

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.

LAWS AND PHENOMENA OF THE SOUL.

NUMBER ONE.

BY WILLIAM FISHBOUGH.

PSYCHOLOGY.

PSYCHOLOGY (from *psuche*, soul, and *logos*, a discourse) is a science which contemplates the nature, laws, and operations of the human soul. In its more enlarged sense, it takes cognizance of the Passions, Emotions, Perceptions, and other ordinary phenomena of the interior being, as well as of the more extraordinary and abnormal manifestations, such as Dreaming, Somnambulism, Clairvoyance, Interior and Prophetic Impressions, &c. At this day, there is a wide-spread and increasing interest in the public mind with reference to phenomena of the latter class, and the principles which govern them; and such, therefore, shall claim special attention in any disquisitions or narrations which may hereafter be offered in this general department.

In order to unfold, in the outset, a rational foundation upon which the facts involved in these various ramifications of our subject may rest, it is necessary that we should first obtain a definite conception of what the soul is, in its essential constitution. On this question, metaphysicians have quite generally acknowledged themselves much in the dark, and their speculations have certainly fallen far short of satisfying the requirements of the general reason of mankind. But not stopping to find fault with their theories, or to excuse ourselves for apparent presumption in offering one essentially differing, in some respects, from them all, we proceed directly to the following considerations:

That we may clearly conceive what the soul is, it is necessary to first inquire, What is the body, its visible vehicle and representative? The body of man, as chemical research disclosed, is an aggregation of infinitesimal particles of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, calcium, phosphorus, iron, and various other, and, for the most part, less prominent substances. These elements are combined mainly in the form of oxides, acids, alkalies, and various binary compounds. The whole are arranged together in the form of bones, muscles, blood, lymph, water, nerves, membranes, and various cellular and vascular tissues; and these, again, are so arranged as to form the complete bodily structure, with all its particular organs. While the reader bears it in mind that this intricate and sublime structure is the result of the aggregation of inconceivably small and mutually related particles, we proceed to call attention to another important point.

It has been experimentally demonstrated by Baron Von Reichenbach, that at least all accessible substances and bodies in nature are surrounded and pervaded by their own peculiar, imponderable, or what may, for want of a better term, be called *magnetic atmospheres*. This fact, which has also been asserted and proved by others, and which the expanded reason and intuition will readily recognize as a necessity, is applicable to small bodies as well as large, and to simples as well as compounds, and it must apply, therefore, even to the infinitesimal particles of any aggregated whole in which it is manifest.

Of course, then, each of the infinitesimal particles, as well as compounds, which enter into the human organism, is surrounded and pervaded by its own peculiar magnetic essence. This must necessarily intercommingle with the corresponding essences of its neighbors, and by this means the affinities and reciprocity of action is established between them. It is easy to conceive, then, that the magnetic essence of *all* the particles and compounds of the body, associated together, must necessarily form an *interior, magnetic and invisible body*, in the same manner as the association of the particles themselves forms the outer and visible body. Moreover, as the pervading and surrounding essence of each of these particles must correspond in nature to the particle itself, and may be called the *spirit* of the particle; so this interior, magnetic body, if it could be tested by a spiritual chemistry, would be found to consist of what may be termed spiritual carbon, spiritual nitrogen, spiritual calcium, and so on to the end of the category composing the *physical* body. At death the particles of the visible body collapse, and this interior, vitalizing and magnetic body, exhales forth in its united form, its various parts maintaining their mutual affinities as before; and could we then see it as it is, we would find it to possess spiritual bones, muscles, heart, lungs, nerves, brain, &c., and that it still preserved all the *general* features of its original mould, though in a vastly improved state. We should then see it entering upon a magnetic or spiritual world, abounding with scenery, organizations, and other objects corresponding to its own essence and affections; and then would commence a life sevenfold more intense than that enjoyed while in the flesh!

Such, then, is the *spiritual body*; and while this resides in the physical organism, as above described, it answers to our idea of the *soul*. According to this philosophy, therefore, the soul (or spirit) is a *substantial entity*, and not the vague intangibility "without form, extension, superficies," &c., which metaphysicians have attempted to define; or rather *un*-define. The soul, then, is not *thought* and *emotion*, (it may exist when both of these are nearly or quite suspended, as in case of profound slumber,) but it is rather that which thinks and feels.

Having thus defined what the soul is, let us next briefly inquire, What is the general process by which the spirit performs its sentient, intellectual, and voluntary operations? I answer, in general terms, that the whole of this is referable to action among the soul's interior essences, which action is various, according to the particular feelings, thoughts, or volitions which occur. The highest and most complex degree of molecular and vegetative action (or motion) is evidently connected with the lowest degree of Sensation. This we may see slightly represented in the sensitive plant; more perfectly in the Zoöphite or plant-like animal, more still in the articulated animal, still more perfectly in the vertebrated fishes, and in the highest degree in the various tribes of land animals, with man at their head. Now Sensation (especially in its highest degrees, as enjoyed through the channels of the ear and eye) is only another name for Perception; and the combination of perception constitutes Reflection, which again, in properly constituted interior organisms, as that of man, gives rise to a higher and more interior sensation, or means of becoming *sensible*, viz: the means of becoming sensible of truth. And the whole of these interior operations, or *motions*, constitute Intelligence. And *Volition* is only the re-action from the central faculty of the soul, in response to some sensational or intellectual excitation.

Now this interior action, which constitutes Sensation and Thought, follows particular *channels* and fibres of the bodily organism. The more exterior of these channels are severally called the nerves of Feeling, of Taste, of Sight, of Hearing, and of Smell. Through these various avenues descend all the impressions which the soul receives from the exterior and visible world. But these nerves all converge into that grand Nerve, called the brain, which is the organ of what may be termed a *sixth*, or cerebral sense, or the sense of the senses. This is divided into numerous compartments called "organs," to each of which is assigned a separate work in the elaboration of the impressions obtained through the five outer senses, or by any other means. These elaborations also converging to a focus, form the central, final, and supreme element of the mental principle, viz: the general consciousness, involving the power of judging, knowing, and loving, to which all inferior sensational processes are but subsidiary.

Now this pivotal and supreme element of the soul's powers, is of itself an interior world, which, in all general principles, corresponds to the world without itself, by whose objects and influences it is addressed. These acting upon it through the channels of the senses, and the compartments of the brain, excite its love, and engender in it a *re-action*, termed *volition*, which finds its way into the outer world through other fibres of the brain, and other sets of nerves, termed the nerves of muscular motion. So the whole process of sensation and volition is merely a process of action and re-action between the world without and the world within the physical organism. The necessary brevity of this article compels us to forego illustrations for the present; but it is believed that the intelligent reader will readily apprehend the foregoing statements.

Let it be borne in mind, that these sensational, intellectual, and volitional operations, are operations or *motions* of the internal portions of the soul. But we have seen that the soul is a *quasi magnetic* body, which, organ for organ, pervades the outer and visible body; and which when separated at what is called death, will preserve its complete bodily structure, visible only to spiritual eyes. It is the soul, there-

fore, which *really* possesses the senses, of which the nerves and brain are now only the vehicles; and when this ethereal body shall be liberated from its fleshy prison, it will, by means of its ethereal nerves and brain, be able to exercise all sensational and mental operations in a much higher degree than while in its bodily habitation. Now, if the reader can admit the possibility of an occasional *partial* liberation of this psychical organism from its bodily obstructions, he will readily perceive that in such cases there must necessarily be a corresponding exaltation of the interior susceptibilities, as approximating to their purely spiritual state, or state of entire disengagement from the body. In this state of partial disengagement, then, there is not only a possibility, but probability of the occasional occurrences of such semi-spiritual phenomena, as premonitions, prophetic dreaming, clairvoyance, &c. In proceeding, therefore, in future numbers, to present many interesting facts of this kind, we shall feel that they rest upon the basis of a sound philosophy; and it will be perceived that while this philosophy is necessary to explain the facts, the facts themselves, established upon an independent basis, afford in their turn the strongest confirmation of the philosophy.

Connection of the Natural and Spiritual Worlds.

BY W. M. FERNALD.

From the earliest ages a belief has existed of some absolute connection between this and the heavenly world. Not only among the Jews, but among other nations, has this belief prevailed to a greater or less extent; and, indeed, has been the foundation of the mythologies and superstitions of all ages. Absolute communication, either with the Deity in person, or with his angels, has characterized the pretensions of all who have been most distinguished for their religious teachings, as may be seen by referring to the sacred books of all nations: as, for instance, the Shaster of the Hindoos, the Zend Avesta of the Persians, the Koran of Mohammed, and the Bible of the Jews and Christians. The early inhabitants of Earth were accustomed to view almost all outward occurrences as indications of the dispositions, good or evil, of the gods or spirits who presided over human affairs. And by incantations, manipulations, dreams, retirement, or solitary communion, have the men of all nations and ages supposed that a direct intercourse was established between this Earth and those mysterious realms which are beyond the view of mortal vision.

It is not our purpose here, to distinguish how much of truth and how much of error are involved in these claims of the past, any further than to recognize the manifest substratum of Truth which doubtless underlies the whole of it.

In private life, and in cultivated society, many have been the convictions through all time, that the mystic world we call Heaven was not separated from us by immense distance—was parted only by a thin veil, and that the inhabitants of the Earth had a closer and nearer interest with the inhabitants of Heaven than the teachings of theology or the surmises of the spirit would generally indicate.

This is a position which we assume as true; but in order to have any definite or due conceptions of a reality of such momentous importance, it is necessary in the first place to conceive something of what the spiritual world is—what is its substance and locality—in short what is its analogy to, and connection with the material creation. And, no doubt,

we may be thought by some as transcending the bounds of human knowledge, in endeavoring to present *any* definite conceptions of this subject; but our only reply is, making use of *all* revelation, and analogy, we see no reason why much truth may not be elicited in this department of spiritual knowledge. To the philosophical believer, Heaven is not a place or a state disconnected with all the rest of the works of the Creator, as two things would be with a vacuum between them; but most intimately connected, by substance and law, with a visible creation. And in fact, men will have some idea of Heaven. They will form some conception of its nature and locality. And if this is a subject which has no legitimate connection with human reason, I would ask by what right it is that we suffer ourselves to form *any* conceptions of the nature and locality of such a place? And I put it to Christian consistency as to what those conceptions are! Sure I am that the Bible does not justify us in the imaginations which we form; nor does it pretend to give any philosophical or definite account of the substantial nature of that world where center all our hopes and aspirations for eternity. But to say, from this reason, that we can *know* nothing, is puerile in the extreme. It is to commit two blunders: first, to suppose the Bible is our only source of knowledge; second, to confine the discoveries of human reason to the external senses alone. We would avoid both these errors; and in framing our conceptions of the heavenly world, would endeavor, not to theorize merely, but to present the foundation of the sublimest practical conclusions, viz: the intimate connection of Earth with Heaven, the Providence and direction of the heavenly world, the ministry of angels, and the sympathy and labor of the heavenly inhabitants for all the reformations, individual and social; and, in fact, all the interests which tend to the refinement, elevation, unity and happiness of men, and the perfect establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven upon the earth.

But in order to do this—to cherish the conceptions and the faith which we may cherish, it were well to conceive of Heaven in a more philosophical light, and as connected with the universe by a more substantial and natural union than theology or the human mind have yet generally imagined.

The universe, spiritual and material, is to be regarded as an unit. And in this sense, the star Arcturus, or the planet Neptune, though parts of the united system of creation, may be said to be infinitely more distant parts than the precincts of the immortal heavens. There are those, however, who profess to be spiritual, who tell us that space in the spiritual world is not; that heaven is a state rather than a place; and no doubt, space and time are not in the spiritual world what they are here, but are rather represented by states and their changes. Yet to speak plainly, and to human capacity, heaven is a place and a state too; or to speak more properly, in accordance with language in common use, the spiritual world is a place, and heaven a state or condition of the mind in that place. A state without a place can not exist. But the *gross* ideas of heaven as a place have well nigh closed up all our perceptions of any natural and intimate earthly connection with it. The common idea of heaven is, that it is ten thousand million miles above the stars—some vast ethereal enclosure, between which and the earth, is that which amounts, at least, to an immense vacuum, or nothing! Heaven is a mist, a brightness inconceivable, a “local habitation,” but a thing of faith alone. The idea of heaven as a spiritual, substantial sphere, surrounding the material sphere of this, and

of all earths, and systematically connected with them, would doubtless appear to be visionary at first. Let those, however, who object to visionary things, betake themselves to their own notions of heaven and of heavenly things. Nothing, certainly, could be more visionary, or more out of all possible conception. If heaven is any where—if it is not a “castle in the air,” more baseless than the veriest fabric of imagination, we may rationally suspect it to have some kind of natural connection with the material globe we inhabit. And though we may not, and do not profess to, attain to any full and particular knowledge of the mysteries of the immortal world, aside from the disclosures of the psychologists and seers, yet we do claim that there is a rational foundation for the generals of faith—for the substantial constitution of the heavenly spheres—for the close proximity of Heaven to Earth, and for constant spiritual communication.

Be it observed then, that we must commence with the doctrine of the spheres in general. And for this purpose be it observed that matter, in all its forms and states of development, is in constant and incessant motion. The most apparently unmoved substances, as a rock, or the hardest mineral, are constantly subjected to change—to chemical composition, decomposition, or recombination, and so are constantly exchanging their particles with one another and the surrounding materials. They are constantly giving to, and taking from, particles suitable to enter into the more advanced state of material refinement and progression. Hence they are continually surrounded with an invisible *sphere* or emanation of their substance. This is the case with every animate and inanimate thing. Wherever there is a particle of matter separated by any accident from chemical affinity with the surrounding matter, or wherever there is a detached mass, or a separate organization, as of a plant or animal, there must be, by virtue of the incessant *motion* of its parts—the giving to and taking from the surrounding matter, a constant *sphere of emanation* of its most refined and elaborated substance. This is familiarly illustrated by the *odors* of different substances—by the sphere of the plant, or the flower; or more grossly by the evolution of gases and exhalations from different combinations of matter in chemical solutions. Again, it is illustrated by the human body. It is a well known truth that there is not a single part of the human organism which does not renew itself in process of a few years. This is effected by a constant solution and reparation of its substances, and this is the cause of the peculiar sphere of properties by which every individual is surrounded. And this extends not only to the external but to the internal, not only to the bodily but to the spiritual substance. And hence it is that every person is distinguished by the sphere of his influence, in a sense that mere words can not convey—by an invisible aura, or atmosphere, emanating from his interiors and exteriors, and is in fact surrounded by somewhat of that which is within him. And this fact accounts for many very common phenomena. How often is it, that we feel an indescribable attraction to a certain person, which we cannot explain, but which draws us irresistibly to him, before we make his acquaintance, and before we know aught of him. We feel a sensible pleasure in his presence. We are at ease and at home with him. And we feel pained at his departure. So, also, how often is it that we feel an unaccountable *repulsion* from certain persons as soon as they make their approach. The attraction and the repulsion are owing to the extension and contact of

the spheres,—to certain exhalations of the spirit which actually meet and touch each other, and produce the sensation experienced.

Again, how often it is that two individuals sitting near each other, both mute and thoughtful, will start at once with the same thought of the same subject. It is owing to the mingling of the spheres.

Again, how often are two brought in contact of thought, while nearing each other, though having been long separated, and while each is unknowing to the other's approach. It is explained by the same principle.

Now, such being the invisible emanations from each atom, each substance and thing in the creation, it is by the same laws, and motion of the matter of the whole Earth, that it becomes enveloped with its atmosphere. And it is a chemical truth, yet to be further demonstrated, that the atmosphere of the Earth holds in solution all kinds of matter of which the Earth is formed. It is an emanation from the Earth, and it must be, in its nature, perfectly analogous to the sphere which surrounds the human body, and every animate and inanimate thing in Nature. It must be, in other words, *refined earth*. And it is known, by chemical analysis that it contains the elements of which the Earth is formed. *Water* is the lower development, the atmosphere next, ether next; and who shall say, that as man is known by absolute *spiritual* substances emanating from him, at greater or less distances, there may not be a whole spiritual sphere, or world, surrounding this material world, and absolutely and substantially connected with it? Indeed, is it not the most *natural* conclusion? From the fact that every man is *now* a spirit, as to his interiors, and that he must breathe a spiritual atmosphere, we may even conclude from the *soundest philosophy*, apart from the testimony of the seers, that the spiritual world is not, as to its localities, so far off as a crude and distant theology would imagine, but that it is in fact all about us—that the immortal men and women of the heavens may be, and are our familiar and household guests—that the mystic regions of eternity may have their portals within the very precincts of our material globe; and that Heaven and Earth stand thus in close proximity.

But again, there are more Earths than one; and of all the planets that compose our system, and all the countless worlds that make up what may be termed the first sphere of material creation, who shall say that from the substratum of their refined emanations, there may not be founded a second immense sphere of spiritual being, having all the beauties, and all the refinements and variety, which would go to constitute so grand and magnificent a creation for the use and occupation of immortal beings? I do not mean to say that spiritual substance is created from material substance, but simply, that the great interior fountain of spiritual being has acted through matter to develop itself beyond it.

We adopt this as the truth. And, furthermore, as the atmosphere encompassing our globe is but *refined earth*, having all the properties and elements, in a progressed state, which exists in the globe from which it emanated, so may it be said of the more ethereal substance beyond it; and, by correspondence, of that still higher spiritual substance which is the foundation of the spiritual world. And thus, by *perfect nature*, may we have no difficulty in conceiving of the proper materials to constitute in that world, earth, water, air, vegetative beauty, and all the creations of spiritual substance, glory and

variety, which answer to the descriptions which we have of that world, by those whose interior sight has been open to behold it.

"But" says the skeptical philosopher, "how can this be? Is not this a mere imagination? What possible conception can we form of such a substantial world—such an objective creation—trees, woods, and waters, as you say—globes and spheres—in the vacant air? If we had any sort of analogy for this—If it could be shown that such a creation ever did or ever could exist in such a space, we should be tempted to believe. But how can it be? what supports it? and do you really mean to say that such a system of invisible workmanship is suspended over us? Alas! Is it not the 'baseless fabric of a vision'—an airy phantom—having a 'name,' but neither 'local habitation,' nor foundation?"

There is one very pleasant relief from all this. It happens to us mundane beings, that "the great globe, and all that it inherits," is even now precisely so situated. Is not the solid world in air? and every planet? What supports it? Trees, woods, waters—material substances, all existing in mid air!—based upon what you call nothing!—and all performing their count less and stupendous operations, just as you say of the spiritual world. Yea, and what an invisible *material* universe there is away there in the air! beyond the reach of all our instruments of vision! Now surely, if a weight of objective creation so stupendous as the solid universe can exist in this manner, much more easy is it to suppose that a finer creation—a lighter and perfectly spiritual universe can exist in connection with the one we see. The truth is, there is not a vacuum in Nature. Where material substances are not, spiritual substances are; and thus the entire universe, material and spiritual, is but a connected system; sphere within sphere, of divine and beautiful creation. That which we can not see is more real than that which we see. The things which are seen are temporal; the things which are not seen are, in most instances, eternal. There is a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

The fact that we can not see these things with the eye of the body, affords no more evidence of their non-existence, than of the non-existence of the minute animacular creation which fills the air, earth, and sea, which remained for ages undiscovered for want of a proper medium through which to view them. We can not see the common air around us, yet it is distinctly felt. How much more distinctly felt are the breathings of celestial spirits into the soul of man! Hydrogen gas is fifteen times lighter than the atmosphere; and of the refined ingredients which enter into the composition of a spirit, we may find no difficulty in conceiving of as perfect an organization, as full a form, as objective an existence in every way, as answers to the descriptions of those whose interior vision has been opened to receive them.

The natural inspiration of men in every age has recognized the truths which we are endeavoring to convey. The truth breaks forth from Milton thus:

—"Though what if Earth

Be but the shadow of Heaven and things therein,
Each to the other like, more than on earth is thought?"

And from Wordsworth's work:—

"Of all that is most beauteous, imaged there
In happier beauty. More pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams;
Clims which the Sun, that sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey." [New Era.

MISSION AND DESTINY OF GENIUS.

BY C. F. GERRY.

The long night of barbarism has passed away. The sun of intellectual splendor has arisen, and is dispensing its joyous beams over a large portion of the habitable earth.

The mind is fast freeing itself from the fetters of ignorance and superstition, which have trameled it, and deadened its elasticity, for eighteen hundred years. Already the inhabitants of forest wilds and ocean-isles are beginning to prate the language of civilization. There has been a gradual march of intelligence for centuries, though with muffled tread at times. Occasionally, at these low pulsations of thought and feeling, when clouds and darkness hung over the sky of mind, threatening to obscure it forever, a star would arise, and kindle with its brilliancy a million of souls into thinking activity.

Notwithstanding the countless multitudes that have come and gone since our first parents inhabited sunny Eden, few, comparatively, have had anything to do with the world, excepting to walk in the beaten tracks of others, little dreaming of the reality and earnestness of life.

The literary and moral character of all ages has been shaped by the plastic hands of a few. Such minds give a durable impression to the character of a nation, and accomplish everything relative to its weal or woe. Nearly every mighty revolution can be traced to the miserable lodgings of some pale-faced student, who, shut up from the noisy world, delighted to dwell in his own bright realms of thought and fancy.

The inequality of mind is evident to the most superficial observer; and, as we think of the leading spirits of past and present ages, we are forced to conclude that *God made them*, while incessant toil, sleepless nights, and a teacher's help made others. Where, then, is the force of the remarks, that "deer-stealing" made Shakspeare a poet, and a *kiss* Benjamin West a painter? It simply aroused those sleeping energies of soul, which Deity had implanted in them.

That there is a God-created aristocracy, half angel and half human, whose members visit the world at remote periods, or when the age demands it, I am a firm believer. They live in the high places of the earth, and inhale breezes fresh from the ethereal ocean of thought. In truth, they may almost be called the embodiment of thought itself, so plentifully is their store-house filled. They are wandering luminaries from that far-off world of light—occasional gleams from the land of everlasting day to light up this night of time. They form the blazing, central focus of thought in this lower world, whose radiation illuminates the sky of mind with the vividness of the lightning's glare, and shakes it with an earthquake's power.

Do you still ask, what is the power that links the past, present and future together? It is a pure spark from the divine flame—a certain something from the unseen realm of mind—the ultimate life of thought, intensifying the reasoning faculties of a few mortals, and giving them the power of penetrating beneath the veil. This favored few seem the grand mediators between heaven and earth; interpreters of the dark mysteries of the future. The most ordinary persons, when brought within the sphere of their influence, think and act anew, for they agitate and remove the worthless rubbish from the mind, and penetrate into its very vitality.

They can be seen all along the highway of the past, from the time when the "bard of Chios" strung the magic lyre, which has echoed down the dim aisles of more than thirty

centuries, and have served as beacons to lead on the countless multitudes to loftier literary and moral attainments. This, however, should retard the progress of no one, for there are many grades in society where leaders are needed. Every village, however obscure, has its master spirits; even in juvenile sports, you can see the youthful Bacon, the fearless Luther, and the daring Columbus. Napoleon, in his boyhood, fought mimic battles of Hohenlinden, Austerlitz and Waterloo.

The members of this royal family can seldom be found in gilded palaces and the crowded city; the miserable hovel, the the garret, and the wilds of nature, are their loved retreats. Their cry is, "Place me where you will, only leave me to silence and meditation."

The thoughts of great men form the most powerful element of a nation's strength. Such made Britain the empress of the seas; it is to them she owes a fame that will remain for ages, though she may pass away with all her glittering wealth. They have animated the breasts of her patriots, heroes and legislators. So with time-honored Greece, the cradle of the arts and sciences; her decline has been for the want of succession in the family genius.

Why, is it frequently asked, do original thinkers meet with so much opposition if they thus benefit the world. It is because they are in advance of the times. They live and move, as it were, with future generations, and seem placed in the world to think for, and mould the character of races yet unborn.

Although created with the highest human powers and excellencies, they are born to disappointment, persecution and poverty. While less gifted minds gain unbounded applause, and amass princely fortunes, they are persecuted as visionaries, and go down to the grave unhonored and uncared for.

But how changed the scene after a few years have passed away! Then disputes will arise as to their birth-places, and what people shall have the honor of building monuments to their memories. Thus the contention of seven ancient cities, as to the birth-place of Homer, Bacon and Milton, men even ridiculed, while living; but who of the Anglo Saxon race does not feel proud of them now? and in the dim ages of the future, long lines of ancestry will be carefully chronicled, and many hearts will beat with proud exultation, to know that a drop of such blood courses in their veins.

Thus, wherever genius has been in ages past, taste, refinement and civilization have followed in its footsteps, and seemed to cling around it. And now, after the lapse of two and a half centuries, it has planted a mighty nation in this western land, and made these once desolate wilds "to bud and blossom like the rose."

Here seems to have been the heaven-selected spot for the habitation of genius; hidden from the eye of the discoverer, until the earth had become sufficiently enlightened. And now our republic is a vast reservoir, into which all the vitality of mind in the Old World is rapidly pouring. In future time who can predict our country's destiny, if her rapid march is still onward? Who can divine the prominent position which she will occupy among the powers of earth? Then will our gifted sons, as they journey to the mouldering ruins of Greece and Rome, wonder how such places are become the haunts of genius. And, as some zealous worshiper of the men and customs of olden times, loitering by these vestiges of antiquity shall point them to the graves of buried greatness, they, in turn, will proudly mention those of Franklin, Webster, Calhoun and others, which will hallow our soil, and forever exalt and perpetuate our national fame.—*Waverly Magazine.*

Voices from the Spirit-land.

TRANSIT FROM PHYSICAL TO MENTAL LIGHT.

A VISION.

BY JUDGE EDMONDS.

It is a panoramic view of ages which I see, and I will describe it to you.

It is a vast plain, spread out before me, and far in the distance a crowd of human beings. Above them is a vast banner, outspread all over them. Its groundwork is black, and its letters still blacker—the extract of darkness itself. The words inscribed upon it are, “SUPERSTITION, SLAVERY, CRIME,” forming, as it were, a half circle. Many of those beings have smaller banners of the same material and device, which they hug closely to their bosoms, as if part of their very life. All have dark shades over their eyes. It is a sad picture—dark and melancholy.

But now the scene changes to one brighter and more beautiful, but there is a vast space between the two pictures, yet undiscovered, and hidden from my view by a mist-like cloud, partly illuminated, that is resting upon it.

In the distance, beyond this intermediate space, is a beautiful valley, with high mountains encircling it. Their summit is illuminated with rays of light, pure and bright, and different from anything yet seen on earth.

This side of the mountain is rugged and steep, and difficult to climb. Dark caverns and somber valleys are seen along its slope. In ascending, one must constantly look upward, or be bewildered amid the darkness that envelops its sides.

From the brightness of the summit arises a flame of light, ascending to the heavens, and forming there a vast banner, which has its device also. The letters on it are brighter than the sunbeams, and the words are, “TRUTH, LIBERTY, PROGRESSION.”

This banner rises from beyond the mountains, and spreads over like a pall, but it is a pall of light.

That which is between the two pictures, is now rolling back like a scroll, and I see what that middle ground is.

Here I see another order of beings, similar in formation to those first seen, but without the mental shroud that was around them.

There a broad battle-field is being prepared. Those dark beings, with their black banners, are coming out, arrayed for battle with the brighter ones. The contest will be fearful. Those dark ones are confident in their numbers, for they are as a thousand to one. But what matters that? It is to be a battle between the immortal mind and the mortal body.

But see! there comes from that bright mountain a herald of light, and he cries aloud through all the na-

tions, “Which shall conquer? Truth, Liberty, and Progression, or Superstition, Slavery, and Crime?” His words are heralded in the air. How beautiful are his looks! He is a spirit of light. His thrilling tones infuse new life into the brighter ones, and they rise with renewed energy, determined at last to conquer.

It is a mighty contest, and is to determine the fate of nations. All the base passions that have degraded humanity are awakening in their might, and rush on in their fury, battling for their very existence.

A more brilliant beam of light shines from the faces of the progressed ones, showing the light and the life that are within them, and that are cheering them to the contest.

Now, lo! the view opens beyond the dark mountains, and behold there a glorious scene, where Love, Truth, and Wisdom sit enthroned. I see the beautiful landscapes, dewy lawns, winding rivers, and rich pastures, and an atmosphere so sweet and balmy, that the spirit might dissolve itself in its loveliness. A race of spiritual beings inhabit there. An unearthly radiance flows from the brain of each, and is wafted up by unseen zephyrs to make the glorious light which shines from behind the dark mountains.

It is the home of Liberty, Truth, and Progression, and has sent forth its spirits, holding up that glorious banner. It is upheld by their unseen hands, and it is their brilliancy which casts the radiance on the inhabitants below. From that beautiful place they send forth spirits that whisper, in voiceless tones, encouragement and hope to those who battle in that strife.

See now the lesson which the picture teaches. It comes like a dream, but it has a deep meaning. It is a picture of the Past, the Present, and the Future.

The beings enveloped in the dark gloom are creatures of the past. They are represented as reaching forward toward a brighter period, but still with shades over their eyes, and with their dark banner over them. The small banners that they hug to their bosoms are the errors they would still retain. The shades are to keep off the rays of truth that are beginning to spread over their hitherto darkened horizon. Those more progressed beings in the center, have shaken off some of their errors and absorbed some of the light of Truth and the spirit of Freedom, and those dark beings tremble lest those progressed ones go too far, and leave them behind steeped in their gloom. They would arrest their progress, but they can not. They will, however, do battle with them, depending on the might of their vast numbers, and they strive to envelop them in the folds of the dark banner. It has, therefore, been spread far beyond them, yet is thrown back upon itself by the bright banner of Truth.

Those progressed beings have aid that those benighted nations know not of. Unseen hands are fan-

ning their brows, and strengthening them for the conflict. Spirit-voices are whispering to them of that which must be, and the broad banner of Truth, Liberty, and Progression is enveloping them in its glorious folds. The combined forces of the Spirit-world are theirs.

But see! Another change rolls over the scene. The dark banner lies crushed and torn upon the earth. The smaller emblems have disappeared. The dark beings have lost their hideous aspect, and have become more like children. The shades have fallen from over their eyes. But their eyes are yet weak, and they shade them with their hands from the light which is yet too strong for their unaccustomed vision.

The progressed spirits have given them their hands and infolded them in their arms, and point upward to their broad banner. Those others shade their eyes with their hands, and look up timidly and shrinkingly, for they can not yet bear the glorious light that is beaming over them. All those thousand hands are pointing upward. Rays of light from beyond the mountains are beaming brighter upon them, and the spirits from that happy home of Freedom and Truth are rising up, hovering over them, and looking upon them with loving eyes.

And now that glorious banner is slowly turning, that the other side may be seen, and all the nations are looking upward to it. Its obverse side has this inscription, in bright and glorious light:

"TRUTH HAS PREVAILED. WE HAVE TRIUMPHED OVER SIN, SUPERSTITION, AND MORAL DEATH. THE VICTORY IS OURS, THROUGH TIME AND THROUGH ETERNITY."

But, see, the scroll is rolling up, and the spirit speaks:

"Behold what had been, what is, and what is to be!"

And to you who would aid in this holy strife for the redemption of man, it says:

"BE UP AND ARMED FOR THE CONFLICT. FEAR NOT TO SPEAK THE TRUTH, AS IT SHALL BE REVEALED TO YOU, AND PAUSE NOT IN YOUR EFFORTS TO DIFFUSE TRUTH AND FREEDOM AMONG MEN."—[*Shekinah*.]

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

At the Circle of Hope, through Mr. FINNEY as medium, a few evenings since, the following communication was given:

The Book of Life! What is it? Shall the race live longer without a history of the past! Man's origin, history, and destiny, shall be unfolded by the New Philosophy, founded on Nature itself, and sending its tall dome up until it is bathed in the glory of the celestial world.

That is a ponderous volume, the Book of Life! but it shall be read. Yes, friends, ye shall read it! All the past is written in it; how man, struggling from his low

condition, arose to his splendid form and developments which hailed the dawn of Earth's eden time.

Who will not read that book? He who buries his face in the dark folds of mythology, and refuses to open his eyes. But to him who will read, it shall be made plain. Why! God, the great Spirit-Father, has not left his race destitute of the means which shall emancipate the world.

Oh! that ponderous volume! Its title page, how portentous of coming events! In it, are the truths of every age, and the misconceptions of those ages. The living form of man as he then was, is delineated there in all its outlines, and on each successive page of that history is revealed the unfoldings of his progressive life. There, too, stand on every page, the manifestations of his mind, as embodied in the coarse materials about him. There, too, are the gross and huge machines his hands first formed; living evidence, as it were, of his internal thought. Yes! Man has stamped himself on all he has made; the external form of his creation is but the earthly shadow of the internal creations of his soul. Throughout is a correspondence between the inner and the outer; and this is the key that opens that book.

Oh! how have new thoughts at every succeeding age of his life been born! Born within, they struggle to outer life and embody themselves in outward forms.

We will read to you that volume. Aye! every page. Think not the Book of Life—of the Past—is a sealed book. Are not all the spirits that have lived, living still? and think you they have forgotten? and having come to earth, shall they not reveal it to you? Yes, as far as Wisdom wills.

Now, we say, cheer up. Let your hope roll its anchor upward till angels seize it, and then you are safe; not because they seize it, but because, in the celestial sphere, it finds a hold where it stays the barque of life secure.

That Book of Life will, we say, be a living realized reality. The world is in darkness as to its own history. Historians but gather up dust and get it in lumps; and only occasionally gather gems of human life and thought. But they have little dreamed that beneath that settled dust there live the truths of man's inner life; written there, not in language misconstrued, interpolated, or effaced, but in the living characters of Nature—that universal language, which all may read.

Nay! those historians have been playing with the bubbles floating down the stream of time, filled with empty air; but they have not dived beneath the surface of its running waters, nor brought up from its shining bed the brightest pearls—the truths, namely, of man's inner life. They seemed to float along that stream, wondering, and admiring those bubbles which reflect the colors of light, but have not drank the water of the stream itself.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

NEW-YORK, NOVEMBER 20, 1852.

IMPORTANT CONSIDERATIONS.

We have within a few days read several articles on spiritual intercourse, in the *London News*, the *N. Y. Times*, the *Commercial Advertiser*, the *National Magazine*, and a tract entitled "*Rapping Spirits Tested!*" some or all of which we would be glad to republish, if we could not more profitably use the space in our columns which they would occupy. And we would do so, not merely to afford the amusement which their juxtaposition would yield, but also to excite a smile in every mind which has candidly examined the subject, at the extraordinary ignorance of the whole matter which is displayed.

All of these writers, save one—the editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*—have got past the point of crying humbug. He has not yet awakened from the Rip Van Winkle-like slumber in which he has so quietly reposed, on the idea of the knee joint and the toe joints; and he is now treating this subject, as some years ago many flippant writers treated his predecessor Colonel Stone, when he avowed a belief in animal magnetism; a belief then exciting as much ridicule, but now shared in by all educated minds.

To all these writers, and to all who place confidence in what they say, a few considerations may be profitably addressed.

1. It is now more than four years since the process of spiritual intercourse has been offered in the fullest and freest manner, to the strictest scrutiny and investigation. Thus every opportunity has been afforded of detecting the imposture, if there was one.

2. This opportunity of detection has been fully used by many persons, of various grades of intellect and education, in different parts of the country; and the process has been subjected to some of the most trying and searching inquiries that human ingenuity could suggest. To enumerate them all, would trespass far too much on our space. The mention of two only will suffice our present purpose. On one occasion the person of the medium, the room in which she was, and every article of furniture in it, were critically examined by the eye and the touch, and by a most delicate magnet. No machinery could be detected, yet the rappings were heard when it was impossible for the medium to have made them. On another occasion, the medium was placed naked in a bath, yet the rappings continued.

3. Under all these investigations and opportunities for investigation, no solution of the mystery has ever yet been given, that even approaches to being satisfactory to any one who has at all looked into the matter; and on the other hand none has been given that the

most superficial observer might not at once discover to be fallacious.

4. Whenever a solution has been supposed to have been discovered, the mode of manifestation has immediately changed, apparently for the purpose and certainly with the effect, of overthrowing the solution. For instance, when the rappings have been said to have been caused by the toe or the knee, the manifestation has changed to ringing a bell, or tipping a table, &c., &c.; and this over and over again.

5. During the four or five past years, thousands and tens of thousands of acute, intelligent, educated people in different parts of the country, have witnessed the manifestations and believed in them; and from being originally unbelievers have, merely from witnessing them, become firm believers. If this had been confined to the ignorant, the uneducated and the weak, there would be less force in the argument, but it has not been so limited; on the contrary some of the keenest and acutest minds in the country, and most fitted for investigation, are among the believers.

6. Originally, the mediums were counted by units, now they count by hundreds. At first, the believers were numbered by tens, now they number by tens of thousands. Why! we have no doubt that in this city and its vicinity, there are at least one hundred mediums and twenty thousand or twenty five thousand believers; and the number is every day increasing with tremendous velocity.

7. Originally, it was confined to one locality; but now it has broken out all over the United States—in parts where they who first had aught to do with it, have never been. North, South, East and West of us, it shows itself; among the free states of the North, and the slaves and slave-holders of the South; on the shores alike of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

8. It has steadily and gradually progressed, notwithstanding all the opposition and ridicule it has encountered; few of those who have believed, ever fall back, while numbers of new investigators are added to the list of believers daily.

9. Every one who is a believer becomes a better person for it; more truly christian, and less sectarian; more regardful of others, and less regardful of self; more and more obeying the injunction to love our neighbor.

10. Everywhere, where the intercourse has extended, skeptics in the existence of a God, or a future state, have been converted to the belief in both. Every neighborhood and circle knows how strictly true this is, and we have the records of very many such cases in all parts of the country.

Now all these are considerations which are springing up all around us. He who runs may read them, and the most superficial observer can not fail to notice them. And can it be that all these things are true of a humbug

—a cheat devised and carried out by a few simple, uneducated girls—a delusion capable of overcoming the minds of only the weak, the ignorant, the foolish?

It seems to us that they who thus freely and in ignorance denounce, would do well to ponder on these things, and as of old, ask, how can they be?

THEOLOGICAL CONSISTENCY.

The following extract, from the *Commercial Advertiser*—a semi-religious paper of the Protestant order—in relation to one of its religious cotemporaries—a Catholic publication—is an amusing specimen of the harmony existing among the religionists of the old school of Theology at the present day, and of the definite and precise notions they have of that which they profess to believe in common. It is also interesting to observe that, while they thus belabor each other on sectarian topics, they unite at once against the spiritual manifestations which are daily occurring all around them, and which are witnessed by hundreds as intelligent and as honest as they are, merely because these are not testified to by the priesthood.

THE MIRACLE OF SALETTE.—Most readers are aware that certain Roman Catholic priests in France have published a story of the Virgin Mary having appeared to some shepherds on this mountain, and that the story has been endorsed by dignitaries of that professedly Christian church. A Rev. Mr. Pelarmourges, a Roman Catholic minister at Dabuque, having gone upon a visit to France, ascended the mountain, and writes to the *Freeman's Journal* what the editor calls an "interesting account of his pilgrimage," wherein we find the following:

"On the mountain I found persons from all parts of France, some had traveled many hundred miles, and all had come there to ask favors or give thanks for favors received. There were persons from Paris, Lyons, Etampes, Marseilles, Montpellier, Avignon, Gap, &c., and all had some extraordinary thing to tell. I spoke to a young lady of Valence, who only a few days before had been suddenly cured on the mountain. She was entirely blind; several eminent doctors had declared that she would never recover her sight. She visited the mountain of La Salette, and at the moment of receiving the Holy Communion she saw perfectly well, and she has continued to see since, and had come again to the mountain to make a novenna of thanksgiving.

"On the Sunday previous to my visit, a man went up with crutches, and came down perfectly straight. It would take several volumes to contain all the miracles which have been performed on that mountain. M. Rousselot, one of the commission appointed by the Bishop of Grenoble to investigate the fact of the apparition, has written two small volumes, containing several miracles well authenticated, and a third volume is in press. Having read the work of the Abbé Rousselot, and consulted several learned clergymen, I returned home perfectly convinced that the blessed Virgin had appeared on the mountain of La Salette. Some bishops, through prudence, have kept silent on the subject; they even forbade their priests to speak of it from the pulpit; but all admit

that miracles have been performed on the mountain through the intercession of Mary."

It is truly pitiable to read such stories in this nineteenth century, from the pen of a clergyman who ought to have received a liberal education, and to possess ordinary discernment and intelligence; and mortifying in the extreme to have them reproduced in the newspapers of the United States, editorially endorsed as "interesting" reading for a Christian people.

Let the reader remember, that it is the most palpable heresy in the eyes of the Protestant Church to deny the miracles which were wrought by numerous individuals many centuries ago; and yet this same church hesitates not to deny the very existence of the power which was then manifested, and declares that "*it is truly pitiable to read such stories in this nineteenth century.*" Oh, Consistency!—when wilt thou be received by that Theology which most greatly needs thy refreshing presence?

WORK OF THE REFORMER.

Reformation presupposes the existence of comparative wrong and imperfection. Is a political reform needed?—then that necessity arises from imperfect political conditions. Is a social reform needed?—then that necessity presupposes a wrong in the social state. Is a theological and religious reform needed?—then there must exist certain imperfections in the present systems of theology and religion. Accordingly the demand for reform in any age or nation, supposes the existence and action of certain causes antagonistic to the interests of man. It becomes then the business of the reformer in this age to inquire first, what is the true and righteous demand of the race? and secondly, what are the causes existing in the present institutions of the world, which tend to prevent the satisfaction of this demand? Having ascertained the first, he is prepared to discover the nature of the second; and thus he is enabled to develop and direct the forces which are necessary in the great work before him.

When the real requirements of the age in all their vast extent are perceived and realized, it is easy to discover through the medium of reason and analogy, the required conditions by which these may be most fully and directly reached. Thus if a mechanic has before him a peculiar kind of work to perform, he sees at once, from the very nature of the work, the particular tools which are necessary in its accomplishment; and that mechanic cannot truly and perfectly complete his labor until the required instruments are put to use. It is so with the reformer. He must study the demand of the age, and from this draw a plan of the work to be accomplished. He must examine the existing institutions of society, in all their peculiar phases and aspects. He must dissect and analyze them; examine their original and intrinsic elements;

study the peculiarities of their combination ; then view them as a great whole, and watch their effect on the interests of the race.

But this is not all. The reformer must not only himself understand the requirements of the age, but he must also be able to delineate them to the perceptions of other minds. The defects of the old must be boldly and fearlessly exposed ; the deformity of ancient errors must be delineated, in all its gloom and hideousness ; and the crumbling altars of superstition must be thrown down by the power of truth. Yet, while he compromises no truth, by fearing to proclaim the errors of existing institutions, he must speak ever with the voice of love ; he must go forth clothed with the holy armor of kindness. Let him remember that no truth spoken in love shall be powerless, for the life of God shall be breathed upon it, and it shall rise and flourish in immortal vigor. Love should be the great central sun of the soul ; and the light which flows out from this source, shall banish fear and ignorance and error from the universal mind.

We would not wish the reformer to rush blindly or madly onward into a vortex of social or political anarchy ; but let him, with the clear vision of a prophet's eye, survey the wide field of action before him, and in the calm grandeur of the godlike mind, move onward amid the crash and ruin of falling institutions. With the magic, creative power of love and wisdom, he shall rear those splendid temples of celestial truth in which man can worship and be free, and through whose crystal dome shall descend the radiance of Heaven.

S. J. F.

THY KINGDOM COME!

At the Circle of Hope, lately, the following communication was made, through one of its mediums :—

"Thy kingdom come!" has been the prayer of the whole Christian world for 1800 years. The prayer is answered. It has come, and the whole Christian world makes war upon it.

It comes now as it came then, comforting the afflicted, binding up the broken-hearted, uplifting the down-trodden ; the sick are healed, the blind see, the lame walk, and the dead—ay, the dead shall live !

It comes now, as it came then, with its marvels before men, confounding the wise, and astonishing the ignorant.

It comes now, as it came then, with its Nicodemuses approaching privately and in the night time, asking "how may these things be?"—with its Peters denying their Lord, and its Judases betraying him.

But it comes not now, as it did then, obscurely and in a corner, but in the face of the world challenging investigation, and proclaiming its glad tidings from the house-top, sweeping the evil spirits of error from its

path, and driving into the deep sea the swine into which they had entered, and calling man up from his degradation to stand erect in the presence of his God !

Lectures.

The friends of Progress and the Spiritual Philosophy are informed, by this notice, that the Editor of the MESSENGER will visit all suitable and convenient localities, at their request, for the purpose of delivering lectures on spiritual and reformatory subjects. This mission has been recently unfolded by the spirits with whom he holds communion, as one of the prominent designs which they have held in view.

It is desirable that the friends in different places who are desirous of listening to these lectures, should themselves arrange to defray the expenses by which they are attended, that the public may be admitted free of charge. The lecturer will rely for compensation on the liberality of those whom he may address, while he relies on spiritual influx for the thoughts which he may utter.

"TAKEN IN AND DONE FOR."—The *Springfield Republican* under this heading takes occasion to refer to the poem published in the fourth number of the MESSENGER, entitled "Spirit Home," as sweet and *familiar*, and intimates that this was simply a plagiarism with which we were unfortunately imposed upon as a spiritual production. Now by referring to the *quotation* at the head of the article, which our friend has mistaken for an editorial note, it will be seen that the test of spiritual presence and action in this case did not consist at all in the *originality* of the poem, but in the fact that the girl who could 'neither write nor read one word previous to this occasion, wrote these lines legibly under the spiritual impression.' Thus our friend of the *Republican* in straining to give a *hard* shot, has entirely *overshot the mark*, and for aught we can see, is himself, from a too great eagerness to entrap others, "taken in and done for." "How much of the" editorial criticism on "spirit-poetry is of the same kind"!

The subject of Spiritual Philosophy has been the occasion of profound and scientific inquiries, which can not do otherwise than expand and strengthen the mental perceptions of those who have been engaged in its investigation. Whatever opinion may be entertained with respect to its ultimate mission, it is evident that there are facts now before the world which have not emanated from weak minds or excited fancy.

The series of articles commenced in the present number entitled "Laws and Phenomena of the Soul," though originally published in the *Phrenological Journal*, is now presented to our readers, by the consent of the author, as an attractive embodiment of many interesting facts and important suggestions.

The New Era.

This is the title of a paper recently commenced at Boston, edited by S. C. HEWITT. As its name implies it is devoted to an exposition of the spiritual realities which are unfolded in the new dispensation. It numbers among its contributors several expanded and highly illuminated minds, and gives promise of being eminently useful in the great field of thought and labor in which it has entered. We welcome this and all other similar periodicals, as co-workers in the vineyard of spiritual reform, believing that the harvest of peace, love and harmony will result from the united labors of all.

Correspondence.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST.

A REPLY.

EDITOR OF THE SPIRIT MESSENGER :

A correspondent of yours having, in his article last week, intimated his belief in the divinity of Christ, I wish you would allow me, through the same channel, to suggest to him and to your readers, a few considerations on that subject.

1. He argues that Christ was divine, because he claimed to be so. I will not enter the disputed ground, whether he did in fact so claim, and whether the expressions referred to are properly translated, or were intended to be taken literally. That I leave to theological controversialists, who have more relish for it than I have, and who have been engaged only a few hundred years in disputing a point, which, if true, would seem to be most too important to be left in doubt. But I will ask, why does his claim to be divine make him so? And it is answered, because he was truthful in all his other teachings. So, then, the enthusiast who is insane in believing himself to be Christ and therefore the Son of God, must be so, because on all other subjects he is sane and truthful! That seems to be the legitimate result of the argument; and if it is, then almost every lunatic asylum must contain some divine person.

2. But he prophesied he should be crucified, and his prophecy was fulfilled. It surely could not have been a difficult matter, for any one, of only ordinary sagacity, to foretell a violent end to Christ, if he continued his teachings. Already John the Baptist had fallen a sacrifice to the same spirit which was awakened against Jesus, and afterwards against Stephen, and others of the disciples. But if Jesus was clairvoyant, when in his normal state, as there are many at this day, then he could easily foretell coming events, as many did before his day, have done since, and are doing now. Now, whether it was owing to his sagacity or his clear-

seeing, that he foresaw his death, that can not be regarded as evidence of his divinity, unless we also regard as divine the Apostle Julian, who as a clairvoyant, foresaw his own fate—and the Apostle Paul, who had sagacity enough to foretell his own fate also.

3. But he was divine because he taught that we should love God with all our might, and our neighbor as ourselves. Moses taught us also thus to love God, and Pythagoras and Socrates taught thus to love our neighbor. Were they also divine? And are we, who at this day, teach even a higher doctrine, namely, to love our neighbor better than ourselves, also divine?

4. But his sincerity, which led him to suffer and meet death in defense of his belief, is evidence of his divinity. Then was Socrates divine, for it was precisely this which brought about his death. Then were the martyrs of all ages, as well those of an early day as the victims of Catholic or Protestant persecution of later times, all divine. And then are all the poor heathen, who throw themselves under the wheels of Juggernaut, or die on the funeral pile of their husbands, also divine.

5. But he performed miracles, and was therefore divine. So did the Apostles, and were they also divine? So did Moses—and some of his were far greater than any of Christ's, more startling, and wider in their influence—was Moses therefore divine? So did the prophet Elisha, who raised the widow's son from the dead—was he also divine?

Your correspondent has opened a wide field for discussion. I do not propose to enter it. I aim only at presenting a few considerations for him to reflect upon, and to say this to him—that I have no doubt, if he will wait with patience, and study with attention the teachings of these New Revelations, he will in due time have all his doubts removed, and his mind opened to an understanding of the question which now occupies it. And especially will he see new light upon the subject of miracles, on which so much of his argument hangs. He will learn that God does not work by special providences, but by immutable laws, and that it is our ignorance, alone, of the natural working of those laws, which makes things appear miraculous to us; just as a steam-engine now would be a miracle to a Pawnee Indian; as an eclipse was, in the days of Captain Cook, to the Sandwich Islanders, and as the advent of a comet was to us in our childhood. E.

A friend writing from Schenectady county, says: "I have received the MESSENGER in its new form, and shall be happy to receive it weekly. From the commencement I have looked with great pleasure to the arrival of each number. I have been comparatively alone in this section of the country as a believer in the New Philosophy; but while I have withstood the cry of delusion by the many, I can see the darkness breaking away before the light of the new day."

Facts and Phenomena.

THE LAW OF SYMPATHY.

The law of sympathy is illustrated in a remarkable manner by the occasional occurrence of one and the same dream to two or more closely sympathizing friends, at one and the same time. In such cases the dream has also generally been subsequently fulfilled. Of the numerous cases of this kind that have occurred, the following may be related as examples :—

Bishop Hall (whose veracity, of course, will be generally considered as beyond question,) relates the following :—"In my youth," he says, "when I was at Cambridge, my brother Henry lying with me, early one morning I dreamed that my mother passed by with a sad countenance, and told me that she would not come to my commencement, (having promised at that time to come to Cambridge.) When I related this dream to my brother (both of us waking together in a sweat,) he protested he had dreamed the very same. The next carrier brought us word of our mother's death."

In a singular work entitled "*News from the invisible world, compiled from the writings of Baxter, Wesley, Simpson, and other accredited authors,*" and edited by T. Otway, I find an account, related on the authority of "a person in eminent station," of an incident said to have occurred about the year 1781, in which murder was apparently prevented, by a coincident and simultaneous dream of three persons. The narrator "had occasion to correct, with a few stripes, a lad that lived with him at Rochester, (England,) which he resented so as to leave his place. But some time after he seemed to repent, humbled himself, and was received again. He now behaved in a most becoming manner, and was doubly diligent in his service. But his mistress dreamed one night that this lad was going to cut her throat. And she has," continues the account, "a twin sister between whom and her there is so strange a sympathy, that if either of them is ill, or particularly affected in any way, the other is so likewise. This sister wrote to her *from another part of the kingdom*, that she had dreamed the *same thing*. She carried this letter to her father, a gentleman that lives not far off, and was surprised that he likewise, on the same night, had dreamed to the same effect.

"The lad had been observed to come up, about noon, into his lady's apartment, with a case knife in his hand ; and being asked why he did so, he said he was going into the adjoining room to scrape the dirt off from his master's embroidered clothes. His master now took the lad aside and examined him strictly. And, denying it for a considerable time, it was at length extorted from him, 'that he had always remembered with indignation his master's severity to him, and that he had fully resolved to be revenged ; but in what particular

manner he would not confess.' On this he was totally dismissed, without delay."

But phenomena illustrative of this same sympathetic and thought-uniting law, frequently occur to persons in the waking and normal state. Thus when a number of persons have been engaged in quiet and harmonious social conversation, until their minds are interblended, as it were, with each other, how often does it happen that two or more minds, after an interval in the conversation, strike, at the same instant, upon the same thought, however foreign this may be to the subjects of previous remark ! And how often does it happen that one's thoughts are abruptly diverted from their course, and fixed upon a supposed absent person, only an instant before that person makes his appearance ! The frequent occurrence of the latter phenomenon has given rise to a well-known proverb, which need not here be repeated !

W. F.

Can Spirits Perceive Material Objects ?

MR. EDITOR :—You asked something of such a question a few weeks ago, and gave an instance from your own experience in answer. Let me give you, on the same subject, one or two instances that have occurred in my experience.

I was one day conversing, through a speaking medium, with the spirit of a female who had been dead about two years. While she was saying something to me, a mantel clock that was in the room struck the hour. The moment the clock began to strike, she paused in her conversation, and kept silence until the striking was done, as if she was listening ; then saying in an under-tone, not as if she was talking to me, but to herself, "Oh ! that old familiar sound !" she went on with her conversation as if it had not been interrupted.

On another occasion I was conversing, through the same medium, with the same spirit, in a room where there was a picture of her birth-place and homestead. While conversing on other topics, she suddenly paused, and the medium gazed very intensely and for some time in silence on that picture. Then the spirit spoke of that place, and alluded to several incidents, all of which were unknown to the medium, and some of which never had been known to any one but the spirit and myself.

On still another occasion, while I was sitting on a sofa with the same medium, conversing with the same spirit, she abruptly paused and exclaimed, "Again your breath fans my cheek !" "Why," I inquired, "can you feel it ?" "Indeed I can," was the reply. Then, after a long pause, she added, "Isn't it very strange—I can hardly realize it myself—that here I am, speaking to you through organs of clay ?"

Here, Mr. Editor, you have evidence of spirits seeing,

hearing, and feeling material objects. Yet they do not at all times do so, but only when the conditions are favorable.

J. W. E.

Poetry.

At the Circle of Hope, a few evenings ago, through Mr. FINNEY, as medium, when in the trance state, it was said, Here is a piece of poetry for Mr. Ambler and the spirits' paper. You may call it—

CELESTIAL TRUTH.

It comes! see! it comes on the wings of the wind,
In beauty, and glory, and power, to unbind
The hard fetters that crush the uprising soul,—
And cause the bright banner of Truth to unroll.

It breathes in sweet tones of bright spirits above,
Whose voices are rich with the music of love.
Those breathings shall ring in man's deafened ears,
And roll in sweet concord through heavenly spheres.

It shines! see! it shines like the bright orb of day,
Whose glory-clad beams chase night's darkness away;
It rolls in deep thunder, throughout the arched skies,
And calls on earth's down-trodden sons to arise.

It asks not for glory; it seeks not for fame;
It calls for the lowly, the blind, and the lame;
Exalts the down-trodden; gives sight to the blind;
And whispers the thoughts of the infinite Mind.

Then arise, ye down-trodden! Leap for joy, all ye lame!
Let Love, Truth, and Wisdom, your freedom proclaim,
And the blind to the truth, behold the pure light
Of the spiritual day that ends not in night.

No dark cloud of error shall longer obscure
The vision of man, to the true and the pure;
But upward his eye shall be turned to the light,
And wrong yield its sway to the power of right.

No more shall the tyrant, with hands dipped in blood,
Grasp the throat of his brother, in the name of his God.
The war-demon no more shall stride o'er the plain,
But the bright form of Peace in its glory shall reign.

Then Freedom's bright flag, on its standard unfurled,
Shall float in calm grandeur wide over the world.
The nations shall hail it, as e'er it shall wave
O'er Oppression's dead form and Tyranny's grave.

The wide-swelling anthem of Peace on the Earth—
Divine in its beauty and bright in its birth—
Shall roll its calm joy from the East to the West,
And man universal in the song shall be blest.

He was the freeman whom the truth made free,
Who first of all the bands of Satan broke,
Who broke the bands of sin; and for his soul,
In spite of fools, consulted seriously.

* * * * *
Who finally in strong integrity
Of soul, midst want, or riches, or disgrace,
Uplifted calmly sat, and heard the waves
Of stormy folly breaking at his feet,
Now shrill with praise, now hoarse with foul reproach,
And both despised sincerely, seeking this
Alone: the approbation of his God,
Which still with conscience witnessed to his peace.

Pollock's Course of Time.

SPIRITUAL ASPIRATION.

BY FANNY GREEN.

Could I dip my pen in rose-light
Fresh from fountains of the sun,
I might paint the upward soaring
Which is ever just begun.
Ages can not waste its morning;
Cycles but announce its dawning.

Track the never-ending spiral;
Forward; upward; on, forever;
From the great law of its being
Nothing can the spirit sever—
Moving in progressive stages
Through the silent lapse of ages.

Though it bear a wounded pinion
As it gazeth on the stars,
And with every upward impulse
Throbs against its prison-bars,
Struggling captive, weep no longer;
Even this shall make thee stronger.

Stretch out, O thou human Spirit,
O'er the waves of Sense and Time;
And with angels claim thine heirship
To a destiny sublime;
Ages can not waste thy morning;
Cycles but announce its dawning.

BEAUTY.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Oh had I but a voice and words to tell
The lovely dreams that haunt me evermore,
The many thoughts that in my spirit dwell—
Which are like harp strings rung in days of yore,
That can not yet forget their silvery swell,
Whene'er a breeze of gladness sweeps them o'er;
Then might these broken thoughts, these lost dreams be
Poured forth in one deep strain of harmony.

Oh Beauty! how my heart doth worship thee,
Where'er thou dwell'st in Nature's airy hall,
Thou most resemblest what my dreams would be
Could they rise real at my fancy's call.
When glittering on the forest's leafy sea,
Or hovering where the sunlit waters fall,
I love thee, Beauty, in thine earthly shrine,—
How wilt thou trance me in thy home divine!

Oft I have dreamed that when this soul unbound,
Flies from its earthly tenement away,
Words for its dazzling visions shall be found,
And heavenly fires that now uncertain play
About my spirit, then shall clasp it round,
And burn the darkness from its depths away.
Then like a land uprising from the night,
How shall it waken to all joy and light!—[*Shekinah.*]

A CONTRAST.

The generous soul dispenses love and light,
Freely on all, unpressed and unconstrained,
Still flowing out, its fount is never drained;
Even as the sun that from his golden height
Warms all beneath its radiance pure and bright
With heat exhaustless, light that never waned,
Whereby all life and beauty are sustained.
The selfish heart is like the unfeeling flint,
Its fires locked up in chambers of cold stone;
Yielding no goodly spark but by the dint
And clash of hard and labored strokes alone;
And what it gives, it gives with niggard stint,
Then soon sinks back into its old repose,
As if its springs of Love were altogether froze.

[GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.]

Miscellaneous Department.

THE EVIL OF COVETOUSNESS.

AN ORIENTAL APOLOGUE.

In the times of old, it was customary for the caliphs of Persia to perambulate their capitals by night in disguise, that they might see and hear what passed among the people. One night the Caliph Haroun el Rashed went forth on his evening patrol, accompanied by his Vizier Jaaffier; and as they passed over the bridge of Bagdad, they were accosted by an old blind beggar, who solicited their charity. The Caliph stopped to put a piece of gold into his hand, and then passed on. But the beggar instantly caught him by the arm, and said, "My friend, I thank you for your charity, but I must request you to confer a further favor on me, by giving me a blow on my face, as a punishment for my sin." The Caliph, surprised at this strange request, tried to escape from the old man's grasp; but the more he struggled, the more the old man clung to him. The Caliph remonstrated, and, in spite of the beggar's entreaties, he resolutely refused to comply with this preposterous request. The old man, finding all his efforts were vain, at length said, "Sir, forgive my boldness and importunity; for I can not receive your charity on any other conditions, since I have bound myself by an oath not to receive any alms unless my benefactor will also inflict this punishment upon me." On hearing this, the Caliph gave him a slight blow, and passed on. Then, turning to the Vizier, he said, "Jaaffier, do you know the meaning of this strange fancy?" The Vizier replied, "I know not, sire; but I have no doubt the man has some good reason for making such a singular request." "I must know what it is," replied the Caliph; "go back, therefore, tell him who I am, and say that I command him to come to the palace to-morrow at mid-day." The Vizier obeyed the command of the Caliph, and they continued their rambles, and fell in with one or two other singular adventures, (which we may relate at some future period,) and returned to the palace.

On the following day, the blind beggar made his appearance at the palace; and on being ushered into the presence of the Caliph, he prostrated himself before him, and earnestly solicited pardon for his conduct on the previous evening. The Caliph bade him rise, assuring him that he freely forgave all that had passed, and said, "I commanded you to come to my palace, that I might ascertain the cause of your singular conduct."

"Commander of the faithful," replied the blind man, "I will briefly relate to you my history, that you may see I have sufficient reason for inflicting this punishment upon myself. My name is Baba Abdoollah. I was born in the city of Bagdad, of respectable parents, who died when I was but a youth, leaving me a small fortune, with which I embarked in business. By diligence and economy, I soon become rich enough to purchase eighty camels, with which I traded to various parts of your majesty's dominions. As my wealth increased, the desire of becoming richer increased also. One day, as I was returning from Bussorah, whither I had conveyed some articles of merchandise, I halted in a shady place to allow my camels to rest and graze. While I was sitting, watching my camels, a Dervise came by; and on seeing me

he saluted me, and sat down by my side. I then produced some provisions, and invited him to partake. During our repast we conversed on a variety of topics, and at length the Dervise told me that he knew of a spot, not far from where we were sitting, in which there was such an immense treasure of gold and jewels, that all my camels might be laden therewith, without sensibly diminishing it. This intelligence filled me with surprise and joy; and hoping to secure these treasures to myself, I said to the Dervise, 'As you have no means of carrying any considerable portion of this treasure away, I will give you one of my camels to lade for yourself, if you will conduct me to the place where it is hid.' The Dervise, seeing my detestable covetousness, replied, 'I should be a fool indeed to show you this inexhaustible wealth on such terms. The very least I can require is to share it equally with you; if, therefore, you will give me forty of your camels, I will conduct you to the place forthwith.' Galling though this proposition was, I found that I must either accede to it, or relinquish all hope of possessing the treasure, which my covetous mind could not do; I therefore assented, rose up, and gave him forty of my camels, and we started off on our expedition. After traveling for some time, we arrived at a range of mountains, through a narrow pass of which we entered into a valley. Here the Dervise bade me stop, and prepare the camels for loading. While I was busily engaged in arranging them, the Dervise kindled a fire, and used some cabalistic words and signs, when suddenly the mountain opened, and disclosed to my astonished and enraptured gaze, a magnificent palace, into which we entered. In every part of this spacious building were large heaps of gold, and all kinds of precious stones. Regardless of the beauty of the palace, I set to work at once to fill my bags with these valuable treasures; and my companion did the like, until all our camels were heavily laden. The Dervise then took a small box containing some unctuous matter, and put it into his bosom. After which, we retired from the palace, and the Dervise closed the mountain in the same manner as he had opened it. I was astonished at what I had seen, but was so overjoyed in the possession of such treasures, that I asked no questions. We then left the valley by the same narrow pass through which we had entered.


"On coming into the open plain, I thanked my benefactor for his kindness, and saluted him; we then parted, he to go to Bussorah, and I to Bagdad. Although I had forty camels loaded with riches, my covetous spirit was not satisfied; I began to repent of having given the others to the Dervise, and, forgetting that without his aid I should have had no treasures, I resolved to attempt to regain possession of them. I forthwith stopped my camels, rode after the Dervise, and soon overtook him. He immediately halted and said, 'What brings you here, brother?' 'Regard for your happiness,' I replied; 'for knowing you to be a man unacquainted with the business of the world, and fearing that the care of forty camels would be most irksome to you, I come to ask you to let me have ten more, that I may relieve you of your burden.' 'Well,' said he, 'I find that forty is a larger number than I can manage—I will therefore give you ten.' This unexpected success encouraged me to be still more importunate, till at length I prevailed on the kind Dervise to restore all my camels. 'Take them,' said he; 'but remember that if we do not make good use of riches, God often takes them away again.' This admonition was lost upon me; for so completely

had avarice got possession of my soul, that I was not satisfied with the riches I now possessed, but I even coveted the box of unguent which the Dervise had brought from the palace, supposing that it must possess some great virtues. After many protestations of gratitude, I had the audacity to ask my friend to give me the box, and to explain to me the virtues of the unguent. The Dervise immediately took it from his bosom, and gave it me, saying, 'Take it, and be content: that unguent possesses such wonderful properties, that if you rub a little on your left eye, it will enable you to see all the treasures hid in the bowels of the earth; but if it touches your right eye, it will blind you at once.' He had no sooner said this than I applied some to my left eye, and immediately I saw such a profusion of riches, that I was almost bewildered. This enchanting spectacle excited my covetous spirit; and it occurred to me, that if the effect on one eye was so extraordinary, it would be still more wonderful if the unguent was applied to both eyes; for I could not believe that what had exalted the powers of vision in one could destroy the sight of the other. I said to the Dervise, 'You must be joking, when you tell me that this unguent will blind me if applied to the right eye.' He replied, 'I have told you the truth: it will most certainly have that effect, if you ever apply it.' I would not, however, believe him, but, deaf to all his remonstrances, urged him most vehemently to apply it to my right eye. At length, being overcome by my importunity, he complied with my request; and lo! to my sorrow, I found that his words were too true, for I became totally blind. I now perceived the misery to which my insatiable desire of riches had reduced me, and I earnestly implored the Dervise to pardon my obstinacy, and once more restore me to sight. 'Miserable, covetous wretch!' exclaimed the Dervise; 'you might have been happy and prosperous as a merchant, had you been satisfied with your condition. I put you in possession of great riches as a trial of your virtue; and you have shown yourself unworthy of them. If you had taken my advice, you would have escaped this calamity. You have what you deserve; and as you know not how to make a right use of the riches which were given to you, they are now taken from you, and shall be given to some persons more grateful and deserving than yourself.' He then left me to bewail my fate, and I should have perished with hunger, had it not been for a caravan passing near where I was, the merchants in which took compassion on me, and carried me to Bagdad, where I have since subsisted on the bounty of the charitable; and, as a punishment for my folly and covetousness, I have made every person inflict a smart blow upon me."

Baba Abdoollah having finished his story, the Caliph said: "Your folly and wickedness was great indeed; and I am glad to find that you are not only sensible of it, but sorry for it; I shall therefore order you a small pension during the remainder of your life; and I hope you have so profited by past experience, that you will henceforth be a grateful and happy man."

Baba Abdoollah prostrated himself before the throne, and thanked the Caliph for his generous bounty. He lived some years, a contented and happy man.

Thus does the excessive love of riches destroy their real advantages. Excess in everything is vice—repentance alone can counteract its consequences.—*National Magazine*.

 The Universe is the body and representative of God.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

BY MISS E. C.

I am Hope, the child of Heaven; a pure and lovely spirit, I sprang from the bosom of God. I looked, and behold, before him bright angels cast their crowns and worshiped, while strains, which the cherub's harp alone can utter, rang through the vaults of Heaven, and all was joy. But, suddenly a cry of sorrow came mingling with those notes of joy, whilst eyes, which late sparkled with bliss, now gemmed with grief, and there were tears in Heaven. Earth sent up that cry, and Heaven heard. The Father called. I stood before him. "Go now to Earth's sorrowing children, and tell them I have heard those sighs which have come up before my throne; I have seen those tears of grief, behold I will heal!" Gladly I come to fulfill my mission, for lo! I brought "glad tidings of great joy."

Despair, on his sable wing, spread over the earth, exulting in his work of death. Me he soon espied, and thus addressed. "Whence art thou, O spirit, and wherefore dost thou seek my realms?"

And I said, "I come at high Heaven's command, to break the chains with which thou hast held Earth bound; to raise the heads which thou hast bowed down; to heal the hearts which thou hast broken. I come to wipe away the falling tear—to give the weary bosom rest. I come to tell of the spirit-land—of its pure inhabitants, who hover continually around the throne of God, and bask in the light of his countenance. Too long, O Despair, hast thou held thy demon reign! no longer shalt thou triumph!" One fearful shriek he uttered, and sunk to the Stygian gulf whence he came.

Earth heard that shriek, and knew that she was free. Ten thousand songs of praise went up to Heaven, and Nature wept glad tears. I gazed upon her beauties springing into life. I stood by the rivulet, and it bounded joyously; for my image was reflected in its bosom. I said to the mighty cascade "Why art thou glad?" and it answered in a voice as the rush of many waters, "Hope has come to earth." From the mountain-top a thousand birds arose with sweetest songs, nor rested in their flight until they reached the gates of Heaven, and there poured forth their melody. Flowers—bright children of Nature, sprang up in all her plains, and "the wilderness and the solitary place were glad, and the desert did rejoice and blossom as the rose."

Rejoice, O man, and sing for joy! for I have come to be thy companion—to live in thy bosom. Wouldst thou know where I dwell? look round thee. Thou seest that youth just entering the world; all is bright before him. As he passes along, gathering the summer flowers, why that sunny smile which wreathes his lip? I am his companion; I dwell in his glowing cheek and kindling eye; I hover round him in dreams of future bliss, and sorrow is unthought of.

Yet again, look to old Ocean, where the fierce winds, the forked lightnings, and the roaring thunders hold their revels. Behold the ship tossed on the mountain waves! Yet there is a fearless one within; why now is his bosom calm and his spirit strong? I come to whisper all will yet be well. And oft, while sailing o'er the deep, I come in nightly visions to the mariner. Again he is at the home of his childhood; he is welcomed by the aged sire, and his mother's blessing rests

upon him; and, as he is clasped again and again in their warm embraces, his heart is melted, and the strong man weeps for joy.

Once more, come with me to the couch of the dying one. What now is his language? "I fear not 'the valley of the shadow of death,' for Hope, the charmer, lingers in its dark recesses; it points me to a land beyond the grave; eternal day beams through the portals of the tomb, and bright angels hover round me, and wait to take my spirit home."

Thou hast sorrow, come to me, and thy bosom shall be glad. Have thy fondest prospects disappeared like the mists of morning, and cruel disappointment caused thy bosom to bleed? yet weep not, for ere long the buds of happiness shall spring up in thy heart, and unfold their lovely petals to the rays of unfading hope.

Hast thou no home? There is a happy land where sorrow can never come; there the fountain of life pours out its healing streams, and on its brink are flowers of the immortal Amaranth. Behold thy home! Art thou alone? Does no friend cheer thee with his smile, or shed with thee the tear of grief? High up in Heaven, are angels watching o'er thee; they share thy joys and feel thy sorrows; daily they hover round thee, and evil may not come.

Perhaps a loved one has left thee for the land of spirits; and as thou didst cover him with the fresh green sod, there came a knell upon thy heart; then the language of thy soul was, "Let me sleep with that loved one, and let my body rest with his beneath the clods of the valley." Look up, Look up! sorrowing one, for even now he roams through fields of glory, and waits for thee to wing thy flight to Heaven.

Come, thou desolate one! take me to thy bosom and sorrow no more. I will be with thee through life, and when thy spirit shall quit its clayey tenement, I will bear thee up to Heaven. Then will I gaze on Him from whom I came, and Heaven will own her child.—*Waverly Magazine*.

A BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—Labor! Why, man of idleness, labor has rocked you in the cradle, and nourished your pampered life; without it, the woven silks and wool upon your back would be in the silk worm's nest, and the fleeces in the shepherd's fold. For the meanest thing that ministers to human want, save the air of heaven, man is indebted to toil; and even the air, by God's wise ordination, is breathed with labor. It is only the drones who toil not; why infest the hive of the active, like masses of corruption and decay?

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