

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.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 123.]

Also those undulating *valleys*, or wave-like variations, appear, presenting grandeur and loveliness indescribable. They transcend all possible conceptions of the lovely and beautiful; and their united voices sink into the recesses of the soul, yet they are silent and unheard. They are penetrating as the electric fire, yet gentle as the mountain air. They are dignified in their tone, and are withal impressively pensive. They do not *compel*, but cause a *voluntary* submission to their undying teachings.

And again those *groves* are presented—and appear in a more exalted degree of loveliness. They are as the tree of Righteousness, budding and blossoming as the rose. They proclaim glory and honor even in their refreshing shade, and inspire the reposer therein with thoughts worthy of such a celestial home.

And the *inhabitants* are of the most exquisite purity and loveliness; and they, with one united voice—a voice that arises not from *speech*, but from *action*—proclaim glory, honor, immortality, and eternal life. They are wending their way up to the city of the living God. They are illuminating the vestibule of truth and the archway that leads to immortal life. They are pervading all below them with the holy influences of wisdom, and with the most simple love. Gentle as the unsophisticated dove, they send forth a welcome to all below their exalted state; and with a kind, peaceful, and inviting smile, they call all to come away, and go with them to the Fount of purity on High!

The *atmosphere* of this spirit-home is rainbowed and clothed with resplendent brightness, such as reflects the goodness of all things, and the use to which they are applied. Yea, it is a mirror in which are represented the living beauties of heaven and earth—even of all things beneath this exalted state of perfection.

Such is the loveliness, goodness, and wisdom of the Divine Mind, that nothing is made in vain; but every thing is as a living thought, and every thought is as a representative of perfect Wisdom. Every thing is thus admired, appreciated, and applied, in every degree of material and spiritual existence; and in this Supernatural Sphere this truth is especially and perfectly manifested.

Inasmuch as life is universal, death cannot mar the divine constitution of things; and by virtue of this, the inhabitants of the Fourth Sphere, like those of others, repose for a moment in silence, and awake as beings of the FIFTH SPHERE or *Superspiritual* habitation. And by and through this process, I am enabled to behold the vast possessions of the fifth department of the great Temple of Truth.

It is almost impossible to approach, yet I draw nigh and behold with humility the extended landscape and living happiness, which are here so exceedingly enchanting, that all I have previously beheld appears clouded with comparative imperfection. The vast landscape of this spiritual habitation is reflected on the perceptions of my spirit with an impressiveness that renders all speech inadequate to express the beauties thereof.

The first society, as in the third and fourth Spheres, is a child of the highest society in the Sphere below. And here Love, Will, and Wisdom, present a more attractive loveliness. Love appears as the perfection of Wisdom, while Wisdom appears greater and more extensive than all the Love and Wisdom heretofore described, combined.

And it is well to relate, that as the spheres approach the Di-

vine Mind, they become more simple, more lovely, more unassuming, and more pure. The nearer they approach the Fount of purity, the more transparent they become, and the more do their inhabitants appear to exist as it were without body and without external and artificial habiliments. They appear unclothed, and eminently purified.

There is an exhalation from each society that forms an encompassing halo of glory, which surpasses all brightness of the material sun and all brilliancy that illuminates any portion of the material Universe.

Each spirit seems so pure, and the thoughts of all seem so celestial, that it is almost impossible to resist the attraction thus presented. There is such a commingling of thoughts, and such an affection manifested for each other, as seems beyond all captivations imaginable. Every mind is like an opening flower, and every thought is like the fragrance thereof. Every love is like a bud, and its expression is like the rose. Their wisdom is as the fountains of heaven which dry not, and which perpetually flow to all that thirst, and heal all that are wounded, and cleanse all that are not purified. I behold their Wisdom in every thought, in every movement, and in every expression of Will and Love. It is indeed beautiful!—and what is to be lamented is, that language must be employed to speak of that which defieeth utterance. O may expressive silence breathe forth an eloquence that will penetrate the souls of men, and duly elevate their understandings; and may they be induced to abandon expression where speech is vain, and extend their conceptions to the bright spheres of everlasting love!

Here, in the Superspiritual Sphere, the scenery possesses a redoubled grandeur and loveliness. Still more perceptibly are the thoughts of the Divine Mind impressed on all created things. The plains, and valleys, and groves, and streams of living water, are all instrumental in the great work of purification and refinement. They are all bright representatives of spiritual industry and universal love, and are also living advocates of the perfection of Him who breathed them and all living creations into being.

The spirits here are all so lovely and attractive, that it requires an effort to prevent being, as it were, absorbed into and becoming a part of them. Here I perceive another truth vividly manifested, and that is, that all things possess mutual affinities, and that things differ only as to degrees and states of development. Thus is established what has been before declared, that opposites or antagonistic principles cannot exist; that all things were created and are animated by one living Essence; and that it is injustice to the character of that Divine Essence for men on earth to say or believe that there is a principle or habitation existing opposed to the general happiness, or to that celestial purity which joins in one all created things.

This Sphere is so closely allied to the Spiritual Sun, that it becomes incomprehensible to the inhabitants of the earth—whose sphere of existence is nothing more than one atom in the great Body of material and spiritual constructions.

As has been related of the transition of the spirits and angels of the Spheres below, so do those of the Fifth Sphere ascend to, and become inhabitants of the SIXTH, or the *Supercelstial* habitation.

Here is the consummation of all conceivable perfection! Here is the sublimation of all purity, of all goodness, and of all refinement, as appertaining to the spirits of every human race in the Universe. All spirits and angels are of the human races, and these occupy earths innumerable, from which they ascend through all the Spheres to this, the Supercelstial habitation. Here they have combined all the perfections that have been uniformly unfolding while passing through the ascending Spheres or stages of

eternal progression. This Sphere is the great ultimate of all beauty, and the crown of all loveliness and purity. Yea, it is the highest point of angelic loveliness.

Countless millions dwell in each society in each Sphere—more than numbers can express. Yet the combined numbers dwelling in all subordinate Spheres would not form any comparison with *one half of one* society that dwells in this supercelestial home! How inconceivable, therefore, must be the immensity of each society in this Sphere, inasmuch as the *half of one* society comprises more individuals than all the created forms that animate all the subordinate Spheres of universal space! Yet creation has *just begun*; Love is just born, Will is just conceived, and Wisdom is in the germ yet undeveloped!

Here are the fields of Paradise; and on them is erected the house of many mansions. Interior splendor and gorgeousness is penetrating to all the spirits and angels thereof, and shines through them with a brilliancy of celestial light, as the light of the Divine Mind penetrates his whole material Structure. And the exterior beauty, grandeur, and magnificence of this celestial mansion, express in unequivocal language that it was not made by hands, yet is eternal in the heavens. It is the great Asylum where all are taken in, and loved, and breathed upon, and made perfect. It is the home of all celestial things.

All things are divine, both in the material and spiritual Universe; and all become celestial. So every created spirit is invited by the progressive law of the Father to its home; and when it enters and becomes sensible of the loveliness and purity thereof, it glorifies the Father, not in prayer, but by *thought and deed* for ever and ever. Each one, then, is an undying child of the Eternal One, who is the Father of all: and no one is so low but that it is the highest of some still lower, and no one is so high but that it is the lowest of some yet undeveloped. One spirit can not say unto another, "I need thee not;" for each one is the sustainer of another, and the mutual dependence constitutes the harmony and wisdom of all things.

In this Supercelestial home are all the beauties of earth and heaven combined, developed, and perfected. It is thus removed from human comprehension, and it cannot therefore with profit be dwelt upon, or impressed on the memory for meditation. Notwithstanding what might be said concerning it are legitimate truths, they are too high and refined to be comprehended by the human race—nay, even by those in the *Third Sphere* of wisdom and knowledge. No one can say with propriety, "Why not tell us all?" if he will but consider his incompetency to comprehend that which has already been related.

The brightness in this state of celestial purity exceeds all conception—and the elegance, majesty, power, grandeur, goodness, and happiness, transcend all human thought. And here spirits and angels rejoice with exceeding joy and thanksgiving; and this by *action*, and not by speech—by *Wisdom*, and not by Love. Still Love is the all-animating and life-giving element.

Such, then, is the immensity of these things, and such the greatness and glory of the Supercelestial habitation. And it is proper not to confide in that which is opposed to this high degree of angelic purity, but to encourage hope when born of Wisdom, and belief when well conceived; and then those things will descend to and illuminate the human mind, and give eternal life to that which now seems mortal and changeable.

From the position now occupied I can perceive, and in a degree comprehend, the SEVENTH SPHERE, or the Infinite Vortex of Love and Wisdom, and the great Spiritual Sun of the Divine Mind that illuminates all the spiritual worlds. And behold, the natural sun is the sun of the *natural* Universe, while the Spiritual Sun was and is the Sun of the *spiritual* Universe! The *material* can only illuminate the *natural*, and the spiritual illuminates the spiritual. Of the Body and constitution of the material sun, the Universe was born into being, and caressed, nourished, illuminated, and perfected, in universal order and harmony. From the constitution of the Spiritual Sun, all the heavens were created; and by it they are sustained, controlled, purified, perfected, and illuminated; and every spontaneous breath of light and love is as a smile of the all-pervading Father and Creator of all that is, and of all that is not, developed.

Thus the Spiritual Spheres are allied to the Spiritual Sun,

while the natural spheres approach the material sun. Thus the spiritual is as a soul, and yet a garment to the natural, while the two are joined together as one creation. And the *second* or Spiritual Sphere sustains a relation to the fifth Circle of Suns, and their innumerable planets—and is as a soul to it, and comprehends the whole as one creation. So the Third Sphere is allied to the fourth Circle; and the fourth Sphere to the third Circle; and the fifth Sphere to the second Circle; and the sixth Sphere to the first Circle; and the SEVENTH SPHERE is the Great Sun and Center of all power, and the Vortex of all creations!

This displays the order and harmony of the Divine Mind, and this is one body of one Immortal SOUL! *

Much might be said of the Seventh Sphere, or the Spiritual Sun of the Universe—yet all would be inconsistent with the order and power of the human mind. For speech is vain, and all that might be said of the incomprehensibility, the magnitude, and the infinitude of the truth centered in the Spiritual Sun, would consist only of *words*; and these it would be useless to speak and impress upon the human mind. Neither would it be proper to speak of the essences, qualities, and attributes, dwelling within the Vortex from which rolled forth the Universe, inasmuch as each possible atom comprehends more than the human mind is able to grasp. More, then, would be superfluous and unprofitable. For the word "*incomprehensible*" falls far short of conveying a definite idea of the immensity thereof; and even this word implies the impossibility of human understanding. This much only can be said: It is an inexhaustible Vortex of Life and Light which are Love, and of Order and Form, which are Wisdom—which flow not only into Heaven, but into the material Universe: and every thing is thereby breathed into being. And the Great Center and Spiritual Sun is the habitation and throne of the Divine Mind, the Great Positive, Central Power of the Universe, and of all eternal movement! And it is a Fountain in which nothing exists but what is pure, divine, everlasting, and infinite!

The natural Universe corresponds to the spiritual; and one is related to the other as intimately as the body is to the soul. For every spiritual Sphere is the creator, sustainer, and pervader, of a natural Sphere; and this order is preserved in every department of creation.

A mind was sufficiently illuminated to have an actual knowledge of the relation and affinity existing between the natural and spiritual Spheres, and of the Spheres to one another, and this was EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. He, however, employed terms to express the same things that I have endeavored to impress by terms of a different and more congenial character. He put forth the truth that there were different degrees of goodness, and that the lowest was so imperfect when compared with the highest, that the one seemed evil and the other good; the one perfect and the other imperfect. Hence, he describes the first three Spheres as three *hells*, inhabited by lower spirits and angels; while the three higher Spheres were the three heavens in which the higher spirits and angels dwelt. He represented the first Spheres as being under the disapprobation of the all-wise Judge, yet as being loved with an unflinching affection—while the higher Spheres were near the Great Spiritual Sun, and their inhabitants dwelt under the smile of Divine approval. And he also related the truth that the inhabitants of these Spheres could not approach each other, because of the dissimilitude in their positions and degrees of refinement—any more than evil can approach goodness, or darkness can approach light.

All this, I can affirm, is true, not in the *absolute*, but rather in the *comparative* sense. There is a seeming difference between the lower and the higher in all things; yet the highest, as has

* On the next morning after the above was delivered, the clairvoyant was thrown into the abnormal state for the purpose of examining some patients who were under his medical treatment; but after the manipulations were completed, he remained motionless and speechless for some fifteen minutes, when, in a faint whisper, he uttered the words, "It is painful." He was then speedily restored to the normal condition. At the close of the subsequent lecture he alluded to this circumstance, and said that owing to the excitement remaining on his mind from the previous lecture, his mind was, on the occasion referred to, elevated to such close proximity to the Sphere of the Spiritual Sun, that the light was beyond endurance; and that had he not been quickly relieved from his condition, his faculties would have been for a time deranged.



been proved, is an unfolded representative of what the lowest has in substance undeveloped. It is, then, the use of *terms*, and their particular application, that presents the apparent discrepancy existing between his relations and these. And I can with assurance affirm, that the conceptions are the same in substance, and *true* — as is demonstrated by the order and harmony of all visible things; and that a unity of thought has arisen, by independent processes, from no other cause than the influxations of the truths of visible and invisible Nature. From this, as a common source, and from an illumination of the same, has the relation of each been derived; and the two accounts from this cause mutually substantiate each other. Concerning this, then, I say no more.

The spirits of the various planets in our solar system are in different stages of refinement. And those that are on the higher have the privilege of descending to the lower planets, and immersing their thoughts into the spirits of the inhabitants at will, though the latter in many cases know it not. In this manner do spirits descend to, and dwell on, the earth, when they have a peculiar attraction to some relative or friend; and they are ever ready to introduce into his mind thoughts of higher things, and suggestions that are pure, though these may seem to the person to flow independently from the workings of his own spirit. Spirits from any sphere may, *by permission*, descend to any earth in the Universe, and breathe sentiments into the minds of others which are pure and elevating. Hence it is that there are times when the mind appears to travel in the company of those it knows not, and has visions in its dreams that are actually true, and sometimes come to pass with remarkable accuracy. At other times dreams are incited by the influx of thoughts from spirits, but are not defined, because they are not duly directed. There is, however, a species of dreaming which is uncaused by anything except an excitement of the nervous medium or consciousness of the body. Such dreams are only unquieted thoughts, and wild and fantastic formations of thoughts pre-impressed into visions and fancies.

It is a truth that spirits commune with one another while one is in the body and the other is in the higher Spheres — and this, too, when the person in the body is unconscious of the influx, and hence cannot be convinced of the fact; and this truth will ere long present itself in the form of a living demonstration. And the world will hail with delight the ushering in of that era when the interiors of men will be opened, and the spiritual communion will be established such as is now being enjoyed by the inhabitants of Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn, because of their superior refinement. Concerning these things and their details, a knowledge can be had by perusing the relations made by Swedenborg during the period of his mental illumination.

The structure of the universe is now presented to the mind, and all its living beauties, together with the Divine Essence that gives it life and animation. It presents an indestructible basis of hope and faith, and a corresponding foundation of human action. It is as a mirror in which are reflected all corresponding beauties yet uncreated, but proved to be in embryo by the universal teachings of natural law. The whole is BEAUTIFUL. The whole is as ONE BODY, and God the Soul and FATHER of all living and unliving things. Everything is perfect in its way and state of being. Everything is necessary — even *indispensable*. Everything is pure, even divine and celestial. Everything teaches harmony and universal reciprocation by an unailing manifestation of the same. Everything is of, in, through, and to, the Divine Mind. All things are parts of Him; and these are as one Whole, even Nature, Man, and Heaven.

The earths, or the first Sphere, constitute the germ; the second Sphere is the roots; the third, the body; the fourth, the branches; the fifth, the buds; the sixth, the blossom; and the seventh is BEAUTY — beauty that blooms with an immortal fragrance. Here is the Tree of *Righteousness* — righteousness because all is right and nothing wrong. It is the Tree of *Goodness* — because nothing is evil. It is the Tree of *immortal Life* — because there is no death. It is the Tree of *divine Perfection* — because there is nothing imperfect. It is the Tree of *Truth* — because there is no falsehood in the divine creations. It is the

Tree of eternal *Causation* — because nothing is but what was in another form before. It is the Tree of *Love and Wisdom* — because there is no confusion or disunity; for all things are working together for good, and that good is the elevation of all low and undeveloped things to a high degree of refinement from which a Universe yet unborn will be ushered into being to breathe the breath of heaven.

Here, then, is the Tree whose foundation rests in the depths of Time, and whose top extends to the heights of Eternity. It puts forth branches throughout the lengths and breadths of the Universe, and casts a refreshing shade over the labyrinths of space whose limits no thought can define.

Further contemplations upon these inconceivable creations would be taxing the mind beyond its powers of thought, and would not tend to usefulness. Yet a word fitly spoken, by way of admonition, may not lose its influence until some of the most desirable results are accomplished. Remember, then, that the *germ* of this great Tree is in the *First Sphere*, which comprehends all earths and their inhabitants. Knowing this, let every one strive diligently to cultivate the germ, and to make perfect its unfoldings. Strive to give its properties and essences a proper and truthful direction. Put forth all love, and energy, and wisdom, to effect that which is most desirable — that, the principles of which are found in the nature of all men, and that which prompts them to profitable action; and, remember, that is UNITY; and unity is HAPPINESS.

In view of these things, the importance and truthfulness of the saying is manifested, that "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal;" and, also, that the things which are visible are terrestrial; while the things which are invisible are heavenly. While these truths present themselves in bold relief, the human mind should put forth efforts to comprehend their signification and importance. In doing this, mankind will discover that the mind must be *refined and perfected*, and that when this is properly accomplished, the social world will be correspondingly elevated, and thus be advanced to honor, goodness, and UNIVERSAL PEACE.

Characteristics of the Age.

In looking at our age, I am struck immediately with one commanding characteristic; and that is, the tendency of all its movements to expansion, to diffusion, to universality. To this I ask your attention. This tendency is directly opposed to the spirit of exclusiveness, restriction, narrowness, monopoly, which has prevailed in past ages. Human action is now freer, more unconfined. All goods, advantages, helps, are more open to all. The privileged, petted individual, is becoming less, and the human race are becoming more. The multitude is rising from the dust. Once we heard of a few, not of the many; once of the prerogatives of a part, now of the rights of all. We are looking, as never before, through the disguises, envelopments of ranks and classes, to the common nature which is below them; and are beginning to learn that every being who partakes of it has noble powers to cultivate, solemn duties to perform, inalienable rights to assert, a vast destiny to accomplish. The grand idea of humanity, of the importance of man as man, is spreading silently but surely. Not that the worth of the human being is at all understood as it should be; but the truth is glimmering through the darkness. A faint consciousness of it has seized on the public mind. Even the most abject portions of society are visited by some dreams of a better condition, for which they were designed. The grand doctrine, that every human being should have the means of self-culture, of progress in knowledge and virtue, of health, comfort, and happiness, of exercising the powers and affections of a man; this is slowly taking its place, as the highest social truth. That the world was made for all, and not for a few; that society is to care for all; that no human being shall perish, but through his own fault; that the great end of government is to spread a shield over the rights of all — these propositions are growing into axioms, and the spirit of them is coming forth in all the departments of life.—DR. CHANNING.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

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WHAT IS THE PHILOSOPHY OF TIME?

Fortunately for mankind in their present rudimental and germinal state of being, the human soul is endowed with powers and attributes of philosophical perception and understanding, which enable it to convert many past-apprehended fictions into valuable *facts*, and the most extravagant-seeming romances into the sublimest *realities* of future existence; and, on the other hand, it is equally fortunate for man, that by the exercise of the same endowments, he can convert many past-apprehended facts into *fictions*, and many supposed realities into romance.

If the mind is refined and expanded, the individual entertains correspondingly enlarged perceptions of Time, and of those things which pertain to an immortal existence. Time is only a term which is often unconsciously employed to signify the distance between one occurrence or event and another. Events, occurrences, circumstances, and objects, are separated by spaces of various lengths, and these spaces constitute what we call Time. Therefore, Time and space are identical. Time is divided, and infinitely sub-divided, in order to render it expressive of the length of the spaces which exist between objects and events. Thus Time is converted into space by dividing it into years, months, weeks, days, hours, minutes, and seconds; but the reason why the human mind entombs Time in that oblivious sepulchre called eternity, is, that events, objects, and circumstances have been abandoned as applicable to the spiritual mode of existence:—consequently *nothing* and *eternity* have sustained such intimate relations in the general mind, that to pronounce them unqualifiedly synonymous is but allowing their usual definition.

As Time is divided and classified, in the same proportions, so is space. Thus: Space is measured by *miles, rods, yards, feet, and inches*; and in order to ascertain more minutely the relation or distance which exists between objects and localities, miles and rods, feet and inches are divided and super-subdivided, or multiplied, and this may be done to an extent beyond the power of mind to comprehend and appreciate. Thus, also, is Time divided into years, months, days, hours, minutes, and seconds, and these are multiplied to an extent wholly inappreciable. *Time and space are consequently identical.*

It has been ascertained by optical experiments, that light travels two hundred and thirteen thousand miles in a second. This interesting discovery communicates simultaneously two distinct, yet inseparable ideas to the mind—an idea of *Time*, and an idea of *space*. Light, in its instantaneous passage from one object or locality to another, necessarily employs and develops time and distance. The element of light travels from the sun of our solar system, to the human eye, in about eight minutes; consequently we should see the sun as it was eight minutes ago, and not as it is at the moment of observation. Light travels from one of the distant suns or stars of the seventh magnitude, to the human eye, in one hundred and eighty years; consequently, should we gaze at one of them now, we see it as it was one hundred and eighty years ago; and if, through the most powerful telescope, we should gaze at one of the more distant suns (or stars) of the twelfth magnitude, we would see it *as it was* four thousand years ago, and *not as it is* at the time of observation. There are now existing Suns in the depths of immensity of such immeasurable magnitude and inconceivable grandeur, as to set at defiance every mathematical conceptive power of the human mind. And notwithstanding our earth has been in existence, and revolved upon its axis for millions of years, yet, of its inhabitants, not an eye has caught a ray of the light which emanates from one of those distant suns; but it is altogether probable that those of our brethren who shall be dwelling upon the earth ten millions of years hence, will discover another *new planet* or fixed star, which they will consider

to be of the twenty-seventh magnitude; because, then, the light from one of those distant and immense Orbs shall have, for the first time, reached our earth! Therefore the astronomer who first perceives this new planet, will see it as it was many millions of years ago; and, supposing it to be inhabited with beings possessing powers of vision equal to our own, they, if observing at the same time, would behold our earth in its primeval state—in the first stages of conglobation and consolidation.

In verification of these statements, let the reader suppose himself a resident of New York, and his brother living at Pekin, in China. If a magnetic telegraph extended between these two cities, over the earth, they might, by that means, enjoy personal communication. Now should the reader communicate to his brother intelligence of his sudden illness at the moment he was taken, that brother would learn of his condition *not* as it would be when the message reached Pekin, but *as it was* thirty seconds before, which would be the time occupied by the electric current to perform that particular mission.

To comprehend the philosophy of Time and Space, of Eternity and Infinity, the mind must reflect systematically. Time sustains the same relation to Eternity as space does to Infinity—the relation is distinct, identical, inseparable. Eternity is composed of *Time*—Infinity is composed of *Space*. Inasmuch, therefore, as Eternity is composed of *Time*, the conclusion cannot be escaped, that events, occurrences, objects, and circumstances, will continue to exist and to be developed,—for it is only by these developments that Eternity can be in any way measured and comprehended. Also, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that objects, distances, localities, miles, feet and inches, will continue to exist; because it is only by an innumerable succession and contrariety of *spaces* that any thing like a conception can be formed of Infinity. Hence, it is proper to say that Eternity is a succession of mighty and universal events. In relation to this, I refer the reader to that part of Nat. Div. Rev., where it will be seen that I was impressed to contemplate an *Event* or change in the universal arrangement and constitution of things which should be termed the *end of one time*, which time, according to human conception, constitutes Eternity. On the other hand, it is proper to say, that Infinity is a succession of conceivable and inconceivable *spaces* or *localities*, which, owing to their number and magnitude, extending beyond all human powers of measurement, and consequently beyond all human comprehension.

Eternity is composed of *time*, or events, as the ocean is composed of drops of water; and Infinity is composed of *spaces* or localities, as miles are composed of inches, or years of minutes. Therefore it may not be said "Time is no more."

Comparatively speaking, there is such a thing as conceiving of Eternity and Infinity, and of the annihilation of time and space; but strictly speaking—employing language in its absolute and unqualified sense—there is no conception in the human mind which answers to an Eternity or Infinity, nor to an annihilation of time and space. Therefore, when thinking of Nature and God as existing from all eternity, the mind cannot resist the impulse to inquire—when did they (God and Eternity) begin to be?

Accustomed to, and educated by, days and hours, feet and inches, the human soul cannot think nor exist without them; but throughout the immeasurable *spaces, objects, and localities* of Infinity, and the *times, events, and circumstances* of Eternity, the immortal reader will perceive and understand, that—

"With God Time is not; unto Him all is
Present Eternity. Worlds, beings, years,
With all their natures, powers, and events,
The bounds whereof he fashions and ordains,
Unfold themselves like flowers. Time must not be
Contrasted with Eternity;—'t is not
A second of the Everlasting Year."

Eternity is an infinite ocean, and this life is but a single drop of its everlasting waters; and if that drop be used a million of times by millions of individuals, it nevertheless remains a part of the universal ocean, indestructible. So also is Infinity an eternal expanse, and this life is but a single inch thereof; and if that inch be traversed a million of times it still remains a part of

the illimitable whole, distinct, identical, inseparable. Thus Time and space, Eternity and Infinity, are identical. One is the measure and companion of the other; and, like Love and Wisdom, Truth and Virtue, Harmony and Heaven, they reside in, and proceeded from the universal constitution of the Great Positive Mind whose celestial essence moves and makes the whole alive!

A. J. DAVIS.

ARE THEY ONLY DREAMS?

The vast world of life that bursts upon our vision, intimately interwoven with order, beauty, and wisdom, causes us to turn our thoughts interiorly, and silently ponder over this question. Tranquil meditation opens to us a voiceless, yet expressive harmony, that language can but feebly express. Lost in amazement at the wild grandeur that crowds the mind, let us endeavor calmly to suggest some broken thoughts connected with this subject. Could we breathe out the interior feelings and pulsations of the soul, would not a deep-toned, heartfelt exclamation go forth to the world that the intuitions of every tribe and tongue on the earth are more than dreams? Is there one spirit in all the earth that has not felt the revealings of immortality? Methinks there should not be one. In this age of millennial brightness we are without excuse. Science, demonstrative of the problem of immortality, strips off the habiliments superstition had thrown around us, and introduces us to a sublime reality. Seeming ills and trials of life are only preparations, ripening us for the spirit-home; the beacon-light standing on the shores of immortality shines more brightly—our hope and faith increase as death feels the more eagerly for our heart-strings.

The celestial joys that satisfy and thrill the soul, belong not to this earth; yet we behold about us living symbols in nature that lead us heavenward. Who reads not lessons in the glittering dew-drops and mellow-tinted sunbeams of morning, or in the perfume and beauty of the budding flowers as they lift their tiny petals toward heaven? While the mind leads us to range through the mysterious laws that govern the mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, witnessing the universal order therewith connected, it receives living impressions of beauty, tending to educate and elevate us above the sensual things of earth, and we feel to exclaim,—The hope of immortality is not a dream! Could we sensibly realize our true condition and powers, a change would speedily be effected in our whole system of religion, laws, and daily practices one with another. The living truths of Christ, baptized with tears and blood eighteen centuries since, would become the living truths of the nineteenth century. Scenes connected with this great reformer press upon my mind!—the flinty path, the crown of thorns, the cup of hyssop, the cross,—are living mementos of days and years that are numbered with the past. The past!—as it rises up before us, there comes a hideous, soul-chilling panorama of selfishness, bigotry, and fanaticism, interwoven with earth-born cruelty that priests would strive to make mankind believe are of Christ. As well might darkness be termed light! The truths and teachings of the *living Christ* are the *truths and teachings of Nature*. A priestocracy, withering and cursing to the aspirations of spiritual man, now labors to *buy and crucify* afresh the same Christ-like truths in this age; but *Truth* is in the hands of a skillful surgeon, who is dissecting and separating traditionary legends of mythology from "Nature's Divine Revelations," and unfettered souls are tasting the fruits thereof. Sickening as a panorama of the past looks, there is expanding about us a light that promises for the future a different state of society. Phrenology, physiology, and psychology, with their attendant phenomena, open a field that expands and attracts the powers of the spirit. The *Actual* is developed from the *Ideal* in living, breathing realities; the mildewed prophecies of ancient seers are living truths of the nineteenth century, and sweet-toned messengers breathe peace and consolation into the sorrowing souls of earth. Words of hope and cheer lift up the emaciated forms, and a spiritual light sparkles in the eye, while happiness again radiates around the invalid. Death, the 'Triumphal Arch,' seems studded with bright gems of immortality that beckon us onward; spirits that have gone before us

return to assure us that there is nothing to fear, but all to gain. They commune with us by day and by night. Let us so live that they may be with us all; that the time may soon come when all shall have free communications with the inhabitants of the Second Sphere.

Randolph, Nov. 15, 1850.

T. S. S.

Reward of the Virtuous.

Such is the internal organization of man, that he who obeys the moral laws of his being and lives in harmony with the principles established in his nature, must, as a necessary result, experience a sweet reward:—not, indeed, a reward which consists in mere outward gifts, the pleasures of the world, or the endowments of fortune, but one rather which springs from the inward, heartfelt satisfaction arising from the deeds of virtue. This idea is not of a merely theoretical or visionary nature, but is precisely what is universally *felt and realized*. It matters not in what locality or position the good man is placed;—he may roam in the ice-bound regions of the North, where "stern winter rears his giant form," or he may bask beneath the brighter skies of a southern clime,—wherever he is, the gentle breathings of peace and joy will flow into his soul. As a bright star of excellence, he diffuses around him the light of love and purity; and lo! that light is reflected back into his own bosom and sheds abroad its glowing radiance there. He visits, perchance, the abodes of the suffering—goes where peace has gone out from the dwelling, where the grief-worn heart has sunk beneath its burden, or where the destitute and hopeless breathe their prayer for mercy; and as, with kind words, a cheering smile, or friendly gift, he awakens again the voice of joy in those homes of wretchedness, he feels the blessing returning to his heart, like bread that is cast upon the waters. Pure and holy are the emotions that reign within his soul. No guilty fears, no dread foreboding or heavy sense of woe weighs down his spirit; but he feels, and ever feels within, a deep, pure, and unruffled peace—a peace like that which steals over the bosom of creation when the desolating storm has passed away, and the sighing breeze has ceased its whisper. The soft hand of guardian angels rests upon him, and overshadows the holy sanctuary within. His thoughts come up like divine emanations from the Fount of Love, and give health, strength and beauty to his soul. Soft is the couch on which he rests—sweet and balmy is his nightly sleep, bringing visions of joy and love and purity, like pictured scenes from the realities of Heaven. Thus is the good man blessed. He has fulfilled the designs of his being—he has obeyed the laws of his nature—he has preserved the harmony of his powers, and, as a reward nobler than all earthly treasures, he is enabled to rejoice in the proud consciousness of right, and the approving smile of his angel-guardians. Surely such a reward should encourage us to walk in the path of the just, which is illumined with living radiance from heaven, and shines brighter and brighter through the dark night of earth unto the beautiful unfoldings of the perfect day.

R. P. A.

Sectarian Artifices.

It is impossible to enumerate in one article all the evils which flow, as legitimate consequences, from the spirit of sectarianism. In the dark catalogue, however, stand prominent, deception, intrigue, falsehood, and persecution, with all its kindred horrors. We need not stray beyond the boundaries of our own beautiful Springfield, to find many instances illustrative of the blighting and demoralizing effects of this foul and uncongenial spirit.

During the recent dangerous illness of the writer of this article, certain interested sectarians, for the purpose of strengthening their cause, industriously circulated a false report of their own fabrication, to the effect that I had made a *death-bed confession*, that the spiritual manifestations were all made by persons in the body—that I had exposed the secret mode of the rapping—that I had acknowledged myself a party to the imposition, and that *I was in great anxiety of mind concerning my future condition!* This sectarian falsehood, however, recoiled upon its inventors and retailers. It was too improbable for credence, and was

finally smothered by its own absurdity. Yet the spirit which so naturally engenders falsehoods, and sanctions *pious frauds* of various degrees, is still fostered in our midst, and is ever ready to prompt its votaries to acts which cause the friends of TRUTH to blush and mourn for the ignorance and moral obliquity of so many who lay claim to more than ordinary share of righteousness. This spirit prompts clergymen who have never investigated the phenomena of the rappings, to pronounce the whole matter a "humbug." It causes them in some instances to utter the brazen falsehood, that those who are advocating the spiritual theory are "knaves and impostors," and the mass of believers "dupes." Certainly the spirit of the one true God requires no such sacrifices of truth as these; nor does it instigate those who feel its heavenly influence, to thus cruelly trifle with the honor and reputation of their brothers.

A. M.

A Visit to Hartford.

The editors of the Messenger passed two or three days very happily in Hartford, Conn., since the publication of the last number. The friends of the Harmonial Society in that city are becoming quite numerous, and already embrace some of the most refined and intelligent minds. Their meetings, discussions, and investigations are productive of great good; for they realize that by constant watchfulness and free and unrestricted inquiry into the causes of all things, and a proper discrimination between the *real* and the *unreal*, when examining all phenomena in nature, are indispensable requisites to the development of new truths, and the peace and satisfaction of the soul. We are pleased to see that our friends in Hartford acknowledge no authority in the settlement of theological and other problems, but REASON and NATURE. To these arbiters they bow as the highest and holiest guides which a beneficent Father has given to his children.

The pleasure of our visit to hospitable friends residing in Hartford, was increased by the presence of several noble spirits from abroad. Friends A. J. DAVIS and wife have passed a week in the city. We were gratified to find Mr. DAVIS in the enjoyment of good health—he having fully recovered from the effects of his recent severe illness. May he long be spared to furnish the world with the productions of his illuminated mind!

Mr. HENRY C. GORDON, one of the mediums of communication with the spirit-world, was also present. While we were there, a number of individuals received very satisfactory messages from their friends in the other Sphere. The writer of this has two dear little children and a beloved wife, in the spirit-world, whose presence and watchfulness he is often made conscious of.

On Sunday evening, as we were sitting around the tea-table at the residence of a hospitable friend, SIDNEY DRAKE, Mr. GORDON, the medium, being present, the Alphabet was called for by the spirit of my little daughter HELEN, who left this sphere of existence on the eighth day of January, 1849. The following message to me was then spelled out, letter by letter, as the Alphabet was repeated:—

"DEAR PA,—I see you are anxious to hear from the Spirit-Home. Pa, this is a happy world—all is love and harmony here. You ought not to feel bad; the spirits are often with you. Mother will visit you soon. Pa, have patience."

Of course, such messages are *more* satisfactory to those to whom they are addressed, and their immediate relatives, than to the world; yet we trust that even this little evidence of the link that binds the present with the future, will not be entirely without interest to the readers of the Messenger.

A. M.

☞ We learn from an article recently published in the *Morning Mirror* of Providence, R. I., that spiritual communications are being received in that city through as many as eight or ten different mediums, and that physical manifestations of the most pleasing and satisfactory nature are occasionally witnessed. If this matter be a system of fraud and imposture, as some may suppose, it would appear from the rapid progress it is making in different places, that the public are likely to soon come in full possession of the secret.

R. P. A.

Lowell Harmonial Society.

Messes Errors:—A communication in a late number of the Messenger from "The Hartford Harmonial Society," has refreshed my memory of a duty assigned me some time since by the members of "The Lowell Pneuma Harmonic Association." And I take this opportunity of informing you of the existence of such a society and the objects it has in view. It has been organized nearly two months; and although not strong in numbers, its members are firm in faith and all seem willing to lend their united efforts to advance the cause of Harmony and Truth.

The following from our Declaration of Sentiments will give you an idea of our desires and objects.

"Desirous of knowing more of man, the mysterious laws which sustain, regulate and govern his physical, intellectual, and spiritual existence, and of investigating and developing the various interesting phenomena which are constantly manifesting themselves in the world of mind and matter, we feel impressed to avail ourselves of whatever benefit may arise from a closer communion with each other, and kindred friends. Our objects are, to garner up the many gems of truth the discordant waves of the past in their ceaseless ebbing and flowing have cast up before us; to study the vast powers of the human mind in all their complicated revealments, that we may be better enabled to judge of the real and the false, the philosophical and the imaginary, and to seek out the legitimate purposes, relations, and destiny of humanity. Our Motto is, 'LIGHT, MORE LIGHT STILL.' Light for ourselves, that we may live more in accordance with God's immutable laws of Eternal Progress; more light for the world, through which war, slavery, violence, and wrong shall cease, and man become reconciled to God. To this end we associate ourselves," &c. &c.

Thus, it will be seen, that "no pent up Utica contracts our powers;" no limits encircle us save the boundless Infinite.

We hold our meetings weekly; our time is occupied with readings, original or selected, which sometimes elicit discussion,—never, I trust, without profit to all. Sweet music, too, we sometimes have, to add harmony to our little circle. And social converse, should not be forgotten. "The Spirit Messenger" is a welcome visitor among us, and our meetings are often regaled by some of the inspiring truths that enrich its columns. We have had some obstacles placed in our way: still the work goes bravely on. All is not night around us; we can occasionally catch glimpses of the coming day.

We are in hopes to hear of the formation of similar societies in other places. May they not be deterred by the cry of "infidel." Let them bear in mind the motto which stands at the head of your paper, "TRUTH IS IMMORTAL," &c. Let them be but diligent seekers after truth, and all will be well. To all such we will bid a hearty God speed.

G.

Lowell, Nov. 18th, 1850.

Lecture at Chicopee Falls.

☞ A large and respectable audience convened at the vestry of the Baptist Meeting-house at Chicopee Falls, on Monday evening last, and listened with great attention to an Address from Bro R. P. AMBLER, one of the editors of the Messenger, on the subject of "the Rationale and Philosophy of Spiritual Manifestations." The subject was treated in the clear and argumentative manner for which the speaker is justly distinguished, and there can be no doubt that a favorable impression was left upon the unprejudiced minds of the hearers. It may be well to state in this connection, that the Rev. Dr. Osgood, of Springfield, had delivered a lecture in the same village, a few evenings before, on the subject of "Witchcraft and the Rappings." He is reported to have assumed that certain described *witchcraft*, in the Old Testament, proved to be a deception—and argued that *therefore* the spiritual phenomena known as the "rappings," must also be a "humbug!" If this report of the Dr.'s argument be correct, his logic is worthy of special admiration! It is quite equal to that of the sectarian who argued as follows:—"The Bible distinctly alludes to Pharaoh's *lean* kine—*therefore* fat cattle of the present day are all a deception!"

A. M.



Poetry.

MINNIE'S BIRTH-DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

Another link in the silver chain
 Another pearl on the string—
 The links of immortality,
 Purl from a boundless spring.
 The chain which never can be broken—
 Whose rivets nought can sever ;
 The pearls which may not one be lost,
 But numbered on forever,—
 A rosary the Angels tell,
 The beads they count in heaven ;
 As yet but few—that chaplet's links,—
 The jewels told are *seven*.

A stroke of time—a year that's gone,
 One note of music sounded—
 A second of Eternity,
 One little moment rounded—
 A pulse of everlasting life,
 Another throb of being,
 Tell how thy years away from earth,
 To happier climes are fleeing.
 And birthdays mark thy joyous way
 Like mile-stones on to heaven,
 Those stones which tell the passing years
 Already number *seven*.

A flower that blossoms on its stem,
 A drop in the deep sea—
 No more are earthly years compared
 With life's eternity.
 Then add the links and count the pearls,
 The passing minutes tell,
 The flowers be gathered one by one ;—
 Lengthen the chain—*it is well*.
 For here our lives do but begin,
 Thy years that number *seven*
 Count from thy birth forever on,
 Eternally in heaven.

Like grains of sand on ocean's shore
 Those pearls shall countless be ;
 Keep them unspotted from the world
 For immortality.
 Keep the chain bright which shall adorn
 Thy life in happier spheres,
 And let it not receive a stain
 To be washed away with tears.
 Thy years away will quickly roll,
 They'll soon outnumber *seven* ;
 Rejoice, beloved, with every year—
 Thou'rt so much nearer heaven.

Cambridge, Mass.

BEAUTY.

God, the undiluted good, is root and stock of beauty,
 And every child of reason drew his essence from the stem ;
 Therefore it is of intuition, an innate hankering for home.
 A sweet returning to the well from which our spirit flowed,
 That we, unconscious of a cause, should bask these darkened souls
 In some poor relics of the light that blazed in primal beauty,
 And, even like as exiles of idolatry, should quaff from the cis-
 terns of creation
 Stagnant draughts, for those fresh springs that rise in the Crea-
 tor.—*Twpper*.

Miscellaneous Department.

VISIONS OF BEAUTY.—AN ALLEGORY.

BY C. F. LEFEVRE.

In the southern extremity of Abyssinia within the shadow of the mountains of the Moon, dwelt Halfaia, the son of Fungaro. He had an eye to discern and a heart to appreciate the beautiful, and though surrounded with many objects to gratify his taste in this respect, he still sighed for more, and thought that beyond that almost impassable barrier which bounded his horizon, there were fairer forms, sweeter flowers, clearer waters and brighter skies. Fancy, whose voice was alone heard, supplied ideal images, and experience was placed far in the back ground among the shadows, and only admitted into the picture to set off, in more prominent contrast, the favored objects of his enthusiastic imagination. While he lay one day reclining on a verdant bank, his eye bounded by the mountains, but his thoughts far beyond them, sleep overtook him, but the meditations of his waking hours became the visions of his dreams. He saw a venerable man standing in his presence, with a kaleidoscope in his hand, who thus addressed him: "Halfaia, son of Fungaro, I am come to satisfy the cravings of thy spirit ; thou hast set thine heart upon beauty, and thy wishes shall be gratified. But as thou art still inexperienced, and thy ideas of beauty may be rather the figments of fancy than the realities of truth, I have brought an instrument by which thou shalt behold VISIONS OF BEAUTY in their varied aspects, and lo, I am ready to interpret their meaning as they pass in review before thee." Saying this, he placed the kaleidoscope in his hand, and told him to apply it to his eye. He did as he was requested, and he asked him, "What seest thou?"

"Venerable stranger," he replied, "who hast so graciously promised to satisfy the cravings of my soul, pre-eminently beautiful is the vision that bursts upon my view. I see before me a form of more than mortal loveliness, whose face is radiant with a thousand charms, and whose robes seem to have been adjusted by the hands of the Graces. It would seem also that an abode suitable for so much loveliness, has been provided. All that can enchant the sight, ravish the ear, or gratify the taste, surrounds this fascinating being. Flowers of brilliant hue spring up in her pathway, their perfume fills the air with fragrance, sounds of melody fall in sweet cadence on the ear, and delicious fruits offer themselves from the bending branches. Let me realize this vision, secure me in its possession, and I shall be content. Surely no beauty can surpass this."

"Be not rash in thy decision," said my guide. "What is the beauty that has enchanted thee but as such addressed itself to the senses? If thou placest thine affection there, thou reliest on a dream that will soon pass away. Reverse the kaleidoscope before thou givest a final sentence, and tell me what thou now beholdest."

"Alas!" I replied, "great is the change that has been wrought. Desolation reigns where luxuriance flourished, and an icy hand has stiffened those limbs which so lately were sportive with animation, and easy as the graces could make them. And that fair face which none could look upon without delight, which none could dwell upon without fascination, presents no feature to cause recognition, and in corruption and decay we seek in vain for those graces which charmed our sight, or the loveliness which won our affections. Venerable guide, let me shut out this scene, for I behold with pain a prospect which, while it reminds me of the pleasure and delight so lately experienced, presses on me the unwelcome truth that the pleasure has departed and the delight vanished."

"It is necessary, my son," replied the sage, "that the excellence which lies only on the surface, should soon yield to the influences of change, for otherwise we should too highly esteem the trifles of life, regardless of its loftier purposes, and, like children, we should be so pleased with the false blossoms, that we should neglect to inquire whether the tree which bore them, when the blossom passed away, would leave the fruit behind. In thy

SILONA.

journey through life thou wilt learn from this, that beauty, amiable as it is, may be prized too highly. Give it that place in thy affections to which it is entitled, but see that thou dost not let it usurp a power which would control thy energies or restrain thee in the pursuit of those higher and more solid acquisitions for which thou wert created. Thou seest how frail a thing is beauty, that form and feature may soon fade, and admiration at their presence soon ceases in order to give place to sighs for their departure. Avoid, on the other hand, that course which would lead thee to undervalue them. If that which confers a present pleasure must yield to that which produces a lasting good, be not ungrateful for the present pleasure granted, however transitory it may be. The great and good Allah has made the sun to give light and heat to mature the productions of the earth, by which life is sustained, but shall not our gratitude also be bestowed from the consideration that while these objects are accomplished, this glorious art has made the world beautiful, painting the flowers with their varied hues, arching the heavens with its brilliant bow, and investing its rising and setting hours with robes of majesty and splendor? These, it is true, produce only momentary sensations of pleasure, but they are continually occurring, and the sum total makes a large item in the account of human existence. Now again apply the kaleidoscope to thine eye and inform me what thou seest."

"I see," I replied, "in the fore-ground, one who appears to be a student. The implements of art are scattered around him, and books and science are open before him. Thought sits upon his brow, and intellect lights up his eye. His face seems pale from confinement and application, and the fires of life seem wasting as fast as the lamp whose flame lights the page on which he is intent. In the back-ground I behold a rough country, and a barbarous race of people. Barren mountains, dense forests, and rude huts fill up the scene. The inhabitants are scantily clad, the bow is in their hand, and the quiver at their back. Tell me, reverend guide, what these things mean. Surely there is no beauty here."

"Before you deny the beauty," continued my instructor, "you must look beneath the surface. In that quiet, life-wasting student, there is embodied beauty far surpassing the faultless features and the fairest face. It is the beauty of the mind. If the casket that holds it is not remarkable for its comeliness, the jewel it contains is priceless. That you may appreciate its excellence, reverse your glass and tell me what your eye beholdeth."

"Great indeed," I replied, "is the change. Surely Amphion's lyre has been here. The forests have disappeared, and cultivated fields, smiling villages, and magnificent cities have taken their place. Instead of savage men, I behold an intelligent and civilized race. Implements of husbandry are in their hands, and all the conveniences and comforts of life are profusely scattered around them. I see, also, a marble statue resembling in feature the pale student of the former vision. Many stand about it, all seem to reverence it, and some are lighting their torches from the lamp that is sculptured on the pedestal. Interpret to me these things."

"That change," replied the sage, "which you would attribute to the fabled lyre of Amphion, acknowledges no magic but that of mind. The cultivation of the intellect, the improvement of the mind, is the foster parent of all other cultivation, of all other improvement. Had the student been satisfied with following in the steps of his countrymen, content with a mere vegetable existence, with no aspirations beyond satisfying the cravings of nature, the wilderness would still have slumbered in its solitude, and the barren hills have been unclothed with waving grain. The noise of industry would have never broken on the ear, nor the wheels of commerce rolled on; the twang of the bow-string or the shout of the huntsman would have been the only sounds to echo in the forests. The sculptured image is a monument which gratitude has raised to genius; the reverence which it receives is an emblem of that homage which is paid to mind even by those who cannot appreciate it; and those who are kindling the torches, are emblematical of kindred spirits emulous of treading the same path of light and usefulness. Tell me what thou thinkest of the beauty of the mind."

Then Halfaia answered and said—"O thou who hast deigned to instruct me, be thou mortal or spirit from a brighter sphere, I see how imperfect hitherto have been my conceptions of beauty. I feel that thou hast stirred up within me higher thoughts, purer motives, better resolves; henceforth I will hold that only as truly beautiful in man which shines forth by the flame of genius. Surely now have mine eyes beheld the perfection of beauty."

"Halfaia, thou son of Fungaro," rejoined my venerable friend, "await for further revelations. There is still a higher beauty than that of mind, all glorious as it appears to thee. Apply once more the Kaleidoscope to thine eye, and see what scene lies unfolded before thee."

Then he looked and saw one in whose face was stamped the image of benevolence. Though the features were not remarkable for symmetry, nor the bloom of roseate youth upon the cheek, yet he could not look without loving, so amiable did this individual appear. Wherever he went, blessings followed him. The mourner seemed to forget his sorrow, the sick smiled in the midst of their pain, and even the sinner ceased his profanity to do him reverence. He went about as a bright minister of mercy and beneficence, and the happiness which he conferred upon others, seemed reflected back on his own features. He never beheld any thing so lovely; it was rather a vision of heaven than the grossness of mortality. Then he said, "Tell me, reverend friend, who is that gracious being, for fain would I know him, and would seek no farther happiness than to bask in his smile."

"The being whom thou seest, and who has taken such a hold on thy affections," replied my guide, "is called moral goodness, and the beauty which has captivated thee, is the **BEAUTY OF THE HEART**. There is none greater than this, on this side of heaven. The beauty of the face fadeth away and is gone; the beauty of the mind may be clouded by unsubdued passions or warped by conflicting interest, but the beauty of the heart never fades, never suffers from unholy contact. To it all things are pure; it lives and moves and has its being in its own transparent atmosphere, and when it leaves earth, it is only to be transported to its own congenial soil, and having lived to bless others below, it has gone to join with the blessed above. O, my son, seek to acquire that fadeless beauty. It is not the growth of any particular country, but the soil where it flourishes is kindly affection. Nourish it with tender care, and water it with the tears of compassion."

Halfaia awoke from his dream, but the moral was not dissipated with waking consciousness. He saw that it was not necessary to travel beyond the shadow of his own mountains in search of beauty. He arose from the bank on which he had reposed, and devoting his life to acts of beneficence in his native Abyssinia, his grateful countrymen at his decease raised to his memory a monument, on which was inscribed this simple epitaph:

To
Halfaia, the son of Fungaro.
All yielded to him the admiration
Of love, for he eminently possessed
THE BEAUTY OF THE HEART.

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