

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. I.

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## The Principles of Nature.

### POLITICS AND PROGRESS.

It seems evident that the progressive movements of the age, which are now becoming extensively introduced among the people, are destined to exert an important influence on the political interests of this republic. The spirit of reform, which, with resistless power, is now moving the great heart of humanity, will ultimately seek an outward manifestation in the formation of one grand Brotherhood, in which there will be no conflicting interests and no party strifes, but where internal freedom and purity shall constitute the standard of human worth, and the position and office of the individual shall correspond with his interior development. In the light of this conception, we may appreciate the following remarks on the above subject, which are extracted from the Kalamazoo Gazette:—

Great movements are now in progress among politicians, designed to have an important bearing on the next struggle for the Presidency. To a calm observer of the various moves now making on the political chess board, there is ample room to study the motives and tendencies of the human mind, in its present misdirected state, both in an individual and aggregate point of view. The great propelling power is evidently self-love—a desire of self exaltation. Politicians who are most conspicuous in the agitations now taking place, are men having a sharp eye to their own private interests. Think you that love of country lies at the bottom of the mock enthusiasm with which certain individuals and combinations are at present so violently seized? Think you they will fail to remind their favorite Presidential candidate—should he succeed—that they were his "ORIGINAL" and "earliest" friends? Should the question be asked, why they became so early the zealous and active friends of the object of their particular choice, think you the true answer would be—"Because we loved our country, its institutions, and mankind; and because we sincerely thought him best calculated to subserve the highest interests of humanity." Think you not the more candid response would be—"We desired to be first in the field—to forestall the less active—to bring forward the most available candidate—and in the end, to reap a rich harvest of individual emolument and personal distinction. This has come to be a necessary game in politics, and if we did not avail ourselves of it, others would." Such is the principle upon which our important national political movements have come to be conducted; and the fact is palpable and evident to the most superficial observer. In fact, it is well understood by the great mass of the people of our country. Yet a tacit consent is yielded to it, as though it were a necessary concession to human frailty.

Now we protest. We are in the midst of an enlightened era; when the intellect and higher faculties of man are unfolding to their perfect development—when holier motives and incentives should animate the movements of political combinations in our favored country, in whose hands are placed momentous human interests, and to whom the world is looking for guidance and example. In the name of Heaven, we ask, is human nature sunk so low as to see no virtue beyond the gratification of self; no higher principle of action than personal exaltation at whatever cost to our fellow-associates in the great drama of this lower life? We cannot believe it. We have an inherent faith—an undying hope—that man's interior nature is now unfolding and progressing towards that high condition which is a fit type of the new life that lies beyond the boundary of this transitory exist-

ence. A deep, low voice, like the murmuring of distant music, is beginning to be heard by the down-trodden millions of earth, whispering sweet words of heavenly cheer, and proclaiming soul-stirring messages from the Spirit-land,—beckoning the o'er-wearied pilgrim of earth to the blissful abode that lies across the dark Valley of the Shadow of Death.

Are we too sanguine when we utter this hope for the future? Is it true that man's better nature is ever to be crushed down and stifled by the selfish and degrading antagonisms that have distracted society for long, long ages past? Is there no bright spot this side of the dark river, towards which mortals can stretch their longing gaze, and descry the New Atlantis, and be at peace? Alas, if to these momentous inquiries no cheering response comes back!

Doubt not. Man is throwing off the shackles of ages. Progress and development are defining his rights and his duties. Wealth is ceasing to be all in all; man is advancing onward and upward. Soon love of neighbor will be developed; and the Supreme Governor be appealed to in spirit and in truth. Instead of the accumulation of vast heaps of earthly dust, treasures will be laid up where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.

Soberly and in good faith, we believe we are justified by the spirit of the age, and the foreshadowing of coming events, in speaking thus positively on this momentous topic. A new field, we believe, is soon to be opened, which will change the whole aspect of human society. The struggles of men after wealth, after earthly place and distinction, after vain fashions and transitory gewgaws, will be exchanged for far higher and far nobler aspirations. That interior nature—that immortal essence—which assimilates man to the Deity, will soon be considered worthy of proper care and development. That conscience which has been so often stifled in the pursuit of gain, in the gratification of the animal nature, in the race after power and worldly distinction, will then find a voice whose every admonition will be heard and heeded. The ever-living soul will then be thought worthy the attention of mortals, especially as its inmost recesses will be exposed to the light of day by the mysterious vision of the inner being, exhibiting man

"Not as he has been deemed,  
Nor what he passed for, nor what he seemed,  
But as he is."

Our convictions are strong on this point. We may be deluded—deceived—fanatical. So be it. It is a happy delusion. We ask no one who objects, to share it. We shall wait the revelations of the next ten years with patience and faith.

But what has all this to do with the Presidency. This: In 1860, no great military achievements, cunning and art as a politician, nor any of the elements of success which have heretofore blinded the multitude, will control the selection; but he who stands foremost in the ranks of Humanity—who leads the van of Progress—who points his followers to the glorious height where the properly unfolded Representative of human perfection stood during his sojourn on earth—making his teachings and example the beacon light to guide their action—such a man will be sought as the chief magistrate of this progressive and favored people. The history of this nation since the momentous struggle with Great Britain, for self-government, exhibits the improvable nature of man, when his higher faculties are drawn out and expanded in the right direction. Immense progress has been made in civil and religious improvement, during the last three-quarters of a century. The Declaration of Independence contained the life-giving germ, which has been nurtured and fostered by the great democratic party, and which is now unfolding the blossoms that are soon to bear glorious fruit. Ecclesi-

astical as well as political regeneration is dawning on the world. Let us wait, patiently, the unfolding Future.

## INSANITY AND CRIME.

BY EDMUND QUINCY.

A recent English writer has broached the theory, and maintained it with much zeal and accumen, that all crime is the result of insanity. Though we are not prepared to go to this length, understanding by the term insanity a degree of mental disease which frees the persons suffering under it from all moral responsibility for his actions; still, we believe there is a groundwork of truth for the hypothesis, which is well deserving the thoughtful consideration of all who are directing their attention to this most important branch of moral science. It is an infirmity necessarily incidental to governments administered by fallible men, that they must often act in the dark, and run the inevitable risk of inflicting punishments, perhaps fatally injurious, if not technically capital, with very uncertain facilities for ascertaining the actual degree of guilt of the suffering party. Motives can only be judged of by actions—the mental state (which only constitutes guilt or innocence), by the bodily manifestation—and how very uncertain these deductions may be, and very often are, every man at all acquainted with the difficult diagnosis of mental condition, well knows. Too religious a care, therefore, cannot be bestowed in ascertaining, as far as possible, the mental health of all persons who are subjects of penal treatment.

The theory which would account for all criminal manifestations by the existence of insanity, seems to us to prove too much. Carried to its legitimate results, it must absolve immoral actions, of all descriptions, from their moral guilt, and all wrongdoers from the moral condemnation they deserve. A distinction cannot be made, in its application, between acts which men have agreed to consider deserving of public punishment, and those offences against morality which, either by connivance or necessity, go unwhipped of human Justice. We cannot believe that men do not often commit crimes, some for which they receive ignominy, and some for which they receive glory, knowing perfectly well what they are about, and who are justly responsible to God and man for what they do. And yet we are willing to concede that the clearest-headed of these offenders are not in a truly normal and healthful condition of mind. If they were, they would see that there is no necessary sequence between the end they seek, their own good, and the means they use. They do not discern their own good with wholesome eyes, and consequently must be disappointed in their plans to promote it. In this sense it is, doubtless, true, that all violations of the Divine Laws proceed from an aberration, more or less complete, from Right Reason; but not to an extent that will absolve from moral and civil accountability.

Even this modified view, however, of the mental distemperature under which offences against society are committed, will lead to great modifications in the treatment of offenders, when it comes to be intelligently made the basis of it. Society now looks upon every man who violates its laws, according to their respective importance, as actuated by an equally guilty state of mind. A margin of discretion, to be sure, is left with the Judge, to be used according to the circumstances of each particular case, but the character of the guilt, and the stigma of the punishment, is ascertained by the law on certain fixed and rigorous principles. The least punishment the law allows may be a more severe punishment to the person whom the Court thinks worthy of favor, than the uttermost penalty to an offender of a harder or a more hardened description. The process of criminal justice, administered on its present principles, is of necessity and confessedly clumsy and imperfect. It undertakes to do the most delicate of all imaginable human offices by machinery of a very coarse kind. It is as if the State should decree that diseased persons should be tried by fixed laws to ascertain their complaints, and then that certain prescribed remedies should be

applied, the *maximum* and *minimum* of the dose being fixed by law!

The hardships and inequalities in the present dispensation of penal law arise from the point of view from which Society contemplates those that are subjected to its operation. Society, in its civil capacities, looks only to its own protection. The property or the persons of its members are violated, and it seeks to prevent a recurrence of this injury by the infliction of certain pains and penalties on the guilty parties. Every person committing such and such an offence is to receive such and such a punishment. The single object of civil government is to protect itself and its orderly members from the inroads and injuries of the disorderly ones. Consequently, it has not considered how the operation of its laws affect those who suffer under them, and its tendency to influence their character and future life, for the better or for the worse. This is perfectly natural, and the necessary course of things. And it has only been by the perception of the evil that has flowed from it, and the imperfect degree in which it has answered its purpose, that men have been led to cast about and to see what can be done to change it.

Science is necessarily subsequent to experience. Facts are its substance. Science is the abstraction or projection of Facts. The Science of the prevention and cure of Crime is as yet in its infancy, because its facts are but just beginning to be observed and recorded. Like all other Sciences, while it is new it is misunderstood, misrepresented and hated. It is looked upon as the morbid friend of crime and the practical enemy of civil society. Whereas it aims at the highest good of the whole, by promoting the good of its worst parts. It is a wise physician that tells the body politic that those diseased members that are working it such pain and sorrow are not incurable; that there is balm in Gilead; that it is only by their cure that universal health can pervade the whole system. And it indicates the philosophy and the method of the cure. It is quite likely that the infant Science may not yet be entirely grown up to the full stature and strength of perfection. It may not be able to see with the eyes of maturest wisdom, or to act with the strong certainty which longer years of experience will bestow upon it. But the world is in a much better way than it was before it was born at all. Wise men see and worship its Great Future even in its humble Infancy and in its growing and questioning Childhood.

One of the first cares of this beneficent Science is to apply itself to the discovery of the mental estate of the subjects of its investigation at the time they become obnoxious to public punishment. When accurate attention is given to this observation, very many will be found who, from cerebral disease, or morbid organization, are properly the subjects of medical rather than penal treatment. The nice shades of mental aberration will be traced through the ever varying phases of accountability, and the wisest mode of treatment will be devised from patient experiment. Thus Science will return full measure, pressed down and running over, into the bosom of Humanity, from whence it went forth. And thus Civil Society will be purified and blessed by its influences. The streams of crime will be traced to their fountain head, and stopped at their source. The erring and the guilty will no longer be the Pariahs of the race. A true Civilization,—Christianity conversing with mankind—will discern its true mission to be the elevation of the low, the restoration of the outcast, the purification of the vile. Civil Society will perceive that the degraded and exposed classes, not the cultivated and refined, are the ones that most demand its oversight and its help. And in this work it will find its own exceeding great reward.—*Prisoner's Friend.*

The phenomenon of *rain without clouds*, was noticed at Northtown, by the editor of the Free Press, who says: "On the north and northwest horizon dark clouds were resting, from which lightning issued at repeated intervals. These clouds did not rise from the horizon more than thirty degrees. Over head it was perfectly clear, and the stars shone forth with remarkable brightness. In this state of the heavens, the rain commenced falling quite smartly, increasing in volume as it fell, and lasting some four or five minutes."

## THE HERO AGE.

The divinity that a man worships is almost always in the distance, afar off, as regards time or space. No matter what age you select, the hero which the people of that age worshiped had preceded the age—had gone before it. The people looked behind them to find a model. It is so now. Whatever is away off, backward, or forward for that matter, has an air of sanctity about it that commands our reverence. The present is dull, insipid, common-place and lifeless in comparison. Humanity's heroes *have been*, but *are not now*. Our saints and martyrs lived before us; the greatest patriots were of a former age. Ours is a degenerate time—we mourn the departure of earth's Eden-glory. And so to find our highest ideals of humanity—those which shall form the subject of thought and the theme of conversation in our hours of highest mental activity and exaltation, be held up to our children as the models for their imitation, and command our own most profound homage;—we travel backwards in the records of time, and in the mellow haze of antiquity find our heroes and our household gods.

This sentiment obtains with, guides and governs the mass of men.

But look again. The world is not stagnant, inert, dead. On the contrary, the activity of the age scarcely knows any limit. True it is a material activity that finds expression in commerce, manufactures, and physico-science—mainly, that prevails. But it reaches beyond this. "Speak to my people that they go forward," socially, politically, morally, is a command of the divinity of nature that is ever welling up, as a perpetually new revelation, from the depths of the infinite into the expanded soul. And men there are who heed these inspirations. With them it is almost a matter of necessity that they should. Some glaring, flagrant wrong stares them in the face; some victim of injustice demands redress. And, urged on by all the impulses of the soul, they plead that wronged one's cause, seek the removal of that wrong, and demand the recognition and establishment of the right. Men such as these were those heroes, and sages, and saints of the olden times whom now we love to honor. But never were such men more numerous than they are to-day. If even it may be contended that there are no particular examples so prominent, yet we may challenge any other age to show that it ever had such an universal diffusion of the spirit.

This, too, is an established characteristic of the age.

Between these two—Conservatism, Reverence for the Past, on the one hand, and Progression, Work for the Present, and Hope for the Future—which is worthy the people's choice as the guiding spirit of their lives?

One is discontented, dissatisfied;—it nourishes its aspiration for an ideal excellence by contemplating a far-off glory, from which we have departed—it knows nothing of the pleasures of a present joy, and bright-tinted hope for the coming time. The other is an active spirit. It lives for the present time. Its activities, its duties, its joys, are of to-day, though their consummation reaches away into the future.

Action is indispensable to development. To develop and harmonize the powers of his nature is man's highest duty. To fulfill that duty, and acquire that development, the spirit of labor and progress is required.

Thus our question is answered. The active, aggressive, onward spirit of to-day, that expresses itself, not in worship of the past, but in laborious effort for the fulfillment of present duties, and the attainment of higher good, may worthily be invoked as the good spirit of the present time. We need to be more thoroughly imbued with it, and then shall we give a true value to the activity around us, and place a more just estimate upon present tendencies. We are in no danger of placing an over-estimate upon any of these. For so long as we worship a glory past, so long shall we regard the present as common-place, and looking in dignity and high and noble aims. We revere our patriot fathers and their deeds; they are enshrined in our memories as benefactors to our country and the world; and this is well. But is it any disparagement to them to treat our own time as equally important in the world's history? Nay, is it not true

that the spirit of Democracy to-day takes a wider range and more comprehensive purpose than was dreamed of three-quarters of a century ago? Undeniably this is so; and being so, what higher duty is there than so act our part that we shall honor the present as the true Hero Age.—*Exchange*.

## Psychological Department.

## Power of Memory.

The following account of a learned Italian forcibly illustrates the remarkable degree of power to which the faculties of the human mind may attain. In the present instance we find an illustration of the power of memory:—

Signor Magliabechi, librarian of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, was born at Florence, in the year 1633. Such was the poverty of his parents, that they thought themselves happy in getting him into the service of a man that sold herbs and fruits. Here he took every opportunity, though he could not tell one letter from another, to pore over the leaves of some old books that served for waste paper, declaring that he loved it of all things. A neighboring bookseller, who observed this, took him into his service. Young Magliabechi soon learned to read, and his inclination for reading became his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his distinguishing talent. He read every book that came into his hands, and retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words, and the very manner of spelling, it singular. To make a trial of his memory, a gentleman lent him a manuscript he was going to print. Sometime after it was returned, the gentleman came to him and pretended it was lost. Magliabechi being requested to recollect what he remembered of it, wrote the whole, without missing a word or varying the spelling. He was consulted by all the learned who proposed to write on any subject. If a priest, for instance, was going to compose a panegyric on a saint, Magliabechi would tell him every author to the number of a hundred sometimes, who had said anything of the saint; naming the book and the page, and the very words. He did this so often and so readily that he came at last to be looked upon as an oracle; and Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence, made him his librarian, the most suitable office to Magliabechi's genius. In the latter part of his life, when a book came into his hands, he would read the title all over, dip here and there into the preface, dedication and prefatory advertisements, if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, sections, or chapters. After this, he could tell at any time what the book contained.

## Second Sight.

The recent demonstrations of clairvoyance in New York by two gentlemen arrived from France, are of the most satisfactory character. The Home Journal of April 12th, says:

"That one mind can be divided and inhabit two bodies—one body knowing at least, everything that the eyes of the other body see—we saw proved incontestably, and to our great astonishment yesterday. At one end of a room, forty feet long, we wrote, at a desk, with Monsieur Gandon looking over us. The nephew of this gentleman stood with his back to us, at the other end of the room, forty feet off, and without his uncle's turning towards him or speaking a word, *read what we wrote*. We tried it with words and arithmetical figures, and with chance-opened passages of books on the table. We tried it with a wall between. All that one saw the other instantly read. There is to be a public exhibition of this unexplained phenomenon, and no person of ordinary curiosity will fail to go and see its experiments. M. Gandon has been a sub-officer of the French army, and his nephew is an interesting looking lad of seventeen. Blindness would literally be no deprivation of sight to this boy—he sees with the eyes of another as with his own. Were we blind, we should lose no time in trying whether this seeing by proxy is not one of Nature's cultivatable secrets."

## THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 2, 1851.

## CLOSE OF THE VOLUME.

As will be seen by the reader, the present number completes the current volume of the Messenger. One year—a year replete with the most important events and thrilling memories—has now passed since first this paper was sent forth upon its mission. 'Tis like one who trembles in view of dangers past, that I look back to that period. Then the light which we now enjoy had but commenced its dawning—the elements of mind were in a chaotic and disordered state, and there was no established medium of communication through which kindred minds could mingle their aspirations. In this twilight of a glorious morning, the Messenger, in accordance with spiritual direction, commenced its career. With no adequate means for its support—with no general communication with the friends that are scattered abroad, it was placed on the world's great tide to buffet the waves of popular prejudice and the storms of human passion. It need not be concealed that there were then seasons of doubt, when the way that lay before us seemed dark and trackless; but we were never left uncomfortable, for when the clouds were most dense and the darkness most drear, then it was that the angels smiled most sweetly, and their voices came like music to the soul. Thus in the strength of a higher power and with the assistance of earthly friends, we have been brought so far upon our way, where in the light of the present hour we may gather new inspirations from the past, and brighter hopes for the future. How far we have succeeded in accomplishing the objects contemplated in this enterprise, we may not say; but the consciousness is deep and sweet within, that amid many difficulties and sacrifices we have labored for humanity, endeavoring to unfold the expansive principles of Nature, to elucidate the great truths relating to spiritual existence, and to breathe in every thought that free, candid and benevolent spirit which is the genius of all true reform. In this we are conscious of acting only as the agent of superior intelligences; and if the efforts we have made have done anything to enlighten, elevate and harmonize the minds of men, the object of our mission has been in some degree attained.

But the great work of spiritual reform is not yet wholly accomplished. There is still an extensive field to be cultivated—a fruitful, but neglected vineyard to be tilled, and a mighty, glorious revolution to be brought about. We have all, therefore, an important mission to perform, and so far as we perform this rightly, shall our labors be blessed. As an individual I now experience a degree of hope and confidence which I have never felt before. Since coming into interior communion with a higher sphere, it has been taught me that the spirits have now gained an influence upon the world which cannot be resisted—that they will appoint their own instruments whereby to accomplish their work, and that those instruments shall be sustained. Looking, then, to the protecting angels for renewed strength, I shall enter upon the second volume of this paper with increased labors, but with brightening prospects. May I not hope that every true friend of progress whom the Messenger now visits, will not only continue his own patronage, but will also labor to increase the number of its readers? This is not a paper which is to uphold any creed or sect; it is not one which is devoted specially to the views of any individual, but it is one whose aim shall be to search the great arcana of Nature, to present the bright realities which are breaking on our view, and to unfold the beauties of immortal truth. Towards other papers engaged in the same general field, we can cherish only the most kindly feeling;—we wish them all success in their particular missions, while we are contented to labor in the sphere appointed. Let those who are attracted, come; let those who are thirsty, drink; let those who desire the light, welcome the harbinger of its dawning.

To all who have heretofore manifested an interest in this jour-

nal, and have in any manner aided our efforts in the diffusion of spiritual truth, we would present our grateful acknowledgements. If such are content with the inward recompense of the good, looking beyond the present to the promised fruits of the future, we may hope they will still continue their exertions, knowing that the bread which is cast upon the waters will return after many days. For our part, we have no selfish object to attain; but ever, as we view the glorious destiny of humanity, an all-controlling impulse moves the living energies of the soul, and we are impelled to arise and labor in this morning of a brighter day.

R. P. A.

## The Spirit Messenger.

What a name for a newspaper! And what a name in itself! A messenger that is a spirit, and that comes from a world of spirits! Hath not that country to which go the dead when they pass from our sight, been called the Silent Land—and "the bourn from whence no traveler returns?" And what, then, can we know of it? Who shall come back to tell us of its green fields and bright suns, outshining the effulgence of the Day-spring when he pours his golden flood from the chambers of the East,—and celestial glories and fair forms of seraphs, and inexpressible blisses of angels? Who, who shall tell us of all these?

And what can we know of spirit? Dost ask a question like this, O man? What dost thou know of thyself? For thou art a spirit, and such as thou art, those who dwell in the heavenly clime are, only that they have cast off the vile body that was once their clog, and have experienced that true resurrection which thine own soul longeth and waiteth for. Yes, they have been raised from the dead, as ere long thou shalt be also! For know that thou shalt not lie in the grave a full thousand years (as thou hast often been told), and then need the trump of Gabriel to wake thee from thy oblivious sleep; but thou shalt rise at once when thou passest from earth, and find thyself among the celestials, clothed, and with a body of such grace and fitness, and immortal energy, that it should be mockery to send thee, groveling, back to the sepulchres of dead men's bones and all uncleanness, to gather again those old fragments of mortality, that from among them all thou mightest have wherewith to render thee fit to enter into life! Nay, my brother, it is not so! But thou thyself art a spirit even now, and thou art already dwelling in the Spirit-land, only thou dost not see,—like the child that is born into the world of flowers, but alas, it is blind! Look, O brother, for the spirits are indeed thick around thee!

But what about the messengers from this world of spirits? Is it true that any come back from that far-off country, to tell of the things that are there done? Do the spirits themselves thus come? Aye, that they do! They come at morn, when all nature is gay, and tell thee to rejoice. They come at eve, when all is hushed to quiet and silence, and whisper peace and bid thy heart be calm. They come in the still midnight, when no breath is on the air, but sleep yet flees from thine eyes, and say to thy secret soul—"Think, think, think of Heaven!" When thou art happy, they are with thee to share thy joy; when thou art lonely, they are thy companions to cheer thy solitude—and when thy heart is desolate and sad, they wipe the tears from thy face, and bid thee cease from thy weeping! It may be the spirit of thy father that is near, or that of thy mother that bends over thee, or one of thy cherub babies may be whispering in tender accents—"Do not forget us;" or one nearer and dearer than all else—even thy other and better self—may be hovering about thy couch and keeping angel-watch and ward over thee! O man, rejoice that thou art thus blest, and let thy heart be glad of these heavenly visitants!

But these things have always so been; even from the day when man was first on the earth. Is there nothing better for us, then, than for those of the ancient times? In good truth, yes; for these messengers come to us in new, and bolder, and better ways. They come to us in sounds that we hear, in shades that we feel, in motions that we see, and in messages that they write. And they only wait to have us progress to a higher plane, to make us yet more wonderful and far superior communications! We have not seen; nor have we heard—neither have we felt—nor have we



the heart of man to conceive," what shall soon be witnessed and experienced by the earth-children, when the spirits from the inner sphere shall come to be their fellows, and shall commune with them face to face!

J. T.

### The Spiritual World.

The following pleasant and truthful reflections, which we find in the "Spirit World," are from the pen of an esteemed brother residing in the far West, whose heart and hands are engaged in the great cause of humanity:—

"The Spiritual world! Which world is that? Is it the one in which we shall live hereafter? But who knows whether we are not living in it now? Who knows whether we have not always been living in it? Let us see.

A child is born upon the earth. He is a beautiful child, as all babes are, and he is born into being where every thing else is beautiful. There are sweet sounds to fall upon his ear, and pleasant sights to gladden his wondering eye. Insects hum, birds carol, bells chime, winds murmur, streamlets ripple, rain-drops patter, and a mother's fond voice breathes holiest tones of love—all around him. Blue bends over him from above, green bears him up from beneath, the sun sheds golden light, the moon soft radiance pours, a thousand starry orbs roll on, snows fall, flowers bloom, forests wave, and human eyes look lovingly on him—always and everywhere. Is he not dwelling in a world of beauty? Alas, he does not know it. Not one of these sounds has he ever heard, nor one of these glorious sights beheld. He is deaf—he is blind! And yet he is in the world of music and scenery, and always has been; and he only needs to have his eyes opened, and his ears unstopped, to be made conscious of the fact.

O, man! O, human brother! See, in this child, a true picture of thyself! Thou, too, art half-witted, part idiot, like this poor babe. Thou, too, art born into a world of infinite beauty, but, like him, thou comprehendest it not. Couldst thou but look clearly, thou wouldst see thyself in a land all heavenly and divine. Thou wouldst see celestial spirits surrounding thee, and even angels enfolding thee in their arms. Thou wouldst hear them speak words of holiest affection, and listen to their strains of melting music. Thou wouldst come to know thy flesh was not thyself, but only thy clod; and thou wouldst be glad to lay it off, and feel thou hadst, indeed, undergone the true resurrection, and wast now standing up in the inner spheres! Thy heart would leap at the thought of being forever a denizen of the Spirit-land, and thy soul wax strong in the eternal progression known in the home of the cherubim!

O, man! O, human brother! all this wouldst thou realize wouldst thou, like that little child, have, not thine earthly, but thy spiritual senses opened! Thou art not half born, yet. Thou hast hardly begun to see. Thou hast not begun to live. Thou hast only been dreaming awhile. O, wake! open thy eyes! Listen! interrogate Nature, commune with thine own spirit, refuse not the companionship of thy loved ones who are gone, assimilate thyself to the celestials, climb up into the bosom of the Infinite One—and thou shalt then begin to know what it is to be!

### Suggestion.

The Messenger is now sent to many places where there is but a single subscriber. Could not each individual who thus stands alone, procure with little exertion at least five additional subscribers, and so take advantage of the club price? We are satisfied that in many instances this could be easily done. Will our friends act on the suggestion?

### Secret Sympathy.

There are moments when some stormy impulse will force the heart to declare the long-buried thoughts of years—perhaps some secret instinct tells us that we are near to those who can sympathize and feel for us—perhaps these are the overflowings of grief, without which the heart would fill to bursting.

## Poetry.

### "NOT TO MYSELF ALONE."

"Not to myself alone,"

The little opening flower transported cries,  
Not to myself alone I bud and bloom:  
With fragrant breath the breezes I perfume,  
And gladden all things with my rainbow dyes;  
The bee comes sipping every eventide,  
His dainty fill;  
The butterfly within my cup doth hide  
From threatening ill."

"Not to myself alone,"

The circling star with honest pride doth boast—  
"Not to myself alone I rise and set;  
I write upon Night's coronal of jet  
His power and skill who formed our myriad host;  
A friendly beacon at heaven's open gate,  
I gem the sky,  
That man might ne'er forget, in every fate  
His home on high."

"Not to myself alone,"

The soaring bird with lusty pinion sings—  
"Not to myself alone I raise my song;  
I cheer the drooping with my warbling tongue,  
And bear the mourner on my viewless wings;  
I bid the hymnless churl my anthem learn,  
And God adore;  
I call the worldling from his dross to turn,  
And sing and soar."

"Not to myself alone,"

The streamlet whispers on its pebbly way—  
"Not to myself alone I sparkling glide;  
I scatter health and life on every side,  
And strew the fields with herb and floweret gay.  
I sing unto the common, bleak and bare,  
My gladsome tune;  
I sweeten and refresh the languid air  
In droughty June."

"Not to myself alone!"

O man, forget not thou earth's honored priest!  
Its tongue, its soul, its life, its pulse, its heart—  
In earth's great chorus to sustain thy part;  
Chiefest of guests at love's ungrudging feast,  
Play not the niggard, spurn thy native clod,  
And self disown;  
Live to thy neighbor, live unto thy God,  
Not to thyself alone.

### Lines to the Mother of my Wife in Heaven.

(Written on the death of her daughter, April 10, 1861.)

FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

Mother, receive thy daughter now  
Back to thy open arms of love,  
And on her spotless spirit-brow  
Imprint the spirit-kiss above.

To all of life's relations true,  
The task accomplished to her given,  
She comes an angel to renew  
Communion with thy soul in heaven.

Then open wide thy arms on high,  
And fold the loved one to thy breast,  
Take all of her that could not die  
To share with thee eternal rest.

And if through him who sadly sings,  
One cloud her life has overcast,  
Oh, let the pain this parting brings  
Atone for all his errors past.

—GUYARD.