

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

"Brethren, fear not: for Error is mortal and cannot live, and Truth⁶ is immortal and cannot die."

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The Principles of Nature.

THE DIVINITY IN MAN.

BY CAROLINE CHESEBRO'.

There is a word whose utterance makes the pinions of my spirit flutter. From the "depths of the divine" it wings its way, a "vocal pathos" echoing through the vastitude of that space which lies between my soul and Heaven. And as a snow-white dove it comes, laying before me, as well as *all* around whom roar and battle "the clutching waves of sin," the olive leaf, the token of a regenerate world, an assurance and a hope!

Had I the wings of the brave eagle, fixing my eyes steadfastly upon the centre and the soul of life and joy, I would soar into the far depths with a song which the world should hush itself to hear, telling of the divinity in man, of which, alas! I know not if I may even *speak* worthily.

Love! what a holy, what a heavenly word is this! Clothed upon with the glory of the INVISIBLE, how majestically tender doth it's spirit gaze upon us faint and weary mortals! How gently on the lip resteth the sweet sound of its uttered name! How softly its golden-sandalled feet tread through the chambers of the mind! How easily this messenger of God, moving through the wilderness of time, wins its silent way to and through the guarded portals of the heart!

No "cunningly devised fable" came ever to the ear of wondering mortal, breathing forth such "mysterious revelations," as this little word makes known. No fairy gift opened ever the fancy of dreamer to so beautiful and grand a world as this key of heavenliest knowledge has in its power to unfold. In its grasp lies all the world of truth and justice; all the world of poetry and imagination; all the world of God. The gems of earth and sea flash and shine mere worthlessness, when compared with this effulgence of the Divine, revealed in the souls of mortal men. It is the rainbow of promise which forbids the death of Hope; the tree of knowledge, whose fruit whosoever will may gather freely; the everlasting covenant that binds man to his Maker, in a blessed union. Profaned, debased, prostituted by application, the holiness of Love's name has been; but pure as the archangels, of which indeed it is the chief and Lord, stands Love, the subduer, the blessing, the refiner, the chastener!

From the stillness of the Past comes an echoing of a truth, which in the midst of all execution of a righteous wrath, and the work of a just judgment, still wings its way round the world, penetrating every soul at whose door its "mysterious knocking" is heard, "God is Love." Oh, would that these souls might stand forth unabashed in the purity of the light cast from the throne, and send up an answering cry significant of the accomplishment of redemption's work: *man is love!* And what is love? With a dear friend I might reply: "Nothing beyond a dictionary has ever pretended to answer," satisfactorily. And can a dictionary tell to the panting, thirsting soul, *what is love?* No! Properly, there can be to every man but one answer to this interrogation—the voice in the heart. Over its troubled chaos God breathes, and the voice is born; then arises in the inner man a consciousness that needeth no interpreter, and we stand up enlightened gloriously; and looking no longer with blinded eyes on one another, we know as we have never known before. "Heart answers to heart;" and surely if ever a glad song is hymned among the angels, it is in such hours of soul recognition and union among those who erst labored under, and bore wearily, the curse of sin-estrangement.

I would not call love that ephemeral thing which a word or a glance can breathe into existence ; there exists not among human beings any such creative power, which a word or a look can wound mortally and destroy utterly. Human beings are not empowered to thus annihilate spiritual agencies. Neither can love be that passion which exalts a mortal to the high throne in the affections, which is consecrate from the beginning by a divine law to Deity alone—which nothing but Deity can inhabit save by usurpation. Least of all can be called love that sensual desire whose gratification implies wretched degradation of soul, abandonment of moral principle, transgression and abasement of the immutable laws of virtue and rectitude.

It is certainly inconceivable that the idea of this divinity in man conveyed in the scriptural declaration, "God is love," will admit of any such definitions. Neither is it to be believed that the Apostle's entreaty, "let us love one another," was an idle, a meaningless entreaty. The missionaries of Jesus were not wont to utter vain precepts. There was a solemn significance in all the lessons of duty to which their lips gave utterance. If, therefore, God *is* love, and love is solemnly commended to us, must it not of necessity be a pure—a holy sentiment; one that will always exalt and ennoble, and *never* debase? Must it not be the spirit which makes a heaven of the soul that receives it? Must not this capacity to love be the crowning happiness—the crowning distinction and honor of humanity. And may not that mortal who does verily and indeed love, be said to "entertain an angel," though, Oh blessed thought! *not* "unawares?"

So often profaned has been this everlasting "God-word" by association of deed and thought, so often debased by connection with unworthy acts has been this effulgence of Almightyness, that to many minds it has lost its elevated, true meaning. So outraged by application has the very name been, that multitudes, heartsick with the alluring, deceiving mirage of the desert, have sent up a scoff and a mocking laugh when they have heard the word "love" taken reverentially upon the lip! God knows, in the connections and dependencies of life we have need to believe with a never-questioning faith in the reality of this! If love be not our Bethlehem-star to guide, we are indeed miserable; we shall be lost in the darkness!

There is something beautiful and inexpressibly touching in the affections manifested, not so much uttered, perhaps, as looked and acted, in the devotion of the very young to those on whose care they depend ; in whom they see no fault, in whom, to their understanding, is embodied the glorious idea of perfectness. But no less beautiful, and far more touching, is the love which binds together elder beings ; those in the noon-day of life, who, having survived, struggled with and conquered the sickening sense of disappointment which every mortal feels on first awaking to the conviction that their idols are of clay, return again with attachment which is strengthened by the trial of enlightenment ; return to love, despite all follies, faults and sins ; return to love with a hopeful and forbearing tenderness, conscious of similar follies, faults and sins, strong to sympathize, mighty to love ! Such beings having so awakened, so returned to the wiser, more sentient affection, are enabled to offer up a sacrifice, for self-immolation, for a lofty and pure enjoyment of the Divinity within !

I but echo the words of the poet, "It seems as though the truest love is less than God!" If the satisfaction which we find in blessing with agony is not the blessing obtained that blessing is needed, to arise: an

it is possible for him to bless. Not within the circle of his own dear household will the affections of such a one center; not at the altar of his own particular church will his great offering be laid; not within the borders of the country of his birth will his affections be limited; not alone around those of his own kind will the arms of his divinity be laid; oh, no! from his warm heart prayers will ascend for all the dwellers upon earth; at the door of a common humanity his love will manifest itself; he will know no distinctions of rank or station; he will acknowledge no degradation but that of vice; will see no glory but that of moral, spiritual excellence. Such a man, with sympathies which know no limitation, will be conscious of a love that is worthy its heavenly origin; such a being will live a truly glorious life; such a one can alone be said to *truly live*. * * *

Exalt the standard of love: let it not be confounded with an evanescent fancy, a deceiving passion, a wicked desire, and the miseries attendant on this divinity would no longer remain such popular proverbs. Purify the spirit of love, strengthen it; rouse it effectually from a diseased existence; what would follow? Surely the great heart of humanity would not become chilled, cold, insensible, dead!

If we come to see each other in the true manliness and womanliness of our human nature; if we dispense entirely forever with the mists of frenzied imagination, shall we lose ground? Shall we be degraded mutually by this truthful contemplation? Believe it not!

How much of wonderful and beautiful significance is there in this name, Love! How much of attractive, independent power is there in this spirit, Love! Oh, it is no will-o'-the-wisp, but an angel, that leads us, not certainly oftenest over beds of moss, through gardens of thornless roses! The blood of martyrs who for love's sake bent meekly under the axe of the executioner; the cross of . . . the incarnate Jesus; are not these a witness and a proof, if we need look abroad for such, that ease, luxury and selfish enjoyment are not the ends for which we were created—are not the issue, are not the reality of love? Through the instrumentality of this divinity in man do we receive assurance of earth's final release from bondage to sin. Not in these bloody wars, which kindle the evil spirits of the nations; not in these strifes for precedence, not in these efforts for increase of dominion, does the hope of our final and complete redemption from the thralldom of sin lie.

When the sound of battling armies shall be hushed forever; when the greedy thirst for gain finds lodgment no longer in the souls of men; when the bondmen of Satan rise, and quaff no more the poisoned waters of moral leprosy and death; when the Angel of the Lord comes forth in the heavens to proclaim the beginning of the Prince of Peace's reign, then shall we know that a power mightier than all the armies of earth has been acting on the heart's corruption with all the purifying influences of fire; then shall we know that love has been understood; that it has arisen and put on its mighty power; that it has flung away the disguises mortals would put upon it, assumed its own "beautiful garments," and finally appeared the agent of the Almighty; the purification and the exaltation of humanity. Recognized then, a perpetually reproducing power, love will bring forth its natural, its heavenly fruits, of justice, of truth, of forbearance, endurance, forgiveness, charity, faith, hope; in short, of perfect religion.

Oh! let us learn of it now! Inasmuch as this life is but the dim-lit corridor leading into the dominions of our Father's glory, the Land of Love, let us purify our hearts, let us recognize and act upon the presumption of the immutable necessity of godliness of living; instead of charming the heart and its affections in a bondage to earth, against which Reason with her loud voice cries, let us raise our hopes and aspirations; let us exalt our loves, and never of these toys of earth assert, "Herewith I am content."

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**BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.**—Some one who had a due appreciation of the beauty and attractiveness of the female character, has remarked:—"The heart of woman draws to itself the love of others, as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty."

## Psychological Department.

### A DREAM AND THE INTERPRETATION THEREOF.

They stood by her bedside—the father and mother of the maiden—and watched her slumbers. For she had returned weary from Seville after a long absence from this her Lisbon home. They had not gazed on that fair, innocent face for many a month past, and they too smiled and pressed each the other's hand, as they marked a radiant smile playing round the mouth of the sleeper. It was a smile brimful of happiness—the welling up of a heart at perfect peace. And it brought gladness to the hearts of the parents, who would fain have kissed the cheek of their gentle girl, but refrained, lest it should break the spell—lest even a father's and a mother's kiss should dull the blessedness of the dreamer. So sleep on, Luise! and smile ever as thou sleepest—though it be the sleep of death. Those people were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the things of home and heart. Luise, the first-born, had been staying with a Spanish relative, who had taken charge of her education, and had now come to her native Lisbon "for good." Three younger children there were—blithe, affectionate prattlers—whose glee at the recovery of Luise had been so exuberant, so boisterous, that they were now sent to play in the neighboring vineyards, that they might not disturb their tired sister's repose.

Long played that smile upon her face; and never were the two gazers tired of gazing, and of souling as they gazed. Luise, they thought, had seemed a little sad as well as weary when she alighted at the dear familiar door. But this smile was so full of joy unspeakable, so fraught with beatific meaning, so reflective of beatific vision, that it laughed their fears away, and spoke volumes where the seeming sorrow had not even spoken words.

The shrill song of a mule-driver passing by the window aroused the sleeper. The smile vanished, and as she started up and looked hastily and inquiringly around, a shade of mingled disappointment and bewilderment gathered darkly on her brow.

"You must turn and go to sleep again, my child," whispered the mother: "I wish Pedro were not so proud of his voice, and then you might still be dreaming of pleasant things."

"I was dreaming, then?" said Luise, somewhat sadly. "I thought it was real, and it made me so happy! Ah, if I could dream it again, and again,—three times running, you know—till it became true!"

"What was it, Luise?" asked her father. "We must know what merry thought made you so joyful. It will be a dream worth knowing, and therefore worth telling."

"Not at present," interrupted his wife. "Let her get some more rest; and then, when she is thoroughly refreshed after such a tedious journey, she will make us all happy with realities as well as dreams."

"And are dreams never realities?" asked the girl, with a sigh.

"Child! child! if we are going to be philosophical and all that, we shall never get you to sleep again. Don't talk any more, my Luise; but close your eyes, and see if you can't realize a dream; that will be the best answer to your question."

"I can't go to sleep again," she answered; "see, I'm quite awake, and it's no use trying. And with the sun so high too! No; you shall send me to bed an hour or two earlier to-night, and to-morrow morning will find me brisk as a bee. I've so much to hear, and so much to tell, that to sleep again before dusk is out of the question."

So she arose; and they went all three and sat down in the little garden. Luise eyed eagerly every flower and every fruit tree, and had something to say about every change since she had been there last. But ever and anon she would look earnestly into the faces of her parents—and never without something like a tear in her large lustrous eyes.

Of course they questioned her upon this. And she, who had never concealed a thought or a wish from them, told them in her own frank, artless way, why she looked sorrowful when she first

saw them, after a prolonged separation, and how it was that, in her sleep, thoughts had visited her that were messengers of peace and gladness—whose message it had saddened her to find, on waking, but airy and unreal.

At Seville she had been as happy as kindness and care could make one so far from, and so fond of home. But a childish fancy, she said, had troubled her—childish she knew, and a thing to be ashamed of, but haunting her none the less—visiting her sleeping and waking hours; a feeling it was of dejection at the idea of her parents growing old, and of change and chance breaking up the wonted calm of her little household circle. That the march of time should be so irresistible, that his flight could not be stayed or slackened by pope or kaiser, that his decrees should be so immutable, his destiny so inexorable, and that the youngest must soon cease to be young, and the middle aged become old or die,—this was the thought that preyed on her very soul. She could not endure the conviction that her own father must one day walk with a less elastic step, and smile on her with eyes ever loving indeed, but more and more dimmed with age—and that her own mother must one day move to and fro with tottering gait, and speak with the tremulous accents of those old people who, it seemed to Luise, could never have been children at all. It was a weak, fantastic thought, this; but she could not master it, nor escape its presence.

And when she met them on the threshold of the beloved home—ah, the absentee's rapid glance saw a wrinkle on her father's cheek that was new to her, and it saw a clustering of gray hairs on her mother's brow, where all had been raven black when Luise departed for Seville. Poor Luise! The sorrows on her young heart were enlarged. Time had not been idle. True, he had stolen no charm from her little playmates. Carlos was a brighter boy than ever; and as for that merry Zingara-like Isabel, and the yet merrier Manuel—they were not a whit changed, unless for the better, in look, and manner, and love. Still the too-sensitive Luise was hurt at the thought that they could not be always children—that time was bent on effacing her earliest and dearest impressions, removing from her home that ideal of family relationship to which all her affections clung with passionate entreaty. Whatever the future might have to reveal of enjoyment and endearment, the past could never be lived over again; the past could never be identified with things present and things to come; and it was to the past that her heart was betrothed—a past that had gone the way of all living, and left her, as it were, widowed and not to be comforted.

"And now I will tell you my dream," said poor foolish Luise, "and you will see why I looked so happy in sleeping, and sorry in waking. I thought I was sitting here in the garden—crying over what I have been telling you—and suddenly an angel stood before me, and bade me weep not. Strange was his form, and sunny in its exceeding brightness; I was not frightened, for his words were very, very gentle, and his look too full of kindness to give me one thrill of alarm. And he said that what I had longed for should be granted; that my father and mother should not grow old, nor Carlos cease to be the boy he now is, nor Isabel grow up into a sedate woman, nor Manuel lose the childishness for which we all pet him, nor I feel myself forsaking the old familiar past, and launching into dim, troublous seas of perpetual change. He promised that we should one and all be freed from the great law of time; and that as we are this day, parents and children, so we should continue forever—while vicissitude and decay must still have sway in the great world at large. Can you wonder that I smiled? Or that it pained me when I awoke, and found that the bright angel and the sweet promise were only—a dream?" . . .

There was no lack of conversation that evening in that Lisbon cottage. All loved Luise; and she, in the midst of so many artless tokens of affection and of triumph at her return, forgot all the morbid fancies that had given rise to her dream, and was as light-hearted, and as light-footed, as in days of yore. All gave themselves up to the reality of present gladness; every voice trembled with the music of joy; every eye looked and reflected love. There was no happier homestead evening in Lisbon, nor in the world.

But ere many hours, Lisbon itself was tossing and heaving with the throes of dissolution. The sea arose tumultuously against the tottering city; the ground beneath fire, and quaked, and burst asunder; the houses reeled and fell, and thousands of inmates perished in the fall. Among them, none dire sloop, the tenants of that happy cottage home. Together did these mortals put on their mortality.

And thus was the dream fulfilled.

### Intelligence of a Bird.

We heard a story of the performance of a robin in the garden of one of our citizens, on Friday last, which interested us not a little, inasmuch as the little creature and his mate exhibited a sagacity amounting to human reason. The incident occurred in the garden of Mr. John Bronham, which is a large one, reaching from his house in Olive street over to Warren street. While he was attending to some part of it, near his house, a robin flew about him, apparently in great excitement. He took but little notice of it at first: but the bird persevered in every effort to attract his attention, and was soon successful. Mr. B. remembered that there was a robin's nest in a tree at the end of the garden, and thought there might be some trouble there, and started in that direction. The bird accompanied him, keeping close by his side, chattering violently all the way. On approaching the nest, he found the female bird equally agitated, and on taking a deliberate observation, discovered a very young robin sitting on the high fence, and a cat below, intently watching it, and ready to pounce upon it on the failure of its attempt to reach the tree. Mr. B. drove away the cat, when the two birds instantly came to the assistance of their young one, encouraged it to try its new fledged wings for the tree, which it did, and safely reached its nest, to the great apparent delight of the whole feathered family. The bird had seen enough of Mr. B. to know that he would not injure it or its progeny—it knew that he could protect them, and knew how to attract his attention and lead him to the scene of danger—and it knew that it would not be safe for it to encourage its young one to make any effort to reach the tree while the dreaded enemy was below, ready to spring upon it in case of its failure. Is not all this very near akin to human reason?—*New Haven Journal*.

### A Prediction Verified.

Tradition has preserved a singular anecdote of John Thatcher, a son of one of the first settlers in Massachusetts. He was married in 1661 to Rebecca Winslow, and being on his way to Yarmouth with his bride, they stopped for the night at the house of one Colonel Gorham, at Barnstable. In the merry conversation with the newly married couple, an infant was introduced, about three weeks old, and the night of her birth was mentioned to Mr. Thatcher;—he observed it was on the very night when he was married, and taking the child in his arms, presented it to his bride, saying,

"Here, my dear, is a little lady, born on the same night we were married; I wish you would kiss her, for I intend to have her for my second wife."

"I will, my dear," she replied, to "please you, but I hope it will be long before your intention is fulfilled." Then, taking the babe, she kissed it heartily, and so gave it into the nurse's hands.

This jesting prediction was eventually verified. Mr. Thatcher's wife died, and the child, arriving at mature age, actually became his second wife in 1684.—*Salem Mercury*.

### Curious Ordeal.

There is a curious ordeal in India, which shows the action of fear upon the salivary glands. If a wrong is committed, the suspected persons are brought together, and each required to keep a quantity of rice in his mouth for a certain time, and then put it out again; and, with the rice in his mouth, the man who has done the deed puts it out, and the consequence of the fear of his mind keeping back

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

A. J. F. B. EDITOR.

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## NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

NUMBER SEVEN.

It was never intended that we should all sustain the same character. We see no analogy any where to even hint such a conclusion. Every thing in the world is made of groups, varieties and species. True religion, therefore, must be based upon this truth, and must every where recognize a variety in unity and unity in variety, and must apply this law to human character as it is every where else observable.

The night makes stars visible that the day conceals, so sorrow brings worlds of thought to view that prosperity had failed to make discernable.

By the natural workings of law, at the termination of a storm, the rainbow is produced. So naturally at the termination of sorrow does Hope spring up and expand its wings between us and that spiritual orb through which our light cometh.

The same circumstances will develop other and higher faculties in some than in others—every thing being dependent upon the original germ, which frequently produces or modifies existing circumstances so as to secure the law of its growth.

The aristocrat is a counterfeit of nature, and not its reality. Nor is this so because every thing should be brought to a level. The fields have their prophet flowers—some mountains are higher than others, and some of the stars are centers to other worlds and systems of worlds. But there is harmony, beauty, and use seen in all we herein behold. The flowers send out their fragrance to all, and beautify the whole landscape; the larger orbs become centers and suns to the lesser, and as the higher mountains serve to catch the early sunlight and to receive more of the dew and rain to fertilize the fields beneath, so the higher natures become to the multitudes their prophets, through which the divine Wisdom and Love flow to them.

We must not look chiefly to high places and stations for the greatest exhibition of worth and intelligence, or the greatest and most enduring happiness. The higher the mountain, the colder the air by which it is visited,—the nearer the home of the cloud and the storm. There is many a quiet home, whose retirement is as sweet as that of a little rivulet, in some quiet nook on the slope of a hill side, whose light comes so warm and gently to its bosom, that it sometimes seems it made it alone its care.

As light purifies the air by which we subsist, so does Truth purify the atmosphere by which the soul is surrounded.

As light without heat would make a cold and barren earth, so intelligence without goodness makes a cold and barren society. As heat without light would scorch and consume every thing with which it might come in contact, so love without intelligence destroys all the delicate plants of the soul, and engenders those coarse and vulgar productions that are so offensive to the eye and unbecoming in their distorted growth.

He that overcomes one wrong, secures the strength that wrong contained by which to overcome the next temptation.

We cannot say, without profanation, that man can truly make laws by which to govern. If it had been the aim of the world to discover those laws that exist, and which by their wisdom and universality are applicable to every mode of society, there would have been less of tyranny, injustice, and suffering. The true

prophet can no more be led away from a disregard to human legislation, when his will is immersed in that of the Almighty, and the laws of human enactment conflict with his, than the dew drop can help being exhaled by the sun, or a stream can resist its course. If it were otherwise, where is that oneness of relationship existing between us and the Father, when his spirit and our souls are said to meet.

The sparkle of the diamond may always be seen, whether you break it into pieces or carry it into a dark room. Its qualities are natural to it. So is it with the pure and elevated soul—it has qualities which no adversities can destroy and no circumstances change.

There is no one mode of life that we should endeavor to maintain, except that of full and complete harmony in the whole. He whose life is pitched altogether upon one key, becomes monotonous, and he must have a sluggish spirit to be at rest even with himself. The harp has many strings. Has not the soul as many, and should not its tones be as varied? There is a child-likeness, or simplicity of character, that is sometimes beautiful to witness, but there are other times when it would be unmanly and effeminate. He has the most accomplished soul who has the power to produce the most varied and artistic results in his life, as the same law is as applicable here as to the artist in any other sphere or domain of life.

We are so constituted that no man can live alone for himself. Our influence is for good or for evil. The scent of the rose is perfume; the breath of the poisonous weed is noisome and deathly. Whatever we are at heart, that influence do we exert.

The groves without birds, the sea without fishes, the fields without flowers, are like a home without children!

As God is always the same, and the principles of His government always the same, hence nature, progression, and development are but repetitions of the same law on a higher and still higher scale. Hence analogy is prophet to the soul to unravel those laws, and to introduce us into the presence-chamber of the Almighty.

Where there is error or corruption, revolution is in the end inevitable, as particles out of order have no laws for permanent adhesion. Without activity there can be no life. The sea would grow stagnant were it not for the agitation of the waves.  
S. H. LLOYD.

## Spiritual Truths.

Great lights in the moral and spiritual firmament have dawned upon the present generation, shedding their mild and penetrating radiance deep into the human soul. The rolling mists of skepticism and the murky vapors of superstition are rolling away, revealing truths deep in their significance, and sublime in their grandeur. The effulgence from the great truth of the eternal progression of our race, has pierced the dark veil of uncertainty and awe that has so long shrouded the entrance to the Spirit-land. We no longer stand trembling upon the threshold of life, fearing

"To be we know not what,  
We know not where,"

but anticipation and bright hope are our companions through the portals that open into endless day.

"Be ripening! be ripening!  
Mature your silent way."

The luminous rays from another kindred truth shines full upon us, viz: that there is no absolute evil in the universe—establishing what a keen-sighted philosopher affirmed in days that are gone:

"Whatever is right."

The influence of this truth upon the spirit is like that of the



"small rain upon the tender herb." Recrimination, discord and dissatisfaction, are changed into the image of content, reposing upon the bosom of Peace.

Among this galaxy of divine truths none beams with a more grateful luster than the following, viz: The innate tendency of the human spirit to excellence. The soul rising, crushed and fevered, from under the load of the false accusations and anathemas of the old theology, bathes itself in the cool waters of this heavenly truth, and comes forth exhilarated and refreshed, and rousing its native energies, shakes off the dementing, paralyzing coil of false opinions, and towards the Central point of attraction ascends forever.

M. F. C.

### THEODORE PARKER'S DISCOURSES ON RELIGION.

To those already well grounded in the Harmonial faith, this work would not present so many new and startling disclosures of orthodox error, as to one who had never analyzed the subject with the view of arriving at truth; and when the opposers of our Philosophy allege that it is the spiritual developments of the day that alone is "leading multitudes astray," let them peruse this work of free and independent reasoning, and see what result is accomplished when Reason is allowed its natural and legitimate province in matters of religion as well as on other subjects. When the friends of our belief encounter those who will not credit the claims of Davis' work, or other revelations, either from reliable clairvoyants or spiritual communications, and when such strenuously maintain that the Bible is the revealed word of God, without error or contradiction, then we would earnestly recommend that these (if they will read it) be furnished with the above work. Those unacquainted with it would doubtless be interested with a few quotations therefrom. A few, among the many which would be read with profit, we here present. Page 95.—"The conception which a man forms of God depends on the character and attainment of the man himself." On the same subject again, on page 125: "Each man's conception of God is his conception of a man carried out to infinity; . . . it is the index of their soul." Page 128.—"A man rude in spirit must have a rude conception of God; he thinks the Deity like himself. If a buffalo had religion, his conception of Deity would probably be a buffalo, fairer-limbed, stronger, and swifter than himself, grazing in the fairest meadows of Heaven. If he were superstitious, his service would consist in offerings of grass, of water, of salt; perhaps in abstinence from the pleasures, comforts, necessities of a bison's life. His Devil would also be a buffalo, but of another color—lean, vicious, and ugly." Page 111.—"The conception of the form of future life depends on the condition and character of the believer. Hence it is a state of war or peace; of sensual or spiritual delight; of reform or progress, with different nations. The notion formed of the next world is the index of the man's state in this." Page 198—alluding to the system of Biblical theology—"It says the canon of Revelation is closed; God will no longer act on men as heretofore; we come at the end of the feast—are born in the latter days and dotage of mankind, and can only get light by raking amid the ashes of the past, and blowing its brands, now almost extinct. It denies that God is present and active in all spirit as in all space—thus it denies that He is infinite. Men ask of this system, How do you know . . . God has no further revelation to make? The answer is—'we find it convenient to assume all this, and have accordingly banished Reason from the premises, for she asks troublesome questions. We condescend to no proof of the facts. You must take our word for that.' Thus the main doctrines of the theory rest on assumptions; on no facts." Page 256—on the subject of miracles. "Now it is a notorious fact that the genuine Epistles, the earliest christian documents, make no mention of any miracles performed by Jesus; and when we consider the character of Paul, his strong love of the marvelous, the manner in which he dwells on the appearance of Jesus to him after death, it seems surprising, if he believed the other miracles, that he does not allude to them." Page 316—Moses' intercession with God when the 'chosen people' rebelled. God's reply. "How long will this people provoke me? . . . I will

smite them with the pestilence and disinherit them, and make of thee a greater nation and mightier than they." But Moses, more merciful than his God, attempts to appease the Deity, and that by an appeal to his vanity. "And Moses said unto Jehovah—If thou wilt kill all this people as one man, then the nations will speak, saying, Because Jehovah was not able to bring this people into the land, he swore unto them, therefore he hath slain them." Then he appeals to his Deity: "Pardon the iniquity of this people . . . Jehovah is of long suffering and of great mercy, forgiving iniquity and transgression, but by no means clearing the guilty." Jehovah consents, but adds, "As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of Jehovah," but, "because all these men have tempted me now these ten times, . . . surely they shall not see the land I swore unto their fathers, . . . your carcasses shall fall in the wilderness, . . . in this wilderness shall they be consumed, and there they shall die." If an unprejudiced christian were to read this for the first time in a heathen writer—and it was related of Kronos or Moloch, he would say, "What foul ideas these heathens had of God;—thank Heaven we are christians, and cannot believe in a Deity so terrible." Page 432—giving a delineation of the popular theology.—"It makes religion unnatural to man, . . . it paves hell with children's bones; has a personal devil in the world to harry the land, and lure or compel men to eternal woe. Its God is diabolical. It puts an intercessor between God and man; relies on the Advocate. Can not the Infinite love his frail children without teasing? Needs He a chancellor to advise him to use forgiveness and mercy? Can men approach the Everywhere-present only by attorney, as a beggar comes to a Turkish king? Away with such folly! Christ bears his own sins, not another's. How can his righteousness be 'imputed' to me! Goodness out of me is not mine—helps me no more than another's food feeds or his sleep refreshes me. Adam's sin—it was Adam's affair, not mine."

The work is for sale by Charles C. Little and James Brown, Boston.

### Bible Discrepancies.

Those who maintain that the Bible is harmonious within itself, should be able to reconcile such dissonances that are found in it as the following: In Numbers, xiv. and 22d, it is affirmed of God that he has been "tempted" by the Israelites "ten times," whilst in James, i. and 13th, it is said, "God can not be tempted." In Leviticus, vi., 8th, and 9th, the Lord is represented as giving a special law concerning burnt offerings and sacrifices; in Jeremiah, vii. and 22d, he says, "he neither spake," unto the Israelites, nor gave them any "commands" concerning burnt offerings or sacrifices. Deuteronomy, iv. and 8th, speaks of the righteousness of God's statutes to the Israelites;—in Ezekiel, xx. and 25th, it is declared he "gave them statutes that were not good, and judgments whereby they should not live." The New Testament affirms that God is "without variableness or shadow of turning;" while the Old says, that it repented Him that he had made man upon the earth. In Psalms ciii. and 8th, it is said, "The Lord is slow to anger;" and in Psalms, vii. and 11th, we read that he is "angry with the wicked every day."

There is no limit to the contradictions with which this book abounds; and as a matter of self-defence, when the friends of our Philosophy are assailed by the accusation that we would decry the merits of the Bible—"the faultless word of divine inspiration"—they should be ready with passages like the above, to meet and silence the charge. We should not for a moment forget that it is not because the Harmonial Philosophy is considered an unreasonable theory by the multitudes who oppose it, that they thus strive to arrest its progress;—indeed many will admit that it is a beautiful and desirable system, "but it opposes the Bible," they say. Now for ourselves, we fully concur in the mark once made to us by our departed brother, and of this paper, that "the first duty to be performed, the general spread of truth, is to convince the world that it is not the inspired word of God." This will create a field of conflict between truth and error, and he

be willing to meet our opposing brethren. In this, our bearing should be mild, gentle, and charitable, respecting always the honest motives of those who differ from us, but ever ready, at all times and on all proper occasions, to meet the subject at issue with an unwavering constancy. We think with Bishop Hall, that "things should not be done by halves;" nothing carries so great an influence in advocating a new system, as the boldness and integrity with which it is promulgated and supported. Reader, suppose you are now a church-member, and your investigations after truth have convinced you of the fallacy of the doctrines that have been the ground-work of your former faith; would you like to assert your new belief, but do you *fear* to do so?—and do you in such an emergency turn to us and ask us what would be our course if involved in such a dilemma? If so, we will reply that we *have* been precisely thus situated, and when thoroughly convinced of the claims our new belief made upon our course of action, we at once desired an excommunication (that being the only door through which we could retire from our then existing relationship with the church); and it was effected. But do you hesitate in such a step, not knowing in what manner your present religious associates would regard you should you venture to sever your relationship with them? We can further inform you that you would be "waited upon" by a church committee—admonished, entreated, expostulated with,—and this continued until it were seen that you were conscientiously resolute in maintaining your new position; then you would subsequently be left to enjoy quietly your own opinion. If (as James Victor Wilson says) "we seek truth for *truth's sake*," we may be assured that the calm delight it imparts to those who follow in her bright pathway, will amply indemnify us for any sacrifices of an earthly nature which may attend our departure from the popular, but unsatisfactory way of darkness and error. And if the sundering of the bonds of church union should alienate the sympathies of some of our friends for a time—yea, and even through life—the time we know is coming when "that which are loosed on earth" shall, in far sweeter and happier ties than are conceived of by mortals now, "be bound again in heaven," in bonds indissoluble as the unfading realities which garnish the Paradise of the soul's immortal being.

C. N.

*Poughkeepsie, July 3, 1851.*

### Notes of Individual Experience.

We are gratified in presenting to the reader another interesting communication from the pen of an esteemed correspondent of Mr. Davis, to whom the exalted sentiments of the soul are poured forth in the following earnest words:—

New York, July 7, 1851.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—As the flowers of the earth lift their forms to the east to catch the first light of the morning, so do the seekers of divine light raise their thoughts upward to be illuminated by the unfoldings of Nature. How vast are the riches contained in the universe! The storehouse is filled with undying love, the inheritance of her children. But how few feel this great truth!—how few seek for true light!—how few discover or know any thing of the laws of their own being! Man as yet has not progressed to the wisdom sphere, but is now in a transition state, passing from the fourth to the fifth degree of progression, that is, from the plane of sensation to the plane of wisdom, the apex of the first sphere, reaching to the lowest plane of the second, or first spiritual sphere; hence it becomes natural and proper that man should receive an influx from the higher to unfold his future destiny. Such is the fact. Further, it must be observed by intelligent minds, that elevated thought has outgrown the dogmas and forms of society, and is leaving such behind and casting them off as the butterfly casts off the grossness of the caterpillar to enable it to ascend to the sunny bowers of light. As truth dawns so will reason catch the light, and the dusky monuments of the past will become unfit habitations for enlightened man.

By the harmonial unfoldings of natural laws we are taught that the more elevated part of society are passing into a higher form,—that spirit is becoming more refined and calls for a high-

er development. Witness the constant changes, the number of reformers, the throes of society throughout the civilized world,—all, all point to the coming era of man's elevation, the kingdom of Peace on earth. Dear Brother, the future is full of hope;—there is no death, but life immortal. The imagination cannot conceive or the tongue utter one half. I am filled with wonder and joy daily by the celestial teachings. The primeval form of matter, the great breathing of nature to unfold a universe, the unfolding of the five degrees of spirit, the five circles of suns in the material universe, the celestial spheres (seven in number), have been explained to my understanding. I will give you the introduction which I received by impression of the cosmogony of the Universe; it is as follows:—

"To the finite comprehension of man the primeval form of matter has never been comprehended. The greatest imagination that ever existed on earth has never conceived or been able to entertain a remote conception. The mind when passing back to the first great Cause, draws conclusions from present effects, and no one has ever lived who could grasp the mighty unfoldings of nature. Precedents and unfavorable circumstances have established prejudices, instead of unfolding his Reason. The vigor of his intellect has been dwarfed, his mind has not unfolded by the teachings around him, but lies buried beneath a mountain of superstitious ignorance. To trace all things up to their first simple form, if he were capable, would shock his fears, and he would shrink in terror from such an investigation. But to such as are willing to listen to eternal and living truths, a knowledge will be given that may enable them to form some idea of the mighty operations that have unfolded a universe."

Fraternally thine,

C. C. W.

### Report from Worcester.

WORCESTER, July, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps you would be pleased to learn something of the progress of spiritual truth in this city. As yet we stand rather low in the number of professed advocates of the truths of our Philosophy, but there are quite a large number of incipient believers who are not as yet sufficiently free from the shackles of superstition and the fear of ridicule to announce themselves as such. A few there are who stand firm in the faith, and are not afraid nor ashamed to avow not only a belief but a realization of the truth which has been so clearly revealed in this age. We have here but one fully developed medium that is yet known, though quite a number are in process of development.

In the Messenger, a short time since, I perused the letter from your Philadelphia friend with much interest, as I have reason to believe that the spirits are operating upon me in the same manner as on this friend's sister,—my hand having been moved to write, and thus recite facts entirely unknown to myself or to any one present. At times my whole arm presents the appearance of being psychologized; at other times it is made to move rapidly, rapping out tunes or spelling sentences, and once I was stopped suddenly in speaking, and every member of my body became rigid. The sensation I experienced was, that I had lost all power of feeling, and was suspended in the air. I would here state that I am not a psychological subject, and have never been affected by any magnetizer, though the experiment has been tried a number of times.

Other manifestations of spirits have been made in my house, of a very interesting nature. Notwithstanding the opposition that has arisen on all sides, the demonstrations of spiritual power still continue, and our opposers are obliged to confess that it is indeed "mysterious rapping." Trusting that some one better able to do justice to Worcester will soon present a more enlarged report, I lay aside my pen with the desire that you may be abundantly assisted in spreading a knowledge of the truth.

Yours truly,

K. W. T.

The labors of the editor are at present necessarily diversified and somewhat severe, he being engaged in the composition of a work on Spiritual Science, which fact prevents him just now