

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

VOL. II.

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NO. 1.

The Principles of Nature.

THE INTERIOR REALITY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY R. P. AMBLER.

Man, in being united with the animal creation, is born into an external world. The first unfolding faculties of his nature are those which bear a near relation to outward objects; the first shadowy conceptions impressed upon his mind, are those derived through the medium of the senses, and to him the sweetest pleasures that gladden the passing hours of life, have been those connected with the material world. In the joy of the awakened senses, he looks forth on the attractive beauties of earth. With emotions of delight he roams in the cheering sunshine, or greets the zephyr that fans his sunny brow; he wanders by the murmuring streams and gathers flowers that bloom upon their banks, or climbs the rocky steep where the clouds and the storms gather, from which, while seated on some lofty summit, he may gaze upon the radiant fields of Nature. Living thus in the sphere of the outward, and deriving his joys chiefly from the exercise of the physical powers, it is not strange that, to his material view, the objects appreciated by the senses should appear to be the truest and sublimest realities. Hence the external has come to be recognized as the most substantial, if not the only world. In the fair forms that please the eye, in the rich fruits that gratify the taste, and in the melodious sounds that entrance the ear, man has found his chief enjoyment; and were these to be removed from the range of the external perceptions, it would seem that the great substance of creation had passed away, leaving an empty and unbroken void. But this is not all. Being educated as a material being, man has been accustomed to regard his own nature in the same partial light. He has felt, not only that he is connected with external things, but that he is himself external. The elements of the spiritual being existing in a diffused state, have been so intimately united with the material substances of the body, as to apparently form no separate entity; and so the individual has been considered merely in relation to the external form, which is cherished as a being of immortal birth. In the body, the features, and the senses, man has sought the great reality of his nature. Having cherished and cultivated but little more than these, they naturally form the chief object of his attention; and thus by constantly exercising the faculties which connect him with the brute, he becomes gross, sensual, and groveling. For this reason men have always found it extremely difficult to realize a spiritual existence. Though the conception of immortality has lived as a spontaneous outbirth of the soul, and though it has been long fostered by both heathen and christian philosophy, yet so exceedingly superficial has been the common faith in spirit—so gross and material have been all the reasonings of the mind, that shadowy doubts have stifled the whisperings of Hope, and as the loved ones are borne away to the sepulchre, the mourner looks down into its silent gloom with no clear vision of the higher life. Thus it has been the body instead of the soul—earth instead of Heaven, that has formed the chief object of human thought.

These materialistic views and feelings, which have prevailed to an almost universal extent, have exerted an important in-

fluence on the habits, pursuits, and aspirations of men. As a general fact, the great end and aim of human action may be summed up in *materiality*. The grand moving desire of the world seems to be to attain objects of an external nature. Look for a moment at the struggling millions in the marts of trade. What is it that we there behold? See! the great mass are toiling, groaning and suffering, as though some object of superhuman greatness was to be attained. Amid days of anxious toil and nights of startling dreams, while the very life-blood grows thin and pale within their veins, they are seeking and thirsting still. Like the rolling of the troubled deep are the movements of that toiling multitude, for through the long years, as ocean's billows rise and fall, the heavings of their groaning hearts are not stilled. And what is the great object for which so many labor?—what is the mighty end to be attained by all this ceaseless struggle? Listen, and you will hear the answer; for the loud and passionate cry that is echoing every where, is "GOLD, GOLD, GOLD!"

Again, to observe another object of human effort, let us glance in fancy on the broad field of battle, where encountering hosts, clothed with the emblems of a nation's power, are mingling in the deadly conflict. Behold! the dark spirit of the battle has gone forth; the sound of the booming cannon rolls through the silent air; bright sabres gleam in the radiant sunlight, the verdant carpet of earth is soiled with human blood, and a thousand brave and noble hearts have quickly ceased to beat. See how recklessly the precious boon of life is sacrificed to a demon spirit!—hear the doleful cries of agony that are borne on every floating breeze, and gaze on the dark torrents that gush out upon the trodden earth where the stern warrior has laid down to die. What is the great incentive to all this destructive action? What is the object, so mighty and important in its nature, that has made occasion for this inhuman sacrifice—this tragedy of strife and blood? Lo, the answer comes in the wild shout of victory; it speaks in the beaming eye and exultant smile of the conqueror;—it is GLORY, DOMINION, POWER.

That we may view still another of the vain pursuits of men, let us turn to a different scene. In a retired apartment where the tumults of the world may not reach, sits the pale and thoughtful student. With earnest and eager gaze he bends over the musty volumes that contain the mysterious lore of the past; he is gathering from the records of human thought the treasures of earthly wisdom; he is exploring the hidden mysteries that are buried in the ancient time, and is storing away those burning thoughts, which shall flash and gleam on the world's darkness, like meteors of the night. Time passes unheeded;—the midnight hour approaches and is gone, ere the flame that attends his labors is extinguished. The gloom and silence that enwrap the world, lull not his spirit to repose;—one all-absorbing aspiration seems to arouse every native energy, and he toils on, unmindful of the fleeting hours. And now let us look within the chambers of that heart; let us see what motive constitutes the inward spring of action—what bright vision it is that gleams from those dreamy eyes. Ah! there we see the alluring star to which the vain heart turns; there is the airy castle which hope rears—the pleasing dream that inspires the restless soul;—it is the star, the castle, and the dream of FAME.

Thus are represented the three great scenes of life, in which is manifested the materialism of the human mind. We perceive that the objects pursued by the mass—the ends which they are striving to attain, are chiefly of an external character.—Living in a mere outward world, and looking upon themselves

as material beings, the ultimate results which they seek to accomplish are correspondingly superficial and sensuous. In the narrow external sphere in which they grope, we see the boundary of their conceptions. Within this, to their material view, is concentrated the great reality of existence, for which the seeking multitudes are engaged in one constant struggle, but which ever, like some flitting shadow, eludes their eager grasp. But oh! is this the broadest scope of human life?—is this the highest reality to which the soul may here aspire? Nay. The world reposing in slumber has been cheated by a delirious dream, from which it can scarcely be awakened by the voices of angelic hosts.

In the light of truths that are dawning upon the present age, we may discover how superficial have been the conceptions of men—how unreal and shadowy the objects to which they have aspired. That which the world has deemed the most substantial, is now beginning to appear the most vain. The outward, though we look upon it with our eyes and feel it with our hands, is not the real. Do we not see how the beauties that charm our gaze for a season, fade and wither? Do we not see the green foliage of the trees falling, sere and yellow, to the ground? Do we not see that the beautiful tints of the flower disappear, and its petals droop beneath the sweeping blast? How, then, can that which is thus frail, fleeting, and perishing in its nature, be the real reality? And then what, in the light of true philosophy, are the objects for which the aspirants of earth so earnestly and unceasingly struggle? What is gold? It is the glittering dust that dazzles and blinds to every thing that is truly real. What is power and dominion? It is the crumbling monument of human pride that is ever tottering on the brink of ruin. And what is fame—that voice whose whisperings have entranced so many souls? It is but the hollow flattery of human lips that are moved by false and fickle hearts. Thus we see that the struggling and toiling mass are laboring for the merest phantom. The man of wealth while surrounded by all the splendors of earth—while reclining on the fair bosom of Luxury, and feasting his glowing eyes upon the boards of gold, is yet grasping and thirsting for something still beyond, and ungratified desire lies, as a gnawing worm, within the recesses of his heart. The haughty monarch upon his gilded throne, with crown and sceptre in his hand, may perchance be deemed happy, but he, too, is but threading the mazes of a fitful and painful dream; for while the image of Pleasure is dancing in the distance, the form of Wretchedness is ever crouching by his side, and while surrounded by all the gaudy trappings of royalty, he feels that he is but a kingly slave. And so he who seeks and thirsts for fame—whether it be the student, the poet, or the orator—acts only as a little child that runs in pursuit of the gay butterfly, which even when attained is found to be far more beautiful while it was floating away in the gleaming sunlight.

But is, then, this world all a fleeting show?—an illusion given but to cheat our wayward senses? Nay. Beneath all the superficial dreams of life, is an *interior reality*—a reality of which the worldling and the sensualist can have no conception. Do you doubt that there is this living essence more real than the external? Look, then, below the material crust of creation—beneath the fading glories that sparkle on its outer surface, and penetrate to the interior pervading soul of the Divinity;—there you will discover the supreme and unchangeable reality of the Universe. Then look within the human form—back of the moulded features and the sparkling eyes—and you will find there the true and highest reality of man; and then radiating from the soul into the vast Infinity, reaching everywhere beneath the superficialities of time and space, there is a world of surpassing beauty—a sphere of celestial light—a universe of truth, and love, and happiness, which is pervaded with the clear radiance of Heaven, and illumined by the smile of the Parent Spirit. In this interior reality we find that which can never fade. Here everything is immortal. Wisdom is glowing with a yet brighter radiance; Hope is ever merging into a glorious fruition, and Faith resolved into heavenly sight, is ever exploring with a still clearer eye. The dark shadows of earth may not fall upon this interior world, for it is lighted

with the glory of the upper spheres. The eternal substance, of which all material forms are but reflections, is here revealed, and we behold the truth, the love and the life of the universe, instead of their fading and fleeting shades. It is true that this reality is unseen by the outward eye, but the soul has perceptions which are more keen, more penetrating, and more reliable. With a vision which is not of earth, it can penetrate to the internal essence of those perishing forms whose beauty has departed; while above the dark sphere of matter it can soar upon the wings of light through the limitless realms of the interior universe.

There is a voice stealing from the fading objects of earth, that speaks of their inward hollowness; and man is warned by all the crumbling ruins of the past, to put not his trust in the things of time. With the testimonies of earthly frailty before us, and with the sweet voices of angels calling us in the distance, why will we longer spend our money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not? Let us remember that the true source of happiness and power is within the soul. In vain through all time shall we search for it in material objects. It cannot be found there. The passing pleasures of sense may be attained—the glittering baubles of earth may be hoarded up—all the sensual desires may be gratified—wealth, love and beauty may be ours, yet if there is no fountain of life within the spirit—if its powers are not cultivated, if its perceptions are not opened, and it enjoys no interior sense of harmony, then will all outward things fail to satisfy the inward longing, and the brightest joys of earth will become insipid and vain. Turn, then, O man, from thine outward idols. Resign the fleeting phantoms of the world which thou hast so long and vainly pursued, and turn thy perceptions inwardly to the true reality. Strive to feel that thy true entity—that which makes thy real self, is within, while all the fading forms around thee, are but the representatives of a more perfect glory. Then shalt thou be born into a new world; thou shalt come into communion with higher spheres, and though the darkness enshrouds thee, and the avenues of sense are closed, yet sweet and heavenly shall be thy visions, and thy spirit shall bask in a light more clear, more soft, and radiant, than that which rests upon the sun-lit earth.

LET THERE BE LIGHT.

The voice that broke the silence at the dawn of the old Creation moves the world again. From beneath the rotten thrones of Europe; even from the hills of Rome—the great tomb and monument that encloses the ashes and enshrines the memory of dead Empires—it comes. Yes! from those hallowed shades where Genius and Liberty found a home and sepulchre together, we have heard that voice—a voice terrible only to those who love darkness—saying, “LET THERE BE LIGHT!” And far over hill and plain—beneath the gloom that shrouds the crushed and bleeding forms of Hungary and Poland—those words quiver on the tongues and hearts of awakened millions, who yet feel that the hour of their deliverance is nigh.

The morning twilight is past, and the great Sun is rising over the sea, which is to shine on the ruins of all the old despotisms. The lovers of darkness can be accommodated no longer, except they go to their own place. In vain they evoke the shadows of the ancient night to cover them, and to brood awhile over the chaos of old governments, systems and hypotheses. There is no reply, save the deep—startling echo of that mighty voice, whose earnest prayer expresses at once the idea and demand of the age.

Much remains to be done before the world will receive, in a grateful spirit, the light it so much needs. In this labor of love and patience, the true man will bear his part. The measure of personal influence may be small, and the sphere of individual effort circumscribed, but feeble means and efforts are sometimes serviceable in a great cause. The heavens are made luminous by many stars, and some are so small as to escape the notice of the careless observer; yet they shine, and their mission is glorious. We would regard the demand of the times, and we de-

sire to aid, if we may be so fortunate, in hastening the realization of the sublime prayer, that now stirs the profoundest depths of the soul.

Man's course is onward. Every year records his progress in the science of life—in knowledge, virtue and usefulness. Every day serves to widen his sphere of thought and action, and each passing hour offers a new problem for solution. The present is no time to dream and be idle. Free thought and speech, and earnest effort, are imperiously required. Nor is this demand likely to remain unanswered. Men are beginning to think freely and rationally, and this is the next step to consistent action. A bold assaying spirit is abroad, and all things must be resolved into their elemental principles for examination. The causes that operate in the world of mind, no less than the laws of matter, with their results—whether immediate and sure, or remote and uncertain—must pass the ordeal of a searching analysis. At this stage of his progress, man begins to reason from principles, and is qualified to judge with some degree of precision concerning their specific tendencies and effects. The light of reason discovers the true philosophic standard by which all things are to be judged, and all our ideas, theories and institutions, are seen to be valuable, only, so far as they may be instrumental in working out the higher destiny of man.

It is encouraging to the philanthropist that, with this progress of mind, there is a growing spirit of harmony among the nations. There is more of mercy and peace in the world now, and less of cruelty and war than in the ages past. We are not to form our opinion here, from an occasional outbreak of passion and riot in the midst of a dense population, not from the fact that man still struggles for Liberty, and the exercise of his natural rights. No. These under certain circumstances may be the concomitants of his progress. But we are to remember, as essential to an enlightened judgment, that the love of war, and the mere passion for martial glory, has ceased to be the common impulse of man.

The hero of to-day has a nobler struggle—one in which the intellect and the heart are engaged. The change is every where perceptible. It is seen in every moral movement, in the institutions of all countries, and in the literature of the age. The general policy of all nations is gradually assuming a more pacific character. The voice that counsels peace is heard in the palaces of kings, in the halls of legislation, from the judgment-seat, the pulpit and the press. All over the civilized world man is beginning to feel for his brother, and the aspirations of every true loving soul go up after a blessing for the hearts that bleed, and the eyes that weep.

Man has well nigh gained an altitude from which he may overlook the defenses which time, custom and prejudice have reared around the institutions of the Past. Those monuments durable as the sculptured marble, tremble at his thought. The soul like the sea, flowing back into its own depths becomes mighty, and with each advance the fabrics reared by the Ages are shaken and borne away. The progress of the world, like the billows of the deep, is characterized by certain periods of recession. The great wave that has just swept all Europe, is setting back only to be succeeded by another which shall bear down, and submerge the last barrier to the freedom of the world.

In this period of transition—with the old dynasties of error and oppression falling into ruins on every hand—we need light in proportion to the dangers of the passing hour. The midnight tempest when thunder answers to the voice of thunder, and the winds howl fearfully among the mountains, may awe the traveler; but not till the light flashes out from the heavens to show him the way, is he prepared to go forward. So it is not the mere commingling of moral elements—not the thunder of the shock when old systems find their equilibrium—not the echo, nor the shadow of a great thought, will realize the wants of the age. But the spirit-fires which the armies of progress kindle in their rapid march; the beacon lights that shine in darkness, from the valley and mountain, or gleam from the face of the troubled sky—these reveal the ascending pathway, through which angels invite us to our destiny.

S. B. B.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

Therefore for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons have their tutelary and guardian angels.—*Religio Medici.*

It is one of the most beautiful doctrines ever inculcated, that there are noble essences in heaven that bear a friendly regard unto their friendly natures on earth. And although it may be nought but a dazzling error, yet mankind might be pardoned for cheating themselves with so agreeable a delusion. It is indeed one of the finest ideas ever conceived, that a man is not placed here in an entire reliance upon his own strength—a poor, forlorn wanderer, with no guide, save the suggestions of his own corrupt nature—but that there is ever near him a guardian spirit, whose kindly counsels attend him on his pilgrimage. The argument for such a theory seems, at least, very plausible; that as there is a gradual scale of ascension in the order of being, from the brute to angels, such an essence as we speak of may form a connecting link. And who shall say that such beings do not exist? that they are not one of the thousand mysteries which envelop our being? Life itself is a wonder, full of inexplicable mysteries. Our existence is an enigma. And who shall fathom the immortal soul? Who shall resolve its sympathies, and trace home its mysterious connection with the body? Since, then, our nature and being are so unintelligible, is the theory we are considering so startling to reason? Surely, if Dr. Johnson, Sir Thomas Browne, and other great and wise men, have believed in the appearance of ghosts, apparitions, and other strange sights, we may indulge in a belief so fraught with pleasure and consolation. Of the same nature, and equally sublime, is the doctrine that the departed spirits of our friends and relatives are permitted to revisit the earth, and to mingle their sympathies with the objects of their affection. When we think of the anguish of parting with those we love, of looking for the last time upon the face which has smiled away our woes, how gladly do we cling to the idea of their returning to sooth our distress, and to lend their invisible influence to bind up the bruised heart. Such a belief would soften the bitterness of separation and beguile death of its sting. It is indeed, a painful thought, that the forms which have insensibly entwined themselves about us, till they have become linked with our being, must be torn away and wedded with the dust—that the eye which beams upon us with tenderness unutterable, must become dim in death, and the voice whose music hath so oft stilled the aching heart, must falter its last farewell. But more chilling is the thought, that the loves and friendships, and all the other endearments which lend a charm to existence, must perish with the heart's last throbbing. But if thou canst believe that the love once so fond, faded not at life's last taper, but e'en now "softly trembles with a pulse yet true to thine," that the friendship once so warm and pure, is still sympathizing in thy joys and woes, cling to the hope, woo it to thy soul, phantom though it may be. Art thou an orphan, weeping for an affectionate parent?—dry the tear; hush the sobbings of thy young heart. She whose love thou thought'st lost to thee forever, thy fond mother is still near thee, watching thine every step with an affection that never tires, and an eye that never slumbers, whispering words of consolation in thine ear, and soothing thy rugged path. Art thou a husband, whose widowed heart is lamenting the tender partner of thy bosom? Cease thy complaint. The love e'en here so pure now etherealized and freed from all earthly alloy, is with thee in thy wanderings. List what it says:

"Near thee, still near thee! trust thy soul's deep dreaming.

Oh! love is not an earthly rose to die!

Ev'n when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,

Thine image wanders with me through the sky."

Gentle shade! Forms unseen! E'en while I write, at this still and solemn hour of midnight, perhaps ye are hovering with untired wing, o'er the slumbers of the loved—whispering words of peace to the mourner, or, in dreams, restoring the object of his idolizing affections—telling the joys of a better land, where love and friendship bloom fadeless, and part no more forever.—

N. Y. Mirror.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNICATIONS.

It is a matter of the deepest joy that the world is being blessed with evidences of spiritual intercourse; that voices from the great deep of Heaven are whispering to the sons of earth, and that streams of light and love are flowing from the upper spheres to soothe the troubled bosom of humanity. As an illustration of the intercourse that is now enjoyed with the departed, we here present an interesting statement of facts, which we find in the Chillicothe Advertiser:—

The following beautiful communication, from a mother, who has been a resident of the Spirit-world some twenty-four years, to a son, who was bereaved of her earthly guardianship whilst an infant, derives its principal value from its undoubted authenticity, and the many circumstances preceding it, which are calculated to give it an unusual interest.

The subject of the communication, John S. Mace, is the son of a well known and highly respectable farmer, John Mace, of this county, of plain and unpretending manners, and of a generous and hospitable disposition. In the early part of July 1849, the young man had symptoms of an attack of cholera, which preyed somewhat on his mind, when one night, while in a waking condition, a bright vision presented itself in the likeness of beautiful female. Her heavenly mission seemed to be to bring comfort to the young man's troubled mind. The spiritual impression he received was, that he might feel perfectly at ease—that he need not shun the cholera or any other epidemic, for his life would certainly be spared for the space of two years at least. It produced the desired effect. He felt the utmost confidence in the truth of the spiritual impression he had received, and frequently alluded to the consoling influence he derived from it, among his immediate relatives and friends.

The two years had nearly transpired when late in the evening of June 28th, 1851—he called on me, expressing a wish to be magnetized. I complied with his request, and he soon passed into the magnetic condition. On being questioned, he answered joyfully the presence of the spirit of his beloved mother, who promised that she would communicate with him in three or four days, after his retirement to bed. Being restored to his normal condition, he appeared entirely unconscious of what had transpired. When I had made known to him the spiritual impression he had received, and inquired what had induced him to make so late a visit—he remarked that he left home on business in the country, when of a sudden he felt an irresistible impulse to come to Chillicothe without any definite object in view.

Nothing of consequence occurred until the following Saturday when he was magnetized by his brother at his father's residence. Whilst in that state his mother made him another spiritual visit—informing him that in two hours the promised communication would be made to him. Being aroused from the magnetic condition, he retired for the night with a cousin, and he soon fell into a profound sleep—two of his brothers being in another bed in the same apartment. The latter, however, took the precaution of keeping awake.

At the appointed time they noticed him getting up in the dark, when he went with a hurried step to a table—procured pen and papers, and was employed for some time in writing, whilst in total darkness. He then retired to his bed and gave his cousin a hearty shake. The two brothers and cousin now got up and asked him if he was awake—he replied that he was in a magnetic sleep—but that he should shortly come out of it. They could readily perceive by some convulsive movements, that he was in a magnetic or spiritual state, and witnessed shortly afterwards the magnetic state pass off, by a sudden convulsive movement of the system, which was succeeded by a natural, quiet slumber. They then awoke him and informed him of what had transpired, of which he appeared entirely unconscious. After procuring a light from another room, they went to the table and found the fresh written document, of which the subjoined is an exact copy, with the exception of a change in two or three letters,

which were altered to make it conform to grammatical usage. The original is still preserved for reference:

COMMUNICATION.

"My Son! My Son! I come again to admonish your fears. Death is but a transcendent light and reunion to higher spheres. Live yet awhile, and go on with the noble work you have so recently begun. A Mother's love will ever be with you. Seek the truth for truth's sake; but not to establish an opinion. Spirits are anxious to communicate with you. You are growing strong in spiritual belief, and that is what good and truthful spirits love. Do not war with the skeptic as it may have an influence over your susceptibility. Your knowledge of human nature should teach you what man is, and for what purpose he was created. For the scientific bigot would destroy the guiltless."

Here a question was suggested to my mind—Does the principle of Love develop spiritual truths?

"Oh, what joy! The principle of Love reveals spiritual blessings; and the refinement of those principles, what soul refining harmony! This is a truthful and loving world. All here is love, happiness and joy."

After having read and indulged in their mutual reflections, over the above beautiful and consoling communication, from a long-lost mother to her son, they all retired for the remainder of the night much gratified at the result.

The incident has a peculiar local interest, yet similar instances of spiritual intercourse are now of daily occurrence in various parts of the United States, demonstrating the approximation of the material to the spiritual sphere—unfolding the close connection that exists between friends and relatives in the Spirit-world, and those who are sojourning on the earth. Many, no doubt, can be found who will reject the above with the thousands of other similar and well authenticated cases—with the idle and childish cry of "humbug," "delusion," "credulity," or "fraud."

Nevertheless, truth is mighty and must prevail. The sun shines, whether we open our eyes to receive the light or shut ourselves up in a dark closet. Subjoined is the testimony of the parties who are cognizant to the truth of the above narrative.

CLEMENT FINE.

UNION TOWNSHIP, ROSS COUNTY, OHIO.

We, the undersigned, who are referred to in the above narrative, hereby volunteer our testimony in behalf of the same. We have been cognizant of most of the incidents alluded to, and we can confidently state that as far as our knowledge extends, the circumstances are narrated impartially and truthfully. We do not do this from any ostentatious motive, or to obtrude ourselves on public notice, as we are aware we have nothing to gain in public estimation in doing so. But it is done with a sincere desire of advancing the cause of a great truth, which we consider will be a common benefit to all the human family.

JOHN S. MACE.
FELIX B. MACE.
JESSE MACE.
DAVID C. MACE.

*It is presumed that reference is here made to the interest he has lately felt on the subject of spiritual communications through sounds and otherwise.

☞ The annexed message was given through impression by a spirit in the Second Sphere:—

"The beauty of the mid-day sun cannot compare with the beauties of divine love and wisdom. These beauties are worthy the attention of the most advanced minds. They flow from an inexhaustible fountain, and will never fail to supply all who seek their refreshing influence. The troubled spirit can find rest, and the disconsolate need not fear. Let the weary and heavy-laden partake from such a fountain, and they will no longer suffer from sorrow and trouble. The life-giving influences of truth will dissipate clouds from the darkest mind, and it will rise from its degradation to a more exalted sphere of life and intelligence."

Psychological Department.

MYSTERIOUS PHENOMENA.

A singular, but well authenticated account of mysterious phenomena is related as follows, in a letter published in the *Celestial Telegraph* :—

"MONSIEUR: Having perused your 'Secrets, I am induced to relate to you a few facts from which you may possibly derive some information. As it seems necessary to me to make a few prefatory remarks in order to fix the amount of confidence that may be accorded me, I will do so, but in a few words.

"My natural tendencies are spiritualist ones; my aspirations are directed toward the world of causes; but three motives paralyzed my tendencies and my aspirations: the philosophy of our days, with which I was classically impregnated; my pride, which made me consider as weakness of mind the least faith in whatsoever departs from physical and chemical possibilities; in short, the fear of being a dupe, even to my own illusions—therefore laughed I disdainfully at the recitals of supernatural things. 'Your father,' once said my mother to me, 'was not a weak-minded man, and yet he affirmed having seen on two occasions, in the course of his life, two human forms clad in white: in one he perfectly well recognised his betrothed, in the other his aunt. In fact, these two persons were dying, far away from him, when he saw them.' At this affirmation I gave an incredulous shake of the head. 'Your grandmother, at the moment her father took to his death-bed, beheld him distinctly, wrapped up in a sheet, and seated on their garden-wall.' 'A mere illusion,' replied I; 'childish fright!'—'For several years we had not seen my father's brother: one night we were all aroused by his voice, which, from the yard, was calling my father. We ran out to welcome our uncle: no one was there, and we were all thoroughly convinced of the fact, since your grandfather had been thrice named.'—'Hallucination of the hearing,' replied I; 'a spirit cannot speak.' 'When he whom I loved died,' added my mother, 'several blows were struck on a small spinning-wheel hanging from the wall, and it commenced rapidly turning round--Weeping, I conveyed the spinning wheel to the bedside of my father, who laughed at me; and the fact was renewed in the presence of a score of persons, who felt the agitation of the air under the invisible wand, and beheld, not only the wheel turn, but a cloud of dust gather round it.' 'It was probably some sorry trick of legerdemain that was played you,' replied I.—'When my sister died,' resumed my godmother, 'I did not even know that she had been ill. I woke up during the night; the moon threw its light into my room, and I distinctly beheld my sister walking. When my husband died, far away from me, I felt myself raised thrice in my bed.' 'These are illusions, my dear godmother,' replied I, 'for such things can't be; the spirit has no form; the spirit has no action over the matter it animates, and acts physically only through the medium of organs.' My incredulity on such matters was so great, that I would not believe that three violent rings given at our door, while we were on the landing-place, were a sign of farewell sent by a female friend of my mother, although the hour of her death coincided with that of the three pulls of the bell. I preferred believing that a mouse had run along the bell-wire; and when my sister, at that time in Scotland, inquired of us by letter whether Madame O——, of whose illness we had not sent her word, had not died on such a day, at such an hour, because she had heard herself thrice called by the voice of that lady, although the coincidence was exact, my incredulity remained unshaken. 'Some such thing will happen to yourself,' said my mother, 'and then you will believe.' 'I will search into it,' said I, 'and find out, be you assured, some physical cause for it.'

"I was in this disposition at the age of eighteen, when, working at my thesis on the Divine presence and human free will, I heard a knocking over my head. The noise became so fatiguing by its monotonous continuance, that I went up to the

room whence it proceeded: no one was there. I thought that it was some effect of acoustics. I was about to descend, when the same noise was renewed over my head in a garret. I went up to it. No one again. I explored the garret, and the rooms under it, looked out of the window: no physical cause within, no noise without that could possibly be reperculated. I once more took up my pen; but scarcely was I seated, than the same uniform knocks were again heard, and forthwith a thought took possession of my mind. Fritz is ill, and will not recover!—This young man was my betrothed, and loved me with infinite sincerity and tenderness. I hastened to recount to my mother what had passed, apprize her of my intention, and beg her to accompany me to the abode of the parents of Fritz, who, in fact, was ill in bed. He told me that for several hours his wishes had been calling for me. Ten days after, he was very bad. My mother, at that time ailing, and my sister falling almost every night into horrible convulsions, I had made up my mind, in order to watch over these two objects of my affections, to sleep with the former, and make the other sleep in our room. On the night of the tenth day of Fritz's illness, a violent shock was given the bed occupied by me and my mother. Thinking that this shock had been imprinted by a kick from my mother, I did not trouble myself about it, but placed my hand softly on her leg, and assured myself, when the second shock arrived, that it did not proceed from my mother. The third was so violent, that my mother woke up in a fright, asking me what I was doing. After hearing my reply, she said to me: 'Fritz is dying, my child! he is come to bid us farewell.' I get up gently, light the candle, explore the room and the adjoining ones; then resume my place. Almost immediately after, at the foot of the bed, we hear the sound of two fists falling alternately on the bedstead, uninterruptedly and regularly. My sister, in her turn, wakes up in her fright, exclaiming, 'Good God! what noise, pray, are you making?' I speak to her, strive to reassure her: useless pains; she dares not remain in her bed. My mother goes to take her place, and she comes to occupy her mother's. The regular strokes pass along the side I lay on; the shocks made the candle flare. I commenced reading aloud to divert the attention of my sister, and the noise does not cease for several hours. In fact, my betrothed was dead! From that day my incredulity fell.

"Among facts of the same order, here are two which I have from persons worthy of belief. One of these persons, a grave and profoundly studious man, related that while he was a professor at the college of Aix, something quite inexplicable took place there. One evening, when the professors were assembled in the common hall, the laundress entered looking quite scared, and pretending that she durst not return home, because, no sooner did she set foot on the threshold of her room, than she heard blows struck on her furniture, and a great noise of broken dishes and plates. The professors, pupils of Voltaire and the *Encyclopædia*, burst into in chorus into a wild laugh; but, as the laundress persisted in her tale, one of them accompanied her home, and was thus enabled to make sure of the truth of her statement. Then he returned for his colleagues, who made the same trial, which was attended with the same result. The room was visited, every hole and corner explored, but nothing discovered that could be assigned as a cause for the strange noise. The following day the laundress heard that her father, a wagoner, had been crushed to death at the very hour all seemed as if being smashed at her abode.

"A lady recounted to me the following fact: Her niece fell ill at Paris. The aunt, who lived at Granville, is aware of her niece's illness, but makes no mention of the circumstance to her sister, the mother of the young woman. A few days after, the two sisters met; it was at dusk. The mother of the patient goes out of the apartment on the ground-floor, then returns to it in great alarm. All hasten to her—ask her what is the matter with her. 'Therese is dead! my child is dead!' exclaims she as soon as she could speak. 'I just now saw her standing under the peristyle; I recognized her full well, although she was clad in white!' In fact, young Madame B—— died that very day, at that very hour."

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 9, 1851.

NOTES BY THE WAY-SIDE.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER ONE.

There are few things that influence the soul that has more power to cramp and limit its faculties, than that of sectarianism, or partyism. A bird that has been confined to a cage, even when set free from confinement, acts as though it were continually in fear of flapping its wings against its prison wires. So the soul needs the free air, the open sky, and a limitless sphere in which to expand itself.

Some people—those who have more of the affectional part of their natures developed than their intellectual, and those who have more of the intellectual element than of the affectional, overrate the value of the medium above that which is communicated through it. Frequently we know the beauty and worth of a thing is seen in its external form and its internal significance, but the form should never be thought more than the thing itself, any more than we should reverence the rocky lips of a fountain above the water that gushes through them.

The world needs and awaits the proclamation of the doctrine of the Purity of Birth. This will succeed the proclamation of the gospel of True Marriage, its purity and holiness. He who regards these subjects in any other light, is destitute of true conceptions of beauty—has no affinity with the works of Nature—knows nothing of Art in its divine sense, and cannot decipher the true meaning of life, as it is seen in the external universe or in human development.

As the belief in ghosts, hobgoblins, &c., is the effect of a low state of culture in the infancy of the child, so demonology is the effect of a rude state of culture of the human spirit in reference to religious matters. As the dews disappear before the clear light of intelligence with the child, so the latter disappears before the clearness of that light which bathes the soul in its more advanced state.

In consequence of the harmony between our acts and our thoughts—between the internal thought and its outward expression—he that is in the path of duty is in the path of truth, while if his loves are among the false, his thoughts, being their offspring, will be their legitimate children, being formed after their likeness.

A thing is great or small according to the elevation of our natures. That which is a jewel in the estimation of one person, is but a toy in the estimation of another. The sun shines as easily as a glow-worm emits its light.

As the eye instinctively closes when it is liable to come in contact with some object that would injure it in case of collision, even before it clearly perceives the object, so the intuitions of the soul lead it instinctively to prepare itself against the seductions of error and vice that would lead it astray.

Life—what a blessed boon it is! How every thing seems tending to it, and how natural its desire, how universal the reality! The green blade of grass that was struggling into existence, the young bird in its nest opening its mouth instinctively for food, manifest how great and beautiful a gift it is. And then how munificent the arrangements for the subsistence of all! The little blade that was groping in darkness finds air and sunlight as soon as it has pierced the ground. The young bird finds his

morsel ready for him when blindly he opens his mouth for food. O Man, often faithless of the Future, and ungrateful to the Fountain of Life, what a lesson is here for thee! All things natural and necessary for thee, and suited to a limitless growth, are already prepared for thee. The law of appropriation is but obedience and love. And with regard to that world unseen to thee by thy natural sight—unseen as the world that greets the new blade of grass and the helpless bird, thinkest thou not that on a more extended and still progressive scale, this law will still be found more operative and an infinite reality?

Everything in the natural world, at the moment of birth, finds its appropriate place and fulfills its own peculiar mission. So should it be with us. We all have our peculiar missions. The law of progress and development, acting through the Divine Will and its conjunction with ours, will yet secure to us that mission. As the beauty and harmony of the outward world is seen in each thing assuming and fulfilling its appropriate place, so is it in every other department of the Universe. The harmony of Earth and Heaven will yet be seen in the order of all the parts, and each part finding its peculiar position in that paradisiacal Future.

The obedient and loving soul alone can be cognizant of the paternal character of our Creator; and the more still is he cognizant of that fact, if this wisdom principle has been so developed, that by the light of a pure philosophy he is enabled intellectually to perceive it. It is then that we perceive how we repose in tribulation upon the bosom of the Father, and how his eye ever follows us, go where we will; and as the blossom in earnestness and in fact reposes upon its stem, so we see how the soul, having its life from the Father, thus reposes and rests on Him.

How little the world distinguishes between knowledge and wisdom! The former makes us great in the estimation of the world, the latter lifts us up into the sunlight and into the loves of the angels.

When we strive to be great in the estimation of the world, we ultimately defeat the very object of our ambition. It is only in losing ourselves, in forgetfulness of self, that we can find ourselves; only in the service of others that we become truly great. In the obedience of law do tyranny and pretension pass away.

That for which we are fitted, will we all yet eventually do, in spite of all hindrances and obstacles, even as every germ produces its own legitimate fruit.

In reforming the world, in making it a paradisiacal abode, mere negative volition or action will not be of permanent utility, not the mere striving against the wrong, however much this work may be needed. It is only by an outgrowth of truth and goodness that wrong and error can be permanently displaced; and this of necessity even though that removal be not in our thought. As tyranny and pretension pass away before the law of true greatness, so does every other form of evil flee away before a life of obedience, intelligence and love.

There are two forms of Law and Order, the distinction between which we should not forget. The one is the offspring of the Creator, and of which the universe is the expression, and the other the invention of men, and often made the excuse of tyrants to gloss over their acts of outrage and inhumanity. It must not be forgotten that there is a law of inversion as well as a law of progression and development. But the law and order of a healing plant, are different from the law and order of a venomous plant, and the law and order of angelic abodes, from the law and order of an ignorant and inverted society. We should not forget that hatred and vice may go crowned, and if so, that the diamonds of their crowns, or the strength of their thrones, cannot hallow one law, and rightly demand obedience to one command. Else there is an immortality to evil, and all

resistance to wrong and error rebellious. There is also this distinction between Law, true and false, the one is productive of evil and wrong, and the other of all harmonies and aromas continually ascending and progressive in degree. Therefore, brethren, be not deceived.

It is not in our power to command to be loved, and to be loved by virtue of that command. It is only by being lovely and worthy to be loved that we can be loved. It is so also that no one can command a residence in Heaven. We must be heavenly and heaven will come itself, as form is but the body the spirit takes in its development.

One wrong is always sure to follow another. The natural tendency of an injury done to another, is to engender dislike towards the person whom we have injured.

RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF THE YOUNG.

In coming forth from sectarian associations into the light of a clearer and purer faith, it is natural that we should seek some method of instruction by which the minds of our youth may be removed from the uncongenial influences of a false theology. As an expression of the parental feeling on this subject, we introduce the following note which has been recently received:—

HARTFORD, July, 1851.

MR. AMBLER:—What course would you think proper for parents to adopt in relation to their children? You will of course understand me, when I request you to look into our Churches and Sunday Schools, and listen to the doctrines instilled into their young minds. It is on this subject many of your readers wish instruction; and believing that a communication will be made through your columns, I subscribe myself,

Yours respectfully,

A MOTHER.

The subject suggested by the above note is one of peculiar interest to every parent who has escaped from the shackles of sectarian bigotry, and feels the necessity of furnishing to the minds of his children some kind of religious instruction. We are to take into consideration at the outset, that, while the religious element exists inherently in man, it is prominently manifested in the early stages of his being. There is implanted in the soul of the child an exalted principle of devotion—an aspiration towards the great Ruler of the universe, and an earnest desire to comprehend the physical and spiritual truths which are scattered abroad in the wide temple of Nature. When the youthful soul is left to follow its own natural tendencies, there is an earnest longing in its depths for something which shall be as food to the internal being;—here are a thousand questions to be asked about Deity, the design of creation, and the destiny of man, and a thousand more, which the proud philosopher may not answer, in relation to the Universe, Heaven, and Eternity. Now it is evidently proper that this native thirsting of the soul should receive suitable attention. Though the questionings of childhood may frequently relate to subjects which lie beyond its capacity to understand, yet these should never be rudely banished from the mind while the desire remains strong for their elucidation. On the contrary, the light of truth should be unfolded to the child as it has been revealed to the body of humanity, not all at once in a dazzling blaze, but gently and gradually as the opening of the morning; and that light should be accompanied with no chains—no dogmas—no creeds—but with that blithe and joyous freedom which seems to be enjoyed by awakening Nature. Parents can scarcely realize how wrong and perverting has been the more popular course of religious instruction. It is a sad reality that our Churches and Sabbath Schools have been made but little better than gloomy prisons for the soul. The noble aspirations of the young mind are here crushed and stifled; the free, soaring thoughts are bound down by written creeds; the mental perceptions are blinded by dark and incomprehensible mysteries, and the privilege of unrestrainedly exercising the powers of reason, is denied by a stern and arbitrary authority. It is unspeakably important that the minds

of youth should be removed from all influences of this nature. Instead of being shackled by the restrictions of sect and creed, they should be left free to follow the sublime teachings of Nature; and instead of being restrained and discouraged in their investigations, they should be gently led on in the pathway of progression, and assisted in their search for truth.

As to the particular course to be adopted in all cases, it is not easy to impart definite instructions; but it seems proper, as a general principle, that parents should have more immediate control of the religious training of their children. If, when encouraged to think and reason for themselves, they sometimes propound questions which the parent is not able to answer, this is no reason why they should be passed over to another to be impressed with the stern dogmas of theology. Let youth be guided by their own lofty intuitions; let them be taught to reason from what they feel and know, and let them become acquainted with the established facts in Nature, and they will soon work out their own problems, and arrive at more correct conclusions than the multitude of theological teachers. We should not suppose that youth must always be taught by reputed sages in order to attain true wisdom; but we should trust more to the native powers of the soul in connection with parental discipline. There is a natural affinity between the simplicity of childhood and the great truths of the Universe; and to bring those under our charge into more intimate association with these truths, we have only to adopt that process of training which will serve to elevate, expand, and harmonize the mind, without subjecting it to any sectarian bias, or repelling it with undue austerity. In commencing this work, it is not necessary that the course of instruction should be delayed until the child has arrived at an advanced age, but with the early dawnings of unfolding wisdom, while yet the flowers of the heart are in their bud, that degree of moral and spiritual light may be furnished, which shall be best adapted to the inward capacity. And then, as the years pass along—as the intellect becomes strong and vigorous, and the aspirations lofty and pure, those spirits whom, like little birds, we had taught to soar, will begin to rightly enjoy the freedom which is Nature's sweetest boon, and rise ever nearer to the clear radiance of the skies.

R. P. A.

PROGRESSIVE TENDENCY OF NATURE.

In contemplating the sublime arrangements of Nature, we behold in all the various movements and processes which here established, the evidences of a progressive tendency.—Everything, though imperfect at the beginning, is advancing towards perfection. By a law of development that seems to be universally manifested, the innumerable forms of creation are progressively unfolded, being attracted ever to some higher end. Even the lowest and most undeveloped substances contain the elements of more perfect forms, and from the lowly germ whose life is hid within the earth, is whispering the prophecy of a future growth. And this principle is designed to work out a more important result than the development of a material substance; for the same moving power that acts upon the tiny plant, may reach upward to a far loftier plane, and perform its mission on a more perfect scale. Hence in all the manifestations of eternal progress, so obvious and abundant, we ground a most cheering faith in the ultimate purification of humanity, and can perceive how, from the shell of this gross body, the unfolding spirit may be born into a higher sphere.

Reflections of this nature are derived from the hopeful lesson which Nature is ever teaching. The beautiful creative processes which are every where presented in the Universe, point unceasingly to some glorious end which has relation to human happiness and development. The great law of progression extends throughout the mighty scale of existence. If it exists in that which is gross and imperfect, it is still more active in that which is elevated and refined; and so from the clear indications of its presence in the material world, we may derive the hope of a glorious destiny for man. On this subject the following appropriate reflections are expressed by an unknown writer:—

“We see the grain put into the ground, and while it is dying, a

new creation is springing forth—and we see the new creation progressing until it arrives to a state of perfection. And we see the body of grain produced in the same fashion and form of that which was put into the ground. We see the clouds gathering—we hear the thunders roaring—we see the lightnings flashing—and down the rain doth pour—and all appears like desolation!—at length the storm subsides, and a calm ensues—and what is the result? Why, by reason of the storm the air is made pure, the grain and grass are made to grow with vigor, the spices and flowers send forth a rich perfume, the birds of the air are tuning their notes, and all nature rejoices. We see the sun declining in the west, and, lo, he is gone, and has left us to grovel in the dark! It is true, we have the tapers of light to guide us through the night, but what are they to the bright beams of the sun? Through the night we are left in a state of darkness, and did we not believe the sun would rise again, we should be almost in despair. But by reason of our belief, “our flesh doth rest in hope” of the morrow, when the sun will again appear in all his glory, and we shall go forth in open day and in full view of the works of nature. The powers of darkness continue through the watches of the night, and when near the break of day all their combined forces appear to unite for the purpose of sustaining their dominion. They cause the darkness to be still darker, but all their efforts are in vain—for lo! the sun begins to make his appearance, and the horrible darkness begins to vanish away, and is superceded by the glorious day-king—and thus we emerge from a state of darkness to a state of open day, and are blessed with the influence of the sun in all his glory. From the worms of the earth, we see a race of beings fluttering and waving in the air—apparently in a much happier situation than they were while groveling in the dust.—We see all the productions of the earth are enclosed with a shell, chaff, or husk, or some kind of an outer covering, and within are the sweets of life—and as man is a production of the earth, (because he has always subsisted on what comes from the earth,) so, of course, he also is enclosed in a tenement of clay, and in due time will come forth from the shell, and be free from the body of sin and death. And now

What do we learn from the things we see,
But that man will live to be pure and free?

Extracts from Correspondence.

The great truths unfolded by Nature and Reason, as they become diffused among the people, are awakening the latent energies of the mind, and inspiring the most consolatory hopes.—Words of encouragement and testimonials of individual progress, are coming to hand from all parts of the country, giving evidence that the true light of humanity has now come, and that the process of development is going rapidly on. With the permission of our correspondents, we propose from time to time to present, under the above caption, extracts from the letters we receive, which may give the reader a general idea of the interest manifested in different localities. In the present number we have room to furnish but few of these extracts, which are selected almost at random.

An earnest laborer in the cause of truth writes the following from Salem, Indiana:—

“BRO. AMBLER:—I have several times sat down to express to you my gratitude for the satisfaction I have derived through the medium of the Spirit Messenger, but I have never been able to find words suitable to my feelings, and therefore have not written. But I will say that I have never seen so much useful knowledge contained in so small a compass. I would not now take double the subscription price for the first volume, though many of the numbers are worn and soiled; for it contains much valuable information and many truthful sentiments which cannot be obtained in any other work.

My hopes are strong that the Harmonial Philosophy will do much good in this region. I am scattering the leaven of truth all around me, in the church and out of the church, and it is beginning to work;—the great pile of superstition is heaving

and tottering to its base, and seems to stand on the verge of approaching dissolution. Yet I advance no farther nor faster than I can fortify myself on every side, as I am aware that I shall ere long meet with violent opposition. The battle may be fierce and terrible, but I neither dread the conflict nor fear its result.”

A friend writing from West Bloomfield, N. Y., remarks as follows:—

“I have been a constant and deeply interested reader of your little sheet, ever since I became acquainted with it, the more so, perhaps, because it so very fully harmonizes with my own views. For some years I remained a member of an orthodox church, and as fully believed its sentiments as an *unthinking* man can believe any thing. In fact I did not allow myself to think at all, being taught that these matters must not be reasoned upon. However, I came across a copy of Combe’s “Constitution of Man,” and the perusal of it set me to investigating the principles of the divine government, and before I was fairly aware of the step I had taken, my orthodox faith had entirely departed, and I found myself a believer in the Harmonial Philosophy, though I had never known it by that name, but only as infidelity. The science of Phrenology had much to do in bringing about this result. Some years subsequent to this, I became acquainted with Mr. Davis’ large work, and you can perhaps imagine my surprise and delight in meeting the expression of so nearly my own views, particularly on theological questions. I am now perfectly satisfied of the truth of this beautiful philosophy, and consequently have the assurance that it must prevail. It seems to cover the entire field of human research, and furnishes room sufficient for the exercise of the mightiest intellect. I think your paper is well adapted to awaken deep thought, and set men to inquiring after the truth, in this particular direction. It has become so common to suppose that religion must not be reasoned upon, that reasoning men had come to look upon the whole as an imposition; but the Harmonial Philosophy is coming in, and rescuing religion from this reproach, by showing that true religion is in perfect harmony with reason.”

We close these extracts for the present, with a single additional note. The sentiments of one of our fair correspondents is thus prettily expressed:—

“The Spirit Messenger is still to me a welcome visitor, and I prize it very highly. I regret there are so few that appreciate the beautiful truths that speak so eloquently from its pages; but methinks the darkness of error is slowly dispersing, and we may say with confidence:—

The future is bright with a beaming light;
When the darkness has passed away,
What now seems wrong, will then seem right
As beheld in the perfect day.”

☞ It may be properly stated that, while the general interest in spiritual truth is increasing, the friends in this vicinity are not idle. At Chicopee and Chicopee Falls, there are a number of faithful and earnest souls whose efforts are unwearied in the diffusion of truth, while in Springfield the friends have recently organized a Harmonial Brotherhood, and hold regular meetings on the Sabbath, at which lectures are delivered by the editor of the Messenger. We are happy to observe that a deeper interest is being felt in the great work to be accomplished, and while a strengthening influence is ever flowing from the spiritual spheres, there is no occasion that any should become weary in well doing.

☞ Our patrons will perceive that, with the increased size of the Messenger, we have appended an additional title. This we think may be esteemed an improvement, as it will serve to convey a more perfect idea of the general scope and objects of this journal.

☞ We are sorry to apologize for a delay in the publication of the present number. To avoid such a contingency in future, we propose to fix the regular time of issue at an earlier day in the week.

Poetry.

DEPARTED FRIENDS.

BY J. W. SPAULDING.

Say not the loved return to us no more,
 When in the grave their withered clay is lying;
 Think not communion with our friends is o'er,
 When we have seen them close the eyes in dying.
 Hath the soul then no other habitation
 Than this pale clay so feeble and so worn?
 Must love with that cold heart's last palpitation,
 Die into night and know no waking morn?

O, no—we are not Sundered by the grave—
 The heart we loved is no cold night-watch keeping
 In that dark home o'er which the willows wave—
 That loving heart hath done with death and sleeping,
 And o'er us and around us comes the spirit,
 Wooing us still as erst we loved to love;
 Through all our dreams its shadowy pinions bear it
 Near us, for ever, wheresoe'er we rove.

Parted! we are not parted—blind
 And dull the soul that does not know it present;
 That does not feel the influence, soft and kind,
 Though airy be the form and evanescent.
 O, ne'er would I look down in weeping sadness
 Upon the grave, and say the loved lies there!
 'Tis but the clay, cast off with joy and gladness
 By the freed soul now chainless as the air.

The one we love—whose absence we deplore,
 Is with us—near us—in our hours of sorrow,
 Waiting to clasp us, when our task is o'er,
 And we, too, hail the everlasting morrow.
 Then never be the brow in sadness shaded,
 When friends put off their worn-out robes of clay;
 But with the eye of faith and hope be aided
 To see them newly clad in robes of day.

Flag of our Union.

SPIRITUAL COMMUNION.

CONTRIBUTED FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER.

When midnight resteth like a pall above us,
 And in its dusky arm enfoldeth all,
 We list for those whom Hope says still may love us,
 And sigh as their answering names we call.

And are there kindred spirits dwelling by us,
 And mingling yet their loving thoughts with ours,
 Forever dwelling in communion nigh us,
 In virtue's way to cheer our lagging powers?

Oh, are there voices that may at our asking,
 Come to assure us of that better state,
 Where, evermore in endless pleasure basking,
 Those gone before our fond reunion wait.

The seeking soul asks for prophetic vision,
 To penetrate the dark, mysterious cloud
 That intervenes between the land elysian
 And this dull earth, where sins and sorrows crowd.

The grave is not a bourne whose sombre portal
 Closeth eternal o'er the bright and fair,
 But through its gate to blessedness immortal
 The spirit passeth endless life to share.

Still old affection backward now is turning,
 And whispering words to us of joy and peace,
 And spiritual eyes are round us burning,
 With holier love as heavenly powers increase.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE GUARDIAN SPIRIT:
OR, THE MAID OF LOWENSTEIN.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

The following tale was suggested by reading the "*Seherin von Prevorst*," by Justinus Kerner.

In the town of Lowenstein, in Wirtemberg, lived a peasant by the name of Ludwig. This man had a daughter by the name of Edla, who was very beautiful. But her beauty did not seem to be of an earthly kind; it was the reflected beauty of a pure and elevated soul. Those who saw her wandering 'mid the hills and villages of Lowenstein, wondered whence came the soft, angelic expression of her face, and the strange brightness of her eyes.

Edla loved solitude and retirement, and was often found in some sylvan retreat, indulging in lengthened day-dreams. The gentleness and truthfulness of her character, and the attractions of her person, were not destined to remain very long unnoticed; she soon had many admirers, both in her own particular class and out of it, among those of gentle blood. The favored lover was a peasant by the name of Jules Schobert, as honest and good-looking a young man as dwelt among the hills of Lowenstein. Though Jules was the favored lover, he had received but little proof of it from Edla, so far as verbal avowals were concerned; her timid and shrinking nature not permitting her to trust her lips with the soft secret of her heart.

Jules Schobert had a rival, his name was Hern Widmann, a person of awkward figure and bad passions—in character directly opposite to Jules. His sinister face and unpolished manners were ill-calculated to make a favorable impression upon Edla; she instinctively turned from him with aversion. Kern prided himself, and founded his hopes upon his riches, his father being a man of considerable wealth. Jules, on the contrary, had barely a competence, and that he labored for with his hands. If worldly prosperity was in favor of Kern, personal endowments and manly graces were as much in favor of Jules. The former pressed his suit boldly, while the latter scarcely dared open his lips in the presence of his beloved.

The parents of all the parties concerned were much interested in the matter, and awaited the result with no little anxiety.

Edla's father, like all worldly-minded men, decided in favor of the rich wooer, which favorable circumstance encouraged Kern Widmann to renew his addresses, with strong hopes of ultimate success.

"How do you speed with your wooing?" asked Kern's father one day.

"Slowly enough," he replied.

"You are too bashful; you must push your suit boldly," continued the senior Widmann.

"That is the first time I was ever suspected of any thing like modesty," replied Kern, with a laugh. "Most people think my assurance astonishing."

"In love, boy, one needs a vast deal of confidence. The fair ones must be taken by storm."

"But Edla Ludwig refuses to be taken by storm. She seems to shrink from me as the timid lamb shrinks from the wolf."

"Nonsens-e! it is maiden modesty, and natural to the sex."

"I am certain that she does not love me."

"That makes no kind of difference. Marry first, and love will come afterward. Your mother cared nothing about me when we were first married; and you see how it is now."

"Yes, I do see how it is now!" retorted Kern, with a laugh. "I had a long conversation with Ludwig yesterday. You know he has long been wanting the piece of ground that joins his. Hitherto I have refused to sell it; but yesterday I spoke encouragingly. I told him we were old neighbors, and neighbors should be accommodating. I pointed out a good building spot on the grounds I intend for you, and hinted that I should

spare no expense in making a handsome settlement for you when you saw fit to marry."

"What said Ludwig?"

"He said but little with his lips, but his eyes beamed with satisfaction. You may rest assured that all is as it should be in that quarter."

"But if I cannot make a favorable impression upon the girl, what does all that amount to? Nothing at all. I cannot force her to wed me."

"Take courage, Kern. Money is powerful. With money you can buy the fairest lady in Lowenstein or all Wirttemberg. It will be singular, then, if this peasant girl, who is not above our own condition, should prove an exception."

"There is one thing I have not told you. I have a rival."

"Ah, a rival! Name him; is he rich?"

"His name is Jules Schobert, and he is not rich; his hands are his only fortune."

"Then fear nothing. How can a poor man succeed where a rich man fails. I will woo old Ludwig with gold, while you woo the daughter with fine speeches."

"Fine speeches I could never make. Many of the pretty girls of Lowenstein call me a bear, and a clownish lout."

"Show them a handful of gold, Kern, and mark the change; you would then be a fine gentleman instead of a clumsy bear. So goes the world."

"But if this Jules really proves troublesome, what can be done? Is there no way of getting rid of him? Shall we suffer ourselves to be baffled?"

"Baffled? O, no! Edla Ludwig must become your wife; she is too fair a prize to lose so easily. Let affairs go on for a time, and if we perceive that Jules is really an obstacle, it will be strange if we cannot hit upon some expedient to put him out of the way."

"That reminds me of that good old adage, 'where there's a will there's a way.'"

"Edla is a noble girl. Her influence exerted daily upon you, as your wife, might mould you into something human, for you are a little bearish, Kern."

"Thank you! It is said that I much resemble my father! But let it be as you say. I will be your pupil in love for a time at least, and yet something tells me it is of no use; that all will come to naught. Edla Ludwig is not like other mortals. She is more like an angel than a human being. Did you ever mark the strange brightness of her eyes, and the sweet expression of her face. She is not earthly enough for me; she is too spiritual. And listen; people do say she has a protecting spirit."

"That is but the gossip of the idle and superstitious. But even if she has a protecting spirit, how will that prejudice our plans? It will not affect them in the least. If the girl is thus favored, so much the better; she will bring us good luck."

"Perhaps you are right; the idea did not occur to me."

Upon the same day on which this conversation transpired, a conversation of a similar nature occurred between Jules Schobert and his father.

"Jules," said the old man, "you are growing every day more low-spirited and melancholy. It is in vain that I strive to cheer you with good words; you heed me not, and sigh when I speak of hope."

"Hope is not a word for the poor and unsuccessful; it is for the rich and prosperous. Go and talk of hope to Kern Widmann; he will hear you, and know its meaning," replied Jules, despondingly.

"You are mistaken, Jules. Listen; for I am older and more experienced than you. Kern Widmann is the very man who has least to hope from the love of Edla Ludwig. I speak advisedly; I have reflected deeply on the subject; for I have long known that your happiness was staked upon the issue. Edla loves not Kern. As well might the gentle dove love the hawk. Their whole natures are dissimilar; there is not a point of resemblance between them; she shrinks from him as from the approach of a deadly serpent. She would die rather than wed him."

"But that is not proof that I am more favored. I tell you that she lives in a sphere far above me; she is too good, too pure, too angelic in her nature to love one like me. Beside her I am like one of the base metals to fine gold; or like the human body contrasted with the spirit that spurns the material organism and seeks its home in the skies. O, there is a great distance between us."

Poor Jules covered his face, and a tear trembled on his eyelashes.

"Be a man, Jules. Do not give up to despair. The meanest mortal on earth has a right to hope for some ultimate good. It is on this very goodness of Edla's that I found my hopes of your success. She feels no sympathy with the sordid and clownish Kern; it is not in the nature and fitness of things that she should. She will turn from him with disgust to one more worthy of her, and that one will be my son Jules."

"I am not worthy of her."

"Jules, the heart that is pulsating this moment beneath your coarse frock is as true and honest a heart as beats in Lowenstein; it is not swayed by unworthy motives; it is not a receptacle of pride, meanness, avarice, or revenge. Edla knows this, for she has been acquainted with you long; she knows also that Kern possesses all the bad passions and propensities I have named. With all this knowledge do you think you have no reason to hope?"

"Dear father, you magnify my virtues, and lose sight of all my faults; but it may be all as you say in relation to her and Kern."

"May Heaven protect her from the machinations of Kern," exclaimed the old man piously and fervently.

"That reminds me of what I have heard whispered amongst the gossips of Lowenstein."

"And what is that?"

"They say she has a guardian spirit."

"I earnestly hope that it is so."

"There are moments in my life when I think the tongue of rumor, for once, is true. When I have seen her returning from her solitary rambles, her countenance has worn the sweet serenity of a being in close approximation to the Spirit-sphere. If she greets me with a timid smile, it is like the smile of no other human being—it is so bright and beaming."

"My poor Jules, that is because you are in love. Fair maidens often look like angels in the partial eyes of lovers. But go to Edla, tell her all your feelings, and lighten your breast of its heavy burden. Do not waste time in useless delays; divulge the secret at once, and my word for it, you will not regret it."

A few days after this, Jules unexpectedly met Edla during one of her accustomed walks. She recognized him in her usual gentle manner. Jules walked by her side in silence. He would have spoken many times, but his heart failed him. At length he was able to say:

"It seems to me, Edla, that you find all your happiness in long walks among these hills and valleys."

"It is even so," she answered. "I am happier in my solitary communings with nature, in the open fields and in the forests, than I could be elsewhere; it has been thus from my childhood."

Jules made a great effort and went on:

"There are many young men of Lowenstein who would be glad to accompany you in your rambles."

Edla blushed.

"But few of them would be agreeable," she replied.

"I know well that you differ from the rest of us," returned Jules, with a sigh. "There is something about you that seems to link you to another class of beings."

A pleasant smile flitted across the features of the fair maid of Lowenstein.

"My thoughts are different, that is all. I am quite as human as any person."

"I believe there is one who sometimes accompanies you in your walks?"

"Who?"

"Kern Widmann."

"He has intruded himself upon me several times of late, it is true."

"Then you deem his company an intrusion," said Jules, somewhat more earnestly than he intended.

"I do; for he brings with him an atmosphere that suffocates me; his presence makes me tremble."

"O, Edla, I am glad to hear you say so; for it gives me pain to see him near you."

"And why does it give you pain?"

Jules looked timidly at Edla, and felt that his face was covered with confusion.

"Because—because his moral nature is completely opposed to yours. If you will not be offended, I will tell you what I am reminded of when I see him with you."

"Say on, Jules."

"It reminds me of a son of Satan with an angel."

"The difference is not so marked, I think."

"But it is, though."

"I will be plain with you, Jules; I do dread and fear Kern Widmann. It is not hatred I feel toward him, for I do not, I trust, hate any human being; but there is within my inmost soul an instinctive shrinking from him. When he is near, I am no longer myself. The internal harmony of my spirit is disturbed, and his voice is to me a note of discord which it is impossible to describe."

"I have shared your views and feelings; and when I tell you to shun Kern Widmann, it is not because I am jealous. I have never yet summoned courage to tell you how much I love you, because I can see such a difference between us; therefore I have no claims upon you; but were I to divulge the truth, and follow the dictates of my heart, I should fall down on my knees before you and reveal all."

Jules was trembling all over, and could get no farther without stopping.

Edla blushed deeply, but did not look displeased.

"I hope you do not dislike me," he added, with difficulty.

"O no, Jules, I am sure I do not," said the maid of Lowenstein with heartfelt earnestness.

"That is enough! Say no more, or I shall die with joy! It is enough to know that Edla Ludwig does not dislike me, and to hear her say so with her own sweet lips. I will not intrude myself upon you often, I assure you, but I will sometimes venture to address you when I meet you in your walks, or watch you as you pick wild flowers."

If Jules had had courage to look into Edla's face, he would have seen that radiant with pleasure; but he was too timid and confused to do so. He left her near her father's door, nearly transported out of his natural senses, at the very moment when he should have finished his triumph.

The following conversation between Kern Widmann and Edla, which occurred about that period, will show how matters stood in that quarter.

While the latter was plucking her favorite flowers, one day, the former suddenly stood beside her.

"Always gathering flowers," he said bluntly; "but let me tell you that you are the fairest flower of all."

Edla made no reply, because she was not pleased with the tone in which he had spoken.

"Yes, you are a fair flower, and happy will be the man who shall twine you into his own wreath of domestic joys. Edla Ludwig, I will be plain, for upon this errand I have come; I want you to become my wife, and why should I mince words about it. I have gold, and I can make you happy. Our parents have already consented, and it only remains for you to give your consent."

"And that I cannot give."

Kern recoiled and bit his lips nervously.

"Why not?" he asked, recovering his native assurance and bluntness in a moment.

"I do not like you."

"If you wed me, I care not."

"Let this conversation end. I call Heaven to witness that I will never wed you."

The face of Kern grew from pale to red, and from red to pale. "Think well, Edla Ludwig. You are casting away a liberal fortune and a costly home."

"It requires no more thought. I entreat you to annoy me no more with the subject. I would sooner die than become your wife."

Kern's features were black with indignation when he left her.

Ludwig remonstrated with his child on the folly of refusing such a proposal; but he did not shake her constancy. He menaced, but menaces were equally vain. Finding he could not succeed in this manner, stratagem was resorted to—a thing most unpardonable in a parent.

After long deliberation on the subject, it was agreed between the two Widmanns and Ludwig, that Edla should be forcibly seized during one of her rambles, carried to a small chapel in the vicinity, and there be wedded to Kern.

To this wicked plot Ludwig assented, when his hopes of winning Edla to his wishes by other means had failed. Like many other misguided fathers, he supposed his daughter would soon be reconciled to her lot, forget and forgive the violence done her, and eventually become a loving and loyal wife.

Two persons in disguise were to be in wait at a certain spot; when the unsuspecting girl drew near, they would secure her, place her upon a horse that should be in readiness, and hasten to the chapel. After the ceremony, the father of the unwilling bride would reveal himself, and together with the senior Widmann exhort and entreat her to be reconciled to what had transpired.

In this manner they hoped to smooth over the transaction, and make it pass off quite agreeably.

"Where will be her protecting spirit during this time?" said Kern, with a mocking laugh.

"We shall outwit it," replied the senior Widmann, in the same triumphant tone. "We are too many for one protecting spirit. It would require many to thwart a plan so well laid."

While this plot was being matured, Edla was seated upon the bank of a small stream, in a green meadow. It was the hour of quietness, repose, and reflection—the hour when our best thoughts visit us.

As Edla reclined on the verdant turf, a fair woman suddenly stood beside her. No sound indicated her coming; no rustling of the grass told that a foot had pressed it.

We cannot well describe the female's form and appearance. She was clothed in purest white, and her mild, softly defined features were partially concealed by a veil. She raised a fairy hand over Edla's head, as if blessing her, while her lips wore a sweet and radiant smile; Edla smiled too.

A low, silvery voice, like the mellowest notes of a flute, proceeded from the woman's mouth.

"My child, let your spirit be calm within you. Fear not, for all shall be well. The freed spirit of a mother is near you; she is never forgetful of her earthly child. I have come to warn and save you, for behold danger is near!"

"Say on, blessed spirit," cried Edla, prostrating herself at the feet of the shadowy figure.

"Come not hither to-morrow night. Bad men have conspired to do you wrong—men who know not the joys of the inner life. They would bear you away, even as the lamb is led to its death. I will instruct you what you shall do. In a cottage not far from this, in a valley you know, weeps a maiden; she weeps because she has been deceived, and because Kern Widmann deceived her. There is no one to be father to her babe. The girl is good and fair, and though she has erred, she is not forgotten by her Father in heaven; for our Father is merciful. You must go to the maiden that weeps in the valley, and will not be comforted. Speak peaceful words to her, and tell her she has a Friend above, who is not forgotten of her. Bid her put on your clothes and come hither to-morrow night at this hour. Let her face be closely veiled. She will be mistaken for you. Men who will be lying in wait for you, will force her from the spot to the chapel on the hill yonder. Tell her she must submit passively to do their bidding, and she shall be the wedded wife of Kern Widmann,

the man who has done her wrong; then will a portion of her disgrace be wiped away. If the heart of her betrayer relents at the sight of her sufferings, and the contemplation of her faded loveliness, then she can dwell with him in peace; otherwise she will bear only his name, and see him no more. Thus will Heaven do justice to all."

"Blessed shade, I shall obey you," answered the maid of Lowenstein, while a delicious calmness pervaded her soul.

"Listen once more. Jules Schobert will assist you. Weep not; all shall be ordered for the best. I say unto you, as the Mediator said unto his *chosen*, 'Lo! I am with you.'"

Edla raised her head to gaze at the loving face once more, but it was no longer there. She arose and directed her steps towards the cottage which her protecting spirit had designated. She knew the spot well, and had often seen the maiden who dwelt there.

She had gone but a short distance when she met the very person she was thinking of—Jules Schobert. She was very glad, for it now was getting quite dark.

Will you walk with me, Jules? I am going to the cottage in the valley."

"To the end of the world," said Jules.

On the way, she revealed to him what she knew of the plot already spoken of, concealing only the source of her knowledge.

He entered earnestly into the plans of Edla, and by the time they reached the cottage, all was arranged. Jules did not enter the dwelling, but waited without, while a long and earnest conversation passed between the maid of Lowenstein and the daughter of Fritz, the peasant, whose dreams that night were more hopeful than they had been for many months.

The following evening Kern and another person were at the place agreed upon, the former exulting in the ingenuity of their scheme, not doubting of its success. He pictured to himself the disappointment of Jules Schobert, when he should hear of his marriage with Edla Ludwig. And this was not all; he drew, also, pleasing pictures of his own felicity in the possession of such a treasure.

Thought and fancies like these filled his mind while he watched for the appearance of his adored. His breath heaved with emotion when he beheld her slowly approaching.

"Little does she imagine that she will so soon be the lawfully wedded wife of Kern Widmann—the despised and the rejected," he said to himself. "The hour of my triumph has come."

Edla was now near enough for his purpose. With but little difficulty she was secured, placed upon a horse, and conveyed to the chapel. They heard sighs and sobs, it is true, but they heeded them not, and by dint of persuasion and threats, she was made the wife of Kern Widmann. During the whole time of the ceremony she did not once remove her veil, and uttered no sounds save those we have named. The moment the rites were ended, Ludwig stepped from his place of concealment, and spoke as follows:

"Edla, my child, forgive the summary violence of to-night, for know that I gave my free consent and approval to the same. Yes, I knew what would be best for your happiness, and I have not shrunk from my duty, painful though it may have been. By the work of this night will a competence be secured to you for life. Better be the lady of the rich Kern Widmann, than the slave of a poor man like Jules Schobert."

Before there was time for reply, footsteps were heard advancing up the aisle. Three persons appeared, and he who walked first carried a child in his arms; it was the peasant Fritz. Next to Fritz came Jules Schobert, and a female closely veiled.

"We have been witnesses to this interesting ceremony," said Fritz, calmly, "and now we know that Heaven is just. Kern Widmann, behold your child. I have brought it to you that it may henceforth claim the protection of a father."

"'Tis false!" cried Kern, confused and abashed.

"I confide the helpless creature to its too credulous mother, to whom justice has this night been done."

With these words Fritz lifted the bride's veil. A cry of astonishment escaped the lips of Kern Widmann and Ludwig, for they

saw not the face of Edla, but the careworn, though still handsome features of Matilda.

"What means this?" exclaimed the senior Widmann, darting angry glances at Fritz.

"It means that God takes the wise in their own craftiness, and that the deepest laid scheme of villany will sometimes fail. This is my daughter, most foully betrayed by your most profligate son. That tender innocent in her arms tells the story of her wrongs."

For a moment there was the most profound silence, save the suppressed weeping of Matilda.

Amid this silence Edla Ludwig came forward and confronted her father and the Widmanns, but it was to her father that she spoke.

"My father, you have done wrong," she said, in a solemn voice; "you have lent yourself to evil without remorse; but God has overruled that evil for good. This young woman is now the lawful wife of Kern Widmann, and thus it should be."

Ludwig sank into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and it was observed he trembled violently.

"Fear not," continued Edla, what you have seen will not harm you. You repent—and now, see! it smiles!"

What Ludwig might have seen we know not, but we know that he grew deadly pale, and for a time was speechless.

Meantime the sweet face of the babe had melted the obduracy of Kern; and taking it in his arms he wept over it. This was too much for the nerves of the senior Widmann; after struggling a moment with his pride, he looked at the innocent face of the babe, and confessed himself conquered by the soft appeals of its eyes.

"Come hither, Jules Schobert," said Ludwig, when he was calm enough to speak. "Give me your hand, and Edla, give me yours. God has joined your hearts, and now I join your hands. Priest, do your work. Let this act be sanctioned by the rites of the holy church."

Short is the space that makes two hearts one; Jules and Edla were wedded. Happy Jules! happy Edla!

"Look once more," whispered Edla. "See how radiantly she smiles; 'tis my protecting spirit."

Ludwig fell on his knees and prayed fervently, and the rest followed his example.

From that happy night the father of Edla was a better man. The impression made upon the Widmanns was also salutary, and the sorrows of Matilda were turned to joy.

Jules and Edla prospered, for their *protecting spirit* was ever near them, whispering its friendly monition in their ears.

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