

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.

AUTHORITY OF THE IDEAL.

BY T. L. H.

"The Spirit of the Living Creature was in the wheels!" An ancient Seer uttered this saying in his description of a vision, in which the connection between the Active Principle, and the moving forms of the Universe, was illustrated by revolving wheels, informed and moved by supersensual life. They suggest to us the authority of the ideal—the truth that all outward action is the result of inward life: that all visible and material organisms are the product of invisible and organizing force.

The present Age, in one of its aspects is eminently material. There is a temper abroad which studiously contemns, and undervalues, whatever is abstract, whatever is ideal. Political Economists, Practical Statesmen, Teachers of Religion, no less than the unlettered multitude, seem to lose sight of the connection between motives and deeds, between sentiments and actions, between abstract ideas and concrete institutions. In their veneration for the created works of man, they lose sight of the perpetual existence, the perpetual activity, of creative life within man. Observing the wondrous play of the stupendous mechanism of Civilization, they forget the spirit of the living creature that is in the wheels.

Coming down to the common experience, how often do we see others commit—how often do we see ourselves, commit—the error of which I speak. By the fireside we make much of the trifling act the little child performs—the sudden blow, perhaps, or the slightest effort of memory—but we leave unnoticed the lightning like flickering of emotions, as they pass briefly over the countenance, and suggest the awakening activity of a primitive and spiritual life within. In our Courts of Justice, we shrink horror stricken, from the man who, in sudden heat, has put forth his hand to smite, or slay. That is active—there is in it, we think, something palpable and real—but the ideas of revenge, the sentiments of hate the man has held, have been almost overlooked by parents, friends, government and society, till they have burst forth in murderous activity, in shed blood, bearing mute witness before high heaven.

In public places we do homage to the man who has proved himself great in action. The warrior who has won a battle, the statesman who has founded some public institution, the scholar who has written an eloquent book, meet with homage, which implies that men think them and their deeds exceptional. But in every imagination reside works of Art, in every mind lie latent codes and governments, in every will live battles, waiting opportunity to pass from the ideal to the actual.

We accredit greatness when it has stamped its signet on the material world, when its idea has been realized, or its thought has been uttered; but often the higher Greatness comes and sits with us familiarly by our own fireside, dropping, in homely phrase, ideas that are yet to become the inheritance of all men, and the common property of successive ages; and "our eyes are holden" that we cannot see it. High thoughts, inspired prophecyings, divine emotions, principles that fix themselves fast in the unalterable rectitude of God—all these, in the common apprehension, go unacknowledged: they seem unsubstantial, and ephemeral, compared with yesterday's successful bargain, or to-day's food and wine. But the thought that seemed so familiar and ineffectual, by the fire-side, at last gets utterance

before the world, and breaks in thunder upon the nations. It marshals armies, it subverts dynasties; it breaks up old empires; it opens a new era in universal history. And the man who seemed to common eyes remarkable only for peculiarities of dress, or forgetfulness of etiquette, when his hour has arrived, becomes noted for other peculiarities. He grasps his thought; it is in his hands a scepter of lightning: and with it he rules the world.

By a divine necessity, life ever flows into form, thought into system, the ideal into the actual. In the long run, no Institution, be it ever so powerful, can withstand a thought that is higher and better than itself. The ideas that seem to one class of men harmless speculations, filling up gracefully the interludes between the morning drive and the afternoon banquet, grasped by another class of men, become swords in the hands of heroes, and chain armor for the battle, invulnerable as tempered steel. Pleasant pastime seemed it for the cultivated and luxurious nobles of the court of Louis XVI, to speculate on the ideal rights of man, to dwell admiringly on the deeds of Dion and Brutus, to revive the heroic memories of Plataea and Thermopylae, to hurl in sport at throne and altar, the philosophic arguments of Montesquieu, and the burning sarcasms of Voltaire. But these ideas so tranquilly discussed, fell like coals of fire into the magazine of popular discontent; and one terrific explosion convulsing Europe, shook to the earth that time-cemented despotism.

The counting room of one of our great Merchants is an interesting sight. There in long lines, stand ponderous ledgers, recording vast transactions. There are samples of the products of every land and clime. There is the iron bound safe, the strong receptacle of treasures. Above, are lofts heaped up with teas and silks, and spices, products of another hemisphere. Beyond lies the wharf, where deep laden ships depart sea-ward, or fold in rest their white, returning wings. All this seems to you real, permanent and substantial. But in that counting room sits a MAN, silent, pale, unnoticed, and in his abstract, ideal thought originates this gigantic system of commerce. His abstract ideas send huge ships to India, making tides and trade-winds do their bidding. In that brain center magnetic lines of thought, that radiate outward to the far circumference of the world. Inwardly he desires, meditates and resolves; and thought and resolution are the living nerves that move the mighty frame-work. All this outward doing which we behold, had its origin in the abstractions of that silent mind. They live related as created body and creative life.

Equally suggestive is the great Factory; one of those Fortresses of Industry peculiar to our own time. Centrally looms up the great building, many windowed, and many storied. Around it lie the grouped dwellings of its artisans. Reaching out is the iron road which pours in the raw material, and bears away the finished product. Within are ten thousand spindles revolving with sure celerity; slender threads, innumerable and never resting, fly from room to room. Viewless shuttles, swift as light, and certain as time, fly to and fro among them. Swift wheels in endless circulation revolve amidst them; and busy hands of children, and women, and men, tend all the mysterious array. Below blaze great fires beneath chambers of iron; and pent up forces, generated there, keep active the complicated system.

How puny seems Man in the midst of these mighty organisms; how puerile his task among these splendid activities. How much more real, more substantial, seems this massive enginery than the abstract speculation, the hidden thought. Yet behind all this organized matter resides organizing force. The Actual

is but the projected shadow of the Ideal. The iron heart of this mighty fabric, with all its mystic combination of metal, flame and steam, was once a thought, and only a thought, inhabiting the airy chambers of a student's mind. Those ten thousand spindles, revolving with surest swiftness, obedient to the impulses of one central force, are all projected from the slender filaments of a dreamer's brain. From the impalpable, invisible Ideal, sprang forth this goodly order. Wait and Arkwright were the visionaries of their day, whom any clown had liberty to ridicule. Yet from their pale and shadowy abstractions has sprung forth the New Industrial Order; throning itself on the subverted Feudalism of the Past, multiplying a thousand fold all human products; lessening and simplifying, in like degree, all human labor; filling the world with new created utility and beauty; hastening on the mighty march of civilization and self-government; and opening up a new and grander era in the existence of the human race.

Extend your survey to the capital of a People, the living center of its national existence. There rises its central court, where all the disagreements of its collective life are peacefully adjusted; there the University where the gathered wisdom and experience of the Past instruct the Present and await the Future:—there the Armory, stored with weapons of destruction, waiting their hour to speak in thunder and in fire:—there the Patent office, crowded with machinery, novel in thought, mighty in use, and mysterious with combined, concentrated power:—there the Press, silent, yet speaking to the four quarters of heaven:—there the chamber where center the electric wires that thrill with human thought:—there the depot where interlace the meshes of the iron net-work of public communication. All this seems permanent and substantial; and the contemner of the abstract stands here to find arguments for his materialism. But from whence come Court, Palace, Press, Telegraph, Railway? From the unembodied; from the invisible! It is thought that flies along the iron nerves of the telegraph; it is the Ideal that, like a mighty spirit, heaps together the palaces, controls the elements of nature, and utters from the bench, the senate, and the press, the oracles of its divine intelligence.

Returning from Collective to Individual Life, see there, too, the authority of the Ideal. See how the invisible things create the visible, and the bodiless contain within themselves the whole of the substantial. You speak; and the voice, like some mighty organ, is eloquent with the melody of thought. You raise the arm; and it is thought whose fine resolve thus nerves it. You write a letter, a poem, an essay; you construct a ship, a building, a system of government, a business enterprise; and it is all the manifestation of your ideal life. Hidden motive nerves the arm to action; ideal sentiment lightens from the eye, and trembles on the lip, in accents and words of fire. Behind all being lie the infinite receptacles of feeling and desire. Our material deeds are but so many land marks on the shores of existence. They reveal how high the spring tides of feeling have risen within the soul: they are the boundaries that enclose the waves of resolution, and the tides of will: they are the shores around the infinite profound of animated thought.

All of life that is not lost in the grossest pursuits and enjoyments, is overshadowed by the thoughts of the mind, and overflowed with emotions of the heart. The joy of home springs from within, from ideal sentiment and its gratifications. The chief pleasure of business results from realized foresight, from recompensed skill. The joys of society flow from inward emotion, from inspired conversation, or fraternal fellowship, from the interchange of courtesies which are all, in their refinement and delicacy, purely immaterial. It is to the gratification of ideal, abstract emotion, that the landscape, the heavens, the poem, the statue, the eloquent flow of language, the glorious burst of music, minister. It is for their power to quicken the ideal life within, that the homes of genius, the creations of art, the scenes of grand achievements, the graves of saints, and heroes, and martyrs, are honored, and visited. It was a pale and bodiless Idea that held the helm of the caraval that bore Columbus over untraveled seas, to an undiscovered hemisphere. It was in the might of sentiment that Luther, before the Diet of

Worms, defied the Pope, the Emperor, the combined chivalry and hierarchy of Christendom, exclaiming: "Here stand I. I cannot do otherwise; so help me God!"

Why tremble the Despots of Europe to-day, in their palaces, and upon their thrones? Why do they blanch and cower in the charnel house that they have made, trembling before the very bones of the Martyrs of Humanity, as if they were the invincible and immortal armies of the Resurrection? It is because there is a sense in the Universal Reason, a nerve in the Universal Heart, that responds to the omnipotence of the Ideal, that intuitively realizes its final power to mould the Actual to its own divinest form.

And now to the final point which I would urge, as the result of this discussion. To the exaltation of this Ideal Life, to the preservation of its integrity, the training of its energies, the culture of its faculties, and its affections, should be directed our earnest and perpetual care. To the determining, educating, perfecting, of that Ideal Life, whose product is Art, Eloquence, Philosophy, Philanthropy, Society, Religion, Harmony of living joy, should be devoted life's hours of glad and blessed promise. For the outward mechanism of existence shall perish, but the Living Spirit shall immortally endure, there as here, to manifest in action the hidden sentiments of being; to light its outward heaven according to the glory of its inward life.—*American People's Journal.*

MORBID IMPULSES.

There is the general fact, that no sooner have you mounted to a great eminence, than a mysterious impulse urges you to cast yourself over into space, and perish. Nearly all people feel this; nearly all conquer it in this particular; but some do not; and there may be a great doubt as to whether all who have perished from the tops of monuments have been truly suicides. Then, again, with water: when you see the clear river sleeping beneath—when you see the green waves dancing round the prow—when you hear and see the roaring fury of a cataract—do you not as surely feel a desire to leap into it, and be absorbed in oblivion? What is that impulse but a perpetual calenture?—or may not the theory of calentures be all false, and the results they are reported to cause be in reality the results of morbid impulses? I have sat on the deck of a steamer, and looked upon the waters as they chafed under the perpetual scourging of the paddles; and I have been compelled to bind myself to the vessel by a rope, to prevent a victory to the morbid impulses that have come upon me. Are not Ulysses and the Syrens merely a poetic statement of this common feeling?

But one of the most singular instances of morbid impulses in connection with material things, exists in the case of a young man who not very long ago visited a large iron manufactory.—He stood opposite a huge hammer, and watched with great interest its perfectly regular strokes. At first it was beating immense lumps of crimson metal into thin, black sheets; but the supply becoming exhausted, at last it only descended on the polished anvil. Still the young man gazed intently on its motions; then he followed its strokes with a corresponding motion of his head; then his left arm moved to the same tune; and finally, he deliberately placed his fist upon the anvil, and in a second it was smitten to a jelly. The only explanation he could afford was that he felt an impulse to do it; that he knew he should be disabled; that he saw all the consequences in a misty kind of manner; but that he still felt a power within, above sense and reason—a morbid impulse, in fact, to which he succumbed, and by which he lost a good right hand. This incident suggests many things, besides proving the peculiar nature and power of morbid impulses. Such things, for instance, as a law of sympathy on a scale hitherto undreamt of, as well as a musical tune prevailing all things.

But the action of morbid impulses and desires is far from being confined to things material. Witness the occurrence of my dream, which, though a dream, was true in spirit. More speeches, writings, and actions of humanity have their result in morbid impulse than we have an idea of. Their territory

stretches from the broadest farce to the deepest tragedy. I remember spending an evening at Mrs. Canialoupe's, and being seized with an impulse to say a very insolent thing. Mrs. Cantaloupe is the daughter of a small pork butcher, who having married the scapegrace younger son of a rich man, by a sudden sweeping away of elder brethren, found herself at the head of a mansion in Belgravia, and of an ancient family. This lady's pride of place, and contempt of all beneath her, exceeds anything I have ever yet seen or heard of; and, one evening when she was canvassing the claims of a few *parvenu* families in her usual *tranchant* and haughty manner, an impulse urged me to cry, at the top of my voice, "Madam, your father was a little pork butcher—you know he was!"

In vain I tried to forget the fact; in vain I held my hands over my mouth to prevent my shouting out these words. The more I struggled against it the more powerful was the impulse; and I only escaped it by rushing headlong from the room and from the house. When I gained my own chambers, I was so thankful that I had avoided this gross impertinence that I could not sleep.

This strange thralldom to a morbid prompting not unfrequently has its outlet in crimes of the deepest die. When Lord Byron was sailing from Greece to Constantinople, he was observed to stand over the sleeping body of an Albanian, with a poniard in his hand; and, after a little time, to turn away muttering, "I should like to know how a man feels who has committed a murder!" There can be no doubt that Lord Byron, urged by a morbid impulse, was on the very eve of knowing what he desired; and not a few crimes have their origin in a similar manner. The facts exist; the evidence is here in superabundance; but what to do with it? Can a *theory* be made out. I sit and reflect.

There are two contending parties in our constitution—mind and matter, spirit and body—which in their conflicts produce nearly all the ills that flesh is heir to. The body is the chief assailant, and generally gains the victory. Look how our writers are influenced by bile, by spleen, by indigestion; how families are ruined by a bodily ailment sapping the mental energy of their heads. But the spirit takes its revenge in a guerilla war, which is incessantly kept up by these morbid impulses—an ambuscade of them is ever lurking to betray the too confident body. Let the body be unguarded for an instant, and the spirit shoots forth its morbid impulse; and if the body be not very alert, over it goes into the sea, from the house-tops, or into the streets and jails. In most wars the country where the fighting takes place suffers most. In this case man is the battle-ground; and he must and will suffer so long as mind and matter, spirit and body, do not co-operate amicably—so long as they fight together, and are foes. Fortunately, the remedy can be seen. If the body do not aggress, the spirit will not seek revenge. If you keep the body from irritating, and perturbing, and stultifying the mind through its bile, its spleen, its indigestion, its brain, the mind will most certainly never injure, stultify, or kill the body by its mischievous guerilla tactics, by its little, active, imp-like agents—morbid impulses. We thus find that there is a deep truth in utilitarianism after all—the rose-color romancings of chameleon writers. To make a man a clear-judging member of society, doing wise actions in the present moment, and saying wise and beautiful things for all time, a great indispensable is to see that the house that his spirit has received to dwell in be worthy the wants and capabilities of its noble occupant.

Digestion.

It is a principal object of medicine to give strength and tranquility to the system at large, which must have a beneficial influence on all its parts, and greatly promote the well-doing of every local disease. We cannot reasonably expect tranquility of the nervous system while there is disorder of the digestive organs. As we can perceive no permanent source of strength save from the digestion of our food, it becomes important on that account that we should attend to its quantity, quality, and the periods of taking it, with a view to insure its perfect digestion.

MANIFESTATIONS OF DEITY.

BY J. H. MASON.

Man is an ingenious being, and capable of bringing out many curious and useful inventions; already the world is flooded with the products of his ingenuity. We are often led to wonder and admire the fruits of his genius. And when we are called upon to examine a piece of mechanism of great utility, and, at the same time, complex, we at once pronounce its inventor a great genius, a wise man. There are certain laws to which every part of a piece of mechanism must conform, else it can be of no service.

If we so much admire the order and harmony of the mechanical productions of man, how much more ought we to admire, aye, to adore that power that governs and guides universal worlds, rolling through illimitable space, where discord is unknown. In traveling over immensity of space, we behold one world revolving around another, and these in connection with many others, rolling around another, as their common centre, forming a system of worlds, and in the midst of these, mighty comets wheel their courses apparently lawless through the sky, but with perfect order; and this great system accompanied with innumerable others, rolls sublimely around its centre, and so on to infinity, forming one incomprehensible system of systems. But there is no disorder, no confusion; all is uninterrupted harmony, for they are guided by certain unchanging laws. The existence of laws, presupposes a law-giver. Whence, then, came these laws?—Who established them, and hurled these mighty globes through immensity, and directed them in their courses in exact accordance with these laws from whence there is no deviation? What power, what wisdom, what superior intelligence has established these laws, and holds these mighty worlds in check? What but an infinite God can perform these mighty wonders!

We behold his naked grandeur in the gathering storm, the forked lightning, and the rolling ocean. We see him in majesty as his mighty breath sweeps over the boundless deep. We hear him in the thunder's awful voice, the cataract's roar, and in the soft hum of the busy bee. We hear him at early dawn in the whispering breeze as it gently waves the forest boughs, shaking the baptismal drops of dew upon the lovely flowers beneath. We hear him in the silent song of the stars, as they sublimely roll through night and shed their stellar light on the dew-bright earth. We feel his power in the vivifying rays of the noon-day sun, in the gentle showers as they moisten the parched earth, and raise the drooping flowers again to life. We feel his power in the refreshing breeze that wafts the beautiful clouds—the rich drapery of heaven, bearing within them pure, copious draughts of Heaven's best, sweetest nectar, to cheer and gladden the heart of man, and to raise a fainting famished world to beauty and loveliness. We are reminded of his goodness in the beautiful bow in the heavens, emblem of his perfection and covenant of his unchanging truth—in the constant and unchanging return of the seasons, each in its turn filling all animated nature with delight and joy.

We are reminded of his paternal care in the unfailing return of night, sweet messenger of rest to the weary and troubled mind, fatigued and worn by the heat and burden of the day.—Then all is forgotten, and for a few hours the mind is lost, swallowed up in the deep and solemn death of sleep; the morning dawns, and the unbounded goodness and love of the Almighty is seen and felt in the enlivening rays of the genial sun, as he rises above the eastern horizon and dispels the gloom of night. Every thing that can be seen, and heard, and felt, tells of the great God; and cold, very cold must be the heart that can not behold proofs of the adorable Spirit, in these, his handy works, for,

The song of birds at morning's rosy dawn—
The cricket's hum, at setting sun—
The circling mist that rises o'er the lawn,
Speak of the great, the mighty One.

The light of Nature reflects the smile of God.

Voices from the Spirit-World.

COMMUNICATION FROM BRO. MUNN.

The readers of the Messenger have doubtless looked with some anxiety for a communication from its former associate editor, who is now a resident of the Spirit-land. If we fully understood the laws which govern the spiritual world, we should probably find that it is not always easy for the disembodied spirit to communicate immediately on its entrance to the heavenly abodes; and that in order to bring its thoughts and feelings into suitable form for expression, it requires time to become accustomed to its situation and learn the principles by which it is to be controlled in its new existence. This consideration may perhaps furnish a plausible reason why our departed brother has not been able to present some appropriate address to the readers of a paper in which he felt so deep an interest while on earth. It should be known, however, that the more immediate friends of Mr. Munn, have not waited in vain for a convincing evidence of his presence; and it is the object of this article to relate briefly the circumstances under which communications from his spirit have been received.

During the last illness of Mr. M., which resulted in the termination of his earthly career, he was frequently attended by his intimate friend and associate, Mr. James Wilson, to whom he intrusted the guardianship of one of his children. On one occasion previous to the time of his decease, when the conversation had turned on the subject of spiritual intercourse, and especially on the difficulty which is found in determining beyond doubt the identity of the communicating spirit, Mr. M. remarked to his friend, that in case he was permitted to communicate on his departure from the body, he would furnish him with a test which should be to his mind positive evidence of his presence and identity; and, continued he, 'I will now give you a word which shall be remembered by us both, and which I will introduce in a sentence in such a manner as to be distinctly recognized.' He then mentioned to Mr. W. a certain word which was to be made the test of his identity, and in the absence of which he was cautioned against receiving any communication which might purport to come from him. This word, Mr. W. affirms, was locked as a secret in his own bosom, being unrevealed even to his own family, up to the time of his receiving the evidence to which allusion has been made.

Having waited with patience some length of time after the departure of Mr. M., his friend referred to above, began to feel an intense desire to receive the test which had been mutually agreed upon, and accordingly made application for the same through the medium of Mr. Gordon, but entirely failed to receive any satisfactory response. On a subsequent occasion, however, at a meeting of the friends held on a Sabbath evening, Mr. W. was deeply impressed that Bro. Munn was really present, and, his inquiry on this subject being answered in the affirmative, he was again moved to ask for the desired test. Immediately the alphabet was called for through the sounds, and the sentence was spelled "*Our Father's legacy is love and truth.*" Soon after, the alphabet being again repeated, the message came, "*I have been permitted to give you the word.*" Mr. W. then freely acknowledged that the first of these sentences contained the very word which had been previously given, and that the test was in all respects satisfactory. Should our readers desire to know which of the above words was the one used to identify the spirit, they will ascertain by perusing a brief communication which was afterwards given to the writer of this article. At a small circle of friends, formed a few weeks since, the spirit of Bro. Munn announced his presence, and by lifting the table around which we were seated, spelled out the following: "*Truth is my password. I have been reading proof with you to-day. The progress of the Messenger is watched with interest by the inhabitants of the Second Sphere. I will soon endeavor to dictate an article for you.*"

We are conscious of owing an apology to our readers for neglecting to relate these circumstances at an earlier date, especially as they confirm the beautiful reality of spiritual communion, and might have saved the expression of some invidious reflec-

tions which have recently found their way into a sister journal.

R. P. A

Visit from a Spirit Friend.

The following message was received by Mr. Henry Gordon while in the trance state from a friend whom he had much esteemed when in the body, and whose name on earth was known as Richard Gillaspie. So dark and impenetrable has been the veil which enshrouds the tomb, that it is pleasing in the highest degree to receive as from the very lips of the departed, an account of their transition from the material organism, and of the world into which they have entered. Outward conditions being favorable, and attracted by an internal desire, the spirit to whom allusion has been made approached his entranced friend, and thus communicated through the interior sense:—

"Henry, I look upon you with deep interest,—you have been chosen by the spirits to be a medium of communication with the Spirit-world. Though you have many trials to endure, strive to be faithful to your calling, and you shall receive that interior joy which the mortals of earth cannot take away. Fear not those who would destroy the body, for they cannot harm the spirit. I am often with you. While at the circles I am attracted to your sphere, and it affords me joy to see you submissive to the spirits. They will always direct you in the right way when you will yield calmly to their influence.

I approach thee to communicate messages from our land of rest, and inform thee of my transition from earth. It was amidst confusion and tumult that my spirit took its departure. I was performing my duty at a conflagration of buildings in the city of Albany, as a member of the fire department in that place. I was zealous in subduing the fiery element—my impulsive spirit feared no danger, and I rushed wildly amidst the crumbling walls; and ere the warning voice of my companion died away, the building fell, and I was buried in the ruins. Almost instantly I became suffocated, and the falling mass bruising my head rendered me unconscious, so that I felt no pain. Thus did the period of my change arrive unexpectedly to myself and to my friends. At first I could not realize, when I recovered from unconsciousness, that I was in the Spirit-land, so I lingered near the ruins, saw and conversed with friends around me, and imagined that I had been rescued from the dangerous situation in which I last recollected myself to have been, while in the body. But I discovered that my death was only a birth. The passage from earth was slow at first, but in a comparatively short time, I was entirely free from the body. From a state of deep sleep I was aroused by a voice whispering, "Come thou blessed of our Father; welcome art thou to our bright abodes; behold the many angels who are waiting to escort thee to thy congenial circle." I awoke. The brightness of Heaven filled my spirit with delight. I could gaze on the glory and beauty of the celestial home;—the spirits were rejoicing together—their voices filled my soul with harmony, and I soared upward to behold new beauties that shone down from the higher spheres. When I realized that I was with my parents and friends, a thrill of ecstasy passed through my whole being, and I joined in songs of praise with my companions. Angels from other circles were attracted to us, and soon the heavens resounded with accents of love and joy. At times I had desires to return to earth to soothe the minds of those who mourned my sudden departure;—then I rejoiced that I was freed from the earthly temple, and that the fiery element had no power over the spirit. Though stones and earth were heaped upon my remains, where flame and smoke were mingling with steam and water, yet I looked back upon the body as upon other matter that was consuming in the burning ruins. My spirit was now with those who had long hovered around me, and those guardian angels wafted me home, where now with them I rejoice in the bright circles of love and unfading glory. Glorious, glorious are the beauties of Heaven, all blended together like the mingling of clear waters. I have visited thee to teach thee of goodness and love—to impress thee with the delights of harmony."

Psychological Department.

THE PREMONITION.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

Whatever influence circumstances may exercise over the character and habits of an individual (and that they do exercise considerable influence I am perfectly disposed to admit,) it is, nevertheless, sufficiently palpable from daily experience, and from the records of the lives of those men which we find both in ancient and modern biography, that the bias or tendency of their disposition is to be traced to their earliest years. It is somewhat curious to examine into the different characteristics manifested by a family of children, all sprung from the same father and mother, and still, perhaps, more curious, to find that the disposition of two or three of the children are quite at variance with those of their parents. Whoever has read the biographies of eminent men, must have been astonished to find in numerous instances that those to whom they are indebted for their being, were utterly devoid of those excellences which in after years rendered their offspring world-famous. Worldly possessions, titles, honors, are hereditary; but intellect, imbecility, valor, cowardice, virtue, vice, are derived from no particular stock. They are common in all stations of life—all classes of individuals.

These peculiar characteristics of individuals have often interested and amused me; and it is because they have done so that I have made these few observations. The following curious narrative, indeed, owes much of its interest to a certain peculiarity of temperament which I owe to neither father nor mother, nor to any member of my family.

There is a circumstance of a curious and mysterious character connected with our family which may have given an impetus to the original bias of my mind, and I think the nature of it was eminently qualified to foster those strange predilections which I manifested at a very early period of life. Whenever death has occurred in the family, it has invariably been preceded by a singular omen, foreshadowing the event, but has only been visible to one member of the family—viz: myself. The first occasion of its appearance is impressed strongly upon my mind. It was during the illness of my mother, and while I was still in my boyhood. I entered her chamber one evening to inquire how she was, and to my surprise discovered a large black dog laid at full length upon the hearth-rug before the fire; there was no animal of the kind belonging to the family, and thinking that it might have been left by the doctor, who had just taken his departure. I thought I would ask my mother if she knew aught concerning it before I ventured to remove it. Having made inquiry as to her health, I said,

"To whom, mamma, does this large dog belong that is laid upon the hearth-rug?"

"I was not aware, my dear, that any dog was in the room," my mother replied.

"Yes, there is," I said, "it is a very large black animal, and probably belongs to Dr. Drummond, who has left it behind him in mistake."

"Oh! my dear, you must be laboring under some very extraordinary hallucination. It is not likely that Dr. Drummond would bring a dog with him into the sick-room of any of his patients."

"The thing speaks for itself, mamma. I cannot deny credit to my own eyesight. If you doubt the truth of what I say, convince yourself of the fact."

My mother, whose curiosity regarding the matter was no less than my own, raised herself up in bed, and drew aside the curtains, to convince herself of the accuracy of my report.

"I see nothing, child," she said, after fixing her eyes for some moments on the rug where the animal lay.

"Impossible, mamma; it is quite palpable to my view."

"If there be anything, my dear," said my mother, "you had better drive it out. It belongs, probably, to some of the neighbors, and has wandered here by mistake."

I approached where the animal lay. I attempted to kick it

with my foot, but I had no sooner raised it for that purpose, than as quick as thought it vanished from my sight. I was amazed, I stared about me with the wildest incredulity; I looked into every corner of the room—under the bed, the chairs, the drawers, the tables, thinking that my eyes might have deceived me, and that it had crouched into some concealed place to be out of my reach. It was nowhere, however, to be seen. I turned excessively pale, though I endeavored to conceal my alarm from my mother, and, I believe, effectually succeeded. I approached once more the side of her bed, and, having informed her that the intruder was gone, began to converse with her upon some other subjects. When I was turning away to leave the room, my eyes again unconsciously wandered to the spot where I had seen the dog, and my horror may be conceived when I state that this dreadful object was again visible, laid in precisely the same position as before. I walked quickly towards it, and again raised my foot with the view of driving it from the place; it vanished in an instant. I left the room to brood over this dreadful vision. I knew not what construction to place upon it. It was shrouded with impeneable mystery, which did not afford any reasonable solution. I mentioned the circumstance subsequently to one or two members of the family, but they gave no credit to my statement, but affirmed that I had been laboring under some optical delusion. However that may be, my mother died a day or two after I had seen the vision, and whenever a death is about to occur in the family, I am invariably forewarned of it some hours before it happens by the appearance of the black dog.

Fulfillment of a Dream.

On the morning of the 10th of November, 1835, I found myself off the coast of Galetia, whose lofty mountains, gilded by the rising sun, presented a magnificent appearance. I was bound for Lisbon. We passed Cape Finester, and, standing out to sea, speedily lost sight of land.

On the morning of the 11th the sea was very rough, and a remarkable circumstance occurred. I was on the fore-castle, discoursing with two of the sailors. One of them, who had just left his hammock, said, "I have just had a strange dream, which I do not much like; for," continued he, pointing up to the mast, "I dreamed that I fell into the sea from the cross-trees." He was heard to say this by several of the crew, beside myself. A moment after, the captain of the vessel, perceiving that the squall was increasing, ordered the topsails to be taken in; whereupon this man, with several others, instantly ran aloft.—The yard was in the act of being hauled in, when a sudden gust of wind whirled it round with violence, and the man was struck down from the cross-trees into the sea, which was working like yeast below. In a short time he immersed. I saw his head on the crest of a billow, and instantly recognized in the unfortunate man the sailor, who, but a few moments before, had related his dream. I shall never forget the look of agony he cast while the steamer hurried past him.

The alarm was given, and everything was in confusion. It was two minutes, at least, before the vessel was stopped, by which time the man was a considerable way astern. I still, however, kept my eye upon him, and could see that he was struggling manfully with the waves. A boat was at length lowered, but the rudder was unfortunately not at hand, and only two oars could be obtained, with which the men could make but little progress in so rough a sea. They did their best, however, and had arrived within two yards of the man, who was still struggling for his life, when I lost sight of him; and the men, on their return, said that they saw him below the water, at glimpses, sink deeper and deeper, his arms stretched out, and his body apparently stiff, but they found it impossible to save him. Presently after, the sea, as if satisfied with the prey which it had acquired, became comparatively calm. The poor fellow who perished in this singular manner, was a fine young man of twenty-seven, the only son of a widowed mother. He was the best sailor on board, and was beloved by all who were acquainted with him.—*Phonographic Star.*

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 30, 1851.

RETROGRADE TENDENCIES.

NEW-YORK, August 17, 1851.

MR. EDITOR:—There is a remark in the Messenger of yesterday, made by your Poughkeepsie correspondent, v. c. r., which I am at present in a state to fully appreciate; it is as follows:—"Some of our brethren whom we have met, seem averse to making any efforts to disseminate the principles of our faith among those unacquainted with it. This we think results from the *reflux influence of former unfavorable religious associations.*" On Sunday last, there was a lecture delivered in Hope Chapel, in this city, on Spiritual Intercourse. The lecturer was one very intimately associated with the rise of the Harmonial Philosophy in this city, and at first one of its staunchest champions. Of course I expected to hear something not only in defense of the spiritual manifestations, but also of the Harmonial Philosophy; but I was sadly disappointed, and as near as I could judge from appearances, so were the most of the audience. The room is quite large, and was at one time well filled; but as soon as the nature of the lecturer's sentiments were known, full one-third went out. The speaker commenced by reading a hymn which was sung to the tune of Old Hundred, he next made a prayer sufficiently orthodox to remind us of old times, and the "flesh-pots of Egypt;" and this was followed by another hymn to the tune of Coronation, the burden of which is, "Crown him lord of all." He then began his lecture, the apparent object of which was to prove the reality of the spiritual manifestations by reciting the history of their origin and development. He then referred to corroborating accounts of spiritual communications in past times, and in speaking of the phenomena of Mesmerism and Clairvoyance, he alluded to the case of A. J. Davis. He said that he knew him to be, in his normal state, not only an illiterate youth, but he might say a remarkably *ignorant* one, and yet in his clairvoyant condition he showed himself master of the whole range of Science, History and Philosophy. And he submitted that in his opinion the only rational way of accounting for this, was in considering his knowledge as being communicated to him by influx from a spirit or spirits residing in the Spirit-world.

He then said he would take that opportunity to remark, in that public manner, that, after sober second thought, his present opinions were decidedly the reverse of the theological teachings of that volume, (Nat. Div. Rev.,) but that after so long a time, and at this late day, he would say that he still adhered to those portions of the book which are simply philosophical and scientific; and moreover, that holding his present opinions, he hoped he might be believed when he averred that the book certainly was produced in the manner described in the preface to it. This confession was pretty much all the meat there was in this intellectual repast, and was evidently so considered by the audience; for when, in continuation, he went to cite long passages of scripture to prove that they referred to this generation, and to the spiritual manifestations of the present day,—that the Millerites were right in their calculations as to time, but wrong in respect to the mode of Christ's appearing,—the audience began to get restless, and at the conclusion of the lecture full one-half had left the house.

After the exercises were over, the friends of the spiritual cause were requested to remain, which they did to the number of one hundred or more, when a committee was appointed to procure apartments for the use of the society, into which they now resolved themselves, on the basis, or profession of faith, of those chapters in Mathew, which contain the Sermon on the Mount. The meetings of the society will be for the purpose of obtaining responses from the spiritual world. I think you will agree with me that the "*reflux influence of former unfavorable religious associations*" is at present operating with considerable power

upon the early friends of the Harmonial Reform. The solution of this appears to me to lie in the fact that those who now change their belief, originally received our philosophy only upon the supposed divine or spiritual *authority* of its origin; and now having a new *authority*, namely, direct spiritual communications, they reject their former belief in accordance with these later instructions; and thus fail altogether to exercise their *reason* in the premises. Let me respectfully ask the Hope Chapel lecturer, if he at first was convinced of the human origin of the Primitive History by the arguments of the book above referred to, what has occurred to invalidate or weaken those arguments, that he should have changed his mind in regard to them? Is it not true now, as it was then, that the Bible is a chance compilation of the belligerent Bishops of the early Councils? Is there any more evidence now to show that it differs from the Sacred Books of other ancient nations in that its cosmogony, science, morals, and general literary character, are so far superior to them as not to be properly classed among mythological writings? Is it *reason* or *authority* that has changed your opinion?

It is rather conclusively proved by repeated experiments, that there is a class of spirits, called by Mr. Davis "sympathetic spirits," who are almost wholly governed and controlled by the sphere of the circle to which they respond. Nor does this argue a lower development on their part to the persons composing the circle. The bird is of higher development than the serpent, and yet the latter fascinates and controls the former; and we know that, in mesmeric phenomena, an operator of decidedly low and partial development, can govern all the thoughts, opinions, and sensations of any subject, no matter how elevated in intellectual and structural development. Now it is strange that those who receive and act upon communications so inconsistent with reason, do not reflect upon this fact, and act in a more guarded manner when they receive responses. And a happy illustration of the truth of this theory in respect to the persons above referred to, happened at this lecture in Hope Chapel. The speaker proposed to the supplementary meeting of friends, that the regulations in respect to the management of circles, &c., be referred to the instructions which they should receive through the rappings, and to their own *wisdom*,—apologizing for the latter part of this remark by saying that this was said to suit the prejudices of some of his hearers; "for," said he, "there is not the least doubt but that the instructions we receive will fully accord with our own suggestions." Friends! are you sure you are not departing from reason when you thus listen to the echoes of your "former unfavorable religious associations?"

A thought suggests itself in relation to the confession of the lecturer. It is well known that when Mr. Davis was delivering his lectures which constitute his first work called the "Principles of Nature," &c., Prof. Bush introduced his friend Prof. Taylor Lewis, of the N. Y. University, to witness the manner of their delivery. Now Prof. Lewis is a conservative of that inveterate orthodox stamp, that considers it impiety to place the least faith in even the simplest proposition of the science of phrenology, leaving mesmerism, clairvoyance, &c., as being far beyond the pale of tolerance. When he saw that Mr. Davis delivered his lectures, sentence by sentence, in a state resembling trance, ostensibly a clairvoyant state, he could hardly contain himself, so much was he excited by what he considered a gross, blasphemous imposition. He *knew* that there could be no such state as that of clairvoyance, and so he charged Mr. Davis and those associated with him as combining to impose upon the public credulity. Now here is one of those who were associated with Mr. Davis at that time, whose present theology does not differ materially, I should judge, from that of the Prof. himself, and yet who publicly and solemnly affirms that those lectures did not proceed from him (the affirmer,) nor from any one connected with the clairvoyant, but that they were delivered in the manner indicated in the preface to them.

Another thought: if those who govern their belief by authority instead of reason, would travel a little way out of their immediate neighborhood, and especially out of their circle of associates, they would find responses from the Spirit-world enough to constitute a pretty good authority to believe exactly

the contrary way from their present belief. And this very fact, namely, the incongruity of the responses of some circles with those of others, should make them hesitate before they receive any doctrine upon authority merely, without regard to its consistency with reason and universal nature. Whatever responses we may receive, let us not fail to try them by the "everlasting and unchangeable teachings of Nature, Reason, and Intuition."

H.

A HAPPY HEART.

It is perhaps too often the case that we allow the thoughts to dwell too exclusively on the shadows of life, while we appreciate too little the precious joys which are constantly springing up before us, like flowers, at every step. In relation to this subject, we would offer to the reader the following beautiful thoughts, which we find in the Nassau Literary Gazette:—

It seems to be the fashion of the day to mourn incessantly over the sorrows and evils of life. Each picture of its ruddy scenes must be colored with a gloomy cast, before it is considered a representative of our real existence, and each fond hope must be robbed of its brightness.

Yet why is this so? Life is not so full of misery that the sparkling smile should seem out of place, and the tear of woe the fit emblem of our constant state. Man was not placed here to wear an everlasting frown of grief; his heart was not meant to be the gathering-hall of spirits whose dark spells might exert a dismal influence upon all that flourishes there. We are not surrounded by frowning phantoms who will brush away every incipient smile, or paralyze the shaking cheek of laughter. It is not a crime to make the air re-echo with a ringing shout; and if the full heart swell in its emotion, and words of cheerfulness rise up to the lip, let the joy break forth, and gladden all around.

We love a happy spirit. We love to listen to its sprightly rejoicings. We sympathize fully with its gush and lively feeling. How refreshing to turn from groans of weariness and prosy complainings, to the free outpourings of hope and joy from the happy heart. It is like coming from the heavy air of the sick room to the bracing winter wind, where the lungs can act with vigor, and can lightly play in the exhilarating freshness of their release. There is music in the loud-resounding laugh, and it comes over the spirit, waking it up to listen with gladness, and driving dull care away.

Nature, in her smiling beauty bids us to be glad. The forest-king, as he sports with the mountain gale; the rivulet, that leaps along in its gay career, and

"To the sleeping woods all night,
Singeth a quiet tune——"

the sweet serenity of the twilight hour; the gentle rippling of the waves,—all teach us to be joyful. Dark and heavy though earth's storm-clouds be, yet amid their deepest gloom, the sunlight of hope flings a brilliant radiance across the sky.

It is not in the world of reason and of honest truth, that man is sad and sorrowful. Earth is lovely enough to the fair and the true-hearted, though full of dread to the false and deceitful. The inner man, the internal world, may be corrupt, and therefore all within is sullen and forlorn. This is the secret of the mourning over the ills of life. Here, in the deep consciousness of guilt, in the restlessness of wrong committed on the innocent, in reflections on unrighteous plans conceived, or impure motives cherished, here is the source of the misery. No wonder there is little joy to him who carries such corruption in his breast; no wonder that the years, as they roll by, almost crush him with their weight. Wrong and crime cannot bring comfort here. Guilt, dwelling in the thoughts and outbreathing always in the life, finds no sympathy within itself and looks in vain for happiness. But this misery is not *life*. There are happy beings in the world whose life seems beautiful because of the incessant sunshine resting on their path, whose thoughts seem full of sparkling gladness, and whose words pour in lively measure, telling of joy within. Such cast a radiance around them which drives

away all gloom from the sorrowful, and a warmth which comforts the disconsolate and dries up the fountain of bitter waters. The fumes of passion's unholy fires may rise, but they do not tarnish the fair drapery of virtue's throne.

In nearly all situations of life, and during its bitterest hours, there is a source of joy. The intellectual excellence of our nature, the high susceptibility of enjoyment, the intensity of feeling, the powers of taste and the mental advancement which belong to humanity, deny that it is wretched and miserable. All these must make us fit to be happy,—all these should make us really so.

Yet it is true that sorrow has blighted our race, that the tear has usurped the place of the smile—that the broken sigh is often heard, and peace reigns not in every breast. The happy boy that threw an air of cheerfulness around his path, and lit up the shriveled countenance of age, often becomes a sad, sick-hearted man; and the simple gaiety of the sweet smiling girl degenerates into the cold austerity of grief. It is true that hearts once filled with all that was joyful, whose deep-responding chords gave back sweet music to the touch, have broken, and their mutilated strings have "grated out harsh discord."

Yet life in itself is not the absolute source of all this sadness. The mere fact of being implies no necessity whatever, to wear out the days of that being in misery of soul. The evil arises from *voluntary action*.

"Each in himself the power
Has to turn the bitter sweet, the sweet
To bitter; hence from out the self-same fount
One nectar drinks, another draughts of gall.
Hence from the self-same quarter of the sky,
One sees ten thousand angels look and smile;
Another sees as many demons frown;
One discord hears, where harmony inclines
Another's ear. Who will, may groan; who will
May sing for joy."

We love to look upon the bright and beautiful in life. We love to listen to the spirit's soothing melodies, which float upon the air of earth's saddest scenes. The man of pure and gentle heart finds a pleasure in benevolent sympathy with the suffering, which none can duly prize but those who earn it well. The man of high and noble thoughts, in the retirement of study, finds pure enjoyment. It may be that the world does not appreciate him as he labors; it may be that he is treated with neglect—that the proud and haughty look on him with scorn; yet he is made happy by the refreshing streams of intellectual pleasure that flow through his soul; and the light that glitters in his eye tells of a spirit within that drinks deep at the fount of purest feeling, that pierces beneath the outward and tangible, and gazes into scenes of passing loveliness.

There is too much sadness and weeping in this beautiful world. There is some comfort in the sorest trials, some rainbow to paint the sky with brilliancy after the fiercest storm is over. There is a pleasure in the warm affections of the soul; there is a joy in the communion of friend with friend—there is charming bliss in the fondness of faithful hearts, that "love on through all ills, and love till they die;" and the man of conscious integrity can go down the declining years of life, while his wrinkled brow is wreathed with smiles and all is calm within.

In true moral excellence a man can be happy, and earth wears a lovely dress to him whose heart is pure.

"True happiness has no localities;
She walks with meekness, charity, and love.
Where'er a tear is dried; a wounded heart
Bound up; a bruised spirit with the dew
Of sympathy anointed; or a pang
Of honest suffering soothed; or injury
Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven;
Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
Or virtue's feeble embers fanned—
There is a high and holy place, a spot
Of sacred light,—
Where happiness, descending, sits and smiles."

Words of Encouragement.

WARWICK, Mass., Aug. 23, 1851.

DEAR SIR:—I have been an interested reader of your paper for the last year, and I must confess it is the most valuable religious paper with which I am acquainted. It has a *soul*, which cannot be said of many of the religious journals of the present day. Its freedom from sectarianism is indeed refreshing. Its unwillingness to speak evil of those who have spoken evil of it, shows that the spirit of Jesus is to pervade its pages. I have heretofore taken the "Christian Register" and the "Christian Inquirer," but I have given these up for one that contains more truth and unction than them both. God grant it may have a long life, and send spiritual light, joy, and peace to thousands of now beclouded souls.

I am exceedingly interested in the Harmonial Philosophy, though I am not fully convinced that the manifestations purporting to come from the Spirit-land, are *really* spiritual manifestations. Still I am a firm believer in the doctrine of "Guardian Spirits," and have been for a long time. I have not had an opportunity to investigate these manifestations to any great extent; but the sincere desire of my heart is that they may prove to be what they purport to be, "voices from the Spirit-world."

It seems to me—I cannot resist the conviction—that a higher and a diviner faith is about to take the place of the foolish and superstitious notions of the past. God speed its approach! My soul yearns for something purer and nobler than the dead forms that have enveloped the church for ages. I long to see the world rise to rational views of God and man, and follow not after the creeds and formulas of men, but in the footsteps of divine truth.

Thank heaven, I believe

"The morning light is breaking."

The incantations of pope and priest that have so long enslaved the minds of men, are fast disappearing before the onward progress of spiritual light and truth. And well may it be so, for "Truth is immortal and cannot die."

There are others here who are interested in the spiritual phenomena, and I trust ere long a Harmonial Circle will be formed. I have intended, before this, to have sent you some articles for your paper; but being afflicted with weak eyes, I am not able to write much more than my professional duties require me to. I will endeavor, however, to cast in my mite at no distant day. I will also endeavor to find some more who will subscribe for your valuable paper.

And now, my brother, go on in the good work in which you are engaged. You are not alone in your labors. Sympathizing hearts are multiplying all over the country. The prayers of all the earnest seekers after truth, are that you may succeed and be blessed in your efforts to open the spiritual eyes of the world. Falter not, then, in the course you are pursuing, but go on, and the seeds of divine truth will every where spring up along your pathway, and soon bring forth their appropriate fruit.

Most truly and sincerely yours,

G. F. C.

The Inner Life.

In this sphere of existence, the human being may be a participant in two lives, corresponding with his two-fold nature. He who lingers in the outward temple—who finds his chief pleasure and gratification in the enjoyments of sense, lives a life which is akin to that enjoyed by the animal. To such an one, the external world contains the only true realities, and in the golden sunshine, the blooming flowers, and radiant sky, is recognized the highest order of beauty. Content with the mere superficialities of Nature, he sees no suggestion in its loveliness of a superior glory, and rests in the belief that that which he can see and feel and hear, comprises the substantial object of attainment. To those, however, who are advanced in the divine life, a brighter and more attractive scene is opened to the vision. The soul seems ushered into a new world—the inward senses are filled with an unseen harmony, and beauties and delights which the

sensualist cannot know, are unfolded to the interior perceptions. Those who live only in the material world experience less than half of the real joys of existence. We should realize that within the outward frame dwells the divinity of our nature, that beneath the external universe lies an invisible, but all-glorious creation, and that the inner life—a life more pure and exalted than the physical, which brings man into communion with the upper spheres, is the important end to be attained in this earthly state.

R. P. A.

Spiritualism—Our Position.

Time, which proves all things, and mellows all things—which creates new issues and new aspirations—new hopes and new desires, shedding more celestial light on the benighted world, has passed to be numbered with ages gone. In its slight pure scintillations of the future have dawned upon us, and to-day the mind revels in extatic bliss while wandering in other spheres far more beautiful than this, where dwell the fairest of earth's children, pure, spotless and holy. Why do we shudder at the thought of Death? Why shrink away from the light which angels are ever shedding around us? Is it because the mind is seeking spiritual knowledge? Is it because we wish to know why we live, and when we die where the spirit exists? Think you that this is why the human family tremble at the sound of the approaching footsteps of Death? Ah! no! no! this is not why! It is because the mind is chained to gross matter and instinctively shrinks back from the far-searching light, over-awed and amazed at its transcendent beauty! Hence the cold sneer of the skeptic, the proud smile of the materialist, the insinuating chuckle of the fool, the knowing look of the bigot! It is enough for them to live and enjoy life. Why pause to think of the future? It is all dark before them—no gay-lighted saloon allures them onward—the far-off distant land has no charm for them! Too true, we apprehend, such is the case. Poor deluded victim of sensuality and lust! How fleeting are thy pleasures—how ominous of evil thy future destiny.

But little over one short year ago, the public mind became greatly agitated at the promulgation of a new and inexplicable phenomenon. Public feeling, like the angry ocean, swayed to and fro, and those who ventured out into the turbulent waters, were almost universally denounced as worse than impostors—aye, idiots! Feeling an inherent strength in the cause of Truth, we launched our little boat upon the fluctuating sea, and although the waves beat against her prow, and the winds howled hideously, yet she calmly kept her course and bravely out-rode the storm. Time on its aerial wings has passed, but no change has been wrought in the mind of the pilot. New light has burst upon our vision, and this hour we would rather yield all our earthly possessions than the cheering thought that guardian spirits hover about us to love, guide and protect. We have emerged from "the dark shadow and valley" of ignorance and superstition—we have put off the cold, chilly, meaningless formality of the world, and from Nature we look upward to Nature's God, and learn the beautiful lessons taught us *there*. Is this fanaticism? Well, be it so! Is it weakness of mind? Then we plead guilty to the charge. Is it mere speculation? Then indeed the world is but a bubble, heaven is visionary, and life is *naught*.—T. M. Newson, Ed. Derby Journal.

There is an internal affinity which is manifested in all creation—which binds together with an irresistible force alike the atom and the star. So, also, there is an attraction uniting kindred souls; and though distance may intervene, though they meet not in outward intercourse, and no pompous ceremony gives sanction to their union, yet by a law eternal as Nature they are bound by indissoluble ties, and, when the cold formalities of life shall be laid aside, will mingle together as in one heart. Poor and lonely one, thou shalt not roam in solitude forever, for there is one who will welcome thee to the embrace of angelic love, in a home where the pains of parting are never felt.

R. P. A.

Poetry.

THE BURIAL OF JESUS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

NIGHT, night o'er Palestine. Jerusalem,
Yet conscious of the terrors of the day,
Leaned on her trembling hills, and sought repose.
The murderer, whose blood-encrusted hands
Are crimson with the crime of yesterday,
Grasping in sleep the instrument of death,
To war with specters, such repose may know.
There was a death-like stillness, without voice
Of wind, or stream, or leafy stir of woods,
Or note of bird, or vital breath of flower—
A hush intense, as Earth, herself, were dead,
And the pale Moon, so sorrowfully fair,
Struggling through cloud and darkness, still kept watch,
A stricken mourner, bending o'er the corse:
Then valley, city, mountain, stream and wood,
All that was wrapped within that murky veil
Of strange, unnatural darkness, heaved and quaked,
By some galvanic power to motion driven.

Advancing prematurely, his black car
Midnight had driven o'er the track of day,
His sable urn engrossing all the light,
He bore away a trophy, and a spoil.
The veteran with sudden palsy seized,
Lebanon shook upon his rock-girt throne;
Carmel and Sharon, with their roseate crowns,
Wept in the utter darkness. Kedron shrunk
From the wild horrors of Jehosephat;
And fair Bethesda's fountain troubled lay,
Although no angel stirred the limpid wave;
And the still waters of Genesareth,
While not a wind was breathing, woke and boiled.
Through all those hilly borders the fair fruits
Of orange, fig, and date tree, shaken down,
Untimely scattered lay. The lovely Mount,
With its fair crown of olives, where the Lord
Had wandered morn and evening, sable-clad,
Mourned for the Presence that would come no more.
Shivering within his banks, Jordan rolled on,
As if he would escape the meteors dire,
That shot their lurid fires from cloud to cloud.
Such was the night when faithful Joseph went
To lay his Lord for burial. * * *

Pilate alone. Purple, or jeweled robe,
Shone not beneath the gorgeous candelabra;
But a coarse garment wrapped his heaving chest;
Ashes were in his hair; his head was low;
And the pale taper light but just revealed
The conflict of his fearful ponderings.
Unheard, unnoticed, the disciple stood
Silent some time before him. Then in love,
Or more perchance in pity, he drew near,
Laying a hand upon the ashen brow,
Whose swollen arteries wrought so fearfully.

Suddenly conscious, upward from his couch
The stricken Ruler started. One fierce pang,
As eye met eye, shot through his inmost soul;
Then he was calm—a cold, relentless judge.

Joseph spake out his errand; bending not
With supplicating knee, in doubt, or fear,
But simply, calmly, boldly. There was much
In his unstudied singleness of heart,
That won upon the Ruler, as he looked
In the Disciple's face, and answered him.
"Even as thou wilt. The body shall be thine."
He waved his hand; and quick the attendant passed;

Then, with low cadence, and enquiring eye,
Again he spoke. "What thinkest thou of him
We crucified to-day? Believest thou?"
Joseph shrunk not from that deep, piercing eye,
One silent prayer ascended. He stood forth;
And spoke what Pilate could not then gainsay,
Mysteries of him who should, and who had come—
Messiah, Shiloh, Christ, Emanuel.
Pilate was troubled; for his new-born Faith
Was struggling sore with aged Unbelief;
And when he was alone he bowed himself
With a deep groan, upon his very knees,
As if he would have crushed his deep remorse.

Ere Joseph entered Harat's dubious way,
He paused a moment where the Lord was scourged;
And yet again, where, crowned with thorns, he bent
His weak head to indignity, the mob
Mocking his weakness with the name of king.
Yet farther, was the stone whereon he leaned,
Fainting with grief and anguish. Farther still,
He blessed the Holy Mother. Could it be
These awful memories were reality?
Pressing a hand upon his throbbing brow,
As if to gain assurance, Joseph turned
From public haunts, and sought the place of Death.
There was no light; but blackness over all,
Without relief—a visible despair.
One fearful shudder quivered in his heart,
When first Golgotha met his searching eye,
Making the blackness blacker. Then he bound
His throbbing bosom with the cords of faith
And went on without fear. Suddenly woke
A lambent beam of light. It passed away;
But far amid the darkness it revealed
The features of the Crucified. Again
It touched the hovering shadows and withdrew,
As a bright gleam of momentary joy,
Quivering an instant on the soul's despair.
It lived; it vanished. All was dark again.
The woven blackness slowly was unfurled,
Like heavy drapery, and from its depths
A lucid sphere burst upward on the gloom.
Majestic and effulgent it arose,
As if a Sun were born at midnight deep,
Or God were present upon Calvary.
A light beamed outward from the Savior's brow—
The long foretold, the "Dayspring from on High."
'Twas not like sun, or moon, or any star;
The glory burst forth with dazzling strength,
As Life Divine had been made luminous,
Through its pure effulgence, OMNIPRESENT LOVE.

Joseph went on in silence to the Cross;
But when he saw his faithful followers there,
With torches dim beneath those wondrous lights,
He bowed himself, and worshiped, with deep joy.

"Hosanna! Hail, Messiah! Redeemer! Christ!"
Shouted the joyful followers of the Lord.
Echo caught up the thrilling syllables;
And as if Earth had found ten thousand tongues,
The silence became vocal, spreading far
The swelling chorus. Wondering Lebanon,
With his old cedars bowing their green heads,
Cried from his depths: "All hail Emanuel!"
Carmel and Sharon, with their flowery lyres,
Sang a sweet anthem to the "Prince of Peace!"
Hoary Sinai cried; "Redeemer! hail!"
And Horeb answered: "Hail! Emanuel!"
Jordan's deep voice became articulate;
And all his conscious waters leaped, and sang:
"Hail! the Redeemer! Hail! Emanuel!"
It swept o'er wide Judea. Every tree,
And fragile reed, and bending bush, and flower,

Joined as it might; until the anthem rose,
Pealing away to meet the choirs of Heaven;
Then, passing through Creation's farthest bound,
Sphere cried to sphere: "All hail! All hail! Messiah!"

He was arrayed for burial. As they bore
The body on through Calvary, a wind
Quickening and vital as the breath of God,
Swept o'er the mountain, murmured through the vale;
And every tree, and shrub, and creeping vine,
Was stirred, as with devotion. Silently
The Cedar bowed himself. The kingly Palm,
Acacia, and majestic Sycamore,
And box, and fir, and date, and olive tree,
Bent their green heads, and scattered dew, like tears.

The breeze swept on; and every ancient rock
Gave out its deep-toned music; reed and ledge,
The mountain rose, and lily of the vale,
And every simple plant, and unnamed flower,
Sang as if perfume had grown audible.
The Moon awoke fair and brilliant; stars came out,
For clouds had vanished from the blue of heaven,
And glittering dewdrops then embalmed the Dead,
Like tears of angels, tinged with hues of joy.

They brought him to the sepulcher; and then
The faithful followers from Galilee
Drew near, and stood around. One started forth
From mid a bending group. Her raven hair
Flowed loose upon the wind. The dark eyes shone
With love and deep devotion beaming still,
Though their young brightness had been quenched in tears.
Flinging the mesh of hair from her white arms,
She clung around the body and poured out
The torrent of her tears, without restraint.
Her agony betrayed the Magdalene.

"Peace to thee Mary! He shall rise again."
A gentle hand passed o'er the weeper's brow;
She turned, and saw the Blessed Mother there.
Her features wore the calm and holy light
Of one conversant long with things divine.
The face was living alabaster. Low,
In meekness bent the beautiful veined lids,
With their rich fringes drooping on her cheek,
Like evening shadows penciled upon snow.

Earnestly gazing on the lifeless form
Of that Mysterious One, whom she had borne,
And nursed, and watched with a young mother's love,
She thought of him a babe, a child, a youth—
How winning, and how gentle he had been;
She thought of him in manhood's glowing prime,
The Leader, and the Healer, followed still
By multitudes, to worship, or destroy—
The Persecuted—the Despised—Adored.
She traced his line of life, until she came
To the dread moments of Gethsemane—
Thence to the Cross. She felt the cruel taunt,
The crown of thorns, the vinegar, the gall,
The venomed mockery, the nails, the spear,
The agony so meekly, gently borne—
So powerless, yet so mighty; and her heart
Writhed, with his wrongs and tortures to its core.
But her deep anguish, soothed by that strange power,
Which yet shone back, reflected from his life,
Felt the sweet comfort of a higher faith.
The full proportions of his Character,
Majestic, yet so childlike, seemed to stand
Arrayed with life before her—all divine—
But most that pure, that heavenly modesty,
Shadowing his glory with so soft a veil,
The very humblest only felt his love.
Had mother ever such a Son as he?
How could she go away, and leave him there,

So still, so cold, so lifeless? She bowed down,
Praying for strength; and strength was given her.

She brought no kiss; she offered no embrace;
But once she pressed her lips upon his cheek,
Pausing a moment, as if Heart and Mind
Were struggling for the mastery; till the love
A mother ever feels had blended with
A sentiment of deepest reverence.
She laid her hand in silence on his brow,
Feeling how cold it was. One yearning look;
Then all the mother gushed into her eyes;
And taking Mary's hand, she turned away.

Perfume and spices breathed through all the tomb
Where Joseph laid him. Then they went their ways;
And angels came and kept the sepulcher.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CONSUMPTIVE.

A SKETCH.

Amongst the maidens whose infant face first smiled, and whose seventeenth birth day was passed on the banks of the Patuxent, few were more beautiful and none more amiable than was Maria Egerton. The morning in June which ushered in this seventeenth anniversary of the birth of a beloved member of a most tenderly attached family, was heavy, cloudy, and sultry, but as the sun rose the tufts of mist were swept along the distant hill sides before a bracing western breeze. Fleecy cumuli rose and settled in many formed banks far beyond the distant horizon. The day and evening were unspeakably fine, and as the shades began to lengthen with the declining sun, the young and blithsome friends of Maria were seen coming in groups to Egerton Hill.

It was to be an evening of joy and innocent mirth—and such it was. Egerton Hill, the seat of her father, and where the whole sixteen years of her peaceful life had been passed, was the centre of Maria's little world. With a mind placid as the summer sky, yet active and susceptible, this idol of her family had acquired a rich fund, of what was not only useful but also ornamental in education, and many were astonished to find in a young girl, information gained in the woods of Maryland, which many failed to obtain in seminaries famed for "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

Playful as the lamb in the meadow, or the fawn on the mountain, the spirits of Mary Egerton were on the evening of her fête, unusually buoyant. Her young friends had been invited to a party on the green. The lawn was shaded with old trees, planted when the ancestors of the Egertons first sat down in the woods of Patuxent. Massive with the weight gained in one hundred and twenty years of growth, those trees now shadowed a canvass roof spread for the occasion, and under which a long table, elegantly supplied, was laid for the gladsome party. The brothers of Maria were the architects of "the wigwam," as they called the canopy.

I have often observed that, if aged persons have at once good sense and good feeling enough to enter into their enjoyments, the young most gladly mingle with the aged. The sports of even young children have been always a treat to me, but to meet a company of cultivated young persons, just on the eve of their entrance to the busy theatre of active life, has been of all enjoyments the most exquisite; and I made one, with my grey head and thin visage, in the party which now assembled on the lawn before Egerton House.

Ten years had I known, ten years had I seen Maria Egerton bloom from infancy to womanhood; but alas, I had also seen the roses fade on her cheeks. There is a flattering disease which undermines the source of life, and without the warning of pain. Is it that nature in withdrawing such spirits from the earth respect their innocence, and softly lure them on to other and more en-

during happiness? Ever have I found persons retiring from this world and its cares, under the mysterious guidance of consumption, in a special degree mild and affectionate. They seem to look around them on all to whom they are related, or with whom they are associated, as beloved friends from whom they are to be separated, and at the same time a secret voice whispers long years of joy, health and kindred affection. When every eye but there own see, but fear to express the fatal end, their perspective of life spreads away touched with an angel's pencil.

Such was Maria Egerton on the lovely June evening, which closed the sixteenth year of her unspotted existence. Though pale as a lily, her dark eyes beamed unwonted lustre, whilst her gay and untroubled heart beat responsive to every warm and tender sentiment. Over her company was spread a something of solemnity, yet not of sadness—many could not conceal from themselves the presentment that no other birth day would ever dawn on Maria Egerton. Yet futurity smiled on her despairing spirit, and all united to make the evening one which could be remembered with pleasure, even should that pleasure be tinged with the melancholy recollections of the departed.

"What a world it would be!" said the presiding genii, "if we could always have summer and friends to enjoy it."

"And health with all the other and so forth," subjoined a young man whose anxious looks were turned on the pale face of the happy Maria, with an evident wish to divert her thoughts from a channel so full of forebodings; but the joyous girl had no gloomy thoughts to disturb her visions of days to come, and laughingly continued:

"What a worldly philosopher cousin John Spencer will soon be."

"When do you intend, Maria, to commence your philosophy?" archly demanded her eldest brother.

"Oh me," replied the sister, "let me see—five and five make ten, and sixteen and ten make twenty-six—why brother John, sometime after my twenty-seventh." The mirth of the group here drowned her words, but as they were spoken the now deepening shades of night concealed a thin cloud which passed over the faces of her friends—but joy and gladness predominated—the whisperings of coming calamity were repressed, and breaking into little family squads, they were seen flitting away in the moonlight, and the gratified Maria retired to the mansion where her first and last day closed.

Maria Egerton was one and the youngest of three children, who had been reared to know little of the follies or crimes of that vast world spreading far beyond their ken or wishes. Easy but not affluent, this family was alike ignorant of want or profusion. Maria was the cherished but unspoiled favorite of parents, brothers, and also friends beyond the family mansion.

Among those friends there was one who in days of unsuspecting infancy and girlish frolic, Maria had her third brother. But time had commenced to teach Maria Egerton and John Spencer, that none can remain brother and sister but brother and sister, and that there were feelings other than fraternal. No cause of sinister import impeded the progress of their affection—no rude blast of adversity passed between them and happiness, and the day that was to change Maria Egerton to Maria Spencer had been named.

Called away from the neighborhood by business, I spent the evening before setting out at Egerton House, and as I rose to depart, Maria, while her hand was in mine, archly observed, "Mr. Bancroft, remember the — day of October; if you are not here on that day, I'll never read another of your tales, that I won't, so mind."

"You shall read something about that same — day of October," I replied, patting her cheek as I departed.

The yellow and deep red of autumn had taken place of the green of summer—yet nature smiled in her decay, and yet her smiles were lost on me as with an anxiety of mind I could not account for, I was hastening towards the Patuxent to form one at the union of two whom I loved as children. By a singular fatality for many miles before reaching the old meeting house of —, I met no person I knew, and absorbed as I was in uneasy

thought, I sought no conversation with those I did meet. To reach Egerton house it was in my way to pass the meeting house. Embosomed in trees still older than its moss covered roof, I was within a few yards of the gate, when I saw in the opposite direction a large company coming slowly and mournfully towards the gate which opened into the grave yard. An icy bolt seemed to pass through my heart, as instinctively I turned my view into the repository of the dead. A new dug grave was in the place where for three generations, had been laid the mortal remains of departed Egertons. Beside it stood the old grave digger, who for forty years had opened the earth to receive its own dust.

Crowded and bitter were my reflections. I heard more than one voice sobbing, "Oh Maria Egerton will no more enter that house." A voice whispered, "Maria is in a mansion not made with hands—her spirit is now where even hope is lost in reality." Drawing down my hat, I mingled with the mourners, and unrecognized, with an aching heart, saw the clay covering laid over as much of unspotted innocence as the grave ever received.

There are griefs which admit of neither consolation nor open sympathy. Parents, brothers, betrothed and friends seemed, every one, wrapped in his woe. So was my own case, and I retired to my own dwelling to indulge the thronging recollections of the birth-day evening on the lawn.

Long days, weeks and months passed away, while sombre melancholy hung its dark curtain over the Egerton house and farm—the whole neighborhood felt a share of melancholy recollection, and when the birth-day again came round on the tide of time, it was a day of more than ordinary mourning. Some weeks before had the wasted form of John Spencer, been laid beside his earthly love.

How changed and changing are we! How much of joy and grief, of gain and loss, of hope and fear, of health and sickness, are crowded into an individual history in one year of our pilgrimage on earth! Spring opens and shades her wildest flowers in our path, summer promises, and autumn rewards our labor—prosperity beams before us—we look on those we love, and rejoice that we can minister to their happiness; but while we gaze upon their faces, disease and death are ready to teach us how fleeting are our purest enjoyments, and how deceitful is hope. Still there is a something of unspeakable, though melancholy pleasure in the remembrance of the virtuous dead.

When time had softened his own sorrows—indeed when eternity was opening before him, and when his Maria seemed to beckon him away to share her felicity, John Spencer gave me in a few words, the history of the last days of her he called his wife.

When the fatal truth could no longer be concealed from herself—when hopes of life could no longer be indulged, and when the tear stole down the cheeks of parents and brothers, it was only for them and for one still more dear that she mourned.—Death for her soul had no terror. In her sunny days there was a seat between two of her paternal trees on which at eve Maria loved to read, and there, many an eve of her life was passed, while a relative or friend were delighted to hear her clear and silver tones repeat the poetic lines of the best English poets. Only two days before her final departure, her betrothed was sitting at her side. She requested to be led to her once favorite seat, her request was complied with, and she, carefully wrapped, was placed where so many moments of happy life were spent. The golden flashes from a setting sun of surpassing splendor were playing amongst the now mingled green and yellow foliage. The invalid beheld the glorious picture, her eye enkindled, her soul seemed borne already to regions still infinitely more glorious, whilst her distressed relatives, and he who by laws more sacred than those of man was her husband, sat awed into mute —not despair—no, it was a share of that sublimity of mind which often precedes death and triumphs over the king of terrors. It was a scene far above description.

Oft do the once joyous companions of Maria, seat themselves at the evening hour on her seat, and whilst in sweetest remembrance recalling her thousand kindnesses, catch and enjoy wrapt adoration. It was in that seat where I last heard the deep and

hollow tones of John Spencer, rejoicing that when a few more suns had ran their course he would be with his Maria. Is there another consolation in our pilgrimage of life so consoling as the remembrance of the beloved departed? None.

Innocence, Memory and Hope.

Once, as a child sat, on a summer's evening, under a shady tree, he fell asleep, and he dreamed that three bright and beautiful angels stood over him. And while he wondered at the sight, one of them spoke to another and said "I have brought this garment of pure white, and this white lily that will never fade, to bestow upon him that is spotless and good." And the boy saw that on the angel's forehead was written its name. It was "Innocence." Then the other angel spoke in reply: "Look in this glass which I hold in my hand, and you will see the picture of this sleeping child's life to-day. See how he has been disobedient and thoughtful and passionate, and has forgotten God. I, too, would have given him this casket of precious jewels, but I cannot bestow them on such an one." Then the boy read the angel's name in her forehead—it was "Memory." Then spoke the third angel: "I, too, would have given him this golden crown, if he had been true and good." And her name the child read—it was "Hope." Then the sleeper trembled when he remembered how he had spent a wicked and thoughtless day. And the angels bent their bright eyes upon him, and Hope said, "We will meet again in a year from this night." Then they suddenly vanished and the sleeping boy awoke.

Very sadly he thought of his dream. But he resolved to live from that time a better life. And every night he went and sat on the same green bank, and called up all that he had done during the day, and repented when he remembered he had done wrong. Winter came, and he could no longer go to the shady bank. But as soon as the ground was bare, and the violet blossomed he would go again at evening and sit under the tree.—And so the year came around and again he fell asleep there on a summer's night. And in his dream the three angels came again and smiled on him. "Now," said Memory "I can give him the box of jewels—the precious gems of virtue, and the recollection of good deeds, of kind and pure words and happy thoughts, better than all the wealth in the world." "And I," said Innocence, "will give him now the lily that never fades—the spirit of cheerful gladness, the white robe of purity, such as the angels wear." "And I," said Hope, "have brought for him now the golden crown."

Then the sleeping child thought that he beheld himself lying there, with the golden crown on his head, and the lily in his hand, and he was clad in the white robes of Innocence, and the jewels of Memory, and in the sky above him he heard the sound of music, and looking up, he saw many bright ones with harps in their hands. The stars rose in the sky, and the moon shed its light on the child's face, and still he slept on. And they found him in the morning, a sweet smile on his lips, as though he were in a pleasant dream. But his eyes never opened on this world again. His spirit was not there. That had gone up with the angels.—*Rev. H. Whittington.*

Adversity.

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency, and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortune, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

Hope is like the wing of an angel soaring up to heaven, and bears our prayers to the throne of God.

Gems of Thought.

Without friends the world is but a wilderness.

Use the means, and trust to God for the blessing.

Many cups, many diseases; too much oil chokes the lamp.

Wisdom and virtue make the poor rich, and the rich honorable.

Constancy often contains as much obstinacy as real affection.

A woman's birthplace is the spot where she has most loved.

A pure mind, like a diamond, is clouded by the slightest defilement.

When ill reports are spread of you, live so as that nobody may believe them.

Think often on what you have done, that you may not forget what you have to do.

Happiness is often at our side, and we pass her by; Misfortune is afar off, and we rush to meet her.

Talents, merit, beauty, rank, fortune, are responsibilities sufficient, without adding to them ostentation.

Gravitation has, amid all her immensity, wrought no such lovely work as when she rounded a star.

Make your bargain beforehand, and never suffer a workman to leave the payment of his labor to your discretion.

The licentious never love; and where even levity preponderates, there is seldom any pure and ardent passion.

The power of doing good to worthy objects, is the only enviable circumstance in the lives of people of fortune.

True religion shows its influence in every part of our conduct; it is like the sap of a living tree, which penetrates the most distant boughs.

Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string, but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

Time is an old novelist, who takes pleasure in printing his tales on our countenance. He writes the first chapters with a swan's down, and graves the last with a steel pen.

Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment. Cheerfulness keeps up a daylight in the mind, filling it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

It is easy in this world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own. But the great man is he who in the midst of a crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of his character.

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