

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND 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.

THE IDEA OF IMMORTALITY: ITS DEVELOPMENT AND PROGRESS.

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In the mists of past ages, which no human eye can now penetrate, Wisdom commissioned Hope to whisper in the ear of man thoughts of a higher sphere, to which this life is but introductory. So generally had this conception obtained among all nations ere their existence became known to history, that a most philosophic believer of the last century,* came to the conclusion that a revelation from God of which no vestige remains at the present time, must have been made in the earliest ages, and universally received. No truth of so sublime a character, he thinks, could have been conceived by man, unassisted by divine light. This may be admitted, if by revelation is meant that wisdom and light, into which the mind is ushered as its powers are unfolded. But if it mean some arbitrary compilation, which men reverence as an exclusive utterance of divine instruction, it cannot be so readily conceived; for this truth has been known to exist independent of all systems, and indeed prior to all.

If light was needed to beget the germ of this truth in the human mind, it is equally evident that the growth of the one must correspond to the development of the other. The infant and the man may not endure the same degree of light, nor receive like impressions from objects equally illuminated. It is with the race as with the person. God has given spiritual food to mankind, as he supplies the individual with physical food, in proportion to their growth and wants. We should regard him as a strange father who would permit his children to starve until half grown, and then surfeit them with strong meats which were only suitable for men. A provident parent would supply the want of every stage with proper nutriment.

If we had followed some simple analogy of this kind, we should never have supposed that the Deity had been completely unmindful of man's wants, in this respect, until Christianity was introduced. We cannot in this way prove the superiority of the latter; for whatever goes to establish its exclusive claim, must take from the impartial and changeless character of its divine Author—the Father of all. We may then suppose that, as the race became sufficiently advanced to appreciate truths of this nature, they were imparted, to minister consolation and incite to spiritual improvement. Crude indeed at first they must have been, but yet just of the character suited to the condition of the mind; and though liable to perversion, still tending unrestricted to improve as man progressed: not growing up gradually and uniformly; but made subject to all those eccentricities which characterize other attainments when held in forms; one rising, as it were, above the wreck of another. And as nearly as can be ascertained, this supposition is verified by the experience of the past and present. One most substantial proof of the truth of this conception is found in the fact that it has not died out with any of those old forms, but takes higher ground as we ascend toward perfection. It is but the unfolding of the flower, from the germ which had its origin in the very constitution of our being; the same idea of prolonged exist-

ence and identity, however it may be joined with questions of mode or hypothetical basis. This is naturally recognized by the mind as the all-important point, while the connection of the present with the future life, and the resurrection of the body or the spirit, are regarded as subjects of secondary consideration.

The making of remote and authoritative forms the only basis, has indeed been the origin of immense evil, as the superstitions, fanaticisms, and skepticisms bear witness. Instead of being a blessing, elevating and consoling, as contemplated, it has indeed proved thus far rather a curse, filling innumerable hearts with deep despair through life, and closing up every avenue of light to the expanding soul in the hour of death. Those who have been consoled by hopes of partial favor, have experienced little expansion of mind or of sympathy.

Like all other subjects of knowledge, the idea of immortality conforms to the three general periods of advancement in the individual or the race; in infancy standing upon mere authority; in youth upon illustration, and in manhood upon inductions drawn from all subjects of knowledge and independent forms of thought. The child is satisfied with the authority of the teacher; even nursery tales assuming all the importance of real occurrences. The youth demands observation, and will no longer believe without it. The man, not satisfied with this, seeks to know the causes of things, and believes neither tradition nor sensuous experience, except as they coincide with the great principles of causation, and the harmonious laws of the universe. It should also be borne in mind that the real truth has not changed; it is the same in the mind of the man, only developed and perfected, which had its germs in the conceptions of the child. In the different ages it has been viewed by men from different stand points; but it has proved the same reality to each; and where no improper bias, or unfortunate circumstances have existed, and the mind has been left free to follow the light of Nature with the confidence of a "little child," an intuitive confirmation of its teachings has been experienced by individuals in all stations, especially as the period approached for them to leave the form. That this confirmation is arbitrarily connected with the reception of some particular dogma, cannot be admitted. Those instances cited in proof of such claim, by the different sectarists, only show that in some cases the spirit has been so freed from the blinding influences of creeds, in the last moments of earthly existence, that it was enabled to apprehend naturally the beauties of its home.

The red son of the forest, as he feels the hour of dissolution approach, and all earthly light fading from his vision, sees spiritual truth of an elevating character, which causes him to begin his *death song*, descriptive of the Spirit-land, its prospects and ever varying scenery, and to welcome rather than fear the mysterious change. All that the sectarist has claimed as peculiar to his dogmatic faith—all the boasted fortitude of its martyrs, is more than realized here.

In the earliest times, it appears that men "contemplated death with indifference. Though they did not court its presence, they acknowledged its tranquility; and in the beautiful fables of their allegorical religion, Death was the daughter of Night and the sister of Sleep; and even the friend of the unhappy. If the full light of revelation had not yet broken on them, it can hardly be denied that they had some glimpses, and a dawn of the life to come, from the many allegorical inventions which describe the transmigration of the soul."* And it was the opinion

*Priestly.

* D'Israeli.

of the ancient Brahmans, according to Strabo, that as our birth brought us into a more enlarged state of life, so death introduces men naturally, of course, into a higher sphere of perception and action.

It would not be proper to attempt a reference to all the conceptions of a future life, entertained by the different nations and ages. I only wished to show that they may be reduced to the three distinctive phases of development, which attend all growth of human faith and knowledge. It should not be expected, however, that these periods shall have any absolute connection with time or place; for that were more consistent with the idea of an arbitrary and special revelation, which Nature does not acknowledge. Different individuals, families, tribes and nations have been very differently circumstanced and developed, in their mental structure; consequently no unfolding of the truth could be generally experienced at any time. In a more catholic light it will appear that ideas of immortal existence, like all fundamental truths, have kept pace with the progress of the mind.

An opinion received by any process, arbitrary or rational, that will not expand with the advance of the mind, must necessarily be false; and that is certainly without foundation in Nature which can only be substantiated by authority, and finds no confirmation in the fields of science and philosophy. The truth, so far from having "a final authoritative utterance," never resorts to authority at all, except to accommodate the infant mind. Authority is not the *final*, but the *first* and least reliable utterance of truth; satisfactory it may be in the nursery, but not so to the youth or man; only as it conforms to the experience of the one, and the higher intelligence of the other. Hence it is a subject worthy the most attentive consideration, whether the immortality of the soul derives sanction from psychological phenomena, and the true philosophy of matter and mind, or whether it rests merely on a record of by-gone ages. Upon this point turns the momentous question, whether it be a truthful conception, which Nature acknowledges as real, or an illusion of some ancient mind, which has no substantial basis.

When we speak of this truth as springing up spontaneously in the soul, and seeking from without elements of nutriment and growth, we mean that intuitive conception which follows man in every state; even as in the case of Byron, when he has grown skeptical towards all forms of its expression. Independent of any form, arising from the natural affinity of the soul for truth, this intuition remains the same, only temporally obscured by the influence of human systems and authoritative dogmas, which seek support from the death-grasp with which they seize this divine consciousness.

The importance attached to this discussion by popular sects, as well as a desire to approach and influence all classes of minds, leads us to give a more lengthy consideration to what reference the teachings of the Bible may be supposed to have to the hypothesis assumed. In objection to the idea of progressive development, it is urged that the growth should have been gradual and uniform, and that the superior light of the Gospel, at one point, is inconsistent with such conception. But this is only confounding the conditions of mind with periods of time. Each condition is at the same time represented more or less fully; and we observe the same mental childhood, youth and age, so that there may be required in every period the three forms of utterance,—authority, observation and causation.

But it must be objected to any exclusive system, that God denies the claim in all the method of his inspirations. The nature of man requires a continual growth; and the presentation of truth, to be of permanent service, must correspond to this essential constitution. To affirm a final and authoritative communication is irrelevant assumption, involving the absurdity that our Spiritual Father has only *once* felt an interest that his children should be properly instructed in this most important truth.

It is true that, previous to the time of Jesus, a general skepticism prevailed among intelligent minds with regard to the old mythologies related formerly to the doctrines of immortality. Yet they were clearly inculcated long prior to that period. Soc-

rates, Plato, Xenophon and Demosthenes, speak of the soul as divine, immortal, incorruptible; and represent it as going "to another place, like itself, excellent and pure, though now unseen, to Hades, and truly to a good and wise God." Cicero, who lived nearer the time of Jesus, has these remarkable words: "If I am wrong in believing the souls of men are immortal, I please myself in my mistake; nor, while I live, will I ever choose that this opinion, with which I am so much delighted, should ever be wrested from me. But if at death I am to be annihilated, as some minute philosophers suppose, I am not afraid lest those wise men, when extinct too, should laugh at my error." But it is unquestionably true that doubt and misgiving had generally settled down upon the intelligent mind. The Sadducees of Judea, and the more popular philosophers of Greece and Rome, confirm this supposition. The books of the Old Testament have no distinct reference to this truth: though we are not hence to conclude that the ancient Hebrews entertained no such ideas. The very skepticism of Solomon would imply that he was acquainted with such views, though he was too wise to receive them on mere tradition, and too sensual to experience their truth by intuition. The four gospels contain but few references to a future state, and it may be questioned whether most of those are not equivocal. Take away those expressions which are connected or contrasted in the vulgar interpretation, with unending sin and woe; and but a small remnant remains. The terms "eternal life, [life or spirit of the age] "last day," resurrection of the dead," &c., &c., are indeed interpreted by the most "eminent commentators," as having reference to matters of temporal concern.

The religious element in man had acquired that strength which needed a demonstration. This was, for all important purposes, realized in the resurrection of Jesus, if that be the proper term. The fact that he was present with his disciples while "they knew him not;" that it was only when "their eyes were opened" he could be seen; that he appeared suddenly before them, and as suddenly "vanished out of their sight;" renders it evident to me that it was the same spiritual body, which Paul also saw, that made itself visible to them. If it is said that Jesus offered his "flesh and bones" for sensuous demonstration, it may be replied, that his direction: "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my father," would seem to render objectionable a literal interpretation of his language. It was perhaps said ironically to rebuke them for the character of evidence they required. By supplying the negative particle, moreover, which may be understood, it would read: "A spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me not to have."

That we cannot account for the disappearance of his physical body, is readily granted. But neither can it be accounted for on the contrary supposition; unless it be assumed that it ascended to heaven, when we are told that "flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of God." Nor is it more inconsistent to suppose that it passed away and mingled with the elements at death, than to imagine such an occurrence at the ascension. The probability is that neither disciple nor Jew took any pains to inquire into that point, as one was satisfied with his faith, and the other with referring every marvelous thing ascribed to Jesus, to the power of magic.

The words of Jesus, "He that believeth on me shall never die," were verified in the consolation attending his followers in the hour of dissolution. They did not *see* death. "To die was gain." The perfect trust and sense of security they constantly experienced, opened their spiritual eyes, so that they saw Jesus and consoling spirits, and in martyrdom, like Stephen, only fell asleep. Sufficient to their time and mental endowment was this demonstration of a future life; yet it must be admitted, that the philosophy of that existence, and the constitution of the spiritual form, were not at all understood. Paul, who gives this subject more attention than all other writers of the Bible combined, reconciled it with the current philosophy, with which he was well acquainted.

We see, then, what is necessary to a continued confidence in this cheering truth. The nature of the instruction must correspond to the development of mind, or the most deplorable re-

sults will follow. The intellect, putting away childish things, outgrowing blind credence for authority, will run riot in an indiscriminate skepticism; while the higher intuitions of the soul being left without support, wither and die. These possessions of the mind must grow with its growth and strengthen with its strength, or become perverted, diseased and dwarfed, for want of suitable nutriment, or through the influence of unfortunate circumstances.

No external form of truth can long continue to administer spiritual strength. The faith of Stephen may be interiorly confirmed, although it rests upon a mere authoritative or superficial basis; but a mind grown to the size of Paul's, requires a more philosophic foundation; when he as naturally discovers the temporal nature of all objects of sense, and that the "unseen" alone is changeless and eternal; and as truly feels that if the earthly house be dissolved, "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal and in the heavens." To give such assurance to the advanced minds of this age, the truth must be allowed to draw support from each subject of knowledge, and to harmonize its teachings with each form of instruction. When a child, I was satisfied with the mere authority of my teacher; then I demanded the privilege of observation to confirm the rules which had at first been given me; and then I sought in the wide fields of investigation and reflection, to supply the demands of reason.

Has the doctrine of immortality such sure foundation, as to derive no aid and confirmation from generalizations of the sciences? Can it not now be explained on philosophical principles, so that the fully developed mind may find indestructible consolation? I would do nothing to deny to the teachings of the New Testament their proper position in the superstructure of our Faith. I insist that an irrational reverence for them should not close up the mind to the testimonies of Nature, the deductions of Reason, and the interior confirmations of the Spirit.

Little acquainted with the laws of matter and mind, and withal totally ignorant of the nature of the connection between the spirit and the form, the early christians were satisfied with believing in the resurrection of Jesus as a proof of immortality, without knowing or inquiring whether the form they saw was physical or spiritual. And as gross minds cling to the material, the supposition that the body of Jesus was raised, and that ours should be raised also, soon became the vulgar opinion. A moment's thought, however, is sufficient to show that the resurrection of Christ's physical body proves nothing with regard to our own. We know they must decay and mingle with the elements. Besides, the argument that Jesus was the "first born from the dead," loses all its force. Others had been raised from a state of seeming death; yet they did not thence become immortal. If, however, the psychological body of Jesus was made visible to the disciples, by the opening of their interior sense, it furnishes evidence of the most decisive character, that the human soul is destined to a future and progressive existence. And yet as the mind unfolds its powers, it will continue to seek an enlargement of the grounds of hope, and a proper classification of the earlier impressions with respect to the principles of Nature, and the science of the mind. It will inquire concerning the structure of the spiritual body, and the associations of the Spirit-world. There has been, for years, in the minds of thousands, an unsatisfied longing to know whether loved children and companions shall be recognized and caressed in the Spirit-home; and ancient revelations have been sought in vain for instruction. Here the mind must have rest or its aspirations are vain. Deny light on these higher questions, and this heaven-born hope must languish for want of that food which is suited to its nature, and which alone can satisfy its cravings.

No particular form should be insisted on as invariably applicable to all minds. The soul should be left free to seek the most congenial forms, while preparation should be made for the satisfaction of its highest yearnings. Instances have occurred within my own acquaintance of late, where the mind, freed in a measure from the darkening influences of hereditary opinions, has been remarkably expanded. A mere child became sensible

of her approaching change, for days before her departure, and apparently saw the love and resplendent beauty of that higher world. Her thoughts of death were entirely changed, and there was a spirit of the deepest and holiest charity breathed over her whole mind. Two aged people found in their last hours, a strength of assurance they had never anticipated in life. Another still, who had some experience in the formalities of faith, declared that her hopes, ultimately, rested on no special form of doctrine; she *felt* her immortality.

The proper understanding of the principles of Nature, involved in the continued progress of all things toward perfection, and the proper arrangement of those numerous and remarkable psychological developments, constantly occurring, into a true system, would give to the scientific mind now, all the assurance experienced by the Indian worshiper, the disciple of Plato, or the follower of Jesus. It would also convince the judgment of the truthfulness of the spiritual desire, and show the relation of the present with the future life; how one may affect the other; and how social and friendly attachments will be gratified in our common home.

It was not intended to discuss the nature of the future life. From the fact that its probability rests mainly on the laws of progression, it is to be supposed that it will be a theater for the gradual unfolding of the moral and spiritual powers. Man, being the highest and perfected form, embracing all forms below, must be the instrument from which is produced the individualized spirit. And although that may be subject to discipline and instruction, according to its growth in the form, yet it must continually and inevitably ascend toward the perfection of Divine Love and Wisdom.—*Universalium*.

Science of Man.

In man we find the highest perfection of the physical body, as a mere structure. It also combines the largest capacity for physical exercises, and the best exhibition of the purely mechanical forces. For as man is an elaboration of all the elements, all the forms, and all the forces below him, so his body presents a microcosm of their complete and harmonious action. Hence it furnishes to the chemist, the painter, the sculptor, and the mechanist, the highest subject of study.

The motory, or sensitive nerves, which are attached, in pairs, to each muscle, are among the most wonderful of mechanical modes of action. By the last the Will is transmitted to the muscle; by the first it moves; and then again, a knowledge of the action is carried back to the brain by the conveying nerves, whose agency is now demonstrated. What wonderful economy of material and power do we find in the whole fabric! There is nothing superfluous—nothing wanting! Wherever great power is required, the muscular fiber is bound up in tendons, and the nerves in ganglions, thus producing a concentration of energy; and again, where a distribution of power becomes necessary, there is a diffusion of the muscular and nervous forces into fibrils so minute that the microscope itself fails to discover them.

Nor are the mechanical forces less admirable. Behold the archetype of the lever in the arm and leg! What variety and grace of motion—what power of action—what energy of expression, do they convey to the mind! Again, the laminate texture of the skull, and the porous structure of the bones, are most admirably adapted to repel the concussion of hard bodies, by suspending their reaction. It has been shown by experiment, that when a ball of common bone is interposed between several balls of common ivory, and they are made to strike against each other, as in the common mode of illustrating the principle of reaction, that motion will be communicated to the ivory balls, but nearly or quite ceases on contact with that of bone. Thus we see that the quiescence that could be maintained against any shock, being in direct proportion to the want of perfect elasticity, the porous, or laminated structure would escape injury, where the solid body would be shattered to fragments.

These are but few of the simplest passages in this great volume of wonders, the Human Being! If we stand abashed here, how

must we be overwhelmed with astonishment, if we attempt an investigation of the vitalizing action of the nutritive system of the brain, the blood, the nervous system, or the complex machinery, the exquisite organization and mechanical perfection of the eye and ear! How shall we dare investigate the mysterious life principle, which energizes, or the still more wonderful Intelligence, which informs, and etherealizes the whole being! Yet this study is not only a privilege, but an imperative duty.

The more we investigate, the more shall we be convinced that this Science of Man underlies every other, both in interest and importance. There is no passion, feeling, nor even thought, however transient, but leaves its impression on the material organism. Hence, there is no shade of character, however fine, but may be found legibly inscribed on the tablets, where every action, every emotion, every sentiment of the whole life has conspired to delineate the individual being.

Thus we see in the human body the most elaborate and perfect machine for the study of the mechanist—the most beautiful and noblest form for a model to the artist—the most wonderful combination of forces to engage the attention of the philosopher—and the most complete laboratory for the experiments of the chemist. God has created man with an upright brow, and elaborated in him the perfection of the Universe.

F. B. G.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

MESSAGES RECEIVED IN PHILADELPHIA.

From a pamphlet published in Philadelphia, relating to the recent developments in spiritual manifestations which have occurred in that city, we learn that the reality of immortal existence has been amply demonstrated, and that there have been many beautiful and consoling messages received from the spirits of departed friends. Many of these messages relate to subjects of general interest, and bear in their very nature the evidence of a spiritual origin. For the gratification of our readers who may not have perused the pamphlet above alluded to, we take this opportunity of presenting them with the following messages, received through mediums of known integrity, which are selected from others of equal interest:

From the Spirit of a Sister, in answer to the question, "Is she Dead?"

No, I am not dead, but live in a more glorious life. O! we are all happy in the Spirit-home. My dear sister, I am happy to have an opportunity to communicate with you. I have long wished to manifest myself to you, but your condition has not been such as to permit such sweet communion with you. Your idea of the spirit after it leaves its tenement of clay is wrong; such is the fact with most people. Mortals, with their unassisted mental perceptions cannot understand about the existence of the spirit after it bursts its prison door, and soars away in immortal life. Did you understand the laws of progression that govern the development of the immortal spirit, you would live while on earth so as to develop all the higher and holier attributes of the mind. Our mission is to teach mankind this, among other important lessons, concerning their life in a physical and spiritual existence. Man lives for a high and noble purpose. He was created in the image of God—his spirit is an emanation from God. God is with man,—though he tramples all that is good beneath him for a time, yet the good within him at times will triumph over his carnal nature. None are so far lost in wrong doing but they will be developed in a slow degree; if but little in life, the more to be developed in the Spirit-home. Your cold, selfish forms, your cold sectarianism hinders your progress in spiritual development, and is the cause of much wrong doing among men. God is love—love one another, cultivate harmonious relations among you, and you will reap a rich reward in the peace and happiness that will increase among you. Dear sister, think of what I communicate to you, and do not reject it because it is new to you. It is in accordance with the laws which God in his wisdom has established for the more rapid

progress of the human family, towards a higher spiritual condition. Done.

To a Father who wants evidence of a Spiritual Existence.

What I write by this means send to my father, though he will not believe it is his son that would communicate thus with him. Ere I left the body, I often thought I would communicate through him, if spirits could communicate, but since my change of condition I find it impossible to do so, because his condition is unapproachable in my present stage of development. My dear father, I have hovered lovingly around you, whom I loved so dearly in life as you are; and I love you with more intensity now, that I have a realization of the joys and unspeakable happiness that attend us in the Spirit-home. Because you can not comprehend this mode of communication, you reject the whole as delusion. Investigate this subject with the candor that is characteristic of your other investigations, and your labors will be such as to throw much light on your mind; your spiritual condition will improve, and improve it all that you can; for the more it is developed on earth, the higher will be your condition in spiritual existence. This fact should continually prompt all to cultivate the high and noble faculties of the mind; it is to present advantage also; this you know. There are many things I would like to communicate to you. The opening of death's door was a happy transition for my spirit. I feared not death you know, and welcomed it as in the natural course of things, and O! what a happy change! I found my condition surrounded by blessed and holy influences. I have rapidly developed in my perceptions of the goodness and exceeding glory of the great God—and feel emanations of his benignity and love surrounding on every side—all are happy in this, the Spirit-home. We continually ascend nearer the Source of the divine intelligence and harmony and love that are ours. You cannot conceive, O! father, that a spiritual existence is a blest reality. Hasten, dear father, to this belief. Your son longs to communicate through you, and to manifest himself to you, and breathe into your soul the sweet impressions of spiritual presence. You will try to reason all of this communication away, but examine it well. I will hover around you; I can read your mind as clearly as you do a book. I cannot approach you to communicate, but will as soon as your condition will permit.

Your son,

CARLOS.

To a Gentleman from his Wife.

I am often with thee, as near as I can approach thee, endeavoring to pour into thy mind sweet consolation, and to direct thee in the ways of truth and wisdom. Ours was a happy life, but the death of my mortal part was thy loss not mine. O! the exceeding joy that has been my portion since my sojourn in the Spirit-home! here I continually develop to higher degrees of perfection, expanding like a rose in the sunshine of our Heavenly Father's love.

All are happy in the Spirit-home; here we are all attracted by the affinity of our spiritual development, and continually ascend nearer to the center, which is God. Cultivate thy spiritual nature—it is the highest of man's adorning, the spark divine, the living coal which dieth not; and though it be smothered beneath the ruins of neglect, and wrong, and outrage of all that would promote its growth, still it lives, capable of growth, when favorable circumstances surround to enable it to develop.

Man should know this, then he will perceive the necessity of better social arrangements, so that proper circumstances may surround all; for when one suffers all feel the wrong, because mankind are a unity, the children of one common father who loves them all.

Man needs more knowledge of his own nature, physical and spiritual, and as he investigates, he will progress if he will but give heed to the information that he may receive.

At the early dawn of day, amid the glorious brightness of noon, and in the calm silence of evening, the blest immortals breathe their words of love. Let us listen to the melody of their voices, and learn wisdom from their teachings.

Psychological Department.

SINGULAR FACTS.

It is by a critical examination of isolated facts, and a comparison of facts with each other, that we are enabled to arrive at truth. The revelations of the present day in magnetism, clairvoyance, spirit-rappings, spiritual communication through the medium of the paralyzed hand and arm of a human being, the seeing of natural and spiritual representations and existences through the medium of some peculiarly organized natural substance, as some species of crystals and other stones, magnetized water, &c., are astonishing and deserving of critical investigation.

I propose to relate a case in which all these phenomena are introduced, to the apparent correction and confirmation of each other, rendering the case peculiarly remarkable, entertaining, and instructive.

Some three weeks since I called at the house of Mrs. H., in this city. I found present Mrs. H. and her two daughters, the Misses S., Miss B., Miss W., and Mrs. K. Mrs. K. came at this time to ask an examination of the crystal in which, or through the medium of which, as a "magic mirror," Miss B. and Miss W. can discover scenes and representations that are frequently recognized by the persons for whom they are looking as remarkably truthful, and of which it is impossible for them to have had any previous knowledge. Upon being requested to look for the benefit of Mrs. K., Miss W. said she saw her (Mrs. K.) in the crystal, [this was a specimen of rock crystal, of some half pound weight; the size, however, being of no consequence, only that a large one produces an overpowering magnetic or odic effect upon a very susceptible person.] and near her, and in front, a spirit, which she pronounced from her impressions to be her guardian spirit. She pronounced it to be a spirit, also, from its appearing dressed in white, and surrounded by a light which appeared to radiate from it in all directions. What is remarkable in the case is, that Mrs. K. wished to consult her in reference to her guardian spirit, but as yet had not mentioned the fact, and that it was the first time that Miss W. had seen a spirit in the crystal. She discovered that the spirit was not visible to Mrs. K., but that she was aware of its presence and influence. This, with more, which I will not take the time to relate, was pronounced correct by Mrs. K. Miss B. was then magnetized by me, and upon her attention being called to Mrs. K., she saw her and her attendant spirit, which she pronounced to be the same spirit seen by Miss W. in the crystal, thus confirming the fact of the crystalic vision. [*Query*: If these visions which are discovered in and through the medium of particular substances, are objective realities, from whence come they? and what office does the mediate substances perform in their presentation? And if not, from whence come their appearance of reality? and what is the connection between the two states that the one coincides with and confirms the other?] Either the crystalic vision was true, or the clairvoyant vision was untrue. Of the latter we can better judge from what follows. She also said that the spirit had at different times manifested its presence to Mrs. K. by rappings, but that it had never made any communications to her through that means, because, although she believed in the fact, and asked questions, her mind was at such times too much excited and fearful. These Mrs. K. affirmed to be facts.

After much more of this character, which was perfectly satisfactory, Mrs. K. presented a folded paper for Miss B.'s examination, with a request that she would communicate her impressions. I placed it in her hand and asked her if she could read it. After an effort, she said she could not. I requested her to place it upon her forehead and observe her impressions. I will state here that Mrs. K. was an entire stranger to myself, and almost entirely so to Miss B., she having met her but once before, at the same place, and that both she and myself knew nothing of the paper presented, or the circumstances under which it was procured. I have also proved, by direct tests and otherwise, that Miss B. does not read my thoughts when in the clairvoyant state. She placed the paper upon her forehead, and after a few moments her countenance assumed an expression of intense sad-

ness and melancholy, so much so, that I was requested by the company to remove it, as she was on the point of weeping. It was removed from her forehead, but retained in her hand. In a short time this expression of sadness passed off, and in its place beamed forth a smile of heavenly joy and delight, an expression of peace and ecstasy, of which it is possible to conceive, but not to describe.

The conversation, in brief, which ensued, was, in substance, as follows, as near as I can remember without having taken notes:

"From whence proceeded those impressions which you have just manifested?" "From this paper." "Is there any thing written in the paper that should occasion sadness?" "No." "Why then did you feel sad?" "Because it made me think of death, and I could not help feeling sad." "Why did the expression change to one of joy and happiness?" "Because I looked beyond this world and death, and I saw the joy, the happiness, and beauty of the Spirit-land. Oh, it is so beautiful!" "Who wrote this paper?" "It was written by a spirit." "By the guardian spirit of this lady?" "Yes." I suppose she meant it was written by the person whose spirit she saw, but a remark made by some one recalled my attention to it, and I asked—"Do you mean that he wrote it since he passed to the Spirit-world?" "Yes." "Do you see what medium was made use of in the writing of it?" "It was a human medium, but he did not know what he was writing—it was involuntary."

The circumstances of this paper, as subsequently related by Mrs. K., are as follows:

She resided in Canada, and left there for this city, and on her way she stopped in Rochester, an entire unbeliever in "spiritual manifestations." While there she called at the house of a medium through whom communications were made in writing, an entire stranger to the medium, and I think to all present. He was writing when she entered, and had written at the top of the page some three or four lines in an upright, close hand, but upon her appearance, the writing was disturbed. There was an evident attempt to write several words, but it appeared like the attempt of a man with the palsy, until it finally ceased. It was suggested that she should leave the room until the communication was completed, and she was about doing so, when the medium commenced writing again immediately under the other writing, which still remains upon the sheet, with, "She may stay," and wrote two pages in a heavy, inclined, and extended hand, entirely unlike that at the top of the sheet, and which Mrs. K. recognized as, in every particular, the exact hand of her husband while living, from whose spirit the communication purported to come, even to the emphasizing of words, which he did by writing them backward, instead of underscoring, as is usually done. It informed her of circumstances of which no one else present was aware, and also that she would become a medium for the rappings, which she has since frequently heard.

Here is a curious combination of circumstances, which I should like to hear some professor of *Toe-ology*, or any *Knee-plus-ultra-ology* of the day explain.

The crystalic vision is confirmed by the clairvoyant; the clairvoyant vision by the circumstances of the written communication; the spiritual communication through the medium of the human hand by the clairvoyant, the hand-writing of the deceased person, and the truth of circumstances narrated, both past and future; the spirit rappings by the production of the written communication and the acknowledgement by Mrs. K. of having frequently heard them, at least it is impossible for her to account for what she has heard in any other way; and the whole confirmed by the clairvoyant—the rappings, crystalic vision, spirit writing through the medium of a paralyzed hand, and clairvoyance, each confirming the reality of the others, with possibly also, a very marked case of psychometry.

Are these things realities, or are they all deceptions? Does the harmony pervading the entire of the above case proceed from sympathy between the minds of persons present, so that the sensitive perceive the knowledge or ideas of others' minds as real existences? Or are thoughts, things, and remembrances the realities or enduring images of things which have existed?

—*Truth-Seeker.*

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER AND FRANCES H. GREEN, EDITORS.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., OCTOBER 18, 1851.

A THRILLING PICTURE.

The subjoined extract from the "Wives of England," by Mrs. Ellis, manifests a graphic power, which seems to be the result of *experience*; and may those terrible lines of fire never be drawn in the heart, or life, of any who are permitted to read this—which should be accepted as a solemn warning against the horrors of a similar position:—

Could all women who encourage their husbands in the commencement of intemperance, not only by smiling with evident satisfaction at any extraordinary proofs of good humor or excitement as they begin to appear, but beyond this, and far more effectually, by their own example—could all such women "look to the end," and see the bitter fruits of this trifling with the serious indications of a growing evil, they would stand appalled at the magnitude of their own sufferings, in having to watch from day to day, through their future lives, the gradual extinction of all they had ever loved in the being to whom they must still be united. They would see then how the very countenance may lose its beauty, and like some hideous form that grows upon us in a feverish dream, assume first one aspect of distortion, and then another, until all trace becomes extinct of the "divinity" that stirred "within." They would see then what an awful wreck is that presented by a lost and polluted mind; and they would feel, in all its reality, what it is to be desolate and alone. For the woman, thus circumstanced, must not complain. She must not ask for sympathy, for that would be to expose the folly and disgrace of him about whom her hopes still linger; over whose degraded brow she would still fondly spread the soft shadow of her tenderness, that no ray of piercing light might reach it, to render more conspicuous its deformity and its shame. No; she can only lock her griefs within her own bosom, and be still.

It must be from ignorance, for the phenomenon is not to be accounted for in any other way than on the ground of ignorance of what is to be found in human life, as well as what is the capability of the human heart for suffering and enjoying, which leads so many kindly-disposed and well-intentioned women into such culpable neglect of points connected with this important subject.

One would willingly believe it was because they had never, even in idea, realized what it must be to live through one long night of anxious expectation, when the crisis of a husband's fate had come, and when that single night would decide whether he had sufficient mastery over himself to resist, or whether he would allow his inclinations to lead him for the last time over the barrier, and finally to plunge himself and his helpless family into irremediable wretchedness and ruin.

It is in such seasons as these that every moment is indeed an age, and every pulse like an advancing or receding wave, which falls with heavy swell upon the shores of life. And then what sharpening of the outward senses!—what quickening of the ear to distant sounds, giving to that which lives not, a vitality, until the very step is heard, and then—another wave of the fast-ebbing tide, and all is gone, all is silent as before. The eye, too, though dim with tears, and wearied out with watching, what does it not behold?—creating out of "strange combinations" of familiar things, some sudden and unexpected evidence that he has returned! Yes, already come! Then follows an instantaneous flash of self-reproach for having judged him with too little kindness. But, no; the vision fades away, and with it sinks the heart of the too credulous believer.

And if such be the quickening of the outward senses, what must be that of the different faculties of the mind?—of memory, whose cruel task it is through those long weary hours, to paint

the smiling past, to make it live again with such intensity of loveliness, that while no actual form intrudes, nor actual sound breaks through the chain of thought, the phantasy grows real; and old impressions wake again, and voices speak so kindly, and cordial looks, and gentle, loving acts are interchanged, and pure soft feelings towards each other, as in those early days when the sweet "trysting time" was kept, and hope made light of expectation. Oh, agony! It is a dream—a very dream. Nay, worse—the vision of the sleeper may return; but this can never—never live again.

There is no credulity like that of love. However dark may be the fear which alternates with hope in the mind of her who is thus situated, she has, under all, and supporting her through all, the deep foundation of her own unchanging love,—that love which is strong as death. And by the same comprehensive rule which to her includes in one close union every faculty and feeling of her soul—by this rule she judges of her husband, and calculates the probability of his return. By this rule it is impossible that he should forget her prayers and her entreaties, her sorrow, her suffering, and her tears. By this rule then, he must of necessity remember her in that gay circle, even when its mirth and its revelry are at their height. She has wronged him—deeply wronged him, to think he could forget. Another hour will find him by her side, repaying, oh, how richly! all her anxious fears.

With these sweet thoughts, she rises and trims her fire again, and draws her husband's chair beside the hearth, bethinking her, with joyous recollection, of some little acts of kindness by which she may possibly be able to make his home look more attractive. But still he comes not; and that strange sickness of the heart begins again, and creeps along her frame, until her very fingers ache with anguish; and tremblingly her hands are clasped together, and were it not for prayer, her heart would surely break with its strong agony; for still he comes not. Yet,—slowly as the heavy hours drag on, the midnight chime at last is heard, that solemn peal which tells to some its tale of peace, of safety, and of home; while it speaks to others but of darkness, desolation and despair.

But who shall fill, from one sad moment to another, the page of busy thought, or paint the ever-shifting scenes which flit before the lonely watcher's mind? Another hour, and still he comes not. Yet hark! It is his step. She flies to meet him. Let us close a scene for which earth holds no parallel; for here are mingled horror, shame, repulsion, and contempt, with a soft tenderness like that of some sad mother for her idiot child—joy that the shrouded wings of love once more can shelter him—bliss that no other eye but hers is there to see—kind, yearning thoughts of care to keep him in his helplessness from every touch of harm—feelings so gentle, yet so powerful, of a strange gladness to be near him in his degradation—to press the hand which no one else in the world would hold—to kiss the brow which has no trace of beauty left! And to do this, night after night—to live through all the changes of this scene, through months and years, only with less of hope, and more of anguish and despair!

Thoughts.

The reflection has often visited my mind—what a beautiful world this would be, if sympathy, love and forgiveness were more generally exercised towards those individuals who feel the most need of their genial influence. My soul becomes faint as I look forth upon the fallen and degraded of earth, who have not sufficient moral courage or inward strength to rise to the dignity of their nature; and as I gaze on the mournful scene, the question arises, What can be done to elevate and reform the sinful?—what can stay the bitter waters which flow so abundantly from the fountains of vice?—what can calm the troubled bosom of those who have been pressed down to earth by poverty and crime? There is truly a great work to be done—society must undergo a thorough and radical change. While beautiful principles of morality have been inculcated, the world needs now a practical reformation, in which men shall be not only hearers, but doers of the truth; and when I reflect upon the wrongs, ine-

qualities, and injustices which prevail in society, I feel to exclaim, Would that a voice from Heaven might break forth on the slumbering world! I would have it teach mankind their errors;—I would have it fall gently and lovingly on every ear, inspiring and lifting up the soul that seeks for light. Then I am blessed with the consciousness that my prayer is answered. Have not voices from the Spirit-land already fallen on the ears of such as will deign to listen? Have not words of comfort been given to the sorrowing, whisperings of hope to the despairing, and messages of love to the weary and heavy-laden of earth? Yes, I am assured, in my own experience, that the loved departed do come, and speak to those who are left behind; and though the multitude will not listen now, yet in the still brighter time to come, they too will seek for heavenly sympathy, listening to the spirit voices as they come laden with truth and love. Thus do I know that there is a balm for every wounded heart—that there is an agency in heaven that shall remove those earthly sufferings which have made humanity sorrowful. Beautiful indeed are the tears of sympathy which fall lovingly upon the grief-torn breast;—angels bear them up to the bosom of the Father, whence they fall again in blessings from on high. H. H. G.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

During the present week there is to be held in Worcester Mass., a two days convention, whose object is to consider the merits of the above subject. Among the persons who are expected to be present, and under whose auspices this convention is called, we notice the names of some of the most talented, influential, and unexceptionable individuals, who are known to us in the walks of Philanthropy and Reform. This convention is the second or third that has been held for the furtherance of the above object, and it is thought that this would be a suitable occasion to call attention to the general merits of the question, notwithstanding that before this sheet shall have reached the reader, the convention will probably have been finished.

Among the great questions of reform that are now agitating the community, we know of no one that can yield precedence to that of Woman's Rights, and no one in which the brutality and tyranny of man is made more discernible. In making this remark we by no means wish to unsex the soul of woman, and to have her engage in all the pursuits and avocations of man. We believe there is a sex in the soul, and a peculiar sphere adapted to both man and woman, whose laws cannot be disobeyed with impunity, and loyalty to which is a promoter of virtue and the true culture of the individual, and society, and the just arrangement of all the relations of life.

The most prominent and popular objection that rises in the minds of many people in the community, when this question is broached, evinces the wrongfulness of our relations, the perversions of society, and the gross ignorance with which the minds of the community are pervaded with regard to woman's true rights. If we acknowledge that woman has claims equal to man, it is supposed that she should assist in all the means by which the present corrupt society is sustained,—for instance, that she must take the musket and do military service, &c., and thus an attempt is made to throw contempt upon the movement, while at the same time is shown the estimation in which her sphere and character are held. The picture is often held up, of a woman attending a political caucus, and the liability to which she is exposed under such circumstances, of coming in contact with so much that is offensive, immoral, and disgusting; and this is offered as a serious objection to permitting woman to enjoy equal privileges with the male!

But such objections as these are better suited to the dram-shop, than to the stores, churches and dwellings of a christian and republican people. In the first place, what objection is there to the statement that woman should enjoy equal privileges with man? I venture to say there is none that can have any weight with any tolerably good and intelligent man, except the faults and fallacies of our laws and of society, that in case woman was made to enjoy such rights, she would be required to debase her character by coming down to them. But what necessity is there

why woman should be obliged to debase her character by entering into the corruptions of politics to secure her rights? Why not let society advance to woman, and arrange its laws and customs in such a manner, that woman would not be contaminated by them? If coming in contact with such things contaminates woman, does it not contaminate the male? Does it not destroy the very best things man possesses in his soul, the fruits of his affectional nature, that which allies him to beauty, to art, to refinement, and to all pure and holy things? If the principle is right that there should be "no taxation where there is no representation," why not apply this to woman as well as to man? If the principle is right that we shall not arbitrarily impose laws upon others—that obedience to law rests upon the right of suffrage, why does it not apply to woman as well as to man? And that it cannot be, under our laws and consistently with the purity of the female, does it not argue a gross defect in our laws, and evince an evil that should at once engage our attention, that we may find means to put it away?

As it is now, woman is a slave; and if the conclusions to which we have come be not sound, then is our American Declaration of Independence a sham, and full of falsities and inconsistencies, for woman has more wrongs to be redressed than our forefathers ever suffered themselves. Her dependence upon man for every thing, the limited sphere in which the laws and customs of society compel her to move, the deprivation of entering those professions to which nature and her own feelings call her, are the fruitful causes of much of the suffering, licentiousness and crime, in which she often terminates her career. How many professions there are which she might adorn, and in which prove her usefulness, from which she is now excluded. Those of obtaining the means of a medical culture to fit her for practice among her own sex, and of employment in many of the mechanical, trading, and mercantile departments of life, should especially be left open. Let her have the means of an independent subsistence, and by her own native energy, by the truths folded up in her being, she will rise to occupy a higher and more ennobling sphere of life, and the world in every respect would become happier and better.

In view of these facts, so feebly expressed, what man or woman is there to object to such a movement as a Woman's Rights Convention? What objections are there, founded in truth, justice, and purity, that can be brought against it? There may be difficulties in the way of accomplishing the work required, but a beginning *may* be made, *must* be made, and is *being* made for the accomplishment of the purpose; and with such facts before us as those to which I have alluded, let all be stimulated to the work,—woman as to the desire and means of accomplishing her own deliverance, and man for the dissemination of true views upon the subject, that he may assist in restoring to woman those rights of which he has deprived her. Let the butterflies of the yard-stick, and the worse than brutal priest and politician deride on, let even woman herself hug her chains, and resist the means of her own deliverance,—all honor and success to the pioneers of this movement, in every sphere in which the rights of woman are concerned, whether in the adoption of new modes of dress, in the right of entering those professions and situations from which she is now excluded, and in all true and just principles of suffrage and representation from which no laws of the sexual nature of the soul should deprive her.

Let all lovers of their country and of the race who minister at the altar or in the halls of legislation, learn a lesson from facts made apparent by the discussion of the subject before us, that all governments, societies and communities, can no more dispense with the female element in the administering of their affairs, in order to produce healthy and orderly results, than can an individual. In these, as well as in the soul, and as also seen in the perfect order and arrangements of the Father of the Universe, must love and wisdom be blended together. Until the ushering in of such a day, thanks for the mere sentimentalism with which woman is now regarded in the ideal nature of man, as the connecting link between the past that witnesses her debasement, and the future that awaits her redemption.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

"THE FAMILY MONITOR," AND "GUIDE TO SOCIAL HAPPINESS," two large and beautiful volumes, by MRS. ELLIS, each ornamented by a charming portrait of the author; E. WALKER & SONS, 114 Fulton st., New York. These books, in their mechanical execution, are well fitted to sustain the character of the enterprising publishers, whose gentlemanly courtesy, and high probity as men of business, not less than the strength, durability, neatness, elegance, exquisite finish and artistic elaboration of their works, have given to their extensive BINDERY advantages, which, in this country at least, are without a parallel. So much then for external associations; and equally pleasing, it will be seen, is the spirit of the works.

Those who are at all acquainted with the writings of Mrs. Ellis, will always be happy to avail themselves of the purchase of any new work which she may send forth. Had she no other merit than the faultless beauty of her style, that alone would be an irresistible attraction. Its purity, its finished elegance, clearness, and concentrative power, being dependent solely on the intellect, would give a statue-like impassiveness to her diction; but a full stream of sweetest affections is poured out from the deep and true heart of the woman, and the classic severity is softened—the marble is warmed, by an inspiration of divinest poesy. And when to this we add a large scope of thought, a wide sphere of observation, and a high and generous philosophy, we have elements of conviction, persuasion, illustration, and instruction, such as few authors have successfully combined.

The "Family Monitor" contains the "Women," "Daughters," "Wives," and "Mothers of England;" and the "Guide to Social Happiness" illustrates the character of woman under various relations, especially those of a high poetic nature. The first is overflowing with the purest, tenderest, and truest household philosophy, as all may see, who will but read the extract we have this week transferred to our columns; and the second is a book of true gems; no; it is rather a group of fairest flowers living, growing, and sending forth their invigorating aroma from the rich garden of the mind. The "Pictures of Private Life," which embrace a series of tales in the latter part of the volume, are almost too dark and saddening to be generally so agreeable as lighter and more joyous scenes; yet when we think they may have been drawn from experience, we are attracted to the author with a still more tender interest.

These works have indeed attained so high a degree of celebrity, that little can be said in their praise without risk of repeating what has been said before. No one can read the pages of Mrs. Ellis without being impressed with her just ideas, and fine conception, of the character, duties, sphere, and ultimate destiny of woman; although she seems to have no particular theory to support, and to have written solely from her own convictions of propriety.

The season of holidays is now drawing near; and it may be appropriately suggested, that those of the stronger sex, who would find companions, rather than either simple playthings, or toiling slaves, in the female forms that surround their firesides, might properly present a wife, a daughter, or a sister, with these volumes; and the true conception and higher views of life and duty, the purer principles, and superior social and moral dignity which might thus be diffused and appropriated, would be, as an economical measure, at least, money well invested.

"THE ODD FELLOWS' OFFERING" for 1852.—This also is from the press of the Messrs. Walkers. Could there be a single fact wanting to prove the admirable workmanship, and beautiful elaboration of the productions of their Bindery, this might surely be sufficient to answer all cavilers.—Indeed, this popular annual in its present advent, really surpasses itself, fairly eclipsing all the former lustre of its reputation. In turning over its pages it seems doubtful, indeed, whether the crown should be given to binders, writers, or engravers, so excellent do all their several representations appear. There is a sketch from the Life of Andre, at once sweet, touching, and

powerful, by Mrs. E. Oakes Smith, an exceedingly interesting paper by James Nack, called "Napoleon's First Love," a beautiful allegory, entitled "Peace," by Benjamin F. Lossing, and a short piece which has the melancholy interest of being the last contribution of the lamented Frances Osgood, who was for many years a contributor to the Offering. There is a fine article entitled "The Beacon of Life's Ocean," by "Brother Edward," who, doubtless, is the elder Mr. Walker, himself. There are also many other things to which one would be attracted, and which seem worthy to be grouped under the dominion of the Sister-Graces, Friendship, Love, and Truth. Of Fanny Green's contributions it may not seem modest to speak here; and yet, probably, there are many who would like to read her story of the Pilgrims, called "The Second Ship," and her spicy little poem, "The First Snow Storm."

The design of the title page is beautiful, and its coloring gorgeous, corresponding well with the splendid crimson and gold, which emboss the outside. In short the Offering is, beyond all comparison, the most beautiful gift book of the season.

F. H. G.

A Word to Our Friends.

With the assistance which the Messenger has now obtained in the services of Mrs. Green, there is, as we are sufficiently vain to imagine, an adequate *spiritual* force to render it a shining light amid the prevailing darkness. The question now only remains, will the friends who are interested in its prosperity, supply the *material* agencies, which are necessary to act as the motive power? The paper must not and shall not be discontinued, so long as any effort on our part can keep it in existence; but it should be perceived that, in a work like this which requires the noblest and freest action of the mind, it is absolutely essential to the continuance and success of our labors that we should be relieved from pecuniary embarrassment. While, therefore, we are disposed to labor with increased zeal in this great enterprise, will not the friends every where manifest a corresponding interest, and see to it that the beautiful spirit which is born in the Harmonial Philosophy shall not be deprived of its external organ?

R. F. A.

Lectures.

The editor of this paper, being now relieved from the strict confinement to which he has been subjected in the past, proposes to deliver lectures to the friends in different places where his services may be required, in illustration of the sublime principles contained in the Harmonial Philosophy. It has been thought that by adopting this means much good may be accomplished among both skeptics and believers, as it appears evident that, in connection with the startling phenomena which are occurring in different portions of the country, a proper understanding of the *laws* which are involved in Spiritual Science, is necessary to an abiding and consistent faith. Friends, therefore, in different localities who may desire to hear lectures of the character above suggested, may be suitably accommodated by sending their proposals to this office.

R. F. A.

Salutatory.

The curtain is rising, and I enter on a new stage of action. Should any forgetfulness of my proper part, or any weakness, or liability to failure in its performance, assail me, may kind Spirits be my prompters, and good Angels strengthen and sustain me, so I may contribute, unfailingly, to the entertainment, instruction, and happiness of the audience, and, if possible, of the whole world. Thus premising, I make my courtesy-editorial—and for the present retire.

F. H. G.

☞ The trials of earth, though they overshadow the soul for a season, favor its advancement towards a higher destiny.

Poetry.

EARLY MEMORIES.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLASS.

O chide me not for loving yet
 That old familiar spot;
 'T was twined with fancy's earliest hopes—
 'T is last to be forgot;
 And memory through the long, long years,
 Has brought each scene to view,
 And every bliss time stole away
 She placed with treasures new.

'T was childhood's home, and earliest ties
 Gleam brightest round our way,
 And help to cheer the weary heart
 In many an after day.
 O call it not a foolish thought
 That loves like these will last
 Through weary days and wintry hours
 When skies are overcast.

It is not that my heart is sad,
 Or this new home for me
 Hath no sweet charm to bind the heart
 Where love and beauty be:
 But grateful thoughts within me rise
 As each fair day I view—
 Some kindly heart, or opening flower,
 With fragrance ever new.

Then chide me not for loving those
 Who won my spirit first,
 And gleaming brooks and shady deeps
 That life's romance hath nursed;
 For though the present many a charm
 In luster bright may show,
 It cannot dim the memory
 Of childhood's "long ago."

Rest for Thee in Heaven.

Should sorrow o'er thy brow
 Its darkened shadow fling,
 And hopes that cheer thee now
 Die in their early Spring;
 Should pleasure at its birth
 Fade as the hues of even,
 Turn thou away from earth—
 There's rest for thee in Heaven.

If ever life shall seem
 To thee a toilsome way,
 And gladness cease to beam
 Upon life's clouded day;
 If, like the weary dove,
 O'er shoreless ocean driven,
 Raise thou thine eye above—
 There's rest for thee in Heaven.

But oh! if thornless flowers
 Throughout thy pathway bloom,
 And gaily fleet the hours,
 Unstained by earthly gloom,
 Still let not every thought
 To this vain world be given,
 Nor always be forgot
 Thy better rest, in Heaven.

When sickness fades thy cheek

And dims thy lustrous eye,
 And pulses low and weak
 Tell of a time to die,
 Sweet hope shall whisper then,
 Though thou from earth be riven,
 There's bliss beyond thy ken—
 There's rest for thee in Heaven.

OCTOBER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY J. B. WEBB.

The winds are up, and with a hollow wail
 Beat angrily against my darkened pane,
 And howl amid the storms of driving hail,
 Like rav'ning wolves upon the distant plain.

The wrathful spirit of the unbridled storm
 By ocean's shore or mountain fastness raves;
 And echo doth the direful strains prolong,
 Deep bellowing from her hoary caves.

Dark season of the sad and falling year,
 October,—this thy wild and boding tone;
 And thine these tempests beating hoarse and drear,
 These blackened woods with perished beauty strown!

Untoward month, thy pale and yellow locks
 Wild-streaming on the ever-devous wind,—
 Thy torrents roaring from their caverned rocks,
 Deep sadness cast upon my restless mind.

By summer's soft and balmy breathings warmed,
 The vallies blushed in one unbounded glow;
 But quickly have thy cold and cheerless storms
 Forever laid their bloom and beauty low.

Oh, season of the wild and voiceful gale!
 I turn my eyes upon thy skies o'er-cast,
 And deem I hear a darker, sadder tale
 Breathed in the mutterings of thy mighty blast.

"As fade the flowers, O man, thy youth shall fade,—
 An autumn wind shall blast thy hopeful bloom;
 And all thy summer pride and strength decayed,
 Shall drop for aye into the misty tomb."

Oh! must then all my hopes, and loves, and fears,
 Be quenched in death and all of life be air,—
 Just catch one gleam of sunshine through my tears,
 Then sink oblivious and be no more?

Say not this anxious, yearning life must die,
 As sink the flowers by autumn tempests strown;—
 O! deeply longs th' aspiring soul to try
 The fearful journey to the Land Unknown.

Still I *must* hope, oh lonely autumn wind!
 In safety yet to gain some fairer goal,
 Where fear, and doubt, and dread can never mar
 The blest assurance of the deathless soul.

The Zephyrs.

Haste, oh haste on wings of gladness,
 Zephyrs of the balmy west,
 Let all sighs of nature's sadness
 Vanish from her joyous breast!
 Gently, gently tune our voices,
 As we sweep the waves along,
 Till fair ocean's cheek rejoices
 In the music of our song!

Miscellaneous Department.

THE FIRST LEAF OF SPRING.

BY GEORGE LIPPARD.

They brought her the first leaf of Spring.

She took it, as she was stretched upon her dying bed, and pressed it to her white lips, and looked long upon it, long and yearningly, with her eyes, which were already bright—not with earthly desire—but with a ray that came from the other world.

It was a May morning. The sunlight straying through the narrow court in which that humble home was situated—like a cell in a bee-hive—came faintly through the open window, and with it, mingled with some taint of the city atmosphere, came a fresh breath of country air.

She was a girl of seventeen years—a girl who, from her childhood, had known nothing but hard work and want—and now, with her emaciated form wrapped in a faded coverlet, and her head propped by pillows, she was dying. She had longed to live till Spring, and now she clasped the first leaf in her hand.

Her mother, a faded woman of thirty-five years, stood by the bed, her hard hand, knotted by labor, resting upon the coverlet.

Her father sat by the bed. He was a day-worker; one of those herds of folks who work and work, until their hands are like bone, and their faces tanned by wind and sun, seamed with wrinkles, like whip-cords. Dressed like a day laborer, with dust upon the sleeves of his checked shirt, and the collar thereof thrown aside from his rugged throat, this man, prematurely old, looked upon his child, and then turned his face away. A kind of dumb agony passed over his face. But he was silent.

The little boy who had brought the leaf of Spring (he had gathered it in Franklin Square), stood near the foot of the bed, his coarse attire covered with the marks of his toil in the factory. This was the brother of the dying girl. He regarded his sister—then his mother—then his father—with a vague stare. He seemed to feel that the presence of Death was there, but he had no words to express his feeling.

This was all the family. They had all worked hard—done nothing but work all their lives—and now one was about to go from them.

And the pale girl, with her thin hands grasping the first leaf of spring, sat up in the bed—her back supported by pillows—and looked at the leaf with a singular delight.

"Shall I send for a preacher, Sally?" the mother whispered.

"Yes, a preacher—" the father said, with a straining of the muscles of the throat—"one to pray with you. You never had an education, and now as you're goin' to leave us, it might do good."

"One lives round in Arch street, in a big house. Shall I go for him, Sally?" said the boy.

The poor girl smiled—one of those smiles which break over the face of a consumptive, with something of a ray of light about them.

"Did the preacher ever come to see you, father, when the landlord seized our things—what little we had? The landlord was a member of his church, wasn't he?"

The father passed the back of his hand over his eyes, but did not answer.

"And mother, when you went out washing, and worked your hands to the finger ends—and did it from day to day, and from year to year—from the time when I was a baby until now—mother, what has the preacher ever said to you?"

The mother raised her apron to her face.

"And, brother, when you were forced to go and work in the factory (but we were so very poor), and work there from before day until after dark, did the preacher ever meet you as you came home from work, and tell you that you had better be at school than drudging in the factory?"

"Never did, as I knows on," was the prompt answer of the boy.

"The man that sold our little bit of land and cabin out in the country, b'longs to his church," said the father.

"An' the man who paid you fifteen cents a day for makin' vests, is one of his deacons," said the mother.

"And," said the brother, "our boss in the factory, who gives us a knock over the head when we aint up to time, an' who calls the girls bad names, an'—he's a member of the church too, I b'lieve."

"The preacher is rich—so rich," said the mother, as it speaking to herself. "His first wife was with a heap of money, and he's got more by his second wife. Still I guess he's a good man. What kin sich as him know of the likes of us!"

"You needn't send for him," said the dying girl, in her faint, husky voice. "Billy, take this key and unlock my drawer, (she pointed to an old bureau which stood in the corner) and bring me that old book."

Billy took the key, and unlocked the drawer, and brought the book. It was a large book, with steel clasps and a brown faded cover.

"And you're going to leave us, Sally," cried the mother, wiping her eyes, "an' when I come home from work, you—wont be here."

The father said nothing, but rested his head between his hands—his tears fell big and scalding between his fingers.

"An' they'll put you in the ground—they will—they will—" and the boy buried his face against the foot of the bed.

The poor girl gazed upon them all with a look as full of light as of sorrow, and pressed the first leaf of spring against the gown which hid her shrunken bosom—and then she unclasped the book and spread it open on the bed.

And then she read—

"In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you."

After she had read these words she stretched forth her thin hand and laid it on her father's shoulder, and said, with tears upon her cheeks:

"Do you know who said these words, father?"

The old man did not answer.

"They were not said by one who lived in a large house, and saw the poor rotting life and soul away in a dark court; no, father, they were said by one who was of the poor, who wore the dress of a poor workman. Who came and sat down at the poor man's table, and took of his bit of bread, and drank of his cup of water. O! Father, don't those words sound beautiful?"

And she repeated them again, and laid the first leaf of spring against her lips. Then her sunken cheek flushed, and her eye grew lighter, and she said, in her faint voice—

"I am not going down into the cold ground, father—no, no. I am going after him who said these words; and we'll all meet again, *up there*—" she pointed with her thin hand,—"and soon, father, soon. There wont be any hard work there, mother,—we'll sit down together, and no landlord will rap at our door. And brother, *up there*,"—again she lifted her thin hand,—"*up there*, you'll not be beaten and dragged to work afore day;—no, brother, no. You'll sit down with us, and we'll be at home, in a better, better home than this. We will, brother, for it is written here,"—she laid her hand upon her heart. "In my Father's house there are many mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I go—I go—"

She stretched forth her hands—one hand grasping the first leaf of spring—and looked up with a look as though she saw a Face smiling, and a Hand beckoning—and then she said no more.

She never moved again.

She died, even as she sat up in bed, with the old book upon her knees. Her fingers stiffened about the first leaf. Her upraised eyes were fixed—now they flashed with clear light, and now they were set and glassy.

Where had been the dying girl only a moment before, was now only a corse.

How the father looked at her and turned away—how the moth-

er closed her eyes, and bathed her dear child's face with tears—how the boy crept out upon the step, and cried alone—I need not tell it.

That day, the preacher, and the factory owner, and the deacon who had sold the bit of land, and the church member who paid fifteen cents a day for making vests—all sat down to a good dinner. It was a good dinner. There was a long grace said, and the beef was done *rare*, and they feasted plentifully.

And that day, in the narrow court, the little family sat down around the table, before a loaf of bread and a cup of tea. There was one vacant chair. And the father, as he tried to eat, cast his eyes over his shoulder to the bed where the dead girl lay. As for the mother and the boy, they cried at every mouthful—looking by turns at the vacant chair, and at the white sheet, beneath which rested the corpse.

Next day there was a coffin, made of walnut, carried from the court, followed by a workman and his wife. The little boy walked by his mother's side. As the hearse went slowly along the street, these three slowly followed it along the sidewalk.

Out near the country was the graveyard, and there, on a sunny afternoon in May, the three stood around an open grave, and saw the coffin go down—gently, gently—until it was out of sight. Then there was the sound of clouds rattling horribly against the coffin lid.

And the three turned away, and left her there—turned and came back again to their home in the court; came back to work, until it came their turn to die.

As for the first leaf of spring, they buried it with the dead girl. They never took it from her hand. She holds it yet, and may be one day it will bloom again.—*White Banner*.

TRIUMPH OF INTELLECT.

Two proud children were tripping along the streets of Boston, one sunny day, on their way to school, chatting as they went, and apparently enjoying themselves right merrily.

A late rain had given a coating of mud to the red brick side walks, so the children trod daintily. The older one, a slight, delicately formed girl, with a merry lark eye, and full, rich ringlets, carefully lifted her soft shining garments, that they might not be soiled by contact with the wet earth.

And now their way lay through a dark alley, where the sunbeams grew sickly and paled into dimness, as they touched the heavy and tainted atmosphere, though perchance long times between they melted into the shadows upon the golden hairs of some poverty-clad infant, for many such sat in the door-ways of that comfortless city lane.

The boy and girl moved slowly onward, their white brows bent downward, their bright eyes searching for hidden pavestones; yet ever and anon some quick laugh at the ludicrous figures that flitted across their paths, thronged their smooth cheeks with dimples.

"Don't you hate such dirty places, Julia?" said the boy, as a few drops, not of crystal, stained the glossiness of his rich attire; "don't you wish that the school was at the other end of the lane?"

"It is perfectly horrible," answered the beautiful young creature with a gay light laugh; "dear, to look at these little creatures; they can have no sensibility or refinement; how dirty, how contemptible they are—well, thank goodness that we are both rich."

"Stop, Julia, hush! yonder is something to excite our laughter. I warrant you—a boy larger than myself, and he appears to be picking out the letters on that scrap of paper—bah!"

"Stand still, Arthur, do; and let us hear him; we can wait a moment."

A few paces before them stood a boy of some thirteen years, hatless, shoeless, and with very scant frock and trousers, the latter a mass of patches. His hair, tangled and thick, hung over his downcast eyes, and his hands, stained and rough with labor, grasped a little piece of torn newspaper, which he had evidently picked out of the mud. So absorbed was he in his

task, that he did not notice the fair and high-bred young strangers who stood regarding him with thoughtless but subdued mirth.

Hark! the boy leaning his brown face on his clenched hands, murmurs unconsciously aloud—"b-l-e-n—no, not that; yes, no"—a deep-drawn sigh, then again—"b-l-a-n"—then again a long pause—"oh dear, have I forgotten? I never shall be able to read like Barney!"

As the poor boy exclaimed thus, he lifted his eyes sorrowfully from the tattered bit of printing; his gaze fell upon the listeners, whose beautiful lips curled with a scornful smile. A flush of crimson started to his swarthy cheeks, mounting to the top of his forehead, as he threw off the mass of curls, and his bold black eyes fell before their familiar stare.

"Ha, ha!" said the richly-clad youth, carelessly. "I've got a brother only five years old who can read better than that. A big boy like you ought at least to know your letters. Why don't you go to school?"

"To school!" echoed July, sneeringly, "do you suppose he could get into a decent school—his name ought to be patch-work; ha, ha, poor thing," she continued with mock pity, "our stable boy dresses better than that."

The lad, at her tone of commiseration sprang to his feet, and bent such a glance of defiance, indignation and scorn, that they instinctively hurried onward; though the girl turned once more mockingly round, and gave utterance to a slight, bantering laugh.

Still the poor lad stood—wounded to the heart's core—still he gazed after them, his full lips quivering with his mental agony, his black eyes, through the misty drops that hung trembling on his lids, flashing fire, as though they would scathe and blast the selfish pride of thoughtless childhood: then turning, he hurried up three broken steps into a dim entry, flew along a dark passage, and entering a cheerless room, flung himself upon the uneven floor and wept burning tears of grief and shame.

* * * * *

The parlors of a stately mansion in Beacon street, Boston, were brilliantly illuminated. The owner of the princely tenement had issued cards for a fashionable soiree; the hour had arrived, and the guests were assembling.

The rich and the great were there, but conspicuous among all, and conversing with the ex-president of the United States, the elder Adams, stood a noble-looking man, in the bloom and vigor of manhood. His face was intellectually beautiful, and his attitude commanding, yet extremely graceful.

"All the evening," murmured a fashionable, yet lovely lady to Mr. Adams, as he turned towards her, "I have been striving to gain an introduction to Mr. M——'s noted guest; but he has been surrounded—now, however, he stands alone. I should esteem it a rare honor to speak to him but for a moment."

"You shall have that pleasure," said the ex-president, smiling; and turning, he presented the beautiful and fascinating wife of a millionaire to the distinguished and talented stranger.

"We have met before, madam," said the stranger, bowing low to conceal a singular expression that stole over his features.

"I have forgotten," the lady answered in her sweetest tones.

"I have not—we have met before; just twenty years ago," he continued, still keeping his piercing eyes upon her face—"we met in a little lane, a narrow, repulsive place, where the cries of hunger resounded often upon the still air, and where rags, misery and filth met the eye at every step."

He paused—and she looked more curiously upon him.

"Perhaps you do not recollect the time—the place—perhaps you do not remember how two pampered children of wealth passed along that lane—it may be you forget the poor outcast grasping at science (though then scarcely conscious) with his untutored mind. The laugh of derision that was then thrown upon his lonely heart—for I am that child, roused the latent fire of ambition within my breast—and," he continued softly, "I thank you for the taunt and the scornful words; they were ever my incentive in my upward path to honor; I had but to think of them, and my soul was nerved anew. I thank you for them,"

and a triumphant smile illuminated his manly countenance.

The lady, faint and mortified, glided away from her rebuker, and in less than an hour sat humbled and weeping in her own proud mansion. She had wished, nay, coveted, just one little word from the being who in her haughty childhood she had derided and despised for his poverty—and she had been repaid with contempt, though smoothly worded and delicately expressed, by the neglected boy whose name rang the world through.

Have a care, then, sons and daughters of plenty. Scorn not the child of poverty, who, with lifted hands, toils up the rugged heights of Parnassus, uncared-for and unaided. Though clothed in rags, he may gain the dizzy height, while you, decked in the meaner paraphernalia of wealth, humbly grope along the mountain's base, and under the very feet of him you disdain.

Influence of Music.

There is a strange unaccountable, and dream-like beauty in music, which can subdue the proudest spirit, and gliding into the hush of the heart, will nestle there, stilling its most tremulous throbbings, and filling it with the calm, peaceful memories of the far long ago.

All tribes in all times have owned the spell, from the time when Pan first taught the Thracian shepherd to carve his love-notes in the invisible air, and fill the summer nights with softest, sweetest flute-music, down to the present moment. It is the universal language by all, and awakening strange pulsations even in the most obdurate heart. Most of us have experienced the luxury of tears, when listening to an old ballad. We know an old man who, having led a long career of vice and crime, was at length banished from the country; and who, while undergoing his period of banishment amidst the wilds and jungles of a distant land, heard, in the summer eventide, a sweet voice, singing in his own language, the very song which had lulled him to his infant slumber, when he knew crime by name, and knew it only to abhor. It had been sung, too, by the cradle of an infant sister, a little one who had died young, and was now in heaven; the mother, too, was no more.

But the song—the old song had not lost its influence over him yet. Back came thronging upon him the old memories which had so long slumbered down there in the unconsumed depths of his heart;—the mother and the father; the household gatherings; the old books; the old school-house; the time-worn church, half hidden by the old yew trees, where he had first heard the Bible read, all came back upon him as fresh as if it were but yesterday; and overpowered by his feelings, he gave vent to them in a flood of tears. And then the old man grew calm, and his latter days were his best days; and when the term of his banishment had expired, he came back to his father's land, and there in that old village grave-yard, 'mid whose grassy hillocks he had first played and gamboled, and where the mother and her little ones were sleeping, he lay down his weary limbs, and sank peacefully away in a common grave.—*Eliza Cook's Journal.*

To-day is the scale-beam between to-morrow and yesterday; it inclines to joy or sorrow, as our minds are swayed by the influence of the past or the future; and it varies, on different sides, from elevation to depression, as our hopes, our fears, our painful recollections or our soft regrets, predominate.

Let no man be too proud to work. Let no man be ashamed of a hard fist or a sun-burnt countenance. Let him be ashamed only of ignorance and sloth. Let no man be ashamed of poverty. Let him only be ashamed of dishonesty and idleness.

It is not the real weight of worldly and selfish considerations that is able to alienate us from our allegiance to virtue and religion. It is the imaginary value which we attach to earthly things.

Beautiful Extract.

The glory of summer has gone by—the beautiful greenness has become withered and dead. Were this all—were there no associations of moral desolation—of faded hopes—of hearts withering in the bosom of the living—connected with the decaying scenery around us, we would not indulge in a moment's melancholy. The season of flowers will come again—the streams will flow gracefully and lightly as before—the trees will again toss their cumbrous load of greenness to the sunlight—and, by mossy stone and winding rivulet, the young blossoms will start up, as at the bidding of their fairy guardians. But the human heart has no change like that of nature. It has no second spring-time. Once blighted in its hour of freshness, it wears forever the mark of the spoiler. The dews of affection may fall, and the gentle rain of sympathy be lavished upon it—but the sere root of blighted feeling will never again waken into life—nor the crushed flowers of hope blossom with their wonted beauty.

As the ice upon the mountain, when the warm breath of a summer's sun breathes upon it, melts and divides into drops, each of which reflects an image of the sun; so, in life, the smile of God's love divides itself in separate forms, each bearing in it and reflecting an image of God's love—*Longfellow.*

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