

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER

AND

HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

VOL. II.

SPRINGFIELD, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1851.

NO. 5.

The Principles of Nature.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ESSAY BY HENRY WELLER.

The existence and relation of the sexes is the fundamental principle of creation; and that it is so, is plain from the universality of the sexes. Not an atom exists in the natural world, but has the male or female principle, and no condition of life exists but in the union of the two. In the mineral kingdom it exists in a rudimental form, undeveloped, unorganized; yet every particle of matter is drawn together by the law of affinity, and enters into combinations that form conditions of life and result in organic forms. But among vegetables, the sexes exist in organized forms, yet but imperfectly developed; existing rarely in separate individuals, but mostly on the same flower, plant, or tree. All naturalists know that vivification, fructification, and growth, proceed from the union of these two principles; and that were it not for this union, instead of the glories of the floral kingdom, the rich treasures of the field and garden, and the majestic grandeur of the forest; the whole earth would be a dreary waste—nay, the earth itself would become disintegrated, and fall into chaos and destruction.

Ascending to the animal kingdom, we find a yet more perfect development of the sexes, existing in separate individuals of the same class, yet serving only the natural uses of the preservation and multiplication of the species. As the brutes have no inner life, so they have no interior attachments; and the brute mother casts off and forgets her offspring, as soon as they can shift for themselves. In the feathered tribe, we approach nearer to human conjugal attachments; and as there is a type of the higher in the lower forms of nature, so the dove furnishes a type of human marriage. I use the expression, *human marriage*, to denote that union of the sexes which is based upon a truly rational foundation, and which looks to truly rational ends; for it is rationality which distinguishes man from all other tribes of animals. And because the rational principle enables man to receive and appropriate the Divine life; therefore, marriage assumes a Divine type, and approximates to the original Divine principles, from which the sexes and their union originate.

Many persons may think that because the collective name of the human race is *MAN*, all of humanity centers in the male, and the female is a mere derivation from him. Hence the constant talk about the position, duties and education of women—their elevation in society—their admission into certain professions—just as if one portion of the human family were the almoners, the possessors, and givers of all the gifts and graces of humanity; and the other portion were to be the humble recipients of just what the lords of the creation were pleased to concede to them. All this has ever appeared to me gratuitous insult; for the one sex possess, inherent in their natures, capacities and powers, involving responsibilities and ends, equal in importance and honor to the other.

In speaking of the equality of the sexes, we by no means intend to say they are alike in their capacities and powers, any more than they are alike in person. It has, we know, become fashionable for a certain class of reformers, to contend that their capabilities were alike, and hence that their course of training and education should be alike also. But nature will ever vindicate

her own order, and render fruitless and abortive all such vain theories. By equality, we mean that each possesses all the gifts of humanity; but the one possessing some, and the other possessing other gifts, in higher and varying developments, yet each contributing as much as the other towards the common end of human life and human happiness. Thus striking the balance between their respective endowments, we shall find the beam so nicely poised that it will be difficult to see on which side lies the preponderance. You will, of course, see that we are speaking of the original constitution of the sexes; not of their actual condition, in this, or other countries. We know that ignorance, vice, fashion and caprice have swayed the relative destinies of these human hemispheres; now elevating, and now depressing; this moment the one crouching, an abject slave at the shrine of the other; and the next playing the tyrant, and reducing its equal half to servile drudgery.

From such insane follies, and such crying evils, our only hope of deliverance is from the light of Divine Truth, now flowing into the human mind, as the New Jerusalem descends on earth. And a just appreciation of the various forms and conditions of our being, can only be gained by going to the Fountain of all Being, and learning the Divine Order of creation.

It has been so often stated and argued in this place, that the Divine Creator produced all things from Himself, or, in other words, that all creation is an outbirth from Him, that we may fairly take the position for granted. Now, if throughout all creation, these two, the male and female principles, lie at the foundation of all life, who does not see that they must bear relation to the two essential Divine principles, Love and Wisdom. And as all created forms are produced by, and adapted as recipient vessels of the Divine Love and Wisdom, therefore, those forms must be homogeneous to the producing cause, and exist in correspondence to the end of their creation. Thus in man, considered in his constituent principles, we behold an image of his Maker; and if from the beginning of creation he was male and female, these initial principles must have flowed spontaneously from the original Divine substances which gave birth and form to all things. All the various multitudinous forms which people air, earth and ocean, are but so many varied combinations, reflecting the Love and Wisdom of the Creator; but in man the reflection is perfect—he is a whole—a world in miniature—combining within himself all of the lower creation, with capacity to receive, in a finite degree, all of the Infinite.

In order to form a perfect image of God, it became necessary that beings should come into existence, each possessing the essential endowments of love and wisdom; yet, in so varied a form that the one should be pre-eminently the type of wisdom, and the other the type of love. We say, indeed, in popular language, that man is the intellectual, or understanding principle, and woman the affectionate, or will principle; because the intellect is more developed, and becomes the leading and ruling principle in the one, and the affections in the other. Yet, as the good and the true ever exist in combination, and neither can exist separate from the other, therefore both sexes are recipient forms of love and wisdom, yet so arranged that the one should be the wisdom of love, and the other the love of wisdom. Or, in other words, that the male principle is wisdom—the inmost of which is love, and the female principle is love—the inmost of which is wisdom. Thus, the Divine life exists in each, and in a different form of arrangement, and we may see that it is so, from the way in which each is affected by external impressions.

In woman, the feelings, affections, or love principle, take the lead, and the intellect is reached through this medium. In vain would you try to lead her to think on a subject, unless her affections were first enlisted. She must see some good in it; some practical bearing upon the welfare and happiness of those around her, before it would occupy her thoughts. Men, on the contrary, are reached through the intellect. They take delight in reasoning and arguing, and their feelings come up sluggishly to the work. Their understanding must first be convinced, before the will stirs up the dormant faculties to action. But when the will is strongly excited, it is powerful. The violence of passion, the burst of grief, the high-strung ecstasies of joy, and the reckless deeds of daring, attest that, in the manly heart, intense affection may lie slumbering, although covered over with the frostwork of cool reason. Just so when the inmost principle of woman's nature—which is wisdom—is aroused, she assumes an intellectual attitude, that surpasses, in keenness of perception and unerring intuition, the efforts of man's more staid and sober judgment. Yet, in both of these cases, the effect is produced by the inmost principle of each being brought into a state of abnormal action; in their normal state, intellect governs the one, and affection governs the other; and thus the intelligence of each is of a different order. The intelligence of man is justly characterized by Swedenborg, as being, in itself, "grave, harsh, hard, high-spirited, inclined to licentiousness;" and the intelligence of woman, in itself, as "modest, elegant, pacific, yielding, soft, and tender;" thus their every thought mellowed with the glow of affection, and suffused with the warm atmosphere of love.

This difference we recognize in the use of the words *masculine* and *feminine*; invariably applying the one to that which is predominantly intellectual, and the other, to that which is predominantly affectionate. In this difference, lies the foundation of human marriage. True love seeks something out of itself, upon which to rest. Hence the wife relies on the intellect of the husband, as her defender, protector—the *house-band*—binding the whole house together with the strong bands of intelligence and truth; and the husband reposes on the affections of the wife, drawing together, and cementing, and consecrating, around the family hearth and domestic altar, all the ties that bind human hearts together.

We are speaking of human marriage; of the conjunction of souls, and thence of minds, into one. . . . The principles of good and truth, or love and wisdom, as they flowed spontaneously from the Divine Creator, and became ultimated in sexual forms, and as they can live only in combination, so there is, in their nature, a constant effort towards union. Love ever seeks her companion, wisdom; and wisdom seeks his bosom friend, love. Thus, what men admire and love in woman, is her constant, undying affection; and this gives a charm to female society, which men of cultivated minds can feel and appreciate; while, on the other hand, the bold mental development and towering intellect of man, excites the love and admiration of woman.—Thus, utterly irrespective of animal feelings, men and women of cultivated minds, will ever find pleasure and delight in each other's society.

Here, then, the very dissimilarity between the two, is the cause that brings them together. True love seeks something out of itself, which, although dissimilar, can yet be conjoined. For to love that which is precisely like one's self, is to love one's own qualities, and would be mere self-love. Hence, that man may not be a purely selfish being, he leaves "father and mother," (his inherited self-hood,) "and cleaves to his wife," that being who, to him, is an embodiment of affection, suited to his intellect. The exciting cause, then, of marriage is the constant effort of the good and true to come together; and this, from the Divine life, flowing into all created forms. Every created form is a vessel receptive of the Divine life, but receiving that life, according to its *quality* and *capacity*; and thus it is, that in all things below man, there is a constant tendency to union, from the smallest atom of earth, to the noblest animal that roams the forest, or ministers to human wants.

As is the *quality* and *capacity* of the vessel, so is the *kind* and

measure of life which flows in. Hence the animal is prompted and guided by the Divine Love and Wisdom, to just such union as serves the purposes of animal life, and here the union ends. No lasting attachments spring up from the amours of the lower denizens of earth; they are of the earth, earthy; and the same is true of the human family, in their merely natural state.—Man is nothing but an animal until the spiritual degree of his mind is opened; and hence he views the Divine subject of marriage, only in relation to the uses of natural life. Yet the natural life of man is a higher order of life than that of the brute. He is a reasoning animal, he can look at ends, and act from his own will. Thus he becomes surrounded with natural and civil responsibilities, involving duties and obligations, and perpetually creating new relations of life, new wants and new enjoyments, which expand his *capacity* of reception; and consequently a *larger* measure of Divine Life flows in. Now, he regards marriage in relation to society; yet the ends he looks at are essentially animal, and the problem is, to secure the largest amount of the pleasures and enjoyments of life. Thus marriage becomes a civil relation, and comes under the cognizance of civil law. The conditions of suitability are determined by civil and natural qualities. Good standing in society, possession of this world's goods, or the ability to acquire them, good natural temper and disposition, with an agreeable person and pleasing manners, form the *beau ideal* of a suitable partner for life. And truly none need to find fault with such qualifications. It is true the phenologists are superadding a great many other considerations.—Temperament must be taken into the account, but this is merely with a view to the physical improvement of the race. Cerebral developments are to be studied, to induce a better organization of brain, in the next generation. All this we may admit to be good, to have an upward tendency; but still keeping within the range of natural ideas. The standard idea of marriage, is *union for life*—beyond this the natural vision reaches not. The great end of human existence is lost sight of, in the most important relation of human life. What *living* man or woman, whose heart has been touched with the glowing fire from the altar of Jehovah, will rest contented with the thought, that the strongest and holiest affections that human beings can cherish—affections which lie at the foundation of all other loves—that give birth to all the poetry of life, and elevation to all the purposes of humanity, are to be extinguished forever, with the flickering light of this feeble, transient existence. Far different is the teaching, "And they twain shall be one flesh; what therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder." To become "one flesh," certainly does not mean to become one in person, but to become one in spirit. In the spiritual sense, the term flesh has relation to the will, as the term blood has relation to the understanding; therefore, to be "one flesh" is to become *one will*; that is, so perfect a union of soul, that the will of the one becomes the will of the other. Then they have but one life; for the will—the affections—the love—is the very life of man; and if they have but one common life between them, they can never be separated to all eternity. What God joins together, is joined forever.

This is the only real human marriage. For man becomes really human, or really a man, only so far as he receives spiritual life from the Lord. This Divine Life—the influx of Love and Wisdom into the souls of spiritually-minded partners, brings them continually, more and more, into closer union. * * *

All the order, happiness, and prosperity of human society depend on this foundation principle. As is the relation between husband and wife, so is the relation between the members of the household; and as is the order of the household, such is the order of townships, counties, states, and kingdoms. Governments owe their stability to the love of order, which is engendered in the family relations of the people. The causes that shook the formidable power of Rome into fragments, lay more in the private profligacy of her citizens than in her errors of government; and in our own day, a scrutiny of the condition of nations will show how much depends on the sacredness of the marriage tie, and the consequent order of families. Thus, the reformation of the world must begin at home. Men must learn

to appreciate their wives according to the Divine standard of goodness and truth; to love and cherish in each other the good affections within the house, and to let those affections go forth, in acts of kindness and good uses to others. Thus they may daily grow together in love and wisdom, commencing a union here which will continually increase in perfection and blessedness hereafter. * * *

Men have borne the sway and usurped the sovereignty, because intellect has been regarded as everything, and affections as nothing. All enduring woman has been neglected, her meek submissive nature has shrunk from the tumults of war and ambition; or only appeared as an angel of mercy to mitigate the horrors inflicted by man on his fellow man. Garnering her sorrows within her own bosom, and burying her griefs and sorrows deep in the silent recesses of the heart, patiently has she lived on, and suffered, and died, with but little sympathy from the sterner and rougher sex. Tears and sighs—griefs and sorrows were her patrimony; but times are changing—men have learnt that there is a power, a purity, an elevation in woman, before which they may bow their heads in shame and confusion. * * *

The golden age was no fable, neither is the coming more glorious age, a delusion. Already is beginning to be realized the blessedness of wedded love among those who have received the truths of the New Dispensation. Believe me, my friends, the knowledge of the spiritual natures of men and women, does induce new states of thought and affection towards each other. Each sees at once, and feels their proper sphere of action; each feels the one to be the equal partner of the other; the woman is willing to be guided by the more staid and deliberative judgment of the man, and the man is willing to be influenced by the more heavenly affections of the woman. Her keen perceptions sharpen his reasoning faculties, and the cool deliberation of the one checks and guides the impetuous will of the other. Thus a reciprocal influence is constantly exercised over each other, coming more and more into union; the twain becoming one flesh.—*Heat and Light for the Nineteenth Century.*

Intellectual Development.

Man, who is the noblest work of Deity, was created to fulfill a high and holy destiny, to accomplish upon earth a glorious mission.

Endowed with powers of mind capable of the greatest exertion, equal to the loftiest achievements in science or art, and capable of unfolding the hidden mysteries of the universe, he stands forth free to improve the powers of mind committed to his trust, or to keep the gem enshrined in its casket, unimproved, unadorned, and utterly useless.

But it is the privilege of man to know himself; to study into the deep and hidden mysteries of his being, to develop the powers of his mighty intellect, and aspire to all that God has placed within his grasp; and if he does not seek that true development of mind which alone will elevate him to his true position, the great object of his mission upon earth will never be accomplished. Let him look into the deep, the hidden mysteries of his own heart, and learn what lofty, what god-like powers of mind he has committed to his trust for improvement, and then with lofty enthusiasm and nobleness of purpose, gird himself for his high prerogative and office.

The man of cultivated mind has within his grasp a store of enjoyment, pure and exhaustless; and in the deep communings with his own spirit, he finds companionship and pleasure. Does he walk abroad?—the book of nature lies open before him, and with delight he reads her beautiful and varied language. He listens enraptured to her thousand strains of melody, and in the streamlet's murmur, and ocean's roar, in the sighing breeze, and the deep, hoarse tones of the tempest, there is a voice and language to him alike intelligible. If he surveys the majesty of the universe, he sees not merely an azure curtain, with tinsel spangled o'er, to light him in his night wanderings; but as he scans the boundless fields of space, with its unnumbered systems revolving in perfect harmony, his soul is filled with lofty emotions,

and as he drinks in the music of the spheres, he learns the language in which nature holds converse with Deity.

But there are deeper treasures still for his attainment: he unlocks the mighty volume of the past, and the vast panorama of six thousand years is spread out before his delighted vision. He but wills, and the profound philosophy of the East is spread before him in all its immortal magnificence. He wanders over the classic land of Greece, and listens to the song of Homer, the profound philosophy of Plato, and the burning eloquence of Demosthenes. He looks at the grove where Socrates breathed his lessons of wisdom and philosophy, and moves over the plains where once assembled the wisdom of the world.

Who can measure the vast, the inexhaustible source of enjoyment which the cultivated mind has at its command? In every station in life, whether the pure sunlight of prosperity rest upon his brow, or the chilling blasts of adversity sweep over him, he calmly looks beyond the mutations of time, and fixes his hopes on a more enduring basis, on those fields of light whose outlines "star-eyed Science" has but dimly viewed, and where the soul in its aspirations after truth, will be as free, as unfettered (I had almost said) as that of the Eternal.

Beauty.

"Beauty is an autocrat, whose sway breathes
O'er the frail harp of a thousand strings."

Of all the graces that attract and please the eye, none perhaps commands homage as readily as that of Beauty. None wields a greater sway over the human race than this capricious tyrant, who, conscious of her power, exerts it with an authority to which all are loyal and most obedient subjects. The love of the beautiful, both in Nature and Art, is a characteristic of the most fastidious. There is beauty in the dark waving woodlands, with their rich masses of luxuriant foliage; and in the quiet lake, in whose depths are mirrored the white and rose-tinted clouds floating in a sea of azure; and in the evenings sky, when with all its regality of purple and gold, ever-changing, it loses gradually its gorgeous hues in the dewy twilight. There is beauty in the musical whisper of the sportive zephyr, as laden with Favonian sweets gathered from off the mountain's steep, it sings a requiem to the fading leaves of Autumn, causing sad and mournful memories to fill the heart of the reflective. All these we have to appreciate, in order to be able to draw conclusions from the beautiful around us, as to the goodness of Him who caused them to be. But there is a beauty that far transcends all these—the beauty of the soul "grandly independent of externals," that innate principle that mysteriously guides us through life, and prepares us for a more enduring, a brighter existence, in a purer, more exalted clime. One may be a paragon of grace and symmetry, but if the kindly feelings of the heart are extinguished, beauty is not there. Yet it often dwells under the roughest exteriors; and beneath the most repulsive outward appearances, may lie enshrined a mine of beauty, which only needs the training of a skilful hand, to bring to view its latent gems.

Nature.

Nature presents to the inquiring mind a broad field of research, a volume on every page of which is written the useful and the beautiful, or the grand and the magnificent.

It is the great storehouse of knowledge, the fountain from which issues the pure streams of wisdom, the treasury in which are deposited all the facts and circumstances, all the incidents and consequences, which, when drawn out, developed and classified by the aid of scientific investigations, add dignity, polish, and refinement to the human mind.

This volume, so full of varied and useful knowledge, so full of the instructive, the beautiful and the sublime, it is our high privilege to read, and that too, understandingly.

We may plunge into the deep caverns of the earth, descending miles below the busy haunts of men, and there study the mysteries of nature. We may go out upon the heaving bosom of

the deep, and there witness the wonders, and listen to the teachings of this great instructress. We may climb into the air even above the storm-cloud that scatters desolation in its course, or the milder one that dispenses the gentle shower, and there bathe our spirits in the refreshing streams that flow from the great fountain around and above us.

We may gather wisdom from the arched sky, from every star that twinkles in the nocturnal shade, from the dark somber clouds, from the gentle tones of the summer wind, and from the voice of the tempest and the thunder. The whirlwind that desolates a country and the tempests that buries whole fleets "beneath old ocean's wave," are alike instructive. But how are we to understand the principles of nature? How are we to grasp her sublime and instructive revelations? Not surely by burying ourselves in the closet and poring over learned dissertations, but by a free and unrestrained intercourse with her in all her various moods. We must question and cross question her; we must ask her for a revelation of her own mysteries.

But nature is a coy goddess, and unless we question her aright she either evades or misleads; yet when we approach her throne as honest seekers after truth, when we divest ourselves of all prejudice and preconceived opinions, and interrogate her rightly, she answers correctly and unfolds to us the riches accumulated in her beautiful temple of wisdom. Let us, then, lend a listening ear to her gentle voice;

"And to the beautiful order of her works
Learn to conform the order of our lives."

Voices from the Spirit-World.

Messages from Spirit Friends.

The communications which are to be introduced in this place were received through the medium of a lady who has recently visited Springfield, and through whom many singular demonstrations have been witnessed. They were given by impression to different individuals, and written down according to the dictates of the communicating spirit:—

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER:—The time has been when you taught me; the time is now that I must teach you. We who have passed into the Spirit-world, have learned great essential truths, exceedingly important for earth's inhabitants to become acquainted with. And spirits are commissioned to reveal these truths to the dwellers in the flesh. Marvel not that we take various ways to accomplish the end; but accept and walk in the light you have, and soon truths of more effulgent brightness from the great Source of truth and light, shall burst upon you.

Dear Father,—The things of earth will soon pass away, and you, like me, must pass from earth. Lay up, then, for yourself enduring riches; treasure the truths which we bear to you—these will make you rich in your Spirit-home. We bear none but what are important. We have appeared to you in our earthly simplicity to call your attention; but we have a rich treasure in store as soon as you will receive it.

Oh, my Mother, do realize that your mother and son are standing beside you, beautiful disembodied spirits far surpassing all your conceptions. Oh that your spiritual perceptions could be expanded, how would you gaze with surprise. More soon.

The annexed communication was also received through the same medium:—

DEAR BROTHER:—Will you hearken to a voice from the Spirit-land. It is your brother that speaks—your departed brother. I cannot approach you by those same articulated sounds which fell upon your ear when I inhabited the mortal mould. But with that same still small voice which spoke of God to the prophet when the whirlwind and earthquake had passed away, I come to speak to you, dear brother. And so do spirits come to speak to mortals, of a better land and a purer clime. Think not that we sleep in the cold grave to which you are all hastening. Neither are these forms re-animated by the same spirits that leave them. But remember what Paul said—that except a seed die it pro-

duces no fruit. Now remember that the fruit is not the same seed which is put in the ground, but the production of it;—so the spiritual form is not the same body that dies, but its natural interior production. To remain in the gross form, our spirits could not become perfectly developed; but now that my form is laid aside, my spirit is free, and I am an inhabitant of one of the many mansions. And oh! the perfect harmony, the transcendent beauty, and celestial glory of my Spirit-home! And, my brother, the long-expected morn has dawned upon the earth. Despair not the first glimmering rays of the spiritual sunbeams, but wait—the morn will come by and by.

FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

A Beautiful Reply.

The inquiry often arises in the mind, and is as frequently repeated, "Why can not we communicate with spirits face to face as with those in the body?—why can not we look upon their forms, instead of conversing with them by sounds?" An answer to this question, as we learn from a friend, was recently spelled out to a circle in Lynn, Mass., as follows:—

"The dead are like the stars by day

Withdrawn from mortal eyes;

Though not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the skies."

Spirits from bondage thus set free
Vanish amidst immensity.

The beauty and appropriateness of this reply will appear, when we consider that while we, acting in conjunction with the body, live only in the outward world, the spirit that is freed from the "mortal coil," has entered the inner sanctuary of creation; so that, while with the senses we can perceive material objects, those who dwell within the superficialities of time and space, "vanish amidst immensity." We have, however, one consolatory reflection, that, by withdrawing from the external world, by developing the interior man, and cultivating the spiritual senses, we may even here on earth catch glimpses of the life beyond, and hold communion with those who have gone before.

R. P. A.

The Old Errors.

On one occasion while Mr. Gordon was in the clairvoyant state, a company of spirits, who, when on earth, had dwelt in the Eastern land, appeared for the purpose of making the following statement relating to the errors which were imbibed in the early centuries:—

"In the days when Priestcraft prevailed in the Eastern countries, the people were kept in darkness and ignorance. Impressive persons were influenced much by surrounding minds instead of progressed spirits in the spheres, and they related their impressions as being direct from God. Thus you see that error was mingled with good; and in due time you will be taught so that you can easily distinguish between the true and the false. The light is fast spreading. You perceive that all things are progressive. As ye advance, ye shall be more enlightened. If ye search ye shall obtain. Spirits have operated on the minds of many to bring about this period, and to show the world that there was error in the olden time, even in the Sanctum Sanctorum."

Hopeful Thoughts.

A spirit communicating through a medium at Glen's Falls, N. Y., makes the following consolatory statements:—

The gate of heaven is open to receive every human soul; and there is not one that shall not enter there.

The light of heaven is dawning, and sin and darkness shall pass away.

The spirit of him whom God hath created shall not die, nor shall unending misery curse this portion of the Eternal Mind, for all spirits are a part of the Divinity.

Psychological Department.

SPIRITUAL WARNING.

During the winter of 1843, I was having some work done on my lands, which are about half a league from Niort. I had, by the means of somnambulism, discovered a spring of water at the top of a very high hillock; as water is a very useful commodity in the country, and spreads a great charm on all around it, I was insatiable, and often questioned the oracle which had already so fortunately directed me. One day from Niort, where I reside, a stream of water was signalized to me which was supposed to run under a large rock, which was scarcely visible on the surface of the soil. "Have it removed," said the oracle, "and under its base you will have another pretty little fountain." After having searched for and discovered this mysterious rock, I gave orders to Master Griseau, my gardener to have it removed, and to look for the spring that was said to be beneath it; but Griseau, who was not fully convinced of the phenomena of somnambulism, represented to me that it was folly to go to such an expense in order to arrive at a discovery wholly improbable; in fact, how expect to find water almost at the crest of a hillock which looks over the river almost perpendicularly to a height of forty or fifty feet. These reasons appeared to me peremptory; but I wanted water, as, also, a proof more of the magnetic clairvoyance; so I rejected the advice, however just it appeared to me, and reiterated my orders, which were crowned with complete success.

This fact, so far as regards the clairvoyance of certain somnambulists, did but confirm proofs already long before acquired; but the one which is about to follow cast into my soul new thoughts, which by-and-by, with God's help, were to be for me incontestable truths. No; man is not isolated on this earth, he is surrounded by benign spirits who protect him against evil; every being has his good genius, but unfortunately few listen to him. What mysteries surround us, and how ignorant we are! Somnambulism is a property that will, I am certain of it, reveal them to us sooner or later; for I am of the number of those to whom it is permitted to raise a corner of the veil which conceals them from our eyes. What truths must there be to alarm vice and console virtue! Pardon me this digression; I return to the fact.

The rock, stripped at its base, remained half suspended, awaiting the brick-work which was to secure it firmly; the operations, interrupted by bad weather, were about to be resumed, and I repaired to the spot over night. It was a Sunday, the keeper was absent, and I found myself absolutely alone. It was three o'clock in the afternoon; I took a gardening tool, animated as I was with the desire of finding water in greater quantity. I set to work, and dug up the earth with a courageous hope.—I was wholly absorbed in this thought, when, suddenly, a voice struck my ears with these words, said in an abrupt and a hasty tone: "Go away!" I made a bound backward, and precipitately withdrew from the spot where I was, leaving there one of the wooden shoes I had had on my feet. I then looked upward, to find out who it was that could have thus spoken to me, but I perceived no one. I was quite certain of being alone, so I intuitively perceived that some danger threatened me, inasmuch as the rock had only clayey earth as a base. Wholly absorbed, then, in my own preservation, I cautiously drew back my wooden shoe, and made all haste to get away. At a few paces hence, I asked myself what voice this possibly could be which had just struck my ear in so forcible a manner; it was sonorous, and its sounds still vibrated in my mind. It was, therefore, a warning from heaven, sent to snatch me from some great danger. But a few minutes more at this work, and I should have been killed. Being killed was not the worst that might have happened to me; but, hurled down by the mass, I might have been caught by an arm or a leg under this enormous burden. "Oh! my God, my God! I thank thee," cried I, raising my hands to heaven and falling on my knees, but on rising, I found myself bathed in tears. After recovering from the emotion I had just experienced,

I went and cast a last glance on my rock; it was still silently suspended. I moved away, turning round more than once with terror. It was five o'clock when I lost sight of it; at half-past five, the hour of the keeper's return, this superb mass had fallen in; falling at first on itself, it made a turn half round to precipitate itself sidewise, when it was stopped in its course by an accident of the soil. At the present time (1849) it is majestically seated under an enormous grotto, which I raised on the very spot where it once was. There, still proud and haughty, it preserves its threatening air; but pass, fearlessly pass, only bow before the words of my good angel, inscribed on its front: "*Go away!*"—*Celestial Telegraph.*

Electric Manifestation.

The New Bedford Mercury gives the following communication from a "highly respectable gentleman of that city, one of good scientific attainments, and not easily to be deceived." It further adds: We call to mind at this time several instances of a similar phenomenon, though not like this one in all its details. We well remember a case which occurred in a country town of Massachusetts, of a ball of electric fire which rushed through a long entry, the doors at each end being open, though there was no storm at the time raging. We believe there is an instance, which was celebrated in English literature of the last century, of two persons struck by lightning in broad sunlight while in a field haying.

On Saturday evening, July 5th, about eight o'clock, the writer of this was sitting in his library reading. He was seated at a table placed against a grate and beneath a mantel on the south side of the room. He was near the end of the table, which brought him near a window in the south-east corner of the room.

His wife came in and seated herself in an arm chair with rockers, near the other end of the table. Finding herself a little too far from the lamp (a solar), she took hold of the arms of the chair, and without raising it from the floor, moved it towards the table. She did not get out of the chair, but simply raised herself so as to permit the chair to be drawn over the carpet. The chair not being lifted, it was pressed upon the carpet not only with its own weight, but with a part of the weight of the occupant.

The instant it moved an explosion took place, exceedingly sharp, and loud as a Chinese cracker. He was somewhat alarmed by it, and the alarm was increased by an exclamation from his wife that she was hurt in the hand. The first thought was that some one had thrown a cracker into the window. But the window was closed. Upon taking the eyes from the book, a luminous body, about the size and nearly the shape of the flame of a candle, was seen floating in the air and moving towards the opposite side of the room. It had nearly reached the partition when first seen, and when it had reached the wall it appeared to sink down behind the sofa, where it disappeared. The color of the body was a bluish white. It was seen with great distinctness, so that its shape and color were accurately determined.

The room was filled with a pungent odor, whose character conveyed the impression that both woolen cloth and sulphur were burning. It was much the strongest at the spot behind the sofa, where the meteor expired. Upon removing the sofa, two or three minutes after the explosion, the smell was so strong as to be highly offensive. It was as powerful as that which accompanies the ignition of a match. It was thought that the carpet was on fire.

INSPIRATION.—As some young seraph from this lower sphere with wing outstretched for Paradise, pauses upon its onward course, just ere it reaches celestial climes, to list the solemn music in the thunder's home; so we living awhile beneath the pure splendor of thy burning orbs, unfurl our spirit's wings and soar to realms immortal. I feel the proud stirring of thy chainless spirit, Oh thou bird of inspiration, and in the deep chambers of my soul there is a thrilling echo.

MESSENGER AND GUIDE.

R. P. AMBLER, EDITOR.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., SEPTEMBER 6, 1851.

GEMS FROM DAVIS.

By analogy the mind receives conceptions of principles which it recognizes on the basis of nature and intuition, but which, abstractly, its present powers are incapable of comprehending. A realization of the spirit's future existence will be made tangible to the belief by the following, from page 74 "Nature's Divine Revelations": "The human embryo, if it possessed intelligence, would require as much *argument* to prove its future existence [a life in the outward world, in the body] as it requires to prove the future existence and identity of the *spirit*." The searcher after truth who seeks for harmony and congeniality in the discordant elements with which society around him abounds, will read his experience in the following—page 97: "When he becomes disconnected from the manifestations of Nature, and associates with the innumerable thoughts and feelings which are constantly agitating the external world; when unprincipled and impure interests obtrude upon his feelings and attract his mind from the train of thought and contemplation in which he is naturally engaged; . . . and when his mind becomes involved in the pursuit of an individual subsistence and preservation of life—he then forcibly realizes the great extreme of commotion, immorality and imperfection that pervade the external world of mankind. He then can see that truth cannot be received from man alone, but from Nature, and that the truths thus received are irresistible and eternal." Again—page 101—"That a man subjected to the interference of commotions of the outer world, can not, by any possible means, *fully* perceive and comprehend general truth." Page 140—showing the impossibility of the human mind comprehending eternity and infinitude: "Thus the thought finds no resting-place; it feels the *material form*, and is conscious of its habitation. It meditates *definitely* only upon objects suitable for its comprehension and association; any thing *beyond* such objects is a *vacuum* in which imagination, whose flight is swifter than the sunbeam, seeks for a resting-place; it searches throughout the chambers of the heaven of heavens, and roams through the labyrinths that are continually opening into new fields of celestial beauty, which utterly transcend all minds but *that Mind* which produced them: it returns from its flight in the infinitude of space, and inquires with breathless and inexpressible amazement, *Where* was the *beginning*, and when shall be the *end*, of *eternal time* and *unbounded creations*?" Ib.—"The human mind can not conceive of eternity or infinity, . . . Its capacities are *finite*, and its conceptions are of like nature. No matter how *exalted* it may be, it must conceive of *bounds*, or else there is *no conception*." Page 327.—"All things are existing *externally* in *forms*, but all *realities* are dwelling in the *interior*, and are the *cause* of the *form's existence*." Page 433.—"Believe not a truth because it was believed and taught before you lived, but because it is *truth*." Page 510—"It is impossible for the divine principle of *reason* to be convinced of any thing without a positive *knowledge* of some *foundation* whereon its truth may rest. Faith may exist as an evanescent conviction of the *affections*; but the *judgment* knows of no faith, no belief but that which flows from the basis of *absolute and unequivocal knowledge*." Page 517.—"The causes of evil lie not in man, but about him." Page 645.—"The butterfly escapes its gross and rudimental body, and wings its way to the sunny bower, and is sensible of its new existence. The drop of water that reposes on the earth is rendered invisible by the absorbing invitations of the sun, and ascends to associate with, and repose in, the bosom of the atmosphere. The day that is known by its warmth and illumination, dispenses its blessings to the forms of earth, and sinks into repose in the bosom of the night. Night is, then, an index of a new day, which is first cradled in the

horizon, and afterward perfected in its noontide light, beauty, and animation. The flower, being unfolded from the interior by virtue of its own essence and the sun, is variegated in every possible manner, and thus becomes a representative of light and beauty; but having attained its perfection, it soon begins to change its form, its color, and its beauty of external being. Its fragrance goes forth and pervades all congenial and suitable forms, and its beauty is indelibly impressed upon the memory of its beholder and admirer, when the flower itself is no more. The foliage, tinted with the breath of winter, no longer retains its outward beauty; but this is an index of new life and animation, which is perfectly exemplified in the return of foliage in the youthful season. As it is with *these*, so it is with the *spirit*; the body dies on the outer (or rather changes its *mode* of existence), while the spirit ascends to a higher habitation, suited to its nature and requirements." Were language and figures so superlatively beautiful as this latter quotation to be found in the Bible, the "Pilgrim's Progress," or other books supporting the prevailing theology, their merits would have elicited effusions of poetic and pulpit commendations, which had sounded "from land to land and sea to sea;" it is a fortunate circumstance however, that the *real* value of gold is not *lessened*, whether it be known as such, or believed to be but dross.

In the second volume of the Great Harmonia, page 273, we have these thoughts of Deity.—"Contemplate a magnificently grand, bottomless, shoreless, and incessantly active ocean; contemplate that ocean replete with the most graceful and beautiful forms of light and life; contemplate that ocean sparkling and radiant with emanations so rich and so effulgent as to extinguish the brilliancy of the most perfect and the most precious diamonds of earth; contemplate that ocean as rolling in waves of unmeasurable magnitude, and so peacefully still as to disturb not an atom that rides upon its bosom; contemplate that ocean with its tides, on their upward and homeward way, those onward tides which can *never recede*; contemplate that ocean flowing into numberless founts or spirits in all Planets and in all Spheres, so pouring in upon them its living waters as to satisfy all desires for life and tranquillity, and causing those founts to 'thirst not again'; contemplate that ocean—greater than all—richer than all—deeper than all. Think of it as the Origin of all Life, all Love, all youthfulness, all spiritual beauty and magnificence—and you have then taken *one step* toward a just theological conception of the essential love of God!" But one of the most consummate and unanswerable arguments which we noticed in our perusal of the last volume of the Harmonia, was relative to the varied constructions (by advocates of the "infallibility of the Bible") put upon the meaning of the word "*day*," as denoting a fixed and definite period in the creation of the world, as given in the book of Genesis—page 337.—"If the most advanced thinkers among the supporters and disseminators of this disorderly, but romantic theory of creation, will not acknowledge themselves believing in the above proposition [that the world was made in *six days* of *twenty-four hours each*], but say that '*days*,' in the original, prophetic style of writing, signify '*epochs*,' or '*ages*,' then it is well to inquire, why they do not consider our *Sabbath* as one of those *indefinite* '*ages*,' or '*epochs*?' Why consider the *six days* *figurative* whilst the *seventh day* is accepted *literally*, and celebrated as the day on which God *rested* after a week of exceedingly hard work?" Yes, if these days of creation are '*epochs*,' why do not ministers preach, instead of thirty minutes at a time, thirty million of *years* or *centuries*? But (to answer for the defenders of this claim as well as we can), "all this can *easily* be got over with: first, we should not reason upon such *seeming* discrepancies; our *reason*, we should remember, is *carnal*; besides, it is as consistent to believe that the *six days* were *epochs*, and the *seventh* only of twenty-four hours duration, as to receive upon faith many *other* claims in the Bible. Principles of nature undergo essential changes (it would seem;) once '*believers*' could 'take up serpents and drink deadly poisons;' but it by no means follows that they could do it *now*, at least, it is not deemed *expedient* to attempt it." But we will not protract this kind of "*reasoning*," though like the ostrich which hides its head in the sand to be secure from its pursuers,

we *once* felt ourselves strong and impregnable in the use of this species of argument; the bare recurrence to it, however, even in jest, enables us but the more vividly to realize what the almost infinite difference is between the data furnished by the Harmonial Philosophy and that of the old theology from which to deduce conclusions that answer the demands of reason. This last point raised by Davis relative to the Sabbath, will furnish the friends of the new philosophy a most important problem for the followers of theology to solve, and it is to be hoped it will, with similar ones, be frequently propounded, as it is only by the friction and interchange of counter opinions on such subjects, that truth can be elicited. c. o. r.

ANGEL MINISTERS.

The beautiful truth which has been demonstrated in the present age, relating to the presence of departed friends, and the reality of spiritual intercourse, cannot be too deeply impressed on the aspiring mind. We need the precious influence of this great idea to hallow and sanctify the paths of earth—to lead man up from the darkness of this material sphere, that he may rejoice in the glories of his destiny. Hence, amid the sin and sadness and gloom of earth, it is well that the soul should contemplate, realize, and inwardly digest the truth, that angel ministers are hovering ever near, to guide, to strengthen, and instruct. As a beautiful defense and elucidation of this truth, we may be allowed to present here an extract from an author whose soul reflects the purity of its inward life:—

It was a universal belief among the ancient Persians, that every human being was attended, during life, by one or more of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world; and that the attendant angel, or agent, as the term implies, was selected from those who had been their most intimate friends while living. Nor is this faith confined to the Persian nation. From the creation of the world to the present time, those who have recognized immortality as a truth, have believed firmly in the ministration of guardian angels. And the idea is one supported by true philosophy, sound reason, and divine revelation. This theory, so beautiful to the enlightened understanding, so consoling to the afflicted, and the truth of which having been attested by universal belief, in ages past, has been absolutely demonstrated, even to our external senses, in the present. It is no longer a matter of faith—it is knowledge; not to all, but to very many in the most refined circles of society. It is a beautiful truth, and worthy of the highest intellect, a faith at once elevating and purifying. Who would not be restrained from sin under such a belief? Who would not pause before committing a disreputable act, if fully convinced of the fact that the spirit of some dearly-loved earthly friend still walked lovingly by his side? Would the incendiary apply the match at midnight, in the presence of an angel witness? I can conceive of no stronger restraint to vice—no greater incentive to virtue—than would be produced by a full belief in the truth of the angel ministry. It is a universal law in nature for the higher to superintend the lower; and it is on this principle that the spirits of our departed friends, having entered a higher sphere of existence, are prepared and qualified to watch over their friends on earth. We have all been looking for heaven, and the reason why we have not sooner found it is because we have looked for it *too far off*.

We are just beginning to understand the import of these words, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." We may become hardened and seared by the cares of life, and our spiritual perceptions may become clouded by sin—there are times when the dear memories of other, and perhaps better days, come thronging back, displacing, by their gentle influence, all thoughts of evil, and then it is that we feel unmistakable evidence of the presence of our soul-companions. The vilest criminal was once an inoffensive child, and he, at times, may feel something of this holy influence. In the language of Whittier:

"Not wholly can the heart unlearn
The lesson of its better hours;
Nor yet has time's dull footstep worn
To common dust that path of flowers."

There is no soul on earth so low as not to contain the germ of angel purity. The circumstances and influences which surround it may be unfavorable to its development, but this furnishes no proof of its absence. It must some time and some where, according to the eternal purpose of Him who made it, grow into beauty and perfection. True, our brother has sinned, but God only knows how strongly he was tempted, or how often he resisted before he fell. True Christian charity should embrace the world, and the Christian's hope should be for all mankind. Behold that pale and careworn mother! Her son has sinned and fallen. But has she forsaken him? No! Disregarding the sneers of the crowd, she follows him to the court room—sits by his side while the judge pronounces his doom—follows him to the prison—walks by his side to the gallows, and when the last sad act of the drama is ended—when the form she pressed to her bosom in childhood lies cold and lifeless before her, she kneels upon his grave, and prays that she may meet her child again in heaven. And this is only the manifestation of human love.

Shall the Infinite Father of all do less than that poor finite mother? Let us then continue to hope, not for a chosen few, but for all our Father's family. And let us remember, amid all the discouragements and afflictions of human life, that we are not alone. Though every earthly friend has departed, and every earthly hope has perished, still remember that you are not alone. Morning, noon and night, the spirits of the loved ones in heaven shall hover round you, and at death receive and welcome you to the soul's eternal home.—*Gilbert*.

Modern Criticism.

In an age like ours, when new ideas, grand discoveries, and strange systems of philosophy are coming forth from the confused elements of the Past, we are to expect that all the different forms and colorings of thought will be subjected to a keen and rigid scrutiny. To this peculiarity of the times we shall doubtless be indebted for the eradication of much error and the establishment of much truth, even as the searching fire tends to refine the metal while it consumes the dross. In relation to the Spiritual Philosophy, we need have no fear that any criticism will do it an essential injury; for while the broad foundation of Nature stands, the principles it involves must remain secure. The world, however, needs a practical lesson in regard to the spirit and manner in which the great subjects of this age should be treated, as we cannot fail to see that much of the criticism that floods the literary world, is of the most selfish and unworthy character. A writer for the Practical Christian has some appropriate remarks on this subject:—

It is amusing, yea, even laughable; and not only that, but it is sad, and oftentimes deplorable, to witness the criticisms that are made in this cynical age. *Every thing* is now subject to criticism—even the holiest and most sacred. With this we are not so much disposed to join issue, as with the unholy and the carping manner in which the criticism itself is given. The most sacred things are so mixed up with the most profane ones, that we wonder not at the fact of radical statement and cynical remark, without those just distinctions demanded by the real nature of the subjects criticised: the wonder is, perhaps, that the criticism is not still more one-sided and extreme than it really is. But after all due acknowledgment of this sort, we cannot help thinking that it would be much better for the cause of Truth and of real Progress, if there were less thunder and lightning, and more sunshine. The former may excite and startle, and there may be intense pleasure in such excitement. But the latter is certainly more genial and really more powerful. It is more genial because it is more serene and equal, and more powerful because it is of a higher order of influence. Pleasures of a low order may be as intense as those of a higher grade. But oh, the *kind*! The Lord deliver us from mere animal enjoyment, though it be the greatest pleasure we ever enjoyed.

But the pleasures of criticism are not its true object. Like the aim of all true life, that of the subject before us should never admit pleasure except as a *fruit*—not as a *motive*. When Pleas-

ure is made the end of life, she always eludes our grasp. Duty is ever higher than pleasure, and attraction higher than duty. To do for the sake of the doing, is always and everywhere the highest principle of action. Next to this, is doing for the *right* of the thing. But to do for the *pleasure* of it, is worthy only of pure selfishness, which is Satanic.

From the character of modern criticism, it would seem that its aim was, almost solely, the pleasure it affords the critic and his admirers. It is, like the tempest, intensifying the soul for the passing moment. It darts forth like the comet which gets more attention than the sun. Back of its analysis, lies more of the volcanic than the solar heat. Its shock is of the earthquake kind, rather than the steady, yet mighty movement of the globe and the system. It is the rocket of thought and of feeling, and only *dazzles* the gaze with its sudden flash.

The true soul is no critic in the modern sense of it. The critic of the age is but a fragment of a man. The full man looks at all sides of a subject; and though he may have a greater love for some sides than for others, yet he *allows* the whole and gives credit for his preference. The truest soul is the truest critic. It is his province to see *something* of everything; and because each thing has relation to all things, he concludes it worthy of notice or acknowledgment. To him life is not the fact of a *day*, or even mostly a *fact*; but rather the fact of eternity; and, better yet, the essential principle or *truth* of all facts.

Writing Mediums.

LEROY, N. Y., Aug. 1851.

BRO. AMBLER:—I have watched the course of spiritual progress for the past year with great interest, having had much opportunity to witness its developments. There has been a new mode of communication in this section of the State, which I have not seen particularly noticed in your paper. We have here what are called "writing mediums." The hand of a subject susceptible to magnetic influence is placed upon the table with pen, ink and paper; the mind rendered passive, an operator may make a few passes over the arm, and the pen will generally move off, and sentences will be written purporting to be messages from some spiritual friend—frequently from those who are entirely unknown to the medium. Sometimes these messages will cover several sheets,—being of the most beautiful, truthful, and enlivening character. I have a near friend who has been thus a medium, and have for months witnessed daily and hourly the messages that have been received. There are in this town and vicinity, about twenty or thirty of this class of mediums. The "rappings" are with some of the mediums at times, some of them also, are good clairvoyants. We have held regular private circles for some months, and have enjoyed a large degree of spiritual instruction. The spirits will generally append their names to the communications that are given, but sometimes they decline to do so—saying it is not best we should know who it is that communicates. Mrs. C. a writing medium, was called upon a few days since, by an acquaintance from Orleans Co., who requested to know if any spiritual friend had a message for her. A beautiful message was given, and on requesting the author to give the name, she was surprised to find it to be that of a poor girl who had lived near her father's residence in the body, but who had been in the Spirit-world many years, and whom she had almost forgotten. Of course the medium knew nothing of the parties. Such tests are of daily occurrence with us. But there is one feature in this matter which I will here notice:—the communications received are not always reliable. The mediums will often sit down to converse with their spirit-friends in a pleasing and harmonious state of mind, and a spirit purporting to be some friend will give its signature; but on reviewing what is written, it is found to be often frivolous and untruthful, and on examining the hand writing this also is seen to be different from that which is usually made, by the spirit purporting to communicate, for I should observe that each spirit writes in a different style. All mediums with whom I am acquainted are thus troubled at times. The friendly spirits of the medium, when they can again get posses-

sion of the arm, will say that they cannot prevent undeveloped spirits from communicating, but will freely give instructions whereby they may be usually avoided, though in this all are not successful. There are times, however, when the mediums are free from all influences of this nature, and in this case the messages received are always beautiful and true.

Very truly yours,

c.

Communication with Spirits.

It is somewhat amusing to observe the bitter spirit which is manifested by many religionists towards the external manifestations of spiritual presence, which are occurring constantly in many localities. While these same individuals have been laboring for years to prove the immortality of the soul, they are disposed to reject, without investigation, the very evidence which has been so long desired, and which is intrinsically more valuable than all the creeds and theories they have ever formed. A correspondent of the Independent Democrat, in referring to this subject, remarks:—

"If our people were universally professed infidels—acknowledged believers in the doctrine that the grave takes within its relentless grasp all that ever pertained to life—I should not be surprised at the manner in which the great mass of them receive the intelligence that, in various places men are holding familiar and intelligent intercourse with the spirits of friends, who have exchanged time for eternity. If we believe that the thinking, reasoning, intelligent part of man survives untouched by death, why should we not at least listen to the sober statement of hundreds of intelligent men and women, that they are in daily communication with the spirits of those who have been released from the thralldom of earth and have now their home with 'the just made perfect?' Intercourse renewed with dear and treasured friends—communication with the inhabitants of heaven—is this the subject of all others that demands an exhibition of our powers of ridicule and wit? Is this a matter of so little interest that all inquiry must be stopped by silly tales of the cracking of toe joints and the creaking of chair-legs—and unauthenticated stories of exposure in some distant place? Shall we be repulsed from the investigation because some men play the fanatic in connection with this subject, as they must, from their unbalanced organizations, with every thing with which they come in contact? And is it now to be driven back with disgust, because here and there a descendant of Simon Magus is trying to coin the matter into dollars and cents? Why will not men act with candor and reason here, as in other matters of importance?"

There are many families in New Hampshire where these communications are now enjoyed; where the members of the family sit down at the close of the day's labor, and hold intercourse with the dear friends who have passed from sight, as freely and intelligently as when all were alike in the body. Sometimes the spirits respond by rappings upon tables, sometimes by voices in the air, sometimes by writing the communications they would make upon paper; and for an hour I have heard a conversation carried on between a spirit and his living friends, by the use of human language, spoken audibly and with equal freedom by all. These communications, so far as I have ever witnessed, have been of the most beautiful and valuable character, yielding great consolation, and hope, and faith, and moral strength to those who had the high privilege of listening."

THE SPIRIT HARBOR, a compilation of Poems by Maria F. Chandler, which was somewhat prematurely noticed some weeks since, is now entirely ready to be offered to the public. A delay altogether unanticipated occurred in the binding, which prevented its earlier appearance; but it is now presented in neat style, and should be in the possession of all who take delight in the poetical beauties of the Harmonical Philosophy.

We acknowledge the receipt of a new publication, in pamphlet form, entitled "Heat and Light for the Nineteenth Century." Among other things it contains a review of Davis' Revelations, which we have not examined.

Poetry.

ONWARD, UPWARD.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER
BY J. B. WEBB.

Onward, upward, as the eagle
Cleaves his way through heaven's blue,
Thus thy spirit lifts her pinions,
In a flight as lofty too:
Shall the world with error teeming
Weave its deadly charm for thee?—
As the light through heaven streaming
Be ye ever nobly free.

Rise from sloth and idle dreaming,
With a heart that's proud to labor;
From the chains of darkness freeing
First thyself and then thy neighbor:
Stern of will and warm of feeling,
Boldly strive ye in the struggle;
Knowing that the dawn is stealing
On the blackened night of trouble.

Banish from thy soul's dominions
Partial views and low desire;
Seek beyond the world's opinions
Something truer, something higher:
See, all Nature is thy teacher,
Moving in her course sublime;
Ever for the honest seeker
Pointing to the inner shrine.

Child of God art thou, though groping
In the mists of doubt and death;—
Lift thy soul in golden hoping
For a nobler, holier faith;
Lo! the stars are singing—singing
Anthems of a loftier cheer;
And the winds and waves are bringing
Joyful tidings for thine ear.

Every beauty for thee blooming,
Calls thy pensive steps abroad;
Music breathes, thy soul attuning,
Raising all thy thoughts to God.
Strive ye long, with stern endeavor,
Knowledge, wisdom, peace to gain;
Onward, upward, soaring ever,
Victor from the tyrant's reign.

Then go forth with lofty daring—
Pilgrim on a distant shore;
Tidings of an era bearing,
When the world shall weep no more.
Courage, though the maddened faction
Would o'erwhelm thee in its might;
Labor with a tireless action,
First and foremost in the right.

Proud of heart, yet meek and lowly,
Proud to scorn the base and low—
Mammon-love and rites unholy,
Fearless to the battle go:
Write ye on thy banner streaming,
As it waves from every shore,
O'er the mingled foray gleaming,
"Onward, upward, evermore."

Rapture thou shalt glean from sorrow,
If thy work thou well hast done;
Visions of a glorious morrow,
Guide thy new-born spirit on.
Angel bands thy heart are cheering,
Winning all thy thoughts away,
Pointing with a hand endearing
To the land of perfect day.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER.

They tell us of a better land
When this dark life is done,
Where spring unfading, reigns; and shines
A never setting sun.

The midnight stars and the silver moon
Are useless on that shore,
Where death yields up his fearful reign,
And time can waste no more.

They tell of ever verdant fields,
And flowers of fadeless bloom,
That deck the meadows of that clime
Which waits beyond the tomb.

They tell us of a beauteous race,
Who tread those flowers among—
Immortal youths—whose golden harps
Ring with seraphic song.

This land knows not of the wintry night,
Or the burning simoom's breath;
The drum and the war cry sounds not here,
To the stern command of death.

The silent wing of the pestilence
Is folded from its sweep,
And silence chains the mighty winds
That toss the soundless deep.

Peace—blessed peace extends her sway
Over that lovely shore,
Where the tired spirits of the past
Shall rest—to toil no more!

Here shall that deathless thing, the soul,
Behold its Maker's face
Unveiled in cloudless majesty—
Beaming with smiles of grace.

Thou, Spirit-land! thou, haven fair!
Receive my shroudless bark,
Long dashed by sorrow's angry storm,
On time's wild ocean dark!

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SPIRIT MESSENGER
BY JOSEPH TREBAT.

TO MY FATHER.

Father, sweetly sleeping, rest thee,
In thy still and lowly bed;
Far from all that can molest thee,
Soft repose thy pillowed head;
Safe from ills that once oppressed thee,
Peaceful slumber with the dead;
Though the grave's dark folds invest thee,
Christ the way before thee led!

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother, with a heart just breaking,
Left to stem the tide alone,
Calm thy spirit, deeply aching,
Dry the tears that fast run down;
He who gave did right in taking
Flesh of flesh and bone of bone;
And the sleep that knows no waking,
Soon shall give thee back thy own!

OUR CIRCLE.

We're a sad and smitten circle,
We're a lonely, broken band;
We are not now as we once were,
When we all walked hand in hand,
For the brightest one among us
To the Spirit-land hath flown—
There are left still many of us,
Yet we seem all sad and lone.

Miscellaneous Department.

THE MINISTRY OF HOPE.

BY S. B. BRITTON.

Anrora kissed the green Earth and the lofty summits were gilded with a shower of golden rays. With a light footstep she stole into a cottage among the mountains—entering noiselessly through a window which looked towards the east—and unsealed the eyelids of a laughing boy. With a bounding step the child arose from his pillow, round which the Angel of dreams had wrought the delicate tracery of his thoughts, and went forth in the gladness of his young heart to play with the early sunbeams.

The child was beautiful as the dawn in Spring-time, when Nature's pulse beat high with the inspiring energy of new and enlarged life. The deep blue of the heavens was reflected from his eye, and each passing moment witnessed in his soul the birth of a new joy. His nerves seemed like the delicate chords of a slender harp. The golden rays danced among the trembling strings; the zephyrs awoke their music; and the soft perfumes thrilled each smitten fiber with intense and bewildering delight. His whole being seemed like a gush of feeling, or the incarnation of a seraph's thought. In his pure gladness he ran along the flowery banks of a little stream, whose silvery voice was as musical as his own, or amused himself by gathering the choicest flowers which enameled the margin.

There was no shadow on the radiant brow of the Child, as he sat down to admire the flowers. The gay colors charmed his eye, and filled his little spirit with a wild delight. But as he gazed, the gorgeous hues faded away; the flowers drooped and withered in his hand; and fleeting as their frail beauty were the smile and the joy they inspired.

The Child was weeping when a radiant form, veiled in rosy light, approached and fusing a number of sunbeams in the burning tears, she wrought a glorious bow, with which she encircled the infant brow. The child looked up, and again his face was wreathed with smiles and his heart leaped for joy, for Hope had thrown her prismatic coloring over every object.

Hope amused the Child awhile by weaving a net-work of gorgeous fancies. The images she presented were all beautiful, but as the child put forth his little hand to seize them they generally eluded his grasp. Still they kept just before and almost within his reach, shedding around and above his pathway a charmed atmosphere where every breath contained a promise. Thus—in the pursuit of these glittering phantoms—the hours of childhood passed away, and only their memory remained.

Before the rapt vision of Youth, Hope now reared her airy palaces and castles of the most ethereal and delicious splendor. The Youth beheld the vision and rushed forward with a wild impetuosity; the flame of deepest passion kindled in his eye, and proud ambition fired his soul. He had but to go forward and claim his rightful possession. As he advanced, however, the images receded; but the youth with an unflinching purpose continued the chase. At length, weary of his fruitless toil, he paused; but his anxious eye was still fixed on the city of the air; and as he gazed and sighed, the castle walls dissolved away, and were viewless as the impalpable ether. All was gone—and the Youth, with a sad heart, sat down by the way-side and wept.

"Ah cruel hope," said the youth, "how have thy flattering prophecies vanished like the mists of the morning! In form, feature and expression, thou art indeed divinely beautiful, but I have found thee false at heart. Of what value are thy charms while they conceal a fatal snare? Already have I listened to thy winning speech too long, for thy promises are delusive as they are fair. Begone! nor tempt me longer with thy deceitful blandishments! Go! thou false prophet, and speak to the winds—I will listen and believe no more."

Overwhelmed with the consciousness of his wrongs, the Youth buried his face in the folds of his mantle and was silent. When

the first sudden paroxysm had subsided, he uncovered his face and looked up—but Hope had departed.

On a barren, blackened rock—around which the scanty herbage was seared and blasted—sat a gloomy figure, whose form, features and expression presented an assemblage of unearthly horrors. The body was bent and convulsed with mortal pangs; the visage was dark and terrible as the shades of Erebus; the eye had a sullen glare, and every muscle writhed with the unspoken revelations of pain. The youth gazed—and was horror-stricken, for Despair was present to claim his victim!

But Hope, from her bright abodes, witnessed the distress of the poor Youth and had compassion on him; and taking an aerial form, invisible to mortal eyes, she approached and whispered a sweet prophecy in his soul. The horrid phantom which had congealed his quick blood, vanished in an instant, and the youth arose with a grateful and confiding spirit, and he was clothed with the strength of his Manhood.

O Manhood! how various and fearful are the conflicts which await thee in thy rough pilgrimage! Grand and terrible is the imagery of tempests on Life's sea, but who can curb the storm or guide thee in thy wanderings!

At Mid-day the elements awoke and played their awful numbers on the rending strings of Nature's great Harp. And a lonely Mariner raised his hands to Heaven and besought the invisible powers that they would grant him deliverance. The soul of the strong man was shaken, and the stalwart form trembled like a reed in the sweeping gale. But the voice of the petitioner was unheeded; and the vital tide rushed back frozen to the heart, while the words of prayer died on his palsied tongue. He was ready to relinquish all as lost, when an invisible hand arched the threatening cloud with a glorious bow. Most welcome was the cherished symbol of his early joys; and as his restless eye went out over the waste of waters, a lovely form—clothed with the illuminated spray—drew near and stood before him. "It was Hope, and she placed a golden anchor in his hands, and the light of her smile made even the angry billows beautiful. The Mariner preserved the gift of the golden anchor, and it secured his frail barque in many a fearful storm.

An Old Man sat at even-tide on an arid slope. His gray locks fell loosely over his furrowed brow, and his dim eye watched with a strange interest the first pale shadows as they assembled on the landscape. A sluggish stream slumbered at his feet, which was ever and anon disturbed, as some weary pilgrim descended the bank to bathe in the oblivious waters. There—musing among the graves of his generation—sat the venerable Old Man. The willow and the cypress spread themselves over him; and as the branches swayed to and fro in the evening breeze, a mysteriously melancholy music filled all the air, and awoke a responsive utterance in the deserted heart.

"These evening shades," said the old man, "remind me that my day is past. I have outlived life's pleasures, and am weary of life's struggles. One by one the fleeting joys that quickened this desolate heart have gone out, and at last the shrine is deserted. Here sleep the friends of my youth, and I, too, would fain be sleeping. What phantoms have I pursued! Of all that Hope promised there remains no memorial. This shriveled form—a trembling, dismal wreck on the shores of Time—is all that is left to me of Earth's possessions."

Here the old man paused and wiped a tear from his eye, when amid the deepening shadows Hope stood once more revealed to his darkening vision.

"Mortal!" said she, "of what dost thou complain? I have sought but to cheer and strengthen thee in thy long pilgrimage; and even when thou wert forsaken by friends, I alone remained to comfort thee. Have I not watched over thee in all thy wanderings, and when a cloud has veiled the horizon, have I not placed my bow of promise there? When thou wert tempest-tost on the restless sea did I not come to thy rescue, on the far-off billows, and give thee a golden anchor? Have I not been present in every time of trial to gild even thy sorrows? For which of these services have I incurred thy displeasure?"

"Not for these," said the Old Man, with a faltering voice,

"would I reproach thee; but what have I that thou hast bestowed? Didst thou not promise me wealth, and power, and happiness; and have I aught that I can call my own? Even life is ready to depart. The last mortal pang and oblivion alone remain. These are my inheritance—"

The Old Man trembled like a dry reed, when it is shaken in the winter wind, and was silent.

"Listen," said Hope, "it is my pleasure to gladden the desponding hearts and to nerve the weak arms of mortals. But for me they would falter at every obstacle, and were I to forsake them they would be left to Despair. My mission to thee is about to close. Never for one moment have I forsaken thee, nor promised aught—even in the golden visions of thy youth—that shall not be realized. All I have promised, and more than eye hath seen, shall be thine. For the last time the evening shadows are gathering before thy vision. The morrow's light shall experience no decline, for 'thy sun shall no more go down.'"

While Hope yet spake the aged listener became tranquil. A mysterious magnetism stole over his senses; his spirit was calm, and he slept.

At length he awoke, and, with returning consciousness, the scene was changed. All things had become new. Life, and sense, and thought were immeasurably refined and exalted, and a divine energy was infused through his whole being. The somber images on which the eye had so recently closed, had disappeared, and a scene of supernal magnificence opened to his enraptured gaze. Through all the vast expanse—boundless even to the vision of angels—were radiant beings before whose illuminated presence darkness fled away and was not.

The expanded faculties of the Spirit-born were overawed and held in arrest by the ineffable sublimity of the scene; when, suddenly, a new spiritual sense was opened. The tide of harmony now swelled and rolled away through the infinitude of the ethereal depths; and as it broke with majesty and power on the enraptured throng, the voice of the last Immortalized mingled in the anthem, as he bowed in spirit with the great "multitude which no man could number."—*Shekinah.*

THE BROTHERS—A DREAM.

BY D. W. ADAMS.

The lives of individuals are often seen in the fitful visions of a dream—even in the midnight hour, when all save some few powers of mind is wrapped in slumber and repose, the intellect will picture scenes of joy and sadness from real life.

"I had a dream—which was not all a dream."

I saw a stately mansion standing in a lovely country village. It was the abode of wealth, elegance and refinement. It was the home of youth, beauty, and happiness. On the lawn bright-eyed children were revelling in their sports. Among that little group stood one, the leader of the band. His high, broad, forehead—his stern, yet noble features—his eagle eye—his manly form, and the expression of his countenance, all bore witness that he was one of nature's favorites. His comrades knew and felt that his was a superior intellect. They acknowledged him as their champion. When he spake they listened—and when he led the run, they followed. Hark! a boisterous shout and hearty laugh make the welkin ring with merriment! Whose stentorian voice is that which rises above them all? It is Bradley's—the leader.

Again, I saw two brothers stand on the threshold of their father's dwelling. One was a child but five years old. The other was a youth o'er whose head eighteen winters had rolled into the "silence of ages." Sadness was on his brow. His trembling voice and restless eye bespoke an agitated mind. He was wretched. He was soon to leave the bright scenes of home and go among strangers, in a strange land. But was the thought of parting with parents and friends for a few months, all that cast

that cloud of gloom o'er his mind? No;—it was something of a more painful nature. Why that look of sadness; why that downcast eye, when he gazed on his little brother—the bright-eyed leader of the sports? Why did his heart beat so quick when he heard the silvery voice of that fair child, saying, "You will come back to see us again, won't you, brother?" Perhaps something whispered to him that the noble boy must die. Did he fear that his robust form would perish with the flowers of Autumn? or that his bright intellect—so dazzling and so brilliant, was, ere he came back again, to be blighted by the hand of death? It was even so.

At length the stage arrived that was to bear him from home. With an overflowing heart, a dark and gloomy mind, he clasped the hand of that dear brother—impressed on his sun-burnt cheek one long, burning kiss, and from his lips there issued the fervent prayer, "God bless thee;"—and he was gone. In a few hours he was far distant from his home, in the halls of science. With heroic resolution, and strong faith in the capabilities of mind, he entered on the discharge of his duties; and toiled o'er the midnight lamp in his pursuit of knowledge.

Again I saw that child at his father's dwelling. But he was changed. His cheek was pale—save ever and anon, when the hectic flush of fever burned on his countenance, as the wild blood coursed through his veins. The rose that health had painted there had passed away. Day by day he struggled with his fate—but in vain!

I saw him on the bed of death. Around his couch stood the most eminent physicians of the country. But the potent powers of medicine were useless;—the poor boy must die—his fate was sealed;—the die was cast. There stood his father and mother. Who shall describe the emotions of their hearts, as they leaned o'er the pillow of their dying son! There, too, was an elder brother and his little sisters. He was dying! The cold death-drops gathered on his brow—his limbs grew cold and motionless, and each throb of his little heart told that the hour of dissolution was near. I heard the last faint breath and dying groan,—and he, "the young, the beautiful, the brave," had bid adieu to the changing scenes of life and aspired to the companionship of angels!

* * * * *

Months rolled away. The wanderer returned, he was at his home again. But alas! how changed. When he left, the forests were robed in the livery of Autumn—the orchards were groaning beneath their burdens—the fields were covered with verdure, and all nature was beautiful. Now, the leaves of the forest were withered—the fruits of the orchard had been gathered, and the loveliness of Autumn had changed to the barrenness of early Spring. But all nature was beautiful to the eye when compared to the gloom of his own dark thoughts. Again he stood on the threshold of his father's house, but he was not there;—he sat by the festive board, but his seat was vacant;—he heard the boisterous shout of happy children, but heard not his;—he saw the little boys playing in the street, but he was not among the merry throng! In yon lone burial ground, around which two silvery brooks murmured o'er pebbled beds, was a new-made grave. I saw the wanderer stand there, by the resting-place of his departed brother. For a time he stood as one in a dream. Motionless he leaned over the home of the loved one, save ever and anon he raised his hands to brush away the falling tear. His lips moved, but no sound was heard. At length he spake. "Brother, when I went away from home, thou asked me to come back again. I have come, but thou hast not bid me welcome. I have sought for thee among thy playmates, and in the family circle, but have not found thee. They tell me that form of thine, on which I once gazed with almost blind idolatry, is in this little grave—and that thy immortal spirit is mingling with the spirits of heaven. Dear brother, we miss thee, and we mourn thy death, but we mourn not for thee. Had thy days been prolonged, thou, too, wouldst have had to struggle and battle with the storms of life. Thy hours of sickness and distress are over; and thou art basking in the smiles of the angels. Happy child! who would be so heartless as to wish to call

thee back from thy home in heaven, to this cold and hollow world?"

The voice ceased—the vision fled—the dream was o'er.

Fragments from Jeremy Taylor.

CHEERFULNESS.

Cheerfulness and a festival spirit fills the soul full of harmony—it composes music for churches and hearts—it makes and publishes glorification of God—it produces thankfulness and serves the ends of charity; and when the oil of gladness runs over, it makes bright and tall emissions of light and holy fire reaching up to a cloud and making joy round about; and, therefore, since it is so innocent, and may be so pious and full of advantage, whatever can innocently minister to his holy joy, does set forward the work of religion and charity. And, indeed, charity itself, which is the vertical top of all religion, is nothing else but a union of joys concentrated in the heart, and reflected from all the angels of our life and intercourse. It is a rejoicing in God, a gladness in our neighbor's good, a pleasure in doing good, a rejoicing with him; and without love we cannot have any joy at all. It is this that makes children to be a pleasure and friendship to be so noble and divine a thing; and upon this account it is certain that all that which innocently makes a man cheerful does also make him charitable; for grief, and age, and sickness, and weariness, these are peevish and troublesome; but mirth and cheerfulness are content, and civil, and compliant, and communicative, and love to do good, and swell up to felicity only upon the wings of charity.

SUPERSTITION.

I have seen a harmless dove made dark with an artificial night, and her eyes sealed and locked up with a little quill, soaring upwards and flying with amazement, fear, and undiscerning wing; she made towards heaven, but knew not that she was made a train and instrument to teach her enemy to prevail upon her and all her defenseless kindred. [So is a superstitious man, jealous and blind, forward and mistaken; he runs towards heaven, as he thinks, but he chooses foolish paths, and out of fear takes any thing he is told; or fancies and guesses concerning God, by measures taken from his own diseases and imperfections.

HUMILITY.

All the world, all that we are, and all that we have—our bodies and our souls, our actions and our sufferings, our conditions at home, our accidents abroad, our many sins, and our seldom virtues, are so many arguments to make our souls dwell low in the deep valley of humility.

Heaven.

The following ray of light is from L. Bas, late Principal of the East India College:—

Our holy faith tells us that heaven is peopled with friends and guardians of man; that heaven is agitated, so to speak, by perpetual sympathy with what is passing here below. The blessed ministers of God are doubtless dwelling in secure and unutterable bliss. But the very joy of their life consists in this: that they behold the face of our Father which is in heaven, and from them the glorious splendor of his countenance is reflected back. So that we may conceive the realms of light to be filled with resemblances, faint and imperfect though they be, of the supreme and consummate goodness. And hence it is that these children of light these images of the divine love are incessantly bending forward from their abodes of glory, and turning with watchful looks toward us, who, by our natural birth, are the heirs of sorrow and corruption.

Whoever arrogates to himself the right of vengeance shows how little he is qualified to decide his own claims, since he demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Gems of Thought.

Our earnest asseverations give men suspicion that the speaker is conscious of his own falsities.

Nothing controls men so much as the placid brow and untrembling lip.

Those who have had the most forgiven them should be the less addicted to slander.

The essence of things is seldom so much regarded as external and accidental appendages.

Consider not what *might have been*, but what *is now to be done*.

Knavery and folly have often the same symptoms.

Words can never express the whole that we feel; they give but a feeble outline.

We are too apt to mistake the echoings of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.

The nerve which never relaxes, the eye which never blanches, the thought which never wanders—these are the masters of victory.

Poverty is the only road which is the heavier the more loved ones there are to assist in supporting it.

Either the future or the past is written in every face, and makes us, if not melancholy, at least mild and gentle.

Chill poverty weighs down the heart itself, and though it sometime be endured with calmness, it is but the calmness of despair.

Of all others, a studious life is the least tiresome; it makes us easy to ourselves and to others, and gains us both friends and reputation.

A short prayer reaches heaven—a hint to those who want favors not to molest others with long letters and loud complaints.

Ambition—a mental dropsy, which keeps continually swelling and increasing until it kills its victim.

As nightingales love most to sing near an echo, so does the heart speak loudest near tones of music.

To a man under the influence of emotion, nature is ever a great mirror full of emotions. To the satiated and quiescent alone, she is a cold, dead window for the outward world.

Some people are never quiet, others are always so, and they are both to blame; for that which looks like vivacity and industry in the one is only a restlessness and agitation; and that which passes in the other for moderation and reserve is but a drowsy and inactive sloth.

THE SPIRIT MESSENGER AND HARMONIAL GUIDE.

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

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

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