formed for happiness, yet musing much if such a thing there were, she went forward to some distance in life, a mere dreamer. Not discontented with existence, not hopeless, nor faithless, but unsatisfied.

It was the hour of summer sunset, and a richer or a lovelier one never faded out on the green earth. On the brow of a hill, still bright with reflection from the magnificent clouds that lay between it and the set sun, grouped a party who had climbed up from the village in the valley. The echoes of the dark wood behind them had sent back their shouts of merriment, but now were they still, for the beauty of the prospect, and the sweet influence of the hour had exalted their mirth into quiet happiness, and they gathered together, and looked upon the scene, and spoke but few words, and they were the utterance of feeling hearts.

The dreamer Juliet was among them, and never had she been happier than then. Yet even then, as many times before, she asked herself, "Is this all? Can I know no more of truth and bliss until I pass away from this beautiful, but O, most unsatisfying world?"

At length they wended homeward, separating into smaller companies at every parting in their rural walk. That to which Juliet belonged, found themselves approaching the highway leading to the village. Their path was bordered on the right by a grove of young trees, over which birds were fluttering and dropping down among the leaves, occasionally trilling out another song to the dying day; and from a dwelling at a little distance, a concert of flutes sent out its rich soft music on the twilight air. Again, from the deep contentment of Juliet's heart, there struggled up the inquiry, "Is this all?" and, with the impulse of invocation, she lifted her eyes from their thoughtful, downward drooping.

The full moon had just emerged from the southern point of the hill from which they descended. Suddenly a strong



breeze passed over the woods, and the tall trees bowed gracefully, and went up again to the sky; and at the same instant, as if in mimicry, a flitting zephyr rustled through the grove, its undefinable accompanying music rising, whispering along, and dying away with a cadence that even "the sweet south upon a bank of violets," could not exceed. And then, in that blending of melody and beauty, in that moment of quiet joy and fervent hope, there swept across the strings of her inmost being a touch to which it had never thrilled before, calling up a bliss so real, so perfect, so intense, that it left no wish unsatisfied, no thought unblessed, yet so unwonted, so refined, that when recalled to a consciousness of the scene around her, and the strange ecstasy had died away amid the chords where it awoke, it seemed like a return from some other sphere. It was a return, however, that occasioned no pain and no regret; for earth was as much more beautiful as her own spirit was purer and happier.

"A richer bloom the lingering field-flowers bore,  
And sweeter was the song the wild bird warbled o'er."

Nor did the memory of that hour, and the power of the truth then revealed to her, fail of their effect upon the course and color of her life. Happiness was no longer a problem. She *knew* that even in this morbid state the soul may be wrapped in ecstasy, and with this "evidence of things not seen," came the triumph of faith. For what if she had been but for once so blessed? That *once* was prophecy. She believed that the consummation would come.

With faith also sprung up the grateful wish to act worthy of the sweet revelation, and the pure, high hopes it imparted. She chose for her pathway through life, one in which she would labor not more for herself than for others. The misfortune was, that it exposed her too much to observation and opinion; and thus commenced that bitter experience of human life which is learned most effectually by those who, with a pure ambition, and ardent sympathies, have set out to run a course of virtue, and have met, in all their roughness, the asperities thrown upon their pathway by absurd, yet tenacious customs, and the cold, false judgments of a misapprehensive world. But who can tell how often, amid such discouragements, the memory of those few blissful moments came to the thoughts of Juliet, reassuring her faith, and reviving her wearied resolutions.

Still the struggle went on; for though her faith needed but little incitement, her courage was prone to droop away. There was no *present* resting-place, no possible perfection. She asked for something in which her heart might find assurance and peace; something which the winds of vicissitude should not alter, nor the venom of evil tongues destroy. Alas, poor Juliet! she needed another revelation.

It came to her in the still hour of reflection, when the influence of the senses had no control, and there had been but little in circumstance to affect the current of her thoughts. It is true she had been for several days keenly sensitive to wrong, and some kind friends had endeavored to divert her feelings with the charm of social pleasure. One of them had offered her, at parting, a wreath of the emblem-flower of immortality, twined with another, whose language is, "Hope springeth from sorrow." Perhaps these things might have induced that complex mood of mind which made solitude so welcome. A mood in which there mingled with earnest aspirations for cheerfulness and gratitude, a painful sense of the want of any

cause sufficient to produce a perpetual exercise of those virtues

But once alone, her thoughts were free. She rambled with them over the whole domain of memory, traced out the effects of causes in her early experience of life, grieved at the wrong she found, and fell into an earnest reflection as to the best means to preserve the future from self-reproach. The inquiry seemed to fasten itself upon her thoughts, and they grew, at length, painfully intense. It seemed to her that virtue requires more encouragement in this world than is provided for it. She liked not the suggestion, and though unconvinced of its falsity, endeavored to free herself from it by indifference and pride.

"Why not," she asked herself, "discard all thought of encouragement or reward, and yet live what to my own apprehension shall seem a true life?"

It was a fortunate question, for as the light of a star might fall into some dim nook of earth, so fell the light of a true thought upon the shadows of her mind. Strange that it should then have so much more power than ever before. It was no new precept. She had been told in childhood that goodness recompenses itself, and that we should practice virtue for its own sweet sake. But now it seemed the very answer to her thoughts. Now was she sure, that *to do right* is its own "exceeding great reward." She covered her face with her hands, the longer to retain the impression, and thanked Heaven for the strength she had gained. And to her mental sense came the voice that speaks to us, when none else may listen,—*"Thou hast bound up the fadeless with the perishable, and mourned over the latter as for the death of both. But is it true that fragrance and bloom have departed because the flower to which they gave life and beauty has mingled with the dust? And if Truth and Love shall seem at times to have become as strangers, is it less certain that they weary not in their ministry, or that the destiny of their influence is triumph? But more, and worse than this,—thou hast sullied thy purity of purpose by asking for it the reward of approbation. What couldst thou have for virtue more than virtue's self? Not even the lustre of the gold shall ever match the light of the diamond."*

Thus ended the voice, but the lesson remains forever. It has made pleasant the path of duty, and, mingling with the revelation of happiness received before, added yet one more charm to the joy of anticipation.

So leave we Juliet, but not to mention others who have also been thus permitted to "see into the life of things;" though many an instance more striking, and involving more extensive consequence, might be given. It is well to seek out *humble* recipients of good; to believe that flowers may bloom upon the desert, and springs gush forth even in the wilderness. It is well for those who live in the abundance of their own gifts, and scorn the lowly, to know that in many an unnoticed form there may dwell a soul more divinely instructed than their own. It is well for those who spend an insect existence, fluttering only about the most evanescent beauty, and sipping only the most tasteless sweets, to learn that "the life is more than meat, and the body more than raiment." It is well for us all to believe that the "still small voice" once heard by the Prophet amid the rocks of Horeb, and which was mightier than the whirlwind, the earthquake, or the fire, still speaks to the soul, and to take heed, and listen always, so that we sometimes may hear for ourselves the voice of such revelation.—*Rose of Sharon.*



## Voices from the Spirit-land.

### POWERS AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF MIND.

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

The human mind is a wonderful piece of mechanism, whether considered in its parts or as a whole. It presents so many different phases of thought and character, that the most expansive perceptions which have not explored the secrets of Nature as contained in the human body, will fail to detect all its varied shades, which are as changeful as the tints of the rainbow. The close observer may find much to interest and instruct in the variety of intellectual characteristics presented to his view. But all men must perceive how difficult a thing it is to know themselves, and how can they expect to know fully the elements of which the minds of their fellow men are composed? It is only the more prominent traits of character drawn out by surrounding circumstances, which first present themselves to view; and I say, O man, do not prejudice thy fellow man by that which is said to be his character in society, but rather say that his character is formed by society.

When closely observed by the interior sight, the human mind presents to view a mighty world of slumbering faculties, unawakened ideas, and aspirations for truth and purity which have been long buried in darkness and corroded by the rust of time. How, then, can it be expected that man will exercise the faculties of his nature when he has never known of their existence? If those who have studied the peculiarities of mind would assist human nature to show itself in its true aspect, they would greatly assist in the work which they are anxious to see accomplished.

In looking around on the several phases of society, you will perceive that many are ever seeking for something to awaken or gratify curiosity, and it does not matter materially what shape this may assume, if the appetite be satisfied. But the next class comprehend those individuals whom you term inquirers; and these represent the minds which become most useful to society in the investigation of important truth. When curiosity settles into inquiry, and inquiry into deep thought, the springs are set in motion that act on the dormant faculties of the mind which have hitherto remained unknown; and as one by one they are brought forth into action, they are moved by constantly new incentives and find ever higher objects to be pursued. In this manner, when the proper springs are touched, the latent energies of the mind will be developed, and the character of the individual will be remodeled and beautified, simply by calling into action the powers which were already in his possession unknown to himself.

The general teachings of the present day are of such

a conflicting and fluctuating nature as to create rather antagonistic feelings, than sentiments of harmony. One party maintains teachings which are in direct opposition to those of another, and each exclaims, "Walk in the path which we are treading; for it will surely lead you to the haven for which you are seeking—our teacher can explain all things to your satisfaction." And still another and another party walk with like texts upon their hearts. And shall these men say, we follow the Bible? I say, they follow the teachings of the different minds which put different constructions on the same revelations. Then what man shall say (and feel secure,) I am right and you are wrong? or who shall say, I worship no graven image, but the image of the living God?

My friends, this mingling of so many rights makes one great wrong of society as it now exists. The present social structure is inharmoniously organized and disorderly arranged; for the man of might is the man of right, and that only by the authority which his might gives. And the man of honesty is oftentimes the man of beggary, through the advantage which the man of selfishness gains, making him a stepping-stone to the throne of power, whereon Mammon sits enthroned, wielding a brazen scepter, which is called *gold*,—and before whose presence the man of need and the daughters of drudgery, the hewers of wood and the drawers of unclean water for unclean purposes, are made to bow in humble submission. And who shall say that wrong will make right, until the wrong of oppression is taken from the hands of the oppressor? The strings which have vibrated in his heart are those of avarice and ungodly gain, and the might which he exercises so unjustly, keeps the hearts of the oppressed from catching even a glimpse of the treasures which lie concealed within their own being, thus shutting out from them the light which it is their right to enjoy as sons and daughters of a common Father. Ah! that wrong tramples upon a great right, and its course may be traced to the very depths of misery and iniquity which are filled by a combination of wrongs. And as we gaze upon the vast picture of dreary desolation, and shudder at the black and repulsive appearance of the surrounding world, we feel that a great work is to be carried on, executed, and accomplished. A mighty work it is, to stir up the fountains of the human heart, that men may become alive to the state of those whom they call brothers. How much they make this a term of derision!—and, by the very mention of such relations, they seem to disgrace the Parent who could so unwisely divide the inheritance of earth among those who are called his children. Thinking minds will ask themselves the question, are we not robbing our brothers of their birthright? and the more fully and evenly developed minds will see the immediate cause for action in themselves.

When the character and responsibilities of every



mind is placed in this light, it will be easy to perceive where the path of duty lies. And I am persuaded that all who wish to perform that important part of life called *duty*, will have an ample scope for indulging their desire. There will be no necessity for one looking upon another and saying, what shall we do to be saved?—but each individual must take the work into his own hands to save his fellow man from the state which has been induced by darkness of mind and oppression of soul. This is a work in which angels on high, whose robes are pure and shining with holy light, rejoice to be engaged in; and, mortal man, think never that thou art free from responsibility to Heaven, so long as the condition of thy fellow beings on the earth—thy brothers and sisters—requires the talent which God has given to thy mind, and which in time will be required of thee as being increased or diminished by the use to which it is devoted.

#### MISSION OF SPIRITS.

The spirits have been the witnesses of the progress which the world has made in past ages; and they have rejoiced that the darkness which long overshadowed the earth, is now rapidly melting away beneath the new-born light. But what has removed the darkness of past ages? The beams that flow from the sun of truth. Then what has expanded the minds of men to receive these beams? The whisperings of disembodied spirits. And who gave to these spirits the authority to perform this work on the earth? The answer is, that their authority rests on the attraction of the soul which brought them to the sphere of mortals, which attraction is dependent on the divine principle that animates the inward germ. Therefore spirits have commenced and carried forward their labor among men by an inherent and ever-living power; and the mission which has been begun in the past shall be gloriously completed in the future.

Many minds on earth have inquired, what is the mission of spirits?—and the spirits who have listened to this inquiry are moved to respond. The mission of spirits is to instruct and enlighten the world with respect to the principles involved in individual and social happiness; and when the world has been so instructed and enlightened, it will become their mission to induce men to exemplify and embody these principles in a complete and harmonious organization of society; and when this complete and harmonious organization shall be attained, it will be their mission to celebrate the union of heaven and earth by causing the streams of light, and life, and love, to flow into the hearts of men, that the truth may be fully known and realized that angels are the brothers of mortals. In short, it will be the mission of spirits to bless humanity, in every stage of its progress—to comfort the sorrowing—to breathe peace to

the afflicted—to impart hope, faith and joy to the despairing, and to lead the world up from the abyss of ignorance and mourning to the blissfulness of the heavenly life. Is not this, ye doubting hearts, a mission worthy of angels, and shall not the power and blessing of God be sufficient for its accomplishment?

SPIRITS OF THE SIXTH CIRCLE.

#### HAPPINESS.

The subject of human happiness is one which interests every individual; but the means by which happiness may be obtained have been misconceived and neglected. From the bosom of every soul rises a silent prayer for the happiness which the angels enjoy; and as this rises to heaven, the misguided thought directs the footsteps of men in paths where their desire can never be obtained. This is one of the inconsistencies of human action which will not be admitted by the world, because the world is blinded to its own interests. Yet it is a truth which spirits see, that the unrighteous actions of men are the cause of the misery which it laments, and which it often mourns as a blind fatality. Know, O man! that happiness is harmony; that harmony is the suitable and consistent action of all the powers of your being, and that this end can only be attained through the enlightenment and expansion of the soul in the sphere of universal progression. SPIRITS.

#### VOICE OF NATURE.

Soul of earth, have you not heard the whisperings of Nature? Listen; from the beautiful forms of earth breathes a language of love; from the fading flowers rises a sweet and grateful aspiration, and from the silent stars is ever gushing the soft and thrilling music of the spheres. As everything has a soul, so everything has a voice, and as soul speaks to soul in the blissfulness of communion, so the spark which lives in all forms sends forth its breathings to the human spirit. It is this constant voice of Nature which spirits are engaged in interpreting. The revelations which are given from the spiritual world, are only the revelations of the Universe embodied in earthly language. In this consists the authority and divinity of the words which angels speak. SPIRITS.

The spirits of the Sixth Circle desire to announce that they have prepared a book which will be revealed to the interior perceptions of the medium whom they have developed, and which will be written as it is dictated, by another individual. They design that this volume shall contain the revelations which they have previously referred to in former works as the precious unfoldings of divine wisdom. The delivery of this work from the interior will be commenced in a short time, and the book will be published as soon as written.



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, OCTOBER 30, 1852.

## REVELATION.

Revelation is one of the natural gifts which the Divine Father bestows upon his earthly children. There is nothing which is in the least supernatural in any of the revelations that have ever been given to man. But in all ages the influx of truth has visited the human mind in a mode as simple and natural as that in which the light flows from the sun, or the raindrops fall from the clouds.

The Divine Mind is the infinite and supreme Source of all truth. Every sparkling thought which gems the bosom of angels—every settled principle embodied in the human mind—every law which has been impressed upon creation—all have their primary origin in the First Cause. Therefore God occupies the center of the Universe as an inexhaustible Fountain of truth, from which all revelation—in whatever age it may be given—must necessarily proceed.

Yet inferior angels and spirits have an important work to do in the unfolding of revelations to the human world. God not only speaks to men in the silent ministry of Nature, but He also reveals the deeper and brighter realities of the universe through the medium of disembodied minds. This latter mode of revelation has been popularly termed inspiration; and this has been the peculiar privilege of individuals whose spiritual constitution has been a suitable receptacle for divine influx. The human soul has always received that measure of truth which precisely corresponds with the inward capacity. If, in past ages, the mass of the world have groped in darkness, it is simply because they have not been prepared to receive the light; if there have been comparatively few revelations scattered through the ages as stars amid the clouds, it is for the reason that the spiritual powers of the people were not sufficiently developed to comprehend a larger measure of truth; and so, on the other hand, the few chosen spirits who were selected as the mediums of spiritual revealments, and whose lips were moved to unfold the wonders of prophecy, were so constituted and developed as to receive a greater portion of inspiration than the surrounding multitude—their interior minds were expanded into the sphere of the divine and celestial, and they gave utterance to great thoughts that were whispered from heaven.

The compilation of writings termed the Bible, is a proper representative of the revelations of the past. It is true that much contained in these writings was written by the compiler himself, or became interpolated from the notes and corrections of transcribers, and

much, also, referred evidently to the particular time or age in which the writing was given, or to ages which are now far in the past; but there are, nevertheless, several important prophecies which are receiving their fulfillment in the present era, and others which are to be yet realized in the future, when "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together"; and in these revelations are contained living and immutable truths which will shine warmly and glowingly on the heart in all time, though they have been darkened and corrupted by long-cherished superstitions. So the revelations of the past are a type of the revelations of the present; and so also those of the present are types of still higher revelations to come. The truth to be impressed is, that all revelation will correspond in its nature and extent to the development of the minds to which it is given—that which was imparted in past ages being shadowed by the darkness which then prevailed, and that which is reserved for future generations being exalted and glorious in accordance with the advanced state of the human soul. Hence it appears that no revelation can present a complete and perfect system of truth, since man himself has never been sufficiently unfolded to receive such a system; and so the revelations of truth which have been given to the world in different ages, have been only parts of the great and mighty whole which resides in the Divine Mind.

Men have been accustomed, from the force of a long-existing tradition, to revere the Bible as the direct and perfect word of God—as indeed the only revelation which He has given, or ever will give, to the world. This reverence has not been derived from a careful and rational investigation of the claims of this book as a revelation; but it has been generated in the human mind by the process of arbitrary impression and educational training. Accordingly this reverence, though strong and almost ineffaceable, has been always blind and superficial in its nature; which fact is manifested in the tenacity with which the religionist and theologian cling to the mere *letter* of what are termed the inspired writings, without appreciating the spirit and truth of which this is but an outward exponent. The question should be asked and inwardly digested, what *are* the revelations of the Bible?—and the answer which Reason will return is, that these are simply writings produced at different periods of the world by or through different individuals, and that these writings are the representatives of certain ideas which were breathed down to the minds of the writers through the process of spiritual influx. Now these revelations, it will be seen, do not consist intrinsically in the *writings* themselves, but in the *ideas* of which these are representatives; and these ideas, as has been previously intimated, were adapted by a natural law to the capacity of the individuals to whom they were given, and to the wants of the particular age in which they were unfolded. Are, then, the wri-



tings of the Bible infallible, or do they embrace all the truths and principles which exist in the mind of God? No. Truth is infinite. It cannot be embraced within the narrow limit of any book or books. The ages may roll away into the great deep of the Future and bear on their rolling tide the records of yet unknown and unconceived revealments; and on the boundless bosom of Eternity angels may search forever the realities of the inner life, and yet never shall there be a time when it shall be said that the infinity of truth has been fathomed and that the depth of the divine thought has been reached! Let not mortals, then, look upon any book which has been produced on the earth and say it is infallible. Revelations will be given as long as the earth is peopled with human souls, and they will become more clear, more exalted, and more expanded, as the race attains to ever higher stages of spiritual growth; but they will be always given as they have been given in the past—in fragments, being furnished to the world as is required by the real wants of every age, and increasing as these wants enlarge and deepen.

The ministry of revelation on the earth is the ministry of angels. Lo! Heaven bends with loving arms over the advancing world to receive its inward prayer; and as that prayer is heard and welcomed, an answer, calm and holy, is returned to its troubled heart in a revelation of truth, and love, and peace. Inspiration is thus the life and breath of mortals. It is the strength which the soul feels when it stands on the mount of prophecy; it is the energy which permeates its depths when it grasps some mighty truth, or feels the presence of an angel's thought. Therefore revelation comes to the soul, and not to the ears or the eyes; and so when the great volume of the Universe is opened to the spiritual vision, the teachings which it contains will be received into the inmost being and fill the measure of its expanding powers.

R. P. A.

### PROGRESS.

An impulse which can not be resisted, is moving the heart and quickening the pulse of Humanity. Old forms—once cherished and dear—are losing their grace and beauty; and new glories—sparkling with the gems of heaven—are revealed to the vision of mortals. And the march of the world is onward. No power can stop the efforts and labors which are being engaged in at this hour for the redemption of the race. The signs of the times are of the most cheering nature. They show the great truth that a new dispensation has been ushered into the changeful drama of earth. Progress has become a word which exists in action as well as in letter. Onward flows the stream of thought—brighter grows the dawning light—holier and sweeter becomes the atmosphere of earth, hallowed with the breath of angels.

But to what end moves on this stream of progress? What is the great object to be attained in the labor

which engages the energies of the reformer? The end and object of these things are greater than can be fully realized; for in these are comprehended the unfolding of truth, the development of the soul, and the harmonization of society. It is not creeds and sects that the soul labors for now; it is not restrictive and arbitrary principles which the expanded mind is aiming to establish. Now the heart of man begins to feel for his fellow man; and the hand which was once raised to crush and destroy, is stretched forth to uplift and save. Noble ends are those which the philanthropists and prophets of this age are seeking to attain—ends which have constituted the objects of all human prayer, and which have represented the heavenly inheritance in store for the children of earth. Let, then, the stream of progress move on; aid it in its flow by removing the barriers and obstructions erected in the past; for the blessing which seers of old beheld far away in the distance, is now near, even at our very doors, waiting to be embraced.

CONSTANCE.

### FANATICISM.

The progress of spiritual truth is becoming rapid and powerful. In all parts of the country the most enlightened minds are affected by new thoughts suggested by spiritual phenomena, and the number of believers and mediums is increasing almost beyond computation. This is well. To the philanthropic mind it is a source of real pleasure to witness the advancement of those principles which are calculated to elevate and improve mankind. But there is one danger to be avoided, and this refers to the spirit of fanaticism which is liable to be engendered by the rapid diffusion of a prominent idea. It is of the greatest importance that the friends of the Spiritual Philosophy should be firm and deliberate. Nothing is gained, but much is lost, by hasty and impulsive action; and while the dearest interests of the world are dependent on the proper exemplification of the spiritual idea, it is essential that Reason should lead the way amid the ruins of error, and that the light of her torch should guide the steps of her followers.

These remarks are not intended to dampen in the least a rational and commendable zeal. This is both natural and necessary in the advancement of a cause which enlists the most exalted faculties of the soul. But it is essential, in the investigation of this as well as other subjects, that the mind should be preserved in a state of calmness and equilibrium. Let the work be pushed forward with the aid of willing hands and earnest hearts, and the inhabitants of the upper world will lend their aid and strength; but with a firm reliance on the power of eternal principles, let not the soul be moved by that spirit of Fanaticism which would only exhaust its energies without accomplishing the desired object. Therefore, brethren, work on, and work ever, but keep cool!

R. P. A.



### Self-Reliance.

It is a source of lamentation to the enlightened mind, that the human spirit has been weakened and enfeebled in such a manner as to lean, with blind and mistaken trust, on the standards of ancient superstition. The soul can become strong, enlightened, and expanded only by exercising and cultivating the powers of reason, intuition and consciousness that exist within it in an undeveloped state. Mankind in past ages have been inclined to lean on something foreign to themselves; they have instituted oracles of faith which have been resorted to and revered as an infallible source of truth. In this manner the dearest and most precious privileges of the soul have been resigned, and superstition has exercised a resistless sway over the Church and the world. It is now revealed as one of the first duties of man, to rely on his own interior powers—to look not outwardly to some external standard of authority, but to look inwardly to that reason which is the gift of God, and to those searching perceptions which are unfoldings of the spirit.

### Triumph of the Light.

Man has been the subject of oppression and tyranny. The powers of darkness triumphed for a season over the aspirations of the heaven-born soul. Beneath the cruel might of the conqueror, the world has bowed in the dust, and the beauty of truth has been veiled in gloom. But the spark of life which animates the immortal being was not extinguished. From the darkness of its prison-home it sent forth a gleam of light to the abode of tyrants; and with that feeble and flickering ray fear crept into their bosoms and the scepter trembled in their hands. But the light expanded and became brighter. The day of freedom approached. Chains of unholy creeds and dogmas fell from the spirit that God made free, and the thrones of the oppressors tottered and dissolved when the dawn appeared. Thus the work of redemption was commenced, and now the strength of mortal arms and the devices of human hearts can not stay its onward and triumphant progress.

### Truth and Error.

The battle of Truth and Error has been commenced and carried on in past ages, by the impulse of bigotry on the one hand and philanthropy on the other. "Believe or perish" has been the denunciatory voice of the Church; "rise and be free" has been the cry of the reformer. These two voices represent the conflicting interests of the world;—the false interest which would preserve the old traditions of men, and the real interest which would unfold the truth independently of existing creeds. The battle has been long and eventful. Mightily has Error struggled for the mastery, and with engines of fear and torture has its dogmas been burned

into the human heart. But the smile of Truth has been as a warm and genial sunbeam, whose influence has melted the icy barriers of bigotry, and breathed the earnest of its triumph.

### The Old Theology.

The philosophy of the prevailing theology has been discovered by many minds to be destitute of the principles of reason. Though the creeds and dogmas of this theology have been embalmed in the temple of ignorance, and are still upheld by the authority of the past, yet the time has now arrived when these must follow in the train of the ancient errors which the light of truth causes to vanish. There is one common sepulcher prepared for the dogmas of false theology. By a law which no authority can resist and which no remonstrance can destroy, the forms of darkness that have been nourished at the altar of sectarian religion, must perish. The very light of heaven will wither their dissolving structures; and while weak hearts may sigh and mourn over the desolation, the angel of Truth shall descend to hallow the rising temple of the Future.

### The Shekinah.

This elegant magazine under the editorial charge of S. B. BRITAN, is presented to the public in the form of a bound volume, the price of which varies from \$ 2.50 to \$ 3.00 according to style of binding. It has always been with us a favorite idea that, as far as practicable, the external form should correspond with the internal spirit, since the one is properly a representative of the other. In the work before us we find our idea completely illustrated. The *spirit* is the beautiful principle of Love and Truth which lives in heaven; and the *form* is such a suitable and complete embodiment of the spirit, that the eyes and the soul are equally delighted. Reader, do you wish to purchase a gift-book to be presented to some dear friend? If so, allow us to whisper in your ear, that you will find none more beautiful and appropriate than the SHEKINAH.

### Removal.

We desire to announce to our friends and readers, that the office of the Messenger has been removed to No 80, Nassau-st., near Fulton, where we shall be pleased to see and converse with individuals who may desire to call. It is our intention to accomplish a design which has been previously formed, in establishing a spiritual depot in this city, where friends interested in the cause of Spiritualism may find a suitable place for business and conversational purposes. Persons from different parts of the country who are visiting the city are invited to call at our new office, where the editor will be glad to welcome them at all times, when not necessarily engaged in other duties.



Heaven is near to those hearts which seek its presence, and the pure in soul shall find it in their own being. There is a bliss in heaven which earth may also know, when earth is baptized with the light of love; and mortals who seek for some distant and ideal glory, will find the answer of their prayer within. Breathe out, O soul of earth, thy holy aspiration, that thou mayst breathe in the heavenly joy.

## Correspondence.

### Letter from Williamsburgh.

BRO. AMBLER:—If I understand the plan on which your paper, in its new form, is to be conducted, I feel assured that it will be the medium of much valuable instruction—an important agent in the elevation of man.

Not only Spiritualists, but Materialists, need a "Messenger," which will visit them often, conveying messages that will awaken their minds to the reception of that love and wisdom which will qualify them, not only to look superficially on mankind as possessing equal rights, but to feel interiorly and practically, that all men, from the highest to the most degraded, are their brothers; and thus be attracted by love, to pity and counsel the erring, to feed and clothe the poverty-stricken, and to reflect light on the minds of the ignorant. We should have an "Advocate" of Truth wherever it may be found, and however unsavory it will prove to isolated interests or existing creeds—whether it comes clothed in expressions of outward Nature, or is revealed through the mediumship of inspired minds,

"For Truth is Truth, wherever found,  
On Christian, or on heathen ground"—

an "Advocate" that will not cast off the spirit of any formerly manifested truth, even though its misconstrued form may be inharmonious and false; nor reject present and coming disclosures because they may be innovations on what was revered by our fathers or more recently embraced by ourselves; remembering that the FATHER OF ALL has, from the *beginning*, given light to the race, and now and evermore will pour forth from His infinitude new and increasing treasures of life and light, for the happiness and advancement of His creation.

Where Truth shines in freedom, Error is speedily dissipated; for the light of Truth is the reflection of God's thought.

There are many questions of vital importance, that are not demonstrated so as to be apprehended in the same manner by Spiritualists—questions which many would say ought to be speedily explained by intercourse with the Spirit-world. And for one, I could heartily greet their elucidation, not only for my own benefit, but for the good results which I believe would attend a

clear understanding of them everywhere. Some of these are, as to the peculiar nature and mission of Jesus Christ—the propriety and effects of prayer—the existence of evil spirits—the condition of the Spirit-world, and the nature of the influences and privileges attending the future life, &c.

Nearly, and perhaps quite all of these questions are settled, in some way, to the satisfaction of many. But as there are different views, it follows that some are erroneous; and thus is seen the necessity of a demonstration of their truths in such a light that there may be no misapprehension; so that all who see may practice in fullness of understanding, and in unity and strength be effectual agents in spreading the truths which will redeem the race.

The investigation of these questions, it appears to me, belongs to the sphere of the MESSENGER; and I allude to them, not to arouse controversies between those who are tenacious for their own peculiar views, but in the hope that an ardent love for truth, and not creeds, may prompt competent contributors to your columns, in both the spiritual and material spheres, to reflect light on the subjects.

Truly yours,

I. S. HYATT.

### Practical Suggestions.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 25, 1852.

DEAR EDITOR,—I was much pleased with the remarks of your correspondent in the last number of the Messenger, on the subject of "Practical Reform." There is surely a large vineyard to be cultivated and a great harvest to be reaped; but patient and practical effort seems to be the only method by which the desired results can be attained. From a long experience I have been led to realize the force of long-cherished ideas; and it seems to me now that the most effectual way to eradicate these ideas, if erroneous, is to sensibly demonstrate their fallacy by placing something tangible in contrast with them which will be more attractive and truthful. The old theology will pass away when a better one has been demonstrated; and this cannot be done effectually by any display of words, but must depend on a certain embodiment of divine principles which can be seen and recognized.

In looking around me on the cause of Spiritualism, I have every reason to be satisfied with the progress which has been made; but as yet the elements seem to be in a confused and chaotic state, which is certainly different from that divine order which might be anticipated as the result of divine principles. Cannot something be done to effect a more perfect and harmonious organization of the forces now operating in the spiritual faith? I did not intend in this letter to propose any definite plan for such a movement, but wished only to offer these few suggestions, being aware that they can not be too deeply impressed on the minds of all interested friends.

Fraternally yours,

H.



## Facts and Phenomena.

### INTERESTING FACT.

We find the following interesting fact in a recent number of the *Spiritual Telegraph*. It is related by the Editor in a letter addressed to DR. B. W. RICHMOND, in course of the discussion which is now going on in that paper :

Last winter while spending a few days at the house of Mr. Rufus Elmer, Springfield, Mass., I became acquainted with Mr. H., a medium. One evening, H.—, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and myself, were engaged in general conversation, when—in a moment, and most unexpectedly to us all—H. was deeply entranced. A momentary silence ensued, when the medium said, HANNAH B.— is here. I was surprised at the announcement, for I had not even thought of the person indicated for many days, perhaps weeks or months, and we parted for all time when I was but a little child. I remained silent, but mentally inquired how I might be assured of the actual presence. Immediately the medium began to exhibit signs of the deepest anguish. Rising from his seat he walked to and fro in the apartment, wringing his hands, and exhibiting a wild and frantic manner and expression. He groaned in spirit, and audibly, and often smote his forehead and uttered incoherent words of prayer. He addressed me in terms of tenderness, and sighed and uttered bitter lamentations. Ever and anon he gave utterance to expressions like the following :

"Oh, how dark ! What dismal clouds ! What a frightful chasm ! Deep—down—far down—I see the fiery flood ! Hold ! Stay !—Save them from the pit ! I'm in a terrible labyrinth ! I see no way out ! There's no light ! How wild !—gloomy ! The clouds roll in upon me ! The darkness deepens ! My head is whirling ! Where am I !—"

During this exciting scene, which lasted perhaps half an hour, I remained a silent spectator, the medium was unconscious, and the whole was inexplicable to Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. The circumstances occurred some twelve years before the birth of the medium. No person in all that region knew aught of the history of Hannah B.—, or that such a person ever existed. But to me the scene was one of peculiar and painful significance. The person referred to was highly gifted by nature, and endowed with the tenderest sensibilities. She became *insane* from believing in the doctrine of endless punishment, and when I last saw her the terrible reality, so graphically depicted in the scene I have attempted to describe, was present, in all its mournful details, before me !

Thirty years have scarcely dimmed the recollection of the scene which was thus reenacted to assure me of

the actual presence of the spirit. That spirit has since informed me that her present life is calm, peaceful and beautiful, and that the burning gulf, with all its horrible imagery, existed only in the traditions of men, and in the fitful wanderings of her distracted brain.

### PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

In the process of development as a medium, I have been favored with numerous evidences of the astonishing power which spirits may exercise over the physical system. Not only have the movements of the entire body been controlled externally, in such a manner as to cause a change of position from place to place, but the more interior processes of the system which are constantly going on beneath the surface and which affect the functions of the whole animal economy, have also been interrupted and controlled in the most remarkable manner.

On one occasion during the latter part of last winter, I was directed by my spiritual friends to retire alone to a room where the temperature was below the freezing point, and lie down on a bed without coverings. This direction was obeyed, though no special reason was assigned for its observance ; and I did not suppose that my system could endure the intense cold to which it would be subjected, for any great length of time. To my great astonishment the atmosphere of the room did not produce any disagreeable sensation, and, according to the direction, I lay down on the outside of the bed where I soon fell into a profound slumber, in which state I remained about one hour. On awakening, at the expiration of this time, I felt entirely warm and comfortable in body, and afterwards experienced no disagreeable effects whatever from the experiment, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been followed by painful results.

This circumstance in connection with many others of a similar nature, indicates to the mind of the writer that spirits have power to control, not only the muscles of the body, but also the more refined fluids on whose proper movement and distribution vitality itself is dependent. And this conclusion is confirmed by a fact which I am caused to frequently experience, which is, that the processes of digestion, nutrition, assimilation, &c., are at times in a great measure changed in their action, and that, too, without producing any unhealthy state of the system, while sensations of severe bodily pain or thrilling pleasure are produced and alternated almost instantly, in accordance with the particular design that is held in view. Indeed so deep a confidence have I in the conclusion above expressed, that I now fear no sickness or disease which can result from extraneous causes, that is not under the control or by the permission of spirits.

R. P. A.



## Poetry.

## WAVES FROM THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Why so sad for her, who sleeping,  
Smiles upon thee never now?  
Would'st awaken her with weeping?  
She is happier than thou!

Can'st thou wish her slumber ended,  
When existence still must be,  
As it ever has been, blended  
With such crushing misery?

Can'st thou image her reclining  
In the Palestine of Peace,  
And not check thy fond repining—  
Bid thy cherished anguish cease?

Would'st thou bring her from the bowers  
Of Elysium above,—  
Where the angels lead the hours,  
And the air she breathes is love,—

To be one where all are weary,  
Who commingle in the strife,  
With a mournful misereere,  
Of the fearful battle-life?

Rather sigh that thou yet livest;  
That the seraph sought not thee;  
Know each sacrifice thou givest  
Lifts thee nearer Deity?

She is happy—thy lost treasure!  
Is there one alive, the same?  
Is there one possessing pleasure  
That is perfect but in name?

None, earth over! Fear and sorrow  
Are our portions while of clay—  
A foreboding of to-morrow,  
A forgetting of to-day.

Weep! there's luxury in weeping,  
When the heart of grief is full;  
And the dark clouds under-creeping  
Make the stars invisible;

When but God alone can hear us,  
As we breathe the fervent prayer,  
That his Spirit ever near us,  
May make light the load we bear.

There's a sanctity in sorrow  
More commanding than the air  
That the proudest Prelates borrow,  
From the ermined robes they wear.

O be patient! Life will linger  
But a few short seasons more;  
Even now the angel's finger  
Turns the tear-marked pages o'er.

Soon the brightest, darkest, saddest,  
The oft-prayed for leaf—the last—  
When celestial harps hymn gladdest,  
Will have cheered us—chilled us—past.

With a sigh for those who love us  
As they mourn that we must sever,  
And a godlike glance above us,  
We will throw aside forever.

With an anthem of thanksgiving,  
Whose intensity none know—  
This infirmity of living,  
This inheritance of woe:

And re-robe by Rapture's river—  
The Euphrates of the sky—  
Whose sweet waters roll forever  
Round the isles of Ecstasy.

*Home Magazine.*

## MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest—  
The stars shine gloriously—and all  
Save me are blest.

Mother! I love thy grave!  
The blossom blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head—when shall it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow.  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die—  
To leave, untasted, life's dark, bitter streams,  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear,  
With bitter tears?

Ay, must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn  
And muse on the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,  
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night wind's wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;  
I listen, and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh, come—whilst here I press  
My brow upon thy grave—and in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh, give his spirit undefiled  
To blend with thine.

In worlds on high where beauties bloom,  
Triumphant o'er the wreck of earth,  
The flower that faded in the tomb  
Is freshened in immortal birth.



## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE SPIRIT-MAIDEN; OR, THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

BY MEETA.

It was almost evening; the sun was sinking upon its imperial couch of gorgeous clouds, whilst beautiful beams of crimson and gold were reflected through the trees. The calm, broad-bosomed Rhine slept along its green-embowered banks, and the dying sun-rays twinkled and flashed in its blue depths.

The summer air was soft and sweet as a breath of roses; and a gush of dreamy melody from some idling bark upon the water, stole as a "spirit's presence" over the earth.

Paul stood at the door of his father's mansion, watching the changing colors of the beautiful landscape. His heart was overflowing with a burst of tumultuous emotions, thanksgiving and praise to the Watchful One. He turned his head over his shoulder, and glanced back into the chamber which he had but just left; there, in his accustomed place, the evening glow tinging his silvery locks, sat the blind and aged father, and at his side, upon a low stool, was seated his young cousin, the meek and fair-haired Bertha.

The maiden held her lute, and her white fingers glanced like snow-flakes over the glistening chords as she played a light wild melody. She was singing a Rhinish love-song, and her voice, so sweet and low, fell like the tones of a silver bell upon the evening air:

A soft and holy influence was enveloping Paul's senses; but he thought he saw a white figure glancing in the wood, and a spirit-voice seemed calling to him, as it said—

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

The voice called, and the echoes caught the wild, witching melody, and Paul knew that it was the voice of his spirit-maiden singing to him. He walked forth into the wood with a saddened heart, and seated himself upon a mossy stone.

"Etheria! Etheria! here is thy Paul," he called in answer; but the voice was silent, and he heard only the sound of the wind, as it moved in the leaves, or the dreamy tinklings of the fountain.

Paul had never seen his spirit-maiden, save in his dreams, when she came to him clothed in all her virgin beauty, and whispered to him of her love. But she floated upon every gold-tinted cloud. She smiled in the shining sunlight, and breathed words of love in the beautiful flowers. He saw her not, and yet he loved.

The sun was gone quite down, and had left, as a remembrance of what had passed, and what was yet to be, a crown of glorious rose-clouds lingering in the sky. Paul wandered again sorrowfully toward the mansion. Bertha was sitting at the tablet, with her Bible open before her, and she read to the aged man the holy words. Never had she looked so lovely. Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears as she read, and her bright, fair hair fell like a beautiful veil over her neck and shoulders. As Paul gazed upon her beauty, a gleam of flashing silver light glanced through the apartment; but an instant, and it was gone again. It was not the moonlight—it was the smile of the spirit-maiden. And Paul thought no more of the fair Bertha, but mourned for his soul's shadow.

When the devotion was over, Bertha led the old man to

his chamber, and returning again, found Paul sitting listless and gloomy.

"Paul," whispered the beautiful Rhinish maiden, as she laid her hand gently upon his arm, "thou art sorrowful, and I may not comfort thee."

Her tones were very sad and reproachful. Paul drew her toward him and kissed her fair brow.

"I am sorrowful, my beloved Bertha," he said mournfully, "for I must leave this beautiful Rhineland—my spirit-love awaiteth me. Hearest thou not her voice calling me? See'st thou not her wavy tresses beckoning me?—My love awaiteth me, and I may not stay."

Bertha knew of his strange love for the spirit-maiden, and she bowed her face amid her ringlets, and wept.

"Weep not, my beloved one," said Paul in a soothing voice; "weep not, I shall soon return again, and thy heart shall be made glad by the gay smiles and witching tones of my own spirit-maiden."

Bertha pushed back the drooping tresses from her weeping face, and gliding from his embrace, reached the door.

"Paul," she whispered, sadly, "when thou art far distant, forget not the maiden of Rhineland."

Alas! Paul knew not the deep and holy love which rested in that innocent heart for him.

Paul reclined upon his couch, but slept not. The moon looked down at him, and the stars twinkled and danced in the sky. A voice full of mirth and witchery came floating on the breeze, and whispering in the leaflets. Paul arose from his couch, and stealing from his chamber, gained the open air. With quickened footsteps he reached the wood, and hastened to the fountain. And there, among the trees, stood a maiden of wondrous beauty, clad in shadowy garments, beckoning and smiling through the shower of the fountain.

Paul sprang to catch the beautiful form in his embrace; but, as he came nearer, it still receded—the mirthful tones still calling—

"Paul! Paul! where art thou?"

Sometimes she hid among the trees, and then again her soft breath fanned his cheek, and her dark tresses fell like a cloud over his face. Now she vanished in a wreath of spray, or seemed lost in her own strain of fairy music, and then she floated in the moonlight smiling, and waving her white arms. But ever sang she, and ever followed the youth.

Paul stood upon the summit of a high mountain, whither he had followed his spirit-love. His father's mansion was lost to view, and the spirit-maiden had vanished in a mist of snow—her voice was hushed. He had reached the highest peak: but he was alone—the clouds above, and the snow below. He thought he heard the vesper-bell ringing on the air, and Bertha's voice reading the evening devotion; the lulling sound of dreamy whisperings bewildered him, and he sank upon the ground insensible.

\* \* \* \* \*

The years pass by in their varied attire, ever choosing a new devotee to worship at the shrines of bitter sorrow, or awakening hopes. The aged father was long since dead, and was buried upon the banks of the beautiful Rhine. The witchern drooped its branches over his grave, and the "sad bird" sang mournfully in the green leaves.

The gentle Bertha dwelt alone in the old mansion, more beautiful and more beloved than before. She often thought



of her old love, Paul, but he had disappeared years ago, and was perhaps buried in a foreign land. Thus, like a fair lily, she bloomed in sequestered loveliness upon the banks of the Rhine, ever modest, gentle, and meek.

One lovely day, when the summer had returned again in fragrance and flowers, Bertha sat at her lattice netting a silken fillet to bind her fair tresses. Old memories came crowding around her heart, and tears trembled upon her golden lashes. She thought of one so dear to her heart—Paul. A tall, sun-burnt man, with a saddened, care-worn look upon his features, came slowly up the pathway which led to the door. He was changed—much changed and older, but Bertha's heart knew that it was Paul. He reached the doorway—Bertha threw down her silken net, and, gliding to the door, cried—"Paul! Paul! is it thou?"

In an instant, he folded her in his arms, and she rested weeping and smiling upon his breast.

"And the spirit-maiden, Paul?" asked the fair Bertha, as they sat, side by side, in the father's hall, as in days of yore.

"Ask me not, Bertha," he answered in a low voice, as he pressed her hand still closer in his, "ask me not. It is enough, alas! too much to know, that I sought for the Ideal, and knew not the true value of the Real. Had I but dreamed how fond and true was the gentle heart that beat for me in mine own Rhineland, then would the spirit-maiden have been, indeed, as a shadow."

Bertha felt that she was beloved at last, and she rested her fair cheek fondly upon his bosom, whispering—

"Oh, Paul! shall we not be happy now?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Many—ah, how many have deserted the substance, which was within their grasp, for the shadow, which, uncertain, flits hither and thither! Ideal bliss takes wings and flies away; real happiness folds its pinions amid the flowers of earth, nor seeks a better resting place. The substance places a wreath of emerald around the heart, unchanging in its hues; the shadow rests in the soul as an opal, with its many beauties. Then seek not for happiness greater than that of the present hour; the morn arises in golden beauty, but the night may be a clouded sky, starless and unsearchable.—[*Home Magazine*.]

### BOSSALDAB'S VISION.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Bossaldab, the Sultan of Egypt, had an only son, named Aboram. He loved this son as an old man loves the life in which he still hopes to enjoy the fruit of his youthful labors. He collected great treasures, conquered many neighboring countries, and toiled day and night to provide a rich inheritance, and a glorious throne, for this his much-loved son. He had almost attained the highest pinnacle of power and grandeur, when the youth who was to have inherited them, was killed in the chase by a random arrow.

Bossaldab was inconsolable. He tore his beard, he beat his face, and covered the dead body with his tears. His servants approached, and spoke words of comfort; but he heard them not. He cursed his palace, his kingdom, and himself, and hid himself in a dark cave of the forest. Here he lay in the dust, loudly lamenting the injustice of fortune. "Why am I become the possessor of so many kingdoms, so great

riches," he exclaimed, "if my only son was to be thus taken from me in the bloom of life?" Thus he passed two days in senseless despair. His strength failed him, and he lay exhausted on the ground, looking forward with anxiety to death, which he thought would end his misery, when suddenly a bright light surrounded him. He lifted up his eyes, and saw before him a youth, in a sky-blue garment, with a wreath of lilies on his temples. He touched the Sultan's forehead with a green bough he held in his hand. New life ran through his veins; his heart was strengthened; he arose, and looked in silence upon the heavenly visitant. "Bossaldab," said he, "I am Kaloe, the Angel of Peace, sent to instruct thee: come, follow me."

He took the Sultan by the hand, and led him to a high mountain; then he placed him upon the summit, and said: "Look down into the valley." Bossaldab did so, and beheld a barren, waste island. The waves of the sea rolled around it, and at that moment cast a shipwrecked man upon its shore. The unfortunate held in one hand a casket full of diamonds, and with the other he strove to mount the rocky cliffs. He had nearly reached the summit; his joyful demeanor bespoke the hope he felt of reaching an inhabited country; but when he at length reached the top, and saw only a desert, sandy waste before him, he seemed overcome with dismay. He threw his jewels on the earth, wrung his hands, uttering loud cries, and then traversed the plain in search of food; but there grew neither tree nor bush upon it, and he saw the sun rise and set four times without finding a berry or a leaf with which to appease his hunger. Pale and exhausted, he at last threw himself down on a rock by the sea-shore, pulled some dry grass from its crevices, and awaited his death.

"O!" exclaimed Bossaldab, turning toward the Angel, "be gracious and suffer not yonder poor wretch to perish so miserably." "Be silent," rejoined he, "and attend to that which thine eyes behold." Bossaldab looked again, and discovered a ship drawing near to the shore. The sufferer perceived it, and the sight gave him fresh strength; he sprang on his feet, stretched out his arms, and beckoned to the sailors. When they saw him upon the rock, they heaved to; he fell down before the captain of the ship, told him of his sufferings, and offered the half of his treasure if he would rescue him. When the captain saw the precious stones, he made a sign to his crew, who approached, bound the wretched man hand and foot, seized his jewels, and departed, rejoicing in their plunder, and leaving him upon the shore, half dead.

"O, merciful God!" mournfully exclaimed Bossaldab, "canst thou behold this wickedness and suffer it? Behold the wretches sail away, leaving him they have robbed, to perish with hunger." "Look yet once again," returned the Angel, "the ship of these sinners is wrecked on yonder rocks; hearest thou not their cries? None may escape; the weight of their sins will sink them all. And wouldst thou have placed the forsaken one on board this ship, which was sailing toward destruction? Remember, henceforth, that thou blame not the ways of Providence. The man whom thou dost commiserate shall be saved, though not in the way thou didst anticipate. God, in his providence, hath more than one way of deliverance. This man was covetous, and hard-hearted toward the needy; he possessed more than he required, and his love of gain led him to seek riches on the sea. Therefore he was led into this wilderness, that his hard heart might be softened, and moved to open his closed hand. Blessed is the man who



learns wisdom from adversity! But now, turn and behold another vision."

Bossaldab did so, and looked down from the rock. The sea had disappeared, and the deep was changed into a blooming plain. The Sultan's eyes rested upon fertile fields, when a tall palace of marble rose before his eyes; the ivory doors opened, and showed a royal throne, decked with gold and precious stones. Unnumbered riches lay in great heaps on either side of the throne, which was surrounded by servile groups of the princes of the country, and ambassadors from foreign nations, who all took the oath of allegiance to the young king who sat upon the throne. And this young king was Aboram, the son of Bossaldab.

"Gracious Allah! it is my son!" said the Sultan. "O suffer me to embrace him!" "Remain where thou art," said the Angel; "it is an empty form, by which I show thee the vanity of thy life and the sinfulness of thy despair. Observe and mark it well."

The oath of fealty taken, a banquet followed, after which the young king divided his treasures amongst the guests. In a short time, the riches which a most niggardly economy had been years in amassing, were thus distributed. The princes had no sooner decked themselves with the king's diamonds, than they proudly and arrogantly exalted themselves against him. Four new thrones arose upon the ruins of the former one, and upon them were seated new kings; they bound Bossaldab's son, who had become intoxicated at the banquet, and cast him into a dungeon, where, after much suffering, he was murdered by the hand of a slave.

The Sultan turned his eyes away. "Ah, it is enough!" said he, "it is enough!" "Humility and patience," said the Angel, "would have spared thee this sight." "I have sinned," answered Bossaldab, "in murmuring so bitterly at the stroke which removed my son in his innocence, and thus preserved him from so much evil to come." "Yes," replied the Angel, "he is happy whom an early death saves from destruction! Depart, Bossaldab, and bear thy affliction in patience. The earthly works of man are transient; his proud edifices sink beneath the burden of a few years. The name of the niggard and of the oppressor is mentioned with contempt; while the memory of the beneficent man is blessed by succeeding generations."

Thus spoke the Angel of Peace. He stretched his wings, and rose into the air; the rustling of his pinions resembled the sound of a waterfall, and then gradually subsided into a soft and gentle murmur.

The Sultan awoke. He was lying in the cave of the forest, with his face to the earth. He arose, returned to his palace, and sought, throughout a long reign of justice and kindly wisdom, to heal the wounds he had inflicted on his people by his former avarice and oppression.—*National Magazine.*

### True and Beautiful.

Channing says:—"We have felt, when looking above us into the atmosphere, that there was an infinity of space which we could not explore. When I look into man's spirit, and see there the germs of an immortal life, I feel more deeply that an infinity lies hid beyond what I see. In the idea of duty which springs up in every human heart, I discern a law more sacred and boundless than gravitation, which binds the soul to a more glorious universe than that to which attraction binds the body, and which is to endure though the laws of

physical nature pass away. Every moral sentiment, every intellectual action, is to me a hint, a prophetic sign, of a spiritual power to be expanded forever; just as a faint ray from a distant star is significant of unimaginable splendor."

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