

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

"Brethren, fear not: for Error is mortal and cannot live, and Truth is immortal and cannot die."

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The Principles of Nature.

THE SPIRITUAL SPHERES.

FROM "NATURE'S DIVINE REVELATIONS,"

BY A. J. DAVIS.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 115.]

There is a translucent beauty, and glory, and holiness, and happiness, that pervade and quicken into life the spirit-home, that defy all verbal expression. There is such a specificness manifested in all things, and yet such an inseparable unity and brotherly love as cannot be described, but is to be known only when experienced. It is impossible to portray the delights, the ecstasies, and the enchantments, which flow into the mind as it is immersed into this beautiful Sphere of spiritual existence.

I can read from the memory of any spirit, either in the human form or in this spiritual sphere, with as much ease as one can read from a book. I can converse with the spirits distinctly, and learn from them the peculiar impressions and affections of their souls; and this I can communicate to any person in the human form. But this I am not permitted to do at all times, inasmuch as it would be revealing that which the human race should not know.

One more important truth it is well to relate; and that is, that those who form a mutual attachment while on earth, which is pure and true, continue to preserve an affection for one another throughout the spiritual Spheres. If the attachment is pure, it will be their conjugal affection, of the highest degree of refinement. And if one leaves the form before the other, this will make no difference: for when they are both out of the form, they recognize each other in the same manner as friends do in the human race. And if one has progressed further than the other, the one possessing wisdom will pervade and cultivate the love of the other, until their natures become assimilated, and they become fully suited to associate with one another. All attachments are of the Love; and all love is modified and perfected by Wisdom. Hence, while all conjugal affection on earth is of the Love, all conjugal affection in heaven is of the Wisdom, strengthened and quickened into life by the Love which gave birth to the prior attachment.

And also *little children* are recognized and loved here as they are on earth. Parents who love their children while in the form, continue to love them in this Sphere; and their love is here strengthened by superior wisdom. If a child leave the form while very young, and the parents when aged, the child must of necessity be far advanced, both in its outward size and its inward developments. But when the parents are introduced into the same sphere, they *know* their child by a peculiar sense of rudimental love—by a relation of a constitutional character which they instantly perceive; and they rush (with wisdom) into each other's embrace.

All are joined according to the purity and realness of their attachment. Degrees of *refinement* do not determine the attachment so much as the *quality* of the spiritual constitution; and this is according to a law pervading all material and spiritual things.

Such is the Second Sphere of human existence; and such substantially are its truths. The relation between it and the earth, and all earths, may be perceived by the similitude of external manifestations, these differing only in degrees of purity and development. And it is proper and advantageous that the human race should know and appreciate these truths, so that they may be induced to press onward and upward in the ascending scale of progress toward the great Fount of Love and Happiness. This

is the object of the present relation, and it cannot well fail to perform its office: and when this is fulfilled, the race will be elevated to a high degree of social and moral culture, and thus all as one will be holy, happy, and perfect.

Inasmuch as on the various earths there are born several millions of spirits in one second of time, from which fact there necessarily occur also as many deaths, so an equal number at every second are being introduced into the spiritual Sphere. And as there is this incessant influx from the natural into the spiritual Sphere, so there is also an equal refluxation from the Second Sphere into the *Third*, which is the *Celestial* Sphere. Thus the movements that are incessantly and imperceptibly going on, are in number beyond the comprehension of any except that mighty Mind who moved, and they all sprang into being!

There is, then, an incessant transition from the *Second* to the *Third* Sphere; but the darkness incident thereunto is light, and the death is life inconceivable. Pain is a living index of pleasure, and love is the first indication of superior wisdom. The highly-cultivated spirits of the Second Sphere contemplate this transition with delight that surpasses all human speech. There is no more death to them, for death is life, and this springs up and blooms in the Sphere above, with a brighter beauty and a more lovely wisdom. It is impossible to describe the sensations of delight which exist in the interior of that spirit who lies down to repose in the Second Sphere, to be quickened into newness of life in the first society in the third heavens. They experience ecstasies which none but spirits know; and what is more beautiful than all is, that they govern their delights with the most transcending wisdom. They only migrate from the habitation of the second state, into the more congenial climes of the Sphere above. The sting of death is lost in the pleasure of life and beauty, and here-in is that passage fully verified which speaks of this consummation.* Such are the views of the spirits in the Second Sphere concerning their flight to higher habitations, which takes place according to the workings of natural law.

In this Sphere I perceive also three distinct societies, and three aromas of the most inexpressible brilliancy: and I perceive that they correspond to perfected Love, to perfected Wisdom, and to celestial purity.

The *first* society is composed of those whose last stage of being was in the third society in the Sphere below. They have Love, Will, and Wisdom, combined, and to a degree of perfection that transcends all human thought. Their love is so pure that there is a visible radiation from their countenances, and a halo of purity surrounding them that possesses inexpressible attractions. Yea, it is like the electric fire: for it is instantaneously communicated from one to another; and thus all send forth smiles of delight, until the whole society is *exceedingly* delighted. It is attractive to behold their perfect Will, or the holy passiveness of that faculty which is not prompted to an improper act, or to do one thing derogatory to the general welfare. And it is more than beautiful to behold their highly-cultivated Wisdom; for it blooms and sends forth a fragrance that no flower can more than faintly imitate. And this fragrance makes glad every spirit in heaven.

The *second* society are still more advanced, inasmuch that they transcend all human description. They are so perfectly conjoined one with another, and their mutual affections are so absorbing and penetrating, that it requires a high degree of discernment to make a distinction between them.

And the *third* society is the highest of the Third Sphere; and they have celestial purity. So exceedingly pure are they that every subordinate spirit is repelled with an innate consciousness of non-association. Their purity gives forth a radiation brighter than the brightest sun. It is even a light of love, of wisdom,

* "Death is swallowed up in victory," &c., 1 Cor. xv. 54—57.

and of celestial purity, that gives life to every spirit in the lower societies. They are guardian angels to those below them, to whom they are constantly descending, with no other end in view than to gratify their thirstings for purity, and their desires that are holy and celestial.

I perceive here also those *plains* that are undulated as the gentle waves of the ocean. I perceive a celestial fragrance arising from every flower that blooms in the garden of the living Mind with an immortal beauty. I behold those diversified creations; and each one is as an angel proclaiming immortal truths in the sanctuary of the Divine Mind.

It is well to relate that every thing has a *use and design*, to which it is with promptness applied: and there are thereby ends of the most inconceivable importance accomplished. These advance the condition and quality of each spirit; and each created thing is only a step to perpetuate infinite progression. Every thing is an act of the Divine Mind, and every representation is as a word fitly spoken. These things are all *perceived* by their expanded powers. Thus it is that *hearing* is transformed into *seeing*, and seeing is correspondingly elevated, and includes all the powers of the other senses combined.

I behold also those *valleys*. Their termination cannot be seen, and their excellencies cannot be appreciated, except by those who dwell among them. Each valley is as a volume whose contents are sublime beyond conception, and each plain is as an unbounded field of knowledge.

And I behold also those very placid *rivers*—whose powers of reflection seem only fitted to represent the unspeakable grandeur that pervades the atmosphere of the celestial heaven. A holy pensiveness seems to be manifested by those rivers and the atmosphere; and they seem to welcome and embrace each other. The still waters seem to spring up unto everlasting life; and they seem to play and sport with the brilliant atmosphere, as if there were a mutual and lively sympathy between them.

Again, I see those *groves*—and how they extend to and line the surfy margin of those living rivers: and their roots and foliage are baptized in them, and purified to the glory of the Infinite Mind. There is a precision in every form, in every bud, and leaf, and flower, that garland and render beautiful those heavenly groves. Indeed, their shade casts a freshness which inspires every living form that reposes therein with vigor and vivacity; and thus are they means employed by the Divine Mind to refine the faculties of his spirit-children, and prepare them for a home in the highest Spheres.

Inasmuch as the *knowledge* of this Sphere is entirely above the comprehension of the human race, I am not permitted to dwell upon it to any extent. For I perceive that all these relations are only permitted as a means to elevate the inhabitants of the earth, and to purify all their spiritual sentiments. But I now perceive the truth of a passage in the Primitive History, by one of the lovely spirits that dwell in the celestial Sphere, and also its application. For here are beauties innumerable, all of which are means employed by Divine Wisdom to perpetuate infinite progression, and whereby his spirit-children of all earths and all Spheres may dwell in the "Father's house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And I perceive that "in the Father's house there are many mansions," all of which are illuminated by Divine Love, animated by perfected spirits, and send forth an expanding brilliancy throughout all space, which is the order and form, and soul, of Divine Wisdom.

The inhabitants of the Third Sphere impart knowledge and express love to each other, as the sun imparts life and beauty to the forms on earth. And in this Sphere are also imparted a grace, ease and elegance, that beautify and sublimate every spirit.

It is charming beyond description to behold the stately palms, and how they by every movement proclaim humiliation—and to see with what grace they bow their majestic tops to the breaths of Divine Wisdom! And while spirits are seeking repose under their wide-spread branches, they learn a lesson of grace, and meekness, and gentleness, which is indestructible. It is, moreover, enchanting to behold the fertility, so expressive of divine Love, and to perceive the fragrance so typical of celestial purity.

Every spirit has an exhalation or bodily atmosphere which is an exact indication of the quality and purity of its interior; and thereby are all distinguished. For spheres are of every possible variety of color, according to the qualities of the spirits from which they emanate. Some have mingled colors, and some have only one. And it is also given me to know that every natural earth, and that every mineral, vegetable, animal, man, and spirit—yea, that every particle of matter in the universe, has a peculiar sphere, by which it may be designated and recognized:—also, that every *spiritual* sphere, from the lowest to the highest, has a spherical emanation that describes its interior. It is surpassingly delightful to see those aromas and haloes of purity that surround every spirit.

So true is it that all things have a *language*, that even the spirits learn as children in a book, from the united voices coming from every thing created. The whole forms a Volume whose contents are celestial, and whose philosophy is the Divine Creator's. Every passage which it contains proclaims goodness infinite, and every page unfolds volumes of immense love. The whole Book is an offspring of Wisdom. Yea, it was written in the great temple of Truth, and in the home of many mansions. The spring, the rill, the stream, and the river, are introductions to this great Volume. The groves, ravines, and forests are margins that cast a reflection on its contents, and speak only of harmony and inherent affection. The valleys, plains, and beautiful gardens, abounding in all the luxuriant and immense creations of the spirit-home, are the impressed words on the leaves of this divine Book. And angels are the recipients of the instruction thereof, through which their interior powers are expanded to the glory of the Divine Mind for ever and ever. They drink at the fount of Wisdom, and walk in the fields and gardens of celestial Love. They are incessantly employed in imparting blessings to those who need, and meanwhile they receive in return the smiles and approbation of a delighted heaven. Yea, in this the angels rejoice, and give forth songs of thanksgiving and praise that ascend through all the Spheres, to be recognized by Him who spake, and all things became alive!

Such are the combined beauties of the Celestial Sphere: but what has been said concerning Nature, Man, the Second Sphere, and the Universe, is as nothing in comparison to that which might be related concerning this *one state* of spiritual existence. We have only as yet entered the *vestibule* that introduces the mind into the great Temple of divine Truth, whose foundation is in the depths of the Universe, whose immensity fills all space, and whose aspiring domes are lost in the heights of infinity! Nay, the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths, thereof, can be known only by its Maker and Builder, who is the Living Soul of all things. This Temple has splendor and gorgeous magnificence that no mind can conceive or appreciate save that Divine Architect who fills and animates it by the living fire of his own Love, and beautifies it by the living energies of his own Wisdom.

What has been said concerning the Third Sphere, and all previous ones, is, then, as but one particle compared to that which is, and shall forever remain, unrelated. Expand the Universe to an extent that will outdo space, and make spheres so numerous as to defy all computation—and yet there is a Univercælum about which not one word can be spoken, or one thought can be conceived. If all the sublimest thoughts of the inhabitants of the earth were combined, their magnitude would be naught in comparison to the extent of the beauty, greatness, and grandeur, of the celestial heaven. Nay, all thoughts, save the thoughts of that Being whom these things represent, would be as *one atom* in comparison to that which is above, beneath, and around those things of which I have spoken. The human race can not conceive of this immensity; but O! how beautiful, how pure, and how enduring are these truths!

Yet, the restless mind of man leaves earth and soars off into the regions of the celestial spheres; it strives to familiarize itself with all the creations thereof, and brings into its employ all the mathematical skill that can be of service in marking out and mapping out the structure of the Universe; and while it is striving to comprehend these things, the thoughts expand to their

utmost tension, and doubt and dread repulse it back to earth. It finds no resting-place, and returns to its narrow encasement unsatisfied. Hence, again, I say, were all thoughts of this nature that ever have been conceived by man, combined together, they would not be adequate to a comprehension of the grandeur even of the *Third Sphere* of human existence.

I perceive, then, that we have just entered the *vestibule* that leads to apartments too vast and immense ever to be described. Yet I am permitted to ascend to the *FOURTH SPHERE*, and observe the comparative perfection that there exists, in reference to that of the subordinate habitations. Thus I ascend to, and am immersed into, the *fourth* habitation of the spirits and angels that were once of the human race.

I now perceive the *order* of the spheres; which is in this wise: The first Sphere is the Natural; the second is the Spiritual; the third, the Celestial; the fourth, the Supernatural; the fifth, the Superspiritual; and the sixth, the Supercelestial.

I am now permitted to speak of matters pertaining to the *Supernatural Sphere*.

In this sphere are also three societies and three distinct degrees of Love, Will, and Wisdom—each society being unfolded from the one next below.

I perceive that an incessant transition is also occurring from the Third to this Sphere, and also an immense transference from this to a still higher.

In this Sphere every thing is still more lovely: and even here all things appear to have attained the highest possible loveliness and exaltation. So true is this, that the inhabitants of the sphere next below, in all their sparkling purity, appear even as undeveloped. The beautiful emanation that surrounds and clothes each society, is of such an intense light that is impossible to approach it, or to search into the interiors of the inhabitants. Colors of every conceivable description surround their local habitation, each being a bright indication of purity, goodness, happiness, and wisdom. Every form and thing is constantly growing lovelier and lovelier, and every sphere more beautiful and pure. Each indicates a spiral progression, and that they are ascending nigh unto the throne of the Alpha and Omega. Each thing shows forth its own purity, and speaks its own celestial language.

Each object is distinct in its proclamations, and every lesson of instruction is as a word of the Most High!

The first society is in numbers almost infinite: and from them flows spontaneously an element of love that is clearer than the clearest water, and brighter than the brightest crystal; and its reflection clothes the higher societies with a garment of whiteness pure as the jewels that adorn the crown of the King of kings and the Lord of lords.

And from the mediatorial society flows a constant stream of passive and active Will, subject at all times to the life-giving promptings of Love, and receiving the high approbations of Wisdom. This is constantly descending and ascending, as the light goeth forth from the sun to enliven the earth, and returns to be revived.

Wisdom in this supernatural Sphere, is as a fount that is constantly springing up and flowing over all the subordinates. It is like a great receptacle in which are deposited the choicest thoughts and memories of the angels and spirits of this exalted Sphere. It is like a treasury whose contents are depositions for the lower angels, who ascend to and unlock it, and extract from its depths beautiful thoughts, and upon them ponder and meditate. They have contemplations so exceedingly immense, that the Love and Life of the Universe appear open to their thoughts, and they drink of their depths and thirst not.

In a more exalted degree I behold those *plains*—decked with life and beauty inconceivable; and over them is diffused an omnipotent element of purity that appears as life, and by this they live and bloom in beauty.

In a different and higher degree, also, I perceive those ceaseless streams of living water. Their gentle flowings speak only of tranquility and unending happiness; while the inexhaustible Fount from which they spring proclaims the constitution and infinity of the Divine Mind.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Psychological Department.

VERIFICATION OF DREAMS.

Dreams have been usually regarded as the mere phantoms of the imagination, arising from the excited action of the brain during the hours of sleep. This explanation, however, will not properly apply in those cases in which the mind seems to be guided by a superior intelligence, and the scenes which are brought to its view, are resolved into an actual reality. The following facts, which are of recent occurrence, and were published in the Boston Transcript, will be interesting to our readers:

"A young lady residing in Hanover street in this city, retired to bed at her usual hour, and in her usual cheerful, happy frame of mind. After having fallen asleep, she had a frightful dream or vision. She dreamed that her brother, who was in the western part of New York, was killed, and his body horribly mangled in death. This dream seemed so vivid and real, and impressed her mind so forcibly, that she woke and even rose from her bed, and walked her room, weeping in great anguish.

Another lady, who was asleep in an adjoining chamber, was awakened by her wailings, and on going into the room to ascertain the cause, found her sitting in a chair weeping. The lady endeavored to soothe her fears, and finally persuaded her to retire once more to bed, and try to forget the dream. The next Monday morning the young lady received a telegraphic despatch announcing that her brother, Mr. Wise, a brakeman on the Western Railroad, had fallen from the cars on one of the freight trains near East Chatham, N. Y., and had been run over, and instantly killed. The accident happened at about two o'clock on Sunday morning, precisely about the time of the dream."

Another instance of a similar nature occurred soon afterwards in the same city, and is related as follows:

"A week ago last Saturday night, Messrs. Fuller & Colton, enterprising young merchants at 311 Washington street, left their store at twelve o'clock on that night, for their sleeping apartments in Summer street. During the night, Mr. Colton dreamed that their store was broken into by robbers, who were stealing *silk cravats*. So powerfully was his mind wrought upon by this vision, that he became almost crazed, and jumped up and caught hold of his partner (who was asleep in the same room), thinking he was the man. Mr. Fuller told him he was crazy, that he was dreaming, &c., and induced him again to go to sleep. In a few moments the same thing was again enacted.

The next morning (Sunday), when these gentlemen went to their store, they found it had been broken open during the night, and fifteen hundred dollars in goods stolen—and more than a thousand dollars in *silk cravats*! On the following morning, the city papers gave the particulars of the robbery. For the truth of this statement, I have the word of both the gentlemen above named—and no one acquainted with them will question their veracity."

Apparition.

Lord Byron used to mention a story which the commander of the packet, Capt. Kidd, related to him on the passage to Lisbon, in 1809. This officer stated, that being asleep one night in his berth, he was awakened by the pressure of something heavy on his limbs, and there being a faint light in his room, he could see, as he thought, distinctly, the figure of his brother, who was then in the naval service in the East Indies, dressed in his uniform, and stretched across the bed. Concluding it to be an illusion of the senses, he shut his eyes and made an effort to sleep. But the same pressure continued, and still, as often as he ventured to take another look, he saw the figure lying across him in the same position. To add to this wonder, on putting his hand forth to touch this form, he found the uniform in which it appeared to be dressed, dripping wet. On the entrance of one of his brother officers, to whom he called out in alarm, the apparition vanished; but in a few months after, he received the startling intelligence that on that night his brother had been drowned in the Indian seas.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

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THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE RAPPINGS.

It has been objected to the idea of communication between the natural and the spiritual worlds, through the agency of electricity, that it is contrary to received theories, and therefore unphilosophical. This objection has not only been urged by those who are uninformed of the first principles of natural and spiritual philosophy, and whose intellectual aspirations have never ventured beyond the well-defined boundaries of the Westminster catechism, but men to whom the world accords the meed of fame for scholastic lore, and who profess to be familiar with the arts and sciences, and the principles of natural and mental philosophy, have united to swell the popular cry against the fact of spiritual communications—and all this in the face of testimony the most reliable, and admitted phenomena which they confess themselves utterly unable to explain.

When we take into consideration the fact of the immense importance of communications from those who have gone before us into the home of spirits;—when we reflect that a single truth from a departed friend, in regard to his own condition and that of other spirits who are with him, may, if believed, overturn whole systems of church doctrines, demolish with a single blow the mythological devil, and purge the fabled hell of all its imaginary horrors;—when we reflect that the world of sectarianism is fettered to a belief in this same hell and devil, which forms the animating soul of its existence, and without which, it would necessarily *disband* for want of cohesive power, it is not surprising that the unlettered bigot and the interested scholiast should join their intellectual forces, in the vain attempt to “swear truth out of Christendom,” in imitation of Jack Falstaff, while inventing falsehoods to deceive Prince Henry. They perceive that their whole stock of theological speculations is at the mercy of TRUTH, and hence their combined and energetic attempts to drive the love of that principle from the masses of the people. But truth is immortal and, like the spirit of man, CANNOT DIE! It is bound to go on from one field of victory to another, until all error is vanquished and universal harmony prevails.

There are many inquiring minds unawed by the popular cry against new developments of truth, and unterrified by the hurricane of ridicule which flows from the gas-works of sectarianism, who have thoroughly investigated the phenomena of the rappings, and who believe that the mode of communication by electricity is perfectly natural, and explicable upon principles of natural and harmonical philosophy. Their opinions and theory may be regarded as valueless, however, by those *learned men* whom the world has registered as “scientific”—but this is of little consequence. The “learned men” of every age have been the chief opposers of truth. They persecuted GALILEO, FAUST, and CHRIST; and every other Reformer who put forth new ideas at variance with popular opinion, has uniformly received the same treatment at their hands. Despised and humble individuals, however, have been the intelligent instruments through which the dogmatical, the self-righteous, and the self-wise have been confounded, and the world has received moral and intellectual light.

That the idea of communicating with the world of spirits by an electrical medium, is not only philosophical and rational, but in perfect harmony with well known natural laws, can be very easily demonstrated to the satisfaction of all honest investigators who admit the existence and immortality of the spirit. There is a striking analogy between the mode of communicating between distant places by the magnetic telegraph, and that between spirits out of the body and their friends in the flesh, by electrical vibrations or rappings. In both cases, certain natural conditions are requisite. To communicate between Springfield and Boston, for instance, it is necessary that a *medium* should be established,

and the laws of electricity complied with. All substances in nature are pervaded with electricity in different degrees of refinement—but those which contain the *least* gross electricity are the best conductors of the fluid. Hence a *copper wire* is a *good conductor*, because but little electricity pervades its composition, while *glass* is a complete *non conductor*, because it is literally filled with electricity. The wire—the *medium*—having been placed all the way between Springfield and Boston, and completely insulated from other substances by pinions of glass, and the appropriate electrical apparatus having been established at both extremes of the wire—the Springfield operator sustaining for the moment a *positive* electrical relation to the Boston operator, generates a current of electricity which rushes through the vacuum in the wire to the negative pole in Boston, causing *vibrations* or *rappings* corresponding to pre-arranged characters, or to letters in the alphabet, by which intelligent sentences are spelled out. The Boston operator prepares his reply, assumes in turn a *positive* relation to the Springfield operator, and returns an answer in the same way—viz: by electrical vibrations. *Fifteen years ago*, the “learned men” of the world would have pronounced the man a “humbuz” who should have hinted at the *possibility* of thus destroying time and space by electricity. *Fifteen years hence* they will no more dispute the fact of spiritual communications, than they now do of communications by telegraph!

In order to perceive the analogy between the mode of communicating between the spiritual and the natural worlds by electrical rappings, and the mode of communicating between distant places by magnetic telegraph, let it first be understood that each created thing sustains certain electrical relations to all other things; that all *higher* forms of development sustain *positive* relations to all *lower* forms—as the vegetable to the mineral, the animal to the vegetable, and MAN to all the lower kingdoms in nature. Ascending still further in the scale of progression, the rule will hold good; and hence it is evident that the *spirit-world* sustains a *positive* electrical relation to the *natural world*, of which it is a *higher form*—a further and more perfect development. When spirits leave the body, the transition causes them no loss of intelligence or power. On the contrary, as every step in their history while in the body, is marked by that law of progression which develops knowledge and power in exact ratio with the refinement of the spirit, it is reasonable to suppose that their power over the refined elements in nature, and their knowledge of the laws that govern them, will be greatly increased by their immediate assimilation with the refinement and knowledge which pervades the second sphere of human existence. They cannot, it is true, come in immediate contact with gross substances; but they can and do *act upon them* with powerful effect, through the agency of magnetism and electricity. Thus it cannot be disputed, admitting that the spirit progresses hereafter, that the inhabitants of the spirit-world have the *power*, when natural conditions are complied with, to communicate electrically with their friends in the body. When nature, by her constant movements toward the refinement of matter, develops *mediums* through which communications can be made, the spirits will be found ready to respond to our desires. These mediums are sometimes furnished by certain localities, usually designated as “haunted houses,” where the electricity, from certain causes, has become so rare and refined that spirits can there manifest their presence and power in various ways. The young ladies of the Fox family, and hundreds of other individuals, through whom the spirits communicate, are mediums, because the *electrical atmosphere* which emanates from their systems contains but little gross electricity. The spirits sustaining a *positive* relation to us, are enabled through these mediums, or *conductors*, to attract and move articles of furniture, vibrate the wires of a musical instrument, and, by discharging by the power of their wills, currents of magnetism, they can and do produce *rappings*, like the magnetic telegraph, corresponding to letters of the Alphabet.

I do not put forth this explanation of the mode of spiritual communication as infallibly correct. The whole matter is yet in its infancy, and no one has a right to say that the whole system is within his knowledge. There is, and ever will be, much to

learn. I have, however, succeeded in showing that the same fundamental laws govern the mode of spiritual communication, which apply to the usual mode of magnetic communication, and that both are strictly natural and philosophical. He whose mind is sufficiently unfolded to comprehend the one, cannot fail to perceive the analogy of the other. The ignorant and the indolent, who do not care to exercise their mental faculties in search of knowledge, may continue to sneer at their more industrious brethren; but we are consoled by the reflection that nature does not require us to supply them with intellect; and if they are deficient in fraternal courtesy, it is our duty only to teach them propriety, by setting before them examples of kindness worthy of their imitation.

A. M.

ACHIEVEMENTS OF HUMAN MAGNETISM.

BRETHREN:—The spirit moves me to write you this morning, and to give you, and the many friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, an account of my recent illness. And here let me express my gratitude for the many exhibitions of fraternal Love which my late condition excited in the bosoms of the friends of Truth and harmony.

The question has been often asked—"How could you have been so ill?" And I have noticed with considerable interest the various speculations which this question has developed. My illness was occasioned by a *Typhoid fever*—the concentration of all fever diseases. And among all the theories as to the origin of such a fever in my organism, I have noticed but one which approached anywhere near the real causes of the physical disturbance in question. In truth, friends, it is impossible for me to ever have any other fever, except for a few days, while my spiritual or mental exercises continue so excessive and exalted.

Previous to my illness, for six weeks, I was constantly engaged in writing upon the most stupendous subject that ever incited human thought; and my whole mental organization was exercised extremely; for my subject is "God—the Ruler of the Universe." This extreme exercise of the spiritual faculties pressed my entire system into the extreme positive state, which inevitably develops the fever that caused my exceeding prostration. Those friends who have familiarized their minds with the Philosophy of disease, as unfolded in "The Great Harmonia," Vol. 1, will readily understand the causes and nature of my illness. But enough of this.

My principal object in writing is, to relate the wonders of my restoration. In the early stages of my fever, I was daily visited by an allopathic physician of acknowledged skill and ability; but, as my complaint became more positive, his faith in my ultimate restoration to health subsided, and it was generally believed, by those who witnessed my condition, that I should soon become a permanent resident in the Spirit-Land. But Mrs. METTLER, of *Bridgeport, Conn.*, hearing, through the agency of a notice in the Messenger, of my condition, came immediately to Cambridge, where I was then temporarily residing. My case was submitted to her inspection, and her diagnosis of the symptoms was exceedingly accurate. Out of several millions of medicines which exist in the world, her discriminating perceptions selected, for my case, two simple vegetable remedies. Of these a tea was made and administered according to her directions. Through the agency of this simple tea, the applicability of which to my complaint the wisdom of a clairvoyant could only discover, my fever was subdued.

Now I put this down to the credit of clairvoyance; for the *Typhoid Fever* is the most obstinate of all positive disturbances; and, under the treatment of the most skillful physicians, it is known as a fever which exhausts itself or the patient—one or the other must die. But clairvoyance accomplishes in a few hours what the medical science of modern days classes among the impossibilities.

Combined with the tea, in the removal of this fever, was human magnetism, sometimes called psychology. I can never forget the morning when the following miracle was wrought upon me. The physician who had seen me but two days previous, gave it as his opinion that I should be obliged to remain in bed six weeks, and abstain from food twenty days longer. I had al-

ready sunk so low in physical strength that I could not turn in bed, nor assist myself with my hands. And my food and medicine, for nearly three weeks, with but few exceptions, had been confined to Congress Water, which I drank freely. Such was my condition when Mrs. METTLER, in accordance with her interior directions while in the clairvoyant state, came to my bedside, and, taking my hand in her own, and gazing a few moments steadily in my eyes, said:—"Now you can raise up in your bed." The requisite strength and confidence to do so flowed throughout my system in an instant; and I forthwith raised up with ease. Now she made passes down my spine, and over my entire body, and bade me walk from my bed to a chair, which had been prepared for the purpose, about four yards from the bed I was occupying. This I did with astonishing ease; and I rested in my chair that day nearly four hours. Thus I substantially took up my bed and walked.

Every morning, about the same hour, I was magnetized (or psychologized) by the lady whose name and fame you have frequently heard of; and in ten days I could drive out and enjoy the sunlight and air. But here let me acknowledge the careful nursing which I received at the hands of Mr. Mettler, to whose prompt attention and fraternal watchfulness I owe much of the health I so rapidly received. And I trust he will always thus co-operate with his companion in her visits to, and treatment of, the sick and distressed.

The harmonizing and tranquilizing influence of this illness upon my body and mind was deep and thorough. I am now healthy now than I have been for years. My entire system has experienced a species of regeneration or purification; and my mind is vastly more free to explore the infinite ramifications of those great and lofty subjects which will constitute the vital system of my future volumes—The Great Harmonia. While I continue on the earth my life shall be devoted to the work of human happiness and progression; and brethren, my prayer is that you, and all who see the Truth as it is in Nature and God, may lovingly and zealously co-operate in the full and complete accomplishment of the same ends. Yours in the bonds of affection,

ANDREW J. DAVIS.

Existence of God.

A beautiful writer has truly observed, that "he who takes away reason to make room for revelation, puts out the light of both, and does much the same as if he would persuade a man to put out his eyes, the better to receive the remote light of an invisible star by a telescope." My reasoning powers convince me that there is an everlasting and all-wise God; for if I allow my imagination to wander to the spirit-world, He is there reigning in peerless splendor, and ineffable majesty, diffusing from an inexhaustible fountain the mighty tide of light, life, and love. If I visit the wilderness, I see Him there in the humble flower, the foliage of trees, the rivulet's clear fall, the babbling brook, the flight of insects, the nest of birds, the mighty hills, the everlasting cliffs—distilling from every object the ambrosial dews of love and truth. If I descend into the sepulchre, He is there, robbing the sarcophagus of its triumph; lighting the cold and gloomy regions of the tomb, rendering death itself the mysterious source of reproduction and a new existence—causing the spirit to leave the body, and wing its majestic flight amidst the boundless splendors of eternal worlds, where it shall look on that ineffable glory, of which eye hath not seen nor ear heard. If I view the heavens, I see Him in the vast systems that exist in space—in the milky way, in the myriads of angels' eyes that shed down their stellar light, in the face of the beautiful moon—in the day-spring of the morning, and in the roseate blush of twilight. If I traverse the trackless ocean, I see Him in the floating sea-weed, in the phosphorescent animalcule, in the lofty mountains, and in the nereid, floating in her silver shell. If I examine the world within or the world without me, I have constant evidence of His existence, wisdom, and power. "I feel—nay, I more than feel—I know Him to be eternal, omniscient, omnipotent; the creator of all things, and therefore God." I discover Him by the power with which he hath endowed me to search for him—by my rea-

son and love of truth; "for both flow from the same fountain—for God is the author of every truth—for God is truth itself."

Randolph, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1850.

TRIUMPH OF TRUTH.

Amid the mournful scenes of desolation which fill the earth, and the cheerless presence of those earthly, degrading powers which have marred humanity, the philanthropist and reformer are encouraged by a vision of light and glory, which is ere long to burst on the dreary darkness. Truth which is now concealed, trampled under foot, and buried beneath the ruins of the past, shall at last come forth in its unveiled beauty, to rule the human mind and heart. This principle is endowed with the living elements of power, and is possessed of that inward, spiritual influence by which it is destined to go onward to a glorious triumph. The fact of its ultimate success is clouded by no outward contingencies. Truth relies for its existence and progress, not simply on the visible means of its propagation—not merely on the eloquence of the human tongue—not merely on an external power or assumed authority, but rather on its own indwelling and attractive *spirit*. Here is a power sufficient to carry it forward amid every obstacle, and secure a complete victory over all opposing forces. It was this that breathed from the lips of Jesus, as the multitude who listened to his thrilling voice were astonished at his doctrine. It was this that fired the bosom of the great apostle, and gushed forth in words of glowing rapture that made the proud Agrippa bend to listen. It was this that inspired the soul of Luther, as he went forth to battle with the errors and corruptions of the Church, and raised his voice against the mummeries of pope and priest. In this we may see the triumphant power of Truth. Independent of every foreign influence, unaided by the graces of rhetoric and elocution, employing words only as the medium of thought, this principle can reach and irresistibly operate on the souls of men. As it contains within itself the means of its own triumph, it needs not the power of man, or the pageantry and pomp of earth to secure its progress;—it needs not that the mighty and the wise should sanction it with the voice of authority. Nay. It has emanated from the lowly manger—it has arisen from the hut of poverty—it has come forth from the weakest and humblest sources, gradually preparing its way and gathering new strength to move onward to a higher conquest. From the mouths of humble fishermen flowed those words of wisdom which confounded the learning of the wise; from the lips of the poor and illiterate burst forth that divine, enrapturing spirit which awed and subdued the soul. What in comparison with such a power is warlike arms? Truth can extend farther than the sword may ever reach; it can enter within a holier sanctuary than martial force has ever violated. This has an appeal irresistible to what is noblest in man. It enters with an all-subduing power to the purest thoughts and holiest feelings of the heart. The corrupt passions and depraved desires are unable to resist its course; the giant intellect that has soared high and plowed deep, bows before its majestic power, and the aspiring heart that proudly looked to Fame's highest pinnacle, stands rebuked before its sweet simplicity.

The influence of Truth, however, we should observe, is not violent or compulsory in its nature. It is not like that of the sweeping flood which spreads destruction in its course, nor that of the warring hosts that mingle in the deadly conflict; yet it is none the less irresistible. Have we not felt the soft breath of evening as it is wafted to us laden with holy thought, and have we not yielded to that strange influence which comes like the voices of spirits to impart serenity and peace? Like that is the influence of Truth. It comes not with stern authority or oppressive force, but with a gentle, yet irresistible power. Armed with such an influence, it is destined to move victoriously onward. No human agency can stay its course. The religionist may seek to corrupt its nature: the fanatic may essay to bury it beneath the load of errors and superstitions, but it will triumph still. From mind to mind, from heart to heart, it shall pass through the wide circle of humanity. Like the subterranean stream that forces a passage beneath mountain-weights, it is impelled to flow on, gather-

ing new force with each opposing obstacle, until at last, bursting forth in one mighty flood, it shall pour over hill, and plain, and valley, carrying life, joy and purity to every soul, and extending its reviving influence to all the dreary wastes of earth.

If, then, the principle of Truth is in itself irresistible and is destined to triumph over every opposing power, the spiritual philosopher should never for a moment yield to doubt or discouragement. The mariner on the troubled ocean feels confident and secure, because he has a chart and compass to direct his course; and though storms and darkness should gather around his trackless way, he is still unmoved, as he knows that the faithful needle will ever point to its attracting star. So should it be with us. There is a power in which we can securely trust. Truth cannot be effectually resisted. The iron-creeds of men cannot long impede its progress; the storms of human passion cannot destroy its power, and the darkness of evil cannot turn its steadfast aim. Let us, then, never despair, though all looks dark and cheerless; but remember that our trust is placed in a principle which is affected not by the changes of time or the revolutions of earth—a principle which is divine, immutable, and *triumphant*.

R. P. A.

There Shall be no Night There.

It is a joyous and consoling thought, that in the immortal spheres, there shall be no night;—that while here the orb of day may sink down in gloom, and dismal shadows steal over the resting earth, there is no darkness there. From this present state of mortality and corruption, the spirit is to emerge into a world of glorious light. The gloom which has overshadowed the soul on earth shall be felt no more. No cloud shall rise to mar the universal joy, and no darkness steal on the ever-radiant skies. Arising as from a long slumber, the new-born spirit, disrobed of the tainted garments of the night, shall be clothed with the spotless vesture of the immortal life. Then shall the shadows of sin and sorrow be no longer known; but the radiance of celestial joy and purity shall pervade the mighty city of the soul, and the morning song of the redeemed, bursting in glad and thrilling music from angel-lips and golden harps, shall proclaim that the doleful night is passed, and the dawn of an eternal day has come.

R. P. A.

The "White Flag," an interesting weekly newspaper, edited and published at Athol Depot, by Rev. D. J. MANDELL (formerly located in Springfield), contains a letter from Hartford, Conn., written by the mother of the editor, giving the particulars of beautiful communications she has recently received from her relatives in the spiritual sphere, through the medium of Henry C. Gordon. The editor, in speaking of the manifestation, remarks, that "it goes far, in connexion with some others of a like character, towards establishing our growing conviction that we are on the eve of a new influx from the spirit world."

A. M.

☞ We learn with pleasure that Mr. W. M. FERNALD has recently delivered a series of Lectures in Hartford, Conn., on the great subjects involved in the Harmonial Philosophy. These lectures we understand were well attended, and had the effect to awaken a lively interest in many minds. We trust that the labors of our friends in Hartford will be abundantly rewarded, and that they will experience a sweet satisfaction in diffusing the light of those sublime truths which make glad the heart.

R. P. A.

☞ A communication from the Lowell Harmonial Society, was received too late for publication in this number of the Messenger. We are pleased to notice the formation of these societies in many cities and towns. They will aid greatly in the diffusion of knowledge and the defense of truth.

A. M.

☞ There is more of Heaven in one spire of grass than in all the creeds that were ever written. Study, then, the Book of Nature, for there is the creed which God hath given us all.

T. A.

Poetry.

HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,

BY S. H. LLOYD.

O not alone, when like a bird
Of dark and brooding wing,
Or like an Autumn's faded flower
That's ceased its blossoming;—

Would I, O Father, think of Thee,
And all Thy works review,—
The Wisdom and the Love Divine
That make Thy gifts so new.

I'd think of Thee, when joy's pure spring
In countless streamlets start,
And while my hopes are flowering
And ripen on my heart.

For Thou art Good, the Central Life,
The Soul of all we see,
The Sun, the Germ, the Infinite;—
Whom should we serve but Thee.

The Universe is but Thy Thought,
That runs through every age,
All Sciences must begin with Thee,
The Saint alone is Sage.

Thou art the Fount, Thy Laws the rills
Through which Thy blessings flow,
And they alone who do Thy will,
Thy benediction know.

Who then shall have their thirst assuaged.
And be from bondage free?
O Father, may we know in truth,
The Pure in Heart see Thee.

Human Love.

Oh! if there is one law above the rest
Written in wisdom;—if there is a word
That I would trace as with a pen of fire
Upon the unsullied temper of a child—
If there is any thing that keeps the mind
Open to angel visits, and repels
The ministry of ill—'t is *human love!*
The law of heaven is Love—and though its name
Has been usurped by passion, and profan'd
To its unholy uses through all time,
Still the eternal principle is pure;
And in these deep affections that we feel
Omnipotent within us, can we see
The lavish measure in which love is giv'n.
And in the yearning tenderness of a child,
For every bird that sings above his head;
And every creature feeding on the hills,
And every tree, and flower, and running brook,
We see how every thing was made to love,
And how they err, who, in a world like this,
Find any thing to hate, but human pride.

The Soul Eternal.

Surely the stars must feel that they are bright,
In beauty, number, nature infinite;
And the strong sense we have of God in us
Makes me believe my soul can never cease.
The temples perish, but the God still lives.—FESTUS.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SOURCES OF JOY.

BY THEODORE PARKER.

No doubt there is joy in the success of earthly schemes. There is joy to the miser as he satiates his prurient palm with gold: there is joy for the fool of fortune when his gaming brings a prize. But what is it? His request is granted, but leanness enters his soul. There is delight in feasting on the bounties of Earth, the garment in which God veils the brightness of His face; in being filled with the fragrant loveliness of flowers; the song of birds; the hum of bees; the sound of ocean; the rustle of the summer wind, heard at evening in the pine tops; in the cool running brooks; in the majestic sweep of undulating hills; the grandeur of untamed forests; the majesty of the mountain; in the morning's virgin beauty; in the maternal grace of evening, and the sublime and majestic pomp of night. Nature's silent sympathy—how beautiful it is.

There is joy, no doubt there is joy, to the mind of Genius, when thoughts burst on him as the tropic sun rending a cloud; when long trains of ideas sweep through his soul, as constellated orbs before an angel's eye; when sublime thoughts and burning words rush to the heart; when nature unveils her secret truth, and some great Law breaks, all at once, upon a Newton's mind, and Chaos ends in light; when the hour of his inspiration and the joy of his genius is on him, 't is then that this child of Heaven feels a godlike delight. 'T is sympathy with truth.

There is a higher and more tranquil bliss, when heart communes with heart; when two souls unite in one, like mingling dew-drops on a rose, that scarcely touch the flower, but mirror the heavens in their little orbs; when perfect love transforms two souls, either man's or woman's, each to the other's image; when one heart beats in two bosoms; one spirit speaks with a divided tongue; when the same soul is eloquent in mutual eyes—there is a rapture deep, sincere, heartfelt and abiding in this mysterious fellow-feeling with a congenial soul, which put to shame the cold sympathy of Nature, and the ecstatic but short-lived bliss of Genius in his high and burning hour.

But the welfare of Religion is more than each or all of these. The glad reliance that comes upon the man; the sense of trust; a rest with God; the soul's exceeding peace; the universal harmony; the infinite Within; sympathy with the Soul of All—is bliss that Words cannot portray. He only knows, who feels. The speech of a prophet cannot tell the tale. No: not if a seraph touched his lips with fire. In the high hour of religious visitation from the living God, there seems to be no separate thought; the tide of universal life sets through the soul. The thought of self is gone. It is a little accident to be a king or a clown, a parent or a child. Man is at one with God, and he is All in All. Neither the loveliness of nature; neither the joy of genius, nor the sweet breathing of congenial hearts, that make delicious music as they beat—neither one nor all of these can equal the joy of the religious soul that is at one with God, so full of peace that prayer is needless. This deeper joy gives an added charm to the former blessings. Nature undergoes a new transformation. A story tells that when the rising sun fell on Memnon's statue, it wakened music in that brazen stone. Religion does the same with nature. From the snake to the waterfall, it is all eloquent of God. As in the Apocalypse, there stands an angel in the sun, and the apophis hang over every flower; God speaks in each that fringes a mountain rock. Then set in the light of Religion. Friend infinite. The man loves God when is the joy Religion gives; its life. It comes not by chance. It ask and toil, and toil and ask. It other gifts. Nature tells little Every man is not a genius, and

find a friend that is the world to them. That triune sympathy is not for every one. But this welfare of Religion, the deepest, truest, the everlasting, the sympathy with God, lies within the reach of all His sons.

Mutual Dependence.

In a certain grove, consisting of various kind of trees, it happened that there arose a dispute between the leaves and blossoms on the one side, and the trunks and roots on the other side. It was a warm spring day, and the trees had recently put forth their leaves and flowers. Their fresh glossiness, the beauty of their colors, and the fragrant odors with which they perfumed the air, made them vain, and exulting in their trim array, they began to look down with contempt upon their neighbors, the trunks and roots, and addressed to them these reproachful words :

"How intolerable it is that we should be doomed to keep company with such low and vulgar associates! What a mistake Nature made in bringing the most beautiful and delicate of her children into such close contact with the most offensive! You spread your crooked and shapeless feet in the damp soil. You never enjoy the light of day in your subterranean retreats. Your companions they are loathsome worms. You drink in, with your thousand mouths, the rank moistures of the ground. You feed greedily from the offal and ordure. But we are the gay children of light. The brilliant sun cherishes us as his peculiar favorites. He covers us with a coat of many colors. The breezes fly to us from all parts of heaven, to borrow a portion of our sweetness, and bear away their spoils without diminishing our supply. Tribes of gay-coated insects flutter about us, and sip honey from our cups of silver and gold. Our drink is not the gross fluids which support your coarse life. Ours is the delicate dew, doubly distilled by the hands of Night, or the pure showers poured from the clouds into our unexpecting urns."

While such boastful words were uttered, the destroying worms were busily at work upon the roots, and the process of decay was gradually going on. Soon the leaves shrivelled, and the flowers withered and dropped off, and nothing but a dead stalk remained to cumber the ground.

Seeing this mournful result, some of the neighboring trees began to consider the matter. The roots now took their turn in casting reproaches upon their associates :

"What need have we of you, ye leaves and flowers. Nature must have been merely indulging her caprice when she hung such a puny race upon our giant limbs. We must delve, forsooth, that you idlers may sit aloft and play. While we are busy in the ground, exercising our strong sinews day and night, extracting from the rank moisture and offensive odors of the earth, the alimnt which is needed to support life, you are robed in your holiday suit, dancing with every breeze, and wooing every roving tenant of the air to sing you a song, while you repay him with fragrance. What good do ye do, ye painted, perfumed aristocrats? Must we toil without cessation, that you may live in luxury, and look so fine, and smell so sweet? Would that the wrath of heaven might attack you with blight, withhold the moisture which supports your vain life, and send its armies of devouring insects to gnaw upon your beauty, and destroy your goodly array."

No sooner was this foolish imprecation uttered, than the work of destruction rapidly commenced. The leaves opened their mouths, but no dews distilled into them. The caterpillar and his host went on with their ravages. The beauty and the pride of the trees were gone, and without these life could not long continue; and the roots at last were taught that they were not the only members essential to the life and health of the children of the forest.—*Christian Inquirer.*

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.—When the Angel of Death shall call me away, let me lie down where the water's low tone shall be a perpetual requiem, and the sighing winds my only dirge, and the fragrance of flowers an incense offering up to heaven.

The Atmosphere.

The atmosphere rises above us with its cathedral dome arching towards the heaven, of which it is the most familiar synonyme and symbol. It floats around us like a "sea of glass like unto crystal." So massive is it that when it begins to stir it tosses about great ships like playthings, and sweeps cities and forests like snow flakes to destruction before it. And yet it is so mobile that we have lived years in it before we can be persuaded it exists at all, and the great bulk of mankind never realize the truth that they are bathed in an ocean of air. Its weight is so enormous that iron shivers before it like glass, yet a soap-ball sails through it with impunity, and the tiniest insect waves it with its wings. It ministers lavishly to all the senses. We touch it not, but it touches us; its warm south wind brings back color to the pale face of the invalid: its cool west winds refresh the fevered brow, and make the blood mantle in our cheeks; even its north blasts brake into new vigor the hardened children of our rugged clime. The eye is indebted to it for all the magnificence of sunrise, the full brightness of mid-day, the chastened radiance of the clouds that cradle near the setting sun. But for it the rainbow would want its triumphal arch, and the winds would not send their fleecy messengers on errands round the heavens. The cold ether would not shed its snow feathers on the earth, nor would drops of dew gather on the flowers. The kindly rain would never fall—hail, storm, nor fog diversify the face of the sky. Our naked globe would turn its tamed unshad-owed forehead to the sun, and one dreary, monotonous blaze of light and heat dazzle and burn up all things. Were there no atmosphere, the evening sun would in a moment set, and without warning plunge the earth in darkness. But the air keeps in her hand a sheaf of his rays, and lets them slip but slowly through her fingers; first dropping one, and then another, and by-and-by a handful—so that the shadows of evening gather by degrees, and have to bow their heads, and each creature spare time to find a place of rest and nestle to repose. In the morning, the garish sun would, at one bound, burst from the bosom of night and blaze above the horizon; but the air watches for his approach, and so gently draws aside the curtain of night, and slowly lets the light fall on the face of the sleeping earth, till her eye-lids open, and like man, she goeth forth again to her labor until the evening.

Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is at first rising, little and easily viewed; but still, as you go, it gapeth into a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still, the further you follow it, the deeper and broader it is; till, at last, it inwaves itself into the unfathomed ocean; there you see water, but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness.

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