

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

VOL. II.

SPRINGFIELD, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1851.

NO. 2.

The Principles of Nature.

TRUTHS,—APPARENT AND REAL.

BY W. S. COURTNEY.

WE hear it said that "truth is immortal and changes not, and that error is mortal and cannot live," which, no doubt, in one sense, is an axiom well founded and true; but, as ordinarily understood, I conceive it to be highly questionable. Doubtless, it is true of what is denominated the *exact sciences*, or those sciences which are founded upon *quantity and number*—such, for instance, as arithmetic, geometry, mensuration, and the mathematical sciences. Twice two are four. The two angles of a triangle are equal to one right angle, and the sum of the squares of the base and perpendicular is equal to the square of the hypothenuse, which are truths to all eternity. But, in the moral sciences, or those sciences which depend upon experience, induction and ratiocination, truths are only *apparent*, and eternally progress with the state of love and intelligence of the percipient and rational agent. Permanency, quiescency, and fixedness, are no part of their nature. Under the law of progression they are ever changing with the ever changing universe, from lower truths to higher, as human spirits develop, and are more and more fitted to perceive, understand and *love* them. There is no such thing as quiescency, or a state of absolute rest, in all the universe of God. No inertia, but only life and activity. Quiescency, vacuum, nothing, &c., &c., are absurd and ridiculous notions, and the truth is when we come to look narrowly at them, we have no such ideas. They imply an *absolute* conception which we have not got, nor, in fact, cannot have.

The doctrine of correspondence, or the *representative appearances* of all things, is said to be the science of sciences; the true key and interpreter of all material and spiritual nature, by the aid of which we are enabled to know more and understand better this admirable economy of things, so symmetrically adjusted by its Divine Original. We will discourse a little on this subject. None but God sees things as they *truly* are in their inmosts, because He is properly in the inmosts of all things, and, of course, sees them in all their degrees of development or existence, as they *really* are. To His perception they are not *represented* or *appear* to be such and such, and so and so, accordingly as He views them this way or that way, or in this state or that state, but seeing them in the inmost, and from the inmost, sees and knows them as they *essentially, absolutely and truly* are in themselves. But the perceptive understanding, or spiritual vision of man, never passes beyond, or deeper than, the *representative* or *apparent*. To him all things *appear*, or are represented according to his state of life and intelligence, or according to his degree of development; and this is not only so in this material or rudimental sphere, but strikingly so in the spiritual spheres, where those representatives or appearances relate to, and more directly depend upon, the specific quality of the recipient spirit. There every thing that *can* be seen or felt by him is in exact correspondence with his affections, and his degree of intelligence from those affections. Hence all things from the lowest to the highest throughout the material, spiritual and celestial spheres, are to him but appearances, representatives, or images and likenesses, each in its degree of the Divine Inmost of all things.

Nothing does or can exist in any of the material or spiritual

spheres of being, without a *use* and *mode* of its existence—without a *purpose* of its being, and a *manner* of its being; and the use and purpose of the existence of all things, both good and evil, is ultimately good and true. The *use* of a thing is the *good* of its existence, and is called an *image* of the Divine Love; and the *mode* of its existence its *truth*, and is called a *likeness* of the Divine Wisdom; therefore, is each thing in its degree an "image and likeness" of the Divine Love and Wisdom. Man is pre-eminently so, his love imaging the Divine Love, and his intelligence being a likeness of the Divine Wisdom. Nature is the great narrator of Divinity, and to him who knows how to read its pages, every sentence, and word, and letter, is inspired—is instinct with an "internal sense"—a spiritual and celestial meaning, which meaning speaks of a Human and Personal God, His harmonious universe, and the felicitous immortality of all His creatures.

But, to the subject. In this sphere we see things according to appearance, and that appearance depends, as has been said, upon the state of love and intelligence. We will first consider appearances in the sensational world, and here we find all things illusive or only apparent. Philosophers have called those illusive appearances the "fallacy of sense," and have fully and clearly shown how, by reason and experience, we learn to, or do, instinctively correct them; but have never satisfactorily explained the reason or *use* of those "fallacies of sense" which, to the spiritually minded investigator, is seen as part of the spiritual arrangement of God's most glorious economy of the universe! It as an illusion or mere appearance that we see distance—we see only the colors, outlines, lights, and shadows of things, and were we to open our eyes for the first time all things would appear equally near to them, and, like the infant, we should stretch out our hands to grasp the moon or stars; and this appearance is, without experience and reason, complete and perfect. But by observation, experience and reason, we learn to correct this appearance by the still higher one of perceiving distances and spaces, which in their turn, are only appearances or representatives of the state of the spirit in the spiritual spheres; one spirit being distant from another spirit, just in the degree their several qualities or states differ. In like manner is it with the sense of sound. Were our ears opened, for the first time, all sounds would be perceived as equally near them, differing only in degree of loudness, &c., and would be heard close at them, if not in our head. But experience and reason teach us to locate sound, and we do so every day and hour as we measure distance every day, hour and minute with the eye. So with our sense of smell; we learn only, by experience and reason, to refer the fragrance of the rose to its proper object, &c. And so of our other senses. Thus, in the sensational kingdom, all is illusion or appearance. The sun appears to be but a little distance up in the heavens, and to rise in the east, and go down beyond the hills or sink in the ocean of the west; the stars to be only sparks of fire; the street to form an angle, and close up at the further end; a straight river to flow and form a circle round you, &c., &c., &c. Moreover, if we alter the power or quality of our sensational perceptions, we change the appearance of all material nature. Witness the microscope or telescope, the ear-trumpet, &c. Thus all things appear to us according to the state of our senses, the law of things here in this kingdom being to *appear* to our senses according to their states, as it is the law of things in the moral and spiritual kingdoms to appear to us according to our *receptive capacities*, or the state of our moral and spiritual organisms. Not that the things and objects of the

material world do not *really* and *substantially* exist, but that the *manner* and *use* of their existence only appear to us, this way or that way, and for this purpose or that, according to our state, sensational, intelligent and affectional. To us God works by illusions, appearances or representatives; it is only an appearance that the candle burns *of itself*; it is only an appearance that the light of the diamond is *its own*; it is only an appearance that the tree grows *of itself*; it is only an appearance that the beauty of the flower is *its own*; it is only an appearance that the eye sees of itself—that the stomach digests of itself &c., &c.—Moreover, it is only an appearance that I exist *of myself*; that I love and hate, that I think, reflect and *will* of myself. Swedenborg calls those “*real appearances*” by which is meant, not that I do not exist, will, love, hate, think and reflect, but that the appearance consists in my doing so, *of and from myself*; not that the sun does not shine, the tree grow, and eye see, the stomach digest, &c., but that they appear to do so *of themselves*.

In the scientific world, the same great law of appearances, or apparent truths, prevail; sciences perfecting and advancing as the perceiving, knowing, and investigating agent progresses.—To illustrate my meaning more clearly, let me instance in a single science, astronomy:—In the early ages of the world its rude astronomers believed that the earth was flat, that the sky was concave as it appears, and that the suns, (every day having a new sun,) were no larger than their heads! To them these were *apparent truths*, and from their learning and experience and observation, or their state of development, they were the highest truths they were *receptive* of. They believed them as complacently and implicitly, as we now believe Herschel's system of astronomy, and to them they were true. In succeeding ages, when more extended observation and experience had further developed the human mind, the astronomers got above this appearance, and believed that the earth was rotund and stationary, and that the sun revolved in an orbit around it; which, in its turn, was the highest truth they were capable of, and was consequently true to them; and, indeed, what greater appearances in nature are there than these? But when the human mind was still further developed, the astronomers of still succeeding times demonstrated that the sun was stationary, and that it was the earth that revolved around it, &c., which was an apparent truth of still higher order, and was true to Newton and the astronomers of his time—an apparent truth which addressed itself to their respective capacities. But lastly, the advanced astronomers of a period still later, have demonstrated the still higher apparent truth, of not only the sun and the solar system, but the whole astral system being translated in space toward or around some still vaster centre! But is this latter discovery an *absolute* truth? Rather, is it not an apparent truth of a still more exalted nature? Now, what is this true of astronomy, is also true of all other sciences, of all philosophy, theology, and religion; or of all the moral sciences, as contradistinguished to the exact sciences. Look at theology! Every man sees God according to his state of affection and thought; the malignant and roguish man sees Him as an angry and vindictive God; the oppressor and persecutor sees and fears Him as a tyrant; the jealous and envious man, as a jealous and envious God; the proud and vain man, as a proud God, flattered with praise, adulation and servility; the benevolent and kind man, as a good and merciful God; and the man of universal love, as a God of universal love, peace and harmony. And has not our ideas of the Divinity perfected, as we have perfected, steadily and unflinchingly through all past ages?—still *appearing* to our spiritual perceptions, more a Man perfect and glorious—more good and wise, as we become regenerated, purified and exalted? And look at the social sciences! Do they not perfect as our confraternal and social natures develop?—constantly carrying us forward to *higher* truths, and more perfect systems of social order? The man sees things in a very different light from that in which the child sees them, and things appear to the philosopher in a vastly different way from what they appear to the rude and illiterate countryman. To the child the sun only appears a ball of fire, and the stars sparks, while the astronomer looks upon them as other planets and systems. To the refined taste of the connois-

seur, the statue of the “Greek slave,” is a model of symmetry, perfection and beauty, while to the Cherokee or Choctaw, whose sublimest conceptions of human perfection centres in “Me big Ingen,” it is contemptible, deformed, and homely. They see or receive truth in different degrees, according to their development. The *theology* of the ignorant savage hears the terrific voice of the Great Spirit in the thunder's roll, and sees his blazing wrath in the lightning's flash, while to the philosopher of Nature, these phenomena have only an ordinary *scientific* value; and does not the lover read the poetry of affection, with an ardor, a glow, and a thrill to which the metaphysical ratiocinator, whose cold eye peruses the same couplet, is an entire stranger? And is not he whose ear is turned to the “concord of sweet sounds,” enraptured and beautified by the same strains, which, to an inharmonious ear and soul, are discord and jargon? Here, in this sphere, we all see things differently, according to our states. They appear to us just as our affections and thoughts *make* them appear to us; and that appearance is exalted, sublimated, and perfected, just as we advance in intelligence and love. Nothing can enter into our perceptions and understanding, beyond our *ability to receive*; but all must relate to, and be determined by, our receptive capacities; as they augment and amplify, we are able to look beyond our former stand point, to new and higher appearances. We are ever hastening on, still developing and perfecting our capacities for *receiving* and *understanding*, for *loving* and *doing* still higher and higher apparent truths, universe without end! All things thus appear to us just as we are fitted for, and capable of seeing and understanding them; and abolish these apparent truths, in which created intelligences always have been, and always will be, and you not only abolish eternal progression, but, to man, you abolish the symbolical or representative universe. Man being, himself, only an image and likeness of the Absolute, can perceive and apprehend only apparent truths. In the endless history of his existence, he is never out of, or beyond, appearances, according to his state. They are a necessary condition of his being, and all the universe to him. The “*real reality*” alone is the Inmost, which is God; and even of Him we have no absolute conception. Finite intelligences are ever in apparent truths; and the “all of things” is thus a universe of types and shadows, (to us real and substantial,) symbolizing the Deity as a universal universe of images and likenesses of God!

In the spheres beyond external nature, these appearances or representatives, according to the state of the spirit, take on a seven-fold more representative character, all things there being arranged in correspondence with the qualities of the angels. Here things, being material outbirths of spiritual principles, have a certain fixedness of character and permanency of existence, although when seen by us, they are modified, enlarged, contracted, adapted, or accommodated to the capacity and quality of our sensational perceptions, and studied and understood according to our degree of science and philosophy—while, in the spiritual spheres, the things seen and felt are, and cannot but be, in *exact* correspondence with the intelligence and love of the angels. Let me illustrate this by an example. Time as well as space, paradoxical as it may seem, are appearances, and actually and truly, or inmost, there are *no* such things. Time represents states of life; and space, the changes, or the difference between those states. In the spiritual world, time is wholly an appearance, according to the state; and space wholly an appearance, according to the changes of, or difference between, those states. We see that time even here, is long or short, according to our states. With the lover awaiting the nuptial hour, minutes *appear* to be hours, and hours days; while with the convict about to be executed, days *appear* to be hours, and hours minutes. To the profligate heir, the grey-headed ancestor appears to lengthen out his years far beyond the ordinary time; whereas, were he now enjoying an estate dependent upon the ancestor's life, he would appear to die prematurely, &c. Thus the *state* of the spirit determines time, which is but an appearance *from* it. In the spiritual world, time appears thus long or short in precise correspondence with the states of the spirits, and there is no other admeasurement of it; but in the material

world, the fixedness and periodicity of things, serve as criteria of admeasurement, and we are accustomed to refer to this *external* standard of time, instead of the internal one of state, from whence the appearance of time comes. In like manner with all things. The whole spiritual kingdoms are constituted of, governed, and controlled by those representative appearances.—*Spirit World*.

ASSOCIATION OF IDEAS.

AN EXTRACT FROM LETTERS BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.

The great fact of the Association of Ideas may be said, in the first place, to be founded on the arrangement of the organs of the brain, in harmony with the relations of the faculties. Thus the great fact and principle of the association of our ideas and feelings may be read upon the plan and associated arrangements of the parts of the brain which I have explained. We observe how the senses are associated, and how one fact is conveyed by different channels to the same organ, giving the same idea.—The touch, for instance, gives form; and so does the eye; and so, in a measure, does the ear. The senses help and correct each other; while, at the same time, each has its particular province. The perceptive faculties are associated together, first in recognizing an object: then its form, space, position, color, weight; and then we consider its properties; its use, its origin, its likeness or unlikeness to other things; its beauty, its construction, &c.; and then we give it a name. In all this there is a natural growth or evolution of one perception or idea from and with another. One relation suggests or evolves another; just as from the top of one hill we view the next, or several others; and the whole of these ideas, as relating to one object, group, or class, may be said to form one idea, or one conception of such; almost as much so as a number of sheep are associated together in the idea of a flock.

The brain is one great organ, or congeries of organs, evolved together in certain relations, and with certain capacities. It is a world within itself, and yet relating to, and depending on, all that is without. The mind evolved from the material of the brain is an impress of Nature, and corresponds with the nature and principles of the world without, rising from the mere outward perception of things to the workings of principles and laws. The mind depends on the condition of the brain; the brain on the condition of the rest of the body; food, stomach, digestion, air, exercise, &c.; and again, on all the external circumstances with which it is impressed. Of all these the mind is an exact result; as much so as any music is the result of the nature of the instrument and the powers of the musician. The mind, set in action, passes into its natural and acquired harmonies or sympathies, just as the *Æolian* harp does. The laws are as determined in the one case as in the other, and the results present an exact correspondence; for it is the same Nature, acting in different spheres or forms. You have the bird's mind in its song; and you have the man's mind in his songs. Were it not so, there would be an end of music and the opera. The faculties of the mind play among themselves, and exhibit the peculiarities of the instrument, and whether it be in tune or not, and what strings have been tightened or loosened. The language of music, when it is a true utterance, is the most perfect development of all the languages. Would that the mind was always in tune, and all was sweetest melody and radiant harmony! But alas! for the discord of passions, and the discord of untruth, and the scraping on the instrument in self considerations,—and the sounding brass and tinkling cymbal in our pride and vanities! We talk of free will. From the instrument not recognizing its own harmonies, transitions and motions, we feel that we can will, but not what determines the can and the will. We do not see that the mind is a true republic, or that the Will, the President, the Executive Power, is chosen by the people: that the Will which determines is itself determined. Will is the echo and act of the majority and strongest power: as clearly so as the weathercock points to the wind,

and the ship follows the impress of the rudder and the sails, and is carried along by wind and tide. If it could think, it would imagine that it slid away by its own impulse or will, or undetermined force. The world would think itself free in its motion round the sun, until it discovered the laws of its motion, which determines its course to be precisely what it is,—a speck of dust whirling about and about, and filling its little place in the harmony of the universe. Free will! the very idea is enough to make a Democritus fall on his back and roar with laughter, and a more serious thinker almost despair of bringing men to reason,—to experience the advantages of knowledge, and the calming influence of a recognition of universal law and necessity.

It is the varying associations of ideas and feelings which constitute mind, and by which mind is in itself displayed and controlled. In the similitude of things, truth is associated with light, ignorance with darkness, brightness with gaiety, the quivering on a stop of music with the sparkling of light upon the water, gloom with grief. Beauty in a landscape may recall any other form of beauty,—as that of woman, or of man: and such similes and correspondences in our associations become elements of art and poetry. Every simple color or tone or form has its influence and correspondence and associations in the mind, as the instrument of instruments, the mirror and principle of the whole. Thus music, like all external nature, acts upon the mind, and finds its correspondence: and were the brain fully developed and exercised, the correspondence and response would be full and complete. There is music of war; "spirit-stirring drum, and the ear-piercing fife," and martial strains. We have love music, and sacred music, and songs of humor and conviviality. And a mind in such full harmony and tune as Shakspeare's, would appreciate every characteristic by a responding influence on his brain. Thus the character of music has a conformity with the dispositions and nature of the mind; and will soothe or dispose the mind in particular ways, in accordance with this correspondence. Nevertheless, if the mind be prepossessed by any passion or habit, whatever stirs the spirit may only help to fan the flame of such disposition; and the spirit-stirring music which would impel to war, may also incite ambition, or love, &c., according to the condition of the mind impressed. Different sounds may become associated with particular ideas or feelings; and some may not recognize the distinctions between the expression of music and the mere sense of sound or harmonies. Nevertheless there is a true correspondence between the forms of music and the forms of mind; but the mind must be capable and free to distinguish and receive true impressions, or it will be at fault: just as a prejudiced mind finds in evidence and argument only confirmation of its errors, and reason for that which it desires.

The first principle of Association is from the harmony and dependence of the faculties among themselves, and their relations to external nature: and these relations are fundamental, or more or less acquired through habit and circumstance. The mind becomes crippled and warped and prejudiced and diseased, after a fashion of mis-education and error, and is no longer sane. Whatever has come together, and been presented, and appeared in company, becomes associated as one together: to the Christian, the Bible and religion; to the Mohammedan, the Alcoran and religion. Some have associated fear with a mouse. Others I know go into fits at the sight of a spider. Others shudder at the sight of a pack of cards on a Sunday. We associate evil with a bad man, and make it a person and black, and call it the devil. The African, on the other hand, associates evil with a pale aspect, and makes it a person and white, and calls it the devil. We associate motion with wings, and so paint those feathered appendages on those impersonated virtues we call angels, whom we surround with light and halos, and give them light golden hair and blue eyes. The heathen gods and goddesses were impersonations of qualities, an association of qualities with ideal forms, personifying or representing the abstract ideas. In visions, when people fancy they see spirits or ghosts, impressions unconsciously evolve embodyings, projected on the vision. Such is our tendency to associate every thing with persons or objects, according to our familiar conception.—*Investigator*.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

Duties of the Present.

We present the communication which follows, with the simple remark that it was dictated by a spirit out of the form, being spelt out by card through the medium of a lady in Philadelphia:—

This is to be a glorious era; a bright day is dawning. Now is the time for men to rise and work for the good of mankind—their labors will be abundantly blessed. The inhabitants of the earth are fast arriving at that stage of advancement where we can be of great assistance to them, and can help them to progress in all the high duties given to man to perform. In a few years these communications will be generally believed, and then will man progress much more rapidly than he has ever done before. He will learn his high destiny, and will strive to become worthy of it. He will learn that he was not placed on the earth merely to take care of his earthly form, but also to develop his spiritual nature and progress in a knowledge of the truth. He will learn that there are different circles in the sphere to which he will ascend when he takes his departure from earth, and he will know that to enter a high circle, he must develop his interior powers while there. If he does not thus develop himself, he will find on entering the Spirit-world, that he has miserably mispent his time, and will then be made to enter a low circle, there to perform the work that should have been done in the body. All are much happier in the spiritual state than they were on earth, and none wish to return. But the conditions of some might have been greatly improved had they attended to their more important duties while in the form;—they will now need to be developed before they enter the higher circles. All are in a state of progression in the Spirit-world, none remain where they enter. All will progress and enjoy as much happiness constantly as they are capable of receiving. When people begin to believe this great truth, then will progression on the earth be much more rapid than it can be now. For the errors of the popular religion will then be abandoned, and the mind of man will be free to receive and value truth for its own intrinsic worth, and not merely to escape the wrath of Deity.

If religious teachers would exhibit the goodness of God instead of clothing Him with attributes which He can never possess, then they would perform a vast amount of good to mankind. The Divine Being can never possess anger, and man cannot conceive of the love that He bears to all his children. Men need not fear to unfold the goodness of God; they should not imagine that if the wicked are assured of the divine love, they will only sink deeper, and will make no effort to raise themselves above their present condition, for this is the only way in which they can be truly rescued from their present misery. Man can never be thoroughly reformed till Deity is divested of his artificial attributes; for so long as He is held up to view, clothed in a false character, we can never see Him in any true light, and consequently cannot appreciate his nature in scarcely the smallest degree. Men will never accomplish any good by teaching error, but they do an injury to the race whenever they teach what is not true; therefore their first object should be to follow truth wherever it leads, and to search after it untiringly, deeming no exertion too great to acquire this most valuable of all things. It is the duty of every one to investigate these spiritual manifestations, and be free from their former prejudices. Let all take this suggestion to themselves—it is their duty, and should be performed without hesitation. He that believes is blessed indeed, and none that truly believe would resign their faith for any blessing hitherto enjoyed by man.

Words of Comfort.

BR. AMBLER—I am a constant reader of the Spirit Messenger, and derive much instruction and comfort from its perusal. Recently I have visited Meredith Bridge, N. H., and there found a most excellent medium. Seven years ago my little boy, Henry C. Wright, left the body which his spirit had inhab-

ited two months. At Meredith, a spirit purporting to be his, came to me and imparted the following words of comfort:

"Beautiful is the heavenly sphere in which I move. Our circles are graced with virtue, love and truth."

"Father, divine is the love that will reward you."

"Dear Father, I am with you, to comfort and soothe your weary mind."

From Nathaniel P. Rogers I have these words:—"Friend, continue on in the work of reform, I am with you."

From his aunt, Lucinda Prince, Rev. John Prince, the Universalist minister of Meredith, had the following:—

"Far from thy sight I am hid away,

But still I am with you every day."

These messages, dear Brother, are to my soul a source of inexpressible comfort. As I go from town to town, and from state to state, laboring for the destitute prisoner, they comfort, soothe and strengthen me; and I was this morning impressed to put them on paper, and send them to you, not doubting that they may comfort others, even as they have comforted me.

JOHN M. SPEAR.

24 Central Court, Boston, July 25, 1851.

Impressions by a Spirit.

The annexed communication was received through interior influx by a lady residing in Philadelphia. It is its own interpreter:—

How beautiful is truth! Every where does it shed its divine light, illuminating all things with radiance; lighting the glorious works of our Father, revealing their beauties to our admiring gaze, and teaching us that all was planned by infinite Goodness and Wisdom. If all eyes could but see Nature beaming in the light of Truth, then would there exist love and peace upon the earth; then would man learn of the beauties around him to love peace and harmony, and to draw nigh unto the Fount of so much love and wisdom. Where can we find such a perfect adaptation of parts as exist in Nature,—where so much harmony?

All things embrace each other with delight; the dew drop is carried into the embrace of the ocean, or is eagerly received by the thirsty earth and drooping plant; the air drinks in the fragrance of the smiling flowers and wafts it onward to bless the dreary waste; all living creatures are nourished by the earth, and in their turn contribute to make it beautiful and fill it with congenial influences.

Thus we shall find that all things in Nature exist in harmony; all are necessary to create beauty; omit a single part, and the harmony of the whole is destroyed—for one portion enhances the splendor of another. So should man learn to cultivate his faculties; each one should shed lustre on all the rest, and the whole combined should glow with a radiance unrivaled by aught on earth. Man is the noblest work of the Creator; why then does he not display the wonders of his mechanism? The birds of the air carol forth their notes of joy, and all Nature teems with delight, while it rolls on in its undeviating, harmonious course—man only, by allowing some of his noblest powers to remain dormant, mars the beauty of the scene. While he allows some of his faculties to be perverted, he cannot see Nature as she is, but beholds her through that false medium which too often causes her to appear dark and gloomy, while in reality she is all brilliant and enlivening. When he sees rightly he will no more live as he now does, but will seek to harmonize with the beauties surrounding him. He will be drawn up into communion with the good and the true, instead of exhausting all his energies in acquiring a few heaps of glittering dust that will soon vanish from his grasp. His thirsty soul will be revived by the life-giving streams that flow continually from the great Fountain of Purity. His high aspirations will be gratified by the knowledge obtained through his elevated communion.—Strive, then, to see the light of Truth that you may be guided by it in the path of Love and Wisdom.

Psychological Department.

New Psychological Phenomena.

There has been considerable stir in town, of late, relative to what are called "*The Tippings*." The hands of "the medium" are placed on a stand, and after an interval, the stand will tip in answer to questions, and will sometimes rock to and fro, and turn over upon the floor and rise again.

The slightest movements of the stand appear like nothing extraordinary, as any one, without any apparent effort, by laying on his hands, can easily accomplish as much; but the more eccentric movements, such as the rocking to and fro,—the turning over and raising up of the stand, &c., are points which invariably elicit attention and inquiry, and produce the conviction that there is an influence at work beyond mere muscular effort.

The somewhat peculiar features attending these new developments, have induced us to consider the subject quite thoroughly before making any allusion to it in our columns, and from our investigations, thus far, we are fully prepared to say, that, in these exhibitions there is a somewhat novel expression of the psychological element or power. We find, for instance, that persons who are *negative*, or, in other words, proper subjects of magnetic influence, are almost invariably media for the "tippings;" they are already quite numerous in town. In every case the *hands* of the medium appear to be in the magnetic state, almost as soon as placed upon the table; they become numb and heavy and in some cases cold, and pain is caused by an effort to remove them from the stand. There are, also, slight convulsions in the arms and a drowsy sensation throughout the system, and a sense of pressure, or interior force in the arms and hands, when a movement of the stand is about taking place.

Some who consider themselves to be media, assert that they have power to influence the stand by their will, and can make it rise to such letters or sentences as they may have upon their mind, but they also allow that the movement occurs without the slightest influence on their part, and we have seen the stand tip and move several times to *mental* questions from a person sitting by, when the medium knew nothing of what was requested, and in each case, the movement was precisely what the questioner had desired in token of answer to his query. Numerous other instances of the kind can also be specified, and it is also stated that some information has been given relative to certain events which were beyond the knowledge of those who were present, which, if it proves to be accurate, will go far to demonstrate that the tippings are induced by some superior intelligence outside of the human circles who are interested in witnessing them.

The "tippings" first made their appearance in this town, in the family of Mr. John Morey, where, we believe, they have been somewhat accompanied with the "rappings." This, however, is at present, peculiarly the case in the presence of Mrs. French Cheney, the lady whom we have frequently alluded to in our columns, and through whom, at our request, the "rappings" first manifested themselves in this place. She but places the tips of her fingers on the stand, and it will work itself into almost every imaginable posture, and the raps will be frequently heard much louder than when she is mesmerized. This is somewhat singular, as the raps could never be obtained through Mrs. C., except when she was in the magnetic sleep; but as soon as she became a medium for the "tippings," the raps began to accompany her when awake, with more distinctness than ever before.—*White Flag*.

The Haunted Palace.

A captain of the navy, who, from his triple capacity as a sailor, and Englishman, and a *heretic* [!], could not be accused of superstitious credulity, related, one day, to a friend of mine the following fact:—He arrived at Lisbon with his wife and servants, and was unable to procure a lodging, except in a palace, which was forsaken on account, as it was said, of being

haunted by ghosts. Our captain at first laughed, but so many details were given him that he came to the conclusion that it might possibly be a haunt for brigands or false coiners. He orders his servants to make up a bed for themselves alongside the doors of his room, leaves his candle burning, and lays a brace of pistols on his night table; then awaits, fully resolved to supply the place of the Portuguese executioner. All was sleep and silence in the city, when at midnight, the doors of his room appeared to open violently, and an impetuous wind forces its passage in, a noise of chains dragging along makes the floor groan. The captain, however, sees nothing, his doors had not been opened; he fires off his pistols, the light is put out, and all noise ceases; he jumps out of bed, gropes along all over the room, but can find nothing. He wakes up the servants, who have seen nothing, heard nothing—not even the report of the pistols. He explores the walls, the partitions; all attests that there is no vacant space. The next day he so stations himself that he may perceive the secret door, of the existence of which he has not a doubt, but no issue is disclosed, and the noise is absolutely the same, and the sleep of the domestics as sound. The third day, same phenomenon, and the cool Englishman would, nevertheless, have obstinately continued in his abode amid spirits, had his wife consented to so doing; but, pretending that she should be frightened to death, they quitted the haunted palace.—*Celestial Telegraph*.

A Test of Clairvoyance.

At the house of Dr. Schmitz, rector of the High School here, I saw a little boy of about nine years of age put into the magnetic sleep by a young man of seventeen. As the boy was said to be a clairvoyant, I requested him, through his magnetizer, whom alone he heard, to visit mentally my house, which was nearly a mile off, and perfectly unknown to him. He said he would, and soon, when asked, began to describe the back room, in which he saw a sideboard with glasses, and on the sideboard a singular apparatus, which he described. In fact, this room, although I had not told him so, is used as a dining-room, and has a sideboard, on which stood at that moment glasses; and an apparatus for making soda-water, which I had brought from Germany, and which was then quite new in Edinburgh. I then requested him, after he had mentioned some other details, to look at the front room, in which he described two small portraits, most of the furniture, mirrors, ornamental glasses, and the position of the piano-forte, which is very unusual. Being asked whom he saw in the room, he replied, only a lady, whose dress he described, and a boy. This is ascertained to be correct at that time. As it was just possible that this might have been done by thought-reading, although I could detect no trace of any sympathy with me, I then requested Dr. Schmitz to go into another room, and there to do whatever he pleased, while we should try whether the boy could see what he did. Dr. S. took with him his son; when the sleeper was asked to look into the other room, he began to laugh, and said that Theodore (Dr. Schmitz's son) was a funny boy, and was gesticulating in a particular way with his arms, while Dr. Schmitz stood looking on. He then said that Theodore had left the room, and after a while that he had returned; then that Theodore was jumping about; and being asked about Dr. Schmitz, declined more than once to say, not liking to tell, as he said, but at last told us that he also was jumping about. Lastly, he said Dr. Schmitz was beating his son, not with a stick, although he saw a stick in his room, but with a roll of paper. All this did not occupy more than seven or eight minutes; and when Dr. Schmitz returned, I at once gave him the above account of his proceedings, which he, much astonished, declared to be correct in every particular. Here thought-reading was absolutely impossible; for neither I, nor any one present, had the least idea of what Dr. Schmitz was to do; nor indeed had Dr. Schmitz himself, till I suggested it, known that such an experiment was to be tried. I am, therefore, perfectly satisfied that the boy actually saw what was done; for to suppose that he had guessed it, appears to me a great deal more wonderful.—*Dr. Gregory*.

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 16, 1851.

THE QUESTION OF EVIL SPIRITS.

HARTFORD, August 11th, 1851.

BROTHER AMBLER:—I send you for the "Messenger," a letter which I received last month from friend Wright, in answer to some very interesting inquiries. Not to satisfy my own mind did I ask the questions here responded to; but from every pure and true source I would seek for light upon those subjects which so becloud and darken the minds of men, making day, night—a night wherein they dream of that which is not. "Men are but children of a larger growth"—and now, as when smaller, they love to listen to nursery tales of hideous monsters and ghosts which haunt the earth, and still they reproduce those stories in their dreams clothing them with a seeming reality; they let reason go to sleep with all these rude and undigested ideas inviting nightmares of the soul,—they are disquieted, an incubus weighs upon the breast, and the spirit must struggle and suffer till it awakes. But when these "children of a larger growth" shall have attained unto "the fullness of the stature of the perfect man," they will no more sleep that sleep of disordered visions,

When lulled to slumber on some nurse's lap,
List'ning her strains of sad and wild mishap,
Of evils dire at which the spirit pales,
They magnify, in dreams, the beldam's tales.

The mind shall be aroused, and the lordly intellect awake; within the pure sanctuary of his soul, man will hold counsel with Nature and Reason; before that tribunal all things shall be tested, and no witness shall be credited, even though he *profess* to come from a higher world, if his testimony conflicts with Nature's truths and Reason's judgments. The child has left the nursery. The king rules in his own dominion. The spirit has taken possession of its throne within the temple,—it sleeps not, it dreams not,—it is ever awake, even when it reposes, to govern, and guide, and direct its subjects, its thoughts and aspirations, up to God;—he will not permit their onward course to be stayed by a voice here, or a sound there; he reins them upward and they must obey.

The questions answered in brother C. C. W.'s letter were addressed by me to him, because I felt grieved at seeing how many minds were being misled by communications purporting to come from the Spirit-world—that world of light and life which mythology and theology have so misrepresented, which is even now being so slandered daily by pretended new revelations;—when I saw the minds of men, (men, terming themselves philosophers, and even harmonical philosophers) becoming imbued with falsities originating either in a misapprehended mode of communion with spirits from another sphere, or in the mischievous and unrighteous daring of some spirit of earth, I felt sorry for such confusion, such shadowing of the truth. Nature and Reason told me that man veiled the light—the teachings of my beloved companion made these things clear to my vision, but we love also the testimony of others, when we know that they stand upon a plain where light is. I knew that friend Wright had reached a sphere of thought where he could commune with some advanced minds of the Spirit-world, and I asked him to refer my questions to them; he did so, and they graciously answered. I send the response for your paper, that it may speak to others as it did to me. I love these communications from minds progressed in goodness and wisdom. I love the "voices from the Spirit-land!" But let us not be deceived—where there is a Christ, there are false Christs. Let us be "wise as serpents" to detect fraud, "harmless as doves" in our endeavors to prevent it. Let us not countenance imposition, lest we become

partners in the aggression. Let us be good and true, and we shall not want for pure spiritual influence to guide us.

C. D'W. D.

REPLY.

New York, July 21st, 1851.

DEAR SISTER:—In our last interview, you desired me to give you my opinion (*interiorly investigated*) "of evil spirits, and if such remained for an indefinite period on earth." I perceive the opinion is intended for other minds, and it will be proper to preface those investigations with some explanations, to be better understood. The idea of evil spirits is entirely falacious, arising from the unprogressed and misdirected minds of many persons. Man externally is intimately connected with all things, and bears a close relationship to all around him in the material world. In fact, man is the ultimate form of universal nature—the highest and most perfect, and endowed with an individualized soul or spirit that connects him as intimately with the celestial world, as his outer form is connected with material creation;—hence you will perceive that man, externally, is the highest representative of material forms, and, by a natural progression, the first or lowest type in the celestial world, or, in other words, the connecting form or link between the material and celestial or spiritual world. It follows, then, that man, being a part of nature, cannot be evil, unless you admit that nature and her laws, which have unfolded a universe, are evil also. Now the spirit (as it is called) is the most pure and perfect, and the link that connects us with divine Intelligence.

By misdirection, ignorance, and unfortunate circumstances, the spirit may be dwarfed and undeveloped, but the germ itself is pure, or it could not find a sympathy or resting-place in the celestial spheres; hence I find all spirits intrinsically pure, yet in those spheres there are different degrees of progression as there are on earth, with this difference—in the celestial habitations all have their appropriate conditions, which establishes a universal harmony among them;—therefore, I find none that are evil, but in the first circle, more especially those that are ignorant or unprogressed.

Bear in mind that the eternal law of all things is progression—that in the higher as in the lower spheres, there are degrees from the lowest to the highest, yet the lowest contains the germ of all which is above, to be developed in the order of succession.

Your next interrogatory is—"Do evil spirits remain on earth for an indefinite period?"

The answer to your first question answers this also; but I think a few remarks would be proper, as many minds look to traditions instead of examining the truths around them.

There is an adaptation and fitness in all of Nature's works—nothing is useless or vain, for the simple reason that effect follows cause;—thus every thing has its most appropriate place, and all the conditions are proper, in perfect unison with her own laws, and these laws progress in order and degrees upwards. Therefore man, from conception to birth in the outer world, finds all conditions ready for him, and so it will be in his birth to the inner or spiritual world, all conditions are prepared for him there as here; and be it distinctly understood that all things ascend to their conditions, both by a law of affinity and progression, and cannot exist out of their conditions. It would be absurd to suppose that man, after birth into the world, could exist in the fetal state, but it is just as unwise to suppose that at death, as it is called, the spirit would return to earth; for the reason that there are no conditions here suitable for his new existence, he must remain in those conditions prepared in the order of all things, and to which the soul gravitates with unerring deviation. These conditions are the appropriate spheres of progression in the order and beauty of the great revolving universe. Then it is perceived, by looking to nature around us, how unfounded is the idea that the spirit or soul of man should remain (contrary to all else in nature) where there are no conditions for it—in fact where it is not wanted, neither could exist in this new situation. From Nature let us learn wisdom, and know she has all things in

their proper place and a proper place for all things, and be assured that there are no wandering ghosts on earth, except such as are robed in the material form, and they are fast hastening to a higher sphere where the conditions of all are so well comprehended that nothing but harmony, beauty and undying love can exist:

c. c. w.

THE SECRET OF REFORM.

To induce a mortification or relinquishment of another's belief, "it is first necessary," says O. S. Wait in the Messenger of July 26th, "to render them discontented with the reasonableness and consistency of that belief." This principle of action is not so new to the general mass of mind, as it is undervalued and misappreciated. But in this first or rudimental sphere of man's existence, whatever he conceives will most conduce to his safety, his comfort or his interest, the promptings of *self-love* will cause him to assent to, desire and adopt; and it is impracticable to attempt to modify his opinions or actions, until you present him motives which he understands and believes to be superior to those which have actuated him hitherto, in his present career. You may tell the believer of the prevailing theology how simple, consistent and truthful are the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy; but until you demonstrate to him the existence of marked incongruities in his own faith, he will heed you with little consideration. But, appeal to his reason, and show him that the foundation upon which he rests his belief is contradictory and indefensible; making it appear that the supposed author of his system has predetermined the salvation only of such as shall be saved, (the "elect,") yet "he would that none should perish"—that he enjoins "love for our enemies," but is himself "angry with the wicked every day"—that the heaven he hopes to attain and rest in forever secure from the intrusion of sin and evil, is nevertheless but the *same place* in which, without the previous existence of impure and wicked associations, "holy angels could become tempted, and fall from, down to the deepest abodes of darkness and misery;" bring distinctly before his mind in the first place I say, such points of defect and imperfection as these, and then his reason becomes dissatisfied with what he had before blindly reposed confidence in as a perfect and reliable system, and his mind becomes receptive to the influx of whatever better faith you may now be able to present. Supposing that all to whom we might unfold the principles of our philosophy would patiently listen to its exposition, while they would doubtless perceive in it much, which, as abstract principles of religious sentiment, they would approve and admire, yet, so long as the mind is unconscious of defects in whatever it already entertains as an infallible system, it has no incentive to prompt it to the institution of any comparisons between the two, from which it can deduce any conclusion of their respective merits; therefore the advocate of the harmonial faith must take the initiative, and direct the attention of his listener *himself* to the many discrepancies with which the faith of the former abounds, then, on the "discontentment" which this is followed by, is it easy to create an incipient desire for some other scheme, which the mind now begins to hope may prove more reasonable and consistent than that which to it has before adhered.

The truth and correctness of this course of action in attempting the introduction of the new philosophy, was strikingly illustrated in a recent experience of mine with certain individuals in endeavoring to convince them by argument, of the genuineness of Mr. Davis' claim upon our confidence as a medium of spiritual revelation, during his abnormal or superior condition.—But no reasons which could be adduced would in the least assuage the deep and bitter prejudice which invested their minds towards any thing as being entitled to consideration or credence which came from this source. In vain I assured them that I myself once cherished the same hostility towards the writings of this author; and that it was only at the instance of a friend in whose judgment I reposed the greatest confidence, that I was at first persuaded to peruse them. But they still remained inflexible. I then inquired whether they

had an unshaken confidence in their own belief—whether they maintained that the Bible was perfect and harmonious in all its parts; to which they replied affirmatively. Then I called their attention to a few of the many contradictions with which it abounds, and from this it was soon evident that they were far from being satisfied with their own belief. The result was, that they subsequently listened with earnest attention to readings from various portions of the works of Davis, and acknowledged that they had never before a conception of what the new philosophy was, and that it was only prejudice which had prevented their investigation of it. "How different is the thought of death" said they, "in the light which the new system presents it, from what it is contemplated in that of the old." And many other similar expressions which they made, showed the happy effects which even a partial comprehension of this beautiful system produces upon the minds of those who listen to its teachings. But some of our brethren whom we have met, seem averse to making any efforts to disseminate the principles of our faith among those unacquainted with it. This we think results from the reflux influence of former unfavorable religious associations. The idea of "proselyting" now seems as useless and forbidding to them, as many of the doctrines and usages which they have now discarded. But we must not suffer the novelty and independence of our new situations to lead us to ultra or unreasonable conclusions with respect to what is our real duty in the premises; for it certainly will not be wisdom for us to assume a too thorough originality in our positions for the sake of evincing a marked contradistinction with church organizations.—We cannot feel either that our present disenfranchisement from old associations exempts us from a reasonable necessity for action; nor should we think, because the Harmonial Philosophy, from our having given it more or less thought and reflection, appears consistent and attractive to us, that it will consequently be viewed thus by others; and from its own inherent energies, push forward its own conquests and achievements. But there are at least two important reasons why we should endeavor, faithfully to present it to the world. First, we are persuaded it is founded on the immutable basis of truth—that we have derived from its influence a happier and holier exercise of our religious sentiments, more elevating and lofty aims and aspirations in the culture and development of our spiritual natures; and that we feel warranted in thinking that the same measure of good and enjoyment would occur to others were they to embrace it, which we ourselves have experienced. Secondly, we find too that, just in proportion as this philosophy is received and understood, it disabuses its possessor of all unfavorable impressions previously entertained of it; and, that as it is our duty to defend truth, we should strive to convince the world that our principles are as pure and elevating in their effects and tendencies, as the most scrupulous and ardent well-wisher of the race, of any religious sect or denomination, could desire. As the greatest inducement, then, to our being faithful to others in striving to bring them to the light of truth, let us ever remember the impressive language of our angelic brother, James Victor Wilson, who says; "Happiness and progression consist in receiving and imparting to others the results of our celestial investigations." Let us faithfully begin here, then, the work which duty enjoins, and which will constitute our enjoyment and employment throughout a future life of glory, and of unending duration.

v. c. t.

Poughkeepsie, Aug. 4, 1851.

☞ In past ages, when the gloom of ignorance and superstition enveloped the universal mind, the reformer was compelled to labor amid obstacles which might have caused the stoutest heart to tremble. Yet there were men in that time who stood boldly forth to battle for humanity, heedless alike of the bigot's frown and the persecutor's wrath. And shall not we who live in the light of an advanced age, surrounded by all the advantages of the present, labor with an increased zeal, and a more hopeful heart? While the past is left far behind us, let the light of our torches gleam on the pathway of the Future.

☞ Love and harmony are the sweets of angels.

THE GREAT HARMONIA, VOL. II.

"Long looked for, come at last."

Yes, a great many have been looking for it. They have been waiting for it in New England, in New York, in Ohio, and all over the further West. They have read and re-read the *First Volume*, and have been anxiously asking when the *Second* would make its appearance. They have been living in a new world, lately—they have embraced a new Theology—they have new views of God, of the Bible, of Nature, of Truth, of themselves, and of the other life,—they have been emancipated from the shackles of superstition, sectarianism, and religious bigotry, and brought into glorious liberty, and therefore, it is now their yearning to read *more*, to learn more and to be advanced still further in the knowledge of true wisdom. Accordingly, they are well prepared for what they have been so long expecting.

And it has come—the very thing they have wanted to see—THE GREAT HARMONIA, VOL. II., entitled—THE TEACHER. It has come, and that too, to prove itself *such* a teacher, as amply to compensate for the previous delay. Its contents are, My Early Experience; My Preacher and his Church; The True Reformer; Philosophy of Charity; Individual and Social Culture; The Mission of Woman; The True Marriage; Moral Freedom; Philosophy of Immortality; The Spirit's Destiny; Concerning the Deity. Not one of these chapters but is intensely interesting. It would be hard to say which is most so. And all taken together, they form a book, the like of which was perhaps never seen. Certainly it is far in advance of the first Volume, and, as a whole, is better calculated to impress the minds of men, and do good, than even the Revelations. *Some—much* that it contains, do I *know* to be true—*enough*, to pay for reading it, to make a man truly wise, and to bring him into the kingdom of heaven, which is harmony. It may well be a Bible to us all—not an infallible one, for we have none such but Nature—but yet a book to be read both day and night, to be studied, to be loved, and in its great leading inculcations, to be followed. The author does not pretend infallibility, on the contrary he expressly disclaims it, and calls upon his readers to think for themselves, and embrace or reject the doctrines he has advanced, as they shall find them to agree or disagree with Reason and Intuition. The *truth* of the doctrines is the great thing, and not the fact that they are promulgated by this, that, or the other man, nor that the author is good, bad, or indifferent, as it respects character and actions. The Harmonial Philosophy allows not of *sect* nor of *sect-makers*, nor of *leaders* of sects; and if any do not like the term *Harmonial Philosophy*, we have no controversy with them about it, they need not use it, we shall not find fault with them, they are at perfect liberty to choose for themselves, and select what terms they please—only let there evermore be *harmony* in our Brotherhood—let there be *love* between all. We will not "fall out by the way." Together will we labor and live, to bring the better day.

To the reader of the Spirit Messenger, it cannot be necessary to say anything to persuade to the reading of this book. Every one who is interested in the advancement of Spiritual Science, will of course feel that he cannot get along without a copy. It is a book to be read, and re-read, and studied, but most of all to be *lived*. It is a book of principles—but those principles are to be practiced. The divine harmony it inculcates is to be actually attained—the spirit of holy love which breathes from its pages, is to be positively possessed by the soul—and the exalted and ethereal purity which everywhere graces its sentiments, is to be transferred to the heart and life of us all. O, to be as good, and pure, and holy, and divine, as that blessed book requires!

I have noticed one thing with regard to the work—it says much, it *suggests* infinitely more. I never read a book which seemed so suggestive. There is almost no point within the whole compass of Theology, which cannot be absolutely *settled* by something which that volume suggests. It is to be read by *thinkers*, therefore. True, the *superficial* reader, will find the whole surface of the soil covered with gold, but yet the choicest gems are those that lie beneath. Brother, thou wast not made to delve in the ground, nor to work in the shop, nor to stand be-

hind the counter, nor to do ought *else* of this nature—all the time, but to *cultivate thy spirit*. Be not in haste, then, when this book shall fall into thy hands, but let it long employ thee. Re-sign thy soul to its influence, let its inspiration steal over thee like the spell of heaven's own minstrelsy, until thy heart shall be changed into love, thy life into harmony, and thy whole being into the likeness of the kind and infinite Father! J. T.

Letter from Abington.

ABINGTON, Mass., Aug. 5th, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—The light and joy that has beamed in upon my mind by one year's reading of the Spirit Messenger, has moved me to make some little effort to extend its circulation, that others may be cheered by the light of the same truths, and inspired by the same hopes. And as the result of a little exertion I have the pleasure of sending you the names of a few new subscribers for the Messenger, who I feel confident will eagerly read, inwardly digest, and duly appreciate its (to me) highly interesting contents.

In accordance with your invitation (in a late number of the Messenger) for a general correspondence from the friends of the Harmonial Philosophy, with reference to the progress of truth in their several regions of observation, I would say, that as far as my sphere of observation extends there is nothing marvelous to relate. Yet I may safely say that in Abington and the region round about, Spiritual Science has thus far attained a healthy and permanent growth; that the seeds sown here by the writings of A. J. Davis, (which have been quite extensively read here) the Univercœlum and the Spirit Messenger, have fallen upon good ground, and will in due time, it is hoped, bring forth an abundant harvest of appropriate fruits pertaining to man's peaceful and harmonious destiny.

Our celestial friends have manifested their presence, and have responded to us through several partially developed mediums, assuring us that their love for us, and interest in our spiritual welfare is undiminished. But nothing new or wonderful has thus far been elicited. One incident, however, I will relate for its intrinsic worth. The sister of one of the mediums, at one of the sittings, asked the spirits if any one system of teaching was preferable to another, and received an affirmative answer. She then asked, "What is it?" Ans. (spelled out) "You know."—Not feeling fully satisfied with this indefinite answer she asked, "Is it Catholicism? Is it Orthodoxy? Is it Methodism? Is it Unitarianism? Is it Universalism? Is it Swedenborgianism?" and so on until she had nearly exhausted her knowledge of the appellations by which the various sects (whose name is legion) into which Christendom is divided, are known,—but received no answer. She again asked, "*What is it*,"—will the spirit spell what it is?" Ans. "Yes." And by repeating the alphabet "NATURE" was spelled out as the system of teaching to be preferred above all others.

Yours truly,

N. H. COLSON.

A Broad Platform.

At a meeting recently held by the Springfield Harmonial Brotherhood, the following article was adopted as the ground of union:—

"Believing as we do in the reality of spiritual communion, and desiring to understand the sublime teachings of Nature, we the undersigned hereby resolve ourselves into an association to be called the Springfield Harmonial Brotherhood, for the purpose of hearing the instructions imparted by our spirit-friends, and investigating the beautiful principles contained in the physical and spiritual universe, thus attaining the more perfect development of our interior natures."

This is what may be deemed a broad platform. If it is an article of faith, it is one at least which is extensive as the illimitable universe; and while the believer follows the teachings of Nature and Reason, there is little danger of becoming lost in a wilderness, or departing from the light of truth.

Poetry.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

BROTHER AMBLER :—Have you ever copied these well-known verses, from Mrs. Hemans, into your paper? If not, can any of your correspondents write any thing better—any thing more in keeping with the name of your little sheet, or with the objects which it is seeking to accomplish? Not only are the lines surpassingly beautiful as poetry, but, though they celebrate a heathen custom, they breathe more of the sweet spirit of true and pure Christianity, and more correctly shadow forth the great idea of Immortality, than many of the sermons to which the people of this nation listen of a Sunday.

J. T.

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird,
Thou art come from the spirits' land;
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair,
In the light of that summer shore;
And we know that the friends we have lost are there—
They are there, and they weep no more!

And we know they have quenched their fever's thirst,
In the Fountain of Youth ere now;
For there must the stream in its freshness burst,
Which none may find below!

And we know they will not be lured to earth,
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the song, or the dance of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours!

Though they sat with us by the night-fire's blaze,
And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our father's days,
Which are told to others now.

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!—
Can those who have loved forget?
We call—and they answer not again!—
Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
And the father of his child—
And the chief, of those who were wont to share
His wanderings through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
And they speak not from cave nor hill;
We know, O bird, that their land is bright,
But say—do they love there still?

TRIFLES.

A cloud may intercept the sun—
A web by insect workers spun
Preserve the life within the frame,
Or vapors take away the same:
A grain of sand upon the sight
May rob a giant of his might!
Or needle point let out his breath,
And make a banquet meal for Death.

How often at a single word,
The heart with agony is stirred,
And ties that years could not have riven,
Are scattered to the winds of heaven.
A glance that looks what lips would speak,

Will speed the pulse and blanch the cheek;
And thoughts nor looked, nor yet expressed,
Create a chaos in the breast.

A smile of hope from those we love
May be an angel from above;
A whispered welcome in our ears
Be as the music of the spheres.
The pressure of a gentle hand
Worth all that glitters in the land;
Oh! trifles are not what they are,
But fortune ruling voice and star.

THE CAPTIVE TO HIS PET BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY J. B. WEBB.

What hast thou now, my bird, to tell,
In song so sweetly wild?
There's nought, I deem, in the prisoner's cell,
To throw o'er the heart a sunny spell,
And these lone hours beguile.

Knowest thou not our fearful doom
That thus thou art so gay?
I'll tell thee, bird;—within this room
Where ever sits this thick'ning gloom,
Without one beam of day,—

Our years must slowly, slowly go,
And not one friend shall come,
That e'en shall care his name to know,
Or seek to calm the captive's woe,
Within his dungeon-home.

Perhaps, my bird, some morning air
Has borne into thy breast
The scent of woods and pastures fair,
And flowers scattered here and there,
In dewy vesture drest.

And in thy rapture thou hast deemed
That thou wert free again,
Where light thro' all the heavens streamed,
And woods, and wilds, and vallies seemed
Replete with sweetest strains.

Ah! I will bless thee for that lay,
For I have loved thee well;
My only friend from day to day,
To while the lingering hours away,
Within my gloomy cell.

But thou shalt never, never see
The glorious heavens more;
Within that green majestic tree,
Thy little nest shall ever be
As lonely as before.

But, bird, *there is* a land on high
Where dungeons are unknown,—
Where all may see the radiant sky,
And not one captive *there* shall sigh
Unpitied and alone.

And I shall seek that country fair,
And you shall with me dwell;
For I will keep thy memory there,
How thou didst soothe the captive's care,
Within his prison cell.

Miscellaneous Department.

LITTLE WILLIE'S BURNED CHEEK.

BY EDITH RIVERS.

"I was in my care-free, school-girl days that I spent a winter in the beautiful city of P——, with a dear, good aunt of mine. One morning, while I was assisting her about an elegant carpet that she had just purchased, she suddenly threw aside her work with a troubled air, and exclaimed!

"Edith, dear, I am haunted by the grief-worn face of that poverty-stricken one, who but now implored my charity for her suffering children in so heart-touching a manner. It glares upon me wildly from the bright figures upon my carpet — it peers out half reproachfully from the soft cushions of my luxurious sofa; and truly, every article in my comfortable apartment is a voiceless, yet eloquent pleader for the pale beggar. I gave her all that she desired, but I was in haste, and I *now* feel that my duty is not done towards that child of misfortune. Let us go and seek her out, and make those faded eyes glow again with gratitude."

We were soon muffled in our cloaks, and hurriedly threading the busy streets, for it was a freezing morning in March, though the sun shone brilliantly upon the ice-incrusted snow, which lay between the streets and side-walks. We passed a splendid mansion, and entered a narrow lane, on either side of which, were small, wretched tenements, thronged with human beings. Piercing cries and low moans alternately issued from one of them. We opened the door, and a scene of deep distress met our eyes, and yet it was one that could not all be comprehended at a glance. The woman who had awakened our sympathy, sat in the only chair that the room afforded, pressing to her bosom a child of two years, bathing his cheek with cold water, while her tears fell rain-like upon the suffering innocent. A group of children, upon whose sharp features and anxious brows was impressed the care-shadow, which rests so strangely sad upon beings in the bud of life, huddled around her, sobbing passionately, uttering broken exclamations, "Poor Willie," "Dear little fellow;" "Oh mother, will he die?" At the end of the room stood a man motionless, and yet his blanched cheek and dilated eye, indicated dismay at the scene before him.

Dear, kind hearted aunt Judy stepped hastily forward, saying, "My good woman, what ails your child? A burn? Mercy!—How did it happen?" Without waiting for an answer, she flew by me, bidding me remain while she went into a shop to obtain a burn specific; for she had a curative, gentle reader, which "was never known to fail."

Few minutes had elapsed ere she was again in the home of the woful, applying the remedy, soothing the wailing child, speaking sweet-toned words of sympathy, until the little one sank into a fitful sleep.

"How did the accident happen?" again interrogated aunt Judy. The mother replied not, but lifted her eyes and gave one look of dread towards the living statue, that occupied the corner of the apartment.

"What e'er it was, it was enow
To seal her lip, but agonize her brow."

Aunt Judy's eyes followed her's, and after gazing upon him a moment, she turned shudderingly away. The individual then advanced a few paces, the first movement we had noticed since we entered the house.

"Madam" said he, in a voice whose every cadence fell despairingly upon the ear, "I wonder not that you turn away, unutterably shocked, from me, who by this soul-revolting act, has shown himself to be more demon than man. I can say nothing to extenuate what I have done, yet hear my confession. I returned home at four o'clock this morning, my brain wild and whirling with the fumes of the liquor that I had poured recklessly down my throat during the night of bacchanalian revelry, and throwing myself upon the floor, I was soon wrapped in

drunken slumber. I was at last awakened by Willie, who was crying loudly. The children were hovering around the stove, and Sarah informed me that her mother had gone out, enjoined her to keep a good fire, promising a hasty return with food for Willie, 'who,' she added, 'had been whining dreadfully, since day-break.' 'Pa, pa,' said the little fellow, as I staggered towards him, 'give me cake.' His artless request at that moment, when conscience was arraigning me before a tribunal from which I shrank, drove me to distraction. A thousand furies seemed holding their infernal orgies in my breast, urging me on to deeds I dare not breathe. I seized my half naked, starving child and dashed him madly against the stove. God have mercy on me! His cheek struck the edge, which cut that burning gash. His wild heart-thrilling cries sobered me instantly, and oh! madam, the ceaseless torments of the heaven-excommunicated, the eternity-lost cannot surpass what I have endured for the last hour.

The wife, (for it was the wife then) turned her face towards her wretched husband, and true to her woman's nature, it beamed with tender sympathy for his woes, and forgiveness for the inhuman act, which caused her for a while to look upon him with unmixed horror. She wiped away her tears, and spoke calmly:

"Some fiend must have tempted him, or a moment of passing insanity swept his brain, else he had not lifted his hand against our dear little Willie, so gentle and loving; and indeed, my dear lady, it is the first offense of the kind that he ever committed. Though I must own that he has spent all of his earnings away from his family for some months, and that I was obliged to strip the comfortable house that we occupied, ere he fell into this last fatal snare, of its furniture to pay our rent and provide the coarsest fare for my darling babes, and after we were turned out of doors by the very man who provided the first glass that but too surely paved the way to our present ruin, was obliged to take the warm clothing from their tender forms, and cover them with those wretched rags, to save them from starvation; yet his demeanor, to them, was ever kind and affectionate, and they approached him without fear. Oft, and perseveringly, has he tried to break himself of this fearful vice, and I do believe that he would have succeeded, had not the temptation been ever before his eyes."

"Oh, Mary," exclaimed the unhappy man, "how can you speak thus leniently of my criminal neglect, when I have almost, if not quite, broken your noble heart, which I vowed to cherish till death?"

Husband and wife were deeply affected, and feeling like intruders, we hastily took our leave, promising to call on the morrow.

Aunt Judy broke the perfect silence that we had maintained during our walk, as we were entering her pleasant home.

"It seemed to me," said she, "that words addressed to that heart-sorrowing pair, would have been mockery. Their language and manners indicate that they have not always lived in their present degradation; and they feel keenly enough, the absence of *all* hope, while he is a slave to the poison cup."

Indisposition prevented my good aunt from going out the next morning, and she begged me to take a basket of food and some clothing and go alone.

A rich manly voice fell on my ear, as I neared the wretched dwelling, whose tones once heard could never be forgotten. I had listened to it, when its thrilling, earnest eloquence had moved the hearts of thousands to grief and joy, at its own mighty will.

It said,

"My brother, I tell you another day has dawned upon our land, whose brightest beams are shining for such as you and me. But a few months ago I was reveling in the blackest haunts of dissipation. My mad cry, 'fill up the glass,' rang loudest mid the drunken din; the last faint ray of lingering hope had gone out in the hearts of the few that loved me. I felt that all was lost, and was hurrying on to an awful doom, when the spirit of the Eternal spoke to my heart, hushing its wild passions, pointing to a life of purity and peace, and a

heaven of never waning glory. Now, my brother, you may, *you must* be saved. There will be a meeting of the redeemed to-night, at which you may hear them rejoice over their emancipation from the tyrant, whose lightest fetter holds the victim in a death-like grasp. Will you be there to learn to conquer your bosom's foe?"

Silence ensued, and I entered just in time to behold Sarah, an interesting girl of twelve years, throw herself at her father's feet praying as if her very life hung upon his decision. The younger children clung around him, and even little Willie, who sat smiling in his mother's arms, joined his sweet voice to their passionate entreaties, saying, "Papa will go, papa good now." A look of silent pleading sat upon the face of the suffering wife and mother, more touching and persuasive than ever fell from human lips, and it must have gone direct to the tempted one's heart, as it did to mine, for the tear started in his eye, and his voice grew softly tremulous, as he replied, "I will be there."

It was a warm glowing morning in the bright summer-time, that I sat in the dear little room, in which I had enjoyed many of the bliss-fraught hours, that make this changeful life-journey sweet, waiting the arrival of the stage, which would convey me to my eastern home.

"Edith," said my aunt, "I meant that you should have called upon the Graingers in their new home, before your departure." "I shall have time, dear Aunt," replied I, as I looked at the clock. "I will go now, for I should regret in my far-off home, not looking once again upon their restored peace."

Mrs. Grainger was sitting at an open window, busily sewing, singing in a low sweet voice,

"Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken dear."

Sarah was amusing Willie, in the absence of the younger children, who were at school. A coarse straw matting covered the floor, and though the humble apartment was furnished in the cheapest manner, neatness and taste might be discerned by the "dullest eye," and an air of quietness and comfort pervaded the room, which is not always to be found in the homes of splendor. I listened with a full heart to the expressions of over-flowing joy, that fell from that poor woman's lips.

"I tremble," said she, "at my present happiness. My husband is affectionate and hopeful, when at home—industrious and sober, during the long hours of his absence; though I am quite sure, that he yet suffers the indescribable pangs of a depraved appetite. He is now engaged in building a house for Mr. Bailey, a noble hearted Temperance man, who for his generosity and kindness to us, will command our eternal gratitude."

I lingered, feasting my heart upon the joy of that so lately wretched family, until the rumbling of the heavy wheels of the stage-coach upon the rock-paved street, startled me, and pronouncing a hasty adieu, I was soon in the presence of the dear loved ones to whom I must breathe a long farewell. A few moments of tearful grief—a few softly uttered words of hope and love, and our sad parting was over, and I was borne rapidly away from the sweet scene of some of the most blithesome days of my youth. My fellow travelers were strangers, and drawing my veil over my face, I retired to a corner of the coach, and was soon buried in sweet anticipations and reveling in waking dreams of my joyous welcome home.

Eight years had sped away, and though its joys and sorrows had not "wiped from the table of my memory" the interesting scenes in which I had beheld the Graingers, yet the page had become obscure and I had almost ceased to think of them, when I received a long letter from my dear aunt, which I read with a surprise equalled only by my heart-felt delight. I will transcribe the part of the letter that relates to my story, in her own words.

"You see by the post-mark that I am in P——. I have been here one week, it seems but a day, so sweetly have the moments flown. I attended a wedding last night, of an old acquaintance of yours, and as you are a Yankee, and as a matter of course, pride yourself on your skill of "guessing," I will give you a chance—to fail for once.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening that I entered the brilliantly illuminated house in which the wedding was to be celebrated. The elegant parlor was filled, but not crowded, with a graceful and lively company. By the time I had got comfortably seated, a door was thrown open, and the candidates for "great Juno's crown" were before us. The lady looked a perfect dream of beauty in her snowy garb, and through the transparent folds of her rich bridal veil, I beheld a pure white brow, slightly suffused cheeks; and as she lifted her soul-lit eyes, and timidly glanced upon her heart's chosen, I read in their dark depths, a spirit that had been touched by the wing of sorrow, but was now brimming o'er with unalloyed bliss. The gentleman was an intelligent looking man of twenty-five, and as he stood with the hand of that lovely being fondly clasped within his own, his face beaming with triumphant love, I thought him strikingly handsome; and I could have averred that he bore within his breast, a true and noble heart.

The impressive services were soon over, and friends pressed around the united pair, laden with fervent wishes for their happiness in all "coming time." A middle aged man with bright piercing eyes, but furrowed brow, came forward, and as he touched his quivering lips to the glowing cheek of the fair young bride, he placed a neatly folded paper in her hand, and whispered,

"Your father's gift, Sarah."

"Sarah who?" I fancy I hear you ask, while your eye wanders over the succeeding lines. Well then, to keep you no longer in suspense, she was Sarah Grainger yesterday, but to-day she smilingly responds to the appellation of Mrs. Armand Clifton. Now I've gratified your curiosity, I'll return to the marriage party.

On went the festivities of the occasion, without a shadow of a cloud to dim the spirits of the brilliant assemblage, while Mrs. Grainger and I sat in a "cozy corner," talking of by-gone and less happy days. "Little Willie," who is now a fine lad of ten years, drew his chair to his mother's side, and laying his head in her lap, he looked up lovingly, while his sweet face grew bright and animated, and exclaimed, "Mother, mother, don't you think father has given Sarah that beautiful house in Daniel St., that we all thought he was building for Mr. Clark, and that white paper tied with blue ribbon was the deed. Now Sarah and Mr. Clifton will live close by us forever. Won't it be nice, mother?"

Mrs. Grainger looked sufficiently surprised to gratify her little son, and laying her hand upon his head, she resumed the deeply interesting story of her life-wanderings.

She told me of the fierce struggles that her husband was obliged to encounter, ere he felt himself free from the chains of the demon alcohol—of the sleepless nights, and days of unspoken misery, until he was worn almost to a shadow, and then her voice grew eloquent, and her eyes sparkled, as she spoke of the bright reward that crowned his industry and perseverance, namely, competence and peace.

Midnight waned; "the honey, heavy dew of slumber," had fallen upon little Willie—his head with its mass of golden curls still rested upon his mother's knee. Touching softly the deep rosy dint of that fearful scar, I said,

"Ah! Mrs. Grainger, how sad were the circumstances of our first meeting, when compared with the dazzling scene now passing before us."

A tear fell upon the sleeper's cheek, as she replied, "Oh! sad indeed was that night of horror, but soon broken, thanks to 'our Father,' by the glorious dawn of hope. That wild dreadful act attracted the attention of those 'apostles of temperance' who crowned their cause with the glory-wreathed name of Washington, and a few dear friends whose name are engraven upon our hearts, and by their unwearying efforts, my dear husband, who was then lost to virtue and honor, is now restored to an honorable position in society; and I, who was then broken hearted, and despairing, am now so rich in felicity, that I almost think that the All-perfect has imparted to my earthly home a bright ray from his own celestial dwelling; and my beloved children, who were then, literally starving, as you well know, are now sur-

rounded by every comfort, and are daily becoming all that the most sanguine heart could wish."

"This cheek ever claims my fondest kiss," added she, as she pressed her lips lovingly upon it, "for on the sorrowful day that its beauty was marred, the first faint gleam of the more than restoration of our lost happiness dawned upon our grief-shadowed hearts."

Visitations of Angels.

"Angel's visits," it is said, "are few and far between." But it is not so. We have but to offer them entertainment, and they are near, shedding light and gladness around us ever. We go forth in life's young morning, and find that heaven's blessed almoners have preceded us, and our way is strown with garlands, fair as the fairest hopes of our wildest dream.

Soon earth casts her chains around us—flower-linked, it may be, drawing us by their sweetness and beauty near to heaven; or heavy and corroding as they oft are, binding us even when we would rise, down to dust. Joys spring up and blossom beneath our tread, or thorns wound us in our way. Still are they with us, those holy visitants, rejoicing with us in our joy, and whispering consolation in our grief. Ever, if we permit, are they by, warning us of evil, and guarding us from sin—bearing on high our petitions, and bringing thence the allotted dispensation. Spirits, sympathizing with our spirits, they come to us, the fleet-winged messengers of our Father's will. When clouds dim the gorgeousness of our western, they point to the bow spanning the eastern horizon.

Radiant as sunlight are the visions they give birth to in the heart, and lofty as prayer are the springs they awaken in the soul. Pure as moon-rays are the influences they weave around us, and holy as star-beamings are the revelations they impart to the listening teachable spirit. We see their smiles reflected from the faces of our kindred, and the manna for which the heart yearns they give us to gather from lips that we love. They link, with unseen fingers, the silken bands that draw together and unite in one, two human hearts. In ways various and mysterious are they daily assimilating our natures to their own; teaching by inward revealings how sacred is the principle of life, and by their holy ministrations imparting to us a foretaste of future blessedness.

You ask of heaven a gift. Life's angel, white-robed and smiling, stoops over your dwelling, and a little immortal is given your embrace. You pour out your soul's thanksgiving, and the blessed dispenser of the precious boon bears thither directed, your spirit-oblation.

Anon sickness and sorrow visit your habitation. Unwelcome visitants are they, though heaven-sent, and you may not bid them hence. They warn you to prepare for another guest. And now the dreadful minister arrives! His face is darkly veiled, a chill atmosphere is around him, and his hand is icy cold! He presses his fingers on the lids of the pain-wearied one, and they close! He breathes upon the groaning sufferer, and her sighs are hushed.

Who shall call that angel unkind? A missioned agent, he has borne away the gem, leaving to dust and decay the now worthless casket. But listen to his attendant, Faith, and he will tell you that the gem, cleansed from the soil and stains of earth, is to be re-set more beautiful than ever, and that you shall again see and possess the perfect jewel.

The time-worn traveler, weary of his pilgrimage, faints by the way side. They bring to him clear water from Life's sparkling stream. He drinks, and his soul is satisfied. Aged and trembling he longs for rest. They sing to him, and he sleeps. One stamps his signet on his brow, and earth's troubled dreams disturb him no more forever. We stand by the grave where, death-girt, our loved lie mouldering; and there we meet those who, eighteen hundred years ago, in "shinning garments," sat within the life-riven sepulchre of the risen Jesus. To us, as to those women of Galilee, they say, "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Then does the tomb become to us the cold,

but hope-illuminated portal through which our mourned ones have passed to a happy home and life incorruptible.

And at last, when that night-clad angel, shuddering mortality's pitying friend, shall enfold us in his chilly arms, and whisper, "Thou art mine," then will rejoicing conductors, hovering near, sing, "Come, come away." And while their sun-lit wings cast a shadow o'er the scenes of sense and time, their glittering sheen will gild the dark waves of Jordan's stream. Even then, upon our clayey lips and brow will linger a smile caught from the radiance of their own glory-beaming faces. Thus are our spirit companions, those perfect comforters, guiding and guarding in life, cheering and sustaining in death, and blessing us ever.—*Gospel Banner.*

Gems of Thought.

The power to rule is the test of mind.

People obey willingly when they are commanded kindly.

Few envy the merit of others that have any of their own.

Reality is but the dregs of the cup, imagination is the clear red wine.

True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary, and nothing more.

Permanent rest is not to be expected on the road, but at the end of the journey.

There is much difference between imitating a man and counterfeiting him.

The uneasy pillow of guilt may have a deeper, but it cannot have a more restless pain than that of love.

There is no dispute managed without passion, and yet there is scarce a dispute worth a passion.

That writer does the most who gives his reader the most knowledge, and takes from him the least time.

Truth—the open, bold, honest truth, is always the wisest, always the safest for every one, in any and all circumstances.

Gold is an idol worshiped in all climates, without a single temple, and by all classes, without a single hypocrite.

Uneasy and ambitious gentility is always spurious gentility. The garment which one has long worn never sits uncomfortably.

He that blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with, has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Difficuly excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

Passionless characters are worthless in good or in evil; their gentleness is inability to feel anger, their virtue inability to do wrong.

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This journal proposes to enter into an extensive and interesting field of inquiry. It will be devoted to an investigation of the laws of Nature, the relations of Spirit and Matter, and the principles of social Reform, while it presents the beautiful realities connected with Spiritual Intercourse and the exalted Destiny of Man. Being independent of all Sectarian Institutions, its aim shall be to enlighten and harmonize the mind; its sphere shall be limitless as the expanse of Truth, and its platform shall be broad as the wide fields of Nature.

The Messenger will be issued every Saturday, by R. P. Ambler, from his office on the South-east corner of Main and Union Streets. Price of subscription \$2.00 per annum, payable in all cases in advance. To one address, six copies will be forwarded for \$10; ten copies for \$15, and an increased number in this proportion.

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