

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 AGENCY OF GOD AND THE AGENCY OF SPIRITS.

CONTRIBUTED FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,
BY W. M. FERNALD.

To him who has escaped from the thick fogs of popular theology, and got no further than Pantheism, which, in its highest forms, I take to be an improvement on the theology of the Church;—to him, I mean, who not only recognizes that God is All, and All is God, which is true in a very diffused sense, but who also recognizes the agency of invisible, immortal spirits. I know of no subject of deeper and more central importance than the distinct and personal agency of God, in connection with the hosts of intermediate and created spirits. Nothing is more true than that the mass of men cherish the truth of the being and agency of God in *idea* and *sentiment*, though at the same time they have no clear intellectual conception of the personality and consciousness of the Divine Being. It is fashionable in this vicinity, in the higher walks of transcendental philosophy, to doubt and deny the personality of God. Dr. Walker, professor in Harvard College, once stated that God was "neither personal nor impersonal." And I think it may be with many who have adopted the distinct form of modernly revived spiritual philosophy, that, while the personal agency of invisible, immortal spirits is admitted as a clear article of faith, they have no sufficient idea of the distinct personality of God. And yet I feel confident, though the bare proposal of such a subject as a distinct matter of treatment, has generally been the signal for a plunge in an ocean of unfathomable metaphysics, that the matter is a simple one. And I feel confident that I shall make it so to your minds. I do not hope to make the whole subject of Philosophical Theism, matter and spirit, divine and human agency, the connection of God, spirits, Nature and Man, clear to all, in a single discourse; but I do hope to make this part of it which relates to the agency of God as distinct from, and yet connected with, the agency of spirits, clear and plain.

And I am sure that if there is *not* as distinct a personality in the Divine Being as there is in man, it cannot in any proper and exalted sense be said that a human being *loves* God. It is not any more certain that a human being, a person only, can in this sense love God, than that a similar being, a person, can in this sense love man. And all speculations, therefore, which go to destroy the personality of God, go to break up the consistency of all our talk and profession of love on the part of man, and of love, wisdom, and intelligence on the part of God. Love and wisdom are personal qualities; and if we do not mean the same by these terms when applied to God, that we do when applied to man, then we have no God—nothing but some blind fate, or laws of Nature, or Pantheism, which we call Divinity, in order to gain an acceptance to popular superstition.

I acknowledge—no one readier or more understandingly—that there is a sense in which all is Nature; that is, in the sense of law, cause and effect, and necessity. There are the laws of a man's nature, of a spirit's nature, and of God's nature, beyond which neither can pass, and by which they must be governed. But we can very well see that one law is higher than another, that human nature is higher than material nature, spiritual nature higher than human nature, (spiritual nature in the other world, I mean,) and God, or the Divine Nature, higher than the nature of a created spirit. So, in other words, willing and intelligent nature is higher than unconscious matter. Of course it is all law, all connected, all cause and effect; but whereas one is blind, the

other sees; one is the agency of a designing, planning, contriving mind; the other is *subject* to this higher influence. It is so with matter and with man. Matter is subject to man, man to the spirits above him, and all to the one great Central Spirit of the material and spiritual universe.

This brings us to the more distinct consideration of the agency of the Divine Being. We say, there is a God; and by this we do not mean merely a connected system of things. We do not mean merely the laws of Nature. Not even if we embrace in this expression the forces and personal agencies of the entire spiritual heavens. We mean that there is a Being, central and infinite, personal and conscious, organized and human, and that it is just only because of the perfection and infinity of these human qualities, that we call the Being possessing them the *Divine* Being. God is literally Infinite Man. And this is the only reason why man has had any existence on this planet. The Cause was equal to the effect.

But now, to relieve the mind, and escape from that crudity of theology which would think of a *separate* being, either inside or outside the universe, we must just say that the Divine Being is as much a part of the entireness, or the All of existence, as the sun of our solar system is a part, or as man is a part. I do not believe in two essences, matter and spirit, which cannot unite by any chemistry, by any mediums, at any part of the universe. This I take to be the foundation of all confusion. Nor is it necessary in order to recognize personal qualities in God. Man himself is but an organized body of matter and motion. His immortal part is a still more refined body of organized matter and motion. Thought and feeling are but an action of this organism. And, as we do not intend to argue this point now, but simply to recognize the personality of the Deity, we barely state it as a fact.

Now, granting that the universe, both material and spiritual, is such a unity of substance differing only by degrees of refinement, we may conceive that the Deity proper is the great Spiritual Center. As the sun is the center of our solar system, so there is a vast and infinite spiritual sun, which is the Divine Mind, and center to all surrounding creation. And as the sun of our solar system sends out its rays of light and heat, and makes its attracting influences felt to the remotest planet, so does the Deity, the great Spiritual Center and Sun, give light and heat to all minds, through all the heavens, and on all earths, and make His attracting influences equally felt. Hence, aspiration; a tendency of all souls upward, or interiorly; for according to spiritual philosophy, the highest is that which is most interior. And inasmuch as the planets are all parts of the solar system, yet are not parts of the sun, but have emanated from the sun; so are all men parts of the infinite system of the universe, yet not parts of God or the Center, but have emanated from God. In this Center is absolute personality and consciousness. All is God in one sense—in the diffuse, systematic, and connected sense; but the Center is God proper,—even as all is man in one sense, but the soul or interior is man proper. And so does all operate according to law, and necessity, and cause and effect. But the consciousness and personality of this great Center is a very different kind of law, and necessity, and cause, from that which exists on the outskirts of creation, in mere material nature;—inasmuch as the soul and brain of man are a very different nature from the nerves and muscles and bones of the more outward parts. Now I say, it is to that Center that we aspire and tend. This, I know, is a philosophical conception, and it is not necessary to be philosophical in order to be devotional. But if the enlightened and expanded spirit *would* understand the truth and nature of the Deity, and worship with the intellect as well as with the heart, here is a conception which he may dwell upon with profit. This God I call an organized,

personal, infinite Spirit. His body is the whole of material and spiritual Nature; his soul is this inconceivable Center of life and light, or love, will, and wisdom, extending in its influences through the whole body and all created spirits, to the uttermost bounds of the infinite creation. This is not Pantheism. This is pure Theism. Nor are we in the mist here. We do not find it necessary to say that "God is neither personal nor impersonal." This only is the intelligible distinction. God is not a person so separate from all other persons and things, as to be vitally disconnected from them. Nor is He so impersonal as to be indiscriminately connected with them. In the diffuse sense, He is a part of all and connected with all. And it is in this sense that we "live, move, and have our being in Him." But in the central sense, He is not a part of all, no more than the sun is a part of the earth. In this sense He is a separate God. He is at least as separate from us as the planets are from the sun; and just so closely united. And is not that personality and separation enough? The true philosophy most evidently is to recognize at the same time, as much separation and as much union as possible, between God and man. And as the poet says—

"Existence is composed of circles, all
In one great circle, and the center—God."

Now about the agency of this Divine Central Mind, in distinction from the agency of created and invisible spirits. We hear much of the operation of God upon the heart—the of the Divine Spirit working upon our spirits—of special Providence and divine interposition. And among those who have embraced the more distinct spiritual philosophy, the question has sometimes been asked—"Do we ever receive influences from God directly, by His own personal will, for the special direction of man on earth, as we frequently receive impressions and influences from our guardian spirits?" And the answer is, most unhesitatingly, yes. The form of philosophy which we adopt—the union of matter and spirit—the connected, systematic, cause and effect theory of God and the universe, is perfectly consistent with this truth. And it is a *mighty and momentous* truth. The first reception of the unitary philosophy, I think, is rather calculated to make the personality of God disappear in an accumulated existence of mere mechanical or natural forces. But that is a mistake. The sober, second thought is, that God is as much a person as we are. How indeed can it be otherwise? If the eternal, original Cause is not Infinite Man himself, how could finite man make his appearance? It is impossible for any cause but intelligence to produce intelligence. But our embarrassment of faith has come from considering the Deity as an essence having no properties in common with the surrounding materialism. We therefore have looked upon Him as children do, as an outside, separated, or disconnected personality, although we have been at the same time constantly told that He is "in all and through all." The fact is, the intellect as had no faith; there has been either the faith of the heart, or the skepticism of the head. Now I think it time for the head and heart to be united. I say, we have in general no idea of what the surrounding materialism, as we call it, contains. We can trace gross matter up to electricity, and there we stop. But, as I do not intend to argue the point here, for I am sure you will receive the truth if there is any, by mere statement, I assume that, with a unity of substance, differing only by degrees of refinement and organization, the eternal Divine Mind has a personal residence in this very substance, most properly in the Infinite Center, and that He does, by the exercise of His conscious will, impress and influence our minds in the same way that an angel does. And even here, the truth is so beautiful, that God and Nature harmonize entirely. I know that this question involves free will and necessity. Nor do I intend to perplex your minds by *arguing* this question. But the beauty of the truth is, as will be seen by the simple statement of it, that free will and necessity are perfectly harmonized, both in God and man. Let us assume the fact that man is entirely a creature of necessity. Yet you see how free he is. For my part, I *confess* to the doctrine of philosophical necessity. I have *not* that freedom in the will, in the performance of the *least* action, which exists without a cause in my organization, education, and circumstances, which must carry me inevitably thitherward. Yet still

see how free I am. Do I not speak here just as I please, stop when I wish to, go away and come again, all at my own discretion? And what a glorious trait is this freedom of a man! Something which enables him to choose or refuse, among mightiest objects, for time or for eternity!—a will of such divine and positive power as turns to sublimest uses the whole force and variety of the mind—which commands all its faculties, all its affections, and enlists and leads them in a service against armies of foes, whether of a physical or spiritual nature—which carried Luther to the Diet of Worms, Napoleon to unbounded presumption and almost unbounded victory, and which, in almost any of us, finds a way through the thickest obstruction, if there be but this almost omnipotent nature! Now, to have such a faculty, and so free! Talk to me of philosophical necessity? I talk to you of freedom! Look at it and see! I own the necessity, but there is at least *such* freedom as makes up a mind, and gathers its energies, and buckles on its armor, and charges resistless determination in every faculty, and says I *will*; and that means something. This will, too, may be mild, and gentle, and slowly and deliberately calculating, intelligent, and wise; yet none the less firm; and considering what a world of divinity is this mind of man, is not the will faculty which controls and governs it, *most* divine? How many fail, many of beautiful and sufficient minds, for *want* of a will. No matter now about its philosophical constituents; you see the thing. It is powerful and irresistible. And, although environed by a necessity, which we could make out if we chose to, stern and invincible as fate, yet it is so free as to have perfect play and government over a host of faculties, each one of which is its obedient servant. In fact, on careful analysis, I think it might appear that the will was not a separate faculty, but just the conclusion and determination of the whole mind on the whole matter.

Now, no matter what concludes and determines it, the will of the Deity is just such a mentality. It is personal, conscious, and as free as man's. It must be, else man never would have derived this faculty from the original Source. Love, will and wisdom; I say these are qualities of the infinite Divine Center of the universe. They inhere in the body of Nature as the same qualities inhere in the body of man. Thus God is man: and what if we speculate upon, and reason this into a philosophical necessity? What if Deity acts necessarily, in every instance? What if "it is impossible for God to lie"—impossible for Him to do anything—to think a thought, or possess a feeling contrary to his own nature? This is what the Apostle *meant* by his impossibility to falsify. Now, on the same ground that it is impossible for Him to falsify, it is impossible for Him—infinite perfection as He is, to act, or think, or feel a single impulse, which is not *nature* to Him—I mean the law of His infinite Mind. And all His acts must be necessary. I know this is taking high ground. But we take it for man—why not for God? for finite man, why not for the Infinite? In the highest, or at least, in a very high and holy sense, God is as much Nature as the world—the Center as much as the circumference of existence. But the point is, *with* all this admission, there is as much freedom, as much personality, as much consciousness, as in man. And what a glorious freedom is that! what will!

Here, then, in this vast and inconceivable Center are not mere mechanical or natural forces, but all which answers to the Church's idea of God. Only in our conception, we are philosophical, and they are not.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

FREEDOM OF MIND.—I call that mind free which is not imprisoned in itself or in a sect; which recognizes in all human beings the image of God and the rights of his children, which delights in virtue and sympathizes with suffering whenever it is seen; which conquers pride and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind.

I call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances, which is not the creature of accidental impulse, but which bends events to its own improvement, and acts upon an inward spring from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused.

Psychological Department.

THE INDIAN PROPHECY.

It was in 1772, that Col. Washington accompanied by Dr. James Craik, and a considerable party of hunters, woodsmen and others, proceeded to the Kenhawa with a view to explore the country, and make surveys of extensive and valuable bodies of lands. At that time the Kenhawa was several hundred miles remote from the frontier settlements, and only accessible by Indian paths, which wound through the passes of the mountains.

In those wild and unfrequented regions, the party formed a camp on the bank of a river, consisting of rudely constructed wigwags or shelters, from which they issued to survey and explore their alluvial tracts, now forming the most fertile and best inhabited parts of the west of Virginia.

This romantic camp, though far removed from the home of civilization, possessed very many advantages. The great abundance of various kinds of game, in its vicinity, afforded a sumptuous larder, while a few luxuries of foreign growth, which had been brought on the baggage horses, made the adventurers as comfortable as they could reasonably desire.

One day when resting in the camp from the fatigues attendant on so arduous an enterprise, a party of Indians led by a trader, were discovered. No recourse were had to arms, for peace in a great measure reigned on the frontier; the border warfare, which so long had harassed the unhappy settlers, had principally subsided; the savage driven farther and farther back, as the settlements advanced, had sufficiently felt the power of the whites, to view them with fear, as well as hate; again, the approach of this party was any thing but hostile, and the appearance of the trader, a being half savage, half civilized, made it certain that the mission was rather of peace than of war.

They halted at a short distance, and the interpreter advancing, declared that he was conducting a party, who consisted of a Grand Sachem, and some attendant warriors; that the Chief was a very great man among the Northwestern tribes, and the same who commanded the Indians on the fall of Braddock, sixteen years before; that hearing of the visit of Col. Washington to the Western country, this Chief had set out on a mission, the object of which himself would make known.

The Colonel received the ambassador with courtesy, and having put matters in camp in the best possible order for the reception of such distinguished visitors, which so short a notice would allow, the strangers were introduced. Among the Colonists were some fine tall and manly figures, but so soon as the Sachem approached, he in a moment pointed out the Hero of the Monongahela from amid the group, although sixteen years had elapsed since he had seen him, and then only in the tumult and fury of battle. The Indian was of a lofty stature, and of a dignified and imposing appearance.

The usual salutations were going round, when it was observed that the Grand Chief, although perfectly familiar with every other person present, preserved toward Col. Washington the most reverential deference; it was in vain that the Colonel extended his hand, the Indian drew back, with the most impressive marks of awe and respect. A last effort was made to induce an intercourse, by resorting to the deity of the savages, ardent spirit, which the Colonel having tasted, offered to his guest;—the Indian bowed his head in submission, but wetted not his lips. Tobacco, for the use of which Washington always had the utmost abhorrence, was next tried, the Col. taking a single puff to the great annoyance of his feelings, and then offering the calumet to the Chief who touched not the symbol of savage friendship. The banquet being now ready, the Colonel did the honors of the feast, and placing the Great Man at his side, helped him plentifully, but the Indian fed not at the board. Amazement now possessed the company, and intense anxiety became apparent, as to the issue of so extraordinary an adventure.

The Council Fire was kindled, when the Grand Sachem addressed our Washington to the following effect:

"I am a Chief, and the ruler of many tribes; my influence extends to the waters of the Great Lakes, and to the far blue

mountains. I have seen the Young Warrior of the Great Battles—it was on the day, that the White Man's blood mixed with the streams of our forest, that I first beheld this Chief; I called to my young men and said, mark yon tall and daring warrior, he is not of the red coat tribe; he hath an Indian's wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do, himself is alone exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he dies. Our rifles leveled, rifles that but for him, knew not how to miss. 'Twas all in vain, a power mightier far than we, shielded him from harm. He cannot die in battle. I am old, and soon shall be gathered to the great council fire of my fathers, in the land of shades, but ere I go, there is something bids me speak, in the voice of prophecy. Listen! The Great Spirit protects that man, and guides his destinies—he will become the chief of nations, and a people yet unborn, will hail him as the founder of a mighty Empire!"

The savage ceased; his oracle delivered, his prophetic mission fulfilled, he retired to muse in silence upon that wonder-working Spirit, which his dark

"Untutored mind

Saw oft in clouds and heard him in the wind."

Night coming on, the children of the forest spread their blankets, and were soon buried in sleep. At early dawn they bid adieu to the camp, and were slowly winding their way towards the distant haunts of their tribe.

The effects which this mysterious and romantic adventure had upon the Provincials, were as various as the variety of character which composed the party. All eyes were turned on him, to whom the oracle had been addressed, but from his ever serene and thoughtful countenance, nothing could be discovered; still all this was strange, "twas passing strange." On the mind of Dr. James Craik, a most deep and lasting impression was made, and in the war of the Revolution it became a favorite theme with him, particularly after any perilous action, in which his friend and commander had been peculiarly exposed, as at the battle of Princeton, &c. The night previous to the battle of Monmouth, several officers had assembled, and were joined by the physician general of the army. The discourse turned upon the probable issue of the succeeding day. It was agreed on all sides that it would be a day of blood. The enemy flushed with the victories of the September and October preceding, and protecting a vast amount of baggage; the Americans, proud of the fall of Burgoyne, and desirous of shewing their allies, the French, that they were deserving of their alliance, all conspired to make it certain that the battle would be bravely contested, and the issue very doubtful. The general officers agreed on the propriety of a remonstrance being made to the Commander-in-Chief, praying that he would not expose his person; a life so honored and so dear to the struggling liberties of his country, became a matter of warm solicitude to every member of the army. Craik observed "I know him too well, to believe that aught which we could say, would for a moment prevent him from the exposure of his person, should the day go against us; but, gentlemen, recollect what I have often told you, of the old Indian's prophecy. Yes, I do believe a 'Great Spirit protects that man'—that one day or another, honored and beloved, he will be the chief of our Nation, as he is now our general, our father and our friend. Never mind the enemy, they cannot kill him, and while he lives our cause will never die."

On the ever memorable day of Monmouth, the Commander-in-Chief, having given his orders to Major General, the Marquis de Lafayette, was personally engaged in forming the line of the main body, near the court house; while speaking to a favorite officer, the brave, valued Col. Hartley, of the Pennsylvania line, a cannon ball struck just at his horse's feet, throwing the dirt in his face and over his clothes—the General continued his orders, without noticing the derangement of his toilette. The officers present, several of whom were of the party the preceding evening, looked at each other with anxiety. The Chief of the medical staff, pleased with the proof of his prediction, and in reminiscence of what had passed the night before, pointed toward Heaven, which was noticed by the others with a gratifying smile of acknowledgement.

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Truth and Harmony render earth a heaven.

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., MARCH 8, 1851.

## THE IMMORTALITY OF MAN.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just arisen from the perusal of an article in a late number of your paper, on a subject similar to the above, from the instructive pen of S. B. Brittan; and this has served to suggest a few thoughts to my own mind, which perhaps may be profitably expressed.

The existence of that which cannot be seen, can be fully known and appreciated only being *felt*. Thus, could we not feel the winds, we should lack of means to prove their existence; but the fact that they *are* felt precludes the necessity of argument to demonstrate their being. So the incense of the flower can be known to exist only as we feel it, and to those who cannot feel it, we should fail entirely in our endeavors to prove its existence. It is the same with the viewless spirit. To those who *feel* not its existence, we appeal in vain with logic on the subject; for until we can present something to their external senses, we afford them nothing which, in their view, has force or effect. Nevertheless, as all things result from development and progress, we may be able to excite a train of correct thought, which will eventually lead individuals to that sphere of mind where they can *feel* the existence of the immortal spirit; and I am not certain that they may not be led, intellectually, to *know* it, even before they can feel its presence. Allow me to present my own argument on the subject of the soul's immortality.

To commence with, the existence of a God must be assumed, to which few persons will object; and there must also be assumed a definite *design* in creation, which will be assented to by all who accede to the first assumption.

Let us ask, then, not particularly what is the *design*, but what must manifestly be the *result* of creation? This question may be readily answered. Progress being the prime law, the ultimate result of Nature must be the development of forms or organizations, manifesting in a degree the attributes, and *all* the attributes of the Parent. For progress is nothing more than the unfolding of creation *toward* and *into* the attributes of the creating Power, as it is simply the growth or infusion of His nature in all things, and all external, visible forms are simply types of the attributes of the internal Spirit, by which they are pervaded. If, then, we wish to know whether immortality attaches to any form, we need to inquire only as to the attributes which belong to that form, and the powers it manifests; and if we observe an organization which manifests, I care not in how slight a degree, *all* the attributes which belong to the Parent, then we can be assured that that form possesses immortality. Now can we conceive of higher attributes in the Creator, than love and wisdom?—indeed, can there exist higher attributes than these? If not, and man has the germ of these qualities in himself, then he is necessarily as immortal as the Parent, for the reason that there is not even in God himself a higher power or principle than that which is contained within man, and therefore there exists no power which can dissolve the affinity of particles which make up the human soul. Lower forms of being die and pass away; and why? Not from any force contained in their own nature, but by the agency of a superior power. If they embodied in themselves the highest forces, powers, or attributes of the Creator, then they could never die; but in their present state, being only the embodiment of inferior qualities, they die and are annihilated through the operation of a higher principle, which finds in them conditions appropriate to form the next higher stage of being, they being thus adapted to the wants of that principle, in accomplishing the great result of progress. Then if you can find no higher principles than are contained and manifested in man, you can never find a power which can dissolve man's internal organization, and he must live until some higher power is created—a result of which we can form no idea.

All forms are but the aggregation of particles through the love or affinity of those particles for each other; and every form will manifest in its operation, the peculiar principles attached to its organization. A distinction, therefore, may be made between forms possessing a greater or less number of the elements or attributes of the Creator, and the *highest* form in being, which possesses them *all*. Thus what we call the animal creation does not possess immortality, because the element of wisdom is manifestly wanting in their organization, and consequently they are not a complete creation, as they do not embody *all* the elements of the Creator. In the organization of man, however, we may observe that wisdom forms a prominent element. In him, therefore, creation is complete; and since there is no higher attribute to be manifested, all being united in his nature which is thereby perfected, he must necessarily be endowed with immortality. All other forms are but *parts*, and must naturally be changed in order to enter into the construction of the perfect or *complete* form; and as man constitutes that complete form, there can be no *higher* form, and consequently nothing can absorb or cause a dissolution of his being. On the contrary life must forever grow more intense—more powerful—more *compact*, if I may so speak. Since man possesses a combination of *all* the attributes of the Creator in a finite degree—wisdom as well as love—his progress, as I understand it, is simply the growing intenseness of his being—the closer affinity of the atoms which compose his spiritual constitution, and so far from tending to dissolution or annihilation, the internal being must go on intensifying—becoming, if the expression could be used, more and more immortal, as time passes. Thus death is but the increasing intensity of life—a result of the growing affinity of the atoms of being for each other;—it is but a throb—a pulsation—marking a distinct point in an eternal existence, and forming a single step of the individual in his progress toward the perfection of the Creator.

Thus I conclude:—If we believe that man is made in the *image* of his Creator; if we believe he possesses, though as a germ, all the attributes of the Parent, then we must believe in his essential immortality; for if he manifests in his being those attributes which are deathless in the Creator, we must conclude that they are equally deathless in him.

C. L. S.

Kenosha, Wis., Feb. 1851.

## The Joys of Faith.

There is no source of inward happiness more abundant and satisfactory to the soul, than a joyous, abiding, and elevated faith—a faith which is founded not simply on fanciful speculations, but on the substantial basis of Nature and Reason. No language can describe the thrilling joy which flows to the believing spirit, as, amid the toils and sufferings of this earthly state, it looks upward with unshaken trust to the presiding Power, and gazes through the dim mists of time to the glories of an immortal Sphere. This joy may be forcibly contrasted with the deep and heart-felt misery which results from unbelief. That is emphatically a state of darkness; it is a tempest of the soul which perverts and confuses all its more noble faculties. The skeptic may gaze on the beautiful works of Creation, but its most attractive charms are hidden from his view. He feels not the presence of the Great Spirit that moves upon the face of the deep, and dwells in every passing breeze; his heart is gladdened not by the radiant smile that beams in Nature's light, nor is comforted by the tokens of that wisdom and goodness which have given joy and beauty to each earthly scene. And then the future—how dark and cheerless! To him, chance is the only ruler of the world, and annihilation his doleful destiny. From the experience of the past, he learns that "man giveth up the ghost," and oh! how anxiously and mournfully he inquires, "where is he?" No answer is returned, but the low, sad echo whispering in the depths of his inmost soul, which still asks, "*where?*"

On the other hand, he who has attained a well grounded faith in God and immortality, possesses within him a fountain of perpetual joy. He may weep indeed as he lays his long-loved ob-



jects in the grave, and sigh as he thinks upon his blighted hopes, yet there is ever a sweet, internal bliss that mingles with his passing sorrow. Faith, the beautiful angel of peace, points to fairer and brighter clime, and sweetly whispers of the immortal. With a soothing voice it answers the deep yearnings within for a higher and diviner life, while the blue heavens and the bright stars seem to invite the spirit upward to join its kindred among the blest above.

R. P. A.

### REVELATIONS.

The constantly unfolding manifestations of Nature afford the only true revelation suited to the intelligence of man. The "rock-book" yields its reliable record of the past history of our earth and the inhabitants which preceded man on its surface; the mineral, vegetable and animal compositions and forms which are now discovered, reveal its present condition and progress,—and the intelligence of man alone gathers up, combines and preserves these items as a true revelation. The absurd dogmas of the various books received by the ignorant and superstitious of different nations as divine revelations, serve only to retard science, to sustain bigotry and idolatry, while they throw no light on the real history of the earth or of man, either past, present, or future. This is becoming daily more and more evident to those who have become interested in the science of man and his psychological nature. When the natural developments of the race prove, as they now do positively, that man has an intellectual or spiritual individualized being which will clothe itself with a form of higher and more refined material substance when it leaves this coarse, earthly tenement, and thus continue to unfold in the future as the race individually and collectively have in the past, the bitterest opposition to the spread of this truth comes from the worshippers at the shrine of some pretended revelation; the bitterest sarcasms, vilest ridicule, and most contemptible epithets, come from those who worship at some sacred desk of popular religion, where tradition, fable and assumption, are received as revelation.

The unceasing efforts of motion in the mineral kingdom produced life in and through the vegetable forms; the constant desire and design of the Divine Mind, through the life and motion of the vegetable, produced in the animal kingdom sensation, which became the basis and active agent whose unceasing efforts, coupled as before with desire and design, produced in and through man intelligence, which again becomes the basis and active agent to develop spiritual existence, to be embodied and perpetuated in the human form. For ages, this manifestation and a realization of it, have been the ultimate desire of our race—the object for which we have intentionally or unintentionally labored. This could only be really brought about as a natural result; for the Divine Mind develops creation only by and through natural laws—but thousands of intelligent beings have lived and labored, and thousands still live and labor, to prove that man's desire is to be satisfied only as a *supernatural* exhibition of the Creator's power. Men seem determined to reach the end of their aspirations in some other way than the natural one, and most of them resist every demonstration pointing to a successful realization of the great desire of humanity, because it comes from an unexpected quarter,—as the Jews rejected Christ because he did not come as they expected.

The beautiful, natural, and harmonious revelations of spirit-life and the Spirit-sphere that are recently being made to us, are truly cheering to the student of Nature, but not so marvelous or astounding as they appear to many who have long pretended to believe in a spiritual existence, because it was ambiguously taught by theological teachers. The manifestations of Pathetism and Clairvoyance are to me more wonderful and much more difficult to comprehend, than the theory of spiritual manifestations as received through the "Rappings;"—indeed these latter seem simple and natural as all truthful developments of the creation are when fairly revealed to our minds. Much of the opposition and ridicule attending these revelations comes from a class of people who fear to have their interiors exposed, as they are assured they will be, in case these become universal and are gen-

erally understood. The great mass of the people are not yet prepared to have their thoughts made public, and the idea is horrible to many that the time must come, as it surely will, when there will be no secrets in the motives or desires of men. These communications and revelations of the Spirit-sphere, are only the first steps towards that bright and glorious day which is approaching, in which hypocrisy and deception must disappear as the night before the rising sun. Firmly relying on Nature as the true Revelator of all science, whether of this or the spiritual Spheres, the student has only to pursue his studies, and labor constantly to render himself mentally and physically more in harmony with natural laws, to realize ever the approach of still higher truths. The ridicule and sneers of the popular circles deserve our pity more than our hate;—indeed to be in harmony we must never hate, however much we may be hated.

The recent revelations of Nature which have manifested the nearness of the Spirit-sphere to this, are indeed the most important we have received, but doubtless less important than others yet to come; for every later exhibition of natural phenomena exceeds those that precede it. To what precise end we are destined to advance we cannot now know, but evidently to the unfolding of new truths for ever, since we have become intelligent and individualized existences which cannot be annihilated, at least without the desire on our part, and the combined effort as powerful as that by which we were produced. As beings exhibiting life, we belong only to the vegetable kingdom; as beings exhibiting, sensation only to the animal; as beings exhibiting intelligence, only to the earthly human form; but as beings exhibiting a spiritual essence, we pertain to the universe of worlds that is based on the foundations of eternity;—the ever unfolding capacity of the Infinite Mind is ours as an inheritance, and as we progress, so shall our reward be.

w. c.

Cresco, Wisconsin.

### Thoughts on the Spiritual Philosophy.

The mind that is deeply impressed with the beauties of the Spiritual Philosophy, pants for the clear waters of life, and sighs for the genial atmosphere of those celestial mansions which the Father has prepared for his children. Our attachment to earth becomes less strong, and the allurements of wealth, honor and power sink into seeming nothingness, when the spirit truly realizes its destiny. Science and religion have joined hand in hand to roll on the blissful tidings that warm the life-blood of every true reformer. Hope points to a day not far distant, when the earth shall become the habitation of righteousness, and all the paths of men shall lead to peace and harmony, while the morning star of the New Philosophy reveals a reality to the soul, which has long sought for something tangible, reasonable, and demonstrative. It is true that many of the partition walls which divided man from truth, have been demolished by the power of Science, but it was not till the claims of a Religion based on natural law were presented, that mankind were enabled to recognize, through the dim distance, the bright shores of the Spirit-land. Welcome, thrice welcome, sweet Spirit Messenger!—thou hast truly shadowed forth thy heavenly mission to a yearning and thirsting humanity. The degrading systems of Theology which have crushed with an iron heel the oft-repeated struggles of the soul for light and liberty, have now received their death wound, and we may rationally hope that the long night of dark delusion is passing away, yielding to the genial rays of the "morning light." Encircling spheres of beauty seem to envelop each heaven-born truth, drawing all mankind within the vestibule of that hallowed Temple which is filled with holiness and love.

Linked with the records of sacred and profane history, we find glowing prophecies of the present age. This seems to be the great epoch which forms that particular point in human progress, at which man is capable of receiving and digesting that class of phenomena now bursting into life. We now possess the power to reach forth and unfold some of the leaves of that widespread volume, wherein God has revealed the treasures which never fade; and as we witness the harmonious development of mind, and all the cheering evidences of progress which mark the

present age, we seek to partake of the life-giving properties which belong to a higher Sphere—the thread of our existence seems shortened, and at times the spirit drinks in full and copious draughts of the elixir of Heaven. Oh! what pulsations of delight—what extacies of bliss—what heaven-born desires crowd the council chambers of all truth-seeking souls! We have now only to press boldly on. Many of our friends have already passed to the celestial home; and we, also, by tuning our life in harmony with theirs, may soon be fitted to become their companions. If we truly bask in that sunlight of wisdom and beauty, which gathers around the revealments of Spiritual Science, we shall feel that it is pleasanter to travel the rugged pathway that leads to new truths, than to tarry longer amid the broken ruins of that Theology which has existed only to crush and darken the soul. Oh! humanity! how hast thou fallen and departed from thy bright destiny! Return in obedience to the fold of thy Father, and with a soul baptized afresh in the streams of righteousness, start anew on that upward pathway which leads to the Spirit-home. As we journey onward through life, let our actions show forth to our brother-man, the exceeding excellence and beauty of pure affection, true holiness, and universal love. Then shall the swift stream of time bear relics to the coming ages which shall prove that the noonday of the nineteenth century gave a birth to Science and an impetus to Religion which surpassed the efforts of all previous ages. Then, too, as time flows on, shall mankind be enabled to learn and understand the truth, that gradual and eternal progress is one of the essential, elementary laws of our being. T. S. S.

Randolph, N. Y.

### Heavenly Treasures.

It is painful to observe with what keen avidity and unabating eagerness man will toil for the treasures of earth. Days of anxious care and nights of troubled dreams are consumed in search of this object. With breathless haste he pursues the golden phantom, ever and anon reaching forth to retain it in his grasp, while at his touch it seems to crumble into dust and vanish beneath his eager gaze. Everything of an earthly nature is fleeting and transient. The riches which have been earned with toil and sweat may make themselves wings and fly away. They are but soft raiment that moth may eat—glittering gems that rust may corrode, and costly pearls that thieves may steal. They are like the gorgeous rainbow that vanishes in the sky, or like the sparkling dew-drop of morn that melts within the hand that grasps it.

Not so with those treasures which belong to heaven. They are treasures of truth and virtue which lie deep within the secret chambers of the soul where the blight of earth may never enter. These are riches which dwell beyond the power of evil and decay. No freak of chance or change of circumstances can deprive us of them. Rust cannot tarnish their brightness and thieves cannot steal their sacred gems; and though all our worldly possessions should be taken away—though flames should wrap the store-house of our goods in their fiery shroud, and the hand of Destruction should snatch the last relic of departed wealth, there is a treasure in the hallowed bosom which the angry elements cannot reach and which the frown of Fortune cannot spoil. Truth, virtue—what are they? They are the deep foundation of the eternal throne—the mighty pillars of the Universe, which rolling ages cannot move.

It is well to observe here that these spiritual treasures, in order to be obtained, must be sought. This is evidently in accordance with an established and universal law. In the pursuit of worldly wealth, man finds it necessary to toil—to labor actively and unweariedly to attain the desired end. Shall we, then, suppose that we can lay up treasures of a higher character—treasures infinitely more valuable and lasting than earth has ever known, without exertion? Shall we expect that, cold and listless, the priceless gems of truth will flow into our bosoms like golden streams from Heaven? Vain hope! Those gems are to be sought—those treasures are to be laid up with labor, diligence, and industry.

Let, then, the pure desires of the soul unite with its noblest energies to obtain and lay up heavenly treasures. These are our

only safe, true, and lasting possession. With these we are rich indeed—rich, though clad in the habiliments of poverty—rich, though destitute of every earthly treasure, and needing every outward comfort. With these the soul may revel in delight, and rejoice in the possession of that wealth, which shall not only be with us through the brief pilgrimage of time, but which, in an endless life, shall form our crown of joy. R. P. A.

### Instructions for Harmonial Circles.

The following among other instructions were recently given by Mrs. M—, while in the abnormal state, to a small company of friends on organizing a Harmonial Circle:—

It is pleasing to the spirits to see harmony prevail. If this could always be preserved, we should be blended together like a band of brothers and sisters, dwelling in peace and love.

No spirit intentionally deceives us, but many spirits have passed to the Second Sphere who are far from being developed, and are anxious to communicate the little they have acquired. We should not be discouraged or disheartened in view of any seeming difficulties which may arise in our investigations, but should remember that we are yet in our infancy, and that as we progress we shall be placed in a position where all these things will be explained and comprehended.

In organizing these circles, those only should come who feel attracted, and will cheerfully observe the directions received from the spirits. All should come with seriousness, seeking for truth, and loving truth for its own sake.

Let Friendship, Love and Truth dwell in our midst.

Suffer no slander to pass from our lips, but let all our conversation tend to strengthen the band of harmony.

Let no one be self-sufficient in knowledge, but let every one be submissive, and listen to the higher truths of God and Nature.

This is the beginning of a new era of spiritual impressions, and the most intuitive beings in this sphere will be chosen as their recipients.

Our watchword and motto should be, Progression, Harmony and Truth.

### Disclosures from the Interior, and Superior Care for Mortals.

The above is the title of a publication which has been recently commenced at Auburn, N. Y. It professes to be edited, superintended and controlled by spirits out of the flesh, through the instrumentality of certain individuals, who, as they claim, have "become in full confidence of mind disciples of the Lord." In examining the contents of the first number we were forcibly impressed with the lamentable tendency of the human mind to convert whatever is free and liberal into a sectarian form, and conceal what is really beautiful and true beneath the dark pall of superstition.

According to the teachings of this paper, it appears that certain articles of faith, embracing the exploded dogmas of past ages, are to form the established standard by which all spirits must be tried; and that no spirit is entitled to credence or should be allowed an opportunity to communicate, saving those who may be willing to *subscribe to a creed*! We have ventured to entertain the idea that the great object of spiritual communications is to bring light to the world, but if that light be made darkness in the manner supposed by the publication referred to, the world must still sigh in vain. It may be presumed, however, that the seeming inconsistency which here occurs, may be explained on the supposition that the individuals engaged in this enterprise are mistaken as to the source of their disclosures, and that what is received as coming from the circles of Prophets and Apostles, really emanates from a much lower sphere.

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST.—A new paper with this title has been recently commenced in Milwaukee, Wis., to be published once every month. The editors are A. Pratt, M. D. and John Fox. We trust that their efforts for the diffusion of truth will be rewarded with abundant success.

## Poetry.

## GLIMPSES OF THE SPIRIT LAND.—No. 8.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY S. H. LLOYD.

## HEAVENLY JOY.

How full of ceaseless life the world!  
Its mountains, fields and streams,  
And every changing scene within  
That through each spirit gleams.  
The bird goes flying through the air,  
The waves go rushing from the shore,  
So thought goes bounding through the soul  
And ne'er within be silenced more.

The Joys of Heaven must ceaseless be,  
Not listless as the sand,  
Some wave had borne across the sea  
And piled upon the land;—  
Nor do they cloy or fade away,  
But to the soul return again,  
As skies receive the streamlet's gift  
To pour it back in dew and rain.

And what is Joy? The boundless stream  
That slakes each thirsting soul,  
From Love's sweet fount of being fed,  
By Wisdom taught to roll;—  
Whose fount in vain we seek to reach,  
Whose source we vainly seek to know,  
But by whose ever living banks  
The pleasures deepen as we go.

## THE HOURS.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The hours are viewless angels,  
That still go gliding by,  
And bear each moment's record up  
To Him who sits on high.

The poison of the nectar,  
Our heart's deep flower-cups yield,  
A sample still they gather swift  
And leave us in the field.

And some fly on by pinions  
Of gorgeous gold and blue,  
And some fly on with drooping wing  
Of sorrow's darker hue.

And as we spend each minute  
That God to us hath given,  
The deeds are known before His throne;  
The tale is told in Heaven.

And we who walk among them,  
As one by one departs,  
Think not that they are hovering  
Forever round our hearts.

Like summer bees that hover  
Around the idle flowers,  
They gather every act and thought,—  
These viewless angel hours.

And still they steal the record,  
And bear it far away;  
Their mission flight, by day or night,  
No magic powers can stay.

So teach me, Heavenly Father!  
To spend each flying hour,  
That as they go, they may not show  
My heart a poison flower.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE OAK AND THE ROSE-BUSH.

BY MRS. S. ELIZA GIBSON.

Near a stately dwelling, grew a lordly Oak, whose aged head reared itself above all the neighboring trees, and seemed to look haughtily down upon all the lowly shrubbery beneath. Winter after winter had spent the chill of its frosts, and the fury its storms upon it;—spring after spring had clothed it in verdure; and the refreshing showers of many summers had added stateliness to its form, while as many succeeding autumns had stripped it of its vernal leaves, and noted the enlargement of its trunk, and increase of its branches.

The planter of the Oak passed away from number of years—the child reached two-score and ten, and the grand-child planted beneath its shade a modest rose-bush. Spring waned, and summer was ushered in, by the bursting rose-buds, and early appearance of beautiful petals. Many admired, all praised it, and even its thorns were regarded but as protectors against the out-stretched arm of beauty-loving childhood. The Oak saw that he had a rival, and that the eyes of all beamed love upon it; and while he scorned its lowliness, he envied the admiration which it unwittingly chained. Too confident of success, he determined to gratify his revengeful feelings, and rid himself of so successful a competitor for praise. Bending his longest branches to the ground, he swept rudely over the humble Rose-bush, and grumbled out his rebuke in this wise:

"Vain one," said he, "thinkest thou by such affected deportment and gaudy colors, to arrest the eye or gain the applause of the world? Look up to me, if thy feeble powers can comprehend my greatness, and learn thou a lesson which shall correct thy erring judgment. Seasons have passed over me, and added power to my greatness; years, too, have rolled their rounds, and added honor to my dignity, and I now am mightiest of the sons of the forest! Yon towering mountain stands near in the range of my vision, and the roar of yon tumbling cataract falls distinctly on mine ear! Yon mighty river rolls proudly on and sounds my fame, and near by, a lucid lake reflects my image, while still nearer a sparkling rivulet lisps my praise, and yet all these are beyond thy view; nay, thou didst not even know that they were in existence. Even those clouds bow low to me, and would crown my head, did they not fear my anger. The king of day, conscious of my superior claims, pays to me his earliest homage, and beams on me his most effulgent smiles; and when about to sink behind yon western hills, bids me his latest adieu! All the testimonials of my dignity are before me, and yet I am not vain! I have never bedecked myself with those gaudy colors, which would better become me than you, but always have I adorned myself with plainest green!"

The Rose-bush cowered beneath this undeserved rebuke, and the Oak a little softened added with affected kindness—"But think not that it is to injure your feelings that I thus address you—it is to improve your character, that you may be the better loved, that I consent to this unpleasant task! Live on, then, and dispense your fragrance; only let the cups be hid from whence your odor springs." Saying which, the haughty Oak bowed scornfully, and exultant with success, raised his head still higher; but the Rose-bush feared to reply, and sank mournfully down. The pearly drops fell from its scented cups and moistened the ground, and its petals blushing still deeper, fell as a pall to cover its tears. While thus stricken, it sighed forth its plaint in a saddened, and scarcely audible tone, "Alas, it is true that my dress bespeaks affectation and vanity; and I, silly one, have not power to change it;—but why—oh why was I thus organized, and why was I endowed with a nature over which I have no control, and one which subjects me to so much ridicule?" It would have said more had not a maiden raised its head, and gathered up each fallen leaf. These she preserved, that she might retain the perfume though the beauty had fled.

The next day a storm arose—the wind blew rudely, and wildly challenged resistance. Prostrating all obstacles, it reached

the Rose-bush, which yielded to its power, and, bending to the earth, was passed without injury; but the proud Oak, which stood next in its path opposed its progress, and then was heard a wild shriek, a horrid groan, and a thundering crash, and the haughty one was conquered.

The storm over, new buds burst forth in beauty, and again was the Rose-bush admired; but the Oak, prostrate on the ground, had no qualities for admiration, or fragrance for remembrance. Then was it heard to sigh forth these words—"Alas conceived one! I thought that to me was all honor due, because of my stature, and deemed not that, when all less towering saw me in their upward gazes, it was to my situation rather than myself, that they owned submission! Would that I had been a Rose-bush, for then my merits would have gained for me praise, and my virtues won for me lasting esteem!"

When we for a time curb the flight of fancy, and look abroad upon the world of mankind in the sober light of reality, do we not too frequently see the same spirit manifested, which the oak is here represented as possessing? Here we see one on whom Wealth has lavished her stores, and Fortune beamed her gilded smiles. Into his hands have long since passed the united possessions of his ancestors,—seasons have passed over, and added their fruits to his stores, and years have rolled on, and showered their gold into his coffers. Designing ones have flattered him, that they might receive favors at his hand, and fawning sycophants have poured adulation into his ears, that they might share in his bounty; till proud and conceited from that which his situation commands, he deems not that others less favorably situated, merits the world's pleasing notice. But here is another who came forth from a haunt of poverty, with few to encourage, and none to aid him. Dependent on his own exertions for subsistence, and counting on his own energy for a place in society, action has brightened his intellect, and self-reliance awakened his genius, till as bursts forth the blossom from the rose-bud, so burst forth the beauties of his mind, from the well filled embryo. These beauties are seen—admired, and praise as an incense rises up for his deserving merits. But see, does the one of wealth look upon him with encouraging eye? No; he sees that he is praised for qualities which he himself has not, and he envies and wishes to debase him. With all the dignity he can assume, he tells of his station, his wealth and all the advantages which these confer, to which the other has not access; and then adds, that though these might prompt him, he has never made so vain a display of his faculties, but that he has ever exercised that modesty which prevented him from making an outward show of his abilities, and which, "as a friend," he advises him to put on as more becoming his humble station.

We say that sometimes, at least, we have seen manifestations of this spirit, but when the storm of adversity comes on, and the conceited one is hurled from his station, and left of his possessions, then will he share the fate of the fallen oak—then will there be nothing left him for flattery or attention, and the period of his remembrance will soon be past and forgotten. But the one of merit, though he may be bowed by the same storm, and though death itself shall at last overtake him—will be remembered still, and the blossomings of his intellect will be gathered into the garner of the many devoted hearts, and cherished long for their beauty and fragrance!

### The Moon and Winter.

The moon looked down on a rugged country scene. The bushes spread out their naked branches in the air, through which the wind whistled with mournful aspirations. Not a leaf was any where to be seen, nor a flower, nor a blade of grass. Not a stream murmured in the meadow.

"Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen;  
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green;  
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew;  
No bee was heard to hum, no dove to coo;  
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,  
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here."

"How beautiful!" said the moon, one tranquil night, as she gazed down on this rugged waste.

"No, gentle orb," whispered an attendant cloud, "the beauty which thou beholdest flows from thyself. Thou bringest with thee a cheerful light, in which even winter and desolation shine bright and lovely."

Ah! how happy they whose hearts are thus illumed, that within themselves carry the light of happiness, cheering and beautifying all within their influence.

### Arabian Legend.

The following story is told by the Arabs respecting Mount Moriah, the place where the temple of Jerusalem formerly stood, and where the Mosque of Omar now stands. It is narrated in a book published by the Rev. Moses Margoliouth:—

The site was formerly a ploughed field, possessed in common by two brothers. One was married and had several children; and the other was a bachelor; nevertheless, they lived together in perfect concord, cultivating the patrimony they jointly inherited from their father. Harvest time arrived. The brothers wisped their sheaves and apportioned them into two equal heaps, which they left in the field. During the night, a happy thought occurred to the unmarried brother. He said to himself, "My brother has a wife and children to support; is it then just that my portion of the harvest should equal his?" On that he arose, and took down from the heap several sheaves which he added to his brother's. This was done with as much modesty as if he had been observing caution while doing a bad action. His motive was that his fraternal offering should not be refused. The other brother awoke the same night and said to his wife, "My brother lives alone and without company; he has no one to assist him in his labor or to recompense him for his fatigues; while God has given me wife and children. It is not right that we should take from the field so many sheaves as he, since we have already more domestic felicity than he enjoys. If you consent to it we will, as a compensation, and without his knowing it, increase his portion of the harvest by adding to his heap a certain number of our sheaves." The project was approved and put into execution. The next day the brothers repaired to the field. Each was surprised to see that the two heaps were still equal. During several nights the same conduct was still repeated; for, as each of them carried to the portion of his brother the like number of sheaves, the heap always remained the same. But one night, both resolved to watch the cause of this miracle, when they both met face to face, each bearing the sheaves which they mutually destined for the other; and all was cleared. They threw themselves into each other's arms, each thanking Heaven for so good a brother. The spot where such good thoughts occurred at the same time, and with so much credit to two brothers, must be a place agreeable to God. Good men blessed it, and Israel chose it to build thereon a house of worship to the Lord.

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