

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

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The Principles of Nature.

SPIRITUALISM:—ITS NATURE AND MISSION.

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The Spirit giveth life.—PAUL.

A superficial system of philosophy will always be material in its nature, since it regards only the outward forms and visible phenomena of the Universe, while a profound philosophy will necessarily be spiritual, because it seeks the mysterious depths of existence, and aims to discover those hidden laws and spiritual forces on which all physical developments depend. The deepest philosophy will, therefore, be the most religious, if not in the popular apprehension, at least in a rational and true sense. If "the undevout Astronomer is mad," it would seem that all our investigations into Nature should serve but to deepen the reverence of the truly rational mind. Those who look at Nature from without—who question her oracles from the world's remote position—never hear the responses from her inmost shrine. They know as little of her divine utterances as the traveler in a strange land, may know of the forms of worship peculiar to the country he is in, while he only gazes from a distance at the walls of its temples. We must enter the divine precincts—breathe the spiritual atmosphere—and bow at the altars from which the incense of perpetual worship ascends. Standing within the veil, we discover that the illuminated seers, and the inspired poets and prophets of all ages, in their sublimest moods, have but echoed the voices of Nature, or spoken the words of God, from out the inner courts of his Sanctuary.

The motto at the head of this article involves the consideration, that the vital principle in all things is *Spiritual*. In every object we trace the presence of a power, greater than all material things, as the actuating principle is superior to the gross forms it governs. The comparative immobility of matter, in its inferior combinations, is incompatible with the existence of the superior forms and functions of organized being. The susceptibility of matter to motion, must be increased, by the attenuation of the physical elements, in order to develop those changes and combinations, among the ultimate particles, which are indispensable to organic formation. It is evident that, among the more ethereal conditions which matter assumes, the atomic relations are constantly changing; and as we traverse the great spiral of ascending life, the forms in each succeeding gradation become more curious and beautiful, and their functions the more mysterious and divine. Enthroned above the dead elements, in an unparticled essence, is the spiritual power from which their vitality is derived. The meanest form in Nature—the feeblest thing in which the living principle is enshrined and revealed—receives the quickening energy from the infinite Sensorium. From Nature's great heart the vital currents flow out through all the arteries of Being. All life is the action of Mind on Matter; it is the revelation of a spiritual presence—of God's presence! If we ascend to those sublime heights, where thought folds her weary pinions, and aspiration seeks repose; or, if we descend into the mysterious and fathomless abyss—to the vast profound, where the shadows of nonentity veil the germs of existence—in every place, and in all natures, is God revealed. In the endless cycles of material and spiritual development—from the deep Center to the undiscovered circumference of being—His thoughts are written; and from all spheres accessible by men or angels, it is revealed that "the Spirit giveth life."

Here we may announce, as the subject of this disquisition, THE NATURE AND MISSION OF SPIRITUALISM.

It must be sufficiently obvious, that the religious faith and scientific philosophy of the world have been sadly at variance. It is impossible to disguise the fact, that many of the most exalted minds have, on this account, been driven away from the great truths which most intimately concern the peace of the soul. This has resulted, in a great degree, from the materialistic attributes and tendencies of modern Theology, which have been mistaken, even by men of great spiritual powers, for the divine realities of Christ's religion. This theology, as it appears to us, does virtually divorce the indwelling Divinity of the Universe from its outward form; it severs all direct connection between the Creator and the spirits he has made; it closes up the avenues of spiritual sensation, and, by its cold formalism and materiality would ossify the very souls of men, so that the Divine energy and the thoughts of angelic beings might no more flow into the human mind. Whatever is inexplicable by the known laws of physical nature, this theology is disposed to regard as *supernatural*; it limits all inspiration to the writers of a single Book, teaching that the day of revelation and miracle is past, and that man may no longer receive divine communications. The baptism of this theology in the name of Jesus, did not divest it of its outward corruptions, or cleanse it from its inherent grossness and materialism. The creature was about to enwrap himself in the dark folds of a cheerless and painful skepticism. The scholastic theology did not satisfy the rational faculties. Accordingly, Man sought for the evidence of his immortality in the nature of things, but being unable to perceive interior principles, or to trace the connection between material and spiritual existences, the sweet hope of immortal life was ready to expire in the soul. He paused in his investigations, lest he should discover the fallacy of all his cherished hopes. He sought to retire to the dim obscurity, in which he had slumbered so long; but deep, and thrilling utterances came from the invisible depths, and the untrusting spirit was moved by a mysterious and unknown power.

To the old, arbitrary Formalism we oppose a divine Philosophy, which regards spirit as the Origin and End of all things—the cause of all external forms, and the source of all visible phenomena. It teaches that Deity pervades and governs, by established laws, the Universe of material and spiritual existence; that all truth is *natural*, and adapted to the rational faculties; that God is enshrined in the human soul; and, moreover, that all men, as they become God-like in spirit and life, are rendered susceptible to divine impressions, and may derive instruction from a higher sphere of intelligence. The spiritual idea will be found to comprehend the results of our faith and philosophy. From this point of observation we perceive that, by an almost infinite series of imperceptible gradations, the material elements are sublimated to etheriality, and organic existence becomes individualized and immortal. The relations of the visible and invisible worlds are here discoverable. Existence is seen to be one unbroken chain, beginning in Deity and ending in the lowest forms of matter; while faith and science, for the first time, meet and harmonize in one grand system of universal truth. In the light of these views, we discover that the limits of Nature are not to be determined by the capacity of the senses and the understanding, to perceive and comprehend them. Nature, if not absolutely illimitable, extends immeasurably beyond the limits of all human observation. The essential principles of Revelation have been presumed to be at war with Nature, only because our investigations of the latter have been restricted to

the circumscribed sphere of visible existence. The external world contains many grand and beautiful revelations of power and wisdom, but as we leave the mere surface of being, and descend into the great Deep from which the elements of all life and thought are evolved, we feel a still stronger conviction that God is in all things, and that

"Order is Heaven's first law."

We are not discussing the doubtful merits of a mere human invention; not for some idle fancy or strange hallucination do we demand a serious and candid examination. It is a system of universal philosophy for which we ask a careful hearing and an honest judgment. This philosophy opens to man spheres of thought in which the free spirit may revel forever; surpassing all our former conceptions in the divinity of its principles, the comprehensiveness of its details, and the spirituality and unspeakable grandeur of its objects and results. It is the light of the Spiritual World which now shines out through Nature's material vestments. Neither the discovery nor the application of its principles should, as it appears to us, be passed to the credit of any individual man. It is HUMANITY'S best thought in the great day of its Resurrection. From England, France and Germany, as well as other advanced portions of the earth, the light is seen to radiate. The Heavens, so long veiled in gloom, are beginning to be illuminated with divine coruscations, as though the Shekinah was about to be revealed anew in one vast halo encircling the nations.

It may be proper to observe, in this connection, that the outward circumstances and events which constitute the chief elements of human history, sufficiently indicate the inward nature and controlling ideas of men. The great purpose of life, and the general pursuits in which one is most actively employed, will be found to bear his own image. Every day opens a new chapter for the world's observation, in which the individual man writes his history in living and immortal characters. A man's life is himself. Employ an artist to represent the Virgin, and whether he will paint the Madonna or the Venus, will depend on the measure of his own spiritual growth. His idea will be incarnated in a voluptuous or in a spiritual form, in proportion as the sense or the soul has the preponderance. The sensualist—though gifted with the spirit of poesy and endowed with a masterly eloquence—if he were required to describe Heaven, would portray the paradise of the Arabian Prophet, peopled with those forms of physical grace and loveliness which ravish the senses while they enthrall the soul. The highest heaven of a refined sensualist would correspond to the Turkish seraglio, rather than the ethereal abodes of angelic life. Thus does every man embody himself in his works, and especially do we find in his religious life the autobiography of his inward being. It indicates the specific degree of development to which he has attained. If his religion be material, it is because his nature is so. While the higher faculties of the soul are slumbering in embryo, the religious principle very naturally clothes itself with material vestments, and the objects of its adoration are those forms which address themselves to the outward senses. In a state of savagism, men worship some visible object. Thus the sun, moon and stars, the elements, and even beasts, birds, reptiles and plants, have been invested with a sacred importance, and with those attributes which command the reverence of the benighted human spirit.

If we apply this principle to Christ—and to his religion, as taught and practically illustrated by himself—it will be found to warrant the loftiest ideal of his spirituality. His religion was the farthest possible remove from a mere ritualism. Notwithstanding the old Pharisees were constantly citing the authority of Moses and the Prophets, Christ offered no written creed or deified books, to which an unreasoning conformity was demanded. Not one of the early Apostles required subscription to any sharply defined standard of opinion, either as the condition of present fellowship or of future salvation. It was manifestly no part of their mission thus to tempt the weak and the unworthy. Christianity never contemplated a *oneness of opinion*, it aimed at a more glorious consummation—"THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT." In this view of the subject, we have no occasion to undervalue its beautiful precepts, or to neglect the proper and obvious dis-

inction between its spiritual realities, and the materialism of popular theology.

While mortals would have honored Christ as the world delights to honor its own, he would accept no earthly jurisdiction, but sought the humblest place, saying,—“My kingdom is not of this world.” And yet that kingdom was not far removed. No fathomless gulf separated his throne from the sphere of man's present existence. He fixed the seat of his empire, and signified the spiritual nature of his government, when he said,—“The kingdom of God is with you.” Christianity—not, indeed, as it is defined in the theological systems of the world, but the Christianity of Christ—the religion of that divinely beautiful life—was a SPIRITUALISM. It had no visible material object of worship; it required the observance of no costly rites and ceremonies; no gilded altars and fashionable temples—reared with the sweat and blood of the poor—were consecrated to its service. Christ announced the existence of one God—an all pervading spiritual presence. The Heaven he disclosed—the Heaven reflected from the calm depths of his own beautiful spirit—was HARMONY. With him, the Universe was the temple of that Being whose appropriate worship—the pure offering of the grateful soul—was alike acceptable in all places. The worshiper was no more required to climb the Sacred Mount to be heard of God; the poor pilgrim, on his way to some distant shrine, hallowed by the worship of ages, might pause and seek repose, conscious of the Divine presence and protection. The Father of all spirits—the Infinite which Christ revealed—was there—was everywhere—to watch over his children. The lonely mountain, the desolate wilderness, and the tempestuous sea, were alike consecrated by the holy presence.

But the spiritualism of Christ's religion was not manifest merely in his moral precepts, in the simplicity of his worship and the divinity of his life, but in the views it unfolds of the relations of the visible and invisible worlds. The power of departed spirits to influence mankind—to infuse their thoughts into the human soul, or to present themselves in the forms which characterized their earthly existence—is everywhere recognized. Christ and his Apostles, as well as the Seers and Prophets of all ages and countries, entertained this idea. All men, from the highest to the lowest capacity of earth, were presumed to be influenced, in a greater or less degree, by invisible spiritual agents. Jesus is said to have been led of the spirit into the wilderness, where he fasted forty days; at the baptism, a spirit descended and rested on him in the form of a dove; in the mount of transfiguration—when the face of Jesus “shone as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light”—Moses and Elias appeared and conversed with the disciples. (Matt. xvii. 2, 3.) Faith in the constant presence and frequent appearance of disembodied spirits, was universal among the early Christians, or we have read the New Testament to no purpose. When the disciples were at sea in the night, and Jesus approached them, they were troubled and said it is a spirit. After the Crucifixion, when the disciples were assembled at Jerusalem, Jesus appeared in their midst and they were terrified, supposing that they had seen a spirit. The Revelator testified that he was in the spirit on the Lord's day; and again, that he was carried away in the spirit. Paul speaks of being “caught up to the third heaven,” and of hearing “unspeakable words, not lawful for a man to utter.” The same Apostle, writing to the Hebrews, of those who have departed this life, says, “Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation?” Under the preaching of Peter, as would appear from the narration, about three thousand persons were, on one occasion, introduced into a psychical state, so that they began to speak with other tongues as the spirit gave them utterance—in other words, as they were impressed. There are numerous allusions in every part of the Scriptures to the presence and power of spirits, and many persons are declared to have been subject to the guardianship of some invisible agency.

Now to say that all these experiences ceased with the age of the Apostles, is not merely taking for granted what has never been proved, it is a gratuitous assumption for which there is no warrant either in Nature or Revelation. The Universe is one vast

repository of means and instruments directed by the Omniscient Mind to the accomplishment of his great designs. The material elements and all the refined agents in Nature, are at his disposal, and subject to those laws which are but the expression of his eternal thought. Reason and analogy authorize the inference that, in the spiritual as well as the physical world, various instrumentalities are employed to secure the results of the Divine administration. If God moves in the elements, and governs the revolutions of material nature, His presence is still more gloriously displayed, as we ascend to those spheres where existence becomes more ethereal and divine. All subordinate intelligences may, therefore, be regarded as His ministers, sent forth in his name, armed with a measure of his power, and in some way subservient to his chief design. It is every where allowed, by the believers in revealed religion, that the deep things of the Spirit once found an utterance on earth—that Angels were sent to converse with mortals. Alas! have they bid a final adieu to the sphere of Man's present existence? To the spiritually minded, it is a grave and important question which concerns the fate of those spirits, who were wont to visit the earth and to influence man in the olden time. Where, O, where are they? Will some authorized expounder of the modern scholastic divinity inform us whether they are all *dead*, or on a *journey*, that they are so generally presumed to have suspended their functions?

It is a curious fact that, while the outward Church arrogates the exclusive possession of all the divine powers and graces now existing on the earth, it has little or no real faith in any thing spiritual. Its theology separates, by an impassable gulph, the spheres of visible and invisible life; it virtually denies to the soul any present susceptibility to the influence of more exalted natures; it sunders the golden chain which binds the spirit to the sphere of its immortal birth—hurls it down from the high heaven of its aspirations and the companionship of Angels—and leaves Man to grovel among the dead elements of Earth. True, it gives the vague promise of immortality hereafter, but it affords no definite conception of the relation of that state and the present, while it utterly discards the idea that spirits, in these last days, have anything whatever to do with the affairs of men. Its heaven is afar off, or is peopled with inert spirits who seem to love their ease and forget their friends. It will be perceived, I think, that Materialism does not find all or its most distinguished advocates without the pale of the visible church. The ablest defenders of the so-called Christian theology, denounce Spiritualism as a most insidious heresy. When some susceptible nature is seen to yield to psychological action, or to exhibit a faith in the great principles of spiritual science, the inference is that he may be a fool, a knave, a madman, or perhaps that he is "filled with new wine." They no more believe that angels ever speak to mortals, or manifest the powers by which they once influenced human thought and action. The whole spirit world is supposed to be silent now!—and powerless—as though palsy were an epidemic in Heaven! Modern theology suggests the idea of a huge *petrification*, existing, to be sure, in a remarkable state of preservation; but—so lifeless—so cold—so stony, that the contemplation chills the soul. But unlike the fossil remains of some ancient body from which the life has departed; not like an old man bending beneath the weight of years and iniquities; nor yet like the sculptured marble, white but cold—is Spiritualism. Rather is it a warm, living, and divine creature, invested with celestial light and immortal beauty. Spiritualism brings Heaven and our departed friends back to us. It shows heaven to exist where it was in Christ's time—in the soul—"Within you." It teaches that,

"No curtain hides from view the spheres Elysian,

But this poor shell of half-transparent dust;

While all that blinds our spiritual vision,

Is pride, and hate, and lust."

While Spiritualism claims for Christianity all that the most devout believer can rationally require, it violates no principle of Nature, nor does it insult the enlightened human understanding by withholding its sanction from a scientific philosophy. It respects the claims of each. Nor is this all; it harmonizes their respective claims. It can not be denied that, among the believers

in this spiritual philosophy are many who have been avowed Materialists, and the most determined opposers of all revealed religion, as well as many others who have long been numbered with the most exemplary Christian believers. It is a remarkable fact that Spiritualism is bringing into one vast communion those who have hitherto entertained the most discordant theological opinions. The disciples alike of Voltaire and Rousseau, Lord Herbert, Bolingbroke, Hume and Thomas Paine, of Swedenborg, Elias Hicks, John Calvin, John Wesley, John Murry, Priestly and Channing are here; and with one spirit, and in a great degree with one mind, they are uniting in a new, and—in its consummation we trust—more spiritual and glorious union. It is now manifest that when our faith shall be rationalized and our philosophy spiritualized, they will meet and form one comprehensive system of material and spiritual science, sanctioned by the illuminated reason and sanctified by the universal faith and worship of man.

But it is in vain to expect that order will prevail until the transition is accomplished. The changes in the moral, social and religious ideas of men, like the great political struggles of the world are ever attended with scenes of strife and confusion. When the storm gathers and breaks over earth and sea, there will always be some loose particles thrown off from the mass of elements, and left to float awhile at random, seemingly obedient to no law save the airy impulse of the hour. If these are not always the creatures of light, they are light creatures, floating on the surface of the mental deep, whose erratic movements sufficiently indicate the direction of the various currents. But the staid and philosophic mind moves like the stately ship, majestically forward, unshaken by the little eddies that ripple the surface of the waters. Sometimes these volatile geniuses, ascending through the gaseous exhalations of earth become luminous, and are seen as wandering lights, which, to some poor mundane observers appear like sublime stars in the distant firmament. They circumsolve in the most eccentric orbits, yet around no centre real or imaginary. In this great transition, where the motion of the elements is rapid and powerful, some will become giddy and lose their ballance. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the extremes to which these may go. Well, let them go. Our faith and hope, as regards the final issue, are not left to rest on the incidental and local appearances which accompany the period of revolution. The philosopher looks on with a calm spirit, with unshaken nerves and an unflinching trust, knowing that the spirit of God moves above the uplifted elements of strife, and that Order will come forth from Chaos.—*Shekinah.*

Time.

Time is the most undefinable yet most paradoxical of things. The past is gone, the future is not come, and the present becomes the past even while we attempt to define it, and, like the flash of the lightning, at once exists and expires. Time is the measure of all things, but it is immeasurable, and the grand discloser of all things, but is itself undisclosed. Like space, it is incomprehensible, because it has no limit, and it would be still more so, if it had. It is more in its source than the Nile, and its termination, than the Niger; and advances like the slowest tide, but retreats like the swiftest torrent. It gives wings of lightning to pleasure, but feet of lead to pain, and lends expectation a curb, but enjoyment a spur. It robs beauty of her charms, to bestow them on her picture, and builds a monument to merit, but denies it a house; it is the transient and deceitful flatterer of falsehood, but the tried and final friend of truth. Time is the most subtle, yet the most insatiable of depredators, and by appearing to take nothing, is permitted to take all, nor can it be satisfied until it has stolen the world from us, and us from the world. It constantly flies, yet overcomes all things by flight; and although it is the present ally, it will be the future conqueror of death.—Time, the cradle of hope, but the grave of ambition, is the stern corrector of fools, but the salutary counsellor of the wise, bringing all they dread to the one, and all they desire to the other; like Cassandra, it warns us with a voice that even the sages discredit too long, and the silliest believe too late. Wisdom

walks before it, opportunity with it, and repentance behind it; he that has made it his friend, will have little to fear from his enemies; but he that has made it his enemy, will have little to hope from his friends.—*Burn's Youthful Piety.*

Voices from the Spirit-World.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

There is no source of deeper and sweeter joy—no more beautiful oasis in the waste of human life, than that which is furnished in those messages of love which are given by departed spirits. Among these we shall select and present at this time such as may be of general interest, having special reference to the present duties of men, the joys of the spirit-home, and the prospects of the race.

The following message was purported to be given by a somewhat advanced spirit in the Second Sphere, through the medium of an individual residing in Glen's Falls, N. Y.:—"Ye have been told to 'seek, and ye shall find.' There is a world of meaning in those words; if you will consider their authority, you will feel that there is a consolation springing out of the due application of them, which is deep in the very nature of those laws which the Great Father has decreed shall govern the children of his creation. My friends, be ever ready to seek for the truth wherever it may be found, and believe me, those who seek diligently and in a proper spirit, will not be likely to be deceived. Do not be too hasty in either condemning as false or adopting as truth, anything which you may see or hear, but enter on the search with an ardent desire to be guided aright,—weigh well everything, and when you become satisfied that you are in the right way, do not let the whole world cause you to swerve from your course. You have been directed by good authority to 'prove all things and hold fast that which is good.' If you do this, you need have no fears, for though you may for a time be persecuted, you will reap a rich reward in that better world to which you are all hastening, where you shall bask in the sunshine of your Father's glorious presence."

Another communication by the same spirit and through the same medium, was received on another occasion as follows:—"There is never a rose without its thorn. So with truth. That great and glorious principle is surrounded with a thousand brambles, and those who would come to it must be cautious, else they will be repulsed. There is a vast amount of error and superstition which seems to choke up the way, so that those who are seeking this precious jewel must walk with careful steps, lest they be turned aside from the true path. Let all who would know and embrace the truth wherever found, keep in mind these things and bear up manfully against all the barriers which would impede their onward course, and they will soon see Error and blind Bigotry hide their deformed heads, and the pure, unadulterated truth, as it comes in fresh and gushing streams from the great Source of light take their place, and man, the child and well-beloved of the Eternal, be brought to enjoy a close, holy and happy communion with our Father-God. Press on, then, ye lovers of light rather than darkness, and you shall surely overcome the prejudices which are now brought to bear against the great truth, that God has not ceased, nor ever will cease, to pour his spirit of truth and love upon all who will take the proper means of obtaining so great a blessing."

The message which follows was received through impression by a lady residing in Hartford, Conn.:

"E. be not discouraged, you need not fear. The spiritual world is one of enjoyment and peace, no anxiety or distracting care can disturb the tranquility of our home. The spirit's desires are here gratified; for what it seeks most to know, can be imparted from one to another, and Love, Wisdom and Harmony dwell in our midst. Ever be quiet, my dear, and spirits will be near to guide you. Their watchful care will be over you when sleeping or waking, and they will throw around you an influence such as is experienced by those only who love the spiritual.—The inhabitants of the earth know not their high destiny—they know not the beauties and exaltations of the inner life, but when the spiritual shall have gained the ascendancy over the material,

then will they understand the relationship existing between them and God, the universal Father. They will *then* behold the spiritual, where *now* all is to them darkness,—and light, divine light, will illuminate their pathway to the kingdom of Heaven."

PAULINA.

On another occasion, a communication was conveyed through the same medium to a different individual as follows:—"My son; the revolution of ages is fast becoming evolved in one harmonious brotherhood. The dogmas of the past are fast crumbling into dust. A beautiful edifice will soon be erected, pleasing to the beholder, and delightfully enjoyed by those who dwell therein; no discord will be permitted to enter, for harmony will preside over all the inhabitants. My son, love harmony; it will bring peace to its possessor. It is far more powerful than any other weapon, for it conquers by Love, and not hatred; it will soothe the troubled spirit through life, and in its departure from earth to a higher sphere. Let no earthly power prevent your progression."

MOTHER.

In concluding for the present these pleasing and consoling messages, we add the following, which was received by a friend from his mother in the Spirit-world, through a highly developed medium residing in Philadelphia, and which, as he remarks, "is encouraging to all seekers after the truth:—"

"My dear Son.—I have attempted to communicate to you before I wished to tell you I was pleased with the interest you have manifested with regard to these communications. I approve of the course you have pursued in relation to them; continue to spread the glad news, the news of salvation it may truly be called, for it shall redeem the world from error and blindness, and lead men into the glorious ways of truth; they shall indeed be blessed, and free from bondage when all shall listen and believe. Go on, then, and spread the truth over all the earth; spare no means to accomplish this end, but sacrifice much, and you shall be abundantly rewarded, and you shall have the blessed conviction that you have done much towards influencing your race to accept the gracious offering now presented to them; the offering of loving hearts, that formerly walked the pathway of life with them, but now stand redeemed from error and temptation."

A Greeting from the Departed.

Friends and Brethren: Shout for joy, for the glad tidings are being wafted from north to south, and from east to west,—the glorious news that though we who have left you for the Spirit-land, are unseen, yet we are ever near—though there is a veil which you with your mortal vision may not penetrate, yet to us as it shall be with you when you join us, there is naught to obstruct our view. And now that we are permitted to hold converse with you we are rejoiced indeed, and our gratitude to the Divine Father flows in one unruddled current in view of his great goodness to us and to all his children. Were it not contrary to the will of our Father, and also to your own good, we should desire that the time might be shortened which divides those we love from us. My friends, what has been deemed the king of terrors, is really the greatest boon which can be bestowed upon mortals; for when they have run their race and finished their course on earth—when indeed to remain in the form becomes an evil instead of a blessing, then it is that what you term death approaches, and delivers you from all the ills which are your portion in the flesh, and you are ushered into another and brighter sphere of existence. But the reason why we tell you that death is a real friend, is not that you may court it, but that you may look upon it as the weary traveler may regard the termination of his journey—as a place of rest when you have performed the duties which have been given you here to perform.

My friends;—you need not fear that the things whereof we speak will not spread over the whole world, for there has been a little leaven placed in the measure and it will most surely leaven the whole lump. True, it will require time to do this. There are many obstacles to be removed from the way before that glorious period shall arrive, but what has been done already is an encouraging promise of the happy termination of this enterprise.

SARAH JANE MARTIN, SPIRIT-WORLD.

Psychological Department.

A MYSTERY TO BE SOLVED.

The Cholera was at its height. The grim and ghastly monster was hurrying away its victims by hundreds, and a thousand graves still looked as fresh and green, as those of yesterday. The pale man as he faintly drew his breath, lest he inhale the contagion, the heedless ruffian as he stalked on in his waywardness, unmindful of the sure shafts of death, the laborer and the idler, the millionaire and the beggar, all, of whatever rank or station, were doomed, they knew not, but to die.

The Queen City of the Lakes was indeed becoming one great charnel-house. One hundred and three cases stood upon the last report, and still the epidemic raged.

It was near the close of the day, when the ringing bell, and shrill whistle of the train upon which I rode, announced a stopping place, and upon looking out, I discovered we were just entering Buffalo. The awful gloom that reigned over that City, seemed to sadden the very iron monster, as we slowly entered the Depot. The few passengers quietly took their quiet-way, through the quiet streets, to their quiet-places of abode.

As my time in the city was to be short, I immediately sought the residence of my friend, where I found him in his usual spirits, looking over the current news of the day. He welcomed me warmly, and soon we were in close conversation. "Not married yet?" rather interrogated I. "Oh! no, nothing of that yet," said he, "I am however just beginning to realize that such may be my situation at some future time." "You are then," said I, "doing well, in business, and have some good looking, comely young dame, waiting farther proposals?" "Well," he replied, "you may imagine some such thing, but we will talk more of this before you leave." Just as this point we heard the ringing of the door bell, and soon a note was handed him. He spent but a moment in its perusal, when crushing it in his hand, he cried out in a perfect phrenzy; "Oh! the awful pestilence! she must not die;" and seizing his hat rushed from the room.

While I was conjecturing the contents of that ill-fated note, the lady with whom my friend boarded, came in and said that an intimate friend of his had that afternoon been attacked with the cholera, and was now past all hope. She bade me wait his return, and remarking upon the terrible mortality in the city, left the room. I walked, read, thought, and gazed, till the old clock at no great distance, struck eleven, and soon after my friend came in. I shall not attempt to describe his appearance. Suffice it to say he looked wretched and pitiable indeed. After a few vain attempts to compose himself, staring me full in the face, and with the wild glare of a madman, he exclaimed, "Did you ever have every hope of your life cut off, in one moment completely blasted?" "Yes, I think I have," said I, "and referred him to a circumstance, in my own history, when I met with an affliction as severe, though not of the same character." He re-called the event in time to save himself from complete phrenzy, and murmured, "Oh! that I had been more faithful to you, when your necessity was so great." He soon became more calm, and I learned from him, the history of Emma H——, the near friend he had just lost. She was without friends and acquaintances in the city, having come there for the purpose of teaching, and the family with whom she had boarded, said she must be taken out of the house before morning.

My friend had made arrangements for her interment, at three o'clock the next morning, an hour most fitted for the burial of a stranger in a strange land, and desired me to accompany him. At the appointed hour, we repaired to the house, where lay the remains of the stricken one, our only company being two Irishmen, with a suitable conveyance. Slowly and silently we moved on our way, to the grave yard, which is situated on an eminence, a mile or two from the city. On arriving we prepared to deposit the coffin in the earth.

It was placed over the grave, and the men were arranging the cords, with which to lower it, when a tremulous sound, like a faint rap within the coffin, arrested their movements.

"An faith, an sure, the cratur must be livin'!" "The dear

darling would be after getting out," were the exclamations of the Irishmen. My friend, electrified, moved not. I immediately removed the lid, and lo! there lay the lifeless form of Emma, still in the cold embrace of death. Again we were about letting the coffin into the earth, and there came the same low tremulous sounds to all appearance from the narrow dwelling of the recent dead. A second time I examined the coffin, and still no signs whatever of life. It was a third time ready to be lowered, when we heard a rustling of the leaves, in a maple that stood near by, and these words seemed to emanate therefrom, "Not dead but sleeping." The affrighted sons of Erin took their heels. My astonishment exceeded all bounds, completely at loss how to account for the mysterious sounds. I resolved to trace if possible their source. The old sexton soon came along, and we together examined the tree, but found nothing.

What were we now to do? Should we thoughtlessly thrust the coffin into the earth, when such a phenomenon had just presented itself? Should we commit to the grave a human being when the spirits of the unseen world, seemed to be warning us to desist? Any possibility of her recovery would be too gladly—too joyfully received to admit of any such rashness.

We speedily conveyed the body to the sexton's, and to our greatest joy and surprise, soon after she gave signs of life, and from that hour rapidly recovered. Her subsequent account of the transaction was, that she was strongly impressed, through the whole trying scene, to many events of which she was not entirely unconscious, that her guardian angel would rescue her—an impression that seemed to comport well with the startling phenomena in the Cemetery.

The next day I bade my friend adieu, scarcely able to credit my own senses, so strange and unaccountable had been the occurrence of the night before. Yet I have never since been able to banish the conviction that we are nearer the spiritual world, or perhaps more truly, that its unseen residents are *nearer to us*, than is generally realized.

Inward Vision.

Major Buckley is an amateur magnetist of great activity, with some peculiarities of practice, which need not be dwelt upon.—He has brought 142 persons, almost all of the upper classes, into a state of lucidity. A favorite experiment with him is to cause gentlemen to purchase a quantity of those nuts which are to be had in confectioners' shops, having mottoes enclosed, and to bring those to his patient, who will read the motto within.—He has had forty-four persons capable of performing this feat. "The longest motto read by any of them was one containing ninety-eight words. Many subjects will read a motto without one mistake." Sir T. Willshire took home with him a nest of boxes belonging to Major Buckley, and placed in the inner box a slip of paper, on which he had written a word. Some days later he brought back the boxes, sealed up in a paper, and asked one of Major Buckley's clairvoyants to read the word. Major Buckley made passes over the boxes, when she said she saw the word "Concert." Sir T. Willshire declared that she was right as to the first and last letters, but that the word was different.—She persisted, when he told her that the word was "Correct."—But on opening the boxes, the word proved to be "Concert."—This case is very remarkable; for had the clairvoyante read the word by thought-reading, she would have read it according to the belief of Sir T. Willshire, who had either intended to write "correct," or in the interval, forgot that he had written "concert," but certainly believed the former to be the word. — Dr. Gregory.

A THOUGHT.—If mankind are in a state of progression, is it not probable that all will ultimately come into an intimate communion with the higher spheres of existence? To us it appears probable that we are even now surrounded by the power and influence of our departed friends—the same as we are with the warmth of the sun and the light of the moon. They are the angels of God, "they go and come at his command."

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 23, 1851.

THE SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHY.

ESTEEMED SIR :—I am gratified to perceive that the Messenger is to be continued under so bright auspices for the future. The power of the press is much needed to diffuse a knowledge of the Spiritual Philosophy. The Messenger has done a good work in clearing away the clouds which have enveloped the spiritual manifestations. It has, to my mind, proved itself able in its vindication of the truth of their reality, and rational in its exposition of some of the marvels connected with them.

The Spiritual Philosophy finds some few believers in this vicinity, notwithstanding the "full sluices of laughter and ridicule" have been open upon it, as elsewhere. The inquiry is still abroad "what is truth?" in regard to it. If the new philosophy is to be left to work its way forward upon the strength of human testimony, I think we are secure from fanaticism. It is not surprising, however, that people will not betake themselves to an investigation of the evidence which human testimony affords. The phenomena are so much the antipodes of what mankind have been led to expect from the Spirit-world, that they are regarded, at first thought, as an absurdity. Slight electrical vibrations can never, they reason, come from that world to convince us of our future life. They do not awaken sufficient fear and awe. There must be some more decisive display of superior power. The great *galvanic battery of the Universe* must be brought into requisition. There must be "flaming worlds," and "falling stars," "awful thunders," and "mournful wailings." There must be a general insurrection of the elements. It is supposed that the wrath of God is the only attribute of His nature, which is in harmony with a revelation from the world of spirits. The fertile brains of mortals have, we have yet to learn, conceived almost every idea of that world but the right one. The truth is now bearing in upon us, in an unexpected manner, and from an unexpected source; not from any interposition of Almighty Power in fulfillment of His wise plans, but through the gentler operation of hidden laws which our spiritual friends have made available to demonstrate their existence. And what more effectual method could they have adopted to arrest our attention and make the fact of their existence known to our external senses, and at the same time intimate to us that they are still in the enjoyment of all the faculties which constitute a conscious being? It certainly could not be anticipated in the sterner operation of nature's laws. No. There is no sentiment in the heart of mortals which will respond to the roaring tempest, or the rumbling thunder's voice. These may instruct us in the secrets of the power belong to the "Father of spirits," but not of the state and condition of the spirits themselves. Discard these manifestations as much as we may, they claim no greater draught on our credulity than do the attendant circumstances connected with the appearance of angels, as recorded both in the Old and New Testaments; and for one to witness the contemptuous scourgings at even the possibility of their proving a reality, affords convincing testimony that a rational idea of a higher life is much needed. We would remind this class of reasoners that it is a sound philosophy which argues that what has been may be again.

Like many others who have been compelled to admit the pretensions of the spiritualists, an interest in the subject was first awakened in my mind by perusing the writings of Mr. Davis on spiritual subjects, this being united with a cordial admission of other psychological facts. A correct understanding of the almost supernatural manner in which the volumes Mr. D. has presented to the world were written, and the complete adaptiveness of some of the truths which they contained, to the wants of this inquiring age, seemed to be prophetic of the advent of some more convincing testimony, that the existence of the spiri-

tual world, upon which the whole system of these revelations was predicated, is indeed a beautiful reality; and that the time has at last arrived in the world's progress, when the "footprints" of the Creator are to be studied and acknowledged in the invisible world of mind, as well as in the visible creation of sensuous matter. The appearance of the rapping phenomena seemed to come in its proper time to attest this fact. We would not be understood as believing all that Mr. D. has said is true, but we must acknowledge our conviction that much of his writings look reasonable, to say the least. We have become "fully persuaded in our own mind," that there are therein to be found *two test affirmations*, if I may so speak, which will warrant us in saying they are not *wholly false*. These are first, the nearness of the natural to the spiritual sphere, and secondly, the possibility of spiritual intercourse. To thousands these are already demonstrated as fixed facts, and they are now looking forward with bright hopes and high expectations to the "fruit bearing" period, when their perfect work will have been accomplished. The settlement of so momentous a question by the light of nature, must create a "movement of the waters" in the religious world, that will finally submerge all those visionary speculations which have so long held the human mind in captivity. The idea of a future life is now to many minds no longer the nonentity of the skeptic,—the cold and stoical resurrection of the Universalist, or the more appalling, mystified, unreasonable, incomprehensible heaven and hell of the more evangelical churches. These dogmas must perish and decay. The decomposing power of heaven's truth has already commenced its operation, and as well might we endeavor to save a corpse from the grave as to prevent their dissolution. There is a spirit of inquiry abroad which has awakened new thoughts in regard to man's future destiny, and which must ultimate in a complete revolution of the ideas which are generally entertained of our relation to the Father of our being. The human mind will never so retrograde as to rest satisfied with the traditions and speculations of theology relating to a future life, or to cherish such stern dogmas as total depravity, absolute evil, and eternal hell torments,—God a *tyrant*, man a *criminal*—his creation an experiment—his final destiny in his own hands, and the means of determining it an impossibility. These discordant absurdities will form the darkness of the past, and serve to make the dawn of the new era still more beautiful.

Let the friends of humanity, then, who are looking for religious freedom through the advancement of Spiritual Science, and who have themselves arrived at a confirmed belief in the immortality of the soul, through the clear light of nature's teachings, have no misgivings that the promulgation of these truths will not tend to good. A settled belief in immortality brings with it the assurance of a God, who rules all things in infinite wisdom and goodness; and this being the case, an able writer has correctly reasoned that no general law or fact can ultimately tend to evil, and, consequently, no general truth or affirmation of such law or fact can be ultimately mischievous. In proportion, therefore, as the beneficial effect of any doctrine is doubtful, so far is its truth doubtful on the supposition that there is a God. Being fully convinced of the truth of spiritual communications, let investigation be pushed to the soundest conclusions. No matter how discordant in their character, the lessons which they teach cannot conflict with the future good and well being of the whole human family. They cannot be viewed in any other light than as a further development of the plan conceived by Infinite Wisdom to elevate humanity, and make them holier, and happier, through the power of a brighter and firmer faith in the "life which is to come." Those who apprehend that the transition which is taking place in the public mind as to a belief in man's future condition, is to be from the lurid flames of Calvin to the "misty fire" of Swendenborg, will in time have their fears dissipated. It cannot be so in the nature and constitution of things. No truth can be of heavenly origin, which brings to mankind despair instead of hope.

"O bright eyed Science, hast thou wandered there,
To bring us back such lessons of despair?"

Portsmouth, N. H.

E. J. L.

Extracts from Correspondence.

Below we present a few extracts from letters recently received, which are thought to be of interest to the reader. An intelligent correspondent from Uxbridge, Mass., writes the following:—

DEAR SIR:—I believe little is known abroad of what has been doing here in regard to spiritual manifestations. In the course of the six months since the first sittings were held here, nearly one hundred mediums have been discovered within the limits of the town, which numbers less than 2500 inhabitants. If proper means are taken to test the powers of all in the town, I have not a doubt that the number of those capable of serving as media of communication with the spiritual world, might be doubled. This ratio would give at least one medium to every three families; and if a thorough knowledge of the subject were generally intended, would place free inter-communication with departed friends, almost at will within the reach of all.

The manifestations here have almost uniformly been made by the raising of tables, although most of the other phenomena, as writing, rapping, &c., have in some cases been observed. This mode of manifestation seems to me to be much more demonstrative than that by rapping, inasmuch as in the latter case an appeal is made to but *one* of the senses, and a counterfeit, consequently, is less easy of detection. Any man here who would say that the phenomena daily occurring under the hands of media, most of whom are of a character above suspicion, were the result of deception, would be deemed almost an idiot or a madman. The character of the communications here is not always what could be wished. There are some media who do not, or pretend not to believe in their spiritual origin, and conduct their writings in a light and trifling manner. At some of these sittings, and even at some where those present were in a more serious mood, responses have been given which go to prove the reverse of what I take to be your belief, viz., that there are no evil spirits. In one case, when the question was put who it was that was answering the questions (of a trifling character) that had been put, the answer was spelled out—"Devil." In another case, at the house of a brother physician, where the spectators were in a sober state of mind, answers were given of the most absurd and contradictory character; and the respondent finally said he should *always* take delight in teasing and perplexing his questioners as he had just been doing.

A female friend residing in Poughkeepsie, N. Y., is entitled to our thanks for the lively interest expressed in the ensuing letter:—

BRO. AMBLER:—The enclosed accept as the faint representation of the interest I take in the advancement of our glorious religion. I hope you will not get discouraged at the backwardness of those who profess to believe as well as the blindness of those who will not see, but let the promises of the future sustain and encourage you in the cause of emancipation from ignorance and its attendant evils. The basis of the system we advocate lies in the nature of things, and therefore cannot fail. We may not eat of the fruit of our labors, but we know that we have not labored in vain, for we shall transmit to our posterity an inheritance far better than silver and gold—one which they can use without diminishing, and which will grow brighter forever.

I could write long upon the satisfaction I have taken in the perusal of the Messenger during a protracted sickness of many months,—of the hopes and fears I have had for the success of the paper; but it would be useless, for I now feel that it will be sustained and prosper more and more. I know there are many, very many who are deterred from an open expression of their sentiments in regard to the new philosophy, by the fear of ridicule and a want of moral courage to investigate and understand it. I can truly pity such, but cannot sympathize with them, for it is a weakness in which I have no experience. But I hope that the time is not far distant when the lion in their paths will be removed, and they too will become workers in the vineyard.

In the note which follows may be read the experience of many individuals who now rejoice in the light of spiritual freedom:—

DEAR SIR:—All the religious consolation I ever had, came

from Davis' "Revelations," the "Spirit Messenger," and kindred vehicles of new and glorious truths. I groped my way in darkness while seventeen thousand suns rose and set upon me. But when "Nature's Divine Revelations" came, I saw God, or thought I saw Him, in the past and in the joyous future; the thirsty soul drank freely from the sweet fountain of life, and the dread of death and the gloom of the grave left me, and I know that I am a happier and better man than before. A false theology, taught by a supremely selfish priesthood, awfully deforms the human soul, which God created in beauty and holiness.

TRUTHS OF NATURE.

Mind as well as matter coheres by its own relationship; hence all forms, either material or spiritual, assume conditions and organisms by their own adaptation; or to amplify more, I will add that matter ultimates by its own progression into distinct forms or substances of its interior qualities. Thus it will be understood that relative particles cohere by their own relationship and similitude; they aggregate by their affinity and likeness, and assume forms, the germ of all things being their interior properties and qualities, which like their exterior forms have different degrees of refinement from the first form of matter up to man externally, and from motion up to the highest form of spirit which is organized intelligence. By comprehending this, it will be easy to see how all the varied forms we behold in Nature, have their being,—those that bedeck the earth and all planets with so much external beauty and loveliness.

It has been asserted that "like begets like," but I affirm that like attracts like, and this quite directly proves the immortality of man, for by it the ultimated forms of spirit-matter cohere by their own relationship, and assume an organism which becomes intelligence; and being above all other forms either in the material or spiritual worlds, cannot be destroyed; for by being superior to all else there is nothing that can affect the existence of such a substance.

Cohesion, adhesion &c., have engaged the attention of many minds, but as the investigations have been only external, the conclusions have been unreal and not satisfactory; for it is only by the interior properties of things that a true knowledge may be obtained, and it is by a want of this knowledge (the ignorance of the first or primal cause) that the earth has been filled with so many unreal theories that conflict with each other, both in Philosophy and Theology. Mankind are groping after shadows to gain an understanding of the substance of realities, and so perversely do they cling to their imbibed errors, that truth is an unwelcome visitor; therefore whoever desires truth must become acquainted with the *real*, and not the *supposed* cause of things, leaving all superficialities behind as utterly useless in his investigations.

We find, also, many well disposed minds seeking after spiritual enlightenment not for real truth, but to obtain some confirmation of their own theories, without supposing the bare possibility that they are themselves entertaining errors. This is seeking light to make darkness visible. It would be well for all who go to the spiritual world, to receive the truth when presented to them and not attempt to dictate to those of whom they should learn a knowledge of spiritual things. If such would allow themselves to reflect, they would know that in the superior world there can be but one form of truth, and the condition of all such as to be known according to their various degrees of progression or advancement there, and that all conditions in the Spirit-world are superior to any condition here; but to suppose all spirits educated in all knowledge simply because they have ascended to that sphere, is to suppose that which does not exist, for there, as well as here, all must progress into knowledge and wisdom as an infant on earth progresses to maturity or manhood; and all new-born spirits in the celestial world are infants in knowledge in that sphere, and they must grow or progress to angelic wisdom before all truth becomes manifest to them.

We see also another class of minds entirely different from those mentioned, minds whose great delight is to be considered wiser, greater and better than others, and which are desirous of gaining

spiritual knowledge, not for its truth, but to be enabled the better to be considered as teachers and great pillars of light to their brethren. In fact, you may find all the varied phases of folly and misdirection, from the stern bigot up to the ambitious mind whose canker worm is preying upon his own vitals, all desirous, of advancing their own views according to the peculiar follies of each. These facts now exist, but like mists all will fade and be remembered as things that have been; therefore "have courage and be steadfast, for all things will come in a fitting season."

c. c. w.

New York, Aug. 5, 1851.

PRESENCE OF THE SPIRITS.

We find the following article in the "Spirit World" from the pen of Joseph Treat, which from its beauty and force of expression, we are tempted to transfer to our columns:—

Spirits are around us. Aye, it is true. We may not think it, but it is even so. We may not see them, but they see us. They are round us at morn and noon, and eventide, "both while we wake, and while we sleep." They are with us alike when we are thinking of goodness, and trying to grow up into the expansion and felicity of heaven, and when we grovel amid the low pleasures of earth, insensible to higher joys, and careless whether we ourselves are possessed of spiritual natures, or are aught more than the perishing clouds on which we tread. They are *ever* with us.

Who are—who are these spirits? Have we ever had aught to do with them? and may we hope to have more? O, fond ecstasy of delight, to know the deep bliss of this answer! They are our friends—those who once loved us, and who still love us—who were once with us, and are yet with us. They are the dear ones of our former affection, to whom our souls were once knit, and with whom we used to walk, hand in hand. They are the fathers and mothers, the brothers and sisters, the sweet children, and still nearer other selves, whom we were wont but a little while ago, to clasp to our hearts and call our own! They are those who, when about to leave us, and cross the death-river, to launch out upon the untried ocean, bade us this adieu—"Farewell, we shall soon meet again." And so they come now to fulfill that loving, faithful promise. And they *do* fulfill it. They do meet us. They so come that we feel their presence; they so speak that we receive their sympathy; they so whisper in the secret chamber of our souls, that we are all ear to listen to their heavenly message. When we are glad, they rejoice in our joy; when we weep, they soothe our grief and dry our tears; when we are in doubt they instruct us, and when in danger they warn us. They are our best and truest friends, and happy should we be if we gave up ourselves more to their guidance.

Yes, the *angels* are our companions—those who have long passed away. The seraphim are not so glorious and exalted, nor the cherubim so pure and holy, but they still care for their brothers on the earth, and keep watch and ward over them.—They were once as weak and imperfect as we, and only through trials and temptations have they themselves progressed to the attainment of their present state. With them, as with us, "No cross, no crown." They know, therefore, how to pity our frailties, help our sincere endeavors to be good. Not one of the great, and the wise, and the virtuous, of all the ages past—be he known as a Jew, a Pagan, or a Christian—be he Patriarch, Prophet, Apostle, Philosopher, or Reformer—not one of all these but revisits the scene of his first development and early education, and beckons every brother here to follow in his foot-steps! God bless the good who have gone, and give us who remain, strength thus to follow.

Yes, there are spirits around us. And I am glad of it. Are not you? Do you wish it were otherwise? Would you pray to be left alone? O, no! For our own sakes, we will say, No.—By the love that binds the angel and human races together, we will say, No. By the deep gratitude we feel toward our spiritual helpers, for the much they have done for us already, No.—By the insatiate craving of our souls for higher good, No. By the instinctive longing of our natures for immortality, No. And by the unutterable yearning of our whole being to ascend, to

mount upward into the very heavens, and rest not till we nestle close in the bosom of the Almighty Love—by all these, No, No, No. O no, we will not dare to stand alone, but we will say to these holy ones of the upper skies, Be ye ever with us!

Come, then, spirits! Come and dwell with the earth children. Come and dwell with the meek and lowly of this far-off, mundane sphere! Come and help us live! Come and teach us to worship! Come and make us true, pure, and holy, till we shall grow up to be angels with you!

The Shekinah.

This term, it may be remembered by our readers, was used in ancient times to represent a visible manifestation of the spiritual presence. Among the Hebrews the Shekinah was regarded as a beautiful and sacred symbol of the Deity, this usually appearing in the form of a soft and mellow radiance which was peculiarly expressive of the divine glory. It was not, however, to enter on any moral or historical disquisition that we have introduced this subject, but merely to announce that a valuable Quarterly Magazine with the above title has recently made its appearance in the literary world, under the editorial care of our friend S. B. Brittan. This work is to be devoted to "free thought and universal inquiry; the elucidation of vital and mental phenomena, and the progress of Man." The first number appears in a very neat and tasteful style exemplifying a prominent characteristic of its editor, is enriched with a beautiful engraving illustrative of the grand idea contained in the title, and presents a variety of choice original articles of which a specimen is furnished in our first department. It is needless to say that we welcome this magazine as a co-worker in the field of Spiritual Science, and wish it the most abundant success. We take this occasion to copy the following extract from the leading editorial:—

"This work shall be consecrated to the cause of SPIRITUAL SCIENCE and HUMAN IMPROVEMENT. While it will encourage the most unlimited freedom of thought, and a fearless examination of all new phenomena that may shed the least light on the manifold relations of man, it will, at the same time, exert whatever of influence it may possess, to restrain the impetuous and the vicious, who may claim to be identified with this cause.

We are deeply conscious that in a work like this the utmost calmness should combine with a fearless independence; and while we endeavor to embody these elements in a commendable degree, we shall hope to merit and receive the approval and the sympathy of all rational and inquiring minds. Nothing can be more unworthy the cause and injurious to its possessor, than a thoughtless and headlong spirit. Especially is this unbecoming and unprofitable in a discussion of religious and spiritual subjects. The necessity for greater prudence, and deliberation, even among our spiritual teachers, will be obvious, if we consider the experience of such as appear already to have 'thorn in the flesh, and messengers of satan to buffet them, least they should be exalted above measure, through the abundance of their real or supposed revelations.'

An intelligent friend—who has witnessed the unreasoning confidence, manifested by some persons, in whatever assumes to emanate from the invisible world, and who is not unconscious of the dangers incidental to the growth of the spiritual idea—writes us that, if the Shekinah can claim a *supernatural* inspiration it will command numerous readers. We are not insensible to the significance of this remark, and yet we venture out without preferring any such claims. We expect the Quarterly will find readers, and we indulge the hope that it may be read for what *it is*, rather than for any thing it may *profess to be*. Nature, as we understand the term, represents a field sufficiently large for our accommodation. If we succeed in being eminently *natural*, we shall be quite satisfied; and if it shall hereafter appear that the work possesses a good share of the inspiration of common sense, those who are chiefly employed in hunting after wonders, will at least have one notable miracle in attestation of our claims to discipleship."

Poetry.

THE DAWN OF DAY.

BY HANNAH J. CHURCHMAN.

Patience, ye dwellers on the earth,
Who fain would flee away—
Wearied with joys so little worth;
Abide till break of day.

The orient kindles *now* with light;
Ere long the full orb'd sun
Shall rise o'er earth in splendor bright,
Chasing the shadows dun,

Which filled our hearts with foolish fears
And wrap'd our souls in gloom,
Making of life a vale of tears,
A bugbear of the tomb.

Lo! in the distance, angel tones
Are floating on the air:
Ye meek and simple hearted ones
To join the hosts prepare.

The morn advances: see, the mists
Are floating fast away:
Glad spirits up! in strength renewed,
Come forth to meet the day.

It is the Father's sovereign will
That heaven and earth should meet:
What holy joy our hearts shall thrill,
The blessed bands to greet!

The day of universal peace
Is rising o'er the world;
War, clangor, ever more shall cease,
And thrones to earth be hurled.

The adverse powers below, at length
Yield to the powers above;
Discord submits his giant strength
To all-subduing Love.

The warrior's hand shall grasp the plow,
And regulate the loom,
And Earth shall deck her emerald brow
In more than Eden bloom!

THE FREED BIRD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

BY JOSEPH TREAT.

A gentle Bird hath flown,
Away to her home in the sky;
But though we call her gone,
We'll feel she still is nigh.

She still is near her mother,
Who weepeth for her sore;
She still is with that father,
Who looks on his child no more!

She still doth love each sister,
As she used to love before;
And clingeth to each brother,
As she clung in the days of yore!

Yes, she still doth love ye well,
And beckoneth with her hand,
For you to come and dwell,
With her in the "Better Land!"

Miscellaneous Department.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

BY HARRIET N. HATHAWAY.

Ah cold distrust, a blinding veil
Around the soul it flings;
Full many a fond heart it assails,
And chills its gushing spring.

Reader mine, with your permission, we will, in our mind's eye, enter a delightful country-seat, in the environs of the city of N——. In a richly furnished chamber, that looked out upon a spacious garden, were two young and beautiful girls, of the ages of seventeen and fifteen, and seated on the carpet, was a golden-tressed, blue-eyed child, the exact counterpart of the elder of the group. One would imagine, as they glanced around the room, and beheld the costly furniture, the large and elegant library, and the chaste and beautiful paintings that adorned the walls of the apartment, that nothing could be wanting to complete the happiness of its occupants, unless indeed, they had learned that affluence does not always insure this.

"O, Bertha—Bertha!" exclaimed the eldest, as she removed the handkerchief from her face, where the traces of recent tears were plainly visible, "to think, that the calamity we have dreaded of all others, should have at last come upon us,—that of having a step-mother, and one so young, and aunt Mary says she is proud and poor, but very accomplished. It surely was not for *love* that she married father—as much older as he is—but to become mistress of his house, and to be enabled to partake of the luxuries which necessity has denied her. I can never respect, and never—never love her;" and as she said this, she rose, and going towards her mother's picture, gently raised the veil that covered it, and her tears flowed afresh.

"My own pretty mama," said the little girl, as she ran towards her sister, and twined her arms lovingly around her. "Papa says my new mama is coming to-day, but I will not love her, for she is not gentle and good as my own mama; she is naughty and wicked, for she makes you and Bertha cry, does she not, Ida? O, she is very, very cross. I will not sing to her, nor pick flowers for her, and she shall not hear me say my prayers at night; you and Bertha must do everything for me;" and here the half-unconscious prattler resumed her play, while Ida and Bertha continued to converse upon the cause of all their present trouble.

"An sure, young leddy, an ye did not know that yer farder is comin' up the hill?" said Kathleen, an Irish woman who had lived with them many years, and who was looked upon as one of the family, as she thrust the door open without ceremony. "I was looking out on the turnpike, an I see a rale hape o' dust, an I think it is he, an if it beent, why thin, an sure it is somebody else. But Miss Ida, ye've been crying, dear child; ye've tuk a deal o' trouble to yerselve, but ye must meet the new leddy with smiles, as yer farder will be rale displeased wid ye; come, wipe yer eyes, that's a darling."

"Yes—yes, it is they," said Bertha, as she glanced her eye from the window; "they have turned into the avenue. O, dear Ida! how you look! bathe your eyes quickly, for they will soon be at the door; there, now you look more like yourself; let us hasten down to meet them."

A frail, fair looking girl was the bride of Charles Merton, and as she advanced to meet Ida and Bertha, an almost childish blush stole over her face; but there was that in their bearing that repelled her, and the half uttered words of kindly greeting died upon her trembling lips, and tears sprang to her eyes, as she thought for the first time came home to her heart, that she might be deemed an intruder; but she strove to banish it, unwelcome as it was.

"Where is our little Carrie?" said Mr. Merton, when they were seated in the drawing-room; "how happens this, that she does not meet me as usual? I am impatient to see my little pet; you cannot think how much we all love her, Mary," he continued, addressing his young wife, "she is so gentle and winning; but here she comes."

"She is indeed lovely," said Mrs. Merton, as the child came bounding in, and climbing upon her father's knee, threw her white, dimpled arms about his neck, imprinting a shower of kisses upon his lips and forehead.

"Carrie, this is your new mama," said Mr. Merton, gently drawing her towards her; "she is very kind and good, and loves little children very much; go kiss her."

"Never!" said Carrie, opening her blue eyes wider than before, and drawing from her. "I think she is very cross and homely, and I do not want her for my mama, for I don't love her; let me go and see Ida and Bertha;" and here the little girl ran from the room in search of her sisters.

"Carrie—Carrie!" said Mr. Merton; but she was already out of hearing, so glad was she to regain her liberty. "Don't look so sad, Mary," he continued, "this is nothing but a childish caprice. I ought to have told you that she is excessively shy of strangers; when she becomes acquainted she will be kind and docile."

When left alone, Mrs. Merton glanced her eye around the elegantly furnished apartments, but it did not bring one ray of pleasure to her heart to feel that she was mistress of so fine an establishment; for hers was not a sordid love, and she would rather have inhabited an humble cottage, with Mr. Merton, where she would meet with a cordial, heartfelt welcome, than to have shared all the cold splendor that riches could afford,—and she sighed as she thought of her own peaceful home, and the tenderly cherished ones whom she had left behind. Her love for her husband was pure and deep, and she felt the witness in her own bosom that it was fully reciprocated by him. And well indeed might he love the fond, confiding being who was henceforth to be the partner of his joys and sorrows. Twenty-eight summers' suns had come and gone over her head, but so youthful was her appearance that one would have scarce thought her twenty; beauty of a high order was her's; but it did not and could not exceed the beauty of her mind; and it might truly be said of her, that "none knew her but to love her." She would gladly have believed that the restraint which had so pained her was all in her own imagination; but the more she reflected upon it, the more fully did she become convinced that this was not the case; but she wisely resolved to lock the thought in her own bosom, and summoning all her resolution, she commenced making preparations to meet the family at the tea-table, and although tremblingly alive to the delicacy of her situation, she succeeded in throwing off her reserve, and to a careless eye appeared composed and happy.

"An sure our new leddy is rale swate looking," said Kathleen, to one of her fellow domestics, "and puty as a doll; but I guess there'll be a dale o' trouble, sich a young thing; an sure I would never take her to be a day older than Miss Ida; and then she's so different from our dear leddy that's gone. O, a sad day that was to my poor old sow! I shall never see her like agin, an sure;" and here she drew her rough hand across her eyes, to wipe the tears that the fond recollections of the departed had called from their briny fountain.

Days wore on, and although Mrs. Merton was kind and attentive to the wishes of the family, still it was evident that her efforts to please were looked upon by Ida and Bertha with distrust. If unwittingly she removed a piece of furniture from its wonted place, to the girls it appeared sacrilegious, for there it had remained, occupying the same place that it did previous to their mother's death, and these were assigned them by her own hands. It was not to be wondered at, that the domestics, who were all fond of the girls, should be influenced by their views, and this Mrs. Merton was not long in discovering, as the following incident will show.

The first week of her arrival, owing to poor health, she did not venture below stairs to oversee the domestic department; but on the second, having been in the habit of attending to house-hold duties while at home, and finding her time hanging heavily on her hands, she made her appearance in the kitchen. Although it was a warm day, a large fire was burning upon the hearth to no purpose, and as she had been taught to economise,

she said in a pleasant way to Nancy—the girl who assisted Kathleen in the kitchen:—

"Had you not better lay off part of that wood? for it seems to be burning to waste."

The girl opened her eyes wide with astonishment, at this request, and replied:

"Why, mam, I do whatever Kathleen tells me, and I'm sure she ought to know best."

Kathleen hearing her name repeated, and not being in a very pleasant mood, made her appearance, and inquired into the matter.

"Why, ye see," said Nancy, "the lady thinks ye are too wasteful with the wood."

"An indeed," said Kathleen, whose quick, Irish spirit was aroused by the reflection cast upon her, "ye would be after finding fault wid me, would ye? Menny and menny is the long year I've spent in this kitchen, when our good leddy—the Lord rest her dear sow!—was alive, and niver was the first word o' fault she iver found wid me. Only two or three times a year did she tuk the trouble to come below stairs, an then she was so swate and pleasant; and—sure, if ye are not satisfied wid me, I can leave ye, although I love the dear leddy's children as well as if they were part wid my own flesh and blood."

Mrs. Merton as soon as her surprise would allow her to speak, offered some conciliatory words to Kathleen, and disappointed and disheartened, sought her own apartment, and sinking upon a seat, buried her face in her hands and wept, for she was indeed unhappy.

"If there was only one to sympathize or direct me," she said to herself; "but there is not, for I cannot trouble Charles with it, and besides, he might think it was jealousy in me, for the girls show me no lack of respect before him. O, if mother could be with me for a few hours! I must see her and tell her my troubles, or my heart will break."

"Mary," said Mr. Merton, on his return from business that evening, as he seated himself by her side, and caressingly brushed her dark hair from her white brow, "you look pale and sad. I fear you are not happy in your new home, or perhaps you are not well, and it might benefit you to go home a few days and enjoy the country air."

"I should be delighted to go," said Mrs. Merton; "but I feared you would think it selfish in me to wish to go home so soon, but as you have so kindly offered, I think I shall accept."

Mrs. Merton, after spending a week at the old homestead, returned, refreshed and strengthened, to her new duties.

"Carrie," said Mrs. Merton, as she came bounding into the room alone, the girls being absent from home, "will you not come and see mama?" The little girl went towards her with evident reluctance, and she gently took her in her arms and imprinted a fond kiss on her warm cheek, and whispered, "does not my little girl love me? Come kiss me, and let us be friends."

"I will kiss you, for father said I must, and he will not call me his sweet pet if I do not; but I can't love you, because you are wicked, and make Ida and Bertha cry all the time; my own mama did not use to do so. I am sorry you've come back again, because my brother Charlie is coming home, and I am afraid he will cry too, and will not play with me."

"O Carrie—Carrie!" said Mrs. Merton, gazing sorrowfully into the child's face, "how little, how very little the girls know of me. O, if they could only read my heart, they would find no cause for distrust; but it must be thus for the present; time, perhaps, may reveal the truth to them, and this thought shall cheer me on to the faithful performance of my duty."

"O Charlie has come! Charlie has come!" shouted Carrie, with her face radiant with smiles, as a carriage stopped, and a beautiful boy of twelve years alighted from it, bounded up the steps, caught the little girl in his arms, and well nigh smothered her with kisses; then as if a new idea had struck him, released her suddenly, and went on the run through the long hall, where he was met by Mrs. Merton. A look of pleasant surprise flitted over his face, as she said, in a pleasant tone:

"I suppose this is our little boy, whom we have been so anxiously expecting."

"How do you like our new mama?" said Ida to Charlie, a few hours after his return.

"How do I like her? I love her dearly already, she is so near like our own mama; and her voice sounded just as her's used to, as she placed her hand so gently on my head, and whispered, 'I hope our Charlie is a good boy.'"

"Just like her," said Bertha; "one would think she would have more respect for the memory of our mother than to speak in that way. Of course you are a good boy I found her at mother's drawers the other day, rummaging over the things, trying to find something to suit herself, I suppose, for she blushed when she saw me, and instantly left the chamber."

"I don't think it just right," said Ida to Bertha, "to try to prejudice Charlie against her. You know father would be greatly displeased with us were he to know it, and I have been really sorry that we have talked so much before Carrie."

"About Carrie, I do not think we were to blame, for who'd ever thought of such a little thing's understanding what we were saying," said Bertha.

"Well, I am half sorry that we have been so distant towards her, for she is really very unhappy. I have found her crying a good many times, and have you not noticed how pale she is to-day? and at the dinner-table, every once in a few moments, she would press her hand upon her temples, and she looked so sad that I could not help pitying her."

"I don't know but it is wrong, but I am sure I don't love her, and I never shall, and I don't believe in being deceitful, Ida; but now that you have mentioned it, I believe I did think she did not look quite well."

Mrs. Merton did not appear with the family at the tea-table, that night, owing to a slight indisposition, as she termed it; but during the night, lights might have been seen glimmering in different parts of the house, and long before morning, Mr. Merton entered the girl's sleeping apartment, looked troubled and alarmed, and rousing Ida, he said:

"Your mother is very sick! will you not come below and have a care, while I go for a physician? I dare not trust a servant, for a slight delay may prove fatal."

Ida rose, pale and trembling, and throwing on her morning-gown hurriedly hastened to her mother's room, and her feelings amounted almost to agony, as she beheld her tossing from side to side of the bed, and moaning incoherently. She would have given worlds to have recalled the past few months, but she felt how futile was the wish, and with an aching heart she took her station at her side.

The family physician soon made his appearance, and shaking his head, after looking upon her a few moments, he pronounced her disease to be a brain fever, and turning to Mr. Merton, he said:

"Her disorder must have been brought on by some secret trouble; something that has weighed heavily on her mind, or at least I judge so, from appearances."

At this remark, a pang shot through Ida's frame, and when the doctor had left the room in company with her father, she murmured:

"O, if she would only speak, and say she would forgive me, I might bear it. How cruel I have been!"

Mrs. Merton opened her eyes, and gazed wildly round the room, then fixing them upon Ida with a vacant stare, she cried:

"O Charles—Charles! to think I should have brought discord into your home! Mother! mother! take them away! Do not look so coldly at me!" And thus she raved, until exhausted, she closed her eyes, and sank into a troubled slumber.

Mr. Merton having heard her voice through the partially closed door, returned in time to hear her ravings, and as Ida saw the burning tears stealing down his manly face, her feelings overpowered her, and she sought her own apartment, waiting, yet dreading the re-appearance of morning. What a train of thought passed through her young mind, as she reflected upon the past; and what severe reproaches did she cast upon her-

self as the author in part of the calamity that had befallen them. In her imagination she already gazed upon the lifeless form of her mother, and then followed her to her long resting place, and heard the cold, damp clod falling upon her coffin; then beheld her father seeking his lonely home, bowed down with uncontrollable sorrow, at this unlooked-for termination of his fond hopes.

For several long, sleepless and wearisome days and nights, did Mrs. Merton hover all unconsciously between life and death, and now that the crisis of her disorder had arrived, what anxious hearts were those who bent over her pillow, watching her face, so pale and sunken, that it seemed as though death could scarcely leave it more so. Gradually she sunk into a gentle slumber, and with noiseless steps all stole from the room but Ida, who, with a heart filled with hope and gratitude, took the place at her side, that she had never resigned but for a few hours at a time during her mother's sickness.

For hours the invalid slept, and when she at length opened her eyes, the first object that met her view was Ida, bending affectionately over her, and as she met the invalid's livid gaze, she imprinted a gentle kiss on her pale brow, and murmured softly, *mother*, for the first time.

What a world of meaning was there in that one simple word, and how did Mrs. Merton's heart thrill with happiness, as she felt the assurance in her own breast, that the barrier that had so long separated them, was at length removed. The happy change seemed to restore new life to her drooping form, and her recovery to convalescence was rapid.

"Ida," said Bertha, several months after Mrs. Merton's restoration to health, "I often think how unhappy we were for the first few months after father's marriage, and our unhappiness all arose from a foolish prejudice; was it not strange?"

"Yes, Bertha, it seems like a dream, when I think how much hatred I indulged towards one so gentle and good as our dear mother."

"The blessed virgin protect the dear ledly!" said Kathleen, who had been listening to the girls'; "twas a dale o' trouble I tuk to meselvy, when yer farder brought her to his hum, and in daed it made my poor sowl ache to think she had cum to take the place of yer own dear mother—the Lord rest her sowl—and niver did I believe I wud see the day that I wud love our new mistress—no more an' yerselves—but she is so good and swate-hearted, and so kind to all of ye, that I cannot help it. O, she is a rare jewel."

Gentle reader, if your patience is not already wearied, we will look in upon the group assembled in the drawing-room.

Mr. Merton is seated near an open window, with a book in his hand, but his eye ever and anon wanders from it, and rests upon the happy face of his wife, who holds Carrie in her arms, while Charlie is hanging upon her chair, with his arms thrown around her neck, listening to the gentle words of instruction that fall from her lips, as she points to them the path that will lead their young feet to happiness and heaven; and now that she has concluded, Carrie slides gently from her seat, and bowing her tiny form, rests her young head upon her mother's knee, whose hand is resting among her golden curls, and repeats her evening prayer; then, with a fond kiss, and a sweetly murmured "good night," the two children seek their places of repose, happy in the consciousness of a mother's love.

"What a happy home is ours, Charles," said Mrs. Merton, when they were alone; "I sometimes think I am not half grateful enough for our many blessings."

"It is indeed a happy home, in contrast with the first year of your coming to it, and when I think of the change, I feel that it is all owing to your patient endurance, Mary, and the noble spirit with which you bore your many troubles, so uncomplainingly, that I scarce realized them. I knew the girls did not seem as cheerful as was their wont, but was not aware of the extent to which their naturally strong prejudices had led them; but, thank Heaven, that your gentle goodness has at last overcome them, and that they now bless the kind care of their faithful step-mother."—*Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*.

Belief and Understanding.

An ingenious gentleman of my acquaintance, whom I call Novatianus, was in company with the lady Aspasia, who was exclaiming bitterly against a certain preacher, whose historical name shall be Eusebius.—For Eusebius had asserted something in one of his sermons, which gave the lady great offense. Upon which she condemned him with warm zeal, and great fluency of speech, and declared she would never hear him more as long as she lived. This occasioned the following dialogue between her and my friend.

Novatianus—What was it, madam, in Eusebius' sermon which offended you so much?

Aspasia—He asserted that we are to believe nothing but what we can understand.

Novatianus—Was that the thing which gave you so much offense?

Aspasia—Yes, sir, and enough, too. I wonder how anybody can venture to assert such a thing.

So far the dialogue proceeded; and then they conversed an hour or two about other matters; by which means this affair was quite forgotten. Then Novatianus begged the favor of a pen and ink and a small piece of paper; all of which a servant readily brought him. Upon the page he wrote the following words in Greek: 'Ο ΤΙΘΕΙΣ ΑΓΑΡΕ ΕΣΤΙΝ, and then very gravely gave them to the lady, and desired her to read them. That revived the dialogue, which proceeded as follows:—*Aspasia*, looking first upon the paper and then looking earnestly and with surprise and confusion in Novatianus' face, said "sir, I can not read them. What do you mean by this? It is not English and they are strange letters to me. I can not imagine what you design by asking me to read what I know nothing about." *Novatianus* gravely said "do you believe them, madam?" "How can I?" answered *Aspasia*, with great quickness, "unless I understand them?" "Hold madam," replied Novatianus, "you may surely believe things which you do not understand."

Aspasia—That is impossible.

Novatianus—Then I find, that you are, after all, of Eusebius' opinion notwithstanding his sermon offended you so much.

This startled the lady and caused her to say "I profess I believe I am wrong, the thing never appeared to me in this light before. I really begin to suspect that I was mistaken, and that Eusebius was in the right. I beg his pardon for condemning him before I had duly considered the reasonableness of what he said.—But what is the meaning of those words? For I can not so much as read them."

Novatianus said, "I will assure you, madam, they are the words of Scripture: and that according to the original, they contain a plain truth, and a very great and important truth. I would therefore have you try once more whether you can not believe them." *Aspasia* was now impatient to have them explained, and said to Novatianus, "Tease me no longer, I freely acknowledge that I was too rash and inconsiderate; and I am now, fully convinced, that I can't tell whether I believe what you propose to me or no, till I understand what is meant thereby. Pray, tell me therefore, what the words signify, and keep me no longer in suspense. As soon as I understand them, I will then tell you fully, whether I believe them or no."

"Well then," said Novatianus "I will gratify you by telling you, that you may find the passage 1 John iv: 8, and the English of it is, *God is love*." That proposition, said *Aspasia*, "I most readily and firmly believe; but I find I could not believe it till I understood it. I heartily beg Eusebius' pardon, and sincerely condemn mine own folly and imprudence, in censuring what I ought to have applauded. I will promise you I will go and hear him again; and I shall now have a better opinion of him than ever."

The next time Novatianus visited *Aspasia*, she continued of the same mind, and severely condemned herself, but applauded Eusebius; and thanked Novatianus for taking so kind and ingenious a method of leading her into right sentiments upon this head; but was ready to wonder that she had not before seen the matter in the same light, as it appeared to be very obvious now she had attended to it.—*Benson's Dialogues.*

Pretty Thoughts.

What is crime? A wretched vagabond traveling from place to place in fruitless endeavor to escape from justice, who is constantly engaged in hot pursuit; a foe to virtue and happiness, though at times the companion of poor innocence, which is too often made to suffer for the guilty.

What is thought? A fountain from which flows all good and evil intentions—a mental fluid, electrical in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenue; yet it is the controlling power of all animated matter, and the chief mainspring of all our actions.

What is happiness? A butterfly that roves from flower to flower in the vast garden of existence, and which is eagerly pursued by the multitude in the vain hope of obtaining the prize; yet it continually eludes their grasp.

What is fashion? A beautiful envelop for mortality, presenting a glittering and polished exterior, the appearance of which gives no certain indication of the real value of what is contained therein.

What is wit? A sparkling beverage that is highly exhilarating and agreeable when partaken of at the expense of others; but when used at our own cost it becomes bitter and unpleasant.

What is knowledge? A key that unravels all mysteries, which unlocks the entrance, and discovers new, unseen, and unrodden paths in the hitherto unexplored field of science and literature.

What is fear? A frightful substance to the really guilty, but a vain and harmless shadow to the conscientious, honest, and upright.

What is joy? The honey of existence, really beneficial and agreeable, when partaken of in moderation, but highly injurious when used in excess.

Fictions are revelations not of truth, for they are most unreal, but of that which the souls long to be true; they are mirrors not of actual human experience, but of human dreams and aspirations of the eternal desire of the heart.

No man is so truly great, whatever other titles to eminence he may have, as when, after taking an erroneous step, he resolves to "tread that step backward."

A great mind may change its objects, but it cannot relinquish them; it must have something to pursue; variety is its relaxation, and amusement its repose.

Every human being has work to carry on within, duties to perform abroad, influences to exert, which are peculiarly his, and which no conscience but his own can teach.

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