

# 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 SABBATH OF HUMANITY.

—  
WRITTEN BY SPIRITS.  
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Brightness gilds the horizon of the future. Beyond the shadowy veil of the present transition, the vision of the spirit can reach forward into the immeasurable deep of the flowing ages. The condition of the world at this hour is an index of the approaching glory. From all the prayers that ascend from human hearts; from all the aspirations and desires that rise as holy incense from the altar of the spirit; from all the awakened sympathies and affections that gush forth like living streams from the inward fountain, the grand result is traced through the unerring line of causation to the ultimate end in which the angels of heaven rejoice. There is a holy Sabbath for humanity. The days of wearying toil and sorrow will at last pass away. Peace, and Harmony, and Love, shall perform their ministry on the earth, when the period of the redemption draweth nigh.

The spirits desire to speak to the world of the approaching Sabbath which it will ultimately enjoy. They will breathe the inspiration of heavenly thought into the receptive spirit of their medium, and he shall write as the unseen friends of the world shall dictate. There is a truth which needs to be revealed and impressed—which truth will unfold the future destiny of the world, and confirm the hopes and faith which it has long inwardly cherished. This truth is, that man is the ultimate creation of the Divine Mind—a being in whose production the operations of the entire universe were employed—a being in whose powers and tendencies is exemplified the principle of eternal progress, and in whose attraction toward the divine and irresistible Magnet, may be witnessed the sublime use for which he was originally formed. God entertained a design in the creation of the material universe; this design had reference to an ultimate end; this end comprehended the highest result for which the Supreme Intelligence could labor; and this result was the formation of a kindred intelligence—the creation of an individualized spirit, whose nature should reflect the divine essence, whose form should be the image of God, and whose duration should be the eternity of the Infinite. Accordingly the processes of Nature were caused to tend constantly and unerringly toward this ultimate result. The worlds that were ushered into the ocean of immensity contained within their heart the essence of spirit; this essence contained the principle of motion—motion tended toward the end of individualization, and the effects of this tendency was the unfolding of life, sensation and intelligence, as manifested

respectively in the vegetable, animal, and human forms. Man, in all worlds and in every part of the vast universe, is the ultimate production of the Divine Mind; and spirit is the flower of creation, which is born on earth, unfolds in the human form, and blooms in the sanctuary of the upper heavens, as the fulfillment of the first design by which planets and suns rolled forth on the bosom of space.

When this grand truth is duly comprehended by the reflecting mind, it will appear that the purpose of God in the beginning of creation, comprehended something more even than the mere formation of the individualized intelligence. The existence of the spirit, simply, could not have satisfied the infinite desire. Though the spark of intelligence might have gleamed brightly amid the darkness of the material creation, yet it could not, in its primitive state, reflect the beauty and glory of the Divine Father. An expansion—an unfolding of this spark, was essential to complete the work which was embraced in the mind of Deity. Consequently, the spirit was, in the early stages of its existence, the undeveloped germ of the immortal intelligence; then it expanded and became brighter beneath the influence of the Spiritual Sun; and so through the long eras of the past, the soul-spark in man has been gradually unfolded and perfected, ever being better prepared to receive the influx of life and truth that issues from immortal minds. By virtue of this tendency in the human spirit, the race has progressed from the grossness of its original state into the sphere of interior illumination. The consciousness and intuition of the mind have become stronger and clearer as the robe of materiality has been removed; and the powers of reason and perception have been exercised and strengthened as the chains of ignorance have been dissolved. Therefore by a natural and eternal principle of the soul, the world has advanced in moral and spiritual attainments through all past eras. For the reason that the spirit could not rest, it has gone forward on its eternal course, fulfilling the original design of the Creator, by advancing ever nearer to the refinement and perfection of his own being.

The perception and appreciation of the truth which has been expressed, will disclose a substantial basis for the great reality on which the approaching Sabbath of Humanity is dependent. Let the fact be deeply and fully realized that the spirit is the production of God, and that it contains within itself a principle of progression which will lead it ever onward towards its original Source, and a foundation is at once established on which may be reared that temple of eternal truth, in which the angel of Faith smiles with the blissfulness of the coming light. There can be no circumstance and no obstacle which has the power of defeating the grand result of human redemption. The power that resides within the spirit—the principle that forces it onward to higher stages of progress—



the attractive energy that flows down from the sphere of the Positive Mind, all are divine incentives that lead to its ultimate accomplishment. Thus a real and substantial truth forms the basis of the prophecy with which the spirits commenced this lecture; and they have been thus explicit in unfolding the divine and progressive principle of the soul, in order to demonstrate the fact that this prophecy is the result of an accurate perception of the operation of cause and effect.

Following the sure line of induction into the realm of the Future, the spirits behold the results which they have labored to attain; and those results are also the end towards which the aspirations of mortals have ever ascended. Bright and peaceful is the Sabbath of Humanity which is revealed to the vision of the heavenly-born. It is a day in which the inhabitants of earth shall rest from the labors which Selfishness has imposed, from the sins which Ignorance has created, and from the sorrows which imperfection has occasioned. It is a day in which the downcast spirit shall be relieved of its burden; in which the heart of the mourner shall be lightened of its sorrow; in which the soul of the true reformer shall see the fulfillment of its prayer. In this day the Sun of the Heavenly Spheres shall beam brightly on the bosom of earth; the sweetness of celestial harmony shall be diffused among the elements of the social world, and in a sense which will be readily and generally understood, "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together." And may not even the earthly vision behold the present earnest of that day? In the heart of Society there exists an unmistakable tendency toward the sphere of spiritual illumination. The shackles of ignorance and error are falling from the soul; the voice of Freedom is ringing and echoing through the hearts of the people, and the beautiful light of celestial knowledge is received with gladness in the homes where only darkness has prevailed. There is already bursting on the world an unerring promise of the coming Sabbath. When the wrongs which have prevailed in society shall be removed; when the errors which have been fostered by the Church have been supplanted by the flowers of truth; when the corruptions which have been encouraged by human dogmas have been destroyed, and when the life, and joy, and harmony of heaven shall be reflected on the peaceful earth, then shall be experienced the blessings for which the heart now deeply sighs, and in the absence of which humanity has sadly mourned. Wait for the day which shall crown the labors of spirits, as the time when the diadem of light shall succeed the cross of trial; and though the era of redemption may seem slow in its approach, yet shall hope be the guiding star which will reveal the dawning Sabbath.

Let it be deeply impressed that now is the time to think, and feel, and labor. The period of spiritual rest and beatitude is still in the future. A halo of glory rests over the beautiful temple which has been erected on the confines of the invisible realm, through which angels may speak to the great world of humanity; and in that temple—far above the tumults and confusion of the earthly sphere—shall the children of mortals dwell in the blissfulness of the approaching day. But let not the present be neglected; let its duties be faithfully performed; let its labors be duly accomplished; and then shall the car of human progress move speedily onward—then shall the stream of truth roll on, amid all the barriers which may be placed in its way, towards the boundless ocean on whose bosom the soul may float forever; and then shall the deep and holy prayer which has gone up from the heart of

humanity in all ages, receive its appropriate fulfillment in the approach of the blissful Sabbath in which the wants and desires of every soul shall be gratified, and in which the joys of peace, harmony and love shall be diffused through the expanse of being.

## LESSONS FROM NATURE.

BY REV. H. T. CHEEVER.

How many, how beautiful, how constant are the analogies drawn between the processes of nature and the goings on of spiritual life. The relation of the seasons to one another, and to the object and end of the whole year, is full of instruction as the symbol of spiritual reality, and the suggestion of spiritual thought. The relation of seed-time to harvest, and of harvest to seed-time, the spring as the parent of the autumn, and the autumn as the child of spring, are frequently and solemnly dwelt upon. And the perpetual recurrence of these seasons, the familiar sight and knowledge of these relations, never make the lesson trite; on the contrary, there is a beauty and solemnity in it, which no frequency of return can diminish, a power of freshness, and a depth of power, in the appeal to our immortality, which no familiarity can wear out. O listen, Man! It is the language of the serenest, most gradual, fixed, and quiet processes of nature, with an appeal as much deeper than that of the cataract, as the still, small voice was more penetrating to the soul of Elijah than the noise of the rushing, rending whirlwind.

But why do I speak of the frequency and familiarity of the lesson? Is it so, that the processes of nature are so very familiar and so often witnessed, so perpetually observed, that they can become trite and disregarded? Why! the years in a man's lifetime number them all. Few men ever see more than fifty summers' suns, fifty winters' snows and tempests. Few men ever behold more than fifty times, in passing through this world of nature, the indescribably beautiful and solemn imagery of spring and autumn, the goings on of seed-time, and the ripening and gathering of harvest. Of the multitudes pent up in cities, how few there are that ever behold these scenes at all; that ever know anything of nature, save the cares, the passions, the anxieties, the depravities and conflicts of human nature! How few there are that ever even see the sun rise and set! How still fewer that ever watch the opening of spring, or the passage of spring into summer, or of summer into autumn, or of autumn into winter! What study of these scenes it requires to gain a familiarity with them! The mere passage of life, from year to year, no more of necessity opens up to a man's soul the loveliness of nature, or gives him knowledge and command of the imagery and teachings of nature, or makes him familiar even with the commonest sights of nature, than to be whirled round the earth in a rail-car would make a man acquainted with the landscapes, climates, and geography of our globe.

Now if a man could have leisurely and serenely watched, with the eye of a painter, the imagination of a poet, and the heart of a Christian, the varied seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, winter—fifty times in succession, what is that to the inexhaustible magnificence and beauty each year poured out anew! What is that to the infinite variety and freshness of night and day, morning and evening, cloud and sky, sea and land, mountain and dale, sunshine and rain, brooks



and banks, running streams and mighty rivers, plain and valley, springing herbage, and opening and falling flowers; trees budding, clustering with fruits and foliage; a wilderness of leaves changing with the months, in hues that speak to the soul in their evanescent yet perpetual beauty; a wilderness of plants, that from the seed, or from the root of man's planting, or of nature's wild, unsought, unstudied abundance and abandonment, first break the earth and open to the sunlight in the green blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear; growing, changing from shape to shape, from color to color, from the freshness of spring to the ripeness of autumn. All this combined with the renewal, diversity, and gaiety of animal life, in forms and habits almost as countless as the leaves, fruits and flowers; all in one grand, mighty, ever-changing panorama under the cope of heaven, in every season entirely new and yet the same! What, to the knowledge of all this, or for an adequate command of such knowledge, or for the exhausting, or even the enumerating of its lessons, or the full understanding of the teachings of nature by the soul, would be fifty times beholding of it!

Oh no! Our human lifetime is not enough to make nature familiar to us, not enough to take the charm of novelty and wonder, even childlike wonder, from any of God's works. Enough to lay up God's sermons in the soul, enough to learn the syllables of wisdom from the lilies of the field as they grow, but not enough to make one lesson trite or wearisome. Before the solemnity, the richness and the beauty of the lesson can possibly become familiar, or lose its power, we pass away from it into that advanced world of which it is the prelude and the warning. Before we can fully realize the greatness of the prediction, we are borne past it into the reality. After passing through this world of nature, these forms of teaching and instructive loveliness, one would think a happy soul might wish to come back and survey them again from the serenity of a higher, yet nearer post of observation, in a holier existence, with a heart entirely in unison with God, entirely free from human care and passion, in angelic leisure to drink in the spirit of love, harmony and happiness, and to understand the lessons, both sweet and sad, and the influences, both warning and animating, which God has given to nature in a fallen world.

But they are linked now with nature for practical purposes. They are not given for our amusement or enjoyment merely, but for our education and instruction; ours is a disciplinary world, and the lessons of nature are a part of God's own discipline with us. The poets have often used the forms and materials of nature merely as rich fuel to feed the fires of an intellectual imagination; but the diviner lessons they have disregarded. It is as if a Hottentot should take a richly bound and ornamented copy of the gospels and fasten the gold clasps and illuminated pages as ornaments to his person, but throw the writing away. Not thus to be used, did God write the book of nature for us, nor for our earthly life, but for our immortality. In the recesses of a thick wood it seems as if nature were meditating upon man, or for him, as deeply as man upon nature. In the sacred stillness of a summer's noon, or in the forest by moonlight, there is an almost audible breathing of nature, and the momentary droppings of the buds, or of the falling leaves, or of the unevaporated dew-drops, are as pauses in the mood of thought; and the mind realizes the feeling described by John Foster, "That there is through all nature some mysterious element like soul, which

comes, with a deep significance, to mingle itself with the conscious being of the intent and devout observer." Indeed, there are times when the trees themselves, in a still and quiet landscape of secluded beauty, seem conscious beings, capable of sensitive enjoyment, if not of thought. And ever, over all nature, there is the air of our own immortality, a sympathy with our immortal being; and from all the domain of nature, yea, from the figured, picturesque walls of this transitory tabernacle, through which generation after generation, we are passing to the world of spirits, from the *flammaria mania mundi*, from time and space itself outward, is reverberated back the inward utterance of a never-ending life. The poet, Dana, has enshrined this utterance in a form of language for the hymn of nature, which constitutes one of the grandest passages in English poetry.

O listen, man!

A voice within us speaks that startling word,  
Man! thou shalt never die! Celestial voices  
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps  
By angel fingers touched, when the mild stars  
Of morning sang together, sound forth still  
The song of our great immortality.  
Thick clustering orbs, and this our fair domain,  
The tall dark mountains and the deep-toned seas,  
Join in this solemn universal song.  
O listen, ye, our spirits! drink it in  
From all this air! 'Tis in the gentle moonlight;  
'Tis floating midst Day's setting glories; Night,  
Wrapt in her sable robe, with silent step,  
Comes to our bed, and breathes it in our ears.  
Night and the Dawn, bright Day and thoughtful Eve:  
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen living hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.  
—The dying hear it, and as sounds of earth  
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls  
To mingle in this heavenly harmony.

A heavenly harmony indeed it is, yet not unmingled with some sadder strains. For we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now, and all the universe is waiting in earnest expectation for the manifestation of the sons of God, in their immortality of life and blessedness. Sin in the human world has had a consequence and an avowal in the natural; our own earthly habitation is not all as it came in original loveliness and goodness from the hand of God; but God himself has altered it for our discipline, and has put some chords into the natural Harp of Immortality, that were not there when the angels of God first heard it, and shouted in responsive halleluias of rapturous gratitude and praise.

Yet then or now, Nature is a book of God for our instruction. And what are all the forms of nature, animate or inanimate, but a series of diagrams, which God has given us for the beginning of our education, for the development, working and discipline of our thoughts in the learning of His. For His eternal power and divine nature, the ideas and things invisible, of Him the invisible God, are clearly demonstrated, clearly seen, by the things made and visible. The material and temporal itself is the shadow of the spiritual and eternal; the created is the shadow of the uncreated, or rather produces a shadow of the uncreated light. The whole of creation, in this world and in all worlds, can be but as a series of glorious steps, fit for angels themselves to use, as symbolized in Jacob's dream; a ladder from earth to heaven, by which, not in dreams only, but in sober waking certainty, we may hold communion with heavenly realities.—*Voices of Nature.*



## MAGIC IN INDIA.

A correspondent in India tells us that a military friend of his, on returning to England, and finding all astir there about mesmerism, writes to him that he had often had much cause to regret that, during his long residence of more than twenty-eight years in India, he was ignorant of the very name or existence of mesmerism; as he could recall to mind many instances of what he then deemed to be native superstitions, on which he now looked very differently, believing them to be the direct effects of mesmeric influence. These instances are daily and hourly exhibited in Indian dwellings, though either passing without notice, or ascribed to other causes. Children in India, especially European children, seldom go to sleep without being subjected to some such influence, either by the ayahs or the attendant bearers; and our military friend says, that he has himself repeatedly, in a few seconds, been the means of tranquillizing a fractious, teething child, and throwing it into a profound sleep by the mere exercise of the will, quite ignorant that he was thus using, though in one of its simplest forms, a power at which he laughed heartily when displayed around him in some of its more hidden ramifications. We give the following in his own words:—

I shall now relate a circumstance, proving that the natives of India apply mesmeric power to the removal of diseases with the utmost success. I had in my establishment at Lucknow a *chuprassie*,\* who was a martyr to the most deplorable chronic rheumatism. His hands, wrists, knees, and all his joints, were so greatly enlarged, and in a state so painful, that his duties had gradually become merely nominal. One day, he hobbled up, and begged my permission to remain at home for a few days, for the purpose of being cured of his agonizing disease. I said: "Certainly; get cured of your complaint, and let me see you when you return." In a very few days, perhaps in four or five, to my great astonishment he returned, smiling and joyous, with his limbs as pliant and supple as my own.

"What!" said I, "are you come back already!"

"Yes, sir, by your favor, I am perfectly cured."

"What! entirely cured?"

"Yes, sir, perfectly cured."

"Well, then, tell me what medicine you took."

"I took no medicine; I called in two women, *zadoo walees* (dealers in magic) from the bazaar, and gave them four pice apiece (about twopence each,) and they cured me."

"But how—what did they do?"

"They put me on a *charpae* (a low bed,) and one sat at each side of me, and both passed their hands over my body so (describing long mesmeric passes,) and thus they set me to sleep, and I slept soundly: when I awoke, I was free from rheumatism, and am now perfectly well."

The master made no investigation of the matter; the man was laughed at, and told to return to his duties, which he continued thenceforth to perform with all his former zeal. Now, this was not regarded by the patient or the other servants as a strange thing, for they took it quite as a matter of course; and there is indeed no reason to doubt, that the natives of India frequently have recourse to *jhar phoonk*, or mesmerism, for the cure of rheumatism; but many interesting

things are carefully concealed from the English, because we invariably ridicule or sneer at native customs—a mode of treatment peculiarly distasteful to the inhabitants of the East.

But though willing to make use of these mysterious powers in their beneficent and curative forms, there exist all over Hindostan abundant proofs of the dread of "zadoo," or witchcraft, among all classes, Moslems as well as Hindoos, when it appears to threaten them with evil. If a cultivator has transplanted his tobacco or other valuable plant, he collects old cracked earthen cooking-pots, and places a spot of limestone whitening on the well-blackened bottom of each. They are then fixed on stakes driven into the ground, so that the white spots may be seen by all passers-by. This ingenious process is meant to neutralize the influence of the "evil eye" of the envious. The talismans worn by the natives, said to be always the same, consist of an oblong cylinder, with a couple of rings for a string to pass through to fasten them, and would appear to have been originally impregnated with the electric fluid. Children are invariably provided with such amulets to avert the "evil eye;" and should any one praise their beauty, the parent spits on the ground, and declares them to be perfect frights.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions east of Bengal—the Bhooteas, and others—accuse all those of Bengal of being great sorcerers; and when seized with fever in the low malarious tracts, which they must pass through on descending from the mountains and entering that province, for the purpose of bathing in the Ganges, or visiting one of the numerous shrines in the plains, the disease is invariably imputed to the incantations of the Bengalees.

Nor tree, nor plant

Grows here, but what is fed with magic juice,  
All full of human souls.

Our military friend gives two other instances in which the effects produced were really and truly mesmeric, though of course ascribed to magic. He vouches for the facts, but leaves every one to form his own opinion:—

The wife of one of my grooms, a robust woman, and the mother of a large family, all living within my grounds, was bitten by a poisonous serpent, most probably a cobra, or coluber maja, and quickly felt the deadly effects of its venom. When the woman's powers were rapidly sinking, the servants came to my wife, to request that the civil surgeon of the station might be called in to save her life. He immediately attended, and exerted his utmost skill, but in vain. In the usual time, the woman appeared to be lifeless, and he therefore left her, acknowledging that he could not be of any further service. On his reaching my bungalow, some of my servants stated, that in the neighborhood a fakir, or wandering mendicant, resided, who could charm away the bites of snakes; and begged, if the doctor had no objection, that they might be permitted to send for him. He answered: 'yes, of course; if the poor people would feel any consolation by his coming, they could bring him; but the woman is dead.'

After a considerable lapse of time, the magician arrived, and began his magical incantations. I was not present at the scene, but it occurred in my park, within a couple of hundred yards of my bungalow; and I am quite confident that any attempt to use medicines would have been quite useless, as the woman's powers were utterly exhausted, though her body was still warm. The fakir sat down at her side, and began to wave his arm over her body, at the same time muttering a charm;

\* Running-footmen, who attend the carriage or palanquin, go on messages, carry books or letters, or any light thing they can take in their hands.



and he continued this process until she awoke from her insensibility, which was within a quarter of an hour.

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In a series of interesting papers in the *Dublin University Magazine*, called "Waren, or the Divine Afflatus of the Hindoos," the writer gives a lengthened description of that strange possession (which he calls *daimoniatic*, preferring that word to *demoniac*—the latter being exclusively evil or devilish, while the former implies a superhuman power for good as well as evil,) with all its varied manifestations. This faith, if it may be so called, prevails over the whole of Western India, its greatest stronghold being the province of Concan, not far from Bombay. There are three kinds of waren : the hereditary or family waren ; the transmitted or tribe waren ; and that which is summoned by a variety of spells and incantations, called the village waren ; the last being, of course, the most widely spread, as almost every village has a temple dedicated to devee, the frightful goddess who presides over and is consulted on every calamity, giving her responses in the person of some waren selected for the purpose. In the hereditary and tribe waren, the visitation continues at intervals through life in the person once influenced, and it is always regarded as a proof of divine favor, being seldom exercised but for beneficent purposes. Its approach is made known by sundry sudden changes and tremblings, and always by a nodding of the head. After heavings, pantings, gurglings and moanings, composure returns, and the possessed begins his utterances, and always in the name of some divinity or other waren, speaking of himself as a distinct person, by the name of *Majhen Jhad, my tree*, whom he reproves, admonishes, and advises, in such terms as "*my tree has broken such a vow*"—"If *my tree* acts thus," &c. This phrase has been variously explained, as the spirit of the root-man or family ancestor, speaking of his descendant waren as *my tree*, or as a simple allusion to his motionless condition.

The hereditary waren is the oracle of the household, as the village waren is of the entire neighborhood, often usurping the functions of judge and jury, causing sometimes the innocent to suffer for the guilty, but also, by his prophecies, being the means of recovering stolen property. There are many other kinds of waren : a cholera waren, a necromantic waren ; and so forth. The last named not only discovers the state of affairs of those who die suddenly, or disappear mysteriously, but pretends to raise the dead ; and a story is recorded of an impudent impostor, taking advantage of the belief of the people in the identity of the persons thus raised, and personating so well a prince slain in battle some years before, that not only did his brother swear to his identity, but the widow actually threw off her weeds, and went to live with him !

When calamity or pestilence visits a place, the village oracle is consulted as to the cause of the anger of the goddess Devee, and the responses are given forth by her inspired waren, amid a cloud of incense, strongly reminding us of the oracle of Delphi. When the sins have been pointed out which have caused the particular scourge, some sacrifice is perscribed, chiefly that of goats and cocks ; sometimes the inspired waren desires a certain number of goats to be let loose, and driven beyond the boundary, and that he, the incarnation of the evil, will go with them. Of course, the scourge diminishes from that day. Several who have witnessed this practice in India, have been struck with the remarkable analogy it bears to the scape-goat of the

Mosaic dispensation, sent into the wilderness burdened with the sins of the congregation.

The word waren signifies a dual possession—the one beneficent, and the other malignant. One curious instance is given of a man speaking in the person of Devee and of himself as a third person, saying to a Brahmin : "You are going to the Concan : take *this fellow* with you. *He* was happy and pure, performing *my* worship," &c. Under the influence of waren, mild persons have become so infuriated as to die under the visitation ; and it is related that during a procession in honor of the flagellation waren, the infecting spread, the waren was propagated through the whole multitude, who became so excited by the beating of drums, tom toms, horns, great brazen trumpets, and other instruments, that, with disheveled hair, and backs streaming with blood from their own flagellations, they danced forward with a measured convulsive motion, bellowing out and shaking their heads ; and so terrific was the excitement, that a Portuguese servant who was passing began making the same frantic gestures, and could only be recovered after repeated cuts with the horsewhip—the Hindoos, meanwhile, exulting that their goddess had entered into a Christian ! That such powers are made a matter of merchandise follows of course ; and, like the woman who brought her master much gain by soothsaying, so there are persons who make a trade of going about with some waren, who is consulted on secret affairs, who foretells the future, and whose utterances are sold for money. Extraordinary instances are also recounted of warrens of the necromantic class, especially when they have worldly goods, becoming the dupes of those who foil them with their own weapons, that they may be the more readily despoiled. In the Mahratta country, except in the large towns, there are no physicians ; and when simple remedies fail, they say : "Send for the god," or magician, just as in the case of our correspondent ; and besides the sacrifice of goats and cocks, there is under the name of religious fasts, a much more telling and significant prescription in the way of regimen.

It were impossible, in a space like ours, to give even an outline of the different species of waren and their strange practices, part of which would seem to be akin to what we call mesmerism and clairvoyance, with the addition of spells and sacrifices. We might write volumes, and search every volume that has been written on the subject, and we could explicate nothing else than that from the beginning of the world, and we may say in every country in the world, there has been, under different names and forms, a very general belief in some supernatural power walking abroad on the earth, by which, when presuming on its possession, one man may rule over another to his own hurt or benefit, as the case may be. We have as little sympathy with those who pretend to account for everything, and would solve all mysteries by natural causes, as with those who yield implicit belief, and run after every new thing. If such powers are illusive—in their operations they are certainly not always so—and the illusion be mental ; if faith be all that is needed, that strong faith which, if able on the one hand to remove mountains, on the other causes scales to grow on the eyes of the mind, so that a man loses his identity, and is blindly led about by the will of another ; or if the result of bodily disease, hysteria, or some other derangement of the nervous system, there still remains enough of mystery to awaken the solemn inquiry of the physician, the psychologist, the Christian, of every thinking man.

—*Edinburgh Journal.*



## Voices from the Spirit-land.

### COMMUNICATION FROM A SPIRIT.

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

My experience as a spirit in the land of spirits, has not been of long duration, and I cannot give you as much information as others can; but I have been here long enough to realize the difference in the degrees of happiness to be enjoyed, which men make unto themselves, and it has been my ardent desire of late to come to you and impress on your mind to persevere in your praiseworthy efforts for the good of your brothers of humanity at large. Persevere in the work you have begun. Could you only see the good which is about being accomplished, you would become so strong that you could battle the world in the cause of truth,—truth which will come to the world as fast as the world can be prepared to receive it.

This truth is so simple, so natural as to be mixed in your every day walks. Why, as you walk the streets, you may look up and receive divine wisdom from on high, and grasp at the divine revelation which is ever at hand to him who earnestly desires it.

The more the mind expands, the more it is fitted to enter the sphere of progression, and to diffuse truth when it returns to earth as I do now. I mourn over the time I lost on earth. I buried every talent deep out of sight. Yet I had thoughts which neither you nor any mortal man knew of. My soul thirsted for a something, it knew not what, but I shut its longings up—I repressed them—and oh! what have I not lost! It was only when I came here that my longing was gratified. Thank God! There is such a thing as Progression—such a thing as enjoying here the lessons I should have learned before.

As soon as men's minds become prepared for spiritual intercourse, so soon will it come to them and in different forms—simply, beautifully, grandly, and it will become a reality that will be felt in every household in the land.

What an amount of good will be accomplished by it! It will bring heaven and earth closer together, and it will draw the loved ones from out the shades of uncertainty where they have dwelt. Who can refuse the message? It is the mission of the loved ones in heaven to bear to earthly hearts, the messages of love and affection. Through them the soul shall be carried higher and higher. Ask for more, and more will be given you.

Prepare the minds of men for the truth. Drive in nail after nail—the work will be accomplished in the end. It will be like planting seed, which will spring forth and gladden many hearts, though you may not see it now. Be humble and sincere in this great work.

It is no child's play. It is a solemn duty that rests on each one.

Weigh not your experience by the past, but look ever inward, and ask for greater light. By leaning on past experience alone, you look only to a path long since traveled over. Can you not look upward and forward, and ask for a fresh stream of love? And do not shut it out by your doubts, and refuse to believe, unless it come to you with a vehemence that shakes the foundation of your soul.

Past experience is well to think upon, but present experience is better to act upon. The soul in its natural expansion, when under spiritual development, is constantly digesting and realizing heavenly thoughts, but it is restrained by the doubts and hesitation, I will not say skepticism, of the mind.

Why, friends, could you only perceive the bright spirits who are hovering around you, you would be astonished—you would stretch your arms out in expansion to receive the floods of light. Do have more hope! Do be more spiritual! How much you lose by indulging the feelings of doubt and distrust. You repel the spirits from you. You must be more congenial with them. Do not repel the spirits, and each will tell his own tale. In every heart there is a fount from which will well up living streams, and you will receive inspiration from Heaven; but inspiration will come only to them who seek its influence.

My friend; a great many things which I have imperfectly spoken have been whispered to me by surrounding spirits, who wish to speak to you a word of comfort and of reproof too. Are you astonished at my language? I have had very many teachers, who have led me to so soon and so thoroughly change my sentiments.

I feel myself much more at home here than I did on earth; and it is because I live with that to which I am attracted. I now live my real life, and new thoughts are ever flowing in upon my soul.

How thankful I am to see you so engaged, and that I am permitted to come and speak to you.

### CONVERSATION OF SPIRITS.

At a spiritual circle held recently in this city at the residence of Mrs. Fish, the following interesting conversation was carried on apparently by two spirits through different mediums, the first speaking through Mr. Finney and the second through Mr. Steele:—

*First Spirit.* Cradled in the horizon of human destiny, behold the prophecy of a glorious day. Truth comes from her shining courts, clad in pure and bright habiliments—the heavenly garments of love and wisdom. She bears the wand of peace and love. She waves it over the bloody battle-fields of earth, and instantly all is hushed—raging bosoms of excited men become calm and gentle. She waves it over the slave, and his fetters dissolve, and he is free. She throws open the prison-doors



to him in bondage, and he is emancipated. She smiles on the poor and degraded outcast of society, and the relic of human pride drops his rags and rises clothed in his right mind. Following in her course is peace, plenty and happiness. She breathes forth one sentence over the troubled world—one word she utters, and earth is a heaven. That sentence—that word, is BROTHERHOOD.

This word contains the whole of humanity. It sparkles in every glittering rain-drop—dances in every bright sun-beam—glows in every star—breathes in every evening sigh. It is written on the brow of Heaven, and ere long shall be enstamped on the brow of man. Who, then, will not raise his voice to swell the song of the coming redemption? Who will shrink in the hour of persecution and danger?

*Second Spirit.* He that is willing to become a slave.

*First Spirit.* Who will falter when the foe cometh?

*Second Spirit.* He that posesseth not the courage of a man—the slave to the gloomy past.

*First Spirit.* Why does fear seize the trembling soul?

*Second Spirit.* Because it is not perfected in the love of truth.

*First Spirit.* Why does doubt obscure the light of heaven?

*Second Spirit.* Doubt is the twin sister of Ignorance and Fear. He that is perfected in knowledge loves the light, and doubts not the thing he loves. Doubt reveals darkness in the mind to such as see by the clear light which descends from heaven. It mingles not in the mind stirred by universal love. God never left the soul of man to rack and doubt. It is error only—doubt's gloomy companion—that makes fear. The powers of darkness beget it, and only in darkness can it live; but in light shall it die—forever die. Error is the offspring of Ignorance—and Doubt is of Error born. Ignorance is the mother of crime. It is the mantle that enshrouds the mind in gloom, and makes the mystery of the universe.

#### Elements of the Social Structure.

It is the desire of spirits to refer to the elements which compose the social system of the world. These elements are the discordant and inharmonious thoughts, motives, and feelings which have resulted from an undeveloped state of the general mind. Humanity is composed of parts, and these parts have not been placed in suitable relations to each other. Each member of the social world has an interest of his own which is opposed to the interest of his brother. Hence selfishness has been the ruling and predominant propensity of the earthly mind; and the different classes of society have warred against each other, as though each would appropriate the universe to itself.

But spirits perceive that the great and divine thought of human brotherhood is agitating the hearts of men;

and when this thought has performed its lofty mission, and has been exemplified in appropriate action and practice, then shall the discordant elements of the world be brought together in beautiful and sublime harmony; then shall be formed a system of association in which congenial minds may cultivate the peaceful fruits of the spirit and the immortal flowers of truth—an association in and through which spirits may speak to the world as the world requires, and by which the kingdom of heaven may be established on the earth and the paradise of God may be made the home of humanity.

CONSTANCE, *Medium.*

#### Wisdom of the Spheres.

The wisdom of the spiritual spheres shall be made manifest to the world in the production of external evidence, which shall be of such a nature as to ultimately satisfy every soul. There have been as yet but the first steps taken by spirits to unfold their wisdom to the minds of mortals. The labor of the whole spiritual world has been thus far directed chiefly to the furnishing of outward manifestations of the invisible presence. But the day of revelation is near; and when that day comes, there will be evidence of the spiritual control of mediums, which the world will desire to behold when it is sufficiently prepared. Spirits are laboring unweariedly to open and develop the human mind, that it may be ready to receive the revelations which they design to make. If hitherto but a small stream from the fountain of spiritual wisdom has been permitted to flow, it is for the reason that the world has not been prepared for more than it has received. Yet the efforts of spirits shall not be in vain; and though the dark mists of earth may arise in repelling clouds, yet shall the glory of a higher wisdom than earth has ever known be revealed to the vision of mortals.

SPIRITS.

#### Home of the Future.

In the home of the Future where the world of human souls shall ultimately dwell in harmony, there shall be manifested the power of the angels who are even now hovering around the earth. This power will not be stern and severe, like the authority of kings and princes; but it will be gentle and peaceful as the voice which bade the winds be still. The spirits in that day will manifest the energy of love. They will speak to the world with the tones of harmony and kindness; and in the revelations of truth which shall be made on earth, will be concentrated the wisdom of heaven.

The season of the prevailing darkness is passing away—rays of beautiful and attractive radiance gild the horizon of the Future. It is because spirits see and rejoice in the coming glory, that they are moved to prophesy thus in the tones of a blissful trust.

SPIRITS.



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 6, 1852.

## THE TWO QUESTIONS.

Two important questions are often asked in regard to spiritual intercourse. One is, "Why has it never come before?" And the other is, "Why does it come now?"

To those two questions we propose to direct our attention from time to time, and to devote our columns to their elucidation, so far as it may be in our power and as may be agreeable to our readers.

To the first question our answer will be to show that it *has* come before, and that the idea that it is now a novelty is entirely unfounded, resting only on our ignorance.

As we understand it, spiritual intercourse has been experienced more or less in all ages, and has been withdrawn or continued as mankind have been prepared or unfit to receive it.

This we shall endeavor to demonstrate by such extracts from past history as may come in our way.

We shall, therefore, in the hope of interesting our readers and advancing a knowledge of the New Philosophy to which we have devoted ourselves, often repeat the questions above referred to, and will be grateful to any of our friends or correspondents, who will occasionally assist us by communicating facts which may come to their cognizance.

There is a vast deal more of spiritual intercourse among the people than the superficial observer or mere man of the world supposes. But it has been concealed from that fear of ridicule which an enlightened spirit once said to us was a greater enemy to spiritualism even than unbelief. But the spirits have been at work, preparing mankind for this "second advent" of spiritualism, to a much greater extent than we imagine, and they have availed themselves of many opportunities, of which the mass even of believers are ignorant. And they have scattered abroad among the people evidence of their power and their presence, which is performing its task silently and effectually. The stream of belief, thus fed by ten thousand rills, springing out from the barren places of the earth, is swelling into a mighty torrent, before which passion, prejudice, and misdirection are yet to be swept away. May it be our task to help the current on!

To that end, we shall aim at collecting, and through our columns at aggregating instances of spiritual visitation, so that men's minds may become familiar with them, and may cease to look upon them with dread and superstition, but may regard them, as they will do when they cease to be unfamiliar, with calm

reason, and investigate them with deliberate judgment, as the result of Nature's laws, acting not by special providences, but according to fixed and immutable principles.

## "WHY HAS IT NOT COME BEFORE?"

As previously intimated, our aim will be in answering this query, to show that spiritual intercourse has come before; and this may be done by referring to the following incidents:

In the year 1662, an apparition is related to have appeared to the daughter of Sir Charles Lee, immediately preceding her death. No reasonable doubt can be placed on the authority of the narrative, as it was drawn up by the Bishop of Gloucester, from the recital of the young lady's father.

Sir Charles Lee, of Billeslee, by his first lady had only one daughter, of which she died in childbirth; and when she was dead, her sister, the Lady Everard desired to have the education of the child. Accordingly she was by her well educated; and when she was marriageable, a match was concluded for her with Sir William Perkins, but the bridal of the young couple was prevented in an extraordinary manner.

Upon a Thursday night, Miss Lee, thinking she saw a light in her chamber after she was in bed, knocked for her maid, who presently came to her, and she asked, 'why she had left a candle burning in her chamber?' The maid said 'she had left none, but the one she brought with her.' Then she said it was the fire; but that her maid told her was quite gone out, whereupon she again composed herself to sleep.

But about two of the clock she was awakened again, and saw the apparition of a little woman between her curtain and her pillow, who told her she was her mother; that she was happy; and that by twelve of the clock that day, she should be with her. Whereupon, Miss Lee knocked again for her maid, called for her clothes, and when she was dressed went into her closet to pray, and came not out again till nine. She then brought a letter sealed for her father, and took it to her aunt, the Lady Everard, and told her what had happened, and desired that as soon as she was dead it might be sent to him.

The Lady Everard thought she was suddenly fallen mad, and thereupon sent away to Chelmsford for a physician and surgeon, who both came immediately, but could discover no indication of insanity or any indisposition of body; and when the young lady had patiently let them do what they would with her, she desired that the chaplain might be sent for to read prayers.

When prayers were ended, she took her guitar and psalm book, and sat down and played and sang so melodiously and admirably, that her music master, who was also there, wondered at it. And near the stroke



of twelve she rose and sat herself down in a great chair with arms, and presently fetching a strong breath or two, immediately expired, and was so suddenly cold, as was much wondered at both by the physician and surgeon. She died at Waltham in Essex, and the letter was sent off to Sir Charles at his seat in Warwickshire, but he was so affected that he could not come till she was buried. She was afterward taken up and buried with her mother at Edmonton, as she requested in her letter.

It was on this legend, that Mrs. Crawford wrote the beautiful stanzas, "The Mother's Warning," of which we can only copy one verse.

She lifted up her praying arms ;  
She spoke not word again ;  
But gave up all her plighted charms  
To death, without a pain :  
And Oh ! the maiden was so rare  
Of beauty, while below,  
Death seemed but as a cloud of air  
That shrouds the planet's glow.

[Metropolitan Magazine, Dec. 1836.]

" WHY DOES IT COME NOW ? "

In reply to this question, we shall only refer at this time to the present religious condition of the world, as indicated in the accompanying statistics.

The population of the United States, according to the last census, in 1850, was 23,144,126. We have not been able to get at the details of the census, to see if we could ascertain how many of this immense population profess any religion. The nearest approach we have been able to make, has been in the table of statistics contained in the American Almanac for 1852. That work has long enjoyed a high reputation for accuracy of information, and we suppose we also may rely upon it. If we may, then the startling fact appears that 18,412,487 of our inhabitants do not profess any religion whatever, or in other words do not profess to belong to any religious denomination !

The popular theology of the day fails to reach that eighteen millions and a half of souls, and to them is the mission of this New Dispensation ! Therefore does it come now ; and already has it drawn from the ranks of infidelity great numbers of those who shall be saved.

E.

### Correspondence.

We shall desire to give to our readers as much of our correspondence as possible, for thereby we shall impart variety to our columns, and at the same time contribute our share toward making known to the world the phenomena which are daily occurring around us.

We will consequently receive with gratitude, any communication which can give us light and knowledge as to the development of spiritual intercourse in any part of the country.

### A GOOD OMEN.

It is a matter of pleasing significance that the Church is beginning to manifest some interest in the cause of human reform. We notice in one of our city papers an account of a meeting whose object was to establish a Mission House and Home in Mott-street, near the Five Points, thus commencing the work of reform in a locality which needs all the renovating influence that can be exerted by the old theology. The substance of the account referred to, is as follows :

A meeting of the Episcopal Clergy of New-York and Brooklyn was held in the Sunday School-room, St. John's Chapel, yesterday, to consider what measures could best be taken to secure the present Zion Chapel edifice, Mott-street, as a center for Missionary work in that part of the City.

On motion of Rev. Dr. HAIGHT, Rt. Rev. JONATHAN WAINWRIGHT, Provisional Bishop of the Diocese, presided.

After some discussion, it was

Resolved, That a Committee of five be appointed, of which the Provisional Bishop act as Chairman, whose duty it shall be to take the subject into consideration and report on Friday next, at 12 o'clock.

The Chairman said that he had felt great interest in this subject when coming here, and everything he had since heard had served to increase that interest more and more. He was sure this was the case with all of them ; and he hoped that they would each bring some friends with them to their next meeting.

Dr. HAWKES moved to adjourn to Friday next, and that the Secretary be directed to give notice of the meeting in the public papers.

We are indeed glad to perceive the foregoing movement, and the more because of the hope which is held out to us, that one congregation in this city which is known to be very wealthy, will take hold of the measure with interest. We entertain this hope because we see that the meeting was held at one of the chapels of Trinity—was presided over by one of her officiating ministers, who was thus placed on the motion of another. It is under these circumstances that we entertain the hope that Trinity church, which spends its hundreds of thousands of dollars in the erection of costly and splendid edifices for the rich, and its thousands annually in subsidizing the poorer churches of the Diocese, may evince a willingness to do something for the poor and ignorant and depraved thousands which daily congregate in their wretchedness within the sound of her chimes.

And our hope is the stronger because the "Provisional Bishop," who has for so many years officiated in the different chapels of Trinity, within the sight, and sound, and smell of the Five Points, really at length feels great interest in the subject ! What may we not expect when such is the effect of years of observation ! And how confident may be our expectation that the "Zion Church" will not desert a population which is justly characterized as "the most dense, the poorest



and the worst," and emigrate "up town," attracted by its new lot on Rose Hill and its prospect of support from the wealthy thereabout!

### SECTARIANISM.

The world has been burdened and weakened during many ages by the chains of spiritual slavery; and the freedom which the soul loves and aspires to, has been denied by the spirit of sectarian theology which has fastened its fetters on the minds of the people with the force of an arbitrary authority. This spiritual slavery has been the cause of human weakness and degradation. It has been the instrument by which the soul has been kept in a state of darkness and mourning. When the spirit in its noble and glorious impulses would soar forth in the illimitable expanse of truth, and imbibe the streams of light and love that flow through all the avenues of Nature, the stern mandate of Priest-craft has forbidden its flight, and the voice of Sectarianism has caused it to tremble and falter.

In the history of the past, the world has received an important lesson on the subject of restrictive authority. Men have yielded the heaven-born rights and privileges which are given by Nature, and have blindly followed the dictates of an established creed. It is a saddening vision which unfolds this weakness of the human soul. To see the image of God defaced by earthly chains—to see the crowning work of creation dimmed by human ignorance and error, is indeed an occasion for mournful contemplations. But, as has been intimated, here is a lesson for the world. The great and startling fact has been demonstrated by the past, that Sectarianism has bound the minds of men with burdensome and galling chains—that a prison for the soul has been erected by its mandate, in which the light of heaven has been shut out forever. Yet from the gloomy fabric of the ancient error, there gleams a light of warning over the sea of life. That light, feeble and flickering though it be, may perform a useful ministration in the earth. Wisdom speaks to the soul even from the beacon of the past; and her voice would direct the course and cheer the heart of the reformer amid the conflicting elements of the world.

The lesson which is thus derived, is beginning to be received into the hearts of the people. Men are learning to appreciate something of the dignity and freedom of the soul; and as a consequence of the expansive powers of the inward nature, Sectarianism is dying at its chosen altar, and its parting breath is the groan of woe which humanity has uttered in all the past. And as this offspring of the old theology passes away, the angel of Freedom appears to bless the world with its hallowed presence. The end of the ancient thralldom is near at hand, and the triumph of the new-born truth is rapidly dawning on the earth.

R. P. A.

### DEMAND OF THE PRESENT.

The substance of the thing which the soul longs for in the present age, is the harmonization of the elements that compose the social world. Men are becoming more and more dissatisfied with the present condition of society, as they perceive and recognize the rights and blessings which belong to the immortal being. Once the vision of the mind was so darkly veiled with ignorance, that the privileges and destiny of man were unconceived as relates to his true position in the scale of being. But the blessings which were long unknown, are now being gradually but clearly revealed; and as these blessings are disclosed to view—as men are enabled to see the real dignity of their nature and discover the exaltation to which they may arise, the longings of the soul begin to be expressed in earnest action for the elevation and enlightenment of humanity. Hence reformers and seers are coming forth before the world as the champions of truth; and the demand for a social change—for a higher, more peaceful and harmonious condition of society, is uttered in whisperings loud and deep, that echo in the halls of Church and State.

This demand of the present can only be answered by practical and well-directed efforts toward the end desired. The result can never be attained by listless inaction or mere verbal prayer. Something must be done to elevate and harmonize society. The great truths and principles revealed from heaven must be imparted to the earthly mind; the pure breathings of spirits must be brought to bear on the human heart and life; the world must be caused by every consistent effort to feel the holy light and power of the celestial reality. There is truth and love enough unfolded in the ministrations of angels to regenerate the world. Let that truth be known—that love be felt, and a social revolution will follow in their course whose grandeur will reveal the power of God.

R. P. A.

### New Paper in the West.

We welcome with emotions of pleasure the advent of a new paper, entitled "*Light from the Spirit-World*" published in St. Louis, Mo. The establishment of a spiritual Journal in the far West furnishes a cheering index of the progress of the cause in that part of the country, and we cannot but entertain the hope that this paper will meet everywhere with the cordial reception to which it will doubtless be entitled. It is devoted to the dissemination of light on the subject of spiritual intercourse, and published by a committee at \$1.25, per volume, being under the editorial charge of P. E. BLAND.

Will the friends of the Messenger express their interest in its circulation by increasing our list? Back numbers are kept constantly on hand.



## Correspondence.

## A REVIEW.

DEAR SIR : For the reason that I wish to contribute something to your columns, and have nothing at hand more appropriate, I send you the accompanying review of two books which have pleased me extremely, and a few extracts from which I have thought might also please your readers. At least in the absence of matter of greater interest, this may sometime be allowed a place among your articles of Correspondence.

"NILE NOTES OF A HOWADJI," and "THE HOWADJI IN SYRIA," by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. New-York : Harper and Brothers. 1852.

One should have a bird of paradise plume for pen, rose light for ink, and altar of a god for association and reminiscence, if he would give anything of a tolerable idea of these charming volumes. Statistics and all the dry details commonly to be met with in such books, are something more than a "Sabbath day's journey" away from either of these. If one wants *them*, merely, he may as well read the Geography, or some other Travels—which are more exact in such matters. But what do we find instead ? What but a whole gallery of pictures, shall I say ? pictures worthy to illustrate the charmed stories of Arabia, the Blest ? Ay ; and more ; for do they not bring home to us the Nile, the Desert, Pyramids, cities and landscapes, of old and solemn interest—the bloom, light, perfume, and poetry of the Orient ? All these do we find, yet not in their gross bulk, certainly, but in their true aroma—their essence and spirit. To select beautiful passages would be little else than a reprint ; yet here is one of landscape painting.

"The Nile landscape is not monotonous, although of one general character. In that soft air the lines change constantly, but imperceptibly, and are so delicately lined and drawn, that the eye swims, satisfied, along the warm tranquility of the scenery.

"Egypt is the valley of the Nile. At its widest part it is perhaps six or seven miles broad, and is walled upon the West by the Lybian mountains, and upon the East by the Arabian. The scenery is simple and grand. The forms of the landscape harmonize with the forms of the impression of Egypt in the mind. Solemn, and still, and inexplicable, sits that antique mystery among the flowery fancies, and broad green fertile feelings of your mind, and contemporary life, as the Sphinx sits upon the edge of the grain-green plain. No scenery is grander in its impressions, for none is so symbolical. The land seems to have died with the race that made it famous—it is so solemnly still. Day after day unrolls to the eye the perpetual panorama of fields, wide-waving with the tobacco, and glittering with the golden-blossomed cotton, among which half naked men

and women are lazily working. Palm-groves stand, each palm a poem, brimming your memory with beauty."

And again of Egyptian Art.

"Nature is only epical here. She has no little lyrics of green groves and blooming woods, and sequestered lanes—no pastoral landscape. But from every point the Egyptian could behold the desert heights, and the river, and the sky. This grand and solemn Nature has imposed upon the art of the land, the law of its own being and beauty. Out of the landscape, too, springs the mystery of Egyptian character, and the character of its art. For silence is the spirit of these sand mountains, and of this sublime sweep of luminous sky ; and silence is the mother of mystery. Primitive man, so surrounded, can then do nothing but what is simple, and grand. The pyramids reproduce the impression, and the form of the landscape in which they stand. The pyramids say in the Nature around them, 'Man, his mark.'"

Here, too, is a fine touch of philosophy—the reflections being called forth on the way to Jerusalem.

"Who, then, are the successful ?

"Was Shakspeare successful, because he was the greatest of Poets, and sowed those twilight groves of meditation in which all men love to walk ? I fear no more than the gardener, who is putting in young saplings to-day, under which, in a century, his descendants shall play.

"Or Michael Angelo ? But History shows no sadder man. Or Beethoven, or Mozart, or the last new Poet whom the papers praise ? Once more remember the city to which you are going. Was he who entered it amid hosannas, and under palm boughs, successful ? Who shall dare to say ? This much, at least, is clear, that none of these achieved what would be called success in any of the Babylons in which we live ; not in London, or Paris, nor in Vienna, or New-York.

"Success is a delusion. It is an attainment—but who attains ? It is the horizon always bounding our path, and therefore never gained. The Pope, triple-crowned, and borne with Habella, through St. Peter's, is not successful, for he might be canonized into a saint. Pygmalion, before his perfect statue, is not successful, for it might live. Raphael, finishing the Sistine Madonna, is not successful, for her beauty has revealed to him a fairer, and an unattainable beauty. The Merchant is not successful, for there is no end to making money ; nor the last new Poet—because, if he be a Poet, he knows that he can not write the music of the spheres."

But I must shut these books at once, in order to shut out the attraction, or, clearly, there would be no end. Let other people open them and read, for then only can they appreciate how much might be said. And we lay them aside, with the blue skies of Syria arching above, with the bright sunshine of Syria beam-



ing in our souls ; and with all those majestic old memories suffusing our thoughts with an autumn pensiveness ; for even while we look abroad in the clear light, behold, the leaves fall ; and we know that the breath of Decay has touched them, with a beauty that is sadder than the common aspect of death. And once more, "How-adj," accept an Alik Salam from one who will recognize you in the Spirit-world, as the friend who walked with her in Syria, who led her forth upon the steep of Olivet, through the streets of Jerusalem, by the well of Nazareth, and the sea of Gallilee—and last, though perchance not least, indulged her womanly spirit, by taking her shopping through the Bazaars of Damascus, the "Eye of the East."

F. H. G.

## Facts and Phenomena.

### THOUGHT-READING.

The facts contained in the accompanying letter are possessed of intrinsic interest, and furnish additional demonstration of that mysterious communion of mind with mind which forms the basis of spiritual intercourse. It is not of course necessary, as the writer suggests, to suppose an intercourse with spirits in the phenomena related below ; but in the hidden laws of which these phenomena are outward manifestations, may be recognized the means through which this reality has been disclosed.—[Ed.]

May 5th, 1852.

DEAR SIR : At the repeated requests of several gentlemen of this city, I am induced to address you upon the subject of spiritual manifestations, or what others in common with myself have hitherto termed such, but which, from certain demonstrations which I have witnessed within the last four or five weeks, I am more than half persuaded must be imputed, in many instances, to another agency.

These demonstrations are daily and nightly made to myself, here in my room, alone ; and are of such a nature that it seems to me to be the effect of an agency independent of the Spirit-world or power.

There are times when I am convinced that I see and read the thoughts of others committed to paper, when hermetically sealed and locked in my desk ; and upon several occasions, I am as well satisfied that I have read the thoughts that have gone forth unwritten from the brain of others, as I am of my own existence.

Only yesterday afternoon, I sat perhaps an hour, with three friends, to experiment for the first time publicly upon this to me new and most strange development. We were in the parlor of one of our newspaper editors, to whom I had previously spoken of these manifestations, and sought to convince that they could not with me have been produced by spirits, (he being a

firm believer in the spirit-theory, and his wife a medium.) I proposed a test to convince him, which was made in this manner :

He fixed his mind upon a thing or subject, and I would tell him in a moment what was the subject of his thought. And this I did in more than forty instances, without once having failed. Indeed I could not fail ; for his thoughts were as apparent to my mind as is this paper on which I am writing, to my eye.

Now from these demonstrations I argue that thought is both magnetic, telegraphic, and tangible, under certain circumstances. For instance—You direct your thought to a friend in Europe or India, perhaps ; well, that thought becomes an unbroken telegraphic chain, emanating from your own brain, reaching to that of your friend's, and connecting both ; while to the sensitive perceptive organs of that friend, your ideas become tangible.

I do not by any means question the agency of spirits, for I firmly believe them to be the agents which direct the thoughts of themselves while living, and of friends who have long been dead ; but whose every thought still remains, and will to the end of time remain, indestructible. These thoughts are brought home to our brains and made tangible in many instances, as I believe through spirits, but not always.

I have been conversing with several scientific Boston gentlemen, and corresponding with others, upon the subject, seeking an elucidation of the mystery. But I am not at all satisfied with any theory or explanation yet given.

Should you, sir, feel an interest in the matter, and will so advise me, I shall be most happy to give you, in detail, an account of the most singular phenomena, as witnessed by myself upon very many occasions, here in my chamber.

Yours very truly, G. S. R.

### SPIRITUAL PHENOMENA.

I was present one evening last week at a circle formed for the purpose of receiving "Spirit Manifestations," when the following extraordinary phenomena occurred.

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then fully satisfied that I was not the victim of delusion, or trick as some call it.

Again, the spirits being requested to remove something from one place and put it in another, we sat quiet for several minutes ; when the light was brought we found that a hymn book, which had been placed on the mantle piece, had been removed and placed between the hands of a gentleman sitting next to me, who was an invited guest with me. Everything was so quiet that I could have heard the slightest motion of any one present, even had they been disposed to play a trick upon us.

I give you the facts in the case just as they occurred, and leave each reader to draw his own conclusions, as to what agent did these things.

A. M.

—*Light from the Spirit-World.*

## Poetry.

### THE INFANT'S DREAM.

Oh! cradle me on thy knee, ma'ma,  
And sing me the holy strain,  
That soothed me last, as you fondly prest  
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast,  
For I saw a scene when I slumbered last,  
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, ma'ma,  
And weep as you then did weep,  
Then fix on me thy glist'ning eye  
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry,  
Then rock me gently and sing and sigh,  
Till you lull me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, ma'ma,  
While slumbering on thy knee ;  
And I liv'd in a land where forms divine,  
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,  
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,  
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood, ma'ma,  
And we rested us under a bough,  
Then near me a butterfly in pride,  
And I chased it away thro' the forest wide,  
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,  
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, ma'ma,  
And I loudly wept for thee,  
But a white rob'd maiden appeared in the air,  
And she flung back the curls of her golden hair,  
And she kiss'd me softly ere I was aware,  
Saying, come pretty babe with me.

My tears and fears she guil'd, ma'ma,  
And she led me far away,  
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,  
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,  
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,  
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, ma'ma,  
And lovely cherubs bright,  
They smil'd when they saw me but I was amaz'd,  
And wandering around me I gaz'd and gaz'd,  
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blaz'd  
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, ma'ma,  
Of white wing'd babes to me,  
Their eyes look'd love, and their sweet lips smil'd,  
And they marvel'd to meet an earth-born child,  
And they gloried that I from earth was exil'd,  
Saying—here love, blest shalt thou be.

When I mix'd with the heavenly throng, ma'ma,  
With cherub and seraphim fair,  
And saw as I roam'd the regions of peace,  
The spirits which came from this world of distress  
And there was the joy no tongue can express,  
For they know no sorrow there.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, ma'ma,  
And dream as I dream'd before,  
For sound was my slumber and sweet was my rest,  
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And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of the blest  
Can love this world no more.

[*Boston Morning Post.*]

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"The following lines were written on the tenth of April, 1852, by a servant girl thirteen years of age, in the family of ———, Charlestown, Mass. The fact must be stated that the girl could neither write nor read one word previous to this occasion ; and although she wrote these lines legibly under the spiritual impression, she was unable to read them when written."

[We regret being obliged, in this as in many other cases, to conceal the names of the parties ; for if we could give them, though we might not furnish evidence of our veracity, we should, at least, supply the means of detecting our falsehood, if that were a wrong we could indulge in connection with this subject. But the time will come, when the fear of ridicule will change hands ; but in the mean while, every bold avowal of belief will help and hasten its coming.—*Ed. Mass.*]

There is a region lovelier far  
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Brighter than Summer's beauties are,  
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There is a world with blessings blest,  
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It is all holy and serene,  
The land of glory and repose,  
Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,  
Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

It is not fanned by summer's gale ;  
'Tis not-refreshed by verdant showers ;  
It never needs the moonbeams pale,  
Nor there are known the evening hours.

No! no! this world is ever bright  
With every radiance all its own,  
The streams of uncreated light  
Flow round from the eternal throne.

In vain, the philosophic eye  
May seek to view the fair abode,  
Or find it in the curtained sky ;  
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ing in our souls ; and with all those majestic old memories suffusing our thoughts with an autumn pensiveness ; for even while we look abroad in the clear light, behold, the leaves fall ; and we know that the breath of Decay has touched them, with a beauty that is sadder than the common aspect of death. And once more, "How-adj," accept an Alik Salam from one who will recognize you in the Spirit-world, as the friend who walked with her in Syria, who led her forth upon the steeps of Olivet, through the streets of Jerusalem, by the well of Nazareth, and the sea of Gallilee—and last, though perchance not least, indulged her womanly spirit, by taking her shopping through the Bazaars of Damascus, the "Eye of the East."

F. H. G.

## Facts and Phenomena.

### THOUGHT-READING.

The facts contained in the accompanying letter are possessed of intrinsic interest, and furnish additional demonstration of that mysterious communion of mind with mind which forms the basis of spiritual intercourse. It is not of course necessary, as the writer suggests, to suppose an intercourse with spirits in the phenomena related below ; but in the hidden laws of which these phenomena are outward manifestations, may be recognized the means through which this reality has been disclosed.—[Eb.]

May 5th, 1852.

DEAR SIR : At the repeated requests of several gentlemen of this city, I am induced to address you upon the subject of spiritual manifestations, or what others in common with myself have hitherto termed such, but which, from certain demonstrations which I have witnessed within the last four or five weeks, I am more than half persuaded must be imputed, in many instances, to another agency.

These demonstrations are daily and nightly made to myself, here in my room, alone ; and are of such a nature that it seems to me to be the effect of an agency independent of the Spirit-world or power.

There are times when I am convinced that I see and read the thoughts of others committed to paper, when hermetically sealed and locked in my desk ; and upon several occasions, I am as well satisfied that I have read the thoughts that have gone forth unwritten from the brain of others, as I am of my own existence.

Only yesterday afternoon, I sat perhaps an hour, with three friends, to experiment for the first time publicly upon this to me new and most strange development. We were in the parlor of one of our newspaper editors, to whom I had previously spoken of these manifestations, and sought to convince that they could not with me have been produced by spirits, (he being a

firm believer in the spirit-theory, and his wife a medium.) I proposed a test to convince him, which was made in this manner :

He fixed his mind upon a thing or subject, and I would tell him in a moment what was the subject of his thought. And this I did in more than forty instances, without once having failed. Indeed I could not fail ; for his thoughts were as apparent to my mind as is this paper on which I am writing, to my eye.

Now from these demonstrations I argue that thought is both magnetic, telegraphic, and tangible, under certain circumstances. For instance—You direct your thought to a friend in Europe or India, perhaps ; well, that thought becomes an unbroken telegraphic chain, emanating from your own brain, reaching to that of your friend's, and connecting both ; while to the sensitive perceptive organs of that friend, your ideas become tangible.

I do not by any means question the agency of spirits, for I firmly believe them to be the agents which direct the thoughts of themselves while living, and of friends who have long been dead ; but whose every thought still remains, and will to the end of time remain, indestructible. These thoughts are brought home to our brains and made tangible in many instances, as I believe through spirits, but not always.

I have been conversing with several scientific Boston gentlemen, and corresponding with others, upon the subject, seeking an elucidation of the mystery. But I am not at all satisfied with any theory or explanation yet given.

Should you, sir, feel an interest in the matter, and will so advise me, I shall be most happy to give you, in detail, an account of the most singular phenomena, as witnessed by myself upon very many occasions, here in my chamber.

\* \* \* \*

Yours very truly, G. S. R.

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## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE MERCHANT'S DREAM.

BY T. S. AUTHOR.

Algeron was a merchant. All through a long summer-day he had been engaged among boxes, bales, and packages; or poring over accounts current; or musing over new adventures. When night came, he retired to his quiet chamber and refreshed his wearied mind with music and books. Poetry, and the harmony of sweet sounds, elevated his sentiments, and caused him to think, as he had often before thought, of the emptiness and vanity of mere earthly pursuits.

"In what," said he, "am I wasting my time? Is there any thing in the dull round of mercantile life to satisfy an immortal spirit? What true congeniality is there between the highly gifted soul and bales of cotton or pieces of silk? Between the human mind and the dull, insensible objects of trade? Nothing! Nothing! How sadly do we waste our lives in the mere pursuit of gold! And after the glittering earth is gained, are we any happier? I think not. The lover of truth—the wise, contemplative hermit in his cell is more a man than Algeron!"

Thus mused the merchant, and thus he gave utterance to his thoughts—sighing as he closed each sentence. The book that he loved was put aside—the instrument from which his skillful hand drew eloquent music, lay hushed upon a table. He was unhappy. He had remained thus for some time, when the door of his room opened, and a beautiful being entered and stood before him. Her countenance was calm and elevated, yet full of sweet benevolence. For a moment she looked at the unhappy merchant, then extended her hand, and said—

"Algeron, I have heard your complaints. Come with me, and look around with a broader intelligence."

As she spoke, she laid her finger upon the eyes of the young man. Arising, he found himself in the open air, walking by the side of his strange conductor, along a path that led to a small cottage. Into this they entered. It was a very humble abode—but peace and contentment were dwellers in the breasts of its simple-minded occupants—an aged female and a little girl. Both were engaged with reels of a curious and somewhat complicated construction; and both sang cheerily at their work. A basin of cocoons on the floor by each of the reels, told Algeron the true nature of their employment. A small basket of fine and smoothly reeled spools were upon a table. While the merchant still looked on, a man entered, and after bargaining for the reeled silk, paid down the price, and carried it away. A few minutes after, the owner of the cottage came in. He asked for his rent, and it was given to him. Then he retired. Shortly after, a dealer in provisions stopped at the humble dwelling, and liberally supplied the wants of its occupants. He received his pay, and drove off, singing gayly, while the old woman and the child looked contented and happy.

"Come," said his conductor, and Algeron left the cottage. The scene had changed. He was no longer in the open country, but surrounded by small houses: it was a village. Along the streets of this they walked for some time, until they came

to a store, which they entered. Standing beside the counter was the same man who had bought the cottagers' silk. He had many parcels, which he had collected from many cottages; and now he was passing them over to the storekeeper, who was as ready to buy as he was to sell.

"Another link in the great chain," remarked the mysterious companion significantly. "See how they depend, the one upon the other. Can the hermit in his cell, idly musing about truths that will not abide—for truth is active—is in fact the power by which good is done to our fellows, and will not remain with any one who does not use it—thus serve his fellows? Is his life more excellent, more honorable, more in accordance with the high endowments of the soul, than the life of him who engages in those employments by which all are benefited?"

Algeron felt that new light was breaking in upon him. But, as yet, he saw dimly.

"Look up," continued his companion, "and see yet another link."

The merchant raised his eyes. The scene had again changed. The village had become a large town, with ranges of tall buildings, in which busy hands threw the shuttle, weaving into beautiful fabrics of various patterns the humble fibres gathered from hundreds of cottages, farm-houses, and cocooneries, in all the region round about. Through these he wandered with his guide. Here was one tending a loom, there another folding, arranging, or packing into cases the products thereof: and at the head of all was the manufacturer himself.

"Is his a useless life?" asked the guide. "Is he wasting the high endowments of an immortal mind in thus devoting himself to the office of gathering in the raw material and reproducing it again as an article of comfort and luxury? But see! Another has presented himself. It is the merchant. He has come to receive from this man the products of his looms, and send them over the world, that all may receive and enjoy them. Are his energies wasted? No, Algeron! If the merchant were not to engage in trade, the manufacturer could not get his goods to market, and would no longer afford the means of subsistence that he now does to hundreds and thousands who produce the raw material. Without him, millions who receive the blessings furnished by nature and art in places remote from their city or country, would be deprived of many comforts, of many delights. The agriculturist, the manufacturer, the merchant, the artisan—all who are engaged in the various callings that minister to the wants, the comforts, and the luxuries of life, are honorably employed. Society, in all its parts, is held together by mutual interests. A chain of dependencies binds the whole world together. Sever a single link and you affect the whole. Look below you. As a merchant, your position is intermediate between the producer and the consumer. See how many hundreds are blessed with the reception of nature's rich benefits through your means. Could this take place, if you sought only after abstract truth, in idle, dreamy musings? Cease, then, to chafe yourself by fallacious reasonings. Rather learn to feel delight in the consciousness that you are the means of diffusing around you many blessings. Think not of the gold you are to gain, as the end of your activity; for so far as you do this, you will lose the true benefits that may be derived from pursuing with diligence your calling in life—that for which by education you are best qualified—and into which your inclination leads you."



"I see it all now, clear as a sunbeam," Algeron said with a sudden enthusiasm, as light broke strongly into his mind. The sound of his own voice startled him with its strangeness. For a moment he seemed the center of a whirling sphere. Then all grew calm, and he found himself sitting alone in his chamber.

"Can all this have been but a dream?" he murmured, thoughtfully. "No—no—it is more than a dream. I have not been taught by a mere phantom of the imagination, but by Truth herself—beautiful Truth. Her lovely countenance I shall never forget, and her words shall rest in my heart like apples of gold in pictures of silver. Henceforth I look upon life with a purified vision. Nothing is mean, nothing is unworthy of pursuit that ministers to the good of society. On this rock I rest my feet. Here I stand upon solid ground."

From that time, Algeron pursued his business as a merchant with renewed activity. The thought that he was ministering, in his sphere, to the good of all around him, was a happy thought. It cheered him on in every adventure, and brought to his mind in the hour of retirement, a sweet peace, such as he had never before known. Fully did he prove that the consciousness of doing good to others brings with it the purest delight.

### THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

A certain individual, whom we shall call Bullard, was one of the most cross-grained and peevish of men. It was misery to be near him. He grumbled and snarled incessantly, and found fault with every one and everything around him. Nothing seemed to please him. He seemed to exist in one perpetual foment of irascible impatience, uncomfortable himself, and sowing the seeds of anger, fretfulness and discord wherever he appeared. His home was especially unhappy. Bitter retorts and passionate invectives obtained dominant sway. He constantly railed at his wife, and she replied in the same unloving strain; the children quickly imbibed a like vindictive habit, until such a thing as a pleasant look or kindly word was never known among them.

One day Mr. Bullard was returning to his cheerless dwelling, more feverish in temper than was his wont, in consequence of some disappointment, ready to vent his angry spleen upon his family as soon as he arrived. If the supper was not ready to sit down to at the very moment, he would almost turn the house upside down, and strike his wife to the quick with his taunting complaints. But chancing to approach a little sunny-haired girl, whose mild blue eyes and loving face were such a picture of bursting kindness as he had never seen before, an incident occurred which effected a complete revolution in his peevish frame of mind and planted a new feeling in his turbulent breast. The girl, and one, evidently her older brother, were playing with a small carriage; and, suddenly turning near a stone step, she accidentally struck the carriage against one corner, and broke it into atoms. In a passionate burst of anger, the boy advanced, and struck his sister a severe blow in the face with his clenched hand, and stamped his feet in a tempest of fury upon the ground.

But instead of returning the blow and revengeful speech, after an involuntary cry of pain, the noble girl laid her hand gently on her brother's arm, and looking sorrowfully into his flushed face, softly said, "Oh, brother Tom! I did not think

you would do that." In a moment, as if stung by a hot iron, the boy shrunk back, and hung his head in shame and conscience-stricken pain. Then he said, "Forgive me, dear Helen, I will never do it again." And scarce had the penitent words left his lips, when his sister's arms were thrown around his neck, and forgiveness sobbed on his breast. Here was a lesson for Bullard! At first he was quite stunned by it; he could not understand it. It was something utterly beyond his philosophy. But he felt that it had somehow done him good. Bit by bit, as he proceeded on, his own angry feelings vanished, till he felt more calm and kindly than he had done for years. Yea, he was softened to his heart's core, and he felt something very like moisture springing to his eyes.

Little noting the wonderful change which had taken place in her husband's temper, Mrs. Bullard was dreading his arrival home, for supper was not near ready, and she had had the misfortune to burn the cakes she had baked for that meal. And the children, copying from her, were unusually cross and bad. In vain she had scolded and whipped them; they only snarled and struck each other, and almost drove her distracted with their quarrelling confusion.

Mr. Bullard entered, and whatever could be the matter, Mrs. Bullard could scarcely give credit to her senses. Instead of dashing the door behind him in a pettish crash, and stamping his way forward to the kitchen, he took the crying baby from its bed, and hushed it with the softest and most endearing words he had ever used. And his face had a smile on it—a real, kind, sunshiny smile. What strange wonder was this? Mrs. Bullard was, at first, struck quite dumb with astonishment, and the children stared at their changed father as if at a loss to make the mystery out. He spoke, and actually said, "My dear Mary, is supper nearly ready? I'm as hungry as a hunter!" Their wonder increased more and more. The children hardly seemed assured whether it was their father or not; and Mrs. Bullard scarcely knew whether to believe in the evidence of her eyes and ears. But the change was real. Already a blessed feeling diffused through the family circle, like unto the falling of the morning dew, or the fragrant breath of summer flowers. At first, hesitatingly, Mrs. Bullard replied—"Supper will be ready directly. But I am so sorry these cakes are burned. Must Willie run to the bakery for a loaf?" "No, never mind," returned Mr. Bullard, "we can scrape off the burned part, and then they will taste as well as need be."

And taste as well they did, and better than cakes had tasted in the Bullard dwelling for a long time before. Not one jarring speech marred the pleasantness of that happy meal. Mr. Bullard's kindly speech and smiling face had descended to his wife, and from both became reflected in their children. The house looked brighter. The beautiful mantle of cheerfulness had fallen on it, and there was unutterable music in the very ticking of the old clock. Mrs. Bullard cried with delight, when she saw the baby crowing in its smiling father's lap; and he promised, if the elder ones would be good, to take them on a nice walk with him on the next Sabbath day. And she resolved never more to speak a peevish or angry word, if constant watchfulness could prevent their utterance, but retain the peaceful happiness which only kind words and smiles can bring. A happy influence, too, was exerted on the children. They no longer saw peevishness and anger in their parents; and gradually, but surely, lost it in themselves. And Mr. Bullard, whenever he felt his old bad feelings rising



up, to find an outer vent, called to mind the conduct of the blue-eyed girl, and resolutely crushed them down.

Reader, believe us, kind words are the brightest flowers of earth's existence; they make a very paradise of the humblest home the world can show. Use them, and especially round the fireside circle. They are jewels beyond price, and more precious to heal the wounded heart, and make the weighed-down spirit glad, than all other blessings the earth can give.

### The Vision of Victory.

On the side of a mountain near its base stood an unhappy youth—alone, and in deep meditation. A cloud rested on his spirit as dark vapors overhang and obscure the morning in spring-time. His own wayward fortune was between him and the bright center of his hopes, and the cold shadows fell athwart the soul like the eclipse that puts out the light of the world.

Suddenly a wild scream broke his reverie, and as he raised his eyes toward the summit, a young eagle fell from his nest. He was but half fledged. The youth observed the movements of the bird with peculiar interest, and when he saw that its attempts to rise were ineffectual, he was filled with strange emotions. "Ah," said he "have I not struggled thus with my cruel fortune, and have not my efforts to rise been equally vain? My condition is but too clearly symbolized in the fate of the unhappy bird." And he went sorrowfully to his home.

But the young eagle lived, and found a shelter among the rudest crags and loftiest peaks. His pinions were unfolded, and gradually they became strong as the wings of the Tempesta which came to brood over him.

Many days had transpired when the youth, again, sought the scene of his first meditation. The sides of the mountain appeared less steep and rugged than the way which Destiny had marked out for him. He was lost in contemplation when the spirit of Storms came and veiled the summit. Again he was aroused—the voices of the elements,—hoarse and threatening as the shouts of an angry multitude—rent the air. The lofty pinnacles were smitten; the lightnings shivered the tall oaks, and the startled rocks came thundering down the plain! And when there was no more safety in the mountain, the eagle rose from his eyrie, and mounting upward through the cloudy veil, was lost to the vision, and the eternal sun-light gilded his plumage, in a region above the storms. Then the desire to meet and conquer the wrongs of the world took possession of the youth, and it was to him the revelation of a new Power just waking to life in the soul; and with a mysterious vision he began to read the prophecy of final triumph. Forget not that, amid the severest trials and the rudest conflicts of life, the spirit develops its noblest faculties.

If thou art faithful and endure, a crown of victory shall be thine.

R. P. A.

**—** We would be tolerant even of intolerance, and therefore let us not be too swift to condemn even the most hateful of narrow-minded bigots. Loathsome as this love of darkness is, it should not excite our wrath. They have become attached to the rayless caves and nooks in the old forest of superstition, and if we cannot lure them out by gentle means, let us leave them there. Those whom the beauty of goodness cannot warm into new life, will never see the light until death lifts the cloudy veil from their souls.

## SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

## HARMONIAL ADVOCATE.

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