

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.

ASTRONOMY.

BY R. P. AMBLER.

It cannot fail to be perceived by the reasoning and philosophical mind, that there exists an intimate and inseparable connection between *science* and *religion*. The one appears to serve as an exposition and illustration of the other; and it may be observed that the more thoroughly the former is studied and investigated, the more truly the latter is appreciated and understood. To preserve the harmony of creation, there must exist a certain relation or correspondence between the works of the outward universe and the realities of the spiritual; so that the investigations of science in reference to material objects, will naturally illustrate, explain, and confirm, the truths embraced in religious systems. Thus the science of Geology has been of essential service, not only in unfolding the mysteries of creation, but in throwing light on the dark and intricate subjects of theology, which have been left obscure in the teachings of primitive records. So, also, the science of Physiology, as it treats of the structure, properties and functions of the animate works of nature, beautifully reveals the order, harmony, and perfection of the divine economy, and inspires the soul with emotions of profound reverence. But it is especially in the science of Astronomy—in contemplations relating to the mighty and inconceivable creations which glitter in the depths of space, that we are impressed with the being, power and glory of the supreme Being, and enabled to receive sublime and enlarged conceptions of the divine government. It has been truly remarked that "an undevout astronomer is mad;" and as we go out in the "stilly night," look up to the radiant sky, and study the wonders which Omnipotence has there disclosed, we shall be able to appreciate the sentiment of one who exclaims, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handy work."

It is true that were our attention confined entirely to the globe on which we live, we should find sufficient and satisfactory evidences of the existence and wisdom of the Creator; for all things, from the lowly shrub to the lofty mountain, from the murmuring rivulet to the mighty ocean, reveal the presence of an unseen divinity. But, though the objects of earth serve to convey lessons of divine instruction, it is especially the firmament, with its countless and majestic orbs, as illustrated and explained by astronomical science, which, from the vastness, beauty and sublimity here presented, proclaims the glory of God, and reveals the greatness of his power. It will be profitable, therefore, to contemplate, in the light afforded by the discoveries of science, some of the innumerable wonders of the heavens, with a view of illustrating theological truths, and expanding the conceptions of the soul.

In commencing our reflections on this subject, we may refer in the first place to the *Sun*. This is the orb which illuminates our earth, and it is situated from it at a mean distance of ninety-five millions of miles. It constitutes the great parent, center, and benefactor of the surrounding worlds, and is the radiant fountain of light and heat to all the planets that move within its sphere. In regard to the nature of this body, different opinions have been entertained. Some have supposed it to be an immense ball of fire, feeding continually on the combustible matter of which it is composed; others have imagined that it is a solid, opaque and even habitable globe, surrounded at a vast distance by luminous and fiery clouds; while others, reasoning independently of astronomical speculations, have arrived at the more rational and philosophical conclusion that our sun is an

outbirth of a still greater and more luminous body, composed of the same materials from which the earth was originally formed, and evolving from its surface the refined elements of *heat*, *light*, and *electricity*, whose genial influence is extended to the dependent planets. The magnitude of the sun doubtless exceeds the limited conceptions of the human mind. The calculations which have been made on this point are measurably indefinite and uncertain. Its diameter, however, has been computed to be about eight hundred and eighty-six thousand miles, and it has been supposed to be in its dimensions, thirteen hundred thousand times as large as the earth, while it contains a quantity of matter nearly five hundred times greater than all the planets and their satellites together. In former theories, the sun has been supposed to occupy a stationary position in the heavens, and to have no annual motion, like the planets; but more recent discoveries seem to establish the opinion that this, in connection with the whole solar system, is moving around some superior and far distant center, a single revolution requiring many millions of years. The contemplation of such a body, so grand and glorious, may give some faint idea of the incomprehensible vastness of the Creator's works, and unfold the extent and harmony of the laws which govern them.

Dependent on the great central luminary of the solar system, are a number of primary *planets*, of varying magnitude, which revolve around it. Among these is the earth on which we live, attended in its revolution by the moon, which has been poetically termed the "Queen of Night." In addition to this may be mentioned *Venus*, which is known as the beautiful evening star, *Jupiter*, which is encircled by luminous belts and zones, and *Saturn*, which is surrounded by a broad and glorious girdle of light. The planets are in themselves opaque bodies similar to the earth, and hence, having no inherent fountain of light, they borrow their radiance from the central sun. Whether these are all inhabited like the earth with living and sentient forms, is to many minds a matter of conjecture; but, reasoning from analogy, when it is remembered that the visible world around us as far as our observation can extend, is filled with active existents, and is instinct with life in every part, it is rational to suppose that worlds even larger than our own, which reach out into the depths of immensity, are not left a barren and uninhabited waste, but are occupied by animated and even intelligent beings, existing in different degrees of refinement and perfection, and created to accomplish the wise design of the Parent-Spirit.

But besides the planets of the solar system, of which only a few are visible to the naked eye, the heavens are adorned with a large number of brilliant orbs which seem to be set as gems in the firmament. These orbs in distinction from the planets which revolve around their parent-sun, are denominated *fixed stars*, deriving their name from the circumstance that they do not materially alter their position in relation to each other. Scattered over the azure fields of space and glittering with sparkling lustre on the darkened canopy, they present a scene of grandeur and magnificence which inspires the soul with awe and wonder. The nature and use of these luminaries are naturally the first subject of inquiry. To the superficial view they might seem merely as radiant lights, created simply to adorn the sky and cheer the gloom of earth, when the mantle of darkness rests upon creation. The revelations of science, however, have imparted a more truthful and expanded conception. It has been ascertained from calculations on the distances of the heavenly bodies, that each twinkling star is a mighty world—a glorious sun, not inferior to our own, and shining by its own light—an independent center to a complete system, whose planets are lost in the immeasurable distance. In this view of the subject, then, it follows that the fixed stars were by no means placed in the

heavens merely for our use and convenience, but that they are simply other and far distant parts of creation, which, from their superior magnitude are made visible to us, while they are especially employed in giving light to the unseen orbs by which they are immediately surrounded.

Grand as is this view of the heavens, we may extend our thoughts still farther. We are not to suppose that the stars which are visible to the naked eye, comprise the entire number of planetary systems and form the boundary of the universe. On the contrary, it has been observed that through the medium of the telescope, a countless number of stars is added to those already visible, and as this number always increases in proportion to the power of the instrument, it may be presumed that there is in reality no conceivable limit to creation. Beyond the sphere of human vision, the works of God extend to infinity. There is here no limit—no boundary to confine the thoughts. We may gaze into the depths of space—we may pass on from world to world, from sun to sun, and from system to system, ever looking forward into the limitless expanse, and still find no place for rest, until the mind is lost in the bosom of immensity. In view of these considerations, we may learn and realize that the earth which we inhabit, forms but a comparatively small and insignificant part of the universe;—that it is but *one* among the immense and innumerable habitations with which God has furnished the creatures of his hand, and that therefore the divine power and benevolence are not manifested to us by *special providences*, but by the operation of *general laws*.

In regard to the distances of the fixed stars from the earth, no accurate calculations have been made. Though profound study and ingenious calculations have been resorted to to determine these distances, yet the requisite data have been wanting whereby to arrive at a satisfactory result. This matter, however, may be considered of but small importance, which, if perfectly understood, could add but little to our amount of knowledge; for even could the distance of the nearest fixed star be definitely expressed in numbers, we should still, in the present weakness of the human mind, be no more able to conceive it than to grasp infinity itself. Considering this immense distance, and the rate at which light is estimated to move, we arrive at the somewhat singular fact, that the fixed stars may have existed many years before becoming visible at the earth, and that they would still continue to be seen for the same length of time, even though they should now be blotted from existence.

How grand, sublime, and glorious, are all these works of God! Inconceivable in number and boundless in extent, they fill the mighty void of infinity. All is beauty, harmony and perfection. Worlds on worlds, systems on systems, governed by definite and unchanging laws, move in silence on their majestic course, and there is no jar, no confusion or discord, to disturb the voiceless music of the spheres. As, then, we look up to those starry orbs—as we contemplate their number, their magnitude and extent, and consider the infinite power and wisdom required in their construction and government, may we not gain more exalted and truthful conceptions of the divine nature and economy, and learn wisdom from those unerring lines which are traced by the Almighty hand? Yes, down from the radiant sky, which is so wrapt in eternal silence, there comes a divine revelation—a solemn language which sinks into the very depths of the soul. We might receive a written revelation of the divine existence, or listen to verbal descriptions of the handy work of God, but how faint and feeble would be the impression upon our minds, in comparison with that stamped by those living witnesses, and that still, small voice. Words, opinions, and theories might all be swept away by the force of opposing reasonings; but who can look upward to the countless worlds that deck the firmament—who can read the unchanging laws by which they are governed—who can behold the beauty, order and harmony in which they move in their endless circles, and say within his heart there is no God, or feel his soul unmoved with emotions of reverence and praise? Here, then, in the vast and boundless creation, is the *sacred volume*, *THE LIVING BOOK*, whose characters of light are written by the finger of God, and whose wisdom is celestial and divine. Here let our thoughts

be directed—here let our most earnest investigations tend; and may the divine teachings and revelations which are there presented, fall upon our minds like voices from the infinite, leading us to look beyond the veil that clouds our earthly vision, and view the glory of the Presiding Spirit.

Psychological Department.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATION.

At the request of several friends, we make another extract from the *GREAT HARMONIA*, by Mr. DAVIS, embracing the interesting interview of the author in the superior condition, with the spirit of his friend, JAMES VICTOR WILSON. The extract has given such satisfaction to those who have read it, that they cannot repress the expression of a desire, that others may also be made happy by its perusal:—

“There is every reason why man should rest, with regard to life and death, and be happy; for the Laws of Nature are unchangeable and complete in their operations. If we understand these laws, and obey them on the earth, it is positively certain that our *passage* from this sphere, and our *emergence* into the spirit country, will be like rolling into the blissful depths of natural sleep, and awakening from it, to gaze upon, and to dwell in, a more congenial and harmonious world.

Here I am impressed to introduce a portion of a spiritual communication, which I was in a proper condition of mind to receive, in the city of Boston, on the 29th of May, 1849. The communicant was known, on the earth, as James Victor Wilson; whose name, and intense interest in the book, entitled “*Nature's Divine Revelations*,” are mentioned in a note, which is prefixed to the fourteenth page of the Scribe's introduction to that volume. The circumstances which led to the communication from him, are strictly as follows: For several months previous to Friend Wilson's death, he was in the habit of visiting the room in which I examined and prescribed for the sick; and he was occasionally chosen as a witness to the lectures, which I was also, at that time, engaged in delivering. The profound interest with which the Revelations, and the phenomena which attended their development, inspired him, laid the foundation for a sweet and profitable acquaintance between us. * * * *

Thus we walked and conversed together; and it was during one of these conversations that, prompted by his great desire for spiritual enlightenment, he requested me to promise that, should I die first, I would, if possible, subsequent to my death, visit him and communicate to him my experiences; and, with earnestness, he bound himself to do likewise, should he the earliest pass from earth.

A few weeks subsequent to the above interview, during an absence from home, I received a letter, from a friend, announcing his sudden and unexpected death, and stating that “he had been found dead in his bed.”

* * * * * Toward the last of December, 1847, as I was recovering from a short but severe illness, and while my mind was in a state of interior meditation, I did not see, but I suddenly felt his spiritual presence. He breathed into my spirit the following words: “Thou hast not been of late in that peculiar mental state, which is adapted to spiritual intercourse—thrice have I sought thee, but thy spirit was too much engaged in the investigation of natural or terrestrial subjects, to have readily perceived, and communed with me; and, even now, thou hast not sufficient physical strength to record what I would impart. But it is well to be patient; for, when it is *good* and *useful* that I should converse with thee, we shall equally be prepared for the interview.”

Weeks and months again rolled between this brief communication and the one I am about to relate, which, I feel impressed, will do much toward illuminating the enslaved intellect, not only of the diseased and suffering, but also of the unhappy skeptic. And here it would, perhaps, be well to remark, for the satisfaction of the anxious and serious reader, that Friend Wilson's external appearance corresponded generally to his previous earthly exterior personality and amiable deportment—his spiritual form



being intensely beautified, and somewhat smaller than the natural body, possessing exquisite symmetry, and harmonious or musical proportions; and his transparent habiliments represented an inter-blending of the character of a student and an instructor. I will now faithfully present to the reader his holy communication, as follows:—

"Truth respondeth to truth—love to love—and soul answereth to soul! I approach thee because thou art approachable—and, I teach thee, because thou didst first teach me.

"I am forced to exclaim: How truthful is Truth—how lovely is Love—how good is Goodness—how omnipotent is Will—how wise is Wisdom—how great is Greatness—how divine is Divinity—how universal is the Universe!

"The innumerable Empires of Worlds about me supply every pure desire with its proper and complete gratification.

"The elements, which flow between one planet, or world, and another, correspond to the bodies of water which divide, yet unite, countries and hemispheres on your earth.

"These planets are our various countries. On each the inhabitants are different, but only in degrees of growth. Their laws and customs differ; but the difference is always in accordance with their relative position in the infinite system of progressive development.

"There is no antagonism here, only a divine emulation; no absolute discord, only relative degrees of harmony.

"We travel to each other's country or planet, just as you travel to each other's village or city.

"Our Empire is vast—our Government is spiritual—our Law is love—and our obedience brings wisdom and happiness.

"Those individuals congregate, and journey together, who have similar or parallel attractions.

"Here, every one is conjugally conjoined—is married in spirit and in truth—or, every one *knows* where its proper and eternal associate resides! Our marriages are instantaneous. Behold the sun-beam kiss the flower—or, the sudden blending of kindred dewdrops, or the instantaneous commingling of the elements—and you behold the quickness and beauty of the celestial marriage. The symbol is perfect in picture, not in magnitude—because, our unions are sweet, pure, beautiful, and eternal!

"Anxiety is effaced from all properly unfolded spirits. We know the truth, and we are free! It is not the quantity but the *quality* of truth which makes us free. * * * *

"The universe becomes greater and more sublime as we unfold—Infinity is as many times *more infinite* than you now suppose as there are *moments* in your eternal life.

"The Universe does not itself become more universal; nor does infinity become more infinite; but the expansion is in the progressed and improved spirit. The spirit of every individual is caused to grow into a higher and wider knowledge of material and spiritual things.

"One widespread and fatal error or misapprehension I behold in all the earth.—It is that man (with but few exceptions) knows not what Truth is; he knows not where to find it—how to estimate it—how to separate it. Thus, facts are locked together; and a *long chain of facts* is estimated as a principle of truth; while, in reality, Facts are only Things, and Truths are Principles.

"To the animalcule, a drop of water is a universe of life and activity. And, to man, the universe is *great, beautiful, divine, and magnificent*; or it is *small, chaotic, and unbeautiful*—just as he is individually organized, educated, and developed.

"Our desire is that all should tread the same path in the pursuit of truth; just as the child, the youth, the man, tread the same path in journeying toward maturity, neither manifesting discord, nor giving rise to inconsistencies.

"How beautiful is the way of truth, my brother; and, O, how we—how all are blessed!

"My departure from your earth and society was to me, sudden and unexpected—but it was fully known and anticipated by my *present* companions.

"While with you I was seeking—finding—exclaiming—writing—speaking—practising—and I was leaving old associations of every description. My spirit expanded under the warmth of your love, and grew enlightened under your revelations. The

way to, and the geography of, the spirit-land were deeply impressed upon my understanding; and, on the evening previous to my departure, my soul was lifted up in holy contemplation and admiration of the spirit home. Thought became too intense and elevated for the body. The sensorium was expanded, with action, to its utmost capacity; the blood rushed to, and from, my head with bewildering rapidity; my thoughts returned to me, and I retired to bed. But my spirit was attracted by an interior power—the attraction overcame me, and I felt the evidences of transformation.

"How thankful was I that my chamber was undisturbed! no excitement, no rush, was there to draw me back—I was thankful for this; for, had it been otherwise—had friends beseeched, and prayed, and wept for me, I should have had but one sensation—not sympathy, but pity! pity!

"I remembered you—held your chart of the geography of the spirit-home in my memory. You had gone before me—knew the pathway—understood the preparations that were necessary for the journey—I was thus making preparations, and the transition was interesting and delightful.

"My sensorium or cerebrum threw open its ten thousand hearts or cells, and the imprisoned spirit rushed, from the various members into them,—by *spirit* I mean *myself*.

"Now I was calm—silent—still—sleeping. My bed-chamber, the house, the physical world, all—all receded, and went into nothing.

"My body was on its back,—I was asleep, and yet I was not asleep; I was in the body, and yet it seemed that I was out of the body; I was in the world, and yet it appeared to me I was not in the world.

"Now my sleep deepened, and my consciousness of individuality was melted into an ocean of boundless ether. Joy unutterable came over me as I seemed to spread out like the divine breath upon the bosom of infinite life. I expanded in every direction—I was boundless—was infinite—was in being, and yet it seemed that I was nothing.

"Happiness, or rather *tranquility*, was the last of my earthly recollections. My spirit seemed poured into the fountains of elysium—I felt like the breath of heaven—and the angels seemed to inhale me, and thus I became unconscious!

"Yea, how we—how all are blest!

"My individuality, thus seemingly purified, was restored. My new being was inhaling what appeared to me like the pure elements of other climes; it was so. My earthly body was beneath me. It was surrounded by friends and medical attendants—it was examined—and turned in various ways to call me back. I was then not more than two feet (according to the natural system of measurement) from them, over the head of the body, yet I was in eternity.

"Nothing which was done affected me. Several radiant beings were near me—they were my companions to the Spirit-Home.

"When the surrounding elements passed into my lungs, I felt, like an infant, filled with life; when my heart beat, and sent the milk-white ether through my new and perfect organization, I felt ready to go with my companions?

"We passed from the earth sphere through the opening at one of the poles; we met and observed several spirits on our way.

"My eyes permitted me to see thousands of miles, whereas on earth I could only see inches.

"We arrived where we were attracted, and I knew that we had reached the *Second Sphere*. Thus I recognised your teachings.

The society of which I am a member is in numbers innumerable. We are mutually fond of traveling through the different societies and portions of the Spirit-Home.

"On earth I was fond of mathematics and kindred studies; my desire for these acquisitions is now totally satiated. Spiritual affinities are my studies now; and, ere long, I will disclose what I have learned."

Thus ended our brother's brief but highly interesting revelation. His concluding words refer to some future disclosures of spiritual things, which, when I receive them from him, shall be presented to the world."

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 21, 1850.

THE SPIRITUAL PRINCIPLE.

In viewing the stupendous fabric of creation which manifests so clearly the presence and energies of an infinite Being;—the sun whose glorious light illumines the earth, the moon reflecting its silvery radiance, and the host of stary worlds that glitter on the lofty brow of creation, the human organism appears in contrast as but an atom in the great immensity, scarcely worthy of the care and protection of the Parent-Power. While, however, it is well to indulge in a reasonable degree the sentiments of humility inspired by the magnitude and grandeur of creation, we are reminded that there is something within man—something beneath the gross substances that compose his outward form, which invests him with a dignity above that of the mightiest work of nature, and proves his near relationship to the Father of spirits. Reference is here made to that inward, spiritual principle—that living, organized intelligence, usually denominated the soul or spirit, which renders man the lord of creation, and crowns him with glory and honor.

The recognition of this principle in man constitutes the primary step in the attainment of spiritual knowledge. To understand and appreciate the truths of that divine philosophy which relates to the nature, development and destiny of the soul, it is necessary that we should first have a clear perception of the existence and presence of this interior essence. The object of the present article, therefore, will be to enter into a brief examination of this subject, and present some of the evidences which show the existence and reality of the human spirit.

Let it be observed, in the first place, that the presence of a spiritual principle in the human body, accords with the ultimate *design of creation*. We cannot rationally suppose that God, being possessed of that infinite wisdom and love which are the essential elements of spiritual association, would remain satisfied with the existence of mere gross and senseless matter, however beautiful might be its form and arrangement; for there could exist no inherent congeniality between an infinite Mind and an unintelligent Universe. There must, therefore, have been some higher design in the construction of this mighty fabric than is comprehended in its own existence. This was but a *means* whereby to attain a more exalted end—an effect from which to produce a grand and glorious *ultimate*. What is here signified will be readily understood when it is considered that *like* always tends to *produce* like, this being a principle which is manifested through all nature, and may be applied even to the Deity himself. God, then, being a *spirit*, infinitely intelligent and filled with a boundless love, acted from the beginning with a view to *produce spirit*—to bring into existence an embodiment of that refined essence, which is endowed with his own immortal nature. The supreme Being was not content to dwell in eternal solitude, even amid the brightness of his ineffable glory, or the grandeur and sublimity of his universe. From the inherent and essential attributes of his nature, He could not but desire the existence of something kindred with himself—of some spiritual intelligence, which should be impressed with his own image, and endowed, in a finite degree, with the qualities belonging to his own being. With reference, therefore, to the development of the spiritual principle, the innumerable worlds of the universe were created; being clothed with beauty, robed in light, and in every way suited to the production and nourishment of that being, in whose external frame, as an appropriate temple, was to be enshrined the indwelling divinity.

Again, the existence of an individualized spirit in man, may be recognized in its *apparent manifestations*. There evidently exists some principle in the human body, which is of a higher order than life, motion, or mere instinctive intelligence. There

is a peculiar and pre-eminent glory shining forth in the human countenance, which is not seen in the mineral, the vegetable, or the brute. In the highest organization of matter which constitutes man, the refined essences evolved from all lower substances become concentrated and combined, and are clearly manifested in the beautiful radiations of an exalted and godlike spirit. As the sun forms the great center and soul of the planetary system, and clothes the surrounding worlds with robes of light, so the spirit forms the superior, internal, and sustaining power of man, and illuminates the whole circle of his being.

The manifestations of this spiritual principle are abundant and satisfactory. In the exalted powers and capacities of man, in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," in the deep searchings of intellect, as well as in sublime and godlike action, shine forth the gleamings of the living soul. Whence comes that lofty intelligence, which is embodied in all the creations of human genius—intelligence which surveys every department of creation, which pries into the secrets of nature and explores her buried mysteries, which soars even to the distant worlds, and roams through the expanse of infinity? Whence comes that exalted reason, which lights the human eye and is manifested in every noble action of man—reason which scans the living book of Nature and reads the pure lessons of Omnipotence, which grows and expands with the experience of every age, which is unrestricted even by the boundaries of earth and time, and which, independent of the external senses, pursues the most abstract and intricate trains of thought? Whence comes that delicate moral sense, which distinguishes between right and wrong, which decides the character of every motive and action, and gives to virtue its reward, and to conscience its bitter sting? Whence comes those pure and lofty aspirations that rise within us, and reach upward to the sphere of angels— aspirations for a higher life and a nobler joy, for the crystal streams of purity, and the divine revelations of truth? Whence comes that hope which "springs immortal in the human breast," and that faith, which, looking at things unseen, recognizes a home in the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens?" Do not these things clearly indicate the presence of a conscious spirit? Do they not show that there is something within of a higher order and more godlike nature than the undeveloped principles of life and sense? Such must be the conclusion of the reasoning mind. It is evident that every outward effect must be produced by the operation of some adequate cause; and surely we can conceive of no more appropriate cause for the exalted powers and heavenward tendencies of man, than the action of an individualized spiritual principle.

I may now be permitted to appeal, lastly, to the *inward self-consciousness* of man, in support of the idea which it has been our aim to elucidate. Though refined and subtle beyond all sensuous perception, it is given us to *feel*, by proper attention, the presence of a living spirit within. It is true that external objects form so powerful an attraction, and the soul, acting in harmony with the body, becomes so far blended and identified with it in its association with the outward, that the influence of the spirit is unfelt, and its voice is hushed amid the tumults of the busy world. Yet there are times when the spiritual in man gains an ascendancy over the material—times when the conscious soul asserts its independence, and speaks in a tone which reverberates through the depths of the inward being. Thus, as we are buried in profound reflection; as we become abstracted from visible objects, and enter into the world of the ideal; as we go back on the wings of memory to the years which have rolled away, and view again the various scenes and associations of the past; as we enter into the field of philosophical inquiry and gather up the divine truths which God has placed within the grasp of mind, and as we pursue the long line of thought which reaches from the beauties and harmonies of earth up to the ineffable glories of the spirit-world, then do we become inwardly conscious of the presence of the godlike spirit, and bow before the shrine of our own divinity. At such times we are made to feel that within the outward frame, beneath the heaving lungs, and back of the red-leaved heart, resides a living, animating and moving principle, which constitutes the refined,

SPEAK KINDLY, BROTHERS.

If our sectarian friends are wanting in courtesy, and choose to denounce us, who differ with them in opinion, as visionaries and infidels, it will not justify an imitation of their example on our part. We should invariably return them good for evil—kindness for unkindness, and thus illustrate in our own characters, the beautiful spirit of the Harmonial Philosophy. There is much truth in the ancient proverb, "Soft words turn away wrath," and we feel well assured, that expressions of real fraternal regard, will often disarm and render powerless, the most violent antagonist. The true spiritual Philosopher *can afford* to be generous and forgiving. Standing upon a more elevated plane of thought and vision, he is enabled to look down, and perceive many causes operating upon the minds of those who are fettered to old opinions, which serve to render them irritable and impatient, and without which, they would manifest more of their fraternal nature. They have long worshipped idols in the form of creeds, ceremonies, and a Book which appears to them as sacred, and as far above the light of reason, as is the Koran in the estimation of the devout but bigoted Mahometan; and when they find, as they now do, that the New Philosophy is gradually, but surely, undermining the foundations of their ancient faith, driving out from among the people the spirit of idolatry and sectarianism, and establishing upon imperishable foundations, the belief in higher and more perfect revelations than the dusty records of the past, and in the existence of only ONE TRUE GOD, it is not strange that our brothers thus overtaken by the new and glorious light, as they see their idols preparing to be stripped of their false charms and unmerited attractions, should, for want of better means of defense, instinctively resort to the once formidable, but now harmless, denunciatory cry of *infidelity*. It does us no injury. It is the same term which the Mussulman applies to the Christian, and is a natural manifestation of deep-rooted religious bigotry, such as in former times led to "holy wars," the inquisition, the torture and the stake. At the present day, when it has become unpopular to hang, or banish people for alleged witchcraft, or for a want of faith in the truth of ancient fables, this spirit of religious persecution is so modified, that its demonstrations are reduced to a few abusive epithets, which, from their real innocence, may justly excite a smile, but should never be allowed to generate a single thought of unfriendliness or retaliation.

Speak kindly, then, Brothers! Do not feel vexed when those who have not like ourselves, tasted the sweets of the New Philosophy, are inclined to treat us with harsh words, or even threatenings. They have been taught, perhaps, to believe in a God of wrath, whose vengeance against unbelievers is never allowed to slumber, and hence it should not be regarded as unnatural or unpardonable, when they, endeavoring to imitate the spirit of their imaginary Deity, deal out small portions of their vengeance against us, offenders. We must expect this, until the grim monster sectarianism, ceases to manifest its dying convulsions, but we have nothing to fear. The leviathan of the deep, smarting under the wounds which will cause its physical dissolution, lashes the ocean into foam; yet the skillful mariner, conscious of superior intelligence, and relying upon his means of self-preservation, witnesses these expiring throes with perfect composure. And, as we observe the struggles of wounded sectarianism, pierced as it is to the heart, by its natural antagonist, TRUTH, we, who are secure under the broad banner of a rational and spiritual philosophy, may well preserve an amiability of temper and cheerfulness of spirit, for we know that the *spray* from the gulf of ignorance, scattered around us by the fainting monster, will soon be its winding sheet, while to us it is as innocuous as the balmy zephyrs of May. Be amiable, then, Brothers, and always speak kindly to those who think it their duty to assail us. The time will come, if not in this sphere, certainly in the next, when our erring brothers will cheerfully acknowledge that it is wrong to be harsh or unkind, and, that it is both just and generous to promptly forgive those who ignorantly do us injustice.

A. M.

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TRUTH is a beautiful flower from a celestial garden.

## THE SPIRITUAL MEDIUM AT ROCHESTER.

The Fox family continue to furnish an excellent medium, through which communications can be received from spirits in the higher spheres. A letter from Mrs. Fish, of a recent date, (Sept. 13,) gives us many interesting particulars, some of which we will here extract. She says—"A party of friends assembled at our house last evening, all strangers to us, and, as it appeared, to each other. The answers they received from the spirits, they represented as accurate in every respect. One gentleman conversing with the spirit of a dear little child, inquired, "what is mother doing at this moment?" The answer was spelled out, "She is in bed with little sister Mary, but not asleep." The gentleman then turned to the company and remarked that little Mary was his youngest child, and that she always slept with her mother. Another gentleman obtained a promise from the spirits that they would manifest their presence to him, after he had returned to his lodgings in the city. The next morning, at an early hour, he called at our house with a *communication in plain, legible manuscript*, prepared by his own guardian spirits, who had endorsed it and delivered it in his room."

From Mrs. Fish's letter it also appears that on Saturday evening, Sept. 7, the spirits of Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman, made an interesting communication to a company assembled, the particulars of which were forwarded to Boston, by a gentleman present, and published in the Daily Evening Gazette. The editor of that paper says that the facts were communicated by "one of the oldest and most respectable inhabitants of Rochester, and however much persons may be inclined to ridicule the "knockings" there can be no doubt that the narration is strictly true."

After stating that the company met by appointment previously made, the gentleman referred to says that he asked the following question:

"Q.—Are the spirits of Dr. Webster and Dr. Parkman present?

A.—In the affirmative, by rapping.

The signal was given for the alphabet, when the following communication was spelled letter by letter.

DR. WEBSTER.—My friends, it will be gratifying to you and to our families to know that we are forgiven by our Father in heaven. He is more willing to forgive than erring mortals are willing to allow. There are many extenuating circumstances on both sides—and all our difficulties are settled. We will not speak of things that would only cause unpleasant feelings for the present, but on some future occasion we will converse more freely. You must now wait five minutes.

The five minutes having expired it was asked,

Q.—Does Dr. Parkman sanction all that Dr. Webster has said?

A.—I am Dr. Parkman; we are happy now, our sins are forgiven. I endorse all he has said.

Q.—Have you any special object in view? A.—Yes. Our afflicted families need all your sympathies. Heaven is merciful and they will be sustained in the day of their affliction. All is well.

Q.—Do they both say so? A.—Yes. We are happy now. And now that you have taken the subject in hand it will eventually benefit mankind."

Thus it appears that death works a beautiful change, by its illuminating and expanding influences upon the mind, and that its harmonizing powers are all-sufficient to reconcile the murderer and his victim. So are they all-sufficient to develop a degree of goodness and purity in every Spirit, that passes from the outer to the inner life.

A. M.

ILLNESS OF MR. DAVIS.—Our readers will be pained to learn that Mr. A. J. DAVIS is quite ill, at his residence in Cambridge. He is suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. A telegraphic dispatch, received just before our paper went to press, informs us that his symptoms are still unfavorable. Owing to this circumstance, our paper will of course be deprived of the valuable aid of his pen for the present. In the mean time, we will do our best to sustain the interest of the paper, trusting that our generous patrons will exercise patience.

## Poetry.

## THE USE OF BEAUTY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY FANNY GREEN.

How much of beauty, and of majesty,  
Hath God permitted to be visible,  
That so the soul of man may be refreshed,  
And strengthened in its deeper, holier life!  
Therefore he sendeth us this power benign,  
Beauty, the ever-living, ever-fair,  
To tip the vein-ed leaf and tinge the flower,  
Shape the majestic tree, and lead the vine  
In graceful clamberings o'er its sunny top—  
To paint the clouds, wreath the shadowy mist,  
To pour out all the music of the brooks,  
To gem the air with insects, and to fill  
The woodland bowers with fairest living forms,  
Whose life is love, whose love is harmony—  
To bend the green arms of the waving corn,  
In cadence to the zephyr's murmured song;  
To fill the starry night, the blushing morn,  
And dewy evening with her gentle presence,  
Until we clasp her to our yearning souls,  
And grow into her nature. Thus we learn  
The varied lesson of our Father's love,  
Until the effulgence of our perfect day,  
The unveiled fulness of the Infinite,  
Shall ope before us, with no shade between,  
For this was Beauty, given us, not to please  
Only the gross and sensual, but to speak  
In all her thousand voices to the soul,  
Winning, by fine gradations, to the Source  
Of Light, and Love, and Beauty,—which is God!

## TO MY MOTHER IN HEAVEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER,  
BY J. H. OHIVRES, M. D.

I see thee not! thou art not here, dear mother!  
To speak affection to my broken heart!  
And he who loved thee as he loved no other,  
Must live to love thee for the friend thou wert!

I see thee not! thy spirit long hath tasted  
The liberal largess of this world sublime.  
While here thy ministry of love unwasted  
Shall be remembered in the after time.

I see thee thee not! thy form is not before me,  
As it was wont to be in days gone by;  
But thy dear spirit is now hovering o'er me  
In that immortal shape that cannot die!

I see thee not! thou art in that dark prison  
Wherein the voice of mourning cannot come;  
But thy dear soul above this world has risen,  
To reign forever in its heavenly home.

I see thee not! there is no eye can see thee,  
And all our searchings in this world are vain;  
And we may yearn from that bright world to free thee,  
But we shall never meet thee here again!

I see thee not! thou art as some great treasure  
That earth has yielded for an angel's crown,  
Whose light has shone upon me without measure,  
But whose great righteousness shall not go down!

I see thee not! thy face is hid forever  
From all those dear ones who now mourn with me;  
But they were near thee—all but him, who never  
In all this world shall cease to grieve for thee!

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE SUPREME POWER.

"It has been as beautifully as truly said, that the undevout astronomer is mad." The same remark might with equal force and justice be applied to the undevout geologist. Of all the absurdities ever started, none more extravagant can be named, than the grand and far reaching researches and discoveries of geology are hostile to the spirit of religion. They seem to us, on the very contrary, to lead the inquirer, step by step, into the more immediate presence of that tremendous Power, which could alone produce and can alone account for the primitive convulsions of the globe, of which the proofs are graven in eternal characters, on the side of its bare and cloud-piercing mountains, or are wrought into the very substance of the strata that compose its surface, and which are also day by day and hour by hour at work, to feed the fire of the volcano, to pour forth its molten tides, or to compound the salubrious elements of the mineral fountains, which spring in a thousand valleys. In gazing at the starry heavens, all glorious as they are, we sink under the awe of their magnitude, the mystery of their secret and reciprocal influences, the wildering conceptions of their distances. Sense and science are at war.

The sparkling gem that glitters on the brow of night, is converted by science into a mighty orb—the source of light and heat, the centre of attraction, the sun like a system of our own. The beautiful planet which lingers in the western sky, when the sun has gone down, or heralds the approach of morning—whose mild and lovely beams seems to shed a spirit of tranquility not unmingled with sadness, nor far removed from devotion, into the heart of him who wanders forth in solitude to behold it—is in the contemplation of science, a cloud-wrapt sphere; a world of rugged mountains and stormy deeps. We study, we reason, we calculate. We climb the giddy scaffold of induction up to the very stars. We borrow the wings of the boldest analysis and flee to the uttermost parts of creation, and twinkling in the vault of night, the well instructed mind sees opening before it in mental vision, the stupendous mechanism of the heavens. Its planets swell into worlds. Its crowded stars recede, expand, become central suns, and we hear the rush of the mighty orbs that circle round them.

The bands of Orion are loosed, and the sparkling rays which cross each other on his belt, are resolved into floods of light, streaming from system to system, across the illimitable pathway of the outer heavens. The conclusions which we reach are oppressively grand and sublime; the imagination sinks under them; the truth is too vast, too remote from the premises from which it is deducted; and man, poor frail man, sinks back to the earth, and sighs to worship again, with the innocence of a child or Chaldean shepherd, the quiet and beautiful stars, as he sees them in the simplicity of sense. But in the province of geology, there are some subjects in which the senses seem, as it were, led up into the laboratory of divine power. Let a man fix his eyes upon one of the marble columns in the Capitol at Washington. He sees there a condition of the earth's surface when the pebbles of every size, and form, and material, which compose this singular species of stone, were held suspended in the medium in which they are now imbedded in the solid, lustrous, and variegated mass before his eye, in the very substance of which he beholds a record of a convulsion of the globe.

Let him go and stand upon the sides of the crater of Vesuvius, in the ordinary state of its eruptions, and contemplate the glazy stream of molten rocks, that oozes quietly at his feet, encasing the surface of the mountains as it cools with a most black and stygian crust, or lighting up its sides at night with streaks of lurid fire. Let him consider the volcano island which arose a few years since in the neighborhood of Malta, spout flames from the bottom of the sea; or accompany one of our own navigators from Nantucket to the Antarctic ocean, who, finding the centre of a small island, to which he was in the habit of resorting, sunk in the interval of two of his voyages, sailed

through an opening in its sides where the ocean had found its way, and moored his ship in the smouldering crater of a recently extinguished volcano.

Or, finally, let him survey the striking phenomenon which our author has described, and which has led us to this train of remark, a mineral fountain of salubrious qualities, of a temperature greatly above that of the surface of the earth in the region where it is found, compounded with numerous ingredients in a constant proportion, and known to have been flowing from its secret springs, as at the present day, at least for eight hundred years, unchanged, unexhausted. The religious of the elder world, in an early stage of civilization, placed a genius of divinity by the side of every spring which gushed from the rocks, flowed from the bosom of the earth. Surely it would be no weakness for a thoughtful man who should resort for the renovation of a wasted frame, to one of those salubrious mineral fountains, if he drank in their healing waters as a gift from the outstretched though invisible hand, of an every where present and benignant Power.

EDWARD EVERETT.

### HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A traveler who was crossing the Alps, was overtaken by a snow storm at the top of a high mountain. The cold became intense. The air was thick with sleet, and the piercing winds seemed to penetrate into his bones. Still the traveler for a time struggled on, but at last his limbs were quite benumbed—a heavy drowsiness began to creep over him—his feet almost refused to move, and he lay down on the snow to give way to the fatal sleep, which is the last stage of extreme cold; and from which he would certainly never have waked up in this world. Just at that moment he saw another poor traveler coming up along the road. The unhappy man seemed to be, if possible, in a worse condition than himself. For he, too, could scarcely move; all his powers were frozen, and all appeared to be just on the point to die.

When he saw the poor man, the traveler who was just going to lie down to sleep made a great effort. He roused up and crawled, for he was scarcely able to walk, to his dying fellow-sufferer.

He then took his hands into his own and tried to warm them. He chafed his temples; he rubbed his feet; he applied friction to his body. And all the time he spake cheering words into his ear, and tried to comfort him.

As he did this the dying man began to revive; his powers were restored, and he felt able to go forward. But this was not all; for his kind benefactor was recovered by the efforts which he had made to save his friend. The exertion of rubbing made the blood to circulate again in his own body. He grew warm by trying to warm the other. His drowsiness went off and he no longer wished to sleep, his limbs returned to their proper force—and the two congratulated one another on their happy escape.

Soon the storm passed away; the mountain was crossed, and they reached their quiet homes in safety.

If you feel your heart cold towards your fellow man, and your soul almost ready to perish, try to do something which may help another soul to life and make his heart glad, and you will often find it the best way to warm, and restore, and gladden your soul.

### Life and Flowers.

There are a species of flowers which can bear the hot sun and ruffling winds of the world, and which flourish as fairly in the crowded saloons whether they are conveyed as in the secluded repositories of their native woods. But there are others—and these are the finer and the purer sorts—which expand their blossoms only in the shade, and which never exhale their fragrance but to those only who seek them, amid the peaceful shelter of the scenes which gave them birth. Hence is it that they blossom unnoticed and unadmired by the heedless and by the busy, who either will not employ the care, or do not possess the leisure which is requisite to discover and to admire their hidden beauties. So in life, we find the sweetest and purest flowers of the heart in calm retirement; and when obtained, how precious they are.—*Selected.*

### CHILDHOOD.

It is a beautiful and wondrous subject, altogether worthy of a deeper investigation than any with which it has yet been honored by philosophy, the awakening of a young Spirit from its slumbers in the arms of Eternity, amid the dreamy music which drops from the golden fingers of Nature, in the dim, religious temple of Time! This Spirit, also incarnate in a new form, through which, as an instrument, it is one day to preach there—in that solemn temple—is, indeed, matter enough for thought. To my mind, Childhood is a condition of happy obedience and abandonment. It implies, and dimly shadows forth the last hight of the soul. It is a miniature picture of the innocence of man; a type, also, of that possible perfection predicted by the Prophets and Poets of the elder world. How great and noble a Being might be made out of the materials of Childhood! How gentle and confiding it is! How joyous and rapturous—how exultant in the happy life which the good God has given it! It lives with the Angels all day long, and closes its sweet eyes at night to their soft singing, meeting them again in visions of the peaceful heaven! As yet it belongs to nature, and feels safe and happy in her loving arms. Its companions are the flowers and the trees—the birds and the brooks—and the green grass of the sunny meadows: and its little fluttering spirit is so bathed in the element of love, that all creatures and things partake of its beauty, and the child and them become one and the same being. It is this mystic union with Nature—which we all feel to have been ours in Childhood—that makes us cling so fondly to the associations of that happy state. It is because we have experienced the deep unutterable joy of communion with surrounding intelligences, without let or hindrance from sin, that *we all desire in some moment of our lives to be once more a child!*

Ah! happy Childhood! sweet spring time oft to a dreary summer, and an unblest winter. Knowledge is the Bible of the soul, intended to comfort man in all his ways, and conduct him to immortality. Insensibly does an unseen hand trace ciphers on the mystic leaves. There they lie in beautiful illumination even now, for Childhood itself to read. Not for ever in sunny dreams must the young Spirit be wasted! It must try its wings—and soar—and burn—and fall—and rise again. Cast, by-and-by, into the depths of Thought—it must struggle there for life—it must solve the enigma of its own existence.—*Selected.*

THE sun is like God, sending abroad life, beauty, and happiness; and the stars are like human souls, for all their glory comes from the sun.

THERE is often in the heart some innate image of the beings we are to love, that lends to our first sight of them almost an air of recognition.

THE spirit triumphant in life, will have power to make the face of death like the face of an angel.

EVERY thing which can be measured is too much within bounds, for our souls aspire after the Infinite.

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