

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

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

VOL. 1.

SPRINGFIELD, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1850.

NO. 9.

The Principles of Nature.

THE NATURE AND PRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

BY W. M. FERNALD.

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 59.]

But when we speak of the comprehensibility of God, we mean his nature only, and his mode of existence. In his infinity, of course, He is past finding out. But it is *only* in his infinity, for I insist, the nature and mode of God's existence are among the simplicities of truth. No subject is more appreciable, and it is only this cruel and crude warfare between the ideas of spirit and matter, that has caused any confusion or incomprehensibility at all. The same confusion, and no more, exists in the soul and body of man. Philosophers have queried at what precise time the soul was united to the body, not knowing or suspecting that the soul was but the internal organization, and commenced and grew up with the body. Truly did Dr. Channing remark, in objecting to Milton's and Priestly's more philosophical ideas of the materiality of the soul, that "perhaps, as knowledge advances, we shall discover that the Creator is bound to his works by stronger and more intimate ties than we now imagine." This is a true prophecy. The Creator and his works may all be expressed by the words Energy and Substance. The connection of God with Nature is simply the connection of action and passive matter. The action is modified motion, and the motion is eternal and co-essential with matter.

But let us not be deceived. I do not mean to say that God spiritually is simple motion. I say, this is the *lowest* manifestation of Deity in the mineral kingdom. There is motion only; no life, no cellular structures, such as we find to be the recipients of animation in the vegetable world; but simply motion, manifested in chemical action and crystalline forms. Here is all of God that can possibly operate in the whole mineral world. This portion of the divine body is simply mineral; this portion of the divine spirit is simply motion.

Next we ascend to the vegetable kingdom. And here the body and spirit of God are both changed. The whole vegetative world, in its freshness and beauty, is the body, of which the life principle is the animating spirit. But this life is only a modification of the principle of motion, and is a quality of the substance itself. Nothing more of Deity can possibly exist or operate here, for the highest ascensions of matter have not yet been made, and of course the highest principles of spirit cannot yet manifest themselves.

Next we ascend to the animal kingdom—to mere sensitive existence. This portion of the divine body is a complex, vascular, nervous and muscular organization; this portion of the divine spirit is simply sensation. But sensation is only a modification of the principle of life, as life is of the principle of motion. And the spirit and the body are one substance in action.

Lastly, we ascend to man. Here is another portion of the divine universal body, and another manifestation of the divine spirit in intelligence and love. But this intelligence, these thoughts and affections, are nothing but the play or motion of the more refined substance, of the more interior, *spiritual* substance indeed, and so God spiritually is not merely *simple* motion, as manifested in the mineral world; not the higher action of *life* merely, as manifested in the vegetable world; not the still higher principle of sensation, merely, as manifested in the animal world; and not the high principles of intelligence and love merely, as manifested in the human world; but *all* these, operating through all the kingdoms, all the substances and organisms of Nature. God materially is the universal, unitary substance

or matter of infinity, in its myriad degrees and forms of refinement, progression and development, on all earths and in all heavens; God spiritually is the universal, unitary action, energy, or motion, manifested throughout all existence, but most perfectly in the intelligence, reason, and love of man and angels.

There is no other God than this. There is indeed, God diffused, and God centralized. And here we are brought to that peculiar phasis of religious belief, termed *Pantheism*. You may have thought we have made ourselves liable to it. Pantheism is the recognition of God as all, and all as God. It prevails largely at the present day. Old Dr Beecher, it is said, some years ago *prophecie*d that in twenty-five years Pantheism would be the prevailing theology of Boston. If the Dr. ever did say so, no doubt his spirit stood then more highly inspired than it ever could be on the low plains of church theology. Pantheism expresses a great truth. It seems to announce briefly, the presence of God in matter. Rather more than this. It recognizes the materiality of God. It perceives the truth that God is all, and all is God, but not in the highest sense of a true and divine philosophy. Let us say, frankly, that Pantheism, in any sense, is an improvement on the very best church theology. It makes, at least, a united universe. And the Pantheistic religion is certainly more harmonious than the gross religion of him who feels God separated and cut off from all essential, substantial connection with matter and with man. It certainly comes nearer to the apostolic announcement—"In Him we live, move, and have our being"—than the crude and *separate* personality which is all ajar with Nature.

But the error of pantheism is this: It conceives of God diffused, and not sufficiently of God centralized. In its lower phasis, it recognizes God simply in the laws of Nature. Now, the laws of Nature are certainly a part of the Divinity, and if we embrace in these laws, the laws and operation of collective human mind, they become a most important part. But the laws of Nature, in the most extensive sense, do not comprehend any thing central and mental, to answer to the full idea of the Deity. What is Nature to us? Only a little visible splendor, beauty, and law—magnificent, indeed, when measured by man—but only a bright, substantial dot in the mighty magnificence of the seen and unseen. Even the material creation, magnified by science, and multiplied by the imagination, only embraces a little cluster of worlds and systems, swimming in the precincts of infinite space. How much is all the glory beyond it! What an inexpressible circumference of distant lights in the far off mansions of the material universe, which tell of the same Nature, multiplied by infinity on infinity! And when we embrace in the conception, the refined and glorified spiritual spheres around every one of these globes in immensity, what is *Nature*, as we are accustomed to view and talk of it on this our earth? Truly, God is in this little Nature, and Nature is so much of God; but this is God diffused. Does not every system have its centre? And can we not mount from sphere to sphere, from heaven to heaven, from infinity to infinity, and feel at every step of this adventurous march of the imagination, that we are still far off, but tending to, that Glorious Centre around which God and all his creation swims? This is God centralized. And now, take the highest manifestation of creative power to be found on earth. Take man. His mind is the accumulation of all the forces and qualities of matter manifested in Motion, Life, Sensation and Intelligence, ascended through all the kingdoms of Nature beneath him. Or, to vary the phraseology, He is Love and Wisdom personified. How absolutely and sternly logical it is, then, to conceive in this wondrous and Almighty Center of all substantial things, the *same* qualities, essences, spiritualities, personality, which have been developed

through Nature into Man! Pantheism, so called, has overlooked this. It has been right as far as it has gone, but in its diffusiveness and expansiveness, it has failed to recognize distinctly that absolute *Mind* which is the Centre of all things, visible and invisible. If God is not Mind, Man could not have been. The creative cause must be equal in nature to the created effect. Pantheism is a very harmless and beautiful word. It is full of Theism, is all Theism. I like the sound of it much better than I do the sound of Theology. It is more musical and harmonious, and expresses far more of philosophical truth. And there is no earthly reason why, when looking on man, it should stop short in its conceptions of the Infinite Man, Deity. Every man is a god. Every man is a centre to inferior nature beneath and around him, and the expanded universe of material and spiritual systems, is but the unfolding of that vast Center of infinite Substance, Energy, and Mind.

But there are not two substances. This is the source of all confusion. The mind of God is the divine internal energy of the substantial body or brain of God. Substance and Motion—Matter and Power, in all degrees, from first to last, from center to circumference, from atom to man, to angel, comprehending all Wisdom and all Love,—is not this the Deity? And the Great Center of all this is Deity most proper. Some may call this speculative; but I ask, has speculative theology anything better to offer? Is not unspeculative theology unthinking theology? And what is true speculation but true thought? And what is true thought but the foundation of true practice?

This is a doctrine to teach children. We have no more reason to shudder, or feel inferior to the child's question—What is God? or, where is He? or how does He exist? than we have to hesitate concerning the commonest theory of the human mind. It is wretched havoc with the infant faith to show so much parental shrinking from the very first lessons of it. It is only to mistify and stultify the rising intellect, and shroud all Nature with a pall of heaviness. Nature is ever bright and beautiful to the natural eye; and as face answereth to face in water, so doth material nature to the free mind. There is a sympathy between all things. To the little child, I think, who never heard of God, all Nature would appear alive. The blue of the sky would become almost spiritual, the stars would be full of motion, the sun would be godlike, the earth parental, the flowers joyful, the clouds beneficent, the woods religious, the winds and waves, and the whole of so called inanimate nature, would seem to be pervaded with a moving spirit, connecting it sympathetically to the soul. The Holy Ghost of Nature's trinity would sanctify and penetrate the heart. But the moment the child hears of God, as theologically taught, that moment Nature becomes dead. The animating soul has fled from the confines of the Universe, and the child's mind is put upon a stretch to find it. He cries out from the simplicity and truthfulness of his heart—"Oh! where is God? and in the anxiety and unsatisfied enquiry of his little mind, he may exclaim as Mary did at the empty sepulchre—"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Henceforth, there is a continual conflict in the child's mind, between the natural intuitions and the teachings of a crude theology. Nature is the same outwardly, but the God of Nature, where is He? And yet the deep, blue heavens say he is there, the stars proclaim His power and might, the sun His goodness, the earth His bounty, the flowers His smiles, and man His wisdom and His love, in miniature. But this is heard, if heard at all, with only feeble voice in the soul; for the Divinity now to be sought for, is some presence not so fully manifested in Nature as in those operations which are most unnatural, and which do not indeed exist now, but which have existed two or three thousand years ago. Yes, on the authority of evidence as unnatural as the operations proved by it, and said to make known God!

But that God is as much alive, and present, and operative now, as He ever has been, and in as wondrous a manner, is not for the theology of tradition and history to teach. It is not so fully to be realized by the theology of two substances, one of which is God, and the other not. It is only fully taught, and

fully realized, by that rigid unitarianism which finds Intelligence to be the perfection of Motion of the One Eternal Substance of the Deity. Only in this way can we ever tell how God exists, what is His essential nature; and only in this way can we put ourselves in completest harmony with the Divine Mind, and with those partial manifestations of mind in the varied objects and kingdoms of Nature. But now, I know the least motion in the least particle of matter, to be God there; I know the least life, in the most tiny and imperfect vegetable structure, to be God there; I know the least sensation, in the lowest and most rudimental animal organism, to be God there; and I know that wherever man is, there is Deity in ultimates—that His intelligence completes the circle of creation, and shows us what the Divine Center is, from which all this mighty universe has been unfolded. I feel as sure of this as I do of my own existence. And when I see that all the attributes of Deity are comprehended imperfectly in *Power* or *Energy*, that either of these terms is quite equal to the term spirit, I do not feel the necessity of the least materiality, or even substance, to the Divine Mind; all the materialism pertains to the Divine Body; but the Matter and the Spirit exist together, and cannot exist apart; there is no Spirit without Matter, there is no Matter without Spirit. How much spirit there is in the lightning, in the earthquake, and the storm! How much spirit in the pent up gases and concentrated elements of the earth! How much spirit in the vapory element which drives the machinery of a thousand factories, and transports us from continent to continent! What a tremendous enginery in the roll of heaven's planetary systems, full of the might of the power that is Omnipotent! The spirit of a thing is the power and energy of the thing; and there is not the slightest necessity to make a duality which does not exist in Nature, to account for all the power exhibited in creation. Power, Motion, is an inherent quality of all substance, and God is just so intimately connected with His creation.

But this is the lowest phasis of the divine principle. There is a moral character to all this. Wherever there is power manifested, there is design apparent. The power operates with wisdom. And wherever there is design apparent, there is goodness also. The power operates with wisdom and with goodness. And if we would gain the highest conceptions of Him who is enthroned in the center of the universe, and climb to the highest spiritualities of the Divine character, we must consider man, nay, we must consider woman too, and in the divine conjugal of two in one, we must recognize the union of that love and wisdom which are the eternal marriage of the Divine Mind in one body of positive and negative existence.

Here, I say, is theology for the child. Here is unity, simplicity, nature. Nobody can tell the evils which a rickety dualism has inflicted on mankind. How it has bewildered reason, begotten skepticism, killed the original idea of unity, which is essential harmony in the mind, and conjured up a moral character for the Infinite, which is black with the superstitions of ages. Conceiving of God as something essentially and substantially separate from Nature and all other substance, men have felt a philosophical liberty to blacken the Divine character. They never would have been able to do this, had it not been for this cruel divorce of mind from matter. There is nothing malignant or revengeful in Nature. And conceiving of mind properly, as the central force and energy of all this mighty materialism, visible and invisible, it would have been as impossible to have conceived anything hurtful or revengeful in the Deity of nature, as it would be to conceive the opening rose to contain internal properties, blasting and malignant to itself. And upon this foundation, how would it ever have been possible to have framed anything like the cumbersome structure of artificial theology? We should have had neither three Gods, nor one particular son of God, nor condemnation, nor salvation in artificial hells or heavens. The whole structure of unnatural theology would have been deprived of its foundation, and Nature, in all her beauties and refinements, would have blessed and sanctified the souls of men.

But is it too late to rejoice that we have found out God? May we not now realize, and rejoice in that faith, that this whole



body of varied and glorious materialism, is instinct and alive with Deity?—that the Divine Mind manifests itself through material organs?—that God is only Infinite Man?—and that man, in his individualism, is only a minute center in the circumference of that great center of all centers—the all-comprehending Deity: Then all Nature invites to worship, and he who loves Nature loves God. Then the child may be merry in his existence, knowing that very merriment to be the joy of the Lord unto him. Then doubts flee from the soul like mists from the rising sun, for faith requires no evidence but that which is felt as the spirit of reality. Then all the faculties dance in the soul, for the inharmonies of error have been driven out, and there is a rejoicing that cannot be postponed. Then every person is priest and priestess, and the mediators are removed, and the soul is at one with the Soul of All, and a continuous jubilee takes place in the temple of humanity. Then there is unity, harmony, faith, reconciliation, for there are no expectations of divine interposition contrary to Nature's undeviating course, but there is an assurance that there can be nothing more right, more just, more good, than the ultimate results of most perfect law. Piety is made universal, for all truth becomes religious. God is present as He never was before. The human spirit is pervaded with an influence from every living and unliving thing; it is in magnetic connection with the universe; it swims in a vast sea of eternal connections and dependencies; it is center amid centers; and if there were no external and social disturbances, it might be still and calm, and rejoice and revolve in the eternal circles of harmonies within harmonies.

That is a day for disquieted humanity made possible only by the recognition of this unity and harmony in Nature. We can realize a little of it; we can scent the morning air of a new day of social and individual joy; and we can contribute to these future harmonies by removing every obstruction which may postpone the full realization. The foundations of all things need re-exploring. The philosophy of all things is required. Faith needs to be unitized and re-assured, and from the essential oneness of Nature and Nature's God, shall issue the preparation of a whole and complete thought which shall do much for the bringing in of that day of harmony. In the mean time, we may be saved from doubt, and ignorance, and religious distrust. We may know not only that God is, but what He is; we may see, though we cannot comprehend much of His infinity—cannot rise greatly to that divine center of all things material and spiritual, earthly and celestial—we may see that we are indeed part and parcel of the One Infinite Being, and that the least atom in creation could not be spared without taking both from the body and the mind of the universal Deity. In this faith we may worship and rejoice forever. The child can comprehend it, the grown soul can comprehend no other. And the heaven of heavens can contain no other truth than this, amplified and spiritualized through the circling ages of eternity.

Progress of Truth.

General truth has been arrived at by pursuing curved lines through the mythology and superstition of every age and nation. The lines that lead to truth, unmingled with error, however, are perfectly *straight*; and these, if pursued, lead gradually beyond the realms of darkness and ignorance that may have environed the mind of the traveler; and every step that is taken, ushers him into a more beautiful light. And thus he approaches Truth by the light of Reason and the unchanging laws of Nature; and when he arrives at the Truth, he finds himself surrounded with grandeur and magnificence that can be conceived of and appreciated only by one who has the supreme love of eternal truth dwelling within him.

The mythological opinions of primitive nations have been gradually and imperceptibly modified, as knowledge has been unfolded in the minds of mankind. And these modifications have been so imperceptible to each subsequent generation that the nineteenth century only unfolds a true conception of the change, by its contrast of truth and light, and knowledge, with the ignorance and superstition of the extreme ages of antiquity.—*Principles of Nature.*

Psychological Department.

RECOGNITION OF THE DEPARTED.

On the approach of physical dissolution, when the ties of the earthly life have been greatly weakened by disease, the perceptions of the soul expand in the direction of the spirit-home, and often reach forward to the loved ones which are gathered there. An impressive instance of this nature is related as follows:

"A little girl, in a family of my acquaintance, a lovely and precious child, lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by that mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenward. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child, was the idol of the bereaved family. But she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's kind care of her, and, winding one wasted arm about her neck, would say, "Now tell me about my mamma!" And when the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see my mamma!" The request was never refused; and the affectionate sick child would lie for hours, gazing on her mother's portrait. But

"Pale and wan she grew, and weakly—
Bearing all her pains so meekly,
That to them she still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour grew nearer."

That hour came at last, and the weeping neighbors assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower, as its life-sun was going down. The little chest heaved faintly,—spasmodically.

"Do you know me, darling?" sobbed close in her ear, the voice that was dearest; but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colorless countenance. The eyelids flashed open; and the lips parted, the wan, curdling hands flew up, in the little one's last impulsive effort, as she looked piercingly into the far above.

"Mother!" she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone—and passed with that breath into her mother's bosom.

Said a distinguished divine, who stood by that bed of joyous death. "If I had never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now!"—*National Era.*

Spiritual Phenomena.

In the town of A—, in this state, as a mother and the wife of her son were about to go out to call on a neighbor, they heard a sound as of some one struggling in the water. The sound was very distinct, and seemed in the middle of the room. The son and husband being at sea, the females were naturally alarmed, and called in the neighbors, who made a record of the hour and day when the phenomenon occurred. Several weeks after, the family were informed by letter that the son was drowned at the precise hour when the singular noise was heard.

In the same town, a woman was impressed with a sense of some impending calamity. She could not drive away the conviction that some terrible misfortune had befallen her, she knew not what. The feeling continued, and after some days she received intelligence of her husband's death, which occurred at the precise time when the consciousness of some great evil first overpowered her.

When about ten years old, as I was one day sitting alone, suddenly a strain of most exquisite music broke the silence, more sweet and entrancing than I have ever heard, before or since. I listened in wondering delight till it died away, as if ascending upward into the sky. Soon after my mother came into the room and informed me that my cousin in the room above, had just breathed his last. Child as I was, that seraphic music still lingers vividly in my memory, and has always seemed to me to be associated in some way with my cousin's death.

These instances were not presentiments, in the proper sense of that word. The two first seem to have been communion of the departing spirit with distant friends; the latter, was it not a song of the angels, welcoming an emancipated spirit to its celestial home? I love to think so.

H.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

APOLLOS MUNN AND R. P. AMBLER, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 5, 1850.

THE NATURE AND FORM OF THE SPIRIT.

He who desires the truth, and fears not to reason, will naturally extend his investigations beyond the bounds of sensuous perception, and labor to comprehend the glorious realities, embraced in the wide world of spiritual knowledge. It is not enough that he merely assents to the existence of an overruling Power, and the presence of an indwelling soul. Growing out of these fundamental principles of spiritual science, are broader and deeper truths, which, though lying beyond the dividing line of human creeds, exert an attractive influence on every mind that desires illumination. The inquiry arises, *what is that internal power which moves the breathing frame, and is manifested so gloriously in thought, feeling and action?*—what is the intrinsic *nature* of what we term spirit, and what is the peculiar *form*, if any, in which it is moulded? To a consideration of these inquiries, the importance of which will be universally recognized, I now invite the attention of the reader.

First, then, allow me to ask, what is the *nature* of the human spirit? This word "spirit" has usually conveyed to most minds no definite or definable idea. It has been regarded as meaning something which the human mind has no power to grasp, and which amounts to but little more than an "airy nothing." Theologians have employed the term to express the immortal part of man, or, as this has been assumed to be, some special gift or endowment of the Creator, superadded to the body, having no relation to outward matter, and yet capable of enjoying the delights of a local heaven, or suffering the flames of an endless hell. The commonly received definition of this word, as given by Webster and others, is "an *immaterial substance*;" and it is on the strength of this definition that theological views and impressions in regard to the nature of spirit, have been based. If, however, we are willing in this case to break the shackles of authority, and subject this definition to a critical analysis, it will be found to clearly involve a perfect contradiction in terms. By consulting the same author just referred to, it will be seen that "substance" signifies "matter," and "immaterial" signifies "not consisting of matter;" so that this phrase "immaterial substance," would mean literally, *matter not consisting of matter*. Here, then, according to this definition, we have in spirit a substance which is not a substance—matter which is not composed of matter—a reality which is not real—a thing which is a non-entity. No person who is disposed to reason on this subject can possibly receive a definition so inconsistent and unsatisfactory as this. In attempting to comprehend the nature of spirit, it is important to attain some idea which may be consistently defined, and which shall not be at variance with the established principles of reason.

What, then, let me again inquire, is spirit? I answer, spirit is *something*, and if it is something, it must be *substance*, otherwise it is *nothing*; and if it is substance it must be *material*, as of an immaterial substance we have no power to conceive. When, however, I define spirit as being something which is material, I do not mean that it should be identified with the gross matter which is visible to the outward eye. Spirit, as I conceive, is the highest of all the innumerable forms of matter in the whole Universe. It is the most refined and perfect of all existing substance. It is the internal essence and ultimate development of that which we now regard as material. Everything in the wide creation which exists as a substance, must of course partake of the nature of matter, because there is no other distinct and separate entity in being. Matter, however, it should be observed, exists in different and various degrees of refinement, from the lowest to the highest conceivable forms. Thus we may ascend from the grossest mineral up to those refined elements which are unseen by the external eye, and the presence

of which is only discovered by the most delicate, chemical tests; and then from these we may go upward still, through yet higher gradations till we come to *spirit*, which is the last link in the chain of universal matter. From this view of the nature of spirit, we may conclude that it is not so entirely cut off and disconnected from visible substances as we have been inclined to imagine. It must be regarded rather as the ultimate result of the great law of progress established in the nature and constitution of things, and as having a necessary dependence on all that is below it in the scale of being;—not as entirely unconnected with matter, but as the refinement and sublimation of the material, and the most exalted step in the stages of its development. Viewed in this light, we can easily understand how the spirit may unite with the refined essences of the material body, and, through the links of an unbroken chain, may so come in connection with it, as to move and regulate the mental and physical organs.

Let us now advance another step in this investigation, and inquire what is the human spirit as to its *form*. So undefinable have been the ideas commonly entertained on this subject, that the spirit has been usually regarded as assuming no definite figure. Indeed the conception of an organized form is entirely incompatible with the idea, so generally received, of an *immaterial substance*. But when it is considered that the spirit existing in man originated from grosser matter, and must, therefore, to a certain degree, partake of its nature, it becomes at once rational to suppose that this assumes a definite and definable shape. Form, it should be remembered, is one of the essential properties of all substances. We can conceive of nothing substantial which has not a form. Indeed nothing could exist as a material body without possessing the first prominent characteristic of matter, which is *figure*. The invisibility of any substance does not destroy this essential property. Even the vapors that rise from the bosom of the lake, have an unseen shape, as appears afterwards in the fleecy cloud; and the atmosphere we inhale, though invisible, has still a figure corresponding with the sphericity of the earth. It is plain, then, that the human spirit, being a finite substance, endowed with the general properties of all matter, must be moulded to some definite form.

If the position here taken is recognized as correct, it will not be too much to assume that the etherealized particles of which the spirit is composed, are placed in such an order and governed by such laws as serve to produce a distinct and perfect organization; especially when it is remembered that in the advancement of matter through the ascending scale of being, each successive form as it is developed from the lower, becomes more perfectly and organically constructed, until we arrive at the ultimate of all these forms, which is spirit. The internal being, therefore, is not like the cloud which is torn in fragments and moulded in a thousand shapes by external influences, but it is completely and beautifully organized, so as to always preserve a distinct individuality. Now this organized, spiritual form, it will be conceded on reflection, would naturally correspond in its outline to the physical body. This body becomes the mould, as it were, in which the spirit is born, expands and becomes developed. In the first formation of the infant being it commences an existence; it grows with the natural unfoldings of the outward organism, and is at last perfected in its structure when the body has reached its full maturity. Such, then, being the mutual dependence and harmonious action of the spiritual and material forms, the one naturally maintains a perfect correspondence with the other. Besides, the human organization presents the most beautiful and complete structure in all nature; it is in fact the crowning glory of the divine works—the *very beau ideal* of the highest creative genius, and hence it was appropriately designed as the outward pattern and similitude of the internal spirit. An ancient writer, who appears to have been enlightened on this subject, has remarked: "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;" indicating the existence of two distinct organizations, differing in degrees of refinement, but corresponding in form and outline. The same writer speaks of the inward man in distinction from the outward, leading us to presume that the one is as perfectly organized, or as much a *man* as the other,

and furthermore that it possesses a similar and corresponding form. Thus the spiritual being pervades the physical, extending through every limb of the material body, and forming an invisible, though bright and beautiful counterpart. And this interior form, being so refined and subtle in its composition as not to be changed by physical disturbances, remains unaffected and uninjured whatever may happen to the outward body, preserving its perfect shape, symmetry, and beauty, though this may be mutilated or destroyed. The spirit is thus made the *real and substantial man*; and amid the varied changes of time, the action of disease, or the crumbling of the earthly temple, it continues as a glorious monument of divine wisdom, and lives on through the endless ages that are unfolded in the depths of its eternal being.

R. P. A.

REST OF THE SOUL.

How much is comprehended in that one word, *rest*. It embraces the goal of human labor, the sweet reward of toil, the joy that angels know, and the bliss for which the weary sigh. Rest is the fond dream of life—the entrancing vision of the spirit. The busy throngs that crowd the paths of earth are toiling for this; the captive that clanks his heavy chains in gloom, the poor man that groans beneath the burden of oppression, and the mourner that sighs in the bitterness of grief, are all seeking rest. And yet the world, with all its vain allurements, is incapable of imparting to man that rest for which he inwardly thirsts. Wealth may spread its golden treasures at his feet, greatness may exalt to the high seats of life, and power may build the palaces of ease, or rear the soft throne of majesty, but true rest is not among their dazzling gifts. This is not to be found in that which is outward, sensual, and gross; it belongs not to any of the stations or circumstances of life, but consists in that internal quietude—that peace and harmony of the soul, which may be attained as well by the beggar as the king. Such a rest surpasses the enjoyments of outward ease, and has no dependence on the fluctuating events of life. Its sweetness may be enjoyed even in the severest labors; it may be felt when pain contorts the weary limbs, or the body is tossed in feverish restlessness.

We are not to understand, however, that this spiritual rest implies an internal passivity, or inaction. The soul is, and must be, forever on the wing; its powers are constantly in exercise, and it is always aspiring to some exalted end, which lies beyond each present attainment. At the same time, therefore, that it enjoys the quietude of its own internal harmony, it experiences a high degree of spiritual action. While it rests from doubt and fear, it feels the earnest inspiration of faith; while it rests from the burden of guilt, it is moved by the living spirit of holiness, and while it rests from the stings of sorrow and woe, it is enlivened by the thrilling emotions of joy. Thus we have seen Nature in the hour of its deep tranquility. All seems silent, motionless and peaceful, and yet beneath this outward appearance is the constant operation of internal law. The high, bright stars, that seem to rest so fixedly in the firmament, are unceasingly performing their endless revolutions, and the whole surface of the earth, though outwardly quiet and tranquil, is undergoing the perpetual action of growth and decay. In a similar light we may regard the rest of the soul. It is a state of spiritual quiet, harmony and peace, yet necessarily involves a constant internal action.

And how is this divine rest to be obtained? Not by seeking the prize of fame—not by basking in the glare of greatness—not by reposing on thrones of power. But it is found by attaining that serene peacefulness of spirit which flows from the harmonies of earth and heaven. It is obtained by yielding to those gentle influences, and listening to those divine teachings which are imparted in Nature's universal temple. It comes from those divine revelations which are contained in all the works of God—from those instructions which unfold the glories of the divine nature and the exalted destiny of the spirit—which lead us to regard evil as the prophecy of an infinite good, and death as the gateway to immortal joys. Let us, then, listen to that voice which calls so tenderly to man; let us listen to it, that when weary and heavy-laden in the desert earth—when bowed down

with pain, and toil, and sorrow, we may find a sweet and glorious rest—a rest like that which steals upon the freed spirit in the home where the weary toil no more.

R. P. A.

PROF. WEBSTER AND DR. PARKMAN.

Rochester, N. Y., Sept. 23d, 1850.

Messrs. MUNN & AMBLER:—The undersigned have been directed, by the authors of the following communication, to forward the same to you for publication in the "Spirit Messenger." In doing so, we would simply state that the subject matter was unsolicited on our part, and that we assume no other responsibility than to vouch for its correctness, as we received it through the medium of the alphabet. Several other persons were present at different periods during the communication, but not to witness the whole of it. The authors have prohibited the publication of several interrogatories and responses for the present, which might, perhaps, be interesting to the reader. They also authorized the parenthetic and emphatic passages, carefully revising the whole communication, as they desired it to appear before the public. It has been our aim to be scrupulously correct—to refrain from asking any questions which might elicit responses incongruous with the design of the communicators; in short, to let them say what they pleased, and in their own words. When they were ready, we were ready, and noted down each letter of every word indicated by the electrical vibrations; and when they had done, we were done also. Of the character of the communication—its expression of the persons whom it represents—the reader can judge for himself. Neither of us had the slightest personal acquaintance with them, and we certainly should feel great reluctance against being the instruments of wounding the feelings of those most tenderly affected by this communication.

A. REYNOLDS,
C. HAMMOND.

HOUSE OF MRS. FISH,
Rochester, N. Y., Sept 7th, 1850. }

The spirit of Prof. Webster said, "We are ready."

Question by Mrs. Fish. "Will the spirit of Prof. Webster give us his signal?"

"Yes"—III-I-III-I

"Will the spirit of Dr. Parkman give us his signal?"

"Yes."—III-II-III-I

Prof. Webster then said:

"My friends: It will be gratifying to you and 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. 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 wait five minutes."

The spirit of Dr. Parkman then said: "I am Dr. Parkman. We are happy now. Our sins are forgiven. I endorse all he, (Prof. W.) has said."

Ques. by Mrs. Fish. "Have you any special object in view in making these communications?"

Ans. "Yes; our afflicted families need all your sympathies. Heaven is merciful, and they will be sustained in their day of affliction. All is well. We are happy now that you have taken this subject in hand, and this will eventually benefit mankind. To be continued next Wednesday, at 8 o'clock, P. M. Now, my dear friends, remember Wednesday night."

Met agreeably to appointment, and at precisely 8 o'clock the sounds and signals were heard, when, without a question, the spirit of Professor Webster communicated as follows:

"You have met on an errand of mercy. You will not fail to obey God's will, my dear friends, in publishing this to the world. It was pride ruined me. My friend, Dr. Parkman, assisted me; and when he called on me, being unable to meet his demand, in my rage I committed the dreadful crime. I long tried to conceal the worst feature of my crime, but an honest man blushes not to own his faults. The false pride which now exists, will still continue to ruin many. My affection for my family was

the cause of my concealing the fact. (The *premeditated crime* is what I now speak of.) You all know I confessed I was insulted, or, at least I thought myself insulted; and, for some time I sought satisfaction. I repeat, I sought satisfaction; but I had not fully determined to take his life, until the last two days before his death. Now, you can benefit the world by making this confession known."

Ques. by Mr. Reynolds. "Does this confession conflict with the one you made to be laid before the Governor and Council of Massachusetts?"

Ans. "Some. I knew I was condemned, and thought for the sake of my innocent family I would omit some few things."

"Done this time; and, at the next meeting, I wish to have no one present but yourself, Mr. Reynolds, and the two sisters. I commenced on Saturday, and I will conclude on the same day of the week. Meet next Saturday, at 4½ P. M." Dr. P. confirmed the above by his signal.

Met at the time appointed, when the spirit of Prof. Webster said:

"Now, my friends, you are not responsible* for anything the spirits spell out. I was convinced long before I came to the spirit world, the time had come when spirits had power to reveal crime; for the spirit of the man I injured was ever before me." (Mr. H. remarked, "While you were in prison I suppose.") "Yes, there and everywhere. I was tempted many times to come out and own my guilt unto the world; but there were so many reasons for the concealment, that I had not moral courage enough to come out and own the truth; and you know a man's reputation is everything to him, when living among men. Now, my friends, I have confessed my whole faults, and am forgiven."

Ques. by Mr. H. "Will you now spell out the object of this confession, since you have departed this life?"

Ans. "Yes; this confession facilitates my progress, and yours too."

Ques. by Mr. H. "In what respect?"

Ans. "Because it severs me from earth. Long as I felt the weight upon my conscience, I could not progress with that facility with which I can now; and this is what will promote the happiness of all mankind."

The spirit of Dr. Parkman then said; "All he (Prof. W.) has said is true, and we are friends again, in a happier state. He suffered much and long, and who among you could not forgive a poor, erring mortal, who had paid the last penalty on earth. His execution was a mere trifle, compared with the pain of parting with his dear family. I felt a strong sympathy for him, and in his last days I was permitted to minister to his happiness."

Ques. by Mr. H. "After you left this world?"

Ans. "Yes; I soothed his perturbed and restless mind. Now is the time for you to ask questions, and we will answer you."

Ques. by Mr. H. "Did you minister to Prof. Webster in his confinement in prison?"

Ans. "Yes; he felt my hand upon his fevered brow."

Ques. by Mr. H. "Was Prof. Webster sensible of that at the time of the manifestation?"

Ans. "Yes; I thought it was a spirit at the time, but I shrunk from the touch with fear. I subsequently thought it was the imaginings of a diseased mind. To be continued and concluded on Saturday next, commencing at 2½ P. M."

Met at the appointed hour, and shortly after the same electrical vibrations indicated a call for the alphabet, when the spirit of Prof. Webster said:

"Proceed to the subject. This world (spirit-world) is beautiful, and all is harmony. Discord and strife have no existence here. There are many improvements making to advance the laws of progression. It is God's will that all should progress. (Remark by Mr. H.: And God's will is law.) Yes. He has sent his agents to enlighten the world, and to convince skeptics of the immortality of the soul. And this, my friends, is the commencement of the grand era that is now dawning upon the

*At the time the spirits commenced their communication on this occasion, we had just concluded a few remarks concerning our responsibility in regard to its publication. C. H.

world. The curtain, which has hitherto veiled the world in darkness, is about to be rent asunder; and every man will learn to place his trust in God, and not depend on the feeble arm of flesh to pardon his guilt."

The spirit of Dr. Parkman then said: "Now, dear friends, this lengthy communication is drawing to a close, and you have discharged a great duty, and you will be rewarded, here and hereafter. Be firm and steadfast in duty, and you will be sustained through every trial. The world may scoff and ridicule, but they cannot harm you. Thus, ends the first chapter."

THE DIGNITY OF MAN.

In viewing the sublime and beautiful fabric of the Universe, which impresses the mind so deeply with the presence of infinite Power, we should never, amid the immensity which reaches out before us, be unmindful of the dignity of our own nature. Man constitutes the crowning work of creation; he occupies a sphere but little lower than that of the angels; he is the embodiment of intelligence, which nature in all lower forms is aiming to produce—the child of the Infinite Spirit, impressed with the divine likeness, endowed with godlike faculties, and destined to a world of immortal happiness.

It is true that this superior dignity is not always clearly manifested. Man has sometimes degraded and desecrated his powers;—he has raised the hand of cruelty and death against his brother—has mingled in scenes of strife and bloodshed, and amid the smoke and carnage of the battle, has given vent to the baser passions of his nature; he has set on the dazzling throne of empires, and swayed the sceptre of oppression over enslaved millions; he has decked himself with the gorgeous robes of wealth, and monopolized the impartial blessings of Heaven, while he has looked down with a hard heart and an un pitying eye on the wretched, starving poor. When, however, we take a more extended survey of human action, and look beyond this dark cloud of passion and depravity, we find within the material of man a deeper, spiritual energy, which at times shines forth with celestial brightness.

Thus beneath the mass of apparent corruption, is an internal, inherent dignity which never can be destroyed. It may be recognized in every noble effort which has been made to advance the interests and ameliorate the condition of the race. It may be seen in the glorious reforms which have lifted man from the depths of degradation and developed the higher faculties of his nature; in the benevolent institutions, where the desolate have found a refuge, and the needy a support, and in all those noble actions, those searchings after light and truth, and those strugglings for a higher destiny which have exalted and dignified humanity. Let us be mindful of this inherent nobleness of man, and labor to cultivate those higher, spiritual faculties, which reflect the glory of the Father. R. F. A.

Our readers will be pleased to learn, as we are, that the health of Mr. Davis, which has been recently impaired by a severe attack of typhoid fever, is now gradually improving, and hopes are entertained of his complete recovery. In a communication lately received from Cambridge, we are informed that Mr. Davis is now under the charge of Mrs. Mettler, the clairvoyant, of Bridgeport, Conn., and that the beneficial effects of her medical treatment are in this, as in other cases, clearly manifest. R. F. A.

The senior Editor of the Messenger has been absent the past week, on a visit to Rochester, N. Y., which circumstance will account for the non-appearance of the initials "A. M." in the present number. It is well to state that on his return he has been accompanied by Miss MARGARETTA FOX, one of the "Fox family," who will remain with the families of the Editors a few weeks, to enable us to receive spiritual communications for the Messenger. R. F. A.

Mr. Wm. Fishbough, Williamsburgh, L. I., is an authorized Agent for the Messenger.



Poetry.

SONG OF DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

BY T. H. OHIVRES, M. D.

"The fulness of the Deity breaks forth."—*Young.*
Spes mea in Deo est.

I am within Thee, as the faintest tone
 The sea shell offers to the sounding sea ;
 Whose little voice, compared with his deep moan,
 Is louder unto that than mine to Thee.

I am to Thee in thine immensity,
 As one lone turtle in the ambient air ;
 For though it were to fly across the sea,
 That air, as Thou to me would still be there.

I am to thee as one lone spark of light
 Compared in brightness to the glorious sun ;
 And, without whom, as that lone spark at night
 To light the world—which were the same as none.

I am within Thee, as one grain of sand
 Among the millions on the great sea shore,
 And could be in the hollow of Thy hand,
 As that lone grain—lost—to be found no more !

Thou art around me, as the viewless wind,
 Filling the earth with life continually ;
 And if Thou art the SPIRIT thus of mind,
 How is it possible for MAN to die ?

It is IMPOSSIBLE!—for thou hast given
 The wondrous power to him to *wish* to be,
 And fixed an instinct in his soul for Heaven,
 Which, *not* to gain, *denies* that power from Thee !

SONNETS.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Written after seeing a painting of ADELE KENDT, now belonging to John Hooper, Esq., of Boston.

Loved sisters of the soul, I love ye more
 Now that upon this canvass sheet I see
 Ye sweetly grouped, and fain would I implore,
 (So real ye seem) one blended smile from ye !
 It is no fiction this—no fancied work of Art ;—
 From earliest childhood, in its fair dream,
 And in transfigured hours, in inmost heart
 I knew ye all ! so vivid now ye seem.
And know ye me ? Ah, greater this than all
 The flatteries of kings, of state and court.
 In this your rainbowed throne and crystal hall
 Have you my humble name with gold inwrought ?
 Or, if my name is traced but faintly there,
 By loving ye, may I your converse share ?

So sweet the thought now steals upon my brain
 If loving ye would draw me closer there,
 I'd break my life away, as clouds in rain,
 When flowers come in answer to their prayer !
 But greater still the thought we learn from ye,
 Ye are the cherub ones we nurse within—
 Our angel guests, the forms that now we see
 To tell the death of Doubt, of Agony and Sin.
 If now so fair, how fairer far ye'll be,
 When truth is welcomed as the peaceful dove,
 When Faith and Hope in Wisdom's soul we'll see,
 And dew-eyed Charity is lost in Love ?
 Sweet scene ! but 'less we strive to make it real,
 In vain we idly gaze on this ideal.

Miscellaneous Department.

JUBAL, OR THE POWER OF THE HARP.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

In the land of Nod, beyond Eden, to the East, Jubal, the son of Lamech, walked to and fro and wept. For Ada, his mother, had told him of Eden, of Pison and of Hiddekel, and of the Tree of Life.

Then his mother saw him as he came forth from the field, and went forth to meet him, and said—"Jubal, my son, why weepst thou, and what hath caused thee this sadness of heart ?"

"Alas, my mother," answered Jubal, "I thought in my soul of Eden and of the Tree of Life. Behold, a curse—the curse of Cain—rests upon this ground !"

"Not so, my son !" said his mother.

"Alas ! my mother," answered the youth, "I walk around and weep, for no where do I find a trace of Eden. The Cherub's flaming sword has parched the flowers of the land. No where is there a refreshing shadow in the sultry noonday heat, no where a hill where the juniper trees rustle, no where sparkling fountains ! Alas, the land is dry and desolate, and fearful as the first born of man. I must leave my father's tent that my heart may not be consumed with this continual longing. Give me thy blessing ; I will seek me out a strange land, upon which Cain's curse abideth not."

Thus spoke Jubal, and when it was evening he went forth into the wilderness. And lo ! a sound like the rustling of wings was heard about him, and in the clearness of heaven an angel stood near him. In his hand he held a harp.

"Jubal," said the angel, "take this harp, and strike upon the golden strings."

Jubal obeyed, and as the golden strings resounded, a murmur of confused tones echoed around and beneath him. The clods of the earth arose and became mighty rocks. But upon the rich grass which covered them, young lambs were feeding, juniper trees rustled to the wind, cedars waved their branches, and amid the tall shadows the babbling brooks flowed down between their flowery bands.

More sweetly still sounded the golden strings, and a silvery stream rolled its genile billows through the perfumed meadows, and it was as if the eternal stars had left their seats and bathed their calm light in the waves.

Then the youth's heart was stirred within him, as if life was leaving him.

"Oh, leave me thy harp, thou heavenly messenger !" he cried. "I feel as if I were also an immortal."

"When the Cherub," (this was the angel's answer,) "had driven the first sinners out of Eden, he broke the Tree of Life in pieces. The immortals stood around and wept. And the word of the Lord spoke to me and said : "Arise, and from the ruins of this Tree form an instrument of strings, and when, amid the fallen children of the dust, thou findest one who harbors heavenly love, give him thy harp and the gift of song."

Thus spoke the celestial one, and to thee, thou son of Lamech, give I the harp ; and as often as thou touchest it with sacred hand, lo ! then will its tones move thee with strange power, and wherever thou wanderest, it will be to thee as if thou wert standing beneath the Tree of Life."

From that time forth Jubal mourned no longer over the loss of Eden. In his hours of longing, he touched the golden strings, and at once the junipers rustled, the cedars rocked in the breeze, and the joyous brooks rippled in sweet melody along their flowery banks.

SIMPLICITY is the invariable characteristic of truth. Error loves to hide her deformity in cumbrous shapes and complicated envelopments, to bury her sophistries in mazy labyrinths of subtlety, and disguise her purposes in oracular ambiguities. But truth is open as the day ; her aspect is radiant with candor ; her language direct and plain ; her precepts admirable in beauty, irresistible in force.—*Selected.*

The Guide.

A traveler had a long and dangerous journey to make over a rugged, rocky mountain, and was not acquainted with the road. He therefore inquired of one who he heard had travelled over the same road. This man described to him very precisely and accurately, the right way, as well as the by-paths and precipices which he must avoid, and the rocky heights which he must climb. And the better to aid him, he gave him a map, on which everything was marked out with mathematical precision.

The traveler laid all well to heart, and at every post of his progress, and every by-way, he recalled the directions, and carefully examined the map of his friend. So he went on his way expeditiously; but the farther he advanced, the higher did the rocks tower, and the road seemed to lose itself in the desolate, dreary cliffs.

Then his courage failed; he looked up anxiously to the grey, high-jutting rocks, and exclaimed: It is impossible for a mortal to travel over so rugged a way, and to climb this steep ascent;—eagle's wings, and the feet of the chamois, are needed for it!

Already he looked back and thought of the way which he had come, when a voice called to him: Take courage and follow me! When he turned about, to his great joy he beheld before him the form of the man who had described to him the way, whom he saw quietly and securely wending his way among cliffs, and precipices, and rushing mountain torrents. This gave him confidence and he followed on after the other with equal spirit and expedition. Before evening they had ascended the mountain, and a lovely valley, where myrtles and pomegranates bloomed, received them at the end of the journey.

The glad traveller thanked his guide, and said: How shall I repay thee? Thou hast not only directed me into the right way, but hast also given me strength and courage to travel it.

The other replied: O, no! am not I a pilgrim like yourself? And are you not the same you were? You have only learned from me what you are, and of what you are capable.—*Selected.*

True Philosophy.

"I have had," says Zschokke, in his autobiography, "like every other mortal, my portion of the burden of human sorrow. The first weight of an affliction might shake or bear me down for a moment, as it might any man, but with increased elasticity of spirit I rose again, and bore my appointed burden without murmuring; I will say more, although ordinary people may shake their heads incredulously. An earthly sorrow was not even always unwelcome. It weaned me from the too great trust on the transitory, and made known to me the degree of strength and self reliance which I had yet retained in the season of the passions.

"There is—of this I am, and have long been thoroughly convinced—no evil in the world but sin! The consciousness of guilt alone spins the black threads that run through the many-colored web of life, even to the grave. Not God is the creator of our woes, but man himself, in his self-pampering, in his over-estimation of pious nothingness, his fostering of selfish desires. He cries like a child who cannot have everything its own way, and at seventy years of age is not yet a man. He weeps and complains, and despairs, because God does not obey him. But every external misfortune is as worthy a gift of God as every external good. I, too, like other men, have suffered from the most barefaced ingratitude; but I have suffered without repining, for I had not acted as I had done for the sake of their gratitude. Friends have deceived me; I felt no anger against them, I had deceived myself in them. I bore misconception and persecution calmly, because I knew how discordant were opinions, and how vehement their attendant passions. The hardships of poverty I have endured without a sigh; I had learned, from my own experience, that outward poverty brings inward wealth. I have known the loss of moderate, but hardly-earned wealth; such losses never embittered a single day; they only taught me to work and be economical. I have been the

happy father of happy children; twelve sons and a daughter were mine, and I have sat with a bleeding heart by the death-bed of four of these sons. I felt in the last breath they drew, that 'divine sorrow' which illumines the soul."

Tears.

Hillel walked, on a moonlight night, with his disciple, Sadi, on the garden on Olivet.

Sadi said: see that man there in the light of the moon. What is he doing?

Hillel replied: It is Zadoc; he sits by the grave of his son, and weeps.

Cannot Zadoc, then, said the youth, moderate his mourning? The people call him the just and wise.

Shall he not on that account feel pain? said Hillel.

But, said Sadi: What advantage then, has the wise over the simple?

The teacher replied: Behold, the briny tear of his eye falls to the ground, but his countenance is directed to heaven.—*Selected.*

CHARITY.—How beautiful! She goeth forth like an angel, with consolation on her tongue, love in her heart, pity in her eyes, and relief in her hands. She inclines her ear to the suffering and poor. She seeketh out distress, nor ceases from morning until evening, her mission among the homes of the sorrowing. She heeds not the scorn of the proud, the shrinking of the fearful, the eyes of the inquisitive, nor rain, nor wind, nor the bitter frost, but keeps on, and her way is compassed about with gladness. The hungry, the ill-clad, the sick and despairing, rejoice at her approach. She shuns ostentation—she has no set time for her labor, but worketh always, for want and suffering, and grief are among men—ever in her path.

PLATO.—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand in anger to correct a servant, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied, "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time he said to one of his slaves: "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked: "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend observing his studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar? "As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

THE INFLUENCE OF A SMILE.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper—turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest path with gems of sun-light. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, it decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble an angel of paradise.

☞ 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; 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.

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.

Printed for the Publishers, by G. W. WILSON, Book and Job Printer, corner Main and State Streets, Springfield, Mass.