

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 RIGHTS AND MISSION OF WOMAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,

BY A. J. DAVIS.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 27.]

If troubles arise — if violent and quick disputes, and altercations are developed in the nursery, the Mother knows in what way to approach each child — how to still this little one — how to admonish that one — and how to gently discipline the other; but the Father naturally knows nothing of these secrets — he can frown, and stamp down infant passion — can co-ercively and peremptorily establish a superficial obedience and harmony amongst children; but he cannot magnetically soothe, as the Mother can, the disturbed bosom into dreamless slumber.

The child is naturally attracted to its Mother's heart, into the sanctuary of its Mother's soul — but there are mothers who repel and abuse the tender spirits, who thus seek their native home within the parent-bosom. Alas! that they should ever be once repelled, or chilled in their natal atmosphere.

When the child is injured, or when it has wrought injuries, it spontaneously, and instinctively discloses to its Mother, the things whereof she interrogates. In the still evening, and in the quiet hours, the child will gaze upon its Mother's face — will look into her heart — will hush, to listen to her spirit — and thus draw into its inmost soul, impressions of parental nearness and loveliness. And in such moments, the Mother can — she has, in truth, often in one comprehensive sentence, impressed a thought, or developed an impulse, in the youthful mind, which, forming there a channel, has given direction to its every subsequent desire and enterprize.

The Mother daguerreotypes her constitution and habits upon the child; and, although subsequent education and the circumstances of its intercourse with the world, may modify and obscure, in a great measure, its early impressions, yet there are times when *nature* and *intuition* transcend superficial culture and custom, and the spirit cannot but internally *hear* and *obey* the whispering admonitions of the maternal heart, its sweet, low breathings echoed by memory; and the weary mind unrolls its pages, and on the first unblotted sheets, reads what the Mother's hand had traced.

The noblest philosophers of Greece, could not resist the impulse to quote from the nursery-vocabulary, many axioms and principles of life, the outlines and back-ground of which, were drawn by sympathizing Mothers, on their spirits, in childhood.

The rudest and most indomitable tar, rough though he may seem, and bold, while laboring to save the sinking ship, will drop a tear — not because of the fearful danger, and awful catastrophe which awaits him, but at the *remembrance* of his Mother!

The great and powerful legislator of France, Lamartine, though intellectualized by studying the profoundly sublime disclosures of ancient poets and philosophers, could not but revert to the impressions of his childhood, in his appeals to the people; they were indelibly written on the first pages of his mind, and they added, not a little, to his influence, which consisted in a straight-forward, simple announcement, of natural and mighty truths.

The influence of Mothers upon their children, and the unspeakable importance of their position in the formation and re-formation of society, and the world, is unconsciously and instinctively acknowledged by the Roman Catholic and Protestant systems of religion. Their regard, not for the husband of Ma-

ry, but for Mary as the *Mother* of Jesus, amounts, not only to positive idolatry, but to an important acknowledgment of the absolute inseparableness of her existence and constitution, with the mission and destiny of Jesus.

It is wise and good for man to acknowledge his dependence upon the world — to understand and confess that Woman builds the very foundations of national institutions and governments; and it is not wise or righteous to attempt to disguise, or escape these conclusions, for the harmonious proportions of humanity's future structure, will depend entirely upon the education and elevation of the female master-builders.

The sphere of childhood is a garden; and its cultivation depends almost exclusively upon Woman. In this garden, the love-principle (the female), is at home; the immortal germs of individual constitution and character, are deposited in the soul's rich soil; the tenderest buds of affection spring forth; and the gentle horticulturist watches and protects them day and night. The Mother understands, *how*, *when*, and *where*, the youthful buds burst forth; she understands the causes and locality of every thorn, that the unfolding flower of the spirit has developed in the process of its blooming; and there is no hand so beautifully calculated to keep those thorns from injuring the surrounding and clustering blossoms, as the hand of the gentle Mother. With tenderness, she removes and destroys the weeds (or errors), which may be found in the wide-spread garden she so carefully tends; she supports and defends the weak plant from the storms and tempests of passion and society — and her field of labor breathes forth the delightful fragrance of tenderness and affection. The tender Mother employs the choicest instrumentalities in developing each individual, and her garden bears no evidence of violence, no traces of impetuosity. But the less gentle and stern Father would trample upon the tender plants, violently pluck the thorns away, and employ heavy and unsuitable implements in cultivating the youthful mind; and then, in the place of gentleness, tenderness, and affection, there would be developed combativeness, resistance, and grossness — and the young plant would grow up rank and unbeautiful.

But it is said, that Woman is too tender, too forgiving, too weak and undecisive, to impart to children correct habits of thought, desire, and action. It is asserted that Woman spoils children, and causes them to out-grow the bounds of correct discipline, and I must acknowledge that this is sometimes true; but how clouded must be those perceptions which cannot recognize the causes of this weakness in female family government! Elsewhere, I have said that Woman does not understand herself any more than she is comprehended by Man. There are Rights of Woman which she does not claim of Man, because she is generally ignorant of her natural attractions, mission, and demands; but I am impressed to inform her of her just claims upon society, and assist her to procure them.

First: Woman builds the foundation-walls of society — this, her position and her organization impel and compel her to do — and, therefore, she needs to be educated in the peculiarities of her position; she needs to be informed that, naturally and philosophically considered, the female element is constituted wholly of divine Love — that she is an embodiment of the Love Principle; — she needs to be informed that True Marriage is the most divine, sacred, and eternal of all relations into which the human and immortal Soul enters; — she needs to be informed that True Marriage consists in, and is developed, not by flattery, passion, personal charms, age, wealth, education or perpetual deception, — but that a *true* union, a *true* oneness of Souls, is developed by an internal affinity, by the interior and eternal Law of Association; — she needs to be informed that the consequences of true marriage are of everlasting duration — that every

Spirit receives an immortal organization from birth, perfect or imperfect according to the direction and structure originally imparted to the body and mind ; and she needs to be educated in these things, — not by stratagem, by intrigue, or by a sacrifice of *natural* and *true* modesty, — but she should be enlightened in them by some paternal companion, who is sound in pure philosophy and true religion.

Let the rising generation be thus instructed, and those females who receive, and act upon this philosophy of human improvement, will impart it to their offspring ; and, at least, such, among Women, would no more be accused of "spoiling children," — nor complained of, as wanting in energetic culture of the gardens of childhood, or of being too lenient in their watchful care of the tender plants, and beautiful flowers.

I come now to consider Woman in her second sphere of action — in the Family Sphere. According to the organization and education of the female spirit will be the *home* she presents to her husband and children ; and I think it will not be denied that a Man is generally a representative of the kind of home he calls his own. The female presence *there*, is the Spirit of his life — the central spring of his joys and intellectual actions — and without her, Man is unrefined, wanting in gentleness and majesty. She displays a grace and ease in the several departments of her vocation, and breathes forth from her boundless love an atmosphere, to inhale which, is purity, refinement, and happiness. She manifests her heart in her works ; and its gentle and varied pulsations are felt throughout the veins and arteries of her household. Harmony in the family regulations develops harmony in each Individual ; because action and re-action are the inevitable results of life and animation. *Home* is a reality ; and the reality has developed the *word* which is wreathed with affections, potentialized by internal attractions — the sweet word *Home*, which is next to Mother, on every tongue, and in every heart.

The husband after discharging the duties of the day, hastens to receive the fond welcome, and meet the ready smile which beams upon the countenance of his eternal companion, joyfully returning to the refreshing scenes, and peaceful rest, of the well developed *home*.

The Child, become a Youth, desires to explore regions beyond the sphere of the sacred household attractions ; he would travel, — the voyage is undertaken ; and after he has "encompassed Sea and Land" to gratify the innate desire for the new, and beautiful, there is not a word in human language, not an impression upon his spirit, so dear and omnipotent as the *word* and *thought* of *home*.

Going from *home* is productive of sadness ; returning *home* is delight and joy. Happy are they who, because of their harmony and freedom of Soul, cannot *depart* from home, always carrying it with them, being, in themselves, the very essence and elements of its constitution.

The Poet, the Philosopher, the Artizan, and the Legislator, are are alike dependent upon the beauties and harmonies of *home* for inspiration and power. The works and influences of these minds, are *linked* and *measured* by the blessings and spiritualizing influences which the female breathes forth in their Home.

Woman is a Spirit of Love, — she is a Revelation of refinement, of grace, and of beauty ; she possesses the power of rendering the local habitation of her husband and children a representation of Paradise, and of illustrating to the world a beautiful Heaven upon Earth.

But it is said that Woman is obstinate in her firmness, self-willed, determined to have her own way — that she breeds discord and disturbance in every part of the house — that she makes home, and all its constituents unbeautiful and unhappy, and I must confess that, in too many cases, this also is true ; but there are causes for these anomalies and contradictions which the Rulers of society would do well to heed. Woman has Rights which she should demand of society, because the family over which she presides is the foundation of Social Structure, and she therefore, needs, and may claim, to be educated in the duties of life, or rather in the nature and extent of the Mission which Deity designed her to perform ; she needs to be disabused of the enslaving conviction that merely "keeping house" and "bringing up children," are duties which the law compels her to, according

to the letter of the "marriage contract" ; she needs to be informed that her Mission is a sublime and universal one — that she is to people, not only the Earth, but all the Spiritual Spheres and Heavens ; she needs to be informed that *firmness* and *determination* are indispensable to the prompt and faithful discharge of her duties — that harmony may be established in the Childhood Sphere and in the Home, so that the husband and the children may reciprocate the same, to her Soul and to Society ; she needs to be in the possession of a permanent, and Spirit-inspiring residence, and to be situated in the midst of good and elevating scenery ; she needs, and may claim, to be enlightened upon these subjects, and to be well and happily situated in her marriage, in her maternal, and in her domestic relations ; — let this justice be done her, and then Woman will no longer be accused of the disposition to create disturbance ; nor will she be considered deficient in any of those spiritualizing and irresistible influences, which should constitute and pervade every department of the sacred household sphere, and cast a halo over the holiness of *home*.

I come now to consider Woman in the third Sphere of action — in the Social Sphere. According to the organization, education, and situation of the Family, will be the structure and characteristics of Society ; for Society is the highest, and widest circle of human life, in which the Love or female Principle is constitutionally qualified to move, and exert a positive influence. It must not be disremembered that Woman builds Society by building the foundation-walls of Childhood, (which makes the Individual,) — and also of the *home*, (which makes the husband ;) and thus it is that Society is the foundation of the National Superstructure, into which the female Principle cannot naturally and gracefully enter. But Society is the great Fort of female action and influence. There she breathes forth an atmosphere of fraternal love, and modifies the quality of that heavy and oppressive influence which ordinarily circulates among Men. The Tradesman, the Banker, the Commercial Changer, are kind, prompt, and courteous to each other, because of the indwelling Spirit of fraternal love and refinement, which the Wife, the Mother, or the Sister, unconsciously and spontaneously impress upon the sterner Sex.

Woman naturally sheds abroad upon the world of Mind, a warmth of Spirit which soothes, enlivens and develops the better nature in the soul of the strayed wanderer, and in the darkened heart of the midnight assassin ; and the boldest and most courageous Warrior, or High-way-man, will sheathe his blood-red sabre at the gentle signal of the female Spirit. Her gentleness and tenderness enchant ; and her hand acts like a magic wand upon the Spirit of the strong Man and the Barbarian. She imparts, from the inmost recesses of her love, a spiritualizing and beautifying magnetic influence, which alike subdues and captivates the mind. The noble Pocohontas defended the fallen guest, by standing between him and the ferocious Savages ; she sent forth into their enraged Souls a volume of *love* and *sympathy*, which calmed the storm of passion, and charmed enmity into friendship. The gentle power of Woman over Man is beautifully illimitable, and incalculable. The primitive history contains numerous illustrations of this truth. The beautiful Delilah was the *only power* the Philistines could employ by which to overcome their direful and mighty enemy. Samson would yield to no one but Delilah. And Holofernes could be subdued only by his fair and captivating visitor, the firm and determined Judith. National histories have immortalized the names of several females, whose internal power and pure accomplishments, have performed almost miracles upon the minds of Heros and Barbarians.

A constant association with Woman is one of the most powerful causes of the development of sympathy, morality and religion. Religious denominations consider the female character an indispensable element in their combinations ; the Clergymen influence Men by first incorporating the female principle into their Church organizations. Two-thirds of the Men, great and small, are led to that church which the female prefers ; for various reasons, there are but few who would like to venture to pursue a different course.

There are emanations of warmth and purity from Woman's

soul which penetrates, more or less, every heart in being; and where this emanation is felt, and this penetration experienced, there dwells something of that sublime influence which Angels impart to one another in higher spheres. The beautiful accomplishments of the female mind act correspondingly upon the opposite Sex; the natural and innate tendency of the female Spirit to cultivate the arts, to beautify the person, to augment the power of fascination, to awaken music, to dance, and to adorn the power of motion by melting her grace into poetry; and all this acts correspondingly upon the masculine Spirit, and thus Society is rendered one vast circle of flowers and ornaments.

But it is said that Woman is disposed to disturb the harmony of Society by petty contentions — that whole neighborhoods are confused and disconcerted by the pusillanimity and cupidity of Women, — that they will defame each other's character, and generate ill will and jealousies, whenever and wherever they can — that they will dress their persons, and superficially ornament their minds, in order to deceive and debase the youthful and weak members of Society — thus Solomon admonishes the reader "not to enter the house of the strange Woman"; and it is asserted that, from the "beauteous Eve," to the boarding-school Miss of the present Century, Woman has caused war, dissensions, and disturbances, both Social and National; and that she is, in fact, the most uncontrollable creature with which Man is compelled to contend.

And, this statement is partially true; but there are causes for all this feminine deformity and imperfection, which it would be well for Reformers, and Legislators, to understand and remove. Woman has Rights to demand; she needs to be instructed that her Mission extends to the threshold of National Government; for that Government will be a representative of her situation and influence; she should be informed that she is not an inferior ingredient in the Constitution of Humanity; she should be taught that her angelic endowments, and immortal qualifications, were not given to her as toys are to children; that she is not to be insulted with flattery, deceived by false attention, enslaved by heartless promises; that she is no Man's superior, nor his inferior, or slave — but that she is his eternal Companion — the Spirit of God in the majestic form; she needs to be informed that upon her Constitution, Education, and Situation, depends the harmony of the Individual, the harmony of the Family, the harmony of Society, — and, consequently, the harmony of Nations universally; she needs to be informed that the destiny of the Race is in her hand, and that the Sympathy, the Virtue, the Refinement, and the Elevation of every Individual is dependent upon her heart. But that she may accomplish her Mission, Woman must claim her Rights, and demand of Man the following:

- 1st. A just representation of her interests.
- 2d. A good matrimonial relation.
- 3d. A complete education.
- 4th. A harmonious local and social situation.
- 5th. Counsel, not commands; and admiration, not flattery.
- 6th. Honor, not patronage; and pure wisdom, not its semblance or counterfeit.

It is not consistent with the question under consideration, to suggest the ways and means whereby these Rights can be secured to Woman; but, I think, the enlightened and accomplished Lady, and the true and intelligent Gentleman, cannot but perceive that, inasmuch as Woman is the builder of the foundation of Nations, she should be furnished with sound and pure materials as a kind of compensation for the work she performs in the hearts of Men, and in the gardens of God.

The progressive state of Woman in the world may be seen in the following synopsis:

- In Savagism, she is an idolized slave;
- In Barbarism, she is regarded as a domestic Chattel;
- In Patriarchalism, she is an acknowledged Influence;
- In Civilism, she is a reasoning Ornament; and
- In Republicanism, she is a principle of Love.

To the harmonious Individual, the Age of Republicanism has already arrived; but when he looks without himself, upon Society and the World, he sees Man and Woman in every possible situation and state of development, on their way up the mount

of human progress, like scattered monuments in the path, marking the distance. Some are just emerging from Savagism, some from Barbarism, some from Patriarchalism; but only a few have reached the summit of Civilization, which is the vestibule of Republicanism!

Let the truth be impressed, and remembered, that Female Elevation, and consequent Liberty, are the natural concomitants, and the inevitable results of Social re-organization, and of a universal Republican Government.

Psychological Department.

INSTANCES OF PRESENTIMENTS.

I have heard of several cases of people hurrying home from a presentiment of fire; and Mr. M. Calderhood was once, when absent from home, seized with such an anxiety about his family, that, without being able in any way to account for it, he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting; one wing of which fell down immediately afterwards. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it; the accident originating from some defect in the foundation.

A circumstance exactly similar to this, is related by Stilling, of Professor Bohm, teacher of Mathematics at Marburg; who, being one evening in company, was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house, he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood to another; but, as it had always stood there, he resisted this impulsion also. However, the resistance was vain; absurd as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and, with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease, and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he retired home, and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and on looking out he saw that a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied.

One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred not very long since on board one of her Majesty's ships, when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covering his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized with a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No arguments could overthrow this conviction, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the precise period mentioned. — *Selected.*

THE SPIRITUAL SOUNDS. — The editors of the Messenger passed a day in Bridgeport, Conn., during the present week, at the house of Mr. J. R. METTLER, where they witnessed some of the many manifestations of spiritual presence and power, that are daily transpiring in that place. The particulars of this interesting visit will be given in our next. It is sufficient for us to remark now, that our highest expectations, previously formed, and based upon reliable reports that have reached us, were more than realized. The demonstrations, beautiful and convincing, were quite equal to any, of which we have accounts, that have been made, in Scott, Auburn, Rochester, Stratford and other places. — *Eds.*

☞ The human Soul is a miniature God; the human Body is a miniature Universe; the human Desire is the rule of human action. — *A. J. Davis.*

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

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IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Deeply implanted in the bosom of humanity, is an earnest desire for eternal existence, and a quenchless craving for *proofs* of the life beyond the grave. To calm and penetrating minds, this internal *desire* furnishes a strong link in the chain of evidence, tending to prove the reality of a continuous and endless existence. The influence of this principle was felt four hundred years before the birth of Christ, by a distinguished philosopher of Athens, whose far-famed soliloquy sparkles as one of the brightest gems of literature and thought, that has been handed down to the present generation from the musty records of the past. "IT MUST BE SO! PLATO, THOU REASONEST WELL! ELSE, WHENCE THIS PLEASING HOPE—THIS FOND DESIRE—THIS LONGING AFTER IMMORTALITY?"

When it is considered that God has a *use* for every taste he has created, that no part of his great original Design can be marred by the slightest imperfection—that no desire, pure and holy in its nature, has been made in vain—that all created things will work together for the development of the goodness and infinity of the CREATOR, the reasoning of the Grecian philosopher appears logical and truthful. The learned Athenian did not borrow his opinions from primitive records, or Athenian oracles; his guide was the light of reason, and his sacred Apocalypse the universal volume of nature.

Without *desire* for knowledge, the human heart would become inactive and stagnant. This internal and restless principle is the main-spring which impels to lofty deeds and grand developments. It was that which moved Copernicus, Galileo, Newton, and other Astronomers, to explore the heavens, and make discoveries, which, in magnitude and *reality*, outstripped the widest range of their sublimest fancy. It was that which stimulated the genius of Franklin to make experiments, which resulted in the proud achievement of rendering the lightnings of heaven, subservient to the controlling power of the human will; it was that which impelled Fulton, in the face of almost unparalleled obstacles, to the invention of the application of steam to the propulsion of ships; and which led Morse and House to still higher discoveries in electrical science, by which mind can communicate with mind, so as to annihilate time and space.

Thus, in the varied steps of human progression, it will be seen that the fondest desires of the soul, have been more than realized. When Franklin delved into the arcanæ of Electricity, his loftiest aspiration—his wildest fancy—did not reach the *reality* of the magnetic telegraph; nor did the inventors of this method of transmitting intelligence on the lightning's wing, ever dream that the day was soon to dawn, when spirits, *out of the body*, would use the same subtle magnetic medium, for the instantaneous communication of thoughts to their kindred spirits, still in the flesh! Yet this bright *REALITY*, transcending the highest conceptions of sleepy dreamers who repose in the darkness and gloom of ancient superstitions, has now burst upon the world. It has become a *FIXED FACT*—an *ACTUAL DEMONSTRATION*—which carries joy to the hearts of thousands whose highest interests are in the future, and whose affections, winding through the vast chain of love which encircles them, gravitate to their Creator, God.—Spiritual communications—messages from those who have passed from the outer to the inner life, through the dark portals of the tomb—are made daily, in many parts of the country, by which, we have testimony, much stronger than ambiguous "proofs from holy writ," that the SOUL IS IMMORTAL AND CANNOT DIE.

And now, standing on this exalted eminence, where it can be seen that the *real* has eclipsed the bright *ideal*, we can perceive

the force of the Athenian's argument, (when soliloquising upon the subject of his heart's desires,) made more than two thousand years ago. He was *inspired* with a sense of the truth that man is immortal. He reasoned only from that pure *desire* which swells spontaneously in every heart. Let us then take courage from the history of the past, for it proclaims bright things to come. There will be no end to new discoveries, or new desires. When the *fact* of the realization of the longing of the soul for immortality, is once settled in the mind, a thousand new aspirations and joys will spring up from the exhaustless fountain within, the highest, brightest and holiest of which, will be transcended by the sublime developments of the future. The old idea that SPIRIT is an "immaterial substance"—a thing which is *nothing*—is vanishing before the light of advancing reason, like vapor before the rising sun. It is the egg from which has been hatched an immense brood of theological absurdities, and should be expelled from the mind, as a dark and uncongenial phantom of a mythological age.

The revelations of nature are constantly proclaiming that the *invisible* is the *real* world, of which, the *visible* is the outer and gross expression; and, that all matter increases in *power*, in exact ratio with its increase in refinement. Thus, a single drop of water—a *tear*, contains a sufficient amount of electricity to prostrate an ox! The *refining* process is only required, to develop the mighty power, which appears to slumber, in the watery humor of a lady's eye.

What is *steam* but water refined? and, what is that *gas*, or subtle element, invisible to the eye, that sometimes rends into fragments the bars and bolts of huge iron boilers, but a still further expansion and refinement of what was once gross matter?

It is a principle well settled in natural philosophy, that not a particle of matter can be destroyed—and it is on this same foundation that rest the indestructibility and immortality of the soul. The external and gross form of the corporeal body, must be decomposed, in order to develop the higher powers and more refined and substantial form of the spirit—the intelligent, sentient and *real* man.

We are thus *convinced* of our immortality and progressive happiness. Science and reason go hand in hand, to strengthen the aspirations of the soul, and confirm the *truth* that is revealed to us, through the various channels of spiritual communion.—Let us testify our gratitude to God for his unspeakable goodness, not by loud and boisterous declamation—not by erecting earthly edifices, nor employing priests clothed in "purple and fine linen"—but by that silent, yet active heart-worship, which leads us to "love our neighbor," and do good to those who wrong us. Let us visit the widow and the orphan, relieve their necessities, dry their tears, and point them to the truths of the new and beautiful philosophy, which gives solid assurance, that the stricken idols of their hearts are still living, where they will ever bloom as celestial flowers, sustained by an immortal soil. A. M.

The Glories of the Future.

The expanded and illuminated mind—the soul whose vision is made clear with the prophecy of faith, and the light of divine wisdom, delights to leave the ills and evils that now rest upon humanity, and view the higher state and more glorious realities that belong to the exalted destiny of man. Thus seers and prophets, inspired with the breathing spirit of truth, have been moved to gaze beyond the present state of darkness and evil, and proclaim in enrapturing tones the joyous events of an approaching era. They have spoken of a time in the deep distance of ages yet to come, when heavenly light shall overspread the earth, when a divine knowledge shall pervade and illuminate the human soul, and man, raised to a communion with the spiritual, shall stand in the perfection of his nature. This prophecy which has been spontaneously uttered by the wise and good, is the shadow of a bright reality. In the future is opened to us a sublime prospect. The end towards which humanity is now advancing will be there attained, and the faith and hope with which our souls are now inspired, will be there lost in a glorious fruition.

R. P. A.

THE INFINITUDE OF TRUTH.

It is an elevating and consoling reflection, that, in common with all the pure and spiritual elements which have an affinity for the soul, truth, being originated from the Supreme Mind, is endowed with a sublime and inconceivable infinitude. With this principle there is no beginning — no end — no boundary. It is co-eval with the divine existence, endless as the very being of God, and limitless as the wide expanse of creation. Thus in truth, we are furnished with a pure and inexhaustible fountain, which is exalted far above the polluted springs of earthly error, and whose streams shall flow unceasingly to the thirsting spirit.

Amid all the lofty flights and deep searchings of the human mind, man has never so far explored the secrets of the universe that there remains nothing more to be disclosed; he has never, in his search for knowledge, reached that boundary farther than which the vision of his soul could not extend, but beyond what eye hath seen, or ear hath heard, or the heart conceived, lie hidden the priceless gems of truth, waiting to be sought. Above, beneath, around, *everywhere*, is concealed a mine of exhaustless treasures. Nature, throughout her boundless bosom, is teeming with the life of holy and beautiful principles. Lying beneath the outward surface, as a diamond buried in its rocky bed, truth shines with an unfading lustre where the superficial view has never reached, and comes to the soul with an immeasurable fullness, from all the unknown depths of surrounding things. As we go forth to seek this unfolding treasure, so far from finding an end or limit to its revelations, the field becomes constantly more enlarged and extensive, and the circle of our vision expands and grows more immense with every advancing step, until the mind is lost in a boundless infinitude.

It has been the result of human experience in all ages, that, while truth is adapted in its revelations to the degree of man's moral and spiritual development, it extends over the whole field of progress which he is destined to traverse, and contains within itself still undiscovered treasures, beyond each successive stage of his advancement. The wisest of all men have been impressed with the conviction that they have entered but the *vestibule* of truth, without being able to survey the stupendous temple. Beyond all former revelations, are yet higher principles waiting to be disclosed. No particular class or sect, however advanced or enlightened it may have been, has ever reached the height of perfect knowledge. Each point in the intellectual progress of mankind has been but one link in the chain, to be succeeded by countless others. However much may have been learned in the past from innumerable sources, the revelations of truth have never been exhausted. Thus, in advance of the heathen nations by which they were surrounded, the Jews, through the ministrations of Moses, were taught the existence of an overruling Intelligence, — a Being of infinite power, wisdom, and justice. This instruction, however, comprised but a small part of that which was afterward to be revealed. By spiritual influx, the prophets, in later times, received a higher and more extended revelation, being favored with more exalted conceptions of the divine government, and with beautiful visions of the approaching destiny of the race. But even this was not the boundary of truth. Christ came. He established a purer and more perfect system of religion than the world had ever known before; he gave utterance to those truths which burst, like beams of light, upon the soul, and yet this, beautiful and excellent as it is, was not a perfect and finished system — did not embrace all the pure and lofty conceptions which have since been unfolded to the progressive mind. We see, then, that in the advancement of humanity towards higher states of enlightenment and perfection, truth, while it is being constantly unfolded, reaches without limit over every stage of progress, as the canopy of heaven spreads over the expanded earth. It is a wise and beautiful arrangement that man, though ever progressing, and ever learning more of himself, the Universe, and God, can never attain the acme of knowledge, or reach the fathomless depths of truth; there being here an immensity, broad as the very Soul of the Universe, where new thoughts and higher conceptions are ever unfolded, like budding flowers, to gladden the pathway of endless life.

With this view of the infinitude of truth, we should never imagine, whatever may be the degree of our enlightenment, that we have reached the highest point of intellectual attainment, and that there remains nothing farther to be unfolded. In this respect many persons are subject to an unfortunate weakness. Their mental vision is confined within the narrow circle of their own partial acquirements, beyond which they can recognize no farther revelation of truth. Enraptured with the comparatively feeble light which has dawned upon their minds, they are content to remain at a stationary point, and make no farther advancement, vainly imagining that the conceptions already entertained comprise all which is valuable and important. Special care should be taken to guard against a weakness of this nature. It should be constantly borne in mind that one idea or one particular class of ideas, however important in itself, never has and never can, comprehend all truth; that this principle, divine, expansive, and eternal, reaching as it does over the boundless domain of the Infinite, can never, with all our most exalted aspirations, be but partially and gradually developed, while still higher and more beautiful revelations will be always reserved for the advancing soul.

R. P. A.

SOCIETY AND ITS VICTIMS.

A wail of sorrow and anguish is wafted to our ears by every breeze that sweeps over the Atlantic from the East, and acts upon the sympathetic heart, with electrical power. Humanity bleeds at every pore. Thousands of our brethren, children of our Heavenly Father, are daily dropping into their graves because they cannot procure the necessities of life. The philanthropist may well exclaim — "is there no balm in Gilead — is there no physician near?"

It appears from statistics that seem to be well authenticated, that *fourteen millions* of the people of Europe are paupers; *seventeen millions* drag out a miserable existence, half clad and half fed with impure and unwholesome food; *thousands* die annually, for want of sufficient nourishment to sustain the life in the body; and upwards of *fifty millions* of men, women and children, are dependent for their daily bread, upon the capricious interest, or will, of a mere handful of capitalists, who have monopolized the soil and its productions.

Is there not something wrong here? Are the foundations upon which society has reared her structures, resting upon principles of equality and right? Are they based upon the fundamental truth, that man is brought into the world without his own agency, and that he inherits from God an *ABSOLUTE RIGHT*, to the use of so much of the land, air and water, as he may require for his comfort and subsistence? Are our institutions, social, religious and political, copied from the laws of God, the Friend and Father of the human race? — Or, are they creations of perverted self-love, and antagonisms of justice and truth?

It would be well if society should critically examine its fundamental principles, and from time to time, make such improvements in its mode of action, as its unfolding sense of individual rights may demand. Our Heavenly Father, before the creation of his great family of children, provided amply for all the requirements of their nature. A *WHOLE PLANET* was furnished for the inhabitants of earth, containing all the elements of inexhaustible wealth — more *LAND* than can be cultivated — more *WATER* than can be used — and more *AIR* than can be breathed!

We have put forth these facts at this time, not with the view of entering into a discussion of any particular *plan* for the removal of the evils which afflict society, but for the purpose of inciting a spirit of inquiry, into the necessities and natural rights of man. In future numbers we may examine this subject further.

A. M.

☞ The BOOKS and CHART of Mr. Davis, comprising all the works on the HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY that have been published, can be had at our office, and forwarded by express or otherwise, to any part of the Union. PRICE—REVELATIONS, \$2 00; GREAT HARMONIA, Vol. 1, \$1 25; CHART, exhibiting an outline of the Progressive History and approaching Destiny of the Race, \$1 50; PHILOSOPHY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCES, \$0 15.

THE MORAL CONQUERER.

One of the prominent manifestations of human weakness, is seen in the propensity which has ruled in the hearts of men to take in hand the glittering weapons of war, and go out on the field of battle to secure an outward conquest. It has been fancied that the highest glory of humanity consists in the subjugation of cities, and the vanquishing of foes, through the instrumentality of martial force. Blinded by passion and sensuality, men have rushed onward in warlike hosts, and spent their energies amid scenes of strife; — the heart has sighed and panted for the prize of fame, and the arm, made strong by the inward impulse, has been raised to gain a deathful victory. In the present age of the world, when a more sublime conception of human dignity is presented, when the interior is discovered to be the reality, and the superiority of mind is beginning to be felt and understood, it becomes man to lay aside the implements of war, and engage in the higher duties which belong to his exalted station. He should realize that there is more real glory in subduing oneself — in restraining the evil passions and propensities of the heart, than the ambitious warrior boasts amid his heaps of slain. Here is a victory that needs no bloody battle-field, and is gained by no warring hosts — a victory that secures the true nobility of man, and tends to the development of his spiritual nature. Could we but look on that inward conquest, as we gaze on the battle scene; could we see Reason on its throne, battling with the powers of darkness, casting down imaginations, and bringing into subjection every unholy thought, a spectacle of moral sublimity would be presented to our view, more impressive than the conflict of contending armies. The true hero of our day, therefore, is the moral conqueror — he who properly governs his inward powers, who controls the passions and propensities of his heart, and keeps them, amid all circumstances of temptation, under the government of reason.

The mission of him who engages in this moral conquest is exalted and glorious. He enters upon his work, impelled by the most ennobling sentiments. No lofty pride or selfish ambition inflames his heart. His eye is turned, not upward to glittering thrones, but inwardly to his own spirit; and his soul is attracted not by the prize of fame or the vision of earthly greatness, but by the exalted end of virtue and harmony. With humble, yet soaring aspirations, he essays to subdue the host of lurking passions and rebellious thoughts. He chants no song of triumph over vanquished foes; he wears no laurel-crown upon his brow, but feels the soothing consciousness within of a triumph which is consonant with his own dignity, and worthy of the divine image impressed upon his nature.

Besides, the moral conqueror employs implements of a noble, spiritual character. The end at which he aims, being infinitely more exalted than that of the martial warrior, the means with which he labors are in proportion higher and nobler. It is not with warlike arms and instruments of force that his mission is to be accomplished. It is not by scaling lofty battlements, breaking down mighty walls, and scattering ruin and desolation in his path, that he is to attain his object. On the contrary, he is required to select his weapons from the armory of heaven; he must make use of the powers which are connected with his higher nature; he must employ reason to control his propensities, judgment to govern his appetites, and will to subdue his passions; thus conquering the lurking enemies of the soul with the might and majesty of mind.

Again, the moral conqueror attains objects which are enduring and imperishable. The riches which he acquires are laid up where the moth and rust of time cannot reach. He has gained an inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled. The bright gems of purity adorn his soul, the sweet rewards of happiness and peace surround his path, and the cloudless halo of a divine glory encircles his brow. A higher consciousness of power wells up within, than the warrior feels in the pride of victory. He has obtained a government which no human hand can take away — a government which the bold attacks of habit, or the insinuating power of temptation may not destroy — a government which holds in subjection the most dangerous foes of human peace, and

brings those sweet and unfading pleasures, which are known alone to the pure in heart.

From the suggestions already made, we may learn the superiority of the moral conqueror over him who employs a merely physical force. If then, we would attain a true nobility; if we would aspire to that fadeless glory which shall survive the wreck of human greatness, we must seek to rule the internal spirit, — we must preserve it pure from the evil influences of the world; thus following onward, not in the blood-beaten path of the warrior, but in the lowly, yet heaven-ward steps of Jesus. R. F. A.

LETTER FROM MR. DAVIS.

We have recently received a kind and welcome letter from the pen of Mr. Davis, from which we make the subjoined extracts. The expressions of sympathy and encouragement here conveyed, form a perfect illustration of the general tone and spirit of our correspondence, and inspire our hearts with renewed confidence to pursue the investigations on which we have entered:—

BRATTLE HOUSE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

BROS. MUNN & AMBLER:—

Your little, well-printed, well-conducted "Spirit Messenger" has reached us, in due course of mail, every Saturday morning; and its contents have been a source of pleasure and gratification to us, mainly on the ground that your publication proves itself to be a fine, beautiful, honest advocate of the Harmonial Philosophy.

Some say your little Messenger is not so large as the well-remembered "Univcrselum," and object to it because it does not display an equal array of talent; but I trust such friends will take this as a plain, yet unintentional hint that you have begun very prudently—leaving plenty of room for progress, which may be augmented to any extent by their prompt attention and unwavering assistance.

The articles which emanate from both of your Spirits, show conclusively to my mind that your hearts beat in the place where your rich treasures are deposited.

In your recent kind and welcome letter to me, you manifest great willingness to deprive yourselves of many bodily and home-comforts, if, by so doing, you can sustain and spread broad cast the "Messenger" of spiritual life, universal love, justice and harmony. But I do not think any such sacrifice on your parts is necessary—it would be unjust. * * * *

Our spirits often look affectionately towards the Springfield friends and your movement; and I shall ever respond to the desire, which you have kindly expressed, that the friends and subscribers to your Messenger should hear occasionally from—

Yours fraternally,

A. J. DAVIS.

P. S. I am now engaged in investigating the causes, consequences and cure of crime; and ascertaining how far, and long, the consequences of vice in this life extend into the spirit-land. To this end, I daily examine the spiritual condition of John W. Webster. I saw his spirit leave his earthly body, seven hours and a half subsequent to his execution; and have since been engaged in observing the various changes wrought upon his spiritual organism and upon his convictions of a future state.

THE ORIGIN OF THE DEVIL.—Under this title, we have been furnished with an able article from the illuminated mind of A. J. DAVIS, the publication of which, we shall commence in our next. It is highly instructive, and will be read with great interest.

Mr. JOHN H. W. TOOHEY, of Boston, is an authorized General Agent for the Messenger. Our friends will confer a great favor on us, and do much to advance the Harmonial Philosophy, by aiding him in the objects of his mission.

We are informed that the weekly packages addressed to Rowe & Co. Providence, R. I. do not reach them on Saturday, although papers addressed to individuals mailed at the same time, are delivered on that day at the Providence Post Office. Will the Providence Postmaster see to this matter?



Poetry.

VISION OF THE HEAVENLY ONES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,
BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

'Twas in the flowery month of May,
About the noontide hour of day,
That two bright Angels, full of love,
Came down to me from Heaven above,
With golden harps within their hands,
Made in the high Elysian Lands,
Amid those Bowers of Asphodel,
Where Angel-souls forever dwell—
Bright golden harps with silver strings,
Which they o'ershadowed with their wings,
Outstretched above of snowy white,
Now gleaming back the golden light
From God's high throne in Heaven above—
The light of his eternal love—
Which, striking, they now sang to me
A song of joy incessantly—
A holy song of heavenly love,
Such as the Angels sing above—
Such as the Angels sing on high—
A song of immortality.
They were two infant Cherubim
Who sang to me that Heavenly Hymn.
One had the same cerulean eyes
Of my first-born now in the skies;
The other's eyes were dark, with light
Therein like Hesperus to the night—
Such as to my dear son were given,
The Image of that One from Heaven;
For my dear children had the eyes
Of those bright Angels from the skies—
The same as they appeared to me
Eight years before their infancy.
'Twas in the flowery month of May,
About the noontide hour of day,
And on the same day in the year
On which the Angels did appear,
Revealing joys which were, to me,
Prophetic of what was to be—
That tidings came to me what morn
ALLEGRA FLORENCE should be born.
And she was born—the very child
That came to me, the undefiled,
And played upon her harp that day,
All in the flowery month of May.
How beautiful, divine, thou wert,
Thus issuing from thy mother's heart,
Singing, most pitiously, to me
The first song of thine infancy.
She was my Salem from her birth—
My young Jerusalem on earth—
Allegra Florence with blue eyes,
Who, at the gate of Paradise,
Now stands, all purified from sin,
Waiting to let her father in
The Old Jerusalem above—
The Holy Land of Heavenly Love.

I love to meditate on bliss to come.
Not that I am unhappy here; but that
The hope of higher bliss may rectify
The lower feeling which we now enjoy.
This life, this world is not enough for us;
They are nothing to the measure of our mind.
For place we must have space; for time we must have
Eternity; and for a spirit godhood. *Festus.*

Miscellaneous Department.

"THE POOR MAN."

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

One day a Rich Man came to a Poor Man, who stood talking by the roadside.

It was where a fountain gushing from the rocks, and half shadowed by vines, sprinkled coolness upon the heated dust, and sent low music upon the evening air.

The Rich Man was clad in fine apparel; a diamond shone above his young forehead, amid the curls of his chesnut hair. He might turn his eyes to the right, and behold swelling hills, dotted with flocks of sheep and herds of oxen. These were his own. To the left, and see white and black men, toiling in the harvests of that fruitful land. The toiling men and the harvests were alike his own. Gazing to the west, where the last flush of day lingered over the white dome of a palace, he might feast his eyes with the prospect of long lines of slaves, who spread before the portals of that Palace, bearing vessels of silver and gold in their hands. And this palace, these slaves, these stores of gold and silver—ALL were his own.

For he was a Rich Man. The jewel that gathered the folds of his robe across his young breast, was worth the life-long labor of a hundred slaves.

And the Poor man who stood talking by the roadside, was clad in the coarse garments of toil. The landscape before him was very beautiful—golden harvests, blooming in the lap of emerald vallies—streams of silver winding from the light into the shadow, and from shadow into light again—a great palace, lifting its white dome into the same heaven, from amid a grove of palms—and yet the Poor Man could not call one inch of ground his own. He knew not where to lay his head. The coarse garments which covered him, the rude staff in his hand—these were all his possessions.

He was a Wanderer upon the face of the earth.

And he stood in the midst of a throng of men, who listened to him with great earnestness, and hung upon every word, as though every word was life or death to them. They were all poor men; the very poorest of the poor; some clad in rags, and not a few crippled by disease, or pitiful with blindness, or miserable to look upon with their leper's sores.

And the accents of the Poor Man's voice held every ear, and those who were not blind, looked earnestly into his eyes, and one, half kneeling on a solitary rock, regarded with mute wonder—a kind of dumb adoration—the white forehead of the Poor Man.

For the face of the Poor Man, with its flowing hair, covered with dust, and its sunburnt cheeks, touched by the trace of thought, or time, or hardship, was a face that won you to it, with peculiar power, and made you wish to look upon it forever, and mark the strange light of its eyes, and note the smile which hung about its lips.

There was, in truth, a strange Power upon that face.

The Rich Man drew nigh with steps at once languid and eager, with a manner at once impetuous and full of dignity. His fair face, and pertumed hair, and jeweled robes, were terribly contrasted with the rags and lameness, the disease and leprosy, which encircled the Poor Man.

Still he drew nigh. He was won by the face of that Poor Man. May be he had heard of him before; may be some story of a wondrous power, wielded by the Poor Man, had reached the ears of the Rich Man. However he drew nigh, and quickened his steps as the accents of the Poor Man's voice trembled through the silence of the evening hour.

The Rich Man sighed. He pressed his hands to his fair forehead. With all his wealth, his lands and slaves, his harvests and his palaces, he was not at peace with himself. He felt his bosom devoured by a gnawing restlessness. He was unhappy, and yet the darkness of these blind men had not visited him; his rounded limbs were free from the leper's sores; the

curse of the poor man's poverty was not upon his delicate hands.

Still he was not at peace; for he sighed, and pressed his hand to his brow, and shuddered within his robes of price.

He was unhappy.

Quickening his footsteps, he drew near to the Poor man, brushing his fine linen against the beggar's rags, and with his gaze fixed upon the dilating eyes of the Poor Man, his ear was enchained by every sound that fell from the Poor Man's tongue.

A word rose to his lips. He could not choke it down. And yet that word was "MASTER."

He felt that the Poor Man, clad in the humble garb of toil, and with no place to lay his head, was his Master! This Poor Man, encircled by rags and lameness, by the cold eyeballs of blindness, and the distorted faces of leprosy, was the Master of the Rich Man, who could call the lives of a thousand slaves his own.

This he felt; and the word "MASTER" rose to his lips.

Thrusting himself into the miserable circle, he joined his hands, and said in a tremulous voice,—

"Master! what shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

It was in these words that the burthen of his soul found utterance. It was as if he had said, What shall I do to be at peace with myself, and while I live, and at the hour of my death, to have a hold on Immortality!

The Poor Man raised his eyes. They were touched with a gleam of divine sadness. He looked first upon the face of the Rich Man, then upon the wide harvest fields, and the herds of cattle, and the white palace, with slaves thronging before its portals, and last of all, upon the crowd of miserable men, who were gathered near him.

It was a painful contrast.

For a moment the Poor Man did not reply. He raised his eyes to the sunset sky, and his face was invested as with the blessing of God, embodied in sunset rays.

All the while the Rich Man awaited in the anxiety of undiguised suspense, the words of the Poor Man.

At last he spoke:

"SELL ALL THOU HAST AND GIVE TO THE POOR!"

And at these words the throng of miserable wretches looked up in wonder, and the Rich Man, retreated backward and bowed his head, as suddenly as though some one had smote him on the forehead.

"Sell ALL thou hast and give to the Poor!"

It was as though he had said,—

You have a Palace, Rich Man! Let its luxurious chambers be tenanted by the blind, the halt, the famine-stricken, who now surround me. You have lands, Rich Man! Divide them among the white and black slaves who now gather your harvests, with the labor of hopeless bondage, and baptize their hard-earned food with bitter tears. You have herds of oxen, rich man, and flocks of sheep, upon every hill. Let the fleece of your sheep clothe these naked ones, let the flesh of your beasts give these starving ones some nourishment, some life!—Sell all thou hast and give to the Poor, for the Poor are as much the children of the great family of God as you are, as much entitled to his fruits, his air, his lands, as you are; with as holy a right to peace in this world, immortality in the next, as yourself!

And as the Poor Man spoke, his face lighted up with a serene glory, and with the sweetness of his accents there was mingled a strange tone of Power.

But the Rich Man recoiling from the light of his eyes—frightened by the very simplicity of these words, which said so much in so brief a compass—turned sadly away, and went down the hill-side, now raising his eyes to gaze upon his great possessions, now burying his face in his trembling hands.

But the Poor Man remained near the fountain by the roadside, talking to the blind, and the lame, the slave in rags and the leper clad in sores, who gathered near him, and felt the light of his eyes, while the accents of his voice penetrated their souls.

Thus it is over all the world, in all ages, among all People.

The rich man goes down the hill, full of restlessness, yet gazing earnestly upon his great possessions.

The Poor Man remains upon the roadside talking to the outcasts of all the world, and telling them of their right to Peace in this life, and Immortality in the next.

MISTAKES OF THE RICH.

The Egyptian King who, swollen with grandeur, ordered a colossal staircase built to his new palace, discovered to his chagrin, that it required a ladder to get from one step to the other. He had forgotten that a King's legs after all are as short as a beggar's. Aggrandize as you may, the limits of our senses check us miserably every moment. You call yourself proprietor! Houses and pictures outlive you, and after taking your will of them for a short time, you are carried out of your own door feet foremost, never again to enter it. "Proprietors," you were perhaps, of farms and castles, estates and mountains; but now you own nothing but a hole in the ground, six feet by two!

The artist who visits your gallery while you live and own it, enjoys it more than you.

You are rich enough to dine twenty-four times a day, but you must eat sparingly even once. Your cellar is full of exquisite wine, but you can only drink one bottle yourself; and to use your store, you are obliged to call around you your friends, relatives, parasites, a little world who live upon your substance, and who, instead of being grateful, are like to make you a return of envy. You have thirty horses in your stable; you can mount but one, or ride but two or four.

Rothschild is forced to content himself with the same sky as the poor newspaper writer, and the great banker cannot order a private sunset, nor add one ray to the magnificence of the night. The same air swells all lungs, and the same kind of bloods fills all veins. Each one possesses, really, only his own thoughts and his own senses. Soul and body, these are the only property which a man completely owns.

All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing. Genius, beauty and love, are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well turned arm on which to wear it; a pearl necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest merchant on earth would vainly offer his fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked and goes out naked. The difference in the fineness of a bit of linen is not much. The body is a handful of clay, which turns rapidly back again to dust, and which is compelled nightly to relapse into the nothingness of sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the morrow.—Selected.

ORIENTAL LEGEND.—"Every man," an Eastern legend says, "has two angels, one upon the right shoulder and one upon his left. When he does anything good, the angel on the right shoulder writes it down and seals it; because what is once well done, is done forever. When he does evil, the angel upon the left shoulder writes it down, but does not seal it. He waits until midnight. If before that time, the man bows down his head, and exclaims, 'Gracious Allah!—I have sinned!—forgive me!' the angel rubs it out; but if not, at midnight he seals it, and the angel upon the right shoulder weeps."

ARISTOTLE, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply: "I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

Respect God in the least of his works, and let your love, like his, embrace all that live and breathe.

BEHOLD a spirit grand, elevated, sublime, which passion has laid waste, and you have seen the ruins of a world.

TERMS.—The SPIRIT MESSENGER will be issued every Saturday, by MUNN & AMBLER, from their office in Elm Street, a few rods west of the Post Office, 2d story in Byers' building, directly under the office of the Hampden Post. Price of subscription \$2 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. For a remittance of \$10, six copies will be forwarded.

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