

# THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

## HARMONIAL GUIDE.

"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.

#### WHAT AND WHERE IS HEAVEN?

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY R. P. AMBLER.

This inquiry opens for our consideration a subject of peculiar and attractive interest. A host of beautiful and thrilling associations throng upon the mind as it turns to its longed-for heaven. At such a time, earth with all its busy and troubled scenes—the clouds of gloom and sorrow—the shadows of perplexity and doubt, are swallowed up in one bright and blissful dream;—and then visions of beauty which the mortal eye may never gaze upon, are revealed to the soaring spirit, and in the unspeakable joys which seem to await its coming in the distance, it views the inheritance which fadeth not away. Such views and anticipations we feel to be natural to the soul. They represent the most exalted aspirations of man; they are the ceaseless whisperings of immortal Hope, and constitute the spontaneous expression of the soul's divinest thought. Hence in all ages of the world—in the grossest darkness of ignorance—amid the stifling mists of human folly, and beneath the overwhelming tide of corruption, the native promptings of man which reach forth to a brighter sphere, have been manifested in dreams of heaven. The Indian worshiper, standing in the silence and solitude of his home, turns his gaze upward to the blue sky, beyond whose radiant bounds he seeks the fields and streams of his Elysium; the gross and benighted heathen, whose knee is bowed before earthly gods, and whose heart is trembling in its silent fear, can yet look forward to a glorious far-off world, where the virtuous may dwell in undisturbed repose; and then the more enlightened philosopher, rejoicing in a brighter faith, can feel, as he passes from the fading earth, that beyond the cold and fearful tide of death,—beyond the darkness which gathers upon his closing eye, is a land where grief and sorrow flee away, and where the weary are at rest.

It may be here remarked that such anticipations, which are so earnest and irrepresible in man, serve to reveal the innate dignity of his nature, demonstrating the consoling fact that he is not utterly depraved, but that slumbering beneath the ashes of earthly corruption, lies the spark of the divinity. Considered in this light, therefore, it is a beautiful truth, that while men have cherished the distorted creations of misdirected thought—while they have had faith in the natural outbirth of their own evil passions and desires, trembling beneath the fancied wrath of Deity, or shrinking from the fires of an imaginary hell, they have likewise indulged in the aspirations of their higher nature, and have breathed forth the cheering hopes of heaven. It is true that even these diviner aspirations may be misdirected—the golden dreams which entrance the soul may be but fallacies, and the deep longings of the heart may arise for that which the teachings of reason may not wholly sanction,—yet we are to observe that these very sentiments exhibit the indwelling and attractive beauties of the heart, while they unfold some glorious end, which, however dim and shadowy it may appear, will be reserved to answer the soul's native hope. There is a use in seeking for every thing which is bright and beautiful in fancy; for though our ideal may not always correspond with the ultimate fact, yet in accordance with a natural principle we shall ever find the comparative likeness of that for which we seek. So, in the sweet dreams of the heart, we may not thirst and long for heaven

in vain, for beyond the thick shadows that veil the breast of earth, it stands as a beautiful and divine reality.

Still the important inquiry presses closely upon us, what and where is heaven?—and as it questions thus, the mind soars away into the great infinitude for an answer. It has been the fancy of religionists that heaven is some distant and fixed locality in the universe, where all that is fair and beautiful has existence, and where the toiling and weary wanderer of earth may repose forever. Some have imagined that this may be located in some far off, shining star, and when the silent night approaches which brings forth the watchers of the sky, they have thought that the loved ones who had passed away were looking down from their beautiful home. By others again it has been supposed that heaven has its seat in some vast region of space; that it is a place constructed in the likeness of a city, whose shining walls and lofty gates enclose the purified and redeemed—where the presence and smile of Deity make the unfading day, and seraphic songs proclaim the never-ending bliss. All these may be regarded as truly lovely dreams—as visions which reflect the outflowing brightness of the soul. Yet when we examine such conceptions in the light of reason, and compare them with the true, interior reality, we shall find that they represent a paradise which is far too material and sensuous for the spiritual being—that the palace-dwellings and soft couches with which mortals seek repose, can never be designed for the restless and progressive soul; for we are to remember that, as the interior of man can naturally aspire only to objects of a kindred nature, so in its true and native heaven,

" — the pure spirit will despise  
Whate'er the sense hath loved."

It should be deeply impressed upon the mind that heaven does not consist in any thing merely external—that it is not dependent on any of the luxuries or adornments of the material world, but that it has relation to the condition of the inner being—to the development and gratification of its most holy desires. We might be surrounded by the sweetest delights of a sensuous existence; we might dwell amid all the fancied beauties of Eden—basking in the cheerful sunlight, wandering by crystal streams, or slumbering on beds of flowers, and yet amid all these external provisions for our happiness, there could be no heaven where discord, hate, or envy had kindled their inward fires. In the blight and desolation of the soul, all visible beauty becomes faded. The earth may be clothed in brightness, and the stars may shine in their lofty dome, but all this to one who feels no sense of harmony within, is but a dismal blank. I would not here undervalue the influence of all external objects, or depreciate the effect which beauty is designed to produce. Still it must be remembered that, in order to truly realize the power of outward loveliness, there must be a corresponding purity of the heart; and that without this, the brightest scenes which ever dawned upon an angel's vision, would be inadequate to render heaven complete. Need we to be more fully assured of this fact?—then let us soar in fancy to those bright elysian fields where the beautiful is incarnated in all outward forms—let us gaze on the rich glories that fill the fairy land of beatitude, and see how all these may fail to satisfy the inward yearning. Here, then, is the fancied paradise of which we love to dream. Behold! what entrancing beauty reigns every where around!

" The soil  
Is ever fresh and fragrant as a rose—  
The skies, like one wide rainbow, stand on gold—

The clouds are light as rose leaves—and the dew,  
 'T is of the tears which stars weep, sweet with joy.  
 The air is softer than a loved one's sigh—  
 The ground is glowing with all priceless ore,  
 And glittering with gems, like a bride's bosom—  
 The trees have silver stems and emerald leaves—  
 The fountains bubble nectar, and the hills  
 Are half alive with light."

Yet can even a scene like this, all radiant and glorious as it is, constitute heaven? Can this supply the want of that inward peace, and love, and harmony, which is the soul's sweetest and divinest gift? Nay. Even amid all such glory, man may fail to reap the happiness for which he sighs; for, do you not see?—the sanctuary *within* may be defiled—the spirit may be filled with torturing fears, and writhe in the agony of conscious guilt.

From what has now been said it will appear that heaven is not a *locality*, but a *state*; that it has its seat in the depths of the internal man, and is enthroned beyond the contingencies of all outward conditions. Long have men sought and toiled for heaven as something which is afar off; like pilgrims they have traveled wearily as towards an unknown land, and have desired only to rest in the distant home which awaits the faithful. It is well that man should now entertain a more truthful conception—that he should see more clearly and realize more deeply the presence of that inward fountain, which lies, unseen and unenjoyed, in the recesses of his own heart. Beneath the outer crust of the sensual nature—within the superficialities of the external being, are powers, and aspirations and desires, which may be slumbering now in a lethargic passiveness, but which constitute in their just and harmonious action, the source of celestial joy. We may say, therefore, that the true heaven consists in the sweetness, purity, and harmony of the soul; that it is attained in the right development and appropriate exercise of all the faculties which belong to the inner being, dwelling ever in that calm and tranquil spirit, whose aspirations are in unison with the divine harmonies of Nature, whose love flows out in one constant stream to man, and whose faith reaches far up to the powers on high. I would say that heaven is enshrined within that spirit. The externals of the earthly life may be cheerless—the frowning clouds of adversity may darken the way, and care, perplexity and disappointment may cast their shadow upon the brow,—yet deep within, where the pangs of earthly sorrow may not reach, is

"The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy."

It is not necessary, then, that we should wait till we have entered the precincts of the Spirit-home, in order to attain our heaven. That indeed may be a state of peculiar and superior bliss. There the influences, which are all holy and divine, may serve more fully to develop the glorious powers within; and there, too, all external beauties—sublimated and refined—will correspond with each pure affection of the soul, and send their thrill of bliss through the inward sense. Still we should delight to realize that heaven may be enjoyed on earth—that even here, where storms and tempests rise—where anguish and desolation breathe their sigh—where sin, and crime, and wretchedness have taken their abode, and the clear light of heaven is swallowed in doleful darkness—even *here* may be enjoyed an earnest of that surpassing bliss which dwells in the angel-bosom. In the language of an inspired poet,

"Heaven is no place,  
 Unless it be a place with God, allwhere;  
 It is the being good—the knowing God—  
 The consciousness of happiness and power;  
 With knowledge which no spirit e'er can lose,  
 But doth increase in every state."

Wherever, then, the fountain of purity is opened in the soul—wherever the divine affections of our nature are exercised and developed—wherever the unchanging smile of God reflects its radiance upon the heart, there is heaven. And have we never realized its presence? At those sweet moments when the spirit

is in harmony with all around it—when its prayers go up as hallowed incense to the skies, and hovering angels breathe upon it their inspiring breath—when with hearts too full for utterance we have rested on the bosom of angelic love, and have dreamed that it were even bliss to die—oh then have we not felt that, though enclosed in this crumbling temple and shut out from the great infinitude of surrounding light, we may yet enjoy the foretaste of celestial bliss? Yes. Heaven may and must be developed in our own bosoms; it must spring forth spontaneously with the growth of all our most exalted and interior faculties. We are not to look for it abroad in any external conditions—it is not here nor there—it cometh not with observation—it is not seen; but, to use the language of one who had experienced its hallowing presence, "the kingdom of heaven is *within* you."

We are to especially observe, however, that the attainment of this interior state, should be made a matter of no merely selfish interest. There is a still higher object to be gained than the development of our own individual harmony. The prayer that goes up to heaven for our strength and happiness, should bear upon its wings an offering for humanity. It should be our mission to establish the kingdom of righteousness, peace and joy on earth. Harmony must be introduced among all the relations of men; the valleys must be exalted and the hills brought low; the fallen must be lifted up, the vicious must be reclaimed, and the sinful saved;—in short, this great human brotherhood must be drawn together in one united and harmonious body, dwelling forever in the strong and blissful unity of the spirit, and linked with those bright, celestial spheres which reach upward to the radiant Throne. This is the heaven which demands from us a lofty aspiration and unwearied effort—the heaven of universal love, and peace, and harmony, which, in the swiftly coming time, shall dawn on this lower world. And blessed is the man who can ever feel the sweet prayer within—thrice blessed is he who can breathe out that prayer in all his daily life, and manifest its spirit in words of kindness and deeds of charity—"let thy kingdom come, and thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven."

## PICTURES OF LIFE.

Life! pictures of life! what are they? Life has no pictures. It cannot be painted; it refuses to be transferred to canvass; it *will* be the same indescribable and *unpaintable* thing, all art and poetry notwithstanding. It is too much of a reality to suffer coloring. The original will not "sit" to the artist; and his highest skill cannot equal its strange, yet familiar—extraordinary, yet common features. Alas! alas! what have I seen, what heard, what felt? O, earth, earth, shall it be always thus? Pain, sin, sorrow—sorrow, sin, pain, always? One multiform, manifold, everchanging, everlasting cycle of joy, grief, laughter, madness, death! A serio comic dance of wild liberty and rattling chains, of men "great of flesh" and ghastly skeletons, of bloated vanity and broken-hearted virtue, of chariots and war-horses, of hearse and coffins for the dead, of marriages and deaths, bells pealing in the morning and toiling at night—and all this accompanied by the horrid harmony of merry laughter, hysteric screams, psalms of gratitude, groans of agony, shouts of despair, and songs of drunkards! O earth, earth, prolific mother! sometimes thou puttest on such beautiful smiles, that I cannot avoid loving thee; but, when I think of thy *history*, I feel an involuntary shudder! Why? Thou art guilty of millions of infanticides, thou art choked with the blood of thy children, thou art laden with corpses uncounted, and thou ploddest in grave-clothes thy way through the measureless vault of the heavens! Thou art a great hearse, a grave-yard, a net-work of vaults for the dead, a huge urn; and whither art thou traveling with thy terrible load, august yet terrific mother? Thousands of nations, and tens of thousands of generations, have been committed to thy keeping, thou grim jailor! Many a proud king lies securely bound in thy cells, thy dungeons are crowded with despots and slaves, the one harmless and the other unharmed now; and thou art rich in cities—the wealth of empires lies fast locked in thy granite safes, and all that nations have toiled

for, thou claimest as thine own. Imperious and insatiable ! shall it be *always* thus ? Is there no goal to this wearying race—no intermission, no rest, not even a halting-place, or "station," by the way ? Humanity is tired of this monotony. Man cries for change, his heart aches for something new, he groans for relief, and, as in the days of old, asks a sign from heaven. Shall no sign be given him ?

But is he not surrounded with signs ? Are not miracles every day phenomena ? Is not creation a miracle ? Are not the seasons miracles, and night and day, and sun, moon, and stars ?—Is he not himself a miracle to himself ? Miracles are mysteries ; and is not every man a mystery to himself ? Every man is a publication, a prophetic roll, a book, whose leaves are the heart, the sentiments, the feelings, the senses, and the soul ! I see, every day and hour of my rapid journey, great sights and signs from heaven. I have not time critically to examine them all. I pass through them, and they pass by me, with a velocity which prohibits close analysis ; but this swiftness is itself one of the signs for which I foolishly call. Like a child with too many toys, I seek relief by crying for more, as if an increase to the causes of the difficulty would diminish its intensity.

Signs ! Query, are they not too numerous ? Sometimes the thought has occurred to me that men would be wiser if they knew less. This of course is heresy, and I dare not mention it for fear of consequences. That ignorance is the mother of devotion, is an exploded axiom. It had its day, but it is now out of date ; and wo to the wight who tries to introduce it in the face of the torrent of serials that rushes from the press weekly and monthly, not to speak of the cataract of daily *informants* which tell everybody everything that has happened everywhere, and a great deal more than ever did or ever can happen. But still these signs are deemed of no importance by the majority of ninety-nine, and yet it is this very majority that call for more, whilst the minority of one deems them superabundant, and makes them the basis of a prophecy for the future. Men have more means of information than they turn to good account ; and certainly knowledge is far more common than wisdom. There is more intellect than improvement, more art than science, and more light from heaven than there is disposition to receive it.—"Oh, that they were wise !" is an aspiration involving the thought that the elements of wisdom are accessible, and conveying rebuke to those whose want of wisdom is lamented.

Still, with all this, I deeply sympathize with those whose eye is steadily fixed on the future. It cannot be the design of the omnipotent and merciful Creator that matters are to remain forever in this state. The earth gives no answer to my questions ; but I imagine an audible groan from its heart, as if burdened with its dreadful load, anxious to give up its charge, to cast out its dead, and to enjoy the redemption which the *Book* says awaits it. When that period arrives, what if it shall be discovered that this globe of sepulchres is the most prolific life-world in the universe ? that death, the enemy, is working—not willingly, but by constraint—with Him who is the Life, and whose purpose it is to subdue all things to himself ? that the distresses, perplexities, woes, agonies, and mortality of the present are but mysterious *creating processes*, all uniformly and steadily tending to a gloriously finished creation ? that we are, consequently, present at, and witnesses of, and take part in, this elaboration of an eternal and wonderful idea—of compelling all temporary evil to minister to the erection of a magnificent system of everlasting good ? and that we shall be able to say, hereafter, we were present at the moral creation, saw some of the divine acts in that stupendous work, and had some slight share, though then we knew it not, in the accomplishment of his infinitely wise designs ? It will be something to say hereafter, that we remember certain stages in the creating process ; that what we considered a terrible waste of life was but the transition to a higher kind of life ; that the sorrows of our great family were but the seeds of immortal joy ; and that, whilst laying our dead in the earth, we were actually accumulating stores of deathless vitality. Certainly there is some connection between sowing in tears and reaping in joy ; and possibly that connection is closer than any

one imagines. It strikes me that the processes of creation and redemption are going on simultaneously ; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that the process of redemption is a creation, a making all things new out of the old materials, subjecting all things to one design, compelling death to be the nursery, instead of the grave, of life, and making this earth the groundwork on which the grandest of all problems shall be solved, namely, the subjugation of error and sin in to everlasting subordination to truth and holiness.

## INDIVIDUALITY.

BY STEPHEN F. ANDREWS.

The doctrine of the sovereignty of the Individual—in one sense itself a principle—grows out of the still more fundamental principle of Individuality, which pervades universal nature. Individuality is positively the most fundamental and universal principle which the finite mind seems capable of discovering, and the best image of the Infinite. There are no two objects in the universe which are precisely alike. Each has its own constitution and peculiarities, which distinguish it from every other. Infinite diversity is the universal law. In the multitude of human countenances, for example, there are no two alike ; and in the multitude of human characters there is the same variety.—The hour which your courtesy has assigned to me would be entirely consumed if I were to attempt to adduce a thousandth part of the illustration of this subtle principle of Individuality, which lie patent upon the face of nature, all around me. It applies equally to persons, to things, and to events. There have been no two occurrences which were precisely alike during all the cycling periods of time. No action, transaction, or set of circumstances whatsoever, ever corresponded precisely to any other action, transaction, or set of circumstances. Had I a precise knowledge of all the occurrences which have ever taken place, up to this hour, it would not suffice to enable me to make a law which would be applicable, in all respects, to the very next occurrence which shall take place, nor to any one of the infinite millions of events which shall hereafter occur. This diversity reigns throughout every kingdom of nature, and mocks at all human attempts to make laws, or constitutions, or regulations, or governmental institutions of any sort, which shall work justly and harmoniously amidst the unforeseen contingencies of the future.

The individualities of objects are least, or at all events, they are less apparent, when the objects are inorganic or of a low grade of organization. The individualities of the grains of sand which compose the beach, for example, are less marked than those of vegetables ; and those of vegetables are less than those of animals ; and finally, those of animals are less than those of man. In proportion as an object is more complex, it embodies a greater number of elements, and each element has its own individualities, or diversities, in every new combination into which it enters. Consequently these diversities are multiplied into each other, in the infinite augmentation of geometrical progression. Man, standing, then, at the head of the created universe, is consequently the most complex creature in existence—every individual man or woman being a little world in him or herself, an image or reflection of God, an epitome of the Infinite. Hence, the individualities of such a being are utterly immeasurable, and every attempt to adjust the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of one human being by the capacities, the adaptations, the wants, or the responsibilities of another human being, except in the very broadest generalities, is unqualifiedly futile and hopeless. Hence, every ecclesiastical, governmental, or social institution which is based on the idea of demanding conformity or likeness in anything, has ever been, and ever will be, frustrated by the operation of this subtle, all-pervading principle of Individuality. Hence, human society has ever been, and is still in the turmoil of revolution. The only alternative known has been revolution and despotism. Revolutions violently burst the bonds and explode the foundations of existing institutions. The institution falls



before the Individual. Despotism only succeeds by denaturalizing mankind. It extinguishes their individualities only by extinguishing them. The Individual falls before the institution. Judge ye which is the best, the man-made or the God-made thing.

In the next place, this Individuality is inherent and unquerable, except, as I have just said, by extinguishing the man himself. The man himself has no power over it. He can not divest himself of his organic peculiarities of character, any more than he can divest himself of his features. It attends him even in the efforts he makes, if he makes any, to divest himself of it. He may as well attempt to flee his own shadow, as to get rid of the indefeasible, God-given inheritance of his own Individuality.

Finally, this indestructible and all-pervading Individuality, furnishes, itself, the law, and the only law, of order and harmony. Governments have hitherto been established, and have apologized for the unseemly fact of their existence, from the necessity of establishing and maintaining order; but order has never yet been maintained, revolutions and violent outbreaks have never yet been ended, public peace and harmony have never yet been secured, for the precise reason that the organic, essential, and indestructible natures of the objects which it has attempted to reduce to order, have always been constricted and infringed by every such attempt. Just in proportion as the effort is less and less made to reduce men to order, just in that proportion they become more orderly, as witness the difference in the state of society in Austria and the United States. Plant an army of one hundred thousand soldiers in New York, as at Paris, to preserve the peace, and we should have a bloody revolution in a week; and be assured that the only remedy for what little of turbulence remains among us, as compared with European societies, will be found in more liberty. When there remain positively no external restrictions, there will be positively no disturbance, provided always certain regulating principles of justice are accepted, and enter into the public mind, serving as substitutes for every species of repressive laws.

## Voices from the Spirit-World.

### INTERVIEW WITH THE SPIRITS.

In a recent visit to the Shaker community at New Lebanon, N. Y., Messrs. Gordon and Cooley, in connection with their entertaining friends, were favored with many interesting manifestations of spiritual presence. The following notes, written by one of the sisters, relate to an interview with the spirits, held at the North Family on the 27th of September last:—

After considerable rapping, Mr. Cooley inquired if the spirits were ready to communicate. By the assistance of the alphabet and sounds—"wait to harmonize," was spelled. Next Richard Bushnell's age was given by sounds. Lucy Wright manifested herself---wished all to share her love, and said, "you will have much to cheer you if you are obedient to the spirits." Father Joseph addressed Bro. Frederick Evens thus:—"The spirits are at work preparing ground to receive precious seed---and a golden harvest is near; they are at work with many souls who will soon be gathered to the truth, and shall seek wisdom from above. Be ye as a city set upon a hill. Many are called, few chosen; but they do not enter because they neglect the present opportunity. I have visited thee often, my son, and impressed thee with heavenly things. Be obedient," &c. The medium, who was spiritually impressed, turned to Henry Nicolson and said, "Fear not, my child---thou art chosen by the angels to perform an important mission; be faithful in thy calling. Thy father we would not grieve, but we desire that truth he may receive. He is not alone, we often approach in the hours of his retirement; at midnight he is not alone. Thy mother will soon believe and be gathered to the truth---many spirits there are waiting thy return. The evil say their work's begun---the good say that they are done. Fear not, my boy, you have nought to

dread. Holy angels guard thy head." The spirits promised to rap in the evening meeting. A circle of twelve was chosen---others dismissed. A table was moved---raised from the floor---held down &c., and the ages of two or three individuals were correctly told,---Elizabeth Sutton, was informed that her mother was present---that she watched over her---and exhorted her to press on in the good way.

On the following Sabbath morning, Sept 28th, a communication was addressed as follows to Susan Calver:---Sweet are the delights of harmony and love, my child. There is much harmony and love in Heaven. The immortal glory of the Spirit-world drives away all evil, and discord is banished from the bright mansions of glory. Think not a mother's love is less in the Spirit-world than on earth; nay, it is only expanded. My daughter, there is much to retard thy progress here on earth. Be not sad, be not cast down. The mission of thy mother is to cheer thee at this time. She would fill thy spirit with sweet consolation and love, and pour sweet consoling thoughts into thy mind. Rest not too much on thy companion; he is weary in well doing. He is not submissive, or he would ere this have been gathered. We will strive to impress him---and bring him in, if he will yield to the influences of light and love. We see the trouble on thy mind, and strive to cheer and soothe thee. Elizabeth is faithful to thee. She is ever near thee, watching over thee and thy babes. She desires thee to receive our love. Think not, my daughter, thee will always tarry on the earth---thee will inhabit a better mansion, if thee is faithful to thy calling. Go on in the right way. Thy friends at home have received impressions, and I am laboring with the spirits---and though the work is slow, yet the foundations are sure---and the stone which the builders rejected has now become the head of the corner. Go ye not back into darkness, but receive the faintest rays of light and truth.

If ye trust in the spirits,  
And their counsel believe,  
Ye will safely progress,  
And much more receive.

ELIZABETH.

### Tribute of Affection.

The poetic message, from one departed, which we cheerfully insert in this place, was received through impression by a lady in Hartford, Conn., to whom we have previously referred as a medium for spiritual intercourse:—

E---, dear, please accept a tribute of affection from your dear aunt. Listen to my voice:

In the silence of the midnight,  
When the cares of day are o'er,  
I will speak to thee, my dear,  
Speak to thee of scenes before.

I will tell thee of the future---  
I will speak of joys to come---  
When the love of souls congenial  
Will forever make them one.

I will speak of love angelic!  
Such as mortals never knew,---  
I will speak of wisdom's teachings  
To the faithful, good, and true:

Where the love of all harmonious,  
Will be pure, serene and clear,  
Like the calm and tranquil waters,  
Free from care, and free from fear.

Free from all distress and anguish---  
Free from error---free from blame,---  
Free from all which can oppress thee,  
From the halt, the blind, the lame.

Let the hope of future blessings  
Fill thy soul with joy and peace---

Raise thy thoughts from earth to Heaven,  
That the light may still increase.

Let no care disturb thee, dearest—  
Be thou watchful, ever mild,  
And the truth will ever brighten  
In the mind of such a child.

Angel spirits will be near thee,  
Gently whispering in thy ear  
Heavenly accents—Love and Wisdom—  
Fear thee not, E—, dear.

## Psychological Department.

### ANTIQUITY OF SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.

It has been supposed that the mysterious noises which have attracted the attention of the public and which are traceable to the agency of departed spirits, are of comparatively recent origin and form one of the new developments of the present day. From what we can gather, however, from the observations of many individuals who bear witness to many similar occurrences in the "olden time," we are led to believe that the phenomena to which we have alluded, though perhaps more prominently manifested now than at any previous period, may nevertheless claim a greater antiquity than is usually imagined. In confirmation of this opinion, we have recently received a communication from an unknown friend, who presents the following interesting statement of facts:—

Mr. Editor: I have seen much of late in the public prints relating to spiritual manifestations, and though I have never witnessed any of these myself, yet from the statements concerning them, coming from those on whose testimony we can rely and who are positive and correct in their assertions, I cannot doubt their existence, nor can I believe that individuals could be induced to meet nightly for the purpose of trifling with the credulity of their fellow beings on matters connected with the immortality of the soul.

It appears that the spiritual knockings are generally supposed to be of recent origin; but I am about to relate a few facts whose reality may be attested by living witnesses, which serve to show that manifestations of this nature occurred more than half a century ago, and that, too, in the old county of Ontario, not twenty miles from Rochester. I will relate the story as I received it (as nearly as I can now recollect) from the lips of those who witnessed the occurrences.

In the year 1800 my grandfather and my two uncles with their families, emigrated from New Baltimore (then Coxsackie,) N. Y. to the "Genesee country," passing up the North river, Mohawk, Wood Creek and Seneca river, settling at last upon the western shore of Canandaigua lake. There they erected their log cabins, locating near the place where stands the dwelling of James Finton. One evening while the families were enjoying a pleasant fireside conversation in this then far west country, referring to the scenes they had left behind and the friends who remained in distant lands, an astounding rap was heard as if made by a maul or war-club, on the side of the building, followed in quick succession by two others, which at once filled the family circle with consternation and thought of savage depredation—for in that day Canandaigua was in the midst of an Indian country, the council house of their Sachems standing near the foot of the lake on Main street. The startling noises, however, were not repeated, and all was quiet for some five or ten minutes, when as if by magic the chairs and other furniture in the house began to move about the room without any visible aid, and even the bedstead on which my aunt was sitting was moved so forcibly that she could not retain her seat. During this performance, lists from the selvage of broadcloth which were in the upper part of the house, were seen to spin down through the interstices of the timber which formed the chamber floor, and when any one would stretch out the hand to

receive them, they would pass rapidly out of sight. This was frequently repeated during the evening, and with such manoeuvring the company was entertained for some two or three hours, after which all was quiet.

Demonstrations and entertainments of this nature were repeated a considerable number of times, usually at intervals of two or three evenings; at times, however, a whole week or month would pass without their occurrence. It is worthy of remark that these extraordinary performances were invariably superseded by *three loud raps* on the cabin near the door, which seemed to be a signal for opening the entertainment. At length one day, on opening a feather bed which was boxed up in the chamber, and had not been used for a great length of time, it was found to contain more than half a bushel of *feather balls*, which were ingeniously formed, some being in the shape and size of two small tea saucers placed together, while others were oblong and round. The ends of the feathers composing these balls were united together by various kinds of lint thread, and were so arranged as to make the balls compact and smooth as the breast of a duck. In the bed, also, was found a small "white bone, or piece of ivory, flat, and about the size of a small ivory comb," as my aunt described it, which she seized and immediately threw into the fire, exclaiming, "here is the old Devil, and I'll burn him."

From this time no further demonstrations of a similar character were made in that place. One of my uncles died in the vicinity of these transactions in 1807 or '8; his widow who returned soon after to Coxsackie can furnish a more detailed account of the strange phenomena which were by them attributed to *witchcraft*, and which they supposed were produced by the agency of some unseen wizard, whose displeasure had been aroused when emigrating on their way up the Mokaww river. Coming into Canandaigua to live in my fourteenth year, I have often sat down and listened to a relation of these singular occurrences until my hair would rise upon my head like the "quills of the fretted porcupine." Still this strange story is no more wonderful than many which are now related in the public newspapers; and, from the facts above stated, I am inclined to the opinion that the origin of spiritual rappings may be dated back at least half a century.

S. D. D.

Peoria Ill., Sept 24th, 1851.

### Phenomena of the Brain.

One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain, is that the organ of sensation should in itself be insensible.—To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the *corpus callosum*, without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all its functions, which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind; it cannot think or feel; it requires that the food should be pushed into its stomach; once there, it is digested, and the animal will thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct or exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.

There are many instances on record of natural prevision, which show that this is no new faculty in man. It is said that Socrates, by the aid of an interior vision, was enabled to predict all the important events of his own life; and when at last sentence had been passed upon him, and his enemies were waiting for the return of a ship to put it in execution, he informed his disciples that the ship was injured at sea and would be delayed three days, which occurred as predicted.

## MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 11, 1851.

## NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER FOUR.

"Wisdom is the principal thing—therefore get wisdom;" obtain it in the place of a diffused and vapory sentimentalism—get it at the expense of gold, of ease, place, or honor—or get it with thy gold, ease, place and honor. Love sentiment, *revere it*, that which is allied to Wisdom! It is the true zest of life, of which the sparkle of the wine is but the counterfeiter, but let it be founded on Truth, on Culture and Experience. The earth has its flowers, its graceful foliage, its budding boughs and blossoming vines, but beneath all it has its various stratas of minerals, of running ores, and living gems, and gurgling streams. The stars have their luster, that gleam through the darkened night and deck her royal robe, but the stars are, nevertheless, living worlds, peopled with beings, and full of the realities of an ever-gushing and spiritual life.

There is no unfailing standard of Right except its Author and the Truth itself, as manifest in His infinite law. The popular idea that might makes right, whether in monarchy or republicanism—in politics or religion, is but the offspring of heathenism and barbarism, and better worthy of feudal times than of the present advanced state of society. The laws of man can never make that right which the laws of God and nature pronounce immoral and unjust; otherwise there is no defense against tyranny, and an end is put to national and individual progression and advancement.

When we are in true conditions ourselves, we are in a better mood to enjoy all the true relations by which the soul subsists, and all the truth and beauty that are developed in the external and internal universe. No one can enjoy so well the gentle droppings of the rain or the copious outlets of the clouds, as he whose drink is only of the pure element of the limpid brook.

He who will crush his brother in any form, or deprive him of any of his natural or righteously-acquired rights, is, in the degree in which he does so, a tyrant, no matter how the laws or his perverted conscience may shield him. If we have any thing to do with our brother, it should be to assist him, to add to his comfort, his culture and development. He is not worthy the name of Man who would do differently. When the self-love in man is thus made subservient to truth, justice, and benevolence, the new and prophetic era will have commenced.

In the unholy and unregenerate state of the world in which we live, the ritual of Baptism typifies a beautiful and pleasing service and act of the soul. So in the holy names of Wisdom and Love, and before all angelic spirits, let our every act and every thought be performed.

The faculties that lead to strife, to war, carnage and revenge, are the perversions or the very opposite of those that lead to harmony, contentment, and outward and internal peace and prosperity. The one is destructive, and the other constructive. Hate is always the destroyer—Love only is the builder.

The sky lark, it is said, gives its sweetest song as it rises almost perpendicularly in the air, and continues its strain until it is lost in the blue vault above. So like that typical divine bird, does the soul pour forth its sweetest strains and give forth its truest utterance in proportion as it finds its directest path upward, and continues its strain as its aspirations are lost to our sight in its spiritual and celestial flight.

Between duty and ease, between truth and emolument, between freedom and fame, let the soul, by its divine intuitions and culture know but one rule—even its eternal and beautiful Law. Give all for duty, for truth, for freedom and right. In the end the meek only shall inherit the earth, and to those only who seek first the kingdom of Heaven, and its righteousness, shall all the rest—all good things be added. Upon those only rests the benediction of the Ages.

By descending low enough into a well, the stars are said to be visible. So it is said, also, that there are in afflictions worlds of thought and beauty brought to light, that are concealed from our eyes in hours of prosperity and outward comforts. But this should no more be a reason why we should seek continually to be in such a state, than it is why we should seek continually to live in a well. It is better to live and move on the surface of the earth and enjoy the sunlight, as it is also that the soul should be disrobed of the mantle of sorrow and enjoy the healthy and orderly arrangements of life.

Faith is natural to the soul in its highest and truest state of culture—skepticism in its lowest and disorderly state of development. As a general rule, he that is in the path of duty, is in the path of faith. And in such a state it may be presumed that the angels are attracted to us and that their thoughts flow into us.

He that does a good thing merely for the good it has to confer, and thus enters into a mathematical calculation beforehand of what reward he is to reap for doing it, will find his heaven after all to be a hell; for a man's Thought is the builder of the house in which he is to live, and self-love is the very opposite of divine, celestial, and universal love.

He that offends against one law, offends against the whole, said one who claimed inspiration from above. And why is it so? Because the principle of obedience is a central one, and the pivot on which thought turns to find its true relations. To offend against that, is to act by an opposite principle and to give up the whole soul to the guidance and leadership of that which plants within the germs of discord, violence, and wrong. Beware, then, of the first wrong thought, the first temptation.

The indigo bird begins its notes at the earliest dawn—is heedless of the warmest days of summer, and its song is often heard, especially if it be moonlight, in the stillest hour of the night. Its color is that of a brilliant azure blue—as though it carried with it a reflection of its own celestial birth-place. Beautiful bird! may we imitate the beauty and wisdom of thy song.

There are persons who have a large sense of the justice due to them, but who have a very small sense of the justice due to others. They resist with vehemence, and demand our efforts and pity for every wrong, or seeming wrong done to them, while they are very slow to accord to others their right, and the very last, if at all, to be aggrieved when others are deprived of them.

He who would see woman enthroned as she should be, like the lily among the flowers, and so honored and esteemed, must first hear her whisperings in his own heart, filling the soul with all chaste desires and divine melodies, prompting him to undo all heavy burdens and to banish every thing from the earth infidel to innocence and joy. Only in this way can he assist in hastening the day of her deliverance and enthroning her in her true position.

When the earth blossomed into gardens and vineyards, and crystalized into gems and other organic forms, it was given man to subdue, to cultivate, to use and adorn. All honor, then, to the artisan, the prophet and teacher!—to the hand that toils, the heart that prophesies, and those who teach the nobility and true mission of labor! It is given them to touch the cords of that mystic harp that is to bring us in harmony with Nature and the universal Soul.



There is a sense in which the whole outward universe is a perpetual scene of festivities. What is day but the golden feast of the sun?—and night but the lengthened feast of the stars? Behold, too, the flowers holding up their brimming cups, and birds and streams pouring forth their festive songs, and tree and plant yielding their blossom and fruit. How they put to shame the bacchanalian, and how the loves of the flowers and the embraces of the stars, the beasty gratifications of the sensualist. Behold, also, how Nature during her perpetual feast is ever at work, and subserving some good purpose. How use is subserved in even the minutest affairs that attract our attention, and how it also must exist in the ten thousand things that our ignorance conceals from our gaze. Thus ever let there be a sacredness in our festivities, and that thought and play, and work and love may go rhyming together.

How impressive is the silence of Nature;—what a thrill it sends through the soul as we gaze upward towards that star-gemmed, limitless blue by which we are arched, and where to the mighty questionings of the soul our words are echoed back out of that—as it sometimes seems—dread and eternal silence! But O, weak light by which we are guided. Those that we see are but the *walls* of the temple,—the King and the Father *dwelleth* therein. Question Him! Nature is not God! The body is not the man! To speak with God we are not to travel from star to star to find Him. He has his shekinah in every breast, and every soul may have the symbol of and enjoy his presence. Look within! Then shall every tree have a tongue, and even the silence of nature grow voiceful and eloquent with his teachings.

It is easier to find fault than to construct. He that is merely a critic, is a mere *fault-finder*. It is left to the true artist and to the soul of genius to create and to exhibit in a harmonious form, and as a whole, that which they are enabled to put forth as their best external expression and as the truest criticism. S.H.L.

### PAINE'S AGE OF REASON.

Having freed myself, as I hope, thoroughly and forever from the bias of educational religious training, a few days since I procured and read this far-famed, *world-wide* condemned and anathematized work. So little did I know of his true religious belief, that I had previously supposed the author to be an atheist, and the enemy of all righteousness. But most happily was I disappointed when I found that he “believed in *but one God*,” the Infinite Father and Sustainer of the universe, and that the intention of the work was to disabuse the mind of the grossness and imperfection which attaches to a conception of Deity, as viewed through the distorted and repulsive representation of Him given in some portions of the Bible; and not to revile true religion. Said an ancient astronomer, in reference to certain truths he had discovered relative to the solar system, which mankind at the time generally discredited:—“The die is cast; the book is written, to be read either *now*, or by *posterity*, I care not which. It may *well wait a century for a reader*, since God has waited six thousand years for an observer.” The “Age of Reason” has waited, and may yet wait for general reading; but when the period fully arrives—when reason shall assume the ascendancy over error, superstition, and prejudice, justice will then be awarded it, and it will then accomplish its inevitable and appropriate mission.

The best comment upon the true character of the work will be its own announcements. We therefore introduce the following quotations from its pages. Alluding to Sampson carrying off the gate-posts of Gaza (page 16),—“When we contemplate the immensity of that Being who directs and governs the incomprehensible whole, of which the utmost ken of human sight can discern but a part, we ought to feel *shame* at calling such paltry stories the word of God.” Page 20.—“When I see throughout the greater part of this book [speaking of the Old Testament] scarcely any thing but a history of the grossest vices, . . . I can not dishonor my Creator by calling it by his name.” Of special Providences—page 26,—“He (man) takes on him-

self to direct the Almighty what to do, even in the government of the universe; he prays dictatorially; when it is sunshine he prays for rain, and when it is rain he prays for sunshine; he follows the same idea in every thing that he prays for; for what is the amount of his prayer but an attempt to make the Almighty change his mind, and act otherwise than he does? It is as if he were to say, ‘Thou knowest not so well as I.’ But some, perhaps, will say—‘Are we to have no word of God—no revelation?’ I answer, *yes*—there is a word of God—there is a revelation. *The word of God is the creation we behold*; and it is in *this* word, which no human invention can counterfeit or alter, that God speaketh universally to man.” Page 27—speaking of God.—“Do we want to contemplate His power?—we see it in the immensity of Creation. Do we want to contemplate His wisdom?—we see it in the unchangeable order by which the incomprehensible whole is governed. Do we want to contemplate His munificence?—we see it in the abundance with which he fills the earth. Do we want to contemplate His mercy?—we see it in his not withholding that abundance even from the unthankful. In fine, do we want to know what God is?—search not the book called the Scripture, which any human hand might make, but the Scripture called the CREATION.” Of “*carnal*” reason—page 28.—“It is only by the exercise of *reason* that man can discover God. Take away that reason, and he would be incapable of understanding any thing; and in this case it would be just as consistent to read the book called the Bible to a *horse*, as to a *man*. Immortality—page 60.—“I trouble not myself about the manner of future existence. I content myself with believing, even to *positive conviction*, that the Power that *gave me existence* is able to *continue* it in any form and manner He pleases. . . . And it appears more probable to me that I shall continue to exist hereafter, than that I should have had existence as I now have, before that existence begun.”

Coming now to the subject of the Scriptures on page 90, we find the following strong appeal: “Had the cruel and murderous *orders*, with which the Bible is filled, and the numberless torturing executions of men, women and children, in consequence of these orders, been ascribed to some *friend* whose memory you record, you would have glowed with satisfaction at detecting the falsehood of the charge, and gloried in defending his injured fame. It is because ye are sunk in the cruelty of superstition, or feel no interest in the honor of your Creator, that ye listen to the horrid tales of the Bible, or hear them with callous indifference. Again, page 92. “In the 10th chapter of the 2d book of Kings, an account is given of two baskets full of children’s heads, seventy in number, being exposed at the entrance of the city; they were the children of Ahab, and were murdered by the orders of Jehu, whom Elisha, the pretended man of God, had anointed to be king over Israel, on *purpose* to commit this bloody deed, and assassinate his predecessor.” Now the author of the “Age of Reason,” knowing the unrighteous influence of a blind faith in the infallibility of the Scriptures, was moved, for the sake of the vindication and honor of the holy and righteous Ruler of the universe, to place the matter in its true light; and what friend of the New Philosophy could desire less? Mr. Paine could not have been other than an ardent and devoted lover of justice and truth. The “*one God*” of Nature and the universe, he most devoutly adored, while the revolting, abhorrent God of the Bible, who is made the author of crime which Nero could not have safely perpetrated, he most thoroughly and heartily despised. In *fact*, this God of the Jews is *no God*; it is not as being such that Paine or any one else would consider him. But it is the imaginary, conjured-up being who is made to figure in every species of evil, wickedness, and abomination, as put forth in the Old Testament, and which the theology of the day palms off on its believers, to the death and burial of all in the human breast that would otherwise spring up and bear fruits of love, peace and harmony, that Paine and every true lover of the great, adored, Supreme God of Creation, ought always to expose, that the true God may not be confounded with the mere *ideal*, unlovely, and unrighteous being which has been so long and blindly worshipped. For myself, were I to hear the nearest and dearest friend I have on earth defamed, scandalized and traduced, my

feeling would then be in *kind*, not in *degree*, as I feel when I hear the supporters of mythology impute to their *fabled* God, as if he were the *true* God, such wrongs and injustices as their system necessarily sets forth. The "Age of Reason" would be read with interest by all friends of the New Philosophy, and nothing can be more evident, than that it is not within the power of man to refute and overthrow its reasoning.

H. W. R.

### SPIRITUALISM IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

We give place to the following letter, recently published in the New-York Tribune, as containing a well-written statement in relation to matters in which our readers are supposed to be interested:—

STUTTON, N. H., Sept. 24, 1851.

To the Editor of the Tribune:

I believe you continue to publish communications on the subject of the Spiritual Rappings, and I wish to give you the results of a few of my observations on the subject. I called on a professed medium about two months ago, and for the first time heard what I had before heard and read much of, the Spiritual Rappings. I will acknowledge, that in this first interview, I was disappointed, both in the character of the sounds, and in the message received. Since that time, I have had opportunities of hearing the raps almost daily, and though naturally very skeptical, I have at last arrived at the conclusion, at which I believe every unprejudiced person who has had sufficient opportunities of judging must arrive, viz: that they are produced by the spirits of our deceased friends. I have heard sounds for which I could in no other way account. I have seen furniture moved, when I knew, as much as any one can know who sees with his own eyes, that no one present touched it. I have sat at a table with a circle of friends, all anxious to detect the trick if possible, and putting my feet on those of the medium, and holding her hands in my own, have seen the table moved with a violence which compelled us to move out of the way. I have heard various sounds imitated by request, such as sawing wood, the discharge of fire-arms, &c. I have heard the raps in four different places on the table at the same time. I have had correct replies to mental questions. I have heard the sounds, and have received replies to questions, the sounds proceeding from the head-board of the bed in which the medium was lying asleep. Laying a lead pencil upon a piece of blank paper in an open book, the medium holding all in her right hand, pressed up against the under-side of the table leaf; on taking out the paper, we have seen it covered with names which we had requested to be written, all of us watching the proceeding, and unable to detect any deception on the part of the medium, if there was any. Asking the spirits what use they made of the pencil, this reply was spelled out: "I form the electricity into the form of the letters which we wish to impress upon the paper, and then use the lead as painters gild chairs." Asking, "What is the need of a medium? Why cannot all hear the raps at any time?" the reply was this: "What is the use of the eye? Why not see with the nose?" To the question, "Have you a body?" the answer is always, "Yes." "What is it like?" Answer, "Like the natural body in its prime, but much more refined."

Shortly before the departure of the professed medium, a deceased sister of mine came, and, by means of the raps, signified that she wished we would form a circle, "to see if we could find a medium among our own kindred." Circles have been formed and several mediums have been found, persons well known to us, and our near relatives. We have by this means had opportunities of conversing with the spirits nearly every day since that time, and of making our own observations. We have seen the table moved several inches with a man upon it—have seen one end raised some inches above the other, and the lamps did not fall. I have observed that there is much difference in the loudness of the raps at different times. I think they are affected very much by the atmosphere. In a hot room, or in one where the air has been rendered impure by many breaths,

they become very faint and indistinct; by opening the windows they become louder, and I have heard them so loud that I believe they might have been heard across the street. They do not all rap alike; some spirits rap much louder than others, and some more rapidly than others. These circumstances often occasion mistakes in interpreting the answers. "No" is mistaken for "Yes," and "Yes" for "No." I have observed that a spirit raps at first very low, but after several interviews much more distinctly. They do not always come prepared with any message, but appear to desire to converse. Their object in visiting us seems to be to comfort and soothe, and keep alive the bonds of affection. Either they do not know or are not inclined to tell much about our future affairs in this life. They all agree in saying that all in the Spirit-world are happy, though there are different degrees of happiness. We have frequently asked them to go for us to different places, and brings us tidings of our friends. After a few moments absence, they usually return, and often have told us of circumstances which afterwards were found to be correct, and of which we were ignorant at the time. Often those of whom we have not been thinking have come to us—sometimes those whom we never knew except by report.—We have in this way had interviews with John Q. Adams. Often the replies are of so unexpected a nature as to astonish us greatly. This seems to prove that it is something greater than, or different from, Mesmerism. There is often to be observed in the responses some peculiarity which is suggestive of the person from whom it purports to come—some word which was of frequent use—some hesitation, or perhaps a sort of nervous quickness in the making of the sound. Of the peculiarly comforting nature of some of the messages which they bring, I will not say much; they are just such as the sorrowing heart has so long yearned and prayed for, such as will most soothe and comfort in anxiety and gloom.

Yours,

A. H.

### The Angel of Faith.

In the lone and dreary ways of life, where evil in its thousand forms makes dim the light of earthly joy, there is an angel which hovers ever in the atmosphere of the pure spirit. With gentle whispers, it gives to helpless infancy its confiding trust; it breathes new strength into the stricken and fainting heart, and in the dark hours of trial and suffering, it leads the soul to repose on the bosom of the Great Father, and lean on the hand that guides its upward soaring. Oh Faith, thou art a sweet angel; thy presence gives light amid the darkness—thy smile reflects joy where all was woe. Go thou ever with the toiling, weary, and oppressed pilgrims of earth, and lead them up from the depths of earthly sorrow to the mansions of eternal rest.

R. P. A.

### The Soul and the Body.

The soul is dependent upon the body as an attendant upon its birth, and as a means for its development. In this respect it serves as a sort of scaffolding to the soul that now conceals it from our view. In architecture this is put around a building to enable the builder to construct and finish his work. When this is done, it is removed, and the building stands out before our gaze. Death is but the removal of the scaffolding that now conceals the soul. That removed, and the soul stands out before the gaze of angels—an inhabitant of its new and beautiful dwelling-place.

S. H. L.

☞ We have the pleasure of being able to say to our readers that Mrs. Green has arrived at this place, where she may be hereafter addressed. It is her design to enter on the duties of her new position after a brief season of rest, which she finds is necessary to restore physical strength.

☞ Our earnest gratitude is due to all the friends who are making efforts in behalf of this paper. We have a trust that the angels will strengthen their hands, and crown their labors with success.



## Poetry.

## ANGEL CHARLIE.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

He came—a beauteous vision—  
Then vanished from my sight,  
His cherub wings scarce cleaving  
The blackness of my night;  
My glad ear caught its rustle—  
Then sweeping by he stole  
The dew-drop that his coming  
Had cherished in his soul.

O, he had been my solace  
When grief my spirit swayed,  
And on his fragile being  
Had tender hopes been stayed.  
Where thought, where feeling lingered,  
His form was sure to glide;  
And in the lone night watches,  
'T was ever by my side.

He came;—but as the blossom  
Its petals closes up,  
And hides them from the tempest  
Within its sheltering cup,  
So he his spirit gathered  
Back to its frightened breast,  
And passed from earth's grim threshold  
To be the Savior's guest.

My boy—ah! me, the sweetness,  
The anguish of that word—  
My boy, when in strange night dreams  
My slumbering soul is stirred,  
When music floats around me,  
When soft lips touch my brow,  
And whisper gentle greetings,  
O, tell me, is it thou?

I know by one sweet token  
My Charlie is not dead;  
One golden clue he left me,  
And on his track he sped.  
Were he some gem or blossom,  
But fashioned for to-day,  
My love would slowly perish,  
With his dissolving clay.

O, by this deathless yearning  
Which is not idly given,  
By the delicious nearness  
My spirit feels to Heaven;  
By dreams that throng my night-sleep,  
By visions of the day,  
By whispers when I'm erring,  
By promptings when I pray;

I know this life so cherished  
Which sprang beneath my heart,  
Which formed of my own being  
So beautiful a part;  
This precious winsome creature,  
My unfledged, voiceless dove,  
Lifts now a seraph's pinions,  
And warbles lays of love.

O, I would not recall thee,  
My glorious angel boy,  
Thou needest not my bosom,  
Rare bird of life and joy;

Here dash I down the tear-drops  
Still gathering in my eyes,  
Blest, O, how blest! in adding  
A seraph to the skies.

## LINES TO WACHUSETT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY S. H. LLOYD.

Thou monumental pile of days gone by,  
When not a hamlet stood  
To grace primeval wood,  
Where nought was heard except the battle cry  
Of tempest and the breeze,  
Or voices from the trees,  
Upswelling their great anthem to the sky.

Long, long thou stoodst upon thy granite base  
O'erlooking to the sea,  
With vision clear and free,  
Watching the billows foaming into lace,  
Drinking the music deep,  
That from his bosom leap,  
And rising, one harmonious sound embrace.

The eagle came and sheltered on thy breast,  
And found a beauteous home  
O'er which to freely roam,  
And from his flight a safe retreat and rest;  
And there did'st find his young,  
Who to thy bosom clung,  
And gem'd with dew their storm-defying nest.

The years unmarked by human footsteps sped,  
But thou in greatness stood,  
King of the sky and wood,  
Thy beauteous life in perfect freedom led;—  
The flowers thy bosom sought,  
The streams their tribute brought,  
And stars came clust'ring round thy head.

At length the red man's trailing feet were heard  
Amid thy forests drear,  
The home of fleeting deer,—  
Thy pearly screams his swift canoe has stirred,  
As on he sped his way,  
In battle fierce array,  
Or as he sought the forests' bounding herd.

Thou too hast lived to see the white man come,  
A weak and feeble band,  
Who fled from error's land,  
And sought by thee for freedom's hosts a home;  
Hast seen the red man fly  
Beyond the white man's cry,  
In distant lands the forests still to roam.

And yet thou art the same through changing years,—  
'Mid labor and unrest;—  
The clouds upon thy breast  
Like children come and tell their tale in tears.  
In sweet tranquility  
Thou livest still to see  
The Age of Harmony,  
To crown our many bleeding hopes and fears.

When night hath set her silver lamp on high,  
Then is the time for study; when Heaven's light  
Pours itself on the page, like prophecy  
On time, unglooming all its mighty meanings—  
It is then we feel the sweet strength of the stars,  
And magic of the moon.

Festus.

## Miscellaneous Department.

## THE BEAUTIFUL.

## A LEAF FROM THE BOOK OF HUMAN LIFE.

BY LARRY McHALE.

Each of us has our ideal, which, like immortality, is the great birthright of the soul; without it, how could we live?

The world—how lovely it is! Cast off that brightening halo which sweet imagination has thrown around it, and let it stand forth to us, in cold, bleak reality; or let us look on it with the eyes of those whose spirits have flown, ere their bodies mouldered; whose souls, leaving their tenement of clay, yet warm and life-like by their sympathy, now wander through eternal space; aye, let us look on all around us with the undecieved eyes of truth, and see things as they really *are*, and not as they *seem* when clothed in the rainbow garb of Ideality. Then might we appreciate this, God's kindest gift. Yet, let us look around us and see if we may find that one thing, which, without the aid of immortality and imagination, is in itself the enshrinement of the beautiful.

I am not old—very old; yet, ever since I can remember, I have had one soul-absorbing, heart-filling end in view,—one goal to which all my wishes tended.

I cared not for the blood-stained laurel wreath of victory, nor did I long for the myrtle crown sleeping on the rosy brow of love—the jeweled diadem reposing on the forehead of royalty, I coveted not; I had concentrated, must I say debased, all my powers and energies in my life-engrossing search after the beautiful.

And now, as I sit musing here, gazing on the glorious moonlight as it dances on the wave, a thousand thoughts of what I *am*, and what I *might have been*, come rushing like a torrent o'er my soul, and I weep—who would not weep, when he thinks of two-score years of this frail shadow of a life, passed away without one redeeming ray of glory shining on the page?

I can bear such maddening thoughts no longer. I rush towards the sea—I lave my throbbing brow in its cooling element—I feel weak—very weak. Let me lay here in the pale moonlight, and drink in the praises of the only God I ever worshiped; viz., the beautiful.

Something comes over me now, I know not what it is. Hitherto I have been a misanthrope, shunning my fellow-man; but what is this strange feeling at my soul—this void—this aching void, in my heart? I feel a longing for one familiar soul to talk with, a spirit to hold converse with mine.

But now, alas! do I realize, for the first time do I feel the whole bitterness of being alone; for there is no one in this wide, wide world whom I may call *brother*. Sweet reader! God grant that you may not feel thus alone, as you draw near the end of your race! May you not repose as I, in the marble prison-house of decay, without the song of the lark to soothe your dream!

May you repose beneath the waving grass, may little children come around your final resting-place, plant flowers on your green winding-sheet, weave garlands on your tombstones, and may the music of their childish voices sweeten the visions of that long sleep! But I must repose beneath the cold marble *all alone*; and now, as I draw near the end of my weary pilgrimage, this feeling of loneliness comes over me with tenfold force; and when I look around for some kind heart to relate the short, sad story of my life, I can find none.

So, kind reader, I will unbosom myself to you! for I have no friends to lament my making a confidant with the world. But time flies on, and I feel my soul cannot out-watch yon stars; so let me to my task.

At sixteen, I was as much an enthusiast in my search after the beautiful, as I was at a far riper age. Ever mingling in my day-dreams—present always to my thoughts, was a vision of "the beautiful."

I then swore my whole life should be devoted towards the at-

taining of this ideal. Alas! too well have I kept this vow. First I sought it in poetry. For years I wandered through the flowery groves and shadowy dells of poetry. Here! here! thought I, will I find a glorious embodiment of my dream. Here, my soul! will we wander through long years. Time will leave no blight upon us; and we will ever walk this glorious pasture of the soul! we will live upon its sweets, and die, if we must, amid its perfumes! Oh! how have I been blessed in finding thus early, the end of all my aspirations! Life is too short to enjoy this—I would that Heaven were like it! Then might I drink forever at the fountains of poesy, and ever weave gay garlands from the flowers of fairy romance.

O that my longing soul might have rested then, saying, Soul, you are now walking in your Elysium—be at peace! But no! though I was intoxicated with the beauty of the whole, yet I wished to find each hidden beauty of every flower; but when I wished to weave a garland from the fairest of those fair buds, I found most of those flowers, which were so fair to the sight, scentless and soulless; soulless words bound by a silver chain into a flimsy vase.

'Tis true that here and there I gathered a flower that seemed to me beautiful, but when I asked the opinion of men, they said, "They are fair indeed, but behold the humble lily, if not so fair, its perfume is by far sweeter."

I threw them away in disgust, almost desponding of ever finding my ideal.

But as I lay one day beneath a glorious oak, dreaming away the sleepy noon, building lofty castles, more light than air—so light a sudden thought would cast them down—as I lay dreaming thus, the thought came o'er me, why may I not realize my ideal in man? Surely he was made after the image of God; and, if there be a God, he must be perfection. It flashed o'er my mind like lightning. I thought. I resolved to mingle, to mix with my fellow men. Then, then, thought I, can I find the embodiment of the beautiful; and I will see if among all the daughters and sons of men, I may not find one alike perfect in spirit and in body.

The loud shouts of hope, triumphant o'er despair, rang through the arches of my young soul. That one moment changed my character. I sought that society which I had before avoided as contamination. I sought *man* in every sphere of life.

I banqueted with kings,—I shared the humblest meal of the meanest serf. I walked with the wealthy to-day—to-morrow I was the pauper's companion.

I searched the world over. Amid the sunny climes of smiling France, I wandered among the fair; on the vine-clad hills of that wine-flowing land, I have dreamed days away, and there have slept long nights, with nought to cover me but the blue robe of God.

I was wandering one day amid those fair scenes, when suddenly there appeared before me a maiden, so perfectly beautiful I feared she was not mortal.

Her form was as light and ethereal as the antelope which flies across the southern plains. Her eyes were of a heavenly blue, as though angels had robbed the skies of their luster, to adorn *her*, their favorite child. Her hair, of a light brown, fell o'er her, as though to protect this angel of earth from gross eyes. But why should I, a *man*, attempt to describe her, an *angel*. Suffice it to say, she was *beautiful*.

My eyes drank in her surpassing loveliness till they could drink no more, and then I closed them in a perfect *agony* of bliss. But for fear she was not real, but a creature my excited imagination had conjured up, I opened them again to convince me of her realness.

With alternate emotions of fear and delight, I looked once more. She was gazing on me with her glorious eyes. Those eyes! Oh! it makes me mad to think of them, even now. She spoke:

"Who are you, stranger, mysterious one, whom I have observed so often to seek this lonely spot, as if to hold communion with yourself? Have you no friends, no home, no one you may call brother? Oh, why is it you wander here?"

She ceased. Her voice was like the last dying notes of a rich harp-string—so gently, heaven-like, it seemed. I was mute with rapture, astonishment, and love.

"Say, tell me why is it?" murmured that heavenly voice once more; and she sat down beside me, and took my hand in hers.

Oh! the agony, the heavenly agony of that moment. Thoughts too deep for utterance rushed o'er my soul. At length, after a severe struggle, I burst forth—

"Fair being! thy powers deprive me of speech, and fill my heart with thoughts that are beyond the power of words. You ask me why it is I shut myself within myself. I am alone: I gaze around on all men, yet have not met *one* whom I might call *friend*; my life thus far has been turned towards my life's end, viz., the Beautiful.

"Yes, Nora, one score years of my life have rolled over me, and never till now have I gazed upon my ideal. Yes; now have I found it in you. You, the being of my dreams—I know you are my Nora—my beautiful.

"And now, with the consciousness that you are the beautiful, I could resign myself willingly into the arms of death, if I knew you would drop one tear of love upon my urn. It would be bliss, perfect bliss, to die thus. Yet why talk of dying at this very moment when life has more charms to me than ever since first it dawned upon my boyhood; for now, and never till now, have I gazed upon my ideal."

"Oh, it is sweet in our pathway through life, to find one congenial spirit, one fellow soul; one we may look *up* to and still know him our equal. Such a one, dear Carl, do I now see in you, and though never before have I gazed on you waking, ever have I seen you mingling in my dreams. Like you, the Beautiful has ever been my search—and I have found it! where, *time* will tell you. When disease is sucking your heart's blood, as it is mine; when you *feel* all this earth must pass away and return to chaos—then! when your mortal will soon be enshrined in immortality, you will see as I have seen, and know as I have known."

"You say disease is about to bear you away, to humble you in the dust; that you feel the gripe of death is on you. Then, while you live, Nora, will you be near me? You shall not die; you are too fair, too beautiful, to repose in the dust. This glorious aspect to become the food of the vile earth-worm,—no! it can not, it *shall* not be!"

"Hear me first, dear Carl, and think what you love. My thoughts and pursuits have always been turned toward one object and end. Like you, till to-day I had not realized my dream, but had despaired of ever finding it. But last night, dear Carl, I had a dream. Methought I wandered through yon field of Ether; I stopped at each star—I seized the comets by their fiery manes, and rode through boundless space. I listened to the music of the spheres—I caught the tones of the heavenly harps, singing around the throne of God. As I stood poised one moment in the middle of yon azure dome, I heard a voice softer than the lyre of the wind, richer in its gush of harmony than all the harps of Heaven, and it said:

"Mortal, your longing shall be satisfied, your life's labors shall not be spent in vain—your end is accomplished! Yet, before you behold the beautiful, tell me! if to-morrow you are willing to die—to put on the form of a spirit—to clothe yourself in the garb of immortality? If so, return to your native planet now, and when yon orb of fire goes out, seek your native hills; then, with a spirit's eyes shall you behold the beautiful. Say, art thou ready for the sacrifice? Can you sunder every tie that binds you to yon fair star, and depart *forever*? Remember, "*forever*" is a word whose meaning you have yet to know."

"Then I awoke, and, dear Carl, for the *few* short hours that are left me here, I am yours."

"A few short moments, rather! O Christ, and is it so!"

I looked on her, I seized her in my arms, I laid her on my bosom; her eyes glistened like a wandering ray of glory from the eye of God; her countenance was lit up with a seraphic smile. Oh God! was she not beautiful! as beautiful as a child of Heaven.

But oh! her lips move—let me catch her dying words.

"Dear Carl, look!—see there!—see, that aspect!—it looks on me—it smiles! There are others there smiling too—hush! hark! hear them sing. *Behold the Beautiful!* I see it. Dear Carl, adieu—may—"

One tear glistened in her eye—one sigh of expiring beauty, and her spirit fled.

I looked up towards Heaven; the sun was just sinking to slumber; a thousand brightening rays of glory flew all around me, as if by its peaceful glory to soothe my breaking heart.

But to me it gave no calm, no quiet; for just as I had seen my ideal—had called it mine,—it vanished like a falling star. I gazed on those still smiling features; I clasped her to my heart, as though to impart some of my life to her. I could not believe her dead. I called out, "Nora!" Echo answered, "Nora."

All around me seemed dark and bleak: I cursed God, I supplicated him to give my Nora back. I called on friends to revolt and bring her to me. But then, in the very acme of my rage, a sudden calm came o'er my soul; a voice was borne to me on the breath of an angel, saying, "Be of good cheer, Carl; my spirit and that of 'the Beautiful' hovers o'er you. Cease your ravings, for you will find your ideal at last."

A feeling of calm despair floated o'er my soul; and, gazing on the beautiful corpse beside me, I mused: I cannot find the beautiful in man, for she, though fairer than the fairest star that glitters on the black wings of the night angel, was not perfectly beautiful. Fell disease has made her his victim; long years ago he marked her for his own, and breathed into this perfect form the blight of sickness and imperfection. No, alas! she is not beautiful; for it must be that one beyond all disease and death, for we who are subject to death are not perfect, for how can perfection die.

Then let me seek the wild retreats of nature, and find there the Beautiful. And thou, my spirit bride! thou, my morning star! must I bid thee adieu? must I bury thee in the cold, cold earth? must thou return to dust? and these fair locks of thine—*must* they be woven into the matted turf? And must those lustrous eyes be dimmed and drop away? and this hand, that out-rides the lily in its whiteness, must that turn to dust? and this perfect form of thine, must that be closed in the embraces of the cold, noisome earth?

Oh, thou! whom men call God? why did'st thou do it? was it not enough to smite others less fair, less beautiful?

Oh, if there is a God, surely he is an awful one!

But Nora, now adieu! and though it break my heart to part, yet must we. I return to dust that's living—you to dust that's dead. But will thy spirit ever hover o'er me in my waking thoughts, and in my dreams; and when the time shall come for me to sink into my last endless dream, wilt thy spirit hovering o'er my pillow, sing my soul to death? Farewell.

I rose from the ground, and seizing that cold, alas, so cold, corpse in my arms, climbed to the very snow-clad summit of the mountain, and treading where man never before had trod, laid her down, and I, reclining there on our cold, snow-white couch, determined to sleep the first night of her wakeless sleep beside her.

I pillowed my head upon her cold breast, and gazing upon the cold bright stars, fell into a calm sweet sleep; and oh, such sweet visions hovered o'er me that night, I would have willingly slept on forever. I dreamed, as I lay reposing there, I heard, and *felt* such strains of sweet music floating around me, that every particle of air seemed to be alive with melody. Suddenly the music was hushed, and a voice from the air spoke,—"Mortal, one score years longer are left you, to obtain what you have lived for; strive and you will conquer." The voice was as clear and distinct as the thunder, that fierce organ of Heaven, yet soft and sweet as distant evening bells.

Then I felt the breath of an angel fanning my cheek, and the ringlets of my Nora on my brow; her lips pressed my forehead and then the vision passed away. Ye whose souls oft in the mid-watches of the night, wander away amid the fairy retreats of the dream-land, is it not pleasant to forget life, wandering



there? Yet is it not almost as sweet, even after you have left its strange mysterious boundaries, to lay and muse on the glories you have there seen; is not the happiness almost as exquisite as it would be if you still lingered there? And as your soul draws nearer and nearer the waking world, how gradually and sweetly the vision floats away, till you can see nothing; but still have such a misty remembrance of the whole, that it clothes your waking thoughts with such a rosy hue, that life, for the time being, seems not so darkly real as before you dreamed.

Thus it was to me till my soul came back to earth, and I awoke almost peaceful and happy. The first warm rays of the setting sun lit up the face of my Nora, now the bride of Heaven. Yet that bosom was still cold; that eye brightened not to smile on me; that soft hand returned not my pressure. Like a flash of lightning the thought pierced my soul: it was, Nora dead, and not living. Oh, what a change came o'er me as the thought flashed across my brain; it made me *mad*; yes, and now, as I approach my end, I can see clearer into that part of my life which has ever before been hid behind that dark mantle, which God wraps madness in. But *now* the mist rolls away—the veil is withdrawn, and all is as clear as the eye of Heaven.

I feel the blood swell in my veins like the waters of a curbed river. Oh God! how my brain felt: but ah, it would kill me to tell the miseries of that day! When I awoke from my madness, the sun was just setting—and my brain cooling.

I determined to leave this place of happy misery, and in other climes pursue my search. As I arose to depart, I cast one longing, lingering look on her I loved so much, and rushed down the mountain.

It was sunset. Long years on leaden wings had passed away since that last sunset of bitterness: and ever since that time sunset had become to me a sainted hour; for then my Nora died.

I am accustomed to retire within myself at that hour, and hold converse with my Nora in Heaven. Those rays of glory that the setting sun threw around me were so many bright links that bound me to the Spirit-land. I look up to the glorious Heaven and think Nora's soul is blended in every tint of glory that sparkles there. She adds a ray of brightness to thy glories, oh setting sun!

Fair stars, that sparkle on the blue curtain of Heaven, her tear-drops nourish thy rising dimness into thy meridian glory. What makes this peaceful silence all around? 'tis the spirit of Nora floating through the air; perchance, now, in the presence of "the Beautiful," she forgets that *one*, who, by his ravings threw a shadow o'er her path of glory to the Spirit-land. Yet no! for as her life was flickering, she dropped a tear for *me*, and that tear rose up like her soul to Heaven, and dew-eyed Mercy stooped and caught it on her pinions, and bearing it up to the throne of God, hung it on Christ's diadem. When the seraphs saw it glittering there, they struck their harps anew, and Nora, mingling with the throng, struck her lyre, and the diamond vaults of Heaven rung with the loud acclamations of the praises of the Beautiful.

And ever since that hour, at sunset, have they sung that lay; and now, as heavenly breezes fan my brow, can I hear it plainer which makes me think I am about to behold the Beautiful.

Long years did I search amid Nature for the Beautiful. I have seen sunset upon Jura, and rise o'er the eternal city. I have seen the moon arise from old ocean's breast, and sit upon her couch of crested waves. I have seen Bootes marching through azure Heaven; and stormy Orion leading her battalion of clouds. I have stood upon the snow-bound plains of Iceland, and seen the glory of the north, in its meridian splendor,—much that's mighty and grand in Nature, but naught that's beautiful. Every where have I seen his *footsteps*; but where was *He*, the great, incarnate one? In Heaven! Yes, reader: I have found, though not seen, the enshrinement of the Beautiful, in the Deity.

Hours have passed since I began this, and something tells me I am about to behold "the Beautiful." Nora saw him at sunset; I shall at sunrise. E'en now the approaching glory of day appears over the eastern hills. Oh God! I am dying! I feel each cord that binds my soul snap asunder.

But what is that? It is a band of angels, coming from out the eastern gate of Heaven. The Beautiful is there, and here comes Nora too. I hear the harps of Heaven sing my welcome into Paradise. I will rest on that bosom soon. Nora, I come!—*Waverly Magazine*.

### Appearances.

If one meets a poor man or beggar by the way-side, let him not think such one evil because he is poor, or base because he asks charity. Who knows the day, though he be now rich and proud, when he may become poor and a beggar. Remember that misfortune and infirmity follow us all, and do that for the misfortunate who comes in thy way to-day, for to-morrow his necessity may be thine. If misfortune come to thee asking charity, clothed in rags or with haggard brow, spurn it not, for thou knowest not the spirit it may encompass—perchance it is a messenger sent of God to test thy spirit, and entertaining it thou entertainest an angel in disguise.

Let us remember there is nothing derogatory in any employment which ministers to the well-being of the race. It is the spirit that is carried into an employment that elevates or degrades it.

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