

# 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.

#### EXISTENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

BY J. A. SPEAR.

When we read the great and truthful volume of nature, we clearly discern the fact, that gross visible matter, and intelligence, or mind, exist. And if this intelligence, or mind, exists in gross visible matter, independent of any invisible spirit, then there is no God, except what exists in gross visibility. But inasmuch as gross visible matter is moved only as it is acted upon by some invisible power, and has no intelligence or sensation in itself, we are constrained to consider its motion as proof of the existence and action of some invisible, intelligent, and superior power. And as we examine nature, we discover that every principle and attribute that man possesses, is exhibited through the visible creation. Again, we discover that inasmuch as man could not impart these to the visible universe, they must exist *independent* of man. We, moreover, learn that, inasmuch as the visible universe could not exist without these, and man could not exist a physical being without the visible universe, these principles and attributes must have existed *before* man. And as gross visible matter is incapable of independent motion, and is moved only as it is acted upon, either directly, or indirectly by some invisible agent, called mind or spirit, it is evident that mind, or spirit, must have existed before visible matter obtained motion. Therefore, man is the natural result of matter put in motion, being pervaded and animated by every principle, sensation, and attribute, that is manifested *through* the visible creation. These principles, sensations, and attributes in man, are the offspring of those self-existent principles, and attributes, and sensations, which are exhibited through the visible creation; giving motion, order, and harmony to each and every world and planetary system in existence. It was when these attributes and sensations, the combination of which we call mind, or spirit, were breathed into man by that Mind, or Spirit, that controls universal matter, that man became a living "soul" and an intelligent being.

But says the objector, "I know nothing about that invisible agent, which you call mind, or spirit. Invisibility is a non-entity, and exists only in nothing."

Atmospheric air, and its component parts, are *invisible*; still it exists as really as the earth on which we tread. Electricity is more *refined* than atmospheric air, yet it can be felt and realized, and its existence is as certain as anything in the visible creation, though it is *invisible*. Atmospheric air and electricity are more refined materials than *visible* matter, but

as neither of these is capable of producing thought, it is evident that the agent of thought must be a more *refined* material than either of these. And as thought and sensation could not exist without a cause, the existence of what produces thought is as real as the existence of thought is certain.

But the objector will perhaps insist that thoughts and sensations are produced by the organism.

Though thoughts and sensations are exhibited *through* the organism, yet we think we shall find, before we get through with our investigations, that they are not produced *by* it.

Every attribute of the human mind is exhibited or manifested through the visible creation, and shall we say that the whole visible creation thinks and acts *independent* of any invisible agent? Firmness is manifested by nature's unbending laws and steady course; and Benevolence, by the imparting principle of the elements, while Alimentiveness receives, and Acquisitiveness retains what Benevolence gives—without which all growth and progression would cease. Time is discovered by the revolution of the planets; and Tune, by the harmony of the universe. Secretiveness is exhibited by the grand and silent operations of nature; while Constructiveness has fitted everything for its place and condition. Calculation is manifested by everything in nature being made for something; and Language, by the instruction which nature gives. Ideality is exhibited by the efforts of nature to make every thing beautiful; and Hope, by nature's unyielding and onward course. Things exist, have form, size, weight, color, order, and locality, and these attributes exist in man, and enable him to comprehend them in nature. And if we should examine each and every faculty or attribute that exists in man in a finite degree, we should find a corresponding one exhibited in nature, by that infinite and self-existent Mind that governs and controls universal matter. And as man's organism is controlled by an invisible spirit that animates it, so is universal matter controlled by that invisible spirit or power that gives it motion. And as everything produces its own likeness, or kind, and thought is invisible, it is evident that what produces thought must also be invisible.

Thus we learn by the visible creation that the controlling power that produces thought, and governs universal matter, is an invisible spirit—a combination of all the attributes, and principles, and sensations exhibited in nature's vast domain. Those existing in harmony constitute God, as manifested in nature. Thus God through nature, seems to answer the three questions:—First, that God is a spirit. Secondly, that a harmonious combination of every attribute, and principle, and sensation that exists in spirit, constitutes God; and Thirdly, that harmony, which constitutes heaven, is his dwelling-place.

Having learned the existence, power, and wisdom of God by the things that are made, we will ascertain, if possible,



whether man is a compound being, embracing both matter and spirit.

The first evidence that we have of this is, that the physical organism is controlled, and governed, by an invisible power, called mind or will. This mind or will exists in spirit; without which, the limbs lose their power to act, and the organism is without sensation.

The next fact that deserves our attention, is that it is impossible for man to enjoy uninterrupted physical health, while suffering great depression of spirit. Mental or spiritual suffering turns the ruddy cheek to paleness, the sparkling eye to heaviness, and robs the muscles of their strength. By this, the child, the youth, and the middle-aged, and those grey with years, are enfeebled and sometimes entirely prostrated. Without any physical or external wounds, the weak and the strong are brought low by the writhings of the agonized spirit, while it convulses from center to circumference, the house it inhabits.

The man of giant strength is sometimes suddenly laid prostrate upon the earth, by the arrival of some sad intelligence. By fright, man may be excited to increased action, or be instantly laid low in death. What could produce such effects, if man has no spirit? Or if gross visible matter acts independently of any invisible spirit, why cannot the dead organism, or the organism that is deprived of its spirit act, think, and understand as well without the spirit, as with it?

Again, we have evidence that spirits converse. How often does the troubled mind send forth its sorrow as on the wings of the wind, and so affect the mind of some friend, who is held nearest in spirit, though divided by distance, that that friend's mind is turned upon the sufferer, and is deeply impressed that all is not well with him? A young man of my acquaintance was in great trouble, his life, as he supposed, being in jeopardy for more than twelve hours, during which time he was constantly expecting to be murdered. At the same time, his mother was so much affected, that she told her husband, who was pastor of the congregational church, that she was sure that some of her sons, who were then more than five hundred miles distant, were in great trouble. The sensation was so deep, that their neighbors were immediately invited to unite with them, and they had a spirited prayer-meeting. Others tell us that they have been affected even to tears, and have sometimes been impressed to arise at midnight, and write to distant friends, and point out some means of relief from sickness or distress, and in every instance have received answers to such letters, saying, that they were thinking of the one who was thus impressed, and at the very time he or she was writing; and that he or she had described their feelings as well, or better, than they could their own, and had pointed out the proper remedy. What but the spirit could make such impressions, and give such instructions?

Again, it has occasionally happened, from time immemorial, that a person apparently dead, or in what is called a trance, has remained in that state for hours, and sometimes days; and when the spirit returned, and manifested itself through the organism, that person would relate with joy what mortal eye hath never seen.

But we have more positive proof than all this. By an action of the will, one mind can gain the ascendancy over another, by causing the action of the mind, or spirit, through the organism, to be suspended; the extremities of the patient grow cold, and the organism is void of sensation. In this condition,

the most tedious surgical operations can be performed without pain or sensation in the patient's organism. But the slightest injury inflicted on the organism of him who thus controls the patient's mind or spirit, is instantly realized by the latter. The patient's eyes are closed, still he can see things present, or a thousand miles off, and see them as they are. The patient hears, tastes, and smells independently of his own organism, and in subjection to him by whose volition he is controlled. Every nerve and organ may be in its proper place, perfectly sound and physically unimpaired, yet though sensation is not lost, it is not manifested through them. Here are facts that prove positively that sensation is not of the visible organism. If sensations were of, or in, the nerves and organs, why cannot the patient, in the condition supposed, feel when the limb is amputated, while the nerves are physically unimpaired? And if sensation is in, or of, the nerves, how is it that the nerves and organism of the patient can be divided, and subdivided, into ten thousand pieces, with producing the slightest sensation—whilst, if the organism of him who thus controls the patient's spirit, is injured, the patient realizes it instantly?

There is no more thought in the brain, or sensation or feeling in the nerves, without the spirit, than there is in the earth from which they sprang. Neither is it the light, nor the eye that sees, but the spirit that sees the light through the eye, and discovers what is in the light. Sensation and the attributes of the mind exist in the spirit, but the organs through which the attributes act, exist in the brain; but an organ is not an attribute, nor an attribute a visible organ. Though the attribute forms the organ, yet it can act independently of the organ; but the organ cannot act independently of the attribute. The attribute is the agent, and the organ the medium through which the agent acts. The nerves are the medium of sensation, and the brain is the medium of intelligence, just as the telegraph-wire is the medium through which electricity acts. As the telegraph-wire is not the agent, and is inactive without electricity, so neither are the nerves and organs the agent, but are inactive without the spirit. And as the destruction of the telegraph-wire is not the destruction of the electricity, so neither is the destruction of the nerves, or organism, the destruction of the spirit. So it is with each and all of its parts. Therefore, if any portion of the telegraph-wire is materially injured or destroyed, the communication thus far is destroyed; and if any set of nerves, or any organs are destroyed, the manifestations of the spirit thus far cease—not because of the non-existence of the spirit, but because of the non-existence, or bad condition, of the medium, through which the spirit is manifested.

It is sometimes said that the mind is debilitated, or destroyed. This is not true, for it is simply the medium of the mind that is debilitated or destroyed. The manifestations of the spirit are in proportion to the strength, or favorable condition of the medium through which it is manifested. As growth and strength are produced by action, so the action of the spirit gives the size, strength, and proportions of the organism. Therefore the size, strength, and proportion of the organism, tells of the spirit, and through it the invisible spirit is manifested and realized.

What is called pain, is merely an intimation of the spirit, that all is not well. It gives intelligence of a wound or of nervous irritation, and indicates the location and extent of the injury. When the spirit acts through the organism, the organism seems to realize the sensations of the spirit; but when the ac-



tion ceases, or is suspended, the organism is without sensation, though the spirit feels, sees, hears, tastes, and smells, and retains each and every faculty, as is proved when one spirit is in sympathy with, and controlled by, another.

The organism is a machine, or matter put in motion, governed and made alive by the spirit. If the machine is strong in all its parts, an increase of power will accelerate its action, but if it hath local or general weakness, an increase of power is liable to injure or destroy it. This explains why the strong organism, by an increase of the power of the spirit, seems to double its ability, while the same increase of the power of the spirit, or excitement, overcomes the man of *weak* nerves, prostrates his energies, and possibly destroys life.

Having ascertained that there is a spirit in man that permeates, and gives life and sensation to the visible organism, and is manifested throughout the different organs, and that the spirit is the offspring of that eternal, invisible, self-existent power which controls universal matter, we will now consider whether the spirit is imperishable, and will exist eternally.

When we behold the unfoldings of nature, and realize the power and wisdom therein displayed, we are impressed with the idea, that everything is made by and with *design*. If such is the case, then, inasmuch as the development of the spirit is thus far the *consummation* of that design, it may be considered as a declaration of nature, that the spirit is developed *for* something. But if nature develops the organism, and the organism is given to develop the spirit, and the spirit *dies* with the organism, then both the organism and the spirit have been developed for *nothing*, and the power that governs nature is imperfect, and His works are without meaning. Whatever exists without subservience to a purpose is, plainly, not needful; neither can its component parts, or the Power that united them, be needful. And if the *spirit* exists for nothing, and the ultimate design of the whole visible creation was to develop the spirit, then the conclusion is unavoidable, that the whole visible creation was ushered into being for nothing. Now, inasmuch as right and wrong cannot exist in nothing, and the ultimate object of the visible creation must have been to develop the spirit, the very idea of *right* and *wrong* proves the future existence of the spirit. And as visible matter cannot be annihilated, but only returns to its visible parent, neither can the spirit be annihilated, but must return to its *invisible* Parent. And, inasmuch as there are no two organisms precisely alike, and the spirit is developed in and *through* the organism, there can be no two spirits alike, therefore the identity must be retained. But if the spirit retains *not* its identity, and is absorbed in the great Fountain-Spirit, as the ocean absorbs the drop, and if visible nature was ushered into being that the spirit might be developed *in* and *through* the organism, then the visible creation was unnecessary, and ushered into being for nothing.

Again, man's future existence is proved by the following: First, it is an established principle, that like produces like; and man's spirit being the offspring of a divine, *self-existent* Power, hence can never lose its existence. Secondly, the fact that everything in nature has its adaptation, and is designed for something, and that man has a desire for eternal life, proves the existence of what is desired. Thirdly, inasmuch as nature was designed to develop the organism, and the organism was designed to develop the spirit, the spirit *must* have been designed for a higher sphere. Fourthly, this is also proved by the fact that man is a compound being, em-

bracing both visibility and invisibility; and, as his visibility must return to its visible parent, his invisibility must return to its invisible parent, and live eternally.

Having ascertained by nature that there is a spirit in man that can never die, it remains for us to ascertain its power, and to consider its natural emancipation from the organism.

If universal visible matter could exist without the influence of the Great Spirit, it would exist only in death and everlasting slumber. Nature and revelation both declare that it is the *spirit* that giveth life, and that *death*, which is sometimes called sleep, is the absence of the spirit. Visible matter pervaded by the spirit, is made alive. As the Infinite Spirit moves and animates the universe, so the finite spirit moves and animates the matter which it inhabits. And as visible matter *sleeps*, without the pervading presence of the spirit, it follows that it is dependent upon, and cannot control, the spirit; therefore, it must be the *spirit* that forms the organism, and not the organism that forms the spirit. Without the spirit, the organic form could not exist, even in embryo. The spirit gives its *own form* to the organism; and if it could be seen with the natural eye, it would appear like the organism which it inhabits; were it not so, we could not know the mind or spirit by the organism. As everything else is accomplished by means, so it is by means that organism is what it is; and that means is the spirit's power, which gives it shape, strength and motion.

Facts in nature prove, that the organism in embryo is affected by the spirit, *through* the organism that bears it. So the *spirit* in embryo is affected *through* the organism which it inhabits. And as there is an embryo state of the organism, so there is an embryo state of the spirit. And as a physical disseverance from the parent is a *first birth*, both to organism and spirit, so the emancipation of the spirit from the organism which it inhabited is a second birth of the spirit, or second change of the spirit's mode of being, and the sensations of the spirit are no longer *through* the visible organism, but are in itself. In the organism, the spirit *sees*, *acts* and *realizes* only through a veil, and if that veil or organism is darkened, the manifestations of the spirit cease; but when this veil is taken away, or the spirit is emancipated, it then sees clearly, and its sensations are increased—not annihilated. It can then see and communicate with spirits, as really as one visible organism can be brought in contact with another.

Paul seemed to understand this second birth of the spirit, when he said:—'That which thou sowest is not quickened except it perish.' If what is sown is dead, and contains no life, it must forever *remain* dead, and will never send forth the living shoot. It is the life *within* the seed that produces the shoot, and as the latter increases, the life or power in the seed goes to *support* it, and the seed perishes; but its life is not annihilated, but is absorbed in the higher form. The butterfly is ushered into being while the ungainly caterpillar perishes; but if the caterpillar should perish without being transformed, the butterfly would never appear. So it is throughout nature: *life* proceeds *from* life, but never from death. The *mortal* form perishes, and the *immortal* spirit is then born, and, in immortal bloom, dwells with kindred spirits. But if it could be proved that *man perishes* in death, nature would point to the conclusion that he must forever remain dead. But it is the *organism* only that perishes, while the spirit merely changes its mode of being.—*Phren. Jour.*



## STUDY OF NATURAL SCIENCE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

In the first general view of things, objects are presented, as it were, in *masses*. We look around, and perceive vast groups, or assemblages of things, without any seeming order in their distribution. It is one of the first functions of the intelligent principle to establish order in the midst of this apparent chaos. In short, the primitive step in all sciences must be that of arrangement, or classification, or a preparation to that effect. Thus we find all terrestrial objects distributed into three general kinds, or classes, which are usually called the three great Kingdoms of Nature, namely, the Mineral, Vegetable, and Animal kingdoms.

The original classification of plants by the ancient Botanists was founded on the size and duration of the stem; and by this law they were distributed into Herbs, Shrubs, and Trees.

Proceeding farther, we create divisions and sub-divisions, until the whole are arranged, by some kindred principles, into such groups as may be convenient for observation and study. Thus we obtain first *Classes*, which are, as it were, representatives of the whole nations,—Orders, which may stand for tribes, or clans; Genera for families, and Species for individuals—each particular specimen representing the whole of its species.

The advantages of this arrangement are obvious, since no life would be long enough for the study of individuals, severally considered, even in the single kingdom of Plants, which is supposed to contain about 100,000 species, only 80,000 of which are known and classified.

It has been made a grave question with many, of what particular use the study of this science can be. To answer this we begin by one broad assertion.—There is no art known or practised among men, but is, in some way dependent on the Vegetable Kingdom for its materials. How important must it be, then, that this vast magazine of materials and resources should be canvassed, investigated, and studied, under the greatest possible advantage—that the powers, properties, and forces may be most completely drawn forth, and most happily appropriated.

To go back still farther, Vegetables are the only producers of food in the world, since they, only, can elaborate organism, or the nutriment proper to men and animals, from inorganic elements. To make this clear, Plants absorb from the crude elements and gasses of water, earth, but chiefly from the air, substances which are converted into the means of their own development and growth, and hence into their own fabric. They, again, furnish food to animals and man; but no animal can find any substantial nutriment in the mineral kingdom.

To begin, then, with the mere economical uses of the study. Look at the wonderful results of horticulture! The native apple, if such a specimen could be found—I mean the original *crab* of the wild woods—it would most happily illustrate its own name; for it would show itself an altogether surly and crabbed fruit—hard, knotty, sour—fit only to make the very hardest cider, and the very sourest tempers for those who drink it. The wild apple tree itself, instead of the fair umbrageous growth that adorns our orchards, and is so ornamental in our cultivated grounds, both for its fine proportions and its beautiful foliage, flowers, and fruits, is a mere thorn-bush, and nearly allied to the common thorn—its savageness, as Linnaeus fancifully termed it, having been subdued by cultivation.

By the study of Vegetable Physiology, it was perceived that a tree or shrub is a compound being, and that each of its buds is a distinct individual, capable of maintaining a separate existence, whenever placed in favorable circumstances. Advancing on this idea, it came to be seen that by transferring the buds of improved individuals to other stocks, they would not only be multiplied, but if under more favorable circumstances, improved—with a continual tendency toward higher perfection of the fruit. Hence sprang all the improvements of inoculation, grafting, and budding—the advantage of which consists in the fact, that by these processes *individual characteristics* are presented;—but seedling plants have a continual tendency to revert to the original type of the race; and thus improvements in any given case are liable to be lost. By these, and some other means, the hard and unpalatable products of field and forest have been converted into fruits so excellent, so fair, healthful, and luscious, that could the Goddess Pomona herself come to taste them, she would never believe they could be the offspring of her own good old mother, the Earth.

The Potato, in its native wilds of Peru, is a rank vine, with scarce a tuber on its roots. The native Carrot and Parsnip may be found on our own dry hills, and about cultivated grounds, with meagre, fibrous, and ill-flavored roots, wholly unfit for food; and the wild cabbage is a miserable branching herb, without even the shadow of a head.

Nor have the improvements been less in Floriculture and Agriculture generally. All the splendid varieties of the Dahlia have sprung from an ugly-looking Mexican plant, with a coarse yellow flower; and similar wonders have been wrought in the Jessamine and Tulip.

In fact, instances almost without number have been brought to show the advantages of the science as applied to the direct culture of plants. Add to this improvement, which may be made in the manufacture and use of the vegetable products, such as Gums, Resins, Sugar, Starch, Tannin, Legumin, Gluten, Albumen, and the like, and you have a motive for looking into Vegetable Chemistry, which has a direct reference to dollars and cents.

But as Man is not only an eating and drinking, but a thinking, loving, and reflecting animal, possessed of intelligence, affections, and reason, let us proceed a step higher, and show how these attributes, also, may be developed and gratified by our favorite science. The love of Beauty is as essential an element of the human constitution as the faculty of Reason; yet it by no means receives the attention it deserves at the hands of those whose more especial duty it is to develop and educate the mind. Abstract, mathematical, or rather *economical* science, is cultivated almost exclusively. One would think the whole process of education is a single rule of simple or compound Addition, so sedulously are the laws of *adding* and the faculty of *GETTING* cultivated—being made to assume the first and utmost importance in the eyes of the young student. Let your science show how *one may be added to one*, so as to make two, and directly it will be popular. Go farther, and show how those two may be converted into four, and it is at once doubled in dignity and importance—in the common estimation at least. In a word, let your teaching be addressed to the pocket, and the pocket will respond to its claims. But there is a higher thought—there is a truer idea of the human being, yet to be unfolded, when



all the attributes proper to the nature of man come to be equally and healthily developed.

The importance of any faculty may be fairly predicated on the amount of means naturally prepared for its gratification. What, then, can embrace so vast a range of subjects, as essentially belonging to itself, as a love of the Beautiful; and in nothing is this principle more universally developed than in the love of flowers. This love of beauty is the great refining quality of nature. It softens, it elevates, it spiritualizes the affections; and the great Creator has evidently provided for its nurture, as one of the most important faculties. He has clothed the earth in a pleasing and healthful hue, which the poet has happily termed "sight-refreshing green;" He has broken its surface into the most agreeable variety of mountain, hill, valley, and plain; He has planted the rounded pillars of Oak and Sycamore along the verdant aisles of the forest, and set the Pine and Cedar on the steep acclivity of the mountain. He has sprinkled the way-side with forms and hues of beauty, and opened a thousand flowers to live, and bloom, and breathe out their sweetness, amid the deep religious solitudes of Nature. Why is all this, but to nourish, and perfect, and exalt our sense of the Beautiful?

It is not known that the beauty of flowers is at all essential to the great end of vegetable life—the production of fruit or seed. The same great process of production, growth, development, and reproduction, might probably be carried on, if nature were clothed in a universal garb of russet or sober gray. We might be so organized as to live, and see, without light. Yet imagination fails to conceive how low and stolid, how degraded and brutalized, we should become in such a state! The ethereal essence of the soul—the love of beauty, and the aspiration after excellence and loveliness in every form, having no nutriment, could have no existence. We should be, at the best, but a race of groping, delving, groveling moles, chiefly to be distinguished from our brother Quadraped by having two feet instead of four.

But how different from this is our true position! Our Heavenly Father has spread over the earth a carpet of softest verdure, and dotted it thickly with innumerable flowers, tinging their delicate petals with every hue and shade of beauty. He has placed in the midst of this scene innumerable animals, that the beauties of sensation, graceful motion, and intelligence, might be superadded. He has enveloped all in an atmosphere of liquid azure, which in itself is a beautifying medium, arching it up into a dome-like structure, so simple, it is in its whole vastness a perfect unit, and yet so grand, no conception of the sublime could transcend it. The vast walls of the bending sapphire are now seen studded thick with stars, now overspread with fleecy clouds, now heaving up the dark battlements of the storm, and now a majestic temple, where the great sun sits enthroned in all the glorious infinitude of light. And why is it, but that a sense of all this beauty might pervade the coarser and harder elements of our nature, and thus refine and humanize us? If, then, the mere external, and as it were casual view of objects, which are at once so beautiful in appearance, and so wonderful in structure, has a beneficial effect, how much more must that closer study, which brings them into a nearer acquaintance with the mind!

Again, as a mental discipline, this study is hardly exceeded by the Greek and Latin classics themselves. It has now come to be seen that the mere abstract knowledge acquired by any process of education, is but a small part of the advantage to

be obtained from study. The mental faculties should not only be exercised, but they must be tasked, in order to be developed more strongly, and more healthily. There must be a Gymnasium for the MIND, as well as for the muscles, or it will never attain the highest degree of its own proper strength. In this light, it will be perceived that the more difficult a study is, the more good it will do. There must be indulged no puny weakness, that shrinks from the mastery of a hard name; but the pupil should take hold of this, as well as other studies, with braced nerves, with a steady will—with the strength and heroic zeal of a Gladiator, ready to fight—and determined to overcome.

And the study of Botany not only assists in developing the mental faculties, but it also brings out and exercises important moral functions. In the love of order it induces; in the habit of perseverance which it enjoins, and in the friendly intercourse which it establishes among congenial minds, we see it important. To females, especially, it holds out strong inducements. It is not only particularly congenial, but it furnishes a motive for healthful exercise, and a nobler substitute for the frippery of dress and fashion.

If the ladies should be told it would make them more beautiful, I dare say students would not be wanting. And though it may not be entirely right to appeal to any principle of vanity, yet the cheek's fine glow and the agile motions of one in perfect health, the delicate taste, the nice discrimination, and, above all, the devout veneration of Divine wisdom and goodness which it inspires, are elements of beauty which we may innocently seek to possess; nay, it is our duty to make all effort in order to attain them.

Add to this, that you will unfold a source of happiness which no accident may destroy, no contingency disturb, and you will then have but a very imperfect idea of the mine of wealth you are about to open. Madame Roland, amid the dungeons of the Bastille, and the Empress Josephine in all the heart-loneliness of desertion, found the love of this science both a solace and a pleasure. To the Botanist every herb, nay, the simplest weed that grows, is invested with a new character, and a higher interest. Let us, then, obey the injunction of Solomon, and consider the lilies of the field, how THEY GROW.

### Sublime Pagan Divinity.

Cicero, in his *Natura Deorum*, has preserved to us, from a lost work of Aristotle, a fragment which justifies the fame of that *flumen orationis aureum* which so largely fertilized the literature of antiquity. The fine idea is as follows: "If there were beings who lived in the depths of the earth, in dwelling places adorned with paintings and statues, and every thing enjoyed by those most wealthy and fortunate in the world; and if these beings could receive tidings of the glory and power of the divinities, and, after that, come out from their dark residences through the fissures of the globe to the surface on which we stand; if they could suddenly see the earth and the sea, and the circle of Heaven—contemplate the great cloudy expanse, hear the winds of the firmament, and admire the majesty and beautiful effulgence of the sun; could they behold the starry host of heaven, in the night, the rolling and changing moon, and the rising and setting of the celestial orbs in the order prescribed from eternity—they would surely exclaim—'There are indeed Gods, and such magnificent things must be the work of their hands!'"



## Voices from the Spirit-land.

### THE THEOLOGY OF THE DAY.

A VISION TO THE "CIRCLE OF HOPE".

"If even the old mythologies are dear to him; if clouds and hills are oftentimes his sacred text books—take it not ill nor call it heresy. It is only a faith so confident that it forgets sometimes to lean against the pillars of the Church."

BLACKWOOD.

I was on the inside of a circular room of what seemed to be a very massive, solidly-built round tower, reminding me of the keep of an ancient Saxon castle. The room seemed to be 25 or 30 feet in diameter. It was evidently tall, for though I saw neither the top nor bottom of it, I saw a stairway that descended along the wall, winding its way downward spirally, until it was lost to my view in the darkness, which enveloped every thing below.

The stairs were of stone, very heavy and massive and were built solidly into the outer wall, which was also of stone and several feet thick. The balusters were of the same solid, substantial formation of either iron or stone, I did not observe which.

The whole structure was very substantially built, as if intended to endure for ages, and it seemed as if it had so endured, for there were many signs of antiquity about it, not only in the style of the architecture, but in the dust and discoloration of the stairs and in the fact that the steps of the stairway, though rough hewn, were worn smooth and in the center worn down, as if many—many feet had been treading them for years.

The only light that entered the building was a faint, soft, mellow light that came through windows built in the side of the circular tower, and so located that a person descending the stairs might look out of each as he passed and see what was outside, and indeed could, with a little pains, throw open the windows and pass out.

Less light entered the tower from the windows than might have been expected from their size, because they were glazed with ground glass that was calculated to dim the light and obstruct its passage. Glass was put there at all on the pretence of excluding the peltings of the storm without, and it was ground and rendered partly opaque, instead of being clear and transparent, for the purpose of warding off the gaze of idle curiosity and of preventing any one from looking into or examining that old tower, unless authorized by those who had built it or claimed proprietorship of it.

And besides this obstruction to the passage of the light, I observed that on the glass had gathered the dust and cobwebs of ages gone by, which there had been no friendly hand to brush away.

All these particulars of the building I noticed from time to time during the continuance of the vision. My

attention was attracted early and almost from the first, by an old man who was descending the stairs. He was thin, spare and infirm, and trembling with old age, as if fourscore years at least had rolled over him into the bosom of eternity. He was dressed in the garb of the present day, with a broad brimmed hat on, as if to shade his eyes from the light, feeble as it was in that dark and gloomy enclosure, and he supported with a cane his tottering steps as he slowly descended.

When I first saw him he was just above the windows, and I could not help but observe that as he approached the first one, instead of pausing to enjoy that soft and mellow light, he passed apparently unaware that it was there, and he seemed as it were unconsciously to hurry his pace a little, as if he was annoyed at something he knew not what, and desired to escape from its influence. I noticed the same thing as he approached the second window, and I saw that he never looked up but kept his eyes cast downwards always, as if his mind was intent only upon the gloomy darkness which enveloped the bottom of the stairway and toward which he was slowly but surely wending his way.

I saw very plainly that that stairway was so substantially built, so much pains had been taken with its erection and to exclude from it the light and air that might otherwise in time have caused it to crumble and decay, that a long, long time must elapse before it would fall to pieces. But while I was thinking of this and pitying that poor old man, who was thus blindly descending into a darkness worse than Egyptian, because a darkness of the mind, a sudden convulsion, as if the explosion of a mine of gunpowder, tore the stairway to pieces at the spot opposite the windows, and over which he had just passed. Those massive stone steps were torn from their fastenings in the wall and heaved up, while he was, by the force of the concussion, pitched head first down into that impenetrable darkness; and those steps, losing their upward momentum, followed him closely into that dark abyss, which my sight could not penetrate, but where they must have crushed and buried him under their ruins.

I turned my eyes away from the sad spectacle of his fall, and lo! where the stairway had been rent from the wall a small aperture had been opened, running horizontally, and through it a most brilliant and grateful light shone. By the eruption the stairway from above ended just at that spot, and the aperture was large enough for one, descending the stairs, to crawl through and thus escape the darkness and destruction which yawned below, now more fearful and certain from that break in the stairway.

I saw in one corner of the aperture the upper part of a female form, as if she was standing on the ground outside and looking in. She was surrounded and enveloped by that beautiful light. She had a book in one hand and a pen in the other, and her right hand was uplifted, as if her



occupation of writing had been suddenly suspended and her countenance was full of joy and gladness, that at length the light of heaven had penetrated that gloomy hall, and of welcome to me to come and enjoy its balmy and heavenly influence.

While I was looking at her, I heard a light and youthful footstep ascending the stairs behind me. I looked to see who it was, but I caught only a glimpse of a female form, arrayed in the garb of this earth. It seemed to me as if she had had something to do with that destruction of the stairway.

I turned my eyes again to the aperture, and through it saw the country beyond. Oh! what a contrast there was between its brightness and beauty and the gloomy darkness of that old, dusty, time-worn hall! Beyond was a beautiful landscape, filled with the loveliness of nature in its purity, and on it rested a light so balmy, so grateful that the soul could indeed revel in it forever. And while I gazed the vision faded from my view.

The moral of the picture was very palpable.

That old hall and its dusty stairway were the theology which centuries had been erecting. The old man who was descending the path which so many had trod before him, was this age and generation, surporting his downward progress with the staff of sectarianism. The light which entered through the windows was the mild light of the Christian dispensation, unequal to the task of penetrating the darkness that brooded below, pointing indeed to a happy country beyond, but shorn of its power over this age and generation, by the obstructions of the glass and by the shade of that hat which seemed to be worn from habit, and for no other purpose than to protect the eyes from every influence of the light.

The darkness below is that infidelity into which mankind have been surely and slowly descending.

The destruction of that stairway opened a view of the brilliant light and the happy results of the new dispensation, and more than that, opened to man an easy passage from that stairway thus leading to darkness and destruction, to that country where the light of truth and love shine evermore.

And I could not be mistaken in the supposition that the light female form that ascended the stairs behind me, was intended to represent those who would save us from the gloomy abyss of infidelity, and open to us a view now and the opportunity of entering hereafter, the land where love and truth and wisdom make all things pure and bright and happy.

The spirits desire to arrange the elements of the social world into the harmonious structure which shall represent the society of Heaven. To this end they will labor with unwearied hearts to unfold the wisdom which has been garnered in the treasury of angels, and which will secure the freedom and elevation of humanity.

### AN ANCIENT PROPHECY.

In the infancy of the human race, there lived an individual who loved the ways of righteousness and feared not to speak the truth. This individual was the patriarch or ruler of a nation, and his name was Abraham. The spirits will reveal what not has been revealed. Abraham was a medium for the spirits of the heavenly world; and in the silence of the night when dreams are wont to visit the wearied brain, the spirits came to his side and whispered things which he understood not. And where he heard the voice of spirits, he thought within his mind that the Lord had spoken, and he arose to seek a new land which had been pictured to him in the metaphorical language which the spirits used. Thus Abraham was a prophet, inasmuch as he sought and beheld that which should be established; but he saw as through a glass darkly, not knowing that the Canaan which was spoken of to him, represented simply the spiritual blessings which are enjoyed in the present age.

But the truth which the spirits unfolded to the soul of the patriarch is beginning to be realized on the earth. The blessings of rest and peace are being revealed to the advancing spirits of men as the unfolded flowers of the regenerated world. Sweetly bloom the beauties of the approaching day which is dawning on the brightening bosom of humanity. There has been given to ancient prophets the voice of the coming glory; and the light which was beheld even amid the darkness of the past is rapidly flowing from the upper spheres to bless, and cheer, and elevate the world. Thus shall the prophecy of the olden time be fulfilled in the unfoldings of the New Dispensation.

SPIRITS.

### SPIRITUAL UNFOLDINGS.

The darkness of earth hath not comprehended the light of Heaven. Many spirits have watched through the night of humanity. Angel-voices have spoken to the slumbering souls of men; and while gloom rested over the sanctuary of the immortal mind, the thrilling whisper echoing there, awakened the heaven-born thoughts which had long slept upon its altar. Nature revealed not her divine truths, because there were but few minds fitted to receive them. The glory of the stars reflected to the mortal eye, disclosed not the life and wisdom which they enfold; and all the murmuring voices of the wind and sea breathed only their music to the ear, while their deep meaning was hidden from the soul. But shall the blindness of the earthly mind shut out forever the radiance of the spiritual sun? Behold, a great light is even now ready to burst on the waiting world. The secrets of Nature are to be revealed to the perceptions of the soul. They shall be searched in the light of the interior world, and shall disclose gems of immortal truth shining amid the dust of the ancient mysteries.

SPIRITS.



## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 13, 1852.

## THE VOICE OF FREEDOM.

The accompanying lecture was delivered by the Editor, while in the spiritual condition, at a recent meeting of the Circle of Hope ; and was reported by Judge Edmonds. It is inserted in this place at the request of the invisible friends by whom it was dictated :—

Freedom speaks to the earth again. Once she spake through the lips of the lowly one. Once that voice thrilled through the hearts of humble fishermen. Once it gushed out from the spirit that left the bloody cross, and it arose far above the tumult of the bigoted multitude and the sound of the earthquake.

Alas ! that voice died away in silence. A dark and dismal cloud rested on humanity. Superstition reared her dismal temple ; Bigotry forged her galling chains, and what men have termed Religion placed a yoke of bondage on the soul. The wail of woe burst out from bleeding hearts. The cry of despair arose from trembling lips, and darkness, as a death-pall, settled down upon the human spirit. Yet not forever might this age of bondage last ; not forever might the human soul be crushed and degraded ; not forever might that light which bursts in heavenly glory on the earth, be buried in darkness. Freedom speaks to earth again. And now it comes not from the lips of mortals, it issues not from human tongues, but is breathed down from the opened Heavens.

Lo ! that voice is thrilling now through the great soul of humanity. It strikes as a dart of death to the hearts of tyrants, and dissolves the regal scepter with its breath. It gushes forth from the heart of the old dominions, and trembles over the waves of the deep sea. And what does the voice of Freedom unfold ? Let me ask, what is Freedom ? It is the expanded energies of the immortal soul. It is the wide illimitable expanse of Truth, in which that soul was born to roam. It is entering on the pathway of unending progress. It is following the footsteps of angels in the skies. It is the culling of immortal flowers that bloom in their shining pathway. Oh ! how clearly, how gloriously, how inspiringly, that voice is breathed down to the soul ! It awakens there its noblest hopes. It awakens deep and holy aspirations that rise above the dark sphere of earth, and soar to mansions of light in Heaven.

How sweetly that voice broke on the stillness of universal death ! How silently it breathed into the human heart its message of redemption ! Beneath its power the fetters of the slave shall be dissolved ; at

its bidding the prison-doors shall be opened to the captive ; by its gentle tones the soul, long buried in darkness and bondage, shall be led forth to breathe the atmosphere of heaven. Behold ! that voice calls now to the world. It is speaking forth from the lips of angels, breathing in the still air—whispering in the sanctuary of the soul. The night is far spent, and the day is at hand. Glorious and heavenly is the work to be accomplished—a work beside which all the achievements of human skill and human pride are insignificant.

Let us look at the history of the past. I remember one whose heart thirsted for fame, and whose hand grasped for power. He went forth with mighty hosts on his mission of destruction. He scaled lofty towers, and ascended high battlements that impeded his progress. With a strong arm he grasped the glittering sword, and caused rivers of blood to flow. And when all was over, and the end of his desire was accomplished, and he looked forth on his trophies and reflected on his many victories—when he gazed on the destruction which marked his pathway, before which the flowers of faith and hope had withered—where blood had flowed around him on every side, and tears of sorrow gushed out from sad and mourning hearts, then, O then, he sat him down and wept—wept that still another world might not be added to his conquests—that other hearts might not feel the weight of his crushing arm !

And this is Glory ! This is what mortals call power ! This is the end towards which the footsteps of the great would lead. Oh ! is there not something more than this on earth ? Slumbers there not a higher energy in the human soul ? Yes ! Freedom speaks to earth again. From heart to heart, from soul to soul, through the vast expanse of humanity, that voice is thrilling even now ; and the human spirit is awakening from its lethargy—is awakening from its slumber of ages—to drink in the streams of Love and Truth that descend from the unfolded skies.

This is the day when Freedom shall be known among the sons of humanity. This is the day when the chains shall fall from the oppressed spirit. This is the day when the pulse of humanity shall quicken with an inward life. And now shall the arm of man be made strong. Now shall the stream of truth brighten and deepen in its flow. Now shall the light of Heaven grow clearer and brighter amid this glorious dawning.

Prepare ye for the resurrection of humanity. Stand ye up in the strength and majesty of spiritual manhood. Let the scenes of earth no longer enthrall your senses and deaden the soul. A voice calls you to a higher destiny. It is the voice of Freedom breaking from the skies. Listen ! not with your ears only, but with your souls. Listen ! And in the deep silence of your inner being may ye find its earnest whisperings to lead you up beyond the veil of darkness, beyond the



tumults of this lower sphere—to lead you up—up—far up in the pathway of unfolded angels, and give you strength to mount on high, as the eagle soars, to breathe the air of Freedom forever and ever.

### ORGANIZATION OF CIRCLES.

As new circles are constantly being formed all around us, and some of their members are novices in Spiritualism and unacquainted with the mode of starting themselves in the path of progression, we have thought we could not do better than to give place to the constitutional By-Laws which the spirits dictated, through one of its mediums, to the Circle of Hope, at its first formation. They may be of service to others in the organization of circles, and in their first steps in spiritual knowledge; and as such and such only, we commend them to the attention of our friends.

#### BY-LAWS OF THE CIRCLE OF HOPE.

§ 1. Let no addition be made to the Circle, either permanently, or even temporarily, except by unanimous consent.

§ 2. Let the members of the Circle be numbered by lot, and each one's number be recorded in the minutes.

§ 3. Let this be the order of business: 1. Read the minutes and the by-laws. 2. Pray. 3. Sing. 4. Ask questions in the order of the numbers, beginning at number one, and going through to the end, and then beginning at number one again, and so on.

If at any meeting there is not time to go all around, begin at the next meeting where you left off at the last meeting, and so on, at every meeting; proceeding thus in a continued circle.

Every one who feels unable to utter a vocal prayer, may raise his or her desire to the Divine Giver of Good, in silence, which will be registered in Heaven.

§ 4. It is best that each one have their questions written out before hand, or at least, that each has a memorandum of the topic on which it is wished to converse.

§ 5. It is also best that each one confines himself to one topic at one interview, thus giving the others a better chance, and tending to make the inquiries definite—which is a matter of importance. Thus: if any one wishes to converse on two topics, or more, let him take one topic the first time it comes to his turn, and another topic the next; and so on.

§ 6. Let no one, on any account, interrupt a Number while conversing. If any explanation is wanting, wait until the Number has got through, and then ask it. Or, if it should suggest an extended inquiry, take it as one of your topics when it comes your turn.

§ 7. It must be the business of some one to write down at the time every answer that is given. Those answers will be delivered by that person to the Secretary, and the questions asked will be delivered to him

by the Number asking, so that both may be recorded in the minutes.

§ 8. The object of our association being of the most grave and solemn import, all light and trivial speech or conduct ought to be avoided; and to duly impress this upon all, it shall be the duty of each one in the order of his number, to offer the nightly prayer.

§ 9. As our end and aim is the investigation of this phenomenon and the discovery of truth, nothing ought to be received as such unless it can be understood, and will bear the test of reason.

§ 10. The harmony of the Circle is essential to success, and the utmost pains must be taken by each one to preserve it. Therefore, all discussion and disputation at the Circle ought to be avoided, and reserved for a more fitting occasion. And if any one is conscious of feeling inharmonious, from any cause, let him stay away until he shall recover the proper equanimity.

§ 11. Order is Heaven's first law; and without order there can not be harmony. Every thing ought therefore to be conducted with order; and no person ought to get up from the table, or leave the Circle, during a communication, if it can be avoided. Nothing ought to be said or done by any one that may annoy or displease another.

Selfishness is an evil to be avoided; Love, a virtue to be cultivated.

We must be like little children, and love God and one another.

By a strict adherence to these rules, this Circle has advanced very rapidly. We have already given several of its communications to our readers, and shall continue to do so.

### THE NEW DISPENSATION.

A correspondent addressing the editor of "*Light from the Spirit-world*," presents the following interesting and cheering reflections:—

The new and wonderful developments of spiritual manifestations are now no longer a matter of doubt and uncertainty, in the minds of those who have given the subject a thorough investigation; and those who have not had the moral courage to investigate it, or to even deem it worthy of serious consideration, but who have heretofore regarded the manifestations as deception and humbug, are now forced, by the testimony of thousands of honest people, to admit the truth of the phenomena. But as in the discovery of all great truths in *past ages*, they have been, through ignorance and *superstition*, attributed to the work of the Prince of Darkness!

\* \* \* It is by the dissemination of truth that the ignorance, superstition, deformity, and lingering mist of *past ages* are to be dissipated and made to give place to the glorious light of approaching day—a day which shall reveal to man, in characters of living light, his exalted destiny of unending progress through the



spheres above—a day in which the long looked for Millennium of God's kingdom upon Earth shall be fully realized—a day in which universal peace, righteousness and brotherly love shall reign triumphantly and fill the swelling hearts of all.

This day or era that is now dawning upon the world, and which is scoffed at by those who should be its most zealous advocates, will be a greater era than any that has preceded it. It will be the era of eras; but the eras that have preceded it (like as the lower or undeveloped forms in Creation, are necessary for the existence of the higher,) were necessary in the order of things, to the bringing about of the present, and may be regarded as the great land-marks in the world's history, which the universal law of progression has unfolded, and which will continue to unfold unto still higher perfections, until the evils which now exist upon the earth, shall be known no more. In view, then, of the happiness which the approaching era has in store for all the erring sons of God, how important that each individual should labor for the dissemination of the truth, and the hastening in of that day when 'all shall know the Lord from the least unto the greatest.'

I rejoice that it is my privilege to live in this, the dawning of the new day, for to me it is a most interesting period, in which to behold the bright rays of the Sun of Truth, wherever they are permitted to penetrate, dissipating the darkness of the past, which still hangs over the ever thirsting soul for freedom and happiness, like an incubus binding it in chains more deplorable than the most arbitrary laws which tyrants can impose.

The God-gift faculties of the human intellect have too long been made to bow and cringe to the teachings of men, and it is high time that man should awake to a sense of the glorious liberty with which he is endowed, and assert and maintain his inherent right to the exercise of his immortal attribute upon all subjects pertaining to Heaven and Earth.

### SINGULAR EXPERIMENTS.

Facts in science and discoveries in nature, so far as they may tend to test or elucidate the philosophy of spiritual intercourse, shall always find place in our columns. To that end, and as calculated to contribute some proof of the doctrine of Progression, we make the following extract from the "*New-York Quarterly*." That is a new publication, the number from which we extract being only the third, but it bids fair to be eminently useful. It is conducted thus far with a great deal of learning and ability, and exhibits certainly a very enlightened and candid spirit. If it shall continue as it has begun, a wide field of prosperity is open before it.—[Ed.]

Curious developments in insect life have been made within a few weeks past by Mr. Crosse, an amateur English philosopher. The progressive theory of the

development of life was put forth some years ago in that remarkable work, the "Vestiges of Creation," and the attention of the scientific and the public was directed to the arguments employed in support of the author's hypothesis. Mr. Crosse has performed some late experiments upon the same basis with wonderful results, if the tales recorded of them be true. The United States Consul at Liverpool writes regarding a visit he recently made to the house of Mr. Crosse:

"I own to utter incredulity until I had the opportunity of a thorough examination of the process, and a full explanation of the means. No room was left for doubt. No delusion, no self-deception, no favorite hypothesis to be carried out, had any influence in the result. On first witnessing the result, Mr. Crosse would not believe his own senses. He locked up his laboratory, and took a long walk in the open air, to assure himself that he was not laboring under some illusion. On his return, he beheld the actual living insect in its various stages of formation. The apparatus was prepared for the purpose of producing crystals from the silicate of potash.

"A tubulated retort, with its long end plunged in a glass dish of mercury, has a platina wire passing through it, connected with the negative pole of a weak galvanic battery. Through a neck in the retort, hermetically sealed, another platina wire, immersed in the caustic solution, communicates with the positive pole. The bulb of the retort is two-thirds filled with a most carefully prepared caustic, solution of silex and potash. Pure black flints and caustic soda, after being subjected to a white heat, are pulverized and melted into a glass, which is soluble in distilled water. In this solution no animal life can possibly exist, nor can there in the mercury. The whole was then placed upon a shelf for constant inspection. A gelatinous substance was first observed to have formed around the bottom of the positive wire. Then No. 1 made its appearance, gradually expanding into Nos. 2 and 3, when flexible filaments were observed.

"No. 4 began to show animal life, and after one hundred and forty days watching through all its changes, the perfect living insect crawled up the wire!—not singly, but in sufficient numbers to dispel all doubt, if any could have existed, and prepared for another stage of life. Like our mosquitoes, they emerge from the element in which they are produced, and are drowned in it if they return; any unfortunate straggler that missed his hold, immediately perished. The *Acarus Crossei* is now known as a distinct species."

### Spiritualism in Missouri.

Under this heading, our new exchange, "*Light from the Spirit-world*," gives the following comprehensive statement:—

It is with great pleasure that we inform our friends at a distance, that we have cheering accounts of the progress of the manifestations from different portions of our State.

At some points the spirits are performing wonderful things; and in many places men are casting aside the fetters of prejudice, and the guidance of others, determined to test the truth for themselves, and be guided by its holy light. That light, streaming from afar, begins to reveal to them the glorious reality of the spirit's life.



## Correspondence.

## JESUS CHRIST.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT MESSENGER :

A large proportion, apparently, of modern Spiritualists regard JESUS CHRIST as a human being, in the identical sense that all men are human, and as nothing more ; and that his deeds and teachings resulted from a spiritual illumination of the character exhibited by modern seers or spirit-media. Those who entertain this view of him, merely allude to Christ as they do to Moses, Isaiah, Swedenborg, the Seeress of Pre-vost, and many others ; sometimes saying that he was more highly illuminated than these seers. He is spoken of as having been a reliable medium ; and many of his sayings are quoted as being very beautiful and true ; and for having uttered them, he is praised as a very clever personage.

But while I have not a satisfactory understanding of the true and full character of Christ and his mission, I am not entirely convinced of the truthfulness of the views above expressed. I think there are in many things he said—if true and comprehended by me—indications of qualities which transcend what are generally understood by merely human ; and I am exceedingly desirous of understanding the significance of many of Christ's doctrines, and things related of him, which I do not if I regard him only as a fellow man.

If we admit Jesus to have been spiritually illuminated, sane, and truthful, how can many things which he said of himself be reconciled with the assumption that he was a man, merely ? He most fully and unequivocally taught that he was the *only* begotten Son of God ; that he came down from Heaven to do the will of God, and to save the world ; that all things were delivered to him by the Father ; that those only should be saved who believed on him ; that he was the way, the truth, and the life ; and it was said of him by an Apostle that he was God manifested in the flesh. And as a part of his divine mission, he foretold that he should be crucified, and in three days raised from the dead ; which prediction was fulfilled, if the testimony of the Evangelists is to be relied on. Now, do not these, and a host more of the sayings of Jesus, together with their effects upon the minds of his disciples, render it evident that he claimed to be divine, in a sense that we are not ? If this is so, is it consistent to say that he was truthful, but only human ?

And the evidences of the truthfulness of Jesus are of no ordinary character. Do not his words sink deep into the soul, and from thence call forth the fullest response to their absolute divinity ? Did he not communicate the most sublime and important rule, when he said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and

thy neighbor as thyself" ? Clearly, in this, as in his sermon on the mount, he unfolded the most Godlike principles ; which constitute the *life* of all TRUE human relations, and upon which, as Jesus said, hang all the law and the prophets.

But did he teach truth from a pure love of it, or from selfish and ambitious motives ?

Is not this answered, and his sincerity manifested, by the very nature of his precepts—the practice of which perpetually tends to the eradication of all unequal and selfish interests, and to the establishment of a pure and universal BROTHERHOOD—as well as by the facts that he bore all his persecutions with heavenly meekness, and yielded his life at last, in fidelity to his doctrines, when, as a crowning proof of his self-sacrificing love of humanity, and unconquerable desire for their salvation, he prayed in his dying agonies for his murderers, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do" ?

And is not the charge of his being simple, and self-deceived, destroyed by the character of his exhortations, by the manner in which he confounded the Pharisees and Sadducees in their ingenious attempts to ensnare him with questions, and by the unequaled wisdom of his parables ; thus proving that he spoke with the understanding in all things he said ?

If, then, the apparent goodness of Jesus was real, and his expressions were according to the understanding, and yet he was only a human being, what do many of his words signify ?

Again, admitting the fidelity of the New Testament historians, how are we to understand the event in the baptism of Jesus, in which "the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in bodily shape like a dove upon him ; and a voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art my beloved son : in thee I am well pleased" ? Or, the account of his transfiguration, when a cloud overshadowed him, out of which a voice came saying, "This is my beloved son : hear him" ? Whence, if he was only a man, his ability to restore, instantaneously, sight to the blind, perfection to the maimed limbs, health to those afflicted with the most aggravated forms of disease, and even life to the dead—to control the winds and the waves—provide food for the thousands, and perform all his wondrous acts of power and benevolence ?

In consideration of the above, and all that bears upon the subject, I ask—What is the precise nature of Christ ? Are there sufficient grounds IN REASON, to deny his divinity ? And what do his words and deeds signify ?

Will the reader say that I manifest an undue interest in this subject, and that my queries are trifling ? Let him instruct me. To me, there is vital importance in this connection. Truth demands an understanding of this, as well as of all other matters. And it is neces-







## Unity

### THE SOUL'S ENCOURAGEMENT.

[WHICHES ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT]

God speaks to his children. In the light  
Of the illumination I can be divine  
The commandment since the commandments bright,  
To receive and love the Father's commandment  
Each radiant messenger of His love  
To set the light of Truth on every hill,  
And turn a barren land the good of them  
Who seek to love and do His holy Will,  
And all their destiny at once to their fulfill.

He speaks to the nations. And with fire,  
And truth, and vengeance and the rule  
That burning comes with mind desire  
That to impart the beauty of a school,  
And through His child as though he were a fool—  
But mildly gently sweetly leads  
The willing pupil to the teaching goal,  
Who seek to love and do His holy Will,  
And can no longer dream of light when God's hand pleads.

God speaks to those in darkness. No! His voice  
Comes from the soul to wake the inner sense,  
And bids the weary pilgrim now rejoice  
With an illuminating response  
Brought to the heart, and brought to the heart,  
To give with wisdom every word that flows  
To point the pilgrim of the vast unknown,  
To which the Spirit ultimately goes—  
To find itself from wrong and end its earthly woes.

God loves the upward journey. Within the soul  
There is no other path to God's own hand,  
And from its fire the clouds of sin are rolled,  
In sacred service of His command,  
To purify the soul that it may stand  
Completely pure when He shall be glorified,  
With the surroundings of the angelic band,  
And all the moments of the Heart shall find  
Which end its care and dominate the prodigal Mind.

The Earth is the rock with us. But the power  
Of a spirit now conscious with its wings,  
Given by love as their eternal power—  
To turn the thoughts of men from Earth away  
And guide them to the vast celestial way.  
Where radiant phenomena surround the soul,  
And find with light unuttered that  
Is seen, and felt and written in the world  
That wraps the presence and the recorded Word.

God's love is in our hearts. If we within  
Look for the unmeasured good that He supplies,  
And that our Inspiration all our life  
That leads us back to the world and the divine—  
Our soul to find in consciousness of the Will,  
Where the substance of mind expands,  
And becomes expanding, while it never dies,  
Preservation still to make eternal life  
Where essence is above essence—where beauty is golden.

Yet within for it flowing these words make known;  
And through a word—Imagination true—  
To show the inner meaning of the word  
Guiding the mind to the world and the divine  
The precious people of the Father's love  
Who seek to love and do His holy Will,  
Who seek to love and do His holy Will,  
And all hearts kindly receive in their sacred love.

There find, good men, men this wonderful love  
When Spirit leads from the Father to Earth,  
And change the very elements with power  
To make in the soul's eternal life.

To show its hidden purpose and its worth,  
And lead to heaven in the happy soul  
When it is true and unuttered with  
In unuttered words of golden truth,  
And seek and find the truth—the Crown of the Soul.

### THE SELLING

Think gently of the evening  
As I have seen of the power  
With which the dark temptation came,  
In some enchanted hour  
To my own heart has come  
They struggled or have well  
With the love of weakness came,  
And only then they fell.

Think gently of the evening  
As I have seen of the power  
With which the dark temptation came,  
In some enchanted hour  
To my own heart has come  
They struggled or have well  
With the love of weakness came,  
And only then they fell.

Think gently of the evening  
As I have seen of the power  
With which the dark temptation came,  
In some enchanted hour  
To my own heart has come  
They struggled or have well  
With the love of weakness came,  
And only then they fell.

Think gently of the evening  
As I have seen of the power  
With which the dark temptation came,  
In some enchanted hour  
To my own heart has come  
They struggled or have well  
With the love of weakness came,  
And only then they fell.

### THE LAST ART

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, JR.

With trust and youth, the wisdom fair,  
That shows the enchanted hour  
That is the last hour of the soul,  
When the soul is in the world,  
Then only then the soul is free.

There is the great old Master,  
There is the great old Master,  
There is the great old Master,  
There is the great old Master,  
There is the great old Master.

And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free.

And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free.

And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free,  
And only then the soul is free.

[Continued]



## Miscellaneous Department.

### THE LAST DAYS OF COPERNICUS.

A TRUE HISTORY.

It was a still, clear night in the month of May, 1853; the stars shone brightly in the heavens, and all the good people were asleep in the little town of Wernica, a canonry of Prussian Poland—all save one man, who watched alone in a solitary chamber, at the summit of a lofty tower. The only furniture of this apartment consisted of a table, a few books, and an iron lamp. Its occupant was an old man of about seventy, bowed down by years and toil, and his brow furrowed by anxious thoughts; but his eye kindled with the fire of genius, and his noble countenance was expressive of gentle kindness, and of a calm, contemplative disposition. His white hair, parted on his forehead, fell in waving locks over his shoulders. He wore the ecclesiastical costume of the age and country in which he lived: the long, straight robe with a fur collar and double sleeves, which were also lined with fur as far as the elbow.

This old man was the great astronomer, *Nicholas Copernicus*, doctor of philosophy, divinity, and medicine, titular canon of Wernica, and honorary professor of Bologna, Rome, &c. Copernicus had just completed his work "*On the Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies*." In the midst of poverty, ridicule, and persecution, without any other support than that of his own modest genius, or any instrument save a triangle of wood, he had unveiled heaven to earth, and was now approaching the term of his career, just as he had established on a firm basis those discoveries which were destined to change the whole face of astronomical science.

On that very day the canon of Wernica had received the last proof-sheets of his book, which his disciple, Rheticus, was getting printed at Nuremberg; and, before sending back these final proofs, he wished to verify for the last time the result of his discoveries. Heaven seemed to have sent him a night expressly fitted for the purpose, and he passed the whole of it in his observatory. When the astronomer saw the stars beginning to pale in the eastern sky, he took the triangular instrument which he had constructed with his own hands out of three different pieces of wood, and directed it successively toward the four cardinal points of the horizon.\* No shadow of doubt remained, and, overpowered by the conviction that he had *indeed* destroyed an error of five thousand years' duration, and was about to reveal to the world an imperishable truth, Copernicus knelt in the presence of that glorious volume whose starry characters he had first learned to decipher, and folding his attenuated hands across his bosom, thanked his Creator for having opened his eyes to understand and read aright these His glorious works. He then returned to the table, and, seizing a pen, he wrote on the title of his book, "Behold the work of the greatest and the most

perfect artisan: the work of God himself." And now, the first excitement having passed away, he proceeded with a collected mind to write the dedication of his book:—

"To the Most Holy Father, Pope Paul III: I dedicate my work to your holiness in order that all the world, whether learned or ignorant, may see that I do not seek to shun examination and the judgment of my superiors. Your authority, and your love for science in general, and mathematics in particular, will serve to shield me against wicked and malicious slanders, notwithstanding the proverb which says, that there is no remedy against the wounds inflicted by the tongue of calumny, &c.

"NICHOLAS COPERNICUS, of Thorn."

Soon the dawn of day caused the lamp of the astronomer to burn more dimly; he leaned his forehead upon the table, and, overcome with fatigue, sank into a peaceful slumber. But his present repose, at all events, was not destined to be of long duration: it was abridged by the entrance of an aged servant, who with slow and heavy step ascended the tower stairs.

"Master," said he to the canon, as he gently touched him upon the shoulder, "the messenger who arrived yesterday from Rheticus is ready to set out on his return, and is waiting for your proof-sheets and letters."

The astronomer rose, made up the packet, which he duly sealed, and then sank back upon his chair, as if wearied by the effort.

"But that is not all," continued the servant; "there are ten poor, sick people in the house waiting for you; and besides, you are wanted at Frauenberg to look after the water machine, which has stopped working; and also to see the three workmen who broke their legs in trying to set it going again."

"Poor creatures!" exclaimed Copernicus. "Let my horse be saddled directly." And with a resolute effort shaking off the sleep which weighed down his eyelids, the good man hastily descended the stairs of the tower.

The house of Copernicus was in outward appearance one of the most unpretending in Wernica: it was composed of a laboratory, in which he prepared medicine for the poor; a little studio, in which this man of genius, skilled in art as well as science, painted his own likeness or those of his friends, or traced his recollections of Rome or Bologna; and lastly, of a small parlor on the ground floor, which was open for all who came to him for remedies, for money, or for food. Over the door an oval aperture had been cut, through which a ray of the mid-day sun daily penetrated, and resting upon a certain point in the adjoining room, marked the hour of noon. This was the astronomical gnomon of Copernicus: and the only ornament the room contained were seven verses written by his own hand, and pasted over the chimney-piece.

It was in this parlor that the good canon found room to tend invalids who came to claim his assistance; dressed the wounds of some, administered remedies to others, and on all bestowed alms and words of kindness and consolation. Having completed his labors, he hastily swallowed a draught of milk, and was about to set out for Frauenberg, when a horseman, galloping up to the door, handed him a letter. He trembled as he recognized the handwriting of his friend Gysius, Bishop of Culm. "May God have pity on us," wrote this latter, "and avert the blow which now threatens thee! Thy enemies and

\* Tycho Brahe has preserved to us a drawing of this instrument, which was the means of accomplishing such wonderful discoveries, and which was sent to him after the death of Copernicus, by John Hanovrius, Bishop of Wernica. It is difficult for us to conceive how a triangle so rude in its formation, and so irregular in its movements, can have supplied, in the hands of this great man, the place of those infallible telescopes which have since served to confirm his discoveries.



thy rivals combined—those who accuse thee of folly, and those who treat thee as a heretic—have been so successful in exciting against thee the minds of the people of Nuremberg, that men curse thy name in the streets, the priests excommunicate thee from their pulpits, and the university, hearing that thy book was to appear, has declared its intention to break the printing-press of the publisher, and to destroy the work to which thy life has been devoted. Come and lay the storm; but come quickly, or thou wilt be too late."

Before Copernicus had finished the perusal of this letter, he fell back voiceless and powerless into the arms of his faithful servant, and it was some minutes before he rallied. When he again looked up, the horseman who had been charged to escort him back, asked him how soon he would wish to set out.

"I must set out directly," replied the old man in a resigned tone; "but not for Nuremberg or for Culm; the suffering workmen at Frauenberg are expecting me; they may perhaps die if I do not go to their assistance. My enemies may perhaps destroy my work—they cannot stop the stars in their courses."

An hour later, Copernicus was at Frauenberg. The machine which he had bestowed upon the town, which was built on the summit of a hill, conveyed thither the waters of the river Bouda, situated at the distance of half a league in the valley below. The inhabitants, instead of suffering like their fathers, from continued drought, had now only to turn a valve, and the plenteous stream flowed into their houses in rich abundance.

This machine had got out of order the preceding day, and the accident had happened very inopportunistically, because this was the festival of the patron saint of Frauenberg. But at the first glance the canon saw where the evil lay, and in a few hours the water flowed freely into the town. His first care, we need not say, had been directed to the unhappy men who had received injuries while working in the sluices: he set their fractured limbs, and bound them up with his own hands; then commending them to the care of an attendant, he promised to return and visit them on the morrow. But a blow was about to descend upon himself, which was destined to crush him to the dust.

As he crossed the square, while passing through the town on his return home, he perceived among the crowd a company of strolling players, acting upon a temporary stage. The theatre represented an astronomical observatory, filled with all kinds of ridiculous instruments; in the midst stood an old man, whose dress and bearing were in exact imitation of those of Copernicus. The resemblance was so striking, that he directly recognized himself, and paused, stupefied with astonishment. Behind the merry-andrew, whose business it was to hold up the great man to public derision, there stood a personage whose horns and cloven foot designated Satan, and who caused the pseudo-Copernicus to act and speak, as though he had been an automaton, by means of two strings fastened to his ears, which were no other than asses' ears, of considerable dimensions. The parody was composed of several scenes. In the first, the astronomer gave himself to Satan, burnt a copy of the Bible, and trampled a crucifix under foot; in the second, he explained, by juggling with apples in guise of planets, while his face was transformed into a likeness of the sun by means of torches of rosin; in the third, he became a char-

latan, vender of pomatum and quack medicine; he spoke dog-Latin to the passers-by, sold them water, which he had drawn from his own well, at an exorbitant price, and became intoxicated himself with excellent wine, in such copious draughts of which he indulged, that he finally disappeared under the table; in the fourth and closing act, he was again dragged forth to view, as one accursed by God and man, and the devil, dragging him down to the infernal regions amid a cloud of sulphurous smoke, declared his intention to punish him for having caused the earth to turn on its axis, by condemning him to remain with his head downward throughout eternity.

\* \* \* \* \*

When Copernicus thus beheld the treasured discoveries of his whole life held up to the derision of an ignorant multitude, his enlightened faith branded as impiety, and his self-denying benevolence ridiculed as the quackery of a charlatan, his noble spirit was at first utterly overwhelmed, and the most fearful doubts of himself, of mankind, and even of Providence itself, rushed upon his mind. At first he hoped that the Frauenbergians, the children of his adoption, to whose comfort and happiness he had devoted himself for fifty years, would cut short the disgraceful scene. But alas! he saw his defamers welcomed with applause by those on whom he had conferred so many benefits. The trial was too much for his failing strength; and worn out by the emotion and fatigue of the preceding night, and by the labors of the morning, he sank exhausted to the ground. Then, for the first time, did the ungrateful multitude recognize their benefactor; the name of Copernicus flew from lip to lip; they heard that he had come that very morning to the town to relieve their distress. In a moment the current of popular feeling was turned, the crowd dispersed the actors, and crowded anxiously around the astronomer. He had only strength left to call for a litter, and was conveyed back to Wernica in a dying state. He lingered, however, still for five days—days of trial and anxiety—during which the lamp of genius and faith still shed its halo around the dying man.

On the day succeeding his visit to Frauenberg, a letter from Rheticus confirmed the sinister predictions of the Bishop of Culm; thrice had the students of the university made an attempt to invade the printing-office whence the truth was about to issue forth. "Even this very morning," wrote his friend, "a set of madmen tried to set fire to it. I have assembled all of our friends within the building, and we never quit our posts, either day or night, guarding the entrance, and keeping watch over the workmen; the printers perform their work with one hand, while they hold a pistol in the other. If we can stand our guard for two days, the book is saved; for let only ten copies be struck off, and nothing will any longer be able to destroy it. But if either to-day or to-morrow our enemies should succeed in gaining the upper hand"—Rheticus left the sentence unfinished, but Copernicus supplied the want; he knew how much depended upon this moment. On the third day another messenger made his appearance, and he, too, was the bearer of evil tidings:—"A compositor, gained over by our enemies, has delivered into their hands the manuscript of the book, and it has been burned in the public square. Happily, the impression was complete, and we are now putting it to press. But a popular tumult may yet ruin all."



Such was the state of suspense in which the great Copernicus passed the closing days of his existence! Life was ebbing fast, and the torpor of death had already begun to steal over his faculties, when a horseman galloped up to the door in breathless haste, and springing from his horse, hastened into the house of the dying astronomer. A volume, whose leaves were still damp, was treasured in his bosom; it was the *chef d'œuvre* of Copernicus: this messenger was the portent of victory.

The spark of life, so nearly exhausted, seemed to be rekindled for a moment in the breast of the dying man; he raised himself in his dying bed, grasped the book with his feeble hand, glancing at its contents with his dim expiring eye. A smile lighted up his features, the book fell from his grasp, and clasping his hands together, he exclaimed: "Lord, let thy servant depart in peace!" Hardly had he uttered these words, before his spirit fled from earth to the God who gave it. It was the morning of the twenty-third of May—heaven was lighted with stars—the earth was fragrant with flowers—all nature seemed to sympathize with the great revealer of her laws—and soon the sun, rising above the horizon, shed its earliest and purest ray upon the still, cold brow of the departed, and seemed in his turn to say:—"The king of creation gives the kiss of peace, for thou hast been the first to replace him on his throne."

Persecution followed Copernicus even in the grave. The court of Rome replied to his dedication by condemning his book; but the book was the instrument of his own revenge by enlightening the court of Rome itself, which at last recognized, although too late, the faith and the genius of the astronomer of Wernica. Prussia, with the ingratitude of a conqueror, has converted the observatory of Copernicus into a prison, and is now allowing his dwelling-house to crumble into ruins. But Poland, his native land, has collected some of her last oboles, to raise a monument to his memory at Cracow, and to erect a statue of him at Warsaw.

☞ Trials are medicines which our gracious, wise physician prescribes because we need them; and he proportions the frequency and the weight of them to what the case requires. Let us trust in his skill and thank him for all his prescriptions.—*J. Newton.*

☞ The path that leads to fortune too often passes through the narrow defiles of meanness, which a man with an exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.

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